



S. Collins.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Research Library, The Getty Research Institute



R E M A R K S
O N
F O R E S T S C E N E R Y ;
A N D O T H E R
W O O D L A N D V I E W S .



R E M A R K S
O N
FOREST SCENERY,
A N D O T H E R
WOODLAND VIEWS,
(Relative chiefly to PICTURESQUE BEAUTY)
ILLUSTRATED BY THE SCENES
O F
N E W - F O R E S T
I N
H A M P S H I R E.

I N T H R E E B O O K S.

————— Happy he,
Whom what he views of beautiful, or grand,
In nature, from the broad, majestic oak
To the green blade, that twinkles in the sun,
Prompt with remembrance of a present God.

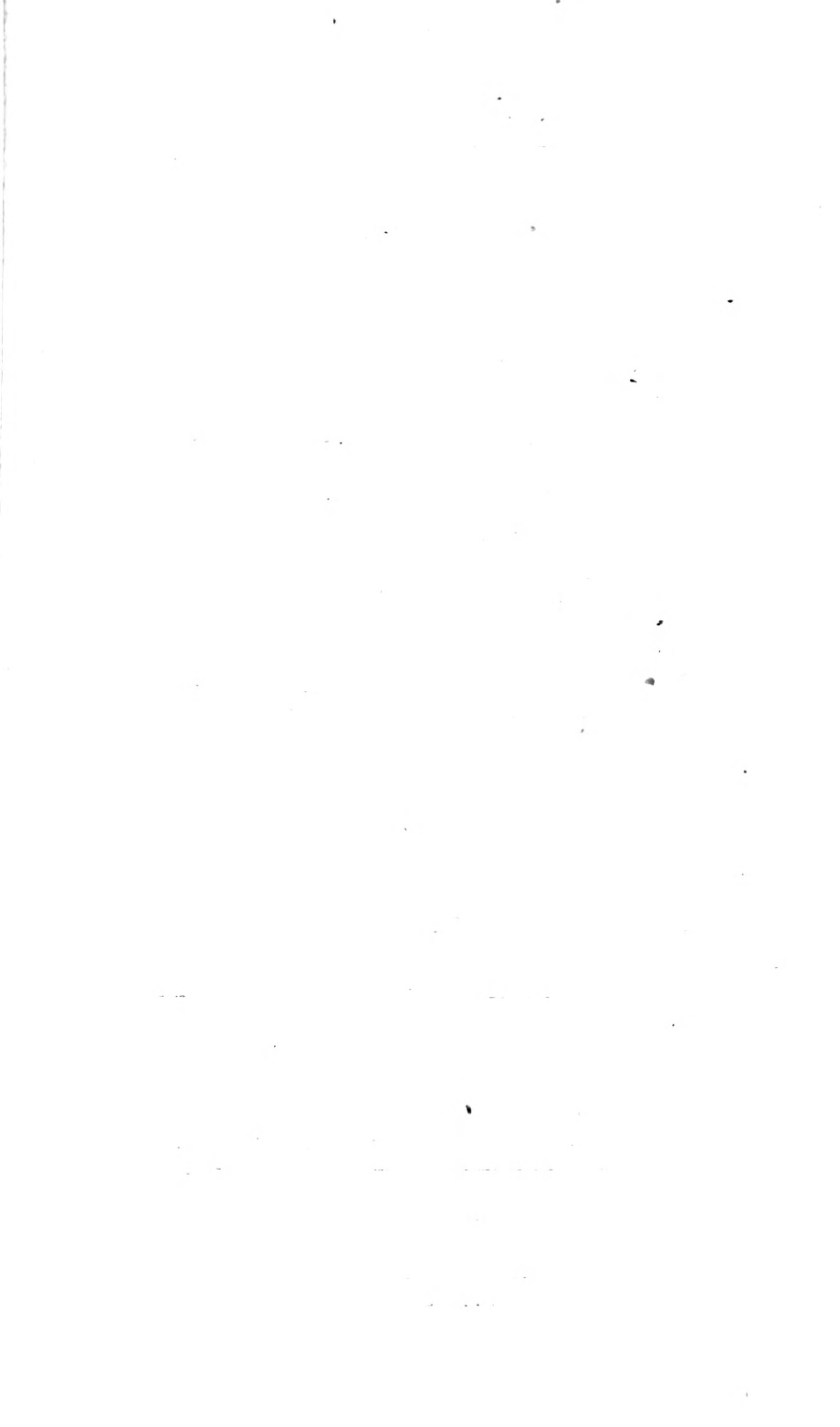
COOPER'S Poems.

V O L. II.

By WILLIAM GILPIN, A. M.
PREBENDARY OF SALISBURY; AND
VICAR OF BOLDRE IN NEW-FOREST, NEAR LYMINGTON.

L O N D O N ;
PRINTED FOR R. BLAMIRE, STRAND.

M. DCC. XCI.



OBSERVATIONS

ON

FOREST SCENERY.

B O O K III.

S E C T I O N I.

WE concluded the last book with a catalogue (for it was little more) of the principal forests, which formerly overspread the island of Britain. None of them at this day possess its original grandeur. A few have preserved some little appearance of scenery: but the greater part are wastes. New-forest in Hampshire is among the few, which have retained any ideas of their ancient consequence.— At least it is superior to the rest, on account of the extent of its boundaries; the variety of its contents; and the grandeur of its scenes.

With these scenes I propose, in the following book, to illustrate the observations, which have been made in the two preceding books; and shall in several excursions, through the different parts of this woody country, endeavour to point out it's peculiar beauties. But tho I shall chiefly consider it in a *picturesque light*, I shall vary my subject by giving a general idea of the ancient history, and present state, of this celebrated forest.

This tract of wood-land was originally made a forest by William I in the year 1079, about thirteen years after the battle of Hastings; and is indeed the only forest in England, whose origin can be traced. It took the denomination of New-forest from it's being an addition to the many forests, which the crown already possessed; and which had formerly been appropriated in feudal times. The original name of this tract of country was Ytene.

As several forests were more commodiously situated for royal diversion than New-forest, the historian hath been sometimes led to
conceive,

conceive, that William must have had other ends, than amusement, in making this addition to them: and observing farther, it's vicinity to the coast of Normandy, he hath from this circumstance drawn a surmise, that under the idea of a forest, William meant to preserve an unobserved communication with the continent; which would enable him to embark his troops, on either side, without giving alarm.

But this surmise depends on no historical evidence; neither indeed is it probable. The coasts of Kent, and Suffex were more commodious for the embarkation of troops, than any part of New-forest. And it is absurd to suppose an army could be embarked any where without observation. Southampton indeed was commodious enough: but this port neither lies in New-forest; nor does the forest in any degree, skreen it's avenues.—Besides, the affairs of William were never in so perplexed a situation, as to require privacy; especially at the time when he made this forest; which was after he had defeated all his enemies, and was of course in the height of his power.—Nor indeed was it agreeable to the general character of this prince to do

things secretly. He rather chose, on all occasions, to sway the sceptre with a lofty hand.—The judicious Rapin seems to close the whole debate very justly, by observing, that this surmise seems to have arisen merely from an opinion, that so politic a prince as William, could do nothing without a political end: whereas the most politic princes, no doubt, are swayed where their pleasures are concerned, by passions, and caprice, like other men*.

The means, which William used in afforesting these extensive wood-lands, create another question among historians. The general opinion is, that he destroyed a number of villages, and churches; drove out the inhabitants; laid their lands waste; and formed New-forest in their room.

This opinion has appeared to some ill founded; and Voltaire in particular, has stood up in defence of the humanity, or rather the policy of William. It is absurd, he thinks, to suppose that a prince so noted for prudent and interested conduct, should

* Vol. i. fol. page 178.

lay waste so much cultivated ground; plant it with forest trees, which would be many years in coming to perfection; and for the sake of a few deer, turn adrift so large a body of his industrious subjects, who might have contributed so much to the increase of his revenues*.

Voltaire's conclusion may be just; but his reasoning is certainly ill-founded. It proceeds on the *improbability* of so wide a desolation; whereas it might have proceeded better on the *impossibility* of it. For how could William have spread such depopulation in a country, which, from the nature of it, must have been from the first very thinly inhabited? The ancient Ytene was undoubtedly a woody tract long before the times of William. Voltaire's idea therefore of *planting a forest* is absurd, and is founded on a total ignorance of the country. He took his ideas merely from a French forest, which is artificially planted, and laid out in vistas, and alleys. It is probable, that William rather opened his chafes by cutting down wood; than that

* See his abridgment of universal history.

he had occasion to plant more.—Besides, tho the internal strata of the soil of New-forest are admirably adapted to produce timber; yet the surface of it, is in general, poor; and could never have admitted, even if the times had allowed, any high degree of cultivation.—Upon the whole therefore, it does not seem *possible*, that William could have spread so wide a depopulation through this country, as he is represented to have done.

On the other hand, there is no contending against the stream of history: and tho we may allow that William could not make any great depopulation; we are not to suppose he made none at all. Many writers, who lived about his time, unite in lamentable complaints of his devastations. According to them, at least thirty miles of cultivated lands were laid waste; above fifty parish churches, and many villages destroyed; and all the inhabitants extirpated*. But it is to be considered, that these

* In sylva, quæ vocatur nova foresta, ecclesias, et villas eradicari; gentem extirpari; et a feris fecit inhabitari. Hen. de Huntingdon.

these writers were monks, who had taken high offence at William for his exactions on their monasteries; and were neither, as it appears, informed themselves; nor disposed through their prejudices, to inform others. Many things they say, are palpably false.

In this dearth therefore of historical evidence, we are still at a loss To suppose that William made no devastation, and to suppose that he made all, which these prejudiced

Nova regia foresta, anglice Ytene, quam Gulielmus bastardus, hominibus fugatis, desertis villis, et subreptis ecclesiis per 30, et eo amplius milliaria, in saltus, et lustra ferarum redigit. Brompton.

Per 30, et amplius milliaria, ubi erat hominum mansio, terra fructifera, necnon frugifera, extirpatis domibus, cum promariis, et hortis, et etiam ecclesiis, cum cæmetariis, in forestam, vel potius in desertam, et ferarum lustra, rege jubente, redacta erant. Hist. Winton.

Hic Gulielmus (Rufus) fecit forestas in multis locis, per medium regni; et inter Southampton, et prioratum Twynam, qui nunc vocatur Christ-church, prostravit, et exterminavit 22 ecclesias matrices, cum villis, capeliis, maneriis, atque mansionibus; secundum vero quosdam, 52 ecclesias parochiales; et fecit forestam novam, quam vocavit suum novum herbarium; et replevit eam cervis, damis, et aliis feris; parcens illis per septem annos primos. Knighton.

monks lay to his charge, seem to be suppositions equally unsupported. On the whole therefore, the truth of this matter, as of most others, lies probably between the two opinions.

With regard to the situation, and boundaries of this extensive forest, it occupies the south-west extremity of Hampshire; and in its earlier form was a kind of peninsula, bounded by the bay of Southampton on the east—by the river Avon on the west—and on the south; by the channel of the isle of Wight, as far as the Needles; and to the west of those rocks by the ocean. Thus the boundaries of New-forest were determined by the natural lines of the country.

It does not however appear, that William I extended the bounds of New-forest thus far. They are supposed rather to have been enlarged by succeeding princes; particularly by Henry I, who was probably tempted by the natural limits of the country. By this prince, or at least by some of the early successors of William, the whole peninsula was taken in; and the bounds of the forest were
fairly

fairly extended, as I have described them, to the bay of Southampton, the river Avon, and the sea.

In those days it was a matter of little ceremony either to make, or to enlarge a forest. Thus saith the law: "It is allowed to our sovereign lord the king, in respect of his continual care, and labour, for the preservation of the whole realm, among other privileges, this prerogative, to have his places of recreation, and pastime, wheresoever he will appoint. For as it is at the liberty, and pleasure of his grace to reserve the wild beasts, and the game to himself, for his only delight and pleasure, so he may also at his will and pleasure, make a forest for them to abide in*."

Agreeable to this spirit of despotism, the royal forests were regulated. Each had its laws, and government; and as these differed from each other in very few particulars, all were equally grievous to the subject. Forest-law indeed was one of the greatest incroachments that ever was made upon the natural

* See Manwood on forest-law, chap. ii.

rights of mankind; and considering the disparity of the object, one of the greatest insults of tyranny.

The Romans had no idea of appropriating game. Under their government the forests of England, like those of America, were common hunting-grounds. The northern barbarians first pretended to the right of making private property of what, being naturally wild, belonged equally to all.

The idea of forest-law, and forest-rights obtained early indeed in Saxon times. But the Saxon princes were in general a mild race; and there were some traces of liberal sentiment in their institutions. Under them, untenanted wastes only were afforested—the penalties of forest-laws were gentle—and the execution of them never rigid. So that, in those equitable times, forest-law was hardly esteemed a burthen upon the people.

The Norman princes were a different race. They were fierce, haughty, violent, and despotic. Under them the language of English law in general assumed a new tone; and of forest-law in particular. For as the Norman princes were all mighty hunters, this part of jurisprudence engaged their peculiar attention.

It

It was conceived in the highest spirit of despotism; and executed with the utmost rigour of vindictive tyranny*.

It

* If the reader wish to see the mischiefs of forest-law heightened by poetic images, the following lines of Mr. Pope set them in a strong light.

Thus all the land appeared, in ages past,
 A dreary desert, and a gloomy wast,
 To savage beasts, and savage laws a prey,
 And kings more furious, and severe than they;
 Who claimed the skies, dispeopled air, and floods,
 The lonely lords of empty wilds, and woods.
 Cities laid waste, they stormed the dens, and caves;
 For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves.
 What could be free, when lawless beasts obeyed?
 And even the elements a tyrant swayed?
 In vain kind seasons swelled the teeming grain,
 Soft showers distilled, and suns grew warm in vain;
 The swain, with tears his frustrate labours yields,
 And famished dies amidst his ripening fields.
 What wonder then, a beast, or subject slain,
 Were equal crimes in a despotic reign!
 Both doomed alike, for sportive tyrants bled:
 But while the subject starved, the beast was fed.

Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began;
 A mighty hunter; and his prey was man.
 Our haughty Norman boasts that barbarous name,
 And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
 The fields are ravished from industrious swains,
 From men their cities, and from gods their fanes:

The

It is true indeed the principal object of forest-law was the preservation of game, which the offender killed at his own peril. But when we recollect how extensive the royal forests were, including little less than an eighth part of the kingdom—when we consider the mischievous nature of every species of game, and particularly of forest-deer in cultivated lands—when we observe farther, that many of the royal forests were blended

The levelled towns with weeds lie covered o'er ;
 The hollow winds through naked temples roar ;
 Round broken columns clasping ivy twined ;
 O'er heaps of ruin stalked the stately hind ;
 The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
 And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.

Awed by his nobles, by his commons curst,
 The oppressor ruled tyrannic, where he durst ;
 Stretched o'er the poor, and church his iron rod,
 And served alike his vassals, and his God.
 Whom even the Saxon spared, and bloody Dane,
 The wanton victims of his sport remain.

But see the man, whose spacious regions gave
 A waste for beasts, denied himself a grave !
 Stretched on the land his second hope survey,
 At once the chaser, and at once the prey :
 Lo ! Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
 Bleeds in the forest, like a wounded hart.

Windfor forest.
 with

with private property—that the limits of others were very undefined—and lastly, when we reflect, how easy a matter it was, by a stretch of royal authority, to fix the locality of a trespass in a forest, tho it was never committed there; we may easily conclude, from the whole, how fertile a source of vexation forest-law might be made, tho it merely respected game.

But other grievances accrued. Many incroachments were made on private property. Extravagant claims were pretended by forest-officers; and heavy tolls were levied on such merchandize, as passed through the king's forests, tho in fact, it could pass in no other direction*. Sometimes also needy princes, (and most of them were needy) with a view to raise money, would send commissioners purposely to examine into forest-trespases; and on these occasions, we may be sure, there was always exaggeration enough.

This accumulation of hardship was at all times deeply felt, and resented; and whenever the reins of government slackened in the hands of a weak prince, the spirit of the nation arose,

* See King John's charter of forests.

and endeavoured to resume its native rights. Success at last attended these repeated struggles. Forest-law was abolished;—at least its mischievous effects were repressed.

But if the people imagined this victory would reinstate them in their native rights over the forest, they were mistaken. A new species of law, under the denomination of *game-law*, arose upon the ruins of *forest-law*. This law had from its institution an aristocratic cast. For the barons and great men, who had wrested the rigour of forest-law from the prince, did not mean to free the people from the imposition; but only to administer it themselves: and thus a thousand tyrants started up instead of one. Some of the severer penalties indeed were abolished. A man preserved his eyes, or his hands, tho he killed a pheasant, or a partridge: but he was fined—he was imprisoned—his dog was shot—his arms were taken from him—and he was continually teased with vexatious suits. Besides, as game-law was more extensive than forest-law, it involved greater numbers within its influence.

At

At the time, when forest-law was abolished, all the incroachments, which the crown had made on the confines of forests, were given back. Then it was that New-forest was reduced within it's ancient bounds; and all those lands, which bordered on the bay of Southampton, the river Avon, and the sea, were restored to their old possessors. These lands were then distinguished by the name of the *purlicus of the forest*; and their owners, at least some of them, by way of indemnification for injuries received, enjoyed several privileges, particularly the right of commoning in the forest; and of killing trespassing deer, provided they were killed before they entered the forest, which was always esteemed their sanctuary*.

The shape of New-forest is a kind of irregular triangle, wide at the south, and drawing to a point towards the north; contained within a circumference of about fifty miles. It's limits on every side are very accurately known, and described: but, in a work of this kind,

* See Manwood on forest-law.

it will answer no end, either of amusement, or of utility, to walk it's bounds.—So far indeed am I from intending to be accurate in this matter, that I propose in the following descriptive view of New-forest, to take very great liberties with it's boundaries; and to consider the forest in it's *ancient*, and most *extended state*, limited by the bay of Southampton on the east; by the river Avon on the west; and by the sea on the south. Without taking this liberty, I should lose the description of some of the most beautiful scenery, that formerly belonged to it.

But before I enter on the *picturesque part* of my work, it remains, as I have already given a short account of the *ancient state* of New-forest, to add a short account also of it's *present state*; it's government, demesns, and inhabitants.

S E C T. II.

THE government of New-forest is, at this time, nearly what it originally was, excepting only that the abolition of forest-law hath restrained the power of it's officers*.

The chief officer belonging to it, is the lord-warden, who is generally some person of great distinction. The present lord-warden is the duke of Gloucester.—Under him are two distinct appointments of officers; the one to preserve the *venison* of the forest; and the

* I had many particulars with regard to the present state of New-forest from Mr. Samber of castle-Malwood lodge, who was intimately acquainted with it. After his death, his son, Capt. Samber of the navy, obligingly put into my hands other useful papers, on the same subject, which had belonged to his father.

other to preserve it's *vert*. The *former* term, in the language of forest-law, includes all species of game: the *latter* respects the woods, and lawns, which harbour, and feed them.

Of those officers who superintend the game, are first the two *rangers*. But the office of *ranger*; as well as that of *bow-bearer*, and a few others, have been long in disuse: at least they seem to be delegated to the keepers: of these there are fifteen; who preside over as many *walks*, into which the forest is divided. In each walk is erected a lodge. A few of these lodges are elegant mansions; and are the habitations of the keepers, who are generally men of fashion, or fortune. Prince William of Gloucester has one; the duke of Bolton another; and lord Delawar a third; but in general, the lodges are but moderate buildings; and are inhabited by the under-keepers, or *groom-keepers*, as they are called; on whom the executive part of the keeper's office devolves.

The under-keeper feeds the deer in winter—browzes them in summer—knows where to find a fat buck—executes the king's warrants for venison—presents offences in the forest-courts—and prevents the destruction of game.

In

In this last article his virtue is chiefly shown; and to this purpose the memory of every found keeper should be furnished with this cabalistic verse.

Stable-stand;
 Dog-draw;
 Back-bear; and
 Bloody-hand*.

It implies the several circumstances, in which offenders may be taken *with the manner*, as it is phrased. If a man be found armed, and stationed in some suspicious part of the forest—or if he be found with a dog pursuing a stricken deer—or if he be found carrying a dead deer on his back—or lastly, if he be found bloody in the forest; he is, in all these cases, seizable; tho' the fact of killing a deer cannot be proved upon him. The under-keeper also *drives the forest*; that is, he annually impounds all the cattle, that pasture in his walk; and sees them examined, and properly marked.

With regard to the woods of the forest, which were originally considered only as they respected game, the first officer, under the

* See Manwood on forest-law, ch. xviii. 9.

lord-warden, is the woodward. It is his business, as his title denotes, to inspect the woods. He prevents waste—he sees that young trees are properly fenced—and he assigns timber for the payment of forest-officers. This timber is sold by auction at the court at Lyndhurst; and annually amounts to about seven hundred pounds; which is the sum required.

Under the *woodward* are twelve *regarders*; and to these indeed chiefly is delegated the executive part of his office. The regarders seize the hedge-bills, and axes of trespassers; present offences in the forest-courts; and assign such timber as is claimed by the inhabitants, and borderers of the forest, for fuel, and repairs. Of this inferior wood, there are great quantities assigned, on every side of the forest. I can only speak of my own assignment, as vicar of Boldre; which is annually twelve load.

Besides these officers, who are in effect the officers of the crown, as they are appointed by the lord-warden; there are four others, called *verderers*, who are commonly gentlemen of property and interest in the neighbourhood, and are elected, like the knights of the shire, by
the

the freeholders of the county. These officers, since the *justiciary-in-eyre* has been a sinecure, are the only judges of the forest-courts. The verderor is an ancient forest-officer. His name occurs in the earliest account of forest-law. But tho his appointment has at present a democratical cast, it is probable, that he was formerly a royal officer; and that his election by the free-holders of the county was extorted from the crown in some period favourable to liberty. As New-forest was always considered as the great magazine of navy timber, the verderors were impowered by an act of parliament in king William's time, to fine delinquents to the amount of five pounds in their attachment-courts: whereas in all the other forests of England, the fine does not amount to more than a few pence, which was the original amersement. The *verderor* is an officer without salary: but by ancient custom he was entitled to course, and take what deer he pleased, in his way to the forest-court: but this privilege is now compounded by an annual fee of a buck, and a doe.

Besides these ancient officers of the forest, there is one of later institution, since timber became valuable as a material. He is called

the *purveyor*, and is appointed by the commissioner of the dock at Portsmouth. His business is to assign timber for the use of the navy. The origin of the purveyor is not earlier than the reign of Charles II. in whose time five hundred oaks, and fifty beeches were annually assigned for the king's yards; and this officer was appointed to assign them. But it being found, that the forest could ill supply so large a quantity of oak; instead of five hundred, the number was afterwards reduced to sixty; which together with fifty beeches, are still annually assigned*. The purveyor has a salary of fifty pounds a year; and six and eight-pence a day, when on duty.

I shall conclude this account of the officers of the forest with the singular character of one of them, who lived in the times of James, and Charles I. It is preserved in Hutchin's history of Dorsetshire†.

The name of this memorable sportsman, for in that character alone he was conspicuous, was Henry Hastings. He was second son to the earl of Huntingdon; and inherited a good

* Mr. Samber's MS.

† See vol. ii. p. 63.

estate in Dorsetshire from his mother. He was one of the keepers of New-forest; and resided in his lodge there, during a part of every hunting-season. But his principal residence was at Woodlands, in Dorsetshire, where he had a capital mansion. One of his nearest neighbours, was the lord chancellor Cooper, first earl of Shaftsbury. Two men could not be more opposite in their dispositions, and pursuits. They had little communication therefore; and their occasional meetings were rendered more disagreeable to both, from their opposite sentiments in politics. Lord Shaftsbury, who was the younger man, was the survivor; and the following account of Mr. Hastings, which I have somewhat abridged, is said to have been the production of his pen.

Mr. Hastings was low of stature, but very strong, and very active; of a ruddy complexion, with flaxen hair. His cloaths were always of green cloth. His house was of the old fashion; in the midst of a large park, well stocked with deer, rabbits, and fish-ponds. He had a long narrow bowling-green, in it; and used to play with round sand-bowls. Here too he had a banquetting-room built,

like a stand, in a large tree. He kept all sorts of hounds, that ran buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger; and had hawks of all kinds, both long, and short winged. His great hall was commonly strewed with marrow-bones; and full of hawk-perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers. The upper end of it was hung with fox-skins of this, and the last year's killing. Here, and there a pole-cat was intermixed; and hunter's poles in great abundance. The parlour was a large room, compleatly furnished in the same stile. On a broad hearth, paved with brick, lay some of the choicest terriers, hounds, and spaniels. One or two of the great chairs, had litters of cats in them, which were not to be disturbed. Of these three or four always attended him at dinner; and a little white wand lay by his trencher, to defend it, if they were too troublesome. In the windows, which were very large, lay his arrows, cross-bows, and other accoutrements. The corners of the room were filled with his best hunting, and hawking poles. His oyster-table stood at the lower end of the room, which was in constant use twice a day, all the year round; for he never failed to eat oysters both at dinner,
and

and supper; with which the neighbouring town of Pool supplied him. At the upper end of the room stood a small table with a double desk; one side of which held a church-bible; the other, the book of martyrs. On different tables in the room lay hawk's-hoods; bells; old hats, with their crowns thrust in, full of pheasant eggs; tables; dice; cards; and store of tobacco-pipes. At one end of this room was a door, which opened into a closet; where stood bottles of strong beer, and wine; which never came out but in single glasses, which was the rule of the house; for he never exceeded himself; nor permitted others to exceed. Answering to this closet, was a door into an old chapel; which had been long disused for devotion; but in the pulpit, as the safest place, was always to be found a cold chine of beef, a venison-pasty, a gammon of bacon, or a great apple-pye, with thick crust, well-baked. His table cost him not much, tho it was good to eat at. His sports supplied all, but beef and mutton; except on fridays, when he had the best of fish. He never wanted a London pudding; and he always sang it in with, "*My part lies therein-a.*" He drank a glass

or two of wine at meals ; put fyrup of gilly-flowers into his sack ; and had always a tun-glafs of small-beer ftanding by him, which he often ftirred about with rofemary. He lived to be an hundred ; and never loft his eye-fight, nor ufed fpectacles. He got on horfe-back without help ; and rode to the death of the ftag, till he was paff fourfcore.

S E C T. III.

HAVING given an account of the government, and officers of New-forest in the last section, I shall now examine the state of it's demesns*, and inhabitants.

The

* In the year 1788, a survey of New-forest was taken, by order of the commissioners of the land-revenue of the Crown; in which survey the following account was given in of it's contents.

	Acres.
Forest-lands	63845
Lands held with lodges	1192
Incroachments	900
Leaseholds under the Crown	1003
Freeholds, and other intermediate property	25422
	<hr/>
Total within the perambulation	92362
	<hr/>

A few fractions, which make about two or three acres more I have omitted. From this survey a splendid map of New-forest

The foil of New-forest, which is in general a sandy loam, is well adapted to the production of oak-timber. This tract of woody country therefore hath long been considered, as one of the great magazines for the navy. It was formerly thought to be inexhaustible; but by degrees it was observed, that it began to fail. So early as in queen Elizabeth's reign, Manwood tells us, that "the slender, and negligent execution of the forest-law hath been the decay, and destruction (in almost all places within this realm) of great wood and timber; the want whereof, as well in this present time, as in time to come, shall appear in the navy of this realm*."

In queen Elizabeth's reign Manwood's remark was speculation; but in the reign of Charles II, it took the air of prediction. The decay of timber; which had long been gradually coming on, began then to be felt.

forest has been engraved (by order of the commissioners,) by William Faden, geographer to the king; in which the curious may see the boundaries, and contents of New-forest, with all the lands granted by the crown, the lease-holds, and incroachments, very accurately ascertained.

* See Manwood on forest-law, chap. ii. 6.

It's sources failed, as the demand increased. In most commodities the demands of a market immediately produce a supply; but timber requires ages to make it marketable. It may be added, that the navy magazines had not then those resources, which they have since found. Timber was with difficulty brought from the inland parts of the country, on account of the badness of the roads—little foreign timber was imported—and what rendered the evil more conspicuous, in Charles's time, the nation was on the eve of a naval war. Such pressing necessity urged strongly the propriety of making provision for a future supply. Charles, who had a sort of turn for ship-building, and had on that account, a kind of affection for the navy, was easily induced to issue an order, under his sign manual, to sir John Norton, woodward of New-forest, to inclose three hundred acres of waste, as a nursery for young oak*; the expence of which was to be defrayed by the sale of decayed wood. This order bears date december 13th, 1669.

* Mr. Samber's MS.

But tho the inclosure, here specified, was trifling in itself, yet it had the merit of a new project, and led to farther improvements. A few years afterwards the same idea was taken up, on a more enlarged scale. In the 10th of king William, an act passed, empowering certain commissioners to inclose two thousand acres in Nevv-forest for the growth of timber; and two hundred more, every year; for the space of twenty years afterwards.

This provident act was as well executed, as it had been projected. A very considerable part of the quantity prescribed, at least four thousand acres, were inclosed, and planted†, and the timber of these inclosures is now secure from all danger; and is thrown out again into the forest. None of it hath yet been felled, as it is not yet in a state of perfection; but it is in a very flourishing con-

† In Burley-walk above six hundred acres were inclosed—in Rhinefield-walk the same number—in Boldre-wood-walk above four hundred—in Egworth-walk one thousand—in Bramble-hill-walk above seven hundred—in Dinney-walk above five hundred—in Castle-Malwood-walk a quantity not ascertained. Mr. Samber's MS.

dition;

dition; and is at this day the glory of the forest.

In the reigns of queen Ann, and George I, I believe, no new plantations were made; which is the more to be wondered at, as the severe hurricane in the november of the year 1703 did great injury in New-forest. Not fewer than four thousand of it's best oaks were destroyed*, together with great quantities of growing timber.

In the reign of George II, three inclosures were made: but they were injudiciously, or dishonestly managed; and Mr. Coleman, who undertook the business, was fined in the forest-court at Lyndhurst, by the verderors, for his neglect†. Some attempts have been made in the present reign: but for want of being properly planned, or honestly managed, very little advantage hath accrued‡.

The

* See Evelin's Sylva. † Mr. Samber's MS.

‡ In the year 1782 an inquiry was instituted, by an order from the treasury, into the quantities of navy-timber in New-forest—that is, such timber, as would measure thirty-five cubic feet. The quantity given in, after a very nice survey, was fifty-two thousand load.—Forty cubic feet make a load.—At the same time the timber in Dean-forest was surveyed; which,

The great defect indeed here, as in other national matters, is the want of honesty. Public affairs become private jobs. Large inclosures have been made merely to enrich the undertakers by the profits of inclosing; or the plunder of the underwood. It is said, that altho the flourishing plantations made by king William, are at this time, receiving injury from growing too close; they are rather suffered to continue as they are, than to run the hazard of being dishonestly thinned. For it has sometimes been found, that in thinning trees, the best, instead of the worst, have been removed: nor can any thing prevent such mischief, but the care, and honesty of forest-officers, and the persons they employ.

What a general rapacity reigns in forests, may be conceived from the devastation, which even inferior officers have been able to commit. Not many years ago, two men, of the name of Batten, father and son, succeeded each other, in the office of under-keeper, in one of the forest-walks. The under-keeper is supposed to cut holm, and

which, tho of much smaller dimensions than New-forest, contained sixty-two thousand load.

other

other under-wood of little value, to browse his deer; and when the rind, and spray are eaten off, he faggots the dry sticks for his own use. But these fellows cut down the young timber of the forest, without distinction, and without measure, which they made up into faggots, and sold: and for this paltry gain I have been informed, they committed waste in the forest estimated at fifty thousand pounds damage. The calculation seems large: but we may well imagine, that in the unremitted course of sixty or seventy years, great mischief might be done. For tho a young sapling may not intrinsically be worth more than half a crown; yet the great difficulty of getting another thriving plant to occupy it's room in the forest, raises it's consequence to the public much beyond it's mere specific value.

But the decay of forests is not owing solely either to the legal consumer, or the rapacious trespasser. The oak of the forest will sometimes naturally fail. Mr. Evelin remarks*, that every forest, in which oak,

* See his Sylva.

and beech grow promiscuously, will in a course of ages become intirely beechen. If this be a just remark, the oak, we are to suppose, has not so strong a vegetative power, as the beech; which, in time prevails over the whole.—Whatever truth there may be in the observation, certain it is, that this appearance of decay is found in many of the wood-lands of New-forest, which consist chiefly of beech, and unthriving oak.

Besides these sources of mischief, the woods of the forest are subject to another, that of fire. In sultry weather, it's furzy heaths are very combustible; and the neighbouring cottagers are supposed sometimes to set them purposely on fire to make pasturage more plentiful. The danger arises from the difficulty of stopping these fires, which will sometimes continue burning, more or less, at the mercy of the wind, during several days. In the early part of the summer 1785, which was remarkably dry, many of these fires were lighted, particularly one near Fritham, which did great damage†.

From

† The following was an advertisement from the lords of the treasury on this occasion.

“ Whereas

From these, and other causes, many parts of this extensive forest are now in a state of extreme decay; being overspread merely with holmes, underwood, and stunted trees, which in the memory of man were full of excellent oak*.

In planting oak, it hath been a doubt, whether it is more judicious to sow the acorn, after inclosing, and grubbing the ground—

“Whereas on friday night, the 29th of april last, some person or persons, did maliciously, and audaciously, set fire to one of the inclosures near Fritham, in New-forest, whereby a very large number of young oak and beech trees growing therein, and part of the fence thereof, were destroyed; notice is hereby given that any person who will give information of the person, or persons who set fire to the aforesaid inclosure, except the person, or persons who committed the same, so as he, or they may be brought to justice, shall, on conviction of the offender, or offenders, receive the reward of forty pounds.

Whereas also the heaths and furze in several other parts of the said forest have been lately set on fire, whereby large tracts thereof, and many young trees growing thereon, have been destroyed; notice is hereby given, that a reward of five pounds will be paid to any person, or persons, upon whose information, the person or persons, who set fire to the same, shall be convicted.

The rewards aforesaid to be paid, on conviction of the offenders, by Mr. Tombes deputy-surveyor of the forest.”

Lyndhurst, june 2d, 1785.

* Mr. Samber's MS.

or to sow it, without either operation, in the wild parts of the forest, in the midst of thorn-bushes, and hollies, which will defend the sapling from cattle, till it be able to stand alone; and will draw it in it's early state to much quicker maturity, than it can arrive at without such shelter. The latter way of sowing acorns, in the wild parts of the forest, is not so sure, but much larger quantities may be sown at a much less expence; and if one tenth part of the acorns succeed, the saving is great on an equal quantity of timber. I cannot however help doubting the efficacy of this mode of raising timber; tho I have often heard sensible people, who have lived in the neighbourhood of the forest, speak favourably of it: and it is certain that timber is often raised fortuitously in this manner. We see in the wild parts of the forest, trees, which have attained the growth of ten, twenty, or thirty years, as far as we can judge, without any aid: and we are at a loss to know, how nature manages a work of this kind, and rears this exposed part of her offspring, amidst deer, and cattle. And yet we see the same kind providence in a higher part of the creation.

We

We see the children of the cottage, exposed to mischief on every side, and continually running risks, which delicate mothers would tremble at: yet befriended by a gracious protector, they get forward in life, and attain maturity, like the wildings of the forest, in a manner, which they who speculate only on human means, cannot easily conceive.

In planting the forest, some again have been advocates for uniting the two modes I have specified. The ground is inclosed, but not grubbed, and the acorns sown at random. The late duke of Bedford, when he was lord warden, was very intent on raising timber in this fortuitous manner. He merely inclosed and left it to chance to fill his inclosures. But I do not find that any of them have succeeded.—If the ground were inclosed, and a spot here and there, grubbed, in which two or three acorns were sown; and some little care taken afterwards of the infant-wood, it might be of all others, perhaps, the most certain, and the least expensive, way of raising timber.

But the *woods* of the forest have not alone been the objects of devastation; its *lands* also have suffered. After the forest had lost its great legal support, and reasons of state obliged the monarch to seek his amusements nearer home, the extent of these royal demesnes began insensibly to diminish. New-forest, among others, was greatly curtailed. Large portions of it were given away in grants by the crown. Many gentlemen have houses in its interior parts; and their tenants are in possession of well cultivated farms. For tho the soil of New-forest is, in general, poor; yet there are some parts of it, which very happily admit culture. Thus the forest has suffered in many places, what its ancient laws considered as the greatest of all mischiefs, under the name of an *assart**; a word, which signifies grubbing up its coverts, and copses, and turning the harbours of deer into arable land. A stop however is now put to all grants from the

* See Manwood, ch. ix. sec. 1.

crown. The crown-lands became public property under the care of the treasury, when the civil list was settled. The king can only grant leases for thirty years; and the parliament seldom interferes in a longer extension, except on particular occasions.

Besides these defalcations arising from the bounty of the crown, the forest is continually preyed on by the incroachments of inferior people. There are multitudes of trespassers, on every side of it, who build their little huts, and inclose their little gardens, and patches of ground, without leave, or ceremony of any kind. The under-keepers, who have constant orders to destroy all these inclosures, now and then assert the rights of the forest by throwing down a fence; but it requires a legal process to throw down a house, of which possession has been taken. The trespasser therefore here, as on other wastes, is careful to rear his cottage, and get into it as quickly as possible. I have known all the materials of one of these habitations brought together—the house built—covered in—the goods removed—a fire kindled—and the family in possession, during the course of a moon-light night. Some-

times indeed, where the trespass is inconsiderable, the possessor has been allowed to pay a fine for his land in the court of Lyndhurst. But these trespasses are generally in the outskirts of the forest; or in the neighbourhood of some little hamlet. They are never suffered in the interior parts; where no lands are alienated from the crown, except in regular grants.

The many advantages, which the borderers on forests enjoy, such as rearing cattle, and hogs, obtaining fuel at an easy rate, and procuring little patches of land for the trouble of inclosing it, would add much, one should imagine, to the comfort of their lives. But in fact it is otherwise. These advantages procure them not half the enjoyments of common day-labourers. In general, they are an indolent race; poor and wretched in the extreme. Instead of having the regular returns of a week's labour to subsist on, too many of them depend on the precarious supply of forest pilfer. Their ostensible business is commonly to cut furze, and carry it to the neighbouring brick-kilns; for which purpose they keep a team of two or three forest-horses: while their collateral support is deer-stealing, poaching,

poaching, or purloining timber. In this last occupation they are said to have been so expert, that, in a night's time, they would have cut down, carried off, and lodged safely in the hands of some receiver, one of the largest oaks of the forest. But the depredations, which have been made in timber, along all the skirts of the forest, have rendered this species of theft, at present, but an unprofitable employment. In poaching, and deer-stealing they often find their best account; in all the arts of which many of them are well practised. From their earliest youth they learn to set the trap, and the gin for hares, and pheasants; to ensnare deer by hanging hooks, baited with apples, from the boughs of trees; and (as they became bolder proficient,) to watch the herd with fire-arms, and single out a fat buck, as he passes the place of their concealment.

In wild rugged countries, the mountaneer forms a very different character from the forester. He leads a life of labour: he procures nothing without it. He has neither time for idleness, and dishonest arts; nor meets with any thing to allure him into them. But the forester, who has the temptation of
 plunder

plunder on every side, finds it easier to trespass, than to work. Hence, the one becomes often a rough, manly ingenuous peasant; the other a supple, crafty, pilfering knave. Even the very practice of following a night-occupation leads to mischief. The nightly wanderer, unless his mind be engaged in some necessary business, will find many temptations to take the advantage of the incautious security of those who are asleep.—From these considerations Mr. St. John draws an argument for the sale of forest-lands. “ Poverty, says he, will be changed into affluence—the cottager will become a farmer—the wilderness will be converted into rich pastures, and fertile fields; furnishing provisions for the country, and employment for the poor. The borders, and confines of forests will cease to be nurseries for county-goats; the trespasser will no longer prey upon the *vert*; nor the vagabond, and out-law on the *venison*. Nay the very soil itself will not then be gradually lost, and stolen, by *purprestures*, and *assarts*. Thus forests, which were formerly the haunts of robbers, and the scenes of violence, and rapine,

rapine, may be converted into the receptacles of honest industry."*

I had once some occasional intercourse with a forest-borderer, who had formerly been a noted deer-stealer. He had often (like the deer-stealer in the play)

—————struck a doe,
And born her cleanly by the keeper's nose.

Indeed he had been at the head of his profession; and during a reign of five years, assured me, he had killed, on an average, not fewer than an hundred bucks a year. At length he was obliged to abscond; but composing his affairs, he abjured his trade, and would speak of his former arts without reserve. He has oftener than once confessed the sins of his youth to me; from which an idea may be formed of the mystery of deer-stealing, in it's highest mode of perfection. In his excursions in the forest he carried with him a gun, which screwed into three parts, and which he could easily conceal in the lining of his coat. Thus armed he would

* See observations on the land-revenue of the crown, p. 168.

drink with the under-keepers without suspicion; and when he knew them engaged, would securely take his stand in some distant part, and mark his buck. When he had killed him, he would draw him aside into the bushes, and spend the remaining part of the day in a neighbouring tree, that he might be sure no spies were in the way. At night he secreted his plunder. He had boarded off a part of his cottage, (forming a rough door into it, like the rest of the partition, struck full of false nail-heads,) with such artifice, that the keepers, on an information, have searched his house again and again, and have gone off satisfied of his innocence; tho his secret larder perhaps at that very time contained a brace of bucks. He had always, he said, a quick market for his venison; for the country is as ready to purchase it, as these fellows are to procure it. It is a forest-adage of ancient date, *non est inquirendum unde venit venison.*

The incroachments of trespassers, and the houses, and fences thus raised on the borders of the forest, tho, at this time, in a degree connived at, were heretofore considered as great nuisances by the old forest-law, and were

were very severely punished under the name of *purprestures*, * as tending *ad terrorem ferarum—ad nocumentum forestæ*—and, as might be added, at this time, by the neighbouring parishes, *ad incrementum pauperum*. When a stranger therefore rears one of these sudden fabricks, the parish-officers make him provide a certificate from his own parish, or they remove him. But the mischief commonly arises from a parishioner's raising his cottage, and afterwards selling it to a stranger, which may give him parish-rights. These incroachments however are evils of so long standing, that at this day they hardly admit a remedy. Many of these little tenements have been so long occupied, and have passed through so many hands, that the occupiers are now in secure possession.

Where the manor of Beaulieu-abbey is railed from the forest, a large settlement of this kind runs in scattered cottages, at least a mile along the rails. This nest of incroachers the late duke of Bedford, when lord-warden of the forest, resolved to root

* See Manwood, chapter x. sec. 1.

out. But he met with such sturdy, and determined opposition from the foresters of the hamlet, who amounted to more than two hundred men, that he was obliged to desist†—whether he took improper measures, as he was a man of violent temper,—or whether no measures, which he could have taken, would have been effectual in repressing so inveterate an evil.—And yet in some circumstances, these little tenements (incroachments as they are, and often the nurseries of idleness) give pleasure to a benevolent breast. When we see them, as we sometimes do, the habitations of innocence, and industry; and the means of providing for a large family with ease, and comfort, we are pleased at the idea of so much utility and happiness, arising from a petty trespass on a waste, which cannot in itself be considered as an injury.

I once found, in a tenement of this kind, an ancient widow, whose little story pleased me.—Her solitary dwelling stood sweetly in a dell, on the edge of the forest. Her husband had himself reared it, and led her to it, as the

† Mr. Samber's MS.

habitation of her life. He had made a garden in the front, planted an orchard at one end, and a few trees at the other, which in forty years had now shielded the cottage, and almost concealed it. In her early youth she had been left a widow with two sons, and a daughter, whose slender education (only what she herself could give them) was almost her whole employment: and the time of their youth, she said, was the pleafantest time of her life. As they grew up, and the cares of the world subsided, a settled piety took possession of her mind. Her age was oppressed with infirmity, sickness, and various afflictions in her family. In these distresses, her bible was her great comfort. I visited her frequently in her last illness, and found her very intelligent in scripture, and well versed in all the gospel-topics of consolation. For many years she every day read a portion of her bible, seldom any other book;

Just knew, and knew no more, her bible true;
 And in that charter read with sparkling eyes,
 Her title to a treasure in the skies.

When she met with passages, she did not understand, at one time, or other, she said, she often heard them explained at church.—

The

The story seems to evince how very sufficient plain scripture is, unassisted with other helps, except such as are publicly provided, to administer both the knowledge, and the comforts of religion even to the lowest classes of people.

The dialect of Hampshire has a particular tendency to the corruption of pronouns, by confounding their cases. This corruption prevails through the country; but it seems to increase as we approach the sea. About the neighbourhood of New-forest this Doric hath attained it's perfection. I have oftener than once met with the following tender elegiac in church-yards.

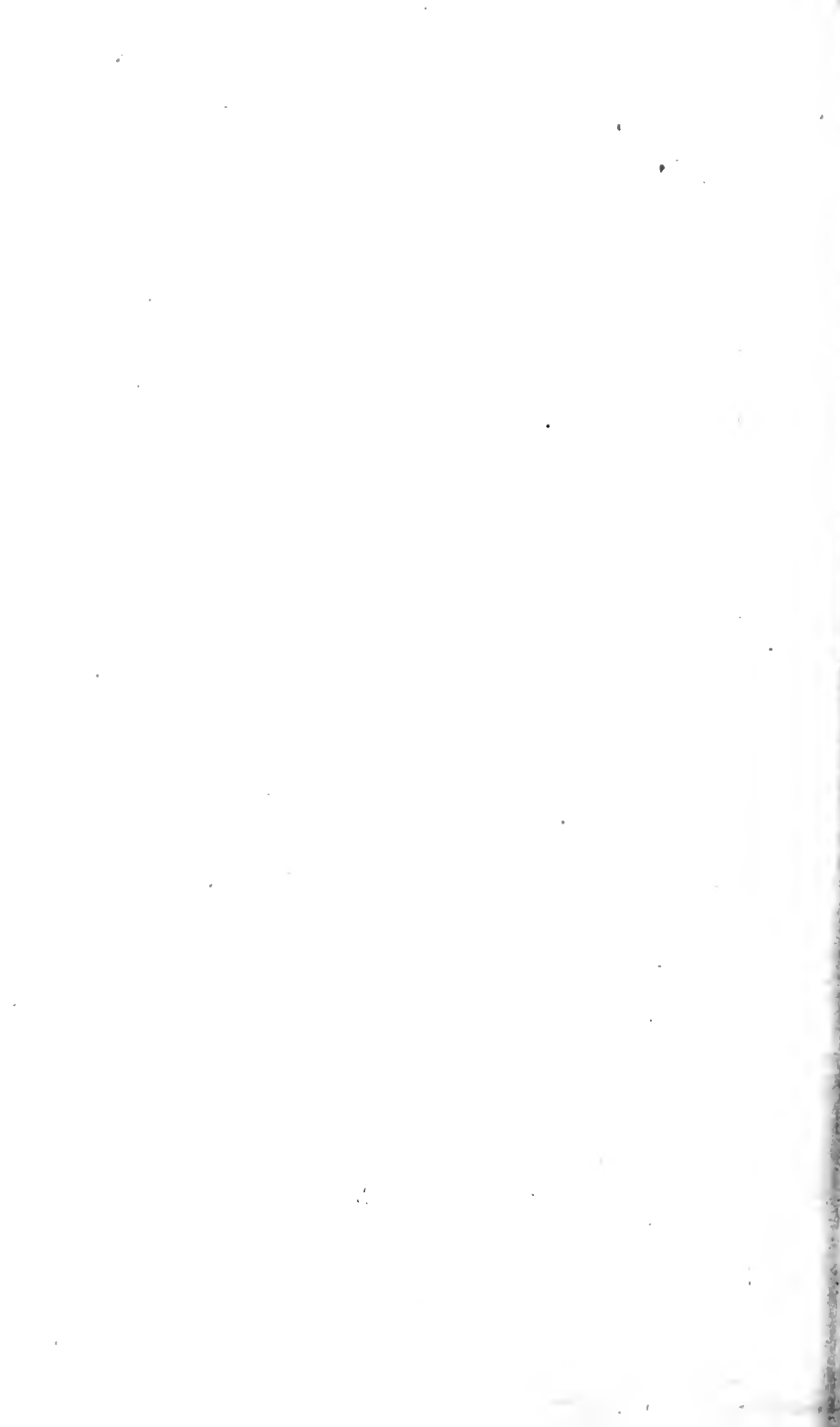
Him shall never come again to we :
But us shall surely, one day, go to he.

Having thus given a short account of the present state of New-forest, and it's inhabitants, I hasten to the more agreeable part of my work, the description of it's scenery. I have already apprized the reader*, that I propose

* See p. 16.

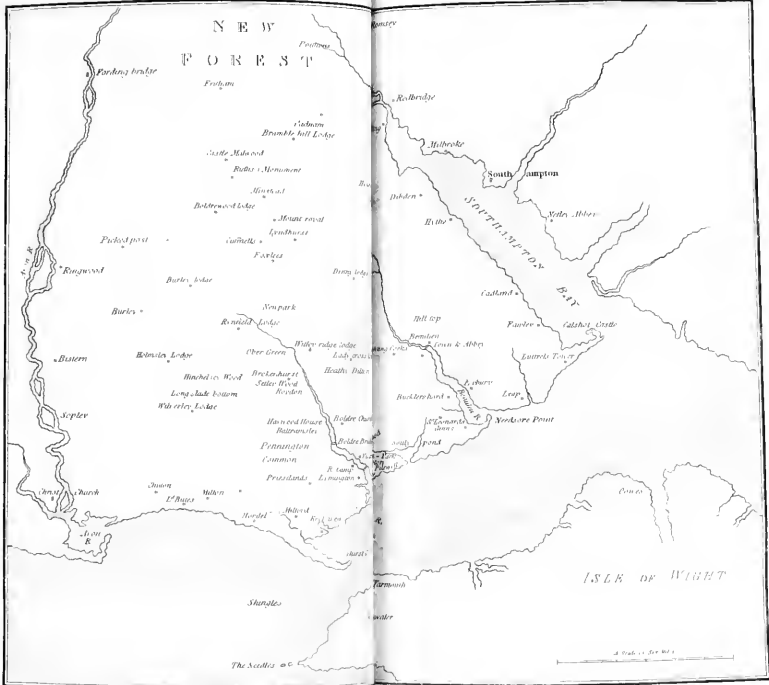
to consider it's boundaries in their widest extent, as advancing to the bay of Southampton on the east; to the river Avon on the west; and to the sea on the south.—Within equal limits perhaps few parts of England afford a greater variety of beautiful landscape. It's woody scenes, it's extended lawns, and vast sweeps of wild country, unlimited by artificial boundaries, together with it's river-views, and distant coasts; are all in a great degree magnificent. It must still however be remembered, that it's chief characteristic, and what it rests on for distinction, is not *sublimity*, but *sylvan beauty*.

But before I enter on a particular description of the scenery of New-forest, in a picturesque light, it may not be improper to give the reader a kind of table of contents of what he is to expect.





NEW FOREST



S E C T. IV.

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 make 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*,

* See vol. I. p. 210.

I had a particular view to the scenery of New-forest, which is precisely of this kind. It's 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, tho 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, inclosed, 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 it's 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

which are presented grand sea-views, sometimes embellished with winding shores. As we leave the coast, and ascend more into the mid-land 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

E 3

district

district also ; but they occupy chiefly the middle parts between these two tracts of wood-land.

In that division of New-forest, which is confined by Beaulieu-river, and the bay of Southampton, the mid-land 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 it's woods, there is greater variety of ground, than in any other part. Here also are grander 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 it's own.—One disagreeable circumstance attends all the sea-views, which are opposite to the isle of Wight, and that is, the ouziness 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 ouzy one has an unpleasant hue. However this shore is one of the best of
the

the kind ; for the ouze 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 the clue 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

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 tho 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.

Having thus presented the reader with a general view of New-forest, I shall now endeavour to give him a more intimate acquaintance with it, and shall lead him into some of it's most beautiful scenes.—Nor was the beauty of the forest a matter of no concern, even at a time, when we might have supposed the pleasures of the chase ingrossed men's whole attention. “ There are three special causes, says Manwood, why the forest-laws have so carefully provided for the preservation of the *vert* of the forest. The first is for the sake of cover for the deer. The second for the sake of the acorns, mast, &c. which feed them. The third is, *propter decorem*, for the comeliness and beauty of the same in a forest. For the very sight, and beholding of the
goodly

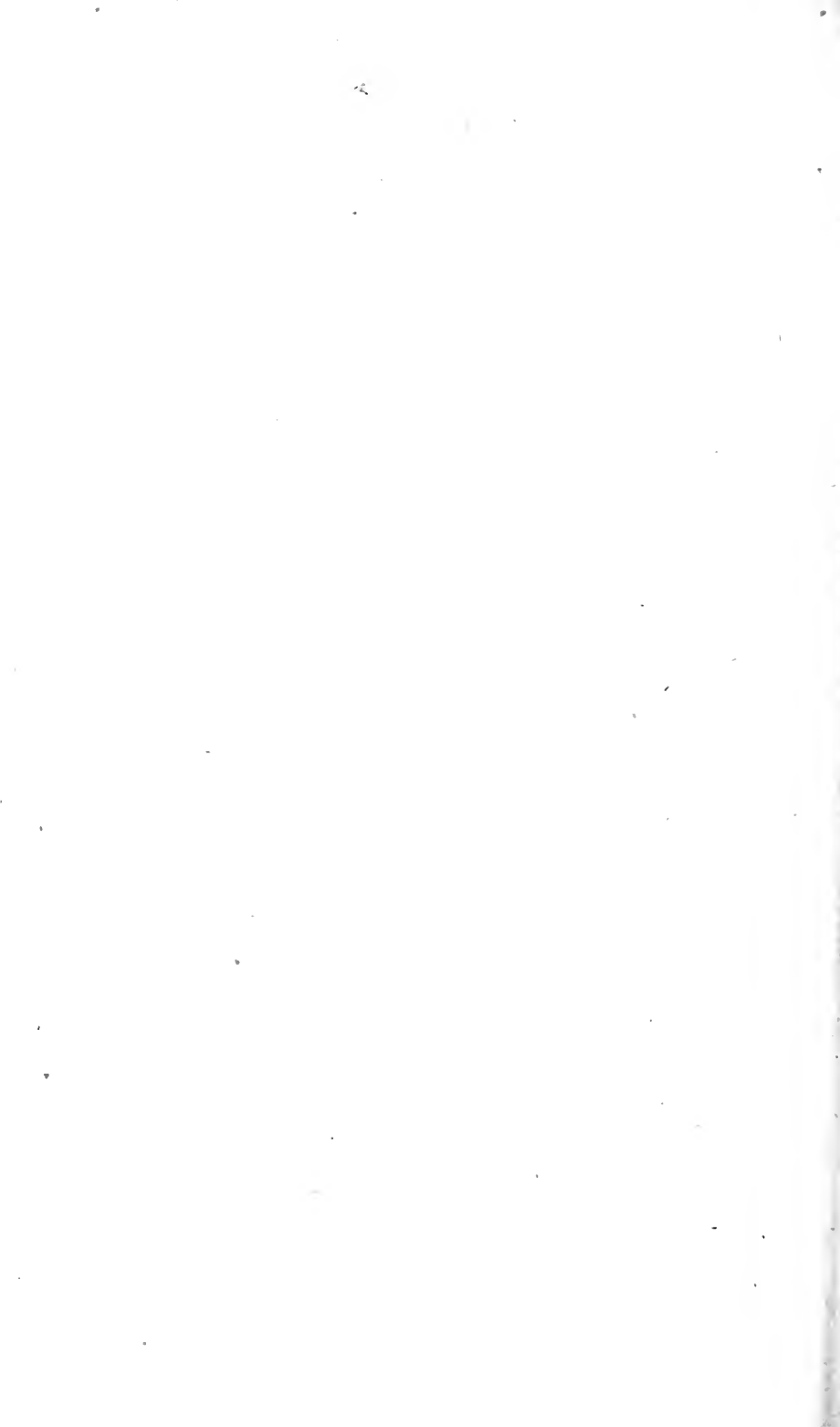
goodly green, and pleasant woods in a forest, is no less pleasant, and delightful in the eye of a prince, than the view of the wild beasts of chase; and therefore the grace of a forest is to be decked and trimmed up with store of pleasant green coverts*."—One should scarce have expected such a passage as this in a law-book. On such authority however, I hope, I may consider the scenery of the forest as essential to the very existence of it; and shall proceed with more confidence, in the description of *those goodly green, and pleasant woods, the sight and beholding whereof is so comely and delightful.*

In this detail I shall rarely go in quest of views into the intricacies, and recesses of the forest. These sweet retreats would often furnish a great variety of pleasing scenes; but it would be difficult to ascertain, and point them out to the observation of others. I shall satisfy myself therefore with following the great roads, or, at least, such as are commonly known, where views may easily be ascertained; reserving only the liberty of stepping a little

* Manwood, chap. vi.

afide, when any thing of peculiar excellence deserves attention.—I should in this detail also pursue my rout through the forest, with a careful eye to the arbitrary division I have made of it, into four parts*; but as the roads will not always admit such exactness, I must be content to follow the rout prescribed by the surveyors of the high-ways; keeping within the division I have prescribed, as nearly as I can.

* See page 51.



S E C T. V.

Remarks on the western parts of New-forest, from
Vicar's-hill to Ringwood; and from thence,
through Christ-church to Lymington.

FROM Vicar's-hill, we passed Boldre-
bridge, and ascending the opposite bank,
called Rope-hill, to Battramsly, we had a
beautiful view of the estuary of Lymington
river; which when filled with the tide,
forms a grand sweep to the sea. It is seen to
most advantage from the top of the hill, a
few yards out of the road on the right. The
valley, through which the river flows, is
broad; it's screens are not lofty, but well
varied, and woody. The curves of the river
are marked by long projections of low land,
and on one or two of them some little saltern,
or

or other building is erected, which breaks the lines. The distance is formed by the sea, and the isle of Wight. All together the view is picturesque. It is what the painter properly calls *a whole*. There is a fore-ground, a middle-ground, and distance—all harmoniously united.—We have the same view, only varied by position, from many high grounds in the neighbourhood; but I know not, that it appears to such advantage any where as from this hill.—At Battramly we join the London-road.

From hence to Brokenhurst, the forest exhibits little more than a wild heath, skirted here and there with distant wood.

Brokenhurst is a pleasant forest-village, lying in a bottom, adorned with lawns, groves, and rivulets, and surrounded on the higher grounds by vast woods.—From the church-yard an expanded view opens over the whole. On the left rise the woods of Hinchelsea, and adjoining to these, the woods of Rhinville. The centre is occupied by the high grounds of Boldre-wood. The little speck just seen among them, is a summer-house, built by lord Delawar to command a forest-view. The house among the woods on the
right

right is Cuffnel's, the seat of Mr. Rose; and still more to the right, are the woods of Lyndhurst.

At the entrance of Brokenhurst, a little to the right, Mr. Morant's house commands a very grand, and picturesque forest-view. Both the fore-ground, and the distance, are complete.

The former is an elevated park-scene, consisting of great variety of ground; well-planted; and descending gently into the plain below. Among the trees, which adorn it, are a few of the oldest, and most venerable oaks of the forest. I doubt not but they chronicle on their furrowed trunks ages before the conquest.

From this grand fore-ground is presented an extensive forest-view. It consists of a wide range of flat pasturage (one of the spreading lawns of the forest*) garnished with tufted clumps and woody promontories shooting into it; and contrasted by immense woods, which occupy all the rising grounds above it, and

* See page 210.

circle the horizon. The contrast between the open, and woody parts of the distance, and the grandeur of each part, are in the highest stile of picturesque beauty.

This grand view is displayed to most advantage from the front of the house: but it is seen also very advantageously through other openings among the trees of the fore-ground.

As you leave the village of Brokenhurst, the woods receive you in a noble rising vista, in which form the road is cut through the forest. This vista is exceedingly grand. A *winding road* through a wood, has undoubtedly more beauty than a *vista*; and in a smaller scene we always wish to find it; and even reprobate the vista, wherever it occurs. But through a vast forest the vista is in better taste; tho I do not in the least apprehend we are under obligations, on this score, to the surveyor of the high-ways. He took the direct road; which happened, on this occasion, to be the line of beauty. On other occasions, under the same principle, he has missed it: but here it suits the greatness of the scene; and shews the depth of the forest, and the vastness

vastness of the woods, to more advantage. *Regular forms* are certainly unpicturesque; but from their simplicity, they are often allied to greatness. So essential is simplicity to greatness, that we often see instances, in which the stillness of symmetry hath added to grandeur, if not produced it; while on the other hand, we as often see a sublime effect injured by the meretricious charms of picturesque forms, and arrangements.

We are not however to conceive of the forest-vista, as we do of the tame vistas formed by the hand of art. As it is cut through a tract of woody country, there is first, of course, no formality in the disposition of the trees. In the artificial vista, the trees are all of one age, and planted in regular growth. The whole plan is the offspring of formality; and the more formal it is, the nearer it approaches that idea of perfection, at which it aims. But in the forest-vista the trees are casually large, or small; growing in clumps, or standing single; crowding upon the foreground, or receding from it; as the wild hand of nature hath scattered them. And it is curious to see with what richness of invention, if I may so speak, nature mixes, and

intermixes her trees; and shapes them into such a wonderful variety of groups, and beautiful forms. Art may admire, and attempt to plant, and form combinations, and clumps like hers: but whoever examines the wild combinations of a forest (which is a delightful study to a picturesque eye) and compares them with the attempts of art, has little taste, if he do not acknowledge with astonishment, the superiority of nature's workmanship.

The artificial vista again is rarely composed of more than one species. It is the fir, the lime, or the elm. But in the forest-vista you have not only different kinds of trees intermixed; but bushes also, and underwood, and wild plants of all kinds, which are continually producing new varieties in every part.

Open groves too make another variety in the forest-vista. In the woods between Brokenhurst, and Lyndhurst, an open grove is continued on the right, with little interruption, between the seventh and eighth stones. The woods on the left are chiefly close.

Besides, these grand vistas are not only varied with such smaller openings, and recesses,

as

as are formed by the irregular growth of trees ; they are broken also by lawns, and tracts of pasturage, which often shoot athwart them. One of this kind, and a very beautiful one, occurs at the sixth stone, and another, tho of inferior size and beauty, at the seventh.

Added to this intermixture of lawn and wood, the rising and falling of the ground in various parts of this vista produce another species of variety. The elevation is no where considerable ; but it is sufficient to occasion breaks in the convergency of the great perspective lines. It creates also new beauties in the scenery ; particularly in some parts on the left, where you look down from the road, among trees retiring, and sinking from the eye, till the stems of the most distant are lost in the deep shadows of the descending recesses.

All these circumstances, tho the last is more general, give the *forest-vista* a very different air from the *artificial one*, diversifying *the parts*, of which it is composed, so much, that the eye is never fatigued with surveying them ; while *the whole together* presents one vast, sublime object. Like a grand gallery of exquisite pictures, it fills the eye with all it's greatness ; while the objects,

on each side, continually changing, afford at every step a new entertainment.

A late traveller through Ruffia does not see these beauties in a forest-vista. "The country, says he, through which we passed, was ill-calculated to alleviate our sufferings by transferring our attention from ourselves to the objects around us. The road ran, as strait as an arrow, through a perpetual forest. Through the dreary extent of a hundred and ten miles, the gloomy uniformity was only broken by a few solitary villages*."—No doubt the continuation of a hundred and ten miles in any *one mode of scenery* may be rather fatiguing: but I should have thought, that few modes of scenery were better calculated to *transfer the attention* from a disagreeable subject. I know not indeed what the nature of a vista through a Russian forest may be: but if it partake of the circumstances that I have just been describing, in this vista through New-forest, it must consist of varieties, which could not easily be exhausted.

* I beg the reader's pardon for not quoting my author. I certainly met with the passage; but not noting the reference at the time; and not opening my MS. for sometime afterwards, it has now escaped me.

The account I have here given of the forest-vista is the sober result of frequent examination. A transcript of the first feelings would have been rhapsody; which no description should indulge. The describer imagines that his own feelings of a natural scene can be conveyed by warm expressions. Whereas nothing but the *scene itself* can convey his *feelings*. Loose ideas (not truth, but verisimilitude) is all that *verbal description* pretends to convey; and this is not to be done by high colouring; but to be aimed at by plain, appropriate, intelligible terms.

I should add, before I leave this pleasing vista, that to see it in perfection, a strong sun-shine is necessary. Even a meridian sun, which has a better effect on the woods of the forest, than on any other species of landscape*, is not perhaps too strong for such a scene as this. It will rarely happen, but that one side, or the other of the vista will be in shadow; and this circumstance alone will produce contrasts, which will be highly agreeable.—I may add also, that this vista

* See v. i. page 242.

appears to much greater advantage, as we rise through it to Lyndhurst, than as we descend to Brokenhurst.

As we passed this vista, we saw, in many parts through the trees, on the left, the pales of New-park, just removed from the road. This park, which is the only one in the whole district of New-forest, is about four miles in circumference. It was first used to secure stray cattle forfeited to the lord-warden: but in the year 1670, it was strongly fenced by Charles II. for the reception of a particular breed of red-deer, which he procured from France*. It is now converted into a farm; having been granted in the last reign to the duke of Bedford, for the term of thirty years.

In all the grand scenery of the forest, which we have just examined, we see little appearance

* The expence of this work stands thus in the treasury-books.

Fencing New-park and Holm coppice	·	£.100
Winter provision for red-deer	—————	50
Pens to feed them	—————	20
Paddocks to catch them, and turn them out	—————	20
		—————
		£.190

of fine timber. Most of the best trees have been felled. The landscape however is not much injured. On a fore-ground indeed, when we have a single tree, we wish it to be of the noblest kind; and it must be confessed that in our passage through this vista, which in every part as we pass along becomes a fore-ground, there is a great deficiency of noble trees. Many of the oaks are scathed, and ragged; and tho in composition trees of this kind have frequently their effect*; yet in a rich forest-scene, if they present themselves too often, offend. For all the other purposes of scenery, inferior trees, if they be full grown, answer tolerably well; and when intermixed with stunted trees, and brush-wood, as they are in all the wild parts of the forest, they are more beautiful, than if the whole scene was composed of trees of the stateliest order. Interstices are better filled; and a more *uniform whole* is produced.—Considered in this light a forest is a picture of the world. We find trees of all ages, kinds, and degrees

* See v. I. page 8.

—the old, and the young—the rich, and the poor—the stately, and the depressed—the healthy, and the infirm. The order of nature is thus preserved in the world; and the beauty of nature is thus preserved in the forest.

A gentleman once consulted his friend, who pretended to a degree of taste, about the propriety of cutting down some trees, which shaded a winding avenue to his back-front, where his offices were placed. His friend advised him by all means to leave them untouched. They are beautiful, said he, in themselves; and, you see, they screen that part of your house, which you would wish to have screened. The gentleman seemed convinced, and the next time he met his friend, I have taken your advice, said he, and have left the trees standing. And so indeed he had; but all the stunted wood, and under-growth, which he considered as offensive rubbish, he had rooted up; overlooking their use in composition. The consequence was, he laid all the offensive part of his house open; let in the light, and intirely destroyed the scene.

In

In the first book I mentioned the different effects of soil, and climate on trees*. In New-forest these observations are well illustrated. The oaks there seem to have a character peculiar to themselves. They are the most picturesque trees of the kind, we meet with. They seldom rise into lofty stems, as oaks usually do in richer soils: but their branches, which are more adapted to what the ship-builders call *knees* and *elbows*†, are commonly twisted into the most picturesque forms. In general I believe, the poorer the soil, the more picturesque the tree—that is, it forms a more beautiful ramification.

Besides, the New-forest oak is not so much loaded with foliage, as the trees of richer soils. An over-loaded foliage destroys all form. On the other hand, when the leaf is too thinly scattered, the tree looks blighted, shrivelled, and meagre. The point of picturesque perfection is when the tree has foliage enough to form a mass; and yet not so

* See v. i. page 25.

† See *ibid.*

much

much as to hide the branches. One of the great ornaments of a tree, is it's ramification, which ought to appear, here and there, under the foliage, even when it is in full leaf. It is the want of this species of ramification, which gives a heaviness to the beech*.

The great avenue from Brokenhurst leads through the space of five or six miles. After we have mounted the summit of the hill, the close views in the descent on the other side, are very beautiful, consisting of little woody recesses, open groves, or open glades, varied as they were before, in different forms.

As we approach Lyndhurst, we pass Foxlees on the left. The situation here is just the reverse of Mr. Morant's. The one stands high, and commands the forest at a distance; the other, in a bottom, is surrounded by

* See v. I. page 44.

it. Both modes of situation have their beauty ; but an extensive forest-view before the house, with a few noble trees on the fore-ground, is not only, at all times, a better picture ; but it is also more agreeably varied by the occasional incidents of light and weather, of which the other is not capable.

In a part of the skreen, which divides these grounds from the road, we have an opportunity of remarking the disagreeable effect of trees planted alternately. The eye is disgusted with looking first on a fir, secondly on an elm ; thirdly on a fir ; fourthly on an elm again, and so on. And yet this tiresome monotony, under the name of variety, is one of the commonest modes of planting. In planting, we should certainly *endeavour* at least to plant like nature, which gives us the best criterion of beauty. This alternacy is a direct, and studied opposition to all her pleasing forms of composition. It not only shews the hand of art ; but of the most tasteless art. How much more beautiful would such a skreen appear, made up of different kinds of trees in masses of each ; or in an indiscriminate mixture of all together ?

The

The town of Lyndhurst makes a picturesque appearance, as we approach it; but instead of entering it, we left it on the right; and turned abruptly into the road to Minsted. The ground here is much varied. It is hilly, broken, and wooded in clumps; with cottages here and there, interspersed. Nothing in the pastoral stile can be more picturesque. —We have also extensive views through the woods; particularly a grand retrospect towards Southampton. But as we approach Minsted, the woods fail: all becomes cultivation; and the idea of a forest is in a great degree lost. Soon after we enter the western road to Ringwood, over a spacious heath.

At the eighty-second stone, about a quarter of a mile down the hill on the right from the road, we are shewn the scene of the celebrated event of Rufus's death. When I mentioned the *tree**, on which the arrow Tyrrel glanced, I offered some reasons for

• See v. i. page 161.

supposing it might be admitted, as evidence in identifying the place. The *scene* also in some degree bears the same testimony. For history informs us, the diversion of the day was now over, the sun was declining, and William, dismounting his horse, was enjoying a moment's rest after the fatigue of the chase*, when a stag darted suddenly across the heath. The king turning towards it, and lifting his hand to screen his eyes from the sun†, at that moment received the arrow. The scene is a sweet sequestered bottom, open to the west, where the corner of a heath sinks gently into it; but sheltered on the east by a beechen grove, and on every other side by clumps of trees, forming an irregular screen around it; among which are several winding avenues of greenward.—It is the very place, where a person heated with toil, might be allured to stop for a moment's repose. But the chief circumstance of evidence is, that as the place is open only to the west, where the heath

* See William of Malmsh. and Henry of Huntingdon.

† See an account, which Rapin gives in a note from Sir John Haywood.

was never probably covered with wood, the king could there only have been incommoded by an evening-sun.

Having taken a view of this scene, which in itself, unconnected with the history it records, is a pleasing one, we ascended again into the great road, and pursued the heath, over which it led.—It is a wild expanse, unadorned with wood; but bounded on every side, by very extensive distances. In front you discover the high grounds of the isle of Purbeck. On the left, you have a large range over the isle of Wight. In the retrospect you over-look the bay, and town of Southampton; and on the right is spread before you a vast stretch of distant country, bounded by the hills of Wiltshire, and Dorsetshire. This last is the only part of these distances, which hath any picturesque value. About the eighty-sixth stone, the parts of it are best disposed; but it is the richest about the eighty-ninth, where it is seen over a woody bottom, which makes a middle ground.

In this part of the forest the paling of one of the new inclosures to secure timber, which ran a considerable way in a strait line, deformed our views. Sometimes indeed the paling of parks, and forests is picturesque, where it runs winding round a hill, and appears again perhaps in some opposite direction; but in general, it is an unpleasing object; and what in adorned scenery we should wish to hide. Indeed all divisions of property are great nuisances to the picturesque eye, which loves to range at large; and it adds peculiar beauty to the forest, that in general the grand lines of nature, and various swelling of the ground, are unbroken by these intrusions, and have their full play, and undulation. In remote distances, hedge-rows, pales, and other objects, offensive on the spot, become one rich blended surface.—And yet, even on the spot, winding lanes, with full-grown hedges on each side, are often beautiful. It is *clipping*, and *making*, as they phrase it, which ruin the picturesque idea. Utility is always counteracting beauty.

No

No sooner is the hedge in perfection, than it is destroyed*.

The approach to Ringwood, as we leave the wild heath, which gave occasion to this digression, is woody and pleasant.—Ringwood was formerly the boundary of the forest in this part; and in times of still more remote antiquity, was a place of great note. I know not whether in Saxon times, it did not claim the honours of regal residence. At present it is a cheerful village, seated in a flat country, on the banks of the Avon, which spreads, near the town, into a large piece of water, full of little islands, and frequented by swans.

* If the reader wish to know an ancient mode of making hedges, he will find it, as follows, in the fifth book of Q. Curtius. “ Having planted twigs very close in the situation they wished, they bent their branches, as they made shoots, and inserted their extremities into the earth. Here they took root; and from these roots shot into new branches. These again were bent into the earth, and so on, till a fence was obtained of the dimensions wanted.”—I have seen this mode, I believe, practised in some parts of England.

Somewhere

Somewhere near this part of the river the duke of Monmouth is said to have been taken, on the eighth of July 1685, after his defeat at Sedgmore, near Bridgwater. Thus far he had travelled in disguise, and generally by night; feeding on pulse, and green corn, which he found growing in the fields. But I think the account more probable, that he was taken near Woodlands in Dorsetshire*. It was thought however, that he intended to have secured himself in the woods of New-forest, with which he was well acquainted from having frequently hunted in them. I have heard a tradition, that his body after his execution, was sent down into the forest, and buried privately in Boldre-church-yard; but I cannot find any ground for the surmise. The register of the year is yet extant, in which no notice is taken of any such burial; unless he were buried, as might possibly have been the case, under a fictitious name.

* See Hutching's hist. of Dorset, p. 60 and 499.

From Ringwood to Christ-church the country is flat, and the lanes close, and woody. Scarce any distant view is admitted, except here and there, among the meadows on the right. On the left, Mr. Compton's park at Bistern affords some variety, running a considerable way along the road, and grazed with herds of large speckled cattle, without horns.

As we leave the village of Sopley, the meadows on the right, form a better landscape, than we had yet had. The parts are large, tho flat; and the whole is bounded with wood; in which the tower of Christ-church appears as a principal object. The church, to which it belongs, was formerly monastic. It is a grand pile, partly Saxon, and partly Gothic. Some of it's Gothic members are beautiful; particularly a small chapel, near the altar, dedicated to the virgin Mary; which for proportion and beauty of workmanship, is a very elegant piece of Gothic architecture. The church is now parochial.

The town of Christ-church, which takes it's name from the church, is a place of great antiquity. Here we find the ruins of a castle,
which

which was intended formerly to secure the mouth of the Avon. This river is joined by the Stour below the town; where uniting in a full stream, they wind together through a bleak coast, forming it first into large flat meadows, and then opening into a bay before they enter the sea. The view, which is not very interesting, is bounded by a ridge of high lands, called Christ-church head, on the right; and on the left, by the western end of the isle of Wight, which in this part, makes a remarkable appearance. It is seen nearly in front; and its broken cliffs, when the noon-tide sun in winter shines strongly upon it, appear like the ends of two fractured walls, with a dark cavity between them.

From Christ-church to Lymington the country continues flat, cultivated, and inclosed. Scarce an object presents itself. A little to the right of the road, you see a large house built by lord Bute for the benefit of the sea-air. It stands on a cliff directly opposite to Cherburgh, from which it is about sixty miles distant; and it overlooks the sea, just in that point, where Christ-church head, and the

western promontary of the isle of Wight, form an immense colonnade before it.

The road to the house runs directly to the front, narrow, and contracted at the entrance, but opening by degrees. The house first appears; then the extent of the lawn; which is ample, with a pavilion at each extremity. These from the sea appear to connect it with the house; and give it consequence. Beyond the lawn, the grand colonnade just mentioned, extends; and beyond all, the expanse of the ocean. There is something very amusing in thus contemplating an idea, which is continually dilating, and opening itself from a narrow tunnel into infinite space. If it were the effect of chance, or necessity, we have only to admire the happiness of it.

The cliff, on which the house stands, is about fifty, or sixty yards high. It is not perpendicular, but the ground being of a spongy, foundering nature, is continually falling in huge masses; and affords an easy foundation for winding stairs among the heaps of ruin, which occupy the slope. At the bottom you are received by a clean, sandy beach, where, at the ebb of the tide, you may continue your walk many miles.

The

The house is a sumptuous pile; and contains much curiosity: but as I am in quest only of scenery, my subject forbids me to enter houses. Lord Bute has made an attempt to adorn the cliff around him with a plantation. But if it should not thrive, I think the loss not great. Trees, in so exposed a situation, may perhaps just get hold of the ground: but I should think it impossible for them to produce either shelter, or ornament. Indeed in views of this kind, I have my doubts, whether the rural idea should not *purposely* be excluded, as interfering with the native grandeur of the scene. Flowers, and flowering shrubs at least seem to be alien beauties.

As we leave lord Bute's, the country still continues flat, cultivated, and inclosed. Scarce a single opening presents itself. We observed however one species of landscape, which in so flat a surface, is singular—those hollows, or dells mentioned in the general view of the forest*, running across it to the sea. They have not indeed the consequence of mountain-dells; yet some of them afford pleasing scenery. The

* See page 52.

most remarkable are those of Chuton, Ashley, and Effort. In each of these there is a little rivulet, which the traveller, ignorant of the country, will sometimes be surprized to see swollen to an extraordinary size, without any apparent cause. The case is, they communicate with the sea, at a very little distance; but being totally screened from it, and sheltered by wood on every side, they have the appearance of inland brooks, tho in fact they are under the influence of a tide.

The cliff, on which lord Bute's house stands, runs two, or three miles along the coast towards Lymington; and is known by the name of Hordwell cliff. The summit of it is a fine carpet down, and is much frequented in the summer-season, by company from Lymington, for the sake of sea-air, and sea-views. The sides of this cliff, as was observed, frequently fall in, and after one of these *founders*, as they are called, the masses of ruin form a bold, rough bank, against the sea, which secures the coast from another founder, till that body of earth is washed away, and the land-springs have loosened the earth above, when the cliff again falls in. Within these
last

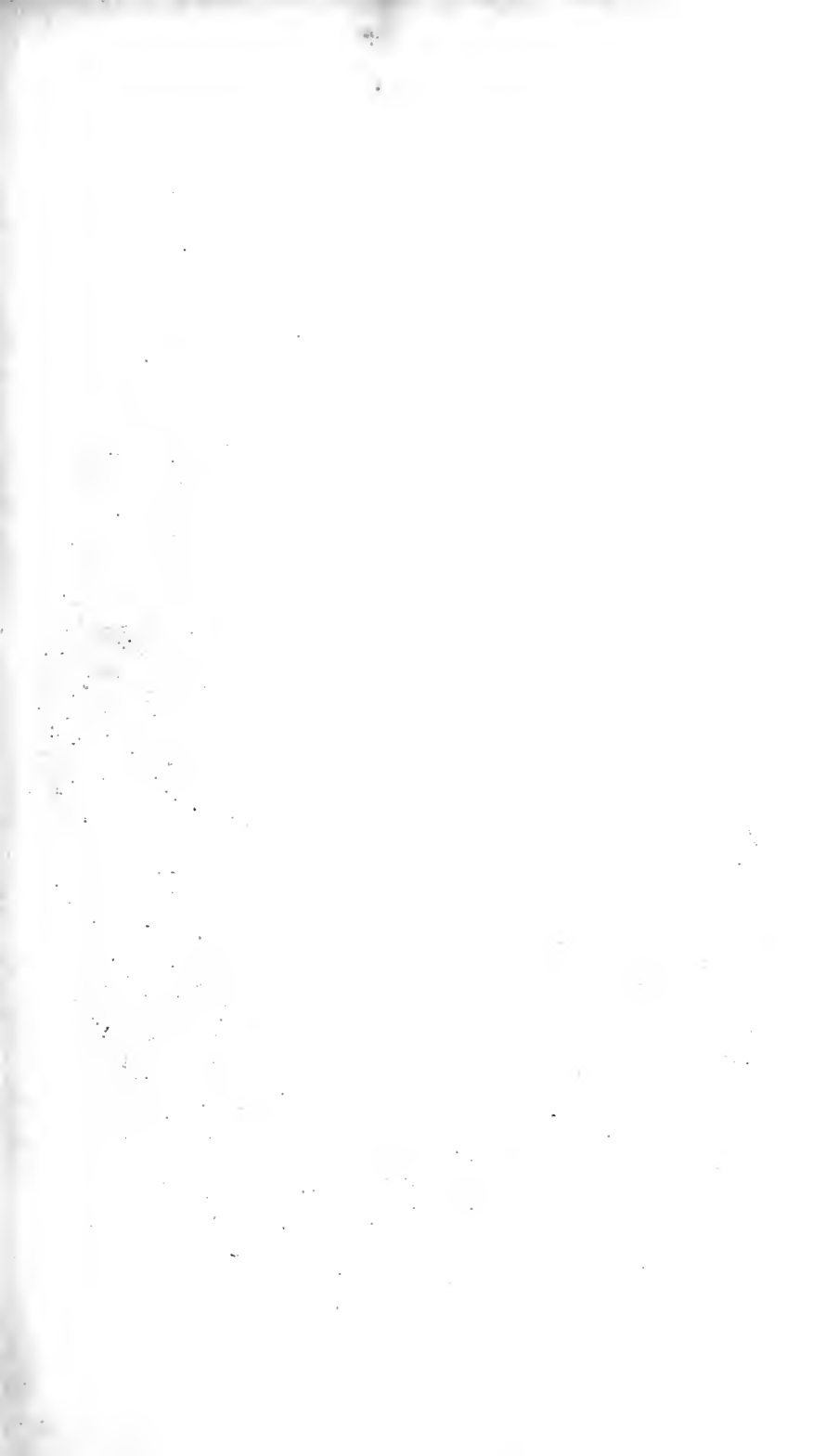
last twenty years the sea has gained near a quarter of a mile, in some places on this coast, and the calculators of the country say, that lord Bute's house cannot possibly stand above thirty years. He has taken however great pains to secure it, by diverting, at a great expence, the land-springs: so that he has little to fear but the action of the sea, which, tho a rough enemy, is a much less dangerous one; and against this he has endeavoured to guard by facing the precipice in different parts with stone.

In this cliff between Christ-church and Lymington, is found a great variety of fossil shells. About a hundred and twenty different sorts were collected by Mr. Gustavus Brander, of Christ-church, and presented to the British museum. Mr. Brander published also in 1766, descriptions, and very neat engravings of them, under the title of *Fossilia Hantoniensia*. These shells are found about fourteen or fifteen feet below the surface. The stratum above them is sand and gravel. The soil, in which they are found, is a bluish clay; and runs down from the gravelly stratum, to a level with the sea; and probably much deeper. In every part of this cliff these

shells are found; but chiefly about the village of Hordwell. It is difficult to get them: the collector must clamber up the sides of the precipice; and then extricate them from the clay, which is very stiff, by a tool. Their texture too is so brittle, that in cleansing them he runs a great risk of breaking them.—What is remarkable, few of these shells belong to this coast, or indeed to any European coast; and many of them as far as is known, are found no where else. It is remarkable also, that this stratum of shells runs in a northerly direction quite through New-forest. Wherever the earth is opened to any depth, in digging marle, or on other occasions, shells are found; tho I never saw them of any size; except upon the coast.

A little below Hordwell, the cliff fails, and the coast becoming flat between this place and Lymington, is commodiously formed into salterns; where great quantities of excellent salt have been made; tho the trade has of late fallen off. The square, bounded receptacles to receive the brine, are a glaring injury to the beauty of the shore.

About





About two or three miles farther along the coast, stands Hurst-castle, built at the point of an extraordinary natural causeway, which runs two miles into the sea; forming a narrow channel, between the castle, and the isle of Wight. The causeway itself also is so narrow, that it scarce, at high water, exceeds two hundred yards in breadth. In high tides it is much narrower. The whole is covered with loose pebbles. The side towards the island is a bold shore; beaten into ledges, or terraces of pebbles, by the violence of the waves. The other side, which is sheltered, is undulating, marshy, and undetermined; forming the water, when the tide flows, into a smooth land-locked bay.

From this little peninsula you are entertained with views on each hand. The island, and the Needle-rocks are objects, dreary, vast, and grand; and not wholly unpicturesque. But to make them objects of the pencil, they must be well inlightened, and the foreground adorned with a little naval furniture—an anchor, a net hanging to dry, a drifted boat,

boat, or some other object, with which sea-coasts abound. When I first saw this scene, it was in a sultry summer-noon, and all the cliffs were overspread with that dingy indistinct hue, which sometimes accompanies a hot meridian sun. The sea, which was calm, was lighter than the land, tho darker than the sky.—But in the evening, the white cliff at the end of the island, together with the Needles, were tinged with the setting sun, and became very splendid; and the sea glowing with equal radiance, the whole view, and every part of it, was rich and harmonious.

On the other side of the peninsula, the Hampshire coast, extending far and wide, forms an immense bay, which appears flat, woody, and interspersed with a variety of distant objects. The parts are here, and there, picturesque; but the whole, tho amusing, is too vast for the pencil.

Hurst-castle lying level with the beech, fully commands the channel, which separates the coast of Hampshire from the isle of Wight. It consists of a round tower fortified by semi-circular bastions; and was among the strongest of those castles, which were
built

built by Henry VIII. But since Portsmouth hath been a place of consequence, and always guarded by a fleet, this castle, as well as others of the same intention, are now neglected.—In this castle the apartments are still shewn, where Charles I was confined, when he was carried from the isle of Wight; and very miserable they are.

—On the batteries we saw an instance of Hogarth's humour, when he was painter to the ordinance. The carriages have all crowns painted on them, with the king's initials. Below one of them, painted exactly in the vulgar stile of the rest, Hogarth has formally put the initials of his name.—The form of this castle at a little distance, set off by the rocks of the island as a back ground, is unpicturesque.

The Needles, which are of the same texture of rock with the neighbouring cliffs of the island, seem to have been washed from them by the sea. A gradual change has been observed, even in the memory of man. We may easily imagine with what violence a storm at sea pours in among these piles of formidable rocks, when the suction and eddies

eddies of tides and currents make them dangerous almost in the sereneft weather.

Befides the curious fituation of Hurft-castle, there is another peculiarity on this coaft, which deferves notice. It is an ifland called the *Shingles*, which fometimes riles fifteen or twenty feet above the water; and at other times totally difappears. It fhifts it's fituation alfo, rearing itfelf, at one time, nearer the ifle of Wight, and at another, nearer the coaft of Hampfhire. The myftery of it is this. In that part of the channel lies a vaft bank of pebbles, fo near the furface, that it is beaten up into an ifland, by the raging of the fea, fometimes on one fide, and fometimes on the other, as the tides and currents drive. From the fame caufes too, all the prominent parts of it are as eafily difperfed, and the ifland vanifhes. When we faw it, it confifted of feveral acres: but it was then larger, than had been remembered for many years. The fea however had found a paffage through the middle of it; and it was leffening daily.

But

But as the country from Christ-church is flat, and the sea generally excluded from the sight, all these views of the isle of Wight, the Needles, and Hurst-castle must be obtained by leaving the road, and getting a little nearer the coast. Other interesting views may be sought in the same way, both on the right, and left of the road. At Milford, and in the neighbourhood of it, are several good views of these great objects. At Rook-cliff, a little nearer the sea, the views are again varied; the island, and coast forming the appearance of an ample bay. On the other side of the road, about Pennington-common, from Mr. Dixon's, and other places, the distant views make a new appearance, just skirting the horizon, over a flat country, with a long sweep of the island, and intervening channel. But the most beautiful view, on this side, is from Mr. Etty's drawing-room at Priestlands. The near grounds sink in the middle into a sort of wide valley, which is occupied in the distance by the island, and the channel: and as they retire from the eye on the left, and wind rather towards it on the right, the whole has the appearance of a grand lake; bounded
at

at this end, but running far into distance at the other. As the house stands in the centre of this view, it appears as if the house, and view had been adapted to each other; which is one of the happiest circumstances, that can attend a situation. A fine view is pleasing; but a fine view adapted to the situation of a house, is more so.— They who are unacquainted with the country, should be apprized, that in all these views, and wherever the island is seen from the Hampshire coast, it's insularity is no where discoverable. An extensive curtain of it only appears.

A little farther to the east stands Lymington, just at the point, where the flat country we had been travelling from Christ-church, descends to the river, which takes it's name from the town. The brow, and gentle descent of this falling ground the town occupies; forming one handsome street, which overlooks the high grounds on the opposite side of the river. It is a neat, well-built town, and pleasantly seated. The houses, especially on the side of the street next the coast,

coast, have views from the windows, and gardens, of the isle of Wight, and the sea.

Across the estuary, formed at the mouth of Lymington-river, a dam with flood-gates is thrown. The intention was, to exclude the salt-water from the meadows above; which, it was hoped, might have become good pasturage: but the purpose is not answered. A great beauty however arises from the influx of the tide, which forms a handsome piece of water above the dam, with many reaches, and winding shores. We have already observed the beauty of this estuary; when seen from the higher grounds, as it enters the sea*. The scenes are equally interesting, which it affords, when the eye pursues it up the stream, into it's recesses in the forest. One of the best of them opens from the stable-yard of the angel-inn in Lymington, and the parts adjacent.

The channel between the isle of Wight, and the shores of Hampshire, is sufficiently deep, at all times, for ships of force, and burden, which

* See page 61.

often pass *through the Needles*, as it is phrased; but if the weather be at all rough, it is thought an unsafe passage; and in general these narrow seas are frequented by smaller vessels. The port of Lymington particularly, which is entered by a long, narrow, shallow river, is chiefly frequented by light skiffs, rigged in the cutter-form, with a jib and boom. These are, of all others, the most beautiful vessels, which frequent a coast. To make a large ship a beautiful object, some peculiar incident is necessary. She must be fore-shortened; for a ship in profile is formal. Her sails also must in part be furled: for the square sail without any contrast is disgusting. A degree of distance also is requisite, both to lessen the object; and to soften the features of it.—But the light skiff, with a single mast, a jib, and boom, is beautiful almost in any position. As she is often undecked, the lines of her sides are generally well contrasted; and the various turns, and swellings of her sails almost always present some elegant form.

Of these vessels great numbers frequent the channel, between the isle of Wight, and the coast of Hampshire. And what adds to the animation of the scene, the river forms two

or

or three bold, and beautiful curves; so that you see each little coasting-vessel, as she tacks about, in entering the harbour, or leaving it, in every position in which she can possibly present herself. A small harbour therefore is much more productive of picturesque objects, than one of larger size, frequented either by ships of war, or of burthen. A scene, like this, gave occasion to those very beautiful lines in Shakespear.

She sat with me on Neptune's yellow sand,
 Marking the imbarcked traders on the flood;
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
 And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind:
 Which she, with pretty, and with swimming gale
 Following (her womb then rich with my young squire)
 Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
 To fetch me trifles, and return again,
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.

As we leave the dam, and pursue our course along the shores of the river, we are entertained, if it be full, with some good lake-scenes.

On the western side, just opposite to Vicar's-hill, are the ruins of a Roman-
 VOL. II. H camp,

camp, which the country people know by the name of *Buckland-ring*, tho in fact it is *rectangular*. It gives no value to the scene; but if your curiosity lead you to it, you will find it a very complete work of the kind. There are many larger in England; but few more perfect. It measures in length about two hundred paces; in breadth not quite so much; and hath been defended by two ramparts, and two ditches. The whole of these works is intire, except the front towards the river, which is demolished: but in the demolition you may trace the double ditches. The ramparts seem to have been about twenty feet high. In the front, the view is very extensive over the channel, and all the environs of the river. On the opposite side the eye is carried far and wide, into the forest.

Below the camp, runs a creek from the river, where it is supposed the Romans used to land; and works have been thrown up there also with a view, no doubt, to secure their landing. These works resemble those of the camp itself; only the area is less, and the rampart single.

There

There has been also, on the other side of the river, exactly opposite to Lymington, another small fort. Nothing remains now, except the artificial mount, on which it had been erected: but it is generally supposed to have been a speculatory station to the grand camp of Buckland, as it commands a wide view of the channel.



S E C T. VI.

Remarks on the western parts of New-forest, in a ride from Vicar's-hill, to Wilverly-lodge—Burley-lodge—Boldrewood-lodge—Rhinfield-lodge—Setley-wood—Burnt hill, &c.

HAVING thus taken a large circuit, of near fifty miles, round the western parts of the forest; I shall now conduct my reader through the same country again, *interiore gyro*. The internal parts of this extensive circle are supposed to contain some of the most beautiful scenery of it's kind in the forest. But as we had here no turn-pike-road to guide us, and a great variety of paths to mislead us, we were obliged to put ourselves on horse-back under the conduct of one of the under-keepers.

Instead of holding the great road, as before from Battramsley to Brokenhurst, we turned short, to the left, into the open part of the forest, towards a noted land-mark, called Marl-pit-oak; well known to the deer-stealer; who on this, or some neighbouring tree, often takes his stand, in the dusk of a summer-evening, to watch the herd, as it leaves the woods to graze these open grounds.

This wild heath receives some beauty from its swelling in various parts. The swells are bold, but at the same time easy: the ground, seldom broken, generally falls gently into little valleys.—These beauties however are obvious only to the picturesque eye, which by a little imaginary finishing can form these rough ground-plots into pictures.—As we attained the higher part of the heath, we had better landscape. We had been mounting gradually from the great road through two or three miles, when the country giving way on *the right*, a grand display of woody-scenery was opened towards Brokenhurst, and Lyndhurst. On *the left*, the heath is but meagerly skirted with wood. To make amends however,

ever, the cliffs of the isle of Wight range beyond it in the distance.

Scattered about these wild grounds we meet with many tumuli. Between Shirley-holms, and Setley-wood, are four or five. Two of them are raised in contiguous circles, which is a circumstance rather uncommon. It seems to indicate, that the persons, to whose memory they were constructed, had been nearly connected. On pacing the circumference of each, we find they have belonged to persons of unequal dignity, in the proportion of a hundred and eight, to eighty three. But a little to the east of Shirly-holms, near Peatmer-pond, arises a larger tumulus than either of these, called Shirley-barrow. It's circumference is one hundred and forty paces.—There are many other tumuli, on the great heaths of the forest; which I mention here, as I shall take no farther notice of them.

As we descended the gentle heights, on which we were now raised, a beautiful valley,

about a quarter of a mile in breadth, opened before us, arrayed in vivid green, and winding two or three miles round a wood. On the other side the grounds, wild, and unadorned, fall with an easy sweep into it. Beyond these a grand woody scene spreads, far, and wide, into distance; and as it approaches the eye, unites gently with the other parts of the landscape. The valley was no other than that vast bog, already mentioned, known by the name of *Longslade-bottom**. Its deceitful surface however does no injury to its picturesque form: only indeed it deprives it of the appendages of grazing cattle. The nimble deer trip over it in summer without inconvenience; but no animals of heavier bulk dare trust themselves upon it.—The name of the wood beyond this verdant valley, is Hinchelsea.

As we leave Longslade-bottom on the right, the grounds, which rise on the left, are occupied by Sethorn-wood, a scene of considerable extent. Sethorn-wood was once the

* See an account of it, page 56.

noblest of all forest-scenes. The ground it stood on is beautifully varied; and the grandeur, and number of it's oaks were the admiration of all, who saw them. But it's glories are now over. During the unremitted course of thirty years it continued to add strength to the fleets of Britain; itself sufficient to raise a navy. In this arduous service, it's vigour was at length exhausted; and it contains little more, at present, than shrubs, and underwood, and blasted trees. In the midst of this wood rises a hill called *Oak-brow*, from the stately oaks, which once adorned it's summit, and shaggy sides. But it's honours fell a sacrifice, not, like those of Sethorn, to it's country's good, but to the convenience of a potent neighbour. Through the influence of lord Delawar, whose views it obstructed, it's oaks were felled, long before any inroads had been made among the woods, which incircled them. And if the destruction of these oaks had been partial; if a few, here and there, had been left as a fore-ground, the injury, on the spot at least, might the less be regretted. For the views which are thus opened from it's brow, make great amends for the loss of

of

of it's woods. They consist chiefly of two or three beautiful lawns, screened with forest-scenery. *Yew-tree-bottom* denotes one of these scenes; and *Even-water-bottom*, another. The former receives it's name from the species of trees, which decorate it; the latter, from a pool, which occupies it's middle area.

In forest language, vallies in general are called bottoms; tho in fact, they are wide extended scenes. Most of them have their little rivulets running through them. But these forest-streams are very unlike the streams of a mountainous country; pouring among rocks, and fretting among pebbles. Theirs is a tamer nature. They are seldom more than little ouzing rills, which drain the springy sides of rising grounds; and wander slowly, unobserved, and unobstructed, through the vallies of the forest. The landscape however, seldom wants their paltry assistance. The only way, in which these rivulets are of any use in a forest-scene, is, when they spread themselves into little pools, in some part of the valley, as they do here, in *Even-water-bottom*, and as they frequently do in other scenes; and the merit of these
 little

little pieces of water chiefly consists in drawing all the cattle of the neighbourhood around their banks, which greatly animate, and enrich the view.

In this part of the forest stands Wilverly-lodge commanding beautiful views of these sweet wooded lawns, and vallies; which, from the high situation of the lodge, are set off with the isle of Wight, as a back-ground.

From Wilverly, we traversed the pales of a new timber inclosure, which is not less than four miles in circumference. If the wood, which it is meant to defend, should ever flourish, it would soon create a scene. But at present this part of the forest is barren of beauty, and there is so very little appearance of the growth of timber, that people are apt to suppose, it has been ignorantly planted; or negligently attended.—One reason indeed assigned for the ruin of the young wood, is the quantity of rabbits, which breed in the dry, sandy hills of these parts; and which it is difficult, amidst such shelter, to extirpate. A young oak, just vegetating from the acorn, is esteemed, by these pernicious inmates, the most delicious food. Thus it
may

may be said, the glory of England may be nipped in the bud by a paltry rabbit.

After we leave these dreary pales, the country, here and there, breaks out towards Holmsley-lodge; but nothing is very interesting till we arrive at the brow of Burley-hill. Here the eye is greatly regaled. From this height it surveys a grand sweep of *different removes* of woody distance, spreading round a semicircular plain of several miles in extent; known by the name of *Mark-way-bottom*. The plain itself consisting of a well-proportioned intermixture of rich heath, and green pasturage, is something between a forest-lawn, and a forest-heath; too large for the one, and yet not large enough for the other. In two or three different parts, it is adorned with those attractive pools, which enrich a landscape with the introduction of animal life.

The woods, which incircle this grand savannah, as we survey them from the brow of the hill, are those of Bury on the left: adjoining to these, commence the woods of Burley; and still more to the right, those of Rhinfield. All this rich scenery is in one continued, tho' varied and broken, sweep; and ranges at different distances from one
mile

mile to ten. The woods of Bury on the left, being the nearest, and most elevated, intirely fill that part of the horizon, under which they spread: but beyond those of Burley rise, in fainter colouring, the two woody-bosomed hills of Lyndhurst; and beyond the woods of Rhinfield, a very remote forest-view stretches into all the obscurity of distance. Every species of country, cultivated, as well as uncultivated, when melted down into distance, has a fine effect; as we have often observed; but the forest-distance, is among the richest.—Such is the grand view, from Burley-hill; continually varying it's appearance as we descend.

Our road led us over Mark-way-bottom, to the duke of Bolton's at Burley; which is an excellent forest-lodge, tho an ordinary ducal-seat. The late duke having obtained a grant of it for thirty years, was at some expence in adorning it. He built handsome stables; fitted up the house, and laid out a lawn before it, which is bounded by a piece of embanked water. There is but little taste however shewn in the improvements; nor
indeed

indeed does the situation deserve much attention. It is low; and except that it stands in the midst of a beautiful forest, it is on the whole, ill-chosen.

The lawn of this lodge is adorned with some very grand oaks, which from the dignity of their form, and venerable appearance; as well as the number of the most respectable of them, have obtained the name of the *twelve apostles*.

In the woods around this lodge, we saw a breed of small cattle, which the late duke of Bolton procured from Scotland. While this herd was increasing, they were suffered to run wild in the forest; but in a course of years, when he wished to reclaim a few of them, their habits were become so obstinate, and their nature so ferocious, that it was attempted without success; and they are now among the *feræ naturâ* of the forest. They are mischievous however only when attacked. We rode, and walked among them without any molestation.

From Burley-lodge it is little more than two miles to Boldre-wood lodge, the seat of
lord

lord Delawar. This house enjoys one of the finest situations of the forest. It stands high, with an extensive lawn before it, from which it commands a vast extent of forest-scenery, spread around in great variety of distance; particularly towards Burley-lodge, where the woods stretch far and wide, beyond a lengthened savannah, which sets them off to great advantage*.—On the other side of the lawn, the distances are woody; but more broken, and not so remote.

Nor are the home-views around this beautiful spot, less pleasing, than those at a distance. We wound near a mile round the lodge, through a succession of rich forest-scenery, composed chiefly of beech. The trees themselves are among the most beautiful of their kind, having been secured from the ax by the protection of the house they adorn. But still the beech, even in perfection, is inferior to the oak, the elm, and the ash, in most of the characteristics of picturesque beauty. It has always too much of a spiry pointedness in the extremities of its branches; which gives a littleness to its parts. In its most beautiful form it rarely shakes off

* The same kind of situation, only varied, is described in page 63.

this characteristic imperfection. If the trees however as individuals, were less pleasing, their combinations were highly beautiful; and exhibited much scenery from those natural openings, and glades, which are so often found in the internal parts of forests.

All the woods not only around this lodge, but in its neighbourhood, abound in beech. The mast of this tree is the most fattening food for deer; and gives such repute to the winter-venison of Boldre-wood walk, that a stranger would have difficulty in getting a king's warrant for a doe executed in it*.

These woods also afford excellent feeding for hogs, which are led, in the autumn-season, into many parts of the forest, but especially among the oaks, and beeches of Boldre-wood, to fatten on mast. It is among the rights of the forest-borderers to feed their hogs in the forest, during the *pawnage-month*, as it is called, which commences about the end of september, and lasts six weeks. For this

* Mr. Samber's MS.

privilege they pay a trifling acknowledgment at the steward's court at Lyndhurst. The word *pawnage* was the old term for the money thus collected†.

The method of treating hogs at this season of migration, and of reducing a large herd of these unmanageable brutes to perfect obedience, and good government, is curious.

The first step the swine-herd takes, is to investigate some close sheltered part of the forest, where there is a conveniency of water; and plenty of oak, or beech-mast, the former of which he prefers, when he can have it in sufficient abundance‡. He fixes next on some spreading tree, round the bole of which he wattles a slight, circular fence of the dimensions he wants; and covering it roughly with boughs, and fods, he fills it plentifully with straw, or fern.

Having made this preparation, he collects his colony among the farmers, with whom he commonly agrees for a shilling a head,

† See Manwood on forest-law, p. 201.

‡ Pliny seems to be of a different opinion. "Glans fagea suam hilarem facit, carnem coquibilem, ac levem, et utilem stomacho. Tradit Nigidius fungosam carnem fieri esculo, robore, subere." Lib. xvi. 6.

and will get together perhaps a herd of five or six hundred hogs. Having driven them to their destined habitation, he gives them a plentiful supper of acorns, or beech-mast, which he had already provided, founding his horn, during the repast. He then turns them into the litter, where, after a long journey, and a hearty meal, they sleep deliciously.

The next morning he lets them look a little around them—shews them the pool, or stream, where they may occasionally drink—leaves them to pick up the offals of the last night's meal; and as evening draws on, gives them another plentiful repast under the neighbouring trees, which rain acorns upon them for an hour together, at the sound of his horn. He then sends them again to sleep.

The following day he is perhaps at the pains of procuring them another meal, with music playing as usual. He then leaves them a little more to themselves, having an eye however on their evening-hours. But as their bellies are full, they seldom wander far from home, retiring commonly very orderly, and early to bed.

After

After this, he throws his sty open, and leaves them to cater for themselves; and from hence-forward has little more trouble with them, during the whole time of their migration. Now and then, in calm weather, when mast falls sparingly, he calls them perhaps together by the music of his horn to a gratuitous meal; but in general, they need little attention, returning regularly home at night, tho they often wander in the day two or three miles from their sty. There are experienced leaders in all herds, which have spent this roving life before; and can instruct their juniors in the method of it. By this management the herd is carried home to their respective owners in such condition, that a little dry meat will soon fatten them.

I would not however have it supposed, that all the swine-herds in the forest manage their colonies with this exactness. Bad governments, and bad governors will every where exist; but I mention this as an example of sound policy—not as a mere Platonic, or Eutopian scheme; but such as hath been often realized, and hath as often been found productive of good order, and public utility.

The hog is commonly supposed to be an obstinate, head-strong, unmanageable brute: and he may perhaps have a degree of positiveness in his temper. In general, however if he be properly managed, he is an orderly, docile animal. The only difficulty is, to make your meanings, when they are fair, and friendly, intelligible to him. Effect this, and you may lead him with a straw.

Nor is he without his social feelings, when he is at liberty to indulge them. In these forest-migrations, it is commonly observed, that of whatever number the herd consists, they generally separate, in their daily excursions, into such little knots, and societies, as have formerly had habits of intimacy together; and in these friendly groups they range the forest; returning home at night, in different parties, some earlier, and some later, as they have been more or less fortunate in the pursuits of the day.

It sounds oddly to affirm the life of a hog to be enviable; and yet there is something uncommonly pleasing in the lives of these emigrants—something at least more desirable, than is to be found in the life of a hog *Epicuri de grege*. They seem themselves also

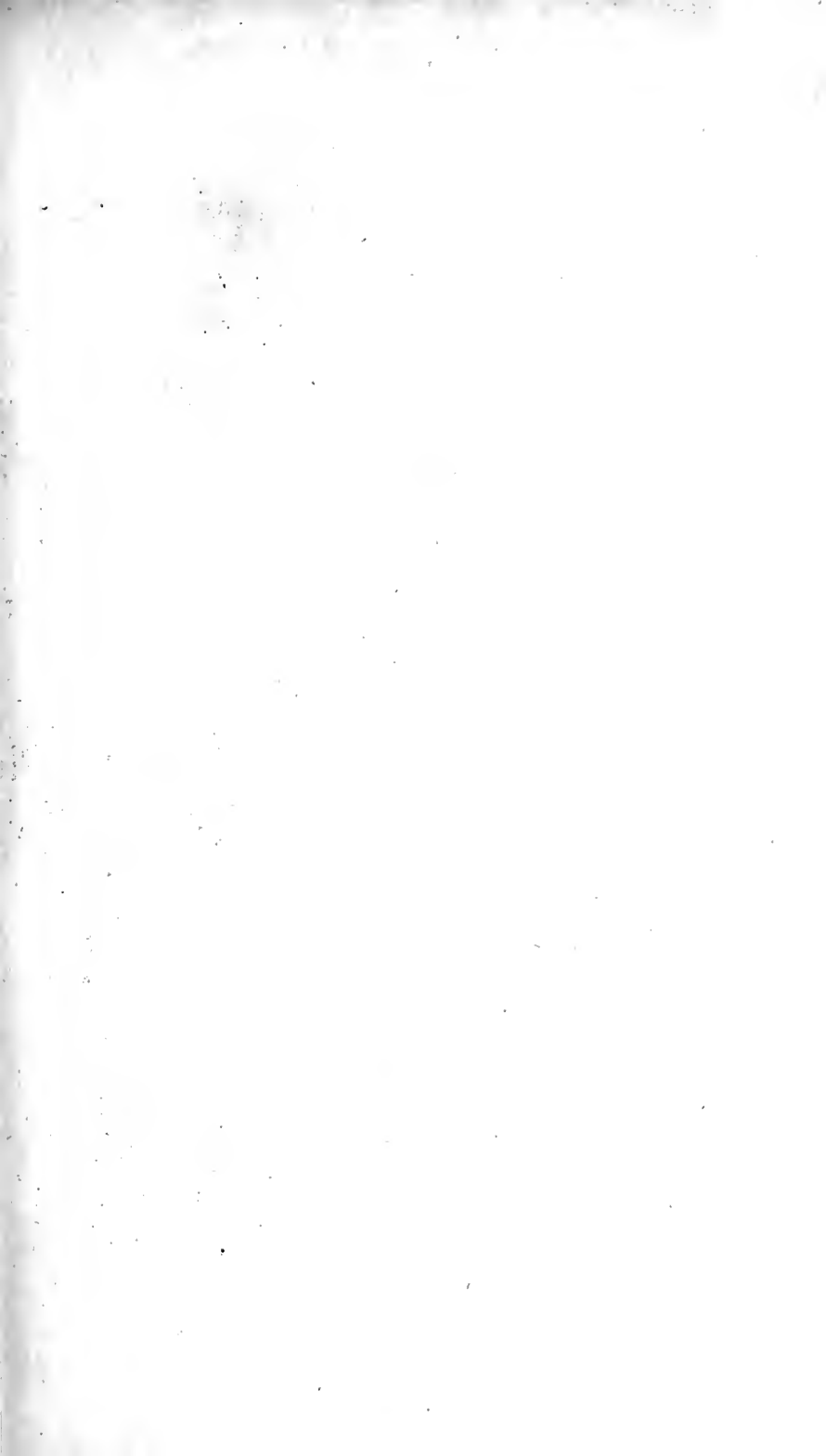
to enjoy their mode of life. You see them perfectly happy, going about at their ease, and conversing with each other in short, pithy, interrupted sentences, which are no doubt, expressive of their own enjoyments, and of their social feelings.

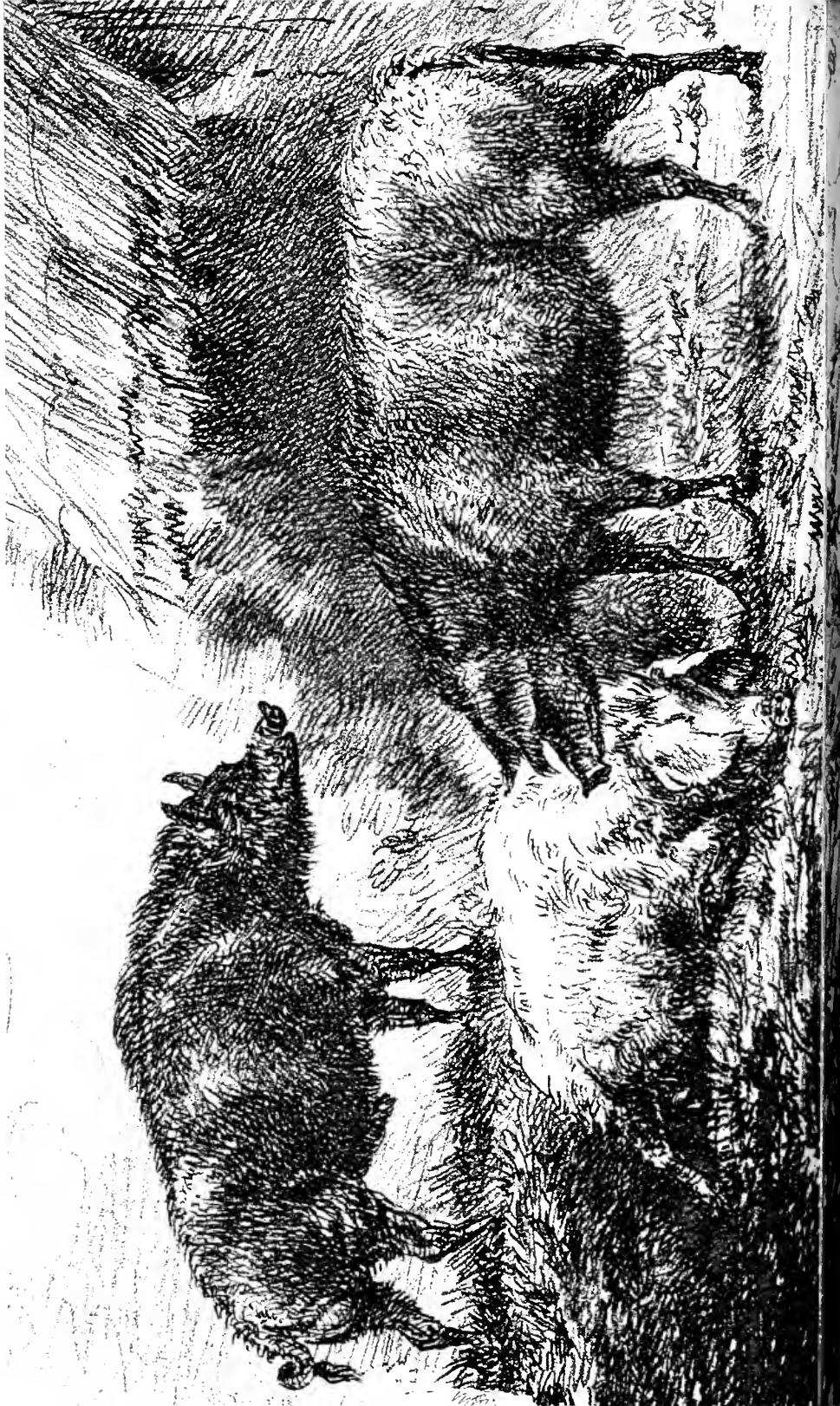
Besides the hogs, thus led out in the mast-season to fatten, there are others, the property of forest-keepers, which spend the whole year in such societies. After the mast-season is over, the indigenious forest-hog depends chiefly for his livelihood on the roots of fern: and he would find this food very nourishing, if he could have it in abundance. But he is obliged to procure it by so laborious an operation, that his meals are rarely accompanied with satiety. He continues however, by great industry, to obtain a tolerable subsistence through the winter, except in frosty weather, when the ground resists his delving snout: then he must perish, if he do not in some degree experience his master's care. As spring advances fresh grasses, and salads of different kinds, add a variety to his bill of fare; and as summer comes on, he finds juicy berries, and grateful seeds, on

which he lives plentifully, till autumn returns, and brings with it the extreme of abundance.

Besides these stationary hogs, there are others in some of the more desolate parts of the forest, which are bred wild, and left to themselves, without any settled habitation. As they cost nothing either in food, or care, their owners are content with the precarious profit of such, as they are able to reclaim.

Charles I, I have heard, was at the expence of procuring the wild boar and his mate from the forests of Germany, which once certainly inhabited the forests of England. I have heard too that they propagated greatly in New-forest. Certain it is, there is found in it; at this day, a breed of hogs, commonly called *forest-pigs*, which are very different from the usual Hampshire breed; and have about them several of the characteristic marks of the wild boar. The forest-hog has broad shoulders; a high crest; and thick, bristly mane, which he erects on any alarm. His hinder parts are light, and thin. His ears are short, and erect; and his colour either black, or darkly brindled. He is much fiercer, than the common breed; and will
turn





turn against an ordinary dog. All these are marks of the wild boar, from whom, I have little doubt, that in part he derives his pedigree, tho his blood may be contaminated with vulgar mixtures†.——But tho he is much more picturesque, than the common hog, he is in much less repute among farmers. The lightness of his hind quarters, and the thinness of his flanks appear to great disadvantage in the ham, and the fitch.

On leaving the beechen groves of Boldrewood we were received by a large, open, swampy, heath, called *No Man's walk*, being under the peculiar jurisdiction of none of the keepers.——The woods soon after commenced again, in which we passed a large forest-vista, cut through them, from Lyndhurst to Burtle-lodge; but it wanted the turnpike road which we found in the other vista*. I could not have supposed how much it lost, from the want of this accompaniment. Without a *road*, there seemed to be no *reason* for a

† See vol. I. page 281.

* See page 65.

vista. In other respects also it wanted the variety of the Lyndhurst-vista.

Along the confines of these woods, we skirted a forest-lawn, called *Warwicksted*; which wheeled around us in the form of a crescent, near two miles in circuit. It was a beautiful scene, hung with wood on every side.

Near this place stands Rhinfield-lodge; the situation of which is perhaps as pleasing, tho not so grand, as that of Boldre-wood. It stands on a spreading hill, incircled with groves of oak, among which indeed greater destruction hath been made, for the sake of the view, than seems to have been necessary. As the ground falls on every side from the hill, on which the house stands, so on every side, it soon begins to rise again, tho very gently, expanding by degrees into a vast circle of forest-scenery of every species—extensive woods—skirted heaths—intermixtures of wood and lawn—and all this landscape exhibited through the various removes of distance. When we were sated with these grand scenes, we had them afterwards presented more picturesquely in parts, as we descended the hill, on which the lodge stands.

In

In this descent we caught them every where to great advantage, through the boles, and branches of the stately oaks, which surrounded us. As the ground, which immediately incircled this hill at the bottom, is swampy, and watered with rivulets, the situation is sometimes in the winter, rather uncomfortable. When the rains are abundant, the waters stagnate so much around the hill, that it is almost completely insulated.

The next scene we visited was a forest-lawn of grand dimensions. It seemed not less than nine or ten miles in circumference; bounded on every side, at least in appearance, with woods, some of which were on a level with it, and others on grounds elevated above it. Among these latter were the woods of Brokenhurst, adorned with the spire of the church shooting above them.—The peculiarity of this lawn is, that its vast area is a perfect flat—a form, which tho less beautiful than a playing surface, exceeds it in simplicity, and grandeur. A *small flat* is trivial. It is a mere bowling-green. It has neither beauty in its *parts* to set it off; nor greatness
in

in the *whole*, to make it interesting. A *small piece of ground* therefore should always be varied. But an *extensive flat* like this we are now examining, gives one grand, uniform idea, which fills the imagination. The grandest idea of this kind, is that of the ocean; the greatness of which consists in it's being a continued flat. But the ocean presents grandeur without beauty. In a view of this kind at land, the idea of beauty is, more or less, impressed by the character of the scenery around it. I remember being exceedingly struck with the grandeur of an immense scene of this kind, on the borders of Scotland, called *Brough-marsh**. It is infinitely larger indeed than this, and is invironed, not with woods, which would lose their effect round so vast an area; but with mountains. *Romney-marsh* in Kent, is a scene also of the same kind; but it is cut in peices, and deformed by parallel lines, hedges, and canals. Nor are it's boundaries good. Instead of woods, or mountains, it is bounded by the

* See observations on the lakes of Cumberland, &c. vol. II. page 109.

sea; and where the sea appears in conjunction with a level surface, the effect is bad: it joins one flat to another, and produces confusion.

The extensive forest-lawn, which gave occasion to these remarks, is known by the name of *Ober-green*. It is chiefly pasturage, patched here and there with heath; and is esteemed one of the best feeding grounds, both for deer, and cattle in the forest.

Ober-green was the last of those beautiful lawns, with which our ride through these parts of the forest was invivened; and I imagine few counties in England could furnish so many pleasing woodland-scenes in so small a compass. He who delights in such scenery will find it in much greater perfection in the wildness of a forest, than among the most admired improvements of art. He will find it grander, more varied, and every where more replete with those wild, enchanting passages, which the hand of art cannot give. What are the lawns of Hagley*, or any other

* The late Lord Lyttleton's in Worcestershire, now Lord Westcote's.

place celebrated for this species of artificial landscape, but paltry imitations of the genuine works of nature?

Hinchelsea-wood*, which we left on the right in the morning, now again skirted our right, as we traversed *Ober-green*. Here it was as great an ornament, as it was on the other side, at *Longslade-bottom*. That vast bog, which we had seen in the morning winding so beautifully round Hinchelsea-wood, now presented its deceitful surface directly in our way. An inexperienced traveller might have ventured to pass it without scruple. But our steps were better guided. We were carefully led through the skirts of the wood to a place where a mole is thrown across this vast bog, with two or three wooden bridges to transmit the moisture.

Having passed this obstruction, we rose Blackamsley-hill, from whence, as in a table of contents, we had a view of all the country, the woods, and the lawns we had passed, extending at least nine, or ten miles in length.

* See page 104.

From Blackamsley-hill, we came to Setley-wood, near which we met again the great road, we had left in the morning. But instead of continuing in it, we crossed it at a gate opposite to a gravel-pit, as we leave Brokenhurst; and entered a wild heath called Burnt-hill, where some beautiful woody scenes immediately opened.—On the left along the declivities, hung inclosures of cultivated meadow-land, and likewise of rough grounds, both equally adorned with wood; and as these two species of landscape were here contiguous, and exactly similar, excepting only the article of cultivation, they afforded a good opportunity of illustrating the doctrine of *gradation*; one of those great principles in landscape, which contributes more than any other, towards the production of *effect*. —The force of gradation is most shewn in the management of light and colours: but it is shewn also in the *union of objects*. *Abruptness*, it is true, and *strong oppositions*, are often great sources of picturesque beauty; when properly, and sparingly introduced. In profusion, they are affected. But the great principle of gradation has *universal influence*, and enters more or less into *every composition*. —The

—The instance we saw of it here respected the *union of objects*.

On examining a piece of *natural ground*, we see, at a single glance, how gradually, and beautifully nature commonly unites one part with another—the tree with the shrub—the shrub with the brake—that again with the weed—and lastly, these lowest decorations with the level ground; which is here, and there, still farther softened into them by patches of more luxuriant herbage*. But in the cultured field, however beautiful in it's kind, you see no transition, no connection, or gradation among contiguous parts. Even if the hedges introduce no formality of lineal boundary, yet the smooth uniform surface, whether of grass, or of corn, joins abruptly with the wood. This in a picturesque light is displeasing.

But you admire the artificial lawn, bounded only with wood? You then talk of *contrast*, rather than *gradation*, as a source of beauty?

* See vol. I. p. 219.

We do: and scenes of this kind are often beautiful. But one of their great beauties arises still from *gradation*. When we talk of *contrast*, we do not mean *simple opposition*. Two contiguous stripes of black, and white produce no effect. *Strong oppositions* we sometimes allow, but they must only appear in transient touches: *gradation* enters into the idea even of *contrast*. It is true, in the artificial lawn we commonly require neatness; so that the *rude connections of nature* are excluded: but still a lawn, bounded with *regular* wood, gives us little pleasure. It is the planter's care to obtain what *gradation* he can, by bringing some of his clumps forward, and thus connecting his lawn with his woods. Yet with all his art he can never do it in so nobly wild, and picturesque a manner, as nature in her most beautiful works.

The two different kinds of hanging grounds, bounded with woods, which occasioned these remarks, occupied our left. In front was an extended skirting of woody scenery, which opening itself more and more, as we proceeded, spread into a noble skreen. This
 scenery

scenery consisted of those vast woods, which stretch from Heathy-Dilton, to Boldre-church.

These woods hang over the most pleasing meadows about Roydon, and along all the valley to Brokenhurst, that ever adorned a landscape. It is a landscape indeed of the cultured kind, and therefore little accommodated to the pencil; but of it's kind it is the most lovely. Through this valley, consisting of hanging meadows, variously bounded, and adorned with wood, the river of Lymington, while it is yet rural, and only a forest-stream, forms many a devious curve. But this pleasing scenery can only be traversed by the foot-passenger, or the angler with his rod. Even on horse-back you cannot pass the many wooden bridges made of single planks, which are thrown athwart the several windings of the stream.

Leaving these scenes behind us, we entered the lanes of Roydon, broad, winding, and adorned in one part with an open grove, in others, with an intermixture of beech, and oak; which stretching across, form a canopy above the head. These lanes open upon a heath, called Sandy-down, which is supposed to enjoy the best air in it's neighbourhood.

Here

Here the woods, which had before skreened our front, now winding round, appear with equal magnificence on the left. The summit is crowned with Boldre-church, which discovering only it's imbattled tower among the trees, takes the form of a lofty castle.

Having crossed the river near the ruins of Haywood-house, once a mansion of considerable note, we mounted the hill to the church, from whence we had beautiful views, on the north, to the forest, and on the south, towards the white cliffs of the isle of Wight, which are set off by intermediate woods.—Indeed all the churches of the forest are loftily seated. For when the whole country was covered with woods, and before roads were cut through them; it was necessary to place the church in a lofty situation, that the inhabitants might the more easily find their way to it, through the devious paths of the forest.



S E C T. VII.

Remarks on the middle parts of New-forest, between the rivers of Lymington, and Beaulieu.

DIRECTING our course first towards Beaulieu, we passed the plantations of fir Harry Burrard at Walhampton, which extend round his house, and are composed chiefly of fir. His gardens command extensive views of the isle of Wight, and the intervening channel: but they are views, which may rather be called *amusing*, than *picturesque*. They are too extensive for the use of the pencil. The distant coast exhibits too long a curtain; the hills are too smooth; and the water-line is too parrallel with the coast of Hampshire. The only way to obtain that species of beauty, which we call *pic-
ture*sque,

turesque, from so lengthened a view of distant coast, is to break it, here and there, with plantations, sometimes immediately on the fore-ground, and sometimes in the second distance. And indeed in many parts of the gardens, where such portions are intercepted by the woods, good *pictures* are obtained.— After all however we must allow, that nine persons in ten would be better pleased with these extended views in their present *amusing state*, than if they had been more generally broken in a form to please the *picturesque eye*. Few people can distinguish between the ideas of *beautiful*, and *picturesque*: but every eye is pleased with an *amusing view*.

To these sheltered recesses, which extend even to my garden-gate, I am so much indebted, through the indulgence of their benevolent owner, for the quiet pleasures of many a studious hour, that I should gladly enter more minutely into a description of them; did not my subject, which holds me closely to the wild scenes of nature, forbid. Yet there is one scene, which I cannot forbear mentioning: it is so nearly allied to nature, that it is closely allied also to my subject. The scene I mean, is a small lake, containing about a dozen acres, which
has

has been formed out of a swamp. It is wooded on both sides; and the view of the whole together is very pleasing, when you stand in the open part, towards Portmercommon, from whence the head, which confines the water, is concealed; and the woods on each side, are united at the bottom, with those of the garden. The walks, on both sides, are well managed; and contain many little pleasing recesses, and openings to the water.

Sir John D'Oyly, and Mr. Robbins, whose houses we pass in succession, have the same views towards the isle of Wight, and the channel, which are presented from the gardens at Walhampton; but they are seen under different circumstances.

Sir John D'Oyly's capital view is from a circular room at the top of his house, which commands a very great extent both of sea, and land. On the land-side the diversified woods of the forest appear stretching far and wide around his house, with all the intervening cultivation—houses—cottages—and farms. On the other side, the sight extends along the channel of the isle of Wight in both directions—to the west, as far as the open sea; and to the east, as far as Spithead,

where every motion of the fleet, which is stationed there, may be observed. His lawn has lately been new-modelled, and is now only in a state of improvement; so that it's effect cannot yet be seen.

At Pilewell Mr. Robbins's views towards the sea, are nearly the same as those from D'Oyly-park; only seen from a lower stand. Mr. Robbins's lawn is a very extensive one. It is flat indeed; but so much quiet space forms an excellent contrast with the busy scene of navigation, which is spread beyond it. Still however these views are of the *amusing* kind. I should advise the *picturesque* eye therefore to seek the scenery of the island, as he will find it more broken, in many parts of the walk, which circles the lawn. The best view of the *whole together* is from the *dressing-room* windows.

About a mile and a half from Baddesly we pass the edge of a piece of fresh-water, above three miles in circumference, known by the name of Souley-pond. In an inland-country it would have been thought a considerable lake: but it's close neighbourhood

to the sea diminishes the idea. It is not indeed screened by such noble limits, as dignify the lakes of Westmorland and Cumberland; rocks, mountains, and craggy promontories; yet it is marked by an elegant irregular line; its banks arise in gentle swells from the water; in some places the skirts of Beaulieu woods run down to its edge; and in others low points of level land shoot into it, which are always beautiful, especially when adorned with groups of figures, or of cattle. On the whole it is a pleasing scene. It produces great plenty of fish; and often affords a summer-day's amusement to the gentlemen of the neighbourhood.

From Souley-pond the road leads towards the banks of Beaulieu-river, which are rather high in this part, and much wooded; so that of course the water is screened from the eye. The road however is very beautiful, passing through woody lanes, and open groves: and the woods of Beaulieu are the more beautiful, as they are almost universally left untouched. You scarce see a maimed tree among them.

About two miles from Souley, a strange ruin attracts the eye, on the left. It appears like the two ends of a barn, the roof of which has fallen in. But the curiosity of it is, it's amazing size. From one gavel-end to the other it extends eighty-one paces. The name it is known by, is St. Leonard's; and it is commonly supposed to have been a barn belonging to the monks of Beaulieu, who placed here a little establishment of their fraternity, to gather the fruits of the country in these parts. The vestiges of different buildings, and the walls of a small chapel, still remain.—In a picturesque light this ruin is of no consequence. We walked round it, and tried it in every mode of perspective, if possible to make a drawing from it, but the two vast gavel-ends would enter into no kind of composition.

Large barns were the common appendages of abbeys; and the vestiges of some of them still remain. There is a grand building of this kind at Battle-abbey in Suffex; tho I should think is more ornamented, than was requisite for a barn. There is another very large one at Cerne in Dorsetshire. But the noblest edifice, I believe, in England, under the

the denomination of a barn, is to be seen at Choulsey in Berkshire, about two miles from Wallingford. This barn is still larger than that we are now surveying. It is somewhat above a hundred yards in length; and eighteen yards broad. It contains four threshing-floors; and is supposed to have belonged to the rich abbey of Reading. Tho carrying upon it the date of 1101, it is in good condition; and still performs the functions of a barn. Mighty castles, and churches in three or four centuries have given way to time: but here is a barn, which has continued doing it's offices to society, through the space of seven hundred years.

From the ruins of St. Leonard's, the same woody road brought us soon to Buckler's-hard, a beautiful semi-circular valley, or rather a dip of the bank to the edge of the river, which forms before it one of it's grandest sweeps.— In this pleasing retreat the duke of Montague, predecessor to the late duke, proprietor of all this part of the country, proposed to build a town, which was to bear his name. He was at that time proprietor also of the island of St. Lucia in the west-Indies; and as he enjoyed all the privileges on the river, of the
 abbey

abbey of Beaulieu, which were great, and would have enabled him to invest his colony with many immunities, he expected to derive much advantage from a sugar trade; as sugars might thus be imported, and from the plenty of fuel, refined, at a much cheaper rate here, than they could be any where else. And indeed the scheme had the approbation of many men of sounder judgment, than the duke's. The limits of a town were accordingly planned—the streets were marked out—and the building-grounds adjusted. But at the peace of 1748, St. Lucia was declared a neutral island, by which the duke's property in it was lost; and soon after, his only son dying, he dropped all farther intention with regard to his new town.

Buckler's-hard was however destined to receive a town, tho' of a different kind. The situation was commodious for ship-building, as well as sugar-boiling; and was taken for that purpose, by Mr. Adams, who made large contracts with government for building ships of war. Several very fine frigates have been built here, and some ships of more force*.

The

* The following is a list of the ships of war, and their number of guns, which have been built at Buckler's-hard.

The

The great number of workmen, whom this business brought together, have given birth by degrees to a populous village.

From this busy scene, we pursued our way to Beaulieu-abbey; which is about two miles beyond it. The road is still close, and beautifully wooded. Within half a mile of it you look down from the higher grounds, into the circular valley, in which the ruins of the abbey stand.

The valley itself is extensive, and consists of great variety of ground; and the whole scene, but especially the hills, which surround it, are woody. Through the middle of it runs the river, which, about two miles above Beaulieu, is a mere forest-stream, and has no consequence, but what it receives from the beautiful

The Illustrious of seventy-four guns. The Vigilant—Agamemnon—Indefatigable—and Europe; all of sixty-four. The Greenwich, and Hannibal of fifty. The Woolwich—Romulus—Gladiator—and Sheerness of forty-four. The Thames—Thetis—and Heroine of thirty-two. The Coventry—Levant—Triton—Greyhound—Sibyl—and Brilliant of twenty-eight. The Surprise—Fowey—and Mermaid of twenty-four. The Kennington of twenty—and the Scorpion sloop.

scenes,

scenes, through which it wanders. Under the walls of the abbey it meets the tide, which immediately gives it form, and dignity. Here a bridge is thrown over it; on each side of which, it spreads into a lake, when the tide flows, shaping it's ample sweeps around rich wooded shores. Both these grand basons might easily be kept constantly full, if a head were constructed, as I have heard it might be, across the river, at the second reach below the abbey. The tide, in all probability would not obstruct a work of this kind; as it flows here with little force, scarce at the rate of four miles an hour.

The precincts of the abbey, which stands on the eastern side of the river, are, in circumference, about a mile and a half. The boundary-wall is intire in several parts; and visible almost in all. The area, within the boundary, is nearly flat; and might easily be made a very beautiful scene. Along the banks of the river the ground is a little varied, where a pleasant walk has been laid out, which is now picturesquely marked by the ruins of time. The bank is here somewhat higher than the river; and was formerly, in this part, the foundation of the boundary-wall of the abbey; which,
when

when the wall was intire, compleatly hid the river, and all it's beautiful appendages from the walk. Time has now restored them. Tho the wall yet holds out in some places, it has in general failed. Large portions of it are gone; and in other parts there are chafins, and fractures, through which the river, and the surrounding woods appear often to great advantage from the walk. Old oaks likewise, coeval with the abbey itself, are scattered profusely around the ruins of the wall; sometimes supporting it, and sometimes supported by it. They are every where beautiful appendages; and in many places unite with the ruins of the wall into the most pleasing *fore-grounds*; while the river, spread here into a lake, and the woods beyond it, form a *distance*.

Among these ruins, I remember, some years ago, to have seen a very extraordinary instance of vegetation. The main stem of an oak arose in contact with a part of the wall, which was intire; and extended one of it's principal limbs along the summit of it. This limb, at the distance of a few yards from the parent-tree finding a fissure in the wall, in which there might probably be some deposit of soil, shot a root through it into the earth.

From

From hence, shooting up again through another part of the wall, it formed a new stem, as large as the original tree; and from this again proceeded another horizontal branch like the former. In a great storm, which happened on the 27th of february 1781, both the wall, and the tree were blown down together.

Great part of the area between this beautiful walk, and the abbey, is occupied by an open grove; part of which is beautiful, and part deformed. The reason of the difference is, that one part is planted carelessly by the hand of nature; the other regularly by that of art.

Of the buildings of the abbey considerable parts remain; enough to shew, that it has formerly been constructed in a rich Gothic stile: tho its dimensions were never large. The parts still in being of most consequence, are what is supposed to have been the refectory, and the abbot's lodge. The refectory is now turned into a parish-church, and forms a handsome aisle, which is worth looking into. The abbot's lodge is known by the name of the palace, and was fitted up by the predecessor of the last duke of Montague, as a mansion; tho he made little addition to it. The old hall still remains, and
some

some of the other apartments. What he added, is ill-done; and what he did in the way of taste, is whimsical, and ill-managed. He did nothing indeed that adorns this beautiful scene; many things which deform it; and some things so strangely absurd, that no genius but his own, could have conceived them. Instead of calling in some man of taste to assist him in making Beaulieu-abbey one of the most pleasing scenes in England, which it might have been; he employed an engineer, by whose help he drew a ditch around it; filled it with water; threw two or three draw-bridges over it; secured all the avenues; and thus, by a wonderful stroke of art, converted an abbey into a castle. This achievement was performed about the time of a French war, and a rebellion; when the duke had been raising a regiment, and his ideas had taken a military turn. It is said too, that he made this strange metamorphosis under an apprehension, lest some adventurous French privateer, taking the advantage of a full-tide, might sail up the river, and endeavour to carry him off.— Men of taste cannot enough lament, that a situation, so well adapted to receive the beauties of art, should have fallen so unhappily into such

fuch wretched hands; and that more money had been spent in deforming it, than might have made it a scene of uncommon beauty.

Of the other parts of the abbey little remains. There is a court about sixty or seventy feet square, formerly perhaps a cloister, which is now converted into a garden. In the inner walls remain several arches, now closed, two or three of which are of beautiful Gothic. Near this court also stands a small room, roughly arched. The arches are of stone, centering in a point at the top: but it does not easily appear for what purpose so small an apartment was intended. The kitchen is still very intire; as this edifice often is among the ruins of abbeys. It was a structure commonly of great strength.

But tho the situation of Beaulieu-abbey is very pleasing; and perhaps more monkish, than could easily have been found in the neighbourhood; yet if a noble family-mansion should be intended, a much grander situation might be chosen in many parts of this beautiful country; particularly on the high grounds, a little to the north of Buckler's-hard, nearly about the point, where the road from thence
unites

unites with that from Lymington. This situation commands a grand sweep over the river, together with it's estuary—the woods on both sides of it, which are rich, and ample in a high degree—and in the distance the channel, and the high grounds of the isle of Wight, from Cowes' point to the Needles.

The privileges of the manor of Beaulieu, which were granted by king John, were very extensive; and are still preserved. No debtor can be arrested within it's precincts, unless the lord's leave be obtained. The lords of Beaulieu also enjoy the liberties of the Cinque-ports; and the same exemption from duties; which was the duke's principal reason, as was observed*, for building a town at Buckler's-hard. They hunt also, and destroy the king's deer, if they stray within the purlieu of the abbey. On the day we were at Beaulieu, we found the hedges every where beset with armed men. There were not fewer than twenty, or thirty. It appeared as if some invasion was expected. On inquiry we were

* See page 138.

informed, a stag had been seen that morning in the manor; and all the village of Beaulieu was in arms to prevent his escape back into the forest. The fortunate man, who shot him, had a gratuity from the lord.

Beaulieu-manor is an extensive scene, being not less than twenty-eight miles in circumference. It consists chiefly of woodlands; and besides the deer, which accidentally stray into it from the forest, contains a great number of deer in it's own domains. Among these rough grounds are intermixed many valuable farms; and the whole yields annually about £.4000.

As we leave Beaulieu-abbey, along the Lyndhurst road, we skirt the upper lake, which is formed by the tide above the bridge. It is a beautiful sheet of water, about a mile in circumference, surrounded, on every side with woods, which in many parts fall into it from the rising grounds. As the view opens, we look full up the lake. On the right the abbey appears among the woods to great advantage. On the left, a winding road runs along it's margin; except where
in

in some parts it is intercepted by clumps of trees. In front, the woods recede a little from the water, and leave a space of flat meadow, which has a good effect in contrast with the rising grounds, and woods on each side.—The whole scene is pleasing. Soon after we leave the lake, the river dwindles into a sluggish, little, bull-rush stream. The meadow, however through which it winds, are adorned with wood, and still continue beautiful.

At a place called the *Fighting-cocks*, well known to the lurking poacher, the manor of Beaulieu ends; and we entered the wild scenes of the forest. Deep woods received us. Through these we rode near two miles, rising gently from the river; and then emerged into an open scene, called *Culverly-beath*—one of those beautiful woody-skirted lawns, of which we had seen so many in the western parts of the forest; and yet the features of this were different from them all.—We stood on a rough knoll, decorated with a few full-grown oaks, descending in front into a lawn, which appeared to stretch about a

L 2

mile

mile in front; and a league on each side. It was skirted in every part with woods, shooting out, and retiring in screens on each side; and folding over each other. The whole was a pleasing piece of forest-perspective, and the lawn one of the most picturesque compositions we had met with, in this mode of landscape.

Soon after we left Culverly-heath, we entered another scene of the same kind—larger, but less varied. In Culverly-heath the materials of landscape were brought together in so perfect a manner, as to produce a picturesque whole. Here, through an awkwardness in the composition, there was but an indifferent whole, tho many of the parts in themselves were beautiful.

From this heath we entered a large wood, called Denny. It has once been a noble scene, but it is now stripped of its principal honours, and consists chiefly of beech, with a few decrepid oaks stragling among them. Every where we saw noble *stools*, as they call the stumps of such trees as have been cut down; and could form an idea of their grandeur, by the respectful space they have formerly occupied. None of
the

the trees in the neighbourhood seem to have approached within a considerable distance of them.

In this wood, which makes a part of Denny-walk, the lodge belonging to it, is seated. Here we left the Lyndhurst road, which we had thus far pursued from Beaulieu; and turning to the left, directed our course to Whitley-ridge-lodge. In the neighbourhood of this place we found some beautiful scenes. One of them has peculiar merit.—It is a small forest-lawn, containing about seven or eight acres somewhat circular, and skirted with oaks, thickets, and open groves; but they are disposed in so happy a manner, and so much broken by clumps standing out from the other woods, that all the regularity of its form is removed. This lawn is the favourite haunt of deer in summer-evenings; and their constant feeding upon it, has given the finest texture to its turf. It is rough enough to shew its alliance with the forest; but, like some of nature's fairest forms, it has so polished an appearance, that with the smallest improvement it might accompany the most cultivated scene.

From hence we continued our rout through woods, like those of Denny, as far as Lady-crofs-lodge. These ravaged parts of the forest, tho they still afford many pleasing scenes, yet deprived of their noblest trees; are deprived also of their principal beauty. Tho inferior wood, as we had frequent opportunity to observe, might produce distant scenery, yet when we enter the internal parts of a forest, we wish for objects of grandeur. In forest-glades especially, where the scenes are small, large trees on the fore-ground are almost necessary.

From the woods of Lady-crofs, we entered the western side of that vast heath, which occupies all the middle ground between the rivers of Lymington, and Beaulieu.—It is not a scene, like that of Culverly, and others, in which the woods, and open country bear a proportion to each other; it is diffuse, and unadorned. The circumambient woods are too inconsiderable; and yet it is every where surrounded with them. Those of
Heathy-

Heathy-Dilton occupied the right; and introduced, as we skirted this side of the heath, some little scenery: but all other parts were naked. In front indeed ranged a meagre skirting of wood; beyond which the high grounds of the isle of Wight formed a distance.

As we proceeded farther on this heath, Norley-wood arose at some distance on the left. Towards this, across the heath, we bent our course, as we were told it afforded some of the most beautiful *internal scenery* of any part of the forest.—Norley-wood stretches about two miles in length; and taking a semicircular turn, forms some heathy grounds, which hang to the south, into a bay.—As a distant object however, it's woods possess only common beauties. To see it's oaks in their glory, we must enter it's recesses. Their forms are remarkably picturesque; and their combinations are as pleasing as their forms. These combinations are greatly assisted by a profusion of holly, and other humble plants, which are interspersed among the trees.—This delightful scenery also is happily opened. Several roads winding in different directions, through the wood, form

a variety of little recesses. Sometimes we were presented with a longer reach; sometimes with a sudden turn: and the beauty generally arose from seeing little removed clumps of wood, in Waterloo's stile, variously rising behind one or two stately trees on the fore-ground, whose dark branches gave their inlightened foliage effect. Other varieties are introduced by the *intersections* of roads; and others by the grass running among full-grown trees, or clumps of underwood;

Where frequent tufts of holly, box, or thorn,
Steal on the greenward; but admit fair space,
For many a mossy maze to wind between.

In short, we found instances here, in great perfection, of every mode of scenery, which I have already described in the internal parts of a forest*.

There is also a circumstance connected with this wood, which is rarely found in those woods, which occupy the middle regions of the forest; and that is a hamlet of those little trespassing cottages scattered about it, which have already been mentioned†. They

* See vol. I. page 211.

† See vol. I. page 216.

commonly

commonly stand detached, and one or other of them meets the eye in various parts, and adds much to the scene. I have already explained, how far such circumstances affect both natural, and artificial landscape*.

In a few years however, all the beautiful scenery of Norley-wood will vanish. It's destruction has long been expected; and was lately determined. In the beginning of the year 1781, a band of wood-cutters entered it, with orders from the surveyor of the forest to cut a hundred of the best trees, which he had previously marked for the use of the navy. These trees were set apart for building ships of the first and second rates. The next year another fall of the same kind of timber was ordered: and in three or four years, when all the noble trees are gone, the refuse will be destined to ships of inferior size, frigates, sloops, and cutters. During seven years it is supposed this wood will yield a considerable supply to the yards of Portsmouth. At present however a respite is given it; and the depredations, which have been made, have not yet greatly injured it's beauty. In some parts

* See vol. I. page 217.

they may have improved it*, by several openings, which the wood-cutters have made; tho the scenes of Norley-wood admit improvements of this kind, less than almost any other scenes in the forest; as they *naturally* abound in openings, and recesses. If a few more attacks however be made upon it, it's glory will be extinct; and Norley-wood like other ravaged woods, will suggest only the remembrance of a scene.

And yet the various appendages of wood-cutting—piles of bark, and scattered boughs, and timber-wains, are not unpleasing objects†. The deep, hollow tone also of the wood-man's axe, or of axes responsive to each other, in different parts of the wood, are notes in full harmony with the scene, tho their music is a knell.

The fallen tree also, lying with it's white, peeled branches on the ground, is not only beautiful in itself; but if it be not scattered in too great profusion (for white is an unaccommodating hue) it forms an agreeable contrast with the living trees. But when we see it deprived of it's beautiful ramification, squared,

* See vol. I. page 266.

† See vol. I. page 267.

and sawn in lengths, as it sometimes continues long to lie about the forest, it becomes an object of deformity; and we lament what it once was, without receiving any equivalent from it's present state.

It may here also be remarked, that the king's timber is much more picturesque, than such timber, as is bought, and cut by the merchant. He, with cautious, and discerning eye, stands at the bottom of the tree, while it is yet alive; and having examined every twisting limb, and destined every part to it's proper service, lops them off, one by one; and then fells the tree, a deformed and mutilated trunk. The royal wood-cutter is less nice. He fells the tree as it grows; and leaves the dock-men to ascertain the uses of it's several parts. Two or three of the main limbs are generally left, and splintered in the fall; but that is not his concern: in the mean time, the ruin of the whole, with all it's spreading parts about it, retains still a degree of picturesque beauty.



S E C T. VIII.

A voyage up Beaulieu-river.

THE river Avon is the boundary of the forest on the west; and the bay of Southampton on the east. Neither of these rivers therefore properly belongs to the forest. The only rivers, which may justly be called forest-rivers, are those of Lymington, and Beaulieu. The former of these we have already examined in various parts; the latter only about the abbey of Beaulieu. We determined therefore to investigate the whole by a voyage.

We took boat in Lymington-river; which at low-water winds beautifully, before it enter the sea*. Its banks indeed are mud, but of the best species; for they are covered, like the other mud-lands of this country, with

* See page 97.

sea-grafs, which gives them the air of meadows when the tide retires. The returning water over-runs all the boundaries of the river, and makes it neceffary, for the ufe of veffels of any burden, to mark its channel with ftakes.—The mouth of the river is diftinguifhed by a larger poft, known among fifhermen, by the name of *Jack in the bafket*. It ftands about three miles from Lymington-harbour.

At this boundary we entered the channel, which divides the *coaft of Hampfbire* from the *ifle of Wight*. The former, which ftretches along the left, appears as a flat woody diftance, juft raifed above the edge of the water; and unmarked by any object of confequence. They who are acquainted with the country, can point out, here and there, a houfe, juft feen among the trees.

On the right, the ifle of Wight makes a better appearance; and yet not a picturefque one. It confifts of a double ridge of high lands; which, in almoft every part, are ill-ftaped, and in fome parts the upper, and lower grounds follow each other in a difagreeable parallel. Indeed we feldom fee a continuation of high grounds, through a fpace of
of

of near ten miles, forming so unpleasant a delineation. At least it seems such to any eye assimilated to the grandeur of a mountainous country.

The *water-line* of the island appears to more advantage. Among many smaller indentations of the coast, the bays of Totland, and New-town, are considerable. Totland-bay is formed by the western point of the island, called the *Needle-cliffs*, on one side; and on the other by that promontary, which shoots out opposite to Hurst-castle, usually called *Sconce-point*. It is a rude, wild scene; tho the cliffs themselves are rather of the tame species; without any of those large parts, and projections, which give a rocky coast its most picturesque form. New-town-bay affords an opening of a different kind. It is a semicircular sweep into a country highly cultivated; which at a proper distance, when the several objects of cultivation are massed together, has a good effect.

As we approached the mouth of Beaulieu-river, its opening promised little. The eastern side forms a low, lineal, disagreeable shore.

The

The western side is still more disagreeable. It consists of a flat tongue of land, called *Needfore-point**, which runs out a considerable way; and at low-water unites with the mudlands. When the tide flows, it is in part covered with water. We found it in this latter situation; and our boat made a short push over it, instead of going round by the mouth of the river.

It is somewhat remarkable, that there is one of these spits of land, near the mouth of each of these forest-rivers; and also at the mouth of Southampton-bay. Hurst-castle, formerly intended to guard the passage through the Needles, occupies one near the mouth of Lymington-river; and Calshot-castle another, at the entrance of Southampton-bay. On Needfore-point, which is the middle one, a fortress was thought unnecessary.—But tho these spits of land are remarkable, they are easily accounted for. The united force of wind and tide from the south-west, and

* Needfore, that is, Needs-shore, but the *fb* was not used in Saxon orthography. Hence Needfore, Stanfore, and other terminations of that kind on this coast; and Windfor, Hedfor, &c. on the Thames.

west, so much greater and more continued, than from any other quarter, is the natural, and obvious cause. The same thing happens at the entrance of Portsmouth-harbour. Spit-head is the barrier of it's channel, which runs close along the eastern shore under South-sea-castle, and Portsmouth-wall, much in the same manner as the channel of Beaulieu, or rather Exbury-haven, runs close under the shore from Leap. Wherever there is a low, or gravelly coast, undefended, on the southern side of our island, it gives way to the fury of the Atlantic winds and tides. The rocks of Purbeck protect the gravelly coast about Pool, and Christ-church. To the east of these places there have certainly been depredations. Wight defends Portsmouth, and the shores eastward as far as Arundel; which would probably go to sea, if they were equally unprotected from the west, as from the east.

We had now entered Beaulieu-river, which appears to be about half a mile broad. For some time Needfore-point on the left, continued a low, winding shore; closing us in behind; tedious, and unvaried. But, on the

other side, the grounds began to form a beautiful bank.

As the reach opened, the skreens improved. The high grounds about Exbury formed themselves into a point covered with wood ; through which Exbury chapel just appeared. The other side-skreen was composed of ancient woods, where the axe seemed never to have entered. The river still continued as wide as at the entrance ; stretching in front into an ample bay, confined by woods ; but the extremity of the bay was softened by it's length, into a second-distance.

By degrees we began to wind round Exbury-point ; which still continued a principal feature in the view. But tho it had greatly changed it's appearance ; the woods and meadows, and rough grounds were still very agreeably intermixed. On the other side, the woods had taken a sweep with the river ; and were thrown into good perspective. They mantled down almost to the water ; which was bordered only by a narrow edging of meadow. Here the river affording easy access to the herds of the neighbouring pastures, they came down for refreshment during the sultry hours of a summer-noon. While they cooled themselves in the river, the woods behind sheltered them
from

from the sun ; and formed a good back-ground to their several picturesque groups.—The front of this grand reach maintained long the same appearance, consisting chiefly of woody grounds softened by distance. Nor did the side-screens vary much. Continued woods still rose on the left ; and on the right a portion of rough pasturage mingled with them.

We now came in sight of Buckler's-hard * on the left, where the large timber-yards, houses, and ships on the stocks, made a violent chasm in the landscape. A quantity of timber scattered about a yard, makes a very unpicturesque appearance.—It affords a variety of parts without a whole. And yet in a timber-yard, there are sheds and other circumstances, which are not wholly void of picturesque images. In a ship on the stocks, through every stage as it advances, there is a degree of beauty, which consists chiefly in the variety of it's sweeping lines.

* See an account of Buckler's-hard page 137. The word *Hard* signifies only a firm causeway made upon the mud, for the sake of landing.

At Buckler's-hard the reach of the river is very interesting. On the right are the woods of Beaulieu, winding round, with great richness, into a front-skreen. On the left, where wood before abounded, the grounds now run more into pasturage; tho' far from being destitute of furniture. One decoration they have, which is not unpleasing. Where the meadows fall down to the water, they are secured from the tide, by low, staked banks, which follow the winding banks of the river. If they had run in a straight line, they would have been a great deformity; but as they wind, instead of being offensive objects, they give a sort of rough, irregular termination to the line of the river. If we painted the scene, we should have no objection to introduce them; both for the reason given, and also for the sake of the reflections they form in the water.—They have sometimes also the beauty of contrast, when the other parts of the bank are without them.

From Buckler's-hard the river takes a sweep to the right. The woods likewise, on that side, follow it's course; and spreading in great luxuriance, to the water's edge, throw a gloom over half the river. A noble bay,
land-

land-locked with wood, begins soon to open. —As this scene removes, the woods take a different form, shaping themselves into removed skreens, following each other.— Another reach brought us within sight of Beaulieu—the bridge and the abbey forming the centre of the view: the river, in the mean time, losing very little of it's grandeur, from the first reach to the last.

Thus we finished our voyage up the river of Beaulieu; which in a course of near three leagues from the sea, forms about five, or six grand sweeps.—The simple idea it presents throughout, is that of a winding tide-river flowing up a *woody, and uninhabited* country; which is a singular character for an English river to assume. Here and there we see a house, and a few spots of cultivation; but so little, that they make no impression on the general character of the scene. The picturesque eye, used to landscape, easily overlooks these little obstacles; and carries on the general idea undisturbed. —The busy scene of ship-building at Buckler's-hard, rather aided, than injured the idea:

for as no one would expect a scene of this kind in so retired a place; it seemed as if the adventurers, who had sailed up the river, had landed here either to refit their ships, or to build others for the purpose of pursuing their discoveries.

Miratur nemus insuetum fulgentia longè
Scuta virùm fluvio, pictasque innare carinas.

The idea of a wild country, in a natural state, however picturesque, is to the generality of people but an unpleasing one. There are few, who do not prefer the busy scenes of cultivation to the grandest of nature's rough productions. In general indeed, when we meet with a description of a pleasing country, we hear of hay-cocks, or waving corn-fields, or labourers at their plough, or other circumstances and objects, which the picturesque eye always wishes to exclude. The case is, the spectator sympathises in the joys of a country, which arise from the prospect of plenty; and associating these ideas with the country itself, he calls it *picturesque*; by which he means only that it *pleases him*. — Thus too in the grand, and sublime scenes of nature, if there be any mixture of
horror

horror in them (which often adds greatly to the *picturesque* effect) the associated ideas of unhappiness cloud the scene, and make it *displeasing*.

I mean not, when a person is among objects, which in their remote consequences give delight; or in the midst of scenes, which are connected with distress; that he should not feel the natural impressions they make—all I mean is, to investigate the *sources of beauty*; to limit the *different modes of pleasure, and pain*; to separate *causes, and effects*; and to evince that a scene, tho it abound with circumstances of *horror*, may be very *picturesque*; while another may be intirely the *reverse*, tho replete with incidents, that produce joy and happiness.

I have an instance at hand to my purpose. One of our voyagers* to the northern seas, in sailing up a river, thus describes the scene.—
 “The country, says he, on each side, was very romantic; but unvaried; the river running between mountains of the most craggy and barren aspect; where there was nothing

* Capt. King who succeeded capt. Cook, p. 207.

to diversify the scene, but now and then the sight of a bear, or flights of wild-fowl. So uninteresting a passage leaves me nothing farther to add."

It is hardly possible, in so few words, to present more picturesque ideas of the horrid, and savage kind. We have a river running up a country, broken on both sides with wild, romantic rocks ; which, we know nature never constructs in a uniform manner. We naturally therefore conclude, they ran out, in some parts, into vast diagonal strata; on the ledges of which a bear or two appeared, sitting on their hams, or howling at the boat. In other parts, the rocks would form lofty promontories, hanging over the river, and inhabited by numerous flights of sea-fowl screaming around them. This is not an imaginary picture; but copied with exactness from captain King's sketch.— And yet he has no conception, that a scene so savage could present any other ideas, than such as were disgusting. He calls it an *unvaried scene*; by which expression he meant nothing, I am persuaded, but that the rocks were neither intermixed with villages, nor with scenes of cultivation. Wood might probably be wanting; but in a scene of *picturesque horror*,

wood

wood is by no means a necessary appendage. It is rather indeed an improper one. Flourishing wood at least is out of place: the scene might perhaps admit, here and there, a scathed, and ragged pine.

Beyond Beaulieu our boat could not pass. Thus far only the tide flows with any force. At Beaulieu therefore we waited till the tide turned, when we again embarked.

The views in ascending, and descending a river, vary considerably through it's several reaches. Yet the difference, tho observable enough, cannot easily be described. Language wants colours to paint such nice distinctions. We shall therefore fall down the river with a quicker sail, than we ascended. And yet we must not leave it's retrospect views entirely unobserved.

The bay formed by the circling woods in the second reach as we descend, is very beautiful. I know not whether it's form is not more pleasing, than we thought it in the morning.

The

The next reach loses in beauty. A long stretch of low land sweeping across the river, like a mole, which was less observable before, now greatly interrupts the beauty of the view.

The succeeding bay, where the woods of Exbury open in front, is very grand, and extensive.

From Buckler's-hard, nothing can unite more happily than the rough uncultivated grounds of Exbury on the left, with the long succession of Beaulieu woods on the right.

After this, the river soon becomes an estuary. When we entered it, as we looked up the stream, we had *immediately* the idea of a river winding into a woodland country. In the same manner, when we descended, we had *as quickly* an idea of a river entering the sea. For as the woods, in the former case, become at once the centre of the view; so does the sea, and the isle of Wight, in the latter. The last reach therefore of the river continues long to exhibit a kind of mixed scenery. Exbury-point, and the woody grounds about it, still preserve the idea of the beautiful woodland scenes we had left: while Needfore-point, tho' it wind quite around,
and

and shut us within a land-locked bay, is⁷ yet so low, that the sea, and the island appear beyond it.

On opening the mouth of the river, our boat-men attempted to carry us across the mud-lands, as they had done in the morning; but they found it dangerous, and desisted: for if a boat should only touch the ground, the delay of a few minutes might endanger her sticking, till the return of the tide; so rapidly do the waters retreat.

As the tide was thus leaving the mud-lands, flights of sea-gulls hovered round, watching, on that event, to pick up the little wreck that remained. Sea-fowl are the common appendages of all estuaries. Indeed few masters in landscape omit them.

Æneas ingentem ex æquore * lucum
Prospicit. Hunc inter fluvio Tiberinus amæno

* Æneas did not see the grove *ex æquore*, from *his ship*—but he saw it rising *ex æquore* from the *water's edge*.

Vorticibus rapid's, et multâ flavus arenâ,
 In mare prorumpit. Variæ circumque, supraque,
 Affuetæ ripis volucres, et fluminis alveo
 Æthera mulcebant contu, lueoque volabant.

Again

Ceu quondam nivei liquida inter nubila cygni,
 Cum sese e pastu referunt, et longa canoros
 Dant per colla modos, sonat amnis —————

And again

—————Pisceso amne Padusæ
 Dant sonitum ranci per stagna loquacia cygni.

On such classical authority we admire the flights of sea-gulls, as a proper ornament in a scene like this. It was amusing to observe, how quickly they discovered the relinquished shore, long before it was discoverable by us; and to see them running in appearance on the surface of the water. For tho the tide had in those parts left the land; yet the mud from it's perfect flatness long retained it's glazed, and watry appearance.—The cormorant also sat watching the ebbing tide: but he seemed bent on matters of greater importance. He did not, like the idle gull, wheel round the air; nor pace about the ebbing shore, mixing business and amusement together. With eager attention he took his stand on some solitary post, set up to point the channel

channel of the river ; and from that eminence observed from the dimpling of the waters, where some poor, wandering fish had gotten himself entangled in the shallows, whom he marked for certain destruction.

But these are not the only birds, which inliven a voyage up Beaulieu-river. In the lines I have just quoted from Virgil's description of Æneas's entrance into the Tyber (the whole of which might serve with very little alteration for a description also of Beaulieu-river) two kinds of birds are introduced. — Those, which disport themselves *in fluminis alveo*; and those, which *æthera mulcebant cantu, luccque volabant*. With the actions of the former of these we have already been entertained: but we have not yet listened to the music of the latter. I have been told it is extraordinary; and that all these woods, on both sides of the river (so extensive are they, and unmolested) are filled with such innumerable flights of singing birds, that to sail up the river in a morning, or an evening in the spring, affords, in Virgil's language, an *œnium concertus*, hardly any where else to be found. The nightingale, the thrush, the blackbird, and the linnet are the chief performers

formers in the concert. Some of these you hear continually bursting out either at hand, or from a distance: while the various petty chirpers of the woods join the chorus: and tho' alone their little untuneable voices might be harsh; yet all together (one softening the discordancy of another) they make a kind of melody; or at least an agreeable contrast to such of the band, as are better skilled in their business.

I cannot leave this river-scene, without observing, that altho' it is picturesque in a high degree; yet it exhibits such a specimen of the picturesque (if I may speak in terms seemingly contradictory) as is not well calculated to make a picture. The whole is a succession of those softer, nameless beauties; which highly please; but cannot easily be described. *Various beautiful accompaniments* are exhibited: but *striking objects* are wanting. If every reach had been adorned with a castle, or a picturesque rock, such as capt. King's *uninteresting* river would have afforded, each *successive scene* would have been more picturesquely

tureſquely *marked*; tho the *character* of the *river*, on the whole, might have been *injured*. But now the *whole* plays upon the eye in the *ſame* pleaſing, tho unvaried, colours. A ſtrong and peculiar character belongs to the river *in general*: but the *parts* if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, are loſt in the *whole*. They are every where *beautiful*; but no where *characteriſtic*.







S E C T. IX.

An excursion along the eastern side of Beaulieu river—the coast opposite to the isle of Wight—the western side of Southampton bay—and thence by Dibden again to Beaulieu.

AT Beaulieu we crossed the bridge; and turning short to the right, had a better view of the first reach of the river from the land, than we had before in our voyage, from the water. The river itself had more the appearance of a lake, (for it was then high-water,) and made a magnificent sweep round a point of wooded land: while the woods, on the opposite side, following it's course, on an elevated bank, were as rich, as a picturesque imagination could conceive them. The foreground indeed was not equal to a scene, which was in every other respect so compleat.

From hence we ascended a close lane cut through a corner of Beaulieu-manor; and enriched on both sides, but especially on the left, with forest-scenery. At Hill-top-gate the lane opens into that extensive heath, which occupies all the middle part of the peninsula, between the river of Beaulieu, and the bay of Southampton. As this peninsula shoots into length, rather than breadth, the heathy grounds follow it's form; and extend several miles in one direction; tho seldom above two, in the other. The banks of both rivers are woody; and these woods appeared, as we entered the heath, to skirt it's extremities. Through these extremities, containing the most beautiful parts of the country, we meant to travel. At Hill-top therefore, instead of crossing the heath, we turned short into a road on the right, which led us along the skirts of the woods, under the shade of which we travelled about a mile. Sometimes these woods shot like promontories into the heath, and we were obliged to ride round them; but oftner our road threading the clumps, and single trees, which stood forward, carried us among them. The richness, and closeness of the forest-scenery on one side, contrasted with the plainness,

plainness, and simplicity of the heath on the other, skirted with distant wood, and seen through the openings of the clumps, were pleasing.

From this heath we were received by lanes—but such lanes, as a forest only can produce; in which oak, and ash, full-grown, and planted irregularly by the hand of nature, stood out in various groups, and added a new foreground, every step we took, to a variety of little openings into woods, copses, and pleasing recesses.

While we were admiring these close landscapes, the woods, on the right suddenly giving way, we were presented with a view of the river—Buckler's-hard beyond it—the men of war building in the dock there—and the woody grounds which rise in the offship. This exhibition was rather formally introduced like a vista. The woods seemed to have been opened on purpose: but formality is a fault, which we seldom find in nature; and which in the scene before us, she will probably correct in a few years, by the growth of some intervening trees.

A mile farther brought us to the seat of colonel Mitford, among the woods of Exbury.

The house is no object: but the scenery consists of a more beautiful profusion of wood, water, and varied grounds, than is commonly to be met with. Here we proposed to spend the evening; but not finding colonel Mitford at home, we took a ramble into his woods, till supper, where we expected to meet him.

The richness of the scenes had led us imperceptibly from one to another. We had every where instances of the beauty of trees as *individuals*—as uniting in *clumps*—and as spreading into *woods*; for all here is pure nature: and as they were beginning now to put on their autumnal attire, we were entertained with the beauties of *colouring*, as well as of *form*. Among these unknown woods our way at length became perplexed; and the fun was now set. Having no time therefore to lose, we inquired at a lonely cottage, which we found in a sheltered glade. Nothing could indicate peace and happiness more, than this little sequestered spot; and we expected to find a neat, peaceful, contented family within. But we found that a happy scene will not always make happy inhabitants. At the door stood two, or three squalid children with eager, famished countenances staring through matted

matted hair. On entering the hovel, it was so dark, that we could at first see nothing. By degrees a scene of misery opened. We saw other ragged children within; and were soon struck with a female figure, groveling at full length by the side of a few embers, upon the hearth. Her arms were naked to her shoulders; and her rags scarce covered her body. On our speaking to her, she uttered in return a mixture of obscenity, and imprecations. We had never seen so deplorable a maniac.

We had not observed, when we entered, what now struck us, a man sitting in the corner of the hovel, with his arms folded, and a look of dejection, as if lost in despair. We asked him, Who that wretched person was? She is my wife, said he, with a composed melancholy; and the mother of these children. He seemed to be a man of great sensibility; and it struck us, what distress he must feel, every evening, after his labour, when, instead of finding a little domestic comfort, he met the misery, and horror of such a house—the total neglect of his little affairs—his family without any overseer, brought up in idleness, and dirt—and his wife, for whom he had no means of providing either assistance, or cure,

lying so wretched an object always before him. —We left him strongly impressed with his calamity; which appeared to be a more severe visitation, than the hand of heaven commonly inflicts.

We found afterwards, that we had been wholly mistaken; and that we had before us a strong instance of that strange fatality, by which mankind are so often themselves the ministers of those distresses, which they are so ready to ascribe to heaven. On relating our adventure at supper, we were informed, that the man, whose appearance of sensibility had affected us so much, was one of the most hardened, abandoned, mischievous fellows in the country—that he had been detected in sheep-stealing—and that he had killed a neighbour's horse in an act of revenge—and that it was supposed, he had given his wife, who was infamous likewise, a blow in a quarrel, which had occasioned her malady.

The next morning we took a particular view of the beautiful scenery around us; of which, the evening before, we had only obtained a general idea.

The

The woods of Exbury, which are extensive, are chiefly oak—the spontaneous growth of the country: but Mr. Mitford found many of the bare, and barren spots about his house planted by his father, and grandfather, with fir-groves of various kinds; tho generally, according to the fashion of the times, in formal rows.

On a deliberate view of his grounds, he formed a general plan, resulting from the various scenes they exhibited.—The boundary of his estate presents a series of views of three very different characters.—Towards the west, he has a variety of grand river-views; formed by the Ex, or, as it is commonly at this day called, Beaulieu-river, winding, as we had seen it in our voyage, through the woods of Beaulieu, and Exbury in it's approach to the sea.—The southern part of his boundary overlooks, what was anciently called, the Solent-sea; but now commonly the channel of the isle of Wight; which at it's two extremities discovers the open sea, through the eastern passage by Spithead; and through the western, by the Needles.—On the east, and north, his boundary-views take a new form. We leave the shore, and wind into a woodland country; which within a hundred

yards assumes so new a character, that we might easily conceive it to be as many miles from the sea. In these woody scenes, intermixed with open grounds, we continue about four miles; till winding round, we return to those rising grounds on the west, from whence we first had the views of the river.

This boundary-circuit carries us through the space of about eight miles. Mr. Mitford has done little, besides marking it out by cutting through the woods, as he should wish to lead it. To compleat his plan would be very expensive; tho an expence equal to the natural advantages of the scene in good hands, would make this one of the most varied, and picturesque wood-land-rides perhaps in England.

Within this boundary-circuit Mr. Mitford has marked out an interior one, circling about a mile round his house. As the object of the larger circuit, is to shew, as much as possible, the extent of his views; the object of this interior one is to break those distant views into parts—to form those parts into the most beautiful scenes; and to exhibit them with woody fore-grounds to the best advantage. From many parts of this interior scenery the
 ile

isle of Wight makes it's most picturesque appearance. In various views of it from the Hampshire coast, we have seen it spread in too lengthened a curtain, and it's hills too smooth, and tame. Both these inconveniences are here, in a degree, obviated. Seldom more than a small part of the island is seen at once; and this part is about the centre, which is the loftiest, and the roughest. Here rise two considerable hills, Gatscliff, and Wraxhill; and one of them affords a circumstance of great beauty. Carisbroke-castle, seated on an eminence, about four miles within the island, is seen very advantageously against Gatscliff, when the sun shines either on the castle, or on the mountain; while the other is in shadow.

In laying out this inner circle, Mr. Mitford had his greatest difficulties to contend with: for here he had all his grandfather's formal groves to incounter: and it was no easy matter to break their formalities; to make judicious inroads through them; and unite them in one plan. He often lamented—what other improvers have lamented before him—the injudicious sufferance of the growth of trees. Next to the cutting down of trees improperly,
the

the greatest mischief is to let them grow together too long. They soon ruin each other. He had suffered his woodward only to use his discretion in the distant woods. In the groves, about his house, he allowed no marking-hammer, but his own. The consequence was, he was so little on the spot, that many of his best trees were injured. The fir especially, if its natural branches are once lost, as they always are by straitened quarters, never recovers them.—These two circuits round his house, Mr. Mitford has joined by three cross walks

In taking these circuits we could not help remarking the comparative virtue of taste, and expence. The former, with very little of the latter, will always produce something pleasing: while the utmost efforts of the latter, unaided by the former, are ineffectual. The larger the proportion of misguided expence; the wider will the deformity spread: whereas every touch in the hand of taste, has so far its effect.

It is the same precisely in working the scenes of nature, as in forming an artificial scene. Set two artists at work. Give one of them a bit of black-lead, and a scrap of paper.

Every

Every touch he makes, perhaps deserves to be treasured in a cabinet. Give the other the costliest materials. All is a waste of time, of labour, and expence. Add colours—they only make his deformities more glaring.

True taste, in the first place, whether in nature, or on canvas, makes not a single stroke, till the general design is laid out, with which, in some part or other, every effort coincides. The artist may work at his picture in this part or the other; but if his design, and composition are fixed, every effort is gradually growing into a whole. Whereas he who works without taste, seldom has any idea of a whole. He tacks one part to another, as his misguided fancy suggests: or, if he has any plan, it is something as unnatural, as the parts which compose it, are absurd. The deeper his pocket therefore, and the wider his scale, his errors are more apparent.

To an injudicious person, or one who delights in temples, and Chinese bridges, very little would appear executed in the scenes I have described at Exbury. There is scarce a gravel-walk made: no pavilion raised; nor even a white-seat fixed. And yet in fact,
more

more is done, than if all these decorations, and a hundred others, had been added, unaccompanied with what has been done. The greatest difficulty of all is surmounted—that of laying out a judicious plan. The rest, tho the most ostensible, because the most expensive, is only a little mechanical finishing.

From these pleasing scenes we pursued our journey through part of the beautiful ride we have just described to Leap, along lanes close on the left, but opening to the right in various places, to the river, which assumes a magnificent form. Needfore-point makes here an appearance very different from what it made when we navigated the mouth of Beau-lieu-river*. It appears now from the higher grounds, when the tide is low, to run at least a league into the sea; flat, unadorned, and skirted with drifted sand; making a singular feature in all these views; and the more so, as every part of the ground in it's

* See page 160.

neighbourhood is woody, bold, and prominent. This peninsula, of which Needforepoint is the termination, belongs to the manor of Beaulieu. It contains some good land; consisting chiefly of pasturage; and the whole of it is let out in a single farm.

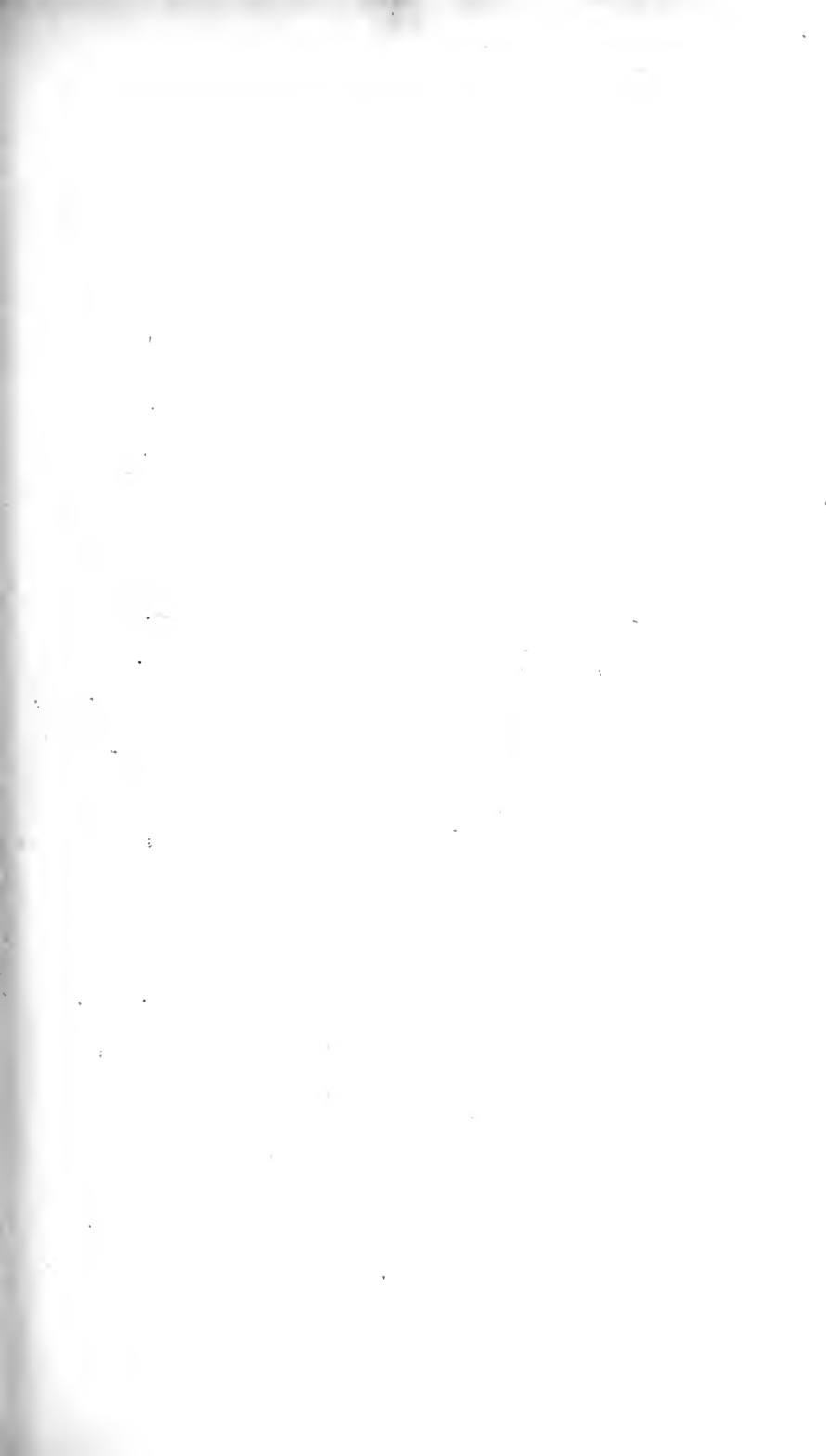
In this remote part, it is supposed, somewhere near Exbury, the Dauphin, after his fruitless expedition to England, embarked privately on the death of king John, for France; burning the country behind him as he fled. His embarkation, from so obscure a place, shews, in a strong light, how much his hopes were humbled.

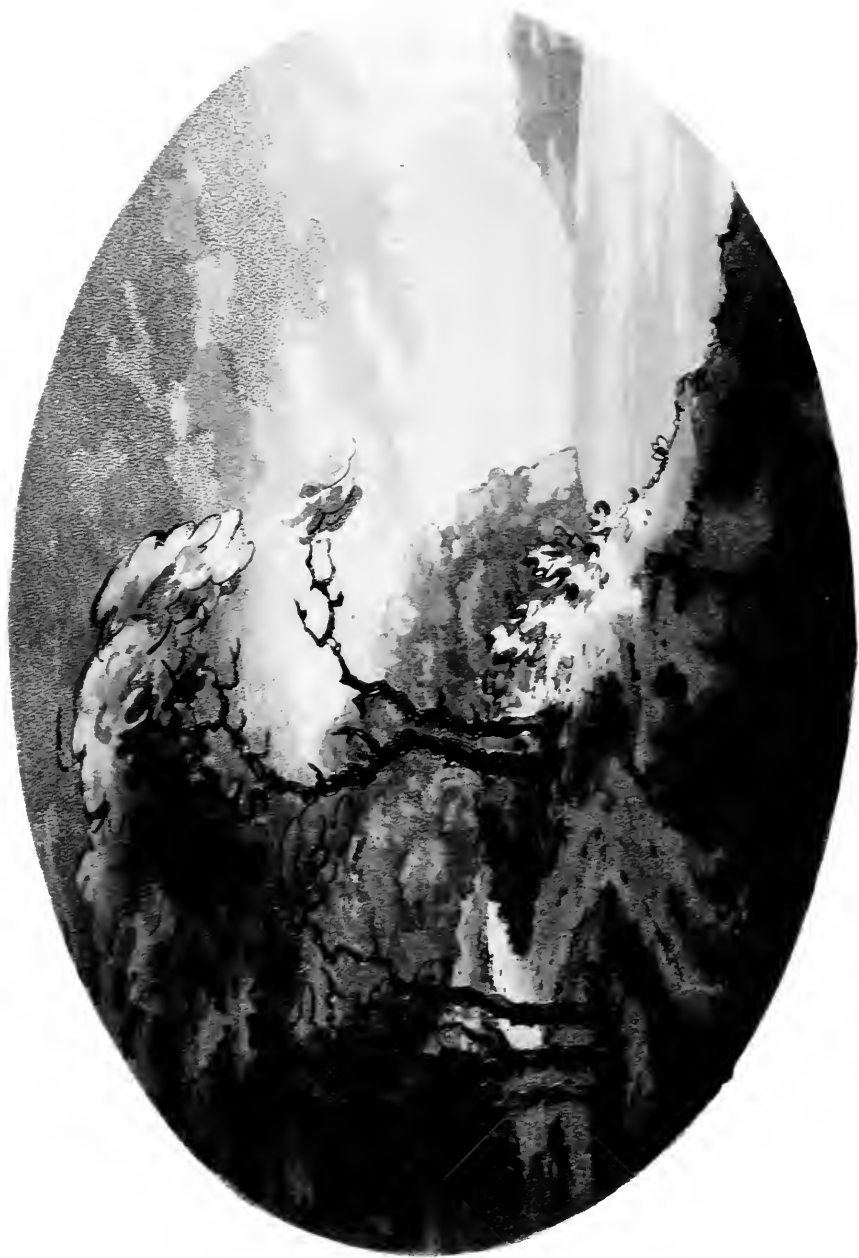
At Leap we met the sea, where the coast of the isle of Wight, as far as to Spithead on the left, makes nearly the same unpicturesque appearance, which it does from the other shores of the forest. It extends into length, and exhibits neither grandeur, nor variety. When it is seen, as we saw it from Mr. Mitford's, broken into parts, as it should
always

always be, when seen to picturesque advantage*, it afforded several beautiful distances. But here, when the whole coast was displayed at once, it lost its picturesque form.—Near Leap however we had one very beautiful coast-view. A rising copse on the left, adorned with a road winding through it, makes a good fore-ground. From thence a promontory, in the second distance, with an easy, sweeping shore, shoots into the sea; and is opposed, on the opposite side, by a point of the island, leaving a proper proportion of water to occupy the middle space.

Leap is one of the port-towns of the forest: and as it lies opposite to Cowes, it is the common place of embarkation, in these parts, to the island. It consists of about half a dozen houses: and shelters perhaps as many fishing-boats. All the coast indeed from St. Helen's to the Needles, and around the island is in peaceable times, a scene of fishing. In the whiting-season especially, fleets of twenty or thirty boats are often seen lying at anchor on the banks; or a little out at sea.

* See page 132.





Fowling too is practised, on this coast, as much as fishing. Numerous flocks of wild-fowl frequent it, in the winter; widgeons, geese, and ducks: and in the beginning of the season especially, as they bear a price in the country, they of course attract the notice of the fowler. As the coast between Hampshire and the isle of Wight is a peculiar species of coast, consisting, when the tide ebbs, of vast muddy flats, covered with green sea-weed, it gives the fowler an opportunity of practising arts perhaps practised no where else.

Fowling and fishing, indeed on this coast, are commonly the employments of the same person. He who in summer, with his line, or his net, plies the shores, when they are overflowed by the tide; in winter, with his gun, as evening draws on, runs up, in his boat, among the little creeks, and crannies, which the tide leaves in the mud-lands; and there lies in patient expectation of his prey.

Sea-fowl commonly feed by night, when in all their multitudes they come down to graze on the savannahs of the shore. As the sonorous cloud advances, (for their noise in the air resembles a pack of hounds in full cry) the attentive fowler listens, which way they bend their

their course. Perhaps he has the mortification to hear them alight at too great a distance for his gun (tho of the longest barrel) to reach them. And if he cannot edge his boat a little round some winding creek, which it is not always in his power to do, he despairs of success that night.—Perhaps however he is more fortunate, and has the satisfaction to hear the airy noise approach nearer; till at length, the host settles on some plain, on the edge of which his little boat lies moored. He now, as silently as possible, primes both his pieces anew, (for he is generally double-armed) and listens with all his attention. It is so dark that he can take no aim: for if he could see the birds, they also could see him; and being shy, and timorous in a great degree, would seek some other pasture. Though they march with music, they feed in silence. Some indistinct noises however, if the night be still, issue from so large a host. He directs his piece therefore, as well as he can, towards the sound; gives his fire at a venture; and instantly catching up his other gun, gives a second discharge, where he supposes the flock to rise on the wing.—His gains for the night are now decided; and he has only to gather his harvest.

He

He immediately puts on his mud-pattens*, ignorant yet of his success, and goes groping about in the dark, happy if he have a little star-light, in quest of his booty, picking up perhaps a dozen, and perhaps not one.—So hardly does the poor fowler earn a few shillings; exposed, in an open boat, during a solitary winter-night, to the weather as it comes, rain, hail, or snow, on a bleak coast, a league perhaps from the beach, and often in danger, without great care, of being fixed in the mud; where he would become an inevitable prey to the returning tide. I have heard one of these poor fellows say, he never takes a dog with him on these expeditions, because no dog could bear the cold, which he is obliged to suffer.—After all, perhaps others enjoy more from his labours, than he himself does; for it often happens, that the tide, next day, throws, on different parts of the shore, many of the birds, which he had killed, but could not find in the night.

I have heard of an unhappy fowler, whom this hazardous occupation led into a case of

* Mud-pattens are flat pieces of board, which the fowler ties to his feet, that he may not sink in the mud.

still greater distress. In the day time too it happened, which shews the double danger of such expeditions in the night.—Mounted on his mud-pattens, he was traversing one of these mudland-plains in quest of ducks ; and being intent only on his game, he suddenly found the waters, which had been brought forward with uncommon rapidity by some peculiar circumstance of tide, and current, had made an alarming progress around him. Incumbered as his feet were, he could not exert much expedition ; but to whatever part he ran, he found himself compleatly invested by the tide. In this uncomfortable situation, a thought struck him, as the only hope of safety. He retired to that part of the plain, which seemed the highest from it's being yet uncovered by water ; and striking the barrel of his gun, (which for the purpose of shooting wild-fowl was very long) deep into the mud, he resolved to hold fast by it, as a support, as well as a security against the waves ; and to wait the ebbing of the tide. A common tide, he had reason to believe, would not, in that place, have reached above his middle : but as this was a spring-tide, and brought in with so strong a current, he durst hardly expect so favourable

favourable a conclusion.—In the mean time, the water making a rapid advance, had now reached him. It covered the ground, on which he stood—it rippled over his feet—it gained his knees—his waist—button after button was swallowed up—till at length it advanced over his very shoulders. With a palpitating heart, he gave himself up for lost. Still however he held fast by his anchor. His eye was eagerly in search of some boat, which might accidentally take it's course that way: but none appeared. A solitary head, floating on the water, and that sometimes covered by a wave, was no object to be descried from the shore, at the distance of half a league: nor could he exert any sounds of distress, that could be heard so far.—While he was thus making up his mind, as the exigence would allow, to the terrors of sudden destruction, his attention was called to a new object. He thought he saw the uppermost button of his coat begin to appear. No mariner, floating on a wreck, could behold a cape at sea, with greater transport, than he did the uppermost button of his coat. But the fluctuation of the water was such, and the turn of the tide so slow, that it was yet some time before he durst venture to

affure himself, that the button was fairly above the level of the flood. At length however a second button appearing at intervals, his sensations may rather be conceived, than described; and his joy gave him spirits and resolution, to support his uneasy situation four or five hours longer, till the waters had fully retired.

A little beyond Leap we were interrupted by a creek, which, when the tide flows high, runs considerably into the land, and forms a large piece of water. At all times it is an extensive marsh. It's borders are edged with rushes, and sedges, which grow profusely also on various, little rough islands on it's surface. Here the wild-duck, and the widgeon find many a delightful cover; amidst which they breed, and rear their young, in great abundance.

Near this part of the coast stands *Lutterel's tower*; built as the station of a view: but as it is intended for a habitable house likewise, the offices, which it could not contain,
are

are constructed of canvas around it. It is finished in the highest stile of expence; and if it were not for the oddness, and singularity of the conception, and contrivance, it is not intirely destitute of some kind of taste. But the building is so whimsical, and the end so inadequate to the expence, that we considered it, on the whole, as a glaring contrast to those pleasing scenes, we had just examined at Exbury; in which true taste had furnished us with a delightful entertainment at a trifling expence*.

The view, which this tower commands over the *circumjacent country*, is very extensive; but it's *sea-view* is most admired, stretching from the bay of Southampton to Portsmouth—form thence to St. Helen's—and on the other side, all along the range of the isle of Wight, and beyond the Needles to the ocean. The whole together forms the appearance of a magnificent bay; of which Spithead, and St. Helen's, (where there is commonly a fleet at anchor) make the central part.

* See page 186.

But this view, like the other *extensive views* we have seen, is by no means *picturesque*. It might have been supposed, that the isle of Wight (on surveying it's appearance in a map) would have made such an angle at Cowes-point, which is nearly opposite to this tower, as would have thrown the eastern part of the island into better perspective, than the western assumes from any part of the Hampshire coast. And so indeed in some degree it does. But the eye is at too great a distance to get much advantage from this circumstance. If the spectator were carried nearer Cowes, the coast towards St. Helen's might then fall away in good perspective. But at this distance all is sea; the coast is a mere thread; and the whole view together is without *proportion*.

And yet it is not merely the disproportion between land and water, which disqualifies a view of this kind in a picturesque light. A picturesque view may consist *intirely of water*.—Nor is it distance, which disqualifies it. The most remote distances are happily introduced on canvas. But what chiefly disqualifies it, is the want of foreground to balance this vast expanse of distance.

Unless

Unless distances and fore-grounds are in some degree, balanced, no composition can be good. *Fore-grounds* are essential to landscape : *distances* are not.

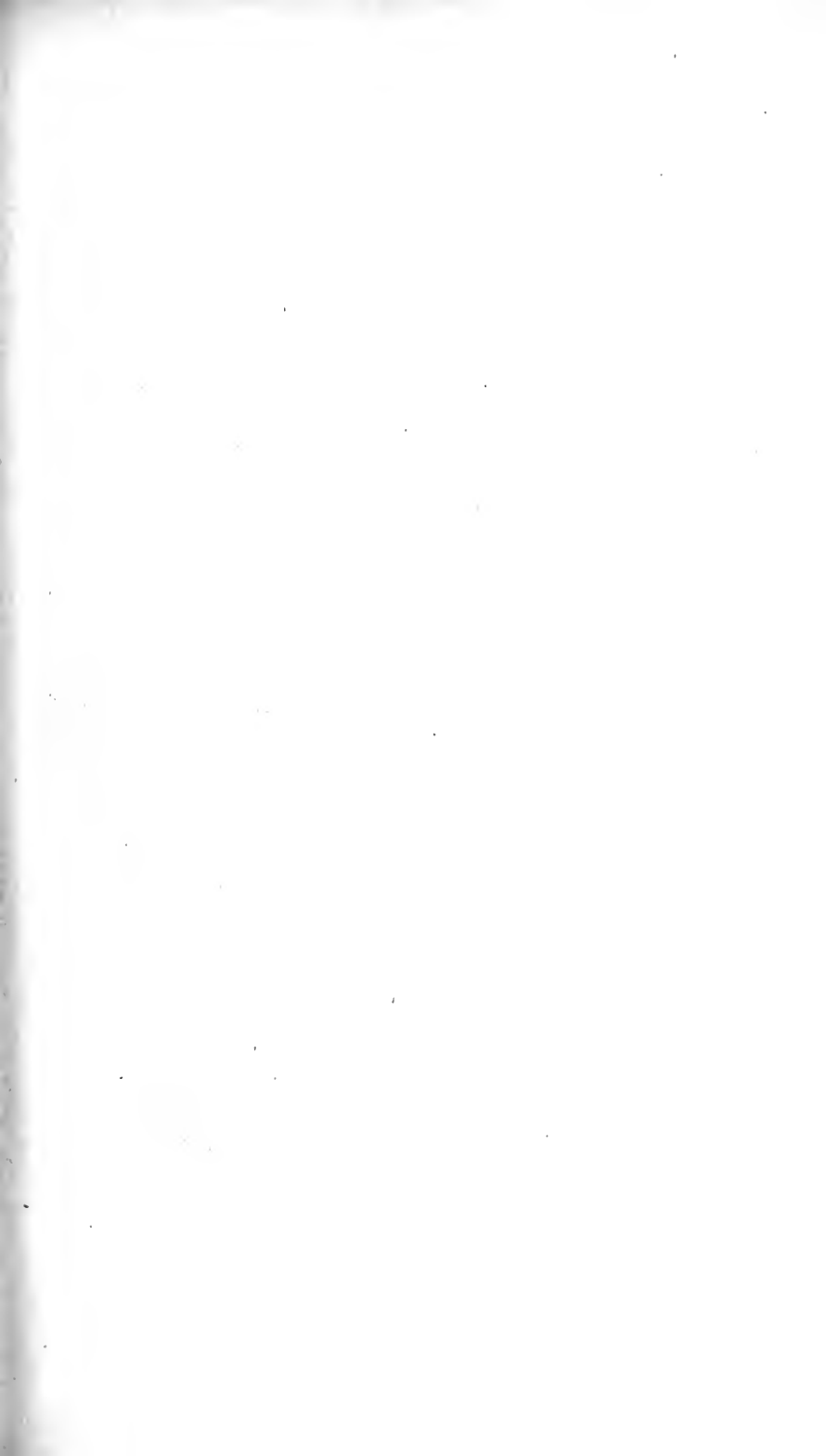
A picturesque view, as was observed, may consist chiefly, indeed intirely, of water : but then, it is supposed, that, as there cannot be a *natural* fore-ground, an *artificial* one must be obtained—a group of ships—a few boats with figures—a light-house—or something, that will make a balance between *near* and *distant* objects. Such were the sea-pieces of Vandervelt ; in which vessels of some kind were always introduced to make an *artificial* fore-ground. We sometimes indeed meet with *amusing* views, such as that celebrated one at Hack-fall in Yorkshire*, where there is a *gradual proportion* among the different parts of the retiring landscape : we can scarce distinguish where the fore-grounds end, and where the distance begins : yet still there are objects nearer the eye, which, in a degree set off the retiring parts, tho they may not be fully proportioned to them. But the most

* See Observations on the lakes, and mountains of Cumberland, vol. II. p. 191.

advanced parts of water cannot form a *fore-ground*, if I may so speak. It wants, on it's nearest parts, that variety of objects, which receiving strong impressions of light, and shade, are necessary to give it consequence, and strength. It turns all into distance. Such is the view before us over the channel, and along the shores of the isle of Wight. To the *imagination* it is the simple idea of grandeur: to the *eye*, a mere exhibition of distance.

Besides, there is not only a want of *natural* proportion and balance between the *fore-ground*, and the *offskip*; but a *fore-ground* here could not even *artificially* be obtained, because of the *loftiness of the point*. Take the *same view* from a *lower stand*; from the level of the sea for instance, or a little higher, where you may station a group of ships, the masts and sails of which rise above the horizon; and by thus giving the view a proper, and proportioned *fore-ground*, you may turn it into one of Vandervelt's compositions, and give it picturesque beauty.

But tho the view before us is not picturesque; it is certainly, as we observed of those





those other views over the island*, in a great degree, amusing. The whole area, constantly overspread with vessels of various kinds, is a perpetual moving scene: while the naked eye discovers, in the distance, a thousand objects; and through a telescope a thousand more. Tho' the telescopic pleasures of the eye are very little allied to the pleasures of the painter, they still assist the amusement.—The cliff, on which this tower stands, is about forty or fifty feet high; and is formed into a terrace, which runs a considerable way along the beach.

About a mile from this whimsical building stands Calshot-castle; situated like the castle of Hurst†, on a tongue of land shooting into the sea. Calshot is another of those ancient coast-castles, which Henry VIII built, out of the spoils of the abbeys. It was originally intended as a safeguard to the bay of Southampton.—The views here are of the same nature as those at Lutterel's tower.

* See p. 132.

† See p. 89.

They have a less extensive range to the west ; but this is compensated by a full view up Southampton-bay. And they are the more picturesque, as the point of view is lower.

Near the village of Fawley, which is among the largest villages of the coast, stands Cadland, the seat of Mr. Drummond; an edifice of a very different kind from that we had just been surveying. Tho quite plain, it is one of the most elegant, and seems to be one of the most comfortable houses, in the country.

It stands on a gentle eminence on the banks of Southampton-bay, with a great variety of ground playing beautifully around it; which is every where adorned, and in some places profusely covered, with ancient wood. The whole country indeed was so well wooded, that no addition of wood was any where necessary; in many parts it was redundant. This abundance of old timber gives the house, tho lately built, so much the air and dignity of an ancient mansion, that Mr. Brown, the ingenious improver of it, used to say, " It was
was

was the oldest new place he knew in England." The clumps particularly he has managed with great judgment. We observed some combinations of ash, and other trees, which were equal to any clumps we had ever seen. They adorned the natural scene, and were just such as the picturesque eye would wish to introduce in artificial landscape. We regretted, that the great storm in february 1781 had blown down nineteen of these ornamental trees. There seemed however no deficiency; tho I doubt not, if we had known the situation of those which had fallen, we should have found they filled their station with great propriety. The park includes a circuit of about five miles.

Besides the beauty of the grounds themselves around the house; they command all the pleasing distances in their neighbourhood—Southampton-bay—Netly-abbey—Calshot-castle—Spithead—the channel—the isle of Wight—St. Helen's—Cowes, and all the other conspicuous parts of the island: and as many of these views are seen with the advantage of grand, woody fore-grounds, they have often an admirable effect.

The

The only thing that appeared affected about this elegant mansion, is the parade, which accompanies some of the appendant buildings. At the small distance of half a quarter of a mile from the house, stands a most splendid farm. The stables, the cow-sheds, the pigeon-house, the graneries, the barns, are all superb. In another direction the same honour, tho in an inferior degree, is paid to poultry. This is too much, and tends only to lessen the dignity of the principal mansion.

As the horse is so nearly connected with his master, and contributes so much to his state, and convenience, we allow so noble an associate to lodge under a roof proportioned to his master's magnificence. As he is expected also to be ready at a call, and may properly be the object of attention to persons of any rank, we allow his magnificent lodging to stand near the mansion, to which it appertains. At the same time, if the stables be expensive, they should contribute to the magnificence of the *whole*, by making one of the wings, or some other proper appendage, of the pile.

But for the cow-sheds, and pig-sties, they have no title to such notice. Let them be convenient, and neat; but let them be simple,
and

and unadorned. Let them stand in some sequestered place ; where they may not presume to vie with the mansion they depend on ; but keep a respectful distance. Herds of cattle are beautiful, in a high degree, in their proper place, among lawns and woods ; but pent up, as they are obliged to be in yards, amidst filth and litter, they are no objects of beauty. Neither should their habitations be considered as such. Ornaments here serve only to call the attention to a nuisance.

From Cadland we proceeded to Hethe through a variety of such beautiful country, that we almost thought the house we had just seen, might have been better stationed elsewhere. In a variety of pleasing situations it is difficult to select the best. Something or other may excel in each ; and the eye, divided in it's choice, is unwilling to lose any thing. As we cannot however possess every beauty, and every convenience at once, we must forego that idea ; and endeavour to make such a selection, as will include the most ; tho perhaps some striking beauty, which we observe in other situations, is lost. This probably
is

is the case of the elegant mansion we have been surveying. No situation perhaps, on the whole, could have excelled it.

The pleasing landscape we met with between Cadland and Hethe, was of a similar kind to what we had already admired—great profusion of full-grown oak, adorning great variety of playing ground. But what particularly recommended these scenes, were several dips, running down to Southampton-bay; wooded on each side, with a rich country beyond the water. They were of the same kind, with those we admired between Christchurch, and Lymington*; but much richer, and more beautiful. Two of the most striking of these scenes, were from Stobland-common, and near Butt's-ash-farm.

At Hethe, the whole bay of Southampton opened in one view before us; but the scene it offers, is far from being picturesque. The opposite shore is long, and tedious; and the lines of the bay run parallel: for tho in fact

* See page 35.

there are two or three bold openings in it, formed by the mouths of rivers; yet, in the distance, which is about a league, they are totally lost.

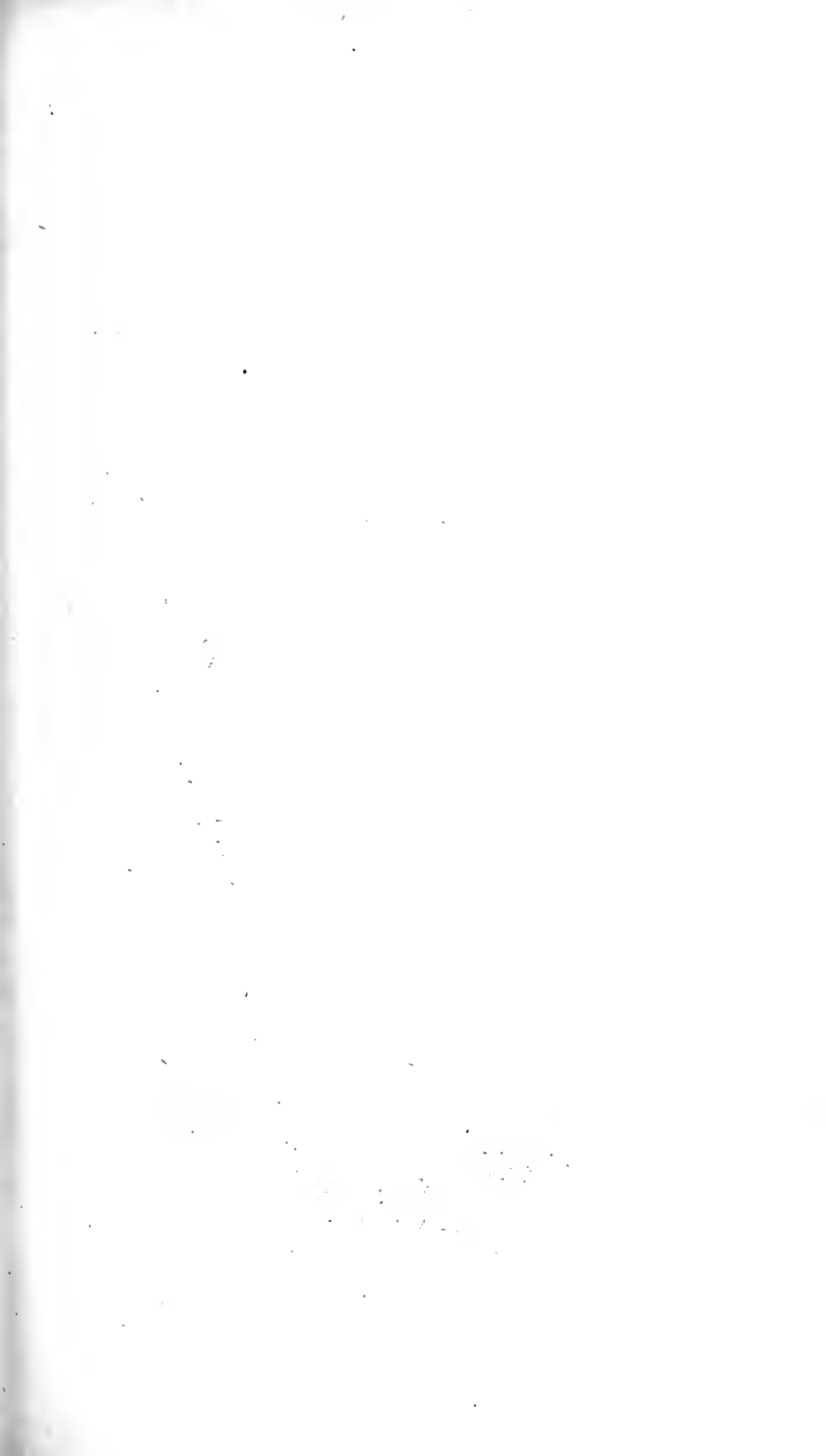
Hethe is the ferry-port to Southampton; which lies higher up in a diagonal across the bay, and upon a neck of land, which shoots into it. The flowing tide therefore carries the boat quickly to Southampton; and the ebbing tide returns it as expeditiously to Hethe.

From Hethe to Dibden, the country, if possible, improves in beauty. The many inequalities of the ground—the profusion of stately trees—the sheltered inclosures, appearing every where, like beautiful little wooded lawns—the catches, here and there, of the bay—and above all, the broad green, winding lanes, adorned with clumps standing out in various parts—exhibit a wonderful variety of pleasing landscape. I touch *general features* only; for as these woodland scenes are no where strongly marked, it is impossible to give any *particular detail* of them by verbal description. One may say of them, as we sometimes say of a well-written

well-written history, which runs into a variety of incidents, interesting indeed, but not replete with any important events; that no just idea of the contents of it, can be given, without referring to the book itself.

From Dibden, we continued our rout northward, till we entered a beautiful forest lawn. We had found many of these scenes in different parts, each of which had something peculiar to itself*. This too had it's peculiar character. It was about two miles in diameter. To the eye it's limits appeared circular; and it's form descending gently to a wide centre, had some resemblance to that of a dish. Yet it was far from a regular scene. It's great beauty consisted chiefly in it's noble screens of forest-wood; which growing every where around it with great irregularity, broke out into the skirts of the area, not in clumps, which in so large a scene would have had little effect, but in corners of woods, adding variety to it's limits; yet without incroaching

* See p. 147.





on the simplicity, and grandeur of the general idea. The name of this beautiful, and extensive forest-scene is *Hound's-down*; so named probably from the fair advantage it gives the hound in pursuit. If he can drive his chase, from the thickets into this open plain, it is probable he will there secure him.

Through the middle of this wide down the Lyndhurst road passes to Southampton. The entrance into it, on the Lyndhurst side, is beautiful; particularly between the ninth and tenth stones, where the ground is finely diversified with those woody promontories just mentioned. As we approach the top of the hill towards Southampton, the beauty of the scene is gone: the extremity is a naked, barren boundary. One advantage however we obtain from it, which is a distance; in forest-scenery the more valuable, as the more uncommon. Distances are, at all times, an agreeable part of landscape, and unite with *every mode* of composition. Here it is introduced at first in it's *simplest mode*. A plain fore-ground, without any ornament, is joined to a removed distance, without the intervention of any middle ground. In a composition of this simple kind it is necessary to break the lines

of the foreground; which may easily be done by a tree, or a group of cattle.—As we rise to the verge of the eminence, the view enlarges itself. The grounds immediately below the eye, are overspread with wood, and become a second distance; beyond which extends a remote one. Under a proper light this landscape is calculated to produce a good effect. The parts are large; and if one vast shadow overspread the woods on the nearer grounds, an inlightened distance would form a fine contrast.

Hound's-down is one of the best pasture-grounds in the forest, at least in patches; and is of course frequented with cattle, which are a great addition to it's beauty. We rarely pass it in a summer-evening without seeing herds of deer grazing in different parts; or forest-mares with their colts.

One thing indeed disfigures it; and that is the strait course of the road, which bisects it. The vista, which leads through the forest from Brokenhurst to Lyndhurst, we observed*, was both great in itself, and accompanied with infinite variety; and therefore it became both

* See page 65.

a grand, and a beautiful object: but a simple strait road, like this, over a plain, has a different effect. Tho' in fact, it is *grander* than a winding road, as being more *simple*, and consisting of *fewer parts*; yet as it is at best only a *paltry object*, and has not grandeur sufficient to rouse the imagination†, it is, on the whole, much less pleasing, than a road playing before us in two or three large sweeps, which would at least have had variety to recommend it; and might easily have been contrived, without lengthening the journey across it, on a trotting horse, above two minutes.—But in matters of this kind, in which surveyors of high-roads are concerned, we expect beauty only by chance; and when we obtain it, it is so much gain.

In our way to Hounds-down we rode past a celebrated spot, called the Deer-leap. Here a stag was once shot; which in the agony of death, collecting his force, gave a bound, which astonished those who saw it. It was immediately commemorated by two posts, which were fixed at the two extremities of

† See this idea illustrated page 122.

the leap, where they still remain. The space between them is somewhat more than eighteen yards.

About half a mile on the right, as we leave Hounds-down, stands Iron's-hill lodge. It occupies a knoll in the middle of a kind of natural, irregular vista. In front the ground continues rising gently about two miles to Lyndhurst. The back-front overlooks a wild, woody scene, into which the vista imperceptibly blends.

From Hound's-down we returned to Beaulieu, along the western side of that extensive heath, which, as I observed*, occupies the middle district between the river of Beaulieu, and the bay of Southampton. In this part it consists of great variety of ground, and is adorned with little patches of wood scattered about it; and as it is, in general, the highest ground in it's neighbourhood, it is not, like

* See page 178.

most of the heaths we have seen, terminated by a woody skreen, but by distances; which being commonly forest-scenes, are picturesque, tho not extensive. Among these were some woody bottoms, on the right, which were pleasing.



S E C T. X.

A tour through the northern parts of New-forest.

HAVING now examined those parts of the forest, which lie on the south side of the invisible line drawn from Ringwood to Dibden*; we proposed next to examine those parts, which lie on the north side of it†.—We directed our course first to Lyndhurst. This village stands high; and the church, standing still higher, is a land-mark round the country.

* See page 51.

† See page 55.

The Lyndhurst is but a small place, it may be called the capital of the forest. Here the forest-courts are held; and here stands the principal lodge; which is known by the name of the *King's-house*, and is the residence of the lord warden; tho it is but an ordinary building. An assignment of timber was lately made to put it, and some other lodges, into better repair.

Behind the house lies a pleasant sloping field, containing about six or seven acres, which is planted round with shrubs, circled by a gravel walk; and secured from cattle by a railed fence. I mention this *mode* of inclosure only because I have often thought it a very good one, especially if a field, like this, consist of sloping ground: for the rails, which are in many parts hid, appear winding in others; and the eye is seldom offended—sometimes pleased with pursuing them, and taking them up again, after they have for a while disappeared. There is something also not unpleasing in the perspective of winding rails.—I do not however mention a fence of this kind as suitable to a regal mansion; or so proper in many cases as
a sunk

a funk one: but only as a simple, unaffected manner of inclosing a field near a plain, common house; and perhaps less offensive, than chains, wires, nets, or any of those slight, unnatural fences, which *cannot be hid*, and yet *appear* so disproportioned. I should wish my rails however to be without ornament; and either to be left with their natural colour, or to be painted of some dingy olive-green hue: if they are of a bright-green, of a white, or of any other glaring colour, they disgust. They are at best only *disagreeable conveniences*: ornament makes them *objects*. But above all ornaments we are disgusted with the Chinese. That zig-zag work, commonly called Chinese-railing, is very offensive. Plain, simple posts, with one, two, or three rails, according to the sort of cattle we wish to exclude, make the least disgusting fence.

Opposite to the royal lodge stands a large square building, with a turret at each corner, where the king's horses, carriages, and stag-hounds are kept.

I do not find, that the royal lodge of Lyndhurst has ever been visited by the sovereign from the time of Charles II, till the year 1789, when George III passed through the forest in his road to Weymouth. So long a time had elapsed, that all the etiquette of receiving a royal visitor was almost forgotten. When the day however of his arrival was notified, all the keepers, dressed in new green uniforms, met him on horseback, at his entrance into the forest. He travelled without guards; and was conducted by these foresters to Lyndhurst. When he alighted from his coach, sir Charles Mills presented him with two white grey-hounds, by which ceremony he holds certain forest-privileges. His majesty, and the royal family (for the queen, and three of the princesses were with him) at first dined in public, by throwing the windows open, and admitting the croud within the railed lawn: but as the populace became rather riotous in their joy, there was a necessity to exclude them. The royal family however walked abroad in the forest every evening. The king spent his mornings in riding: and

as

as he rides fast, he saw greatest part of the forest; and seemed so much pleased with it, that he continued at Lyndhurst (poorly as he was there accommodated) from thursday the 25th of june, till the tuesday following.

Near Lyndhurst stands Cuffnells, the seat of Mr. Rose. It is not placed exactly as might be wished. High-ground rises immediately in front, which is always a circumstance to be avoided. But Mr. Rose has happily managed an inconvenience, which he found. He has laid out a very handsome approach, which winds to the house under the rising ground; and makes it of much less consequence, than when the road was carried abruptly down the slope to the house. His improvements he has thrown to the back-front, where he is leading a very beautiful walk, through clumps of old oak winding towards Lyndhurst. But his improvements are yet incomplete.

Mr.

Mr. Ballard also has a house near Lyndhurst, which stands high; and commands an extensive view. The king walked up to it, and with his glass continued some time examining the distant objects. He was so pleased with it, that on leaving it, he gave it the name of Mount-royal.

From Lyndhurst along the Rumsey road, the forest opens beautifully, on the right, upon a lawn swelling in different parts, and supported with wood at various distances. This lawn is used as a race-ground, where the little horses of the forest, of which there is a mart at Lyndhurst, are commonly brought to try their strength, and agility.

That noble vista, which we described after we left Brokenhurst*, is interrupted by Lyndhurst; but commences again, on the other side of the town. Here however it is of little value. It is but ill adorned with wood. The

* See page 65.

trees, which are rare, scathed, and meagre, are in general not only ugly, but ill-combined. Some formalities also give it a bad effect. Before, it was irregularly great, and simple: here the road rises to the eye in three regular stages. The summit too is formally abrupt. The road cut through the wood, forms here a gaping chasm, opening like a wide portal, discovering the naked horizon, and making, as it were, a full pause in the landscape: we discover it plainly to be *artificial*; and this hurts the eye. The effect is beautiful on the other side of Lyndhurst, where the chasm of the vista, as you approach, is filled with the tops of retiring trees, which excites the idea of something beyond it; and gives it a more natural air.

This gaping chasm appears long the striking feature of the view, as we rise the hill. In our approach to it however the eye is, here and there, agreeably drawn aside; particularly by a forest-lawn, which presents itself about a mile, and a half from Lyndhurst; opening both on the right and left. It is decorated irregularly with wood—rises before the eye—blends itself leisurely with a few scattered trees, and clumps, which come forward from
the

the distant woods to meet it—and then loses itself imperceptibly in the depths of the forest.

Somewhere in this part, between Lyndhurst and Rumsey, a charitable scheme was projected in favour of a body of Palatines, who took refuge in England, in the reign of queen Anne; and engaged the humane part of the nation in endeavouring to provide means for their support. Many benevolent projects were formed; and among others this of settling them in New-forest: and the matter was thought so practicable, that it was digested into a regular plan; and laid before the lord treasurer Godolphin.

The arrangement was this. A square plot of ground, containing four thousand acres, was to be marked out, and equally divided into four parts, by two roads running through it, and crossing at right angles, in the center. Each of these four parts was to be subdivided into five, so that the whole plot might be proportioned into twenty farms; each of two hundred acres. This provision of farms being made, twenty of the best, and most respectable
 Palatine

Palatine families were to be looked out, and put in possession of them: the rest were to be day-labourers. Each farmer was to be intrusted with a capital of two hundred pounds; to be exempted from taxes for twenty years; and to have an assignment of forest-timber, for building, and repairs.

This scheme, which seems to have been well-digested, is said to have been first hinted by the famous Daniel de Foe: but got no farther than the treasurer's board—whether the soil was thought incapable of being improved; or whether it miscarried from being the production of so wild a genius, which made it suspected as chimerical.

We had now arrived at the summit of the vista, which in prospect had appeared so formal. On a close approach, it's formality wore off; and we found ourselves surrounded by beautiful scenery. The summit itself is a fine wooded-knoll, rising, on the left, and falling, on the right, into open groves.—As we descended the hill, on the other side, the close-wooded scenery still continued beautiful,

tiful, and we found the grand vista better supported with wood.

In wooded scenes, like these, the plano-convex-mirror, which was Mr. Gray's companion in all his tours*, has a pleasing effect. *Distances* indeed, reduced to so small a surface, are lost; it is chiefly calculated for *objects at hand*†, which it shews to more advantage.

When we examine *nature at large*, we study *composition*, and *effect*. We examine also the forms of *particular objects*. But from the size of the objects of nature, the eye cannot perform both these operations at once. If it be engaged in *general effects*, it postpones *particular objects*: and if it be fixed on *particular objects*, whose forms, and tints it gathers up with a passing glance from one to another, it is not at leisure to observe *general effects*.—

* See Gray's memoirs, page 352.

† Mr. Gray, on viewing the ruins of an abbey, says, "They were the truest objects of his glass he had met with any where." He does not indeed assign the reason, but if he had considered it, he might have seen, it was, because they presented a happy display of *present* objects. See his memoirs, page 380.

But

But in the minute exhibitions of the convex-mirror, *composition*, *forms*, and *colours* are brought closer together; and the eye examines the *general effect*, the *forms of the objects*, and the *beauty of the tints*, in one complex view. As the colours too are the very colours of nature, and equally well harmonized, they are the more brilliant, as they are the more condensed.

In a chaise particularly the exhibitions of the convex-mirror are amusing. We are rapidly carried from one object to another. A succession of high-coloured pictures is continually gliding before the eye. They are like the visions of the imagination; or the brilliant landscapes of a dream. Forms, and colours, in brightest array, fleet before us; and if the transient glance of a good composition happen to unite with them, we should give any price to fix, and appropriate the scene*.

* " I got to the parsonage a little before sun-set; and saw in my glass, a picture, that if I could transmit to you, and fix, in all the softness of it's living colours, would fairly sell for a thousand pound." Gray's memoirs, page 360.

After all, perhaps the chief virtue of this deception may consist in exhibiting the beauties of nature in a *new light*. Thus when we close one eye, and look through the lid of the other half-shut, we see only the *general effect* of objects; and the appearance is new, and pleasing: or when we stoop to the ground, and see the landscape around us with an inverted eye, the effect is pleasing for the same reason. We are pleased also, when we look at objects through stained glass. It is not, that any of these modes of vision is superior, or even equal to the eye in its natural state; it is the novelty alone of the exhibition, that pleases.—If the mirror have any peculiar advantage, it consists in its not requiring the eye to alter its focus; which it must do, when it surveys the views of nature—the distance requiring one focus, and the foreground another. This change of the focus, in theory at least, (I doubt, whether in practice) occasions some confusion. In the mirror, we survey the *whole* under one focus.

On the other hand, the mirror has at least one disadvantage. Objects are not presented with that *depth*, that *gradation*, that *rotundity of distance*, if I may so speak, which nature exhibits;

exhibits; but are evidently affected by the two surfaces of the mirror, which give them a flatness, something like the scenes of a play-house, retiring behind each other.—The convex-mirror also diminishes distances beyond nature, for which the painter should always make proper allowance. Or, to speak perhaps more properly, it enlarges fore-grounds beyond their proportion. Thus, if you look at your face in a speculum of this kind, you will see your nose magnified. The retiring parts of your face will appear of course diminished.

About a mile beyond the woody summit we had passed, we entered another forest-lawn, which tho very confined, has it's beauty; as all these openings must have, however confined, if surrounded with ancient wood. But about half a mile farther, where the Romsey, and Salisbury roads divide, another forest-lawn of much larger dimensions, presents itself. This is very spacious, well hung with wood, and (what in all these scenes adds greatly to their beauty) adorned in various parts with woody promontories shooting into it; and

Q 2

clumps,

clumps, and single trees scattered about it. On an eminence near this lawn, stands a new house, belonging to Mr. Gilbert. It seems to enjoy a good situation; but we did not ride up to it.—In this part of the forest are a few scattered houses, known by the name of Cadenam, remarkable for standing near that celebrated oak, of which I have given an account in the early part of this work*.

Not far from hence lies Paulton's, the seat of Mr. Welbore Ellis.—Paulton's was one of the first works of Mr. Brown; and therefore deserves the attention of the curious; tho' in itself indeed it is a pleasing scene. The situation of the house is that of an abbey; low, sheltered, and sequestered. It is contained within a paled boundary of about five miles in circumference: but the whole is so woody, that the boundary is no where visible. When Mr. Brown first undertook this place, it was full of ancient timber; and nothing was wanting, but to open the area judiciously into ample lawns, screened with wood.

* See vol. I. p. 165.

A polished scene, like this, in the midst of a forest, addresses us with the air of novelty; and when natural, as this is, cannot fail to please. It will not however bear a comparison with the wild scenes of the forest. We enter them again with pleasure; and speak of them as we do of the works of a great literary genius, which contain greater beauties, tho perhaps blended with greater defects, than the laboured works of a less exalted, tho more correct writer. Every thing in these cultered scenes, may be perfectly correct—nothing may offend; yet we seek in vain for those strokes of genius, which rouse the imagination, and are so frequently found among the wild scenes of the forest. Some things however at Paulton's did offend; particularly an attempt to improve a little forest-stream (by forming a head) into a river. Attempts of this kind seldom answer: and the misfortune here is the more glaring, as a great, white, Chinese bridge stands every where in sight to remind us of it. We wish for simple ornaments on all occasions—ornaments which the eye is not *obliged to notice*. Here the ornament was particularly out of place; as it was not

only a fault itself; but led the eye to the detection of other faults.

From Paultons we entered an extensive tract of rising ground, which bounds the forest on the north, along the borders of Wiltshire; and stretches on the left towards Fording-bridge, the river Avon, and the county of Dorset. This side of the forest however is by much the narrowest. It's limits hardly extend from east to west above four miles: whereas the boundary of the forest, in the same direction near the sea, extends at least fourteen.

This lofty plain, consisting chiefly of furze, and heath, as far as we surveyed it, appeared in itself little adorned with any forest-furniture. The little wood in any part of it's area bore no proportion to it's extent. But it overlooked very grand views. In a picturesque light therefore we considered it as a vast theatre, from whence we might view almost all the regions of the forest, which we had passed.—Towards the north indeed, in some parts, it commands views
into

into Wiltshire; but the country is cultivated; and not removed enough to lose its formalities. This part therefore may be considered only as a foil. The grand opening is towards the south. Here we found a station, which commanded a very noble view. The heath, making a gentle dip, presents a vast bay, which spreads the whole forest, in a manner, before the eye as far as the sea, in one vast expanse of scenery. Bramble-hill, one of the lodges, standing on a knoll, on the left, about half a mile below the eye, occupies one side of the opening into this immense woody distance, and another prominence; on which stand the ruins of Castle-Malwood, occupies the other. The station may easily be found by this direction. Between these two promontories, the eye is conducted from wood, to wood, over lawns and heaths, through every shade of perspective, till all distinction at length is lost; and the eye doubts whether it is still roving over the tufted woods of the forest; or is landed upon the distant shores of the isle of Wight; or is wandering among the hazy streaks of the horizon. At least it had that dubious appearance, when we saw it. But it is one of the choice

recommendations of these extensive scenes, that they are subject to a thousand varieties from the different modifications of the atmosphere.

A vast scene however, like this, is unmanageable as we have often observed, tho it may be highly picturesque.—But our observations on this subject may be carried farther, than we have yet carried them.

It is a common assertion among landscape-painters, that if the picture be justly painted, an extensive distance in miniature will have the same effect on the mind of the spectator, as if it were painted on the largest scale. Stand near a window, they tell you, and the whole may be brought within the circumference of a pane of glass. If then the same landscape *were exactly painted* on the pane of glass, it would have the same effect in a picture, which it has in nature.

This reasoning, I fear, is false. It depends intirely on the supposition, that we collect all our notices of external objects from the eye; agreeably to that construction of it, which
the

the anatomist gives us. Whereas, in fact, the eye is a mere window. It is a pane of glass, through which the imagination is impressed by the notices it receives of outward objects; which notices, tho sometimes true, are often false, particularly with regard to the size of objects; and will mislead it, unless corrected by experience. The mathematician talks of the angle of vision; and demonstrates, that the size of the object in the eye must be in exact proportion to that part of the cone of rays, which it intercepts: and it is on this supposition, the painter asserts, that an extensive distance, exactly painted, tho in miniature, will affect the spectator like the natural scene. But many things are mathematically true; tho experimentally false. Such is the famous puzzle of Achilles, and the tortoise. The mathematician demonstrates, that the tortoise *must* win the race; tho not one jockey at Newmarket would bet on his side. Just so, the imagination revolts from the mathematical account of vision. If I examine, for instance, the height of that tree, by the side of a notched stick, it is scarce an inch. But no mathematical proof can persuade me, that I *see it under those dimensions.*

I am

I am well assured, that the tree, not only *is*, but *appears* to me much larger.

If indeed my imagination could be so far deceived, as to *believe* the landscape, which is *painted on a pane of glass*, were really the landscape *transmitted through it*; I might then suppose it of the dimensions of nature. On no other supposition I can give it credit. But if a deceit of this kind could not easily be practised on a *pane of glass*; much less could it be practised in a *picture*. We could never so far impose upon ourselves, as to conceive a little object, of the dimensions of a foot by six inches, hung against a wall, can be a just representation of a country, twenty or thirty miles in extent.

I mean not to debate the structure of the eye with the philosopher. All I mean to assert, is, that the picturesque eye has nothing to do with tunics, irises, et retinas. It judges of nothing by a focus, or a cone of visual rays. The imagination guided by experience presides solely over vision, as far at least as the bulk of objects is concerned; and it pictures them, not as painted on a mathematical point, but on an extended plain, and of their natural size. How nature manages this matter,

ter, is beyond the painter's power to explain. The fact is certain: let the philosopher, if he can, account for it.

To bring the argument to the point before us: there must be *real space* to interest the imagination; and excite ideas of grandeur. In a *picture*, the imagination cannot be imposed upon. Two or three inches may give us the *form* of the landscape; the proportion between the fore-ground, and the offskip; the hue of distance, and it's general appearance: and we may be pleased with these things even in miniature. But it is impossible within such scanty limits to raise any of those feelings, which landscape in it's full dimensions will excite. Try the matter experimentally: examine such a landscape as this vast, extended forest-view before us, alternately; first with the *naked eye*, and then with a *diminishing glass*, (which at least gives as just a representation of the perspective, and keeping of nature, as any artificial landscape can do) and you will be convinced how much the idea loses under the latter experiment. At the same time, if such a distance as this, extensive as it is, were painted on a *larger scale* than common, and properly accompanied,
and

and balanced with fore-ground; we might be tempted to forget it's under-size; and seeing so large a picture, might acknowledge something like an equality with nature: we might be *inclined to forget* the deception, and might in *some* degree, *feel* those sublime ideas which nature itself excites.

Besides this grand and extensive distance, which we surveyed between Bramble-hill, and the ruins of Castle-Malwood, we found many views of the same kind, as we traversed the high, and heathy grounds towards Fritham, and Fording-bridge. But the hills about Boldre-wood, and Lyndhurst occupy the middle space between the northern, and southern parts of the forest; and as they rise considerably, and intercept our views, the more we proceed in a western direction, I know not, whether, on the whole, the view we have just taken, is not one of the most extensive, and most amusing, which the whole forest exhibits.—I cannot therefore conclude a description of New-forest more properly, than with this grand exhibition, which in a manner, comprehends the whole.

As

As I have more than once however observed, that scenes of all kinds, and distances the most of all, are so diversified by the circumstances, under which they are examined, that no single view can give an adequate idea of them; I wish, before I shut up these forest-scenes, to add a fuller illustration of this great picturesque truth; which should always be in the recollection of every picturesque observer of nature. The example I shall select for this purpose, shall be the scenery around the parsonage-house at Vicar's-hills; not so much because it is a pleasing scene in itself, as because lying constantly before my eye, it is the best instance I can have: for no one can make remarks of this kind on a scene, which he has not frequently examined.—I must first describe the scenery, before I remark the several circumstances, under which it is often varied.

Vicar's-hill is a knoll, falling gently, on the east, to a grand woody bank, part of the wild grounds of sir Harry Burrard—on the south, towards the channel, and the isle of Wight—and on the west towards Lymington-river—all which it overlooks. As it stands

on

on the edge of the forest, the situation of it is nearly conformable to the wish of the poet :

————— Be my retreat
Between the groaning forest, and the shore,
A rural, sheltered, solitary scene*.

The two last of these epithets indeed belong not to it. It stands rather lofty, tho not high; and is so far from being solitary, that it enjoys a good neighbourhood.

From this knoll, the views are ingrossed by two houses, Mr. Cleavland's, and the vicarage; the united plantations of which exclude the prospect from all other parts of the hill. From both these houses the views are beautiful; but they are of different kinds. Mr. Cleavland's standing on the west side of the knoll, has a view of Lymington-river, which forms one of it's best sweeps below his lawn. From hence the eye is carried along the river to it's opening into the channel; of which—together with the shores around—the island beyond—and the town of Lymington—the distant landscape is formed. These dif-

* Thompson's winter.

tances are varied, as you view them from the upper, and lower parts of the lawn; and in general, as they are circumscribed by the high lands, which bound the estuary, they are much more picturesque, and in the eye of a painter more beautiful, than those vast extensive views of the island and channel, which we have so often seen from various parts of the coast. We have had other occasions to remark the picturesque beauty of this estuary*.

As Mr. Cleavland's has a better view of the water, the vicarage has a better view of the woods. A house built, where it could command both scenes, would enjoy a grand situation. The view however is so good, that it will bear a division; and yet each part form a whole. The vicarage stands in the garden; closed on every side, but the south, which is the aspect of the best rooms. Before it is spread a small lawn, proportioned to it's size. At the end of the lawn, which is also the boundary of the forest, is a sunk-fence; connecting it with the meadows beyond. These meadows declining to the south, and east, form the brow of Vicar's-hill in those

* See page 61, and 95.

directions;

directions ; and are screened by the grand woody bank, above-mentioned, wheeling gently round, which shapes the lower part of them into a sort of semi-circular valley. To the hanging woods of this very picturesque bank, a close, descending walk from the house, following the direction of the forest-boundary, unites the garden.

The woody bank, which is the grand circumstance of the view, having thus circled the meadows, falls away towards the estuary of the river ; and becomes one of it's high inclosures. On the other side it is intersected by a rising ground, on which stands the town of Lymington at the distance of a mile*. Over the dip, formed by this intersection, rises, as if fitted for the place, a lofty part of the isle of Wight ; from which a ridge of high land continues, passing over the town as a back-ground. Below the island appears a small catch of the channel : but the intervening woods of the eastern screen have now almost intercepted it ; interposing one beautiful circumstance in the room of another.

* See the situation of Lymington described, page 94.

Some of the chief modes of incidental beauty, which vary these few parts of landscape, are these.

In a morning the effect is often beautiful, when the sun rising over the trees of the eastern bank, pours his sloping rays upon their tufted heads; while all the bottom of the valley, not yet having caught the splendor, is dusky, and obscure*.

The effect still continues beautiful, as the sun rises higher. Some prominent part of the woody screen always catches the light; while the recesses among the trees still hold the depth of the morning-shadow.

The disposition of the landscape is as well adapted to receive the effects of an evening, as of a morning-sun. As all the eastern screen is richly, and picturesquely wooded, the illumination of the trees from the west is generally pleasing; especially as the meadows, descending to the east, and south, and of course declining from the summer-sun, present large masses of shade.

But the effect of light is best seen in an evening-storm, when it rises from the east,

* See an effect of this kind described more at length; Vol. I. p. 241.

behind the woody bank ; while the sun sinking in the west, throws a splendor upon the trees, which seen to such advantage against the darkness of the hemisphere, shews the full effect of light, and shade.

In winter, the island is generally of an indistinct, grey hue : but in summer, when the evening-sun gets more to the north, it's declining ray strikes the distant cliffs, and broken grounds of the island-shores, and gives them a great resplendency. As these broken grounds run behind the town, the effect of the chimnies, and houses, when seen in shadow against the warm tints of the island-shores, is often very picturesque ; much more so, than when the sun throws it's light upon them. And here we see exemplified a truth in landscape, that the light breaks a town into parts—shews it's poverty—and dissipates it's effect : whereas all the parts of a town seen in shadow, are blended together, and it becomes one grand object. I speak however chiefly of towns in the situation of this, placed along the ridge of an eminence, and about a mile from the eye. In remote distance, a ray of light thrown upon a town has often a good effect.—These splendid
lights

lights of an evening-sun upon the cliffs and broken shores of the island, appear first about the beginning of april; but they grow stronger, as the power of the sun increases. Various other tints also of a bluish, purplish, and yellowish hue, the effects of evening-suns in summer, occasionally invest the island.

But haziness, and mists are here, as in other places, the great sources of variety. In general, they have a good effect; but sometimes a bad one. As the remote part of the landscape, which consists of the isle of Wight, does not immediately connect with the woods on one side, and the town of Lymington on the other, but is separated from them by the channel, which is about two, or three leagues across, it of course happens, that when a partial fog removes the island alone from the sight, a violent chasm is left in the landscape: there is no gradation; the rising ground, on which Lymington stands, appears staring against a foggy sky without any support of distance. Nothing can shew more strongly the use of distances, in completing the harmony of a view. When the several parts of a country melt into each other, as in the grand distance we have just been

surveying from Castle-Malwood, a fog, or mist can *never* introduce any great mischief. It comes *gradually* on; and therefore only *gradually* obscures. It is the chafin, which occasions the blank. At the same time, notwithstanding the island is not *gradually connected* with the other parts of the country, the landscape loses in no other modification of the atmosphere. If the mist be more general, so as to obscure not only the island, but the town also, and in proportion the nearer parts of the view, the effect is often beautiful. The woods of the eastern bank being obscured, the firs of the lawn standing much nearer, rise strongly in opposition: the eye is pleased with the contrast; while the imagination is pleased also with diving into the obscurity, and forming it's own objects.

The line also which the high grounds of the island form upon the sky, is sometimes strong, and sometimes faint; sometimes also a part of it is broken, or intercepted by clouds, which gives a contrast to the other part.

Again, the mist is sometimes so light, that it removes the island several leagues farther from the eye: yet still the landscape partaking of the *general effect*, preserves it's *harmony*.

Sometimes

Sometimes also, after a heavy shower, when the air, as the rain goes off, becomes perfectly diaphanous, like an Italian sky, and all the the vapours are precipitated, the island will advance many leagues nearer the eye: every part of it will be perfectly conspicuous; even the little divisions of property will appear faintly sketched upon it: yet still the clearness of the other parts of the landscape according with it, all will be in place, and a general harmony preserved.

These are chiefly summer-effects. I have often however seen beautiful effects in winter of a similar kind; especially in a morning somewhat inclining to frost; when the rays of the sun have appeared, as it were, struggling between the haziness of the island, the smoke of the town, and the splendor of the rising sun. In one part distinctness has prevailed; in another, obscurity.—I have seen also something of the same effect in a winter-noon; only rendered perhaps still more beautiful by streaks of ruddy sun-set passing along the horizon, and joining in the conflict.

In the year 1783, when such uncommon fogs prevailed over Europe, the appearances of the island were often very strange. Earth,

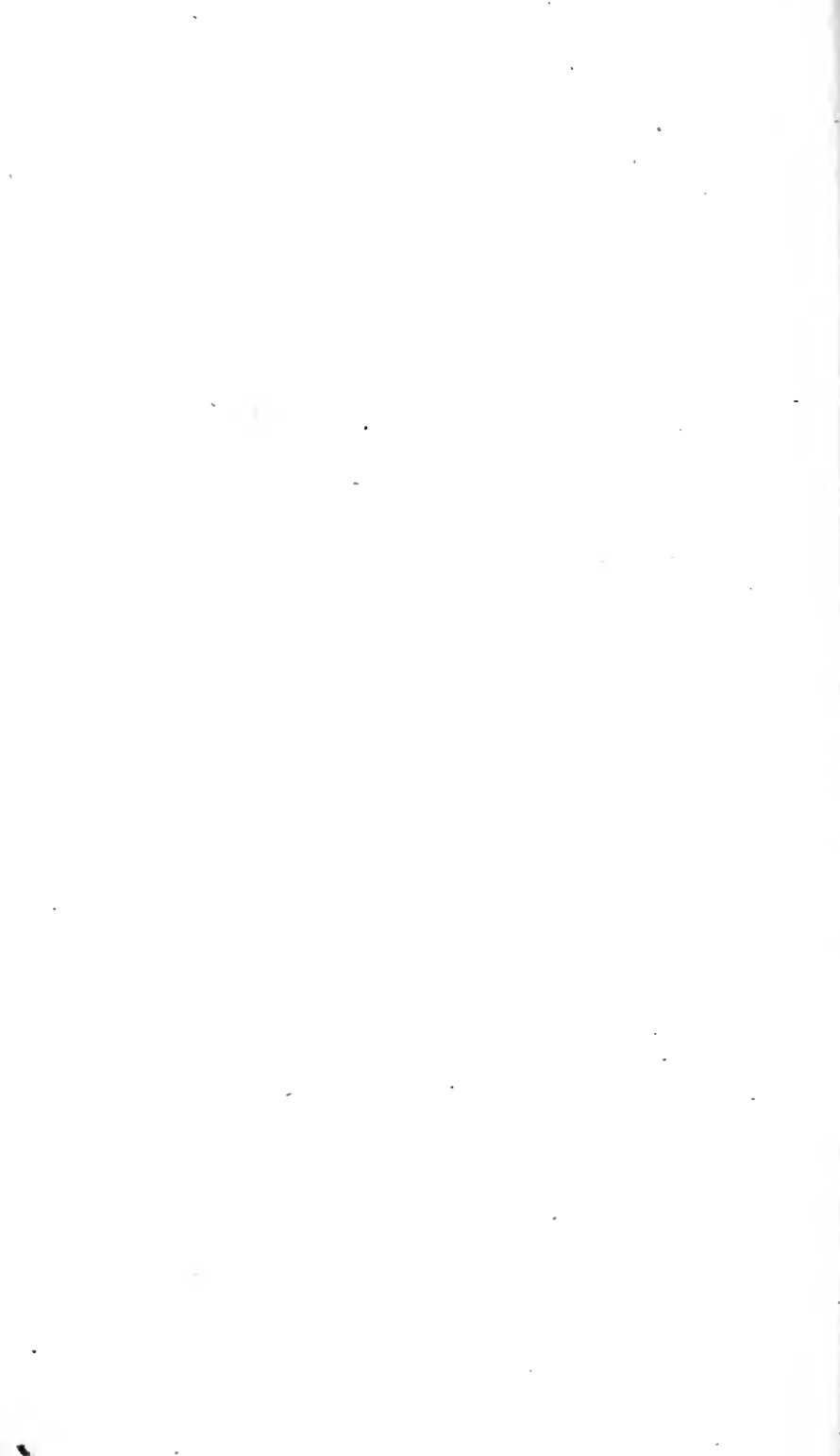
clouds, and water, confounded together in vast combinations, seemed often to have exchanged places; the water would appear above the island; and the clouds below both. But these appearances were so uncommon, that they scarce deserve mention; nor indeed were they often in themselves picturesque.

I omit mentioning here the variety, which the seasons produce on this landscape; tho' as it is a woody scene, the effect is often singularly beautiful, especially in autumn.

If then so great a variety of incidents arise from the few circumstances of landscape, which are found at this place; with what variety may we suppose landscapes of a larger size, and composed of more complicated parts, may be attended? particularly, extensive distances, which are of all others attended with the greatest variety of incidental beauty. Every landscape indeed hath something peculiar to itself, which disposes it more or less to receive the incidents of light, and weather in some peculiar manner. An open sea-coast, one should think of so simple a construction, as to be little liable to receive any change; and yet I have stood upon a sea-coast, on a sun-shiny cloudy day, when the wind has been rather brisk;

brisk ; and have in less than an hour, seen the whole picture under a dozen different forms, from the varying of the lights in the sky, on the horizon, on the surface of the water, or on some part of the coast.

The conclusions from all these remarks are, that every landscape is, in itself, a scene of great variety—that there are few landscapes, which have not, at some time or other, their happy moments—that a landscape of extent, and beauty will take the full period of a year, to shew itself in all the forms it is capable of receiving—and that he who does not attend to the variations of the atmosphere, loses half the beauty of his views.



S E C T. XI.

Of the animals, which frequent the forest.

HAVING thus taken a view of the most beautiful scenes of the forest, it is lastly proper to people them. No landscape is complete without it's figures. I shall make a few observations therefore on such animals, as frequent the forest; which the imagination of the reader may scatter about, as he pleases, in the several scenes, which have been presented to him. The human inhabitants of the forest have already been mentioned*.

* See p. 40.

A diminutive breed of horses run wild in New-forest. In general however the horse is private property; tho sometimes with difficulty ascertained. Numbers of people, who have lands in the neighbourhood of the forest, have a right of commoning in it; and most of the cottagers, who border on it, assume that right. Many of them have two or three mares; and some, who make it their business to breed colts, have droves.

The horse is gregarious. Herds of twenty, or thirty are often seen feeding together; in summer especially, when they have plenty of pasturage, and can live as they please. In winter they are obliged to separate, and seek their food, as they can find it. In general indeed they are left, in all seasons, to take their chance in the forest. Where there is no expence, there can be no great loss; and what is saved, is so much gained. In marshy parts a severe winter often goes hardly with them. But in dry grounds, where heath and furze abound, they pick up a tolerable winter-subsistence; especially if they have learned the little arts of living, which necessity teaches.

Of

Of these arts, one of the most useful is to bruise, and pound with their fore-feet, the prickly tops of furze. This operation, which I have often seen performed, prepares the rigid diet of a furze-bush in some degree for mastication; and renders it rather less offensive to the palate

When such colts, as have long run wild, are to be caught for sale, their ideas of liberty are so unconfined, from pasturing in so wild a range, that it is matter of no little difficulty to take them. Sometimes they are caught by slight of hand, with a rope and a noose. But if this method fail, they are commonly hunted down by horse-men, who relieve each other. Colt-hunting is a common practice in the forest.—The colts which feed on Obergreen, are sometimes taken by the following stratagem. In this part runs a long bog, described, under the name of Long-slade-bottom; which is crossed by a mole, thrown over it*. With this passage the colt is well acquainted; and on being pursued, is easily driven towards it. When he is about

* See p. 124.

the middle of the mole, two or three men start up in front, and oblige him to leap into the bog, where he is intangled, and seized.

At all the neighbouring fairs, these horses are a principal commodity, and are bought up for every purpose, to which a horse can be applied. Diminutive as they are, you may often see half a dozen of them straining in a waggon: and as it is fashionable to drive them in light carriages, their price has been enhanced. It is a little fortune to a poor cottager, if he happen to possess three or four colts, that are tolerably handsome, and match well. He may probably sell them for ten, or twelve pounds a piece.

In point of value, the New-forest horse would rise higher, if the same care were taken in breeding him, which was formerly taken*; and which is still in some degree, taken in the neighbouring forest of Bere; where, I have heard, the keepers are ordered to destroy all horses, which, at three years of age, are

* See Manwood on forest-law, page 29.

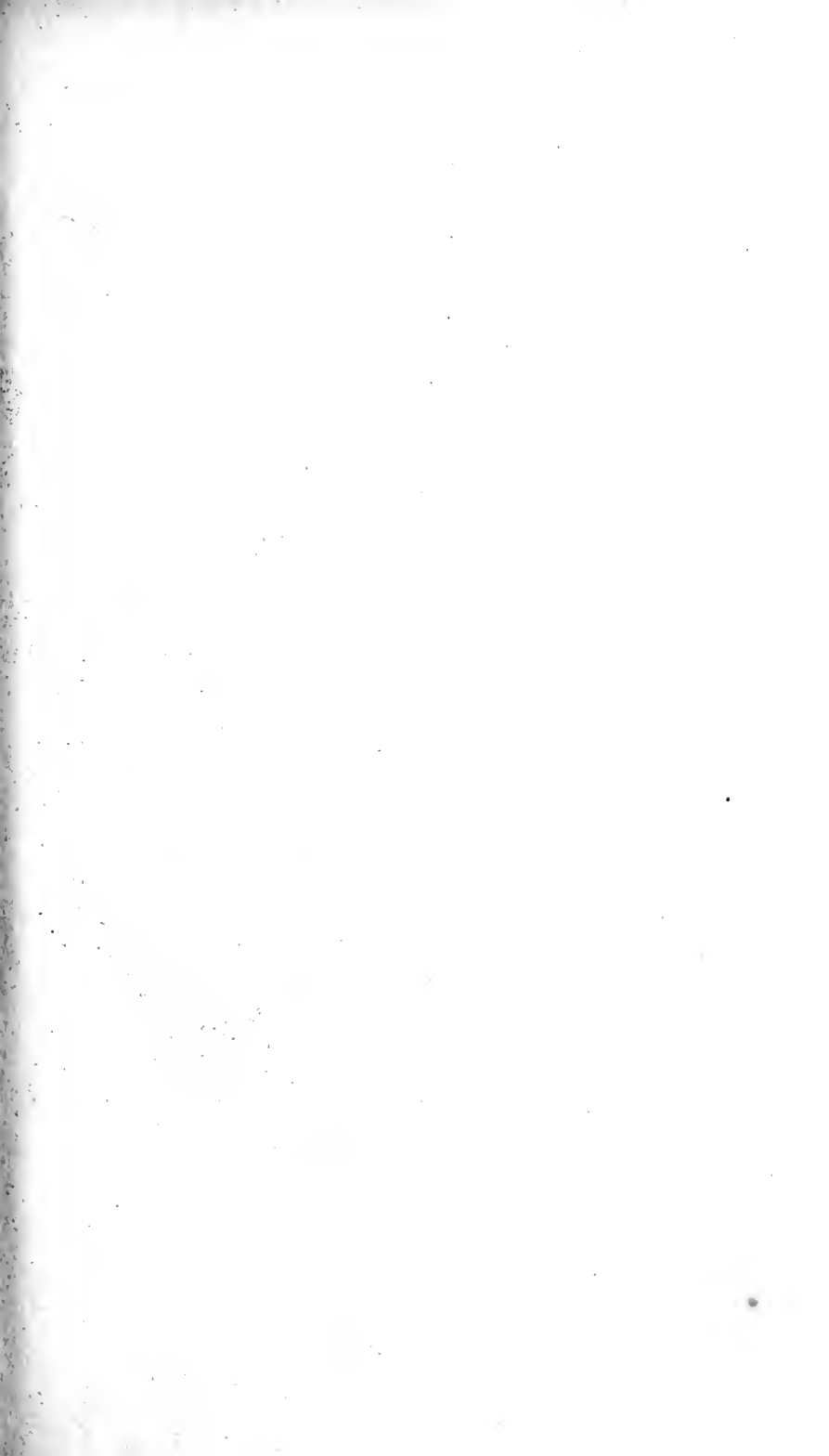
under thirteen hands; and all mares under twelve.

There is another evil likewise, which tends to injure the forest-colt; and that is, putting him to business at too early an age. Tho a small horse attains maturity earlier, than a large one; yet these horses, bred chiefly by indigent people, and generally of little value, are introduced much sooner to labour, than abler, and better horses commonly are.

The fame, and exploits are still remembered of a little beautiful, grey horse, which had been suffered to run wild in the forest, till he was eight years of age; when he had attained his full strength. His first sensations, on the loss of his liberty, were like those of a wild-beast. He flew at his keeper with his open mouth; or rearing on his hind-legs, darted his fore-feet at him with the most malicious fury. He fell however into hands, that tamed him. He became by degrees patient of the bit, and at length suffered a rider. From this time his life was a scene of glory. He was well known on every road in the county; was the favorite of every groom; and the constant theme of every ostler.

ostler. But in the chase his prowess was most shewn. There he carried his master, with so much swiftness, ease, and firmness, that he always attracted the eyes of the company, more than the game they pursued.

The New-forest horse is often supposed to be of Spanish extraction; from ancestors, imagined to have been ship-wrecked on the coast of Hampshire, in the time of the armada. But I look on this as a species of the ancient vaunt, *genus a Jove summo*; and to deserve as little attention. Some of them have a form, which would not disgrace so noble a lineage. The grey horse represented in the annexed plate, is among the most beautiful. But in general, the croup of the forest-horse is low; and his head ill-set on, having what the jockies call a *stiff jaw*. Of this defect a resemblance is given in the horse on the left, whose head is set on, as those of the forest-horses commonly are. Their claim therefore to high lineage must in general rest more on their good qualities, than on their beauty—on the hardiness of their nature—on their uncommon strength—on their agility,
and





and sureness of foot, which they probably acquire by constantly lifting their legs among furze.

But tho' the form of the New-forest horse is seldom beautiful; yet as the ornament of a forest scene, he is very picturesque. The horse, in his natural state, rough with all his mane about him, and his tail waving in the wind, as he feeds, is always beautiful; but particularly in so wild a scene as this, which he graces exceedingly.

On this subject I cannot forbear digressing a little, (and I hope the critical reader will not be too fastidious,) on the great indignity the horse suffers from the mutilation of his tail, and ears. Within this century, I believe, the barbarous custom of docking horses came in use; and hath passed through various modifications, like all other customs, which are not founded in nature, and truth. A few years ago the *short dock* was the only *tail* (if it may be called such) in fashion, both in the army, and in carriages. The absurdity however of this total amputation began to appear. The gentlemen of the army led the way.

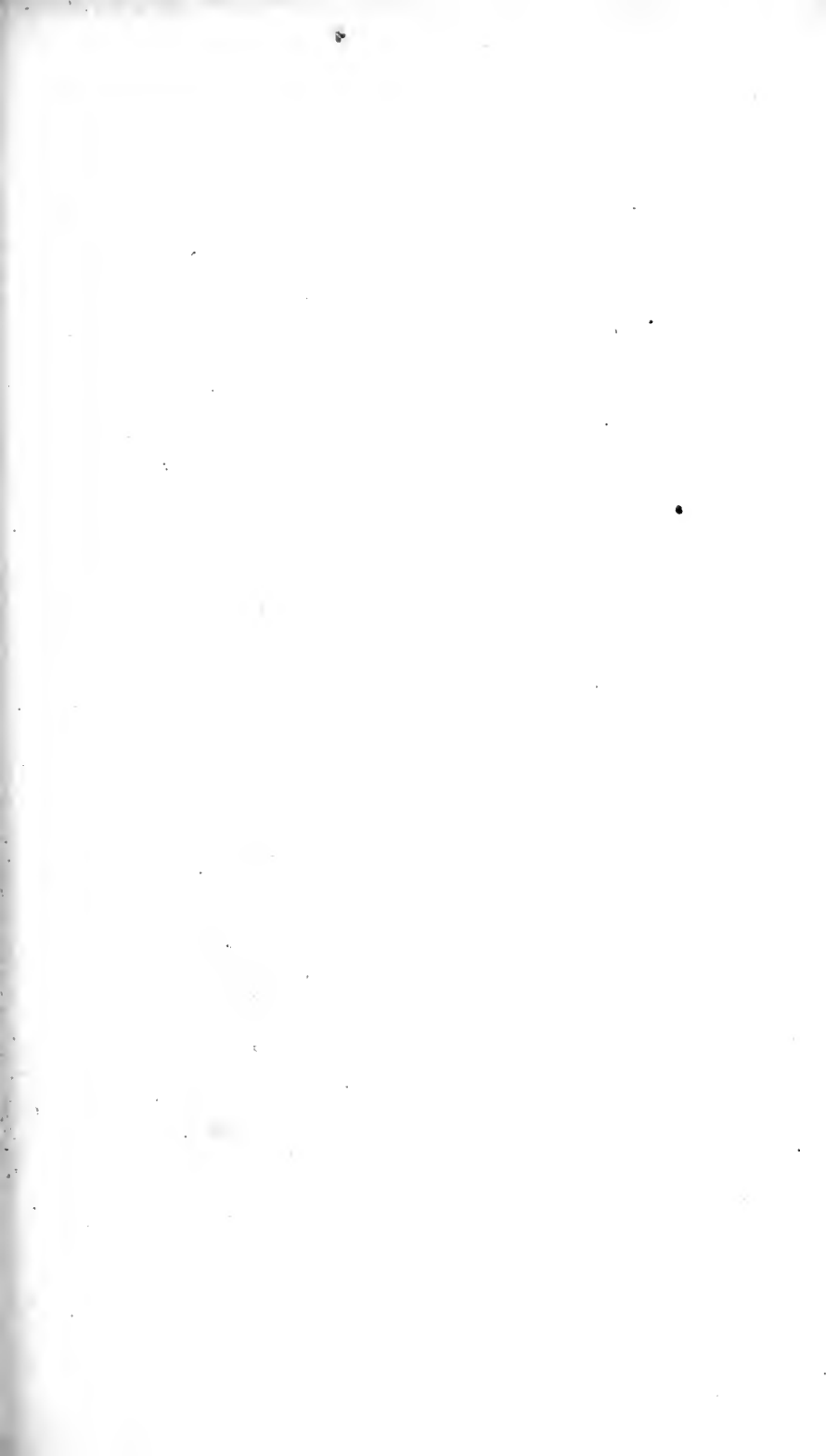
They

They acknowledged the beauty, and use of the tail, as nature made it. The *short dock* every where disappeared; and all dragoon-horses paraded with long tails.

The *nag-tail* however still continued in use. Of this there are several species, all more or less mutilated. The most deformed one is *nicked-tail*; so named from a cruel operation used in forming it. The under sinews of the dock being divided, the tail starts upwards, directly contrary to the position, which nature intended. The *nag-tail* is still seen in all genteel carriages. Nor will any person of fashion ride a horse without one. Even the gentlemen of the army, who have shewn the most sense in the affair of horse-tails, have been so misled, as to introduce the *nag-tail* into the light-horse; tho it would be as difficult to give a reason now for the *nag-tail*, as formerly for the *short-dock*.

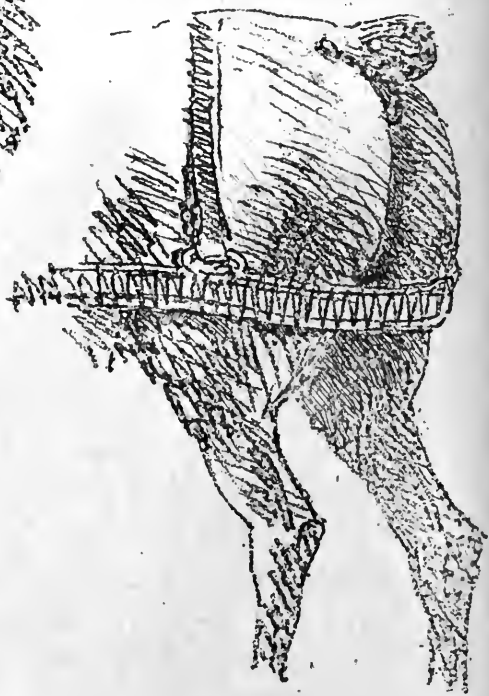
Two things are urged in defence of this cruel mutilation—the *utility*, and the *beauty* of it. Let us briefly as possible, examine both.

To make an animal *useful* is, no doubt, the first consideration: and to make a horse so, we must necessarily make him suffer some things,





The switch tail.



The square tail.



things, which are *unnatural*, because we take him out of a *state of nature*. He must be fed with hay, and corn in the winter, which he cannot get in his open pastures: for if he have exercise *beyond nature*, he must have such food, as will enable him to bear it. As it is necessary likewise to make our roads hard, and durable, it is necessary also to give the horse an iron hoof, that he may travel over them without injuring his feet.—But all this has nothing to do with his *tail*, from which *no incumbrance* arises.

Yes, says the advocate for *docking*; as it is necessary for the horse to travel, to hunt, and to race, it is useful to lighten him of every incumbrance. And as it is necessary for him to travel through dirty roads; it is useful to rid him of an instrument, which is continually collecting dirt, and lashing it over himself, and his rider.

To ease your horse of every incumbrance in travelling, is certainly right. You should see that his bridle, and saddle, (which are his great incumbrances) are as easy as possible: and that the weight he carries, or draws, be proportioned to his strength. But depend upon it, he receives no incumbrance from nature.

It is a maxim among all true philosophers, that *nature has given nothing in vain*: and there can be no reasonable doubt, but that nature has given the horse his tail to balance, and assist his motions. That this is the case, seems plain from the use he makes of it. When the animal is at rest, his tail is pendent: but when he is in violent action; he raises, and spreads it, as a bird does in the same situation. Would the swallow, or the dove be assisted in their flight by the loss of their tails? or the greyhound in his speed by docking him? For myself, I have no doubt, but if the experiment were tried at Newmarket, which I suppose it never was, the horse with his long tail, however the literati there might laugh at him, would not be in the least injured in his speed; and would certainly answer better, in all his sudden turns, to the intention of his rider. He would extend, and spread his helm: it would steer his way; and we should seldom hear of his running out of his course, or on the wrong side of the post.

Besides, his tail probably assists him even in his common exertions; and balances his body, when he trots, and prevents his stumbling.

bling. I have heard a gentleman, who had travelled much in the east, remark, that the Turkish, and Arabian horses rarely stumble; which he attributed, and with much appearance of truth, to their long tails.

But whatever use the tail may be to the horse *in action*, it is acknowledged on all hands to be of infinite use to him, *at rest*. Whoever sees the horse grazing in summer, and observes the constant use he makes of his long tail in lashing the flies from his sides, must be persuaded, that it is a most useful instrument: and must be hurt to see him fidget a short dock, back, and forward, with ineffectual attempts to rid himself of some plague, which he cannot reach.

As to the objection against the tail, as an instrument, which is continually *gathering dirt*, and *lashing* it around, if there be any truth in what I have already observed, this little objection dissolves itself; especially as the inconvenience may with great ease be remedied, when the road is dirty, either by knotting up the tail, or by tying it with a leathern-strap.

But whatever becomes of *utility*, the horse is certainly more *beautiful*, we are told, without his dangling tail. What a handsome figure he makes, when *he carries both his ends well!* This is the constant language of horse-dealers, stable-keepers, and grooms; and such language, tho' originating in tasteless ignorance, and mere prejudice, has drawn over men of sense, and understanding.—It is inconceivable, how delusively the eye sees, as well as the understanding, when it is fascinated, and led aside by fashion, and custom. Associated ideas of various kinds give truth a different air. When we see a game-cock with all his sprightly actions, and gorgeous plumes about him, we acknowledge one of the most beautiful birds in nature. But when we see him armed with steel, and prepared for battle; we cry, what a scare-crow! But a cock-fighter, with all the ideas of the pit about him, will conceive, that in this latter state, he is in his greatest beauty: and if his picture be drawn, it must be drawn in this ridiculous manner. I have often seen it.

Let

Let jockies, and stable-boys, and cock-fighters keep their own absurd ideas: but let not men, who pretend to see, and think for themselves, adopt such ridiculous conceits.— In *arts*, we judge by the *rules of art*. In *nature*, we have no criterion but the *forms of nature*. We criticize a building by the rules of architecture: but in judging of a tree, or a mountain; we judge by the most beautiful forms of each, which nature hath given us. It is thus in other things. From nature alone we have the form of a horse. Should we then seek for beauty in that object, in our own wild conceptions; or recur to the great original, from whence we had it? We may be assured, that nature's forms are always the most beautiful; and therefore we should endeavour to correct *our* ideas by *hers*.—If however we cannot give up the point, let us at least be consistent. If we admire a horse without a tail, or a cock without feathers, let us not laugh at the Chinese for admiring the disproportioned foot of his mistress; nor at the Indian, for doting on her black teeth, and tattooed cheeks. For myself, I cannot conceive, why it should make a horse more beautiful to take his tail from him, than it

would make a man to clap a tail to him*.—
 With regard indeed to the natural beauty of a horse's tail, we want little reasoning on the subject. In conjunction with his mane, it gives him dignity.—It hides his straddling buttocks; which is a decency in nature, we should admire, rather than destroy.—It forms a contrast among the legs. The four equal legs of every animal are it's greatest deformity; and their sameness of course gives the painter the most trouble in the management of them. In many of her forms indeed, where nature does not seem to aim at beauty, she neglects this economy: but as if she meant the horse for one of her most elegant productions, she has provided for him in this respect also, by giving him a graceful flow of hair, which hiding sometimes one leg, and sometimes another, introduces a pleasing contrast among them all.—The accidental motion also of the tail gives it peculiar beauty; both when the horse moves it himself; and when it waves in the wind. The beauty of it indeed to an unprejudiced eye is conspicuous at once;

* See lord Monboddo on that subject.

and in all parade, and state-horses it is acknowledged: tho even here there is an attempt made to improve nature by art: the hair must be adorned with ribbons; and the bottom of the tail clipped square, which adds heaviness, and is certainly so far a deformity.

The captain of an English man of war gave me an account sometime ago, of his landing in one of the piratical states of Barbary, while his ship anchored in the bay. He was received by the Dey (I think, of Tripoli) with great civility; and among other things, saw his stables. They were lined with a very long, double row of the most beautiful Barb, and Arabian horses. He was struck with their beauty, to which their grand flowing tails, combed, and oiled in the nicest manner, were no little addition. As he continued his walk through the stud, he came to a couple of horses with *nag-tails*. On inquiring into their history, he found they were English horses, which had been presented to the Dey. The horses themselves were fit to appear any where; but the contrast of their tails, he thought, in such company, made so very strange, and disgraceful an appearance, that he was ashamed of his countrymen. The case was, his eye having been thus accustomed

to the beautiful forms of nature, had gotten rid of it's prejudices ; and being a rational man, saw the matter in it's proper light.

I shall conclude my remarks on this cruel mutilation, with an epigram by Voltaire.— That celebrated wit was in England about the time, when the barbarous custom of docking horses was in high fashion. He was so shocked at it, that he wrote the following verses, which, it is said, he gave to lord Lyttelton.

Vous, fiers Anglois, et barbares que vous êtes,
 Coupent les tates a vos rois, et les queues a vos bêtes.
 Mais les François plus polis, et aimant les loix,
 Laissent les queues a leurs bêtes, et les tates a leurs rois.

There is more indignation, than wit, I think, in these verses. Voltaire seems to consider docking a horse, and killing a king, as equal crimes ; which however is carrying the matter somewhat farther, than the picturesque eye wishes to carry it.

The same absurd notions, which have led men to cut off the tails of horses, have led them also to cut off their ears. I speak not
 of

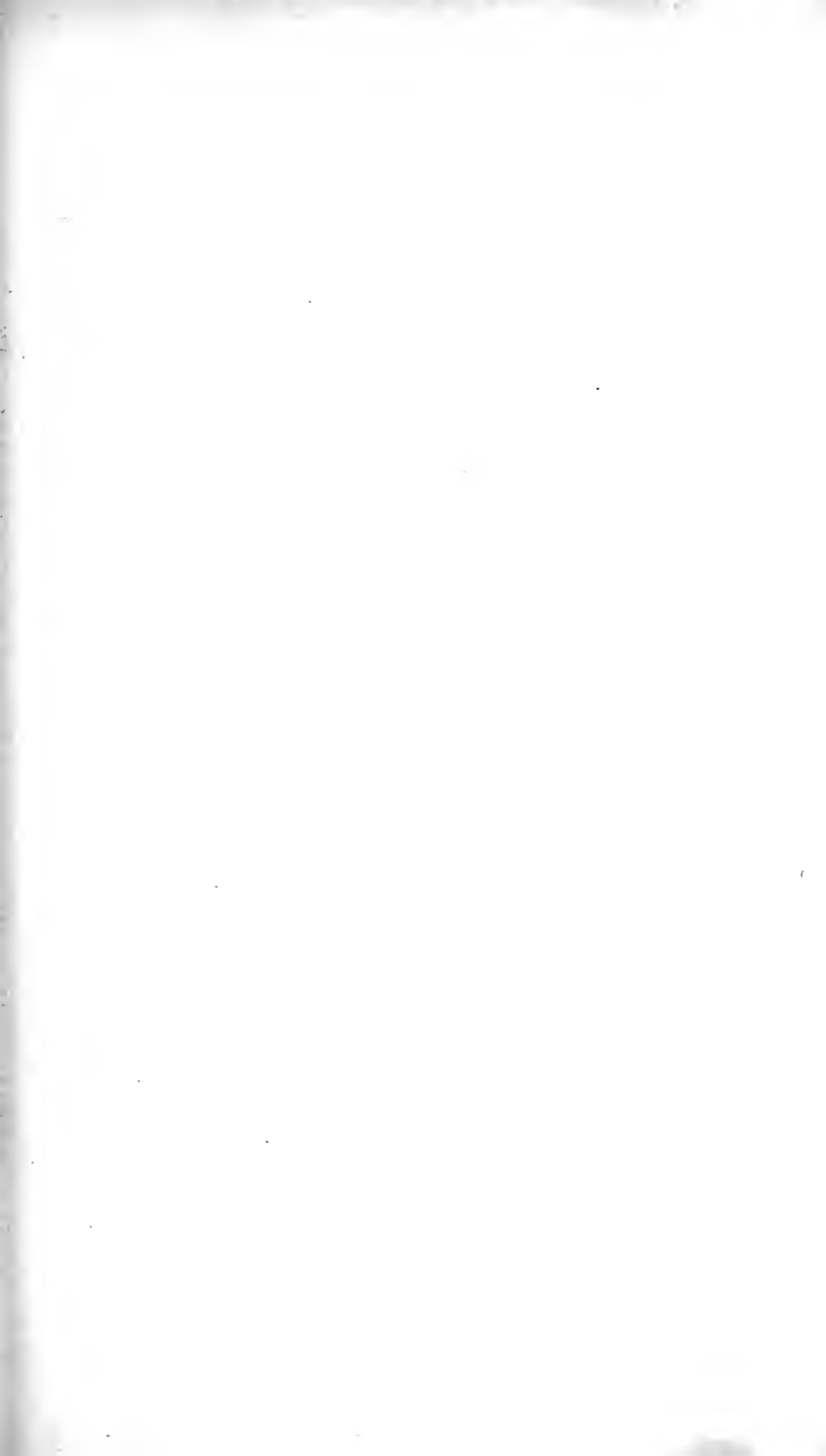
of low grooms, and jockies; we have lately seen the studs of men of the first fashion, misled probably by grooms, and jockies, producing only cropt-horses.

When a fine horse has wide, lopping ears, as he sometimes has, without spring, or motion in them; a man may be tempted to remove the deformity. But to cut a pair of *fine ears* out of the head of a horse, is, if possible, a still greater absurdity, than to cut off his tail. Nothing can be alledged in it's defence. The ear neither retards motion; nor flings dirt.

Much of the same ground may be gone over on this subject, which we went over on the last. With regard to the *utility* of the ear, it is not improbable, that cropping it may injure the horse's hearing: there is certainly less concave surface to receive the vibrations of the air.—I have heard it also asserted with great confidence, that this mutilation injures his health: for when a horse has lost that pent-house, which nature has given him over his ear, it is reasonable to believe the wind, and rain may get in, and give him cold.

But if these injuries are not easily proved, the injury he receives in point of *beauty* may strenuously

strenuously be insisted on. Few of the minuter parts of animal nature are more beautiful, than the ear of a horse, when it is neatly formed, and well set on.—The contrast of the lines is pleasing; the concavity, and the convexity, being generally seen together in the natural turn of the ear.—Nor is the proportion of the ear less pleasing. It is contracted at the insertion, swells in the middle, and tapers to a point. The ear of no animal is so beautifully proportioned. That of some beasts, especially of the savage kinds, as the lion, and pard, is naturally rounded, and has little form. The ears of other animals, as the fox, and cat, are pointed, short, and thick. Those of the cow are round, and heavy. The hare's, and ass's ears are long, and nearly of the same thickness. The dog, and swine have flapping ears. The sheep, alone has ears, that can compare with the horse.—The ear of the horse receives great beauty also from its colour, as well as form. The ears of bay, and grey horses are generally tipped with black, which melts into the colour of the head.—But the ear of the horse receives its greatest beauty from motion. The ear of no animal has that vibrating



Anger or
intended mischief.



Fear.



A cropt-horse.



Under no impression
of passion.



vibrating power. The ears of a spirited horse are continually in motion; quivering, and darting their sharp points towards every object, that presents: and the action is still more beautiful, when the ears are so well set on, that the points are drawn nearly together. Virgil, who was among the most accurate observers of nature, takes notice of this quivering motion in the ears of a horse.

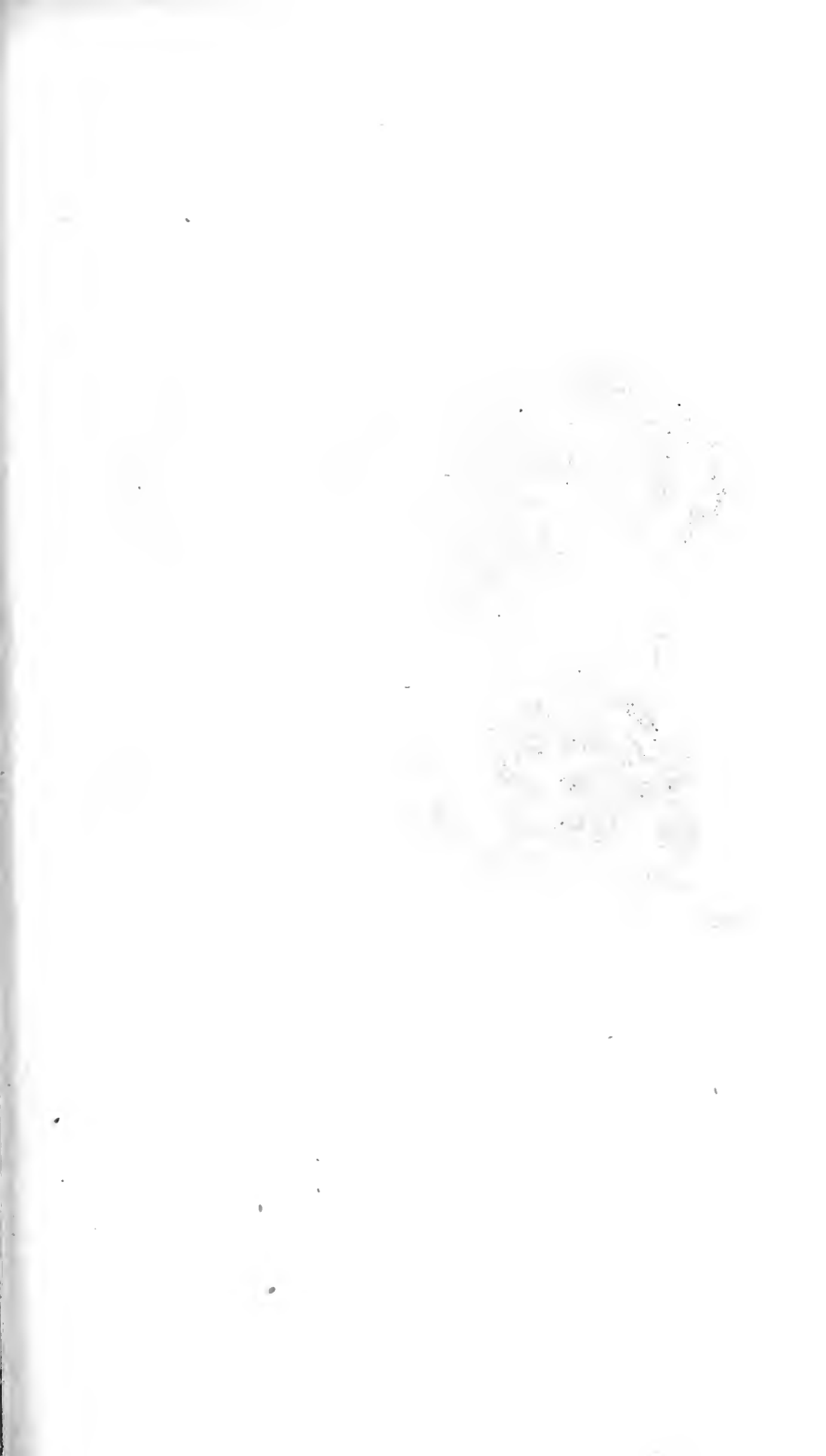
—Si qua sonum procul arma dedere,
Stare loco nescit; *micat* auribus —

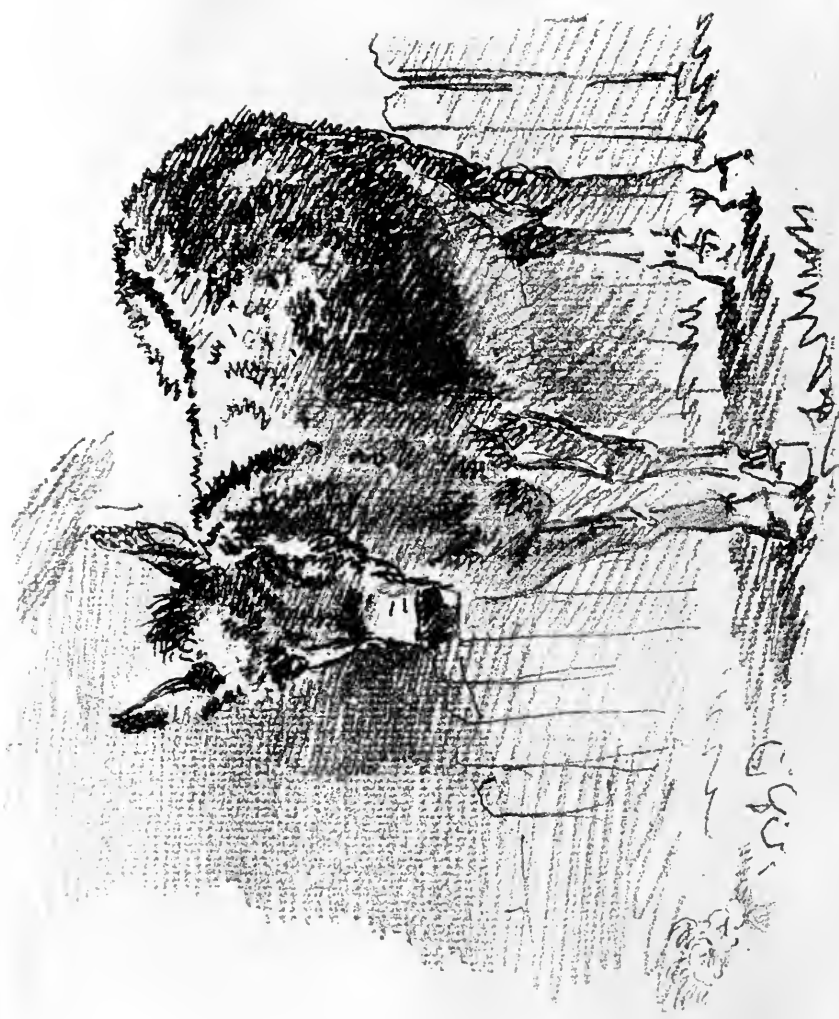
The same word, which he uses here to express the motion of a horse's ears, he uses elsewhere to express the gleaming of arms; the glittering of a gem; and the vibrating motion of a serpent's tongue.—But it is not only the quivering motion of the horse's ears, that we admire; we admire them also as the interpreters of his passions; particularly of *fear*, which some denominate *courage*: and of *anger*, or *malice*. The former he expresses by *darting them forward*; the latter, by *laying them back*.

This digression hath carried me much farther, than I intended; but the mutilation of the tail, and ears of this noble animal is so offensive to reason, and common sense, that
I have

I have been imperceptibly led on by my indignation. Tho' nothing I can say on the subject, I am well persuaded, can weigh against the authority of grooms, and jockies, so as to make a general reform: yet if, here and there, a small party could be raised in opposition to this strange custom, it might in time perhaps obtain fashion on it's side.— We commonly suppose, that when mankind *in general* agree in a point, there is truth. I believe no nation upon earth, except the English, have the custom among them, of docking, nicking, and cropping their horses. — The wisdom too of all antiquity decides fully against the practice. Instances perhaps might be found in the bas-reliefs of the Antonine column, and other remains of Roman antiquity, both of the cropt ear, and of the hogged-mane, (which I take for granted were never practised, except in cases of defect,) but I am persuaded, no one instance can be found, in all the remains of Grecian, or Roman antiquity, of a *short dock*, or a *nag-tail*.

Besides the horse, the forest is much frequented by another animal of his genus,
inferior





W. W. W. W.

1895

inferior indeed in dignity; but superior in picturesque beauty; I mean the afs. Among all the tribes of animals, scarce one is more ornamental in landscape. In what this picturesque beauty consists, whether in his peculiar character—in his strong lines—in his colouring—in the roughness of his coat—or in the mixture of all—would be difficult perhaps to ascertain. The observation however is undoubtedly true; and every picturesque eye will acknowledge it. Berghem bears full testimony to it's truth. In his pictures the afs makes often the most distinguished figure: and a late excellent landscape-painter*, I have heard, generally kept this animal by him, that he might have it always at hand to introduce in various attitudes, into his pictures. I have heard also, that a plaister-cast of an afs, modelled by him, is sold in the shops in London: but I never saw it.

One reason indeed for replenishing the forest so much with asses, is the propagation of

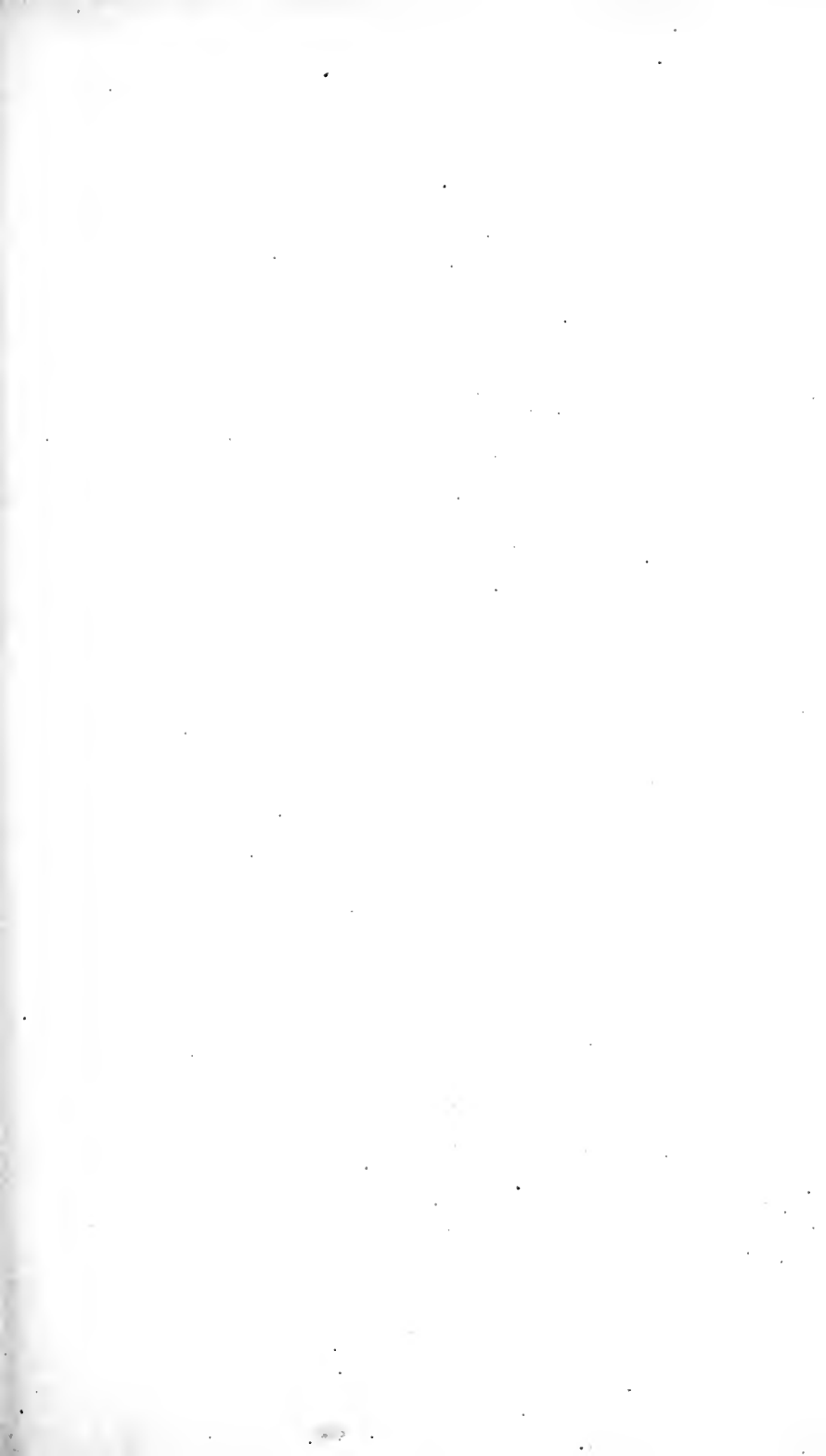
* Mr. Gainsborough.

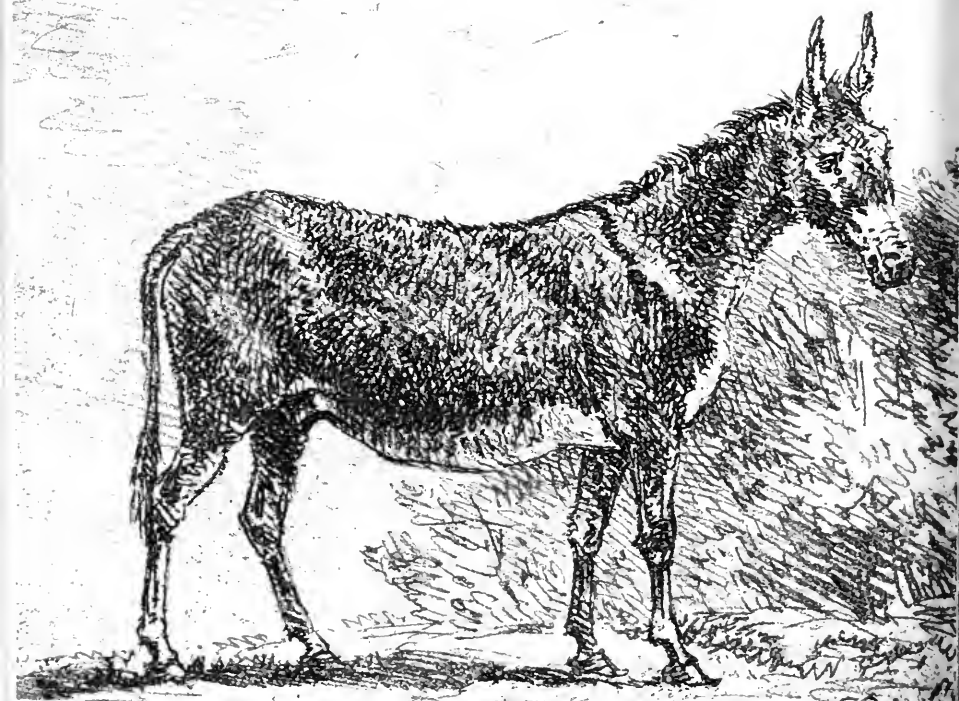
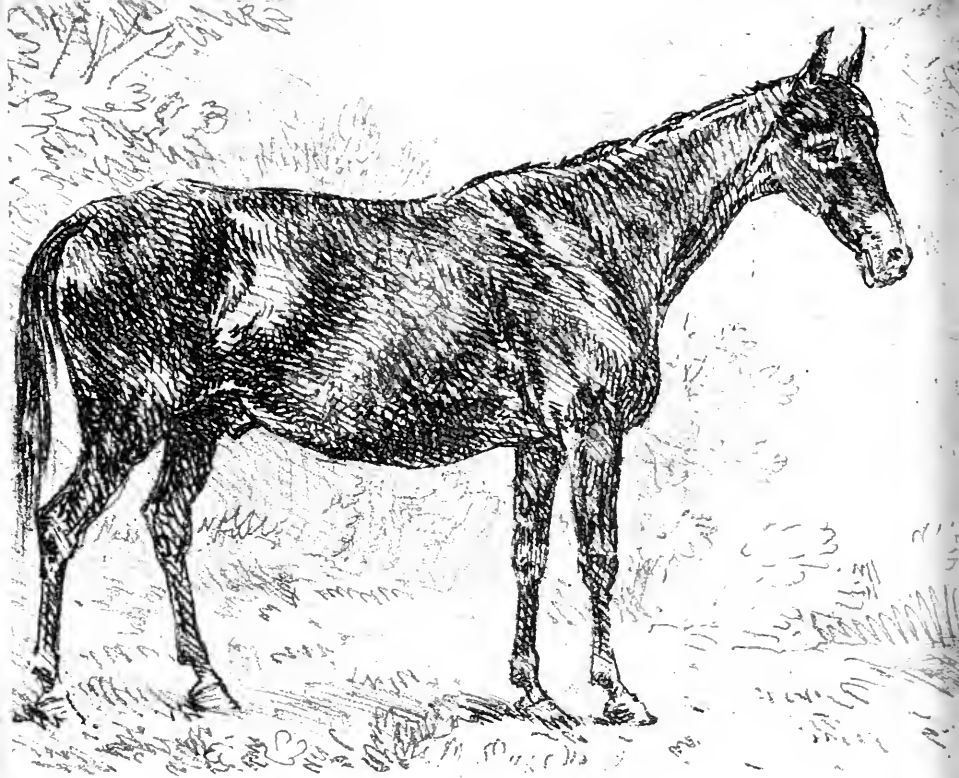
mules;

mules; of which great numbers are bred in many parts of it: at least the breed was much encouraged before the troubles of America, whither several were every year exported.

The mule is by no means so picturesque an animal as the ass; and is rarely introduced in landscape; chiefly, I suppose, because he has not so determined a character. He is neither a horse, nor an ass, and yet has a resemblance to both. To make an object truly picturesque, it should be marked strongly with some peculiar character.—Besides, the mule varies in form, as much from himself, as he does either from the horse, or the ass. He follows his sire. A mule bred from an Arabian, differs as much from the offspring of a foalster, as the two sires themselves. This also injures his picturesque character.—The mule, from which the annexed drawing was taken, was a mule of blood. The ass also varies from itself; but not so much as the mule. It is here represented under one of its most elegant forms, that it may the more justly be compared with a mule of the same description.

With



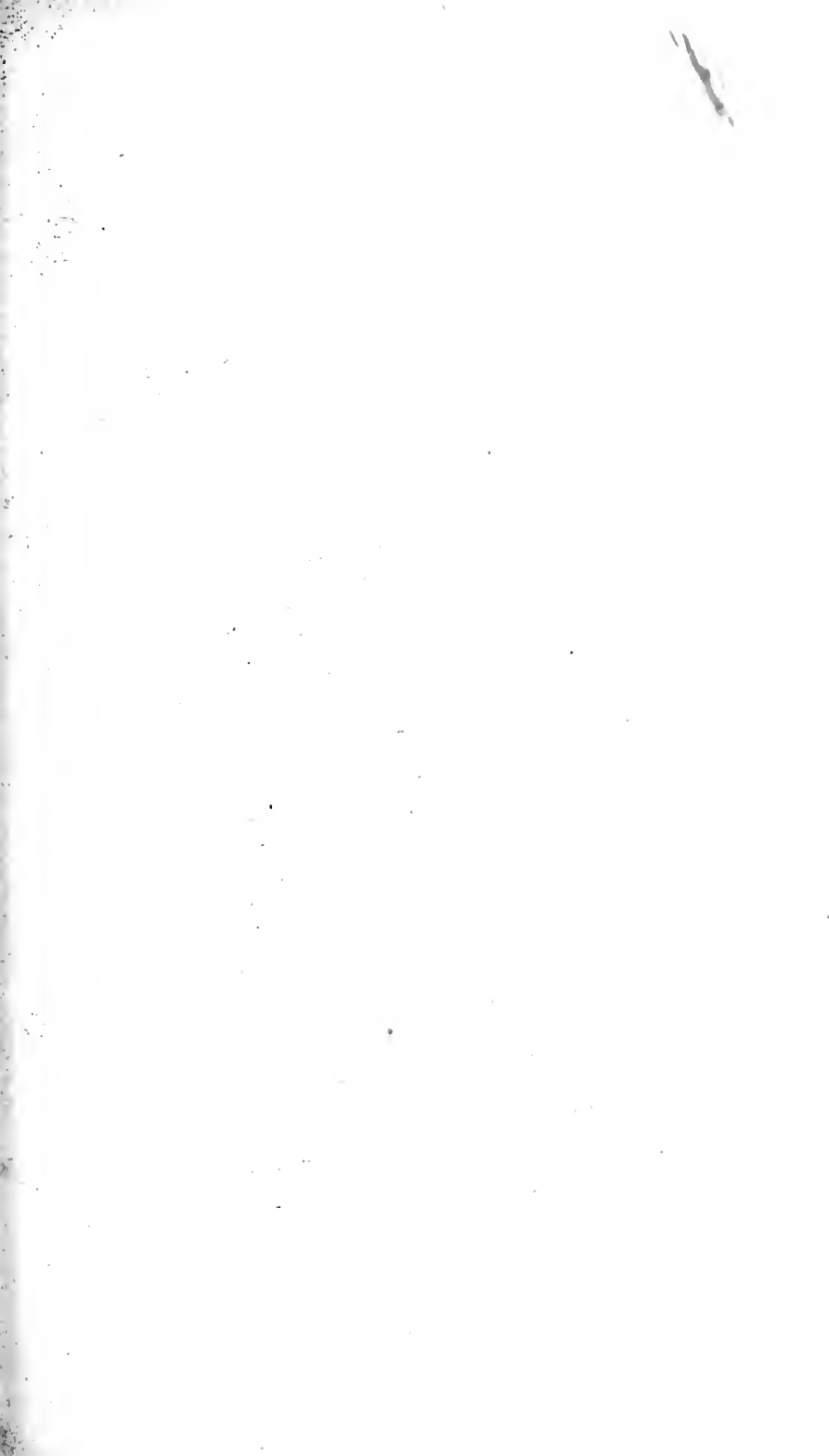


With horned cattle of course, the forest, like all other large wastes, abounds ; and this is a source of great picturesque beauty.—The *inclosure* presents only a small number at once, the property of some single person : but in the *forest*, the cattle of all the neighbouring hamlets, and cottages, pasture together. We see them often in large herds ; and in summer, the season of landscape, they are drawn in numbers, to favorite spots, particularly about pools, and rivulets ; where the various combinations, and attitudes they form are beautiful, and picturesque, in the highest degree.—Besides, they appear in a *forest* to much more advantage, than they can possibly do within the *formality of hedges*.

But of all animals, with which the forest abounds, the stag is in a peculiar manner adapted to it's scenes. The wildness of his nature harmonizes with them ; and the beauty
nature

of his form adorns them.—We admire his erect front; his spreading horns, on which he sometimes wears above twenty antlers; his limbs finished with so much elegance; and his stately, measured pace.

But here perhaps the advocate for docking horses will glory in the short tail of the stag. He has no reason. There is no doubt, nature has provided for the exigences of the stag in his speed, as well as for those of the horse. It is true, the shortness of the tail in so beautiful an animal, rather *seems* a defect. But as, in the language of religion, the well-ordered mind acknowledges every thing right in the works of God—so, in the language of painting, the picturesque eye acknowledges every thing beautiful in the works of nature. Some objects indeed may please less than others; and be less accommodated to the rules of painting. But all objects are best as nature made them. Art cannot mend them. Where art interferes, beauty vanishes. We dress the polished lawn: but we only remove what may there be a deformity, tho' elsewhere a beauty. When we endeavour to *improve the object*—when we clip the holly, and trim
the





the box, we introduce deformity. We sometimes indeed artfully remove a branch: but it is to *open the landscape*; not to *improve the tree*.

The stag, during his first year is called a *calf*; and does not assume the name of a *stag* till his fifth; being known in the intermediate years, by certain technical names, which none but foresters can remember. In his sixth year he takes the respectable title of a *hart*. Some authors have given it to his fifth: but I follow the authority of Manwood*. — Besides this title, he may still attain two higher degrees of honour; those of a *hart-royal*, and of a *hart-royal proclaimed*.

If he be hunted by the king, and escape; or have his life given him for the sport he has afforded, he becomes from thence forward, a *hart-royal*. — If he be hunted out of the forest, and there escape; the king hath sometimes honoured him with a royal proclamation; the purport of which is, to forbid any one to molest him, that he may have free liberty of returning to his forest.

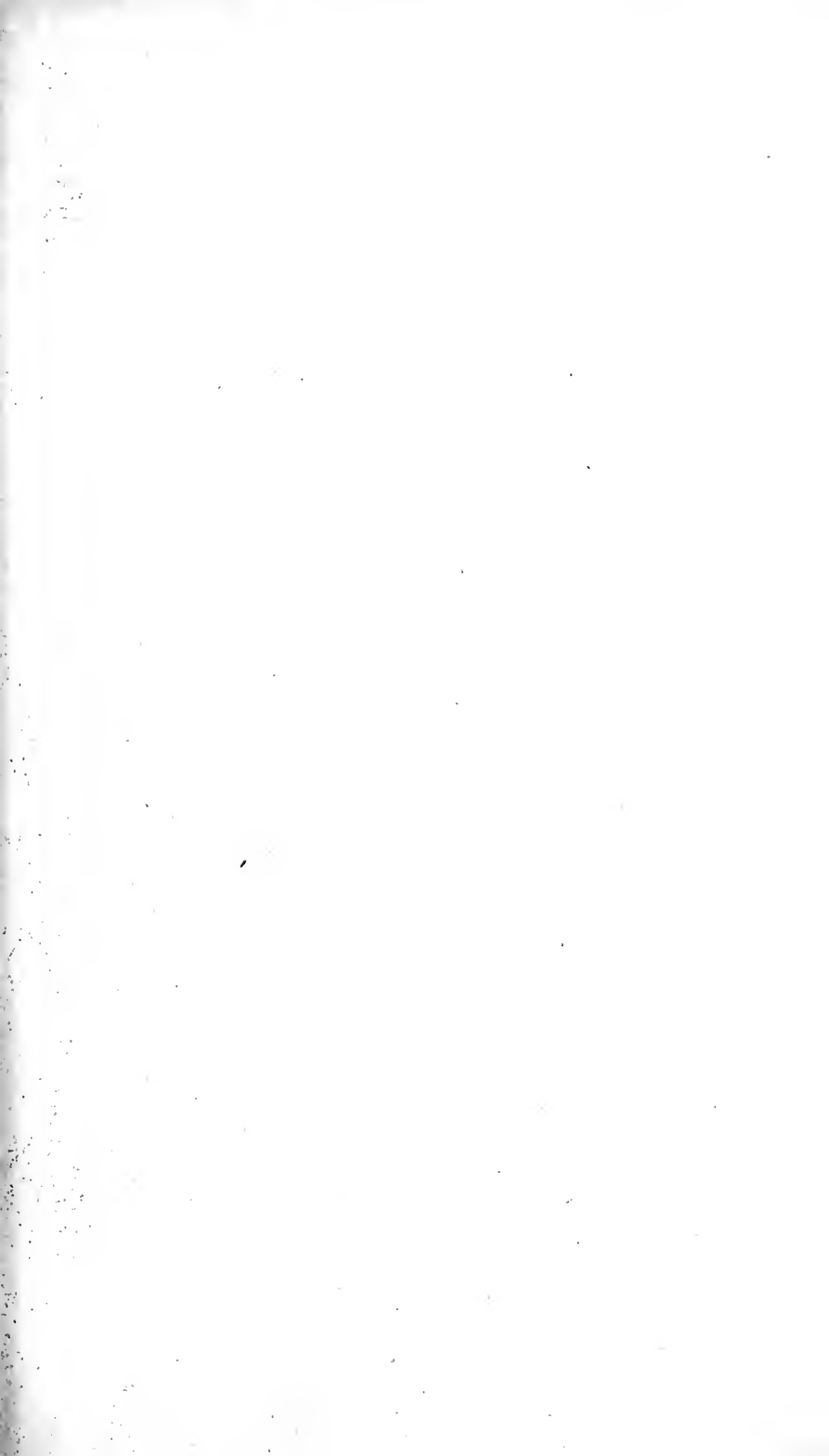
* See Manwood, page 99.

From that time he becomes a *hart-royal proclaimed*.—Manwood mentions a fact of this kind, which he found on record, in the castle of Nottingham. It is dated in the time of Richard the first, who having roused a hart in Sherwood-forest, pursued him as far as Barnsdale in Yorkshire; where the hart foiled, and escaped his hounds. The king in gratitude for the diversion he had received, ordered him immediately to be proclaimed at Tickill, and at all the neighbouring towns.

An affair of this kind, it is not unlikely, was the original of *white-hart-silver*, as it is called, in the forest of Blackmore in Dorsetshire. Some gentlemen, in the time of Henry III, having destroyed a white hart, which had given the king much diversion (and which, it is probable, had been *proclaimed*) the king laid a heavy fine on their lands; an acknowledgment of which was paid into the exchequer so late as in the reign of Elizabeth*. Hutchings, in his history of Dorsetshire, says it is paid to this day†.

* See Camden's Brit. p. 59.

† Vol. II. p. 492.





Instances of favourite stags, and of the warmth, with which mankind have espoused their cause, when injured, occur so frequently, that Virgil thought a circumstance of this kind a proper incident for the whole plot of his *Æneid* to turn on :

quæ prima malorum
 Causa fuit, belloque animos accendit agrestes.
 Cervus, erat forma præstanti*—

In general, the stag is a harmless, inoffensive animal. At one season only, when he is engaged in his seraglio, he is fierce. You hear him roaring, and bellowing, at that time, about the forest; meditating revenge on his rival, whom he meets, head to head, and foot to foot. While he is able with his antlers to parry the attack, he stands his ground: and if he happen to be of equal prowess with his rival, the conflict is obstinate. But a weak adversary soon feels the strength of his opponent. He cannot resist his push. His flanks give way; and he is presently driven off the field.

* *Æn.* VII. 481.

At these seasons of riot the stag is said to be dangerous. If therefore in passing through the forest, you see him at a distance in your path, you had better avoid him by turning a little to the right, or left. If you do not approach, he will not pursue. I have heard old foresters however say, they did not remember an instance of his ever doing voluntary mischief at any time; and assert that he will always avoid the passenger, if he can.

But it is on all hands agreed, that he is highly dangerous, when hard pressed by the hounds, and driven to extremity. When the chase is well nigh over—when that elastic vigour, with which at first he bounded along the plain, is changed into a heavy gallop—when his mouth becomes black and dry—his tongue hanging from it—and his eye marked with horror and dismay, (cruel, surely, to turn such agony into sport!) his reverence for man is gone: he is driven to despair; and all his powers are collected into terror and undistinguishing fury.

Some years ago, a stag in New-forest, pressed by the hunters, and just entering a thicket, was opposed by a peasant; who
foolishly,

foolishly, with his arms extended, attempted to turn him. The stag held his course, and darting one of his antlers into the man, carried him off some paces, sticking upon his horn. The man was immediately conveyed to Lymington, where he lay dangerously ill for some time; but at length recovered. I have heard also, that when the duke of Bedford was lord-warden of the forest, his huntsman had a horse killed under him by a stag, which he crossed in the same imprudent manner.

We have a beautiful description in Shakespeare, which I cannot forbear introducing, both for the sake of the picture; and for the knowledge it conveys. The sorrows of the dying stag—his sighs; his tears; and the unfriendly return his distresses find from all his former companions, are circumstances in his history well-known to the naturalist, the forester, and the huntsman. The melancholy Jaques is introduced by the poet reposing on the ground.

As he lay

Beneath an oak, whose antique root projects
 Above the brook, that brawls along the wood;
 To the same place a poor sequestered stag,
 That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
 Did come to languish

The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting; and the big round drops
 Courfed one another down his patient face.

————— Anon a careless herd,
 Full of rich pasture, bounding comes along,
 And never stays to greet him. Aye, quoth Jaques,
 Sweep on, ye fat and greasy citizens;
 'Tis just the fashion: wherefore look ye not
 Upon that poor, and broken bankrupt there?

The hind also, in defence of her calf, is equally formidable, as far as her strength allows; and her powers of exerting it. She has been known to strike a dog so violently with the spring of her fore-feet, as to strip his skin from his flesh, and lay his side bare.

As it is now many years since New-forest has been a scene of royal-diversion, the breed of stags is generally diminished. It is a rare thing now to meet them in the southern parts of it; tho' within the memory of man, they were so numerous, that I have heard an old forester, pointing to the side of a hill, on Beaulieu heath, say, he had seen them lying there in herds, like cows, and horses. There are still however many in the northern parts of the forest, particularly about Boldre-wood, and Burley-lodges; but, in general, the fallow deer are more encouraged.

The



The stag might easily be trained, like the rein-deer of Lapland, to draw a carriage, if we had not animals more proper for the purpose. The present earl of Orford, I have been informed, bred two, by way of experiment, which by domestication became manageable, were bitted, and drew a light curricule with great gentleness, and expedition.—The stag is a native of our island; as indeed he is found in most parts of the world; differing only in a few accidental varieties.

The fallow-deer is much more limited by nature in the place of his abode; and in this island particularly has been received only by importation. He is supposed to have but two varieties, the spotted, and the dark-brown. The former is of Indian extraction*: the latter was brought from Denmark by James I. They are now indeed much intermixed; but in general the spotted race are more the inhabitants of the park; the brown, which is the hardier species, occupy the forest.

* See Pennant's Zool.

The latter is the more picturesque animal. The uniform spot of the variegated deer is not so pleasing, as one simple brown-tint, melting away by degrees into a softer hue, which produces a sort of natural light and shade; as indeed all colours do, which blend gently into each other.

Forest-deer, tho' pasturing at large, seldom stray far from the walk, where they are bred: and the keeper, who is studious, that his deer may not travel into the limits of their neighbours, encourages their fondness for home, by feeding them, in winter, with holly, and other plants, which they love; and browsing them in summer with the spray of ash. When he distributes his dole, he commonly makes a hollowing noise to call his dispersed family together. In calm summer-evenings, if you frequent any part of the forest near a lodge, you will hear this hollowing noise resounding through the woods; and if you are not apprised of it, you will be apt to wonder, each evening, at it's periodical exactness.

Deer feed generally in the night, or at early dawn, and retire in the day to the shelter of the woods. Their morning retreat is thus picturequely described.

_____ The day pours in a-pace,
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide;
 The hazy woods, the mountain's misty top,
 Swell on the sight: while o'er the forest-glade,
 The wild deer trip; and often turning, gaze
 At early passengers _____

Mr. Pennant tell us*, that in Germany the peasants frequently watch their corn, the whole night, to preserve it from the depredations of deer. He needed not, on this head, to have carried so far from home: the borderers of New-forest are equally subject to the depredations of these animals; and are often obliged, when the neighbouring deer have gotten a haunt of their corn-lands, to burn fires all night to deter them. I heard a farmer say, that it cost him five pounds, one summer, to guard eight acres of wheat. It is a remark among foresters, that all the deer-kind are particularly offended by disagreeable smells. The farmer commonly therefore smears the ropes with tar, which he sets up as fences; and throws fetid substances into his nightly fires, to disseminate the odour in the smoak.

* See Brit. Zool.

We need not wonder if such depredations provoke acts of violence. Tho' protected by law, these atrocious marauders very often, and deservedly, suffer death for their offences.

A farmer however, not long ago, paid dear for taking the administration of justice, into his own hands, on an occasion of this kind. He had frequently lamented the depredations on his corn; and being at all events determined to retaliate, he narrowly observed his fields; and having found the track, along which the nightly plunderer advanced, he took his station near it, as evening drew on, with a rifled barrel well loaden.—After much listening, and many little alarms, he at last heard the bushes crackling, and giving way in earnest. He now made himself sure of his prey; and lying close, he levelled his piece, so as just to take the stag, as he emerged from the thicket. The night was dark; but however allowed him sufficient light to take aim at so large a body. He fired with effect; and had the pleasure to see his enemy fall. But, on running to him, he was struck with finding he had killed one of the best horses of his own team.

The

The sheep does not frequent the forest in any abundance. Here and there you find a little flock on a dry gravelly hill: but, in general, the forest abounds with swamps, and marshy bottoms, highly pernicious to the sheep—the only animal perhaps, except one, which pursues with the greatest avidity, what is most destructive to it. It is the less however to be lamented, that the lawns of the forest are not decorated with these animals, as they are certainly less adapted to a forest-scene, than deer; tho in themselves perhaps, more picturesque. The forest is wild, and they are domestic.

With hares and rabbits the forest abounds. The latter are the under-keeper's perquisite; and of course well looked after. There are many dry, sandy knolls, where colonies of these inmates are settled; which are not among the least amusing of the minute inhabitants of the forest.

In the same class we rank the squirrel. He is not of consequence to be numbered among the picturesque ornaments of a scene: but his form, and manners; his activity, and feats of dexterity, are very amusing. On extraordinary occasions, when he is agitated by love, or anger, his muscles acquire tenfold elasticity. He descends a tree in a rapid spiral, as quick as thought—darts up another in an opposite direction—flings himself from tree to tree with amazing exactness—and pursues his mate, or his rival, among the mazy branches of an oak, with a velocity that eludes the sight.

Pheasants also greatly abound in many parts of the forest. In the manors of Beaulieu, Fawley, and other places, where they are protected, they multiply beyond belief. They are seen often in flocks feeding like poultry, in the fields; and adorning the woods, and copses, with their elegant shape, and glossy plumage.

The

The partridge is not so fond of the wild scenes of the forest, as the pheasant. She is more the bird of cultivation. Where the plough flourishes, she thrives; and seldom chuses to inhabit a country in a state of nature. The pheasant has no objection to a field of corn; but he can procure his living without it. He can make a hearty meal of the wild berries of the woods: or content himself with a belly-full of acorns. To him therefore corn is a luxury; to the partridge it is a necessary. She is generally found gleaning the stubble, or basking under a hedge; and gets into many a difficulty, which she might have avoided by feeding more at large. Sometimes indeed she is found in the forest; but it is chiefly when she is hunted by men and dogs from her favourite haunts

The black-cock, on the other hand, is more a forester, than even the pheasant. He has no connection with man. He scorns the inclosure; and all the dainties of the stubble. The wild forest is his only delight;
and

and there, his pleasures lie more in it's open, than in it's woody scenes. This bird was formerly found in great abundance in New-forest; but he is now much scarcer; tho he has the honour, which no other bird can boast, of being protected as royal game. To this day when the chief-justice-in-eyre, grants his warrants to kill game in the forest, he always excepts the black-cock, together with red, and fallow-deer.

The plaintive ring-dove also is a great admirer of the woody scenes of the forest. Many suppose her a solitary bird; at least, that she flies only with her mate; confounding her habits perhaps with those of the turtle-dove; which, I believe, is solitary: but the ring-dove is certainly gregarious: I have often seen in the forest large flocks of this species together, in the winter months; so well the poet knew their nature, by contrasting them with the wood-cock:

While doves in flocks the leafless trees o'er-shade;
The lonely wood-cock haunts the watry glade.

The

The wood-cock indeed is sometimes seen in the forest: but the rough lawns and heaths, he finds there, do not intirely suit his appetite. He is curious in the choice of his haunts. He must have some sweet woody glen, watered by little ouzing mossy rills, into which he may easily thrust his beak; and these he cannot every where meet with in the forest.

The snipe, less delicate in her haunts, is the frequent inhabitant of the wildest scenes. Any swamp, or marshy spot will please her; and of these she finds abundance in various parts of the forest.

Plover, of different kinds, are common also in it's heathy parts. I have sometimes seen large flocks of the grey species; and have stood admiring them, as they incircled the air. In their regular mode of flight, they in some degree resemble water-fowl: but they are not so determined in their
course;

course; wheeling about, and forming various evolutions, which are very amusing. Sometimes they appear all scattered, and seem in confusion; till closing together, as if by the word of command, they get again into form.

With regard to all the songsters of the grove, the woody scenes of the forest are vocal with them. The thrush, the black-bird, the linnet, and the nightingale, abound on every spray. The nightingale above all, delights in the wild scenes of the forest. The black-bird, and the thrush are often seen tripping over the *embellished lawn*, or flirting from the *neat trimmed holly-hedge*. But the nightingale rarely frequents these cultured spots. To her they afford little pleasure. Her commonest haunts are those of nature—the brake, the copse, the rough hedge, or the forest, where she sings her melodious strains to woods, and solitude; and often

————wastes her sweetness on the desert air:

only that her voice, so varied, clear, and full, is heard far and wide, when the evening is still;

still; almost at hand, tho in the distant wood.

Among the *birds of harmony*, there are two, which I shall find it difficult perhaps to establish in that class—the jay, and the woodpecker. Their screams, however discordant in themselves, or when out of place, accord admirably with the forest; and produce that kind of local harmony, which one of our old poets * ascribes to the sound of a drum: it may be dissonant in one place, tho musical in another.

What sound is that, whose *concord* makes a *jar*?

'Tis *noise* in *peace*; tho *harmony* in *war*.

The drum, whose *doubtful music* doth delight

The *willing* ear, and the *unwilling* fright.

“ We take *music* however here (according to a very good definition of it) in the large, and proper sense of the word—as the art of variously affecting the mind by the power of sounds.”†

* Davenant.

† Gregory's comparative view.

But besides the harmony arising from the agreement of these wild notes with the scenes of the forest; there is another source of it in the sympathetic feelings of the mind. These wild notes excite ideas of those pleasing forest-scenes, where we have commonly heard them.—But I shall give my meaning in better words, than my own.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds;
 And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleased
 With melting airs, or martial; brisk, or grave.
 Some chord in unison with what we hear,
 Is touched within us, and the heart replies.

How soft the music of those village-bells,
 Falling at intervals upon the ear
 In cadence sweet? now dying all away;
 Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
 Clear, and sonorous, as the gale comes on.
 With easy force it opens all the cells,
 Where memory slept; wherever I have heard
 A kindred melody, the scene recurs;
 And with it all its pleasures ———*.

But however discordant the *notes* of these birds may be to the fastidious ear; their rich, yet harmonious *plumage*, must at least recommend them as highly *ornamental* to every scene,

* Cooper.

which

which they frequent. The wood-pecker particularly is arrayed in the richest plumage of any bird we have, except the king-fisher: yet all his splendid tints are perfectly harmonious. The jay also is beautifully tinted on his back, and breast, with a light purplish hue, intermixed with grey; and his wing is perhaps the most admirable piece of workmanship in the whole feathered creation.

On the same ground with the jay, and the wood-pecker; I should not scruple also to rank the kite—if his manners did not disturb the harmony of the woods, as much as his voice supports it. Independent of his manners; he is one of the most harmonious appendages of the forest; where Mr. Pennant makes him indigenou*. He is too small for picturesque use; but highly ornamental to the natural scene. His motions are easy, and beautiful in a great degree. He does not flap his pinions, like the rook, or the magpie; and labour through the air: he sails

* Brit. Zool.

along, with steady wing, as if he were lord of the element, on which he rode.—But what harmonize chiefly with the forest are his wild screams, which strike notes in peculiar unison with those scenes, over which he sails.

————— Kites, that swim sublime
 In still repeated circles screaming loud,
 Have charms for me. —————
 Sounds inharmonious in themselves, and harsh,
 Yet heard in scenes, where peace for ever reigns,
 Please highly for their sake —————

It is remarkable, that we seldom see more than two of this species together, the male and the female. They seem to divide the forest into provinces. Each bird hath his own; and, with more than princely caution, avoids his neighbour's. It is his great employment to circle through the air, as the poet describes him above, in various evolutions over his own woody dominions; where with keen eye, and keener talons, he still preserves the spirit of the old forest-law.

Very

Very often the eagle himself is found in the forest. Mountainous, and rocky countries are his delight. On the ledge of some steep, prominent rock he builds his eyry, and rears his royal progeny. But when food becomes scarce in those desolate regions, as it sometimes does, he finds it convenient to make an excursion into the forest. Here he hunts the leveret, and the fawn; and screens his atrocious deeds in the closest woods. Wherever he is seen, the watchful forester endeavours to keep him in sight, till he bring him to the ground. And yet I have heard of a pair of eagles, which took possession of a part of the forest, called King's-wood, where they eluded all the arts of the keeper, and continued their annual depredations, for several years. Some time ago, an eagle was killed, after three discharges, near Ashy-lodge; and was extended, like the imperial arms, in the court-room of the king's-house at Lyndhurst.

Of all the feathered inhabitants of the forest I should have thought it's scenes, in all respects, the best adapted to the rook. Here he might build his habitation; and rear his

young, far from the prying eyes of men. Here also he might indulge his social temper without limits; and enlarge his aerial town from wood to wood.—But he has no such ideas. I cannot learn that he ever thought of forming a settlement in the forest; which is the more extraordinary, as he is in fact a lover of its scenes; and rejoices in them at all times, but in the breeding-season, when one should imagine, he stood most in need of their shelter. At that time he seems sedulously to court the faithless habitations of men; through what propensity, or instinct of nature, the naturalist is wholly at a loss to determine. After his family is reared, and he has carried off in safety such of his progeny, as have escaped the arts of men, and boys, he retires every evening, at a late hour, during the autumn, and winter months, to the closest covers of the forest, having spent the day in the open fields, and inclosures, in quest of food. His late retreat to the forest, is characteristic of the near approach of night.

————— Night thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to th'rooky wood. —————

And again,

Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They pick their scanty fare, a blackening train

Of loitering rooks, thick urge their weary flight,
And seek the shelter of the grove.———

But in his economy there is something singular. Tho the forest is his winter-habitation (if I may call that his habitation, which, like other vagrants, he uses only as a place to sleep in) he generally every day visits his nursery; keeping up the idea of a family, which he begins to make provision for in earnest very early in the spring.

Among all the sounds of animal nature, few are more pleasing than the cawing of rooks. The rook has but two, or three notes; and when he attempts a solo, we cannot praise his song. But when he performs in concert, which is his chief delight, these two or three notes, tho rough in themselves, being mixed, and intermixed with the notes of a multitude, have all their sharp edges worn off, and become very harmonious; especially when softened in the air, where the band chiefly exhibits. You have this music in perfection, when the whole colony is roused by the discharge of a gun.—The cawing of rooks however is a sound not so congenial to the forest, as it is to the grove.

Among the winged inhabitants of the forest we should not forget the honey-bee, which every where covers the surface of it. These wide demesins are in many parts spread with heath, which is one of the favorite vegetables of this industrious insect. Where this abounds, the cottager commonly carries out his hives in winter, hiding them, as he can, from observation; and fencing them from the annoyance of cattle. There he leaves them, till swarming-time, when they necessarily become the objects of his care; and if he is fortunate, his profits are considerable. I knew a cottager who made above fifteen guineas, in one year, of his forest-honey; tho he sold it only at three pence a pound. Sometimes the hive is discovered, and stolen; tho in general it is a garrison, which can defend itself pretty well: however as the prudent peasant never places all his wealth in one place, he generally at worst, secures enough to repay his trouble. — Hampshire-honey is in good esteem; but it is rather the honey produced in the northern parts of the county, than what is commonly called *forest-honey*.

Another

Another species of fly should not be passed over, which is one of the greatest nuisances of the forest. In form it is not unlike the common black fly, and about it's size; but it's colour is different. It is a bright-coated, brown insect; well-cased; strong; and very retentive of life*. It has a side-long, crawling motion, like a crab. The horse is it's favorite quarry, tho it attacks the cow, and other animals. You may sometimes see hundreds of these insects nestling under the tail, and belly of such horses, as are patient of them; as the New-forest horse commonly is by long sufferance. But to such horses, as are unaccustomed to these teasing insects, they are a grievous torment; tho it is doubtful, whether they are blood-suckers, or subsist only on such juices as exude through the skin. In this latter case they offend the horse only by tickling him; for which operation their legs are well adapted, appearing, in a microscope, armed with sharp talons, like pot-hooks.

* Vivit, curfitat, immo coit, dempto licet capite.

Linneus de hippoboscâ.

Such

Such are the inmates of the internal parts of the forest. Along it's shores, bordering on the isle of Wight, it is furnished with a new set of inhabitants—those various tribes of sea-fowl, which frequent the brackish waters of an estuary.

Among the most common, as well as the most beautiful, is the gull. Water-fowl, in a particular manner, discover in their flight some determined aim. They eagerly coast the river, or return to the sea; bent on some purpose, of which they never lose sight. But the evolutions of the gull appear capricious, and undirected, both when she flies alone, and, as she often does, in large companies.—The more however her character suffers as a loiterer, the more it is raised in picturesque value, by her continuing longer before the eye; and displaying, in her elegant sweeps along the air, her sharp-pointed wings, and bright silvery hue.—She is beautiful also, not only on the wing, but when she floats, in numerous assemblies, on the water; or when she rests on the shore, dotting either one, or the other with white spots; which, minute as they are, are
 very

very picturesque; and may properly be introduced in landscape; giving life and spirit to a view. Sea-painters particularly make great use of this bird, and often with good effect. The younger Vandervelt was fond of introducing it: he knew the value of a single bright touch in heightening his storms.

As the wheeling motion of the gull is beautiful, so also is the figured flight of the goose, the duck, and the widgeon; all of which are highly ornamental to coast-views, bays and estuaries. We often see innumerable bodies of these, and other sea-fowl, congregated in close array, and filling the air with their resounding cries*. They are not hyperbolically described as

living clouds,
 Infinite wings; till all the plume-dark air,
 And rude resounding shore, are one wild cry.

In a picturesque light these *living clouds* are of little value; unless indeed some wild, forlorn, and rocky coast is presented, where these

* See page 192.

sea-fowls commonly breed; and where *in great bodies* they are *characteristic*.

Among the *solitary* birds, which frequent the estuaries of rivers, the hern, and the cormorant are of too much consequence to be omitted.

The form, in which the hern contracts his long neck in flying—his out-stretched legs—the solemn flapping of his wings—his easy deliberation in taking the ground—the blueish tint of his plumes, softening into white—and his patient, and attentive posture, as he stands fishing on the shore—are all, circumstances *as far as they go*, picturesque. His hoarse note too, at pausing intervals, as he passes through the air, tho harsh and discordant when unaided by it's proper accompaniments, like other notes of the same kind, when the scenes of nature act in concert with it, hath it's full energy, and effect.—I call the hern a solitary bird, because his common habits, and manner of seeking his food, are solitary: we seldom see more than two in company; tho, like the rook, he breeds in large societies.

Nor

Nor is the cormorant without his beauty. His eager, steady, determined flight—his plunging into the waters—his wild look, as if conscious of guilt—his bustle on being alarmed; shaking the moisture from his feathers, and dashing about, till he get fairly disengaged, are all amusing circumstances in his history. But he is a merciless villain; supposed by naturalists to be furnished with a greater variety of predatory arts, than any bird that inhabits the waters. When the tide retires, he wings his ardent flight with strong pinions, and out-stretched neck, along the shores of the deserted river; with all the channels, and currents of which he is better acquainted, than the mariner with his chart. Here he commits infinite spoil. Or, if he find his prey less plentiful in the shallows, he is at no loss in deeper water. He dives to the bottom, and visits the eel in her retirement, of all others his favourite morsel*.—In vain the fowler eyes him from the bank; and takes his stand behind the bush. The cormorant,

* See other parts of his history, p. 172.

quicker-

quicker-fighted, knows his danger ; and parries it with a glance of his eye. If he chuse not to trust his pinions, in a moment he is under water—rises again in some distant part—instantly sinks a second time ; and eludes the possibility of taking aim. Even if a random-shot should touch him, unless it carry a weight of metal, his sides are so well cased, and his muscular frame so robust, that he escapes mischief.—If the weather suit, he fishes also dexterously at sea. Or perhaps he only varies his food between sea-fish, and river-fish, as his palate prompts.—When he has filled his maw, he retires to the ledge of some projecting rock ; where he listens to the surges below in dosing contemplation, till hunger again awaken his powers of rapine.

S E C T. XII.

Conclusion of the whole.

THUS I have carried my reader through all the varieties I know, of woodland scenes. I considered first the single tree as the origin, and foundation of all. I considered next the various combinations of trees, under the several beautiful forms of scenery, which they compose: and as the forest is of all others, the grandest, and most interesting combination of trees, I dwelt the longest on this part of my subject; selecting New-forest in Hampshire as an example to illustrate the several observations I had made. Through this picturesque country I have led my reader geographically; and have presented him with a great variety of beautiful scenes—woods—lawns—heaths—forest-distances—and sea-coast views.

views. I have adorned these scenes also with their proper appendages, wild horses, deer, and other picturesque inhabitants.—I might greatly have multiplied both my *general* and *particular* remarks; but I fear I ought rather to apologize for my *redundances*, than my *omissions*.

I now close my observations with a sigh over the transitory state of the several scenes, I have described. I mean not, with unphilosophic weakness, to bemoan the perishable condition of sublunary things; but to lament only, that, of all sublunary things, the wood-land-scene, which is among the *most beautiful*, should be among the *most perishable*.

Some species of landscape are of permanent nature; such particularly as depend on rocks, mountains, lakes, and rivers. The ornamental appendages indeed of these scenes, the oaks, and elms, that adorn them, are of a more transient kind. But the grand constituent parts of them may be supposed coeval with nature itself. Nothing less than some general convulsion can injure them.

Such landscape again as depends for beauty on old castles, abbeys, and other ruins, generally escapes for ages the depredations of
time.

time. If the woody appendages of these scenes, like those of lakes, and mountains, are open to injury, yet a quick vegetation restores them speedily to nature—unless indeed the *persevering band of improvement* intervene.

But the landscape, which depends chiefly on *wood-land scenery*, is always open to injury. Every graceless, hand can fell a tree. The value of timber is it's misfortune. It is rarely suffered to stand, when it is fit for use; and in a cultivated country, woods are considered only as large corn-fields; cut, as soon as ripe: and when they are cut for the uses, to which they are properly designed, tho we may lament, we should not repine. But when they are cut, as they often are, yet immature, to make up a matrimonial purse, or to carry the profits of them to race-grounds, and gaming-houses, we cannot help wishing the profligate possessors had been placed, like lunatics, and idiots, under the care of guardians, who might have prevented such ruinous, and unwarrantable waste.

The depredations, which we have seen made in every part of New-forest; and the vast quantities of timber, which are felled, every year, for the navy; and regularly assigned for

various other purposes, cannot but make a considerable change in its scenery. The description therefore, which I have given of it, is not the description of what it was in the last century, nor of what it will be in the next. Many alterations in *particular* scenes have taken place, even since this work was begun. In a fore-ground, the cutting down of two or three stately trees makes an essential alteration; and much change of this kind hath been made in many places. In these instances therefore the remarks here offered must be considered as *history*, rather than as *description*. They attempt to chronicle scenes, which once existed, and are now gone. That grand vista, which hath been described between Brokenhurst, and Lyndhurst, hath, since these remarks were made, undergone much change. Many of the nobler trees, which adorned it, have been felled: and many of the old decaying trees, and others which had been stunted under the shade of those, that had been felled, are now grown still more decayed, and ragged. They are ill-clad and thin; and their withered branches every where stare out, unadorned, and naked through their meagre foliage. From these causes, and the deformed gaps, which the felling of good trees hath occasioned,

caſioned, this avenue hath loſt much of it's beauty.—The reader will ſtill remember, that when in the early part of the work*, I conſidered the maladies of trees as a ſource of pictureſque beauty, I meant it only with regard to individuals placed in particular circumſtances. Here, where we are contemplating the beauties of what ſhould be a rich foreſt-ſcene, they are out of place.—It muſt however be added, that altho theſe changes are continually happening among the ancient oaks of the foreſt; yet as young trees are growing old, nature is alſo continually working up new *fore-grounds* to her landſcapes; tho it is a much eaſier buſineſs to *deform*, than to *reſtore*.

In the *distant* ſcenery of the foreſt indeed, where effect depends on vaſt *combinations of trees*, and may be produced even from the inferior kinds, the inroads of the axe are leſs obſerved. Tho the choiceſt oaks therefore may be removed; yet if a ſufficiency of meaner trees is left, no conſiderable change will happen, for many years, in the diſtant landſcapes of the foreſt. The lawns, and heaths, in which it's

* See vol. I. p. 8.

greatest beauty consists, will preserve their ornaments: and, unless where their dimensions are small (in which case stately trees are required as fore-grounds,) they may long remain the objects of admiration.

T H E E N D.

TRANSLATION

OF

QUOTATIONS in the Second Volume.

VOL. II.

Page

6. **I**N that wood, which is called New-forest, he ordered the churches, and villages to be destroyed, the people to be driven out, and the whole to be inhabited by wild beasts.
Hen. of Huntingdon.
7. That tract of country, a space of more than thirty miles in extent, now called New-forest, but formerly called Ytene, William, the bastard, ordered to be despoiled of all its churches, villages, and inhabitants, and to be turned into a habitation for beasts.
Brompton.
7. Through the space of thirty miles, the whole county, which was fruitful in a high degree, was laid waste. The churches, gardens, and
* houses

houses were all destroyed; and the whole reduced by the king's order into a chase for beasts. Winchester chronicle.

7. This prince (Rufus) made forests in various parts: but his capital forest occupied that tract of country, which lies between Southampton, and Christchurch. Here, to make room for his beasts of chase, he destroyed twenty-two churches, some say fifty-two, together with villages, chapels, and private houses, and formed New-forest, which he called his garden; filling it with game; which he spared for seven years.

Knighton.

44. No inquiry must be made, how venison is procured.

As tending to destroy the harbour of beasts—
to injure the forest—and to increase the
poor.

116. A hog from Epicurus's herd.

252. Sprung from mighty Jove.

264. Hail to that public wisdom, which defends
The docking kings, and steeds at different ends,
Alas! in France the folly still prevails
Of leaving kings their heads, and steeds their tails.

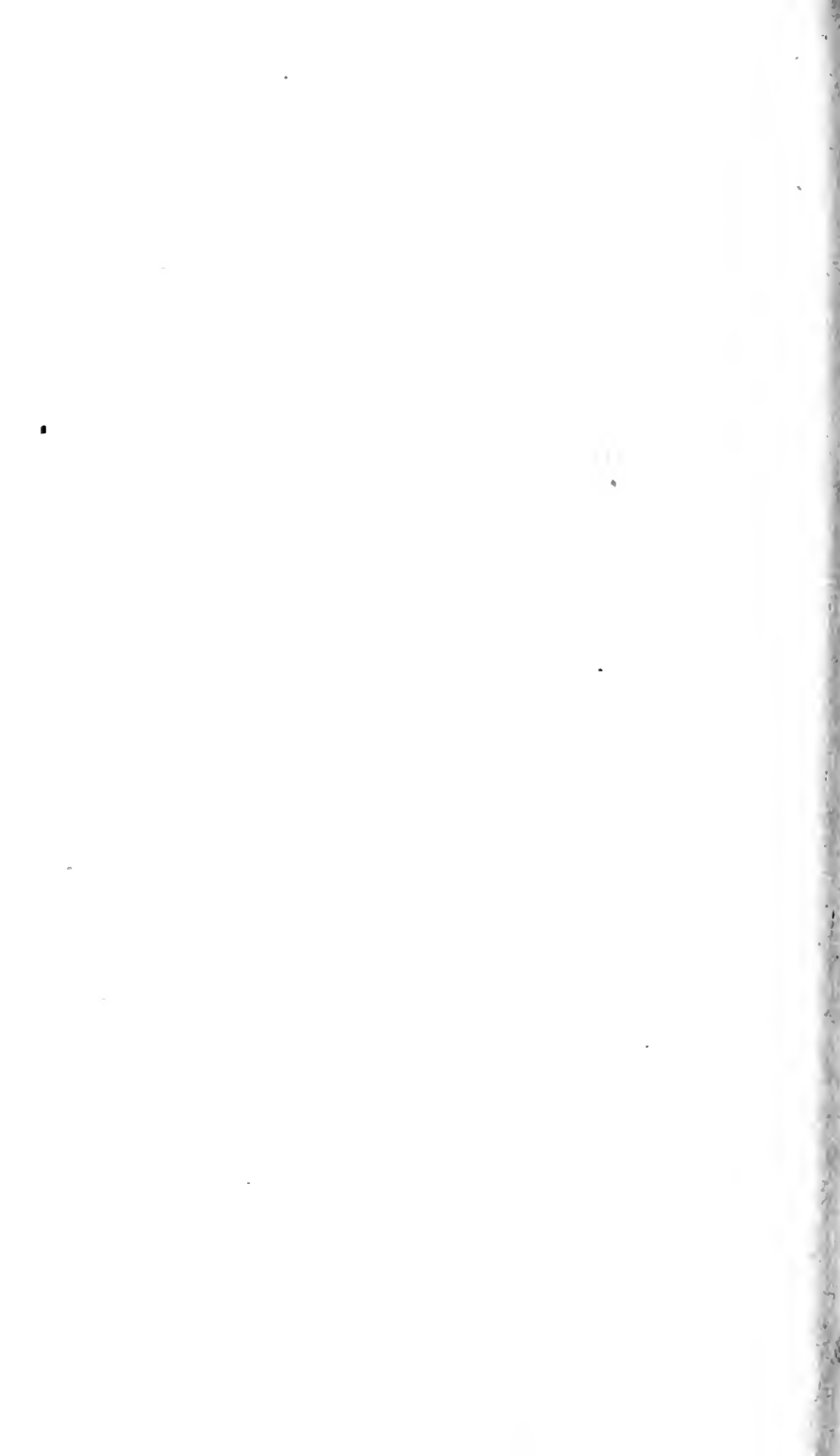
267. ————— Or if the sound
Of war approach, he points his quivering ears,
And paws the ground—————

Page

275.

————— A favorite stag

Was of this dire distres the leading cause.
It raised suspicions first, then roused the fons
Of violence to war. —————



I N D E X.

A

	Page
A SH, described — — — — Vol. I.	32
Animals, figures of, in stone and wood; re- marks upon them — — — —	I. 35
Alder described — — — —	I. 64
Acacia described — — — —	I. 68
Allegory on the fall of the leaf — — — —	I. 103
Address of the oak to the saplin on his removal from the forest — — — —	I. 117
Arbor-de-rays, or Banian-tree — — — —	I. 154
Aqueduct, how it may be introduced — — — —	I. 217
Autumn, the most replete with incidental beauty of any season — — — —	I. 257
Angel-inn at Lymington; a good view from the stable-yard there — — — —	II. 85
Atmosphere, it's various effects on landscape de- scribed — — — —	II. 241
As; a forest-animal — — — —	II. 268

B

Balance of trees — — — —	I. 5
Blasted tree, often beautiful — — — —	I. 14
b	Brionies,

	Page
Brionies, beautiful — — — —	I. 17
Beech described — — — —	I. 43
Birch described — — — —	I. 66
Bloom of different trees — — — —	I. 110
Britannia, dimensions of her bowsprit — —	I. 128
Boabab, an uncommon tree found in Senegal —	I. 152
Brown, Mr. ; his resources in landscape —	I. 183
Bramble, an unaccommodating plant — —	I. 220
Britain, despoiled of wood — — — —	I. 293
Beafon-castle — — — —	I. 313
Bull-running, a diversion in Needwood-forest	I. 316
Beanmanour-park in Charnwood-forest —	I. 316
Bofworth-field, on the borders of Leicefter-forest	I. 317
Berkly-castle, on the confines of Micklewood-forest	I. 320
Bradon-forest, a scene of great slaughter, when invaded by the Danes 905 — —	I. 321
Boldre, vicar of; his assignment of forest-timber	II. 20
Bedford, duke of; his fruitless attempt to remove a hamlet of trespassers in New-forest —	II. 45
Bogs, frequent in New-forest — —	II. 56
Brokenhurft, a pleasant village; view from the church-yard — — — —	II. 62
Bute, lord; views from his house — —	II. 83
Buckland-ring, a Roman camp — —	II. 98
Bottom, it's meaning in forest-language —	II. 106
Burley-hill; view from it — —	II. 108
Burley-lodge — — — —	II. 109
Boldre-wood lodge — — — —	II. 110
Beech, remarks on it's mode of growth —	II. 111
Blackamsley-hill; view from it — —	II. 124
Boldre-church; view from it — —	II. 129
Buckler's-hard — — — —	II. 138
Beaulieu-abbey — — — —	II. 139

Beaulieu-river; entrance of it described	—	II.	159
————— character of it	— — — —	II.	165
Birds, which frequent Beaulieu-river	—	II.	171
Beaulieu-bridge; view from it to the right	—	II.	177
Butt's-ash-farm	— — — —	II.	206
Beaulieu-heath, western side of it	— —	II.	212
Bramble-hill, a view from it	— — —	II.	231
Bere-forest; care taken there in breeding horses	—	II.	252
Black-cock; a forest-bird	— — —	II.	285
Birds, singing; frequent in the forest	—	II.	288

C

Curtailed trunk	— — — —	I.	8
Chequered shade	— — — —	I.	21
Chestnut described	— — — —	I.	58
Cedar of Lebanon described	— — — —	I.	73
Cluster-pine described	— — — —	I.	82
Colour in general, remarks on it	— —	I.	86
————— farther remarks on the same subject	— — — — —	I.	96
Crown, a French-ship, dimensions of her keel	—	I.	127
Chestnut, a celebrated one on Mount Etna	—	I.	130
Cleves, account of a remarkable lime-tree there	—	I.	133
Chaucer's oaks, account of them	— —	I.	134
Cadenham-oak	— — — —	I.	165
Clump; properties required in a small one	—	I.	172
————— properties required in a large one	—	I.	177
Copse described	— — — —	I.	191
Claude, subjects of his pictures	— —	I.	215
Cottage, how far the introduction of it may be allowed in landscape	— — —	I.	216
Cæsar, his account of the early Britons in their forests	— — — — —	I.	275

	Page
Cougar — — — —	I. 280
Caractacus taken by the Romans in Clune-forest	I. 315
Corff-castle in the forest of Purbeck —	I. 327
Compton, Mr.; his park — —	II. 82
Christ-church — —	II. 82
Churches, forest; their common situation —	II. 129
Choulsey; a large abbey-barn there —	II. 137
Culverly-heath; view over it — —	II. 147
Creek, one near Leap — — —	II. 196
Calshot-castle — — —	II. 201
Cadland, Mr. Drumond's — —	II. 202
Cuffnals, Mr. Rose's — — —	II. 219
Chasm, a gaping one in the vista beyond Lyndhurst	II. 221
Cleavland, Mr.; his views over Lymington-river	II. 238
Colts, in New-forest; how caught —	II. 251
Cattle, horned; abound in the forest —	II. 271
Cawing of rooks, a pleasing sound —	II. 295
Cormorant described — — —	II. 301

D

Diseases of trees often beautiful — —	I. 7
Damory's oak, a celebrated tree near Blandford, in Dorsetshire — — —	I. 142
Deception; of little estimation in painting —	I. 265
Dog, the first associate of man in a state of nature	I. 273
Destruction of forests — — —	I. 285
Deer-stealer, the history of a noted one —	II. 43
Dialect of New-forest — — —	II. 48
Division, under which New-forest is considered in this work — — —	II. 51
Divisions of property offensive to the picturesque eye	II. 79
Dells, several in the road between Christchurch and Lymington — — —	II. 85
	D'Oyly-

			Page
D'Oyly-park	—	—	II. 133
Denny-wood	—	—	II. 148
Dauphin, supposed to embark near Exbury	—	—	II. 189
Distances, and foregrounds, should be balanced in a view	—	—	II. 199
Dibden, views about it	—	—	II. 207
Deer-leap	—	—	II. 211
Docking-horses, the absurdity of the practice	—	—	II. 255
Deer, fallow; more encouraged in the forest, than the stag	—	—	II. 278

E

Elm, description of it	—	—	I. 39
Effects of light, not enough studied by landscape painters	—	—	I. 249
Elephant	—	—	I. 278
English-forest, character of it	—	—	I. 303
Edwin, k. of Northumberland, slain in Hatfield- chace	—	—	I. 313
Edelfleda, a town built by her in Delamere-forest	—	—	I. 313
Enfield-forest divided into farms by Cromwell	—	—	I. 324
Even-water-bottom	—	—	II. 106
Exbury, a description of the scenery about it	—	—	II. 183
Ear, horse's; the absurdity of cropping it	—	—	II. 265
Eagle, often found in the forest	—	—	II. 293

F

Form of trees	—	—	I. 3
Firs in different parts of the world, suppositions about them	—	—	I. 91
Fairlop, a celebrated oak in Hainhault-forest in Essex	—	—	I. 141

	Page
Fig-tree in the Deanery-garden at Winchester	I. 148
Fig-trees at Lambeth ——— ———	I. 148
Forest, a general idea of it's scenery ——— ———	I. 209
Fore-ground, in a forest ——— ———	I. 211
Fern, it's use in scenery ——— ———	I. 219
Forest-distance considered ——— ———	I. 225
Forest-lawn ——— ——— ———	I. 225
Forest-heath ——— ——— ———	I. 226
Felling trees accidentally has often a good effect	I. 266
Fitz-Stephen's account of the woods near London in the time of Henry II. ———	I. 293
Forests of Derry-more, and Derry-monach	I. 304
——— of Coygach, and Loch Mais ———	I. 304
——— of Abernethy, and Rothimurcha —	I. 305
——— of Loch-loyn, and Glenmoriston	I. 305
——— of Strath-glas, and Loch-garrie —	I. 305
——— of Loch-artrig, and Kinloch-leven —	I. 305
——— of Glenmore, and Glentaner ———	I. 305
——— of Braemar, and Invercald ———	I. 305
——— of Loch-rannoc, and Loch-tulla —	I. 307
——— of Torwood, Tiviot, and Cheviot	I. 307
——— of Rothbury, and Lowes ———	I. 308
——— of Nicol, and Knaresdale ———	I. 308
——— of Westwood, Inglewood, and Copeland	I. 308
——— of Milburn, Whinfield, and Martindale	I. 309
——— of Thornthwait, Stainmer, and Mellerfang	I. 309
——— of Langden, or Teefeldale ———	I. 310
——— of Lancaster, Bowland, and Simonfwood	I. 310
——— of Lime, and Applegarth ———	I. 311
——— of Swale-dale, and Wensfely-dale —	I. 311
——— of Pickering, and Knarefborough —	I. 312
——— of Harewood, and Galtries ———	I. 312
——— of Hallifax, and Hatfield ———	I. 312
——— of Delamere, and Macclesfield ———	I. 313
Forests	

	Page
Forests of Wircall, and Sherwood	I. 313
—— of Huckstow, and Kingswood	I. 314
—— of Bridgenorth, and Clune	I. 315
—— of Needwood, and Cankwood	I. 316
—— of Charnwood, and Leiceſter	I. 316
—— of Lyfield, Bringwood, and Deerfield	I. 317
—— of Hawood, and Acornbury	I. 317
—— of Wire, Malvern, and Fackingham	I. 317
—— of Arden, Rockingham, and Sacy	I. 318
—— of Yardly, Whittlebury, and Wabridge	I. 318
—— of Dean, Micklewood, and King's wood	I. 320
—— of Which-wood, Bernwood, and Clitern	I. 320
—— of Epping, and Hainhault	I. 321
—— of Peeviſham, and Blakemore	I. 321
—— of Bradon, and Savernack	I. 321
—— of Windfor, and Enfield	I. 322
—— of Tunbridge	I. 324
—— of St. Leonard's, Word, and Aſhdown	I. 325
—— of Waterdown and Dallington	I. 325
—— of Arundel, and Charlton	I. 325
—— of Dartmore, and Exmore	I. 325
—— of Neroke, and Selwood	I. 326
—— of Gillingham, and Cranburn	I. 327
—— of Blackmore, and Purbeck	I. 327
—— of Chute, and Harewood	I. 327
—— of Holt, and Waltham	I. 328
—— of Bere and New-foreſt	I. 328
Foreſt-law, it's grievances	II. 9
Fire, often miſchievous in the foreſt	II. 34
Foreſter, and mountaneer compared, to the diſad- vantage of the former	II. 41
Foxlees	II. 74
Foſſil ſhells; a variety of them found at Hordwell- cliff, near Lymington	II. 87

			Page
Flat surfaces, remarks on them	—	—	II. 121
Fishing, and fowling	—	—	II. 190
Fowler, story of one	—	—	II. 193
Fawley	—	—	II. 202
Farm-yard, ill stationed near a great house			II. 204
Fritham, heathy-grounds about it	—		II. 236
Farmer; story of one, who shot his own horse			II. 282
Fly, horse; a troublesome insect in the forest			II. 297

G

Groaning-tree of Badesley	—	—	I. 162
Gates as the entrances into parks; remarks upon them	—	—	I. 186
Glen described	—	—	I. 197
Grove, the open one described		—	I. 201
Greenland, and other northern countries; accounts of great quantities of drift-timber thrown on them	—	—	I. 288
Gibraltar; drift-timber thrown up there	—		I. 289
Germany despoiled of wood	—	—	I. 290
Ghent, John of; destroyed the forest of Caledonia			I. 298
Gillingham-forest; Danes defeated on the confines of it by Edmund Ironside		—	I. 326
Game-law arose in the room of forest-law			II. 14
Gradation, remarks on this principle		—	II. 125
George III. his visit to New-forest		—	II. 218

H

Hop, the growth of, beautiful		—	I. 18
Horn-beam	—	—	I. 48
Horse-chestnut	—	—	I. 61
Hemlock-spruce	—	—	I. 91
			Holly

	Page
Holly — —	I. 98 and 218
Haw-thorn — —	I. 99 and 219
Holm-trees, four of great antiquity, at Tybur, and Rome — — —	I. 125
Hitchin-priory in Hertfordshire; account of an im- mense chefnut there — —	I. 140
Hern's oak, near Windsor — —	I. 145
Hazinefs, it's effect in forest-scenery —	I. 234
Hunting in Braemar-forest — —	I. 306
Hallifax-law — — —	I. 312
Hastings, Henry; account of him —	II. 22
Hordwell-cliff; a description of it —	II. 86
Hurst-castle; it's situation, and the views it com- mands — — —	II. 89
Hogarth, an instance of his humour —	II. 91
Hinchelsea-wood — —	II. 104
Hogs; method of feeding them in the forest	II. 113
Hampshire, coast of, described —	II. 158
Hill-top-gate, views from thence —	II. 178
House, situation for one, difficult to choose	II. 205
Hethe, views from it — —	II. 206
Hound's-down described — —	II. 208
Horfe, New-forest; description of him —	II. 250
Hart — — —	II. 273
Hind, her spirit in defending her calf —	II. 278
Hares abound in the forest — —	II. 283
Harmony, local; remarks upon it —	II. 289
Honey-bee; frequent in the forest —	II. 296
Honey, forest; not in esteem —	II. 296
Hern described — — —	II. 300

I

Ivy, often beautiful — —	I. 15
Ilex, or ever-green oak — —	I. 97

Johnson,

	Page
Johnson, Dr.; a passage quoted from him —	I. 222
Incidental beauties of distant forest-scenery	I. 233
Italy despoiled of wood — —	I. 290
Iceland also — — — —	I. 290
Iron's-hill-lodge — — — —	II. 212
Jay — — — —	II. 291

K

Kircher's account of a chefnut on mount Etna	I. 131
Kenelworth-castle in the forest of Arden —	I. 318
Keepers, and groom-keepers of New-forest	II. 18
Kitchens, those of abbeys commonly very substantial	II. 144
King, capt.; his description of a river-scene	II. 167
King's-house at Lyndhurst — —	II. 216
Kite — — — —	II. 291
King's-wood, frequented by eagles —	II. 293

L

Lightness, a characteristic of beauty in a tree	I. 5
Lombardy-poplar, described — —	I. 52
Lime-tree described — — — —	I. 55
Larch described — — — —	I. 70
Luccam-oak described — — — —	I. 97
Lycian-plane — — — —	I. 123
Longleat, situation of — — — —	I. 182
Lion — — — —	I. 277
Lymington, town of, described — —	II. 94
Longlade-bottom, a vast bog — —	II. 104
Leonard's, St.; a large barn — —	II. 136
Lady-cross-lodge — — — —	II. 150
Lymington, harbour of, described — —	II. 157
Leap, views about it — — — —	II. 188

			Page
Lutterel's tower	—	—	II. 196
Lyndhurst	—	—	II. 216
Landscape, woodland ; most subject to injury			II. 304

M

Moss, often beautiful in trees	—		I. 10
Motion, beautiful in trees	—	—	I. 20
Mountain-ash described	—	—	I. 37
Maple described	—	—	I. 56
Menalaid-plane	—	—	I. 123
Maundrel, his account of the cedars of Lebanon			I. 128
Magdalen college in Oxford, an account of a celebrated oak there	—	—	I. 135
Mist, it's effect on forest-scenery		—	I. 235
Meridian-sun, it's effects on forest-scenery			I. 242
Man, in his early state, a forest-animal			I. 271
Monkey	—	—	I. 279
Moose-deer	—	—	I. 280
Marfden, Mr. ; his account of the woods of Sumatra			I. 287
Mansfield, millar of	—	—	I. 314
Morant, Mr. ; view from his park		—	II. 63
Monmouth, duke of ; where taken, after the battle of Sedgmore	—	—	II. 81
Marl-pit-oak, a landmark		—	II. 102
Mark-way-bottom	—	—	II. 108
Mudlands, how dangerous		—	II. 171
Maniac, story of one	—	—	II. 188
Mud-pattens	—	—	II. 193
Mount-royal, Mr. Ballard's		—	II. 220
Malwood castle ; a view from it		—	II. 231
Miniature, landscapes in ; remarks upon them			II. 232
Mule, a forest animal	—	—	II. 269

Newfoundland

N

Newfoundland (or black) spruce	————	I. 91
Newstadt, account of a remarkable lime-tree there		I. 131
North-wind, it's effect on forest-scenery		I. 236
New-forest, first made	————	II. 2
———— reasons given for making it		II. 2
———— question examined, how far William I depopulated the country	————	II. 4
———— it's ancient boundaries	————	II. 8
Nature's superiority to art in forming combinations of trees	————	II. 65
New-park in New-forest	————	II. 70
Needles; account of them	————	II. 91
No-man's-walk	————	II. 119
Norley-wood; description of it	————	II. 151
Needfore-point	————	II. 160
Nag-tail, it's absurdity	————	II. 256
Nature; ideas of improving her works, absurd		II. 272
Nightingale, frequent in the forest	————	II. 288

O

Oak described	————	I. 23
Occidental-plane described	————	I. 48
Oriental-plane described	————	I. 50
Oak, against which the arrow of fir Walter Tyrrel glanced	————	I. 160
Officers of New-forest	————	II. 17
Oak-woods converted into beech-woods		II. 33
Oak of New-forest, it's picturesque character		II. 73
Oak-brow	————	II. 105
Oaks, remarkable, at Burley-lodge	————	II. 110
		Ober-green

	Page
Ober-green	II. 121
Orford, earl of; account of his training two stags in a carriage	II. 279

P

Poets not always uniform in their ideas of beauty	I. 14
Pliny's account of the rooting of trees	I. 19
Poplar described	I. 52
Pinafter described	I. 81
Park-scenery	I. 181
Petworth-house, situation of	I. 182
Park-ornaments	I. 185
Pleasure-ground	I. 188
Pouffin, subjects of his pictures	I. 214
Pont-du-Gard, in Languedoc, an account of it	I. 217
Permanent beauties of forest-scenery	I. 229
Parts in painting should always be subordinate to the whole	I. 250
Planters in vain attempt, by afforting their trees, to affort the beauties of autumn	I. 260
Pictureſque pleaſure; its ſources	I. 265
Purchas's account of the drift-timber carried down the Oby, and Jeniſca	I. 288
Polidore Virgil's account of the ſtate of foreſts in England in the time of Henry VII.	I. 293
Pines, which yield excellent timber, found in the foreſt of Invercald in Scotland	I. 306
Pendragon-caſtle	I. 309
Purlieus of New-foreſt	II. 15
Purveyor, in New-foreſt	II. 22
Planting oak; different opinions about it	II. 35
Planting different trees alternately, diſagreeable	II. 75
Prieſtlands; a good view of the iſle of Wight from it	II. 93
	Pawnage

	Page
Pawnage month — — — —	II. 112
Pilewell — — — —	II. 134
Pictureſque ideas, and their limits, explained	II. 166
Palatines, a ſcheme to ſettle them in New-foreſt	II. 222
Plano-convex-mirror examined — —	II. 224
Paultons — — — —	II. 228
Pheafants abound in the foreſt — —	II. 284
Partridges, leſs frequent — — —	II. 285
Plover, common in its heathy parts —	II. 287

Q

Queen Elizabeth's oak — — —	I. 147
Queen Ann, a ſcheme in her reign to ſettle a body of Palatines in New-foreſt — —	II. 222

R

Rooting of trees, a ſource of beauty — —	I. 19
Royal Sovereign; dimenſions of her main-maſt	I. 127
Ravenna in Italy; gates of the great church there, made of vine-planks — — —	I. 131
Riſing-ſun, its effect on woods — —	I. 239
Rubens, his faulty introduction of ſpots of light	I. 245
Rein-deer — — — —	I. 282
Robin-Hood, and other banditti, frequented Sher- wood-foreſt — — — —	I. 314
Rockingham-caſtle in the foreſt of Rockingham	I. 318
Rapacity exerciſed in foreſts — — —	II. 32
Rope-hill; view from thence of the eſtuary of Ly- mington-river — — — —	II. 61
Regular forms allied to greatneſs — —	II. 65
Ruſſian foreſt; deſcription of one — —	II. 68
Rhapsody, and verbal deſcription, compared	II. 69
Rufus,	

	Page
Rufus, scene of his death — — —	II. 76
Ringwood — — — —	II. 80
Rabbits injurious to seedling oaks — —	II. 107
——— abound in the forest — —	II. 283
Rhinfield-lodge — — — —	II. 120
Roydon — — — —	II. 128
Roads, when straight, disfigure an open country	II. 210
Rails, a good mode of fencing — —	II. 216
Ring-dove, a forest-bird — — —	II. 286
Rook, haunts the forest only at night —	II. 293

S

Sycamore, description of it — — —	I. 58
Stone-pine described — — — —	I. 78
Scotch-fir described — — — —	I. 84
Spruce-fir described — — — —	I. 88
Silver-fir described — — — —	I. 90
Spray of trees, the study of; useful to landscape- painters — — — —	I. 102
Spray of the oak — — — —	I. 106
——— of the ash — — — —	I. 107
——— of the elm — — — —	I. 108
——— of the beech — — — —	I. 109
Stawel, lord; situation of his house in Holt-forest	I. 182
Swanevelt, subjects of his pictures — —	I. 214
Salvator, subjects of his pictures — —	I. 215
Smoke, its effect in forest-scenery — —	I. 236
Setting-sun, its effect on forest-scenery —	I. 243
Storms, their effect on forest-scenery —	I. 247
Shade, predominancy of; produces the best effect	I. 251
Seasons, a source of incidental beauty —	I. 255
Spring — — — —	I. 255
Summer — — — —	I. 256
Strabo,	

	Page
Strabo, his account of certain Asiatics ———	I. 272
————— and of the ancient Britons	I. 276
Subterraneous-timber accounted for ———	I. 294
Spaniards in 1588 intended to cut down the forest of Dean ——— ——— ———	I. 298
Scotch forest, character of it ———	I. 301
Selwood-forest, remarkable for a victory obtained near it by Alfred over the Danes ———	I. 326
Sopley, view there ——— ———	II. 82
Salt-works near Lymington ———	II. 88
Shingles, an island on the Hampshire coast; account of it ——— ——— ———	II. 92
Skiff in motion, described ———	II. 96
Sethorn-wood ——— ———	II. 104
Scotch-cattle at Burly-lodge ———	II. 110
Sandy-down ——— ——— ———	II. 128
Souly-pond ——— ——— ———	II. 134
Spits of land remarkable at the mouths of the forest- rivers ——— ——— ———	II. 160
Singing-birds frequent the banks of Beaulieu-river	II. 173
Sea-views, when seen from lofty stands, will not admit proportion in the fore-grounds	II. 200
Stables, how they may be stationed ———	II. 204
Stobland-common, view from it ———	II. 206
Stag, described. — —	II. 271
Sheep; the forest not much frequented by them	II. 283
Squirrel abounds in the forest —	II. 284
Snipe, frequent in the forest —	II. 287
Sea-gull, his manners described ———	II. 298
Sea-fowl in general ——— ———	II. 299
	Trees

T

Trees compared with animal life	— — —	I. 2
Traveller's joy, beautiful	— — —	I. 17
Tugg, a sort of wane used in Suffex for conveying timber	— — — — —	I. 116
Trees, which have attained large dimensions ; catalogue of	— — — — —	I. 120
Tiberius's larch	— — — — —	I. 126
Tortworth in Gloucestershire, account of a chefnut there	— — — — —	I. 139
Tyrrel, fir Walter ; tree, on which his arrow glanced	— — — — —	I. 160
Timber-wane, drawn by oxen, has often a good effect	— — — — —	I. 267
Tiger	— — — — —	I. 278
Turks great admirers of wood	— — — — —	I. 291
Tees, fall of	— — — — —	I. 310
Tutbury-castle on the confines of Needwood-forest	— — — — —	I. 315
Turkies, an ornament to parks	— — — — —	I. 323
Timber, care of government in providing a supply in New-forest	— — — — —	II. 28
Trespases on forest-lands	— — — — —	II. 39
Taste, comparifon between it, and expence	— — — — —	II. 186
Tail, horse's ; absurdity of docking it	— — — — —	II. 255

U

Upas, or poison-tree, in Java	— — —	I. 156
Uncommon appearances in nature, to be avoided	— — —	I. 237
Underwood, it's use in landscape	— — —	II. 72
	c	Vines,

V

Vines, beautiful	—	—	—	—	I.	17
Vanier, his lamentation over the destruction of timber	—	—	—	—	I.	117
Velitræ, a famous plane-tree there	—	—			I.	125
Van Egmont, his account of the cedars of Le- banon	—	—	—	—	I.	129
Valentine-house, near Ilford in Essex; a remarkable vine there	—	—	—	—	I.	149
Voltair's reasoning about depopulating New-forest, examined	—	—	—	—	II.	4
—— his epigram on docking horses					II.	264
Verderors, judges of the forest-courts					II.	20
Vista, a very grand one between Brokenhurst, and Lyndhurst	—	—	—	—	II.	64
Valley of Lymington-river	—	—	—	—	II.	128
Vegetation, extraordinary instance of	—	—			II.	141
Voyage up Beaulieu-river	—	—	—	—	II.	161
Vista beyond Lyndhurst, of little value					II.	220
Vicar's-hill	—	—	—	—	II.	239
Vanderveldt makes great use of the sea-gull	—				II.	299

W

Withered top	—	—	—	—	I.	8
Wreathed fascia	—	—	—	—	I.	36
Witch-elm described	—	—	—	—	I.	41
Weeping elm described		—	—	—	I.	41
Walnut-tree described		—	—	—	I.	54
Weeping-willow described		—	—	—	I.	62
Willows of different kinds		—	—	—	I.	63
Withy described	—	—	—	—	I.	64

Weymouth-

	Page
Weymouth-pine described — — —	I. 82
Workshop, an account of a celebrated oak there	I. 138
Wallace-tree, a celebrated oak near Sterling —	I. 143
Waterlo, subjects of his pictures — —	I. 214
Weeds, their use in landscape — —	I. 219
Weather, a source of incidental beauty —	I. 233
Winter, the picturesque effect of that season —	I. 261
Wild-boar — — — — —	I. 281
Wolf — — — — —	I. 282
Windfor-forest formerly the property of queen Emma	I. 322
Windfor great park — — — — —	I. 323
Whorwell-abbey, founded by Elfrida in the forest of Harewood — — — — —	I. 327
Walks, different; into which New-forest is divided	II. 18
Woodward, and regards, officers in New-forest, who superintend the timber — — — — —	II. 20
William III, a salutary act in his reign, for pro- viding a supply of timber in New-forest	II. 30
Widow; story of one on the borders of the forest	II. 46
Wilverly-lodge — — — — —	II. 107
Wild-boar introduced into New-forest by Charles I	II. 118
Warwicksted — — — — —	II. 120
Walhampton — — — — —	II. 131
Whitley-ridge-lodge; a beautiful forest-lawn there	II. 149
Wood-cutters, their different modes of felling timber	II. 155
Wight, island of; its coast described — —	II. 158
White-hart-silver — — — — —	II. 274
Wood-cock, not often found in the forest	II. 287
Wood-pecker — — — — —	II. 289

X

Xerxes's plane — — — — —	I. 122
--------------------------	--------

Yew

Y

Yew	—	—	—	I. 92
Ytene, the ancient name of New-forest		—	—	II. 2
Yew-tree-bottom		—	—	II. 106

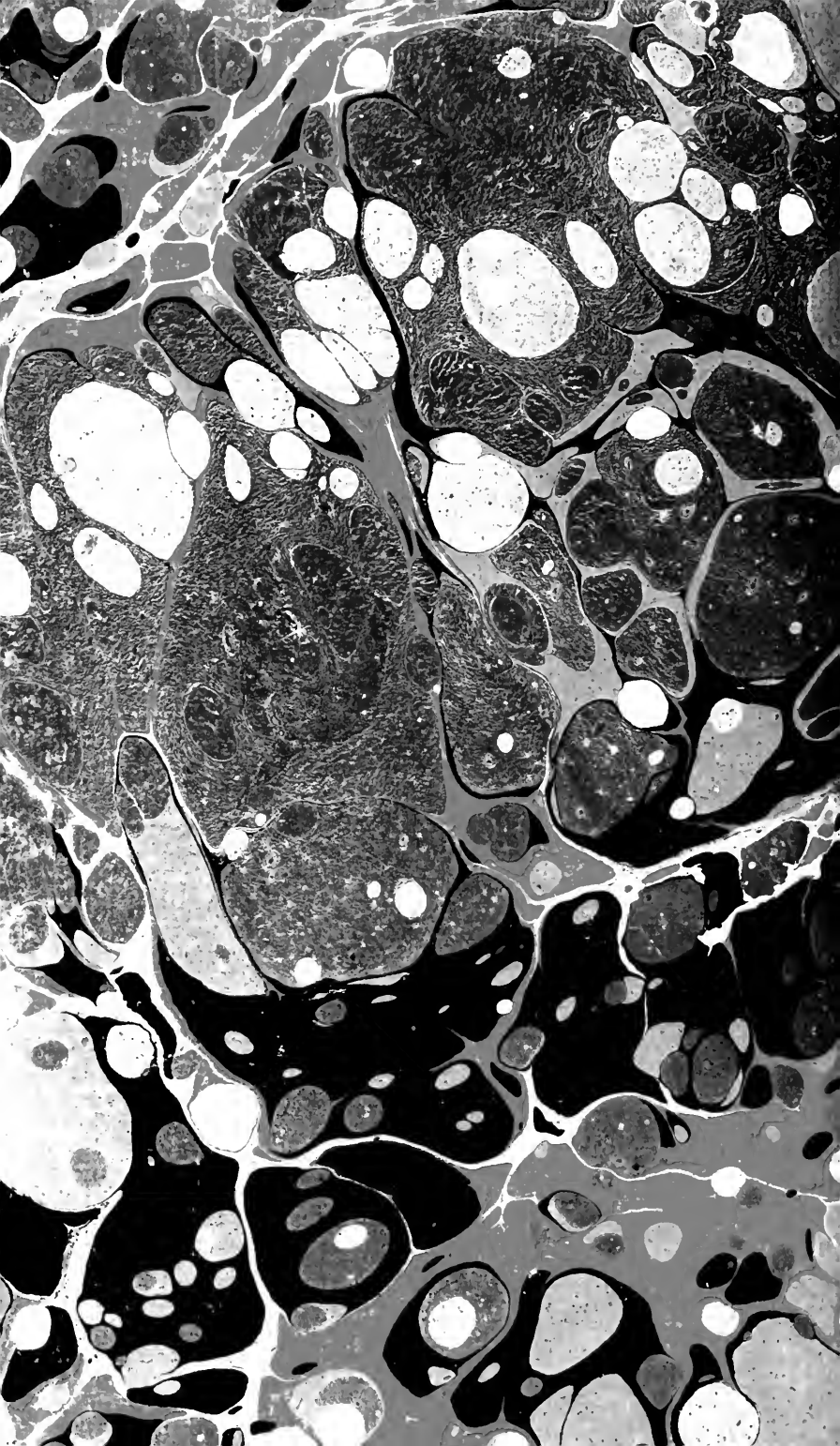
Z

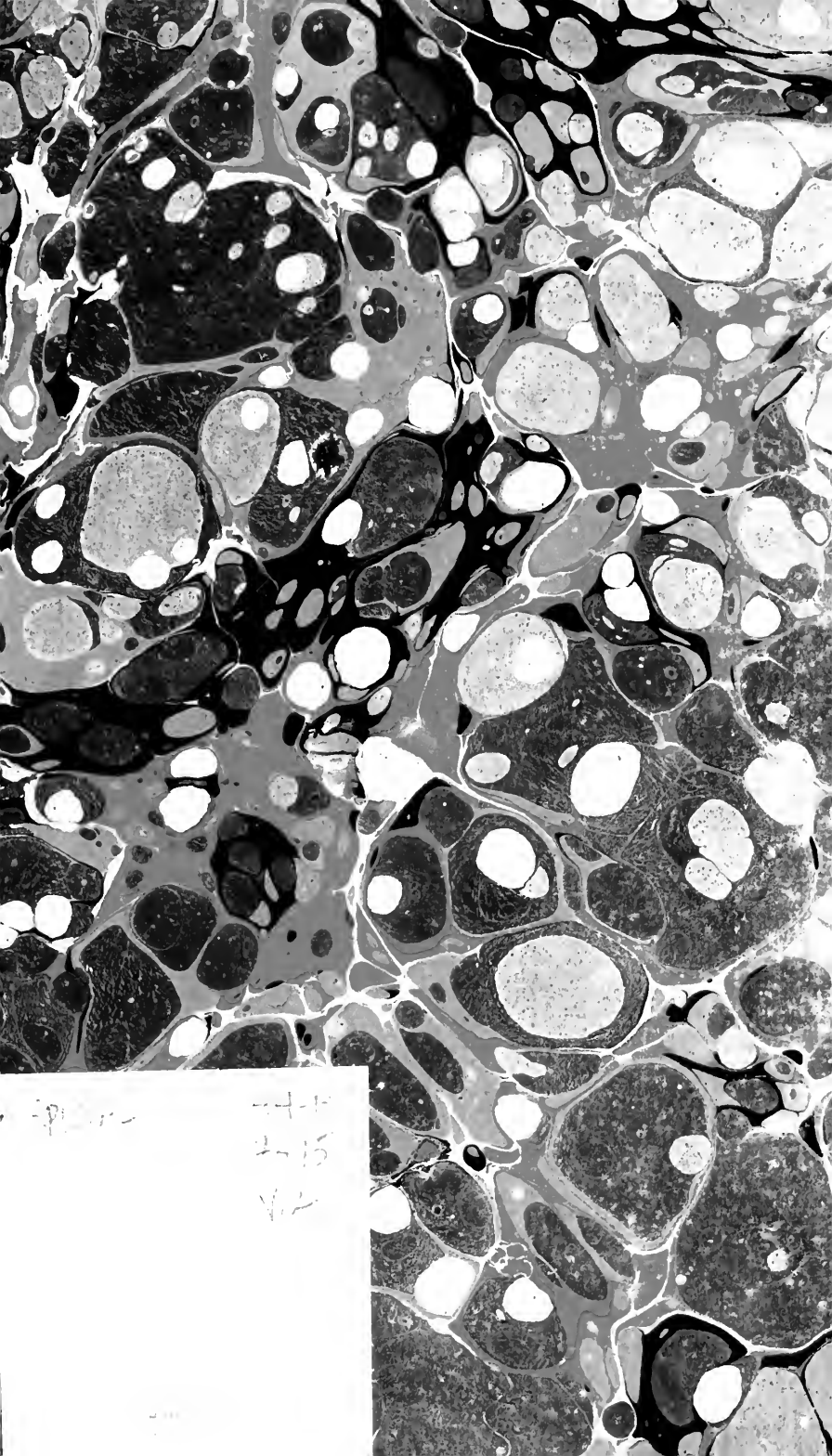
Zealand; account of a bleak sea-coast there				I. 269
---	--	--	--	--------











44-
2-15
V12

