

*LIBERATED FOR THE WORLD
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HOWLEY HALL

HOWLEY HALL BY SIR JOHN SAVILE

SIR JOHN SAVILE

PART 3

The Fieldkirk was a mere Oratory or Chapel of Ease, so called, not from its situation in the country, but from its lying unenclosed, and open to the adjoining fields. It had no right or place of sepulture,* as before-mentioned, and no stated endowment, but the founder was required by the laws of Edgar (without subtracting from the tithes) to maintain his Chaplain out of the remaining nine parts of his income. To this class belonged many Chapels of Ease, since become parochial.

St. Anne's Well was in the year 1890 absorbed by the

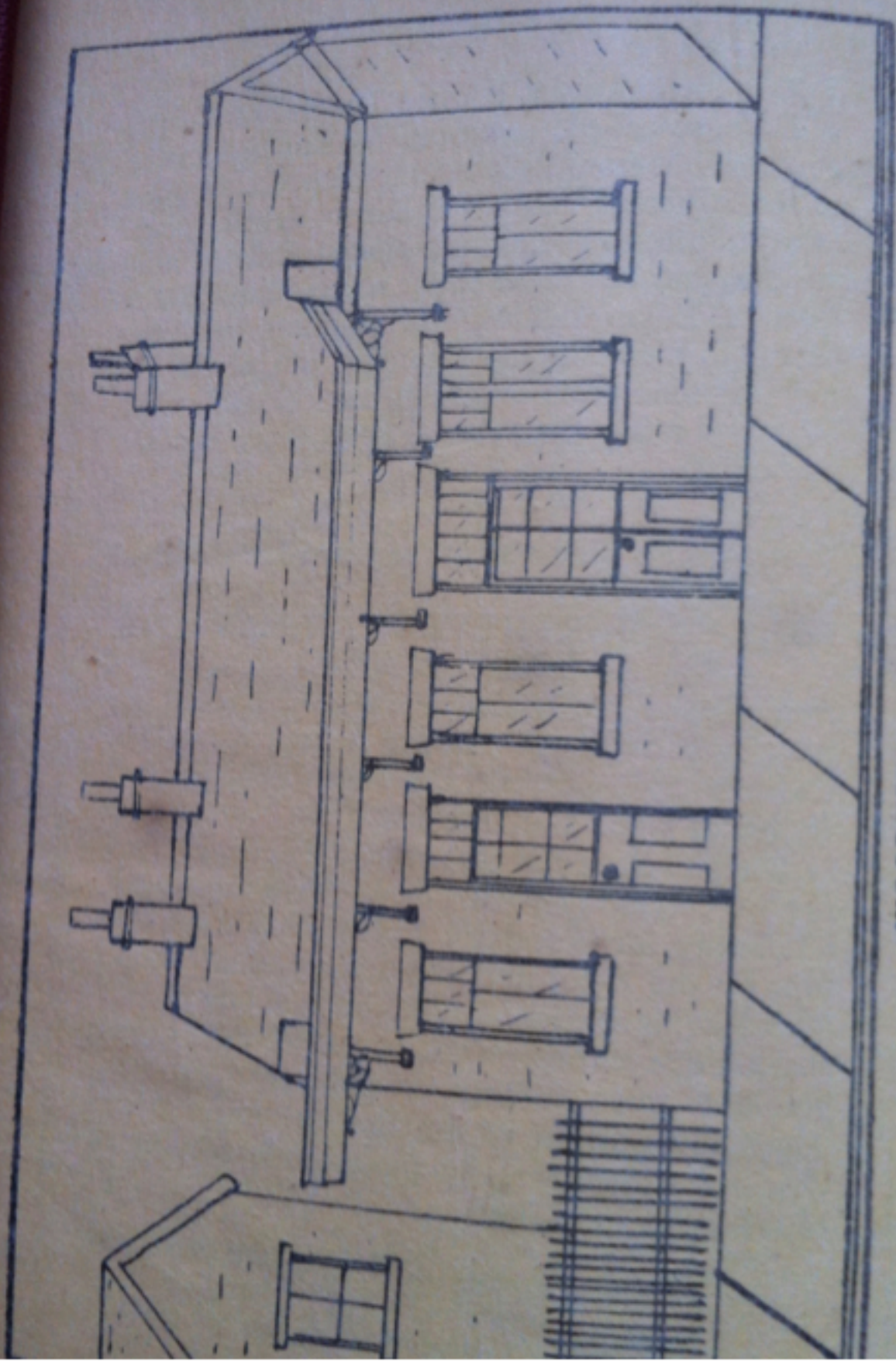
† GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY CO'S.
NEW LINE

from Batley to Leeds, which was opened for passenger traffic on Friday, August 1st, 1890, the first train leaving Dewsbury at 5-25, and Batley at 5-30, and the first train from Leeds arriving at Batley at 7-52 a.m. No official opening or ceremony took place. Five passengers left Batley for Woodkirk by the first train, and four by the 8-30, and three for Leeds. Soon after leaving Batley station the new line takes a sharp curve through "the pastures," up a gentle gradient into Soothill Wood, near Howley. Along this portion of the line the passenger is charmed with the really picturesque scenery as Howley is approached.

The waters of Lady Anne's Well are preserved

* According to the Cannon Law to, no bell could be rung at such a Chapel.

† From the *Batley News*, Saturday, August 2nd, 1890.



WOODKIRK STATION.

(See page 45.)

very near the original spot at the boundary wall of the railway, near which the line runs through a tunnel, 732 yards in length, under Soothill Wood, emerging near the Soothill Wood Pleasure Gardens and the pretty

WOODKIRK STATION,

(a pen and ink sketch of which we give) the nearest to Howley Hills, and but a few field lengths beyond. Many visitors avail themselves of this means of reaching the favourite resort, and avoiding the exertion of climbing the hills from Batley.

Before I close this subject of St. Anne's Well, there is one thing, perhaps not worth remarking, but which I still cannot pass over. The well is situate, as near as I can guess, South East or South of the ancient residence at Howley. Now Soothill is only a corruption of Southwell, which was the name of its early owners, and from which family it came into that of Savile; and, as in the early times, it was common for people to take their surnames from local circumstances, so I am persuaded the Well has given name to the family as well as to the adjacent wood. The Southwells are often mentioned in our national history, and one of them suffered cruelly in the arbitrary, persecuting reign of Elizabeth.* Besides which

* There is a curious Paper in the Landsdown Collection, as to the state of South Wales, in 1575. "The people," says the writer, "are naturally very devout, &c., but more than the name of God they know nothing at all; and therefore, as utterly ignorant of him or their salvation, do still, in heaps, go on pilgrimage to the wonted Wells and places of superstition; and in the nights after the feasts,

Soothill is correspondent to our Yorkshire pronunciation, as in the instance of Cherill for Churwell; Coldhill for Coldwell! Stockhill for Stockwell; Parkhill for Parkwell; and so of innumerable words of this termination. The mention of this name leads me to write on

SOOTHILL HALL

As may well be imagined, was a seat of the very great and ancient family of Southwell. Hereabouts (perhaps at Howley) in the time of the early Plantagonets, lived Reginald, Lord of Soothill; and here also from the 22nd of Henry III. to the 17th of Edward I., lived Sir John Soothill, his son and heir. I shall not pursue the pedigree, but content myself with remarking that by the marriage of Sir Henry Savile, grandfather of Sir John, with Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Thomas Soothill, Esq., the families became united. The mansion at Soothill, the ruins of which we see, was built by one of the Soothills, about the middle of the sixteenth century, as I should think. It consisted of a square court, with open galleries or lobbies on two or more of the sides, but a late owner having been such a Vandal as to destroy this fine building merely for the value of its materials, I write on it with diffidence. What was once the hall, is, however, accidentally preserved, and cannot fail to

when the old offerings were used to be kept at any Idol's Chapel ALBEIT THE CHURCH BE PULLED DOWN, yet do they come to the place where the Church or Chapel was, by great journeys, barefoot, very superstitiously. This is

interest; but a small parlour, now a bedroom, near, but not adjoining it, will be still more attractive to some people. It is still called "the Bishop's parlour,"* and was once the room of Bishop Tilson.

Tilson was a Yorkshireman, born near Halifax, about 1575, a student of Baliol College, Oxford, in 1593, and Vicar of Rochdale, in 1615. Becoming Chaplain to Lord Strafford, when he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he took him over there and made him Dean of Christ Church, in Dublin, Pro vice Chancellor of that University, and Bishop of Elphin, in 1639. From Ireland he fled,† on account of the troubles, in 1641, and his patron being beheaded in this year, Tilson retired to his family at Soothill Hall, and officiated there, in the baptism of children at least. For several years, and even after he was seventy years of age, he travelled weekly a distance of twelve miles to perform duty for less than sixteen pounds per annum. The following copy of a letter of his shows him to have been a lively, facetious old man, and makes one feel for his hard destiny.

* Watson says "he consecrated this room, gave ordination privately, and did weekly the offices of a Clergyman, some of his neighbours being both his hearers and benefactors." The Tilsons long farmed Soothill Hall, and were there so lately as 1748. See more in Gent's Mag. for 1806, p, 526. Note.

† I presume Archbishop Usher fled from Ireland about the same time and for the same cause as Tilson. See an interesting article in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1780.

“I am not,” says he, “altogether idle—I pray after the directory. I preach every Sunday at a place in the mountains, called Cumberworth, two miles beyond Emley, where I have, by the way, Laurence my Gaius. It was proffered me by a gentleman, Mr. Wentworth, of Britton, whom I never saw save once, before he sent unto me. And because it came, as all my ecclesiastical livings hath done, without seeking and suit, I took it to be appointed for me by God, as a little Zoar, to save my life; and did accept it, though it will not reach twenty marks per annum. Besides, I trust to do God service in the work of my ministry, amongst that moorish and lately rebellious, plundering people. When first I went to Rochdale, you may remember what the old hostler at the Baiting Bull willed me to do. ‘Take with you,’ said he, ‘a great box full of tar, for you shall find a good number of scabbed sheep.’ The first Sunday I preached in the forenoon, and read prayers in the after; but when I saw by their murmurings that they must have two fotherings, I have made good use thereof; whereas I might have given them two sixpenses. They are well pleased if I give them two groats for a shilling, which I intend to pay them, so childish are they in right valuing of God’s coin.”

It is impossible here to resist the temptation of observing that the people of many villages, which I could mention, are still quite as singular as were the Cumberworth folk in the days of this humorous old Bishop, and for the very same “fancy” to which he alludes. They loved good measure in everything, like true Yorkshiremen,

"preaching," and which others frequently call "prating."* But two "fotherings," now a days, would not content such people, even if the Minister were to preach, as did some of the Bishop's contemporaries, with the hour-glass at his elbow; for in some places three on the Sabbath, and two or three on other days of the week are become customary. I have heard, indeed, of a Reverend Shoemaker who was in high repute hereabouts, because he often preached five times in seven days. To do the cattle impartial justice, nevertheless, I will say it for them, that they are not scrupulous as to quality in their provender, if quantity only be furnished; for, to pursue the old Bishop's metaphor, a good "fothering" of "chaff" and "dust" will satisfy them quite as well as the finest "herbage" and the sweetest "flowers." Of Tilson I have nothing more to record, save that he died on the 31st of March, 1655, aged 80 years, and was interred at the East end of the South Aisle of Dewsbury Church, where a tablet is erected to his memory.

* It is very diverting to observe the strange fancies of different people. Some who are styled the "fancy," love fighting—some love quarreling and opposition—some are very fond of law—some of gaming—some of drinking—some of parish business—some of long-winded sermons or speeches—some of hearing THEMSELVES talk—some of what they cannot understand—some of fictions. One old lady, of fine fortune, spends it in running opposition coaches. One family, called Rodley, now residing at West Ardsley, have been chimney sweepers for two hundred years, and will not follow anything else. The Booksellers tell me that they have the chief sale in classics and controversial divinity. And last autumn I heard

The following is the epitaph mentioned in a preceding page on the tablet erected to the memory of Lord John Savile, in Batley Church :—

“ What sacred Ashes this sad Tomb contains !
 “ In this low grave what glorious remains !
 “ His deeds and Fame could once our World surprise,
 “ Now—in a narrow Cell—lo ! here he lies. —

“ Here lies entomb'd a Peer of great renown,
 “ A Spirit None but Death could e'er bring down—
 “ The Title shows his Name—his Name is glory,
 “ Read but Old John Lord Savile—'tis a Story.

“ Great Pompey once, with one step on the ground,
 “ Vaunted he could command all Latium round :
 “ How far this name commanded and made room,
 “ Old York will witness to the age to come.

“ Then rest, great Savile, since thy Scene is done.
 “ In death resign—which living wouldst to none.
 “ Here rest—thou hast been glorious in thy days—
 “ There can no more be said of Cæsar's praise.”



SUPPLEMENTARY REMARKS.

THE reader will perceive that we have hitherto adhered very closely to Scatcherd's "History of Morley," and our reasons are as follow:—It is plain that in order fully to qualify himself for an Antiquarian and Historian, he had waded through Thorby's and Whitaker's Histories of Leeds, Halifax, Pontefract, &c.—in a word, had read every scrap of paper he could find that had reference to Howley Hall, and taken out of them everything of real interest. He was also at considerable pains in correcting misstatements, and supplying omissions—in fact, having both the means and the heart to do it, he left no stone unturned to procure information for the benefit of posterity. But after all his researches, there are circumstances which took place in connection with the Hall that have never yet appeared in print; and they are so well authenticated that we think them worthy of insertion here. Doubtless there are many very important matters in the building itself that we shall never know of till the cellars are all cleared out, and the whole interior is fully open to view. We are warranted in saying this, and our anxiety is increased to have it done, by the fact that Mr. A. Gledhill, (the person who lately occupied one of the cottages

adjoining the Ruins), having done a little towards clearing the cellars, has found a silver coin bearing inscription Gulielmus (William) III., 1697. Also a quantity of bones belonging to some animal; but what they really belong to is not at present ascertained. Some say that they are ox's or cow's bones—various butchers affirm they never saw any like them in either; and others think they probably are the remains of a large bear, which tradition says was kept at the Hall for protection, and perished when the building was blown down. However, both the bones and the coin are in the possession of Mr. Gledhill, and may be seen on application.

We sincerely hope that the day is not far distant when his Lordship the Earl of Cardigan, will give orders for the whole of the rubbish to be cleared away, and a thorough investigation made, that all the stories about subterranean passages which have been handed down to us by our forefathers, may be fully cleared up. . May we venture further, and state that the place is becoming one of increasing interest to thousands who resort there for a day's relaxation and pleasure, or the benefit of the pure and invigorating air—that we trust ere long public opinion will prevail with his Lordship, and the grounds will be handed over to the inhabitants of Morley and Batley, to be laid out and decorated by them and called by some such name as "People's Park."

FOOTBALL ON THE TOP OF
HOWLEY HALL.

But to return to the

building was 60 yards square, had a flat top, something like the Tower of York Minster, and was covered with lead. The following facts will give additional credence to this statement, and may not be without interest. A person named Johnny Cowling, (great grandfather of the brothers Cowling, of Batley,) who lived and died at Batley, and was skilful in the diseases which dogs are subject to, especially Hydrophobia, had the management of the dogs at Howley Hall. It being only about 60 years since he died, there are persons now living in Batley who knew him, and can bear testimony to the fact that he had played at football on the top of the Hall. From the date of his death, and from the fact that he was close upon 100 years of age when he died, it is clear that the Hall was blown down when he was about 30 years of age. From all the accounts we can gather, it seems evident that the privilege of going on to the top of the Hall was granted to many,—and a privilege it would be to stand on such a noble structure, and scan so vast an extent of country. Among the persons favoured with visiting the Hall were the following women from Batley—Susan Watson, Martha Standidge, Diah Preston, and Grimshaw. Of the first, Susan Watson, it is stated that she earned her living by plating straw and making the same into bonnets, similar to those lately in fashion, called Slouches, and that she so enjoyed, the roof of this building that she frequently spent the whole of the day on it. Her work she took with her, and as she ~~platted~~ ^{platted} the straw, it descended outside the building till the ground was reached, the which she considered a day's work, and rolling up her straw she trudged home

to Batley to rest. Of the last, Grimshaw, it is said that she washed for the family residing at the Hall; and a singular circumstance in connection with her transpired which we think worthy of a place here. A very intimate acquaintance of hers had contracted hatred towards her, for a supposed fault, and he met her one night in the fields, not far from where Benjamin Parr's Mill now stands. Here he made an attack upon her, and would have murdered her as she supposed, but for a powerful dog which had followed her from the Hall, and would not be driven back till he had seen her safe in her own house. But this will appear more remarkable when we are told that the dog was not in the habit of coming home with her; and to her dying day she felt confident that the dog had saved her life. To the two preceding facts Rachel Brook, who recently died at Batley, bore testimony. Martha and Diah followed the same employment as Susan, and often spent the day with her on the top of the Hall.

From an old Gazetteer (a family-piece) now in the possession of Joseph Robertshaw, son of the before-mentioned Thomas Robertshaw, we take the following entry, written on last page, and is still quite readable,—“Thomas Brudenell, Earl of Cardigan, died at Howley Hall, in 1654.

Associated as the ruin stands, with much of the purest and highest enjoyment of the youth of both sexes residing in the villiages round, it is no wonder to find frequent attempts to celebrate its picturesque loveliness in rhyme. And loveliness indeed there must be in an object and

sentiment as these ruins and their vicinity have. One village poet has published a small volume of poems chiefly in praise, as he expresses it, of the "sunny nooks and charming patches of really beautiful local scenery;" two other local poets have each made the ruin the subject of an effusion, which we purpose giving; and many a *silent poet* has here gathered and treasured up pleasant ideas which have been food for reflection long afterwards. One of these effusions is as follows:—

Lines written on Howley Ruins.

BY JOHN JUBB, Esq.

FAIR Howley Hall, I love thee well!
 It seems as though some mystic spell
 Enfolded thee within its arms,
 And wrapt thee in sweet fancy's charms:
 Thy page is fill'd with antique lore
 Of hidden things thou hast in store;
 Of goblins great and little elves,
 Or fairies, as they call themselves.
 Thy rise recurs to ancient date,
 When thou stood'st first amongst the great,
 So noble, so majestic, grand,
 An honour to our native land.
 Thy site was fix'd a hill-top high;
 Like Babel tow'ring to the sky,
 Thou stood'st secure in all thy pride,
 Sole tenant of the plateau wide.
 Thy walls were from the granite bed,
 And there together they were laid
 On mortar made with liquor strong,

But this one thing I know right well,
 That on thy roof, with many a bound,
 The ball was toss'd as on the ground ;
 For there the rustics many a day
 Did go, and at the football play :
 And women too, both young and old,
 A knitting went, as I am told.
 The spacious old baronial hall,
 With hearty welcome greeted all
 Who gathered round the generous board,
 With choicest viands richly stored ;
 There music's stirring sounds would charm
 The hearts with joy already warm,
 And dance and song would music grace,
 To fill with mirth the happy place.
 There valiant knight in armour clad
 Would mount with pride his prouder pad,
 Bold chevalier as e'er took field
 With spear or lance, with sword or shield.
 There, too, his lady-love would rove
 Through ample park, or shady grove,
 And there indulge with sweet delight,
 In praises of her gallant knight.
 'Twas such a place, sequestered glade,
 Where Lady Ann was lifeless laid ;
 While bathing there, as people say,
 A lion seized her for his prey :
 Her corse was made the wild beast's food,
 He ate her flesh, and drank her blood :
 And now the spot is holier ground,
 Where Lady Anne's remains were found,
 Hard by a well which bears her name,
 A lasting tribute to her fame ;
 There youths and maidens often go
 Their sympathetic love to show,
 And mourn her fate, unhappy maid,
 Who perished in the sylvan shade.
 Palm Sunday is the annual day
 When lads and lasses wend their way
 To this sad spot, there gather palms,
 As emblems of the fair one's charms :
 Homeward again they do return,
 And water take in can or urn,
 Which they suppose contains a charm

Sir John Savile was the man
Who first devised the noble plan
Of Howley Hall, that castle great,
Which was his wide-famed country seat.
Three times to parliament he went,
By his constituents fairly sent,
Where he did represent our shire,
A patriot true, above all hire,
Or party factions, which the while
Do quarrel who shall share the spoil.
First alderman of Leeds was he,
As brave a knight as e'er you'd see.
A subterraneous road, 'tis said,
From Howley Hall to Leeds he made ;
The cellars deep, as I am told,
Contain a chest that's fill'd with gold ;
And on it sits a clocking hen,
To keep it from dishonest men.
But to the worst I now must come,
This noble mansion met its doom :
A faithless steward plann'd its fall
That he might better compass all.
He said the lands did not suffice,
To furnish Howley with supplies,
And that the best its lord could do,
Would be to seal its overthrow.
Its fate was sealed, and cannon's sound,
Was heard afar on all sides round ;
Destruction's work was done too well,
As all that's left does sadly tell ;
But though 'tis of its glory shorn,
And stands in fragments quite forlorn ;
Still they do brave the bitter blast,
As they have done for centuries past.



HOWLEY HALL AND THE VALES AROUND.

BY THE LATE B. PRESTON, AUTHOR OF "LOCAL LAYS."

True gentleness seems in its proper sphere,
According with the pure surroundings here ;
For gentleness and quiet peace profound
Sit brooding o'er the vale and hills around.
Or if a breach is on the stillness made,
'Tis from the brook or from the vocal shade.
I linger o'er these scenes with loving gaze,
Where pass'd my boyhood and my youthful days.
Here first the animating cuckoo sings,
And here the virgin primrose soonest springs.

Dear cherish'd scenes ! I trod your winding ways
Whilst burning with desire to sing your praise ;
In secret touch'd with timid hand the string
That should responsive with your praises ring ;
And longed to tell to all the world around,
The joy I in your pleasant shades have found.
Here have I linger'd when the sun's last ray
Hath look'd delighted on the parting day ;
And as the gloomy twilight deepen'd round,
A deeper charm the whole creation bound.
Whilst slowly pacing o'er the dewy green,
The crouching hare full often have I seen,
That many a lonely hobbling circuit made,
And tim'rous nipt the nicely chosen blade.
The thrushes sang a brief "farewell to light,"
And robin tweedled out his sweet "good night."
Then, as the day retired, and night bare rule,
And gentle moonlight quiver'd on the pool,
Around the moon the soft-tinged clouds were drawn
Like sheep at rest upon the verdant lawn ;
While flocks and herds and birds invoke repose,
On grassy beds and on the nodding boughs,
'Till night's ventriloquist

The grass drake's voice in distant field was heard.
 Perchance the willow sparrow, too, would pour
 Her cheerful music from her slender bower.
 At intervals the lark would sing as clear
 As when first mounting in the morning air,
 And lavish on the night those notes so fine—
 Wild spendthrift of her wealth of song divine.
 I've lingered in those shades in May's bright light,
 And literally trembled with delight.
 I've seen the rolling ocean in a gale—
 The tumbling porpoise and the sporting whale—
 The awful storm, the dreadful wreck, the shock
 That smash'd the shuddering vessel on the rock.
 And I again have seen that hollow sea,
 As bright and tranquil as a lake can be ;
 Clean white-sail'd ships smooth gliding o'er its breast,
 With every ripple, every fear at rest :—
 I've walked o'er battle fields where warriors died,
 And seen the green mounds which their bones now
 hide :—
 I've seen the victor crown'd with clam'rous praise,
 And heard th' excited multitude's huzza :—
 I've stood on classic spots far fam'd in story,
 Where poets wrote, and rob'd themselves with glory :—
 Walk'd on the banks of many a noble river,
 Whose fame in history will last for ever :—
 But still no other scenes on land or sea
 Such thrilling rapture can impart to me.
 Can I forget how oft beneath your shade
 At "knur and spell" and "lonkey" we have played ?
 A little further on the level green,
 An eager band of "cricketers" was seen ;
 While lovely lasses near us played and sung,
 Though sometimes laughing till the valley rung.
 O ! how can I those happy times forget ?
 I'm thankful that I can enjoy them yet ;
 Bright recollection brings it

PRINCE OF WALES BRIDGE.

—:o:—

From Soothill Lane there is a footpath leading to Howley Ruins which runs through Soothill Wood, and a rivulet from the before-mentioned Lady Anne's Well running across this footpath, made it impassable to ladies generally, especially in wet weather. In order to remedy this, a few tradesmen from Batley, who were in the habit of going that way for a morning's walk, determined on making the stream passable by means of a bridge, however rude in appearance; so to work they went,—now bringing a fallen tree or a stone,—then a clump or root of a tree,—next a few branches blown off by the wind;—in fact, anything or everything likely to throw across, leaving a passage for the efflux of the water; and in this way the work proceeded by slow degrees until at length appears a bridge, which the people of Batley thought worthy of an opening celebration, of which the following account is taken from the *Dewsbury Herald*, May 30th, 1863.—“On Tuesday morning the sound of music was heard in our streets, which was a preliminary announcement of the opening of the new bridge to the public. This event excited considerable interest. It may not be generally known that a work of great utility has been in progress during a period of two years. Architects, contractors, labourers,

&c., have been employed in the construction of a bridge to span Canary river, a stream which (when not disturbed) glides peacefully along a certain valley, not remote from Batley, dividing, to some extent, the townships of Morley and Soothill. This stream is augmented by another, which was formerly believed to possess virtues of great utility, there being few diseases that flesh is heir to, which, when the water was used in faith on Palm Sunday, it did not cure. In the erection of the bridge no stone from Portland, no Scotch granite, nor any ashlar from Bramley Fall has been employed. A number of openings have been left for the flow of the stream, and the arches in connection with the work are not all uniform in shape or width of span. Some are elliptical, some semi-circular, &c., by which a structure of more than ordinary beauty (perhaps) has been produced. At times, during the progress of the great work, it has been found that angles, which the architects' grand design required to be made, might interfere (when crossed by the ladies) with their easy passage, and as this edifice has been reared for their especial advantage, the architects and contractors, conjointly, so rounded the sharp points, filled up hollow places, &c., as to obviate all fear of disaster. By those means the battlements are not high, but they are in beautiful proportion with the rest of the structure. This work of art being finished, Whitsuntide was the time on which it was decided to throw the bridge open to the public, and at half-past five o'clock the dulcet sound of music was heard in our streets, and not a few, at that early hour, assembled near the Wesleyan Church.

the Batley Drum and Fife Band, marched to the interesting spot where the bridge is erected. It was a delightful sight to look upon the number of happy faces that were present to witness the proceedings. Mr. J. Fearnside gave an interesting address relevant to the subject, which was loudly applauded. Mr. J. Fallows opened out a scroll of parchment (as a form of title deed) and read therefrom the title inscription, and description upon it amidst great cheering. Mr. John Taylor gave some account of the bridge, descanting on its beauties (which are palpable enough to all observers), and his remarks were well received. He then pronounced that the bridge was open to the public, and its name is *"Prince of Wales Bridge," and the surrounding grounds "Victoria Park." An anthem, appropriate for the occasion, was then sung; and God save the Queen and other anthems were played by the band. They then adjourned to Lady Anne's Well, where eatables were consumed, and water, fresh from nature's fountain, was drunk, amidst general rejoicings. From thence the company went to Howley Hills, the band affording them great pleasure: and subsequently the company broke up highly gratified with their morning's ceremony."

* The march of commerce and the consequent opening of the new Great Northern Railway, have ruthlessly claimed this rustic bridge, and the once beautiful ravine with its ferns and flowers, above and below, as the very site of its track. The railway crosses the old path known as Constitutional Walk by a bridge on the spot where the rustic bridge

The spring of water now existing near the entrance to the railway tunnel was discovered in the year 1857 by Mr. Joseph Fox, rag merchant, Batley, a never-failing stream of excellent water, which quite supersedes the old Lady Anne's Well; and frequently hundreds of persons on a day repair here in their search for health or pleasure, and quench their thirst at this delightful stream. A few persons from Batley erected a stone near this fountain, on which was chiselled the following words,—“1863. Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters. Isaiah lv., 1.” Attached to the same was a chain and copper ladle for the use of the public. This was subsequently destroyed by a malicious gamekeeper.



SOOTHILL WOOD.

According to Scatcherd's definition, there seems no doubt, but that the word is derived from Southwell, that being the name of the lord who formerly lived at Soothill Hall; and the word Soothill is a corruption of Southwell. On leaving Soothill Lane we go along a field called Follingworth, in which is a well, of which the late B. Preston sung in his "Local Lays;" and standing on the North side of this field we have Soothill Wood spread out before us in all its wild and romantic beauties; this view is really enchanting, but as this wood seems doomed to destruction (which multitudes will feel sorry to see), it may be interesting to place what little we know of its history in a book in order to perpetuate its memory, should we live to see it made into green fields. Although no very large trees are now found in this wood, a close observer may see from the vast quantity of very large roots still remaining, from out of the middle of which many of the present trees have grown (in many instances two out of one root), that the wood has once been composed of very large oak trees. One circumstance occurred in connection with this wood, which hundreds, perhaps thousands, of persons now living can remember, and which cannot fail to make it interesting to future generations, which we will

JOHN BROOK TIED TO A TREE IN SOOTHILL WOOD.

(See page 66.)

