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THE SURRENDER OF VIRGINIA IN 1651.

We submit here the public papers relating to an important and interesting event in the early history of our State—the Surrender of the Colony of Virginia to the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England, in 1651,—taken from our ancient records. They have been published before; first, (the first and third of them,) by Mr. Jefferson, in his Notes on Virginia. (Query XIII,) and subsequently, (all of them.) by Mr. Hening, in his Statutes at Large, (Vol. 1st, p. 264.) But we give them again because we wish our work to be as complete as possible in itself, and to furnish all the most essential documents at least on the subject we have undertaken to illustrate, without turning off our readers to look for them, less conveniently, in other books.

Beverley relates the transaction to which these documents refer, in the following terms :

“ At last the King was traiterously beheaded in England, and Oliver installed Protector. However his authority was not acknowledged in Virginia for several years after, till they were forced to it by the last necessity. For in the year 1651, by Cromwell’s command, Capt. Dennis, with a squadron of men of war, arrived there from the Caribbee Islands, where they had been subduing Barbadoes. The country at first held out vigorously against him; and Sir William Berkeley, by the assistance of such Dutch vessels as were then there, made a brave resistance. But at last Dennis contrived a stratagem, which betrayed the country. He had got a considerable parcel of goods aboard, which belonged to two of the Council; and found a method of informing them of it. By this means they were reduced to the dilemma either of submitting, or losing their goods. This occasioned fac-

From the Newark Sentinel.

TREES.

We find the following pleasant article in the *Literary World* of the 8th ult., (taken into that paper from the *Newark Sentinel*,) and readily adopt it into our work, for which it almost seems to have been written—as indeed it ought to have been by good right; for the author who signs himself *Cæsariensis*, (a New-Jersey man, as he is at present,) is really *Virginianensis*—a certain *Virginian* whom we know, as the piece itself intimates; and some of our readers in Charlotte will easily recognise him by the token of his allusions to those old oaks, &c., as one whom—with his honored father—they often think and talk of with fond and affectionate regret.

You may be disposed to think, Mr. Editor, that after the papers which you kindly published some years ago, on Civic and Rural Decoration, I can have very little more to say on the subject of Trees. Yet the older I grow, the more I feel interested for posterity, and desire my sons and grandsons to have abundance of shade. The jests about the tree-less condition of Scotland have gone on for so many years, that if Dr. Johnson could return and renew his tour, he would find umbrageous plantations on every hand: indeed the very best method of transplanting mature trees comes to us from Scotland. Dr. Witherspoon used to say, that when he sailed up the Delaware, on his arrival in this country, he was at every turn tempted to ask what nobleman's seat he was looking at; so accustomed was he to associate a grove with wealth and artificial plantation. Dreadful havoc has, however, been made in these forests during the last century; and even the trees around old mansions have, upon a change of owners, been barbarously hewn down.

It was my lot to live several years in the neighborhood of the eccentric and eloquent John Randolph of Roanoke; and I often heard the remark made, that he would not allow even any lopping or trimming of his trees. He used to say, in reference to the connexion between aristocracy and “ancestral trees,” “Any

upstart can build a fine house, but he cannot build the old oaks." In that same county I was most familiar with a spot settled by a retired officer of the Revolution, but now dismantled, and occupied by an overseer; yet four matchless oaks still tower above the ruins, and there are the remains of four rows of catalpa trees, which once extended nearly half a mile. When I lived there, it was a pleasant thought that my honored father had lived there also, and had enjoyed the same shade thirty years before: how sacred then must be the associations of one who walks among trees which have sheltered his forefathers for centuries! Are we to give up all such fancies at the beck of communists and red republicans?

Trees have figured in literature, and struck their roots deep in the poetry of all ages. Although a taste for the picturesque does not characterize the ancients, and there is little description of natural scenery in their prose-works, yet we find exceptions in regard to trees. One remarkable instance will promptly occur to all classical scholars: it is the famous platanus, in the shade of which Socrates kept his place while he discoursed, constantly moving from the sun; it is mentioned both by Plato and Cicero.*

The choral allusions to groves, in Greek tragedy, are also familiar. The Latin word *lucus* carried religious associations which belonged to no other term, and was shadowy with such imaginations as hover over Virgil's line,

Et caligantem nigra formidine lucum.

These superstitions were founded on natural sentiment; as he may understand who will recall some twilight hour, when he found himself musing and gazing into the recesses of a dark ancient tree, till overtaken by night. The poet is one who can unfold the Herculeanean papyrus of such thoughts, and decipher the hieroglyphic of imagination, and translate the vagueness of these inklings into the idiom of common life. Perhaps it has never

* Plat. Phaedr., Cic. de Orat. I. 17,

been more completely done, than by Wordsworth, in the **YEW TREES** :

“ A pillar'd shade,
 Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue,
 By sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged
 Perennially—beneath whose sable roof
 Of boughs, as if for festal purpose decked
 With unrejoicing berries ghostly Shapes
 May meet at noontide—Fear and trembling Hope,
 Silence and Foresight—Death the Skeleton,
 And Time the Shadow,”—etc.

I wish attention were more frequently drawn, by parents and other educators, to the individuality of great trees, which have each their physiognomy, as much as so many men. And could we read the character, in these lineaments of trunk and boughs and “ shadowing shroud” (a noble old English word, for which we have no substitute*), we should read the impressions of spring tides, of droughts, and of tempests. An old tree is an old friend, and we do well to take pains that our sons may hereafter love its very wrinkles. The tree of the park or pleasance, and the tree of the forest, are as different as the old knotty, gnarled, unmovable baron, and the alert, smooth, thriving, average dweller in cities. The same reasons operate in both cases. Character becomes more inspissated, juicy, full of tannin and fibrin, where there has been elbowroom for the mighty branches to wrestle with the winds. Look at an “ old field” of the South, in which a thousand young pines have sprung up spontaneously, side by side, and you are instantly reminded of a boarding school of sweet young ladies; the same name would do for all. On the other hand, I do know a solitary tree, fit for Druids and predominating over a waste meadow, which is so reverend in its eloquence that it preaches a sermon to me whenever I pass or contemplate it. “ Those mossed trees, that have outlived the eagles,” should covenant with us to leave something of their kind for our descendants.

* Ezekiel xxxi. 3.

Of the ways and means of planting, and of woodcraft in general, I know as little as other idle, pragmatic speculators: I admire and love the poem that I cannot make. But I heartily honor those of my accomplished countrymen who are writing on this subject, and stimulating our people to care for trees. The inhabitants of Newark have a standing, living pledge of the superior taste possessed by their elders, in the elms of their beautiful parks; and the absence of such mementos in New York is only another token left by the axe of Mammon on our utilitarian city. I remember to have paused on crossing a certain ferry of the Roanoke, near the mansion of the late Sir Peyton Skipwith, and inwardly to have thanked the considerate love which spared on the further bank a clump of picturesque and gigantic trees, the sight and shadow of which were refreshing after a wearisome day's journey. Plant or preserve a lordly tree by the wayside, and you secure what is "a joy for ever:" the deed may be as benign as the "cup of cold water." The oaks of the Old Testament have a brood of recollections nestling in their foliage; the oak of Jacob; the oak of the Law, the oak of Rebekah, the angel's oak, the oaks of Saul, of Abimelech, of Absalom, and of Bashan.—Gen. xxxv. 4, 8; Josh. xxiv. 26; Judges vi. 11; Judges ix. 6; 2 Sam. xviii. 9; 1 Chron. x. 12; Zech. xi. 12; Isaiah ii. 13. What elegiac meaning in "the oak of weeping!" Burckhardt found thick oaks remaining in the hills of Gilead and Bashan, and Lord Lindsay makes frequent mention of the oaks of Palestine. These verily were to the Hebrews what Prometheus, in Æschylus, calls "accosting oaks." (Prom. Vinc. 831.) Nor is there anything void of reason which so addresses the imagination, as a venerable tree. Such power and stability, joined to such vicissitude of garb and flexibility of member; such gravity, such lightness; such fearful brandishing of arms, yet such shade in heat, smiles in sunshine, and tears in dew; such a world of summer leaves, and such nakedness in winter. Landscape painting, an art of modern times, one of the few in which we exceed the ancients, and one which is making daily advances, has led to a new study of the physiognomy of trees, and the discernment

of differences, not merely generic or specific, but particular. The day was when the painter invented his tree, and hence it eluded all botanic laws; but a tree of Cole or Durand has not only a face of its own, but an expression in its countenance. Sketchers know this, and have their port-crayon always ready to snatch the fitting glance, just as the portrait painter seizes on a happy cast of his sitter's face. But the most affectionate study of trees must be of those which one has planted: it is a pleasure I cannot enjoy, for my pinfold would not contain more than one, and that not a live-oak, plane, or cedar of Lebanon, but some puny nursling—a morus or an ailanthus.

CÆSARIENSIS.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

We have here at last the very work—or something like it—that we have long been wishing but hardly hoping to see in our time. It is true we have as yet but two volumes of a long series which according to the author's purpose are to bring down the history of England "from the accession of King James the Second to a time which is within the memory of men still living," but they are complete in themselves, and no doubt fair samples of all the rest. We need not say that they are well and beautifully written. We have long regarded Mr. Macaulay as the most graceful and fascinating writer of the times, and we are ready to unite with the critics of his own country—of all parties—in bestowing the highest praises upon this new performance of his pen. It has, indeed, a thousand beauties—*mille habet ornatus*—and if it has some defects also, even in a literary point of view,

* The History of England from the Accession of James the Second. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. 2 vols. 8vo., pp. 680-684. Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. London. 1849.