

THE CLERK OF OXFORD  
IN FICTION

SAMUEL-F-HULTON



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THE CLERK OF OXFORD  
IN FICTION

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# THE CLERK OF OXFORD IN FICTION

BY  
SAMUEL F. HULTON

“J'AY SEULEMENT FAICT ICY UN AMAS DE FLEURS  
ESTRANGIÈRES, N'Y AYANT FOURNY DU MIEN QUE  
LE FILET À LES LIER.”

MONTAIGNE, *Essais*, l. iv. ch. xii.

WITH TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS

—GEORGIO, DOMINO CVRZON, PIO CANCELLARIO—

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THE  
CLUB OF OXFORD  
BY FICTION  
BY THE  
REV. F. H. HENSON

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## PREFACE

HE who would include within a portable volume the complete story of Oxford Clerks in Fiction is as one who strives to "shut up the sea with doors." For, in the first place, he must fetch his beginning from the very beginning of all things;—*ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχόμενος*, he must open with a description of the visit to the classic Ford and the naming thereof, at an uncertain date, by Europa and her bovine abductor: he must then rescue all that has survived the long navigation from the first ages to our own, tales of the foundation of the City by Mempric, shortly before that monarch was devoured of wolves at Wolvercote, of the University by Greek Philosophers who sailed, strange shipmates, with the Trojan Brutus to Albion, and the like: while, in connection with these ancient traditions, he must note various theories held by modern writers with regard to the origin of the place;—as, for example, that by the ingenious Niebuhr, who, observing that caps have tassels and that the streets of Oxford are not macadamized, comes to the conclusion that the University was originally colonized by the Pelasgi, which he further confirms by detecting in the periodical departure and return of the inhabitants, according to the vacations, traces of the migratory habits of that famous tribe. And supposing all this to have been accomplished, and that the writer, still undaunted, pass from the mythic

to the heroic age, he will then discover, that, during the many centuries which form this second period of his work, a succession of versatile scholars followed their books in the already famous Schools of Oxford:—St. German, for instance, that “*malleus Pelagianorum*,” Gildas of holy memory, the Venerable Bede, St. John of Beverley, Scotus, that great clerk who made the immortal repartee to King Charles the Bald, and who was eventually slain by Freshmen with their table-pointels or penknives, St. Grimbald, St. Neot, and others who for learning, piety, or wit were of a catholic reputation: he will read moreover legends, such as that one, in the life of St. Frideswyde, of “the youth clothed in white, and of pleasant speech, and comely countenance,” who, meeting the fugitive virgin and her two companions in what are now known as Christ Church Meadows, “rowed them in his ship-boate to Bampton, some ten miles distant up stream, within the space of one hour”; and he will become aware that the University was already in those earliest times a little world in itself, and that the Oxonian was even then equipped with the very aptitudes, physical and mental, which distinguish him to-day. And as he realizes how vast, as regards both time and subject, is the task he has enterprized, then though the work may have been begotten with his first dawn of day, when the light of common knowledge began to open itself to his younger years, he may yet well doubt that the darkness of age and death will cover both it and him long before the performance.

No such superhuman task will be attempted here. Time and space alike forbid that what follows should be more than the mere fragment of a wondrous tale; and I have thought it best, therefore, to take up the

story of the immemorial Clerk of Fiction at the point where it begins to run parallel with that of the mushroom Clerk of History, and to carry it down no further than to the end of the first half of the nineteenth century. Some one has said that "the Middle Ages lasted at Oxford until the Great Exhibition of 1851," that year having marked the commencement of a series of radical changes in the constitution and educational system of the University. At that date, then, I have paused, as on the verge of a precipice. There be some things, and these so-called reforms are among them, which are of such a nature that either to speak of them or to hold one's peace is alike unsafe. The best policy is to keep at a distance from them; for though Truth may be the best mistress a man can serve, it has been well observed withal, that "whosoever in writing a modern history shall follow too close at her heels, she may haply strike out his teeth for his labour."

And from another point of view also, this work must be regarded as a fragment. In dealing with the complicated web of life in a microcosm such as is an University, a writer, if he would make an epic, must follow a single strand of the twisted yarn. Here, out of the many stories of many varieties of Oxford Clerks which were offered for choice, I have taken for my clew that of the peculiar local product, styled, in the *Canterbury Tales*, by excellence "the Clerk of Oxenford";—a clew which first fully revealing itself in Chaucer's poem, and reappearing at intervals in mediæval manuals of wit and humour, in character-sketches such as those of Overbury, Earle, and Saltonstall, and in the essays of Steele and Addison, Amherst and Johnson, runs on unbroken through more modern works of fiction. Immortal himself, "the Clerk" supplies a link where-

with to connect together the short-lived generations of Oxford. Such having been my choice, little mention will be made here of the character, with whose sayings and doings Fiction, when dealing with academical life, has chiefly concerned itself, namely, "the Young Gentleman at an University";—the youth known in the seventeenth century as the "Rascal-Jack" or "Tarrarag," in the eighteenth as the "Slicer" or "Man of Fire," and described in our own times by Mark Pattison as the "Fast Young Man," or the "Ruffian of the Playground." This favourite actor must play but a minor part in the following pages, because the pursuit of social and athletic accomplishments, though followed doubtless with more success at Oxford than elsewhere, is after all but a common denominator of Youth throughout the World, whereas the object of this work is an examination of those endowments, which have been for centuries so peculiarly his own, as to entitle the "Clerk of Oxford" to a distinct Kingdom of Nature. He then is the single thread of interest which has guided me in the following selection of prose and verse. Thus the principal chapters contain portraits of the hero drawn at various dates by contemporary artists; and they are introduced by lines, the work of Oxford Hands, in which those didactic notes may be detected, "full of high sentence and sounding in moral virtue," which from Chaucer's day onward have formed the "Clerk" - motif, and have ever rendered that typical Oxonian a Man of Mark, not only among ignorant lay-folks, but also among lettered Scholars of other Seminaries of sound learning and religious education. In the minor chapters, the varying fortunes of the University, during some six centuries of its existence, are briefly narrated in verse,

most of which is contemporary with the events it describes: but from such excursions this work, composed in rondo-form, invariably returns to its principal theme, that the reader may note how powerless have been success and adversity, war, and religious and political persecutions, to vary the essential nature and property of the Oxford Clerk. Unchanged amid the changing scenes around him, he it is who gives a rounded and symmetrical form to the whole composition.

And, finally, it must be admitted, that, even when this work is regarded as a fragment, that fragment is itself fragmentary; for so great is the mass of material which is relevant to it, that it is impossible to set it all out fully here. I have therefore quoted only what seemed to me to be the less obvious and common part thereof; and even then I have found it necessary to abridge some of the selected documents, for otherwise it had been difficult to bring so great vessels into so small a creek.





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# THE CLERK OF OXFORD IN FICTION

## CHAPTER I

### CLERKS OF OXFORD IN FICTION, *CIRCA* 1400 A.D.

“Talis Universitas est Oxoniensis,  
Qualis Sol fulgoribus radians immensis;  
Iste Mundi splendor est—Illa lux Anglorum—  
Super bonos malosque lucet lux amborum.”

ANON., *circa* 1400 A.D.

“‘Omnis amor clerici, amor clerici!’  
Scribitur Oxoniae ad ostium studii:  
Si amorem clerici habere nequiam  
Osculabor ostium et cito fugiam.

‘Al clerkyn love, clerkyn love!’  
Ys ywyr at Oxinfort on ye scolow’s door;  
Yf clerkyn love have y ne may,  
I may kyss ye scoldor, and farin my way.”

MS. of the 14th century, in the Library  
of the Corporation of Leicester.  
*Retrospective Review*, N.S., vol. i. 419

**A**MONG the genre portraits drawn by Chaucer in the *Book of the Tales of Canterbury*, appear the earliest sketches of the mediæval Oxonian.

Of these, the most finished is that of “the Clerk of Oxenford,” one of the dramatis personæ of the *Tales*, and the representative of the University in that “com-

## 2 THE CLERK OF OXFORD IN FICTION

pany of sundry folks" which made the famous pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas:—

A Clerk ther was of Oxenford also,  
 That unto logik hadde longe y-go.<sup>1</sup>  
 As lene was his hors as is a rake,  
 And he nas nat right fat, I undertake;  
 But loked holwe, and ther-to soberly.  
 Ful thredbar was his overest courtepy;<sup>2</sup>  
 For he had geten him yet no benefyce,  
 Ne was so worldly for to have offyce.  
 For him was lever have at his beddes heed<sup>3</sup>  
 Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed,  
 Of Aristotle and his philosophye,  
 Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sautrye.<sup>4</sup>  
 But al be that he was a philosophre,  
 Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre;  
 But al that he mighte of his freendes hente,  
 On bokes and on lerninge he it spente,  
 And bisily gan for the soules preye  
 Of hem that yaf him wher-with to scoleye.<sup>5</sup>  
 Of studie took he most cure and most hede.  
 Noght o word spak he more than was nede,  
 And that was seyde in forme and reverence,  
 And short and quik and ful of hy sentence.  
 Souninge in moral vertu<sup>6</sup> was his speche,  
 And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

Contrasted with the Clerk of Oxenford is "hende Nicholas," the hero of the *Miller's Tale*:—

Whylom ther was dwellinge at Oxenford  
 A riche gnof, that gestes heeld to bord,<sup>7</sup>  
 And of his craft he was a carpenter,  
 With him ther was dwellinge a povre scoler,

<sup>1</sup> Y-go—betaken himself.      <sup>2</sup> Overest courtepy—uppermost short-coat.

<sup>3</sup> "He would rather have at his bed's head."

<sup>4</sup> Fithele—fiddle; sautrye—psaltery.

<sup>5</sup> "He prayed for those who paid his school expenses."

<sup>6</sup> Conducing to moral virtue, etc.      <sup>7</sup> A rich churl, who took in lodgers.



THE CLERK OF OXFORD

FROM THE ELLESMERE MS. OF THE CANTERBURY TALES





Had lerned art, but al his fantasye  
 Was turned for to lerne astrologye;  
 And coude a certeyn of conclusiouns  
 To demen by interrogaciouns,  
 If that men axed him in certein houres,  
 Whan that men sholde have droghte or elles shoures,  
 Or if men axed him what sholde bifalle  
 Of everything, I may nat rekene hem alle.<sup>1</sup>

This clerk was cleped hende Nicholas,<sup>2</sup>  
 Of derne love he coude, and of solas;<sup>3</sup>  
 And ther-to was he sleigh and ful privee,  
 And lyk a mayden meke for to see.  
 A chambre hadde he in that hostelrye,  
 Allone, withouten any companye,  
 Ful fetishly y-dight with herbes swote;  
 And he himself as swete as is the rote  
 Of licorys or any cetewale;  
 His Almageste and bokes grete and smale,  
 His astrelabie, longinge for his art,  
 His augrim-stones layen faire apart,<sup>4</sup>  
 On shelves couched at his beddes heed;  
 His presse y-covered with a falding reed;<sup>5</sup>  
 And al above ther lay a gay sautrye,  
 On which he made a nightes melodye,  
 So swetely, that al the chambre rong;  
 And "Angelus ad Virginem" he song;<sup>6</sup>  
 And after that he song the kinges note;  
 Ful often blessed was his mery throte.  
 And thus this swete clerk his tyme spente  
 After his freendes finding and his rente.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> He knew a selection of problems, wherewith to decide questions as to coming weather, and other future events.

<sup>2</sup> Hende—courteous.

<sup>3</sup> Derne—secret.

<sup>4</sup> Almageste—an astronomical treatise; astrelabie, an astronomical instrument; augrim-stones, counters for calculation.

<sup>5</sup> Falding reed—a red cloth.

<sup>6</sup> For this hymn, see Appendix to Chapter I.

<sup>7</sup> According to the money provided by his friends and his own income. See Chaucer's Works, ed. by W. W. Skeat.

#### 4 THE CLERK OF OXFORD IN FICTION

This Carpenter had wedded newe a wyf,  
Which that he lovede more than his lyf;  
Of eightetene yeer she was of age;  
Jalous he was, and heeld hir narwe in cage;  
For she was wilde and yong, and he was old,  
And demed himself ben lyk a cokewold, etc.

A third sketch is that of "joly Jankin, sometyme clerk of Oxenford," and fifth husband of the Wife of Bath.

Oxford Society at the close of the fourteenth century, with its fusion or confusion of nations and classes, furnished the student of human nature with a boundless field for observation. To the University which had produced a succession of Schoolmen such as Bacon and the "subtle" Scotus, Burley the "perspicuous" and Bradwardine the "profound," the "invincible" Ockham, and other "resolute," "irrefragable," and "solid" Doctors, came scholars, not only from England, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, but also from France and Italy, Sweden, Bohemia, and Poland, and rendered it for a time the most famous of the seats of learning, nay, rather a little world in itself. Its schools attracted old and young; regular and secular; all sorts and conditions of men, from children of small tradesmen, artisans, and even villeins, up through many intervening grades, to sons of noblemen and lords of parliament. High and low, rich and poor, there met together: and before the century closed, there could have been seen, living among the needy Fellows of Queen's College, the "eleemosynary boys," the impotent folks who fed in the hall, and the indigent poor who received the statutory pea-soup at the gate of the College, a youth destined to be the greatest of English kings, "triumphator Galliae, hostium victor et sui, Henricus quintus, hujus Collegii et cubiculi, minuti scilicet, olim magnus incola."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Inscription under Henry's portrait at Queen's College. This foundation claims Edward the Black Prince also as an alumnus; and it would

Many-coloured was life in the mediæval University. Although no School for Saints, it was here, nevertheless, that St. Edmund of Abingdon wedded the image of Our Lady with a ring, and vowed to cleave in spousehood to Her alone all his life long. Here, too, in his undergraduate days, St. Richard of Wych resigned to his brother a landed estate, and a maiden to whom he was betrothed; and though the local

appear that Crecy as well as Agincourt was won in the playing fields of Oxford.

See *Poem on Queen Caroline rebuilding the lodgings of the Black Prince and Henry V at Queen's College*, Thomas Tickell (1733):—

“Where bold and graceful soars, secure of fame,  
The pile now worthy great Philippa's name,  
Mark that old ruin, Gothic and uncouth,  
Where the Black Edward passed his beardless youth,  
And the fifth Henry for his first renown  
Outstripped each rival in a student's gown.  
In that coarse age were Princes found to dwell  
With meagre monks and haunt the silent cell:  
Sent from the Monarch's to the Muse's Court,  
Their meals were frugal, and their sleeps were short;  
To couch at curfew-time they thought no scorn,  
And froze at Matins every winter morn;  
They read, an early book, the starry frame,  
And lisped each constellation by its name;  
Art after art still dawning to their view,  
And their mind opening as their stature grew.  
Yet whose ripe manhood spread our fame so far,  
Sages in peace and demigods in war!  
Who stern in fight made echoing Cressi ring,  
And mild in conquest, served his captive king?  
Who gained at Agincourt the victor's bays,  
Nor took himself, but gave good Heaven, the praise  
Thy nurselings, ancient dome,” etc.

See also *Triumph of Isis*, Thomas Warton (1749):—

“Not all the toils of thoughtful peace engage;  
'Tis thine to form the hero and the sage.  
I see the sable-suited prince advance,  
With lilies crowned, the spoils of bleeding France  
Edward—The Muses in yon hallowed shade  
Bound on his tender thigh the martial blade,  
Bade him the steel for British freedom draw,  
And Oxford taught the deeds that Cressi saw.”

## 6 THE CLERK OF OXFORD IN FICTION

school of dancing was remarkable for energy and variety, eschewed such frivolous amusement, that he might devote himself to the more congenial pursuit of logic.<sup>1</sup> And if, after the death of St. Thomas Cantelupe (1282), Oxonians no longer

Strove to wind themselves too high,  
For sinful man beneath the sky,

there were still, doubtless, in Chaucer's day, many who led the retired and blameless existence mapped out for the docile in College Statutes. On the other hand, there were men whose exceptionally high spirits or extraordinarily low morals constantly stimulated the growth of the University police system; leaders in the battles between the Nations, Northern, Southern, Welsh, and Irish, into which the Clerks were divided, and in the physical encounters between Town and Gown; promoters of feuds between Masters and Students, Faculty and Faculty, and the disciples of rival Schoolmen; scholar-poachers and scholar-highwaymen; rakehells, haunters of taverns and brothels. Again, love of life and adventure, and the pleasures of society, led as many to the crowded city,

<sup>1</sup> *Acta Sanctorum* (April 1), vol. x. 278: "Ricardus autem dixit fratri suo, 'Non, carissime frater, non propter hoc turbetur cor tuum, nam adeo curialis ut fuisti erga me, ero et erga te. Ecce restituo tibi terram et chartam, sed et puellam, si sibi et amicis suis placuerit, nunquam enim os ipsius deosculatus sum.' Confestim igitur Ricardus reliquit tam terram quam puellam, et ad Studium Universitatis Oxoniae . . . se transtulit, ubi Logicam addidicit." Oxford dancing was already of repute in Chaucer's day. The poet writes of Absolon, the parish-clerk, in the *Miller's Tale*,

"In twenty manere coude he trippe and dance,  
After the scole of Oxenforde tho,  
And with his legges casten to and fro."

St. Richard's views appear, however, to have been extreme: "Juenis choreas, tripudia," (Square dances as well as round?) "et vana consimilium spectaculorum genera sic detestando fugiebat, ut nec blanditiis nec coetaneorum suasionem contra naturam aetatis ad ea flecti posset vel induci."

as did zeal for knowledge. If some stole what they could from their famishing stomachs and half-covered bodies in order to buy books, others neglected study for the care of food and dress, and would "boosen their breasts, and pinch their bellies, to make them small waists; and strain their hosen to shew their strong legs; seeming to challenge God of gifts he had given them, and to amend him in his craft as if he failed therein." "Sunt pueri pueri, vivunt pueriliter illi," remarks the author of a mediæval *Pilgrim's Scrip*; and, again, "Per pisces et aves multi periere scolares"; while in a third passage, laying aside his frosty beard and other philosophical shew, and speaking so familiarly that the most wild and haggard heads must needs listen to the wholesome warning, he notes under the heading "Juventus," "Alea, Bacchus, Amor mulierum, reddit egenum; Nunquam qui sequitur hæc tria, dives erit:"<sup>1</sup> and, sure enough, among the lusty youth of Oxford were to be found slaves of dice, draughts, and the "inordinate" game of chess; patrons of the jovial supper; and alas! many of whom it was said, that they might have been made scholars, could they but have learned to decline "mulier": sportsmen, too, "who gave the bread of the children of men to hawks and hounds": in short, followers of all those various distractions from study, against which a succession of College-founders pronounced anathema. Even in the crowded lecture-room, the enthusiast of the time, who had crossed land and sea to be initiated into the mysteries of knowledge, might yet find himself in a minority. The thyrsus-bearers were indeed many, but the inspired few: and by the side of laborious and life-long soldiers of wisdom stood those who "offered but the fuming must of their youthful intellects to philosophy, reserving the clearer wine for the money-

<sup>1</sup> "Carminum proverbialium, totius humane vite statum breviter delineantium, necnon utilem de moribus doctrinam jucunde proponentium, loci communes in gratiam juventutis selecti."

making business of life," and favourites of fortune, who, "helped by the influence of great men, were permitted to proceed, like goats, by leaps and bounds, over the academical course";<sup>1</sup> while if the University could boast sons of genius, whose application and achievements seemed to the common scantling of the day nothing less than superhuman, she numbered also, among her children, many of whom it was written,

Oxoniam multi veniunt, redeunt quoque, stulti.

In studying such a Society, an artist might well have been led to select violently contrasting types of men and manners, and "to cover his canvas with sanguine paint-splashes"; and the temptation to do so has in fact proved too strong for most of those who have left fancy pictures of University life during this period. Thus all the wisdom of "a great clerk Grosseteste" or an "admirable Doctor Bacon," of whom

We read how busy that he was  
Upon clergy an Head of Brass  
To forge, and make it for to tell  
Of such things as befell;

and all the seven years' labour that he laboured, are brought to confusion by the half minute's "lachesse" of some supernaturally simple and careless scholar-servant.<sup>2</sup> St. Edmund of Abingdon, clothed in his

<sup>1</sup> See Richard de Bury, *Philobiblon*, chap. ix. 148, 152 (1345 A.D.).

<sup>2</sup> It would seem that to Grosseteste, rather than to Bacon, belongs the credit of having invented those philosophizing Brazen-heads, for the fabrication of which the Oxford of fiction became a great centre during the Middle Ages (Gower, *Confessio Amantis*, iv. 234; and Richard of Bardney, *de Vita Rob. Grosthed*, cap. xx., in Wharton's *Anglia Sacra*, vol. ii.): and, moreover, while the few sentences which Bacon's "Head" uttered before its premature dissolution, were of no great philosophical value, Grosseteste's masterpiece appears to have been endowed with the genuine "Oxford Manner," and, in the public lectures which it delivered on Saturdays, to have "corrected errors, and to have readily solved all the great problems of humanity"; as Bardney puts it,

"Tempore Saturni loquitur Saturnia proles;  
Corrigit errores, consulit in dubiis."

customary suits of stiff and knotted horsehair, preaches the Crusade to a congregation of well-dressed Oxonians in All Saints' Churchyard. The Devil sends "weather dark and grisly" to break up this open-air service;—

"Grisliker" weather than it was, might not on earth  
be;

And folks, for dread of their clothes, fast go to  
flee;

the Confessor, himself unmoved, prays Heaven for protection against the coming tempest; and with such success, that, whereas on the north side of the High Street where he stands, "not a drop of rain falls to disturb a man's mood," on the south side the storm bursts like a great flood, overwhelming those who, in fear for their raiment, have deserted the preacher:—Faith and Austerity keep dry and clean; Vanity and Faithlessness are "well washed and wet to the skin."<sup>1</sup> And then there are the two portraits which Richard de Bury has left us in the *Philobiblon* (1345 A.D.); the one of himself as a refined bibliomaniac, the other, in contrast therewith, of one of those young Oxford Philistines to whom he was about to hand over the delicate treasures of his library. "You may see," he writes of the latter, "some headstrong youth lazily lounging over his book. His nails are black as jet, and with them he marks any passage that pleases him. He inserts a multitude of straws in different places, so that the halm may remind him of what his memory cannot retain; . . . and when spring-time

This art of shaping the most rough and lifeless material into Mercuries, and of inspiring them with vitality and wit, had been brought to perfection by Chaucer's time in the Oxford Schools; see Chaucer's *House of Fame*, iii. 175; and the story of the Oxford "Head" which prophesied the dethronement and death of Richard II, in Anthony Wood's *Annals* under the year 1388, and Knighton's *Chron. Angliae*, v.

<sup>1</sup> *Metrical Life of St. Edmund the Confessor*, edited from Laud MS. 108 (1295-1305 A.D.) by Carl Horstmann for the *Early South English Legendary* (Early English Text Society).

comes, the volume will be stuffed to its great injury with primroses, violets, and quatrefoil. He does not fear to eat fruit and cheese over the open pages, or carelessly to carry a cup to and from his mouth; and because he has no wallet at hand, he drops into books the fragments that are left. Continually chattering, he is never weary of disputing with his companions, and while he alleges a crowd of senseless arguments, he wets the book, lying half open in his lap, with sputtering showers. Aye, and then hastily folding his arms, he leans forward upon it, and by a brief spell of study, provokes a prolonged nap; and then by way of mending the wrinkles, he folds back the leaves to their no small hurt. Whenever he finds an extra margin about the text, he will write thereon any frivolity that strikes his fancy, or will cut it away to use as material for letters; and he is shameless enough to employ the leaves from the ends, inserted for the protection of the book, for various uses and abuses," etc. When, however, Chaucer's studies of the Oxford Clerk are examined, it is seen that his art is more subtle than that of his brother-writers. He does not secure his effect by thus forcing extremes to meet; nor is there anything of the caricature about his portraits of "joly Jankin," "hende Nicholas," and "the Clerk of Oxenford." Their circumstances are comfortable. They all own books in days when books were rare and of great price. Nicholas has also a set of astronomical instruments; and rents a private chamber, when poorer men were content to live, three or four together, in one room. The Clerk is the proud possessor of a horse, although a lean one, and rides to Canterbury instead of making pilgrimage on foot. Nor are they remarkable for great virtue or great vice. Their position, indeed, in mediæval Oxford, as far as regards morals, must have corresponded closely to that occupied, in comparatively recent days, at Worcester College by "the Smilers," men of moderate



tastes and habits, who were placed in hall at a table between that of "the Saints" or serious men, and the table of the fast and festive set known as "the Sinners." Jankin is perhaps a prig; but the Clerk and Nicholas represent respectively life grave and life gay, as lived by average undergraduates in a mediæval University, before Colleges were numerous, and "shades of the prison-house had closed upon the growing boy." In *The Prologue, and the Tale of Beryn*, an attempt made by an anonymous author, in the early part of the fifteenth century, to continue the *Canterbury Tales*, the "Clerk of Oxenforth" takes the broad view that "in order to guard against error, it is commendable to have a very knowledge of things reprovably"; and Chaucer's Nicholas carries on an intrigue with his landlord's wife, which is accompanied by many humorous but coarse incidents. In short, their behaviour testifies to the accuracy of Dr. Jowett's conjecture, "that the people of the Middle Ages were probably very like ourselves, only dirtier in their habits."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Dr. Benjamin Jowett*, by Dr. Evelyn Abbott and Dr. Lewis Campbell, ii. 147. Comp. also an early sketch of English scholars at the University of Paris, drawn by "Dan Burnel, the Assé" in Nigél's *Speculum Stultorum*, A.D. 1180.

"Inde scholas adiens, secum deliberat utrum  
 Expediant potius ista vel ista sibi.  
 Et quia subtiles sensu considerat Anglos,  
 Pluribus ex causis se sociavit eis.  
 Moribus egregii, verbo vultuque venusti,  
 Ingenio pollent, consilioque vigent.  
 Dona pluunt populis, et detestantur avaris;  
 Fercula multiplicant, et sine lege bibunt:  
 'Wessayl' et 'drinckhayl,' necnon persona secunda,  
 Haec tria sunt vitia quae comitantur eos.  
 His tribus exceptis, nihil est quod in his reprehendas;  
 Haec tria si tollas, coetera cuncta placent."

*Anglo-Latin Satirical Poets (Rolls Series)*

"Then sage Burnel considered well, with due deliberation,  
 What faculty his choice should be, what sect or class or nation;  
 But chiefly then the Englishmen were praised for wit and cunning,  
 For pregnant parts and generous hearts, all mean behaviour shunning.

These average men Chaucer then proceeded to invest with certain qualities and peculiarities, of which, while some were specially typical of the Oxford of his day, others were already, and still are, characteristic of members of that University. For the pilgrimage to Canterbury at the close of the fourteenth century was not the first occasion on which "the Clerk of Oxenford" had represented Oxford among various estates of men. As early as the year 1197, when the Schools had but lately risen to the dignity of a Studium Generale, his quiet demeanour, fastidiousness on the score of language, and zeal to receive and impart instruction, had already attracted the notice of strangers, and made the city remarkable as one "wherein abounded men of discretion, skilled in mystic eloquence, weighing the words of the law, bringing forth from their treasures, to him that asketh, things both new and old."<sup>1</sup> He figured again at the reception of Boniface of Savoy in 1252, when Oxonians, "by their courtesy, dignity of bearing, style of dress, and gravity of manners," so impressed the Provençal clerks who accompanied the Archbishop, that they were fain to recognise Oxford as a worthy rival of Paris.<sup>2</sup> Rendered immortal by Chaucer, he has lived on unchanged, with the same striking peculiarities now

Much he approved the rule they loved, whose prudent care had striven  
To cheer with wine the discipline that drier souls had given.

Three sins alone these gallants own, though these are black and  
heinous;

They seek relief in good roast beef, from Scotus and Aquinas;

With merry souls they drain their bowls; and then, when each is  
mellow,

With lighter head each seeks his bed to play with his bedfellow.

And pity 'tis they sin in these, for sages wise declare to us,

From sins but three had they been free, their lives had been more  
virtuous."

THOMAS WRIGHT, *England in the Middle Ages*

<sup>1</sup> Letter of Senatus, Prior of Worcester, to the Prior of Osney, quoted in *Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages*, II. ii. 348, by Hastings Rashdall.

<sup>2</sup> Matt. Paris, *Chronica Majora*, v. 353 (Rolls Series).

fairly represented, now exaggerated in caricature, by writers of successive ages. Changes in the conditions of life at Oxford, such as the gradual contraction of the University from a cosmopolitan to an insular, and from a democratic to an aristocratic society, and the decay of the "unattached," and the growth of the collegiate, system of residence, have brought about the extinction of many old, and the formation of many new, varieties of men; but in the specific character of this general ancestor of both old and new, they have effected no material modification. Five centuries have not weakened the pulse of life in the "Clerk of Oxenford." Unsuperseded as yet by any of the divergent modern varieties, differing from him, though they do, so widely in bodily and cerebral development, this aboriginal stock still predominates in the Oxford of to-day, over athletes by flood and field; over politicians; and men of fashion:—the rock pigeon among tumblers, carriers, and runts, those birds of great size and massive feet; trumpeters; jacobins and fantails.

At the same time, the Clerk and his companions distinctly belong to fourteenth-century Oxford.

When Chaucer was composing the *Tales* (1386-1400), Wycliffe, the last of the great Schoolmen, was but lately dead, and the fame of the University still stood very high. In her, indeed, the intellectual life of England was focused. While the Schools of Cambridge had yet to make themselves a name, and while with the "arundiferous Cam" there was associated as yet in the minds of men a reputation for eels rather than for education,<sup>1</sup> the country, for two centuries past, had looked to "the hallowed bank of Isis' goodly flood"<sup>2</sup> for a never-failing supply of persons well-qualified to serve both in Church and State, "to resist heretics by their sapience, and to comfort and counsel

<sup>1</sup> J. Thorold Rogers, *Six Centuries of Work and Wages*, p. 105.

<sup>2</sup> Drayton, *Polyolbion*, 11th Song, 399.

the king by their teaching and witty discipline.”<sup>1</sup> So long and so complete had been this dependence, that historians, unable to account satisfactorily for the steady march of civilization in the past, except by ascribing the initiation and direction of such progress to Oxford, drew the natural conclusion that the foundation of the University must have followed very closely upon the discovery of the British Isles. Vague guesses, with which, in the absence of reliable evidence, modern writers must perforce be content, such as “that the history of Oxford began in the year 912, when, according to the *Saxon Chronicle*, Eadward the Elder took possession of the place,” “that the name was acquired by the classic ford, because at that spot oxen very frequently passed over the river,” and “that the University probably owed its origin to a migration of Masters and Scholars from France in or about the year 1167,” would not only have failed to satisfy the scientific curiosity of their mediæval predecessors, but would have seemed to them wholly unworthy of a City “which was A. per se,” and of a University, to which, as Richard de Bury writes, “the Palladium had been recently transferred from Paris.” Barriers in the path of sober research but provided them with an excuse to soar into the region of imagination and conjecture, and to seek there more worthy genealogies. Thence they fetched that simple and poetic etymology, which finds in the place-name Oxford the words of encouragement addressed either by Europa to her bovine abductor, or by the virgin Frideswyde to her milk-white steed.<sup>2</sup> Thence came the myths of the

<sup>1</sup> *Chronicle of John Hardyng*, chap. 110.

<sup>2</sup> In *Oxoniensis Academia* (John Pointer, 1749), in a description of the Conduit which was set up at Carfax by Otho Nicholson in 1610 (removed to Nuneham Park 1787), appears the following explanation of the open work thereon, consisting of the capital letters O, N. (*i.e.* the initials of the founder's names), and of the figure of a lady riding on an ox over a ford (said to be the figure of Queen Maud, sister to the Emperor):—“Under all, just over the cistern, is the brazen figure of Europa daughter

foundation of the city, at the very dawn of civilization, by Mempricius, the contemporary of Homer and the prophet Samuel, and of the University by philosophers who accompanied the Trojan Brutus to Albion. Thence came those tales which formed the creed of all loyal Oxonians through the Middle Ages; but which, within the last thirty years, modern historians, "slitting the thin-spun lives" of the kings and heroes, scholars, saints, and virgins, which were worked into it, have finally condemned "as an elaborate web of fiction woven at the close of the fourteenth century."<sup>1</sup>

But it was to excellence in the arts of war, no less than to excellence in those of peace, that Oxford owed her pre-eminence. In the "Historiola," inscribed about the year 1375 in the Chancellor's book, she boasts herself to be "not only first in point of foundation of all the Studia then existing among the Latins, the most general in the number of sciences taught, and the most firm in the profession of Catholic Truth, but also the most distinguished for the number of her privileges";<sup>2</sup> and these privileges are the trophies of victories lately won over many and various foes, of Exercises by the performance of which her children have qualified themselves to rank as Graduates in the science of attack and defence, to be hailed Masters of Arms as well as of Arts.

of Agenor, King of Phoenicia, with whom Zeus being in love, transformed himself into a bull, and carried her away into this part of the world. She is represented riding upon an ox, and crying 'ON, ON!' Hence the town, according to tradition, was called 'Ox, on !-ford.'"

Anthony Wood, in his *City of Oxford* (Oxford Histor. Society) vol. II. 132, writes: "Before we go any further, we must insert an old tradition that goeth from father to son of our inhabitants. When Frideswyde had been so long absent from hence, she came from Binsey, triumphing with her virginity, into the City, mounted on a milk-white ox betokening innocency; and as she rode along the streets, she would forsooth be still speaking to her ox, 'Ox, forth!' 'Ox, forth!'; or, as 'tis related, 'Bos, Perge!' that is, 'Ox, go on!' or 'Ox, go on forth!' And hence they say that our City was thereafter called 'Ox-forth!' or 'Oxford.'"

<sup>1</sup> Hastings Rashdall, *Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages*, II. ii. 323.

<sup>2</sup> *Early History of Oxford* (Oxford Hist. Soc.), p. 10.

The story of the University's triumphs over Friars, Archdeacons of Oxford, and Bishops of Lincoln; over rival Schools at Stamford; over Jews; and, above all, over the Mayor and Commonalty of Oxford, belongs to the department of History: and has not the glorious record of them been written in the books of the chronicles of Anthony Wood! Here it will be sufficient to note that "the bands of half-starved students who towards the end of the twelfth century began to pour into the town," "the groups of shivering scholars huddled round a teacher as poor as themselves in porch and doorway," have now, after a strenuous youth, grown into a corporation which has made itself supreme within the walls of the city, and practically independent of control from without.

Such is Chaucer's Oxford;—

παντοπόρος, ἄπορος ἐπ' οὐδὲν ἔρχεται,

and in the resourcefulness of their art, Chaucer's Oxonians are no unworthy sons of a subtle mother. The poet puts Nicholas, Jankin, and "the Clerk," each of them in turn, to the trial, and, thanks to his liberal education, no one of them is found wanting;

σοφὸν τι τὸ μηχανόεν τέχνας ὑπὲρ ἔλπιδ' ἔχων,  
ποτὲ μὲν κακὸν, ἄλλοτ' ἐπ' ἐσθλὸν ἔρπει.

And, first, "hende Nicholas." "Opportunity is the Bay or Port of Fancy," writes Richard Brathwaite in his *Comment on the Miller's Tale*:<sup>1</sup> "Many storms and billows did this amorous student suffer; many rubs and oppositions did he encounter; before he was wafted to the long-expected harbour . . . To be short, as Fancy cannot endure to be long, on a day when the Carpenter is gone to Osenev, our youthful Boorder boords his amorous Hostess, and that so familiarly as it requires a curtain for the love of modesty. Passionate are his

<sup>1</sup> *A Comment upon two Tales of our Ancient Poet, Sir Jeffray Chaucer*, by R. B. (1665), edited for the Chaucer Society by C. F. E. Spurgeon.

Enter-breaths, intimate his Love, desperate his Life, if he may not enjoy that, without which he desires not any longer to live. But Alison seems relentless. Nothing daunted, however, by this repulse, Nicholas takes quite another course, and hopes to obtain by an easy parley what he cannot win by a violent assault. Nor is he frustrate of his hopes. Alison yields to his entreaties, and swears to be at his commandment, provided that opportunity prevent all occasion of her husband's jealousy. Her consent quickens Nicholas' conceit. Playing the part of a profound astronomer, he persuades the 'sely jealous' Carpenter, that it has been revealed to him in a trance, how all the world shall be overwhelmed by a deluge; and suggests, as a way of escape from the imminent danger, that they three should take refuge in three kneading-tubs, with hatchets to cut them down from the roof where they are to be tied, when the Flood has once entered. Accordingly, at the appointed time, Nicholas, Alison, and the Carpenter, climb into the troughs; and when the last-named has at length gone to sleep, the other two descend, and take amorous solace together below. Nicholas has a fine world on't. His Host is engaged; his Hostess in his arms embraced; and his rival Absolon, the amorous parish-clerk who serenades Alison, is dismissed with ignominy. Nor does his wit desert him in the hour of retribution. When, instead of harrowing the feelings of others, he himself is scarified; when the Carpenter, hearing his cries of pain, and thinking the deluge is come, cuts the ropes by which his tub is tied, and crashes to the ground; and the neighbours, great and small, rush in at the uproar; the Scholar is not disconcerted, but is ready with an explanation of the equivocal position. With more than frontless impudence, he avouches that it was the Carpenter's own distempered conceit which brought him to his misfortune; for, standing in awe of a second Noah's flood which out of his own brain-sick phantasy he had long imagined, he had

caused tubs to be hanged in the roof, and had prayed the Clerk and Alison to sit there with him for company. This the two had been forced to condescend to, neither being willing to incur his displeasure, nor cross the fury of his temper. So merry a relation changeth the common people's admiration into laughter. When the Carpenter vows and swears, they will not listen, but jeer him as a madman; and by their light credulity they vindicate the wantons from dishonour."

Nicholas' triumph was no great one; indeed, he himself admits,

A Clerk had litherly biset his while,  
But if he could a Carpenter beguile;

and it is pleasant to turn from this exhibition of a deplorable cunning in matters of secret and illicit love, to observe elsewhere the equally skilful handling by another Oxonian of difficulties which too often attend the honourable estate of matrimony. "Joly Jankin" was the fifth husband of the Wife of Bath;—

My fifth housbonde, God his soul blesse,  
Which that I took for love, and no richesse,  
He som-tyme was a Clerk of Oxenford,  
And had left scole, and went at hoom to bord.

During the lifetime of her fourth husband, the Wife, "bewitched" by the appearance and conversation of the Scholar, volunteered that, "should she ever be a widow, he should wed her"; and accordingly, within a month of her husband's funeral, the marriage was solemnized. As the Wife allows,

He was, I trowe, a twenty winters old,  
And I was fourty, if I shall seye sooth;

and this disparity of age, coupled with incompatibility of temper, soon threatened to wreck the happiness of the wedded pair. Jankin attempted to check his wife's inveterate habit of gossiping from house to house; but



she, "by nature a verray jangleresse," persisted in doing as she had done before. No sooner did he attempt to restrain her of her range, than she would have had him re-convey to her the lands and goods she had bestowed upon him at marriage. Her request met with a firm refusal;—as Brathwaite puts it, "though a meer Scholar, he was no such Gooselin." He plied her with lectures out of old Roman stories, and confirmed them with Holy Writ; but she valued these goodly precepts and proverbs "not worth the bloom of a hawthorn." He read aloud, whenever he had leisure, "a book of wikked wives," wherein were recorded the history and fate of Eve, Delilah, Clytemnestra, Xantippe, and other women famous or infamous. The Wife's patience was soon exhausted. One night, as he read, she suddenly tore three pages from the book, and struck him a blow on the cheek, so that he fell backward into the fire. Springing up "like a mad lion," he felled her to the ground. The crisis had come. The breach between husband and wife seemed irreparable. And yet, though Courts of Love, those tribunals of high authority which interpreted the regular code of amorous jurisprudence existing in this romantic age, had ruled, that, even under ordinary circumstances, "true love could not exist between married persons,"<sup>1</sup> the tact of Jankin, in the present peculiarly hopeless case, was such, that a reconciliation was effected, and the reunited pair lived ever after in affection and kindness, one towards the other. The Wife, it is true, in the concluding lines of her Prologue, attributes this happy consummation to the fact that her husband consented to burn the objectionable book, and "to give her the bridle in her hand" to have the governance of his house, land, and tongue: but the

<sup>1</sup> Eleanor of Provence presiding over a Court of Love, composed of the highest married ladies in Europe, examined and affirmed a judgment of Ermengarde, Countess of Narbonne, in the momentous words: "Dicimus et stabilito tenore firmamus, amorem non posse inter duos jugales suas extendere vires."

actual principle, by the adoption of which Jankin retained his wife's wayward affections so successfully, that, in the lengthy retrospect which she took of her life, he figured as the best beloved of her five husbands, appears in an earlier passage, and testifies to the profound knowledge of the "gaie science" possessed by this youthful Oxonian. Says the Wife,

Now of my fifthe housbond wol I telle;  
 God lete his soule never come in helle!  
 And yet was he to me the moste shrewe;  
 That fele I on my ribbes al by rewe,  
 And ever shal unto myn ending day—

And then she proceeds to give a reason why she is so charitable in her blessings towards him, who was so shrewd in his blows towards her. "True it is he gave me store of rib-roast, imagining belike I was of the nature of the wall-nut tree that must be cudgelled before it be fruitful: but though he gave me correction, he had another winning way to gain my affection:—

For thogh he hadde me bet on every boon,  
 He coude winne agayn my love anoon.  
 I trowe I loved him beste, for that he  
 Was of his love daungerous to me.  
 We wommen han, if that I shal nat lye,  
 In this matere a queynte fantasye;  
 Wayte what thing we may nat lightly have,  
 Ther-after wol we crye al-day and crave.  
 Forbede us thing, and that desyren we;  
 Prees on us faste, and than wol we flee."

Excellent in wisdom, Jankin had realized that the way to win women is seemingly to wean the affections from them. Proffered ware, be it ever so precious, is disvalued by them; far-fetched and dear-bought is good. He was therefore sparing and nice in his love. He caused his wife now and then to bite o' th' bridle

and to fast, that her stomach might become stronger for the next feast:—

Follow women—they will fly you:  
Fly but women—they'll draw nigh you:  
If you would a woman prove,  
Seem to love not, when you love.

And, last, "the Clerk of Oxenford." It was the season of the year, just entering into May, when Chaucer's daisies spring. "Small fowls" were singing,

The thrustelis and the thrusshis in the glad morning,  
The ruddok and the goldfinch:—

Tubal himself, the first musician, with key of harmony, could not unlock so sweet a tune. In the brooks, trout were beginning to leap; and the salmon had left the sea, to take his pastime in fresh waters. Turtles sat billing among the little green boughs, and bees began to go abroad for honey. In the fresh grass "prymerosis" and many another flower were newly blowing, to comfort the eye, and to make glad the heart of Man. Nature, indeed, was mindful of all her children, many though they were: and now, at her call, this greatest of her great wonders, the Oxford Clerk, bidding farewell to his books for a season, plunged forthwith into the unwonted dissipation of a pilgrimage to Canterbury.<sup>1</sup> He found himself among "new men, strange faces, other minds." He was rallied by the genial host of the

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, Prologue:—

"And, as for me, though that my wit be lyte,  
On bokes for to rede I me delyte,  
And in myn herte have hem in reverence,  
And to hem yeve swich lust and swich credence,  
That there is wel unethe game noon,  
That from my bokes make me to goon:  
But hit be other upon a haly-day,  
Or elles in the joly time of May;  
When that I here the smale foules singe,  
And that the floures ginne for to springe,  
Farwel my studie, as lasting that sesoun!"

Tabard Inn for his silence and "shamfastnesse," and when the time came for him to tell a tale, he was entreated not to speak above the heads of his audience:—

"Sir clerk of Oxenford," our hoste sayde,  
 "Ye ryde as coy and stille as dooth a mayde,  
 Were newe spoused, sitting at the bord;<sup>1</sup>  
 This day ne herde I of your tonge a word.  
 I trowe ye studie aboute som sophyme,  
 But Salomon seith, 'every thing hath tyme.'  
 For goddes sake, as beth of bettre chere,  
 It is no tyme for to studien here.  
 Telle us som mery tale, by your fey;  
 For what man that is entred in a pley,  
 He needes moot unto the pley assente.  
 But precheth nat, as freres doon in Lente,  
 To make us for our olde sinnes wepe,  
 Ne that thy tale make us nat to slepe.  
 Telle us som mery thing of aventures;—  
 Your termes, your colours, and your figures,  
 Kepe hem in stoor, til so be ye endyte  
 Heigh style, as when that men to kinges wryte.  
 Speketh so pleynt at this tyme, I yow preye,  
 That we may understonde what ye seye."

Such fears were groundless. The Clerk acquitted himself with complete success. He told the story of Grisildis, which he had learned at Padua from Petrarch; but while, with the superior taste of an Oxonian, he omitted the Italian's long and "impertinent proheme," he added to the tale an "envoy" all his own, wherein, with that didactic tone which has

<sup>1</sup> The Clerk's deportment was strictly correct. Chaucer had probably in his mind here, the following passage from a Commentary upon Boethius' *Disciplina Scholastica*, written by William of Wheatley, who flourished at Oxford about 1300 A.D. (MS. Exeter College):—"The scholar who has assumed, or is about to assume, a name of so great reverence as that of Master of Arts, ought to be so chaste and modest in word, look, and action, that he may resemble a virgin newly-espoused" ("gestu perinde ac verbis virginem viro recens nuptam referens").

ever been the keynote of the Oxford Manner, he pronounced the age of masterful Walters and patient Grisilds to be passed away, and that of Men and Supermen to be at hand; and "in words of high sentence" prepared all wedded men for the temper, the manners, and the policy of the New Woman, or "Archewyfe," of the day. And the story won greater praise than did any other of the series:—

This worthy Clerk, whan ended was his tale,  
 Our hoste seyde, and swoor by goddes bones,  
 "Me were lever than a barel ale  
 My wyf at hoom had herd this legende ones;  
 This is a gentil tale for the nones;  
 As to my purpos, wiste ye my wille;  
 But thing that wol nat be, lat it be stille."<sup>1</sup>

In the *Prologue, and the Tale of Beryn*, the Clerk's triumph is complete. There it is told how his philosophical and logical training enabled him to act readily and correctly in a difficulty which threatened to break up the good fellowship of the Canterbury Pilgrims. The "Sompnour" had blamed the Friar for disclosing too intimate an acquaintance with vicious habits, and had vowed vengeance on him for telling a tale of a false "Sompnour":—

So cursed a tale he told of me, the devill of helle  
 him spede  
 And me, but yf I pay him wele, and quyte wele  
 his mede.

But "the Clerk" interposed:—

The Clerk that was of Oxenforth unto the Somp-  
 nour seyde,  
 "Me semeth of grete clerge that thow art a mayde;  
 For thou putttest on the Frere, in maner of repreff,

<sup>1</sup> Original but rejected end-link to the *Clerk's Tale*. See Chaucer's *Complete Works*, ed. by W. W. Skeat, vol. iv. 424, vol. v. 351.

That he knoweth falshede, vice, and eke a theff,  
 And I it hold vertuose and right commendabill,  
 To have a very knowlech of things reprovabill,  
 For whoso may eschew it and let it pas by;  
 Or els he myght fall theron unward and sodenly.  
 For thoughe the Frere told a tale of a Sompnore,  
 Thow oughtist for to take it for no dishonore;  
 For of al craftis and of eche degre,  
 They be nat al perfite, but som nyce be."

It was, indeed, no mere boast of Richard de Bury that "Paris spent furtive vigils in the vain attempt to emulate the subtlety of Oxford"; for to "Mater Oxonia," as to an Oracle, all questions might be submitted for solution, whether questions of the Faith, as to which Wycliffe said "suche doutes we shulden sende to the scole of Oxenforde," or such mundane "aenigmata" as the right and proper ways to tame a Shrew or to maintain peace in a company of Pilgrims.<sup>1</sup> An excellent spirit and knowledge and understanding were found in the "Clerk of Oxenforth," the shewer of hard sentences and dissolver of doubts. And the tribute paid to his wisdom was all the greater, because it was rendered by the Knight; for in those days when a poor but ambitious youth found but two avenues for advancement open to him, those of Arms and of Learning, and when he must have hazarded his fortunes on either the "Rouge" or the "Noir," considerable jealousy existed between the two professions. "Cedant Arma Togae!" was an admission rarely to be found on a warrior's lips: and such a generous recognition by a Soldier of the practical value of a Scholar's education, as that which was made by the "verray parfit gentil knight," is probably unique:—

"Lo! what is worthy," seyde the knight, "for to be a Clerk!

<sup>1</sup> Richard de Bury, *Philobiblon*, chap. ix. sec. 146; *Select English Works of Wycliffe*, ed. by Thomas Arnold, i. 93.

To sommon among us then this mocioune was ful derke.

I comend his wittis and eke his clerge,  
For of either part he saveth honeste."

## APPENDIX TO CHAPTER I

## THE HYMN OF CHAUCER'S OXFORD CLERK

Angelus ad Virginem  
subintrans in conclave,  
Virginis formidinem  
demulcens inquit, "Ave!  
Ave, regina Virginum!  
Celi terraeque dominum  
Concipies  
et paries  
intacta,  
Salutem hominum,  
tu, porta celi facta,  
Medela criminum."

"Quomodo conciperem  
que virum non cognovi?  
Qualiter infringerem  
quod firma mente novi?"  
"Spiritus sancti gratia  
perficiet haec omnia.  
Ne timeas,  
sed gaudeas  
secura;  
quod castimonia  
manebit in te pura  
dei potentia."

Ad hec Virgo nobilis  
respondens inquit ei,  
"Ancilla sum humilis  
omnipotentis dei;  
tibi celesti nuncio  
tanti secreti conscio  
consentiam;  
et cupiens  
videre  
factum quod audio,  
parata sum parere  
dei consilio."

Gabriel fram evene king  
Sent to ye maiden swete,  
Broute hire blisful tiding,  
And faire he gan hire grete;  
"Heil be thu, ful of grace arith!  
for gode's sone this evene lith  
so for mannes louen  
wile man bicomen,  
and taken  
fles of ye maiden brith,  
manken fre for to maken  
of senne and deules mith."

Mildeliche im gan andsweren  
ye milde maiden thanne;  
"Wiche wise sold ichs beren  
child with-huten manne?"  
Th' angle seide, "ne dred te nout!  
Thurw th' oligast sal ben iwrount  
this ilche thing,  
warof tiding  
ichs bringe:  
al manken weth ibout  
thur thi swete chiltinge,  
and hut of pine ibrount."

Wan ye maiden understud  
And y' angle's wordes herde,  
Mildeliche with milde mud  
to y' angle shie andswerde;  
"Hure lordes henmaiden, iwis,  
ics am, yat her abouen is;  
aneftis me  
fulfurthed be  
thi sawe,  
that ics, sithen his wil is,  
maiden with-huten lawe  
of moder hauen ye blis."

Angelus disparuit ;  
 Et statim puellaris  
 Uterus intumuit  
 vi partus salutaris,  
 quo circumdatur utero  
 novem mensium numero ;  
 post exiit,  
 et iniit  
 conflictum,  
 affigens humero  
 crucem qui dedit ictum  
 soli mortifero.

Eya mater domini !  
 que pacem reddidisti  
 Angelis et homini  
 cum Christum genuisti.  
 Tuum exora filium  
 Ut se nobis propitium  
 exhibeat,  
 et deleat  
 peccata,  
 prestans auxilium  
 vita frui beata  
 post hoc exsilium.

Ye angle went awei mid than,  
 al hut of hire sichte ;  
 And hire wombe arise gan  
 thurw th' oligastes mithe ;  
 In hire was Crist biloken anon,  
 Suth god, suth man, ine fleas  
 and bon ;  
 And of hire fleas  
 iboren was  
 at time ;  
 war-thurw us kam god won,  
 ye brout us hut of pine  
 and let him for us slon.

Maiden moder makeles,  
 of milche ful abunden,  
 Bid for us im that the ches,  
 at wam thu grace funde,  
 that he forgiue hus sinne and wrake  
 and clene of euri gelt us make ;  
 and eune blis,  
 whan hure time is  
 to steruen,  
 hus give, for thine sake,  
 him so her for to seruen  
 that he us to him take.

Arundel MS. 284. f 154 (*circa* 1250-1260 A.D.)  
 (*Academy*, vol. xx. p. 472)



## CHAPTER II

### SELECT DOCUMENTS DESCRIBING THE EARLY GROWTH OF THE UNIVERSITY

#### I. RISE OF THE OXFORD SCHOOLS

“**T**HE Honorable Historie of frier Bacon and frier Bongay,” made by Robert Greene, *utriusque Academiae in Artibus Magister*, 1594.

SCENE I. *Oxford* circa 1250 A.D. *The Regent House*

*Enter* MASON, BURDEN, and CLEMENT, *three Doctors*

*Mason.* Now we are gathered in the Regent House,  
It fits us talk about the king's repair;  
For he, trooped with all the western kings  
That lie along the Dantzick seas by east,  
North by the clime of frosty Germany,  
The Almaine monarch, and the Saxon duke,  
Castile, and lovely Elinor with him,  
Have in their jests resolved for Oxford town.

*Burden.* We must lay plots of stately tragedies,  
Strange comic shews, such as proud Roscius  
Vaunted before the Roman emperors,  
To welcome all the western potentates.

*Clement.* But more; the king by letters hath foretold  
That Frederick, the Almaine emperor,  
Hath brought with him a German of esteem,  
Whose surname is Don Jaques Vandermast,  
Skilful in magic and those secret arts.

*Mason.* Then must we make all suit unto the friar,  
 To friar Bacon, that he vouch this task,  
 And undertake to countervail in skill  
 The German; else there's none in Oxford can  
 Match and dispute with learned Vandermast.

\* \* \* \* \*

## SCENE II. *Oxford*

*Enter* KING HENRY III; FREDERICK II, *Emperor of Germany*, "*Stupor Mundi*"; CASTILE; ELINOR; VANDERMAST *and* FRIAR BUNGAY

*Emperor.* Trust me, Plantagenet, these Oxford Schools  
 Are richly seated near the river side:  
 The mountains full of fat and fallow deer,  
 The battling pastures lade with kine and flocks,  
 The town gorgeous with high-built colleges,  
 And scholars seemly in their grave attire,  
 Learned in searching principles of art.  
 What is thy judgment, Jaques Vandermast?

*Vandermast.* That lordly are the dwellings of the  
 town,  
 Spacious the rooms, and full of pleasant walks;  
 But for the doctors, how that they be learned,  
 It may be meanly, for aught I can hear.

*Bungay.* I tell thee, German, Hapsburg holds none  
 such,  
 None read so deep, as Oxenford contains:  
 There are, within our academic state,  
 Men that may lecture it in Germany  
 To all the doctors of your Belgic Schools.

*Henry.* Stand to him, Bungay: charm this Vandermast;  
 And I will use thee, as a royal king.

*Vandermast.* Wherein dar'st thou dispute with me?

*Bungay.* In what a doctor and a friar can.

*Vandermast.* Before rich Europe's worthies put thou  
 forth

The doubtful question unto Vandermast.

*Bungay.* Let it be this: Whether the spirits of pyromancy or geomancy be most predominant in magic?

*Vandermast.* I say, of pyromancy.

*Bungay.* And I, of geomancy.

*Vandermast.* The cabalists that write of magic spells,  
As Hermes, Melchie, and Pythagoras,  
Affirm that 'mongst the quadruplicity  
Of elemental essence, "terra" is but thought  
To be a "punctum" squared to the rest;  
And that the compass of ascending elements  
Exceed in bigness as they do in height;  
Judging the concave circle of the sun  
To hold the rest in his circumference.  
If then, as Hermes says, the fire be greatest,  
Purest, and only giveth shapes to spirits,  
Then must those demones that haunt that place,  
Be every way superior to the rest.

*Bungay.* I reason not of elemental shapes,  
Nor tell I of the concave latitudes,  
Noting their essence, nor their quality;  
But of the spirits that pyromancy calls,  
And of the vigour of the geomantic fiends.  
I tell thee, German, magic haunts the ground;  
And those strange necromantic spells  
That work such shews and wondering in the world,  
Are acted by those geomantic spirits,  
That Hermes calleth "Terrae Filii."  
The fiery spirits are but transparent shades,  
That lightly pass as heralds to bear news;  
But earthly fiends clos'd in the lowest deep,  
Dissever mountains, if they be but charg'd,  
Being more gross and massy in their power.

*Vandermast.* Rather these earthly geomantic spirits  
Are dull, and like the place where they remain;  
For when proud Lucifer fell from the heavens,  
The spirits and angels that did sin with him,  
Retained their local essence as their faults,

All subject under Luna's continent:  
 They which offended less, hang in the fire,  
 And second faults did rest within the air;  
 But Lucifer and his proud-hearted fiends  
 Were thrown into the centre of the earth,  
 Having less understanding than the rest,  
 As having greater sin and lesser grace;  
 Therefore such gross and earthly spirits do serve  
 For jugglers witches and vild sorcerers;  
 Whereas the pyromantic genii  
 Are mighty, swift, and of far-reaching power.  
 But grant that geomancy hath most force;  
 Bungay, to please these mighty potentates,  
 Prove by some instance what thy art can do.

*Bungay.* I will.

*Emperor.* Now, English Harry, here begins the game;  
 We shall see sport between these learned men.

*Vandermast.* What wilt thou do?

*Bungay.* Shew thee the tree, leav'd with refined gold,  
 Whereon the fearful dragon held his seat;  
 That watch'd the garden call'd Hesperides,  
 Subdued and won by conquering Hercules.

*Vandermast.* Well done!

[*Here Bungay conjures; and the tree appears  
 with the dragon shooting fire*

*Henry.* What say you, royal lordings, to my friar?  
 Hath he not done a point of cunning skill?

*Vandermast.* Each scholar in the necromantic spells  
 Can do as much as Bungay hath performed.  
 But as Alcmena's bastard raz'd this tree,  
 So will I raise him up as when he liv'd,  
 And cause him pull the dragon from his seat,  
 And tear the branches piecemeal from the root.  
 Hercules! Prodi, Prodi, Hercules!

[*Hercules appears in his lion's skin*

*Hercules.* Quis me vult?

*Vandermast.* Jove's bastard son, thou Lybian Hercules,

Pull off the sprigs from off the Hesperian tree,  
As once thou did'st to win the golden fruit.

*Hercules.* Fiat! [*Here he begins to break the branches*  
*Vandermast.* Now, Bungay, if thou canst by magic  
charm

The fiend, appearing like great Hercules,  
From pulling down the branches of the tree,  
Then art thou worthy to be counted learned.

*Bungay.* I cannot.

*Vandermast.* Cease, Hercules, until I give thee charge.  
Mighty commander of this English isle,  
Henry, come from the stout Plantagenets,  
Bungay is learn'd enough to be a friar;  
But to compare with Jaques Vandermast,  
Oxford and Cambridge must go seek their cells  
To find a man to match him in his art.  
I have given non-plus to the Paduans,  
To them of Sien, Florence, and Bologna,  
Rheims, Louvaine, and fair Rotterdam,  
Frankfort, Lutrech, and Orleans:  
And now must Henry, if he do me right,  
Crown me with laurel, as they all have done.

*Enter* BACON

*Bacon.* All hail to this royal company  
That sit to hear and see this strange dispute.  
Bungay, how stand'st thou as a man amaz'd?  
What, hath the German acted more than thou?

*Vandermast.* What art thou that questions thus?

*Bacon.* Men call me Bacon.

*Vandermast.* Lordly thou look'st, as if that thou wert  
learned;  
Thy countenance, as if Science held her seat  
Between the circled arches of thy brows.

*Henry.* Now, monarchs, hath the German found his  
match.

*Emperor.* Bestir thee, Jaques, take not now the foil,  
Lest thou dost lose what foretime thou did'st gain.

*Vandermast.* Bacon, wilt thou dispute?

*Bacon.* No, unless he were more learn'd than Vander-  
mast:

For yet, tell me, what hast thou done?

*Vandermast.* Rais'd Hercules to ruinate that tree,  
That Bungay mounted by his magic spells.

*Bacon.* Set Hercules to work!

*Vandermast.* Now, Hercules, I charge thee to thy  
task:

Pull off the golden branches from the root.

*Hercules.* I dare not. See'st thou not great Bacon  
here,

Whose frown doth act more than thy magic can?

*Vandermast.* By all the thrones and dominations,  
Virtues, powers, and mighty hierarchies,  
I charge thee to obey to Vandermast.

*Hercules.* Bacon, that bridles headstrong Belcephron,  
And rules Asmenoth, guider of the north,  
Binds me from yielding unto Vandermast.

*Henry.* How now, Vandermast; have you met with  
your match?

*Vandermast.* Never before was't known to Vander-  
mast,

That men held devils in such obedient awe.

Bacon doth more than art, or else I fail.

*Emperor.* Why, Vandermast, art thou overcome?  
Bacon, dispute with him and try his skill.

*Bacon.* I come not, monarchs, for to hold dispute  
With such a novice as is Vandermast:  
I came to have your royalties to dine  
With friar Bacon here in Brazen-nose;  
And, for this German troubles but the place,  
And holds this audience with a long suspense,  
I'll send him to his academy straight,  
That he may learn by travel, 'gainst the spring,  
More secret dooms and aphorisms of art.  
Vanish the tree; and thou, away with him!

*Exit the Spirit with Vandermast and the tree*

## II. SUPREMACY OF THE OXFORD SCHOOLS

*De Laude Univ. Oxoniae*, by Tryvytlam, circa 1400 A.D. (Oxford has surpassed all Academies ancient and modern; and is recognized as an oracle, to which all intellectual questions may be referred for solution. The Oxford Clerk is, even at this early date, remarkable for a promptness in didactic work, and a passion for enlightening the dark world which lies outside the University.)

Non Romam alloquor urbem egregiam,  
Non villam Cecropis, non Achademiam,  
Verum te, maximam Anglorum gloriam,  
Alumnus invoco Matrem Oxoniam.

Tu firma moeniis, arvis irrigua,  
Pratis pulcherrimis mire melliflua,  
Fecunda frugibus, quaeque placentia  
Ministras civibus in summa copia.

Mater militiae cum apta fueris,  
Ut tures indicant adjunctae moeniis,  
Tamen perfectius dotata diceris  
Minervae munere, donoque Palladis.

Plus tibi contulit magna scientia,  
Quam unquam fecerit armorum copia;  
Beata diceris per orbis climata,  
Sed quia singulis solvis aenigmata.

Grandaeva siquidem mater in filiis  
Prae cunctis urbibus gaudere poteris,  
Cum plene cogites, quot proles parturis  
Quae mundum repleant doctrinae rivulis!

Si te prioribus villis jam comparem,  
Athenas Cecropis fatebor sterilem,  
Et Achademiam urbem inutilem  
Quae quondam dederat doctrinam uberem.

Pallebit livida domus Romulea ;  
 Impar putabitur ejus scientia,  
 Quonquam plus vicerit artis peritia,  
 Quam armis fecerit vel quam potentia.

Quodcunque pinxerant poetae garruli,  
 Quidquid discusserant veri philosophi,  
 Quod magnum dixerant veri theologi,  
 Ad instar exprimis solaris radii.

Antiqua respuens ut dicam propius,  
 Quidquid ediderit pulchra Parisius, (*i.e.* Paris)  
 Ut verum fatear, informas melius,  
 Licet haec opera distentat latius.

In te geritur quidquid scientiae  
 Vel artis quaeritur cum gratia ; theoricae  
 Diceris thalamus, platea practicae,  
 Et cunctae merito fons sapientiae.

Olim innotuit inter proverbia,  
 Regnorum sicuti narrat historia,  
 Quod quis interrogat, quaerat in Abela,  
 Ubi tunc forsitan florebant studia :

Nunc procul dubio si quicquam quaeritur  
 Cujusque ratio non clare cernitur,  
 Mater Oxonia quaesita loquitur  
 Quidquid in dubiis latens ambigitur.

### III. THE FOUNDATION OF PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Between the years 1439 and 1447, Humphrey, of whom Lydgate writes,

Duke of Glocester men this prynce call,  
 And, notwithstanding his estate and dignitie,  
 His courage never doth appall  
 To study in bokes of antiquitie,

presented to the University some 600 MSS,—“moun



bien mondain"—"my worldly goods"—as he called them. These were placed at first, together with those which had belonged to Bishop Cobham (d. 1327), in a chamber above the House of Congregation on the north side of St. Mary's Church. In 1488, some forty years after Humphrey's death, they were removed, with the other literary treasures of the University, to the recently completed building over the Divinity School, known as Duke Humphrey's Library. The collection was dispersed when the library was pillaged by the Commissioners appointed by Edward VI for the Reformation of the University. The following lines describe the arrangement of the books as made during Humphrey's lifetime. They form stanzas 12 and 13 of Prooemium I of a Metrical Translation of Palladius *De Re Rustica*, now preserved at Wentworth Woodhouse, and which was probably a presentation copy given to the Duke. (*Athenæum*, Nov. 17, 1888.)

plu . . . cxxx

At Oxenford thys lord his bookis fele  
 Hath eu'y clerk at work. They of hem gete  
 Metaphysic; phisic these rather feele;  
 They natural, moral they rather trete;  
 Theologie here ye is with to mete;  
 Him liketh loke in boke historical.  
 In deskis xii hym selve as half a strete  
 Hath boked their librain uniu'al.

For clergie or knyghthod or husbondrie,  
 That Oratour Poete or Philosopre  
 Hath treted told or taught, in memorie  
 Eche lefe and lyne hath he as shette in cofre;  
 Oon nouelte unnethe is hym to p'fre.  
 Ytt Whethamstede and also Pers de Mounte,  
 Titus and Antony, and I laste ofre.

"At Oxford this lord's many books keep every  
 Clerk at work. They of them get metaphysics.

Others are moved by physical studies, others again by natural science. Some study morality. Theology is here to be met with. Many like to look into history. This lord has furnished their universal library with books in twelve presses, like half a street. For everything about religion husbandry or chivalry, that orator poet or philosopher hath treated of, he hath shut up, each leaf and line, in his memory, as in a coffer," etc. John Whethamstede, Abbot of St. Albans, presented Humphrey with *Cato Glossatus*, the *Granarium*, and two other books of his own composition. Peter de Monte, a Venetian, dedicated to the Duke his work *De Virtutum et Vitiorum inter se Differentia*. Another Italian, under the name "Titus Livius de Frulovisiis Ferrariensis," wrote at Humphrey's request a Life of Henry v; and Antonio de Beccaria, the Duke's secretary, translated for him into Latin six tracts of Athanasius (now in British Museum).

#### IV. THE FOUNDATION OF COLLEGES

(illustrated by poems on the foundation by William of Wykeham of St. Mary College of Winchester in Oxford, commonly known as New College, in the year 1379, and that by William of Waynflete of Magdalen College in 1448. "The plan which became accepted as proper for an Oxford College was itself the result of many tentative steps and of gradual progress. Till the magnificent foundations of Wykeham, there was no example of a College built on a consistent plan, and completely furnished with chapel, hall, lodgings, kitchen, cloister, and cemetery, all grouped regularly and compactly round a quadrangle, and conforming to one consistent architectural design. This result of former experiences once attained, it was never again forgotten; and New College has served as a model which all succeeding Colleges at Oxford imitated more or less closely": T. G. Jackson in *Wadham College*).





NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD, C. 1454

FROM WARDEN CHANDLER'S MS.; HERE REPRODUCED FROM "ARCHAEOLOGIA," VOL. III, PL. XV

## I. NEW COLLEGE

—L'immortal Collegio di Maria  
 Madre del Redentor, Nuovo chiamato ;  
 Che fu da l'Alma, eletta e pia,  
 Del buon Wicam, gran Cancellier, fondato :  
 Con tanta architettura e maestria  
 In ogni parte, e cosi ben dotato,  
 Che non d'un Vesco sembra un opra tale,  
 Ma di Reggia Potenza e Imperiale.

Due gran Collegii extrusse il gran Wicamo,  
 L'uno in Ossonia qui, l'altro in Guintone ;  
 Ma pur che questo sol Collegio chiamo,  
 Si star puo d'ogni Piazza al parragone ?  
 Non pur sicur da battaria di mano,  
 Ma il muro puo resistere al cannone,  
 Fianchi, Terreno, Maschi, e Cavalieri,  
 Che tal Comar non ha, Rabo, ne Algeri.

Gomara,  
 Rabat, and  
 Algiers  
 boast no  
 such forti-  
 fications.

Fosse con acqua viva, e Munitione  
 Aste, Picche, Moschetti, Arme all' usunza  
 Che ben potriavsi armar tante Persone  
 Quant' a difesa tal fori a bastanza :  
 Altr' acque ha dentro ; vettovaglie buone ;  
 Tesor, Legna, Carbone, in abondanza :  
 Orti, Quadri, Ambulacri, e Laberinti,  
 Frutt' e Fior da spalliere ornati e cinti.

Arms for  
 defence.  
 Water and  
 Food.  
 Treasures.  
 Gardens.

Una Torr' ha, che ben salva e riguarda  
 La gran Porta real da i fianchi chiusa :  
 Non gia molto eminente, ma bastarda,  
 Tal qual ne le Fortezze hogi di s'usa :  
 L'altra di dentro maggior, piu gagliarda,  
 Serva il Tesoro, e l'Aula tien rinchiusa  
 Da la sinistra ; e qual buon Cavaliero  
 Discopre il Fosso ; e'l Forte tutto intiero.

Tower at  
 entrance.

Muni-  
 ment-  
 tower.

Bell-tower.

V'e un quadro Campanil, tant eminente  
 Che s'erge al Ciel, in gran Torre formato:  
 Si forte, maschio, robusto, eccellente,  
 Che tal non fu sour il terren fondato;  
 Capace si che ben vi puo la gente  
 Habitar per difesa, e in ogni lato  
 Signoreggiar l'Aperto, il Tempio intiero,  
 Con l'Aula, e Piattaforma, e Cavaliero.

Chapel.

D'alte Colonne e Guglie e circondato  
 Il Tempio, al Claustro opposto a manca mano:  
 Musica e letta; un Organo indorato  
 Che ben competer puo con l'Orvetano:  
 Il Chor con tanta e tal arte intagliato  
 Che ne stupisce affatto l'occhio humano:  
 Mostran l'ampie finestre in Ornamento  
 Mirando il Vecchio e 'l Nuovo Testamento.

TenChaplains,  
 Three Clerks,  
 Sixteen  
 Choristers,  
 Seventy  
 Scholars; ten  
 being students  
 of Civil, ten of  
 Canon Law;  
 and fifty being  
 engaged, first  
 in the pursuit  
 of Philosophy,  
 then of Theo-  
 logy.

Catanvi i salmi Cappillan e Choristi  
 Con Clerici, che fan trente Persone;  
 Theologi, Philosophi, e Leggisti,  
 Settanta sono in tutta perfettione:  
 Horatori e Poeti in un commisti,  
 Di tal virtu, che non ha parragone:  
 La trina Libreria puo dar la mano  
 (Ben dire ardisco) a quella in Vaticano.

The Warden.

Quadrato e 'l tutto; e ogni allogiamento  
 Di grado in grado, ha la sua differenza:  
 Tien il Guardiano un Reggio Appartamento  
 Conveniente a sua nobil Presenza:  
 Proprii e communi servi, a complimento;  
 L'entrate equale a contant' eccellenza:  
 Magnanimo il Custode e liberale;  
 Collegio Illustre, Sant', e Hospitale.

Educa e nutre il Guinton, qual materno  
 Alvo, piu degni spirti a perfettione  
 Per l'altro di Maria; e se'l ver scerno,  
 Rendita men non ha, ne men persone:

Ma questo al buon Mercurio ed al tremendo  
 Marte fu fabricato in conclusione;  
 Accio che Propugnacul fosse intiero  
 De la Christiana Fè, che crede il vero.

\* \* \* \* \*

Cio fè Wicam per volunta superna;  
 La cui Arme ha tre rose e dui sostegni;  
 Quasi con questi i dui Collegii assegna,  
 Le Rose i Tempii eretti a gloria eterna.

*Raccolta d'alcune rime del Cavaliero Ludovico  
 Petrucci, Nobile Toscano; Oxoniae; Ex-  
 cudebat Josephus Barnesius; 1613*

Wykeham's  
 Arms; Ar-  
 gent—Two  
 chevrons  
 sable—be-  
 tween three  
 roses gules,  
 seeded or,  
 barbed vert.

Petrucci, a soldier of fortune, after serving in Crete for the Venetians, and afterwards in the Hungarian wars, retired to England, and came up to Oxford in the year 1611. He spent about four years there, as a Commoner, first of St. Edmund's Hall, and then of Balliol College. In the Oxford memorial poems to Sir Thomas Bodley, *Iusta funebria T. Bodleii* (1613), to which he contributed some Italian lines, Petrucci styled himself "Cavaliero Italiano, nobile Toscano, del Colleggio Baliolense, humile e indegno figliuolo di tutta l'Academia."

## 2. MAGDALEN COLLEGE

Waynflete, by this encouraged, sets his thought  
 Wholly upon his building, which now threatens  
 The middle sky, built of hewn stone being brought  
 From Headington's deep Quarr-pits, which repeats  
 The founder's fame, as in a song. The Hall  
 Spacious within and high without, even beats  
 The flitting air with pinnacles thick and tall;  
 The Church, adorned in comely sort, shews forth  
 The praise and glory of the Founder's worth.

Then the brave Tower lifts up his stately head  
 And threateneth Heaven. What said I? threaten-  
 eth? No,

It bears up Heaven, whose weight might well be  
led

Upon his high-reared top; if Atlas grow  
Feeble through age, and cannot bear the weight  
Of Jove's majestic palace, he may throw  
His burthen on this Tower, whose strong-made height  
Would bear that burthen on his mounted brow,  
Under which Atlas, weak through age, doth bow.

Nor are his inmates aught inferior deem'd  
To his exterior beauties; whose sweet chime  
If by a skilful ringer rightly teemed,  
Surpass the spheres' sweet music at the time  
When sage Pythagoras did hear their notes,  
Which music, since unheard, was then at prime:  
These sing aloud with never wearied throats,  
And trowling in each other's neck, send out  
Delicious notes and tunes heard round about.

Cloisters engirt the College round, and serve  
Instead of galleries, to meditate  
Or walk and talk, and certainly deserve  
Abundant praise; but I must dedicate  
My Muse to other matters: yet will say  
Since Bullen's—Victor's rage did ruinate  
England's fair abbeys, to this very day  
They want copartners, and must stand alone  
Unmatch'd, unparalleled by any one.

The building's inward wall, which doth behold  
The goodly quadrangle, is strongly drest  
With fair and stately pillars, which uphold  
Rare hieroglyphics, in which are express't  
Mysteries worth marking, which as now  
Few can to any grounded meaning wrest:  
A misery, that such mysteries should bow  
Under Oblivion's yoke; but Time prevails  
'Bove all, when man and man's invention fails.



Into this quadrangle with spacious lights  
 Looks a fair Library, which Waynflete fill'd  
 With full eight hundred books. They which did write  
 Best in what tongue soever, it naught skill'd,  
 Were there laid up. This place enlarg'd, requires  
 Of some praiseworthy man to be upheld  
 In its due estimation, and desires

That some as benefactors at their charge  
 The number of its volumes should enlarge.

Without the College, on smooth Cherwell's brink,  
 Lie pleasant walks reared from the low-laid ground:  
 Down on th'one side the bubbling flood doth sink,  
 Whose parted stream doth quite encompass round  
 This place of pleasure, and thus gliding on  
 The rugged stones, doth make a murmuring sound:  
 And to raise up more delectation,

The scaly people, living there at ease,  
 Dance in the crystal waters what they please.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here's a full quire of sweet-tuned harmony—  
 The birds chirp out the treble; and the wind  
 Whistling among the leaves deliciously,  
 Maintains the tenor; then the waters kind  
 Kissing the stones, the counter-tenor blaze;  
 And lest one part were wanting, here we find  
 Minerva's honey-birds buzzing the base:

All things in one so sweetly do consent  
 To give the walkers a complete content.

Those that enjoy this pleasant place are told  
 A hundred and six; of which in order thus:—  
 First, forty Fellows who this palace hold:  
 Thirty Demies: two Readers which discuss  
 On both philosophies: one more, whose charge  
 Is lecture-wise to explain the tenebrous  
 Hard knots of Scripture: one, who writes at large  
 Of all the college acts: two more, whose care  
 Is to teach those, that fit for grammar are.

The quire consists of twenty-nine; wherein  
 There are four chaplains, who by turns do say  
 The clergy prayers; and more eight clerks there  
 been,

And sixteen choristers, over whom bears sway  
 One who doth teach them how to sing with ease,  
 Whose nimble fingers on the organs play  
 Gravely-composed Church music: and all these,  
 With different notes which sweetly do accord,  
 Sing Allelujahs to the living Lord.

\* \* \* \* \*

And lest unruly ruffians might offend  
 Their studious minds, he hath encompass'd round  
 The College with a wall, which might defend  
 His scholars both from fear of any wound,  
 And make resistance 'gainst an army's might:  
 And, ere our valour-murdering guns were found,  
 Did well perform that charge, for I dare write  
 The students, with few friends but meanly  
 strong,  
 Might have maintained it 'gainst a kingdom's  
 wrong.

Within this wall is placed a beauteous grove,  
 Like Pindus, where the sacred Muses dwell,  
 Or like th'Epirian woods, in which great Jove,  
 Nursed by Melissus' gracious girls, did dwell.  
 Here naught doth want to furnish recreation;  
 The studious scholar here may study well,  
 Mars and the Muses here have habitation;  
 Here are both walks to meditate, and places  
 To exercise one's mind in warlike graces.

The swift-winged arrow, which such slaughter  
 made  
 In France, hath here butts to be levelled at;  
 The heavy bar here sometimes as a slade  
 Is foot-pitch'd off, and like a massy bat

Whirl'd o'er the head, divides the foggy air;  
 Here do they leap, and leaping vertebrate  
 The yielding earth; here many men repair  
     Their sickly bodies, and herein do find  
     By conference contentment to the mind.

This is both Campus Martius, to augment  
 Our bodies' strength with valorous exercise;  
 And Tempe, studious scholars to content  
 With its delights. On the one side there lies  
 Good store of gardens dress'd with borders fine,  
 In which are glorious flowers pleasing the eyes,  
 And fruitful trees, which each in other twine;  
     These keep out heat and cold, and also suit  
     The Fellows, whose they are, with walks and  
     fruit.<sup>1</sup>

Now Waynflete, knowing that man's life was prone  
 To all unsteadiness, by a prudent care  
 Furnished the house with Statutes, which alone  
 Might always keep the house in awe, and are  
 So absolutely made that naught might miss  
 Which may be added to them. To prepare  
 Like fortune to that house that founded is  
     By worthy Foxe, these laws were imitated,  
     And were from hence into that house trans-  
     lated.

Now nothing wanted but a worthy name  
 To make the work complete; and as our Queen  
 Christened Sir Thomas Gresham's worthy frame,  
 Than which a fairer Burse was never seen,

<sup>1</sup> Ralph Agas' Map of Oxford (1566) shews the whole of what is now called "the Grove" divided into several sections and described as "Gardeins, Orchardes, Pastures, and Walkes." Part of the ground covered by these divisions is now occupied by the New Buildings, while part remains open and unplanted. (*College History Series—Oxford—Magdalen College.*)

So royal Henry named this stately place,  
Than which a fairer never yet hath been,  
Magdalen College—surely worth the grace  
Of such a namer, since the World can boast  
Of no such College in its spacious coast.

PETER HEYLIN (Magdalen College), *Memorial  
of Bishop Waynflete*, circa 1619; ed. from  
the original MS. by J. R. Bloxam for the  
Caxton Society

### CHAPTER III

#### CLERKS OF OXFORD IN FICTION, *CIRCA* 1500 A.D.

“Oxoniam quare venisti, praemeditare ;  
Nocte dieque cave tempus consumere prave.”

Lines on a glass window in Merton  
College, temp. Henry VIII

“Now if a pore man set hys son to Oxford to scole,  
Both the fader and the moder hyndyd they schal be ;  
And if ther falle a benefyse, hit schal be gif a fole,  
To a clerk of a kechyn, ore into the chauncere.  
This makyth the worschip of Clerkys wrong for to wry,  
Seth sekelar men schul have mon soulys in kepyng,  
And pytton here personache to ferme to a bayle,  
And caston doune here howses and her housyng,  
Her paryschun destroy.  
Clerkys, that han cunnyng,  
Schuld have monys soule in kepyng ;  
But thai mai get no vaunsyng  
Without symony.”

*Poems of John Awdelay* (fl. 1426)  
Percy Soc. Publications, xiv. 32

**O**XFORD was not always to be justified of her children in so triumphant a manner as she had been of Chaucer's Clerks. A hundred years later, and the tales that are told of her, are of a University fallen upon evil days, her students diminished in number, her learning neglected and despised.

Among Scholars, indeed, she had lost prestige, as, with the violent suppression of the first great Oxford Movement, her Schools were brought again under the ecclesiastical yoke, and the intellectual vitality and

freedom of thought which had marked them in the fourteenth century, were slowly stifled in the early years of the fifteenth. Nor, as Scholasticism became barren, did any fruitful system of education spring up quickly in its place. "The Schools were full of quirks and sophistry; all things, whether taught or written, seemed trite and inane," writes Anthony Wood of the state of Oxford in the year 1508; and though all the English Scholars who were pioneers of Humanism, were Oxonians, from Duke Humphrey, Grey, John Free, Fleming, and Tiptoft, to Grocyn, Linacre, Latimer, More, Colet, and Lily, the New Learning met with but a half-hearted welcome from the University at large. In the streets, "Trojans," under the leadership of "Priams" and "Hectors," waged war upon the "Greeks," probably with hard crabstick and old iron, as well as with the more academical artillery of syllogism and enthymeme; and in the pulpits those whom William Tyndale called "old barking curs, Dun's disciples and the dross called Scotists," continued to denounce the study of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, as heretical; until, with the commencement of the Reformation period, Oxford became engrossed for a time in theological controversy to the exclusion of all other interests.

In the *Ship of Fools* (1509), Alexander Barclay gives a Scholar's view of the typical scholar-fool of the time, "the plougher of sand," "the spider weaving subtle webs out of its own bowels," and who studied the art of logic, not for the purpose of striking out truth by the hard encounter of arguments, but merely to cavil and carp, and find out a knot in every rush. The poet, indeed, with a delicacy which is in itself strong evidence that he was educated at one or both of the English Universities, does not mention either Oxford or Cambridge among those seats of learning, "Paris, Padway, Bonony, Orleance, Tholows" and others, to which men hastened, and from which they returned

even greater blockheads than when they set out: but there are, nevertheless, on board his celebrated "navy," among those who neglected "gramer and the laudable sciences, for sophistrie, logike, and their art talcatife," and passed their lives in two monosyllables, the "est" of assertion and the "non" of denial, "many present from this our royaulme, as well as from beyond the sea":

But most I mervayle of other fools blinde,  
Which in divers sciences are fast laboring,  
Both day and night, with all their heart and minde,  
But of Gramer know they little or nothing,  
Which is the grounde of all liberal cunning;  
Yet many are busy in Logike and in Lawe  
When all their Gramer is scarcely worth a strawe.

One with his speech round turning like a wheele,  
Of Logike the knottes doth louse and undo  
In hande with his Sylogismes; and yet doth he feele  
Nothing what it meaneth, nor what longeth therto;  
Nowe Sortes<sup>1</sup> currit, now is in hand Plato;  
Another commeth in with Bocardo and Pherison,  
And out-goeth againe a foole in conclusion.

There is naught else but "est" and "non est,"  
Blaberinge and chiding, as it were beawlys<sup>2</sup> wise;  
They argue naught else but to prove a man a beast,  
"Homo est asinus" is cause of muche strife.  
Thus passe forth these fooles the dayes of their life  
In two syllables, not getting advertence  
To other cunning, doctrine, or science.

It seems, however, improbable that "the rude uplandish man" of the time, and "the man in the mediæval street," had persuaded themselves of the advantages of the New over the Old Learning, and

<sup>1</sup> Socrates.

<sup>2</sup> roaring out.

looked with disfavour upon Oxford as the stronghold of an effete Scholasticism. Some other reason must be sought to account for the appearance of numerous caricatures of the "Clerk of Oxenford," in tales which circulated among the people at the close of the fifteenth century: and this reason is probably to be found in the want of worldly success which now attended the laborious and gifted Scholar.<sup>1</sup> The poor but ambitious man looked upon the University as the door to the Church, and academical distinction as the passport to clerical preferment. When, then, after the enforcement of the Statute of Provisors, rights of patronage were shamelessly abused, and many an ignorant priest could be found holding ten or twelve benefices, and being resident on none, while well-learned scholars in the Universities, which were able to teach and preach, held neither benefice nor exhibition, the chief attraction of a University career was gone, and learning became in his eyes a worthless and contemptible possession. It is, indeed, to this denial of reward to merit, that Oxford herself, with a wealth of allegory and metaphor which increases as the agony grows more intense, attributes her decline in the fifteenth century. "Once she had been as a fruitful vine; now she is withered and barren. She is cast aside even as the mud which is by the way-side. Like Rachel she weeps for her children, and will not be comforted, because they are not; for of all those many thousands of students who had once resorted to her, not only from England, but from all other Christian

<sup>1</sup> *A hundred mery Tales*—first printed by John Rastell at the signe of the Meremayde at Powlys Gate, nexte to Chepesyde (1525): *The Jestes of Scogin*, of which no earlier edition is now to be found than that of 1626; Thomas Colwell, however, as early as the year 1565, obtained a license to print *The Geystes of Skoggon: Merie Tales newly imprinted and made by Master Skelton, poet Laureate*, imprinted at the signe of St. John Evangelist by Thomas Colwell (circa 1565). Many of the stories collected in these popular manuals of witticisms were current in the fifteenth century; and John Scogin and Skelton, the Oxonian wits who figure as the heroes of some of them, flourished about the year 1480—See *Old English Jest-books*, ed. by H. C. Hazlitt,



countries as well, scarcely one now is left. And this transformation is due, not so much to war and pestilence, as to contempt of the claims of learning and virtue. 'Studentz espirituelz, fitz, et profitables,' are not nourished in their high enterprise. They labour on until old age comes upon them, without reward. No one looks upon them with the eye of promotion. On the other hand, the ignorant and the vicious, by favour and corruption, are advanced to high places and profit; 'extolluntur, proh dolor! ut alios doceant, qui seipsos docere nesciunt.' Nor are these merely selfish complaints. It is true the University, 'England's goodly beam,' will expire, if devoted Scholars are not comforted; for how can burning and shining lights be looked for, if oil and wick be not supplied to the lamps? But should Oxford fall, Church and State will fall with her. For unless it be guided by a Shepherd's hand, the silly people, like a wandering sheep, inevitably strays from the right path. There are, indeed, already abroad in the land, simple laics, who dare to bellow forth their pestiferous opinions, and with swinish snouts to profane the mysteries of Sacred Writ, that pearl of great price ('de mysteriorum Sacrae Paginae pretiosissimis margaritis porſinae fauces, proh dolor!, pascere presumunt simplicium laicorum'). And if poisonous thorns of Ignorance be permitted to choke the fair rose-garden of Learning; if Peter's Ship, now tossing between the rocks of Scylla and the whirlpool of Charybdis, be still left in the hands of unskilled mariners who know not how to meet the coming tempest; then surely will greater and more intolerable heresies against God and Man quickly spring into life; rebellion and obstinacy against our sovereign lord the king; red ruin, and the breaking up of laws."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See *Rot. Part.* iii. 301, 468, iv. 81, for years 1392, 1402, and 1415. Wilkin's *Concilia*, iii. 381, 528, for years 1417 and 1438. Richard Fleming, bishop of Lincoln's preface to the *Statutes of Lincoln College, Oxford*, A.D. 1429. *Epist. Academicæ* (Oxford Hist. Soc.),

Fact and fiction alike testify that these complaints were well grounded. Thomas Gascoigne tells the tale of Fulk de Birmingham, a half-witted person who had been playmate of some great man (probably the king), and who received the Archdeaconry of Oxford, twelve prebends, and a rectory or two; who was utterly ignorant and illiterate; was never ordained; never visited Archdeaconry, prebend, or rectory; was daily drunk, and wholly incapable of managing his affairs.<sup>1</sup> Caxton shews what qualities now made for worldly repute, in a sketch, drawn doubtless from the life, which is to be found at the conclusion of the Epilogue to his *Aesop* (1484):—

“There were dwellynge in Oxenford two prestes, both Maystres of Art, of whome that one was quyck and coude putte hymself forth, and that other was a good symple preest. And soo it happed that the Mayster that was pert and quyck, was anone promoted to a benefyce or tweyne, and after to prebendys, and for to be Dene of a grete prynce’s Chappel, supposynge and wenyng that his felow, the symple preest, shold never have be promoted, but be always an Annuel, or at the most a parysshe preest. So, after long tyme, that this worshipful man, this Dene, came rydyng in to a good paryssh with a X or XII horses, lyke a prelate; and came in to the Chirche of the sayd parysshe, and found

pp. 153, 169, and 185, for the year 1438, and p. 357 for the year 1471.

Cf. Hoccleve, *De Regimine Principum*, circa 1412 A.D. :

“Allas ! so many a worthy clerke famous  
In Oxenforde and in Cambrigge also,  
Stonde unavauncede, whereas the vicious  
Favelle hath Churches and prebendes mo  
Than God is plesede with : Allas ! of tho  
That wernen vertu, so to be promotede,  
And they helpes in whom vertu is notede.”

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Gascoigne’s *Loci e libris veritatum* (edited by J. Thorold Rogers), Introduction lxvi. Gascoigne began to reside in Oxford not later than 1416, and was almost constantly there from that time till his death in 1458.

there this good symple man, somtyme his felawe, which cam and welcomed hym lowely. And that other hadde hym, 'good morowe, Mayster John!' and toke hym sleightly by the hand, and axyd hym where he dwellyd. And the good man sayd 'In this paryssh.' 'How,' sayd he, 'are ye here; a sowle preest, or a paryssh preste?' 'Nay, sir,' sayd he; 'for lack of a better, though I be not able ne worthy, I am parson and curate of this parysshe.' And then that other avaled his bonnet, and said, 'Mayster parson, I praye yow to be not displeasyd. I had supposed ye had not be benefycyd. But, I pray yow,' sayd he, 'what is this benefyce worth to yow a yere?' 'Forsothe,' sayd the good symple man, 'I wote never; for I make never accomptes therof, how wel I have had it four or five yere.' 'And knowe ye not,' sayd he, 'what it is worth? It should seme a good benefyce.' 'No, forsothe,' said he; 'but I wote wel what it shalle be worth to me.' 'Why,' sayd he, 'what shalle it be worth?' 'Forsothe,' sayd that other, 'if I doo my trewe dylygence in the cure of my parysshes in prechyng and techyng, and doo my parte longyng to my cure, I shalle have Hevene therfore; and yf theyre sowles ben lost, or any of them, by my defawte, I shall be punysshed therfore; and herof am I sure.' And with that word the ryche Dene was abashed, and thought he shold do better, and take more hede to his cures and benefyces, than he had done. This was a good answeere of a good preest and an honest. And wyth this tale I wylle fynysse alle these fables."

Alas! no such improving reflections as these, occur to the compiler of *Scogin's Jestes*, when he relates how that great Oxford Wit secured the passage of an imbecile pupil through an examination for Orders. "Here a man may see that Money is better than Learning," is in fact the only and deplorable lesson which he draws from the tale. "There was," he writes, "a husbandman beside Oxford, who gave Master

Scogin a horse, that he might help to make his son a Deacon. Now when the slovenly boy, almost as big as a knave, had with great toil learned the nine Christ-cross-row letters of the alphabet, he said, 'Am I past the worst now? Would God I were; for this is enough to comber any man's wit alive'; and Scogin then knew that his pupil would never be anything else but a fool. Accordingly, when Orders were about to be given, he bade the boy's father to send in a letter three or four gold pieces: and this the man was content to do, that his son might become a deacon. Then said Scogin to his scholar, 'Thou shalt deliver this letter to the Ordinary when he doth sit in Oppositions; and as soon as he feeleth the letter, he will perceive that I have sent him some money; and he will say to thee, "Quomodo valet magister tuus?" that is to say, "How doth thy master?" Thou shalt answer, "Bene," that is "Well." Then will he say, "Quid petis?" "What dost thou ask?" and thou wilt answer, "Diaconatum," "to be deacon." Then shall the Ordinary say, "Es tu literatus?" "Art thou learned?" and thou wilt say, "Aliqualiter," "Somewhat." Thou hast then but these three words to bear in mind, "Bene," "Diaconatum," and "Aliqualiter." Now it came to pass, when the scholar went to the Oppositions and delivered the letter, the Ordinary said, 'Quid petis?' and the scholar, remembering Scogin's words, answered, 'Bene.' When the Ordinary heard him say so, he said, 'Quomodo valet magister tuus?' to which the scholar replied, 'Diaconatum.' The Ordinary did then see that he was a fool, and said, 'Tu es stultus'; to which the youth said, 'Aliqualiter,' that is 'Somewhat.' 'Nay,' said the Ordinary, 'not Aliqualiter, but Totaliter,' 'a stark fool.' Then the scholar was amazed, and said, 'Sir, let me not go home without my Orders. Here is another angel of gold for you to drink.' 'Well,' said the Ordinary, 'if you will promise me to study your book and learn, you shall be a Deacon at this time.'

The unhappy lot of the unrewarded Scholar was all the more conspicuous, because for other conditions of men, the physician and lawyer, the husbandman, artisan, and labourer, the fifteenth century and the early years of the sixteenth formed a period of substantial prosperity.<sup>1</sup> Then it is, that in the words of the mediæval couplet,

Dat Galenus opes, dat Justinianus honores,  
Sed Genus et Species cogitur ire pedes.

The great Physician, honoured Lawyer, ride,  
While the poor Scholar foots it by their side.

Many a devotee of learning at Oxford, Cambridge, and Paris, who had not wherewith to buy himself books as well as food and raiment, saw with envy, that "men who put their Arts in their males as soon as they had learned their parts of reason, which is the first book of grammar, and took them to the winning as Merchants and Brokers, soon amassed money, and possessed volumes without number." Not that these successful business-men ever read the precious works they owned. They bought them merely that they might win a reputation for wisdom: "Like as a cock, when he shrapeth in the dust and findeth a clear-shining gem, beholdeth it and letteth it lie, for he had lever have some corn to eat, so these not-wise men but looked upon their books when they were new and fine, and then turned away to fill their bellies and come to their foolish desires."<sup>2</sup> These, again, were days, when the rude man of the country "boasted stately clothes, wore his hair bushed out like a fox's tail, and had gold in abundance,"<sup>3</sup> while the ragged Scholar, begging his way to Oxford, would crouch to some rich chuff for a meal's meat, and sing "Salve Regina" outside the Manorhouse

<sup>1</sup> J. Thorold Rogers, *Hist. of Agriculture and Prices*, iv. pp. 23, 61.

<sup>2</sup> *Mirror of the World*, Caxton, 1481.

<sup>3</sup> *Ship of Fools*, Alex. Barclay, 1509.

for alms.<sup>1</sup> When such things were, it was small wonder that burgher and "uplandish" man held the pains taken at the Universities by ardent students to be but lost labour, and judged Money to be better than Learning, and "an ounce of mother-wit to be worth a pound of clergy."

As a rule then, the Clerk of Oxford cuts now but an awkward figure in fiction. Occasionally, indeed, a tale is found which suggests that his traditional resourcefulness was not wholly lost. For instance, they tell of a "pleasant shift" that was done by an Oxonian, who, when he was to proceed Master of Arts, contracted with an Alderman of the town to supply furs for his gown and hood at the charge of six pounds; and said to him, "I will pay thee the next time that you and I do meet together." Now, some long time after, this Clerk went one day towards Carfax, and there he espied the Alderman; and when he saw him, he turned back. But the

<sup>1</sup> See Lansdowne MS. 762 (7): "A process or exortation to tendre the chargis of true husbondys" (temp. Henry VII), in which contributions to support poor scholars are mentioned among the regular burdens to which the land was subject. After tithes, purveyance, taxes, rent, tribute to friars, and silver to priests that go to Rome, have been paid,

"Then cometh Clerkys of Oxford and make their mone;  
To her scole hire most have money."

Anthony Wood, in his *Annals of the University*, under the year 1461, tells a tale of wandering scholars earning their suppers by composing epigrams. Robert Copland, in the *Hye Way to the Spyttell House* (circa 1535), has the lines:

"These rogers that dayly syng and pray  
With 'Ave, Regina!' or 'De Profundis,'  
'Quem terra Ponthus,' and 'Stella Maris':  
At every doore there they foot and fridge,  
And say they come fro Oxford and Cambridge;  
And be poore scholars, and have no maner thing,  
Nor also frendes to kepe them at learning:  
And so do lewtre for crust and crum,  
With staffe in hand and fyst in bosum."

See the series of statutes which affect scholar-beggars;—12 Richard II, chap. vii.; 11 Henry VII, chap. ii.; 22 Henry VIII, chap. xii.; 14 Elizabeth, chap. v.

Alderman made good footing after him, and, overtaking him, said, "Sir, you promised to pay me my money, when we did next meet. Pay me then now." "Now?" exclaimed the Wit; "Nay, not so. We meet not together now, for you did but overtake me. When we do meet, you shall have your money; but, if I can, I will not meet you these seven years, even though I have to walk backwards." Then there is the tale of "Jack," Scogin's scholar-servant; "how he made his master pay a penny for the herring bones." On an occasion when sickness was in the city, Scogin went out of Oxford and dwelt at St. Bartholomew's; and he had a poor scholar named Jack, to dress his meat for him.<sup>1</sup> Now on a Friday he gave his scholar a penny, and said, "Go to Oxford Market, and get me four herrings for this penny, or else bring none." Jack could get but three herrings for the penny; and when he brought them back, Scogin said he would have none of them. "Sir," said Jack, "then will I: and here is your penny again." And when dinner-time was come, Jack set bread and butter before his master; and roasted the herrings, and sat down at the lower end of the table, and did eat the herrings. Then said Scogin, "Let me have one of your herrings, and you shall have another of me another time." Jack answered, "If you will have one herring, it shall cost you a penny; for you will not get a morsel here, except I have my penny again." And while they wrangled together, Jack made an end of the herrings. Now it chanced that a Master of Arts, one of Scogin's

<sup>1</sup> In times of pestilence, Fellows and Scholars of Colleges, by express permission of the statutes of their Societies, would retire from Oxford to some more healthy spot in the vicinity. Thus Oriel College, of which Scogin is reputed to have been an alumnus, migrated to St. Bartholomew's; Exeter College to Kidlington; Lincoln College to Gosford; Trinity College to Garsington and Woodstock; and Merton College to Cuxham, Islip, and Eynsham; while, for more than two hundred years, All Souls' College compelled its tenants at Stanton Harcourt Parsonage, by a covenant in the lease, "to find four chambers furnished with bedding, for so many of the Fellows of the College as should be sent there, whenever any contagious disorder should happen in the University."

fellows, did come to see him; and when Scogin espied him coming, he said to Jack, "Set up the bones of the herrings before me." "Sir," said Jack, "they shall cost you a penny." "What!" exclaimed Scogin, "Wilt thou shame me?" "No, Sir," answered Jack; "Give me my penny again, and you shall have the bones; or else I will tell all." Then did Scogin cast down the penny, and Jack brought up to his master's place the herring bones; and when the Master of Arts entered, Scogin bade him welcome, and said, "If you had come sooner, you should have had fresh herrings for dinner." Thus did Jack make his master pay a penny for the herring bones.

These tales of ready wit, and others, such as "What Master Skelton, the laureate, did, when after eating salt meates at Abingdon, he lay at the Angel Inn at Oxford, and awoke athirst," and "How Scogin and a chamber-fellow, a collegioner, managed to fare well during Lent," do indeed appeal to the popular raconteur of the day, and he commends those famous Oxford Wits, saying, "it is good for every man to help himself in time of need with some policy and craft, or be it no deceit or falsehood be used." But more often, "a meere Scholar, a meere Ass," is his maxim; and where Chaucer genially rallied, he coarsely ridicules the want of worldly wisdom in the Oxford Clerk. He is no respecter of persons, and all ranks in the University fare alike. Thus the novice or Freshman goes with a company of wild scholars to steal conies, and is told not to warn the quarry in any way of their design. "At last it was his fortune to espy a stocks, whereupon he cried aloud, 'Ecce, cuniculi multi!', in English, 'Loe, where are many conies!': and straightway the conies ran to their berries:—for which his felowes chiding him, he said, 'Why! who a devill would have thought that conies could understande Latine!'" Then there is the tale of the senior man who studied "the judicials of astronomy" to his own undoing. "Upon a tyme, as he was rydyng by the



way, he came by a herdeman, and he asked this herdeman how far it was to the next town. 'Syr,' quod the herdeman, 'it is rather past a mile and a half; but ye need to ryde apace, for ye shall have a shower of rain ere ye come thither.' 'What,' said the scoler, 'maketh thee say so? There is no token of rain, for the clouds be both fayr and clere.' 'By my troth,' quod the herdeman, 'but ye shall find it so.' The scoler then rode forth; and it chanced, ere he had ridden halfe a myle further, there fell a good shower of rain; and thys scoler was well washyd and wett to the skin. Then torded he him back, and rode to the herdeman, and desyryd him to teach him that connyng. 'Nay,' quod the herdeman, 'I wyll not teach you my connyng for nought.' Then the scoler profferyd him XL shylyngs to teach him that connyng. The herdeman, after he had received his money, sayd thus; 'Syr, see you not yonder black ewe with the whyte face? Surely when she daunseth, and holdith up her tayle, ye shall have a shower of rain within halfe an houre.'" The days of "hende Nicholas," with his successful weather forecasts, were indeed passed away; for the moral, to be drawn from this story, is, "that the connyng of herdemen and shepardes, as touchinge aulteracyons of weder, is more sure than the judicials of astronomy."<sup>1</sup> Finally, when the new-made "Mayster of Arts" ventures to London, he falls an easy prey to "the mery gentilman of Essex which was ever disposyd to play many pranks and pageants." "Meeting this gentilman in Poulys, the scoler prayed him to give him a sarcenet typet; and the gentilman, more liberal of promise than of gyft, graunted him that he should have one, if he would come to his lodging to the sign of the Bull without Bishopsgate in the next morning at six of the clock. This scoler then came next morning; and the two went

<sup>1</sup> In folk-lore, one-year-old sheep, known to the Fancy as "hogs" or "hoggets," are believed to gambol like young lambs, when a change in the weather is probable. This they do especially in the month of March.

together, till they came to Saint Laurence Church in the Jewry. There the gentilman espied a priest intently engaged in the celebration of the Mass; and he told the scoler, 'Yonder is the priest that hath the typet for you. Knele down in the pew, and I will speke to him for it.' Then went this gentilman to the priest, and said, 'Sir, here is a scoler, a kynnyzman of mine, greatly dyseased with the chyn-cough. I pray you, when Mass is done, give him three draughts of your Chalice.' The priest graunted him this; and torned him to the scoler, and said, 'Sir, I shall serve you as soon as I have said Mass.' The scoler therefore tarried, trusting that, when Mass was done, the priest would give him a typet of sarcenet; and the gentilman in the meanwhile departed from the Church. Now, when Mass was said, the priest put wine in the chalice, and came to the scoler knelyng in the pew, proffering him to drink of it. This scoler looked upon him, and mused, and said, 'Why, mayster parson, wherefore proffer you me the chalice?' 'Marry,' quod the priest, 'for the gentilman told me you were dyseased with the chyn-cough, and prayed me that for a medicine ye might drink of the chalice.' 'Nay, by Seint Mary,' quod the scoler, 'he promysed me ye should delyver me a typet of sarcenet.' 'Nay,' answered the priest, 'he spake to me of no typet; but he desyred me to give you drink for the chyn-cough.' Then, too late, did this scoler lerne that it is foly to truste to a man to do a thinge that is contrary to his old accustomed condycyons; and he said, 'By Goddes body, he is, as he was ever wont to be, but a mokkyng wretch; but if I live, I shall quyte him'; and so departyd in great anger."

The Clerk of Oxenford, his virtues and foibles, his logic and his high style, now serve to point a moral rather than to adorn a tale. "A rich frankelyn having by his wyfe but one childe and no mo, for the great affection that he had to the said childe, found hym to scole to Oxforde for the space of II or III year. Thys young skoler, in a vacacyon tyme, for his disporte, came

home to his father. It fortun'd afterwarde on a day, the father, mother, and the young skoler being seated at table, the young skoler sayde, 'I have studied sophistrie, and by that science I can prove these two chekyns in the dysse to be thre chekyns.' 'Mary!' sayde the father, 'That wolde I fayne see.' The skoler then toke one of the chekyns in his hande, and sayde, 'Lo! here is one chekyn'; and incontinente he toke both the chekyns in his hand joyntely, and sayde, 'here is two chekyns: and one and two makyth three: ergo here is three chekyns.' Then the father toke one of the chekyns to himselfe, and gave one of the chekyns to his wife, and sayde thus; 'Lo, I will have one of the chekyns to my parte; and thy mother shall have another; and, because of thy good argument, thou shalt have the thirde to thy supper: for thou gettest no more meate here at this tyme.'" These popular tales show also the change which had come over the "high style" of the Clerk. A hundred years before, this style had been "short and quick and full of high sentence." Then French influence was to be marked in the construction of English prose; and Chaucer, as Skinner writes in his *Etymologicon*, was "introducing French words by waggon-loads into our English vocabulary." But now, in their attempt to construct what Dante calls "an illustrious vulgar tongue," to refine it and make it a fitting instrument for the various requirements of courtly conversation and literature, Oxonians were Latinizing the English language. They were striving, as did Rabelais' young scholar of Limouzin in later days, "par veles et rames locupleter le vernacule de la redundance Latinicome."<sup>1</sup> "You must crucify the quadrangle, and ascend the grades, and you will find him perambulating his cubicle near the fenester," said "the scoler of Oxenforde that delytid moche to speke eloquente English and curious termes," as he directed a

<sup>1</sup> *Rabelais*, bk. ii. chap. vi. Comment Pantagruel rencontra ung Limousin qui contrefaisoit le language Francois.

porter to a friend's rooms in College. "And pray, Sir, what is a fenester?" asked the man. "It is the diaphanous part of an edifice, erected for the introduction of illumination," answered "the skoler." And when he took his shoes, "which were pyked before, as they used that tyme,"<sup>1</sup> to be clouted, he would say to the cobbler, "O thou curious artificer, that hast perfected the art of repairing old and decayed calcuments, I pray thee set two triangles and two semicircles upon my subpeditales, and I shall pay thee for thy labour." Upon which the cobbler, because he understood him not half, answered him shortly, "Sir, your eloquence passeth my intelligence; but if I meddle with it, the clouting of your shoon shall cost you ten pens."

Thus already the time had got a vein of making the Clerk ridiculous, and of putting upon his profession various absurdities which were to render him a laughing-stock to succeeding generations. Nor is it only as the follower of unprofitable and ill-respected arts, that he is now ridiculed; but often also, as being distinguished by the weak health, dull spirits, and eccentric manners, that are bred in a retired life free from bodily exercise and those disports which most men use. And this is due to the fact, that, owing to a change in the system of residence at Oxford, the lawless "unattached" scholar, who lived as he listed, was becoming a "rara avis"; freshmen being now usually caged in a College, which, with its hall, chapel, and recreation-ground, was intended to supply, and doubtless did supply to docile youths, all the necessaries of life within its massive gates. Subjected to an elaborate code of discipline, the Clerk henceforward had but few opportunities of displaying prowess, either in sport in Beaumont Fields, or in earnest in the many faction-fights which enlivened the streets of mediæval Oxford. Then, again, in the old days, as a "chamberdekyn," he had depended for his

<sup>1</sup> The "time" is that of Edward IV, before the exaggerated "square toes" of the Tudors had been introduced.

scanty subsistence to no small extent upon the means derived from the chase, and had won a name for skill and daring as a poacher and a raider of hen-roosts. But as soon as he became the inmate of a College, he passed from this savage and predatory to what may be called a pastoral state ; a step towards civilization, which was figuratively described by fifteenth-century Oxford in the famous legend of the "All Souls' Mallard" :—when once he became a member of an endowed Foundation such as Archbishop Chichele's, he no longer needed to hunt for a precarious dinner in the neighbouring farm-yards or amid the reeds of Isis and Cherwell ; his former quarry was now ready to his hand, and moreover specially fattened for the table, in the "pullo-phylacium," "domus gallinarum," or collegiate fowlhouse ;—to use the words of the All Souls' Allegory, "the Mallard or wild Drake was discovered, imprisoned and grown to a vast size, in the foundations of the College."<sup>1</sup> It is, indeed, to this conversion of the Clerk of Oxford during the great college-building period (1375–1458), from a free and hardy self-helper into a beneficiary leading a confined and comparatively soft existence, that are due portraits of the time which represent him "living a monastic life sequestered from the tumults and troubles of the world, a mere spectator of other men's fortunes

<sup>1</sup> The above interpretation of the Mallard Legend is confirmed, when examination is made of the chief features of the Feast of the Invention of the Mallard, a festival observed in old days annually, but, since 1701, in the first year of each century only. "Mallard Night," as it is called, opens with a pretended search for the tutelary Bird in various parts of the College, which is conducted by the junior Fellows who bear torches and sticks ; time and implements, it will be noted, being those which a primitive poacher would deem most favourable for his illicit sport : the Night closes with a chorus of triumph over the captured quarry, known as the "Mallard Song," and a prolonged orgie after the habit of the primitive poacher. It is clear that the festival was originally instituted by the College authorities for the purpose of effecting a yearly catharsis of any predatory passions that might survive among the alumni : and that such a precaution was by no means unnecessary, is shewn by the frequent outbursts of those passions which occurred until comparatively recent times in societies which did not encourage a like purgation.

and adventures." And, as time went on, this seclusion became more complete. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, senior members of endowed institutions had often engaged in the active management of College property. They had farmed estates with bailiffs, and had bred and sold horses; they had been their own bakers, brewers and architects; and had thus been brought into contact with agricultural labourers, grooms and farriers, masons and bricklayers; and had purchased agricultural instruments, baking and brewing utensils, and building material. They had kept minute accounts of expenses, and had schemed to increase the income of their foundations. But when, as one of the results of the great revolution in the system of agriculture in England which followed the Black Death, bailiff-farming gradually gave way to farming by tenants at a fixed rent, and when the business of baking and brewing became general, and the contractor and middleman appeared in the land, Fellows of Colleges had fewer opportunities of acquiring and of displaying a practical knowledge of secular business; and rapidly deteriorated, in the opinion of the vulgar-spirited, into "mere College authorities who lived retired from the world, and were as children in commercial matters." In an age of extending trade and great material prosperity, and when it was thought to be the duty of every man, one way or another, "to bestirre his stoompes," the Clerk was pictured "sitting in a corner with a pot of beer and a pound of beef at his side, concluding syllogisms; reading all things and professing none." He was declared, by the successful merchant and daring adventurer of the day, "to spend the winter with his nose over the fire; and in summer to plod along with his eyes bent downwards, as though he sought pearls among the pebbles, or staring into the element as if to see when the man in the moon would come out among the stars." Though he read sometimes of the famous deeds of men of action in the past, "the base-minded fellow was never the more

ready to do vigorous service himself; but was as one who thrust his head into a tub, and cried, 'Bene vixit qui bene latuit,' 'he hath lived well that hath loitered well.'" Such were some of the popular views of the Clerk and his life. To a generation which knew no other content but wealth, bravery, and town-pleasures, the contemplative student was a proverb of reproach, philosophers were but madmen, and poor scholars an example to take heed by.

## CHAPTER IV

### EARLY TRIALS OF THE UNIVERSITY

ACADEMIAE OXONIENSIS BREVE CHRONICON  
AB ANNO INCARNATIONIS 1524  
USQUE AD ANNUM 1603

A.D. 1524

“THE occasion of the Erection of Christys Church in Oxford by the Cardinal Thomas Wolsey, the number of the work folk, what he there pretended”—being Caput 7 of the *History of Grisilde the Seconde*, a narrative in verse of the Divorce of Queen Katharine of Arragon, written by William Forrest, sometime Chaplain to Queen Mary I, and edited from the Author’s MS. in the Bodleian Library for the Roxburghe Club by the Rev. W. D. Macray. In the poem Queen Katharine appears as “Grisilde,” Henry VIII as “Walter.” Here I have modernized the spelling.

At time when this man in high favour stood,  
Walter with him talking familiarly,  
A certain gentleman with much sober mood,  
As then a suitor, stood there aloof by,  
On whom as Walter that time cast his eye,  
He asked him, with countenance “beninge,”  
If that with him then he would any thing;



To whom the party thus entered his suit,  
 Beseeching his grace to grant his licence  
 A scholar of his, his school here to permutē  
 Beyond the seas, to do his diligence  
 For more acquiring, by study's pretence,  
 Of literate knowledge for years two or three,  
 The abler after to serve his Majesty.

At whose contemplation Walter furtherway  
 Condescended to his humble request,  
 And to the Cardinal he there did say,  
 "I marvel why our folk are so earnest  
 Their youth beyond sea to have interest,  
 To the consuming of our Royalm's treasure;  
 Have we not Schools them at home to recure?"

"Sir," quoth the Cardinal, "pleaseth your grace  
 Me to assist in that I do pretend,  
 I shall so work in convenient space  
 As fast hitherwards to cause them to descend  
 As ever thitherwards they did themselves bend;  
 And other also of each Christian port  
 For the like purpose hither to resort."

"My lord," quoth Walter, "further your pretence  
 Which is, I perceive, some study to begin,  
 And ye shall be sure of our assistance  
 What way so ever ye think best therein."  
 Upon which occasion he did not lyn,\*  
 The plot devised and curiously cast,  
 To set therewith in hand wondrously fast.

\* lyn =  
 delay).

Most cunning workmen there were prepared  
 With speediest ordinance for every thing,  
 Nothing expedient was there aught spared  
 That to the purpose might be assisting;  
 One thing chiefly this was the hindering,  
 The work-folk, for lack of good overseers,  
 Loitered the time, like false triflers.

The trifling of the  
 workmen,  
 and lack  
 of good  
 overseers,  
 was the  
 very let of  
 finishing  
 the work.

They were thus many, a thousand at the least,  
 That thereon were working still day by day;  
 Their payments continued, their labours decreate,  
 For well near one half did naught else but play.  
 If they had truly done what in them lay  
 By so long space as they were trifeling,  
 At his fall had been little to doing.

Man's vain  
 pomp  
 before  
 God's  
 glory pre-  
 ferred, the  
 work can  
 never take  
 good  
 success.

The work was wonderful passing curious,  
 And too much set forth to his vain glory;  
 Too much it cannot be too glorious  
 To His honour that reigneth eternally;  
 Th' other preferred, that being laid by,  
 The work cannot take prosperous success;  
 Of the godly I take therein witness.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Rede me and be not wrothe*, by William Roy and Jerome Barlow, English Observant Franciscans: Strasbourg, 1528 (Arber Reprints): "Dialogue between two prestes servants, named Watkyn and Jeffraye":

*Watkyn.* In those parties it is verified  
 That he hath a Colledge edified  
 Of marvellous foundation.

*Jeffraye.* Thou mayest perceave by reason  
 That vertue shall be very geason

Among a set of idle losels,  
 Which have riches infinite,  
 The wealth and worldly delight,  
 Given to pleasure and to nothing els.

*Watkyn.* They rede there both Greke and Ebrue.

*Jeffraye.* I will not say but it is true  
 That there be men of great science:  
 Howbeit where pride is the beginning,

As we see by experience,  
 And if thou consider well,  
 Even as the Tower of Babel  
 Began of a presompcion,  
 So that Colledge, I dare undertake,  
 Which the Cardinal doth make,  
 Shall confound the region.

What is it to see dogges and cattes  
 Gargell heddes and Cardinall hattes,  
 Daynted on walls with moche cost,  
 Which ought of dute to be spent  
 Upon povre people indigent  
 For lacke of fode utterly lost,

There should have been read within that precinct,  
 To th' instruction of all that thither came,  
 The seven Sciences seriously link't,  
 As in their orders the Schoolmen can name;  
 The Readers to have been men of great fame,  
 The picked purest through all Christiandom,  
 If meed or money might cause them to come.

But how ever it was, God's aid there did lack,  
 It had not else quailed, as it sheweth yet;  
 That Pride therein had aught hindered back,  
 I trust Humility shall perfectly complete,  
 To set up God's House, as me seemeth meet,  
 For His inestimable benevolence  
 Shewed of His grace to her magnificence;

God's aid was  
 not there  
 assisting  
 because of  
 pride; God  
 grant humility  
 to fulfil that  
 which pride  
 lacked grace  
 to do.

Our noble Queen Mary it is that I mean;  
 Who, as she is most noblest now of all,  
 That noble work not yet finished clean,  
 Nobly God grant her to make it formal,  
 To His honour and glory special:  
 Her other affairs first brought to good fine,  
 God through His grace her heart thereto incline.

Wishing our  
 noble Queen  
 Mary time and  
 power to finish  
 what is lacking  
 in that noble  
 foundation.

So have we here said the cause original,  
 How Frydeswide's House a Study became  
 By the great travel of the Cardinal,  
 Whose soul God shield from the infernal flame,  
 And prosper in virtue the Students of the same;  
 They endeavouring so, virtuously,  
 No doubt to God's pleasure shall much edify.

A.D. 1530

Oxford and the Great Divorce. In this year King Henry proposed to the University a question concerning his marriage with Queen Katharine, sometime the

wife of his brother, Prince Arthur:—"An divino et naturali jure sit prohibitum ne frater uxorem fratris, etiam mortui sine liberis, ducat uxorem"?—

Caput 9 of the *History of Grisilde the Seconde*—

Walter, to  
appease the  
worldly  
rumour,  
causeth his  
case to be  
disputed at  
Oxford.

Yet for that Walter would not be thought  
Of heady power to work contrariously,  
He sent to Oxford, as plans he sought  
To have his case there tried by the Clergy;  
At which traveling certainly was I,  
Attending upon a certain good man,  
Wherefore in the same I somewhat say can.

John Long-  
land was Chief  
Commissioner:  
Friar  
Nicholas,  
chief Solicitor  
for the King,  
was openly  
withstood.

Thither was sent as Chief Commissioner  
The Bishop of Lincoln, one John Langeland,  
With certain other that well could flatter,  
The learned judgment there to understand;  
Where one friar Nicholas took much in hand,  
As chief Defendant in the foresaid case,  
Who found himself matched even to the hard  
face.

Those that  
spake against  
the King, were  
disdained and  
threatened;  
those who  
supported  
him, were  
rewarded,  
cheered, and  
made much of.

But there was used no indifferency;  
Such as by learning made against the King,  
They were redargued most cruelly,  
Threatened also to forgo their living;  
On th' other side all thereto inclining,  
They had high cheering with meed otherway;  
Falsehood triumphing, Truth quaking for fray.

The Uni-  
versity Act  
was deferred,  
because five  
incepting  
Doctors  
would not  
agree to the  
divorcement.

That time an Act there should have gone forward,  
Where seven famous Clerks that Inceptors were,  
Because in this case Five would not draw toward,  
It was deferred to their heavy cheer,  
For that their chief friends were presently there;  
Mawdelay, Mooreman, Holyman, also  
Mortimer, Cooke, with other two mo,

These Five in nowise would grant their consents,  
 The Regent Masters were of the same mind;  
 Rather they granted to forgo house and rents  
 Than wittingly so to shew themselves blind;  
 The Proctors, for gains they hoped to find,  
 Through friendship they made, obtained the grace  
 Of Bishop Langeland the Act to take place.

These five,  
 and the  
 Regent  
 Masters,  
 would rather  
 surrender all  
 than give their  
 consents.

The matter long time there hanging in suspense,  
 Without having th' University's Seal  
 As to confirm Walter's foresaid pretence,  
 For which the Bishop hard threatnings did deal,  
 To his reproach and hindrance of good heal;  
 If so that some there had had him at large,  
 I would of his life have taken no charge.

Popular hatred  
 of Bishop  
 Longland.  
 On Lincoln  
 College gates  
 were gallows  
 drawn with  
 chalk, and  
 ropes of hemp  
 nailed thereon,  
 to signify that  
 he and his were  
 worthy the  
 like for their  
 going against  
 the truth.

For on the outgates, where he by night lay,  
 Were Ropes fast nailed, with Gallows drawn by,  
 To this intent, as a man might well say,  
 "If we so might, such were thy Destiny."  
 His servants oft handled accordingly,  
 As one indeed making water at a wall,  
 A stone right heavy on him one let fall.

Women that season in Oxford were busy;  
 Their hearts were good, it appeared no less;  
 As Friar Nicholas chanced to come by,  
 "Alas," said one, "that we might this knave dress  
 For his unthankful daily business  
 Against our dear Queen, good Grisilidis;  
 He should evil to cheave, he should not sure miss."

Women in Ox-  
 ford sided with  
 the Queen, and  
 had foiled Friar  
 Nicholas,  
 if their hands  
 might have  
 served to their  
 hearts.

With that a woman, I saw it truly,  
 A lump of osmundys let hard at him fling:  
 Which missed of his noddle, the more pity,  
 And on his friar's heels it came tryteling,  
 Who suddenly as he it perceiving,  
 Made his complaint upon the woman, so  
 That thirty the morrow were in Bocardo.

One of them  
 threw a lump  
 of iron at him,  
 which missed  
 his head and  
 rolled on to his  
 heels: and on  
 his complaint  
 thirty women  
 were lodged in  
 Bocardo  
 prison, in the  
 North Gate.

There they continued three days and three nights,  
Till word was sent down from Walter the King,  
Who fret at the heart, as vexed with sprites,  
That Grisildy's part they were so tendering,  
To all that so did, this word down sending,  
That magre their teeths, he would have his forth,  
And ere long time make some of them small worth.

The Regent Masters stood firm. The Bishop called a secret Convocation of his supporters, and there they stole the University Seal and affixed it to such false instrument as they had contrived.

The sorrow of many good Graduates for this stealing the Seal.

The consent of Oxford was forced and stolen from her. May God reward the traitors after their deserts!

But yet for all that the Five foresaid Clerks  
With most of the Regent Masters, that tide,  
For all the threatnings that flatterers barks,  
From that was the right, they would no wit slide.  
The Bishop Langeland did thus then provide,  
A Convocation of certain to call,  
And got the Seal consented of all.

For which was weeping and lamentation;  
I was then present and heard their complaint:  
"Alas!" they said, "in pitiful fashion  
Now is good Oxford for ever attaint!  
Thou that hast flourished, art become faint!  
Thou wert unspotted till this present day,  
With truth evermore to hold and to say.

"But notwithstanding, considering as thus  
Thou wert with power and might overlaid,  
Thou therefore remain'st innoxious,  
As doth by violence the ravish't maid.  
Every one his duty on each pate be paid;  
That is, who of us hath wronged the right,  
God to their deserts their doings requite!

"This to this end we put in remembrance  
To the knowledge of our posterity,  
That all, that season, made no dissemblance,  
But ten to one stuck to the verity;  
But chief that ought, had no sincerity.  
False Ambition and keeping in favour  
Declared in this much lewd behaviour."

. . . . .

Walter presented with th' University's Seal,  
 Seeming to him all had condescended,  
 The merrier that day he made his full meal;  
 Now had he all things as he pretended.  
 Forwards he went, he was not defended,  
 The good silly Grisild for to put down,  
 And in her stead his new minion to crown.

The King's  
 joy at obtain-  
 ing the  
 University's  
 consent.

A.D. 1549

This year was a Commission appointed by King Edward VI to visit the University "in capite et membris," one of the Commissioners being Dr. Richard Cox, Dean of Christ Church.

"Of Doctor Cockes, Dean of Christys Church, most devillish disordering there, and of his despoiling the said Church and other in Oxford to the maintenance of his filthy and vile carnality"—Caput 7 of the *History of Grisilde the Seconde*—

Now learning is worthy of preferment  
 And of all degrees to be magnified,  
 For learning rendereth the low excellent,  
 And the excellent witty to be tried;  
 Learning and wisdom together allied,  
 As friends and kin of consanguinity,  
 They needs shall work to much utility.

The fruit of  
 perfect learn-  
 ing, how much  
 it furthereth  
 to a common  
 utility.

Admixed with Grace, I mean, as no less,  
 For Science, Saint Paul saith, the mind doth  
 inflate:

Of Science hath many had plenteousness,  
 And void of Grace hath proved far ingrate;  
 Using their learning after devillish rate;  
 As Doctor Cockes, with a Comb thereto set,  
 Through fleshly folly caught in the Devil's net.

But learning,  
 void of grace,  
 leads men to  
 fleshly folly  
 as it did Dr.  
 Cox.

Abhorring his order of sacred Priesthood,  
 A whore he took; wife could he take none,  
 For contrary vow he made unto God  
 When of his Ministers he took to be one;  
 And for he would not to the Devil alone,  
 He wrought by all means others to entrap  
 With him for ever to curse their mishap.

He wrought by his holy stinking Martyr  
 Peter, that Paul his breath could not abide,  
 For that, like Satan's true knight of the Garter,  
 His holy doctrine he here falsified,  
 That who of Priests in marriage was not tied,  
 He was afflicted turmoiled and tost,  
 To loss of living and some other cost.<sup>1</sup>

So much abhorred this vaging varlet  
 All signs of goodly conversation,  
 That whereso a priest with shaven crown he met,  
 He shook him up with detestation,  
 And in Oxford his ordination  
 Was, whoso there a crown on him did fit,  
 His College he should for his crown's sake amit.

This was a worthy famous Doctor,  
 This was a man worthy of preeminence,  
 This was a Christian true Professor,  
 This was a man of right intelligence;  
 The Devil he was! I say my conscience,  
 He was, I say, an arrant cursed Thief;  
 His acts declare, ye need no further preif.

<sup>1</sup> Cox and Peter Martyr, being married, brought their wives into Christ Church, being the first of all that did so; and not only permitted the Canons to marry, or any Head of a College or Hall, but suffered women and idle huswives to enter into each House to serve there: which was looked upon as such a damnable matter by the Catholics, that they stiled the lodgings that entertained women and children, "coneyburies": Anthony Wood, *Annals*, sub anno 1549.



He robbed the Church of Frydeswyde, I say,  
 Of Chalice, Crosses, Candlesticks with all,  
 Of silver and gilt, both precious and gay,  
 With Copes of tissue and many a rich Pall,  
 Dedicate to God above aeternal.  
 And other Colleges may him well curse,  
 For through him they are yet far the worse.

He was chose Chancellor for faults amending;  
 He mended indeed from good to the bad!  
 He was a Chancellor of the Devil's sending,  
 Never was Town that such an other had;  
 So made he ordinance that a proud lad  
 With men right reverend might shew him checkmate  
 And went disguised in ruffian rate.

He set them all clean out of discipline,  
 And saw them settled in heinous heresy;  
 He let them at will wickedly incline,  
 He nothing to virtue did edify,  
 But what to good order was contrary;  
 So wrought he, that, truly to make report,  
 As the Dean was, so were the most sort.<sup>1</sup>

A.D. 1554

In this, the first year of the reign of Queen Mary, Edward Anne, one of those whom Jewell had instructed in religion, having, through the zeal he bore to reformation, made a copy of verses against the Mass, Mr. Walsh, the Dean of Corpus, of which College Anne was a scholar, whipped him in the common hall, giving him

<sup>1</sup> Anthony Wood, *Annals*, i. 100, etc.; Cox became Chancellor of the University in 1547; "he permitted certain rude persons to abuse the Catholic Religion in ballads, libels, etc.; to make copes and surplices ridiculous, and to act the saying of Mass like the mumbling of charms by an old conjurer; and suffered youths to nose and impudentize the Doctors and Masters of the old stamp without correction."

a lash for every line. "Never surely," saith Mr. Andrew Lang, "was poet taught so sharply the merit of brevity."

Precatio contra Missam, anno Mariae primo, per Edouardum Annum, Juelli alumnum.

(*Joannis Juelli Vita*—Laurentio Humfredo autore: 1573).

"Supplex oro patris veniant coelestis ad aures  
 Ex animo paucae quas recitabo preces:  
 Ecce patent aditus; patet alti janua coeli;  
 Ad summum votis jam penetrabo Deum.  
 Summe Pater, qui cuncta vides, qui cuncta gubernas,  
 Qui dat cuncta tuis, qui quoque cuncta rapis,  
 Effice ne maneat longaevos Missa per annos,  
 Effice ne fallat decipiatque tuos.  
 Effice ne coecos populorum reddat ocellos,  
 Missa docens verbo dissona multa tuo:  
 Effice jam rursus Stygias descendat ad undas  
 Unde trahit fontem principiumque suum."  
 Respondet Dominus spectans de sedibus altis,  
 "Ne dubites recte credere, parve puer:  
 Olim sum passus mortem, nunc occupo dextram  
 Patris, nunc summi sunt mea regna poli:  
 In coelis igitur toto sub corpore versor,  
 Et me terrestris nemo videre potest.  
 Falsa sacerdotes de me mendacia fingunt;  
 Missam quique colunt, hi mea verba negant.  
 Durae cervicis populus me mittere Missam  
 Fecit, et e medio tollere dogma sacrum:  
 Sed tu crede mihi, vires scriptura resumet,  
 Tolleturque suo tempore Missa nequam."

A.D. 1556

On March 21, Thomas Cranmer was burnt in Canditch over against Balliol College.

Like Mutius, Cranmer, thou diddest burn thy hand:—



FROM JOHN FOX'S "ACTS AND MONUMENTS" (1784), VOL. III, 429  
 THE PICTURE APPEARS AS A FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATION IN THE EDITION OF THE "ACTS," PUBLISHED IN 1563. IN THE BACKGROUND THE CITY WALLS ARE SHOWN, AND THE NORTH GATE, IN WHICH WAS BOCARDO PRISON, WHERE ARCHBISHOP CRANMER WAS CONFINED



Oh, but I injure thee thus to compare:  
 Nothing was like, the fire, the cause, the man;  
 Yet likest thee, of all that storied are.  
 He had a Theatre of Men to see:  
 What thou did'st represent to Angels' eyes:  
 He burnt his hand to cinders carelessly  
 Which thou by burning diddest sacrifice:  
 Thou diddest sow thine hand into the flame,  
 Which he consum'd and could not reape againe:  
 Thy Love did quench the burning of the same,  
 Acting with pleasure what he did with paine.  
 In him 't was wonder that he did presume  
 To touch the flame with flesh contaminated;  
 In thee 't was wonder that the flame did burn  
 An holy hand to glory consecrated.

*Chrestoleros ; seven bookes of Epigrames by T. B.*  
 (i.e. Thomas Bastard, New College, 1586-  
 90), London, 1598

#### A.D. 1561

Many were the changes in Religion by which Oxford was troubled in the days of Henry VIII, Edward VI, Mary, and Elizabeth, as indeed appears in the story of the strange adventures of the Relics of St. Frideswyde and the body of Catharine, wife of the Reformer, Peter Martyr.

Henry VIII.—The shrine of St. Frideswyde plundered ;  
 1538.

Edward VI.—Catharine Martyr buried in the Cathedral;  
 1553.

Mary.—Catharine's body exhumed and cast upon a dunghill in the Dean's stable-yard ; 1557.

Elizabeth.—James Calfill, sub-dean of Christ Church, deputed to reinter the body. At this time the Relics of St. Frideswyde were discovered carefully bestowed in two silken bags and hidden in the obscurest part of the Cathedral. These were now

placed by Calphill in a coffin with Catharine's body, and were buried at the east end of the Church; 1561.

"De Sancta Frideswida et Catharina Martyre, Jac. Calphillus": *Encomiastica Carmina de Catharina, P. Martyris uxore*; Argentinae, 1561.

Ossa Frideswidae sacro decorata triumpho  
 Altari festis mota diebus erant.  
 E tumulo contra Catharinae Martyris ossa  
 Turpiter in foedum jacta fuere locum.  
 Nunc utriusque simul saxo sunt ossa sub uno;  
 Par ambabus honos et sine lite cubant.  
 Vivite nobiscum concordēs ergo, Papistae:  
 Nunc coeunt Pietas atque Superstitio.

A.D. 1565

Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, now lately elected Chancellor of the University, visited Oxford.

"In Adventum Illustrissimi Comitis Leicestrensis, cum primum Cancellarius Oxoniensis Academiam accederet."

*Ad illustrissimos Comites Warwicensem et Leicestrensem Oratio gratulatoria Bristoliae habita*, April, 1587: Oxon; ex officina typographica Josephi Barnesii: 12<sup>mo</sup>.

Redditur Oxonio Bustis Erepta Repente  
 Te Veniente Salus; Das Vrbi Dudlee Lucem;  
 Exhilaras Vultu; Spem Cedit Amabile Nomen.  
 Consilit E Luctu Languens Academia, Regnat,  
 Invidiosorum Voces Suppressit, Ovatque.  
 Xerxis Opes Nomenque Jacent; En Nobile Sidus  
 Indevincibilis Superat Comes Omnia Mundo.  
 Egregius Splendor Laudisque Excelsa Cupido  
 Efficiunt Similem Ter-magnis Regibus Esse.

Non Secus Interius Splendet Viget Intima Virtus;  
 Accumulansque Tuas Laudes, Aeterna Triumphans  
 Vivet Saecla, Magisque Vicens Lucentia Tanget  
 Astra Sono; Et Coelo Veneranda Locabit Amantem.

These capitals form the following complimentary inscription:—ROBERTUS . DUDLEUS . CANCELLARIUS . OXONIENSIS . COMES LECESTRENSIS . VIVAT . LAETUS . MULTA . SECLA!

A.D. 1566

The University being pretty well recruited and settled with good government, it pleased Queen Elizabeth to visit it in her Progress taken this year.

AD OXONIAM

(*Elizabethan Oxford*: Reprints (Oxford Hist. Soc.), p. 233).

R Regia Virgo venit: laetos celebrato triumphos;  
 E Exuperans Reges, Regia Virgo venit.  
 G Grata peregit iter, cum primum visa veniret,  
 I Invisit cum te, grata peregit iter.  
 A Accipis ecce tuam Reginam, Oxonia felix,  
 V Vincentemque viros accipis ecce tuam.  
 I Incipias hilares hilaris celebrare triumphos,  
 R Regia Virgo tibi grata peregit iter.  
 G Gaudia summa dedit veniensque videndaque, visa  
 O O certe plusquam gaudia summa dedit.  
 T Tu properare jube laetantes carmine vates,  
 I Ingenium prodant tu properare jube;  
 B Blateret ipse suos versus, recitetque Cherillus,  
 I Ignarus quamvis blateret ipse suos.  
 G Gaudeat et Faunus cum Phoebō, et quisque  
 triumphet;  
 R Regia Virgo tibi grata peregit iter.  
 A Accipiantque sonos mirantia rura canoros,  
 T Te laetam noscant accipiantque sonos.  
 A Adjuvet atque tuas voces campana cadentes,

P Perstringatque aures, adjuvet atque tuas.  
 E Ex quocunq; modo poteris, celebrato triumphos;  
 R Regia Virgo tibi grata peregit iter.  
 E Ergo triumphus eat; sed non satis istud; at isto  
 G Grandius haud possis; ergo triumphus eat.  
 I I cito, cuncta para; Regina, Oxonia, tecum est;  
 T Tarda, quid hic cessas? I cito, cuncta para.  
 I I cito, parva para, nam sedula pauca parare  
 T Tanta digna nequis; I cito, cuncta para.  
 E Et tamen illa licet sint parva et pauca, tri-  
 umpha;—  
 R REGIA . VIRGO . TIBI . GRATA . PERE-  
 GIT . ITER.

A.D. 1577

The Assize at Oxford, known as "the Black Assize."

"There be daungerous diseases unknowen to the most part of Physicians, as that disease especially which was at Oxford at the Assizes anno 1577, and began the 6th day of July; from which day to the 12th day of August next ensuing there died of the same sicknesse 510 persons, all men and no women. The chiefest of which were the two Judges, Sir Robert Bell, Lord Chiefe Baron, and Maister Sergeant Baram; Maister Doile, the High Sherriffe; five of the Justices; foure Counsaillours at the Law; and one Atturnie. The rest were of the Jurers and such as repaired thither. All infected in a manner at one instant, by reason of a damp or mist which arose among the people within the Castle-yard and Court-house, caused, as some thought, by a traine and trecherie of one Rowland Jenkes, booke-binder of Oxford, there at that time arraigned and condemned; But, as I thinke, sent onely by the will of God, as a scourge for sin shewn chiefly in that place and at that great assembly, for example of the whole realme; that famous Universitie being, as it were, the fountain



and eye that should give knowledge and light to all England. Neither may the Universitie of Cambridge in this respect glory over Oxford, as though they had greater priviledge from God's wrath; for I read in Hall's Chronicle, in the 13th year of King Henry VIII, that at the Assize kept at the Castle in Cambridge, in Lent anno 1522, the Justices and all the Gentlemen Baillives, and others resorting thither, took such an infection, that many gentlemen and yeomen died, and almost all which were present, were sore sick and narrowly escaped with their lives."

THOMAS COGAN,  
*The Haven of Health*, London, 1589

"Hear now, I pray, the poor Knight's Lamentation, wherein he earnestly bewayleth the late loss of divers worthy gentlemen's lives; a dirge which appeareth in a book called *A Poor Knight, his pallace of private pleasures, gallantly garnished with goodly galleries of strange inventions, and prudently polished with pleasant posies and other fine fancies of dainty devices and rare delights*; the same being written by a Student of Cambridge, and published by I. C. Gent; imprinted at London; Richard Jones, Over against Saint Sepulchres Church; 1579."<sup>1</sup>

"Stand still, ye fiends of Limbo Lake, ye hellish  
hounds, give ear,  
Stay, Theseus, on thy whorling wheel, hark what I  
shall declare;  
Come, plunge in pit of painful plight, ye Furies three,  
I pray;  
Oh Pluto, mark my doleful mone, give ear what I  
shall say;  
And rue with me the rueful chance, and mone the  
ill success,

<sup>1</sup> *Three Collections of English Poetry of the latter part of the 16th century*, Roxburgh Club Publications, 1844.

The doleful dole, the heavy hap, the dumps of deep  
 distress,  
 Which Oxford Town hath had of late, most fresh  
 and new in mind;  
 Hark, hark, ye dames of Stygian flood and wail by  
 course of kind,  
 As, though no tears of Furies' eyes will ease the fatal  
 fall,  
 Yet plaints of you which Furies be, may move the  
 mind of all  
 To say with me, as I have said, Alas!, help to  
 deplore  
 And wail that chance, like to which chance no  
 chance has chanced before  
 In Oxford Town, or English soil, since worthy  
 Trojan's time,  
 Since Brute in coast did seek by fame to clustering  
 clouds to climb.  
 Oh strange disease, most strange to tell, and strange  
 to call to mind,  
 As thundering Fame hath tolde for truth, as reason  
 did her bind.  
 Alas! alas! I rue to think, I tremble for to  
 tell,  
 My fainting heart is much appalled, my soul in grief  
 doth dwell;  
 But yet alas! what boot to mone, where tears will  
 not avail?  
 No gentle words will fence the fort where denting  
 death assail;  
 No sugared terms will stay his stroke; no force will  
 make him fly;  
 No subtil skill of mortal minds; he weigheth no  
 hideous cry;  
 No worthy acts can banish death, or cause him to  
 relent;  
 No fame, no name for good deserts, no days in justice  
 spent,

Can him intreat to hold his hand; no hope for future  
 gain  
 Which will redound to common wealth, can cause  
 him to abstain:  
 But oft that impe by whirling wind is blasted to decay  
 And soonest bears the withered leaves, whereof most  
 hope doth stay.  
 Of Trojan soil let Hector say; let Pyrrhus speak  
 for Greece,  
 Or join Achilles, if you please, and Paris with his  
 piece:  
 Macedon's Prince may tell his tale, and Cæsar may  
 discharge;  
 That good Hamilcar's eldest son by proof may tell  
 at large—  
 What need I range? since ranging far doth breed  
 to great annoy,  
 Since Bell and Barham may blaze forth, which once  
 were England's joy.  
 Ah sounding Bell! ah Barham bold! (I mean in  
 Justice' cause),  
 Ah true maintainers of the right and strengtheners  
 of the laws!  
 How oft can Westminster report, whose record cannot  
 lie,  
 Your true deserts in pleas of price, your worthy wits  
 to try!  
 How oft can all Assizes say, "Lo Bell! Lo Barham he!  
 Perdy in skill of lawyers' trades, those worthy  
 champions be!"  
 How oft hath Bell been sounded of through every  
 shire and town,  
 How oft hath Barham through his deeds achievèd  
 high renown!  
 But out, alas!, the Bell is broke and Barham's tongue  
 doth stay,  
 For Death hath struck, whose daunting darts each  
 worldling must obey;

Both Judge and Sheriff, Sheriff and Clerk, yea Clerk  
 and Crier, all  
 Must give account before the Judge, when Christ  
 his crier call;  
 And well, I hope, hath Bell deserved, and Barham  
 shall have meed,  
 With all the rest above the skies, whereas the Angels  
 feed.  
 And you, ye doughty knights, whose corps be laid  
 in mourning grave,  
 Whose bones shall long be kept in store, a good  
 reward shall have:  
 And though ye wail, ye Templars all, for them which  
 ye did know,  
 Which oft within your costly courts their sage advice  
 did shew;  
 Yet since the Fates have cut their clews, since  
 Lachesis hath said  
 That she would stretch her hand no more, then be  
 you well a-paid,  
 And stay from murmuring at their fate, such fatal  
 hap had they,  
 Whom God had long ordained before to visit in  
 that day;  
 As few have seen or heard the like, with watery  
 eyes lament,  
 With salted sighs and gushing tears, which all in  
 vain be spent,  
 In Oxford town and anywhere where fame hath  
 blown her blast,  
 And scalding sighs in sundry breasts hath vowed  
 for aye to last.  
 What shall I say? What shall I write? Or shall  
 I leave my verse?  
 How can my hand hold fast my pen these dolours  
 to rehearse?  
 Nay, nay, a grief as great as that did more augment  
 my pain,

Which yet hath lurked, concealed fast, but cannot so  
 remain.  
 E'en for your sakes, ye Students all, whose griefs  
 increase my smart,  
 For whom my mind was troubled sore, all flattery  
 set apart ;  
 Not mine alone, but thousands more, did see them-  
 selves agreed,  
 And asked on knees of mighty Jove, your time might  
 be releev'd.  
 How many hearts have wept with us which never  
 saw that towne,  
 How many cheekes were moist'ned here with teares  
 that ran adowne !  
 Should Cambridge smile and Oxforde weepe, then  
 Cambridge were unkind ;  
 Nay, nay, my harts, your swelling smart did beat  
 in every mind,  
 And floodes of teares for you did flow, repleat with  
 mestful mone,  
 So Cambridge sware that Oxforde towne shall never  
 mourn alone.  
 May God forbid that Cambridge hart should ever  
 harden so,  
 That would not send forth gushing teares, to weep  
 for Oxforde's wo.  
 For why? no hart was hardned so, though it were  
 made of brasse,  
 That would not weepe for Fraunce his fall, when  
 fierce Affliction was ;  
 And rue with Antwerpe's ruinous ruthe: alas! what  
 hart had hee,  
 That would not say "Antwerpe, adew," or "Fraunce,  
 Christ fight for thee" !  
 Then who could cease (although he would) your fate  
 for to deplore?  
 Sith wounds that sticke more nere the bone, do  
 breed the greater sore

And though the case were far unlike to Fraunce and  
 Antwerpe's ruthe,  
 Yet was your case as straunge to tell, as Fame hath  
 told for truth :  
 Yea, though your chance were much more less, yet  
 ought we to complain,  
 Sith that your joy increase our mirth, your wo doth  
 bring our pain.  
 Then what was left for Cambridge town, when  
 Oxforde felt the rod,  
 But still to waile and wepe for you; and pray to  
 mighty God,  
 That hee, when his good pleasure was, his heavy  
 hand would stay,  
 And with his power, as well hee can, remove his  
 scourge away.  
 And cease not you, as wee for you, to Jove for us  
 to call,  
 That hee would hold his stroke away, and keepe  
 our town from thrall :  
 That you which felt his heavy hand, and wee which  
 rued the same,  
 May join in one to laud the Lord, and praise his  
 holy name.  
 And bee content to beare the blow, which hee to  
 you hath lent ;  
 Though you had taste of bitter pangs, good harts,  
 yet be content :  
 For why? when God shall thinke it good, in the  
 twinckling of an eye  
 Hee can remove that hee hath sent, your constancy  
 to try.  
 Till then wee weepe and pray for you, and listen  
 what insue,  
 Desiring Christ to stay his hand. From Cambridge  
 thus 'Adew' !"

A.D. 1592

It being now twenty-six years since Queen Elizabeth visited the University, she this year came again, that she might take her last farewell thereof, and behold the change and amendment of Learning and Manners that had been made in her long absence.

*Apollinis et Musarum Euktika Eidyllia in serenissimae Reg. Elisabethae auspiciatissimum circum Oxoniam adventum decimo die Calend. Octobris, anno MDLXXXII: Oxoniae: Excudebat Josephus Barnesius:—Elizabethan Oxford: Reprints (Oxford Hist. Soc.):*

Ergo ades, Elisabeth, nostros visura penates,  
 Pieridumque domos?  
 Ergo ades ut spectes exercent qualia nostrae  
 Ludicra bella Scholae?  
 Hic nobis supremus honos: en erigit omnes  
 Nominis auram tui!  
 Coelica Diva vides reficit quam suaviter omnes  
 Numinis aura tui:  
 Cernis ut ampla cohors juvenum per compita passim  
 Densat utrinque vias:  
 Per vicos glomerata frequens stant ordine longo  
 Gens onerata stolis;  
 Hi tibi gratantes clamant, lectissima Princeps,  
 "Vivat Elisa diu!"  
 Vivas, et firma teneas pro jure precantur  
 Regia sceptrum manu:  
 Tu parili studio doctas feliciter artes  
 Dulcis alumna fove!  
 Praeside te nostri florescant rostra Lycaei;  
 Principe te vigeant!  
 Sic veniente die subsellia nostra sonabunt,  
 Et fugiente canent;  
 "Vivat Elisa diu nobis! Post funera semper  
 Vivat Elisa Deo!"

A.D. 1603

On March 24 Queen Elizabeth died, that benefactress of the University; under whose rule the Oxonians had increased in number, holiness, and virtue. Thereupon the most ingenious of the Academians did exercise their fancies in verses lamenting her death:

(*Oxon. Acad. Funebre Officium in memoriam Elisabethae Reginae: Oxoniae; Josephus Barnesius, almae Academiae typographus; 1603*)

## Chronogram

MorIens Deo fLoret eLIsa (= 1602)

Viva fuit mundi flos; est nunc mortua coeli:

Haud periit: moriens floret Elisa Deo.

(Date of death according to old style = A.D. 1602.)

## Anagram

Elizabetha Tudora Regina

In zelo gratia a deo habetur

Te tua nobilitas reginam fecit; et ipse

Zelus te gratam fecit, Eliza, Deo.

## Tumulus Elisae

Quae jacet hoc tumulo, rogitas? Decus orbis, Elisa.

Quae fuit illa, rogas? Nomen Elisa sat est.

Urges? habe. Fuit beata (dum fuit)

Princeps Angligeni gloria stemmatis,

Grata cunctis et superis amata:

Corporis forma Venus, et Diana

Mente, Pallas ingenii nitore,

Necnon omnigenis Pallas in artibus;

Junonis animum pectoris clastro gerens:

Ergo Diana, Venus, Pallas, Elisa, tuo

Cum Junone jacent tot numina magna sepulchro.



Anima Elisabethae pinnata,  
de se et republica et ecclesia  
bene gestis—

Sceptrum non gladius non dolus aut ambitio impotens,

Sed Filiae Jus et Deus Patrium dabant:

Tum fidus datur et pius senatus:

Templis prisca redit religio; quies

Musis, et populo stetit:

Sceptra tenente

Eliza.

Te, Ibere,

Improbe Ibere,

Ventis, te tumido mari

Et justum scopulis ludibrium dedi.

A te vindico Flandriam tyranno.

Ferrum, venenum, vis, dolus, Bullae, irrita:

En Bullae fatuo fulmine nil laesa polo fruor.

A.D. 1603

Queen Elizabeth being now dead, King James came to the throne; to whom the University addressed a Book of Verses in token of loyalty:

(*Acad. Oxon. Pietas erga Jacobum Regem*: Oxoniae: Excudebat Josephus Barnesius, Acad. Typographus: 1603)

Chronogramma in annum Christi, in quo inauguratus  
Jacobus Rex

regeM Dat sCotIa bRItannIs(=A.D. 1603)

Reginam quondam Scotis dedit Anglia, Regem  
Scotia restituit jam tandem grata Britannis:  
Millenus nobis et sexcentus annus  
Tertius antiqua plantam de stirpe reduxit.

Anagramma

Jacobus Steuartus  
A tribus es vocatus

Quo tria te jam regna vocant, perge, inclyte  
Princeps;  
Hiberni et Angli Principem et Scoti vocant.  
A tribus es Populis communi jure vocatus;  
Pietate, amore, lege communi, regas!

In idem

Oxoniae si quis quaerat, cur, magne Jacobe,  
Rex es Vocatus a Tribus, triplici die,  
Sufficiat ratio haec: numero Deus impare gaudet,  
Atque hominum in urbe semper est ordo triplex.  
Primum nempe gradum qui Nobilitate refulgent,  
Docti secundum, tertium Populi tenent.  
Norricius primus, Procancellarius Howson  
Regem secundus, Vicecomes vocat ultimus.  
Si voce hac triplici, Clarum Qui stirpe potentes,  
Docti Eruditum praedicant, Populus Pium,  
Expectent ergo Heroes, Doctaeque Cohortes,  
Populusque, Regem Nobilem, Doctum, Pium.

THOS. JAMES, *Bibliothecarius Publicus*

Proclamation of King James at Oxford

Prodiit hinc subito vox unica grata Britannis  
Magnanimum nobis Jacobum accedere regem.  
Pandite nunc Helicon, Deae; quid deinde secutum?  
Vos meministis enim, vos et memorare potestis.

Francis,  
Baron  
Norris of  
Rycote—  
John  
Howson,  
bishop of  
Oxford,  
1619.

Primus ibi ante omnes, nam non mihi visa tacebo,  
 Nuntius Oxonian venit ipse Noritius heros,  
 Antiquis illustris avis et Marte verendis;  
 Constitit ut medio, magna comitante caterva,  
 Os humerosque Deo similis, mirantur et omnes  
 Quae nova fata ferunt. Cava buccina sumitur inde;  
 Ter canit; et sonitus ter rauca reverberat Echo.  
 Tum sic exorsus. Placet omnia ferre per auras.  
 Quid juvat haec celare diu? Cognoscite Elisam  
 Jam superas adisse domos, data fata secutam;  
 Ipse patrum ritu, quibus haec concessa potestas,  
 Nuntio legitimum Jacobum accedere regem.  
 Obstupuere omnes; cunctis vox faucibus haesit;  
 Spemque metumque inter stat saxea turba per  
 urbem;  
 Ac si Gorgoneae spectaverat ora Medusae.  
 Spes jubet esse hilares; prohibet timor; omnia  
 mortem  
 Et vitam intentant: Neutrumque et utrumque  
 videtur;  
 Quid facerent? Nequeunt tantos sufferre dolores:  
 Nec possunt contra tantam sperare salutem.  
 Postera lux oritur, niveo signanda lapillo.  
 Nuntius accelerat Londini missus ab urbe;  
 Indubitata novi manifestans gaudia regis:  
 Quoque magis credatis, ait, decreta potentum  
 Aspiciate heroum quae promulganda feruntur.  
 Dixit; et Howsono, quo non integrior alter  
 Praefuit Oxoniae, dedit inclyta jussa legenda:  
 Vir pius haud potuit tantos celare triumphos;  
 Convocat; occurrunt primaevi Heliconis alumni;  
 Res patet; applaudunt, induti et corpora cocco,  
 Invaluit quod more loci, sollenniter omnes  
 Jacobum referunt per singula compita Regem.  
 Quis tum laetitiam, quis et omnia gaudia fando  
 Explicet, aut possit verbis aequare triumphum?  
 Jam stabat veneranda phalanx, gravitate Catones,  
 Queis risisse novum, plaudentes, vertice ab ipso

Pilea tollentes; Tantos agit ardor amantes:<sup>1</sup>  
 Affectu hos sequitur, superat clamore juvenus.  
 Flammat amor; solem radiantem pilea condunt:  
 Et quoties nomen Jacobi fertur ad aures,  
 Ingeminant, Vivat!; Vivat!, loca muta reclamant;  
 Nec clamasse semel satis est, juvat usque morari  
 Et tales audire et tales reddere voces.  
 Te Maecenatem clamant Heliconis alumni;  
 Te doctum docti, te fortia pectora fortem;  
 Te mites mitem, superantem laude priores.  
 Singula quid referam? Te, te, ter maxime princeps,  
 Spem, votum, agnoscit ter felix Anglia Regem."

JOHN PRIDEAUX, Exeter Coll: Socius  
 (Bishop of Worcester, 1641)

<sup>1</sup> Cf. John Davies, *Microcosmos*: Oxford, 1603.

"Her Eies, witness my eies, lights of the Land,  
 Oxford and Cambridge, distill'd joyfull teares,  
 With cries among; for loe the Doctors stand  
 Prest with the presse, filling the World's wide Eares  
 With shouts of joy, that fainted late with feares.  
 Up go their Caps! so Gravity for joy  
 Doth Light become, and Age like Youth appears;  
 Which doubled mirth, to see Eld play the Boy,  
 And, with Cap tost till lost, to sport a Toy."

## CHAPTER V

### CLERKS OF OXFORD IN FICTION, CIRCA 1600 A.D.

“ Nascitur in tenebras animal puer inscius infans :  
Conferat Oxoniam se ; cito fiet Homo.”

*Epigrams*, iii. 45, by JOHN OWEN (New College, 1582)

“ A creature born i' th' dark, rude, infant, child,  
To Oxford sent, will soon a Man be stil'd.”

*Owen's Epigrams englished*, by THOMAS HARVEY, 1677

“ Oxford and Cambridge, Cambridge and Oxford,  
Would both of you I might please with a word !  
You in your wombes good and bad clarkes do nourish,  
And, like kinde mothers, tenderly do cherish :  
Though some you breed to amplify your fame,  
Yet others do ye nurse yourselves to shame.

So fatally it fares with famous Schooles ;

They send foorth famous men, some wise, some fooles.”

JOHN DAVIES of Hereford, *The Scourge of Folly*,  
Epigram 216. Oxford, 1603

“ **T**O speak plainly of the disorder of Athens, who doth not see it and sorrow at it? Such playing at dice, such quaffing of drink, such daliaunce with women, such dauncing, that in my opinion there is no quaffer in Flanders so given to tippling, no courtier in Italy so given to riot, no creature in the world so misled as a student in Athens. Such a confusion of degrees, that the Scholar knoweth not his duty to the Bachelor, nor the Bachelor to the Master, nor the Master to the Doctor. Such corruption of manners, contempt of magistrates ; such open sins,

such privy villany ; such quarrelling in the streets, such subtil practises in chambers ; as maketh my heart to melt with sorrow to think of it.

“ Moreover, who doth know a Scholar by his habit ? Is there any hat of so unseemly a fashion, any doublet of so long a waist, any hose so short, any attire either so costly or so courtly, either so strange in making or so monstrous in wearing, that is not worn of a Scholar ? Have they not now, instead of black cloth, black velvet ; instead of coarse sackcloth, fine silk ? Be they not more like courtiers than scholars, more like stage-players than students, more like ruffians of Naples than disputers in Athens ? I would to God they did not imitate all other nations in the vice of the mind, as they do in the attire of their body ; for certainly, as there is no nation whose fashion in apparel they do not use, so there is no wickedness published in any place that they do not practise. . . .

“ Is it not become a by-word among the common people that they had rather send their children to the cart than to the University, being induced so to say for the abuse that reigneth in the Universities ; who sending their sons to attain knowledge, find them little better learned, but a great deal worse lived, than when they went ; and not only unthrifths of their money, but also banckerouts of good manners ? Was not this the cause that made a simple woman in Greece to exclaim against Athens, saying, ‘ The Master and the Scholar, the Tutor and the Pupil, be both agreed ; for the one careth not how little pains he taketh for his money, the other how little learning ’ ? ”

Thus wrote John Lyly of Magdalen College in *Euphues, The Anatomy of Wit* (1579): “ That the envious led thereunto by malice, the curious by wit, and the guilty by their own galled consciences,” straightway reported this passage to be an attack directed against Oxford, appears from the “ Address to my good friends, the Gentlemen Scholars of Oxford,” which the author

affixed to a second edition of *Euphues*;<sup>1</sup> and that the cap which the Oxonians of the time thus hastily put on, proved no misfit, is evident from the attempts to enforce a general reformation of manners made by successive Chancellors of the University, from the Earl of Leicester to Archbishop Laud.<sup>2</sup>

The Middle Ages are said to have lasted at Oxford "down to the date of the Great Exhibition" of 1851; but, at the time when Lyly wrote, the University was suffering from the disorders and irregularities which attended the transition from the early to the late stage of this mediæval period. There, as elsewhere, the times were "times transhifting"; the noise and din of the outside world reaching even Democritus Junior, as he led his "sequestered and monastique life, ipse sibi theatrum," at Christ Church. "I hear," he writes, "new news every day. Now come tidings of maskings, revels, sports, plays . . . new discoveries and expeditions. To-day we hear of new lords and officers created; to-morrow of some great man deposed; and then again of fresh honours conferred. Beside those ordinary rumours of wars, plagues, fires . . . meteors, comets, apparitions, prodigies . . . shipwrecks, piracies, sea-fights and such like, which these tempestuous times afford, . . . there come also new books every day, pamphlets, currantoes, stories, whole catalogues of volumes of all sorts; new paradoxes, opinions, schisms,

<sup>1</sup> English Reprints, John Lyly: *Euphues, The Anatomy of Wit; Euphues and his England*, edited by Edward Arber (1868), pp. 30, 139, 207.

<sup>2</sup> Leicester's letter of reproof to the University in 1582 is a mere paraphrase of the above passage from *Euphues* (Anthony Wood, *Annals*, ii. 213). For the general depravity of Oxford during the period, drinking, gaming, smoking, excess in apparel, neglect of academical dress, and irreverence to seniors, see *Annals* under the years 1588, 1590, 1606, 1608, 1623, and *Register of Magdalen College*, edited by W. D. Macray, pp. 103, 111. For years 1630, 1633, 1639, etc., see Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology; Laud's Works, vol. v. (*History of Chancellorship*), pp. 49, 83, 259, on drinking houses; the wearing of boots and spurs, long hair, slashed doublets; and tavern-haunting.

heresies, and controversies in philosophy and religion."<sup>1</sup>

Of such disturbing influences, there were two which especially affected the community at Oxford. Though the oscillations were less violent than they had been in the reigns of Henry, Edward, and Mary, the pendulum of Religion was still swinging with a vengeance; passing, as it did, from the Establishment laid down by Archbishop Parker at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, to the Calvinism patronized by Leicester during his Chancellorship of the University (1564-1588); and from the Calvinism of Leicester to the Arminianism of Laud (1606-1641). Oxford was in fact a battleground, where a series of indecisive victories and defeats was being fought; where bitter feelings of partisanship, and "an infinity of trifling and base controversies" divided each College against itself, and where "the pulpit was used for purposes either of private revenge or of attacks on public authority." Such a condition of things did not make for discipline. "The persons of the chief Governors of the University and the Heads of Houses were deeply disgraced; their authority was greatly weakened; whilst the junior sort were drawn to an utter contempt of those whom they heard openly and confidently condemned and depraved."<sup>2</sup>

In addition to these religious convulsions, a social revolution was on foot. Educational reformers, from Sir John Elyot onward, had eagerly advocated the higher education of "children of gentlemen, which were to have authority in the public weal"; and some of them had lived to regret the success of their exhortations. "The Devil gets him to the University": lamented Latimer in 1549; "He causeth great men and esquires to send their sons thither, and put out

<sup>1</sup> Robert Burton (B.N.C. 1593; Ch. Ch. 1599-1639), *The Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621), "Democritus Junior to the Reader."

<sup>2</sup> See "Articles drawn up by the Vice-Chancellor and Heads of Houses against the Puritans," Anthony Wood, *Annals*, 1602.



poor scholars that should be divines"; and Ascham echoed the lament.<sup>1</sup> For Society at this time invaded the Universities, and converted them to its own uses. It was but a few years, since, "fleshed with the abbey-lands, and their teeth set on edge," these "new set-up great men and esquires" had frankly requested Henry VIII to distribute among them the endowments of colleges; and now they were gaining the same end by "packing" at elections to fellowships and scholarships, and by "making bribery" in grammar-schools which sent boys to the Universities. Parts, learning, poverty, and election, were of no avail against their wealth and influence. "Except one be able to give the regent or provost of a House a piece of money, ten pound, twenty pound, yea, an hundred pound, a yoke of fat oxen, a couple of fine geldings, or the like, though he be never so toward a youth, nor have never so much need of maintenance, yet," continues Philip Stubbes, "he comes not there, I warrant him. If he cannot prevail this way, let him get letters commendatory from some of reputation, and perchance he may speed in hope of benefit to ensue."<sup>2</sup> To the same effect writes R. C. (probably Richard Corbet, the celebrated Christ Church wit and poet) in *Time's Whistle* (1614-16):

Loth am I to rip up my nurse's shame,  
 Or to accuse for this those schooles of fame,  
 The Academies; yet for reformation  
 Of this abuse, I must reprove the fashion  
 Of divers' seniors, which for private gaine  
 Permit some ignorant asse, some dunce, attaine  
 A Scholler's, or a Fellow's place among 'em.  
 Some think, perhaps, of malice I do wrong 'em;

<sup>1</sup> Sir John Elyot, *The Governour*, i. chap. iv. (1530):—*Latimer's Sermons*, Parker Society, i. pp. 69, 203:—Ascham's letter: Strype, *Memorials of Cranmer*, bk. ii. chap. vi.

<sup>2</sup> Philip Stubbes (Worcester College), *Abuses in Ailgna (i.e. Anglia)*, pt. II. 20 (1583).

But the poor student knows it to be true,  
Which wanting means, as often wants his due.

To get preferment who doth now intend,  
He by a golden ladder must ascend.  
That cursed gold doth bear so great a sway,  
That nurseries of learning do decay;  
For not the means of taking our degrees  
Are quite exempt from bribes; for double fees  
A Dunce may turn a Doctor, and in state  
Walk in his scarlet:—oh, unhappy fate!  
When paltry pelf doth worthless ignorance  
Unto the top of learning's mount advance.<sup>1</sup>

The Poor  
Scholar.

Poor scholars had fallen upon evil days. Many, no doubt, who were not willing to give up a University career, earned a precarious living by acting as servants

<sup>1</sup> *Time's Whistle*, by R. C., Early English Text Society. For charges of taking bribes brought against Heads of Houses, see *History of Corpus Christi College* (Oxford Hist. Soc.); *History of New College*, pp. 121, 132, 138 (*College History Series*; Oxford; *New College*); and *Register of Magdalen College*, ed. by W. D. Macray. See also *Description of England in 1577*, by William Harrison; and Stat. 31 Eliz. chap. 6. Cf. also the quaint poem, "Tom Tel-troth's message and his Pen's Complaint," written by Jo. La. Gent (John Lane), London, 1600:

"England's two Eyes, England's two Nurseries,  
England's two Nests, England's two holy Mounts,  
I meane England's two Universities,  
England's two Lamps, England's two sacred Founts,  
Are so pulled up, pulled out, and eke pulled downe,  
That they can scarce maintaine a wide-sleav'd gowne.

Lately as one Came o'er a Bridge, he saw  
An Oxe stand o'er a Forde to quench his drouth;  
But lo! the Oxe his dry lips did withdraw  
And from the water lifted up his mouth;  
Like Tantalus, this drie Oxe there did stand:—  
God grant this dark Enigma may be scan'd.

And Rhetoricke adorne with figures fine,  
Trick'd up with tropes, and clad in comely speech,  
Is gone a pilgrim to the Muses nine,  
For her late wrong assistance to beseech:  
Now rich Carmudgeons best orations make  
Whilst in their pouches gingling coyne they shake."

to rich students, or by performing menial work in Colleges, although they were fain "to heel their tutor's stockings at least seven years," or to live the life of a "Pierce Pennyless, that made clean shoes in both Universities, a pitiful battler all his time; full often heard with this lamentable cry at the buttery-hatch, 'Ho, Lancelot! a cue of bread and a cue of beer'!; never passing beyond a farthing, nor ever munching commons but on gaudy-days."<sup>1</sup> But such services were now felt to be irksome and beneath the dignity of a gentleman;<sup>2</sup> and the prevailing dearness of living and dearth of patronage, "haec tanta caritas rerum et haec nulla caritas hominum," drove many from the studious walls of Oxford. Their hapless fate is often depicted in contemporary fiction. "Troth, and for my part, I am a poor gentleman and a scholar," laments George Pyeboard in *The Puritan*; "I have been matriculated in the University, wore out some six years there, seen some fools and some scholars, some of the city and some of the country, kept order, went bare-headed over the quadrangle, eat my commons with a good stomach, and battelled with discretion. At last having done many sleights and tricks to maintain my wit in me, I was expelled the University for stealing a cheese out of Jesus College."<sup>3</sup> Some followed the

<sup>1</sup> See the case of Flamineo, the poor scholar, in John Webster's *White Devil* or *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612; and of Pennyless in *The Black Book*, 1604; Thomas Middleton's Works, ed. by Alex. Dyce, vol. v. "Cue" or "q" stands for the Latin "quadrans."

<sup>2</sup> See *History of Corpus Christi College* (Oxford Hist. Soc.), pp. 50, 51.

<sup>3</sup> *The Puritan, or the Widow of Walling Street* (1607). By George Pyeboard is supposed to be meant George Peele, the celebrated Oxford Wit and Poet; a "peel" being a board with a long handle which bakers used for putting pies in and out of the oven. The association of Jesus College with Welsh students and cheese evidently followed very closely upon its foundation in 1571 by Hugo Price, Treasurer of St. David's: cf. the ancient lines on the College:

"Hugo Preesh built this Collesh  
For Jesus Creesh and the Welsh geesh  
Who love a peesh of toasted cheesh—  
here it eesh!"

example given of old time by Roger Bacon's discarded scholar-servant, the storied Miles, and "rode to hell upon the devil's back"; and some, with Glanvil's "scholar-gipsy," "roamed the world, but came to Oxford and their friends no more."<sup>1</sup> Others returned home to become burdens to their families. They refused to learn a trade, "to leave books and turn block-heads." As Scholars, "they disdained to spend their spirits upon such base employments as hand labour"; but, at the same time, they did not shrink from "eating their families out of house and home." "A crumb of learning makes your trade proud," says the Clown to the Scholar Laureo, in the comedy of *Patient Grissil*. "Would you could leave Latin and fall to make baskets! You spend all day peeping into an ambry, and talk of monsters and miracles to no purpose. You think 'tis enough if at dinner you tell us a story of pigmies,—and then munch up our victuals; but that fits not us: or the tale of the well Helicon,—and then drink up our beer. We cannot live upon it."<sup>2</sup>

It is of this social, rather than of the religious, revolution, that clear traces are to be found in contemporary fiction. The capture of the Universities by the wealthier classes, and the patronage given to learning, and the visits paid to Oxford and Cambridge, by both Elizabeth and James, created a demand for sketches of academical life: and this demand was met by a generous supply in such popular works as Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters*, John Earle's *Microcosmography*, and Wye Saltonstall's *Picturae Loquentes*, of numerous "pictures

<sup>1</sup> Robert Greene's *Honorable History of Friar Bacon*, 1594; Glanvil's *Vanity of Dogmatizing*, 1661: "There was lately a lad at the University of Oxford who was by his poverty forced to leave his studies there; and at last to join himself to a company of vagabond gipsies. Among these extravagant people, by the insinuating subtilty of his carriage, he quickly got so much of their love and esteem as that they discovered to him their mystery," etc. See Matthew Arnold's *Scholar-Gipsy*.

<sup>2</sup> *The pleasant Comedy of Patient Grissil*, by William Haughton (Oxford), in collaboration with Henry Chettle and Thomas Decker; 1613.

of the Oxford world quaintly drawn in various colours," and of many "witty descriptions of the properties" of sundry Oxford types and celebrities.<sup>1</sup>

Indeed, a fairly complete gallery can be formed. There are portraits even of the "University Dun," "a follower cheaply purchased, for his own money hath hired him, and he will wait upon your stairs a whole afternoon, and dance attendance with more patience than a gentleman-usher" (Earle); and of a "Townsmen in Oxford," "whose phrase savours somewhat of the University, being fragments gleaned out of men's mouths; while he gives his words with a punctual stiff pronunciation, as though they were starched into his mouth and dare not come out faster for fear of ruffling. He takes ill words, for he knows he deserves them, and yields the supremacy of the wall to any gown; but he loves not a scholar in his heart, for he sides against them though it be but at a foot-ball match. He frequents sermons at St. Mary's, only to spy out his debtors, whom he afterwards haunts at their colleges, and troubles by knocking at their chamber-doors; but receives no answer, for he is known as well there as a Sergeant in the Inns of Court, and alike hated. He's a burr that sticks close to freshmen's gowns, and one that strives to writhe the pliantness of youth to all ill actions" (Saltonstall). Earle has contributed likenesses also of the "Carrier" and the "Colledge Butler." The former is "an ambassador between father and son, bringing rich presents to the one, but never returning any back again. . . . He is the young students' joy and expectation, and the most accepted guest, to whom they lend a willing hand to discharge him of his burden. His first greeting is commonly 'Your friends are well';

An Uni-  
versitie  
Dunne.

A Towns-  
man in  
Oxford.

A Carrier.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Thomas Overbury (Queen's College, 1595-8), "A Wife, now the widow of Sir Thomas Overbury, etc., whereunto are added many witty characters," etc. (1614). John Earle (Ch. Ch. or Merton College, 1619), *Microcosmographie*, etc. (1628). Wye Saltonstall (Queen's College, 1619), *Picturae Loquentes* (1631).

An old  
Colledge  
Butler.

and in a piece of gold he delivers their blessing. You would think him a churlish blunt fellow, but they find in him many tokens of humanity." "The old Colledge Butler . . . is never so well pleased with his place as when a gentleman is beholding to him for shewing him the Buttery, whom he greets with a cup of single beer and sliced manchet, and tells him 'tis the fashion of the Colledge. He domineers over Freshmen when they first come to the Hatch, and puzzles them with strange language of Cues and Cees, and some broken Latin which he has learnt at his Bin."<sup>1</sup>

A meere  
Fellow of  
an House.

Of the more important characters thus brought upon the academical stage, "the meere Fellow of an House" claims precedence. His development had been a rapid one. Polydore Vergil, writing of Oxford in the year 1534, had conjectured that "along with many Masters and Governors of Colleges who were remarkable for lively teaching and profound learning, there might, peradventure, be issuing from that learned theatre of the world, others which were nothing egregious in these points, but were content to run the race of their lives luxuriously in the University" ("qui omne curriculum vitæ ibidem sese molliter curando transigunt").<sup>2</sup> William Harrison, again, in his *Description of England in 1577*, wrote that "after forty years of age, the most part of students do commonly give up their wonted diligence, and live, like drone bees, upon the fat of Colleges." But these mild hints are scarcely preparation sufficient for the startling apparitions which Giordano Bruno introduces to the reader of *La Cena de le Ceneri* (1584), dialogue I :

*Smitho.* Parlavan ben Latino?

*Teofilo.* Si.

*Smi.* Galantuomini?

<sup>1</sup> "Cue" is half a farthing, formerly denoted in College accounts by the letter "q," for "quadrans." "Cee," a term current in Universities for a certain quantity of beer; the sixteenth part of a penny's worth.

<sup>2</sup> Polydore Vergil, *English History* (Camden Soc.), p. 219.

*Teo.* Sì.

*Smi.* Di buona riputazione?

*Teo.* Sì.

*Smi.* Dottori?

*Teo.* Assai competentemente.

*Smi.* Bencreati, cortesi, civili?

*Teo.* Troppo mediocrementemente.

*Smi.* Dottori?

*Teo.* Messer, sì; padre, sì; madonna, sì; madre, sì; credo da Oxonia.

*Smi.* Qualificati?

*Teo.* Come no? Nomini da scelta, di roba lunga, vestiti di velluto, un de quali avea due catene d'oro lucente al collo; e l'altro, per Dio, con quella preziosa mano, che contenea dodici anella in due dita, sembrava un richissimo gioielliero, che ti cavava gli occhi ed il core, quando la vagheggiava.

*Smi.* Mostravano saper di Greco?

*Teo.* E di birra eziandio.

*Smi.* Com' eran fatti?

*Teo.* L'uno pareva il comestabile de la gigantessa e l'orco, l'altro l'amostante de la dea de la riputazione.

In the third and fourth dialogues are lively sketches of two Oxford Doctors, with whom Bruno disputed about the motion of the earth, at Fulke Greville's house in London; "two fantastic puppets ("due fantastiche befane"), two night-mares, two shadows, two quartan agues," as he calls them. There is Nundinio, who opens the discussion "with a heavenly glance upward, and a gentle smile on his lips"; but, before long, "is shewing his teeth, squaring his jaws, knitting his brows, and shrieking with rage." A little later, the Doctor Torquato takes up the argument. "He assumed a solemn look, such as that which Divôm Pater is said to have worn, when, sitting in the council of the gods, he fulminated his terrible sentence on the profane Lycaon. Having glanced at his golden necklace, and stared at

the breast of the Nolan as though he missed a button there, he sat upright, drew his arms from the table, shook his shoulders, snorted somewhat, settled his velvet cap upon his head, twisted his moustache, composed his perfumed visage, arched his eyebrows, and expanded his nostrils. Then resting his left hand upon his left side, placing together three fingers of his right hand, and dealing blows from right to left, he began to fence, speaking as follows," etc. Needless to relate, the Oxonians lost both the argument and their tempers, and departed hurriedly without saluting their opponent; Greville felt it his duty to apologize for their incivility and ignorance, and to invite the stranger's compassion for a land "widowed of all good literature so far as related to philosophy and mathematics"; and the blameless and triumphant Nolan concludes his tale by grouping Oxford Doctors generally into a "costellazione di pedantesca ostinatissima, ignoranza, e presunzione, mista con una rustica inciviltà che farebbe prevaricar la pazienza di Giobbe."

Bruno was one who imagined every place where he came, to be his theatre; and not a look stirring, but his spectator: and these accounts are tinged without doubt with mortification at the indifference which had been shewn by Oxford to his learning and originality.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Bruno visited Oxford in the year 1583, heralding his coming by the following letter: "To the most excellent Vice-Chancellor of the Academy of Oxford, to its illustrious Doctors, and famous Masters, greeting from Philotheus Jordanus Brunus of Nola, doctor in perfected theology, a professor of pure and blameless wisdom, a philosopher known and approved by the foremost Academies of Europe; to none a stranger, save to churls and savages; a waker of slumbering souls, a queller of presumptuous and kicking ignorance; in all his actions betokening a general love of mankind; . . . hated by spreaders of folly and by hypocrites, but loved by men of proof and zeal, and applauded by the nobler spirits" (Dedication, etc., of the *Opening of the Thirty Seals*). On his arrival at Oxford, he was permitted to lecture on the immortality of the soul and the "five-fold sphere"; and when "the noble and learned Polonian, Albertus Alasco," visited the University, he took part in one of the public disputations which were held for the delectation of the prince (1583). No English record of his performances exists, and Anthony Wood, the observant Oxford historian, does not even mention his name; but Bruno gives his own



Other foreign scholars, John Hotman, for instance, who visited the University in 1581, and Isaac Casaubon, who was there in 1613, acknowledge in the most generous terms the courtesy and hospitality they met with from all.<sup>1</sup> At the same time, the malicious artist could have cited, without much difficulty, many instances of placemen in Colleges, clerks emulating the pride and ostentation of the courtier, to prove his portraits no mere caricatures: and, further, it must be admitted, that, on the whole, the foreigner has not handled Oxford Dons with any more severity than did their own compatriot in the following character-sketch.<sup>2</sup> "A meere Fellow of an House," wrote Overbury, "examines all men's carriage but his own; and is so kind-hearted to himself, he finds fault with all men's but his own. If he hath read Tacitus, Guiccardine, or Gallo-Belgicus, he contemns the late Lord Treasurer for all the state policy he had; and laughs to think what a fool he could make of Solomon, if he were now alive.

account of what happened, in *La Cena de le Ceneri*, dialogue 4. "Go to Oxford," he exclaims, "and make them tell you what happened to the Nolan when he disputed with their professors before the Polish prince and the English nobility. Make them tell you how that chicken in stubble, the poor Doctor whom the University put forward as its coryphaeus on that momentous occasion, attempted to answer his arguments, and how fifteen times he was left stuck fast in as many syllogisms. Learn, too, with what discourtesy the swine ("quel porco") behaved, and with what patience and humanity that other responded, shewing that he was Neapolitan-born and nurtured under a more benignant sky. Let them tell you in what manner they brought to an end the Nolan's public lecture." In his valedictory oration to the University of Wittenberg, where he contrasted their generous treatment with that which he had met with elsewhere, Bruno describes what that "manner" was. "You Wittenbergers did not thrust out your noses; you did not sharpen your jaws against me, as they did at Oxford. You did not puff out your cheeks, and beat your desks, and stir up your scholastic rage against me" (*De Lampade Combinatoria*). In *La Causa*, Bruno withdrew many of the charges he had brought against Oxford.

<sup>1</sup> John Hotman, *Letters* under the year 1581; *Life of Isaac Casaubon*, by Mark Pattison.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Thomas Overbury gives two sketches of "a meere Fellow" in his *Characters*, of which the above is a combination.

He wears his apparel much after the fashion ; his means will not allow him to come too nigh ; they afford him mock-velvet and satinisco, but not without the College's next lease's acquaintance. He hath sworn to see London once a year, though all his business be to see a play, walk a turn in Paul's, and observe the fashion. He will not leave his part in the privilege over young gentlemen in going bare to him, for the Empire of Germany ; and at meals he sits in as great state over his Penny Commons, as ever did Vitellius at his greatest banquet. He is a Pedant in shew, though his title be Tutor ; and his Pupils in broader sense are Schoolboys. On these he spends the false gallop of his tongue ; and with senseless discourse tows them along, not out of ignorance. He shews them the rind, conceals the sap ; and by this means he keeps them the longer, himself the better. He hath learned to cough and spit and blow his nose at every period, to recover his memory ; and studies chiefly to set his eyes and beard to the new form of learning. His religion lies in wait for the inclination of his patron ; neither ebbs, nor flows, but just standing water between Protestant and Puritan. His dreams are of plurality of benefices and non-residency ; and when he wakes, he acts a long grace to his looking-glass, against the time he comes to be some great man's chaplain. He hath less use than possession of books. He is not so proud but he will call the meanest author by his name ; nor so unskilled in the heraldry of a study, but he knows each man's place. If he be to travel, he is longer furnishing himself for a five miles journey than a ship in rigging for a seven years voyage. He is never more troubled than when he is to maintain talk with a gentlewoman, wherein he commits more absurdities, than a clown in the eating of an egg. He thinks himself as fine when he is in a clean band and a new pair of shoes, as any courtier doth when he is first in a new fashion. Lastly he is one that respects no

man in the University, and is respected by no man out of it."

In these days, the first-born of wealthy parents, "who would have estate and observance enough, how little wit soever he might attain to," was usually bred at home, with tutors and preceptors to wait upon him and play with him; and completed his education abroad. "He visited Italy or the Emperor's Court, or wintered in Orleance, whence he returned the complete and admired man of the world, and qualified to court his mistress in broken French, wear his clothes in the latest fashion, sing some outlandish tunes, and discourse of lords and ladies, towns, palaces, and cities."<sup>1</sup> A University career was, nevertheless, looked upon as a step, although a low one, on the ladder of fashion;<sup>2</sup> and here and there, at Oxford, might be found gilded youths, who had been sent thither, not to obtain knowledge, for they reckoned no more of their studies than did Spend-all's of their cast suits; but to keep them from the common riot of the time: like little children, whom their parents put to school to keep them from under feet in the streets. Such idle young boys, who spent their days loitering in shops or lounging in the public market, and were known in the University Statutes as "Scurrivagi" or "Truttanni," were classified by Dr. Ralph Kettell of Trinity College either as "Tarrarags"—"these were the worst sort, rude rakehells"—or as "Rascal-Jacks, Blind-

A Young  
Gentle-  
man of the  
Univer-  
sitie.

<sup>1</sup> Robert Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, pt. i. sec. 2, mem. 3, subs. 15 (1621).

<sup>2</sup> The various grades of Fashion are shewn in Overbury's *Character*, "the Inns of Court man": "he is distinguished from the scholar by a pair of silk stockings and a beaver hat, which makes him contemn a scholar as much as a scholar doth a schoolmaster. By that he hath heard one mooting, and seen two plays, he thinks as basely of the university, as a young sophister doth of his grammar-school. He talks of the university with that state, as if he were chancellor; finds fault with all alterations and the fall of discipline, with an 'It was not so, when I was a student,' although that was within this halfyear. . . . He is as far behind the courtier in his fashion, as the scholar is behind him, and the best grace in his behaviour is to forget his acquaintance."

A Rascal-  
Jack.

Cinques, Scobber-lotchers"—"these did no hurt; were sober, but went idling about the College Grove, with their hands in their pockets, and telling the number of the trees or so."<sup>1</sup> It is an offender of the latter class, that Earle describes in his sketch, a "Young Gentleman of the University." "He comes to Oxford to wear a gown, and to say hereafter he has been at the university. His father sent him thither, because he heard there were the best fencing and dancing schools. From these he has his education; from his tutor the oversight. The first element of his knowledge is to be shewn the Colleges, and initiated into a tavern by the way, which hereafter he will learn of himself. The two marks of his seniority are the bar velvet of his gown, and his proficiency at tennis, where, when he can once play a set, he is a freshman no more. His study has commonly handsome shelves; his books neat silk strings, which he shews to his father's man, and is loath to untie or take down for fear of misplacing.<sup>2</sup> Upon foul days, for recreation, he retires thither, and looks over the pretty book his tutor reads to him, which is commonly some short history or a piece of Euphormio, for which his tutor gives him money to spend next day. His main loitering is at the library, where he studies arms and books of honour, and turns a gentleman critic in pedigrees. If you speak to him as a scholar, he telleth you, you mistake him; he is a gentleman; and loath to mar his style with that title.

<sup>1</sup> See *Laudian Statutes*, Tit. xv. chap. ii., "de coercendis otiosis et male feriatis scholaribus in civitate oberrantibus"; and "Life of Ralph Kettell" (1563-1643) in John Aubrey's *Brief Lives*, ed. by Andrew Clarke, vol. ii. p. 26.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *The Compleat Gentleman*, Henry Peacham (1622): "Parents take their sons from school, as birds out of the nest, ere they be flidge, and send them so young to the university, that scarce one among twenty proveth aught. . . . These young things of twelve, thirteen, or fourteen, have no more care, than to expect the next carrier, and where to sup on Fridays and fasting nights; no further thought of study, than to turn up their rooms with pictures, and place the fairest books in openest view, which, poor lads, they scarce ever open, and understand not."

Sometime, upon entreaty, he vouchsafeth to be a Bachelor, and thinks he hath done the degree great grace in taking it. His companion is ordinarily some stale fellow, that has been notorious for an ingle to gold hat-bands' (*i.e.* tuft-hunter), 'whom he admires at first, afterward scorns.' . . . But he is now gone to the Inns of Court, where he studies to forget what he learned before, his acquaintance and the fashion." If Earle's young gentleman was no worse than a "Rascal-Jack," it is to be feared that Burton's "Antonius, tiro, filius Stephanionis, nobilis e rure," rapidly developed into a <sup>A Tarrarag.</sup> "Tarrarag" of the "Tarrarags":

*Aequivocus.* Optatus mihi advenis, Antoni; quo tam diluculo?

*Antonius.* Ad publicas lectiones.

*Aeq.* Ad lectiones? Quid ita?

*Ant.* Ut ediscam.

*Aeq.* Et quid edisces, si Diis placet?

Quot sunt predicabilia? Nugas has apage, sis.

*Ant.* Has Nugas vocas?

*Aeq.* Nugas omnium nugacissimas.

*Ant.* Itane?

*Aeq.* Ita. Quid tibi cum genere et specie?

An tu filius et haeres, isque patris unicus?

*Ant.* Quid inde?

*Aeq.* Quid tibi ergo cum scientiis?

Viderint has tricas fratres natu minimi,  
Quos ad servitutem novercans natura peperit,  
Vile vulgus, inopes, et id genus hominum,  
Quos ad laborem damnavit tristis Horoscopus.

*Ant.* At quid vis interim faciam?

*Aeq.* Quid faciam, rogas?

En tibi pictas chartas et omne genus aleae;  
Hae Musae sunt studiis aptiores tuis.  
Da te mihi per dies aliquot discipulum modo;  
Dedocebo te mores istos, effingam de novo,  
Et efficiam te peritissimum omnium artificem.

*Ant.* Artificem cujus artis?

*Aeq.* Artis potatoriae,  
Veneris, aleae, ut potare possis strenue,  
Et cum decore fumum e naribus evomere,  
Obvios salutare, et ambire dominam.

*Ant.* At computationes hasce interdixit serio pater.

*Aeq.* Interdixit pater?—quid? eris etiamnum puer?

*Ant.* Jussitque ut darem operam studiis noctes et dies.

*Aeq.* Non refert quid jussit, satis superque doctus es.

*Ant.* Egone doctus sum?

*Aeq.* Potes chartis nomen apponere?

*Ant.* Possum.

*Aeq.* Iterum dico, satis superque doctus es.

*Ant.* Sed Latinum vult pater.

*Aeq.* Bene se res habet.

Audi, hoc ubi memoriter edidiceris,  
'Qui nescit dissimulare, nescit vivere,'  
Ne quid ultra de Latinitate cogitaveris.

*Ant.* Qui demum tempus impendam?

*Aeq.* Etiamne rogitas?

Tu sis sollicitus de cane venatico,  
De cantu et chorea, venatione et aucupio,  
De lanista et domina; haec studia te magis  
decent.

Sed heus tu, invitor ego ad proximum oenopolium

Hac nocte ad coenam; eris hospes meus,  
Aderunt puellae illic, combibones optimi, tibi-  
cines;

Pergraecabimur una; genio noctem addiximus.

Ne quid haesites; mecum ibis; eris acceptissimus.

*Ant.* Quando ita suades, Aequivoce, duc quovis, sequar.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Robert Burton, *Philosophaster*, written 1606, revised 1615; acted in Christ Church Hall by Students in 1617.

In spite, however, of religious and social problems, in spite of proud and ignorant Dons, and youths who ruffled and roisted it out, exceeding in apparel and haunting riotous company, the first half of the seventeenth century was emphatically the learned age in the history of Oxford. If the question "whether it were becoming for eldest sons to be wise men," was undecided, it was generally agreed, that, for a younger brother of the period, wit was like to be his best revenue. "If he were not prepared to marry a rich widow, to take to the king's highway and strike fair for Tyburn, or to live the poor gentleman of a Company in the Low Countries and to die without a shirt,"<sup>1</sup> he must to the University, there to qualify himself to secure a place at Court, to serve some great man, or to compass a benefice. When, too, it was a paradox of the time, "that the Court made better scholars than the Universities, for if a monarch vouchsafed to be teacher, every man must blush to be non-proficient"; and it was written of King James, "his Kingdom was of Wits, in every knowledge An Academy, and his Court a Colledge,"<sup>2</sup> all the world wished to be of repute for nimble intelligence and ready learning. For these reasons, Oxford was thronged with Scholars and "would-be" Scholars. There is the pedant "who dare not think a thought that the nominative case governs not the verb" (Overbury); and "the Dunce," "that most unprofitable of God's creatures, being, as he is, put clean beside the right use; made fit for the cart and flail, and by chance entangled among books and papers" (Overbury). The "plodding student" is a kind of "alchymist that would change the dull lead of his brain into finer metal. He has a strange forced appetite for learning; and, to achieve it, brings nothing but patience and a body. His study consists much in

The  
Pedant.

The  
Dunce.

The  
Plodding  
Student.

<sup>1</sup> "Younger Brother," Earle's *Microcosmography*.

<sup>2</sup> Hugh Holland, *A Cypress Garland to the sacred forehead of our late Sovereigne*, 1625.

the sitting-up till after midnight, in a rug-gown and night-cap, to the vanquishing of some six lines; yet what he has, he has perfect, for he reads it so long to understand it, till he gets it without book. . . . He is a great discomforter of young students by telling them what travel it hath cost him, and how often his brain turned at philosophy; and makes them fear study as a cause for duncery. . . . He is like a dull carrier's horse, that will go a whole week together, but never out of a foot's pace; and he that sets forth on a Saturday, shall overtake him" (Earle). The special product of the age is, however, the Scholar-Mountebank, with his sophistical buzzing, and his parcel-Greek, parcel-Latin gibberish; the philosophaster, theologaster, poetaster; whose maxim is,

A Bold  
Forward  
Man.

Ne dubites; unica virtus erit impudentia;  
Nescire, aut haesitare, stolidum existimo.<sup>1</sup>

There is the bold forward man "who thinks no vice so prejudicial as blushing. He is still citing for himself that a light should not be hidden under a bushel; and, for his part, he will be sure not to hide his, though it be but a snuff or a rush-candle. If he be a scholar, he has commonly stepped into the pulpit before a degree; yet into that, before he has deserved it. He never defers St. Mary's beyond his regency, and his next sermon is at St. Paul's Cross. . . . He is one that has all the great names at Court at his fingers' ends, and their lodgings; and with a saucy 'My lord' will salute the best of them. . . . Of all disgrace he endures not to be non-plussed, and had rather fly for sanctuary to nonsense which few, than to nothing which all, descry. . . . Wiser men, though they know him, yet take him for their pleasure; or, as they would do a sculler, for being next at hand. Thus preferment at last stumbles upon him, because he is still in the way; and his companions, that flouted

<sup>1</sup> Robert Burton, *Philosophaster*.



him before, now envy him, when they see him come ready for scarlet, whilst themselves lie musty in their old clothes and colleges" (Earle). With him may be classed "the pretender to learning, who would make others more fool than himself, for though he knows nothing, he would not have the world know so much. . . . He is tricked out in all the accoutrements of learning, and at the first encounter none fares better. He is oftener in his study than at his book, and you cannot please him better than to deprehend him; yet he hears you not until the third knock, and then comes out very angry as interrupted. You find him in his slippers, and a pen in his ear, in which formality he was asleep. His table is spread wide with some classic folio, which is as constant to it as the carpet, and hath lain open in the same page this half-year. His candle is always a longer sitter-up than himself, and the boast of his window at midnight. He walks much alone in a posture of meditation, and has a book still before his face in the fields. His pocket is seldom without a Greek Testament or Hebrew Bible, which he opens only in the Church, and that when some stander-by looks over. He has sentences for company, some scatterings from Seneca and Tacitus, which are good upon all occasions. He is a great plagiary of tavern wit, and comes to sermons only that he may talk of Austin. His parcels are the mere scrapings from company, yet he complains at parting what time he hath lost. . . . He talks much of Scaliger and Casaubon and the Jesuits, and prefers some unheard-of Dutch name before them all. . . . He is a great nomenclator of authors which he has read in general in the catalogue, and in particular in the title, and goes seldom as far as the dedication. He never talks of anything but learning, and learns all from talking. Three encounters with the same man pump him, and then he only puts in or gravely says nothing. He has taken much pains to be an ass,

A Pre-  
tender to  
Learning.

though not to be a scholar; and is at length discovered, and laughed at" (Earle).<sup>1</sup>

A Meere  
Scholler.  
A Downe-  
right  
Scholler.

In Overbury's "Meere Scholar," and Earle's "Downright Scholar," may be recognized studies, taken from two different and opposite points of view, of the "Clerk of Oxenford." Among many changes, he had remained practically unchanged; one of the few survivors of that society which had lived and moved in mediæval Oxford, and was now disappearing so quickly. But though the forte and foible of his character were still much as they had been in Chaucer's day, the attacks which he now had to parry, were delivered in different lines, and at closer quarters, than formerly. For the world of learning and the world of fashion were now brought together, *corps à corps*, in the University; and although in the ideal gentleman of the time might be allied the graces of both the Schools and Society, elsewhere "the meere Scholar" and "the meere Gallant" were ever at dagger's drawing, one with the other. That is one only of many nimble interchanges of mutual contempt which is recorded in *Oxford Jest*s,<sup>2</sup> when a scholar walking next the wall, a courtier jostled him. "What is the matter?"

<sup>1</sup> For such a Pretender to learning at work in London, see *The Return from Parnassus*, written for a Christmas play at St. John's College, Cambridge, 1602, and printed 1606.

Page (speaking of his master Amoretto, late of Cambridge University), "Presently the great linguist, my master, will march through St. Paul's Churchyard, come to a book-binder's shop, and, with a big Italian look and a Spanish face, ask for a Ronzard, a Dubartas, Aretine, and the hardest writers in Spanish; then turning, through his ignorance, the wrong end of the book upward, use action in this unknown tongue after this sort:—first, look on the title, and wrinkle his brow; next, make as though he read the first page, and bite a lip; then with his nail score the margent, as though there were some notable conceit; and lastly, when he thinks he has gulled the standers-by sufficiently, throws the book away in a rage, swearing he could never find books of a true print since he was last in Ioadna, enquire after the next mart, and so depart." For a corresponding sketch, see *Time's Whistle*, by R. C. (1614-16) (Early English Text Society, No. 48), Satire ii. 797.

<sup>2</sup> *Oxford Jest*s—a collection of witty jests, merry tales and pleasant *joques*—collected by W. H. (William Hickes, Tapster at the Star Inn, Oxford), 1669.

asked the man of letters. "I do not choose to give any fool the wall," answered the man of fashion. "But I do," retorted the other; and gave it him. In this theatrical age, indeed, when from the Universities to London thronged scholars "with dorsers full of lamentable tragedies and ridiculous comedies," both characters were inclined to overact their parts; "the pert juvenal," on whom had fallen a double portion of the overweening conceit of the Humanist, as well as "the gentleblood and swash-buckler, who preferred an ounce of vain-glory and strutting before a pound of Learning." "I have fashioned all in the university," boasts Phantastes, in Barten Holyday's *Marriages of the Arts* (1617-18); "the philosopher who shews the severity of his profession by the ruggedness of his gown, and the merry wanton gallant with his rich apparel, the fair false diamond on his finger, and the gilt watch which he draws out in the market place, though there be a clock within view of his eye, to shew he reckons not his day by the people's dyall." And it was not only by a pedantic veneration for deep learning that the lettered shewed his contempt for the unlettered coxcomb, but also by what appeared to the latter to be a conscious assumption of a careless and fantastic carriage, and a studied neglect of all the little qualifications and accomplishments which made up the character of the well-bred man. "What Monsieur Malegoe is this, that so displays the fretted buffe taffety facing of his threadbare cloak?" asks the poet in Anthony Nixon's *Straunge Footpost* (London, 1613), when "the poore scholler" passes by. "Cannot he walke uprightly like an honest man, but jet it so like a jennet, and wagge his head to and fro like a weathercocke. Fie upon it!, what rustically legges he maketh! like a tennant, or a country curate that never came nearer a University than Lincoln Minster. Odit profanum vulgus. He is none of your Plebeians in his own conceit, but Apollo's grandson christened in the Pirennean or Hyporennean fount." The Clerk was in

fact artificial enough to affect simplicity; he defied social amenities, not because he was by nature rude and slovenly, but because he thought such behaviour to be in keeping with the pose, which he had assumed, of a man of wisdom who found such things unworthy his attention. "I am he that hates manners worse than Timon hated men," says Grobian, the head of a Club of Oxford Pedants: "And what did he hate them for? Marry, for their foolish apish compliments, niceties, lispings, cringes. I'll tell you, fellow-Grobians, what our sport is to-night. You shall see the true shapes of men, such as nature made 'em, not in the visor and shadow of garbs and postures; pure pate men, such as ne'er swathed their feet in socks for fear of the grain of their own bodies; whose beards and hair have never impoverished the wearers, that wisely banish a barber as a superfluous member from their commonweal. A tailor is admitted, but one of the primitive time, that cuts out long bellies, short skirts, codpiece, you know, and most canonical round knees. They are men who fly a perfumer as the infection. Cooks indeed they have, for necessity, not for riot, fellows that never lick their fingers, but carry in their countenances the profits of their places. Here's true and honest friendship: no slight 'god-speeds,' but a 'how do you?' so well set on that you shall remember the salute a week after. We doff our heads sooner than our hats, and a nod includes all ceremonies. Our Scholars are right too, such as you would swear did look to nothing but their books, very plod-all's of Art; not a leaf turned over, but you have his hand he hath read it, and his mark is as true as Peter's thumb on a haddock: no regard of apparel: Libertines you may judge them by their clothes, and Nazarites by their hair: their gown is like a dun at their backs, which they would shake off. Then, for the matter, no grand sallets and kickshaws of learning, but the very bruise of Divinity," etc.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Grobiana's Nuptials*, edited from a Bodleian MS., by A. Brandl and E. Schmidt for Ernst Ruehl's *Palaestra*, 1904. The date of the play is

A philosopher of this persuasion, who wilfully neglected discourses on polite behaviour, Philbert's *Philosophy of the Court*, Castiglione's *Cortegiano*, Guazzo's work on Conversation, and the like outlandish braveries; and who persisted in devoting his mind so wholly to his mind, that he gave little or no thought to his manners; could expect small mercy at the hands of "the meere Courtier." "The Scholar is an intelligible Ass," writes the worldly Overbury, "or a silly fellow in black, that speaks Sentences more familiarly than Sense. The antiquity of his University is his Creed, and the excellency of his College (though but for a match at football) an Article of his Faith. He speaks Latin better than his Mother-tongue; and is a stranger in no part of the World, but his own Country. . . . His ambition is that he either is, or shall be, a Graduate; but if ever he get a Fellowship, he has then no fellow. He was never begotten, as it seems, without much wrangling, for his whole life is spent in Pro and Contra. . . . That he is a complete Gallant in all points, Cap à pie, witness his horsemanship and the wearing of his weapons. He is commonly long-winded, able to speak more with ease than any man can endure to hear with patience. . . . University jests are his universal discourse; and his news, the demeanor of the Proctors. . . . 'Tis a wrong to his reputation to be ignorant of any-

there conjectured by the editors to be the year 1640, and the authorship is attributed to Roger Shipman and William Taylor of St. John Baptist College, Oxford: but in a letter dated Jan. 16, 1636-7 (*State Papers, Domestic, 1636-7*), Dr. Richard Baylie, President of the College, writes to Archbishop Laud, "Young Charles May presented us with a mock shew on Saturday last. The subject was slovenry itself, the marriage of Grobian's daughter to Tantoblin, but the carriage and acting so handsome and clean that I was not better pleased with a merriment these many years." At this date, Shipman had not matriculated, and Taylor was a freshman. May matriculated in 1634, and became B.A. in 1638.

The philosophic Oxford Grobian should be compared with his naturally brutal original in Dedekind's *Grobianus de simplicitate morum*, Frankfort, 1549.

thing, and yet he knows not that he knows nothing. He gives directions for husbandry from Virgil's Georgics, for Cattle from his Bucolics; for warlike Stratagems from his Aeneids, or from Cæsar's Commentaries.<sup>1</sup> He orders all things, and thrives in none. His ill luck is not so much in being a fool, as in being put to such pains to express it to the world; for what in others is natural, in him with much ado is artificial. In a word, he is much in profession, nothing in practice."

For the defence appears John Earle; something of "a meere Scholar" himself, for Lord Clarendon wrote of him, "that no man was more negligent than he in his dress and habit and mien; no man more wary and cultivated in his behaviour and discourse: insomuch as he had the greater advantage when he was known, by promising so little before he was known." "The downright Scholar," he maintains, "is really good metal in the inside, though rough and unscoured without, and therefore hated of the Courtier that is quite contrary. . . . He has not put on the quaint garb of the age, which is now become a man's total. He has not humbled his meditations to the industry of compliment,

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *The Elder Brother*, John Fletcher (Cambridge); probably completed and revised by Philip Massinger (St. Alban's Hall, Oxford), London, 1637; Act I. Sc. ii.

(Brisac, a country gentleman; and Charles, his son, described as "a meere scholar.")

*Brisac.* In your care

To manage worldly business, you must part with  
This bookish contemplation, and prepare  
Yourself for action; to thrive, in this age,  
Is held the palm of learning. You must study  
To know what part of my land's good for the plough,  
And what for pasture; how to buy and sell  
To the best advantage; how to cure my oxen  
When they're o'ergrown with labour.

*Charles.* I may do this

From what I've read, Sir; for what concerns tillage,  
Who better can deliver it than Virgil  
In his Georgics? And to cure your herds  
His Bucolics is a masterpiece, etc.

nor afflicted his brain in an elaborate leg. His body is not set upon nice pins, to be turning and flexible for every motion, but his scrape is homely and his nod worse. He cannot kiss his hand and cry, 'Madam!', nor talk idle enough to bear her company. His smacking of a gentlewoman is somewhat too savoury, and he mistakes her nose for her lips. A very woodcock would puzzle him in carving, and he wants the logic of a capon.<sup>1</sup> He has not the glib faculty of sliding over a tale, but his words come squeamishly out of his mouth, and the laughter commonly before the jest. He names this word 'college' too often, and his discourse beats too much on the university. The perplexity of mannerliness will not let him feed, and he is sharp set on an argument when he should cut his meat. He is discarded for a gamester at all games but one and thirty, and at tables he reaches not beyond doublets. His fingers are not long and drawn out to handle a fiddle, but his fist cluncht with the habit of disputing. He ascends a horse somewhat sinisterly, though not on the left side, and they both go jogging in grief together.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Robert Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, pt. i. sec. 2, mem. 3. subs. 15: "Because they cannot ride a horse, which every clown can do; salute and court a gentlewoman, carve at table, cringe and make congies, which every common swasher can do, hos populus ridet: they are laughed to scorn and accounted silly fools by our Gallants."

<sup>2</sup> The scholar on horseback was a never-failing subject for ridicule—See Thomas Bastard (New College, 1586-90), *Chrestoleros; seven bookes of epigrammes*, by T. B., London, 1598 (ed. by A. B. Grosart), lib. iv. 30.

"Melus was taught to speake, to read, to write,  
 Yet clerkly sooth he can do none of these;  
 He learned Logicke and Arithmeticke,  
 Yet neither brawls nor ciphers worth a peaze.  
 The Musicke Schoole did teach him her sweet art,  
 He dealt with Rhetorique and Astrologie,  
 Yet neither can he chaunt it for his part,  
 Ne can he tell a tale, or prophecie:  
 And yet he rides as Scholer-like, ('tis thought),  
 As never any; yet was never taught."

See, too, "Eques Academicus," among the *Poems of Vincent Bourne* (Trinity College, Cambridge, 1714).

He is exceedingly censured by the Inns of Court men, for that heinous vice, being out of the fashion. He cannot speak to a dog in his own dialect, and understands Greek better than the language of a falconer. He has been used to a dark room and dark clothes, and his eyes dazzle at a sattin suit. The hermitage of his study has made him somewhat uncouth in the world, and men make him worse by staring on him. Thus is he ridiculous, and it continues with him for some quarter of a year out of the University. But practise him a little in men, and brush him o'er with good company, and he shall out-balance those glisterers, as far as a solid substance does a feather, or gold, gold-lace."

Such is the portrait-group of early seventeenth-century Academicians presented by artists of the time; and, of it, it may be affirmed, that, "though change of fashions has unavoidably cast shadows upon some places, the picture as a whole, being drawn from unchanging nature, stands out as true to-day as when it was originally composed."<sup>1</sup>

Except, indeed, so far as it deals with new fashions and manners, subsequent fiction has added little or nothing to the work of Overbury, Earle, and Saltonstall. In their day, academical society, though still in a state of flux, was nevertheless falling into those few shapes which it has maintained ever since; and after the *Characters*, *Microcosmography*, and *Picturae Loquentes*, wit's descant upon the plain song of Oxford "types" tends to monotony. The old familiar faces and figures reappear again and again, but thinly disguised, in later work dealing with University life. College-servants and townsmen "whose speech savours of the university," live again in the periodicals of the eighteenth century. There is the Alderman who rejoices to make classical allusions, and who, when a scholar excites laughter by saying of a tough goose that "it was probably one of

<sup>1</sup> Preface to *Microcosmography*, edition published 1732.



those which saved the Capitol," takes the earliest opportunity to make the same remark of an old hen. Tradesmen chop logic on the most sublime topics: the shoemaker affirms, to the general satisfaction of his audience, that "the world was eternal from the beginning, and will be so to the end of it"; and the mercer, discoursing on politics, wonders "What a deuce we would have! I'm sure," says he, "there's not a happier island in England than Great Britain; and a man may choose his own religion, that he may! whether it be Mahometism or Infidelity." A Music-master, criticising *Smith's Harmonie*, is of opinion "that it is not worth a farthing; it might teach the Thievery mayhap; but, as for the Praticks, he knows a betterer method"; while a Scout, with an excellent knack of his own of using hard words, advises a fellow-servant "to be true to his wife; for Idolatry would surely bring a man to Instruction at last."<sup>1</sup> Much as he did in the days of Saltonstall, the Townsman "takes ill words of the Gownsmen, and loves him not in his heart." No novel on University life can be called complete, which does not include at least one Town and Gown fight. The "meere young Gentleman of the University" in fiction, invariably threatens to horsewhip the daring tailor who ventures to present his account for payment, declares that tradesmen should be resisted by gentlemen as so many duns and rascals, and affirms that he never knew one in his life who was not a complete raff; while the Scholar chimes in with a riddle, and likens the Town to a Roman Fleet, "for," says he, "the City Fathers are all 'naves,' their sons 'puppes,' and their daughters

<sup>1</sup> *The Student or Oxford Miscellany* (1750), i. 53. The *London Evening Post* of May 18, 1756, quotes the following inscription from a sign-board at Oxford:

"Here are Fabricated and Renovated Trochiliac Horologies, Portable and Permanent, Linguaculous and Taciturnal: whose Circumgyrations are performed by Internal Spiral Elasticks or External Pendulous Plumbages: Diminutives, Simple or Compound, invested with Argent or Aurate Integuments."

'nautae.'" The "meere young Gentleman" himself, whether "Rascal-Jack" or "Tarrarag," has a hundred reincarnations in the "Smarts," "Loungers," "Loiterers," "Dashing Men," "Slicers," and "Men of Fire," who figure so prominently in eighteenth-century sketches of Oxford life. His ill-regulated career affords indeed the most telling materials for fiction; and, as a general rule, University and College authorities, and reading men, are introduced merely in order to set off his lawlessness and high spirits. Thus Heads of Houses, when they are not pompous and tyrannical disciplinarians, are heavy stupid recluses, such as those of whom the *Devil's Almanac* for 1745 predicted, that "they would be so insensibly translated from the animal to the vegetable world, that men would hardly perceive any material alteration in the individual." Tutors, again, are drawn, almost invariably, after the manner of Overbury's "meere Fellow of a House": they are pedantical and pedagogical: "their every motion is syllogistical and strictly conformable to Mode and Figure. They enter a room in 'Barbara,' and salute the company in 'Dariii'; they pay their devotions in 'Ferio' and dance in 'Baralipton.'"<sup>1</sup> And, for the same reason, the reading man is distinguished by "his chin being stuck in his neck, a sneaking bookish look, plodding gait and dirty linen; while he never opens his lips but, like a Brazen-head, in sentences." In short, in dress and manner he serves as a foil to the orators of the coffee-houses, the champions of the High Street, and the jockies of Port Meadow.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Nicholas Amherst, *Oculus Britanniae* (1721).

<sup>2</sup> James Miller (Wadham College), *Humours of Oxford* (1730). Compare Pope's rendering of Horace *Epistles*, lib. II. ii.—

"The man who, stretched in Isis' calm retreat,  
To books and study gives seven years complete,  
See! strowed with learned dust, his night-cap on,  
He walks, an object new beneath the sun!  
The boys flock round him, and the people stare;  
So stiff, so mute, some statue you would swear  
Stept from its pedestal to take the air!"

And as with the plays, poems, and periodicals of the eighteenth century, so with the novels of the first half of the nineteenth. "We have," writes Dr. Mark Pattison, "the stereotyped parts of the fast undergraduate beset with duns, contrasted with the slow reading-man in woollen socks and spectacles, who is his butt; the deluded father, the inefficient proctor, a pompous and incapable tutor; a gyp, thievish and patronizing; the breakfast and the wine party; the ruffian of the playground, who is the admired hero of the bevy of charming girls who come up to Commemoration in pink ribands. The fast young man is the first part; the reading student is only brought upon the scene to be guyed; and the senior part of the University become stage Dons, who are only there to provoke our derision by various forms of the witty description of Donnism, 'a mysterious carriage of the body intended to conceal the defects of the mind.'"

## CHAPTER VI

HALCYON DAYS, 1600—1636 A.D.

“How these curiosities would be quite forgott, did not such idle fellows as I am, putt them down.”—JOHN AUBREY (1626–97), Trinity College, Oxon. ; *Brief Lives*, ed. by Andrew Clarke, i. 232.

TO THE UNIVERSITIE OF OXENFORD

THOU Eye of Honour, Nurserie of Fame,  
Still teeming Mother of Immortall Seed ;  
Receive these blessed Orphanes of thy breed  
As from thy happy issue first they came.  
Those flowing Wits that bathèd in thy foord,  
And suckt the honie-dew from thy pure pap,  
Returne their tribute backe into thy lap,  
In rich-wrought lines that yeelde no idle woord.  
O let thy Sonnes from time to time supplie  
This Garden of the Muses, where dooth want  
Such Flowers as are not, or come, short and  
scant,  
Of that perfection may be had thereby:  
So shall thy name live still, their fame nere die,  
Though under ground whole worlds of time they lie :—  
Stat sine morte decus.

JOHN BODENHAM, *Belvidere or the Garden  
of the Muses*, 1600

OXFORD

To mount above Ingratitude, base crime,  
With double lines of single-twisted rime,

I will, though needlesse, blaze the sun-bright praise  
Of Oxford, where I spent some gaining days:—

For, Oxford, O, I praise thy situation  
Passing Parnassus, Muses' habitation;  
Thy bough-deckt dainty Walkes, with Brooks beset,  
Fretty, like Christall Knots in mould of Jet;  
Thy sable Soile's like Guian's golden Ore,  
And gold it yeelds manured; no mould can more.  
The pleasant Plot, where thou hast footing found,  
For all it yeelds, is yelke of English ground:  
Thy stately Colleges, like Princes' Courts,  
Whose gold-embossèd, high-embattl'd Ports,  
With all the glorious workmanshippe within,  
Make Strangers deeme they have in Heaven bin,  
When out they come from those celestiall places,  
Amazing them with glorie and with graces:—

But in a word to say how I like thee;—  
For place, for grace, and for sweet companee,  
Oxford is Heaven, if Heaven on Earth there be.

JOHN DAVIES of Hereford, *Microcosmus*, 1603

Veni Oxford cui comes  
Est Minerva, fons Platonis,  
Unde scatent peramoene  
Aganippe, Hippocrene;  
Totum fit Atheniense  
Immo Cornu Reginense.

To Oxford came I, whose copesmato  
Is Minerva, Well of Plato;  
From which seat doth flow most seemlie  
Aganippe, Hippocrene;  
Each thing there's the Muses' minion;  
Queen's College Horn speaks pure Athenian.

RICHARD BRATHWAITE (Oriell College),  
*Barnabae Itinerarium*, 1638

THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (opened 1602 A.D.)

Bibliotheca nova Oxon. ad Lectores

Quaeritis Autores? "Coram, quem quaeritis, adsum,"

Quisque in classe sua classicus autor ait.

Tanti operis quantum reliquo vix extat in orbe

Quaeritis autorem? Bodleus autor erat.

JOHN OWEN (New College), *Epigrams*,  
3rd book: London, 1612

Authors seek ye? "Ready before your eyes!"

Each classic author in his classis cries.

Of this great work scarce paralleled on earth

Seek ye the Founder? Bodley gave it birth.

*Owen's Epigrams*, englished by THOMAS  
HARVEY, 1677

#### PINDARIQUE ODE

##### The Book

Humbly presenting it selfe to the Universitie Librarie  
at Oxford.

(From the original in the author's own hand, written at the beginning of the copy of his Poems, folio, Lond. 1656, presented by Abraham Cowley to the Bodleian Library. The book has the following inscription written in it by bishop Barlow: "Liber Bibliothecae Bodleianae, ex dono Viri et Poetae optimi, D. Abrahami Cowley, authoris; qui pro singulari sua in Bodleium Musasque benevolentia, Oden MS. insequentem, Pindari foeliciter imitatricem, composuit, et manu propria exaratam apposuit, VI. Calend. Jul. MDCLVI.")

(1)

Hail, Learning's Pantheon! Hail, the sacred Ark,  
Where all ye World of Science does embark!

Which ever shalt withstand, and hast soe long withstood  
 Insatiat Time's devowring Flood!  
 Hail, Tree of Knowledge! thy Leaves' Fruit! which  
 well  
 Dost in ye midst of Paradise arise,  
 Oxford, ye Muses' Paradise!  
 From which may never Sword the Blest expell.  
 Hail, Bank of all past Ages, where they lie  
 T'enrich with Interest Posteritie!  
 Hail, Wits illustrious Galaxie;  
 Where thowsand Lights into one Brightnes spread,  
 Hail, Living Universitie of the Dead!

(2)

Unconfused Babel of all Toungs, which ere  
 The mighty Linguist Fame, or Time, the mighty  
 Traveller,  
 That could Speak, or this could Hear!  
 Majestique Monument and Pyramide,  
 Where still the Shapes of parted Soules abide  
 Enbalmed in Verse! exalted Soules, which now  
 Enjoy those Arts they woo'd soe well below!  
 Which now all wonders printed plainly see  
 That have bin, are, or are to bee,  
 In the mysterious Librarie,  
 The Beatifique Bodley of the Deitie!

(3)

Will yee into your sacred throng admit  
 The meanest British Wit?  
 Yee Generall Councill of the Priests of Fame,  
 Will yee not murmur, and disdain  
 That I a place amongst yee claime,  
 The humblest Deacon of her train?  
 Will yee allow mee th' honourable Chain?  
 The Chain of Ornament, which here  
 Your noble Prisoners proudly wear?

A Chain which will more pleasant seem to mee,  
 Than all my own Pindarique Libertie.  
 Will ye to bind mee with these mighty names submit,  
     Like an Apocrypha with Holy Writ?  
 What ever happy Book is chained here,  
 Noe other place or people needs to fear:—  
 His Chaine's a Pasport to goe everywhere.<sup>1</sup>

## (4)

As when a seat in Heaven  
 Is to an unambitious Sinner given,  
     Who casting round his wondering eye  
 Does none but Patriarchs and Apostles there espie,  
     Martyrs who did their lives bestow,  
     And Saints who Martyrs lived below,  
 With trembling and amazement hee begins  
 To recollect his frailties past and sins;  
     Hee doubts almost his Station there;  
 His Soule says to it selfe, How Came I here?  
     It fares no otherwise with mee,  
 When I myselfe with conscious wonder see  
 Amidst this Purified Elected Companee:  
     With hardship they and pain  
     Did to this happiness attain;  
 Noe labours I, or merits can pretend,  
 I think Predestination only was my Friend.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Nichols' *Progresses of James I*, p. 554, note: the King, during his visit to Oxford in 1605, remarked on seeing the chained books in the Bodleian Library, "Were I not a King, I would be an Oxford man; and if it were so that I must be a prisoner, if I might have a wish, I would have no other prison than this library, and be chained together with these good authors."

See, too, *Oxonii Encomium*, by Edward Benlowes (1672).

"Tu bene juncta Scholis jactas spolia inclyta Mundi.  
 Num tibi par moles? Tantis oppressa tropaeis  
 Tigna gemunt; Heroes in isto carcere regnant  
 Captivi, gaudentque suas subisse catenas.  
 Haud secus ac victi Victores undique stipant  
 Currus: Ista tuos ornant devicta Triumphos,  
 Quois tecum certasse fuit meruisse Coronas."



(5)

Ah that my Author had been tyed, like Mee,  
 To such a Place and such a Companee,  
 Instead of severall Countries, severall Men,  
     And Business which the Muses hate,  
 Hee might have then improved that small Estate  
 Which Nature sparingly did to him give;  
     He might perhaps have thriven then,  
 And settled upon mee, his child, somewhat to live;  
 'T had happier bin for Him as well as Mee:  
     For when all, alas! is donne,  
 Wee Books, I mean you Books, will prove to bee  
 The best and noblest Conversation:  
     For though some Errors will get in,  
     Like Tinctures of Original Sin,  
     Yet sure wee from our Father's wit  
     Draw all the Strength and Spirit of it,  
 Leaving the grosser parts for Conversation,  
 As the Best Blood of Man's employed in Generation.

ABRAHAM COWLEY (M.D. Oxford, 1657)

#### MERTON COLLEGE GARDEN

by John Earle, Fellow of Merton College, 1619;  
 Bishop of Worcester, 1662; translated to Salisbury,  
 1663. See John Aubrey's *Natural History of Surrey*,  
 iv. 167.

Hortus, delitiae domus politae,  
 Quo Mertona minus beata cultu  
 Vincit cultior et trahit sorores,  
 Quis te carmine scribat eleganti  
 Quale munditias tuas decebit?  
 Quod non erubeant tua ambulacra  
 Inter gramina natum et inter herbas.  
 Hoc nunc accipe quaecunque munus  
 Nuper quod spatiis vaganti in istis,  
 Laetus aera dum bibo recentem,

Effluxit mihi paene nescienti,  
 Dum quid vis temere Camoena dictat:  
 Nam quae non ibi nascitur Camoena?  
 Quis non hic vel inambulans poeta est?  
 Hortus blandulus, optimus recessus,  
 Quo non Hesperii magis juvabunt,  
 Et quos fabula ramulos inaurat,  
 Vatum somnia, flosculos poetae;  
 Nec quos Italus Atheos, supremi  
 Exspes Elysii, laborat hortos.  
 Ipsa en! Simplicitas placebit una;  
 Non hic Daedaleas amabis artes,  
 Ducta multiplici nec herba gyro  
 Et fallit simul et tenet videntem:  
 Non hic fictitios habes Leones,  
 Nec Pardi modo Tygridisve rictus,  
 Et quas dispositas solent in hortis  
 Feras fingere: quid feras in hortis?  
 Nulla in Cornua torta Belluamque,  
 Nulla in Literulas secatur herba;  
 Non Insignia Regiumve nomen  
 Doctus flosculus exprimit, nec ulla  
 Gramen tonsile scribitur figura;  
 Nec quadratave circulive florum, aut  
 Malis artibus educata Planta  
 Festa\* clausa latet peculiari,  
 Et quidquid nimis insolente cura  
 Excultum nimio perit labore.<sup>1</sup>  
 Hic nulla tibi constat arte pura  
 Naturae manus, innocens voluptas  
 Ipsa quam dedit hortulana solum  
 Hawkinsi<sup>2</sup> minimo labore iota,\*  
 Alta gramina, vividumque sepe,

(\* ? testa or  
fenstra)

(\* ? nota)

<sup>1</sup> Many College gardens at this time displayed knotted beds laid out in curious and complicated geometrical patterns, arbours, mazes, artificial mounds, and topiary works as, for example, the King's and the Founder's Arms in New College Gardens.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Hawkins, the gardener.

Crinitumque solum, comataque arbor,  
 Et septa innumeris onusta baccis,  
 Inter quae area fusa larga aperta  
 Primo te excipit, allicitque visu  
 Exercens hilares bonosque lusus.  
 Quantae Jupiter! artis et cachinni  
 Festi dum posita toga togati  
 Stricto corpore ludicros perite  
 Inclinant globulos, et orbe ligni  
 Currenti fluidas comant arenas:  
 Clamor aera percutit canorus,  
 Si metam, artifice evoluta dextra,  
 Adserpit rotula, insequensque rursum  
 Tangentem globus excutit secundus:  
 Quae buctaria,\* gratulationes!  
 "O quantus tibi ludus est! Valere!"  
 Mox in devia versus ambulacra,  
 Quae spargit tibi arena, cingit arbor,  
 Frondes implicitae super coronant,  
 Libens continuas subitis umbras;  
 Una ad horridulae modum cavernae  
 In longum porrigitur petente\* rictu;  
 Haec meta brevior terminatur,  
 Dissidentibus aptior, citasque  
 Festinantibus ambulationes:  
 Errat stridula persilitque ramos  
 Avis frondiferi inquilina tecti:  
 Passim in arbore figitur sedile,  
 Fultum cortice, racemulis\* opertum;  
 Hic paucas metues sedens procellas,  
 Et tantum Jove grandinante sparsus  
 Securus pluvias rides minores;  
 Et Phoebus minima repulsus arte  
 Vix interjicit hic jubar minutum.  
 Haec munimina tam serena praestant  
 Non Laurus sterilis, inopsve Myrtus,  
 Nec Buxus ita fronde delicata,  
 Arbor sed gravidis recurva pomis

(\*? victoria)

(\*? patente)

(\*? ramulis)

Et succi teneri Pyri recentes,  
 Et, quum serior apparebit aestas,  
 Nux infantula, pendulumque Prunum  
 Parens cui titulum dedit Damascus:  
 Non umbra est tibi inutilis, sed ipso  
 Pastus et simul abditusque fructu,  
 Cujus fercula sunt suae latebrae;—  
 Decerpis tenebras tuas, et uno  
 Umbra rarior est minorque pomo.

Hinc edita montis elevantur,  
 Hunc solum artificis vides laborem.  
 Captas frigora, liberumque solem,  
 Campis desuper incubans amoenis;  
 Agellumque vides senis morosi,  
 Quem calcat nimis improbus viator  
 Clamoso male devorandus ore;  
 Olim et nobilibus serenda plantis,  
 Quae super piget, inchoabit annus,  
 Galeni foliis dicata septa.

Dein per pascua proximosque colles,  
 Excurrit vagus hinc et hinc ocellus,  
 Ifleam arboribus suis latentem,  
 Et plani \* viridaria Cowleiana  
 Quod \* nulla violant aratra ruga,  
 Et quas Bartholomaeus iliceto  
 Obscurat casulas sacro frequenter.

(\*? plane,  
 (\*? quae)

Hinc hiulcam tibi Shotovere barbam  
 Impexumque nemus licet videre,  
 Nudam quae terit orbitam catenae \*  
 Nexus multiplices habens caballus  
 Essedarius insidetque racemus \*  
 Grata pondera devehens togati.  
 Retro Pyramides locosque sacros,  
 Tempa perpetuis dicata Musis,  
 Et totam simul aestimabis urbem,  
 Et quidquid globus errat ambulantum  
 Ipsos perspicies et ambulantes.

(\*? qua . . .  
 catenâ)

(\*? ramis  
 or carrus)

(\*? lepi-  
 dum)

Hic tu seu lapidem \* tenes libellum

Ut nunquam tibi sic placeat \* libellus;                   (\*?placet)  
 Seu quid propitia roges Minerva,  
 Ut nunquam tibi promptior Minerva est;  
 Seu blandos tibi misceas susurros  
 Ut nunquam tibi dulcior sodalis;  
 Seu carmen meditaberis venustum  
 Nunquam lenius evocata Musa.

JOHN EARLE (Merton College)

### THE BONNY CHRIST CHURCH BELLS

The campanile of Oseney Abbey contained what was thought to be the best peal of bells in England. One of these, destined to become the present "Magnus Thomas Clusius" of Christ Church, was dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury, and bore the inscription,

"In Thomae laude resono BIM BOM sine fraude";

and it was on hearing this bell ring, which he had re-christened "Mary" for joy at Queen Mary's reign, that Dr. Tresham, Vice-Chancellor, exclaimed, "O bellam et pulchram Mariam! ut sonat musice! ut tinnit melodice! ut placet auribus mirifice!", words which were clearly in the mind of the composer of the following lines. On the suppression of Oseney Abbey in 1545, seven bells were removed thence to the campanile of Christ Church.

The catch "Hark, the bonny Christ Church Bells!", set to the music of Henry Aldrich, Dean of Christ Church, appeared first in the *Pleasant Musical Companion*, 1726, sixteen years after the Dean's death. Words, as well as music, are usually attributed to Aldrich; but the former belong, at any rate in spirit, to the Halcyon Days (1600-1636), and I have included them in this chapter with Corbet's poems on "Tom," and White's catch "Great Tom is cast."

In 1680 ten bells were hung in Christ Church campanile, "Tom" being removed thence and reserved

for the tower over the great gateway. The peal was increased to twelve bells in 1898.

Oh the bonny Christ Church Bells!

One two three four five six ;

They are so woundy great,

So wondrous sweet,

And they trowl so merrily, merrily.

Oh the first and the second bell,

That every day at four and ten,

Cry "Come, come, come, come, come, to Prayer!"

And the Verger troops before the Dean.

Tingle, tingle, tingle, goes the small Bell at nine,

To call the Beerers home ;

But there's never a man

Will leave his can,

Till he hears the mighty TOM.

(The shrill  
Litany Bell,  
which rings  
out prepara-  
tive to the  
tolling of  
Tom)

Aedis Christi campanulae!

Bis tres in numero,

Magnificae

Dulcisonae

Pulsantque hilare hilare.

Prima, et prima a primâ,

Hora quarta et decima,

Ait "Adsis, adsis Precibus!"

Ambulante Vergifero.

Tintinnuit hora tintinnabulum

Ut redeat domum,

At combibo

Manet intro

Dum Thomas det sonum ;

Ac nemo sat

Sibi putat

Nisi THOMAS edit BOM.

HENRY BOLD, fl. 1627-83 ; New College,

1645 : *Latine Songs with their English*,

a posthumous collection ; 1685.

Ἐν τῷ νάφῳ Χριστοῦ ἕξ  
 Ἦχοῦσι κωδῶνες ἤχουσι  
 Ὡς ἠδέως ὡς ἠδέως,  
 Καὶ κροτοῦσιν ἰλαρῶς ἰλαρῶς

Φάσι πρῶτος δευτερόστε  
 Δὺς καθ' ἑκαστὴν ἡμέραν,  
 Εἰσέρχου, ἔρχου εἰς Εὔχην,  
 Καὶ ὑπηρέτης ὑφηγεῖται.

Τίννι τίννι τι τὸ κωδώνιον καλεῖ  
 Εἰς οἶκον φιλοπότους,  
 Ἄλλ' οὐδεὶς τὸ κὰν λείψει ἕως ἂν  
 Τὸν ἠχώδη ἀκούσῃ ΤΩΜ.

*Notes and Queries*, 1st Series, vol. xii. p. 112

#### TO "YONGE TOM" OF CHRIST CHURCH

The following lines are from Ashmol. MS. 36, f. 260, and have been printed in *Notes and Queries*, 3rd Series, ii. 494. Other and shorter versions of the poem appear in *Notes and Queries*, 2nd Series, x. 466, and among the *Poems of Richard Corbet*, edited by Octavius Gilchrist. Richard Corbet of Christ Church took his Master's degree in 1605, and became Dean of Christ Church in 1620.

"Tom" has been recast at least three times since his removal from Oseney Abbey to Christ Church in 1545:—in 1611, as described in the following lines; in 1653; and finally in 1680:—*Wood's Life and Times*, Oxford Historical Society, i. 185, ii. 484-90.

Until the year 1680, "Tom" hung with the rest of the peal in Christ Church campanile; and besides performing his ordinary duty of announcing the closing of College-gates at night, rang out in honour of thanksgiving days, victories, installation of Canons, etc.: *Wood's Life and Times*, ii. 162, iii. 151, 255. Wood usually refers to "Tom" by his name, and "the great bell of Christ Church" which announced the deaths of members of the Society, was therefore probably some

other one of the peal ; at any rate, "the great bell" rang out for the death of a student in Dec. 1682, a date when "Tom" was not in a position to perform such a duty : *Wood's Life and Times*, iii. 33.

After emerging from the foundry in 1680, as "Magnus Thomas Clusius Oxoniensis, renatus Aprilis VIII, MDCLXXX, cura et arte Christ. Hodson," "Tom" was hung in 1682 in Wren's Tower over Christ Church gateway, and "rang out for the first time after he had been recast," on such an appropriate day as the anniversary of the glorious Restoration, May 29, 1684 : *Wood's Life and Times*, iii. 95.

Bee dum, you infant Chimes, thump not the  
mettle,  
That ne'er outrunge the tinker and his kettle ;  
Cease all your petty larums, for today  
Is Yonge Tom's resurrection from the clay :  
And know when Tom shall ringe his loudest knells,  
The bigg'st of you'll be thought but dinner bells.

Old Tom's growne yonge againe—the fiery cave  
Is now his cradle that was erst his grave.  
Hee grewe upp quickly from his mother earth ;  
For all you see, is but an howre's birth :  
Looke on him well—my life I dare engage  
You nere saw preteyer babie of his age.

Some take his measure by the rule—some by  
The Jacob's staffe take his profunditie ;<sup>1</sup>  
And some his altitude : some bouldly sweare  
Yonge Tom's not like the olde ; but Tom, nere  
feare  
The Criticke Geometrician's lyne,  
If thou, as loude as ere thou did'st, ringe nine.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Jacob's staff = an instrument used to take distances and altitudes.

<sup>2</sup> At nine p.m. Tom tolls 101 times in honour of the number of Students upon the old foundation, and gives the signal at which all Scholars are required to repair to their Colleges and Halls, and all gates are to be closed. *Univ. Statutes*, "Stat. de Nocturna Vagatione."



Tom did noe sooner peepe from under grounde  
 But straight St. Marie's tenor lost his sounde.<sup>1</sup>  
 Oh how his Maypole founder's hart did swell  
 With full moone tydes of joy, when that crackt  
 bell,  
 Choaked with envie and his admiration,  
 Runge like a quart pott to the Congregation.

Myles,<sup>2</sup> what's the matter? Belles thus out of  
 square  
 I hope St. Marye's Hall wont longe forbear.  
 You cockscombe-pate, the Clocke hangs dumbe in  
 towre,  
 And knowes not that foure quarters makes an  
 howre.  
 Now Broute's<sup>3</sup> joys ringe out: the Churlish Cur  
 Nere laughs aloude till great belles catch the  
 mur.<sup>4</sup>

This (puny) Bell is proude, and hopes noe other  
 But that in time hee shal be greate Tom's brother:  
 Thou'rt wise, if this thou wishest: bee it soe:  
 Let one henn hatch you both; for thus much know,  
 Hee that can cast great Christchurch Tom so  
 well,  
 Can easily cast St. Marye's greatest bell.

<sup>1</sup> "The very day that Tom was cast, St. Marie's tenor was burste in a peal"—Note in Ashm. MS. Richard Corbet's name appears on the fifth bell of St. Mary's Church, as junior proctor, 1612. Five was the usual number of bells for a parish peal; and as the present tenor or sixth bell is dated 1639 (too late for Corbet's poem), the probability is that the bell which records his name was recast in 1612, to replace "St. Marie's tenor," which he represents above to have been "choaked with envie" on the day "yonge Tom" was recast. So that a probable date can thus be arrived at of the above attempt to recast Tom.

<sup>2</sup> Myles="The Clarke of the Universitie," Ashm. MS.: perhaps Edward Miles, bookseller, mentioned as "Clericus Universitatis" in 1619; see *Register Univ. Oxon.* (Oxford Hist. Soc.), vol. ii. pt. i. p. 405.

<sup>3</sup> Broute="Name of the Bel-caster," Ashm. MS.

<sup>4</sup> To catch the mur=to catch a severe cold with hoarseness.

Rejoyce with Christchurch and looke higher,  
 Oseney,  
 Of Gyante Belles the famous treasury:  
 The base vast thunderinge Clocke of Westminster,  
 Grave Tom of Linconne, Hugh Excester,  
 Are but Tom's eldest brothers, and perchance  
 He may call cozen with the bell of France.<sup>1</sup>

Nere grieve, old Oseney, at thy heavy fall:  
 Thy reliques build thee up again; they all  
 Florish to thy glory; their sole fame,  
 When thou art not, will keepe great Oseney's name.  
 This Tom was infant of thy mightie steeple,  
 Yet hee is Lord Controwler of a people.

Tom lately went his progresse, and lookt oer  
 What hee ne'er saw in many yeares before:  
 But when hee saw the old foundation,<sup>2</sup>  
 And little hope of reparation,  
 Hee burste with greife; and lest he should not  
 have  
 Due pomp, hee's his owne bellman to the grave.

And that there might of Tom bee still strange  
 mention,  
 Hee carried to the grave a newe invention:  
 They drew his browne bread face on pretty gines,  
 And made him stalke upon two rowlinge pinnes;<sup>3</sup>  
 But Sander Hill<sup>4</sup> swore twice or thrice by heaven  
 Hee nere sate such a loafe into the oven.

<sup>1</sup> Tom of Lincoln was cast in 1610, and weighs 9894 lbs.; "Hugh Excester" should probably be read "huge Excester"; the great bell in Exeter Cathedral being known as the Peter Bell. The "bell of France" is perhaps the great bell of Rouen, once supposed to be the largest in Europe; it was melted down for cannon during the Revolution.

<sup>2</sup> Old foundation, "Christ Church," Ashm. MS.

<sup>3</sup> Tom was drawn to his new locality by engines upon rollers.

<sup>4</sup> Sander Hill, the "Christ Church Butler," MS. Ashm.; perhaps the Alexander Hill who was admitted to the trade of "white baker" in 1599: see *Register of the University*, vol. ii. pt. i. p. 338 (Oxford Hist. Society Publications).

But Tom did Sanders (vex), his Cyclops maker,  
As much as hee did Sander Hill the baker:  
Therefore, loude thunderinge Tom, bee this thy  
pride,

When thou this motto shalt have on thy side,  
"Great World, one Alexander conquered thee,  
But two as mightie men scarce conquered mee."

Brave constant spirit, none could make thee turne,  
Though hanged, drawne, quartered, till they made  
thee burne;

Yet not for this, nor tenn times more, be sory,  
Synst thou wast martyred for the Church's glorie,  
But for thy meritorious sufferinge,  
Thou shortly shalt to heaven goe in a stringe:  
And though wee grieved when thou wast thumpt  
and banged,  
We all bee glad, Great Tom, to see thee hanged.

#### TO THE FOUNDER OF GREAT TOM

(*Parnassus Biceps*, a collection of poems edited by  
Abraham Wright of St. John Baptist College: 1656.  
The following poem is attributed to Richard Corbet  
of Christ Church in Additional MSS, No. 22602, Brit.  
Mus.)

Thou that by ruine doest repaire,  
And by destruction art a founder;  
Whose art doth teach us what men are,  
Who by corruption shall rise sounder:  
In this fierce fire's intensive heat  
Remember this is Tom the Great:

And, Cyclops, think at every stroke  
With which thy sledge his sides shall wound,  
That then some statute thou hast broke  
Which long depended on his sound;  
And that our Colledge Gates doo cry  
They were not shut since Tom did die.

When Tom  
fails to toll  
at 9 p.m.,  
College gates  
are not closed  
in accordance  
with "the  
Statute de  
nocturna vaga-  
tione."

The tradesman  
must time his  
drinking by  
the curfew bell  
of Carfax  
Church, which  
rings at 8 p.m.  
and 4 a.m.

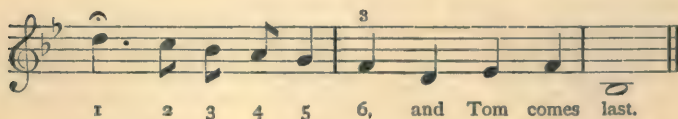
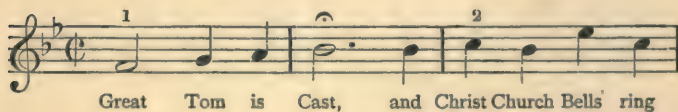
Think what a scourge 'tis to the City  
To drink and swear by Carfax bell,  
Which bellowing, without tune or pity,  
The day and night divides not well ;  
But the poor tradesman must give oer  
His ale at eight, or sit till four.

And Scholars  
have no warn-  
ing that the  
hour is come  
when they  
must call for  
the bill and  
repair to their  
respective  
Colleges.

We all in haste drink up our wine,  
As if we never should drink more ;  
So that the reckoning after nine  
Is larger now than that before :  
Release this tongue which once could say  
" Home, Schollers ! Drawer, what's to pay ? "

So thou of order shalt be Founder,  
Making a ruler for thy people,  
One that shall ring thy praises rounder  
Than t' other six bells in the steeple :  
Wherefore think, when Tom is running,  
Our manners wait upon thy cunning.

Then let him raised be from ground,  
The same in number weight and sound ;  
For may thy conscience rule thy gaine,  
Or would thy theft might be thy baine !



MATTHEW WHITE, organist of Christ Church, 1611 ;  
Mus. Doc. Oxford, 1629.

*Catch as Catch can, or the Musical Companion, 1667.*

## TO THE LADY ELIZABETH PAULET

"Lines to the Lady Paulet, upon her Gift to the University of Oxford, being the Story of the Incarnation, Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension of our Saviour, exactly wrought by herself in Needlework."

(Three poems on this gift, one of them being by the admirable Mr. William Cartwright of Ch. Ch., are given in *Parnassus Biceps*, a collection made by Abraham Wright of St. John Baptist College, Oxon., of "several choice pieces of poetry composed by the best Wits in both Universities before their Dissolution" (1656). Others upon the same subject appear in MS. Bodley, 22.

Lady Elizabeth Paulet's portrait, attributed to Daniel Mytens the elder, hangs in the Ashmolean Gallery. She wears a fine apron of cut-work, perhaps her own creation; and holds in her left hand a small picture of the Magdalen made in needlework. Her gift to the University is recorded in the Register of Convocation to have been accepted on July 9, 1636. The work is there described as the "Life of our Blessed Lord depicted in needlework, byssina" (*i.e.* of silken) "et aurata textura," and as being the gift of a lady whose name is not mentioned, but who is graced with the appellation "heroina." It appears that the tapestry is no longer in existence: see *Annals of the Bodleian*, W. D. Macray.)

Madam—your Work's a Miracle: and You  
 The first Evangelist, whose skilful Clue  
 Hath made a road to Bethlehem: now we may  
 Without a Star's direction, find the Way  
 To the cratch, our Saviour's Cradle; there Him see,  
 Mantled in Hay, had not your Piety  
 Swath'd Him in Silk; they that have skill, may see  
 (For, sure, 't is Pricked) the Virgin's Lullaby:  
 The Oxe would fain be Bellowing, did he not fear  
 That at his Noise the Babe would Wake and Hear.

And as each passage of His Birth's at strife  
 To excel, so e'en the Death's drawn to the life:  
 See how the greedy Soldiers tug to Share  
 The seamlesse Coat, as if your Work they'd Tear!  
 Look on His Reed! That's natural: on His Gown!  
 That's a pure scarlet: so Acute's His Crown,  
 That he who thinks they are not Thorns indeed,  
 Would he were Prick'd, until his fingers bleed!  
 His Cross—a skilful Joiner cannot know  
 (So neat 't is framed,) whether 't be Wood or no:  
 So closely by the curious Needle pointed,  
 Had Joseph seen 't, he knew not where 't was  
 Jointed.

His Side seems yet to Bleed and leave a stain,  
 As if the Blood now Trickled from the vein:  
 Methinks I hear the Thief for Mercy call;  
 He might have Stole 't—'t was nere Lock'd up at  
 all.

See how He Faints! The Crimson Silk Turns  
 Pale,

Changing its grain. Could I but see the Veil  
 Rent, all were finish't; but that's well forborn;  
 'T were pity such a Work as This were Torn.  
 Turn but your eyes aside, and you may see  
 His pensive Handmaids take Him from the Tree,  
 Embalming Him with Tears;—none could express,  
 Madam, but You, death in so fit a dress;  
 No Hand but Yours, could teach the Needle's Eye  
 To drop true Tears, unfeignedly to Cry.  
 Follow Him to His virgin tomb, and view  
 His corpse environ'd with a miscreate Crew  
 Of drowzy Watch, who look as though they were  
 Nere bid to Watch and Pray, but Sleep and  
 Swear:

The third day being come, and their Charge gone,  
 Only some Relicks left upon the Stone,  
 One Quakes, another Yawns, a third 's in haste  
 To Run, had not your Needle made him Fast:

And to excuse themselves, all they can say  
 Is that they dreamed some one Stole Him away:—  
 You, Madam, by the Angel's guidance have  
 Found Him again, since He Rose from the Grave:  
 So zealous of His Company, no Force  
 Could Part you, had not Heaven made the  
 Divorce:  
 Where He remains till the Last Day:—and Then  
 I pray with joy You there may Meet Again.

TO A LADY THAT PRESENTED THE TEN COM-  
 MANDMENTS CUT OUT IN PAPER-WORK TO ST.  
 JOHN BAPTIST COLLEGE IN OXFORD

(Rawlinson MS., D. 390, f. 86. It is to be feared this  
 interesting work has perished.)

Let Scribblers brag no more, with Pen endowed,  
 Nor Printers of their new-found art be proud,  
 Who might, were not profaner eyes denied,  
 See here, and blush to see themselves Outvied.  
 No drenching Pen in blackest Ink; no fear  
 Of Blots or Blurs or daubing Fingers here:  
 A Lady Virgin writing has designed,  
 Writing as fair and spotless as her Mind.  
 White-handed Women now b' afraid to Write,  
 For this way you Worke best that are most White.<sup>1</sup>  
 Let babbling Poets no more stories tell  
 Of ye famed Writing of fair Philomel;  
 Nor the Chineses of their Bark of Tree,  
 (Sacred, cause 't ne'er was read, nor ere wil be);  
 For neither Art nor Poet's fancy yet  
 Have any way invented so compleat.  
 Printers can only Stamp the Letters down,  
 And make Impressions with What's not Their  
 Own;

<sup>1</sup> Probably the Lady was one of the White family, and kin to Sir Thomas White, who founded St. John Baptist College in 1555.

This Double Artifice we find in You—  
 You make the Letters and the Printing too.  
 Italian, Roundhand, Court, and Text shall now,  
 With all old Writing, out of fashion go ;  
 They that can't Work their Thought out, they will  
 call

As Dull as Those that never Think at all.  
 Be sure there is some Magic in this Pen ;  
 More Charms than in French Billets-doux are seen :  
 Let those that fain would draw their lovers in,  
 Write them love-letters Thus ; they're sure to win :  
 Had Ovid made his carefull lovers send  
 Their fond Epistles after This Way penn'd,  
 Dido had kept her fond Aeneas still,  
 And mad Medea Jason at her will.  
 But while I praise the Art with which you write,  
 The Subject still I had forgotten quite :  
 The Ten Commandments—a fit choice indeed !  
 For when God Speaks, he doth Fresh Writing  
 need :

Had you but lived of old, of any tribe  
 God had chose You, not Moses, for His Scribe ;  
 And once This Writ, and This Fair Hand  
 employed,  
 He ne'er had suffered them to be Destroyed.  
 Ages to come shall still admire this Piece,  
 And sooner a Commandment lose than These ;  
 So long, till Puzzled Mortals shall not know,  
 Moses or You, which was the First o' th' Two.  
 But why then to St. John's presented? Thus  
 God blessed the World with them, and You bless  
 Us ;

But not in Thunders and in Lightnings sent,  
 But those pure Flames alone that Love can vent ;  
 So by Your Means, but that e'en God was There,  
 St. John's would have excelled Mount Sinai far.  
 Yet this Misfortune, Madam, we shall find ;—  
 We are Afraid to Shew 'em in any kind :



For Whosoever doth This Writing View,  
The First Commandment Breaks—and Worships  
You.

UPON THE BURNING OF A GRAMMAR SCHOOL AT  
OXFORD<sup>1</sup>

A grievous Lamentation  
Upon a Conflagration  
Of the Muses' Habitation—

What heat of learning kindled your desire,  
You Muses' Sons, to set your house on fire?  
What love of honour in your breasts did burn  
Those sparks of virtue into flames to turn?  
Or was't some higher cause? Were the hot gods,  
Phoebus and Vulcan, friends once, now at odds,  
(And here so revell'd? then ne'er let the dolt  
Be praised for making arms and thunderbolt;  
Let poets' pens point only his disgrace,  
His clubby foot, horned front, and sooty face.)  
Whate'er was cause, sure it was an event  
Which all the Muses justly can lament;  
And, above all, for rhyme's sake, Polihimney  
Bewails the downfall of the classic chimney.  
There you may see how without Speech or Sense  
Lay the sad ashes of an Accidence.  
What number here of Nouns to rack did go,  
As *Domus*, *Liber*, and a many mo!  
No Case or Sex the furious flame would spare;  
Each Gender in this loss had common share;

<sup>1</sup> *Oxford Drollery*, pt. iii. :—*Oxford Drollery*, being New Poems and Songs, the first part composed by W. H. (William Hickes); the second and third parts upon several occasions made by the most Eminent and Ingenious Wits of the University: Oxford, 1671. The earliest appearance of the above poem which I have been able to trace, is that made in a book published in 1635, and entitled *The Grammer Warre or the Eight Parts of Speech* (being a translation by W. Haywarde made in 1569 of A. Guarna's *Bellum Grammaticale*). There the poem is called "The lamentable burning of a Pettie Schoole." The book has an introduction by I. S.

Here might you see the rueful Declinations  
 Of fifteen Pronouns and four Conjugations:  
 Some Gerunds—Di, and some—Do, overcome;  
 And some with heat and smoke are quite strooke  
 —Dum:

Supines were gasping upward, void of senses;  
 And Moods grew mad to see Imperfect Tenses:  
 Adverbs of Place fell from their lofty stories,  
 As Ubi, Ibi, Illic, Intus, Foris:  
 Conjunctions so disjoined, as you would wonder;  
 No coupling scarce, but it was rent asunder.  
 The Prepositions knew not where to be;  
 Each Interjection cried "Heu!" "Woe is me!"  
 For the due joining of which things again  
 A neighbour called; "Qui mihi" came amain;  
 Else sure the fire had into flame so turned  
 That Gods, Men, Months, Rivers, Winds, and all  
 had burned.

Then gan the flame the Heteroclites to cumber,  
 And poor Supellex lost her plural number;  
 Of Verbs there scarce had scaped one in twenty,  
 Had there not been perchance As in Praesenti:  
 (Yet for all this the fire so great it waxes,  
 That it did quite undo my lord Syntaxis:  
 Had Noun and Verb been there, O none could  
 bail ye,

For it destroyed old Verbum Personale.  
 Had the Figura but appeared, it would have shewn  
 ye a

Burning trick, for it destroyed Prosodia:  
 Which is the cause, I fear, as late I see 't,  
 Our verses run so lamely on their feet;  
 For Jambicks, Spondees, and the rest o' the crew  
 Were utterly destroyed. So had you been too,  
 Had you been there; but yet our honest Billy  
 Nere so much loved the rules of William Lilley,  
 As to be burned for 's sake; but stood aloof to see  
 Both Masculine, Feminine, Neuter, all i' fire to agree).

LOVE-SONGS OF SCHOLARS

Aspire, my gentle Muse, inflame my breast;  
 Then thus my gracefull love shall be exprest:—  
 Her Brow is like a brave Heroicke line  
 That does a sacred Majestie inshrine.  
 Her Nose Phaleuciake-like in comely sort  
 Ends in a Trochie, or a long and short.  
 Her Mouth is like a pretty Dimeter;  
 Her Eie-browes like a little longer Trimeter.  
 Her Chinne is an Adonicke; and her Tongue  
 Is an Hypermeter—somewhat too long.  
 Her Eies, I may compare them unto two  
 Quick-turning Dactyles for their nimble View.  
 Her Neck Asclepiad-like turnes round about  
 Behind, before a little bone stands out,  
 Her Ribs like Staves of Sapphickes doe de-  
 scend  
 Thither, which but to name were to offend.  
 Her Armes, like two Iambickes, rais'd on high,  
 Doe with her Brow beare equall Majestie.  
 Her Legs, like two strait Spondees, keep a pace  
 Slow as two Scazons, but with stately grace.

BARTEN HOLYDAY (Ch. Ch.), *Technogamia*, or  
 the *Marriages of the Arts*, a Comedy  
 acted by the Students of Christ Church  
 in Oxford before the University at  
 Shrovetide (London, 1618)

I loved a lass, a fair one,  
 As fair as e'er was seen;  
 She was indeed a rare one,  
 Another Sheba Queen.  
 But fool as then I was,  
 I thought she loved me too;  
 But now alas! she's left me,  
 Falero, lero, loo.

In summer-time to Medley  
 My love and I would go;  
 The boatmen there stood ready  
 My love and I to row.  
 For cream there would we call,  
 For cakes and prunes too;—  
 But now alas! she's left me,  
 Falero, lero, loo.

Her cheeks were like the cherry,  
 Her skin was white as snow;  
 When she was blithe and merry,  
 She angel-like did shew:  
 Her waist exceeding small,  
 The fives did fit her shoe:—  
 But now alas! she's left me,  
 Falero, lero, loo.

As we walked home together  
 At midnight through the Town,  
 To keep away the weather  
 O'er her I'd cast my Gown:  
 No cold my Love should feel,  
 Whate'er the heavens could do:—  
 But now alas! she's left me,  
 Falero, lero, loo.

Like doves we would be billing,  
 And clip and kiss so fast;  
 Yet she would be unwilling  
 That I should kiss the last.  
 They're Judas-kisses now,  
 Since they have proved untrue,  
 For now alas! she's left me,  
 Falero, lero, loo.

If ever that Dame Nature,  
 For this false lover's sake,  
 Another pleasing creature  
 Like unto her should make;

Let her remember this,  
 To make the other true,  
 For this, alas! has left me,  
 Falero, lero, loo.

No riches now can raise me,  
 No want make me despair;  
 No misery amaze me,  
 Nor yet for want I care.  
 I have lost a world itself;  
 My earthly heaven, adieu!  
 Since she alas! has left me,  
 Falero, lero, loo.

GEORGE WITHER, Magdalen College, 1604,  
*A Love Sonnet* (abridged)

#### OXFORD FARE

“Dulcissimis Capitibus invitatio ad frugi prandiolum  
 una cum billa dietae.”

A poem by John Allibond of Magdalen College: matric. 1616; Master of Magdalen College School, 1625–32; Rector of Bradwell, Gloucestershire, 1636–1658: and author of the well-known *Rustica Acad. Oxon. nuper reformatae Descriptio* . . . A.D. 1648. The present poem has been printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, April 1823; and in the *Register of Magdalen College*, ed. by J. R. Bloxam, II, *Register of Clerks*, p. 48.

Evasit annus, ex quo Janus  
 Commisit conjugales manus,  
 Atque ipse amoris veteranus  
 Emeritus sum factus.

Porrexi ora, te ministro,  
 Maritali tum capistro,  
 Et Cythereo pulsus oestro  
 Spes sum longas nactus.

Dat mandata bifrons Deus,  
 Celebretur Hymenaeus  
 Quotannis:—nisi mavis reus  
 Esse indecori,

Parendum est; Familiares  
 Properate nostros lares  
 Adire, et epulas vulgares  
 Admovere ori.

Brawne.

Proebebit aper colli partem  
 Tortoris passus scitam artem,  
 Quae prima famis feret Martem  
 Pugnantem saevo ense:

Ribbe and  
Rumpe of  
Beefe.

Sequetur assi costa bovis,  
 Et salibus conditum novis  
 Ejusdem terigus, dignum Jovis  
 Quod apponatur mensae:

Pye.

Autocreae fumabunt, quales  
 Divinos celebrant Natales,  
 Unde odor aromaticalis  
 Cerebrum intrabit.

Hen and  
Bacon.

Et cum gallina pingue lardum  
 Quod satiare possit guardum,  
 Unless the hastye Cooke hath marr'd 'um,  
 Mensam onerabit.

Figge.

Praeterea non decimalis  
 Porcellus auribus et malis  
 Ad latus finis adest, qualis  
 Judaeis olim nefas.

Tongue  
and Udder.

Insuper tenellum uber,  
 Cui Romanum impar tuber,  
 Et linguam, si quid ejus super-  
 est, gustare te fas.

Ascendit avis dein solium  
 Quae salvum facit Capitolium,  
<sup>1</sup> Brodwellianum pasta lollium,  
 Coctis malis mersa. Goose.

Et quam transmiserunt Indi,  
 En! volucris est presto scindi,  
 Cepis, uti mos, hic inde  
 Olentibus conspersa. Turkey.

Post apparatus demum istum,  
 Cum ovis una farre pistum  
 Lac sequitur; cui saccharum mistum  
 Saporem dulcem proebet. Custard.

Secunda erunt fercula  
 Sales et epigrammata,  
 And now and then our pocula  
 Stans promus exhibebit.

Et tamen nequid desit plane  
 Nimietati Anglicanae,  
 Habebitis convivae sane  
 A foolish second service.

Uxoris curâ vobis partum  
 Fumans en! pippino-tartum,  
 Quod, post fundo vulsam chartam,  
 Frustatum quadris parvis, Pippin-  
 tart.

Discindit structrix. Ecce nostrum  
 Longum gerens avis rostrum  
 Invasit solum, quae in posterum  
 Ignotas oras petit. Wood-  
 cocke.

Et hybernum sequens gelu  
 Par anatum, ἀρσέν και θήλυ,  
 Whereof a part my wife will deal you  
 And friendly bid you eate it. Ducke and  
 Mallard.

<sup>1</sup> Either Broadwell, near Bampton in Oxfordshire; or Bradwell in Gloucestershire, the rectory of which Allibond held from 1636 till his death in 1658.

Larkes.

Si minores quaeras aves,  
 Quibus magis forsán faves,  
 Alaudas scilicet vous avez  
 With sugar crumbes and sawce.

Fruite and  
Cheese.

Postremo caseum tractemus,  
 Et horna poma degustemus;  
 Et tandem gratias agemus  
 Cum "Soli Summo Laus."

Apud vos si forte pondus  
 Habeat vester Allibondus,  
 Adeste; dabit promus condus  
 E meliori vini testá.

Vocat hospitalis Hymen;  
 Calcate nostrum—vestrum limen;  
 Citate, quisque, gradum;  
 Εὐάρεστον τοῦτ' ἔσται.

## EPULAE OXONIENSES

or a jocular relation of a banquet presented to the best of Kings by the best of Prelates, in the year 1636 in the mathematick library of St. John Baptist's College—a poem by Edmund Gayton, Fellow of St. John Baptist College, describing the entertainment of King Charles I by Archbishop Laud, Chancellor of the University of Oxford.

## THE SONG

It was (my staff upon 't!<sup>1</sup>) in Thirty Six,  
 Before the Notes were wrote on great Don Quix,<sup>2</sup>  
 That this huge Feast was made by that High Priest  
 Who did caress the Royalest of Guests;  
 Oves and Boves; yes, and Aves too,  
 Pisces, and what the whole Creation knew.

<sup>1</sup> Gayton was superior Bedell of Arts and Physic, in 1636.

<sup>2</sup> Gayton published his *Pleasant Notes upon Don Quixote* in 1654.



For every creature there was richly drest,  
 As numerous as was great Nevil's feast.<sup>1</sup>  
 Here we crave leave only to make you smile,  
 For in the Term we must be grave awhile,  
 At the exhibit of a banquet brought  
 Where all our gown-men were in marchpane wrought.<sup>2</sup>

The ladies watered 'bout the mouth to see  
 And taste so sweet a Universitee.  
 In mighty chargers of most formal paste  
 A Convocation on the board was plac't:  
 In Cap and Hood and narrow-sleeved Gown,  
 Just as you see them now about the Town:

With this conceited difference alone;  
 The Scholars now do walk, and then did run.  
 There might you see, in honour of his place,  
 Mr. Vice-Chancellor with every Mace;  
 The greater Staffs in thumping marchpane made,  
 The smaller, the small stick of the small blade.

And, after these, as if my brethren's call  
 Had fetched them up, (Sol, Hal, and Stout Wil.  
 Ball,  
 In humble postures of a bowing leg  
 Appeared the Doctors, Masters Reg., non Reg.:  
 Then in a mass, a sort of various Caps,  
 (But could not hum, for sealed were their Chaps),

<sup>1</sup> The Inception-banquet of George Nevil, brother to the great Earl of Warwick, October 1452. The University was entertained for two days: on the first, 600 messes of meat were served; and on the second, 300, for the Scholars and certain of the Proceeder's relations and acquaintance: see Anthony Wood, *Annals*, A.D. 1452.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Crosfield, Fellow of Queen's College, and at this time resident in the University, writes in his diary: "The baked meats served up in St. John's were so contrived, that there was first the forms of archbishops, then bishops, doctors, etc., seen in order; wherein the king and courtiers took much content" (Laud's Works (Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology), vol. v. p. 152, *History of Chancellorship*).

Crowded the Senate, as if they'd mind to heare  
 Some speech, or fall upon themselves the cheare.  
 It put their Majesties unto the laugh,  
 To see the Bedels resigne up every staff,  
 And were eat up; not, as it used to be,  
 Returned by his gracious Majestie.

I think that Jeffrey, waiting on the Queen,<sup>1</sup>  
 Devoured at one champ the Verger clean.  
 But then (O rude!), as at a Proctor's choice  
 In run the Masters, just like little boys,  
 So did the Ladies and their servants fall  
 Upon the marchpane Shew, Doctors and all.

The Noblemen, like to Clarissimos,  
 Grandees of Venice, did adorn these shews  
 In velvet round-caps some, and some in square,  
 (A spectacle most excellent and rare:)  
 But their good Ladyships most courteously  
 Simpered, and eat the soft Nobility.

Never was Oxford in such woeful case,  
 Unless when Pembroke did expound the place:<sup>2</sup>  
 Here lay a Doctor's Scarlet, there a Hood  
 Trod under foot, which others snatch't for food:  
 Caps, Gowns, and all Formalities were rent,  
 As if the Show had been i' th' Schools in Lent.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Jeffrey Hudson, the dwarf; who entered Queen Henrietta's service about the year 1630.

<sup>2</sup> The parliamentary visitation, conducted by Philip, Earl of Pembroke, when Colleges were purged of all royalist members (1648).

<sup>3</sup> " 'Coursing' in the Schools, which in olden times had been intended for a trial of skill in logic, metaphysics and school divinity, now ended not infrequently in affronts, hissing, stamping with the feet, and shoving with the shoulders between members of rival Colleges": see *Life of Anthony Ashley Cooper* (Exeter College, 1636), by W. D. Christie: cf. Laud's Works, v. 71, 216; *Wood's Life and Times*, Oxford Histor. Soc., i. 299-300, ii. 75, 83; and *Mars Togatus or Fighting in the Schools*, in Edmund Elys (Balliol College, 1651), his *Dia Poemata or Poetick Feet standing upon Holy Ground*, London, 1655.

*Chorus*

If in the Trojan Horse inclosed were  
Men of the Helmet, Target, Sword, and Spear ;  
If by ingenious Pencil ere was cut  
The learned Homer's Iliads in a Nut ;  
Why in a Bisk or Marchpane Oleo  
Might not a Convocation be a Shew,  
Where, for to please the beauteous Ladies' bellies  
Masters were set in Paste, Scholars in Jellies?

## CHAPTER VII

### THE GREAT REBELLION

#### OXFORD IN THE GREAT REBELLION

**N**OW you will find the World hath been so  
tost,  
The Music of our Academe is lost;  
For since the State in Civill Warres has burned,  
Our silken Hoods have all to Scarfes been turned;  
'Mongst us there's scarce a Verse, nay Line, without  
"Charge!", "To the Front!", "To the Reere!", and  
"Right about!"

*Musarum Oxon. Epibateria*, Oxford, 1643

#### THE OXONIAN IN THE GREAT REBELLION

Treasure of Armes and Artes, in whom were set  
The Sword and Bookes, the Camp and Colledge met;  
Yet both so wove, that in the mingled throng  
They both comply, and neither neither wrong;  
But poised and tempered, each reserved its seat,  
Nor did the Learning quench, but guide the Heate.  
The Valour was not of the furious straine;  
The Hand that struck, did first consult the Braine:  
Hence grew Commerce betwixt Advice and Might;  
The Scholler did direct, the Souldier fight.

"Elegie on C. W. H., slaine at Newark," *Men-  
Miracles*, by M. LL., Student of Christ  
Church (*i.e.* MARTIN LLELLEYN), 1646

A.D. 1641

## ON THE EVE OF THE WAR

Oxford acknowledges the mercy of Heaven in bringing the King safe home again from Scotland, to be the defender of the Muses against a Fanaticism that would banish from them both maintenance and glory. She begs Charles to protect Learning from Ignorance;—that Ignorance which, coupled with Self-Conceit, was engendering at the time in the most dull and mechanic breasts the pestilent conception that they as well understood the mysteries of Faith and Purity of Religion, as did the most orthodoxal and learned Divines and Doctors.<sup>1</sup>

*Eucharistica Oxon. in exoptatissimum Caroli regis e  
Scotia Reditum gratulatoria, Oxon. 1641*

We are revived: 't is Treason now to faint:  
Just with such joy Angels receive a Saint,

<sup>1</sup> The leading case on this point is that of the inspired Cobbler How, and his *Sermon on the Sufficiency of the Spirit without Humane Learning* (1640).

“What How! How now hath How such Learning found  
To cast Art's curious image to the ground?  
Cambridge and Oxford must their glory now  
Vail to a Cobbler, if they know but How:  
Though big with Art, they cannot overtop  
The Spirit's teaching in a Cobbler's Shop.”

Cf. *Insignia Civicas; the Regiment of grutching Anti-Royalists*, Oxford, 1643.

“Their envious mouthguns they discharge at home,  
Where every Cobbler is a Statesman grown.  
Knowing how to Mend the Commonwealth, these Fools  
Would have no King, no Learning, and no Schools,  
No Crosses, Bells, no Service that's Divine,  
But Sermons made in Tubs and Casks of Wine.  
By Ignorance they would pull Phoebus down;  
And, like to Phaeton, every Cobbling Clown  
Would mount into the Chariot of the Sun,  
And Set the World on Fire, as he'd have done.”

See, too, the punning “Epitaph” on How, among Robert Heath's *Epigrams*, London, 1650.

As we greet your Returne. The Soul that's gone  
 And widdowed till the Resurrection,  
 Comes not more welcome to the Trunk, than You  
 To Us, who are our Life and Glory too.  
 Factious Report had raised so many Feares,  
 That 't was our serious wish to have no cares:  
 Sometimes the Rumour was, our Schooles should be  
 Made an Exchange, yet yield Divinity;  
 'T was thought an Heresy to take Degrees,  
 Nor was Use-money worse than Bedel's Fees:  
 This made some credulous Braines watch late and  
     sweat,  
 Studying to learn the Arte, Artes to forget.  
 Nor was this all our Fright; 't was further said,  
 They 'ld have our Purse as Empty as our Head:  
 Should some have had their Wish, Divines had  
     binne  
 Threadbare as Poets, Wealth had binne a Sinne,  
 And Titles, Popery; although there be  
 Neither in Parts and Paines a Parity,  
 Yet Stipends should be Equal; no Reward  
 The more for him that Studied or Dranke hard.  
 But Your Approach confutes these Pamphlets:  
 We  
 Laughing at them, return to the Library.  
 You shed your beames to Worth in order; thus  
 Your gifts, like Nature's, are still various:  
 Though learned and reverend Patriarchs have bin,  
 As dangerous Books, still like to be called in,  
 Yet Preachers shall be Schollers:—You'll advance  
 Goodnesse and Art, not Lungs and Ignorance.

\* \* \* \* \*

R. WEST, Student of Christ Church.

A.D. 1642

Aug. 23: The Royal Standard was set up at Nottingham. A double Chronogram on the year 1642,

the one in Latin, the other in the English of that Latin:

tV DeVs IaM propItIVs sIs regI regnoqVe hVIC  
VniVerso!

O goD, noVV sheVV faVoVr to the kIng anD thIs  
VVhoLe LanD!

ABRAHAM WRIGHT (St. John Baptist College),  
*Parnassus Biceps*, 1656

Sep. 12: A body of rebel troopers entered Oxford, and put their horses for the night into Christ Church meadows. Many of them came into Christ Church to view the cathedral and the painted windows therein, much admiring at the idolatry thereof.—*Wood's Life and Times*, Oxf. Hist. Soc.

“Christ Church Windows, a poem in defence of the decent ornaments of Christ Church, Oxford, occasioned by a Banbury brother who called them idolatrous”; found among Cleveland’s poems in *J. Cleaveland Revived* (1658), but not included in *Clievelandi Vindiciae, or C’s genuine poems* (1677); attributed to R. W. in MS. CLXXVI, Corp. Christ. Coll. Library. Banbury was long infested by Puritans. It was there, that “Zeal-of-the-Land Busy” lived, who gave up baking Banbury Cakes, because they were eaten at bridals, maypoles, and other profane feasts (Ben Jonson, *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614); and also the fanatic “who hanged his cat on Monday, for killing of a mouse on Sunday,” as recorded in R. Brathwaite’s *Barnaby’s Journal* (1638).

You that prophane our Windows with a tongue  
Set, like some Clock, on purpose to go wrong;  
Who when you were at Service, sighed because  
You heard the Organ’s Music, not the Daws;  
Pitying our solemn State; shaking the head,  
To see not ruins from the Floor to the Lead:

To whose pure nose our Cedar gave offence,  
 Crying, It smelt of Papist's Frankincense;  
 Who walking on our Marbles, scoffing said  
 Whose Bodies are under these Tombstones laid?  
 Counting our Tapers Works of Darkness, and  
 Choosing to see Priests in blew Aprons stand,  
 Rather than in rich Copes which shew the art  
 Of Sisera's Prey embroidered in each part:  
 Then, when you saw the Altar's Bason, said  
 Why's not the Ewer on the Cupboard laid?  
 Thinking our very Bibles too profane,  
 'Cause you ne'er bought such Covers in Duck-lane:<sup>1</sup>  
 Loathing all Decency, as if you'd have  
 Altars as foul and homely as a Grave:  
 Had you one spark of Reason, you would find  
 Yourselves, like Idols, to have Eyes, yet Blind.  
 'Tis only some base niggard Heresie  
 To think Religion loves Deformity;  
 Glory did never yet make God the less,  
 Neither can Beauty defile Holiness.  
 What's more magnificent than Heaven, yet where  
 Is there more Love and Piety than there?  
 My Heart doth wish, were't possible, to see  
 Paul's built with Precious Stones and Porphyry:  
 To have our Halls and Galleries outshine  
 Altars in Beauty, is to deck our Swine  
 With Orient Pearl, while the deserving Quire  
 Of God and Angels wallows in the Mire.  
 Our decent Copes only distinction keep  
 That you may know the Shepherd from the Sheep,  
 As Gaudy Letters in the Rubrick show  
 How you may Holy Days from Lay Days know;  
 Remember Aaron's Robes, and you will say  
 Ladies at Masque are not so rich as they:  
 Then are the Priest's Words Thunder-Claps, when he  
 Is Lightning-like ray'd down like Majesty.

<sup>1</sup> Duck-lane, West Smithfield; a place generally inhabited by sellers of old and second-hand books.



May every Temple shine like those at Nile,  
 And still be free from Rat and Crocodile!  
 But you will urge, both Priest and Church should be  
 The Solemn Partners of Humility—

Do not some Boast of Rags? Cynics deride  
 The pomp of Kings, but with a greater Pride.  
 Meekness consists not in the Clothes, but Heart;  
 Nature may be Vain-glorious well as Art:  
 We may as Lowly before God appear,  
 Drest with a Glorious Pearl, as with a Tear;  
 In His High Presence, where the Stars and Sun  
 Do but Eclipse, there's no Ambition.

You dare admit gay paint upon a Wall;  
 Why then on Glass that's held Apocryphal:  
 Our Bodies Temples are:—look in the Eye,  
 The Window, and you needs must Pictures spy;  
 Moses and Aaron and the King's Arms are  
 Daub'd in the Church, where you the Wardens were;  
 Yet you ne'er fin'd for Papist:—Shall we say  
 Banbury is turned Rome, because we may  
 See th' Holy "Lamb" and "Christopher"; nay more,  
 The "Altar-Stone" set at the tavern door?<sup>1</sup>  
 Why can't the Ox then in the Nativity  
 Be imaged forth, but Papal Bulls are nigh?  
 Our Pictures to no other end are made,  
 Than is your Time and 's Bill, your Death and 's Spade;  
 To us they're but Mementos, which present  
 Christ's Birth, except His Word and Sacrament.  
 If 't were a Sin to set up Imagery,  
 To Get a Child were flat Idolatry:  
 The Models of our Buildings would be thus  
 Directions to our Houses, Ruins to us;  
 Hath not each Creature which hath daily breath  
 Something then which Resembles heaven or earth?

<sup>1</sup> Until about 1770, in a niche in a piece of stonework about ten feet high, standing under the sign of an inn in Banbury, called the Altar-Stone Inn, was a stone, pronounced by antiquaries to have been a Roman Altar: see J. N. Brewer's *Oxfordshire*, p. 525.

Suppose some Ignorant Heathen once did bow  
 To Images:—may We not See them now?  
 Should We love Darkness and Abhor the Sun,  
 'Cause Persians give it Adoration?  
 And plant no Orchards, because Apples first  
 Made Adam and his lineal race Accurst?  
 Though Wine for Bacchus, Bread for Ceres went,  
 Yet both are used in the Sacrament.  
 What then if these are Popish Reliques?—Few  
 Windows are elsewhere old, but these are new;  
 And so exceed the former, that the Face  
 Of these comes short of th' Outside of our Glass:  
 Colours are here mixed so, that Rainbows be,  
 Compared, but Clouds without variety.  
 Art here is Nature's Envy: this is he,  
 Not Paracelsus, that by chymistry  
 Can make a Man from Ashes, if not Dust,  
 Producing Offspring of his Mind, not Lust:  
 See how he Makes his Maker, and doth draw  
 All that is meant i' th' Gospel and the Law:—

The Re-  
 surrection.

Looking upon the Resurrection,  
 Methought I saw a blessed Vision,  
 Where not His Face is merely drawn, but Mind  
 Which not with Paint, but Oil of Gladness, Shined:

The En-  
 tombment.

But when I viewed the next pane, where we have  
 The God of Life transported to the Grave,  
 Light then is Dark, all things so Dull and Dead  
 As if that part o' th' window had been Lead.

The story  
 of Jonah.

Jonas, his Whale did so men's eyes befool  
 That they have begged him for th' Anatomy School:  
 That he saw Ships at Oxford, one did swear,  
 Though Isis yet will scarcely Barges bear:<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In 1624, an Act of Parliament (21 Jac. 1, c. 32) was made "for the opening of the Thames from Burcote by Abendon to Oxford." Crosfield of Queen's College records in his diary: "On Aug. 31, 1635, a barge was brought up the Thames to Oxford, which was the first ever came." Previous to this date, owing to the river being choked up, there was no water-carriage higher than Maidenhead: see "Historic Towns" Series, *Oxford*, 137.

Another, soon as he the Trees espied,  
Thought him i' th' Garden on the other side.

See in what State (though on an Ass) Christ went! The entry into Jerusalem.  
This shews more Glorious than the Parliament.

Then in what awe Moses his Rod doth keep  
The Seas; as if the Frost had glazed the deep,  
The raging Waves are to themselves a bound—  
Some cry Help, help! or Horse and Man are drowned! The passage of the Red Sea: "The floods stood upright, and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea," Exodus xv. 8.  
Shadows do everywhere for Substance pass,  
You'd think the Sands were in an Hour-glass.

You that do live with Surgeons, have you seen  
A spring of blood forced from a swelling vein?  
So from a touch of Moses' Rod doth jump  
A Cataract:—The Rock is made a Pump;  
At sight of whose O'erflowings, many get  
Themselves away for fear of being Wet.

Moses and the Rock.

Have you beheld a sprightly Lady stand  
To have her Frame drawn by the Painter's hand?  
Such lively look and presence, such a dress,  
King Pharaoh's Daughter's Image doth express:  
Look well upon her Gown, and you will swear  
The Needle, not the Pencil, had been there:  
At sight of Her, some Gallants do dispute  
Whether in Church 'tis lawful to Salute.

Pharaoh's daughter.

Next, Jacob kneeling; where his kid-skin's such,  
As it may well cozen old Isaac's touch.

Isaac and Jacob.

A Shepherd, seeing how Thorns went round about  
Abraham's Ram, would needs have Helped it Out. Abraham's sacrifice.

Behold the Dove descending to inspire Pentecost.  
Th' Apostles' Heads with cloven tongues of fire;  
And in a Superficies there you'll see  
The gross dimensions of Profundity:—  
'Tis hard to judge which is best built and higher,  
The Arch Roof in the Window or 'n the Quire.

All Beasts, as in the Ark, are lively done; The Ark.  
Nay, you may see the shadow of the sun:  
Upon the Landskip if you look a while,  
You'll think the Prospect at least Forty Mile.

There's none needs now go Travel, we may see  
 Jerusalem, At Home Jerusalem and Nineveh,  
 Nineveh, And Sodom now in Flames: one glance will dart  
 Sodom. Farther than Lynce with Galilaeus' Art.

Elijah's Seeing Elijah's Chariot, we fear  
 Translation. There is some fiery prodigy i' th' Air.

Purifica- When Christ to purge His Temple holds his Whip,  
 tion of the How nimbly Hucksters with their baskets skip!

Temple. St. Peter's Fishes are so lively wrought,  
 St. Peter. Some Cheapen them, and ask where they were  
 Caught.

Here's Motion painted too: Chariots so fast  
 Run, that they're never gone, though always past.

The Angels with their Lutes are done so true,  
 We do not only Look, but Hearken too,  
 As if their Sounds were Painted: thus the wit  
 O' th' Pencil hath drawn more than there can Sit.

· · · · ·  
 Cease then your Railings and your dull Complaints.  
 To pull down Galleries and set up Saints  
 Is no Impiety:—now may we well  
 Say that our Church is truly Visible.  
 Those that, before our Glass, Scaffolds prefer,  
 Would turn our Temple to a Theater.  
 Windows are Pulpits now:—though Unlearn'd, one  
 May Read this Bible's New Edition.  
 Instead of here and there a Verse, adorn'd  
 Round with a lace of paint, fit to be scorn'd  
 Even by vulgar eyes, each Pane presents  
 Whole Chapters with both Comment and Contents.  
 The Cloudy Mysteries of the Gospel here  
 Transparent as the Chrystal do appear.  
 'T is not to see things Darkly, through a Glass;  
 Here you may see our Saviour, Face to Face:  
 And whereas Feasts come Seldom, here's descried  
 A Constant Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide.  
 Let the Deaf hither come!—no matter though  
 Faith's Sense be Lost, we can a New Way shew;

Here we can teach them to Believe by th' Eye;  
 These Silenced Ministers do Edifie:  
 The Scripture's Rays contracted in a Glass,  
 Like Emblems, do with Greater Virtue pass:  
 Look in the Book of Martyrs; you will see  
 More by the Pictures than the History:  
 That price for things in colours oft we give,  
 Which we'd not take to have them, while they livē;  
 Such is the power of painting, that it makes  
 A living sympathy 'twixt men and snakes.  
 Hence then Paul's Doctrine may seem more Divine,  
 As Amber through a Glass doth Clearer shine:  
 Words pass away, as soon as headache gone;  
 We Read in Books, what Here we Dwell upon;  
 Thus then there's no more fault in Imagery  
 Than there's in the Practice of Piety;  
 Both Edify: what is in Letters there,  
 Is writ in plainer Hieroglyphics here.  
 'Tis not a New Religion we have chose;  
 'Tis the same Body, but in better Clothes.  
 You'll say they make us Gaze, when we should Pray,  
 And that our Thoughts do to the Figures stray:  
 If so, you may conclude us Beasts: what They  
 Have for their Object, is to Us the Way.  
 Did any e'er use Perspective to see  
 No further than the Glass? or can there be  
 Such Lazy Travellers, so given to sin,  
 As that they'll take their Dwelling at an Inn?  
 A Christian's Sight Rests in Divinity:  
 Signs are but Spectacles to help Faith's Eye.  
 God is a Center—dwelling on these words  
 My Muse a Sabbath to my Brains affords:  
 If then nice Wits more solemn proof exact,  
 Know this was meant a Poem, not a Tract.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The windows described in this poem were those which, "admirably well-performed by the exquisite hand of Abraham Van Ling, a Dutchman," were placed in the Cathedral about the year 1630, Brian Duppa being Dean of Christ Church at the time. Many of them must have

A.D. 1643

After the battle of Edgehill, Oxford became the headquarters of the royal army and the chief seat of the royal government. Her Schools were converted into Magazines for Military Stores, her Colleges into lodgings for Courtiers and Soldiers; and her Sons of all degrees and ages took up arms for the King. In this year a malignant fever, known as the camp disease, became prevalent in the crowded city, and many a good Scholar-Soldier was untimely snatched away thereby.

“To my Lord B. of S. on New Yeares Day, 1643,” perhaps John Digby, Earl of Bristol (of Sherborne), the diplomatist.

Though with the course and motion of the year,  
 Not only Stars and Sun  
 Move where they first begun;  
 But Things and Actions do  
 Keep the same Circle too,  
 Returned to the same point in the same Sphere.

Griefs and their Causes still are where they stood,  
 'Tis the same Cloud and Night  
 Shuts up our Joys and Light:  
 Wars as remote from Peace,  
 And Bondage from Release,  
 As when the Sun his last year's Circuit rode.

Though Sword and Slaughter are not parted hence,  
 But We, like Years and Times,  
 Meet in unequal chimes,  
 Now a Cloud and then a Sun;  
 Undo, and are undone;

Let loose and stopped by th' Orb's intelligence:

perished during the Puritan Usurpation, and when the fanatic Henry Wilkinson, a Canon, “tore down the painted windows of the Cathedral and stamped furiously upon them”: but three at any rate survived until modern times, namely “Sodom and Gomorrah,” “Christ disputing with the Elders,” and the ever memorable “Jonah and his Gourd,” dated respectively 1634, 1640, and 1631.



OXFORD CROWN-PIECE, 1644

DESIGNED BY THOMAS RAWLINS, AND STRUCK AT THE ROYAL MINT WHICH WAS ESTABLISHED AT NEW INN HALL IN 1642. THE VIEW OF OXFORD WHICH APPEARS THEREON WAS TAKEN APPARENTLY FROM A SPOT OUTSIDE THE NORTHERN LINE OF DEFENCE. IT SHOWS SEVERAL OF THE BASTIONS TOGETHER WITH THE CONNECTING CURTAIN, AND THE OUTER LINE OF PALISADES. WITHIN MAY BE DISTINGUISHED MAGDALEN COLL. TOWER AND THE SPIRES OF CHRIST CHURCH AND ST. MARY'S





Though Combats have so thick and frequent stood,  
 That we at length may raise  
 A Calendar of Days,  
 And style them Foul or Fair  
 By their Success, not Air;  
 And sign our Festivals by Rebels' Blood.

Though the sad years are clothed in such a dress  
 That times to times give place,  
 And seasons shift their grace,  
 Not by our Cold or Heat,  
 But Conquest or Defeat:  
 And Loss makes Winter; Summer, Happiness.

Nay, though a greater Ruin yet await;  
 Such as the Active Curse  
 Sent to make Worst Times Worse,  
 Death's keen and secret Dart,  
 The Shame of Herbs and Art,

The new  
 Disease.

Which proves at once our Wonder and our Fate:—

Though these conspire to sully our request  
 And labour to destroy  
 And kill our New Year's joy:  
 Yet still your wonted Art  
 Will keep our wish in heart,  
 Proportion'd not to th' rimes but to your breast.  
 Thus in the Storm you Calm and Silence find,  
 Not Sword nor Sickness can approach your mind.

MARTIN LUELLYN, Stud. of Christ Church,  
*Men-Miracles*, 1646

“Mad Verse, glad Verse, bad Verse: Cut out, and slenderly stitched together by John Taylor,” Oxford, May 10, 1644 (*Works of John Taylor, the water-poet*, Spenser Society). John Aubrey writes in his *Brief Lives*: “Anno 1643, at the Act time, I saw John Taylor at Oxford. I guess he was then near 50. I

remember he was of middle stature, had a good quick look, a black velvet, a plush gippe, and silver shoulder-belt." Anthony Wood adds, that "he kept a common victualling house, and was much esteemed by the Court and the poor remnant of the Scholars, for his facetious company and for the pasquils which he wrote against the Roundheads."

Much about Easter-time I came to Oxford,  
Where are some few knaves and some Misers fox-  
furred :

In Christ Church garden then a gladsome sight was,  
My sovereign King and many a Peer and Knight  
was,

The hopeful Prince, and James, Dux Eboracensis,  
Whom God preserve from Rebels' false pretences !  
The Sunne of Sacred Majesty did frustrate  
My former griefes, and all my joys illustrate :  
His gracious Eye did see where I did stand, straight  
He came to me, put out his royal hand straight,  
Which on my knees I humbly kneeled and kissed it ;  
I rather had left all I had, than missed it.

But now at Oxford I am safe arrived,  
How to be well-employed my brains contrived ;  
My purse was turned a Brownist or a Roundhead,  
For all the Crosses \* in it were confounded :  
For some employment I myself must settle ;  
Fire must be had to boyle the pot and kettle.  
Then by my Lords Commissioners, and also  
By my good King, (whom all good subjects call so),  
I was commanded by the Water Baillie  
To see the rivers cleansed both nights and daily ;  
Dead Hogges, Dogges, Cats and well-flay'd carrion  
Horses,

Their noisome corpses soiled the water-courses ;  
Both Swines and Stable-dung, Beasts, Guts, and  
Garbage,

Street-dirt with gardeners' weeds and other herbage :

\* A coin stamped with a cross.

And from these waters' filthy putrefaction  
Our meat and drink were made, which bred infection.  
Myself and partner, with cost, pains, and travel,  
Saw all made clean from carrion, mud, and gravel;  
And now and then was punished a delinquent,  
By which good means away the filth and stink went.  
Besides, at all commands we served all warrants  
To take boats for most necessary arrants,  
To carry ammunition, food, and fuel,  
The last of which, last winter, was a jewel;  
Poor soldiers that were maimed or sick or wounded  
By the curst means of some rebellious roundhead,  
To carry and recarry them, our care was,  
To get them boats, as cause both here and there was.  
Thus have I been employed; besides, my trade is  
To write some pamphlets to please Lords and  
Ladies.

“On April 26, Reading capitulated to the Earl of Essex. The great want at Oxford at that time (if any one particular might deserve that style, where all necessary things were wanted) was ammunition. The fortification moreover was very slight and unfinished, and there was no public magazine of victual in store; while the Court, a multitude of nobility and ladies and gentry, with which it was inhabited, bore any kind of alarm very ill. If Essex had made any show of moving with his whole body that way, I do persuade myself Oxford and all those parts had been quitted to them”: Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*. Essex however stayed at Reading, and in the beginning of May convoys of arms and ammunition reached Oxford from Queen Henrietta; and Charles was placed in a position to defy any force that could be sent against him.

“A Letter sent to London from a Spie at Oxford, written by owle-light, intercepted by moonlight, printed in the twilight, dispersed by daylight, and may be read

by candle-light, 'To his Hon. and Worshipful friends, Mr. Pym and to all worthy members, authors and aiders of this holy Rebellion':—which letter was intercepted and taken prisoner by John Taylor at Layghton Buzzard on Thursday 22nd of April: Printed in the year 1643" (*John Taylor's Works*, Spenser Society).

Most religious, renowned, and notorious Patriots.

The extreme necessitie that these parts are in through the scarcity of all kinds of victuals, makes me conceive that the Malignants cannot hold out long.

The wants and extremities in the King's party are for the most part in the particulars following: Tobacco-pipes, in the first place, are but four for a penny; Wheat is dear at three shillings and eight-pence the bushel; Mault is at the high price of eighteen shillings the quarter; Beef is so scarce that they are fain to pay twenty-pence the stone for it, and they cannot have it at that rate neither, till every stone weight be as dead as a stone; their Mutton and Veal is such that if you had it in London, you would not give it to your dogs; besides which, they are fain to dress it with old wood so tough that no creature is able to eat it; also their Potage and Broath is made so scalding hot, they are forced to blow 'em or let 'em stand and coole: they have not one Baker in Oxford that hath the art to bake stale bread; and the Brewers do brew their Beere and Ale so new that for the present it is not for any one's drinking; all manner of Fish (fresh and salt) is at such prices that no man can buy any at all without credit or ready money; Horse-meat is in that want, that one load of threshed oats here is valued at the price of two loads of hay with you there, for the lowest price is twelve shillings a quarter; Grass is eaten so bare that the horses are fain to feed as high as their eyes for seven miles compass about the city; and though Stable-room be hard to be had often, yet they are so foolishly mannerly that they will not put the Churches to that

use, as you know me and our armies do in the most places where we come.

Thus have I shewed you briefly the miserable condition of Oxford, and that in all appearance the Malignant Forces will not stay long here; so that it is the most politick point of War, and the safest and speediest way to win a City, Town, Castle, Strength, or Fortress, when the Inhabitants are weakest and most unable to make resistance; and men are never in worse case to stand in opposition than when they are hunger-starved with want and necessity.

But alas! dear Brethren (in Iniquity), you have let leap such a whiteing, and slipped such an opportunity in not making upon Oxford all this while, the King and his armies being busy at Bristol and at the siege of that brave stiff-necked garrison and city of Gloucester; so that Oxford might have been taken, if his Ess—Excellency, and the valiant nicknamed Conquerour,<sup>1</sup> had but looked upon it with forty men and one gun, as easily as you may go to Islington and eat a mess of cream; but such advantages you have let slip, so that now you may cast your caps at it.

On July 14, Queen Henrietta Maria entered Oxford, bringing with her much-needed money, arms, and ammunition. She was greeted in her new character of a warrior-queen by Oxford Clerks in a collection of poems, called *Musarum Oxon. Epibateria*, Oxford, 1643.

The Birth of Princes our chief theme has been;  
 For Schollars now, the Safety of the Queen.  
 We now do run to meet you in the Field,  
 Wherein we see your Fanne turned to a Shield;  
 Upon your Cheeks the Royal Colours lie,  
 The Rose and Lily in full Majestie:

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Waller, the parliamentary general, named "William the Conqueror" after his successes in Monmouthshire and Gloucestershire during March and April 1643.

Your lovely Look Commander is in Chief  
 Of all our Hearts; your Hands pour out relief  
 To needy Soldiers; 'mongst your female train  
 The Lady Money follows to sustain  
 Your army with full force, which was not got  
 By the Publike Faith, that handsome sugar'd Plot.  
 Your sweet celestial Voice doth far more cheer  
 Than any Trumpet, and forbids all fear.

Among these poems is one composed by John Beesly, Fellow of New College, wherein he prays the Queen to enlighten a benighted nation:—for, as Lord Clarendon writes in his History of those Times, “the people were infatuated into all the perverse actions of folly and madness . . . under pretence of zeal to religion, law, liberty, and parliaments (words of precious esteem in their just signification), they were furiously hurried into actions introducing atheism, and dissolving all the elements of Christian religion; cancelling all obligations, and destroying all foundations of law and liberty; and rendering, not only the privileges, but the very being of parliaments desperate and impracticable.” Beesly also describes the panics, fears, and suspicions which the war has excited in the Oxford Garrison.

Great Luminary of our Clouded Sphere,  
 In long Night of your Absence did appear  
 Prodigious Works of Darknesse: Men grew blind  
 Not only in the Eyes but in the Mind;  
 Walk't raving in their Dreames, acting new Rex  
 About the Land, carelesse of Age and Sex.  
 And once among the Ancients as was done  
 By shrillest noise to help the groaning Moone  
 With bells and basons, so were we faine here,  
 Amidst this great Eclipse, to fright out feare  
 With drums and trumpets: such loud Tumults  
 made  
 That few men know what they have done or said.

In this State Babel or Theomachie  
 We nickname all things: Truth itself's a Lie;  
 Atheisme, Religion; Fury is termed Zeale;  
 Blood-thirsty Faction, Love to Commonweale;  
 Rapine is thrifty skilful Art; to bring  
 Armes against Charles is to Defend the King.<sup>1</sup>  
 Anything else but what men should, they doe  
 In this eclipse of Sense and Reason too—  
 In Thessaly and such enchanted places  
 All Things wear Masks and Vizards and strange  
 Faces;  
 Coaches beat up alarms; Forts made of Styles;  
 Bushes and Thistles go for Ranks and Files:<sup>2</sup>  
 All this in Calm of Peace, when Panick Feares  
 Made us take Knives for Rapiers, Rods for Speares:  
 But now we 'gin to smart; in earnest we  
 Do put in practice sceptick theory.  
 Each Pit and Wrinkle in the brow entwines  
 And wraps up strange unthought-upon designes.  
 Spies, Scouts, and Traitors now-a-days go in  
 The shape of dearest Friends and nearest Kin:  
 Each man is least of all he seems or tells;  
 Thus they which boast of Faith, are Infidels:  
 With some men all Apparel's voted down,  
 Lest Men in Women's clothes should take a town:  
 If their own messengers return again,  
 They're either bribed, or changed to other men.  
 Arrested Packets are ript up and read  
 All backwards: A perhaps must now be Z;  
 Or in their Analytics C is D,  
 And this must meane dreadfull State Mystery:

<sup>1</sup> See "The Oxford Riddle," *post*.

<sup>2</sup> See *Wood's Life and Times* (Oxford Hist. Soc.): "March 13, 1643:—Sir Jacob Astley, governor of Oxford, ordered men to lop the trees and cut up the hedges about St. Clement's parish and toward Headington Hill, for the better discovery of the enemy, and clearer passage for shooting at them: June 12, 1643; Houses in St. Clement's Parish pulled down, and Bartholomew's grove cut down, for fear the enemy should harbour there."

Dove-houses must be search't, lest they bring home  
 Some other winges and pennes beside their owne:  
 The innocent white paper they suspect  
 As soiled with guilty letters, and infect  
 With Onions, Lemons, and Salt Ammonick,  
 Milk, Egges, or Allum, some such magick trick,  
 To charme the eyes of Saints. Therefore they dare  
 Not trust the Dayrie or the Druggist's ware;  
 Thus hath their Rack of Fancy all things wrest  
 Who hatched that Chaos in their ruder breast.<sup>1</sup>

Come then, dispel and scatter, Queen of Light,  
 These foggy vapours of the dreadful night;  
 Clear up these Mists of Error; break that Cloud  
 That it dissolve not into Storms of Blood.

#### THE OXFORD RIDDLE

suggested by the contradictions and perplexities of the time (Single-sheet, printed by Leonard Lichfield: Oxford, 1643).

There dwells a people on the earth,  
 That reckons true Allegiance, Treason;  
 That makes sad War a holy Mirth;  
 Calls Madness Zeal; and Nonsense, Reason:

<sup>1</sup>See *State Papers, Domestic*, 1645, Preface, p. ix, and *State Papers, Domestic*, Addenda 1625-49, p. 657. Disguises were many: one spy was arrested at Newport-Pagnell, disguised as a fiddler (1644), and another was detected at Carlisle with despatches hidden in his wooden leg (1645): in one case, despatches were conveyed between Raglan and Denbigh Castles, quilted in a truss of linen and tied next to the body of a woman-messenger; in another, a woman, "Scotch Nan," travelled with letters hidden in her dress between the King and the Marquis of Montrose. Communications were frequently written in lemon-juice and the invisible ink of the period. Cyphers were prevalent. Words were often spelt inversely; intelligence was frequently conveyed under guise of merchants' correspondence; or romantic names were substituted for real ones: see letter dated Jan. 8, 1644, describing events at Oxford, from "Fidelia" to "Philitia," in which the King is mentioned under the name "Silvander"; Queen, as "Eunabia Silvander"; Duke of Hamilton as "Polimuse," and Rupert as "Sylvia."



That finds no Freedom but in Slavery ;  
 That makes Lies Truth ; Religion, Knavery :  
 That robs and cheats with Yea and Nay :—  
 Riddle me, riddle me, who are They ?

They hate the Flesh, yet kiss their Dames ;  
 They make Kings great by Curbing Crowns ;  
 They Quench the Fire by Kindling Flames ;  
 And settle Peace by Plundering Towns.  
 They Govern with Implicite Votes,  
 And Stablish Truth by Cutting Throats :  
 They kiss their Master, and Betray :—  
 Riddle me, riddle me who are They ?

That make Heaven Speak by their Commission ;  
 That stop God's peace and boast His power ;  
 That teach bold Blasphemy and Sedition,  
 And pray High Treason by the hour ;  
 That damn all Saints but such as they are,  
 That wish all Common, except Prayer ;  
 That idolize Pym, Brook, and Say :—  
 Riddle me, riddle me, who are They ?

That, to enrich the Commonwealth,  
 Transport large gold to foreign states ;  
 That housed in Amsterdam by stealth,  
 Yet lord it here within our gates ;  
 That are staid men, yet only Stay  
 For a light night to Run Away ;  
 That Borrow to Lend, and Rob to Pay :—  
 Riddle me, riddle me, who are They ?

A.D. 1644

May 29, on Wednesday, being the eve of the Ascension, Robert Devereux, earl of Essex, generalissimo of the parliament forces, and Sir William Waller, going with their forces from Abendon over Sandford Ferry, and so through Cowley and over Bullington Green, to the

end that they might go towards Islip, faced the City of Oxford for several hours, whilst their carriages slipped away behind them. This gave some terror to the garrison of Oxford, his Majesty being then therein ; and great talk there was that a siege would quickly follow. Then were drawn up by Bishop Duppa, and printed by Leonard Lichfield, typographer to the University, two Prayers, the one for the Safety of his Majesty's Person, the other for the Preservation of the University and City of Oxford, to be used in all Churches and Chapels. And the second of these Prayers was, as follows :—

A PRAYER FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE  
UNIVERSITY AND CITY

O Almighty God, who art the only sure Refuge and strong Tower of defence to all them that put their trust in Thee, receive our humble Petition ; save this City, this Nursery of the Church, and Thy afflicted People, from the hands of their Enemies. We know that unless Thou keep the City, the Watchman watcheth but in vaine ; unless Thou defend us, our Foundations which are laid in dust, cannot stand firme. We acknowledge our weaknesse, and that which makes us weaker, our sinfull demerit. But Thou art both the Lord of Hosts and the Prince of Peace, able to destroy the strongest Army with an Army of most despicable Creatures, with things of nothing, with sudden weaknesse and follies, with a Rumour or Imagination. Thou canst bring us to the brink of Destruction, and call us back againe. Look down therefore, most mercifull Lord, upon this Place, and according to Thy wonted goodnesse resist the Proud, and give grace to the Humble that runne to the shadow of Thy wings for succour. Thou that stillest the raging of the Sea and the madnesse of the People, say to the one as to the other, hither shall thy proud waves come, and no further. Suffer not the purpose of our Oppressors to prosper,

nor their Force to prevaile; But set Thy hook into their nostrils, and turne them back or confound them according to Thy good pleasure and secret wisdome, by which Thou disposest all Events beyond the meane and reach of Man: But arme Thy lowly Servants with Faith and Patience, raise our Spirits, guide our Consultations, strengthen our Hands, help our Wants, blesse our Endeavours with successe; That we being delivered like them that dreame, may praise Thee as men waked out of dust; and having seen and escaped Thy Rod, may serve Thee ever hereafter with true obedience through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour.

A.D. 1645

THE SIEGE OF OXFORD BY FAIRFAX, SKIPPON,  
BROWNE, AND CROMWELL

For Browne, for Skippon, Cromwell, and for Fairfax,  
We have a well-stringed Instrument at Cairfax\*;  
And then, if they do but their worke by halves,  
The Parliament will hang 'em up like Calves.

(\* a gal-  
lows)

*Oxford Besieged*, etc., by IO-TA (JOHN TAYLOR), 1645

From May 22 to June 5 was Oxford besieged. By a scheme of fortification designed by Richard Rallingson of Queen's College, and perfected by Bechman, the Swede, the City had been rendered practically impregnable:—"The rivers were so ordered by locks and sluices, especially at St. Clement's Bridge, that the town could be surrounded by water, except the north part. That part had so many strong bulwarks so regularly flanking one another, that nothing could be more exactly done." William Sanderson, in his *Life and Reign of King Charles* (1658), mentions as one of the incidents of the siege, that "at the first coming of Fairfax to Marston, as he walked on the bowling-green, an eight-pound bullet whisked over his head, and moved his hat-brim."

Fairfax and Browne Oxford before sat down :  
 For the Defendants all the meadows drown,  
 Slight out their forts, and all the suburbs fire.  
 Cromwell doth from the King's pursuit retire ;  
 For Cromwell had for a time followed the  
 King :

But now recalled, doth to the leager bring  
 His well-armed Troops: while Fairfax views the  
 town,

And o'er the bowling-green rides up and down,  
 A cannon-bullet from the works doth fly,  
 Pity it missed! which wafts his head close by :  
 And makes his Excellence in great fear  
 Once vaile his beavour to a Cavalier.

*Stratologia*, by A. C., 1662 <sup>1</sup>

“On June 2, about one of the clock at night, Colonel William Legge, the Governor of Oxford, made a successful night sally towards Headington. Fifty-two of the enemy were killed, ninety-two were brought in prisoners. Also were taken 30 or 40 cows”: Anthony

<sup>1</sup> *Stratologia, or the History of the English Civil Warrs in English Verse, by an Eye-witness of many of them*, A. C., London, 1662. In the Epistle to the Reader, which follows the Dedication, this Oxford Minstrel-boy, probably Anthony Cooper, writes :—

When first for Oxford, fully there intent  
 To study learned Sciences I went,  
 Instead of Logicke, Physicke, School Converse,  
 I did attend the armèd Troops of Mars ;  
 Instead of Books, I, Sword, Horse, Pistols, bought,  
 And on the Field I for Degrees then fought.  
 My years had not amounted full eighteen,  
 When I on field wounded three times had been,  
 Three times in sieges close had been immured,  
 Three times imprisonment's restraint endured.  
 In those sad times, these verses rude were writ,  
 For poesie a season most unfit :  
 Yet is my subject high, the history true,  
 Presented in this book unto thy view :  
 Well nigh each skirmish, stratagem, siege, fight,  
 In these late warrs we here present to sight.

Wood, *Annals*, sub anno 1645. Three days later, the siege was hastily abandoned, and the theatre of war was shifted from the neighbourhood of Oxford.

(*Men-Miracles and other Poems*, by M. L.L. (*i.e.* Martin Lluellyn), Student of Christ Church, Oxford, 1646)

THE SPY OF THE BUTTERY; OR THE WELSH DOVE:

WALIAS

Jack Price the feirce  
To the Cook Dicke Peirce  
This newes was to tell her  
From the King's Cellar.

Dicke, I had writ to thee before  
But filthy Fairfax—say no more!  
Thou know'st 't would be a dismal hearing  
To send a Letter out pickearing.  
Your better sort of Letters go  
With Pistols at the saddle-bow;  
And though surprized, they much condole,  
And are dismissed upon parole:  
But mine, once snapped, goes sure to prison,  
Nay faith! perhaps they slit its weason:  
And oh the rogues! how they would vapour  
To see the carcas of Cap-paper!  
Yet now, at last, thou see'st, it comes:—  
But stay here, Dicke, and wipe thy thumbs!  
And now if friend gain friend's belief,  
I've tasted naught but powdered Beef;  
And, Sirrah, that, in my opinion,  
Green as the driven Leek or Onion.  
Come, Dick, 't would make your palate whine,  
To spit salt-petre and void brine.  
I would the King was bound to dubbe  
Each man, whose gut's a powdering tubbe;  
A friend of yours, if he were righted,  
Would not be long from being knighted.

But that's all one: I long to stickle  
 For such another fortnight's Pickle.  
 Our Beef was Salt:—but, heark it, Cozen,  
 We killed Fresh Roundheads by the dozen!  
 I think the varlets dare not utter  
 How dear they paid for our fresh butter.  
 By my consent, if they would tarry,  
 The rogues should rent the Kingdom's dairy.  
 Methinks their pay was fair and good;—  
 A Pail of Milk was two of Blood;  
 And ere their Butter 'gan to coddle,  
 A Bullet Churned i' th' Roundheads noddle.  
 Then for their Cheese, when they begun it,  
 We oped their Veins to let out Runnet:  
 On Botley Causeway, on our words,  
 Their Brains lay thicker than their Curds.

And now I think on't, I can't choose  
 But give you more account of th' newes:—  
 Fairfax in person northward lay,  
 Thou know'st he drinks that climate's whey;  
 But oh! his Tent, his Tent, alack!  
 'Twas neither Green, nor White, nor Black;  
 But in such Colour it appears,  
 That Mortal Sees, and Mortal Fears:—  
 Riddle the Rainbow's colours round,  
 Or pluck a Pedlar's pack to the ground,  
 See ribbons which may bind your artirs,  
 See points, and, if you can, see gartirs;  
 I say this Pedlar or that Cloud  
 More Dismal Colour ne'er allowed:—  
 'T was Flaming Crimson, Dick! which did por-  
 tend,

Oh! Oxford, Oxford, thou art at an end!  
 Like some fell Comet, sure this must affright us,  
 Like that o'er the famed City sacked by Titus;  
 Or like a Flame breathed out by furze or bavins,  
 And Flame, you know, frights horses worse than  
 spavins.

Into this Dismal Tent this Fierce Knight comes:—  
“Mum!” quoth the Trumpets; “Be unbraced, ye  
Drums!”

Then thrice o'er head bright glistening blade he  
shakes;

Thrice were our eyes much dazzled for their  
sakes:

After some pause,—and pause, you know, was  
fitten—

He Plucked his Gauntlet off, his Iron Mitten;

“Oxford!” quoth he, “on thee I'll have no pity,

For I am sent from far by the Committee.

The Still-born Child shall rue the day,

For want of Butter, Milk, and Whey:

Deceased Infants, (dire mishap!)

Shall wish their Coffins full of Pap:

Custards from thee 't is I will thrust,

That shake like Agues baked in Crust:

No more, no more of Fresh Cheese dream

Which, like an Island, floats in Cream!

I and my Men will eat eft soon

Th' Island with knives, the Sea with Spoons:

Thy Cheese-cakes framed, I make no doubt,

Sometimes with plums, sometimes without,

I'll send to London's lycorish sisters;

They'll cool their bodies more than glisters:

When they are full, this fame may be begun,

I am their General and their Islington.”

At this, one night, it must be said,

Our Governor, that gallant Blade,—

But to the wise, thou know'st, few words,—

He drew us out; we drew our swords;

In th' twinkling of a zealous eye

Down fell their Foot; their Horse, they fly!

We killed and took, like mice in cupboard,

Two hundred varlets, Dick, and upward.

In what a case, Dick, think'st thou then

Was Fairfax Fierce, the Dairy-man!

And which shook most, guess by his screeches,  
 His earthquake Custards, or his Breetches!  
 To Marston bridge, who scaped, went;  
 There stood the Bloody dairy-Tent!  
 Slashed to the Bridge they come,—but, one supposes,  
 Without the Bridges of their Noses!

At other ports lay Browne and others;  
 In time they'll curse they e'er had mothers:—  
 'T was Browne, I say; and thou may'st tell it,  
 Oh, that's a heart of oak like billet!<sup>1</sup>  
 We clawed him from each counterscarf;  
 Sure his Accounts come short at 's Wharf!  
 From every Port we killed the maggots,  
 "There's one! there's two!" so on, like Faggots.  
 The east line common soldiers kept;  
 The north the honest townsmen swept;  
 The west was manned by th' loyal scholars,  
 Whose gowns, you slave, are black as colliers.  
 They taw'd\* it; faith! their guns would hit  
 As sure as if they'd studied it:  
 They rammed their bullet, they would ha 't in;  
 Bounce went the noise, like Greek and Latin!  
 And for their Colonel moreover,  
 It was the valiant Earl of Dover:  
 The knaves talked much of the Siege of Troy,  
 And at this Siege they leaped for joy:  
 They defied Fairfax and his forces,  
 Said he was Sinon, and brought Wooden Horses.  
 Now for the south port, Dick, there, I say,  
 The noble loyal stout Lord Keeper lay;

(\* taw = to  
 take aim,  
 —as with  
 a "taw"  
 at marbles  
 (?), or to  
 make  
 ready for  
 action)

<sup>1</sup> A favourite jest of the Royalists upon Sir Richard Browne, the rebel general, who began life as a wood-monger. Cf. John Taylor's burlesque account of the imaginary capture of Oxford, entitled *Oxford Besieged, Surprized, and Pittifully Entered, the 2nd of June 1645* (Taylor's Works, Spenser Society): "The Illustrious Bold Browne, in whose Braine the Art of Armes is Billeted, he most Terribly, Fearfully, drew his Trenchant Sword, wherewith he Chopped in sunder the Faggot-band of his Fury, insomuch that his flaming Valour, like a burning Bavin, appeared most Refulgently perspicuous to the besieged Oxonians."



His men made the rascals cry they were mistaken  
 To show their hungry teeth at Friar Bacon \* ;  
 They conjur'd 'em, i' faith! and laid them dead  
 As if each Helmet was a Brazen-head :

\* Bacon's  
 Study was  
 on Folly  
 Bridge.

I think the knaves will hardly be in heart,  
 Where Courage is, and they suspect Black Art :  
 'Tis strange, by both the buckles of my girdle,  
 The Devil took Roundheads, 'cause they were o'  
 th' Circle ;

Yet Pluto cried they need not be so eager,  
 For why? their Heads alone were in that Figure.

But to conclude, Dick, all ports played their  
 parts,

As though they had some finger in those Arts ;  
 And all the Rebels are run hence so fast,  
 As 't were from Bacon and from Vandermast.

ON THE CREEPLE SOULDIERS MARCHING IN OXFORD  
 IN THE LORD FRANCIS COTTINGTON'S COMPANEE

Stay, Gentlemen! and you shall see a very rare  
 sight ;

Soldiers who, though they want Arms, yet will  
 Fight ;

Nay, some of them have never a Leg, but Will  
 Their Governor \* ; and yet they'l Stand to it still.

\* William  
 Legge,  
 Governor  
 of Oxford  
 Jan. to  
 Sept. 1645.

Then room for Cripples! here comes a Companee,  
 Such as before I think you did not see :

Ran tan tan! with a Spanish march and gate  
 Thus they follow their leader according to his  
 wonted state.

What I should call them, I hardly do know:—

Foot they are not, as appears by the show ;  
 By the wearing of their Muskets, to which they  
 are tied,

They should be Dragoons, had they horses to ride ;

And yet now I think on 't, they cannot be such,  
Because each man hath taken his Rest for a  
Crutch;

To these their Officers need not to say at alarms,  
"Stand to your Colours and handle your Arms!"  
Yet that they are Soldiers, you safely may say,  
For they'l Die before they will Run Away;

\* Marten  
Van  
Tromp,  
the famous  
Dutch  
Admiral.

Nay, they are stout, as ever were Vantrumps,\*  
For, like Widdrington, they fight on their very  
Stumps.

They have keen Ostrich Stomachs, and well Digest  
Both Iron and Lead, as a dog will a breast  
Of mutton—But now to their Pedigree!

That they are Sons of Mars, most writers agree;  
Some conceive from the Badger, old Vulcan, they  
came,

Because, like him, they are Mettle-men and Lame:  
The moderns think they came from Guys of  
Warwick; and

Some think they are of the old Herculian band,  
For, as by his foot he was discovered, so  
By their Feet you their Valour may know;  
And though many wear Wooden Legs and  
Crutches,

Yet, by Hercules, I can assure you such is  
Their Steeled Resolution, that here  
You'll find none that will the Wooden Dagger  
wear.

They're true and trusty Trojans all, believe me,  
And stride their Wooden Palfreys well; 't would  
grieve me

To see them tire before they get

Unto the Holly Bush,\* but yet  
If they should faint at the end of the town,  
They may set up their horses and lie down.

\* Holly  
Bush Inn  
in St.  
Thomas  
Parish,  
Oxford.

Most of these Fighters, I would have you know,  
Were our brave Edgehill Myrmidons a while  
ago,

Who wear their limbs, e'en as their looser rags,  
 Ready to leave them at the next hedge, with brags  
 That, through the merits of their former harms,  
 They die like Gentlemen, though they bear no  
     Arms.

Now some will suspect that my Muse may be,  
 'Cause she's so Lame, one of this Companee;  
 And the rather, because one Verse sometimes  
 Is much shorter than his Fellows to hold up the  
     rhymes.

I confess that before Cripples to Halt is not good,  
 Yet, for excuse, she pleads she understood  
 That Things by their Similies are best displayed,  
 And for that cause her Feet are now Iambick  
     made.

A.D. 1645-6

#### THE DARKENING FORTUNES OF THE KING

"Carol sung before His Majesty in Christ Church on Christmas day, 1645, when after his deplorable defeat at Naseby he made Oxford his winter quarters":—*Men-Miracles*, by Martin Lluellyn, Student of Christ Church, 1646.

Great Copie of this Solemn Day  
     Which you Transcribe afresh,  
 And make Afflictions your Array,  
     As God made His of Flesh;  
 God Humbled best by Afflicted Kings is shewn,  
 Because their Height is nearest to His Own.

Though in His Train the Oxe appeare,  
     And to His Court intrude,  
 It was no Breach of Reverence There—  
     What's Nature is not Rude:  
 This Act the Oxe with Innocence befell—  
 They cannot Sin, who know not to do Well.

But some into your palace gat  
 And reared a threatening head ;  
 Some whom your Pastures have made fat,  
 And your own Cribbe hath fed :  
 The Wanton Beasts who to this temper rise,  
 Are Ripe and Fit to fall a Sacrifice.

The Beasts who to His Cradle came,  
 There at His Manger stood,  
 Not to build Triumphs on His Shame,  
 But to Receive their Food :  
 But Here the Herd now Surfeited doth stand,  
 And being Full, learns to Despise the Hand.

But as the Treasure in the Mine  
 Is Treasure still, though Trod,  
 So in this Cloud our Sun You Shine,  
 And God in Flesh was God :  
 For God and Kings are still beyond us placed,  
 And Highest still, though ne'er so low Debased.

A.D. 1646

On May 1, Fairfax again appeared before Oxford. The place was well provisioned and provided with ammunition, while the indomitable Scholars and Soldiers under the gallant Governor, Thomas Glemham, were prepared to defend it at all costs.

#### SONG IN THE SIEGE OF OXFORD

Fill, fill the Goblet with Sack !  
 I mean, our tall black jerkin jack,  
 Whose hide is proof against rabble-rout,  
 And will keep all ill weathers out :  
 What though our Plate be coined and spent,  
 Our Faces we'll next send to the Mint ;  
 And 'fore we'll basely Yield the Town,  
 We'll Sack it ourselves, and Drink it down.



*The King Escapes out of Oxford in a  
disguised maner*



FROM "TRUE INFORMATION OF THE BEGINNING AND CAUSE OF ALL OUR TROUBLES;" LONDON, 1648

Accurst be he that doth talk and think  
 Of Treating, or Denies to Drink!  
 Such dry hop-sucking narrow Souls  
 Taste not the Freedom of our Bowls;  
 They only are Besieged, while We  
 By Drinking purchase Liberty;  
 Wine doth Enlarge and Ease our Minds;  
 Who freely Drinks, no Thraldom finds.

Let's Drink then, as we used to Fight,  
 As long as we can Stand, in spite  
 Of Foe or Fortune! Who can tell?  
 She with our Cups again may Swell.  
 He neither dares to die or fight,  
 Whom harmless fears from healths affright:  
 Then let Us Drink our Sorrows Down,  
 And Ourselves Up to Keep the Town.

ROBERT HEATH, *Occasional Poems*, 1650

Unfortunately, on April 27, Charles had taken the fatal step of leaving "the faithful City." At three o'clock in the morning, in a disguised manner, with his hair and beard closely trimmed, and in the habit of a serving-man, he passed through the East Gate of Oxford, in attendance upon Master John Ashburnham, and went to surrender himself to the Scottish Army.

#### CHRONOGRAM = 1646

reX Inter sCotos oCCVLte In Castra reCessIt  
 oXonIo, rVrI MaIo fLoraqVe faVente.

*Chronometra Memorabilium Rerum, Cantabrigiae*, 1646

On June 24, Oxford was surrendered by the King's command. The scholars and soldiers of the garrison were deeply grieved, and indignantly declared that "the

City would never have been given up, had not the ladies etc. of the Court required fresh butter for their early peas"—"deinde soliti jactitare in Aulicorum ludibrium Urbis deditionem nil aliud suasisse quam butyri recentis, quo utique pisa precocia tingerent curiales foeminae et ductorum amasiae, penuriam": Wood, *Hist. et Antiquit. Univ. Oxon.*, sub anno 1646.

## CHRONOGRAM = 1646

ter IVnI oCtaVa, CIVILIs teMpore beLLI,  
oXonIa Vrbs reLIqVIIs regnI est aCCensa tropaeIs

(On the thrice eight; *i.e.* 24th day of June, Oxford City was reckoned among the rest of the trophies of the kingdom.)

*Chronometra Memorabilium Rerum, Cantabrigiae, 1646*

## THE SIEGE AND FALL OF OXFORD

(*Stratologia, or the History of the Civil War in Verse*, by A. C., 1662.)

(Even Oxford falls under the fate)  
Of all the rest of the King's garrisons:  
Here Fairfax self, with all his mirmidons,  
Had lain some months, and done what in him  
laid  
The place to force; batteries most furious made;  
And many desperate bold attempts to scale;  
Nor could his mines nor hand-granads prevail.  
Never was place with greater gallantry  
Defended nor assailed:—the Enemy  
Thought it more honour Oxford to regain  
By storm, than all those holds they yet had  
ta'en;



Those undertakings great they did review  
 Accomplished late, how o'er the works they flew  
 At Bristol, Basing, Dartmouth and elsewhere;  
 And shall their fury be resisted here!

What! Shall this Town not yield when they com-  
 mand!

Shall this 'twixt them and their great triumph  
 stand!

Nay, Cromwell knew it was the only Town  
 Which interposed betwixt him and a Crown.  
 Rather than Oxford shall their hopes defer,  
 Rather than Glemham shall protract the war,  
 As many pioneers they swear they'll bring  
 As Oxford all shall into Isis fling  
 With spades; the City all to fire they vow;  
 Man, woman, child, to put the sword unto;  
 And, ere of sudden conquest they will fail,  
 On one another's shoulders mount and scale.

Not their attempts though bold, much less their  
 vants,

The valiant and resolved Glemham dants;  
 Not only Oxford bravely he defends,  
 But often sallying out, some hundreds sends  
 Of these insulting foes to Erebus.

The Muses proud, to Mars propitious,  
 For Schollars, now turned Soldiers, stoutly fought,  
 And more by Swords, than Words, for honour  
 sought;

The Gown indeed did love the Royal Cause  
 Consisting with Religion and the Laws,  
 Which, life and limb, they ventured to maintain  
 Most bravely: What! Oxford by storm be ta'en!  
 They vow they'll rather on the works all die.  
 Glemham doth therefore all their powers defy:  
 If Oxford yield he must, conditions good  
 He'll have, or with the town resign his blood.  
 Shall the King's Fort, Metropolis, submit  
 To terms unworthy, not becoming it!

The  
 bravery of  
 the  
 Scholars  
 under Sir  
 Thomas  
 Glemham,  
 Governor  
 of the  
 garrison,  
 "Cui  
 castra  
 Carleo-  
 lense et  
 Eborac-  
 ense sunt  
 monumen-  
 tum, et  
 Oxonium  
 epita-  
 phium."

At Carlisle,  
Glemham first taught  
soldiers to eat Dogs  
and Cats, as Master  
David Lloyd tells  
in his *Memoirs of the lives of excellent personages.*

First to worse straits than ere he yet endured  
In Carlisle, in these walls he'll be immured ;  
Not only Mice, Cats, Horses shall be meat,  
But Boots and Shoes, nay Humane Flesh they'll eat.  
These brave resolves enforce the Enemy  
On noble terms with Glemham to agree ;  
And Oxford yielded :—The two Princes are,  
Rupert and Maurice, shortly to repair  
To forraign parts: the Duke of York must go  
His noble brother and his sisters to,  
Now at St James's ; for the Parliament  
Had all the royal children up there pent,  
Except the Prince, who had escaped their hand ;  
From Exeter of late they did command  
The youngest daughter thither to be brought ;  
What they'll do with them, divers things are thought :  
Let Royalists pray and presage the best !  
This absent, is a safety to the rest.  
But whither doth my wandering Muse digress ?  
These Articles the Roundheads, nothing less,  
Perform : this the Oxfordians fully finde," etc.

The Entry of Fairfax into Oxford ; his magnanimity ; and how he preserved the Bodleian Library :—"When the City was taken, the first thing General Fairfax did, was to set a guard of soldiers to preserve the Bodleian. He was a great lover of learning ; and had he not taken this special care, that noble library had been utterly destroyed, because there were ignorant senators enough who would have been contented to have had it so" : John Aubrey, *Brief Lives* (ed. by A. Clark), i. 250. Cardinal Mazarin is said to have had the sum of £40,000 ready to buy MSS from the University and College Libraries : *Wood's Life and Times* (Oxford Hist. Soc.), i. 128.

(Lines by Dr. Henry Fairfax (Magdalen College, Oxon., D.D. 1680), in Fairfax MS. 32 f. 145, Bodleian Library.)

Nam postquam Oxonium junxisset foedere dextras,  
 Atque suas tanto Custodi tradidit arces,  
 Quam subito Dux ipse trahit de pectore curas  
 Hostiles, hauritque animo contagia pacis!  
 Ingreditur nudas portas cum milite casto;  
 Et tanquam turbam Dux ipse animaverat omnem,  
 Nec mortem timuere viri, nec strupra puellae;  
 Nusquam terror erat gladiis, et coedibus omnes  
 Sponte sua tenuere manus, sine foedere justii.  
 Interea Dux ipse graves sub pectore curas  
 Concipit intentus Musis Gentique Togatae.  
 "Ite" ait, "o juvenes, et cingite milite forti  
 Bodlei sacros aditus et templa verenda;  
 Cingite doctorum mentes secretaque magna;  
 Nec sinite aeternos bellum violare Penates."  
 Dixerat; et dicto citius fugere per urbem  
 Armati genii, statimque ad claustra steterunt.  
 Talis Victor erat; sic ipsa pericla juvabant,  
 Securumque fuit vinci: Spoliator adorat  
 Captivas arces, et se putat esse minorem:  
 Nam tum magne tuo sedem Bodleie sacello  
 Quaerebat, jam jamque tuis se voverat aris.  
 Ergo, age, in aeternum nostris habitabit in oris,  
 Inque domo famae super omnia saecula vectus  
 Inter Doctorum castas versabitur umbras;  
 Tecum, Digbeie, et tecum, Seldene, loquetur;  
 Quodque magis, quod nec capiunt haec carmina nostra,  
 Bodleii genio, genio Laudique fruatur.

## SONG AT THE SURRENDER OF OXFORD

(*Poems lyrique, macaronique, heroique*, by Henry Bold of New College in Oxford, 1664.)

Thou Man of Men, whoe'er thou art  
 That has a loyal royal heart,  
 Despaise not, though thy Fortune frown;  
 Our Cause is God's, and not our own:

'Twere sin to harbour jealous feares;—  
The World laments for Cavaleers, Cavaleers.

Those Things, like Men, that swarm i' th' Town,  
Like Motions, wander up and down;  
And were the Rogues not full of blood,  
You'd swear they men were, made of wood:  
The fellow, feeling wanton, swears  
There are no Men but Cavaleers, Cavaleers.

Ladies bepearl their Diamond Eyes  
And curse Dame Shipton's prophecyes;  
Fearing they never shall be sped  
To wrestle for a maidenhead:  
But feelingly with doleful tears  
They sigh and mourn for Cavaleers, Cavaleers.

Our grave Divines are silenced quite  
Eclipsing thus our Church's light;  
Religion's made a Mock, and all  
Good Ways, as Works, Apochryphal;  
Our Gallants baffled; Slaves made Peers;  
While Oxford weeps for Cavaleers, Cavaleers.

Townsmen complain they are undone;  
Their fortunes fail, and all is gone:—  
Rope-makers only live in hopes  
To have good trading for their ropes,  
And Glovers thrive by Roundheads' ears,  
When Charles returns with Cavaleers, Cavaleers.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE PURITAN USURPATION

MODO quis deus aut editus deo  
Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem  
Si satis noxas luimus priores  
Mollique luxu degener otium,  
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,  
Almaque revocet studia sanctus,  
Et relegatas sine sede Musas  
Jam pene totis finibus Angligenum,  
Immundasque volucres  
Unguibus imminentes,  
Figat Apollinea pharetra,  
Phineamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaseo?  
JOHN MILTON, *ad J. Rousium, Oxon. Acad.*  
*Bibliothecarium, 1646*

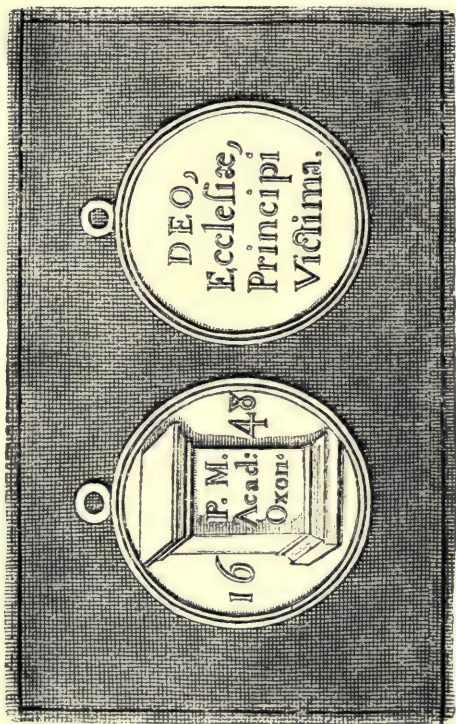
We'll down with all th' Varsities  
Where Learning is profes't,  
Because they practise and maintain  
The language of the Beast:  
We'll drive the Doctors out of doors,  
And Arts, whate'er they be;  
We'll cry both Arts and Learning down:—  
And hey! then up go We!  
FRANCIS QUARLES, *The Shepheard's Oracles, 1646*

A.D. 1648

The University of Oxford held out for some two years after the City had surrendered to Sir Thomas Fairfax.

So desperate indeed was the obstinacy of the resistance offered to those who were appointed, under the parliamentary ordinance of May 1, 1647, to visit and reform the University, that it was not till the spring of 1648, and then only by violence, that the Loyalists were crushed. On April 11 of that year, the Earl of Pembroke, as Chancellor of the University, appeared on the scene, and superintended the expulsion of such Heads of Houses as refused to submit to the Visitation. This was followed, on May 2, by the wholesale ejection of all contumacious members of Colleges. "Thus within the compass of a few weeks an almost general riddance was made of the loyal University of Oxford, in whose room succeeded an illiterate rabble swept up from the ploughtail and the dregs of the neighbouring University. Such cruelty was there shewed, such tyranny acted by the Clergy Visitors, and such alterations made by them, that never the like, no, not even in those various times from King Henry VIII to Queen Elizabeth, was ever seen or heard of. . . . But lest the sufferings of the victims should stand unrecorded to posterity, hundreds of silver and brass Medals were made and dispersed into divers countries. On one side was the Effigies of an Altar, and this wrote upon it, 'P.M. Acad. Oxon. 1648'; and, on the reverse, this 'DEO, Ecclesiae, Principi Victima.' At the same time also were the said words weaved in black ribbon with silver and gold letters, and commonly worn by Scholars and others": Anthony Wood, *Annals*, II. ii. 614.

The arrival in Oxford of Pembroke, "that long-legged piece of impertinency whom they miscall Chancellor"; his reception by "a few inconsiderable and ill-faced Saints, Dragooners in Divinity, mounted upon miserable hackneys, some ten or twelve scholars, freshmen and all, and some country Parsons who brought up their sons for fellowships"; the attendance of soldiers as a protecting force; the partiality of Pembroke for foul language; his intelligence, which



THE OXFORD MEMORIAL MEDAL

FROM A. WOOD'S "HISTORIA ET ANTIQUITATES UNIV. OXON.," I, 414





compared very unfavourably with that of the steed upon which he was mounted;

“Quin ille vivus, Comite multo doctior,  
Arrexit aures et diu attentus stetit;  
Togata Dominum cum salutaret cohors,  
Nec usitatum Button accineret Ave,  
Domini Caballus visus interpres sui  
Adhiniisse fertur illi gratias”;

the brutality with which the Chancellor executed his mission; and the conference of degrees upon his ignorant supporters;—

“Ille sibi passimque aliis largitur honores,  
Non tamen et mores poterat meritumque creare;  
Deliros jam Theologos, Puerosque Magistros  
Cernimus; in Cunas Cathedrae, inque Crepundia  
versa est  
Laurea Bacca” :—

all these scandals afforded matter for infinite jest to the bitter writers of squibs, such as *Pegasus, or the Flying Horse from Oxford*; *Newes from Pembroke and Montgomery, or Oxford Manchester'd*; *The Owle at Athens*; *Tragi-comoedia Oxoniensis*, and others.

#### PEMBROOKE'S PASSE FROM OXFORD TO HIS GRAVE (July 5, 1648?)

Hence! Mountebank of Honour, hence away!  
And seek some cavern, where the chearefull day  
Ne'er made enquiry, where continued night  
May ne'er expose thee to the shame of light.  
Base property of State, time-serving Thing,  
Thy Servant's Slave, and Rebel to thy King;  
Thou Puppet, who can'st neither speak nor move  
If Say and Oldsworth teach not and approve;  
For which records to after times will shew  
Thee an ungrateful Fool in Folio.

O how would Pembroke, thy brave brother, grieve  
 To see his Heir thus play the under-shrieve,  
 And force the dwellings of the Muses' sons  
 To give th' Unlettered their possessions:  
 And, with a borrowed dress of power, sit  
 To cry up Ignorance and banish Wit:  
 In which thy honour, as thy soul, is tainted;  
 Compared with thee, Manchester may be sainted:  
 Had Martin done 't, or Mildmay, who in evil  
 Are listed journey-workers to the Devil;  
 Or had thy sacrilegious Tutor Say,  
 Or Cromwell, made the finde a holiday  
 By such an act as must his realm advance,  
 And perish this by growth of ignorance;  
 It might be borne, nor should we cozened be  
 From such impostors, when such arts we see:—  
 But that good Pembroke, who in no man's hearing  
 Was ere condemned but for the switch and  
 swearing;<sup>1</sup>

One who, we know, had ne'er been dipped in  
 treason

Had he been left into his proper reason;  
 A mere concurring rebel, that doth cry,  
 Like a half-entered whelp, for company;—  
 For the great Doctors of so great a School  
 To be confuted by so great a Fool,  
 There lies the Wonder! which thus solved must  
 be;—

This Age produceth naught but Prodigie!  
 A hundred horse his Lordship had to boote;  
 He knew his own wit never else could do 't:  
 Arms are a powerful Ergo; and make Schism  
 And Folly good, maugre a Syllogism.  
 Hadst thou but sense of wit, thou would'st be slain  
 With the just rhymes composed in thy disdain;

<sup>1</sup> In 1607, a Scottish courtier "switched Pembroke on the face" at Croydon races, and he not offering to strike back, there was "nothing spilt but the reputation of a gentleman."

And to each angry Muse an object stand,  
 Till rhymed to death like rats in Ireland.<sup>1</sup>  
 But we will bridle Fancy, nor let loose  
 Too much brave fury on so tame a Goose:  
 No, thou shalt feel ere long the chastening rod,  
 First of the abused King, next of thy God;  
 And when just Heaven shall due vengeance take,  
 And to ingrate thee an example make,  
 Apollo's sons shall in a chorus laugh,  
 And fix upon thy tomb this Epitaph:—

*The Epitaph*

Pembroke here lies underlaid  
 Who his God and King betrayed:  
 To which sins he joined this other:—  
 To commit Rape upon his Mother.  
 Whoso unto this Grave goes  
 And reads, is prayed to hold his nose;  
 His very name, thus blasted, must  
 Be e'en more nautious than his dust.

*Rustica Academiae Oxoniensis  
 nuper reformatae Descriptio in  
 Visitatione Fanatica, 1648; cum  
 Comitibus ibidem anno sequente;  
 et aliis notatu non indignis—*  
 abridged (by John Allibond, D.D.,  
 Magdalen College)

*A Rustical Description of the  
 University of Oxford lately reformed  
 in a Fanatical Visitation, 1648;  
 with the Committees in the follow-  
 ing year; and other things worthy  
 to be noted—(a free rendering by  
 Edward Ward, 1717)*

I

Rumore nuper est delatum,  
 Dum agebamus ruri,  
 Oxonium iri reformatum  
 Ab iis qui dicti "Puri."

I

Whilst out of Town strange news  
 alarmed  
 My ears, which sounded oddly,  
 That Oxford was to be reformed  
 By Dunces called the "Godly.

<sup>1</sup> It was once a prevalent opinion in Ireland that rats in pasturages could be extirpated by anathematizing them in rhyming verse or by metrical charms,

## II

Decrevi itaque confestim,  
 Obstaculis sublatis,  
 Me oculatum dare testem  
 Hujusce novitatis.

## II

I soon resolved, if no ill chance  
 Should cross my resolution,  
 To make my eyes the evidence  
 Of this new Reformation.

## III

Ad Scholas primum me trahebat  
 Comitiorum norma  
 Queis olim quisque peragebat  
 Solenniter pro forma :

## III

First drawn to the Schools, b'  
 Assemblies' Rules,  
 I found them much polluted,  
 Where Scholars once instead of  
 Fools,  
 In solemn form disputed.

## IV

Expecto Regios Professores ;  
 Comparuere nulli :  
 Nec illic adsunt Inceptores,  
 Nec Togae nec Cuculli.

## IV

I King's Professors did expect  
 As usual, but I found none,  
 Nor young Inceptors, but th'  
 Elect  
 With neither Gown nor Hood  
 on.

## V

Calcavi Atrium Quadratum  
 Quo Juvenum examen  
 Confluxit olim ; video pratrum  
 Quod densum tegit gramen.

## V

Then cross the Quadrangle I pass,  
 Where Youth was wont to  
 prattle,  
 But found the same oer-run with  
 grass  
 Enough to fatten cattle.

## VI

Adibam lubens Scholam Musices  
 Quam Foeminae et Joci  
 Ornassent pridem, sed Tibicines  
 Jam nusquam erant loci.

## VI

To the Musick School I next  
 repaired  
 By Ladies once frequented,  
 But saw no sports, no musick heard,  
 The place seemed quite ab-  
 sented.

## VII

Conscendo Orbis illud decus  
 Bodleio fundatore :  
 Sed intus erat nullum pecus  
 Excepto Janitore.

## VII

Mounting the Bodleian Pile, I  
 stepped  
 To view the kingdom's glory,  
 There only found the knave that  
 kept  
 That famed Repository.

## VIII

Neglectos vidi libros multos,  
 Quod minime mirandum ;  
 Nam inter Bardos tot et Stultos  
 There's few could understand  
 'em.

## IX

Dominico sequente die,  
 Ad sacra celebranda,  
 Ad Aedes propero "Mariae,"  
 Nam "Divae" vox nefanda :

## X

Ingressus sedes Senioribus  
 Togatis destinatas,  
 Videbam Cocis et Sartoribus  
 Et Lixis usurpatas.

## XI

Procancellarius recens prodit  
 Cui satis literarum ;  
 Quod vero quisque probus odit,  
 Est Conscientiae parum.

## XII

Procuratores sine Clavibus  
 Quaerentibus ostendas :  
 Bedellos novos sine Stavibus,  
 Res protinus ridendas.

## XIII

Suggestum conscendebat fungus  
 Insulsa quaeque fundens :  
 So dull a fool was ne'er among  
 us,  
 Pulvinar sic contundens.  
 (Edmund Stanton, Pres. of  
 C.C.C.)

## VIII

Where piles of books in woeful case  
 Neglected lay at random,  
 Because the Saints had not the  
 Grace  
 Or Wit to understand 'em.

## IX

Next Sunday, I to "Mary's" went  
 To hear the text expounded ;  
 Plain "Mary's," for the style of  
 "Saint"  
 Was plundered by the Round-  
 head :

## X

And entering where the Seniors used  
 To loll and hear the Sermon,  
 Saw Cooks and Scullions sit con-  
 fused  
 With Botchers and such  
 Vermin.

## XI

In pomp appeared the new morose  
 Book-learn'd Procancellarius,  
 Hated by all good men, because  
 His conscience is nefarious.

## XII

Next, what I ne'er observed  
 before,  
 Saw Proctors sine Clavibus ;  
 And, that which made me laugh  
 the more,  
 New Bedells sine Stavibus.

## XIII

At length a little Mushroom  
 stuffed  
 With nonsense, climbed the  
 pulpit ;  
 Sure cushion ne'er before was  
 cuffed  
 By such an empty Dulpate.

## XIV

Defessus hac Dulmanitate  
 Decrevi Venerandos  
 Non adhuc pulsos civitate  
 Amicos visitandos.

## XV

Collegium petii Animarum  
 Nunc proprie sic dictum :  
 Nam rerum hic corporearum  
 Vix quicquam est relictum.

## XVI

Hic quaero Virum suavitate  
 Omnimoda politum ;  
 Responsum alibi ingratis  
 Custodem custoditum.  
 (Dr. Sheldon ejected from the  
 Wardenship of All Souls', and im-  
 prisoned.)

## XVII

Ad Corpus Christi flecto gressum  
 Qua brevitate possum :  
 Jurares novis probris pressum  
 Et furibus confossum.

## XVIII

Ecclesiam Christi susque deque  
 Jactatam mox et versam  
 Et sobolem heu ! longe lateque  
 Percipimus dispersam.

## XIX

Rogavi ubi sit Orator  
 Divinae plane mentis :  
 Proh facinus ! incarceration  
 Facundae decus gentis.  
 (Dr. Hammond of Ch. Ch.,  
 University Orator.)

## XIV

Tired with dull cant, much  
 tongue, no brains,  
 And looks enough to fright ye,  
 I moved to see my reverend friends  
 Not yet expelled the city.

## XV

To All Souls' College first I steered,  
 Whose name was well adapted,  
 For few Corporeal Things ap-  
 peared,  
 The house itself excepted.

## XVI

I sought the Warden, that sweet  
 good man,  
 Polite in every knowledge,  
 But heard with grief my friend  
 was ta'en,  
 To Prison from the College.

## XVII

I then to Corpus Christi went  
 So oppressed with malediction,  
 That you'd have sworn, twixt  
 thieves they meant  
 Its second Crucifixion.

## XVIII

Christ Church was tumbled up  
 and down  
 By sanctified ill-nature,  
 And all her children of the gown  
 Were forced abroad to scatter.

## XIX

I Hammond sought, divine his  
 sense ;  
 But found incarceration  
 Eclipsed that sun of eloquence  
 And glory of the nation.

## XX

Hinc domum peto Precursoris,  
 Quem triste passum fatum  
 Recenti narrant vi tortoris  
 Secundo decollatum.  
 (St. John's beheaded a second  
 time, when the President, Dr.  
 Bayly, was ejected.)

## XXI

Tum Sancto Praeside cadente  
 Discipuli recedunt ;  
 Et Cacodaemone regente  
 Nec bibunt jam nec edunt.

## XXII

Heu ! pulchra domus, nuper laeta  
 Dulcissimis fluentis,  
 Nunc coeno penitus oppleta  
 "Canalis" putrescentis.  
 (Dr. Cheynel appointed Presi-  
 dent.)

## XXIII

Adire nolui Trinitatem  
 Quam nostis prope stare ;  
 Haereticam Societatem  
 Ne videar damnare :

## XXIV

Nam tanta desolatione  
 Quam quis nefandam dicet,  
 Occurrunt nusquam Tres Personae  
 Scruteris usque licet.

## XX

Hence to St. John's, who'd  
 undergone  
 One sad Decapitation ;  
 There found tormentors carrying on  
 A second Decollation.

## XXI

Their holy President being lost,  
 The Scholars leave their  
 College,  
 And whilst a Hell-born rules the  
 roost,  
 Are barred of food and  
 knowledge.

## XXII

Alas ! fair House, delightful once,  
 Where pleasant streams  
 abounded,  
 Now poisoned by a dirty Dunce,  
 Foul Channel, and a Round-  
 head.

## XXIII

Old Trinity, tho' near I came,  
 I passed for her impiety ;  
 Because 't was dangerous to con-  
 demn  
 That Heretick Society ;

## XXIV

For in these wicked times, so  
 blind  
 Were Youth and those who  
 taught 'em,  
 That nowhere could a Churchman  
 find  
 Three Persons, had he sought  
 'em.

## XXV

Reverso tristis fertur casus  
Et miserandum omen  
Collegii, cui Rubens Nasus  
Præ foribus dat nomen.

## XXVI

Dederunt illi Principalem  
Rectores hi severi,  
Distortis oculis et qualem  
Natura vult caveri.

## XXVII

Mox Aedes ingredi conatus  
Non unquam senescentes  
Stupescens audio ejulatus  
Horrenda sustinentis :

## XXVIII

Quod dulce nuper Domicilium  
Ingeniis alendis,  
Nunc merum est ergastulum  
Innocuis torquendis.  
(Will. Collier tortured in a room  
beneath New College hall, lighted  
matches being held under his hands.)

## XXIX

Ad flentem me recipio tandem  
Flens ipse Magdalenam ;  
Et gemens video eandem  
Vacuitate plenam :

## XXX

Pro Praeside cui quenquam parem  
Vix aetas nostra dedit,  
En vobis stultum Capularem  
Ad clavum jam qui sedet :  
(Dr. Goodwin, vulgo vocatus  
"Nine-caps" : see *Spectator*, No.  
494.)

## XXV

Then musing on the wretched case  
And miserable omen  
O' th' College, from whose Nose  
of Brass  
The House derives its nomen ;

## XXVI

Here their harsh Rulers placed a  
dull  
Damned Principal t'enslave 'em,  
Whose eyes distorted in his skull  
Made Nature start that gave  
'em.

## XXVII

Entering New College, by and by,  
Where Age can find no quarter,  
Amazed I heard the horrid cry  
Of one that suffered torture :

## XXVIII

A pleasant House, built with  
intent  
Our freeborn youth to cherish,  
And now a Bridewell to torment  
The loyal, till they perish.

## XXIX

To weeping Magdalen I stroll,  
Myself a weeping brother,  
There sighing find that College full  
As empty as another :

## XXX

In room o' th' President, a man  
No age produced a greater,  
A humdrum Dotard leads the van  
And rules as Gubernator :



XXXI

Quam vereor ne diro omine  
 Septem regrediantur  
 Daemonia, divino numine  
 Quae quondam pellebantur.  
 (Seven devils, once driven out of  
 Magdalen, are returning to her.)

XXXII

Quocunque breviter flectebam  
 Aut dirigebam visum,  
 Id totum induit, quod videbam,  
 Aut lacrimas aut risum :

XXXIII

Ingemui, dum viros video  
 Doctissimos ejectos ;  
 Et contra, alternatim rideo  
 Stolidulos suffectos.

XXXIV

Collegia petis? Leges duras  
 Habes ; nil fas videre  
 Praeter aedes et structuras ;  
 Scholares abiere :

XXXV

Culinas illic frigescentes,  
 Capellas sine precibus,  
 In Cellis cernas sitientes,  
 Et Aulas sine Messibus.

XXXVI

In Templis quaeris Conciones  
 Aut quidquid est decorum ?  
 Habebis haesitationes  
 Extemporaneorum.

XXXI

These direful omens made me  
 even  
 Dread all those devils to-  
 gether  
 Driven out of yore, in number  
 seven,  
 Were now returning hither.

XXXII

Where'er I strolled, or whatsoe'er  
 I thought worth looking after,  
 Induced me still to shed a tear,  
 Or else provoked my laughter :

XXXIII

I wept to see the Learn'd denied  
 Th' enjoyment of their places,  
 But smiled to see the same  
 supplied  
 By dull unthinking Asses.

XXXIV

Survey the Colleges ; you'll find  
 Hard laws, but nothing right-  
 ful,  
 Except the buildings now re-  
 signed  
 By the Scholars to the Spite-  
 ful :

XXXV

Cold Kitchens, where no meat  
 they dress ;  
 Chapels without devotion ;  
 Dry Cellars ; Halls without a mess  
 To keep the jaws in motion.

XXXVI

No Sermons in their Churches  
 heard ;  
 From decent rites they vary  
 For hums and haws of picked beard  
 And prayers extemporary.

XXXVII

Heu ! ingens rerum ornamentum  
 Et aevi decus pridem ;  
 Quo tandem pacto hoc perventum  
 Ut Idem non sit Idem ?

XXXVII

The world's great ornament, alas !  
 The age's pride and honour,  
 O tell me how it comes to pass  
 The Same's the Same no  
 longer !

XXXVIII

Nam vix a quoquam, quod nar-  
 ratur  
 Obventum olim somnio,  
 Compertum erit, si quaeratur  
 Oxonium in Oxonio.

XXXVIII

But so 't is, as 't was once made  
 known  
 By some old dreaming author,  
 Oxford should not in Oxford  
 Town  
 Be found by those who  
 sought her.

A.D. 1651

“The members of the Little Parliament oft considered among themselves of the suppressing Universities and all Schools of Learning as heathenish and unnecessary ; and many persons of debauched principles would not only preach but write against Humane Learning” : Anthony Wood, *Annals*, ii. pt. ii. 657.

Alma Mater—

Many do suck thy breasts, but now in som  
 Thy Milk turns into Froth and spumy Scum ;  
 In others it converts to Rheum and Fleam,  
 Or some poor Wheyish Stuff instead of Cream.  
 In som it doth Malignant Humors breed,  
 And make the head turn round as that-side Tweed ;  
 These Humors vapour up into the Brains  
 And so break forth to odd Fanatic Strains ;  
 It makes them dote and rave, fret, fume, and foam ;  
 When they should speak of Rheims, they prate of  
 Rome ;  
 Their theam is Birch, their preachment is of Broom.  
 Nor 'mong the Forders only such are found,  
 But they who pass the Bridge, are just as Round.

Som of thy Sons prove Bastards, sordid, base,  
 Who having sucked thee, throw dirt in thy face ;  
 When they have squeezed thy Nipples and chaste  
 Papps,  
 They dash thee on the Nose with frumps and rapps ;  
 They grumble at thy Commons, Buildings, Rents,  
 And would bring thee to farthing Decrements.  
 Few by thy Milk sound Nutriment now gain  
 For want of good concoction of the brain :—  
 But this Choice Son of thine is no such Brat ;  
 Thy Milk in him did so coagulate  
 That it became Elixar, as we see  
 In these Mellifluous Streams of Poesie.

JAMES HOWELL (Jesus College, Oxon., 1610),  
 Eulogistic Lines prefixed to the *Comedies,  
 Tragi-comedies, with other poems* of that  
 miracle of the age, the late Mr. William  
 Cartwright of Christ Church: London,  
 1651

A.D. 1659

“No sooner was Richard, Lord Protector, removed, than by the dissention and obstinacy of two wicked parties, the Rump and the Army, the Nation was almost ruined. The persons who had formerly got the revenues of the King, loyal Nobility and Gentry, and the Church, began to gape after the lands of the Universities, and thereby to overthrow Learning”: Anthony Wood, *Annals*, sub anno 1659.

The Church's Patrimony, a rich store,  
 Alas! was swallowed many years before.  
 Bishops and Deans we fed upon before,  
 They were the Ribs and Sirloins of the Whore.  
 Now let her Legs, the Priests, go to the pot ;  
 They have the Pope's eye in them ; spare them not !  
 We have fat Benefices yet to eat ;  
 Bell and our Dragon Army must have meat :

Let us devour her limb-meal, great and small,  
 Tythe Calves, Geese, Pigs, the Petitoes and all;  
 A Vicaridge in Sippets, though it be  
 But small, will serve a squeamish Sectarie.  
 Though Universities we can't endure,  
 There's no false Latin in their Lands, be sure;  
 Give Oxford to our Horse, and let the Foot  
 Take Cambridge for their booty, and fall to't!  
 Christ Church I'll have, cries Vane: Disbrow swops  
 At Trinity: King's is for Berry's chops.  
 Kelsey takes Corpus Christi: All Souls, Packer:  
 Grave Creed, St. John's: New Colledge falls to  
 Hacker.

Fleetwood cries, Weeping Magdalen is mine:  
 Her tears I'll drink instead of muscadine:  
 The smaller Halls and Houses scarce are big  
 Enough to make one Dish for Hazelrig.  
 We must be sure to stop his mouth, though wide,  
 Else all our fat will be i' th' fire, they cried;  
 And when we have done these, we'll not be quiet;  
 Lordships and Landlords next shall be our diet.

Thus talked this jolly crew;—but still mine Host,  
 Lambert, resolves that he will rule the rost.

ROBERT WILD (St. John's College, Cambr.),  
*Iter Boreale*, 1660

## CHAPTER IX

### RESTORATION AND REVOLUTION (1660-1689)

#### I. POEMS ON AFFAIRS OF STATE

“Tho’ here new Towers and Buildings daily rise,  
And Arms thrown off, we wear the peaceful Gown,  
Our Hearts admit no Change, know no Disguise,  
Prepared with Pen and Sword t’ assert the Crown.”

Lines addressed to James, Duke of York, in the  
Sheldonian Theatre, May 21, 1683

“**U**PON the remove of the most Rev. William  
Laud, Archbishop of Canterburie, his body,  
from Allhallowes, Barking, London, to St.  
John’s Colledge in Oxford; July the xx<sup>i</sup><sup>st</sup> 1663”:  
Extract from the Vestry Minute Book of Allhallows  
Church, under the date July 1663—See *Notes and  
Queries*, 3rd Series, iii. 3.

When first Injustice pack’t up his High Court,  
When Usurpation grav’d a Broad Seal for’t;  
When Death in Butcher’s dress did th’ Axe advance,  
And Tragike Purpose with all circumstance  
Of fright and feare, took up the fatall stage  
To set Rebellion in its Rule and Rage;  
When Friendship fainted, and lay Love starke dead,  
When few owned him whom good men honorèd  
Then Barking home, thus by the world forsook,  
The butchered body of the Martyre took;

Tore up her quiet marble, lodged him sure  
 In the chief chamber of her sepulture;  
 Where he entire and undisturbed hath bin,  
 Murther'd and mangled tho at 's laying in:  
 Where he's untainted too, free from distrust  
 Of a vile mixture with rebellious dust;  
 To make that sure, brave Andrewes begged it meet  
 To rot at coffin's, and to rise at 's feet.<sup>1</sup>

But now our learned Laud 's to Oxford sent:  
 St. John's is made St. William's monument;  
 Made so by 'msef; this pious Prelate's knowne  
 Best by the Books and Buildings of his owne:<sup>2</sup>  
 Whom, tho' th' accursed Age did then deny  
 To lay him where the Royal Reliques lye  
 Which was his due, at 's bodye's next remove  
 He'll Rise and Reigne amongst the Blest above."

"Upon the Picture of King Charles the First in St. John's Colledge Library, Oxon.—Written in the Psalms"—Jeremiah Wells (St. John's College), *Poems upon divers occasions*, Oxford, 1667.

In the Library of St. John Baptist College, Oxford, is a portrait of King Charles the First, with the penitential Psalms written in a minute hand in the lines of the hair and face. Charles II, when he visited Oxford in 1663, asked it of the Colledge, and could not be refused; but when he thanked the Society for its loyal reception of him, and invited them to say what he could do for them in return, they straightway begged him to restore to them the Martyr's picture.

With double reverence we approach and look  
 On what's at once a Picture and a Book;

<sup>1</sup> Capt. Eusebius Andrews, a devoted Royalist, beheaded and buried in Allhallows Church, April 23, 1650.

<sup>2</sup> In 1636, Laud's quadrangle at St. John Baptist College was completed, and new rooms assigned therein by special direction for the Library.

Nor think it Superstition to adore  
 A King made Now more Sacred than Before.  
 Here no fond Artist at our sight lets in  
 The sly debauchery of painted sin,  
 Provoking real Lust by feigned Art,  
 As if his Pencil were a Cupid's Dart;  
 Nor no dissembling Painter's flattering Glasse  
 Turns gross Deformity to beauteous Grace,  
 And mending Doubly Counterfeits a face.  
 The Object's here Majestick and Divine;  
 Divinity does Majesty enshrine;  
 Each adds to th' other lustre; such a thing  
 Befits the image of a Saint and King.  
 Each Lineament o' th' Face contains a Prayer;  
 Phylacteries fill the place of Common Hair,  
 Which, circling their beloved Defender, spread  
 Like a True Glory round his Royal Head.  
 His Mouth with Precepts filled, bespeaks our Ear,  
 Summons that Sense too, bids us See and Hear:  
 Both are Divine; Blest Moses thus did see  
 At once the Tables and the Deity:  
 Thus Faith by Seeing comes; Religion thus  
 Enamours, when to th' Senses obvious:  
 This sight should work a Miracle on the Rout,  
 Make them at once both Loyall and Devout.  
 No massy Crown loads his diviner Brow;  
 This would Debase, cannot Adorne him now;  
 'Tis farre too gross 'mong Spirits to have place;  
 A greater Majesty shines in his Face.  
 Thus after Death eternized, he outvies  
 The New Rome's Saints and the Old's Deities,  
 While Pilgrims from the world around shall  
     come,  
 Not to adore thy Birthplace or thy Tomb,  
 No Sacred Relique, or Remains of thine,  
 Thy Statue or thy Picture, Hearse or Shrine,  
 But the bright Lustre of thy heavenly Brow,  
 Thyself thus plac't in Glory here Below.

But well has Art, lest our weak sight should fail,  
 Covered our Moses with a double veil;  
 First, then, i' th' middle of some brightest day,  
 Oppose thy sight to the Sun's fiercest ray;  
 Outface him in his Zenith: if this light  
 Do not destroy, but purify, thy sight,  
 Then mayest thou draw the Outer Veil, and pry  
 Into this Image of Divinity:  
 But not the Next; some mystery sure there was,  
 That we must yet but see thee in a Glass.

Had Moses seen thy radiant Majestie,  
 That Prophet had resigned his Veil to Thee;  
 Nor had he needed it; wert Thou in sight,  
 His twinkling Splendour had held in its light;  
 His Veil had hid his pious Shame, and Hee  
 Had Doubly been obscured, by That and Thee:  
 His dazzling Lustre, though Adored Before,  
 Had only served to shew that Thou had'st More:  
 And well thou might'st; for that Divinity  
 He only Gaz'd upon, is Lodged in Thee:  
 Thy Countenance does with Innate lustre shine,  
 Whose every Feature's, like Thyself, Divine;  
 The Lines and Thee so like in every thing,  
 That while we see the Psalms, we read the King;  
 Inabled thus Thyself, Thyself t' inspire,  
 To be at once the Sacrifice and Fire;  
 Glorious Without, thy Body's every part  
 Is fashioned, as thy Soul, after God's heart.  
 Those Parcels of Religion we adore  
 In Others, are Completed Here, and More.  
 That Impress of the Deity in the Mind  
 By Others stamp't, we in thy Body find;  
 Thy frame so like Divine in ev'ry part  
 That thou did'st not Resemble it, but Art.  
 The Artist has Defined, not Drawn, thee here,  
 Nor is't a Picture but a Character;  
 The Emblem of thy Mind: Posteritie  
 May hence learn what Thou Wert, and They Should Be;



Thy own Example: safely may'st thou go,  
 Thyself the Passenger and Conduct too;  
 Know but Thyself; All Other things are known;  
 All Science here is Self-reflexion.

The Presbyterian Maxim holds not here,  
 That calls Locks impious, if below the ear;  
 When every fatal clip lops off a Prayer,  
 And he's accursed that dares but cut thy Hair.  
 The Mad Phanatick, seeing these thy rays,  
 Struck with the light, falls on his knees, and prays;  
 And blind with lustre that did round him shine,  
 Acknowledges the Vision is Divine,  
 And washing off his hypocritic paint,  
 He reconciles the Subject and the Saint.  
 Those Madder Zealots, that as soon as come  
 From the Arabian Impostor's Tomb,  
 Put out their eyes the Image to retain,  
 Counting all future objects are but vain,  
 Would here be saved the labour, and should find  
 True Miracles Strike their beholders Blind:  
 Nor would they rest, till come where they might be  
 Blest with the lasting sight of Heaven and Thee.

And now, blest Spirit, while thy glorious Ghost  
 Remains above, may we thy Mantle boast;  
 Still, like Apollo, 'mong our Muses sit,  
 Improving both our Piety and Wit:  
 Still with us as our Guardian Angel stay,  
 Thou 'rt full as glorious and as bright as They.  
 To our new Troy Thou the Palladium be;  
 May we Ourselves lose when we forfeit Thee.  
 From Thee Protection may we find, and Light;  
 Safe in thy Guard; and in thy Lustre, Bright.  
 May our continued Piety load thy Ears  
 With Pilgrims' Vows and with our Daily Prayers;  
 And may'st Thou oft 'mong us descend and see  
 What's far too Holy to be aught but Thee.

Resolve our scruple, since none other can;  
 Our too much Piety makes us Profane;

While seeing thy lustre so divinely clear,  
 We scarce believe thou art in Heaven, but Here.

THE OXFORD ALDERMAN'S SPEECH TO THE DUKE  
 OF MONMOUTH, WHEN HIS GRACE MADE HIS  
 ENTRANCE INTO THAT CITY, SEPTEMBER 1680

"On Sep. 16 and 17, 1680, the Duke of Monmouth, natural son of Charles II by Lucy Waters, was at Oxford, racing in Port Meadow by the means of Lord Lovelace. The University took no notice of him: but Alderman Wright, with a crew, cried out 'God save him and the Protestant Religion!'" A long satirical ballad on Monmouth's entertainment by the Alderman on this occasion is printed in *Wood's Life and Times* (Oxford Hist. Soc.), ii. 496.

Stout Hannibal, before he came of age,  
 Perpetual wars with Rome was sworn to wage:  
 You lead us to such wars;—O Happy We!  
 Great Prince, you are a Soldier good as he;  
 Though some will say, to give the devil his due,  
 He was as good a Protestant as you;—  
 You to that Whore of Whores, the Whore of  
     Rome,  
 Devoted from your own fair mother's womb,  
 Tho' in the schools of Jesuits true bred,  
 You scorned to learn of them to Write or Read,  
 A Protestant the more to be admired  
 That never was Instructed but Inspired:  
 So unconcern'd from Popery you pass;  
 No use of Understanding in the case;  
 True Interest, that all other things o'erpowers,  
 And generous Indignation made You Ours;  
 E'en so in Spain to Mass come trading Jews,  
 Cast Drabs turn Quakers but to spite the Stews.  
 But fears and jealousies of you we scorn,  
 That were so true a Son of Honour born;

And since have made both Gog and Magog bleed;—  
 Act but the Demagogue, you'll do the deed:  
 You'll Ram and Dam proud Anti-Christ to Hell;—  
 But force him first to work one Miracle;  
 He that with four hard words and one grave Nod  
 Turns an insipid Wafer into God,  
 Were you a dough-baked Duke, with less ado  
 To Prince of Wales may Transubstantiate You.  
 Do You but say 't, we'll swear that You are so;  
 And rather kiss your hand than kiss his toe.  
 Resolved, resolved! it shall not be gainsaid;  
 Faith! we'll believe your Mother was a Maid.

Why should you think Ambition any Crime?  
 We'll make you duke of Venice in due time;  
 Or if you scruple to Usurp the Crown,  
 Having once raised Us, yourself may then sit down;  
 You and your friends shall have the foremost place,  
 Perhaps we'll join Sir Armstrong to your Grace;  
 Whether You reign or He, 't is much as one,  
 Great Alexander's dear Hephæstion.

But when You come to reap these goodly fruits  
 Sweet Sir, remember then Our humble suits:—  
 First; let the lordly Bishops go to pot:  
 'T is plain their Lordships all are in the plot;  
 They hold none Lawful Heirs but Lawfully Begot!  
 Our Commonwealth's a castle in the air,  
 If still we pray for King in Common Prayer:  
 These paltry Scholars, blast them with one breath!  
 Or else they'll rhyme your Grace and Us to death.  
 Then O brave We! Then Hey for our good Town!  
 Then Up go We, when Wit and Sense go Down!

SONG ON THE DISSOLUTION OF THE OXFORD  
 PARLIAMENT, 1681

The last Parliament held at Oxford opened on March 21, 1681, and was dissolved on March 28, after seven days' existence. Many songs and poems on the

life and death of this "mushroom" or "week"-ed Parliament, the attempts made by the violent Whigs to intimidate or coerce Charles II into giving his consent to the Exclusion Bill, the King's firmness in defence of his brother, and his abrupt dissolution of parliament, may be found in the Ballad Society's Publications, *Roxburghe Ballads*, vols. iv., v., and also in *Wood's Life and Times* (Oxford Hist. Soc.), ii. 533.

Local disappointment at the short life of the Parliament is described in the following lines. Oxford tradesmen had been expecting to reap a harvest from the Members, and charged exorbitant rates for accommodation, etc. As Stephen Penton of St. Edmund Hall writes in his *Guardian's Instruction*, "they put Dutch rates upon their houses, so that, as 't was said, under five or six pounds a week, a Whig could not have room to talk treason in."

OXFORD IN MOURNING FOR THE LOSS OF HER  
PARLIAMENT

or

LONDON'S LOUD LAUGHTER AT HER FLATTERING  
HERSELF WITH EXCESSIVE TRADING

A Pleasant New Song

Now Tapsters, Vintners, Salesmen, Tailors, all  
Open their mouths and for their losses bawl  
The Parliament is gone:—their hopes now fail;  
Palled is the wine and egar grows the ale.  
Now rooms late let for twenty pounds a week,  
Would let for twelvecence, but must lodgers  
seek:

London rejoices who was sad before,  
And does in like coin pay off Oxford's score.

To the tune of "Packington's Pound" or "Digby's Farewell."

(1) London now smiles to see Oxford in tears  
 Who lately derided and scoffed at her fears,  
 Thinking her joys they should never be spent  
 But that always they'd last with the Parliament:  
 But oh! she's mistaken, for now they are gone,  
 And fairly have left her to grieve all alone.

(2) Now Vintners and Tapsters that hoped for such  
 gain  
 By cheating the people, have cause to complain:  
 The Cooks that were stored with provisions, now  
 grieve,  
 While London, to hear it, doth laugh in her sleeve.  
 And now the fat Hostess who lives by the sins  
 Of those who brought many, to whimper begins.

(3) So dolefully toll now the Bells, that of late  
 With loud sounds did a pleasure to hear them  
 create;  
 The Inn-keepers late that so prodigal were  
 Of standings, have horse-room enough and to spare;  
 Whilst London rejoices to think of the time  
 When Oxford Bells jangled and scarcely could  
 chime.

(4) Now Salesmen and Sempstresses homeward do  
 pack,  
 No more cries the Shoemaker, "What do you  
 lack?"  
 The Tailor by thimble and bodkin doth curse,  
 And swears that his trading could never be worse;  
 Yet home again barefoot poor pricklouse must  
 trudge,  
 Whilst Oxford he bans, and his labour doth grudge.

(5) The Chairmen who thought to return with a  
 load  
 Of silver to London, to store their abode,

Now homeward must foot it, though 'tis with much  
 pain ;  
 And creep in their chairs to secure them from rain ;  
 When night does approach, there their lodging they  
 make,  
 For a better to purchase no money they take.

(6) The Coffee men wish that in London they'd  
 stayed

And not to have rambled in hopes of a trade ;  
 Their shops of sedition did fail of their end,  
 And back now their puddle to London they send ;  
 While she doth deride them, and flout them to  
 scorn  
 To see their ears hanging as if they're forlorn.

(7) While Chirurgeons, of all, the best trading will  
 find ;

For the Cracks having fled, they have left work  
 behind,  
 That doubtless repentance unfeigned will cause :  
 The Goldsmiths and Drapers now stand at a pause,  
 How to plan in their journey the Padders \* to 'scape ;  
 While London for joy at their follies does leap.

\* Padders  
 = High-  
 waymen

(8) She hears the loud sounding of Oxford's great  
 bell,

Which the Town's heaviness plainly doth tell ;  
 How the laughter they lately against her did vent  
 For enjoying the Court and the Parliament,  
 Is now turned to weeping, and each one sits sad  
 To think what a loss by dissolving he's had.

(9) Remember then, Oxford, how London you flout,  
 For she'll be still even with you, 't is no doubt :  
 England's chief City must still bear the bell,  
 For near it, the most part, the King he will dwell,  
 And cheer her with favours, while Oxford sits sad,  
 And many lament the bad trade they have had.

THE OXFORD HEALTH  
 or  
 THE JOVIAL LOYALIST: A New Song  
 London, 1681

(abridged from Ballad Society Publications, *Roxburghe Ballads*, v. 37.)

We will be loyal and drink off our wine  
 Though Pope and though Presbyter both should  
 repine.

No State Affairs shall ere turmoil our brain;  
 Let those take care to whom they appertain.  
 We'll love our King, and wish him happy days,  
 And drink to all who daily speak his praise:  
 We'll Loyal prove, and ever more will be  
 With Plotters and with Plots at enmity.

Tune of "On the Banks of the River," or "Packington's Pound."

Here's a health to the King and his Lawful  
 Successors,  
 To Tantivy Tories and Loyal Addressors!  
 No matter for those who promoted Petitions  
 To poison the Nation and stir up Seditions.  
 Here's a health to the Queen and her ladies of Honour!  
 A pox on all those who put sham plots upon her!<sup>1</sup>  
 Here's a health to the Duke and the Senate of Scotland  
 And to all Honest Men that from Bishops ne'er  
 got land.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The infamous Whig informer, Titus Oates, had lately accused the Queen of an attempt to poison the King.

<sup>2</sup> See letter of Dr. Zacheus Isham, Dean of Christ Church, to Dr. Edmund Borlase, dated March 31, 1681: "We have a long story here of a private conference between the King and the Earl of Shaftesbury, who proposed to him the declaring of the Duke of Monmouth to be legitimate, and the enriching of himself by Church lands; but the King rejected both proposals as unjust": Henry Ellis, *Letters illustrative of English History*, 2nd Series, iv. 165.

Here's a health to L'Estrange and to Heraclitus,  
 And true Tory Thompson who never did slight us!<sup>1</sup>  
 And forgetting Broom, Paulin, and alderman Wrightus,  
 With Tony and Bethel, Ignoramus and Titus,<sup>2</sup>  
 Here's a health to our Church and to all that are for it!  
 A shame to all Papists and Whigs who abhor it!  
 Safe may she be still from new ways of Refiners,  
 And justice be done to all Protestant Joiners!<sup>3</sup>

Then come all you Loyalists, though the Whigs  
 mutter,  
 And all about nothing do keep up their clutter ;

<sup>1</sup> "A new dialogue between Heraclitus and Towser" had recently been published, "Towser" being the nickname bestowed on Roger L'Estrange, the Tory pamphleteer who was bravely exposing the iniquities of Oates. Nat. Thompson was a writer of loyal songs, a collection of which he issued in 1685.

<sup>2</sup> Brome Whorwood and Alderman Wright represented Oxford City in the Whig interest in Parliament, 1681. Paulin, an Oxford mercer and a Whig fanatic, "was at this time nearly broke, because of his quarrels with the university authorities, all trade having been withdrawn from him and his creditors falling upon him" (Prideaux, *Letters to Ellis*, May 1681, Camden Society). "Tony" is the Whig leader, Antony Ashley Cooper, 1st Lord Shaftesbury. Slingsby Bethel and Henry Cornish, as Sheriffs, had systematically packed juries in the Whig interest: "the Law was in fact become a captive of the Faction, like a Dog in a String, to snarl and bite only as they encouraged. Bills preferred against Whigs for high treason were invariably thrown out by Grand Juries, with the indorsement "Ignoramus."

<sup>3</sup> One of the most noisy of the "Whig dogs" at the time of the Oxford Parliament, in his threats against the King and the Catholics, had been the foolish vapouring "Protestant Joiner," Stephen Colledge. He had brought with him his famous "Protestant Flail," a kind of life-preserver designed by him for use against the Papists :

"This Flail was invented to thrash the brain  
 And leave not behind the weight of a grain  
   With a thump.  
 At the handle end there hung a weight  
 That carried with it unavoidable fate  
 To take the Monarch a rap on the pate.  
 It took its degree in Oxford Town,  
 And with the Carpenter it went down  
   With a thump."

On July 8, 1681, Colledge was indicted at the Old Bailey for high



In spite of the Pope or Jack Presbyter either,  
 We'll always be merry, and will regard neither.  
 Although they may Tory and Tantivy name us,  
 We care not a pin: there's none honest will blame us.  
 We'll drink to the King and his Lawful Successors  
 And to all those who prove themselves Loyal  
 Addressors.

VERSES ON THE COMING OF THE WHIG, LORD  
 LOVELACE, TO OXFORD FROM GLOUCESTER  
 GAOL IN DECEMBER 1688, AFTER THE LANDING  
 IN ENGLAND OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE

With him came some 300 followers, among whom  
 were some Townsmen of Oxford who went out to meet  
 him, and several pitiful rascally fellows with no arms  
 but bills and staves: see *State Trials*, xii. 81.

The following poem is attributed to John Smith,  
 second master at Magdalen College School, and appears  
 in the *Miscellany*, edited by John Dryden in 1716,  
 2nd part, 198.

A late expedition to Oxford was made  
 By a Protestant Peer, and his brother o' th' blade,  
 Who his Lordship in triumph from Gloucester con-  
 veyed;

Which nobody can deny.

Had you seen all his myrmidons when they  
 came to us,  
 Equipped in their threadbare gray coats and high shoes,  
 You'd have sworn not the Gaol, but all Hell was  
 broke loose;

Which nobody can deny.

treason, but according to the corrupt practice above mentioned the Grand Jury returned the bill with the finding "Ignoramus." The following week, a bill was presented against him at the Oxford Assizes; the Grand Jury found it "vera billa," and Colledge was tried, found guilty, and hanged at Oxford.

In rank and in file there rode many a man;  
 Some marched in the rear and some in the van;  
 And for want of their hats, they had head-pieces  
 on;

Which nobody can deny.

The arms were not plenty, yet armed they come,  
 With stout oaken plants and crabtree sticks some,  
 To cudgel the Pope and the Bald-pates of Rome:  
 Which nobody can deny.

Some had two able legs, but never a boot;  
 And on their tits mounted, they bravely stood to 't;  
 But for the name of a horse, they'd as well gone  
 on foot;

Which nobody can deny.

In all these gay troops, 'mongst twenty scarce  
 one  
 Had halbert or pistol, sword, carbine, or gun;  
 A sign they did mean no great harm to be done;  
 Which nobody can deny.

One horse wore a halter among all the rest;  
 Nor had the dull wight half the sense of his beast,  
 And he of the two did deserve the rope best;  
 Which nobody can deny.

Here were many gallants, I warrant you, that  
 Had ribbons of orange, and seaman's cravat;  
 The defect of their arms was made up in state;  
 Which nobody can deny.

Here Mordant and G—— on their pampered  
 steeds prance;  
 D——, Brab——, G—— next, and J. Willis advance  
 Who phyzed at the Switzer who caned him in  
 France;

Which nobody can deny.

In this cavalcade, for the grace of the matter,  
 Lord Lovelace rode first, and the next followed  
 after;  
 They galloped up town first, and then down to  
 water;

Which nobody can deny.

The Mayor and his brethren in courteous fashion,  
 Bade him welcome to town in a fine penned  
 oration,  
 And thanked him for taking such care of the  
 nation;

Which nobody can deny.

His Honour the next day, in courtship exceeding,  
 Returned a smart speech to shew them his breeding,  
 Which, when 't is in print, will be well worth the  
 reading;

Which nobody can deny.

Having thus far proceeded to secure the town,  
 The guards were straight set, and the bridge  
 beaten down;  
 And tho' no great courage, his conduct was shewn;

Which nobody can deny.

Next night, alarums our warriors surprise;  
 Drums beat, trumpets sound, and at midnight all  
 rise  
 To fight the King's army that came in disguise;  
 Which nobody can deny.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "On Thursday night (Dec. 6), about three o'clock, was a great alarm all the town over, that a party of the king's dragoons were coming to plunder the city. The townsmen betook themselves to their arms; and an arch of Magdalen College bridge was broken down to prevent the enemy coming in. Next day people were ferried over the Cherwell; and afterwards planks were laid over the chasm for the convenience of passengers and market people": *State Trials*, xii. 81; *Wood's Life and Times* (Oxford Hist. Soc.), iii. 286.

The Cits were straight armed, expert men and  
able,  
With prongs and with coal-staves marched next  
whooping rabble,  
In as great a confusion as ever was Babel;  
Which nobody can deny.

In the midst of a mob, two stout draymen  
appear;  
To guard Mr. Ensigen, a huge nasty tar  
Who flourished a blanket for colours of war,  
Which nobody can deny.

At the foot of the colours, blithe Crendon did  
go,  
Who played a new tune you very well know;  
His bag-pipes squeaked nothing but Lero, lero;<sup>1</sup>  
Which nobody can deny.

And had the dear Joys now but come in the  
nick,  
I fancy they'd shewn them a slippery trick,  
And marched more nimbly without their musick;  
Which nobody can deny.

Lines by Dr. Thomas Smith of Magdalen College upon Dr. Jane, Regius Professor of Divinity, and those Heads of Houses, who, in a Convocation holden in July 1683, had zealously passed the famous Decree of Passive Obedience, and now tacitly condemned the same by causing the printed copies thereof to be removed from the halls and public places where they had been hung in triumph; and who, moreover, on Dec. 12, 1688,

<sup>1</sup> The song "Lillibullero," by the Whig, Thomas Wharton. Crendon was a local piper of repute. His name appears in both of the Speeches which were spoken in the Theatre by the Terrae Filius in 1703. In the first, Mander, Master of Balliol, is described as a "potator indefessus, in Alehouses adeundis frequentior Crendonio": *The University Miscellany*, 1713.

entered into an Association to defend the Prince of Orange who came to pull the King, his uncle and father-in-law, out of his throne: *State Trials*, xii. 83.

In Janum bifrontem

Cum fronti sit nulla fides, ut carmina dicunt,  
Cur tibi bifronti, Jane, sit ulla fides.

In Associationem a quibusdam Oxoniensis  
Academiae Doctoribus initam

Nuper sacrilegos infandi schismatis ausus  
Atque monarchomachos perculit Oxonia:—  
Oxonia antiquae fidei verique magistra,  
Regibus effuso sanguine fida suis.  
Unde haec fluxa fides? haec inconstantia morum?  
Scottorum foedus sic revocare decet?  
Fallimur. En Matrem non haec infamia tangit:  
Dediscunt pauci quam dedit Illa fidem.

II. POEMS ON ACADEMICAL AFFAIRS

“The Oxford Clerk at work and play, in 1667 A.D.,”  
from *Oxonium Poema*, by F. V. (Francis Vernon,  
Student of Christ Church, 1654), 1667.

Aspicit adversa Wadhamum sede Johannes,  
Hirsuta non fronte minax, non asper ut olim,  
Sed comptus, silvaeque tenax habitator opacae.  
Inter utrumque jacet non magno semita calle  
Aequa tamen, junctamque viam sibi cernit equestrem;  
Hanc tu carpe ducem, et campos dimittet in illos  
Quos Nova dixerunt prisca Vivaria Patres:  
Quid tituli varias prodest exquirere causas?  
Prata vides, non illa feris studiisque Dianae  
Incluta, sed teneris stadia haud incommoda Musis.  
Vidimus hic doctam certatim ludere pubem  
Et firmos monstrare toros teretesque lacertos:

The Causeway which leads to the New Parks.

Athletic youths.

Modest  
maidens.

Hic etiam, magna Juvenum occurrente caterva,  
Oxonii castas memini rubuisse puellas.

Schollars  
that dis-  
pute as  
they walk.

Hic niveos errare greges spectabis, et ipsas  
Volvere se saturas per opima cubilia vaccas:  
Est aliud genus, (haud numero te, Frater, in isto  
Pone puer!) juvat hos Logico mugire boatu,  
"Distinguo"-que, "Probo"-que, et acuti rixa Lycaei:  
Hos cernes flagrare oculis, magnoque tumultu  
Non intellectas portare in praelia Formas—  
Mox Burgersdicius tumidus crepat, hinc Brerewoodus  
Hinc et Aristotelis tonat Organon, inde fragore  
Insolito Sandersonus diverberat aures;  
Jamque Poloniacis acer Smiglecius armis  
Emicat, oppositus stat Keckermanus atrox vi:  
Nec mora, cum totam videas ardere Conimbram,  
Et Complutenses vibrare incendia Patres.  
Parte aliâ nigras longo movet ordine turmas,  
Aspera bella ferens, nec segnior ardet Aquinas.  
Inde Gigantæus per vasta volumina Suarez  
Sternit in astra viam, ac imponit Pelion Ossae;  
Quem premit assistens praeacutâ cuspide Vasquez.  
Dejicit extractos contorto fulmine montes  
Scheiblerus, magnasque quatit moles Herebordus.  
Tandem Combachius furit, atque Magirus et in-  
gens  
Nescio quid Batavum demurmurat Isendornus.<sup>1</sup>  
Sic argumentis concurritur; horrida strident  
Nomina, et insano rumpunt sese omnia bombo.

<sup>1</sup> Authors and books cited are: François Burgersdyck (1590-1629), *Logica*; Edward Brerewood (B.N.C., 1581), *Tractatus quidam Logici*, Oxford, 1628; Robert Sanderson (Lincoln College, 1603), *Logicae Artis Compendium*, 1618; Martinus Smiglecius, a Polish Jesuit (1562-1618); Bartholomæus Keckerman, Prussian Calvinistic divine (1573-1609); the writers of the University of Coimbra in Portugal, and of the University of Alcalá in Spain (Collegium totius Complutensis Academiae); Francisco Suarez, Spanish Jesuit theologian (1548-1617); Gabriel Vasquez, Spanish writer (1551-1604); Scheibler's *Metaphysics*; Adrian Herebord's *Meletemata*; Magirus, either John the Mathematician (1615-1697), or Tobias the philosopher and theologian (1586-1651); and Gilbert Van Isendoorn, Dutch philosopher (1601-1657).

Ite procul nugae tetricae, longumque valet  
 Turba gravis paci, placidaeque inimica quieti!  
 Tractemus lites coram Praetore, sodales!  
 Infelix campo quisquis se torquet aprico.

Tu potius, Frater, per mollia gramina gressus  
 Colloquio risuque feres; frontemque severam  
 Deponens, laetos comitabere laetus amicos,  
 Aut si solus eris, spirantes suaviter auras  
 Ore leges, terrasque teres, nubesque volantes  
 Aspiciens, magnum tacitus venerabere Numen,  
 Et prece digna putes jucundae munera lucis.  
 Sed si tantus amor Musas captare fugaces,  
 Nec tibi fas lectis erit abstinuisse libellis,  
 Vel bona Gassendi lassabit pagina dextram,  
 Vel tibi subtiles reteget Cartesius artes,  
 Aut meus Euclides docilem te ducet alumnum,  
 Et solus feret in penetralia summa sacerdos.  
 Parce, precor, rixis coelum vexare salubre,  
 Et non sanguineis aciem disponere campis.

J. V. Ex Aede  
 Christi.

Petri  
 Gassendi,  
*Philosophia  
 Epicurea*;  
 René des  
 Cartes,  
*Euclidis  
 Elementa.*

Dicite, Pierides, verna quis splendor in hora,  
 Quantus honos Patrum, totosque effusa per  
 agros

Quanta seges Juvenum, necnon et plurima Virgo  
 Quot vibrant flores totidem movet ore colores,  
 Et trahit assiduis fluitantia carbasa ventis.

Instat turba procul pisces superare natando,  
 Quae fluvii petit amplexus, et verbere molli  
 Tentatura undas humeros denudat eburnos:

Ille recens secto gaudet se volvere foeno,  
 Perque suos nidos trepidas agitare cicadas:

Alter at in stagno ranas spectare natantes  
 Gestit, et humanas imitantia membra figuras.

Ille diem facili gaudet producere risu  
 Fronde super fultus, placidosque recondere soles:

Tristior alter erit, dumque ad vaga flumina fer-  
 tur,

Virgilium aut magni carmen memorabit Horati.

Swimming in  
 Merton Pool  
 and Schollar's  
 Pool.

Tumbling in  
 the hay.

Frogs swim-  
 ming.

Telling stories  
 under a hay-  
 mow.

Leaping.	Hic saltu nitet, hic jacto secat aera disco,
Wrestling.	Hic socium durâ sudat detrudere luctâ.
Playing at quoits.	Non omnes unum studium rapit; undique venis Dissimili pulsu sanguis micat, et trahit artus; Concordesque ferunt animos discordia vota. Pars humiles textit calathos atque ordine juncos Complicat, aut varias pingit sibi flore corollas.
Making Trim- trams with rushes and flowers. Fishing.	Pars quoque gramineae residens in margine ripae Non regressuros educit arundine pisces: Quidam oculis lustrat rimans qua lucius haeret Fixus et invigilat sociis latebrosus edendis. At tu qui Musas atrata veste fateris,
Searching for chubs and crawfish.	Immundum versare lutum, chobasque latentes Eruere, aut melius tectos tibi quaerere cancos, Parce, nec invidias miseris ignobile lucrum: Nam mihi saepe sorex latebris mordere sub illis Visus, et informis prodire in sidera bufo Aut inopem fecit pallere volubilis anguis.
Water-rats, toads, snakes.	Denique quis finis tantos exponere ludos Et cunctos numerare jocos, juvenumque labores; Omnia quae summa spectat Baconus ab arce, Et reserit praeceps Iflaea in litora flumen!"
Bacon's Study on Folly Bridge; Iffley.	

*Lines to my Lord Archbishop of Canterbury upon his famous erection, the Theater at Oxford: printed for C. S.; London, 1675.*

(The Sheldonian Theatre was opened July 9, 1669.)

What bold Erection starts not to appear  
In competition with thy Theater?

Pompey's great Structure most admired stood,  
Yet mingled 't was twixt Excellent and Good;  
Though its Perfection some in vain protect,  
Compared with Thine, 't was Ruins when Erect.



This Model would renew fierce Nero's frown,  
 The Murderer of his Mother and his Town;  
 Striving to sample This, he soon would find  
 His artless Platform fall so far behind,  
 The Furies would award him equal Doom  
 For Building up, as for his Burning, Rome.

The adverse French and Spaniards here Accord,  
 Agreeing praises to This Work afford,  
 And Pity those, whose commendations fall  
 Or on their Louvre or Escorial;  
 And waving them, send Artists Here to see  
 Not what Great Courts Are, but Ought to be.

Near Earth's deep centre the Foundation lies;  
 While the Roof bids Good Morning to the Skies,  
 Whose unsupported Arch floats in the air  
 As if no Buildings, but a Bird hung there.  
 As Mahomet's Tomb contends the ground to press  
 And seems restrained below by emptiness;  
 Did no Attractive Agent buoy up all,  
 Without his Epilepsy he must fall,  
 And his blind Votaries, who under kneel,  
 The Fatal Pressure of their Prophet feel;  
 The Tomb had crush't and covered them, ere this,  
 And been Their Monument as well as His:—  
 These arches swim aloft, secure from harm,  
 Without the fraud of his Magnetick Charm,  
 Where once arrived, themselves protect,  
 Instructed by mysterious Architect:  
 Angles to Angles, Squares to Squares apply;  
 Each Stone is Loadstone to his next Ally.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The tomb of Mahomet was generally believed to hang in the air without any visible supporter, between two loadstones artificially contrived above and below. "The flat roof of the Theatre has no pillars to support it, being kept up with braces and screws, and whose main beams are made up of several pieces of timber, from sidewall to sidewall 80 feet one way, and 70 the other, whose lockages are in some respects not to be paralleled in the world": *Oxon. Academia*, by John Pointer, 1749.

To some less wary in distinguishing,  
 The bare name "Theater" depraves the thing:  
 Thither they come, entangled in their fears  
 Of meeting Savage Objects; Panthers, Bears,  
 Wolves, Lions, Tigers! These, thus prepossest,  
 Expect some Splendid Desert; at the best,  
 Africk immured! for such, they have been told,  
 Were all the Ancient "Theaters" of old.  
 But all the Sights in this Majestick Frame  
 Are like the Spectators—Tractable and Tame:  
 No mangled Gladiators here intrude;  
 No Tragick nor no Mimick Interlude;  
 But all the hours they solemnly beguile,  
 And ne'er excite our Sorrow nor our Smile.  
 The Doctors of all Faculties and Arts  
 Outshine their Scarlet with their Radiant Parts:  
 Few hours in gravest state of questions spent,  
 Opponents brandish Dint of Argument,  
 Till, in subjection to Victorious Brains,  
 The captive Adversary sighs in chains.  
 Of all the Statelies in this Orb's dispose,  
 The Choicest Canton is reserved for those  
 Who prove all praise, e'en to this Theater lent,  
 Most due to that above the Firmament:  
 And such the sacred Sons of Aaron be,  
 Who'd fain confute us into Eternity.  
 If some in heat of disputation stray  
 From Saint Ignatius to Loyola,  
 Them the profound Professor soon recalls  
 By Fathers, Schools, Councils, Originals:  
 Such was the grave, the primitive Decree,  
 But some Divines are now o' th' Livery;  
 Religion's Artifice, and Shopmen ply it,  
 Not to gain Proselytes, but Custom by it;  
 Their Sermons sell their Wares:—who can in-  
 vade  
 With stoutest Lungs, O! he's the Man of  
 Trade!

The Uni-  
 versity  
 Act.

Divinity  
 Act.

Next these, the learned Aesculapian train  
 Seek to retrieve their lost rights, but in vain ;  
 'Gainst Bills and posting Empricks they inveigh,  
 And prove no Pestilence devours like they  
 In pension with the Grave ; their surest Trust  
 (The Serpent's curse) is "Thou shalt eat the Dust."

Physick  
 Act.

Next, Civil Sanctions guarding man from man ;  
 Rich treasures left us by Justinian,  
 Codes, Pandects, Digests, set a shore to Pride  
 And Wrong throughout the World. Who can decide  
 Which of the two have more Extensive Claws,  
 The Roman Eagles or the Roman Laws ?

Civil Law.

Throngs of Learn'd Youth fill up the lower space ;  
 Hoods, whose Reverse are Silks, their shoulders grace,  
 Shoulders, which, three years since, did only claim  
 Less-graduate Furrs, the Ermine of the Lamb.  
 These, seven long years, the Liberal Arts obey ;  
 At seven years' end, as Liberal as They.

Regent  
 Masters'  
 Act.

What Structure else but Prides it to Reveal  
 Treasures ? which Bashful This would fain Conceal.  
 Thus Indian Kings' Exchequers heap up store,  
 But in their Mines lies infinitely more.  
 Her Sacred Oracle's Inspired Lungs,  
 Above, all Truths, below they speak all Tongues.  
 Spain, Gascon, Florence, Smyrna, and the Rhine,  
 May taste their Language here, though not the  
 Wine :

The  
 Theater  
 above ;  
 and, below  
 it, the  
 Printing  
 Office.

The Jew, Mede, Edomite, Arabian, Crete,  
 In these deep Vaults their wandering Ideoms meet,  
 And to compute are in Amazement hurl'd  
 How long since Oxford has been All the World.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Theatre was first used for printing in September 1669. The type-foundry was set up in the basement, while printing took place on the floor, except at the time of the Act. The first book completely printed at

## AN OXFORD GUIDE, 1691

From *Academia, or the Humours of Oxford*, by Mrs. Alicia D'Anvers, wife of Knightly D'Anvers of Trinity College, and daughter of Samuel Clarke, esquire bedel of the University: 1691.

(John Blunder, man-servant, visits his young master at Queen's College, and, on his return home, describes Oxford to his fellow-servants.)

Queen's  
College  
Horn.

There's in the Cellar, to my thinking,  
A Horn, or something else to drink in,  
Which, being filled full as it can hold,  
'Tis his that drinks it off, I'm told:  
But here's the thing that makes the rout;—  
When you drink deep, it flies about,  
And douts one's eyes, and makes one cough,  
So that one ne'er can tope it off.<sup>1</sup>

the Theatre was *Epicedia Univ. Oxon. in obitum Henriettae Mariae*, 1669.

See James Duport's *Musae subsecivae*, 1676, "In Theatrum Oxon. et Proelum Typographicum":

"Bellositanâ Actus qui nunc spectantur arenâ,  
Præsentés laudant suspiciuntque Sophi:  
Bellositana olim monumenta perennia Proeli  
Venturi relegent suspicientque Sophi.  
Sermo ad præsentés, ad seros charta nepotes  
Dimanat; nempe hæc permanet, ille fugit.  
Verba volant, sed Scripta manent; Vox viva docebit  
Viventes; Libros Sæcla futura legent.  
Præsenti simul et venturo prospicit ævo  
Qui Scenam Musis erigit atque Typos.  
Sheldoniano omnis cedit labor ergo Theatro,  
Ni præstet Proelum forte Typographicum."

<sup>1</sup> The Horn presented to Queen's College by Robert Eglesfield, the Founder, and which is still used as a loving-cup at the College Gaudy. It was one of the regular sights of Oxford. When Charles II and his Queen visited the College in 1663, "they were met at the chapel door with the horn full of beer, and there they drank": *Wood's Life and Times* (Oxford Hist. Soc.), i. 499. The Morocco Ambassador, in 1682, "viewed the Chapel and Hall; but when the Horn was presented to him full of

And cause they'll have no Freshmen here,  
At first the Scollards salt one's Beer.<sup>1</sup>

Tom asks, what fine things to be seen  
Beside the College of the Queen?  
Cries John, A many in the Town:  
First, there's a houg'eous masty Clown,  
As you go into th' Physick Garden;  
Master ne'er shewed me, but I stared in.  
The Yat's all hung about with whimwhoms,  
As Fishes' bones and other thingums:

The Physick  
Garden.

beer, he refused to drink, saying in his own language and a proverb of his country, 'God preserve me from horns!': Hist. MSS Commission, 12th Report, Append. pt. vii. p. 186.

If the drinker lift the vessel too hastily to his mouth, the air gets in and forces a quantity of liquor in his face.

The Horn is thus described in Ballard MS. 47 (170):

"On the top a Jove's Eagle from gold lustre borrows,  
And it ends in a Fish, like the picture in Horace:  
An Emblem as good as you'd possibly wish;  
Like an Eagle you'll soar if you drink like a Fish.

As Doctors on boxes, in letters of gold,  
Write on the outside what the inside doth hold,  
So 'Wacceyl' 's inscribed on this Horn of all mirth,  
The Elixir, the Syroup of Health, and so forth.

But beware of its motions with due circumspection,  
Or your clothes will lament a large winy ejection:  
If you turn it awry to revenge your disgrace,  
Tho it push not, egad! it will fly in your face."

<sup>1</sup> The symbolic pickling of the Freshman ("Bejaunus," "Becjaune," or "Yellowbeak") by the administration to him of a pinch of salt, "sal sophiae," in a glass of wine, beer, or water, formed the conclusion of the elaborate student-initiation ("Depositio Cornuum") practised in mediæval Universities. Whitgift's pupils at Trinity College, Cambridge (1567-77) paid, for their "saltyng" and the entertainment of the senior men who superintended the rite, sums varying according to their respective rank; see *British Magazine*, xxxii. 361, 508: while John Owen (New College, Oxford, 1582) attributes the pungency of his epigrams to his "peppering" at Winchester, and his "salting" at Oxford:

"Oxoniae salsus, juvenis tum, more vetusto,  
Wintoniaequae, puer tum, piperatus eram.  
Si quid inest nostro piperisve salisve libello,  
Oxonienae sal est, Wintoniaequae piper."

At Exeter College, in 1637, it was the custom on "fresh nights" for

A tree cut  
into the  
shape of a  
giant.

This Giant stands as you come first in,  
For I took heart at last to thrust in;  
His Head has got an Iron Cap on,  
To keep off showers, or what might happen;  
His Face is like a Man's to see to,  
And yet his Body's but a Tree too:  
Strutting a' holds a Club on's shoulder  
Which makes him look more fierce and bolder;  
And I was told there was another,  
Which now is dead and was his Brother:  
I went on th' other side to eye 'n,  
Not caring much to come too nigh 'n;  
Lest with his club he should be doing;  
But the Folks said one might go to him:  
But for my part I did not care  
To look in's face—he did so stare.<sup>1</sup>  
There lies a Tooth, I tell a Fib too,—  
Some call't a Tooth, but most a Rib do.

senior men to "tuck" freshmen, that is, to grate off with the thumb-nail all the skin from the lip to the chin, and then to cause them to drink a beer-glass of salt and water; so too at Merton College in 1647: see *Life of the first Lord Shaftesbury*, by W. D. Christie, i. 15, and *Wood's Life and Times* (Oxford Hist. Soc.), i. 138. "Savage tricks of mustarding, salting and grubbing freshmen" were still practised at Magdalene College, Cambridge, in 1679 (Hist. MSS Commission, 5th Report, 483). In 1680 certain "poor children" of Queen's College, Oxford, were given the choice of a whipping or of expulsion, for exacting "fresh fees"; see *Flemings at Oxford* (Oxford Hist. Soc.), i. 313; and in 1682 James Wilding of St. Mary Hall paid eleven shillings and sixpence for "fresh fees and drink," see *Collectanea*, i. 255 (Oxford Hist. Soc.). *The Compleat Mendicant* (1699) refers to a custom of "seasoning freshmen" at a stone on Headington Hill. "Fresh fees" and salted drink are mentioned in a poem "Iter Academicum, or the Gentleman Commoner's Matriculation" (Nicholas Amherst, *Terrae Filius*, xli., A.D. 1721). Hearne in 1731, and Huddesford in 1772, declared traces of student-initiation to exist in many Colleges; and finally an Oxonian informed the editor of the notes on Whitgift's pupils in the *British Magazine*, 1847, that "going to the Buttery to drink salt and water had formed part of the ceremony of his admission to College."

<sup>1</sup> The Physic Garden, founded by Henry, Earl of Danby, in 1632, became famous under its first superintendent, Jacob Bobart (1632-1679), and his son of the same name (1679-1719). Several poems on the celebrated Giants cut in yew, "Bobart's 'Yew-men of the Guard,'" are found in the

A vast thing 'tis, whateer it be,  
 And put there for a Rarity.<sup>1</sup>  
 When you are gone a little further  
 You happen just on such another;  
 A Crane it is, as People tell ye,  
 Growing from a Tree-Stalk by the Belly.  
 Whether alive or no's, no knowing;  
 Her Bill touts up, just as if crowing.<sup>2</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

Wood Collection in the Bodleian. Cf. *Carmina Quadresimalia ab Aedis Christi alumnis composita*, ed. by C. Este, 1723:

*An Natura intendat Monstrum? Neg.*  
 Hortus ad Auroram Phoebeis fertilis herbis  
 Stat, Bobartanae cura laborque manus.  
 Hic Corydon vastos immani mole Gigantes  
 Aspicit, et pallens stat revocatque gradum,  
 Terribiles horret vultus oculosque minaces,  
 Pectoraque atque humeros clavigerasque manus.  
 Rustice, sume animos: non hic Titania cernis  
 Monstra, licet Tellus his quoque mater erat.  
 Innocuos tantum taxos Natura creavit;  
 Humana geminus surgit ab arte Gigas.

These triumphs of the topiary art are mentioned as still surviving, in a poem addressed by John Burton of Corpus College to the Botanical Garden, "vegetabilis Regina mundi"; *Opuscula miscellan. metrico-prosaica*, 1771; and also in William Stukeley's *Itinerary*, vol. i. 44, 2nd ed. 1776; but they were numbered by Wade, *Walks in Oxford*, 1817, among "objects of vulgar admiration which had long since given way to the natural and graceful dispositions adopted by modern taste."

<sup>1</sup> A great Whale-bone.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *Examen Poeticum Duplex*, London, 1698:

*Una est omnium rerum materia? Aff.*  
 In laeta ponit dum formas Daedalus herba,  
 Arboris et docta brachia falce metit;  
 Pyramis hic tonsis assurgit lenta racemis,  
 Et teres in viridi cespite frondet Olor.  
 Hic viget Aeacides non jam mortalis, et arbor  
 Una Dei telum reddit et una Deum.  
 Inde gravem Alciden taxus jam laeta reponit,  
 Cui quondam tristem proebuit usta rogam.  
 Planta eadem crescit varia sub imagine; cultor  
 Si jubet, est Heros; si jubet, ales erit.

So, too, Thomas Tickell, "taberder of Queen's Coll.," in his poem,

The Schools, de 'e mark, 's a very fair place  
 With Rooms built round it, but a square place:  
 The Doors all something writ upon,  
 By which there's something may be known.

Astronomy  
 School.  
 Musick  
 School.

That School's to learn ye conjuring,  
 'T other to Whistle and to Sing,  
 And how to play upon the Fiddle,  
 To keep the Lads from being idle.  
 But what to greater good amounts  
 A School they have to teach Accounts;  
 By which each one may cast up nearly  
 How many Farthings he spends yearly.

Arith-  
 metick  
 School.

A Door I spied was open standing,  
 I budged no farther than my band in:  
 But by a Schollard I was help in,  
 A civil youth and a well spoken;  
 We went together up a staircase,  
 Going till coming to a rare place  
 As thick of Books, as one could thatch 'um;  
 And Ladders stood about, to reach 'um.  
 On each side were two round things standing,  
 Made so to turn about with handing:  
 By one they knew, as I am told,  
 When weather would be hot or cold,  
 What time for setting and for sowing,  
 When to prune trees the best for growing:  
 By this they make the Almanacks  
 And twenty other harder knacks:

Library.

Two  
 Globes.

Celestial

Terres-  
 trial.

The other thing, when round it's whirl'd,  
 Shews all the Roads about the World;

*Oxford, 1707 :*

“How sweet the landskip! where in living trees,  
 Here frowns a vegetable Hercules;  
 There famed Achilles learns to live again,  
 And looks yet angry in the mimic scene;  
 Here artful birds, which blooming arbours show,  
 Seem to fly higher, while they upward grow:  
 From the same leaves both arms and warriors rise,  
 And every bough a different charm supplies.”



May find, if well you look about,  
 There all the Ponds and Rivers out:  
 But that the Schollard was in haste so,  
 He would have shewn our house at last too.<sup>1</sup>

So I went all about the Meeting:  
 Some People in their Pews were sitting;  
 Tho but a few, here and there one,  
 The Minister not being yet come;  
 I'll say't, I longed to hear the Preaching,  
 I warrant, aye, 't was dainty teaching.  
 I asked a young Youth what it meant  
 That all them Conjuring Books were chained:  
 He said they being full of cunning,  
 It seems, would else have been for running:  
 Before they had them chains, they say  
 A number of them ran away.

Chained  
 books.

As I went on, the Folk that reads  
 Would many times pop up their heads,  
 And douck 'um down (may hap) again:  
 And these are called the Learned Men.  
 They look for all the world as frightened;  
 But were I to be hanged or knighted,  
 I can't imagine what mought ail'd 'um,  
 For could they think one wou'd a steal'd 'um;  
 Well, by and by, there's one comes to me,  
 I thought the Fellow might have knew me,  
 He said I must not make a stumping,  
 And that it was no place to jump in;

Students  
 disturbed.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. "An Oxford Ramble," an eighteenth-century song:

"And in the middle stood two things,  
 As round as any ball;  
 They told us 't was the picture of  
 The world and sea and all:  
 And they that did them understand,  
 And rightly turn them round,  
 Could tell us what o'clock it was  
 In the world that's underground."

Whop Sir, thought I, and what's ado here,  
 About the nails that in one's shoes are ;  
 He told me that the men were earning  
 A world of something by their learning,  
 And that a noise would put them out,  
 So that they ne'er could bring 't about.  
 Well, 'cause he made a din about 'um,  
 I daff'd my shoes, and went without 'um.  
 That Fellow gerner'd and cried "What's that for?"  
 I said, 'And what would you be at, Sir?  
 My shoes I take under my arm  
 Rather than do their Worships harm,  
 Because I would not leave the room,  
 Until the Minister be come."  
 At that he laughed so, for my part  
 I thought the fool would break his heart ;  
 I was so mad to see 'n flout me,  
 I longed almost to lay about me ;  
 But thinking that might there be evil,  
 I thought 't were better to be civil :  
 Tying my shoes upon my feet,  
 I went down stairs into the street.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next place that I comes you in,  
 Was the most lovely spacious thing ;  
 To know the name is no great matter,  
 But now I think on 't, 't is the Thatter ;  
 The Thatter yard about beset is  
 With holly and with iron lattice,<sup>1</sup>  
 The ends of which same bars made fast are

The  
 Theatre.

<sup>1</sup> John Evelyn's Diary, July 1669: "I dined with the Vice-Chancellor, and spent the afternoon in seeing the rarities of the public libraries, and visiting the noble marbles and inscriptions now inserted in the walls which compass the area of the Theatre, which were 150 of the most ancient and worthy treasures of that kind in the learned world. Now, observing, that, people approaching them too near, some idle persons began to scratch and injure them, I advised that a hedge of holly should be planted at the foot of the wall, to be kept breast high, only to protect them: which the Vice-Chancellor promised to do the next season."

In posts of stone or alabaster,  
 And upon every postës top  
 There's an Old Man's Head set up;<sup>1</sup>  
 About there stand a many brave stones  
 Which are for all the world like grave-stones;  
 I marle why they were carried there,  
 No Folks belike are buried there.  
 The House is round—our Master has,  
 You know, a round-house in the close;  
 This is much such another building,  
 Save for the painting and the gilding,  
 The leading on the top; and then too  
 'T is twenty times as big again too;  
 A-top of all 's a little steeple  
 But ne'er a bell to call the people.  
 Down in the Cellar folks are doing  
 Something that makes a world of bowing;  
 Some throw black balls, their heads some throwing  
 As if they backwards were a-mowing;  
 Stooping a little more to view 'um,  
 They kindly asked me to come to 'um ;

Antiquities  
 from Jeru-  
 salem.

Printing-  
 house  
 beneath  
 the  
 Theatre.

A world of paper there was lying,  
 Besides a deal that hung a-drying;  
 They being wet, as I suppose,  
 Were hung on lines, as we hang clothes,  
 The folks below began to hollow  
 "Whop, you there, honest country fellow!  
 We'll print your name; what 'is 't, I wonder?"  
 Says I, "One's John, Sir; t' other Blunder."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See *Oxonii Dux Poeticus*, M. Aubry, 1795:

"Si quorum fuerint capita ista horrenda requiras  
 Quae propter Latam stant numerosa Viam,  
 Caesareos totidem vultus truncataque signa,  
 Haud veri semper nuntia, Fama refert:  
 Terricula at pueris, ego credo, erecta protervis,  
 Ne nocua hi laedant proxima tecta manu."

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *Through England on a side-saddle in the time of William and*

Well, in comes I where men were picking  
 Of little things that make a nicking;  
 And he that sent me, not to cheat me:  
 Came up, as I came in, to greet me:  
 He told me, them small things were letters,  
 And that the men themselves were setters;  
 And so, would you think it! why, this same too  
 Bid one o' th' Fellows do my name too;  
 And so a' did, and down we went  
 To have John Blunder put in prent;  
 And here 't is for you all to look on 't,  
 See if they have not made a book on 't:  
 And out John read it in a tune,  
 "John Blunder; Oxford; Printed June":  
 But coming to the figures, was,  
 But that Tom helped him, at a loss,  
 Not knowing what i' th' world to do  
 To know if that was one or two;  
 At last 't was found to be One Thousand  
 Six Hundred, Seventy and a Dozen.  
 Says John, The Printers are such Sots,  
 This bit of paper cost two Pots:  
 Beside it cost me two pence more  
 To one that sits to dup the door  
 That is quite, as it were, within there,  
 Where one sees all that's to be seen there;

So in went I with this same maiden,  
 And not till I came out, I paid 'en;  
 It is the finest place, that ever  
 My eyes beheld, it's wrought so clever:  
 The top's all pictured most completely,  
 Squared into golden frames so neatly;  
 Why, there is drawn a power of things,  
 Nay, I dare say, they all are kings,

Roof of  
 the  
 Theatre.

*Mary*, being the Diary of Celia Fiennes, *circa* 1695: "Under the Theatre is a roome which is fitted for printing, where I printed my name severall times."

Drest up in silken garments finely:  
Some look ye sour, and some look kindly.<sup>1</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

I thought I'd as good as slip o'er one day,  
Look ye, because the same was Sunday;  
For my share, I was loth to choose  
That day to go a-seeking shows.  
But going down to Queen's, to see  
If my young master well might be;  
And passing over Carryfox,  
Which is the market-place of Ox-  
-Ford, where two little Pigmies stands  
Such nimble-twiches of their hands;  
Just o'er the place where Folks sell butter,  
And with two hammers keep a clutter;  
It being their business (so belike)  
To knock, whene'er the Clock shall strike,  
A Bell, that's hung ye so between,  
That so they might be sure to see 'n;  
Alive, sure as a band a band is,  
With heads no bigger than one's hand is;  
As long, let's see, if I can tell now,  
About as long as from my elbow.<sup>2</sup>

Carfax  
Church.

\* \* \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> The ceiling of the Sheldonian Theatre was elaborately painted by Streater; and equally elaborate descriptions of the work can be found in Plot's *Natural History of Oxfordshire*, and in *Urania*, by Robert Whitehall of Merton College, 1669. The latter, after a very lengthy explanation of the artist's design, concludes as follows:

"These to the life are drawn so curiously,  
That the Beholder would become all Eye,  
Or at the least an Argus: so sublime  
A phantsie makes essayes to Heaven to climb;  
That future ages shall confess they owe  
To Streater more than Michael Angelo."

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *Carmina Quadresimalia* (ed. by C. Este), Oxford, 1723:

*An quicquid movetur ab alio moveatur? Aff.*  
Vidistin celeres quae machina nuntiat horas,  
Et quali passu noxque diesque fluunt?  
Hic gemini Heroes magni more Herculis adstant;  
Fustis utrumque armat, pellis utrumque tegit.

Why, I have seen New College Mount  
 And stood ye a good while upon 't;<sup>1</sup>  
 And Magdalen Walks, and Christ Church fountain,  
 A thing that makes a mighty sprouting:  
 Well, Monday comes, and hardly neither  
 Before day-break I hies me thither;  
 But I found out by people's saying  
 These organs would not yet be playing,  
 And that I might go home again  
 And come and hear 'em just at ten;  
 By then the bells had all done ringing  
 The Folks were come and set a-singing;

Christ  
 Church.

Cathedral  
 service.

Tempus adest. Ambo trepidantia fustibus aera  
 Ter quater impellunt; ter quater aera sonant.  
 Non matutinus signat constantior horas  
 Gallus, non solis certior umbra diem.  
 Miratur Corydon molemque ictusque Gigantum,  
 Et quis eos rogitat spiritus intus agit.  
 Non anima hoc praestat, non vita infusa per artus;  
 Hoc fabri labor est, artificisque manus.

<sup>1</sup> The Mount, commenced in 1529-30, and completed in 1648-49, had stone steps and winding walks up to the top; and the top was encompassed with rails and seats. Various topiary works, including a Dial, and the King's and the Founder's Arms, adorned the gardens:

“Then we went out of that fair place,  
 All up upon a Hill;  
 And just below a Dial did grow  
 Much like a waggon-wheel:  
 'T was bigger by half, which made me laugh,  
 Just like a garden-knot;  
 When the sun shone bright, it was as right  
 As is our Parson's Clock.”

“The Oxford Ramble” (eighteenth-century song)

“On Gardens next we feast our ravished eyes,  
 Where verdant Yew with so much art doth rise,  
 And, to th' ingenious artist's great applause,  
 Green hideous beasts distend their peaceful jaws:  
 A lofty Mount impending o'er the plains  
 Artfully raised with cost immense and pains,  
 From whence we see the lofty spires arise,  
 And with their summits touch the azure skies.”

*Oxford, the seat of the Muses*, James Heany, 1738

There's some are fat, and some are lean,  
 And some are boys and some are men;  
 But what I'm sure will make you stare  
 They all stand in their shirts, I swear:  
 Each one, when they come in, stand still  
 Bowing and wriggling at the sill;  
 I looked awhile, and marked one noddy,  
 Something he bowed to, but no body;  
 For these, and other things as apish,  
 The Townsfolk term the Scollar's Papish.  
 The organs set up with a ding,  
 The white-men roar, the white-boys sing;  
 "Rum, Rum," the Organs go, and "Zlid";  
 Sometimes they squeak out like a pig:  
 They gobble like a Turkey Hen,  
 And then to "Rum, Rum, Rum," again:  
 What with the Organ, Men and Boys,  
 It makes ye up a dismal noise;  
 All being over, as I wis,  
 Out come they like a flock of geese.<sup>1</sup>

Surpliced  
 choir.

Bowing to  
 the altar.

The place as I went in at, there,  
 A kind of Gatehouse, as it were;

Tom  
 Tower.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. William Prynne (Oriel College), *Histriomastix* (1633), p. 285:  
 "As for the Divine Service and Common Prayer, it is so chaunted and  
 minced and mangled of our costly curious and nice Musitions . . . that it  
 may justly seeme, not to be a noise made of men, but rather a bleating of  
 brute beasts; whiles the coristers ney descant, as it were a sort of Colts,  
 others bellow a tenour, as it were a company of Oxen; others barke a  
 counterpoint, as it were a kennell of Dogs; others rore out a treble like  
 a sort of Buls; others grunt out a base, as it were a number of Hogs; so  
 that a foul evill-favoured noise is made."

See too "An Oxford Ramble" (eighteenth century):

"In the middle of prayers just up the stairs  
 Was Bagpipes to my thinking;  
 And the people below fell a-singing too,  
 As tho they had been drinking."

Organs, however, were no novelty at Oxford. One, probably replacing  
 an earlier one, was set up at New College in 1458. St. John's had  
 one in 1489, All Souls' in 1458: see *Degrees in Music*, C. F. Abdy  
 Williams.

Great Tom. A top of which a Bell is hung,  
 Bigger than ere was looked upon:  
 I understood by all the people  
 'T was bigger than our Church and Steeple:

Magnus Thomas Clusius. At nine at night, it makes a Boming  
 And then the Scollards all must come in.  
 Now I've told all that ere I see,

Brazenose. Unless the Brazen Nose it be,  
 Clapt on a College Gate to grace it,  
 And shew, mayhap, they're brazen-faced ;  
 And there's another thing I think on,

Lincoln. The Devil looking over Lincoln ;  
 Their faults, be sure, he kindly winks on,  
 The other Colleges he squints on ;  
 A world of pity 't was, I swear,  
 That our young master was not there.<sup>1</sup>

Academical dress. Bess willing yet to be more knowing,  
 Demands what clothes the Schollars go in?  
 For the most part (says John) they wear  
 Such kind of Gowns as Parsons' are ;  
 Some Trenchers on their heads have got  
 As black as yonder Porridge Pot ;  
 And some have things, exactly such  
 As my old Gammer's mumbles Pouch,  
 Which sits upon his head as neat  
 As 't were sewed to 't by every pleat:  
 Some, I daresay, are very poor tho,  
 They wear their Gowns berent and tore so,  
 Hanging about them all in littocks  
 That they can hardly hide their buttocks.  
 When they want money, I believes,  
 The lads are fain to sell their sleeves,

<sup>1</sup> There was over the gateway of Lincoln College, until about the year 1740, a leaden grotesque, like that at Lincoln Cathedral. John Pointer (*Oxoniensis Academia*, 1749) writes: "The Image of the Devil, that stood many years on the Top of this College, (or else that over Lincoln Cathedral) gave occasion for that Proverb, 'To look on one, as the Devil looks over Lincoln.'"





THE LECTURE (HOGARTH, 1736)

SHEWING VARIOUS STYLES OF ACADEMICAL HEAD-DRESS. THE LECTURER IS KNOWN TO REPRESENT MR. FISHER OF JESUS COLL., OXFORD, REGISTRAR OF THE UNIVERSITY



For, look ye, many a time I meet,  
 May happen, twenty in the street,  
 With handsome Gowns to look upon,  
 And ne'er a Sleeve to all their Gowns.  
 You know young Master for a Meater  
 Was for his years a handsome Eater;  
 Well, and his Sleeves are gone already,  
 And his was a new Gown too, Betty;  
 And hangs about his legs in shatters,  
 I swear, 'has torn it all to tatters.  
 I held a jag aloft to shew 'n  
 And bid 'n let the tailor sew 'n:  
 He laugh't and cried, "Why, that's no fault, John."  
 He tore 't to pass ye for a Saltman.<sup>1</sup>  
 Now you have all, let's go to bed;  
 I well 'y long to lay my head:  
 And John that motion made because  
 Their eyes by this time all drew straws;  
 All thank him round, Sue, Bess, and Tom,  
 And went to roost all everyone.

<sup>1</sup> A "Saltman" is a senior man as opposed to a "Freshman." A ragged gown has always been a sign of seniority. Cf. "Tyro magis sapiens, quod toga scissa magis," *Carmina Quadresimalia*, ed. by C. Este, 1723, i. 22:

"Then up we got, and out we went,  
 To see this gallant town;  
 And at the gates we met a Man  
 In a sad ragged Gown:  
 As for his sleeves, I do believe  
 They were both clean torn off;  
 And instead of a Hat, he wore a Cap;  
 'T was a Trencher covered with cloth."

"An Oxford Ramble" (eighteenth century)

"Gentlemanly Dress:—However neat you may be in other parts of your dress, with regard to your Academicals the case is just the contrary. The more tattered your gown is, and the more variegated are its colours, the more fashionable it is esteemed. A new gown is an unerring symptom of freshness": *Hints on Etiquette for the University of Oxford*, 1838.

## CHAPTER X

### CLERKS OF OXFORD IN FICTION, *CIRCA* 1700 A.D.

OXONII ENCOMIUM, 1672

We have fair Padua, Lovain, Leyden seen ;  
At Theirs, as, Oxford, at Your Lectures been :  
They Arts' Chief Maids of Honour are ;—but You,  
ARTS' QUEEN !

*Benevolus*, Anagram for (Edward) Benlowes  
(St. John's College, Camb.)

Bless'd we whom bounteous Fortune here has thrown,  
And made her various blessings all our own !  
Nor Crowns nor Globes, the Pageantry of State,  
Upon our humble easy Slumbers wait,  
Nor aught that is Ambition's lofty theme  
Disturbs our Sleep and gilds the gaudy Dream.  
Touched by no ills which vex th' unhappy Great  
We only Read the Changes of the State ;  
Triumphant Marlborough's arms at distance hear,  
And learn from Fame the rough events of war ;  
With pointed Rhymes the Gallic tyrant Pierce,  
And make the Cannon Thunder in our Verse.

See how the matchless Youth their hours improve  
And in the glorious way to knowledge move ;  
Eager for fame, prevent the rising sun  
And watch the midnight labours of the moon !  
Nor tender years their bold attempts restrain  
Who leave dull time and hasten unto Man ;  
Pure to the Soul, and Pleasing to the Eyes,  
Like Angels, Youthful, and like Angels, Wise.

THOMAS TICKELL (Queen's College), *Oxford*, 1707

**I**N the crowded years between the accession of the first, and the abdication of the second, James, England, the "Anglia plena jocis" of Elizabethan days, put away childish things; and, one by one, in

the University where "life had once run gaily as the sparkling Thames," the enchantments of Youth grew faint and died away.

Down almost to the outbreak of the Great Rebellion, Oxford breathed from her towers all the merriment of the Middle Ages. "Mirth is as necessary to health as are Food and Sleep," had been the truth revealed, centuries before, by Grosseteste to her infant mind.<sup>1</sup> "Dum sumus in mundo, vivamus corde jucundo! Care, away! care, away!" were the words inscribed in no less serious a volume than the University letter-book during the dark days of the fifteenth century, and were at once an echo of the great Clerk's maxim and a fitting preface to letters which are a compound of pathos and playfulness.<sup>2</sup> And under Elizabeth and James, the same joy of life still reigned and ruled in all classes of the community. A glad perennial youth was not yet become the exclusive possession of the Undergraduate; but through the wisdom of the Wise also, as it did in later days through the philosophy of Dr. Johnson's fellow-Collegian, Mr. Edwards, "cheerfulness was somehow always breaking in." Into the most mournful of their academical dirges over kings, warriors, and scholars, this happy breed of men admitted poems shaped into the forms of altars, pyramids, and wings; chronograms, anagrams, and acrostics, those whetstones of patience to such as practise them; puns; and many another dainty device and disport of wit. Welcoming mirth even into their most solemn assemblies, they introduced among the grave questions sanctioned for discussion at their Public Acts, others which lent themselves to humorous treatment by the disputants; while, on the same occasions, the *Terrae Filius* was permitted to burlesque academic disputations, and with Fescennine

<sup>1</sup> Dixit enim Grosseteste (fl. 1224 A.D.): "Tria sunt necessaria ad salutem temporalem; Cibus, Somnus, et Jocus": *Monumenta Franciscana*, i. 64.

<sup>2</sup> *Epistolae Academicæ*, 1421-1503 (Oxford Hist. Soc.), Introduction.

liberty to make the foibles and frailties of those in high places the subject of his merry fictions and well-contrived ironies.<sup>1</sup> Now sober as judges, now jocular as Merry-Andrews, they would seem to have required in the serious dramas of University life much the same qualities as were demanded by an Elizabethan audience in the contemporary theatre: noise, wit, comic relief, actuality, exuberance, and spontaneity. Success in the Schools was celebrated by feasting. Drinking-bouts tempered the sobriety of new-made Bachelors and Masters. At Inceptions in Grammar, an inferior degree in Arts sought usually by would-be schoolmasters, the Vice-Chancellor delivered to the candidate, instead of a book, "a palmer and a rodde"; "the Bedyll purveyed a shrewde boy"; and the incepting Master proved his qualification for future office by "beting the boy openly in the Scolys": and many another academical function might well have been styled, as were plays at the time, "a lamentable tragedy mixed full of pleasant mirth."<sup>2</sup>

No stronger testimony is there to the existence of this irrepressible vivacity than that afforded by collections of such pieces of humour as then prevailed in the University; shewing, as these do, how ready must have been the laugh, how near the surface the springs of hilarity, which required so slight an incitement to call them forth.<sup>3</sup> These Foundling Hospitals of Wit were put together in days when Doctors Merryman, Diet, and Quiet were still reckoned to be the Student's

<sup>1</sup> For "quaestiones" and "theses," see *Register of the University*, vol. ii. pt. i. 170 (Oxford Hist. Soc.): such questions occur as, "An critici e publica literaria sunt expellendi?", "An Amor sit morbus?", "An contingatsi mul amare et sapere?", "Eadem est curatio amantium et amentium," "Criticorum labor est occupatissima vanitas," "An quisquam sibi stultus videatur?", "An impudentia sit tolerabilior verecundia?"

<sup>2</sup> Hastings Rashdall, *Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages*, II. ii. 598; *Register of the University* (Oxford Hist. Soc.), ii. 8; George Peacock, *Observations on the Statutes of Cambridge*; Appendix A. XXXVI, *Book of Matthew Stokys*.

<sup>3</sup> See *Gratiae Ludentes*, by H. L., Oxon., 1628; Anthony Wood's *Modius Saitium*; William Hickes' *Oxford Jestes and Grammatical Drollery*.

best physicians; and when it was still held that there was nothing, beside the goodness of God, which promoted health so well as Mirth, especially Mirth used at supper and towards bed-time; and if the "honest jokes" preserved therein fail to please in this our so nice age, they may then have served "to unbend the mind" of some painful Clerk as he took his evening walk in the fields, or to set the company in a roar on some festival night in a College hall, when Fellows and Scholars gathered round the great central brazier, a not over-critical family party, "to take solace in songs and other reputable sports, to compare one with another, and to read and recount poems, histories, and wonders of the world." Famous personages figure in some few of these academic jests. Queen Elizabeth visits Oxford; and the gallant Mayor, as he rides through the water at her side, checks his horse when it would drink, saying, "I will teach my steed better manners than to drink before your Majesty." King James remarks of his entertainment at the Universities, that whereas Isaac Wake, the Oxford Orator and the proud possessor of an elaborate Ciceronian style, invariably sent him to sleep, the Cambridge deputy-Orator, Antony Sleep, never spoke, but he kept him awake and apt to laugh. "Thou little morsel of Justice, prithee let me alone, and be at rest!" exclaims a drunken Fellow, lying on Penniless Bench beneath Carfax Church, to a Proctor who is none other than the busy and diminutive Mr. William Laud of St. John Baptist College: "Proctor cum parvâ Laude," is the description given by hissing Undergraduates of Laud's co-Proctor, the unpopular Christopher Dale (A.D. 1603): "laudatur ab 'his,'" puns the future Martyr by way of comforting his colleague. Elsewhere, among tales of Jacobean Heads of Houses, Proctors, Doctors, and Oxford Eccentrics, long since forgotten, we read of the simple Freshman or Puny, who "wished he were a Crow, that he might fly to an Orchard, and fill his pockets with faire plummes, and come again," searched

his dictionary to find the Latin for "aqua vitae," and pronounced "Finis" to have been a great writer, because he found his name at the end of so many books; and of the Student of the second year, or "Poulderling," who swore that he once drank as good beer as ever he did in his whole life, and who, when he was rallied for wearing but one spur, retorted, that, if one side of his horse went on, it was improbable the other would stay behind. Then lived at Oxford, at any rate in fiction, the Fellow who would not have men venture into the water until they could swim, and who was of opinion that Magdalen Grove would be a better grove if the trees were cut down; the countryman who, seeing the man's skin tanned in the School of Medicine, vowed it would make good buck's leather; and the discreet Alderman who assured his Brethren that they would easily overthrow the University in a lawsuit, if by searching the ancient records they could shew Henry I to have been before Henry II. Nor must that Foundationer be forgot, who, when reprimanded by the Head of his College for wearing an extremely short gown, answered, "Good sir, have patience awhile, for it will be long enough, I warrant you, before I have another"; nor yet that Bachelor whom the Vice-Chancellor fined for wearing boots contrary to the statute, saying to him, "Your boots shall cost you ten groats"; "I thank your Worship," said the Wit; "for my shoemaker told me they should cost me ten shillings." Hard though their lot was, poor Scholars were not yet degenerated into the despised and dejected servitors of the eighteenth century. One of them, dropping a neat's tongue which he was carrying to the dinner-table, apologized with the remark that it was a mere "lapsus linguae"; another, arrested by the Proctor in the act of bringing a jug of beer into the College under his gown after nine of the clock at night, explained that he had been sent by his master to the stationer's to borrow Bellarmine's Works, and that it was that which he had under his arm;



“whence a jug with a big belly is called a Bellarmine to this day”:<sup>1</sup> to a third, begging at her coach-side, Queen Elizabeth said, “Pauper ubique jacet”; and, with a broad humour in keeping with those spacious days, came the retort,

“In thalamis hac nocte tuis, regina, jacerem,  
Si verum hoc esset, pauper ubique jacet.”

So, too, the reminiscences of his Oxford life, to be gleaned from Edmund Gayton’s *Pleasant Notes upon Don Quixote*, shew the University as being still “the simple child, that lightly draws its breath, and feels its life in every limb.”<sup>2</sup> To illustrate what strange impressions strong fancies make upon men, Gayton tells of the Scholar who was elected to the high and mighty place of Mock Emperor or Christmas Lord in a College. “The office was conferred upon him by seven mock electors with much wit and ceremony; he ascended his chair of state, which was placed upon the highest table in the hall; and, at his instalment, great pomp, reverence, and signs of homage were used by the whole company. Such an effect had this upon him, that, having a spice of self-conceit before and being soundly peppered now, he was instantly metamorphosed into the stateliest, gravest, and most commanding soul alive; his pace, his look, his voice, his garb were altered; and so close did this imaginary humour stick to his fancy, that for many years he could not shake off this one night’s assumed deportment; no, not until the time came that drove all monarchical imaginations out, not only of his

<sup>1</sup> But see *New English Dictionary*, sub “Bellarmine”: Jugs with long necks and capacious bellies were called bellarmines, because they were designed by the Protestants in the Low Countries as burlesques upon Cardinal Bellarmine. In excavations made in the quadrangle near the Sheldonian Theatre during August and September 1899, fragments of Bellarmines, pipes, and eating and drinking vessels were found in greater profusion than almost anything else: see *Buried Oxford Unearthed*, by F. H. Penny.

<sup>2</sup> *Pleasant Notes upon Don Quixote*, by Edmund Gayton (St. John’s College, 1625), London, 1654.

head, but everyone's."<sup>1</sup> Strange occasions of quarrel put the writer in mind of the two students, "one a Master, the other a Bachelor of Arts, walking in their College grove, of whom one made the supposition, 'If thou and I should haply find a purse of gold, how should we divide it?' The Master, like the lion, asked the greater share: the Bachelor said, 'Simul occupantes, aequè dividentes,' 'Equal purchase, equal share.' The Master would not forego his privilege of seniority; the Junior insisted upon his title of half. At last it grew so hot, that they fell to cuffs, and banged one another devoutly; until weary of their blows, they began to examine the ground of their falling out, and discovered it was no other than about the dividend of a purse which was never yet found." Then, "the knockings of Sancho Panza's teeth" remind this commentator upon "Don Quixote," of "a strong fancied man, a

<sup>1</sup> Many of the Colleges at Oxford were wont to elect at Christmas an officer whose function it was to preside over the festivities of the season. For an account of the reign of a Christmas Lord at St. John Baptist College in 1607, see "A True and Faithfull Relation of the Rising and Fall of Thomas Tucker, Prince of Alba Fortunata, Lord St. John's," etc., printed in *Miscellanea Antiqua Anglicana*, from the MS. of Griffin Higgs (matric. St. John's College, 1606; Dean of Lichfield, 1638). Anthony Wood, in his *Annals*, ii. 136, writes: "On the 19th of November, being the Vigil of St. Edmund, king and martyr, letters under seal were pretended to have been brought from some place beyond sea, for the election of a King of Christmas, or Misrule, sometimes called, with us of Merton College, Rex Fabarum. . . . His authority lasted till Candlemas." Peter Heylin notes in his *Diary*: "Nov. 20, 1617; Mr. Holt chosen Christmas Lord at Magdalen College, and solemnly inaugurated on the 2nd of January following; in which I represented an ambassador of the university of Vienna":—"No. 23, 1619; Mr. Stonehouse chosen Lord, and solemnly inaugurated in the Christmas holidays; in which pomp I represented the Duke of Helicon, the first peer of his principality." Thomas Warton found entries in the audit book of Trinity College of disbursements made for the entertainment of a "Princeps Natalicius" there, in 1559: see *Oxford Hist. Soc. Publications, Collectanea*, i. p. 40. Bishop Poyntet of Winchester, in a reply to a pamphlet written by Thomas Martyn (fl. 1539) against marriage of priests, writes: "They might easily perceive that in playing the Christmas Lord's minion, in New College in Oxon, in thy fool's coat, thou did'st learn thy boldness and begin to put off all shame."

Scholar and a good Trencherman, who was bidden to a feast, and some of the principal dishes to be served thereat were mentioned to him; whereupon he went into training for the coming tooth-encounter, and, on the day before the banquet, did eat but slenderly, and took methodical exercise. But oh! the mischance! no sooner was he asleep that night, than his heightened fancy presented all the catalogue of the dishes to his soul as lively as if he had been at table. And it wrought real impressions upon his body, so that he managed his hand as if he had a knife in it; and ever and anon he cried out, 'Sir, pray hand me the Spring of Pork; pray advance the Rump of Beef this way; the Chine of Bacon, oh the Chine! With your leave, Sir, the Chine; and then the first dish again!'; while in his compliments, his teeth kept minim and semibreve time so excellently, that his chamber-fellows did lie there and laugh, wonderfully pleased to see their friend so singularly contented in the same instant at bed and board. At length the Scholar waked: but he remembered nothing of his banquet; nor would he believe the auditors' relation, until by woeful experience he found his face so swelled, and his gums so battered by the repercussions of his grinders, that he was not able to stir his jaws, nor to partake of the good cheer at the feast, except it were the liquid part of it."

Such were some of the quaint old-world customs and thoughts and stories which lingered on in the University, to receive their death-blow in the Great Rebellion and the Puritan Usurpation which followed it. These were things which the Restoration was unable to restore; and they had become, most of them, mere memories, when Queen Anne ascended the throne.

This gradual failure of the zest for "joca," in which once the whole learned community had taken solace, is of interest, because it resulted from causes which were also the chief of those which converted early mediæval into late mediæval Oxford in the course of the seven-

teenth century. For, firstly, England was passing at the time from youth to manhood. As Sydney Smith of New College puts it, "our ancestors up to the Conquest were children-in-arms, chubby boys in the time of Edward I, striplings under Elizabeth, but men in the days of Queen Anne"; and the influences under which the country aged apace had nowhere greater effect than at Oxford. There Nature herself, and even Supernature, seem to have felt the shock, as an old world made way for a new. Thus, at the first approach of the Puritan, the Fairies had fled the spot; their dances ceased, and the sound of their merry tabor was heard no more:—then, as the Parliament triumphed in the war, the Bees, whose ancestors, attracted by the honeyed eloquence of Vives, had settled beneath the leads of his study in Corpus, began to decline in strength; on the murder of King Charles, as though the female sympathized with the male monarchy, they quickly came to naught:—and, later, when the utilitarian Fellows of New College heralded the Age of Reason by advancing their quadrangle a storey higher, Echo, who haunted Magdalen water-walks, and had been wont in happier days to repeat whole hexameter verses, straightway took offence, and "was never quite the same afterwards."<sup>1</sup> To descend to mere Man, it is easy to trace, in academic addresses and functions, the passage from an age of Creation to one of Criticism, from the exuberant fancifulness of Youth to the self-

<sup>1</sup> See the "Faeryes' Farewell," among the poems of Richard Corbet of Christ Church:

"Witness, those rings and roundelays  
Of theirs which yet remain,  
Were footed in Queen Marie's days  
On many a grassy plain:  
But since, of late, Elizabeth,  
And, later, James came in,  
They never danced on any heath,  
As when the time hath bin."

For the tale of the bees of Corpus, and the Magdalen Echo, see Dr. Robert Plot's *Natural History of Oxfordshire* (1677), chaps. i. and vii.

consciousness and self-analysis of Middle Life. That first fine careless rapture, with which, either as a "chorus suavis Cygnorum Isidis ad Vadum incolentum," the stripling Oxford had mourned the death of Kings and Scholars; or, as "a joyous nest of singing birds," had welcomed in every language but her own, the visits of Elizabeth and James, the betrothal of Charles, "the appearance of a shoot upon the Caroline Vine," "the blooming of a rosebud in the Caroline garden," was now lost beyond recapture. A mature University, and one which was being hailed by Dryden, Trapp, and Cibber as "the modern Athens," the Court of Appeal from London on all points of taste and learning, felt it beneath her dignity to tolerate the waggish knavery, the merry unrest, of her younger members. From her formal and unemotional addresses and poems, she banished puns, acrostics, and their kind, as being what Addison of Magdalen termed "so many antiquated forms of false wit." The *Terrae Filius* disappeared from her Public Acts; his conceits were declared to have become "pedantic and out of date"; his broad pleasantries, "unfit for ears polite." The ideal form of entertainment which the University authorities now strove to provide on those occasions is well described in *Lines addressed to my Lord Archbishop of Canterbury upon his famous erection, the Theater at Oxford* (printed for C. S., London, 1675):

To some less wary in distinguishing,  
 The bare name 'Theater' depraves the thing:  
 Thither they come, entangled in their fears  
 Of meeting Savage Objects; Panthers, Bears,  
 Wolves, Lions, Tigers! These, thus prepossest,  
 Expect some Splendid Desert; at the best  
 Africk immured! for such, they have been told,  
 Were all the Ancient 'Theaters' of old.  
 But all the Sights in this Majestick Frame  
 Are like the Spectators—Tractable and Tame:

No mingled Gladiators here intrude;  
 No Tragick, nor no Mimick Interlude;  
 But all the hours they solemnly Beguile,  
 And ne'er Excite our Sorrow nor our Smile.

Timid visitors might lay aside their fears: Oxford Lions were fast becoming very Mild Beasts. It was now more in accordance with the spirit of the time that skulls should be cracked with ponderous arguments than that spleens should be tickled with straws and feathers; and accordingly nothing was admitted henceforward to the programme at the Act of a more lively nature than florid orations, philosophical disputes, and mildly humorous Latin dialogues composed by College tutors and recited in the Theatre by their titled pupils.<sup>1</sup>

And, secondly, the social revolution, which had commenced at Oxford in the days of Overbury and Earle, and was completed in those of Steele, Addison,

<sup>1</sup> See Joseph Addison on Puns, etc., in *Spectator*, Nos. 56-62; and John Eachard on the "Terra Filius" and the Cambridge "Tripos" in *Grounds for the Contempt of the Clergy*, 1670. For examples of recitations at the Act, see "Auctio Davisiana," a Latin poem on the sale of the books of Richard Davies, an Oxford bookseller, in 1689, which was composed by George Smalridge of Christ Church, afterwards Bishop of Bristol (a translation appears in *Booklore*), and also "Jus Pilei Oxoniensis," recited at the Public Act about 1696, and included in *Musarum Anglican. Analecta*, ii. 89.

See *The Oxford Act*, London, 1693:

"Now the full-buttoned Youth appear,  
 And squeakings fill the Theatre:  
 Their parts well-conned say over prettily,  
 Nay, humour all things wondrous wittily:  
 The prettiest littlest harmless Baubles,  
 Young unfledged Lords and callow Nobles;  
 The Ladies might, nor would they scare 'em,  
 For Nosegays in their Bosoms wear 'em.  
 Bought Wit is best; and, it has been said for it,  
 It must be theirs who fairly paid for it.  
 One sings, though in Heroicks oddly,  
 A Catalogue of the New Bodley;  
 While from another you may hear  
 Our swingeing the French Fleet last year."

and Amherst, accounted for the discontinuance of many an ancient social function; for, in its course, many new elements were introduced into academical society which failed to combine freely with the old; and, under their influence, the College family circle with its homely joys gradually broke up, and fell apart into its component particles. Thus, when the strong hand of Elizabeth no longer restrained them, married Heads of Houses straightway brought their wives and children within the precincts; and "womankind, which," as the mediævally-minded Wood remarks, "was beforetime looked upon, if resident in colleges, as an abomination thereunto," now first, for good or for ill, established her footing in Oxford. As the prudent Queen had foreseen, these newcomers "were not content to live as the companions of learned and exemplary men ought to do, and, like sad and discreet matrons, to bestow their time in devout and godly exercises. They intruded and pressed themselves into academical affairs; and took and called their colleges as their own, as 'their lodgings,' 'their gates,' 'their gardens,' 'their porters,' 'their tenants,' etc." The old-fashioned celibate Fellow was soon shocked by the issue of such a work as *The Countesse of Lincolne's Nurserie*, a treatise on infant-nurture, from the University Press (1622)—that Press which, on its restoration in 1585, had proudly boasted, "Non nugae, non aniles fabulae, hic excudentur: ea solum ex his praelis in lucem venient quae sapientum calculis approbentur et Sybillae foliis sint veriora":<sup>1</sup> he was disgusted by the debate at the Public Act of such questions as "An uxor perversa asperitate, potius quam humanitate, sanetur," and "An liceat marito verberare uxorem?", problems which every married man should thrash out for himself in the privacy of his own domestic forum: and, as "places of Students become troubled by Babes, and buildings, reared to keep societies of men engaged in prayer and study,

<sup>1</sup> *Early Oxford Press* (Oxford Hist. Soc. Publications), pp. 15, 117.

were quickly appropriated by nurses and children," he sadly realized that a new influence had converted the Father of his College into a mere Paterfamilias, and had destroyed the old intimacy, founded on a common life and common interests, which once had existed between the Head and the other Members of the Collegiate Body. A second disintegrating force came into play when youths of the wealthier classes began to resort to the University; for Gentleman-Commoners were "apt to think that when they left school, they should manage themselves," and consequently proved far less patient of discipline than were Foundationers. As Stephen Penton of St. Edmund Hall wrote in his *Guardian's Instruction* (1688), "a boy, when he is plumed up with a new suit, fancies himself a fine thing; and because he has a penny commons more than the rest, thinks he ought therefore to be abated a penny-worth of learning, wisdom, and virtue": and the honest Tutor, who is not content to be "a mere Jack-mate and hail-fellow-well-met" with such a pupil, but attempts "to promote his towardliness and proficiency, and to discipline him into good manners, politics, and religion," prepares for himself "a life of infinite care and anxiety." It is clear, indeed, that even if Baker and Miller, in their Comedies, have exaggerated the antagonism that existed between Men of the class of Cormorant Calf of Bâ-lial College, Gentleman-Commoner, Mr. Soakwell of Magdalen, and Beau Trifle of Christ Church, and Fellows of the type of Haughty and Conundrum and Doctors Paunch, Codshead, Ginnipig, and Belcher, a gulf was nevertheless opening between Governors and Governed in the University; and that the evolution of the relations which exist between the modern Don and the modern Undergraduate was already accomplished.<sup>1</sup> And while Seniors and Juniors were thus drifting apart, the old equal comradeship no longer existed among the

<sup>1</sup> See Thomas Baker, *An Act at Oxford*, 1704, and James Miller (Wadham College), *The Humours of Oxford*, 1730.



latter as a body; for Gentleman-Commoners, Scholars, Battelers, and Servitors formed separate groups, distinguished, one from the other, not merely by nice distinctions in cap and gown, but by more marked diversities of taste and social position. "Low" was the epithet used by "bucks of the first head," with their claret and arrack-punch, to describe the sprightly youths who drank ale, smoked tobacco, and sang Bacchanalian songs: "slow" was that applied by the latter to sober students who passed the evening over Greek and the water-bottle. Steele's "Man of Fire" or "Slicer" loved to stand at a coffee-house door, and sneer at passers-by less foppish than he. "Demme, Jack; there goes a prig! Let's blow the puppy up!" Amherst's "Smart" would say to some boon-companion; and forthwith "they would stare in the face of some plain man who did not cut so bold a dash as they did, would turn him from the wall and raise a horse-laugh to put him out of countenance." In short, a strict code of etiquette, great part of which survived till comparatively recent times, now impeded familiar intercourse between the various sets of men which made up the Undergraduate world. The original "Clerk of Oxenford" rode all day without speaking a word to his fellow-pilgrims, because he was meditating upon some "sophyme." Not so the four very gentlemanly Oxonians, who in the eighteenth century travelled inside the coach from Oxford to Birmingham without exchanging a single remark on the way. They were silent because they had not been formally introduced to one another; and when, at the conclusion of the journey, one of them had his toes accidentally trodden upon, and, in the agony of the moment, ejaculated "Dem!" he was held to have committed a deplorable breach of good manners.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For traces of the survival of this Code of Manners, see the remarks of a commentator on this tale, in *Hints on Etiquette for the University of Oxford* (1838): "If a man speak to another before he has been

And beside causing a break-up of the College family circle, the social revolution brought about a change in the system of residence at Oxford; and from this resulted the decay of many a festive observance. The University was no longer a home to the Oxonian, as she had been in the days when, after he had once been brought up as a mere child to some grammar-school, his residence in the University city had been an unbroken one for years, and perhaps for life. Now he would make his first appearance there, as one of "those massy fellows from the great Schools," "Maypole Freshmen, that were tall cedars before they came to be planted in the Academian Garden; who were fed with the papp of Aristotle at twenty years of age, and sucked at the duggs of their mother, the University, though they were high Colossus's and youths rampant."<sup>1</sup> Nor was residence continuous as of old; for Vacations, which had once meant merely a respite from University Exercises, were now being developed in the modern sense of the word. "The Long," indeed, was already in 1570 a regular institution;<sup>2</sup> but, towards the close

introduced, he violates one of the first rules of Oxford etiquette. In the company of strangers, a man may whistle; he may behave as if there was no one in the room but himself; but let him not speak, except to his dog, or, if he be at an inn, to the waiter," etc. See too the "Hard Case" in *Ye Round Table*, an Oxford periodical (1878): "A., an undergraduate unprovided with academicals, is accosted by B., a Proctor, who requests him to call at his rooms the following morning. A. has never been introduced to B. What should A. do?"

Certain events, again, justify a man in holding no further intercourse with a former acquaintance. Thus "you may cut a friend," says the *New Art, teaching how to be Plucked*, a work attributed to Edward Caswell (B.N.C., 1835), "because he wears a white hat in winter; because he has taken to reading; because he would not go to Abingdon with you in a tandem; because he has taken to wearing his cap and gown; because his wine is bad; because his rooms are up three flights of stairs; because another man says he is an ass; because his hat is narrow-brimmed; because it is a bore to nod; because his dog hurt yours," etc.

<sup>1</sup> Anthony Wood's speech as a freshman, *Wood's Life and Times* (Oxford Hist. Soc.), i. 140; *Dialogue on Education*, by Lord Clarendon (1670), Clarendon Tracts.

<sup>2</sup> For the development of the Long Vacation from its origin in the

of the seventeenth century, the Gentleman-Commoner is found to be indulging in other and frequent intervals of absence from Oxford.<sup>1</sup> Then Colleges gradually relaxed the rigour of Statutes which permitted those on their foundations but a few days' absence in the course of the year; travelling became more rapid;<sup>2</sup> and eventually "the City seated rich in everything, girt with wood and water, pasture, corn, and hill," was as a desert at both the most genial and the most jovial seasons of the year. It became, in fact, more difficult for the ardent Scholar to obtain permission to stay in the University after the end of term than it had once been for the idle Scholar to obtain leave of absence, for the authorities made it clear by every means in their power that his

occasional removal of a College, commencing in the fifteenth century, from Oxford to some neighbouring village, on account of plague, scarcity of provisions, or insanitary state of the town, see *Register of Magdalen College*, New Series (W. D. Macray), vol. ii. Preface.

<sup>1</sup> See Stephen Penton, *The Guardian's Instruction or the Gentleman's Romance*, 1688: "It is a common and very great inconvenience, that, soon after a young gentleman is settled and but beginning to begin to study, we have a tedious ill-spell'd letter from a dear sister who languishes and longs to see him; and this, together with rising to prayers at six o'clock in the morning, softens the lazy youth into a fond desire of seeing her too. Then, all on a sudden, up posts the liveryman with the led horse, enquires for the College where the young squire lives, finds my young master with his boots and spurs on beforehand . . . and the next news of him is at home. Within a day or two he is invited to a hunting-match; and the sickly youth who was scarce able to rise to prayers, can now rise at four of the clock to a fox-chase." "Peregrine Pickle (1751) kept his own horses, attended all the races within fifty miles of Oxford, and made frequent visits to London, where he used to lie incognito during the best part of many a term."

<sup>2</sup> In Bracton's time, *circa* 1250, it was held to be an impossibility to travel from Oxford to London in one day: see *Select Passages from the Works of Bracton and Azo* (Selden Soc. Publications), Introd. p. xxii and p. 149: "De Actionibus"—"Ut si dicas, existens Oxoniae, 'Hodie Londoniae dare spondes?', talis stipulatio erit inutilis, nisi tempus adjicitur quo fieri possit id quod deducitur in stipulationem; quia omnino impossibile erit."

Anthony Wood, on April 26, 1669, makes the following entry in his Diary: "Monday was the first day that the flying coach went from Oxon to London in one day. A. W. went in the same coach, having a boot at each side."

presence in the vacant seat of learning was no longer desirable. "I cannot prevent you from remaining in College during the Long Vacation, if you insist upon it," said an eighteenth-century Dean to the younger Fellows and the Demies of Magdalen; "but I give you fair warning that you must attend Chapel twice a day, and, as I shall order dinner myself, you must not be surprised if your commons are somewhat shorter than you may like. There are some devils that can only be cast out by prayer and fasting, and I consider you to be of that sort."<sup>1</sup>

Oxford Society, then, at the close of the seventeenth

<sup>1</sup> Story told by Dr. John Shaw (Demy, Magdalen College, 1764) to Dr. Routh: see manuscript note at the end of Anthony Wood's *Modius Salius* in British Museum. Cf. *The Oxford Magazine* (1768), i. 140, "Admonition" by Dr. Sharpe, Principal of Hertford College, dated June 27, 1757: "Notice is hereby given that the buttery and kitchen will be put out as usual on Saturday, July 16, being the last day of term; by which time the several members of this House are desired to repair to their respective homes, that the tutors and officers of the College may be at liberty to go where their engagements and amusements call them." The admonition was burlesqued by the wits of the time:

"Noverint omnes per praesentes,  
 Quotquot in Coll. Hertford sunt studentes,  
 Quod termino mox exituro,  
 Viz. mense Julii prox. futuro,  
 Nil erit istic quod voretur,  
 Ipsa culina extinguetur;  
 Quin ut omnino vacet domus,  
 Cum coquo exulabit promus;  
 Discedant omnes, (inquam, sex);\*  
 Haec Consuetudo, haec est Lex:  
 Ad suos se recipiant ruri,  
 Quod ventri sat est, inventuri,  
 Tunc Principalis, tunc Tutores,  
 Quisque secundum suos mores,  
 Habebunt tempus otiandi,  
 Et quo fert animus, vagandi.  
 Illi, quo vadent de futuro,  
 Nec novi sane, neque curo.  
 Ipse de me jam sabulosum  
 Ad Vadum tendam Arenosum."\*

\* The College consisted of but eight Members.

\* *i.e.* Sandford, where the Doctor was courting a lady.

For the discomfort of life at University College during the Christmas and Easter vacations (1810), see *Life of Shelley*, by T. J. Hogg.

century, in respect of its constitution, its divisions, and its mode of life, had already reached the state, in which it was destined to remain, practically unchanged, until the date which has been set as a limit to this work. The ancient simplicity of life was gone:—Anthony Wood noted in his old age the change of tone and taste which had come over the place since his youth, in the words, “Scholars now aim to live, not, as Students ought to do, temperate grave and plain in apparell; but, as Gentlemen, to keep horses and dogs, to turn coalholes and studies into receptacles for bottles, to swash it out in dress, and to wear long periwigs”; and to live, not so much as a Student as a Gentleman, was the aim alike of the “Queen Anne” Undergraduate and of his Georgian and early-Victorian successors. And the Fiction of that period of 150 years, whether when dealing with the vices or with the virtues of Oxford life, tells the same tale. The “poor Scholar” is no longer the favourite hero of academical romance, but gives precedence to the “Young Gentleman at the University.” Thus the captious Novelist loves to dwell upon the temptations to extravagance, dissipation, and evil companionship which beset “the easy-natured inexperienced undergraduate of quality” in the course of his career; and the guileless youth is shewn “surrounded by those undesirable attendants who seem necessarily to form part of the equipage of wealth and position.” If, for a moment, the townsmen, in Robert Burton’s *Philosophaster*, viewed the first coming of well-to-do and high-spirited gownsmen with some apprehension, they quickly recovered themselves, and recognized that there was a bright side to the picture:

“Oderint; irrideant;

Contemnant; cornutos vocent; deteriores non sumus.

Me vocent nasutum, rubicundum, sordidum,

Et vocent usque, dum me vocent divitem,”

exclaimed Rubicundus;

"Solvant, inquam, solvant! Quod reliquum est, eat!" cried the philosophical Sordidus;

"Quando vos vultis, idem et mihi placet,"

acquiesced the more timid Cornutus; and the three worthies settled down to prey upon the careless newcomers. Earle's "University Dun," and Saltonstall's "Townsmen who sticks like a burr to freshmen's gowns, and strives to lure the pliantness of youth to all ill actions," became regular institutions;<sup>1</sup> and as the academical cap and band developed into the modern square-cap and tassel, so the youth who in Earle's time "was notorious for an angle to gold hat-bands," developed into the scientific tuft-hunter of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries;—rules for the conduct of his sport appeared in the *Lounger*, an eighteenth-century periodical;<sup>2</sup> in the year 1820, the well-known song-

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the Speech to Convocation of R. Bathurst, Vice-Chancellor, upon the sporting barbers of Oxford, printed in his *Life*, by Thomas Warton: "Ipsi otio abundantes, aliorum nequitii et voluptatibus subministrant. Pisces, aves, lepores sectantur; immo quod animal est prae coeteris omnibus fraudi opportunum, etiam novitios scholares in laqueos suos pellicunt; imberbium ora, si non smegmate, certe fucis oblinunt, et quibus genas non possunt, marsupia saltem expilant," etc.

<sup>2</sup> "This form of sport, so little known outside the precincts of the University," writes a master of the craft in that periodical, "has the advantage over fox-hunting, in that it can be pursued all the year round, and is not liable to be interrupted by frost: moreover, far from being an expensive amusement, it is frequently found to be extremely profitable to its followers. . . . With regard to the best places to find in, it may be observed that Livery Stables and Billiard Rooms in the forenoon, and Port Meadow and the High Street of an evening, are usually esteemed the best lodging for game of this kind. It may, however, be sometimes necessary to try their own rooms; but it has been observed that those 'tufts' who take much to laying in such places, are of a cowardly nature, and seldom shew good sport. As to the method of hunting them, you are not only to press them very hard at first, and to keep as close to them as possible afterwards; but you must be careful never to head them or turn them back, for the 'tuft,' though a simple animal, is at times a very obstinate one too; and any endeavour to make him go the way he does not choose to go, may be fatal to your sport, it being well-known that a 'tuft' when once suffered to get away from you, is scarcely ever recovered again. In conclusion, as the beaver when closely pressed by

writer, T. H. Bayly of St. Mary Hall, published his popular ballad, "The Man with the Tuft,"

"I ever at College  
From Commoners shrank,  
Still craving the knowledge  
Of Persons of Rank," etc.;

while, in 1848, Theodore A. W. Buckley, the brilliant Scholar of Christ Church, produced his monumental work, *The Natural History of Toadies, and "Tuft"-hunters*. Turning to the brighter side of Oxford life, we find that, in Anne's reign, Clubs were already in existence, nay more, flourished in almost the same number and infinite variety as they do now:—philosophical, literary, political; and others of a nondescript character, such as those which are burlesqued in the *Spectator*,—the "Witty," "Nonsense," and "Punning" Clubs, the "Banterers," the "Dull Men," the "Handsome Club," and that merry species, which seeming to have come into the world in masquerade, associated themselves together under the name of the "Ugly Club."<sup>1</sup>

hunters, has been known to leave behind him that part of his body for which he knows he is pursued, and thus, by sacrificing a part, save the rest, so the creatures we have been describing, are often obliged to make valuable deposits for the benefit of their pursuers, particularly when driven into taverns and coffee-houses, whence there would be otherwise no escape: indeed, I am informed that Commissions in the Army and Presentations to Livings have been dropped by 'tufts' when properly hunted, and which have never failed to free them from further persecution. And that such may be the good fortune of all my readers who are fond of this amusement, is my most earnest wish."

<sup>1</sup> For an example of "bantering," see "A bantering, adverbial declamation written by Mr. Thomas Brown of Christ Church upon a pair of bellows at Mother Warner's in Oxford, for the use of Mr. Alfred Carpenter," *Thomas Brown's Works*. As to punning, the art would seem to have survived the persecution of the higher critics, such as Addison. About the year 1722, what has been pronounced by Lamb to be the best pun in the language, was perpetrated at Oxford:—"A scholar, passing through a street, made to a fellow who had a hare swinging on a stick over his shoulder, and accosted him as follows: 'Prithee, friend, is that thy own hare or is it a periwig?'" (*Prose Miscellanies*, by Swift and Sheridan; and Charles Lamb, *Elia*).

No doubt successors could be found at the present day to the brilliant figures who move in the periodicals of the early eighteenth century:—to Valentine Frippery, for instance, “the pride of the dancing school, with an easy slide in his bow and a graceful manner of entering a room,” Jack Flutter “in his stiff silk gown, flaxen tie-wig, broad bully-cocked hat, white stockings, and thin Spanish-leather shoes,” and Robin Tattle, “that handy man at a tea-table”; to the Scholar-Nimrod, whose studies were confined to treatises on the Chace and Farriery; and to the “Dashing Men,” “Slicers,” and “Men of Fire,” prolific parents of a hundred “Jerry Bucks,” “Peregrine Pickles,” and “Bob Logics.” The Lounger and the Loiterer are not yet extinct. “Dapperwit” still writes “sonnets to his lady’s thimble-case”: when the “high midsummer pomps” come on, and crowded trains draw up in the Great Western Station, his heart beats at the sight of a pretty face as wildly now as ever it did in some long-past June, when all the vehicles in England, from the Coach-and-Six or Landau with two postillions down to the One-horse Chaise and sober Sulky, whirled passengers up to the Oxford Act, and he saw white fustian riding-habits and satin waistcoats make their entry at the East Gate, and Dunstable Bonnets mix with Square Caps, and Gown and Petticoat go by the side of Gown and Cassock. Nor, though two hundred years have flown since John Dry of St. John Baptist College sang the “Nymphs who graced Oxonian Plains,” and the “Sighers’ Club” laid aside canes and snuff-boxes, to toy with ribands, broken fans, and girdles, in memory of their loves, has time yet silenced those strains or stilled those passions. Beauty still reigns over all, from Headington to Hinksey: *Spirat adhuc Amor; spirantque commissi calores Isiaci fidibus canori!*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For poems of the time addressed to the “Toasts” of Oxford, see John Dry’s *Merton Walks, or the Oxford Beauties* (1717); Nicholas Amherst’s *Strephon’s Revenge, a Satire on the Oxford Toasts* (1720), and his *Oculus*



It now remains to consider briefly what effect was produced upon the typical Oxford Clerk by the changes wrought in academical society during the seventeenth century; for the mention of such common denominators of Youth throughout the world, as are the tastes for love and dress, sport and society, would be irrelevant in a work, the proper object of which is an examination of those endowments which are so peculiarly his own as to entitle the Clerk of Oxford to a distinct Kingdom of Nature, had not the increasing prevalence of such tastes in the University at this time wrought a noticeable change in him, and led him to develop what had been till then a comparatively neglected side of his character. He may have read and marked that *Dialogue on Education* (1670), in which Lord Clarendon, but lately her Chancellor, urged Oxford to promote the growth of social and manly, as well as of intellectual, accomplishments; to encourage the acting of both English and Latin plays, as being the most natural way to introduce assurance and grace of speaking; and not only to permit Schools for Dancing, Fencing, Riding and the like Exercises, but to countenance them with suitable Structures and endowed Professorships. Or,

*Britanniae* (1724); George Woodward's *Oxford Beauties* (1730); and *Alma Mater*, a satirical poem by a Gentleman of New Inn Hall (1733). Some of these effusions are unpleasant, and all of them are long. Shorter and sweeter are the "Verses on Miss Brickenden's going to Nuneham by water," to be found in the *Oxford Sausage*; and the following "Acrostic Lines on Miss Betty Tracy's being chosen Lady Patroness for the year 1737 of the High Borlace" (An Oxford Tory Club):

"B-y Wisdom, Virtue, and by Beauty sway'd,  
 E-rst the Borlaceans chose a favourite Maid,  
 T-hree Goddesses to please, th' Electors strove,  
 'T-was Pallas, Dian, and the Queen of Love;  
 Y-et never did they all the choice approve.  
 T-his union, sought in vain for ages past,  
 R-esistless Tracy has compelled at last,  
 A-greed the jarring Deities appear;  
 C-onsenting now, they with one voice declare  
 Y-e've chose a Patroness Wise, Chaste, and Fair."

Ballard MS. 47, f. 74

again, he may have listened to the advice which Steele of Merton gave in the *Guardian*, No. 94 (1713), that the poor Scholar, instead of dividing his day between the study and the alehouse, "a morning bookworm, an afternoon maltworm," should devote some moments of his leisure to the acquisition of "such elements of good breeding and of such little necessary foppery, as would shorten his way to preferment and better fortune." However this may have been, it is clear that, while the old shy and shabby type of reading-man still continued to abound, there was now springing up by his side a race of Scholars who sought to bring themselves into closer harmony with the changed conditions of their environment. Thus the modern view with regard to what is known as "talking shop" was now beginning to prevail. In Jacobean days it had been "all the fashion with the merry and facete, to interlard their common discourse with quotations from the poets and sentences from classic authors," but "now," writes Anthony Wood in his old age, "one that discourseth scholarlike, viz: by quoting the Fathers, disputing theologically at meals, or producing a verse suitable to the occasion, is accounted pedantical and paedagogical. Nothing but news and affairs of Christendom is discussed; and that generally in coffee-houses." Thomas Warton, writing a little later, in his *Companion to the Guide*, throws further light upon the way of life and manner of conversation which were now in vogue among the learned. "Learning," he says, "is no longer a dry pursuit, for all species of reading can be perused over appropriate liquors. In our coffee-houses we study amorous tales over arrack-punch and jellies, insipid odes over orgeat and capillaire, politics over coffee, and defences of bad generals over whipt syllabubs." Then, too, Philosophy was now at last realizing that, if it was not to become dronish, useless, and directly opposite to the real Knowledge and Practice of the World and Mankind, it must no longer sever itself from the more

sprightly Arts and Sciences:—as Warton puts it, “the Scholar is now discovering the Schools of the University to be more numerous than he has hitherto supposed. Henceforward he must reckon among them spacious Edifices, vulgarly called Tennis Courts, where Exercises are regularly performed morning and afternoon; Billiard Tables, where the Laws of Motion are exemplified; and Nine-pins and Skittle Alleys, designed for the instruction of Youth in Geometrical Knowledge, and particularly for proving the Centripetal Principle. Peripatetics begin to execute the Courses proper to their system on the Parade. Navigation is studied on the Isis; Gunnery on the adjacent hills; Horsemanship in Port Meadow and on Bullington Green, and the Henley, Wycombe, Abingdon, and Banbury Roads. The Axis in Peritrochio is admirably illustrated by a Scheme in a Phaeton; and the Doctrine of the Screw demonstrated most evenings in private rooms, together with the Motion of Fluids.” In short, there are signs that the sedentary Scholar was beginning to turn his attention to the pursuit of active sports and of social accomplishments. And it is this combination in his person of the Student with the embryo Athlete and the embryo Man-of-the-World, which makes the Clerk of this period so valuable and indispensable a link in the chain of Fiction. As the Pageant of sequent Clerks passes before the reader’s eyes, this one “holds a glass, Which shews him many more; and some he sees, Who two-fold” ‘Firsts’ “and treble” ‘Blues’ do bear; this one gives a hand to Chaucer’s Pilgrim Clerk on the one side, and, on the other, to those Admirable Crichtons of our own day, who have proved that he who runs may also read, and that it is but a step from the bank of the eight-oar to the Bench of Justice.

Now it was that the Clerk essayed his first short flights in Society circles; and numerous contemporary records shew how novel and remarkable appeared the fledgeling’s attempts to support himself in a strange

element. A Scheme to Town has taken the place of a Pilgrimage to Canterbury. London is already fast becoming a suburb of Oxford; and to London the Clerk goes down, once or twice a year, with his quarter-age in his pocket; and there he indulges in a round of diversions, until, his finances exhausted, he is obliged to return to small beer and half-penny commons again. His preparation for the journey and his feats of horsemanship are still celebrated in prose and verse as they were in the days of Overbury and Earle:

From hence a Hat-band borrowed, thence a Hat,  
 From one a Riband, t'other a Cravat;  
 That both Boots Fellows were, I dare not say,  
 But yet our rusty Spurs less kin than they.  
 One friend a mouldy Scabbard did afford,  
 Another kindly lent a broken Sword;  
 To both at last an Aged Belt we got,  
 And, after all, with much ado, a Coat.  
 Never did Carrier's beast upon his back  
 Carry so many parcels in his pack.

... ..

But up we got, patched up from Head to Collar;  
 Nine Tailors make a Man, nine Men a Schollar.  
 Speedier by far than thought, our Coursers flee;  
 Shotover Hill is the first place we see;  
 Here when we would alight, and lead the way,  
 No compliments would make our coursers stay:  
 A dart was once Shot over; but we flew,  
 As if we now had been Shot over too.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Poems upon several occasions, Iter Orientale*, by Jeremiah Wells (St. John's College), 1666. Cf. *Carmina Quadresimalia ab Aedis Christi alumnis composita*, ed. by C. Este, 1723:

*An omne Corpus componatur? Aff.*

Dum Granta migrare paras, patria arva patremque  
 Visurus, laceram pōnis, alumne, togam.  
 Mox circum volitans notum ignotumque lacessis,  
 Instrumenta equiti quaelibet apta petens.  
 Sufficit hic ense longam, latum ille galerum;  
 De latere alterius cingula rapta geris.

The Scholar's attempts to throw off the habits and manner of the Academic, and assume the dress and bearing of a Man of the Town, meet with varying success. Banter, the pseudo-Oxonian in George Farquhar's play, *Sir Harry Wildair* (1701), boasts that "though he has been sucking Alma Mater these seven years, and in defiance to legs of mutton, small beer, crabbed books, and sour-faced doctors, he can dance a minuet, court a mistress, play at picquet, or make a paroli with any Wildair in Christendom." He declines to fight a duel with Fireball, the sea-captain, "because, as an Oxonian, he has a right to be very impertinent"; and when Colonel Standard declares him to be "the most impudent young dog he ever met with," he answers that he is "a Master of Arts" and pleads "the privilege of his standing." In short, in spite of the University, he is a pretty gentleman. On the other hand, Jack Lizard is mightily embarrassed with an immoderately long sword, which bangs against his calf and jars upon his right heel as he walks, and comes rattling behind him as he runs down stairs, while its appearance suggests to his sister Annabella the idea that he must have stolen it from the College kitchen.<sup>1</sup> "How is my Manner? my Mien? Do I move freely?" asks young Bookwit of his friend Bob Latine, in Steele's comedy *The Lying Lover* (1704). "Have I kicked off the trammels of the Gown, or does the Tail on't seem still tuck't under my arm, where my hat is, with a pert Jerk forward, and a little Hitch in my Gate like a Scholastick Beau? This wig, I fear, looks like a Cap. My Sword, does it hang careless? Do I look bold, negligent, and erect; that is, do I look as if I could kill a man without being out of

Est qui dissimiles ocreas tibi commodat; uni  
 Hic properat calcar suppeditare pedi.  
 Hic tibi cum modico proebet femoralia nummo;  
 Collectam in nodum commodat ille comam.  
 Sic compostus ovas pavone superior; at mox  
 Cum Grantae repetas moenia, corvus eris.

<sup>1</sup> *The Guardian*, No. 143 (1713).

Humour? I horridly mistrust myself. I fancy people see I understand Greek. Don't I pore a little in my Visage? Ha'n't I a down bookish Lour, a wise Sadness? I don't look gay enough and unthinking." Latine—"I protest you wrong yourself. You look very brisk and ignorant." Bookwit—"Oh fie! I am afraid you flatter me." The youth, in fact, who, two days before, was in hanging sleeves at Oxford, becomes a jaunty Town Spark in a moment, and uses the advantages of a learned education and a ready fancy, in making love, personating the character of a soldier, fighting imaginary battles, and treating ladies.

In every case, however, the Clerk is eventually found out. He is merely acting a part; and no one can long continue masked in a counterfeit behaviour, nor can any man, as Plutarch says, so change himself, but that his heart may be sometime seen at his tongue's end. Sooner or later, "the natural manner of the Academic, which has in it something very characteristic and different from the Town-bred Coxcomb's, discovers him to the slightest observer." His speech betrays him; for "the University has given a very particular turn to his conversation," and "he speaks in a tone elevated with the dignity of academical declamation." "Though the ambition of petty accomplishments has found its way into the receptacles of learning, he has not realised that to trifle agreeably is a secret which the Schools cannot impart; and when his intention is perhaps merely to entertain and instruct his hearers, he is paradoxical and particular in his notions, formal in his phraseology, and unable to accommodate himself with readiness to the accidental current of conversation." Such are a few of the criticisms passed upon "the harmless Collegiate" by the *Guardians*, *Babblers*, *Connoisseurs*, and *Ramblers* of the eighteenth century; and it will be noticed that they are but echoes of that passed by mine Host of the Tabard Inn upon the

Pilgrim Oxonian, some three hundred years before.<sup>1</sup> Of their justice, the reader can judge from the examples given in the *Guardian* and the *Babbler* of the Clerk's table-talk. "At supper, the first night after his arrival from the University, Jack Lizard told us, upon the appearance of a dish of wild-fowl, that, according to the opinion of some natural philosophers, they might be lately come from the moon. Upon which the Sparkler bursting out into a laugh, he insulted her with several questions relating to the bigness and distance of the moon and stars; and after every interrogatory, would be winking upon me, and smiling at his sister's ignorance. Jack gained his point; for his mother was pleased, and all the servants stared at the learning of their young master. Jack was so encouraged with this success, that for the first week he dealt wholly in paradoxes. It was a common jest with him to pinch one of his sister's lapdogs, and afterwards prove he could not feel it. When the girls were sorting a set of knots, he would demonstrate to them that all the ribbons were of the same colour, 'or rather,' says Jack, 'of no colour at all.' My Lady Lizard herself, though she was not a little pleased with her son's improvements, was one day almost angry with him; for having accidentally burnt her finger as she was lighting the lamp for her tea-pot, in the midst of her anguish Jack laid hold of the opportunity to instruct her that there was no such thing as heat in fire. In short, no day passed over our heads, in which Jack did not imagine he made the whole family wiser than they were before."

*The Babbler*, No. 77, records the hard case of Tom Welbank, the young Oxford Daniel who was thrown to the London Lions. It must have been about the year 1738, when Tom came down from the University, and lodged at an uncle's near the Haymarket. "Now this

<sup>1</sup> *The Connoisseur*, No. xi; *The Babbler*, No. 77; *The Guardian*, No. 24; *The Rambler*, Nos. 157, 179.

uncle lived in a very genteel manner, and frequently saw the best company; and conceiving from Oxford reports a very high opinion of his nephew, he made a party on purpose to display the talents of the boy, who was previously advised to exert himself on the occasion. The company consisted of two noblemen in the Ministry, an eminent divine, a celebrated physician, a dramatic writer of reputation, the late Mr. Pope, and Lady Mary Wortley Montague. The time after dinner was passed in one of those unmeaning random sorts of conversation, with which people generally fill up the tedious interval to an entertainment; but after the cloth was taken away, poor Tom was singled out by Lady Mary, who asked him, with the elegant intrepidity of distinction, if he did not think London a much finer place than Oxford. Tom replied, that, if her ladyship meant the difference in size or magnificence of building, there could be no possibility of a comparison; but if she confined herself to the fund of knowledge which was to be acquired at either of the places, the advantage lay entirely in favour of Oxford. This reply he delivered in a tone confident enough, but rather elevated with the dignity of academical declamation; however, it would have passed tolerably, had he not endeavoured to blaze out all at once with one of those common-place eulogiums on classical literature, which we are so apt to meet with in a mere scholar quite raw from an university. In this harangue upon the benefits of education, he ran back to all the celebrated authorities of antiquity, as if the company required any proof of that nature to support the justice of the argument; and did not conclude without repeated quotations from the Greek and Latin writers, which he recited with an air of visible satisfaction. Lady Mary could not forbear a smile at his earnestness; and turning to Mr. Pope, 'I think, Sir,' says she in a half-suppressed whisper, 'Mr. Welbank is a pretty scholar, but he seems a little unacquainted with the world.' Tom, who overheard



this whisper, was about to make some answer, when Mr. Pope asked him if there were any new poetical geniuses rising at Oxford. Tom upon this seemed to gain new spirits, and mentioned Dick Townly who had wrote an epigram on Chloe, Ned Frodsham who had published an ode to Spring, and Henry Knowles who had actually inserted a smart copy of verses on his bed-maker's sister in one of the weekly chronicles. Mr. Pope wheeled about with a significant look to Lady Mary, and returned the whisper by saying, 'I think indeed, Madam, that Mr. Welbank does not know a great deal of the world.' One of the statesmen, seeing Tom rather disconcerted, kindly attempted to relieve him by expressing a surprise, that so many learned men as composed the University of Oxford, should seem so disaffected to the Government. He observed it was strange that learning should ever lean to the side of tyranny; and hinted that they could never fall into so gross an error, if, instead of poring over the works of the antients, they now and then took a cursory dip into the history of England. There was a justice in the remark, which poor Tom, being unable to answer, was at a considerable loss to withstand: however, thinking himself obliged to say something, he ran out in praise of all the antient histories, and concluded with a compliment to the good sense of the University in giving them so proper a preference to the flimsy productions of the moderns. The nobleman turned away in disgust; and it was the general opinion of the table that Tom would make a pretty fellow when he knew a little more of the world."

A century had passed away since Overbury and Earle had drawn their sketches of the Scholar, and since Henry Blount had advised him, on entering the world, "to unlearn somewhat the learning he had got at the University; as a man who is buttoned or laced too hard, must unbutton himself before he can be at ease." In the course of that century a transformation had been

wrought in almost every aspect of academical life: so complete, indeed, had it been at one moment, that her loyal sons had been unable for the time "to find Oxford in Oxford City."<sup>1</sup> But social revolutions, wars, and religious persecutions had failed to change the nature and property of the Oxford Clerk; and now, after the storms of the seventeenth century, he repaired his drooping head; his "style" was as "high" as it had ever been; his "speech still beat upon the University"; and he still drew his decisions upon modern problems from the ancient classics. His passion was still to instruct, rather than to amuse, his audience: like his ancestor of Chaucer's day, "he would gladly teach," "producing from his treasure-house things both old and new." And the verdict passed upon him by the world was still the same. To his detractors he was no other than "an intelligible Ass"; to his admirers, "sound metal, but unscoured, who, were he brushed over with good company, would outweigh the courtier as gold doth gold tissue."

<sup>1</sup> See Chapter VIII. above, *Rustica Acad. Oxon. Descriptio*, last verse.

## CHAPTER XI

### POLITICAL PERSECUTION (1714—1760)

#### SELECT VIEWS OF OXFORD

“VIRTUTE SE INVOLVIT”

#### I. ACADEMICAL VIEWS

“I had brought to Oxford the ideal of a College—a place for the education of youth; for the improvement and completion of early learning during the vigour of life; and of external repose and internal activity for a few old votaries of knowledge, who probably in consequence of that devotion, had continued an unmarried life till age had left them with only a few friends or distant connections. To this ideal the English Colleges did in a great degree answer a century ago: but they are at variance with it in the present day.”

JAMES BLANCO WHITE, Oriel College, *circa* 1826

EXCEPT where otherwise noted, the following poems are from the *Carmina Quadresimalia, ab Aedis Christi alumniis composita et ab ejusdem Aedis Baccalaureis determinantibus in Schola Naturalis Philosophiae publice recitata*, vol. i., edited by C. Este, 1723; vol. ii., by Anthony Parsons, 1748.

“Carmina Quadresimalia sunt quae primo die Quadresimae publice in Scholis recitantur a Baccalaureis determinantibus. Cum sint ex Epigrammatum genere, potius ad delectandum videantur quam ad docendum comparata.”

## THE RIVER

*An Mixtio sit alteratorum miscibilium Unio? Aff.*

Nympha Isis medios agros dum laeta pererrat,  
 Incaluit madidae Tamus amore Deae:  
 Serpiti amans tacitus, sinuosaque brachia circum  
 Fundit, et aeterno foedere jungit aquas.  
 Jam torrens idem, et limes datur unus utrique,  
 Nec doluere vices ille vel illa suas.  
 Tamus amat quidquid sua dulcis amaverat Isis;  
 Et quod Tamus amat, Tamus et Isis amant.  
 Agnoscas nullam Tami, nullam Isidis undam,  
 Cum nunc imperium Thamisis unus habet.

## GODSTOW NUNNERY

whither Fair Rosamund, soon after the arrival in England of Queen Eleanor, retired to spend the rest of her days,—“Rosemounde ywis, That so vair womman was, and at Godestowe ibured is,” as Robert of Gloucester wrote in his *Chronicle*, line 9859.

*An Omnia vergant ad Interitum? Aff.*

Qua nudo Rosamunda humilis sub culmine tecti  
 Marmoris obscuri servat inane decus,  
 Rara intermissae circum vestigia molis,  
 Et sola in vacuo tramite porta labat:  
 Sacrae olim sedes riguae convallis in umbra  
 Et veteri pavidum relligione nemus;  
 Pallentes nocturna ciens campana sorores  
 Hinc matutinam saepe monebat avem;  
 Hinc procul in media tardae caliginis hora  
 Prodidit arcanas arcta fenestra faces:  
 Nunc muscosa extant sparsim de cespite saxa,  
 Nunc muro avellunt germen agreste boves:—  
 Fors et tempus erit, cum tu, Rhedecyna, sub astris  
 Edita cum centum turribus ipsa rues.

## SHOTOVER

The following derivation of "Shotover" is supported by George Wither (Magdalen College) in *Abuses Whipt and Stript* (1613), where, in describing the wonders which he saw as an Oxford Freshman, he writes:

"Yet old Sir Harry Bath was not forgot;  
In the remembrance of whose wondrous shot,  
The forest by, (believe it, those who will :)  
Retains the surname of Shotover still."

Local tradition still tells of one, Harry Bear, who lived in Headington, close to the quarry which is called "Harry Bear's Pit," and who was wont to communicate with a friend who lived at Wheatley, by shooting an arrow over the hill. The figure mentioned in the following lines as being cut in turf about the third milestone from Oxford, was on the old London Road branching from Headington Hill along Cheyney Lane, and going over Shotover to Wheatley. This road passes within a quarter of a mile of Harry Bear's Pit (*Oxford Magazine*, March 11, 1903).

Shotover is probably identical with the Scotorne of Domesday. It appears in the Close Rolls and Patent Rolls of John and Henry III as Scotore, Shotore, Shotovre. As to the fantastic derivation "Chateau Vert," see *The Early History of Oxford* (Oxford Hist. Soc.), p. 348.

*An motus projectorum fiat ab impetu a projiciente  
impresso? Aff.*

Itur ad Augustae qua celsa palatia, collem  
Tertius Oxonii signat ab urbe lapis.  
Agmine pastorum procul hinc certante sagittis,  
Nomen ab eventu fertur habere locus.

Dum multi exercent aequo certamine vires  
 Imbellique vibrant irrita tela manu,  
 Unius e manibus, sinuato fortiter arcu,  
 Emissum telum trans juga summa volat.  
 Facti signa manent; hominisque immania membra,  
 Qua stetit Arcitenus, gramine ficta virent.  
 Quicumque immodicum teli mirabere jactum,  
 Aspice quanta manus projicientis erat!

THE LEADEN STATUES OF THE NINE MUSES SET  
 UP ON THE CLARENDON BUILDINGS, A.D. 1717.

*An quicquid recipitur, ad modum recipientis  
 recipiatur? Aff.*

Musarum statuas Corydon dum suspicit, ornant  
 Quae Clarendoniae culmina celsa Domus,  
 "Thyrsi," inquit, "magnae nunc ora agnoscis Elisae;  
 En arcto amplexu Biblia Sacra fovet."  
 "Non ita," Thyrsis ait; "quam tu tibi fingis Elisam,  
 Anna est; virginibus cingitur ecce suis:  
 Venerat Oxonium; memini, sic ora ferebat;  
 Ibat femineo sic comitata choro."  
 Risit, et "O coecas mentes!" Fanaticus inquit:  
 "Virgo Maria haec est foemina, Missa liber.  
 Jam celsis Idola locis statuuntur; easdem  
 Roma colit meretrix et Rhedecyna deas."

LINES ON THE SAME

(*Poems on several Occasions*, by Nicholas Amherst of  
 St. John's College, 1720.)

In Oxford, crowds of stupid bards are found,  
 Where, of all places, bright ones should abound;  
 Dull plodding blockheads without sense or fire  
 Toil hard for Fame and to the Bays aspire:

From deep Logicians shallow Wits commence,  
 Old dogs at Rhyme, no matter for the Sense;  
 If but the lines flow smooth and jingle well,  
 The man's a Poet and his verses sell.  
 Nor is it strange, but rightly weigh the thing,  
 That our soft bards so indolently sing,  
 Or that the Genius of the Place is Dead,  
 When our inspiring Muses Breathe in Lead:  
 High on the stately dome, with harp in hand,  
 These lumpish Deities exalted stand;  
 Fixed as a Public Mark, that all may know  
 What wretched Heavy Stuff they Print below.

"MERCURY" IN "TOM" QUAD., CHRIST CHURCH

From *Lusus alteri Westmonasterienses*, curantibus Jacobo Mure, Henrico Bull, et Carolo B. Scott, 1865-7. A statue of Mercury, the body of which was of lead, and the head and neck of bronze, was presented to "the House" by Dr. Antony Radcliffe in 1695, and gave the name to the fountain in "Tom" Quadrangle. The story of the deposition of the figure, which was carried out some seventy years ago, is as follows:—Coming to Chapel one morning, men beheld the eloquent grandson of Atlas arrayed in surplice, Doctor's hood, scarf, bands, and trencher-cap. A frost had hardened the water in the basin, and given access to the god during the night; but the ice had been carefully broken, so that no one could approach him in the morning without a plunge into freezing water, five feet deep. The Dean, "king Gaisford," in his rage and fury, commanded that the statue should be removed. The bronze head rests among the Wake Archives in the Library: *Notes and Queries*, 10th Series, iii. 32.

*Nonne hoc monstro est simile?*

In platea, Wolseie, tua stat Mercurius, qui  
 Plumbeus exiles ejaculatur aquas.

Quid vult hoc monstrum? Levis est deus ille, deique  
 Materies etiam debuit esse levis.  
 Ah sensi tandem! Voluisti symbolon artis  
 Et disciplinae symbolon esse tuae:  
 E quovis non Mercurius fit stipite; at illum  
 Posse vel e plumbo te fabricare mones.

## HEADS OF HOUSES

From "the Speech that was to have been spoken by the 'Terrae Filius' in the Theatre at Oxford, July 13, 1713, had not his mouth been stopped by the Vice-Chancellor," London, 1713.

Triumphant plenty with a cheerful grace  
 Basks in their eyes, and sparkles in their face.  
 How sleek their looks! how goodly is their mien!  
 How big they strut behind a double chin!  
 Deep sunk in down, they by my gentle care  
 Avoid th' inclemencies of morning air,  
 And leave to tattered crape the drudgery of prayer.

From *Lusus Westmonasterienses*, ed. by R. Prior, 1730.

Egit securus multos Academicus annos,  
 Absente et podagro praeside, praeses erat:  
 Prorogat in lucem placidos impune sopores,  
 Et linquit pueris taedia longa precum.  
 Tandem experrectus, repetensque negotia vitae  
 Ignavae, nigrum purgat in igne tubum;  
 Curarumque et longa librorum oblivia potat;—  
 Qui non est senior, doctior esse velit.  
 Scilicet ad summos dudum hic pervenit honores;  
 Paret ei promus, subjiciturque coquus:  
 Exauctas epulas quoties lux festa reducit,  
 Primus decumbit:—non ita primus abit.  
 Quid petat ulterius? Nimis hunc, Fortuna, beasti!  
 Cui quod edat, satis est, et nihil est quod agat.



From the Squib, known as the "Norwegian Owl," *Gentleman's Magazine*, Oct. 1767; *Notes and Queries*, 2nd Series, ii. 101. The date of the composition of the Squib was between the year 1719, when Sir Hans Sloane became President of the College of Physicians, and the year 1726, when Bernard Gardiner, Warden of All Souls', died. During this period the Vice-Chancellorship was held from 1719 to 1722 by Robert Shippen, Principal of B.N.C., and from 1723 to 1726 by John Mather, President of C.C.C. Shippen is mentioned in the squib, but not as Vice-Chancellor. Mather was unmarried as late as July 1724, the date of the publication of Nicholas Amherst's *Oculus Britanniae*, for he is addressed therein as being "blest with collegiate honours—and no wife"; but in the squib he is made to refer to his "placens uxor." The date of the composition may therefore be placed at about 1725.

"Viro insignissimo, necnon Patrono et Benefactori munificentissimo, Domino Hans Sloane, Equiti aurato, Collegii Medicorum inter Londinenses Praesidi":

DOMINE,—Bubonem Norvegensem, pignus amoris tui, avem perraram perpulchramque, in quam tota stupet Academia, laeti accepimus incolumem ac sanam. Per me igitur gratias quam maximas rependit Venerabilis Domus Convocationis, quae mihi in mandata dedit ut gratias hasce celeriter et sine mora rependerem, ne ingrati animi nota inureretur nobis, neve ignorare videamur quanti pretii tam insigne beneficium aestimari debet.

Edwardus Whistler, legatus academicus, mihique consanguineus, (utpote uxor illius eandem matrem, licet diversum patrem, cum mea uxore jactat) jussu meo ad vicum rusticum, vulgo vocatum Wheatley, fecit iter, ut ibi praestolaretur adventum Bubonis, eamque ad Oxoniam deduceret prima nocte, sine ullo tubarum aut tympanarum strepitu, et, si fieri potuit, privato fallen-

tique modo ; cavere enim necesse esse duxi, ut nullam molestiam facerent Reginae avium vel lascivi Juvenes vel profanum Vulgus ; utque nihil accideret per quod fieret publicae perturbatio pacis. Pulsante Thoma Clusio, ipse cum coeteris Collegiorum Praefectis primum salutavi Bubonem in hospitio meo. Avem discumbere fecimus super mollem lecticam juxta focillum ; in eodem lecto quotidie requiescit, somno ac cibo potuque parum indigens, et vitam agens vere collegialem.

Postero die quam Bubo in gremium Almae Matris Academiae recepta, convenerunt apud Golgotha<sup>1</sup> singuli Collegiorum et Aularum Praefecti, ut novo hospiti hospitium assignarent, deliberarentque qualem victum cultumque praestare ei par esset.

In hoc venerabili Congressu ipse pro more primus surrexi, et sequentia verba feci—

“ Insignissimi Doctores, Vosque egregii Procuratores, est mihi placens uxor ; sunt etiam quam plurima munera a me volente nolente obeunda, quae atram caliginem obducunt diei, quae noctes insomnes reddunt. Quandoquidem ita res se habet, etiam atque etiam a vobis, Fratres fraterrimi, rogo, ut Bubo, quae mihi sollicitae jucunda obliviae vitae suppediet, quaeque uxori curis domesticis gravatae innocuum movebit risum, et me absente meas vices geret, ut haec optatissima Bubo, inquam, inter domesticos meos adsciscatur, mihique perpetuus fiat hospes. Verum enim verosi huic venerando Coetui secus statuere in hac re visum fuerit, tamen sorte mea contentus abibo, et memet paratum praestabo publicae voci assentiri, atque viris parere quorum sententia nunquam sortilegis discrepuit Delphis.”

Sic fatus resedebam, et protinus Dominus Doctor

<sup>1</sup> An apartment in the Clarendon Printing-house, “by idle wits and buffoons nick-named Golgotha, *i.e.* the place of Skulls or Heads of Colleges and Halls, where they meet and debate upon all extraordinary affairs which occur within the precincts of their jurisdiction” : Nicholas Amberst, *Terrae Filius*, No. xi. (1721).

Delaune, reverendus Sancti Johannis Baptistae Praeses, surrexit dixitque<sup>1</sup>—

“Insignissime Vice-Cancellarie; de via recta devius aberras. Non ea mens, non id propositum fuit a Domino H. Sloane, ut Bubo senesceret ad instar fratris nostri Matthæi Hole<sup>2</sup> intra Collegii parietes, donec procumberet a lethi jaculo ictus: sed data est Avis ut enecaretur coquereturque, nobisque exquisitissimas proberet dapes. Mihi enim credite, vel si mihi fides parum sit adhibenda, credite Plinio, qui in Naturali sua Historia aperte profitetur carnem Bubonis esse sapore praestantissimum et omni alii cibo longe anteponendum. Crastino igitur die, iterum conveniamus apud hospitia Domini Vice-Cancellarii, ibique assata Bubone epulemur, et saluti Domini Hans Sloane propinemus Gallicum vinum eo modo quo par est, vel potius sine ullo modo vel mensura.”

Domino Doctori Delaune respondit Dominus Doctor Dobson, Collegii Trinitatis Praeses laudatissimus,<sup>3</sup> et sequentem orationem habuit:—

<sup>1</sup> William Delaune, President of St. John Baptist College (1697-1728). Hearne declares that he earned the name of Gallio by his systematic neglect of duty while he was Vice-Chancellor, and charges him with embezzling the contents of the University Chest. He was reputed also to be a gambler. In his speech above, he shews himself an epicure. Nicholas Amherst dedicated to him a poem, called “The Bottle-screw”:

“And thou, who if report says true  
In pocket always bear’st thy Screw,  
Accept, Delaune, in youthful lays  
The homage which the Poet pays.”

Thomas Wagstaffe (New Inn Hall, 1660), in the sportive epitaph which he composed on Delaune in his lifetime, has the lines:

“Qui et ut delicatulae serviret gulae,  
Unumquidquid, quod quidem erat bellissimum,  
Carperet, ac cyathos sorbillaret suaviter,” etc.

Nichols, *Literary Anecdotes*, i. 36

<sup>2</sup> Matthew Hole, after spending the greater part of his life in a Somersetshire vicarage, became Rector of Exeter College at the age of seventy-five. He died in 1730 at the age of ninety-five: “the heavy old woman,” Hearne; “Dr. Drybones,” Nicholas Amherst, *Terræ Filius*, Nos. xxiv, xxx (1721), and *Oculus Britanniae* (1724).

<sup>3</sup> William Dobson, President of Trinity College (1706-31): see “Recipe for making a Head of an House after the Dobson kind” in the

“Non assentior tibi, Domine Doctor; est enim adagium satis notum, ‘si me ames, ama etiam canem meum.’ Quod si canis amandus est magistri gratiâ, ita debes ratiocinari; si colis Dominum H. Sloane, colenda est etiam Bubo ejus. Jam vero si pectore homicidali avem mactemus et devoremus, ipse Dominus Hans Sloane metuet ne eadem sors ei contingat, si quando intra limites Academiae fuerit deprehensus. Quocirca ab hoc sanguinolento proposito vestras cohibete manus, et aliquod melius inter nos ineamus consilium.”

Relapso in sedem Dom. Doct. Dobson, sese ad eloquendum accinxit Dom. Doct. Holland, Collegii Mertonensis Custos admirandus,<sup>1</sup> atque ita est exorsus:

“Si quid est in me ingenii, Judices, quod vos sentitis quam sit exiguum, aut si quae exercitatio dicendi in qua me non infitior mediocriter esse versatum, earum rerum omnium vel in primis haec Bubo fructum a me repetere prope suo jure debet. In medium igitur proferam quod mens in pectore suadet in hoc solenni negotio esse faciendum, quodque et vobis et toti Academiae (cui Deus sit semper propitius), maxime in gloriae et laudis perennitatem cedat. Hortum Botanicum supereminet aedes in hospitium Professoris nostri Botannici extractae, quae amoenum hunc Hortum omni genere leguminis olerisque consitum grato et ridenti vultu aspectant. In hisce aedibus cohabitent Bubo una cum Professore Botannico, qui, ave (quod absit) aegrotante, ei opem praesentem ferat, reducatque ad integram sani-

“Speech that was to have been spoken by the Terrae Filius in the Theatre at Oxford, 1713.”—“Recipe an old heavy country parson: extract all remains of common sense and common honesty; and then put in gravity, formality, hypocrisy, and pretended conscience; of each a large quantity. Add stupidity, quant. suff. Fiat Compositio simplex; Give him the Degree of Doctor of Divinity, and then S. Caput Mortuum.”

<sup>1</sup> John Holland, Warden of Merton College, 1709-34. Hearne writes of his appointment to be Warden: “I believe he will make a better governor than his predecessor; but as for Parts and Learning he has very little, and upon that account is commonly called ‘Dull John.’ But these are qualifications not minded nowadays”: *Hearne Collections* (Oxford Hist. Soc.), ii. 227.

tatem arte sua vere Apollinea. Ne vero Professor ipse, qui Bubonis curae nullo non tempore totus vacabit, damnum vel minimum sentiat in praxi medicinali, solvatur ei obolus quadransve a singulis qui Bubonem visendi causa Botanicum frequentabunt Hortum. Hinc larga excrescent emolumenta, quae egregii Professoris fidelitatem et curam abunde remunerabunt,—suppeditabuntque non solum et illi et Buboni victum competentem, verum etiam quidquid horum animantium desiderat vita.”

Hanc orationem vix peroraverat Dom. Doct. Holland, cum Dom. Doct. Gardiner,<sup>1</sup> Collegii Omnium Animarum Custos eminentissimus, valde motus de sede prosiliit, et hasce iratas voces contra Hollandum projecit :

<sup>1</sup> Irritable and devoid of tact, Bernard Gardiner, during his wardenship of all Souls' (1702-26), waged continuous war against a heterogeneous band of Fellows, which included Jacobites, Non-jurors, rabid Whigs, Tories, Deists, and Republicans. As Vice-Chancellor, he put an end to the orations of the Terrae Filii at the Act. The Speech which was to have been delivered by one of those jesters in the Theatre in 1713, contains much scurrilous abuse of him, and concludes with the announcement of a “Footrace to be run shortly between him and Doctor Tadlow, the whole length of the Divinity School; the best of three heats: allow weight for inches: prize, a rump of beef and ale proportionable.” Tadlow was regarded in Oxford as an animated road-roller, and was the subject of the following epigrams, composed either by Dr. Abel Evans or Dr. Conyers :

“When Tadlow walks the streets, the paviers cry,  
‘God bless you, Sir!’ and throw their rammers by.”

“The paviers bless his steps, where'er they come;  
Chairmen dismayed fly the approaching doom.”

“Ten thousand tailors with their length of line  
Strove, though in vain, his compass to confine;  
At length, bewailing their exhausted store,  
Their packthread ceased, and parchment was no more.”

On Tadlow's death, Gardiner became the heaviest weight in the University: see Nicholas Amherst's *Oculus Britanniae*, 1724 :

“If size and stature raise a death-name,  
How vast your praise, how bulky is your fame!  
Without a rival, sir, the streets you tread,  
The greatest, wittiest man since Tadlow's dead;  
Since that huge Atlas fell, you reap alone  
The thanks of all the paviers in the town.”

“Tace, Circuliuncule, tace, inquam. Ego assatam Bubonem comedere cum Doct. Delaune malletm, vel crudam vel plumatam Avem protinus deglutire, quam cum fatuo Doct. Holland suffragari ut Bubo apud Hortum Botanicum asservetur, ibique publicum spectaculum fiat. Nemo enim nescit Socios meos ea esse ignava atque nugaci indole praeditos, ut si perpetuus ingressus pateret, perpetui evaderent Buboni comites. In Sacello ita, necnon in Bibliotheca, ac in toto Collegio meo, foret infrequentia summa; rueret Disciplina: ruerent Exercitia: ruerent Artes. At tales minas avertat Coelum, aut haec mea avertet Dextra.”

Sic fatus anhelans recumbit, surrexitque Dom. Doct. Gibson, Collegii Reginensis Praepositus acutissimus,<sup>1</sup> qui haec ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα:

“Domine Doctor Gardiner, quare tam iracundus, tam ferox, tam contumeliosus es in bonum fratrem nostrum Doct. Hollandum? Profecto vultus magis rabidus et magis truculentus apparet, quam Caput Apri illius quem pauper puer de Collegio meo trucidavit decollavitque, unico armatus Aristotelis libro.<sup>2</sup> Dico autem tibi, quod ni tu malus esses gubernator, nullam causam haberes trepidandi de Sociis tuis. Sis tu igitur mihi similis, et tui Socii erunt similes meis, quos libere permittam Bubonem visere toties quoties volunt.”

Ad haec verba Dom. Doct. Gardiner surrexit, et laevâ manu prehensio Domini Doct. Gibson jugulo, dextrâ comminisset eum, ni Bedellus Theologiae eo instanti intrasset, narrassetque Bubonem ita male se habere ut respueret escam a manibus uxoris mea. Hoc audito, singuli Praefecti domum festinanter se receperunt, ut quisque a suo Collegio ablegaret Medicum qui aegrotae Buboni opem pro viribus ferret. Ipse vero, monitu doctoris Shippen, aequum esse censui ad te

<sup>1</sup> John Gibson, Provost of Queen's College, 1716-1730.

<sup>2</sup> Legend of a Scholar of Queen's College who, being attacked by a wild boar in Shotover Forest, thrust a volume of Aristotle down its throat, and choked the animal.

de rebus hodie inter nos gestis scriptitare, simulque humiliter petere ut nobis quam primum praecipias quid in hisce arduis negotiis agendum sit. Hoc igitur in praecordiis persuasum habe me paratissimum esse tua exsequi mandata, et memet praestare nullo non tempore, cum omni cultu et gratitudine, tuum servum fidelissimum humillimum.

### THE FELLOW OF A COLLEGE

*An Idem semper agat idem? Aff.*

Isis qua lambit muros, ibi cernere possis  
 Cum veteri Socium consenuisse lare:  
 Huic idem vitae rerumque revertitur ordo  
 Normaue stat rigido non violanda seni;  
 Nam constans sibi, sole torum surgente relinquit,  
 Et redit ad notum sole cadente torum;  
 Huic eadem multos felis servata per annos,  
 Huic eadem lectum parvula sternit anus;  
 Conviva assiduus, lumbo venerandus ovino  
 Pascitur, et totos credo vorasse greges;  
 Mox numerat passus sub aprici moenibus horti;  
 Mox terit assueta scripta diurna manu;  
 Communem historias repetitas narrat ad ignem,  
 Dum tria sumuntur pocula, tresque tubi.  
 Quoque die hoc fecit Carolorum tempore, idemque  
 Temporibus faciet fors, Frederice, tuis.

### A FELLOW'S EVENING SONG

(James Miller (Wadham College), *The Humours of Oxford*, a comedy acted at the Theatre Royal in 1730, *The Vocal Miscellany*, 1738.)

What class in life, tho' ne'er so great,  
 With a good Fellowship can compare?  
 We still dream on at our old rate  
 Without perplexing thought or care.

Whilst those in business, when opprest,  
Lie down with thoughts that break their rest;  
They toil, they slave, they drudge;—and then  
They rise to do the same again.

An easier Round of Life we keep:  
We eat, we drink, we smook, we sleep,  
We reel to bed, there snore;—and then  
We rise to do the same again.

Come, come, let us drink  
And give a loose to pleasure;  
Fill, fill to the brink!  
We know no other measure,  
What else have we to do  
In this our easy station,  
But that we please, pursue,  
And drink to our Foundation?

#### A FELLOW'S MORNING VOWS

(*Autobiography of William Taswell, D.D.* (Ch. Ch.),  
1681, Camden Society, *Miscellanies*, ii.)

Ὅστρεα καὶ καρπούς μετ' ἀνάκλισιν Ἡελίου  
Οὐκ ἐθέλω φαγεῖν ἢ μέγα δείπνον ἔδειν,  
Οὐδὲ πιεῖν τρίτατον τὸ ποτήριον ἀμφικύπελλον,  
Καὶ γὰρ χθὲς κεφαλὴ λίαν ἔχεσκε κακῶς,  
Οὐδὲ γλυκὺς βλεφάροισιν ἐφίζανεν ὕπνος ἐμοῖσιν—  
Τουτοῦ μαρτὺρ ἔση μὴνὰς ἐς ἑπτα θεός.

#### THE LOUNGER

*An motus sit mensura temporis? Aff.*

Aversus studiis, nec Musae deditus ulli,  
Multiplici longum conterit arte diem.  
Mane novo captat rorantis frigora campi;  
Septimaque in lento ponitur hora gradu:  
Octava notae petit otia grata popinae,  
Nonaque ad placidas Isidis errat aquas.



At decimâ flores inter plantasque vagatur,  
 Lustrat et arboreos terque quarterque duces:  
 Undecimâ celeri properat per compita gressu,  
 Et redit ad modicas, ventre monente, dapes.  
 Hunc anus assueta redeuntem conspicit hora,  
 Et "prandendi," inquit, "jam mihi tempus adest.  
 Non ego Knibbeas<sup>1</sup> artes, non consulo solem;  
 Certius hic medium denotat erro diem."

## THE BEDMAKER

*An idem corpus possit esse in duobus locis? Neg.*

Dipsas, anus sparsae quadrata per atria pubis  
 Quae sternit lectos una, nec ipsa celer:  
 Dum matutinum pro more deambulat orbem,  
 Ecce inter multos anxia pendet heros:  
 Ocyus alter aquas, alter jentacula poscit;  
 Tertius, "heus! cura ut sit mihi flamma domi."  
 Ad quemvis ait illa, "locum modo mittar ad unum;  
 Sed neq' eo esse illic hic et ubique simul."

## TENNIS-PLAYERS

*An motus projectorum fiat per impulsum a projiciente impressum? Aff.*

Vos ô qui grato exercentes membra labore  
 Optatis belli dicier arte pilae,  
 Fidite ne semper, qui provolat obvius, orbi;  
 Tyrones dubios hic malus error habet.  
 Ambo notent oculo dextram ferientis acuto,  
 Ambo suspiciant ut pila missa volet.  
 Oppositam frustra sperat contingere metam,  
 Qui non ante videt qua pila tundet humum.  
 Cum lusor validum contorqueat arte lacertum,  
 Chordarum implicitam nexilis ordo rotat;

<sup>1</sup> Knibb—Oxonii faber horologicus.

Tum celer obliquo sinuatur in aere gyro,  
 Transverse et plano subsilit icta solo:  
 At cum de nervis acri sonat incita pulsu  
 Et trajecta super retia radit iter,  
 Tum se humilis longis prope terram saltibus urget,  
 Non nisi sollerti percutienda manu.  
 Qua vi jacta cadet, quove impete pulsa resurget,  
 Judicium semper dextra moventis erit.

## THE FRESHMAN

*An Natura abhorreat a Vacuo? Aff.*

Cum primum Isiacas subeat puer inscius arces,  
 Humescit modicis sobrius ecce scyphis:  
 Mox comes ad cyathos segnem irritare laborat,  
 Tyro magis sapiens quod toga scissa magis;  
 "Cur sic divinos expelles nectaris haustus?  
 Sic olim memini sic ego cautus eram.  
 Unde orae cyathis, tibi quos fabricantur in usus,  
 Ad summas vinum ni geniale fluat?  
 Si verum dixit veri celeberrimus auctor,  
 Nil Natura Parens quod sit inane probat.  
 Hinc seu parca mihi fuerit, seu copia vini  
 Largior, usque tamen pocula plena bibam.  
 Te, Natura, ducem sequar usque, parabitur aequus  
 Vel Bacchus calici, vel tibi, Bacche, calix."

## OXFORD ANTIQUARIANS

In January 1712, a Roman pavement was discovered by a farmer while ploughing, at Stunsfield or Stonesfield, a village some two miles from Woodstock: see Thomas Hearne's *Discourse concerning the Stunsfield tessellated pavement*: "Some think the figure portrayed thereon, to be that of Oudin, the Danish god, with the odd horse that is commonly assigned him; but the figure is, in my opinion, Apollo Sagittarius, with a

Patera or Cup in his left hand, and a Dart in his right. The animal resembles a Griffin. I think some regard was had, in designing the figures, to the story of Apollo killing the Python"—but compare John Pointer's *Account of the Roman Pavement*, etc., Oxford, 1713: "The human figure does not represent Apollo, but Bacchus. It is not a Dart, but a Thyrsus in the right hand; not a Patera, but a Cantharus in his left. The animal figure is not a Monster, but a Panther."

*An quodlibet fiat ex quolibet? Aff.*

Dum curvo Corydon terram molitur aratro,

Effosso reteggit saxa sepulta solo.

Multa pavementum distinguit tessera pictum,

Areaque ornatu versicolore nitet.

Spectatum occurrunt vicino ex rure coloni,

Doctaque gens arces quae colit, Isi, tuas.

"Hanc," inquit Lycidas, "Oberon sibi condidit aulam,

Nocturnum hic Lemures instituere chorum."

Hic ait, "En! aquila immensum secat aethera pennis,

Cernis ut Idaeus surgat ad astra puer."

Alatum agnoscit nasutior ille draconem,

Cappadocisque videt spicula et ora ducis.

Conspicit hic Bacchum inversa pro more diota,

Dum sua thyrsigerum fert tigris Inda Deum.

Pro libitu varias excudit quisque figuras;

Figmentumque novum dat nova quaeque dies.

Lis sub iudice adhuc; fors est venientibus annis

Eugenium referet Malburiumque lapis.

#### AN OXFORD DUN

From the *Splendid Shilling* of Mr. John Philips of Christ Church, 1703.

Happy the Man who void of cares and strife

In silken or in leathern purse retains

A Splendid Shilling:—He nor hears with pain

New Oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful Ale;

But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,  
 To Jun'per's Magpye or Townhall repairs:  
 Where mindful of the nymph whose wanton eyes  
 Transfixed his soul and kindled amorous flames,  
 Chloe or Phyllis, he each circling glass  
 Wisheth her health and joy and equal love;  
 Meanwhile he smokes and laughs at merry tale,  
 Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.  
 But I, whom griping penury surrounds,  
 And hunger, sure attendant upon want,  
 With scanty offals and small acid tiff,  
 (Wretched repast!) my meagre corpse sustain;  
 Then solitary walk, or doze at home  
 In garret vile, and with a warming puff  
 Regale chill fingers; or from tube as black  
 As winter chimney, or well-polish'd jet,  
 Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent:  
 Nor blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,  
 Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,  
 Sprung from Cadwalader and Arthur, kings  
 Full famous in romantic tale), when he  
 O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,  
 Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese  
 High overshadowing, rides, with a design  
 To vend his wares, or at the Arvovian mart .  
 Or Maridunum, or the ancient town  
 Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream  
 Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!  
 Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie  
 With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus while my joyless minutes tedious flow,  
 With looks demure and silent pace, a Dun,  
 Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,  
 To my aerial citadel ascends;  
 With hideous accents thrice he calls; I know  
 The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.  
 What should I do? or whither turn? amazed,  
 Confounded, to the dark recess I fly

Of wood-hole; strait my bristling hairs erect  
 Through sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews  
 My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)  
 My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;  
 So horrible he seems! his faded brow  
 Entrenched with many a frown, and conic beard,  
 And spreading band, admired by modern saints,  
 Disastrous acts forbode; in his right hand  
 Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,  
 With characters and figures dire inscribed,  
 Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods avert  
 Such plagues from righteous men!): behind him  
 stalks

Another monster, not unlike himself,  
 Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar called  
 A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods  
 With force incredible, and magic charms,  
 Erst have endued; if he his ample palm  
 Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay  
 Of debtor, strait his body, to the touch  
 Obsequious, (as whilom knights were wont,)  
 To some enchanted castle is conveyed,  
 Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,  
 In durance strict detain him, 'till in form  
 Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors, when ye walk, beware.  
 Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken  
 This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft  
 Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,  
 Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch  
 With his unhallowed touch. So (poets sing)  
 Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn  
 An everlasting foe, with watchful eye  
 Lies nightly brooding oer a chinky gap,  
 Portending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice  
 Sure ruin. So her disembowelled web  
 Arachne in a hall or kitchen spreads  
 Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands

Within her woven cell: the humming prey,  
 Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils  
 Inextricable, nor will aught avail  
 Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;  
 The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,  
 And butterfly, proud of expanded wings  
 Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,  
 Useless resistance make: with eager strides  
 She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils;  
 Then, with envenom'd jaws, the vital blood  
 Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave  
 Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.

*So pass my Days.*

OXFORD "TOASTS"

From *Strephon's Revenge* (1718), a satire written by Nicholas Amherst of St. John Baptist College in answer to an eulogistic poem on the "Oxford Beauties," entitled *Merton Walks*, which had been brought out by John Dry in the preceding year. In the preface to his satire, Amherst writes: "I am not the only one who has taken notice of the almost universal Corruption of our Youth, which is to be imputed to nothing so much as to that Multitude of Female Residentiaries who have of late infested our Learned Retirements, and drawn off Numbers of unwary young Persons from their Studies. . . . It is indeed become highly scandalous to carry the least Mark of a Philosopher about us; a grave Countenance and a sober Habit, are treated as the Object of Ridicule; and the Person who appears not to have made the Beau Monde the greatest part of his Studies, is sure to be laughed at for a dull plodding Wretch, a mere Clown, and a Pedant: There appears on the Foreheads of the greatest Part of our Students an unthoughtful Openness and Levity; and in their Dress an unbecoming Shewiness and Affectation; Silk Gowns, Tye Wiggs, and Ruffles are become necessary Accomplishments for a Man of Sense; and our Colleges,

instead of grave Philosophers and Literati, swarm with Smarts, Foplings, and Consummate Coxcombs."

With generous grief I mourn our Oxford's fate,  
Her fading glories and declining state;  
Homer and Virgil quit disgraced the field,  
And to the skilful Dancing-Master yield;  
Our Colleges grow elegantly dull;  
Our Schools are empty and our Taverns full.  
The gowned Youth dissolves in amorous dreams,  
And Pedantry to him all Learning seems;  
He wastes his bloom in Vanity and Ease,  
And his chief Studies are to Dress and Please.

If through the lonely smiling meads I stray,  
And by the Charwell pace my thoughtful way,  
Loud Female Laughters reach my distant ears,  
Before my eyes the tawdry Manteau glares;  
I shun th' approaching sight, to madness wrought,  
And lose in air the scattered train of thought.

If to the Tavern social Mirth invites,  
With constant Pain I spend the joyless nights;  
Scrawled on the Glass I read the hated Names,  
While my swoln Breast with Indignation flames;  
The whining Blockheads each his Toast assign,  
And pall with nauseous praise the generous  
wine:

I fret, I rail, with angry bile I fume  
And broken Pipes and Glasses strew the room.

Nay, if at Church I bend the suppliant knee,  
Not then from their damned presence am I free:  
Just as in fervent transports I expire,  
And my Soul mounts on wings of hallowed fire,  
Some haughty worthless Minion meets my sight  
And checks devotion in its middle height.  
Beauties of every sort and size appear,  
That please all fancies and all prices bear;  
The Tall and Short, the Jolly and the Lean,  
Of every age from Forty to Fifteen;

Black, Brown, and Fair are ranged in different Pews,  
That Amorous Customers may pick and choose:  
Here sanguine Youths, disposed for married lives,  
And future Parsons are supplied with Wives.

Still on, my Muse, and say what various Arts,  
What Cheats are practised on unthinking hearts;  
When in full Balls, in dazzling splendours gay,  
Their active limbs and breeding they display:  
With antick airs they speed their steps around,  
And to the fiddles foot the trembling ground;  
The damask shoe, enriched with curious art,  
And scarlet stocking, pierce the coxcomb's heart;  
Charmed with her pretty shape and swimming air,  
He swears that Venus is not half so fair:  
How quick her eyes, how matchless is her face,  
How skilfully she moves! With what a grace!  
Caught by inveigling Arts and wily Charms,  
He throws himself distracted in her arms;  
The ready Priest his curse with Marriage crowns;  
He weds—and in a fortnight hangs or drowns!

But fly, oh! fly from their destructive Charms,  
Fly from th' embraces of their opening arms;  
Or else you will bewail, alas! too late  
Your ruin'd Fame and your abandon'd Fate.

I know a Youth whom not ignobly born  
His careful Sire, to polish and adorn  
His tender artless mind, to College sent;  
He came, and oh! behold the dire event!  
New from the Rod, and Stranger to Mankind,  
Each fair Appearance won his easy mind;  
As yet Experience had not fledged his wings,  
But as they seemed, he judged of Men and Things.  
With him each glaring Female was divine;  
Gay were the Tawdry, and the Shewy Fine.  
Thoughtless and unsuspecting of deceit,  
Through the dark guise he could not see the Cheat:  
When now but a few moons had passed away,  
To Female Cunning he became a Prey.



Now he to vicious idle courses takes,  
 His Logick-Studies and his Prayers forsakes;  
 Puffed up with Love, a studious life he loathes,  
 And places all his Learning in his Clothes:  
 He "Smarts," he Dances, at a Ball is seen,  
 And Struts about the room with saucy mien.  
 In vain his Tutor with a watchful care  
 Rebukes his folly, warns him to beware;  
 In vain his Friends endeavour to control  
 The stubborn fatal byass of his Soul;  
 In vain his Father with o'erflowing eyes  
 And mingled threatenings, begs him to be wise:  
 His Friends, his Tutor, and his Father fail;  
 Nor Tears, nor Threats, nor Duty will prevail;  
 His stronger Passions urge him to his Fall,  
 And deaf to Counsel, he contemns them all.  
 In wedlock-sheets he stains his generous birth,  
 And basely mixes with plebeian earth:  
 Too late, disheired, he vents unfruitful sighs,  
 For ever banished from his Father's eyes.

Forewarned, oh! shun the glittering tempting bait,  
 And learn from hence the fond Adventurer's  
 Fate;

Learn hence the fair Impostor to despise,  
 Your fame, your welfare, and your peace to prize.  
 Fear not abroad to find some pitying Dame,  
 With artless beauty crowned and spotless fame,  
 Blooming and sweet as opening roses are,  
 Chaste as Minerva, and as Laura fair.

And Thou,<sup>1</sup> who whilom on Oxonian Plains  
 Carol'st with lavish art thy fulsome strains,  
 Forbear, rash Bard, to stain thy fairest rhymes  
 With the most impious of these impious times;  
 Preserve unbroken thy poetic trust,  
 And only publish praise, where praise is just;  
 Forbear, nor vainly thus expect renown;  
 For see! the Muses and Apollo frown!

<sup>1</sup> The author of *Merton Walks*.

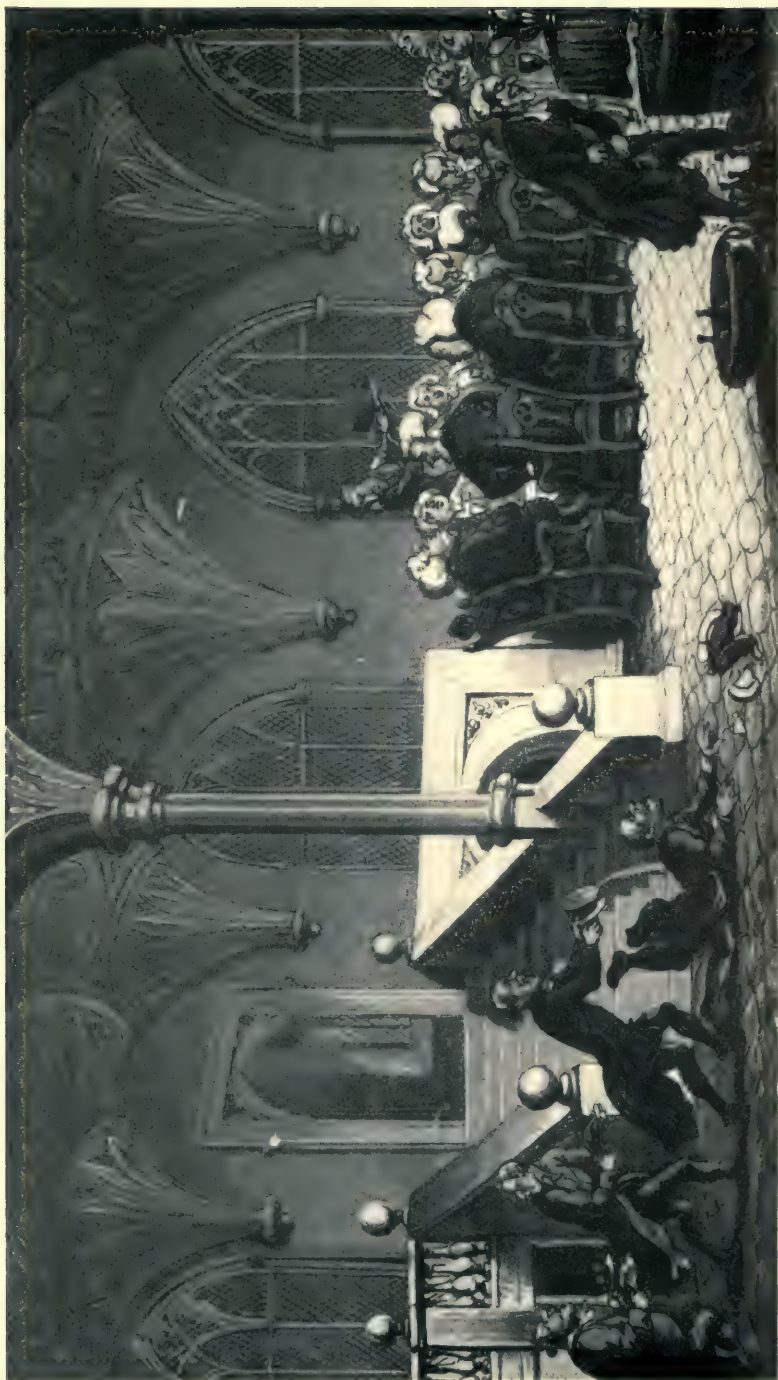
## THE MAP OF LIFE

From the *Progress of Discontent*, written in 1746 by Thomas Warton of Trinity College, Oxford, Sir Thomas Pope's foundation:—

Cum juvenis nostras subiit novus advena sedes,  
 Continuo Popi proemia magna petit:  
 Deinde potens voti, quiddam sublimius ambit,  
 Et Socii lepidum munus inire cupit:  
 At Socius mavult transire ad rura Sacerdos;  
 Arridetque uxor jam propriique lares:  
 Ad rus transmisso vitam instaurare priorem,  
 Atque iterum Popi tecta subire juvat.  
 O pectus mire varium et mutabile! Cui sors  
 Quaeque petita placet, nulla potita placet.

When now mature in classic knowledge  
 The joyful youth is sent to College;  
 His father comes, a vicar plain,  
 At Oxford bred—in Anna's reign;  
 And thus, in form of humble suitor,  
 Bowing, accosts a reverend Tutor!  
 "Sir, I'm a Gloucestershire divine,  
 "And this my eldest son of nine;  
 "My wife's ambition, and my own,  
 "Was that this child should wear a gown:  
 "I'll warrant that his good behav'our  
 "Will justify your future favour;  
 "And for his parts, to tell the truth,  
 "My son's a very forward youth;  
 "Has Horace all by heart—you'd wonder—  
 "And mouths out Homer's Greek like thunder.  
 "If you'd examine, and admit him,  
 "A scholarship would nicely fit him;  
 "That he succeeds 'tis ten to one;  
 "Your vote and interest, sir!—'tis done."  
 Our pupil's hopes, though twice defeated,  
 Are with a scholarship completed:





DOCTOR SYNTAX ENTERTAINED AT OXFORD (ROWLANDSON)

"SIR, IT IS A GREAT THING TO DINE WITH THE CANONS OF CHRIST CHURCH;" DR. JOHNSON, ETAT. 67

A scholarship but half maintains,  
 And college rules are heavy chains:  
 In garret dark he smokes and puns,  
 A prey to discipline and duns;  
 And now, intent on new designs,  
 Sighs for a Fellowship—and fines.

When nine full tedious winters past,  
 That utmost wish is crown'd at last;  
 But the rich prize no sooner got,  
 Again he quarrels with his lot:  
 "These Fellowships are pretty things,  
 "We live, indeed, like petty kings:  
 "But who can bear to waste his whole age  
 "Amid the dulness of a College,  
 "Debarr'd the common joys of life,  
 "And that prime bliss—a loving wife?  
 "O! what's a table richly spread,  
 "Without a woman at its head!  
 "If but some benefice would fall,  
 "Then feasts and dinners! farewell all!  
 "To offices I'd bid adieu  
 "Of dean, vice-praes.—of bursar too;  
 "Come, joys that rural quiet yields,  
 "Come, tithe and house and fruitful fields!"<sup>1</sup>  
 Too fond of liberty and ease,  
 A patron's vanity to please,  
 Long time he watches, and by stealth,  
 Each frail incumbent's doubtful health;

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Letter of Humphrey Prideaux (Christ Church, 1668-86; Dean of Norwich, 1702), Oxford, July 9, 1685: "I believe my time in the College will now be short. I have been here long enough to begin to be weary of a place where now every one almost is my junior; and therefore have resolved to retire to my living, and fix for good and all there; and in order hereto, I have hearkened to proposals of marriage that have been made to me; and because they are such as are very advantageous, I have already got so far as the sealing of articles whereby I have secured to myself £3000; but after the death of the father and mother whose only child the gentlewoman is, I believe there will be at least £1500 more. I little thought I should ever come to this!" (*Letters of Prideaux to John Ellis*, Camden Soc. Publications).

At length—and in his fortieth year,  
 A living drops—two hundred clear!  
 With breast elate beyond expression,  
 He hurries down to take possession:  
 With rapture views the sweet retreat—  
 “What a convenient house! how neat!  
 “For fuel here’s sufficient wood;  
 “Pray God the cellars may be good!  
 “The garden—that must be new plann’d—  
 “Shall these old-fashioned yew-trees stand?  
 “O’er yonder vacant plot shall rise  
 “The flow’ry shrub of thousand dyes:  
 “Yon wall that feels the southern ray,  
 “Shall blush with ruddy fruitage gay:  
 “While thick beneath its aspect warm,  
 “O’er well-rang’d hives the bees shall swarm;  
 “From which, ere long, of golden gleam,  
 “Metheglin’s luscious juice shall stream:  
 “This awkward hut, o’ergrown with ivy,  
 “We’ll alter to a modern privy:  
 “Up yon green slope of hazels trim,  
 “An avenue, so cool and dim,  
 “Shall to an arbour at the end,  
 “In spite of gout, entice a friend.  
 “My predecessor lov’d devotion—  
 “But of a garden had no notion.”

Continuing this fantastic farce on,  
 He now commences country parson.  
 To make his character entire,  
 He weds—a cousin of the Squire;  
 Not over weighty in the purse,  
 But many Doctors have done worse:  
 And though she boasts no charms divine,  
 Yet she can carve, and make birch wine.

Thus fixed, content he taps his barrel;  
 Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel;  
 Finds his churchwardens have discerning  
 Both in good liquor and good learning;





A COLLEGE GATE



With tithes his barns replete he sees,  
 And chuckles o'er his surplice fees;  
 Studies to find out latent dues,  
 And regulates the state of pews;  
 Rides a sleek mare with purple housing,  
 To share the monthly club's carousing;  
 Of Oxford pranks facetious tells,  
 And—but on Sundays—hears no bells;  
 Sends presents of his choicest fruit,  
 And prunes himself each sapless shoot;  
 Plants cauliflowers, and boasts to rear  
 The earliest melon of the year;  
 Thinks alteration charming work is,  
 Keeps bantam cocks, and feeds his turkeys;  
 Builds in his copse a favourite bench,  
 And stores the pond with carp and tench.

But ah! too soon his thoughtless breast  
 By cares domestic is opprest;  
 And a third butcher's bill, and brewing,  
 Threaten inevitable ruin:  
 For children fresh expenses yet,  
 And Dicky now for school is fit.  
 "Why did I sell my college life,"  
 He cries, "for benefice and wife?"  
 "Return, ye days! when endless pleasure  
 "I found in reading or in leisure!  
 "When calm around the Common Room  
 "I puff'd my daily pipe's perfume!  
 "Rode for a stomach, and inspected  
 "At annual bottlings, corks selected:  
 "And dined untaxed, untroubled, under  
 "The portrait of our pious Founder!  
 "When impositions were supplied  
 "To light my pipe—or soothe my pride!  
 "No cares were then for forward peas  
 "A yearly-longing wife to please;  
 "My thoughts no christ'ning dinners cross't,  
 "No children cried for buttered toast;

"And every night I went to bed  
 "Without a modus in my head."  
 O trifling head and fickle heart!  
 Chagrin'd at whatsoever thou art;  
 A dupe to follies yet untried,  
 And sick of pleasures scarce enjoyed!  
 Each prize possess't, thy transport ceases;  
 And in pursuit alone it pleases.

From *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, by Samuel Johnson of Pembroke College, Oxford, 1749.

When first the college rolls receive his name,  
 The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;  
 Resistless burns the fever of renown,  
 Caught from the strong contagion of the gown:  
 O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread  
 And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.<sup>1</sup>  
 Are these thy views? Proceed, illustrious youth;  
 And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!  
 Yet should thy soul indulge the generous heat,  
 Till captive Science yield her last retreat;  
 Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,  
 And pour on misty Doubt resistless day;  
 Should no false Kindness lure to loose delight,  
 Nor Praise relax, nor Difficulty fright;  
 Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,  
 And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;  
 Should Beauty blunt on Fops her fatal dart,  
 Nor claim the triumph of a Lettered Heart;  
 Should no Disease thy torpid veins invade  
 Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;—  
 Yet hope not life from grief and danger free,  
 Nor think the Doom of Man Reversed for Thee.

<sup>1</sup> There was an ancient tradition at Oxford, that Bacon's Study, a room over the archway of a tower which stood on Folly Bridge, would collapse, when a wiser than Roger passed beneath it. The Study stood until the year 1779, when the Oxford Street Commissioners, fearful lest the prophecy should be fulfilled, in self-defence, demolished the building.

Deign on the passing world to turn thy eyes,  
 And pause awhile from Letters, to be Wise:  
 There mark what ills the Scholar's life assail,  
 Toil, Envy, Want, the Patron and the Gaol:  
 See Nations, slowly wise and meanly just,  
 To Buried Merit raise the tardy bust:  
 If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,  
 Hear Lydiat's life and Galileo's end:  
 Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,  
 The glittering eminence exempt from Foes;  
 See, when the Vulgar 'scapes, despised and awed,  
 Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud:  
 From meaner minds though smaller fines content,  
 The plundered palace or sequestered rent,  
 Marked out by dangerous parts, he meets the shock,  
 And Fatal Learning leads him to the Block:  
 Around his tomb let Art and Genius Weep;  
 And Hear his Death, ye Blockheads, Hear and  
 Sleep!

## II. POLITICAL VIEWS

"Oxford, that magnificent and venerable Seat of Learning Orthodoxy and Toryism."—BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*.

### (a) TORYISM

A.D. 1715

No sooner had George I ascended the throne than the loud howling of the "Whig dogs" broke forth against Oxford:—

"The High Church Rebel"—to the tune, "Begging we will go."

At Oxford, Bath, and Bristol  
 The Rogues designed to rise,  
 But George's care and vigilance  
 There's nothing can surprise:  
 So to Tyburn let them go!

"A New Song"—to the tune, "Which Nobody can deny."

When at Oxford, that eminent Structure of Study,  
 In riots and treasons their Heads are turned  
                   giddy,  
 The Streams must be foul, where the Fountain  
                   is muddy;  
                                   Which nobody can deny.

"A Whig Riddle for the Tory Omen-hunters"—to the tune, "You Fair Ladies."

Go ask the Men of Oxford, why  
       Some Wights that late wore Garters,  
 Come to be canonized as Saints  
       Ere they Commenced as Martyrs;  
 Let Alma Mater shew a reason  
       Why Loyal Feasting's counted Treason.

"Rue and Thyme"—a song to the tune, "The Vicar of Taunton Dean."

As I walked along fair London town,  
       The rascally Tories flocked up and down;  
 Tho a Thanksgiving Day, they looked wretchedly  
                   blue,  
       Stuck up with their Rosemary, Thyme, and Rue:  
 Fa la la! Fa la la! The Perkinite Crew!

Then a Student of Oxford came next in the throng,  
       Swears he'll bring in Perkin before it be long;  
 He'll stand for the High Church and Chevalier too—  
       But if Tyburn should catch him, the Time he  
                   will Rue:  
 Fa la la! Fa la la! The Perkinite Crew!

*Collection of State Songs, etc., that have been  
 published since the Rebellion, and sung in  
 several Mug-houses in the Cities of London  
 and Westminster, London, 1716*

Epigrams on the descent made, Oct. 6, 1715, upon Oxford by Colonel Pepper with his regiment of dragoons to search for Jacobite officers, and on the despatch to Cambridge on Nov. 19 by George I of the valuable library which had belonged to Dr. Moore, Bishop of Ely:—

## THE OXFORD EPIGRAM

The King observing with judicious eyes  
 The state of his two Universities,  
 To Oxford sent a troop of horse: for why?  
 That learned body wanted loyalty:  
 To Cambridge books he sent, as well discerning  
 How much that loyal body wanted learning.

JOSEPH TRAPP, Wadham College, Oxford

## THE CAMBRIDGE REPLY

The King to Oxford sent a troop of horse,  
 For Tories own no argument but force;  
 With equal skill to Cambridge books he sent,  
 For Whigs admit no force but argument.

SIR WILLIAM BROWNE, Peterhouse, Cambridge<sup>1</sup>

One of the favourite methods used by the troublesome Whig minority at Oxford, known as the "Constitution Club," to provoke honest Jacobites, was to assemble at some tavern in the town on the 28th of May, and to celebrate the birthday of the Hanoverian Usurper by

<sup>1</sup> The epigrams have been put into Latin, as follows:

"Regia Musarum inspiciens vigilantia sedes,  
 Quam bene disposuit munus utrique suum!  
 Granta, tuos libris prudens ditavit alumnos;  
 Militis armati te, Rhedecyna, manu.  
 Huic nempe obsequium, sapientia defuit illi;  
 Floruit haec doctis, altera mancipiis.

"Rex ideo turmis Rhedecynam implevit et armis,  
 Quod vires istic pro ratione valent:  
 Granta, tuas libris ornavit amantior aulas,  
 Quod tibi pro summis viribus est ratio,"

bonfires, illuminations, and uproarious songs; and they effected their object the more easily because all good Tories were preparing to welcome on the following day, May 29, the anniversary of the glorious Restoration.

“A Song for the 28th of May, the birthday of our glorious Sovereign, king George”—to the tune of “The King shall enjoy his own again.”

The Time is now come  
 That we fear not France or Rome  
 Nor all the rebel Tory Crew:  
 The Rebels we will hang,  
 And the Tories we will bang,  
 As our Forefathers used to do:  
 Let 'em fight us if they dare,  
 Let 'em rant and let 'em swear;  
 We'll make them after Perkin run:  
 'Tis the 28th of May,  
 Let us revel it away,  
 For joy that the King enjoys his own.

Then bring up the Jug  
 To us friends of the Mug:  
 We'll toast the Royal Health round:  
 For the birth of the King  
 Let us quaff laugh and sing;  
 His day with gay frolic be crowned.  
 The mob we need not fear;  
 There's enough of us here  
 To beat all the Tories in town:  
 We have got a better day  
 Than the 29th of May,  
 For the King of our Hearts has his own.

Raise the faggots higher,  
 We'll have no kitchen fire  
 To celebrate King George's day:  
 Who the deuce would care  
 Tho the Doctor were here

And his Duke who did our friends betray?  
 Our mugs now let us mind;  
 We have three good toasts behind—  
 The Prince, the Princess, and Carter John.  
 In all the month of May  
 We will keep no other day  
 But the King's, who now enjoys his own.

While the bonfires blaze  
 With our Healths and Huzzas  
 To joy we all our friends unite.  
 Tomorrow they say  
 We are threatened with a fray;  
 But a fig for that! we'll laugh tonight.  
 And if they dare come out  
 To try the other bout,  
 The word is "George," and their work is done  
 For in all the month of May,  
 We'll have no such merry day  
 As the King's, who now enjoys his own.

A.D. 1750

Cambridge was at this time displaying a fulsome spirit of flattery rather than loyalty towards the house of Brunswick. Its chancellorship was bestowed on that most ignorant and ridiculous of mortals, the Premier, the Duke of Newcastle. The prosecution, conviction, and savage punishment of some honest young Oxonians who had boasted over their cups their attachment to the House of Stuart, afforded another opportunity of "supporting the throne"; and William Mason (St. John's College, Cambridge) bid high for preferment by the publication of *Isis, an Elegy*, in which he contrasted the loyalty of Cambridge with the disaffection of its sister University. This poem drew an answer, called *The Triumph of Isis*, from the younger Tom Warton, then a Scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, twenty-two

years of age: see *Studies in Oxford History* (Oxford Hist. Soc.), *Oxford during the Eighteenth Century*, by J. R. Green, p. 172.

“ISIS, AN ELEGY,” by William Mason

(The river Isis appears in “all the awful negligence of woe,” and reviews the past; sees patriotic sons like Sydney, Raleigh, Hampden, Addison, and Locke; and recalling the days when she boasted as proud a name as did the Ilissus, she proceeds to lament as follows:)

Alas! how changed? Where now that Attic  
boast?

See Gothic license rage o'er all my coast!  
See Hydra Faction spread its impious reign,  
Poison each breast, and madden every brain!  
Hence frontless crowds, that not content to fright  
The blushing Cynthia from her throne of night,  
Blast the fair face of day, and madly bold  
To Freedom's Foes infernal orgies hold:  
To Freedom's Foes, ah! see the goblet crowned!  
Hear plausive shouts to Freedom's Foes resound!  
The horrid notes my refluent waters daunt;  
The Echoes groan; the Dryads quit their haunt.  
Learning, that once to all diffused her beam,  
Now sheds by stealth a partial private gleam,  
In some low cloister's melancholy shade  
Where a firm few support her sickly head,  
Despised, insulted by the barbarous train  
Who scour, like Thracia's moonstruck rout, the  
plain;

Sworn foes, like them, to all the Muse approves,  
All Phoebus favours, or Minerva loves.  
Are these the sons my fostering breast must rear,  
Graced with my name, and nurtured by my care!  
Must these go forth from my maternal hand  
To deal their insults through a peaceful land



And boast, while Freedom bleeds and Virtue groans  
 That Isis taught Sedition to her Sons!!!  
 Forbid it, Heaven! and let my rising waves  
 Indignant swell, and whelm the recreant Slaves!!!

“THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS,” by Tom Warton

(“The silver-slippered virgin, treading lightly the smooth surface of the dimply flood,” approaches, and exhorts the poet:)

When Freedom calls and Oxford bids thee sing,  
 Why stays thy hand to strike the sounding string?  
 When thus, in Freedom’s and in Phoebus’ spite,  
 The venal sons of slavish Cam unite  
 To shake yon towers; when Malice rears her crest;  
 Shall all my sons in silence idly rest?

Still sing, O Cam, your favourite Freedom’s cause,  
 Still boast of Freedom—while you break her laws:  
 To Power your songs of gratulation pay,  
 To Courts address soft flattery’s soothing lay.

Let Granta boast the patrons of her name,  
 Each pompous fool of fortune or of fame:  
 Still of Preferment let her shine the Queen,  
 Prolific parent of each bowing Dean:  
 Be hers each Prelate of the pampered cheek,  
 Each courtly Chaplain, sanctified and sleek:  
 Still let the Drones of her exhaustless hive  
 On fat Pluralities supinely thrive:  
 Still let her Senates titled Slaves revere,  
 Nor dare to know the Patriot from the Peer;  
 For Tinselled Courts their Laurelled Mount despise,  
 In Stars and Strings superlatively wise!

’Tis Ours, my son, to deal the sacred bay  
 Where Honour calls, and Justice leads the way;

To wear the well-earned wreath which Merit  
brings  
And snatch a gift beyond the reach of Kings:  
Scorning, and scorned by, Courts, yon Muses'  
bower  
Still nor enjoys, nor asks the smile of Power.

The  
Library,  
built from  
funds left  
by Dr.  
Radcliffe  
(died  
1714), was  
opened on  
April 13,  
1749.

E'en late, when Radcliffe's delegated train  
Auspicious shone in Isis' happy plain;  
When yon proud Dome, fair Learning's complete  
shrine,  
Beneath its Attic roofs received the Nine;  
Mute was the voice of joy and loud applause  
To Radcliffe due and Isis' honoured cause?  
What freeborn crowds adorned the festive day,  
Nor blushed to wear my tributary bay!  
How each brave breast with honest ardour heaved  
When Sheldon's fane the patriot band received!

A concert  
managed  
by Handel.

While Music left her golden sphere on high,  
And bore each strain of triumph to the sky;  
Swelled the loud song, and to my Chiefs around  
Poured the full Paeans of mellifluous sound.

Dr.  
William  
King,  
Principal  
of St.  
Mary's  
Hall,  
and head  
of the  
Jacobite  
party at  
Oxford.

But lo! at once the swelling concerts cease,  
And crowded theatres are hushed in peace;  
See on yon Sage how all attentive stand  
To catch his darting eye and waving hand!  
Hark! he begins with all a Tully's art  
To pour the dictates of a Cato's heart;  
Skilled to pronounce what noblest thoughts in-  
spire,  
He blends a Speaker's with a Patriot's fire;  
Bold to conceive, nor timorous to conceal,  
What Britons dare to think, he dares to tell.  
In frowns and smiles he gains an equal prize,  
Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to rise:  
Bids happier days to Albion be restored,  
Bids ancient Justice rear her radiant sword;

From me and from my country wins applause  
 And makes an Oxford's, a Britannia's cause.<sup>1</sup>  
 Ye venerable bowers, ye seats sublime  
 Clad in the mossy vest of fleeting time;  
 Ye stately piles of old munificence,  
 At once the pride of Learning and defence,  
 Where ancient Piety, a matron hoar,  
 Still seems to keep the hospitable door;  
 Ye Cloisters pale, that lengthening to the sight,  
 Still step by step to musings mild invite;  
 Ye high-arched Walls, where oft the bard has caught  
 The glowing sentiment, the lofty thought;  
 Ye Temples dim, where pious Duty pays  
 Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praise;  
 Lo! your loved Isis from the bordering vale  
 With all a mother's fondness bids you hail.  
 Hail, Oxford, hail! Of all that's good and great,  
 Of all that's fair, the guardian and the seat;  
 Nurse of each brave pursuit, each generous aim,  
 By Truth exalted to the throne of Fame;  
 Like Greece in science and in liberty;  
 Like Athens learn'd, like Lacedaemon free.

(b) ORTHODOXY (1730–1768)

“Johnson: ‘Sir, the expulsion of six students from the University of Oxford, who were Methodists and would

<sup>1</sup> King's speech contains many thinly-veiled allusions to the “butcher Cumberland” and his officers—“*heroes isti, qui quum, non modo hostibus sed suis moliantur exitium, inde tamen nomen et gloriam quaerunt. . . . Hoscine ut colat populus! Hoscine ut nos Oxonienses colamus! . . . Quam me pudet igitur istius oratorum et poetarum assentationis, quae tales viros, immanitate naturae insignes, semideos fecit et praedicavit!*” After alluding to Government spies—“*detestabiles isti delatores, qui ita res nostras modo turbarunt*”—the orator adroitly contrived to excite the Jacobite feelings of his audience by introducing many times into his peroration the word “*Redeat!*”—Thus “*Redeat nobis Astraea nostra!*” “*Redeat magnus ille Genius Britanniae!*” “*Redeat, efficiatque ut revirescat respublica!*” Each time he made a considerable pause after the word, and drew forth the enthusiastic applause of the honest Jacobites who thronged the Sheldonian Theatre.

not desist from publicly praying and exhorting, was extremely just and proper. What have they to do at an University who are not willing to be taught, but will presume to teach? Where is religion to be learnt, but at an University? Sir, they were examined, and found to be mighty ignorant fellows.' Boswell: 'But was it not hard, Sir, to expel them, for I am told they were good beings.' Johnson: 'I believe they might be good beings, but they were not fit to be in the University of Oxford. A cow is a very good animal in a field, but we turn her out of a garden.'

"One day when Dr. Johnson and Sir Robert Chambers were together in the garden of New Inn Hall, Sir Robert occupied himself in collecting snails and throwing them over the wall into the adjoining premises. The Doctor thereupon reprimanded him, and pronounced his behaviour unmannerly and unneighbourly. 'Sir,' said Sir Robert, 'my neighbour is a Dissenter.' 'Oh!' exclaimed the Doctor, 'if so, my dear Chambers, toss away, toss away as hard as you can!'"—BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*.

#### INTERCESSION FOR THE UNIVERSITY

Teacher divine, with melting eye  
 Our ruined Seats of Learning see,  
 Whose ruling scribes Thy truth deny,  
 And persecute Thy saints and Thee,  
 As hired by Satan to suppress  
 And root up every seed of grace.

As Heretics and Lollards still  
 Thy faithful confessors they brand,  
 With all their strength and knowing skill  
 The Spirit and His work withstand;  
 In league with Hell, Thy throne t' o'erthrow,  
 And raise the kingdom of Thy foe.

Whose knowledge, vain, unsanctified,  
 Fills every synagogue and chair,  
 Whose guile and unbelief preside,  
 And wage with Heaven immortal war:  
 The prophet's nursing schools are these,  
 And sinks of desperate wickedness.

True prophets once they surely bred  
 And champions for th' incarnate God,  
 Who lived Thy dying Love to spread,  
 Who sealed the record with their blood,  
 The Truth, the Way, the Life of Grace,  
 Blasphemed by this degenerate race.

And wilt Thou let the fountains fail,  
 Or flow through earth with streams impure?  
 Thy Gospel must at last prevail,  
 Thy Word from age to age endure;  
 And Learning fastened to the Cross  
 For ever serve Thy glorious cause.

CHARLES WESLEY (Ch. Ch.), *Hymns of  
 Intercession*, 1758

"On some late expulsions from E——H——, O——d,  
 of certain gentlemen for holding the doctrines of Election,  
 Perseverance, and Justification by Faith alone, man's  
 natural impotency to good and the efficacious influence  
 of the Spirit."

Rejoice ye Sons of Papal Rome,  
 No longer hide the head;  
 Mary's blest days once more are come,  
 And Bonner from the dead.

Where Cranmer died and Ridley bled,  
 Martyrs for Truth sincere,  
 See Cranmer's Faith and Ridley's Hope  
 Thrust out and Martyred there.

Another containing good Advice to young Gownsmen :—

Ye jovial Souls, drink deep and swear  
And all shall then go well ;  
But oh ! take heed of Hymns and Prayer,  
These cry aloud—EXPEL.

*London Chronicle*, March 19-22, 24-6, 1768

## CHAPTER XII

### THE PASSING OF THE MIDDLE AGES (1760-1850)

*An Omnia vergant ad Interitum? Aff.*

Me nec Musica Turba vocat, nec nobilis Ille  
Quem merito jactas doctum, si fama, Patronum;  
Nec Camerae Communis amor, qua rarus ad alta  
Nunc tubus emittit gratos laquearia fumos;  
Sed novus Oxonii vestitus, sed nova rerum  
Quae surgit facies, paulatim et nascitur ordo.  
Ergo novis rebus, ceu nosti, inimicus, ad Almam  
Confugio, officii veteris memor usque, Parentem,  
Ut, dum pauca manent veteris vestigia formae,  
Postremum his oculis videam, jubeamque valere.

“Oxford Revisited in 1773—Dialogus in  
Theatro Sheldoniano habitus July 8,”  
*Selecta Poemata*, ed. by Edward Popham

THE heterogeneous documents brought together in this chapter have this in common;—they are suggestive in their various ways of the close of what has here been called the later mediæval period of Oxford’s story, and also of the birth and growth of the ideas prevalent in the modern University. They are grouped under the following heads:—

- I. Decay of Jacobitism and growth of Modern Toryism.
  1. Carmen introductorium *Pietati Oxon.*, etc. (1760).
  2. Verses on the arrival of Queen Charlotte in England (1761).

3. Odes, etc., on the visit to Oxford of the Prince Regent (1814).
4. Macaronic lines on the visit to Oxford of Princess Victoria (1832).

II. Growing disposition to murmur and unquietness (1793).

*The College Cat*, by Robert Southey.

III. The New Examination System (1800), and its consequences.

1. Letter in verse from an Undergraduate (1810).
2. Macaronic lines from *The New Art teaching how to be Plucked* (1835).
3. Song from S. R. Hole's *Oxford Parodies* (1840-44).

IV. Relaxation of the old Classical Monopoly.

*Specimen of a Geological Lecture by Professor Buckland* (1819).

V. Fanatical Attacks upon the Educational System and Discipline of the University (1834).

*Black Gowns and Red Coats*, by George Cox of New College.

VI. Decay of Orthodoxy.

1. *Introduction of the Pope to the Convocation at Oxford*, 1809, by J. Gillray.
2. *Installation of Lord Grenville as Chancellor*, 1810, by J. Gillray.
3. *Black Gowns and Red Coats*, 1834.

VII. Intestinal Feuds bred by Neo-Catholic Movement.

1. The Hampden Controversy (1836-42).
2. *The Oxford Argo* (1845).



VIII. Destruction of mediæval Oxford by the extension of the railway system.

*Viae per Angliam ferro stratae* (1841).

IX. Eve of Revolution.

*Revolutionary Manifesto*, issued June 1849.

### I. DECAY OF JACOBITISM

With the accession of George III (1760), a new political era commenced at Oxford. In the fervour of its zeal, the University presented to the King through the Vice-Chancellor a printed book of Verses of condolence and of congratulation in different languages, entitled *Pietas Oxoniensis*.

“Carmen introductorium *Pietati Oxoniensi* praefigendum, auctore Gerardo Higgenbroccio, in *Artibus inceptore*” (from the *Companion to the Guide*, Thomas Warton, ed. published 1806).

Nuper spiravit homo  
Cui Georgio nomen fuit;  
Nunc ille abiit domo,  
Dum coelum adhuc pluit.

Hic erat noster rex,  
Nos eramus ejus grex;  
Nunc heu! inter nos non est,  
Nec nobis interest.

Non fuit altus homo,\*  
Nec fuit valde brevis;  
Non fuit gravis homo,  
Nec fuit valde levis.

(\* Describitur persona Regis nuperi.)

Non erat valde pinguis  
Non erat valde gracilis;  
Probatur omnium linguis  
Multum clemens et facilis.

Patriae dilectae vixit hic amicus,  
 Nec regem meliorem facile dicas.

INCIPIT ODA

Sublatus est; O flete,  
 Nec amplius ridete,  
 Dum finis venerit hujus anni,  
 O magnus populus Britanni:  
 Plora tu quoque, Rhedecyna,  
 Magnorum artium officina,  
 Pullata tunica incede  
 Pro hoc defuncto bono rege.  
 Consurgant simul omnia  
 Collegiorum Capita;  
 Omnes Poetae capitales,  
 Australes vel septentrionales;  
 Qui sunt Duces aut Marchiones,  
 Nunc semel in vita Marones,  
 Seu filii tantum sint Baronum,  
 Seu etiam Baronettorum;  
 Sive sint Scoti seu Hiberni,  
 Nil interest, nam sunt fraterni;  
     Omnes Doctores;  
     Ambo Proctores;  
 Qui sunt Regentes vel Tutores;  
     In tecto qui sedetis  
     Sublimi vel profundo;  
     Qui pileo gaudetis  
     Quadrato vel rotundo;  
 Qui vinum generosum combibatis,  
 Vel molle Mildo tantum audeatis;  
 Vel quibus marsupium obesum,  
 Vel quis marsupii levis est pertaesum;  
 Vel qui coenaculo in communi  
 Volumina volvatis fumi,  
 Vel qui tabernas frequentatis  
 Habentes satis otii gratis;

Qui colitis Musas divinas,  
 Qui colitis Musas equinas,  
 Qui colitis Musas caninas,  
 Sive sint qui colant porcinas:—  
     Omnes et singuli praedictorum,  
 Seu versuum Fabri bonorum,  
 Seu versuum Fabri malorum,  
 Consurgant simul et petant Londinium;  
 Sed prius scribant aliquid divinum,  
 Quo regis aures placide palpentur:  
 Qui scribit optime, hic erit Precentor:  
     Testentur suum jam amorem  
     Fundendo lacrymarum rorem;  
     Omnes paranto laureos ramos;  
     Hi pendeant super aureos hamos;  
     Sic tumulum regis defuncti  
     Celebrent honore largo cuncti:  
     Qui non plorare noscit,  
     Meretur hic flagellum;  
     Quis jam non fingere possit  
     Poemation tenellum?  
     In unum constipentur  
     Omnes lacrymae botellum;  
     Lauri omnes colligentur  
     In fascem per Bedellum.  
     Lacrymae congestae amarae  
     Amariores fient,  
     Cui Isidis Camoenae  
     Lacrymas benigne cient.

Gratulatio Univ. Oxon. in Regis Georgii III  
     inaugurationem

Vice-Can. Prolocutor

Illustris Princeps, hic botellus,  
 Quem meus secum fert Bedellus,  
 Includit chymicam parationem,  
 Avus ne tuus sit in oblivionem;

Lacrymis ex singulis et cunctis  
 Quas unquam fudimus defunctis  
 Nostris principibus vel regibus,  
 Cum pereant duris legibus,  
 Hae, inquam, hae sunt longe amarissimae  
 Quas hic inclusas gerimus, Rex carissime :  
 His ossa magna digne conspergantur  
 Tam boni tam humani Principis,  
 Qui solus est cunctorum qui laudantur  
 Qui maxime hos rores meruit laudis.  
 En quoque huc portamus laureos ramos  
 Quos habemus ecce! super aureos hamos,  
 In altum regis tumulum pendeanto  
 Et ejus nomen semper celebranto :  
     Praeterea porto alium  
     Spirituum Botellum,  
     Per eundem meum hunc  
     Fidissimum Bedellum;—  
 His recreantur animi Britannii;  
 His excitentur gaudio perenni,  
 Quod tu, tam pius Princeps et serenus,  
 Imperii magni sumis jam habenas :  
 Hos, Princeps bone, accipere digneris;  
 Gratias tum dabimus cordibus sinceris.  
 Jam vale! Nunc nos ad Oxoniam ibimus;  
 Sed prius audi nos haec sentientes;  
 Pellemus a te impetus recentes,  
 Cum te vel simul stabimus vel peribimus."

"Verses on the expected arrival in England of Queen Charlotte (A.D. 1761), by a Gentleman of Oxford—Containing the sentiments, images, metaphors, machinery, similes, allusions, and all other poetical decorations of the Oxford Verses which appeared on that auspicious occasion": *The Oxford Sausage* (1764).

Yes,—every hopeful son of rhyme  
 Will surely seize this happy time,

Vault upon Pegasus's back,  
 Now grown an academic hack,  
 And sing the beauties of a Queen  
 (Whom, by the way, he has not seen);  
 Will swear her eyes are black as jet,  
 Her teeth are pearls in coral set;  
 Will tell us that the rose has lent  
 Her cheek its bloom, her lips its scent;  
 That Philomel breaks off her song  
 And listens to her sweeter tongue;  
 That Venus and the Graces joined  
 To form this Phoenix of her kind,  
 And Pallas undertook to store  
 Her mind with wisdom's chiefest lore:  
 Thus formed, Jove issues a decree  
 That George's Consort she shall be:  
 Then Cupid (for what match is made  
 By poets without Cupid's aid?)  
 Picks out the swiftest of his darts,  
 And pierces instant both their hearts.

Your fearful prosemen here might doubt,  
 How best to bring this match about,  
 For winds and waves are ill-bred things,  
 And little care for Queens and Kings;  
 But as the Gods assembled stand  
 And wait each youthful bard's command,  
 All fancied dangers they deride  
 Of boisterous winds and swelling tide;  
 Neptune is called to wait upon her,  
 And Sea-Nymphs are her Maids of Honour;  
 Whilst we, instead of eastern gales,  
 With vows and praises fill the sails;  
 And when, with due poetic care,  
 They safely land the royal fair,  
 They catch the happy simile  
 Of Venus rising from the sea.  
 Soon as she moves, the hill and vale  
 Responsive tell the joyful tale;

And wonder holds th' enraptured throng  
 To see the goddess pass along;  
 The bowing forests all adore her,  
 And flowers spontaneous spring before her,  
 Where you and I all day might travel,  
 And meet with nought but sand and gravel:  
 But poets have a piercing eye,  
 And many pretty things can spy  
 Which neither you nor I can see;  
 But then the fault's in you and me.  
 The King astonished must appear,  
 And find that fame has wrong'd his dear;  
 Then Hymen, like a bishop, stands  
 To join the lovers' plighted hands;  
 Apollo and the Muses wait  
 The nuptial song to celebrate.

But I, who rarely spend my time  
 In paying court or spinning rhyme;  
 Who cannot from the high abodes  
 Call down, at will, a troop of Gods;  
 Must in the plain prosaic way,  
 The wishes of my soul convey.  
 May Heaven our Monarch's choice approve,  
 May he be blest with mutual love,  
 And be as happy with his Queen,  
 As with my Chloe I have been,  
 When wandering through the beechen grove,  
 She sweetly smiled and talked of love!  
 And oh! that he may live to see  
 A son as wise and good as he;  
 And may his Consort grace the throne  
 With virtues equal to his own!

Our courtly bards will needs be telling  
 That she's like Venus or like Helen;  
 I wish that she may prove as fair  
 As Egremont and Pembroke are;  
 For though by sages 't is confest  
 That beauty's but a toy at best,

Yet 't is, methinks, in married life  
 A pretty douceur with a wife:  
 And may the minutes, as they fly,  
 Strengthen still the nuptial tie;  
 While hand in hand, through life they go,  
 'Til love shall into friendship grow:  
 For tho' these blessings rarely wait  
 On regal pomp and tinsel'd state,  
 Yet happiness is virtue's lot  
 Alike in palace and in cot:  
 'Tis true, the grave affairs of state  
 With little folks have little weight,  
 Yet I confess my patriot heart  
 In Britain's welfare bears its part;  
 With transport glows at George's name,  
 And triumphs in its country's fame;  
 With hourly pleasure can I sit  
 And talk of Granby, Hawke, and Pitt;  
 And whilst I praise the good and brave,  
 Disdain the coward and the knave.

At growth of taxes others fret,  
 And shudder at the nation's debt;—  
 I ne'er the fancied ills bemoan;  
 No debts disturb me, but my own.  
 What though our coffers sink, our trade  
 Repairs the breach which war has made;  
 And if expenses now run high,  
 Our minds must with our means comply.

Thus far my politics extend,  
 And here my warmest wishes end—  
 May Merit flourish, Faction cease,  
 And I and Europe live in peace!

The loyalty of the University was again displayed on the occasion of the visit to Oxford, in 1814, of the Prince Regent and his guests, the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, with their distinguished suites. At the great reception in the Sheldonian Theatre, "old

Blucher" became the hero of the day. In retiring from the building he was almost pulled to pieces by his admirers, and was heard to remark that "it was the hottest struggle he had ever been in": *Recollections of Oxford*, by G. V. Cox.

Odes and Poems recited in the Theatre (specimen)

Oxford, thy mossgrown venerable towers,  
 The Muses' seat, thy academic bowers,  
 Welcome the good, the loyal, and the brave,  
 Who've rescued Europe from the tyrant's powers:  
 E'en Isis opes her clear translucent wave  
 In this heart-cheering peaceful happy hour;  
 And rapid Cherwell contemplates no more  
 Those who on Science' classic pages pore,  
     Save where some maniac sits all alone;  
     For lo! to meet the Princes all are gone, etc.

Lines on the creation of General Prince Blucher a D.C.L., from *Lusus alteri Westmonasterienses*, ed. by James Mure, Henry Bull, and C. B. Scott.

Coram Academiacis rubro dum tectus amictu  
 Stat Blucher, haec clara voce Professor ait:  
 "Insignissime tu Vice-Cancellarie," clamat,  
     "Vosque Procuratores, nimis egregii,  
 Praesento ecce Virum, qui non Civilia curat  
     Ulla; nec arbitrii Jus, nisi bella, sapit.  
 Civili date Jure gradum:"—Stupet inscius Heros;  
     Et Ductor, verso nomine, Doctor abit.<sup>1</sup>

All the best features of modern Toryism were displayed by the University on the occasion of the visit

<sup>1</sup> It was in this year 1814 that Madame de Staël is said to have asked the University to confer upon her the degree of D.C.L., and to have perpetrated the following lines when her modest request was not granted:—

"Oxford no more, but Cowford be thy name,  
 To rear up Calves to thy eternal shame!"



of the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria to Oxford on Nov. 2, 1832.

“Poema canino-anglico-latinum super adventu recenti serenissimarum Principum;

non

Cancellarii proemio donatum aut donandum;

nec in

Theatro Sheldoniano recitatum aut recitandum”

(by Robert Lowe, commoner of University College, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke)

Dicite praeclaram, Musae, mihi dicite Kentae  
Duchessam, Princessque simul Victoria nostro  
Singatur versu, Conroianusque triumphus;\*

Et quam shoutarunt Undergraduates atque Magistri;  
Et quantum dederit Vice-Chancellor ipse refreshment.

\* Sir John  
Conroy  
created  
D.C.L.

Rainy dies aderat; decimam strikantibus horam  
Jam clockis, portae panduntur; then, what a rush was,  
Musa, velim, memores: si possis, damna recounta,  
Quae juvenum nimis audaces subiere catervae,  
Quot periere capi, quot gowns ingemuere  
Vulnera vae! nimium loyales testantia vires.

Fugerat all patience, cum jam procedere troopum  
Sensimus, et loudo Mavortia trumpeta cantu  
Spiravere: venit, venit, Oh! carissima conjux  
Guelphiadae; ad currus equites spatiantur anhelii.  
Versibus hic fortes liceat celebrare cohortes,  
Norrisiasque manus Abingdoniamque juventam:  
Multa the rain, et multa lutum, permulta caballi  
Damna tulere illis: necnon viva cuique criebat  
Absentem ob dominum, neque enim gens est ea, cui  
sit

Flectere ludus equos et pistola tendere marko,  
Ast assueta to plough, terramque invertere rastris.

Quid memorem quanto crepuit domus alta tumultu?  
Intremuere Scholae, celsâ suspecta cathedrâ  
Intremuit Christchurch, tremuit Maudlenia turris,  
Ratcliffique domus, geminisque University portis,

Doctorum stipata choro pokerisque tremendis  
 Royalty ubi ingressa est, super omnes scilicet illa  
 Guelphiadas felix, dextram Rhedycina benignam  
 Cui dedit, accepitque sinu, propriamque dicavit.

Consedere duces, et tum Vice-Chancellor infit,  
 " Si placeat vestrae, Celsissima, majestati,  
 " Nos tuus hic populus, tuaque haec Universitas omnis  
 " Supplicibus coelum manibus veneramur, ut adsit  
 " Omne good et pulchrum tibi filiolaeque serena,  
 " Quae matris guided auspiciis, eductaque curis,  
 " In modern literis, Graecis etiam atque Latinis,  
 " Triginta magnos volvendis mensibus orbes  
 " Imperio explebit, regnumque a sede Londini  
 " Transferet, et nostram multa vi muniet Oxford."

Insequitur loud shout; loud shoutis deinde quietis,  
 Kentea pauca refert, sed non et pauca fuerunt  
 Clappea, nec paucis se gratified esse fatetur  
 Curtseis, tanto mage gens perversa fatigat  
 Plausibus assiduis non inflexibile collum.

Qualis ubi ingentes, coachâ veniente, portmantos,  
 Greatcoatosque, bagosque humeros onerare ministri  
 Bendentis vidi, quem dura ad munia mittit  
 Angelus, aut Mitre, vicinaque Stella Gazellae.

Illa refert "We thank you, kind Sir, for the honour  
 you've done us.

" Nought's interested us more in the tour, which we  
 have just been taking,

" Than this our reception in Oxford. I beg to assure  
 you that I shall

" Always endeavour to teach my daughter whatever  
 is useful,

" That she may be fit to reign over a great and  
 glorious people."

Dixerat; et strepitu prodis, Conroie, secundo,  
 Phillimori deducte manu, tibi tegmen honoris  
 Obvolvit latos humeros subjectaque colla!

Jamque silent cunei; tum rhetor with paper in  
 hand,

Ore rotundato narrat fortissima facta  
 Herois, narrat fidum Princessis amorem,  
 Multaque dicta before, et quae race postera dicet,  
 Protulit—in totum fertur vox clara theatrum—

Olli sedato respondet pectore Praeses—  
 “Admitto causâ te, Vir fortissime, honoris  
 “Doctoris gradui civili in Jure Periti”—  
 Heu! nimium felix, civilia condere jura  
 Nescius, aut tenues linguâ distinguere causas,  
 Non Lincoln's Inn illum, non Intima Templa  
 tulerunt,

Furnipulive aedes clarum boastavit alumnum;  
 Nec tamen inde minus juris consultus abibat  
 Suffragiis doctis, et serto templa forensi  
 Vinxit, et insigni laetus terga induit ostro  
 Ah! nullas miserûm causas subitura reorum.

Tum subito Praeses, all things jam recte peractis,  
 “Nos hunc concursum extemplo dissolvimus,” inquit—  
 Exoritur clamorque virûm, clangorque tubarum.  
 Effudit vacuis turbam domus alta cathedris,  
 Unâ eâdemque viâ Princessam effudit et ipsam.  
 Curritur ad Christchurch, de Christchurch curritur  
 All Souls.

Alfredi tandem fessas domus alta recepit  
 Hospitio of the best, sed quod magis hearty voluntas  
 Commendat domini cum sedulitate feloium,  
 Plurima quam nitidâ quae stant osonia mensâ  
 Scrubbatumve platum, kidglovative ministri.

Quis cladem illius luncheon, quis dishia fando  
 Explicet? haud equidem quanquam sint voices a  
 hundred,

Cast iron all, omnes dapium comprehendere formas,  
 Magnificaeque queam fastus evolvere coenae.  
 Egressis (neque enim possunt eatare for ever)  
 Gens effraena ruens, nondum graduatia pubes,  
 Ingeminat loudos plausus; hip hip hurra coelum  
 Percutit; high wavère capi; quadrangulus huzzas  
 Audiit, atque imis tremefactus sedibus High Street.

Tum forte in turri, sic fama est, reading-man altâ  
 Invigilans studiis pensum carpebat, at illum  
 Startulat horrid uproar, evertitur inkstand, ibi omnis  
 Effusus labor, impurus nam labitur amnis  
 Ethica per Rhetoricque, expensive fulgida bindings,  
 Virgiliumque etiam heroas, etiam arma, canentem.

Sit satis haec luisse—Peryaeam mihi pennam  
 Fessa adimit Nonsense, botelas glassasque claretque  
 Poscit, inexpletum cupiens haurire trecenta  
 Pocula, terque tribus Princessam tollere cheeris.—  
 Ergo alacres potate viri—nec fortia doctor  
 Pocula si quis amat, nec si commonrooma magistrum  
 Mensa tenet socium, nec si quis bachelor aut si  
 Non graduatus erit, idcirco sobrius esto;  
 Sic honors acceptos nobis celebramus in Oxford—  
 Hoc juvat et melli est—non mentior—hic mihi finis.

## II. GROWING DISPOSITION TO MURMUR AND UNQUIETNESS

### “The College Cat”

Toll on, toll on, old Bell! I'll neither pass  
 The cold and weary hour in heartless rites,  
 Nor doze away the time. The fire burns bright;  
 And bless the maker of this Windsor Chair!  
 Of polished cherry, elbow'd, saddle-seated,  
 This is the throne of comfort! I will sit  
 And study here devoutly, . . . not my Euclid,  
 For Heaven forfend that I should discompose  
 That spider's excellent geometry!  
 I'll study thee, Puss!; not to make a picture,—  
 I hate your canvass cats and dogs and fools,  
 Themes that disgrace the pencil—Thou shalt give  
 A moral subject, Puss. Come look at me! . . .  
 Lift up thine emerald eyes! Ah, purr away,  
 For I am praising thee, I tell thee, Puss;  
 And Cats, as well as Kings, love flattery.

For three whole days I heard an old Fur-gown  
 Bepraised, that made a Duke a Chancellor:<sup>1</sup>—  
 Bepraised it was in Prose, bepraised in Verse;  
 Lauded in pious Latin to the skies;  
 Kudos'd egregiously in heathen Greek;  
 In Sapphics sweetly incensed; glorified  
 In proud Alcaics; in Hexameters  
 Applauded to the very galleries,  
 That did applaud again, whose thunder-claps  
 Higher and longer with redoubling peals  
 Rung, when they heard th' illustrious Be-furbelow'd  
 Heroically in Popean rhyme  
 Tee-ti-tum'd, in Miltonic blank bemouth'd;  
 Prose, verse, Greek, Latin, English, rhyme, and blank,  
 Apotheosi-chancellor'd in all;  
 Till Eulogy, with all her wealth of words,  
 Grew bankrupt, all too prodigal of praise,  
 And panting Panegyric toil'd in vain,  
 O'ertask'd in keeping pace with such desert.

Though I can poetize right willingly,  
 Puss, on thy well-streak'd coat, to that Fur-gown  
 I was not guilty of a single line:—  
 'T was an old Furbelow, that would hang loose  
 And wrap round anyone, as it were made  
 To fit him only, so it were but tied  
 With a blue riband:—

What a power there is

In beauty! Within these forbidden walls  
 Thou hast thy range at will, and when perchance  
 The Fellows see thee, Puss, they overlook  
 Inhibitory laws, or haply think  
 The statute was not made for Cats like thee:  
 For thou art beautiful, as ever Cat  
 That wanton'd in the joy of kitten-hood.

<sup>1</sup> In July 1793 was the public installation of the Duke of Portland as Chancellor of the University. Convocations were held on three successive days for the recitation of prize poems, compositions, and complimentary verses.

Ah! stretch thy claws, thou democratic beast!  
 I like thy independence. Treat thee well,  
 Thou art as playful as young Innocence:  
 But if we act the governor, and break  
 The social compact, nature gave thee claws,  
 And taught thee how to use them. Man, methinks,  
 Master and Slave alike, might learn from thee  
 A salutary lesson:—but the one  
 Abuses wickedly his power unjust;  
 The other crouches spaniel-like, and licks  
 The hand that strikes him. Wiser animal,  
 I look at thee familiariz'd but free;  
 And thinking that a child with gentle hand  
 Leads by a string the large-limbed elephant,  
 With mingled indignation and contempt  
 Behold his drivers goad the biped beast.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, Balliol College, 1793

### III. THE NEW EXAMINATION SYSTEM, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

With the Examination Statute of 1800 and the subsequent introduction of the class system, Oxford became infected by the modern manias for competition and for reducing everything to a palpable concrete result.

#### “Poetical Account of an Oxford Examination”

An epistle addressed by a young man to his father in the country, and accompanied by Dr. Coplestone's first pamphlet (1810), repelling the attacks upon Oxford made by Sydney Smith in the *Edinburgh Review*, *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, iii. 280.

Since the cold cutting jibes of that Northern Review  
 Have tormented and teased Uncle Toby and you,  
 I'm exceedingly happy in sending you down  
 A defence, which is making much noise in the town,

Of all our old learning and fame immemorial,  
 Which is said to be writ by a Fellow of Oriel.  
 Not that this is designed to elude your command  
 Of presenting a picture of things as they stand:  
 Alma Mater is altered, you plainly will see,  
 Very much, since you entered in seventy-three.

Her externals, indeed, remain nearly alike  
 With a reverend awe the beholders to strike:—  
 The scarves of our Masters, the wigs of our Doctors,  
 The staves of our Bull-dogs, the sleeves of our  
 Proctors;

Though e'en here some small matters, it must be  
 confess'd

Have been changed, and the men are less decently  
 dressed;

Some canonical rules to oblivion are creeping,  
 And from under some gowns, boots and gaiters are  
 peeping;

But the things that are marked by most grave  
 alterations

Are the Schools without doubt and the Examinations.

You remember of old 't was a thing understood,  
 These might almost be managed by puppets of  
 wood;

The mounting of pulpits, the bowing, the chatting,  
 The chopping of Logic, the rhyming of Latin—

These things had no value, except as forerunners

Of fine flowing bumpers and fat greasy dinners,

And a Bachelor's Gown adorned every young man

Who could sport th' examining Masters a can!

Ye Saturnian Times! Thousands sigh o'er your lapse,

Yet your joyous return is not distant perhaps:

Yet at present these things wear a different look;  
 They have managed it so, Sir, by hook and by  
 crook,

That 'pon honour! 't is now quite a rarity grown

To see a young gentleman alter his gown.

Their questions so strict are, their looks are so blue,  
He's a lucky young dog that can squeeze himself  
through.

What peril, good Lord! modest merit environs  
From four fiery young Masters just hot off the irons!  
While ingenuous youth appears humming and ham-  
mering,

No pity they feel for your stuttering and stammering;  
They screw up their brows, and their eyebrows they  
knit,

The more burning your blush is, the sharper's their wit:  
At each Attic retort and each recondite pun,  
You the titter can hear round the gallery run,  
Till you're quite overpowered with their dignified fun;  
At last they just hint you may seat yourself down,  
And relinquish all thought of a graduate gown,  
Till you line with more Greek your unclassical  
crown.

. . . . .

The all-pervading and tyrannical influence of the Honour Schools at Oxford in the present day is but too well known. The examination system has in fact grown in strength, until it has become the master, instead of being the servant, of teaching. That, already before 1850, degree-examinations had become, as it were, nightmares to the Undergraduate, appears from the famous ballad, too long to be set out here, entitled "The Rime of the New-made Baccalere," and also from the following poems:—

From the *New Art, teaching how to be Plucked*,  
Oxford, 1835, a work attributed to Edward Caswell,  
B.N.C.

Oh fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,  
Sleevatos Bachelors! neque enim sub sidera nightae  
Ad bookas sweatant; neque dum Greatomia quartam  
Lingua horam strikat, saveall sine candle tenentes



Ad beddam creepunt semasleepi; nec mane prima  
 Scoutus adest saevus tercentum knockibus instans  
 Infelix wakare caput. Sed munera Mater  
 Ipsa dat Alma illis, keepuntque secantque chapellam  
 Quandocunque volunt. Si non velvete minaci  
 Ornati incedunt, non pisces ad table higham  
 Quaque die comedunt, ast illis cuttere semper  
 Quemque licet tutorem; illis lectura nec ulla;  
 At segura quies et nescia pluckere vita.

From "Oxford Parodies," appearing at the end of  
*Hints to Freshmen*, a work attributed to S. R. Hole,  
 B.N.C., 1840-44 (late Dean of Rochester).

Song, to the air "The days that we went gipsying."

O the days we read those musty books, a short  
 time ago,  
 Were certainly the seediest a man could ever  
 know;  
 We filled no glass, we kissed no lass, our hacks grew  
 fat and sleek,  
 We thought it dissipation if we rode them twice a  
 week.  
 We rose up early in the morn, we sat up late at  
 e'en,  
 And naught but horrid lexicons about us could  
 be seen!

Unheeded lay our meerschaums then, our "Lopez"  
 bound in green;  
 The undisturbed blue-bottle was on our team-whip  
 seen;  
 The goblets in our foxes' heads ne'er shone with  
 good Bordeaux,  
 But we took a glass of something mild, and talked  
 about "Great-go."  
 We rose up early, etc.

We got parental letters then, in which 't was  
 gravely vowed  
 How "harrowed" all would be at home, if we per-  
 chance were "ploughed":  
 And, what was worse, those horrid "duns" an early  
 payment wished,  
 Till, what twixt ticks and tutors too, we felt com-  
 pletely "fished."  
 We rose up early, etc.

'T is past! 't is past! 't is won at last! My Muse  
 no longer grieves;  
 We sweep adown the High Street now in our long  
 silken sleeves;  
 And envious Undergraduates sigh forth as we draw  
 near,  
 "O crikey! How I wish I was a 'New-made  
 Baccalere':"  
 They rise up when they like at noon, they sit  
 up late at e'en,  
 And hunt and quaff and smoke and laugh the  
 whole term through, I ween.

#### IV. RELAXATION OF THE CLASSICAL MONOPOLY

In the year 1819, the Lords of the Treasury, at the instigation of the Prince Regent, founded and endowed a Readership in Geology at Oxford. Buckland received the appointment, and delivered his inaugural address on May 15.

"Specimen of a Geological Lecture by Professor Buckland," a poem attributed to Philip Shuttleworth, Warden of New College, 1822; Bishop of Chichester, 1840: *Fugitive Poems* collected by C. G. Daubeny, *Notes and Queries*, 5th Series, xii. 302.

In Ashmole's ample dome, with looks sedate,  
 Midst heads of Mammoths, Heads of Houses sate;

And Tutors close with Undergraduates jammed,  
 Released from cramming, waited to be crammed:  
 Above, around, in order due displayed,  
 The garniture of former worlds was laid:—  
 Sponges and shells in lias moulds immersed,  
 From Deluge fiftieth to Deluge first;  
 And wedged by wags in artificial stones,  
 Huge bones of horses, now called mammoth's  
 bones;

Lichens and ferns which schistose beds enwrap;  
 And understood by most Professors,—trap.  
 Before the rest, in contemplative mood,  
 With side-long glance th' inventive Master stood,  
 And numbering o'er his class with still delight,  
 Longed to possess them cased in stalactite:  
 Then thus, with smile supprest; "In days of yore  
 One dreary face Earth's infant planet bore;  
 Nor land was there, nor Ocean's lucid flood,  
 But mixed of both, one dark abyss of Mud;<sup>1</sup>  
 Till each repelled, repelling, by degrees  
 This shrunk to Rock, that filtered to the Seas.  
 Then, slow upheaved by subterranean fires,  
 Earth's ponderous crystals shot their prisms spires;  
 Then granite rose from out the trackless sea,  
 And slate for boys to scrawl, when boys should be.  
 But Earth as yet lay desolate and bare:  
 Man was not then—but Paramoudras were.  
 'T was silence all and solitude; the Sun,  
 If Sun there were, yet rose and set to none,  
 Till, fiercer grown the elemental strife,  
 Astonished Tadpoles wriggled into life,  
 Young Encrini their quivering tendrils spread,  
 And tails of Lizards felt the sprouting head;  
 (The specimen I hand about, is rare,  
 And very brittle; bless me, Sir, take care!):

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Shuttleworth's lines,

"Some doubts were once expressed about the Flood;—  
 Buckland arose;—and all was clear as Mud."

And, high upraised from ocean's inmost caves,  
 Protruded Corals broke th' indignant waves.  
 These tribes extinct, a nobler race succeeds ;  
 Now Sea-fowl scream amid the plashing reeds ;  
 Now Mammoths range where yet in silence deep  
 Unborn Ohio's hoarded waters sleep ;  
 Now ponderous Whales—

(Here, by the way, a tale  
 I'll tell of something, very like a whale.  
 An odd experiment of late I tried,  
 Placing a snake and hedgehog side by side ;  
 Awhile the snake his neighbour tried t' assail,  
 When the sly hedgehog caught him by the tail,  
 And gravely munched him upwards, joint by joint ;—  
 The story's somewhat shocking, but in point.)  
 Now to proceed :  
 The Earth, what is it? Mark its scanty bound ;  
 'T is but a larger football's narrow round :  
 Its mightiest tracks of ocean, what are these?  
 At best but breakfast tea-cups full of seas.  
 O'er this a thousand deluges have burst,  
 And quasi-deluges have done their worst.  
 Allow me now this map of mine to show,  
 'T is Gloucestershire ten thousand years ago.

It being the intention of the versifier to produce at present only a specimen of his intended work, he has omitted the following fifty lines, exclusively geological, and concluding with—

These bones I brought from Germany myself ;  
 You'll find fresh specimens on yonder shelf.

As also a digression of 2300 lines, of which the concluding couplet runs thus:—

So curl the tails of puppies and of hogs ;  
 From left to right the pigs, from right to left the  
 dogs.

And also, for the same reason, the still more digressive digression, which is terminated by the following admirable reflection—the whole passage consists of 5700 fresh lines—

Not wild, but tame cats only, tear their prey.

The concluding couplet, which is given without alteration from the mouth of the learned lecturer, is here subjoined, solely because it seems an additional proof, if such were wanting, of the close connection which exists between geological speculations and not the ideas only, but also the language, of complete poetry. It will be observed that though intended only as a common sentence of adjournment, it has all the fluency and grace of the most perfect rhythm, and of its own accord “slides into verse and hitches into rhyme” :—

Of this enough ; on Secondary Rock  
To-morrow, gentlemen, at two o'clock.

## V. FANATICAL ATTACKS UPON THE UNIVERSITY

“Black Gowns and Red Coats”

or

Oxford in 1834

A Satire (by George Cox, Fellow of New College) addressed to the Duke of Wellington, Chancellor of the University, Field Marshal in the Army, etc.

Arms and the Man I sing—this song my last—  
Who Europe’s trumpet filled with glories past,  
Like the fifth Charles, in wisdom’s weakest hour,  
Fatigued with palaces but fond of power,  
Forsakes his Apsley House, and packs his trunks,  
To rule o’er cloisters and to mope with monks.  
Of the Church Militant our fathers spoke ;—  
The Army Clericized is now the joke.

Said I, to mope with monks? Monastic vows,  
Thank God! are passed — but now, the monks'  
carouse!

Say rather, to regale, mid Oxford's spires,  
On the rich cellars of her Tuck-like friars;  
Praise and be praised;—and find in Tory shrine  
Its flattery's fumes more fuddling than its wine.  
Fill high the bowl! a thousand covers wait  
The word of battle round the warrior's plate;—  
A thousand beakers ruddy to the brim  
Shed the iced current of their veins for him;—  
Dread is the carnage;—piles of chickens slain  
Sink with gashed breast and strew th' embattled  
plain;—

Hark! the cannon of champagne corks flying;—  
See! rent fragments of the bons bons lying!  
War to the knife was once his bloodier work;  
His watchword now is breakfast to the fork.<sup>1</sup>

How strange the changes, as our life extends,  
We see around us in our foes and friends!  
Strangest of all, were Ovid's numbers mine,  
Thy Metamorphosis, great Duke, should shine:

Touched by the magic wand, from off thy head,  
Drops the plumed casque—the hilted sword is fled—  
The gorgeous epaulettes resign their place—  
The tranquil band supplies the flashing lace—  
Emblem of wisdom, with nice balanced ends,  
In curly pomp the sapient wig descends—  
The flat round cap extends its velvet brim—  
The flowing gown enwraps the martial limb;  
And the worn soldier stands a new-born sage,  
The boast—jest—pity of a wondering age.

Yet hail! great Hercules, none less than thou  
Could cleanse th' accumulated ordure now;

<sup>1</sup> One of the great features of the Installation, etc., of the Duke as Chancellor of the University, was a déjeuner to 1000 persons.

Bring pioneers the vast morass to drain,  
 With pike and musket storm th' unyielding train;  
 Come with thy baton—plant thy guns of bronze,  
 Field-marshal Chancellor, dragoon the Dons!  
 Thrice hail, great Hero! though thy dauntless front  
 In camp or senate bears the battle's brunt,  
 Unmov'd alike, which e'er around thee play,  
 Napoleon's batt'ries or the fire of Grey;  
 Though such thy grasp, that as thy brow grows  
 bare,

Fame with her bays has twined her olive there;  
 Though such thy name, no equal charm may suit  
 To frighten Europe—or to puff a boot,—  
 Here is a task for all thy varied powers,  
 Thy promptest hand, thy most deliberate hours;  
 A harder field than that where Marmont fled—  
 A sturdier foe than those Masséna led—  
 A fence more strong than ere Reform-bill set:—  
 Oxford shall yield thy proudest triumph yet.

Speak but of change; see mustering Masters form  
 In scarf and hood to face the coming storm,  
 Doctors and Deans to Convocation march,  
 Gleams the red robe and rustles loud the starch:  
 See Balliol's chief in front, like Ajax, stand  
 Firm in the broad-hemmed breast-plate of his band;  
 While from the ramparts round, at many a gap,  
 For burnished helmet peeps the trencher-cap.  
 Up, proctors, up, the foe is on the town—  
 Flood the dank moat—gird on the velvet gown—  
 Hark! the proud war-cry of the Christ Church  
 clan—

Pembroke and Queen's send many a murky man—  
 And first class heroes gather in a row  
 Huge piles of books to hurl them on the foe;  
 Here Lexicographers and dull divines  
 Crush with their ponderous tomes th' advancing lines;  
 There Müller's Dorians and the rule of Dawes  
 Whizz through the air and crack th' invaders' jaws;

Greyson alone avoids the dangerous sport  
And fearing hides behind a pipe of port.

Well may he fear! Already all who think,  
View their own choice with wonderment, and shrink;  
Shrink from their champion's iron-featured traits,  
Doubt while they court, and tremble as they praise.  
They fondly hoped beneath his drowsy reign  
Each dear abuse unquestioned to maintain;  
Beneath the aegis of his wing to creep,  
And grunt in dull security to sleep.  
They fondly hoped, untroubled as before,  
O'er many a fat plurality to snore,  
Each vice with sleek hypocrisy to hide,  
And figleaf sloth decorously with pride.  
Well may they start to see his eagle eye  
Watching to pounce upon their nest from high,  
To find their cunning framed its own rebuke  
And caught a Tartar, when it sued the Duke.

## VI. DECAY OF ORTHODOXY

(1) *The Introduction of the Pope to the Convocation at Oxford by Cardinal Broad-Bottom*, by James Gillray, published Dec. 1809. The Oxford Convocation has assembled to elect a Chancellor in the room of the Duke of Portland (died Oct. 30, 1809). Lord Grenville habited as a Cardinal is presenting the Catholic Petition for the vacant Chancellorship. The Devil to whom he presents it, leads an Italian greyhound (Lord Grey) in a string. The Marquis of Buckingham holds up the Devil's tail. The Archbishop of York and the Bishops hold Mass-books, shewing that they intend to vote for Grenville. Lord Temple carries the cup containing the consecrated wafer. The Pope introduces Napoleon under his train.

(2) *Installation of Lord Grenville as Chancellor of the University*, by James Gillray, published August 1810. On Dec. 14, 1809, after a hotly contested election,





GOLGOTHA, i.e. the place of Skulls

Published by W. Hamilton & Co. 15, Pall Mall, London. Price 1s. 6d.

THE INTRODUCTION OF THE POPE TO THE CONVOCATION AT OXFORD  
(GILLRAY; 1809)







THE INSTALLATION OF LORD GRENVILLE, AS CHANCELLOR OF  
THE UNIVERSITY

(GILLRAY; 1809)

Grenville polled 406 votes for the Chancellorship, Lord Eldon 293, and the Duke of Beaufort 288. Grenville's Installation took place Jan. 10, 1810. He is here shewn in a balloon, dropping "Letters to Earl Fingal" (he had published one to the Earl on Catholic Emancipation). On the upper part of the balloon may be seen the face of a person (probably Dr. Hodgson, Principal of Brazenose) whose hand drops promises to members of Convocation. Buckingham and Stafford view the scene from the windows of the Radcliffe. Fox, as a bird, tries to assist the ascent of the balloon with his breath. The Archbishop of York appears in a state carriage. Sir Watkin Williams Winn and two brothers are huzzahing in an open chaise drawn by Welsh goats. Sheridan has doffed his harlequin's jacket and wand; it was rumoured at the time that he would have had a Doctor's degree conferred upon him, had he been able to raise money sufficient to purchase a gown. Lord Henry Petty with a chimneysweeper's brush, is dancing merrily. Crowe, the public orator, lies asleep.

(3) *Black Gowns and Red Coats*, 1834.—Attacks, such as the following, led to the relaxation in 1854, and the abolition in 1871, of University Religious Tests, those bulwarks which had so long preserved Oxford as a stronghold of the Church:

"Black Gowns and Red Coats" (1834), pt. v

Ah! not in hampering system's close restraint  
 In which such fires no sooner blaze than faint,  
 Nor mid the soil which Oxford's pomp supplies,  
 Can Genius thrive nor Piety arise.  
 'T is not in Schools where Aristotle's page,  
 Though great his praise, excludes each recent  
     sage,  
 As if Spinoza, Bacon, Locke, Voltaire,  
 Helvetius, Bentham, ne'er had breathed the air;—  
 'T is not in Chapels where the bellows pant,  
 As the strained organ roars the changeless chant;

Or the hack chaplain dozes as he reads  
 With twang mechanical the galloped creeds ;  
 'T is not in scenes like these, that minds extend  
 Their powers of thought or weigh their beings end.  
 To prayer, to prayer!—when belfries startle here  
 With sounds unwelcome sloth's reluctant ear,  
 No bending crowds with instant homage kneel  
 Rapt in the trance of Faith's extatic zeal :  
 Oxford in vain her tolling tempest showers  
 With iron voices from a hundred towers ;  
 In vain o'er hill and valley mighty Tom  
 With mouth monastic swings the loud bim bom ;  
 Vain is such summons, since before the fire  
 The lazy Senior hears the chime expire  
 Content in Common Room to lounge at rest  
 And crack by turns his walnuts and his jest ;  
 While surpliced Scholars, as if souls were driven  
 To bliss by force and bullied into heaven,  
 Rush to the farce, as Dean or Censor leads,  
 To count in haste their worse than rosary beads—  
 Perchance to while the time with some lewd theme,  
 To sketch in prayer-books, or at least to dream,  
 And know that, while in chapel, no one cares  
 How ill or little they may say their prayers.

Out on such drones! 'T is well for them, indeed,  
 To scorn a Chalmers' preaching or his creed ;  
 'T is well the lance at Papists' heads to tilt  
 From walls a Wykeham or a Waynfleet built,  
 And threaten, should they rise to earth again,  
 To drive their Founders from their own domain.  
 'T is well in church their eyes on heaven to fix  
 For Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics,  
 Call them their brothers, pray to see enroll'd  
 Such scattered stragglers in one Christian fold ;  
 If sallying forth, they in their acts applaud  
 The rage of Bonner and the pride of Laud ;  
 Pronounce them dogs, pour out their hoarded spleen,  
 And spit upon their Gentile gaberdine.

“Degrees for Methodists!” Old Magnus cries,  
 “What! open Oxford’s gates to common spies!  
 Let straight-haired Puritans behind the baize,  
 To turn their eyes up at our Green-room ways!  
 Let scholars battel who can cast accounts,  
 And waken conscience to surcharged amounts?  
 Fie on Lord Grey! Pray God these Whigs may fall!  
 They’ve no religious principles at all.”

—“Admit Dissenters! Frightful!” lisps my dear,  
 “What! bring those vulgar working people here!  
 Some low-born grocer or some mercer saint,  
 To rob my Johnny’s honours! I shall faint!”—  
 —“The Church in danger!” shouts the cassocked  
 crowd;

“The Church in danger!” echoes long and loud—  
 Portentous spell-word! at whose direful notes  
 Even loaves and fishes stick in reverend throats,  
 Bristles the hair on every Bishop’s wig,  
 And hands let fall the tributary pig.  
 Danger forsooth!—Oh! could their necks but bow,  
 The danger ne’er had been so small as now:  
 The kiss is proffered, they withhold the cheek:—  
 The hand is stretched, they spurn it in their pique:—  
 ’T is they whose pride will cause the ills that flow,  
 Who feed the snakes of Discord as they grow,  
 Till last their terror vainly will retract,  
 And mourn too late the suicidal act.

This is the vision of her future fate,  
 If thus relentless Oxford bars her gate,  
 If thus she turns her faithful friends to foes,  
 And rights withholding, justifies their blows;  
 To sit like Niobe, a thing of stone—  
 A childless mourner o’er her desert throne—  
 Stripped of her church-rates—plundered of her  
 stalls—

Spoiled of her tithes—the Rachel of her halls.  
 May heaven avert such ruin!—even today  
 I seem to hear the gathering thousands say,

"Bring the black cattle! let them first atone  
 The burning insults to our honour shewn!  
 Let them be taught that others too can look  
 On the dread records of that mystic Book,  
 Can read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest,  
 And Heaven alone may judge who profits best.  
 'T is true our Whitfield's learning once supplied  
 To Pembroke's gloom a lustre since denied;  
 'Tis true our Wesley shines the brightest name  
 On Lincoln's dingy register of fame:  
 But we, their flock, the children of their prayers,  
 Robbed of their honours — but in pain their  
     heirs;  
 Not held forsooth as worthy to undo  
 The sacred latchet of a churchman's shoe;  
 Are spurned—rejected—told we must not stain  
 The pure, chaste precincts of their Oxford fane.  
 And why? Because we will not meanly stoop  
 To play th' impostor, or affect the dupe:  
 Since we refuse to truck our souls away  
 By mocking oaths for baubles of a day,  
 Or swear to childish statutes only made,  
 Like frowns coquettish, to be disobeyed:  
 Since darkly soaring, crookedly sublime,  
 We bravely scorn their wondrous stairs to climb—  
 Those forty steps save one, built up on high  
 To make men's passage surer to the sky,  
 Like Babel piled with too presumptuous view,  
 Like Babel doomed to end in jargon too."

#### VII. INTESTINAL FEUDS BRED BY THE NEO-CATHOLIC MOVEMENT

Oxford is divided by intestinal feuds into hostile camps. The Arians take up arms under Hampden, the Tractarians under Newman, the Retractarians under William Palmer, and the Detractarians under Charles Golightly.



## (a) The Hampden Controversy

On May 5, 1836, Convocation by a majority of 474 to 94 directed that Dr. Hampden, then recently appointed to the Oxford Divinity Chair, should be suspended from certain privileges and duties belonging to the Professorship, such as assisting in the appointment of Select Preachers and acting as one of the judges on any complaint of heretical teaching made to the University. On June 7, 1842, after great excitement, Convocation negatived by a majority of 115 the proposal of the Hebdomadal Board to rescind the decree of 1836.

*Westminster Review*, vol. xxxviii. p. 147, July 1842

“We turn to the Convocation held at Oxford on the 7th ult., prior to which our reporter was enabled to give the public from his own peculiar sources of information, particulars of the nature and object of the Convocation, which, but for his zealous exertions, would have been confined to the party with whom they originated.

“It is almost needless to state that the object was, in consequence of the rapid spread of liberal opinions at the University, among the Heads of Houses, since the accession to office of Sir Robert Peel, to abrogate the Statute of May 5, 1836, passed against Dr. Hampden, Regius Professor of Divinity, and to reinstate him in certain privileges annexed to his office. The following papers, relating thereto, fell into the hands of the reporter of the *Morning Chronicle*.

“(Private and Confidential)

“— College, Oxford,  
May 28, 1842

“REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I am directed by the Vice-Chancellor and Heads of Houses to request, in the most particular manner, your attendance at a Convoca-

tion to be held on Tuesday, the 7th of June, when matters of the most urgent importance will be brought under your notice. The nature of these matters is explained in the speech, which it is the intention of the Vice-Chancellor to deliver on introducing the subject to the Convocation: and as it is desirable that both the motion itself, and the reasons which induce the Heads of Houses to propose it, should not by any accident get circulated among the uncandid and misjudging vulgar, I send you the accompanying copy of the speech in the original Latin. I trust, however, that the adoption of that learned language will occasion you no great inconvenience. All the words which we use, can be found in Ainsworth's excellent Dictionary, which probably occupies a prominent place in your library; or of which, in case you should happen to be without a library, you will without doubt be able to procure a loan from the next apothecary or some other neighbour. You need not be alarmed at the prospect of any difficulty from the use of Latin idioms, which, in all probability, you have totally forgotten, even if you ever knew them—for I am proud to say that the University of Oxford has never been guilty of a slavish adoption of the language of the sect of the Papal Schism, but has always piqued itself on writing Latin in an idiom of its own, which you will find intelligible by the meanest capacity.

“I send you, together with the draft of the Vice-Chancellor's speech, a card which you will find illustrative of the last paragraph of his speech; and conclude with again begging your early attendance on this occasion of such deep importance to the best interests of the Church and State.

“I am, with my best compliments to Mrs. —, and your interesting family, Rev. and Dear Sir, very sincerely yours,

“‘ — — — ’

## "Inclosure I

"Speech to be spoken by the Vice-Chancellor, in Convocation, on Tuesday, June 7:—

"Habeo honorem vobis proponendi rescindere statutum quoddam quod in praesenti tempore inconveni-entissimum invenimus. Placebit meminisse ut, in anno 1836, statutum magna majoritate portaverimus, quo condemnavimus Doctorem Hampden, tum nuper positum in regiâ sellâ divinitatis. Causa assignata hujus voti singularis erat certa doctrina de Trinitate, quam nasus acutus carissimi nostri Pusey in obli- to quodam doctoris istius opere opportunissime detruserat, et in lucem traxerat. Vos autem habetis nimium sensum supponere talem absurditatem impulsisse nos votum illud proponere, aut nos singulum damnum de doctrinâ illâ aut ullâ aliâ curavisse. Hoc erat satis bonum Puseyo isto, Puseyitisque, publicoque; nos autem, in hoc voto dando, ut in aliis rebus, panibus et piscibus oculus omnino habuimus. Detestabilis ista administratio, vulgo "Melbourne" vocata, res summas gerebat: causaeque ecclesiae et civitatis magnae consequentiae erat, ut omni modo administrationem illam quam fortiter pertunderemus; quia dum in potentia manebat, omnis pinguetudo ecclesiae liberalibus vorabatur. Hacpropter votum illud petebamus, portabamusque, nominaliter contra doctrinas Doctoris Hampden; sed (ut feliciter de segete et saccharo nuper dixit vir ille facetus et practicalis Galley Knight) realiter contra Radicales.

"Nunc autem, ut feliciter dixit quâ parte Virgilius, ille celeberrimus poeta,

"Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur ut illa."

"Radicales sunt penitus eversi: Peelus est in potentiâ. Peelus autem in potentiâ est res totaliter differens Peelo in oppositione. Si tuto possemus

subvertere illum, non singulum momentum in officio maneret, quia nobis videtur facere omnia ea quibus alii tantum loquebantur de. Videte autem, fratres carissimi, in qua lamentabili positione ponuntur Ecclesia, amicique Ecclesiae! Si subvertimus Peelum, mortuae certitudini habemus Johannulum. Haec est res non singulo momento contemplanda. Necesse est igitur ut faciamus quodcunque vult Peelus. Peelus vult praetendere esse liberalis; necesse igitur est ut nos etiam liberales esse pretenderemus. Et, ut condemnatio Doctoris Hampden opus suum omnino peregit, sine ullo damno possumus liberalem cursum incipere revocando illam. Invenimus longiore familiaritate Doctorem illum Hampden non esse tam malum socium quam dicebamus. Moderatione magnâ opus est in momento praesenti; et judicatum est nobis melius esse omnibus partibus linquere questionem illam de Trinitate (quae certe est questio difficilis, et una de quâ multi homines respectabiles in omnibus temporibus dubitaverunt et adhuc dubitant,) supra pedem questionis apertae. Non celo possibile esse ut habeamus etiam ultra pergere: nemo scit quam longe ibit Peelus: sed quid possumus facere?

“Magna res est ponere homines rectae sortis in vacantibus Episcopatibus: Peelus autem dat Episcopatus: ergo si Episcopatus obtinere volumus, necesse est placere Peelo. Vos autem, rustici mei fratres clerici! quibus observationes meas praecipue dirigo, probabiliter dicetis, “Quid nobis cum Episcopatu? Sumus homines quieti, sine patronis, sine magnis talentis: non exspectamus esse Episcopi; non omnes possumus.” Est nulla sciens: episcopus potest esse tam quietus quam vult: et quanto quietior, tanto melius. Non opus est magno talento esse Episcopus: omnes habetis satis: et bene scio nullum esse periculum principiorum vestrorum stantium in viâ vestrâ. Et quamvis non omnes potestis esse episcopi, potestis omnes accipere beneficia de illis qui habent bonam fortunam episcopatus obtinere.

“Sed ut probabiliter dicetis unam avem in manu valere plus duobus in arbusto, precor vos meminisse, ut illis qui nobiscum vota dabunt, damnatum bonum prandium paratum sit. Non necesse est loqui: hoc tantum postponit horam prandii: nec prandium decet esse frigidum. Sola res quam habetis facere, est vota dare. Si autem Puseyitae isti spurcissimi, iniquissimi, impransi, impransurique, habeant impudentiam vobis resistere (ut scimus illos magnum flagellum fecisse), vos, o rustici clerici! potestis vos utiles facere, ut faciant Rustici Domini in Domo Communium, infernalem strepitum edendo, et clamitando “Quaestio! quaestio! dividite! dividite!”, omnigenarumque bestiarum aviumque obscenarum voces imitando. Tanto citius prandium obtinebitis, cutesque vestras vino implebitis.’

#### “Inclosure No. II

“The Principal and Fellows of — College request the honour of the Rev. Mr. — ’s company at dinner in the College hall, at three o’clock on Tuesday, June 7th.

“The dinner will not be served till after the close of the meeting of Convocation.’

“It is to be regretted that early intelligence, however much desired by the public, if prematurely published, is sometimes attended with the inconvenience of changing, perhaps entirely, the course of anticipated events. There is a perverse tendency in human nature to follow in certain cases the rule of contraries, so that when an individual finds that intentions have transpired which he had privately formed and communicated in confidence to a few friends, he takes a pleasure in disappointing public expectation by doing exactly the reverse of that which he had at first resolved upon. This changeableness appears to be considered essential to dignity of character, as a needful assertion of freedom and independence of action. . . .

“The friends, then, of Dr. Hampden have reason to

lament that the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford deemed it incumbent upon him to act upon the said rule. He had not foreseen the possibility of his speech being published in the *Morning Chronicle*. . . . The speech, moreover, was not only published, but even translated, for the use, it would appear, of the undergraduates; on the ground, we presume, that the Vice-Chancellor would be the more open to attack, if sentiments so remarkable for the candour with which they are expressed, were rendered into plain English, for the benefit of those alike unaccustomed to hear truth spoken and to the refined obscurities of the Latin tongue.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> We subjoin the translation; but the reader will at once perceive that it does not do justice to the spirit of the original, and that no attempt even is made to give the meaning of some of the more emphatic expressions:—

“I have the honour of proposing to you to rescind a certain statute which at the present time we find very inconvenient. You will be pleased to remember that in the year 1836 we carried a statute by a large majority, in which we condemned Dr. Hampden, then lately placed in the royal Chair of Divinity. The assigned cause of this somewhat singular proceeding was a certain doctrine concerning the Trinity, which the sharp nose of our dearest Pusey most opportunely ferreted out in some forgotten work of the Doctor, and dragged to light. You however have too much sense to suppose that we had no better reason than the one assigned for the vote, or that we really cared (*‘singulum damnus’*) for the doctrine in question more than for any other. Such an absurd plea did well enough for Pusey and the Puseyites and the public; but we, as in other things, had solely an eye for the loaves and fishes. That detestable administration, commonly called ‘The Melbourne,’ then carried on the government; and it was of great consequence to the cause of Church and State that we should attack that administration as completely as possible in every way, since, while it remained in power, all the fat of the Church was devoured by the Liberals. For this reason we desired the resolution to be adopted, and we carried it, nominally against the doctrines of Dr. Hampden, but (as that facetious and practical philosopher, Galley Knight, has happily said regarding corn and sugar) in reality against the Radicals.

“Now, however, as the celebrated poet Virgil has somewhere observed,

‘Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur ut illa.’

‘The times are changed, and we must change with them.’

“The Radicals are utterly overthrown: Peel is in power. But Peel in power is a totally different thing from Peel in opposition. If we could safely upset him, he would not remain a single moment in office, because he appears to us to do all those things which the others only talked about.

“These untoward circumstances necessarily led to an anxious consultation on the part of the Vice-Chancellor and the Heads of Houses upon what should be done; and the reader will not be surprised to learn that the result of the conference was that the speech should not be spoken, and, in fact, that it should be disavowed.

But see, my dearest brethren, in what a lamentable position both the Church and the friends of the Church are placed! If we upset Peel, to a dead certainty we have Johnny. This is a thing not to be thought of for a single moment. It is therefore necessary that we should do whatever Peel wishes. Peel wishes to pretend to be liberal: it is therefore necessary that we also should pretend to be liberal. And as the condemnation of Dr. Hampden has quite done its work, we can begin a liberal course, without any harm, by reversing it. We find on further acquaintance, that Dr. Hampden is not such a bad fellow as we used to say. Great moderation is necessary at the present time; and we have judged it better on every account to leave the question of the Trinity, (which certainly is a difficult question, and one in which many respectable men at all times have doubted, and will doubt), on the footing of an open question. I do not conceal the possibility of our having to go even further. Nobody knows how far Peel will go. But what can we do?

“The great thing is to put men of the right sort into the vacant bishoprics: but Peel has the giving of the bishoprics: therefore, if we wish to obtain bishoprics, we must please Peel. But you, my reverend country brethren, to whom I chiefly address my observations, will probably say, ‘What are bishoprics to us? We are quiet men, without patrons, without great talents: we do not expect to be bishops: we cannot all be so.’ There is no knowing: a bishop may now be as quiet as he likes; and the quieter, the better. It does not require great talents to be a bishop: we all have enough: and I know well there is no danger of your principles standing in your way. And although you cannot all be bishops, you may all receive benefices from those who have the good fortune to obtain bishoprics.

“But, as you will probably say that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, I pray you to remember that a dinner (‘*damnatum bonum*’) will be prepared for those who give their votes to us. There is no necessity for talking; it only postpones the dinner hour; and the dinner ought not to get cold. The only thing you have to do is to give your votes. But if those dirty iniquitous undined and undinable Puseyites should have the impudence to resist us, (as we know they have made a great whip for the purpose) you, O country clergymen!, may usefully employ yourselves, as the country gentlemen do in the House of Commons, in making an infernal noise, and shouting, ‘Question! question!; Divide! divide!’ and imitating the voices of all manner of unclean beasts and birds. So much the sooner will you get your dinner, and fill your skins with wine.”

“An unforeseen embarrassment, however, arose, from certainly the unpardonable neglect of the friends of the Vice-Chancellor, who when they intimated to the country clergy that the above speech was ‘a weak invention of the enemy,’ gave no other explanation of the sentiments entertained by the authorities, and forgot to state that the inclosure relative to the dinner was at all events a *bona fide* invitation. Hence, to a considerable section of the country clergy, it was by no means clear how it was their interest to vote; and many stayed away (fearing to commit themselves by a false step), upon whose votes on the right side the most implicit confidence might otherwise have been placed. Others, again, from the same cause, and confounded by a report industriously spread at the time, that Mr. Newman had been appointed classical tutor to the Prince of Wales, thought it on the whole safest to vote as on a former occasion. The result was, therefore, that although as many as 125 changed sides, there was yet a majority of 115 against the revocation of the Statute. Of that majority, however, more than one half, it is known, would have voted with the friends of Dr. Hampden, if in certain matters relating to ‘res temporales’ they had been furnished with a ‘sufficient reason.’ Indeed, we have good authority for stating that should any decided step be taken by the present Government in the disposal of its patronage, such as the elevation of Dr. Hampden to the episcopal bench, the parties referred to will hasten to retrieve their error. We are told that a clergyman, not without influence, and said to be related to the Bishop of Exeter, observed, that the moment all doubt was cleared up upon the essential point,

‘Quâ viâ felis saltet,’

it would be seen that the Oxford clergy had not lost that veneration for ‘the powers that be,’ in which the true principles of orthodoxy consist; and, rather than



lie under the imputation of not being willing to go far enough, he himself would propose, if required, that Herr Straus should be invited to fill the Chair of Regius Professor of Divinity, on the retirement or elevation of its present occupant. V. L."

(b) "The Oxford Argo"

by an Oxford Divine (Henry Bellenden Bulteel,  
B.N.C.), 1845

Arise, my soul, and bear thee  
Aloft on eagle's wing;  
Awake, my heart, prepare thee!  
Burst forth at length and sing!

Go see where ancient Isis  
Pours down her classic tide,  
Where many a turret rises  
Where Oxford sits in pride:

At many a Hall and College  
By many a traitrous stroke,  
The Tree of Christian Knowledge  
Falls like the forest oak.

The deadly Upas springing  
From Christ Church' cloistered pile,  
Her poison fast is flinging  
Throughout Britannia's isle:

The spreading boughs what numbers  
Lie heedless underneath!  
Not deeming that their slumbers  
Must prove the sleep of death:

Soon, soon, the tainted breezes  
Come stealing o'er the brain;  
The soft delirium pleases:—  
They sleep—nor wake again.

Cleft from the noxious branches  
 They've formed a keel and mast;  
 The framework swift advances;  
 The Bark's complete at last.

They've found a wondrous pilot;  
 They've found a ready crew:—  
 O may it ne'er be my lot  
 To sail with hearts untrue!

There's Newman wise and simple,  
 How saintly is his smile!  
 Alas! beneath each dimple  
 Lurk treachery and guilt.

See Tract  
 90.

By him the light impeded  
 Makes Churchmen ready quite,  
 Soundhearted and soundheaded,  
 To swear that wrong is right.

There's Pusey's gloomy visage  
 His down-cast eye and head,  
 The foremost man of this age  
 To prove his God his bread.

There's Hook, that priest judicious;  
 There's Blomfield spruce and prim;  
 One looks ahead suspicious,  
 One keeps the boat in trim.

There's Philpotts, seven times heated  
 As ne'er he was before,  
 Half-surpliced, half-unseated,  
 Tugs at his broken oar.

Bishop of  
 Oxford.

Beside him gentle Bagot  
 Absorbed in slumber seems;  
 He dreams of fire and faggot,  
 But seldom tells his dreams:

See 'neath his apron creeping  
 The self-denying Nine:—  
 Graves for their names to sleep in,  
 Kind Musè, to each assign!

Nine of a  
 committee  
 who would  
 deny burial  
 to dis-  
 senters.

There's Keble feebly chaunting;  
 There's Palmer cursing sore  
 The Principle that's wanting  
 To keep him safe on shore.

There's philosophic Sewell,  
 Morality's bright gem,  
 Convinced that all would do well,  
 Might he but pilot them.

Non-natural, but real,  
 There's Balliol's "honest knave,"  
 Emits a blast "ideal"  
 To puff them o'er the wave.

W. G.  
 Ward, his  
*Ideal*  
*Church.*

By heathen gods directed,  
 There's Williams at the sail,  
 In paper bags collected  
 Holds back the "Gospel Gale."

Isaac  
 Williams,  
 Tract No.  
 80, on  
 "Reserve  
 in com-  
 munitat-  
 ing  
 Religious  
 Know-  
 ledge."

See, see! the Vessel's ready,  
 Her main-sail woos the breeze,  
 And all her hands are steady,  
 Their hearts are all at ease.

. . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .

Ah, bark! thy cargo weighs thee  
 Down to the Ocean's brim,  
 False confidence betrays thee;  
 Thou can'st not, shalt not swim!

Is there no God in Heaven,  
 No righteous power, to rise  
 Against thy cursed leaven,  
 Thy lewdness, and thy lies?

Shall vile Prevarication,  
 Shall doctrine false as Hell,  
 Deceive the British Nation,  
 And make thy Cargo sell?

See, see! the lightning's flashing,  
 The blazing, tottering mast,  
 The timbers crackling, crashing!—  
 God's Vengeance burns at last!

By one fell flash benighted  
 Thy helpless helmsman falls;  
 That pilot, erst farsighted,  
 Now rolls two sightless balls.

A second flash—she's riven!  
 Her magazine beneath,  
 Lit by the fire of Heaven,  
 Bursts forth in flames and death!

Like the red rocket burning,  
 Up to the stars they're shot;  
 Down to the deep returning  
 They sink—then rise and rot!

Come, birds of every feather,  
 Come, fish of every fin,  
 Come, seize the prey together,  
 The rich repast begin!

Of haughty Laudian bishop,  
 Of semi-Popish priest,  
 Ye vultures, eat the flesh up,  
 Ye sharks, devour the rest!

Else from the floating masses  
 Shall foul miasma rise,  
 Earth poison with its gases  
 And putrefy the skies.

Ah, Bark, thy course is ended;  
 How terrible thy lot!  
 Their ways they should have mended,  
 But they repented not.

Weep, weep, my soul, their error,  
 Pour down a secret flood;  
 What tho their end be terror,  
 They're still thy flesh and blood.

Let no fierce exultation  
 Burst from this breast of mine;  
 Thine might have been their station,  
 God might have given them thine.

But see! the remnants scattered  
 By God's avenging hand,  
 In thousand fragments shattered  
 Unite at His command:

To milestone huge He's bound them  
 With adamantine chain,  
 All round and round and round them,  
 And round them once again.

The ponderous mass upheaving,  
 Great Gabriel's reared on high,  
 With strength beyond conceiving,  
 And dashed it from the sky:

Down, down, thou wide world's wonder,  
 Beneath the yielding wave,  
 Ten thousand fathoms under,  
 Go, seek thyself a grave!

Sink, Argo, sink for ever!  
 A bottom and a shore  
 Thy keel shall touch—no, never!  
 Sink, and be found no more!

Amen! we long to see it:  
 Repeat, ye Saints, Amen!  
 Ye Angels, shout "So be it!"  
 Again, again, again!

#### VIII. DESTRUCTION OF MEDIÆVAL OXFORD

"Viae per Angliam ferro stratae," A.D. 1841—lines attributed in Halkett and Laing's *Dictionary of Anon. and Pseudon. Literature* to Thomas Legh Claughton Trinity College, Oxon., 1826; Bishop of Rochester, 1867; of St. Albans, 1877; but declared in Walter Hamilton's *Parodies* to be the work of Frederick Fanshawe, Balliol College, 1838; Fellow of Exeter College, 1842-55; Headmaster of Bedford Grammar School, 1855-74.

The poem suggests the modification of its mediæval aspect which Oxford was destined to suffer after the coming of the railway, the constant disturbance by visitors of its ancient academical seclusion, and the loss of that distinctive character which had once marked the conversation and social tone of the residents. On June 1, 1840, the Great Western Railway was opened as far as Steventon, near Didcot, to and from which place Oxford passengers were conveyed by omnibuses. The influence of the University authorities was exerted to keep the railway at a distance, but in 1844 a branch line was opened to Didcot from a station near Folly Bridge. The line to Banbury was opened in 1852.

Tartareae Musae, vehementi voce canamus  
 Carmen in infernos quod semper tradat honores

Artifices illos, Speculators, atque Mechanics,  
 Quos ferrum fumusque juvant nebulaeque vaporis—  
 Non ego viginti librarum proemia quaero,  
 Nec mea mens turpi decepta cupidine lucri;  
 Carmina non fingo mentes motura Leonum  
 Infirmas, puerisque diu plaudenda sonoris  
 Aut Sheldoniaco tumide recitanda Theatro—

Tempus erat quondam cum tuta petorrita nobis  
 Proebantque viam portmanteaus atque trahebant  
 Coachae quadrijugae; sed nunc stabula alta,  
 tabernae,

Aurigae, Guardi, perierunt turpiter omnes:  
 Omnia cuncta silent, nam "Salisbury, Mountain, and  
 Co., Sir,"

Jack Adamumque diu celebrem,<sup>1</sup> una eademque  
 tenet nox:

<sup>1</sup> Aurigae apud Oxonienses quondam notissimi. "Salisbury, Mountain, and Co, Sir," is a line of a once popular Oxford song, called "Tantivy Trot," which was written by Rowland E. E. Warburton (Corp. Christ. College) about the year 1834, in honour of the "Tantivy," a coach running between London and Birmingham *via* Oxford. The famous coachman, Edward Cracknell, who once drove 125 miles at a sitting, held the ribbons between London and Oxford, Henry Salisbury between Oxford and Birmingham:—

"Here's to the dragsmen I've dragged into song,  
 Salisbury, Mountain, and Co, Sir!  
 Here's to the Cracknell who cracks them along,  
 Five twenty-fives at a go, Sir!"

Jack Adams is mentioned in another song in connection with the "Defiance," a coach which ran between Oxford and London *via* Dorchester, Henley, and Hounslow:—

"From the box of the 'Royal Defiance,'  
 Jack Adams, who coaches so well,  
 Set me down in the region of Science  
 In front of the 'Mitre' Hotel."

Tom Mountain was a coachman connected with the night-coaches running between Worcester and London, and Birmingham and London, *via* Oxford.

All three celebrities are mentioned in W. Bayzand's *In and out of Oxford, 1820-1840*, those palmy days when Oxford could boast of having in and out, every twenty-four hours, royal mails and coaches numbering seventy-three at least:—see Oxford Hist. Soc., *Collectanea*, iv. 267.

Postchaisos etiam virides flavosque tenebrae  
 Obscurant atrae: vosque, o clarissima roadi  
 Ornamenta diu, (defuncta cadavera quorum  
 Quis vidit? \*), juvenes antiqui, nomine Postboys,  
 Extinctum genus, ah! periistis morte supremâ;  
 Impia nam diri redierunt saecula metalli  
 Temporibus nostris, et ferro cuncta moventur.

\* On the subject of the corpses of donkeys and post-boys, see *Pickwick Papers*.

Eustoni statio misceri murmure magno  
 Incipit, et longo nectuntur syrmate currus,  
 Visuri Eboraci muros fumumque Leodis.  
 Machina detrahitur vinclisque ligatur aenis,  
 Ac manet eructans, fundoque exaestuat imo.  
 Tum campana sonat, stipatus ut Omnibus intrat  
 Moenia Depoti, Bagmenque effundit, et omnes  
 Quos vehit ad trainum seros argentea sixpence.  
 Ascendunt currus baggos tiketumque gerentes  
 Quisque manu cauta, quod nulli amittere fas est;  
 Nam si forte cadat sublatum flamine venti,  
 Quanquam per divos jurares atque parentes,  
 Officer iratus nil crederet; inde Policemen  
 Caerulei apparent, qui te committere quaddo  
 Et bis viginti solidos multare minantur.  
 Non hic Havannae placidos emittere fumos  
 Audendum est; argilla brevis, teretesque cigarri  
 Hinc absunt; densi satis una nube vaporis  
 Omnia miscentur. Vosque o! procul este profani,  
 Ite canes catulique simul, quos femina molli  
 Veste tegens gremio foveat, vigilemque Policeman  
 Nequidquam fallat:—  
 Jamque iterum campana sonat, suspiria fundens  
 Machina progreditur, Zephyri velocior aura,  
 Mobilitate viget viresque acquirit eundo;  
 Tarda quidem primo, sed nunc impulsiva vapore  
 Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter tunnela condit.

Hic quoque jamdudum ferro via tecta fuisset  
 Oxoniae, si non Vice-Chancellor ipse petition



Proctoresque ambo fecissent, atque Senatam  
 Acriter orassent oblatum expellere Billum;  
 Quo ne Londino juvenes incurrere possent  
 Urbi damnosae, patriosque expendere nummos,  
 Talorum in jactu, visendis atque theatris.  
 Sed precor, o sapiens Vice-Chancellor, accipe miti  
 Pectore consilium; et si ferrea munera nobis  
 Haec iterum Occiduum male gratis offerat Ingens,  
 Ne pete, suavis Hyems,\* avertere flamine saevo  
 Commoda tanta viae Rhedecynae rursus ab urbe:  
 Tempus enim juvenum pariter nummosque parentum  
 Sic minus expendes, statio Stephanaea caballis  
 Mox deserta foret, plorarent Squeaker et omnes  
 Queis curae est rapidos juvenes imponere screwis.

\* Philip  
 Wynter,  
 Pres. of St.  
 John's  
 Coll., and  
 Vice-Can.

IX. EVE OF REVOLUTION

“Revolutionary Manifesto”

Circulated in Oxford at Commemoration, 1849; at a moment when a coming Royal Commission to inquire into the state of the University was beginning to be talked of as a possibility (attributed to Walter Waddington Shirley, Scholar of Wadham College, afterwards Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History): see *Notes and Queries*, 1st Series, vols. viii. 584, ix. 113.

LIBERTY! FRATERNITY! EQUALITY!

The cry of Reform has been too long unheard. Our infatuated rulers refused to listen to it. The term of their tyranny is at length accomplished. The Vice-Chancellor has fled on horseback. The Proctors have resigned their usurped authority. The Scouts have fraternized with the friends of Liberty. The University is no more. A Republican Lyceum will henceforth diffuse light and civilization. The Hebdomadal Board is abolished. The Legislative Powers will be entrusted

to a General Convention of the whole Lyceum. A Provisional Government has been established. The undersigned Citizens have nobly devoted themselves to the task of administration.

Signed—Citizen CLOUGH (President of the Executive Council)

SEWELL

BOSSOM (operative)

JOHN CONINGTON

WRIGHTSON<sup>1</sup>

FLOREAT LYCEUM!

<sup>1</sup>The Vice-Chancellor mentioned in the Squib was Dr. Symons, Warden of Wadham College, well known as a keen but inefficient horseman. Of the signatories, Arthur Hugh Clough (Balliol College) was in sympathy with the revolutionary movements across the Channel of the year 1848, and had been in Paris with Emerson during May of that year. William Sewell (Exeter College), Professor of Moral Economy, was preparing to publish his pamphlet, *The Nation, the Church, and the University of Oxford*. Bossom was the porter of B.N.C. John Conington, for some years after he took his degree, was looked on as a dangerous innovator by the Oxford Tory party. Henry Wrightson was an aged and eccentric Fellow of Queen's College.





THE CLERK OF OXFORD, A.D. 1814  
FROM R. ACKERMANN'S "HISTORY OF OXFORD"

## CHAPTER XIII

### CLERKS OF OXFORD IN FICTION—CONCLUSION

#### THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP

Being maxims selected from a work entitled *Mottoes for Crackers, forming together a complete Freshman's Manual*, Oxford, circa 1850.

##### *Early Rising*

In the morning when the Scout  
Comes to call you, tumble out :  
With old Morpheus boldly grapple,  
Or you will be late for Chapel.

##### *Recreation*

When the morning's work is done,  
Put your books by, one by one ;  
Take a walk or make a call,  
But be sure you're back for "hall."

##### *Costume*

Always wear your Cap and Gown,  
Prudent Freshman, in the town ;  
When a walk you're bent upon,  
You may put your "Beaver" on.<sup>1</sup>

##### *Driving*

When out in a tandem invited to go,  
Say "Thank you ; but driving's forbidden, I know ;  
If you've leave, I will come : but I dare not till then" :—  
You are pretty sure not to be troubled again.

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<sup>1</sup> "In beaver" = "in a tall hat" (and the costume which accompanies it) ; in mufti, instead of in academics.

*Boating*

To avoid any danger to life and to limb,  
 Don't go on the water until you can swim ;  
 And unless you can cut a respectable figure,  
 Be content with a tub, and eschew an outrigger.

*Cricket*

If at Cowley some day, when engaged in a match,  
 You miss at a crisis a difficult catch,  
 You can't be surprised if you hear a friend mutter  
 That your fingers partake of the nature of butter.

*Shooting*

If to sporting you're inclined,  
 Guns are all forbidden, mind :  
 Should you doubt it, please to look  
 At that Statute in the Book  
 Which in every Freshman's hand is,  
 "De bombardis non gestandis."

*Etiquette*

If at parties they press you to take a cigar,  
 Say "I cannot indeed, for I promised Papa":  
 But, if tempted to smoke, you begin to feel queer,  
 Run into the bedroom at once—there's a dear !

*Diligence*

He who would the dons delight,  
 Hard must study, day and night ;  
 Never play at Cards or Pool, or  
 He will find them growing cooler.

*Idleness*

Many youths who come to College  
 With a little stock of knowledge,  
 When they go away,—how sad !  
 Leave the little stock they had.

THE history of the Oxford Clerk in fictional literature has now been brought down to what may be called modern times. The object of this work has been to portray rather than to dissect, and not so much to analyse a complex character as to trace the descent of the most remarkable of its elements through the changes and chances of some six centuries of academical

life. It now remains to suggest a reason, why characteristics, which one might think were common to scholars of all Universities, should nevertheless have been practically appropriated to Oxonians, since those early days, when the possession of them rendered the Clerk of Oxford at once a Man of Mark in Chaucer's eyes, while at the same time the poet apparently could detect no points in the manner and conversation of the Clerks of the "Soler-halle" at Cambridge, which might serve to distinguish them from any other "testif and lusty" youths of the time.

The patient study of Fiction leads to the conclusion that the Genius Loci, who has been present at Oxford from the first, is the tutelar God of great Leaders and of great Movements; and that a certain seminary strength, infused into matter by the soul of the place, has, from first to last, manifested itself in the temperament, actions, and language of her children, and has imparted thereto a peculiar emphasis which compels attention and provokes criticism. The mental attitude of those who have been educated in another place, shews something of the natural characteristics of the dead level country in which their lot has been cast;—its meaning is too often elusive and retiring; while the point, from which it can be seen and appreciated, is sometimes far to seek. Unsettled in their convictions, over-conscious of difficulties, and fearful of rash guidance, they hesitate to take any definite course of action themselves, and vouchsafe little to their disciples but the advice of warning and criticism. Not so the Oxonian. Nature never meant him for a negative character; and his beauties and blemishes, like those of Mater Oxonia herself, go out to meet the eyes even of those who do not look for them. While the painful scientist of another Studium seems unable to convince himself of the world's existence, the Clerk of Oxford looks as if the whole universe belonged to him. In spite of invidious references made to him, such as Overbury's

“meere Scholar who thinks it a wrong to his reputation to be ignorant of anything, and yet he knows not that he knows nothing”; Arundel’s “babbling beardless boy, who wants to fly before he can crawl, to read before he can spell; and, with his nose in the air, ventures to assert the most outrageous opinions in the face of authority”; and Richard de Bury’s “presumptuous youth, who judges of everything as if he were certain, although he is altogether inexperienced”; in spite of these and other censures, he is fully persuaded that the wisdom of his University embraces all that is worth knowing, and that, when he has attained to it, he has reached finality of knowledge.<sup>1</sup> “The excessive profusion of the sciences studied at Oxford is such, that a science which is there neglected may be regarded as unworthy the name”;<sup>2</sup> “all that there is to know, I know it; what I don’t know, isn’t knowledge,” have been the first and great Articles of his Faith from the fourteenth century to the twentieth.

To him Oxford is the same infallible oracle that she was of old; and the devotion which he pays her, either consciously or unconsciously, is a life-long devotion. But not content with rendering her his own personal worship, he is zealous to convert others to the faith: “Beata diceris per orbis climata, quia singulis solvis aenigmata,” he cries with Tryvytlam; and summons men from all lands to do adoration at her shrine, to imbibe her august traditions, and to carry away her words to the ends of the world.<sup>3</sup> To him she is still the enchantress, before whom kings of the earth, when they

<sup>1</sup> See Overbury’s character-sketch of the “meere Scholar,” quoted in Chapter V. above; Archbishop Arundel’s censure of the Oxonians who defended the condemned propositions that had been put forward by Wycliffe, in Wilkins’ *Concilia*, iii. 322 (A.D. 1409); and Richard de Bury on Oxford Clerks generally, in *Philobiblon*, cap xvii. (A.D. 1345).

<sup>2</sup> “Oxoniae singulae (scientiae) sic docentur, ut scientia quae illic respuitur, nullatenus licita censeatur”: Ex libro Cancellarii, circa 1375 A.D., *Munimenta Acad.* (Rolls Series), ii. 367.

<sup>3</sup> See Tryvytlam’s poem in Chapter II. above.



enter within her walls, become as blind men; having eyes, they see not, until they are enlightened by her counsels:<sup>1</sup>—at her command, Brazen-heads, nay even Blockheads, still “unfold strange aphorisms”:—Horns speak pure Greek, and Echoes babble in Hexameters, by her so potent art;—and he, the Clerk, upon whom rests a double portion of her spirit, feels himself by hereditary genius a shewer of hard sentences, a dissolver of doubts; like his great ancestor of Chaucer’s day, “he would gladly teach.”<sup>2</sup> “Ergo” is his master, that “vetustum ‘Ergo hoc’ Oxoniense,” whose dominion was already old in Petrarch’s time; and he is ready, as were the members of the Union, when that Society included Lowe, Manning, and Gladstone, “to investigate and solve all the great problems of humanity; eager also to cross swords with every foe; and only too glad to illumine the path of all those whom he judges to be misguided or in darkness. No mere petty considerations occur to his fresh ingenious mind; no sad premonition that the world will go on much the same, whatever his eloquent tongue may utter.”<sup>3</sup> And it is this consciousness of having himself found Wisdom and the Place of Understanding, and this craving to give light to a benighted world, which, expressed as they are in everything that goes to make up the Oxford Manner, have made the typical Oxford man, if not always an acceptable, at any rate invariably a striking figure in Society. This is no place either to sympathize with, or to censure, those who fail to appreciate him. There is no accounting for taste: some cry “Hey for Garsington!” and some cry “Hey for Horsepath!”: some like him; some do not. It is sufficient here to shew, that the intensity

<sup>1</sup> See the legend of Earl Algar, and the superstition which made Kings of England fear to enter Oxford, in Wood’s *City of Oxford*, Oxford Historical Society, i. 234-5, ii. 128-30.

<sup>2</sup> See Robert Greene’s “Friar Bacon”; and the story of the Queen’s College Horn in Brathwaite’s poem at the head of Chapter VI., and that of the Magdalen College Echo in Chapter X.

<sup>3</sup> *Life of Robert Lowe, Lord Sherbrooke*, by A. P. Martin.

of the Oxford Manner is such, that it rarely fails to excite violent emotions in those who come within the sphere of its influence, whether they be emotions of profound respect, or those of the most acute exasperation.

There is no need to add to the illustrations which have been already given, of the nature of the Clerk's conversation, of his high style, and of his tendency to sacrifice the art of pleasing to the zest for instructing his audience. What, however, is worthy of further remark, is the fact that the didactic intention which pervades his speech, pervades also his silence. Chaucer's Pilgrim rode "coy and still, and spake not a word all day"; yet his stillness was a stillness which could be felt, insomuch that it inspired the genial host of the Tabard Inn with fear that the Scholar was preparing to launch some improving moral lecture upon his fellow-travellers. Much the same strong impression was made upon the society around him by the eloquent silence of Mr. Walden, the Oxonian whom Richardson's heroine, the lively Miss Harriet Byron, met at Lady Betty Williams' dinner-party:—"While the voluble worldling, Sir Horace Pollexfen, was conversing in a manner infinitely agreeable to the gay, and to those of the company who wished to drown thought in merriment, the Man of the College looked as if he was putting the baronet's speeches into Latin, and trying them by the rules of grammar. He seemed, on anything the other said, half to despise him; while it was evident he grudged him the smile that sat upon everyone's countenance, and that he pitied us all, and thought himself cast into unequal company."<sup>1</sup> "Here comes a University man!" writes the author of *Hints on Etiquette for the University of Oxford* (1838): "He hurries along, as if every minute were worth gold. From his face you would guess that he knows his Scapula and Facciolati by heart. And what a scrutinizing gaze he

<sup>1</sup> *Sir Charles Grandison*, Letters XL., XII., XIII., XIV., by Samuel Richardson (1753).

fixes upon the ground! He is solving some problem of Euclid, or unravelling one of the choruses of the *Agamemnon*." In short, even at times when, like the stars, the Clerk of Oxford is "without real voice or sound," this earthly luminary, like the heavenly bodies, is still preaching some great lesson: to admirers and detractors alike, and in all ages, his very silence has been pregnant with meaning; and the very sight of him a vision and sermon in one.

And, finally, it would seem that this zeal to instruct and elevate has been manifested, not only more clearly, but also more constantly, at Oxford, than at other Studia: for while elsewhere the Clerk has occasionally been forgetful of his watch and has slumbered at his post, here there has never been wanting the intellectual Athlete, alert and eager to snatch the torch of learning from his predecessor, to run his course with joy, and to hand on the courier flame to the next in the race. It cannot be denied, indeed, that Oxford too has passed through what have been condemned as dark ages in the history of her Schools; but, on close examination, it appears, that, if her reputation for learning suffered a partial eclipse at such times, the natural force and energy of her sons knew no abatement; and, strangely enough, it is for those very periods of gloom that Fiction has reserved the brightest examples of her perceptive enthusiasm. Thus the hero of the first Oxford novel came up to the University about the year 1460; that is, before the close of what historians have called "the century of intellectual torpor which followed the death of Wycliffe." The name of John Scogin of Oriel does not indeed appear among those of the great Oxford Reformers. Though, as an Undergraduate, he may have paced New College Cloisters in colloquy with Grocyn, and, as a Master of Arts, have rambled in Magdalen Grove with the youthful Colet, and dined with Linacre and the Fellows of All Souls' at a table where the Founder's injunction of plain

living and high thinking was not yet wholly forgotten, he took nevertheless no prominent part in the religious and intellectual struggles of his day. Yet the story of his life, as told in the "First and Best Part of his Jests," shews that the prevailing tone in his character was that irresistible craving to enlighten a dark world, which, from first to last, and through good report and ill, has been the keynote of the Oxford Manner. If latter-day critics, "content with examining the things which lie before them, and blind to the truths which lie hidden beyond," have pronounced him a mere buffoon, his original biographer has taken no such narrow "Goswell Street" view of a complex character. To him, the lightest act of the celebrated Wit conveys some grave moral lesson, and the wildest extravagances are vehicles of sound arguments; while his keen eye detects a thinly-veiled didacticism behind each happy shift, each merry device, in his hero's adventurous career. Thus, from one tale "a man may learn, that, when he asks advice, he should be clear in his words and not speak in parables; for mishearing causeth misunderstanding"; from another, that "divers times one may do a thing in sport, and at the last it do turn into good earnest." Here is laid down the useful warning, "In matters of love, let a man make no body of his counsel, lest he be deceived"; there, the equally sound advice, "No one, if he love himself and his profit, should lend his horse or his weapon or his wife to another, for by it never cometh gain." "Believe not every word that another doth speak; for some do lie, some do jest, some do mock, and some do scorn"; "it is an unhappy house where a woman is the master"; "let no man think that there was never so great a flood but that there may be as low an ebb";—thus, line upon line and precept upon precept, is built up a popular system of moral philosophy. And the teacher plants his educational platform, with a like confidence, in University lecture-rooms, peasants' cottages, and the palaces of

kings. No sooner had he come to Court, than he built a great fire before the gate, and set thereon a sow of exceeding fatness, and bought twenty pounds of butter and poured them over the sow's buttocks. Then said the courtiers to him, "Why dost thou grease and baste the sow that is already over-fat?": and he answered them, "I do but as lords and kings do, and as everyone doth; for he that hath enough, shall have more given him; and he that hath nothing, shall go without." And when he would build him an house, he asked the king for five hundred oaks. "Will not one hundred suffice?" inquired the Monarch. "Yea," replied the Sage; "but if I had asked one hundred at the first, I had received but twenty. Therefore it is good to ask more than enough of great men, for then one shall have somewhat." Danger could not check, nor could death chill, the genial flow of these sententious remarks. "Remove him!" said the king, on an occasion when the Oxonian's freedom of speech and behaviour had given great offence: "and, as soon as he has made selection of a tree, hang him thereon"; and forthwith Scogin was led away to Windsor Forest. There he wandered up and down all day, as though deliberating upon his choice of a gibbet. His escort grew weary, and besought him to come to a decision; but he reprov'd them, saying, "Make no haste, for it would grieve the best of you to be hanged." Faint with hunger and thirst, they saw their prisoner refresh himself at intervals from a private store of provisions, "a bottle of wine and sucket, marmalade, and green-ginger," while he murmured to himself, "God knows the pangs of death are dry." At nightfall he dismissed his guard, saying, "You seem to be a very honest sort of men. Go then to your king, and have me commended to him; and tell him I will never choose a tree to be hanged on. For that man is a madman, who may save his own life, and yet will kill himself."<sup>1</sup> And when at last he lay dying of an

<sup>1</sup> With regard to this tale, the student of the Dietetical History of the

incurable complaint, he turned to those who stood round his bed, and remarked, "I should be resigned to death, if only I might live long enough to eat Christmas pie; for Christmas pie is good meat"; in these simple words teaching the world, as his appreciative biographer, perhaps not unnecessarily, explains, that "a man is loth to die, although there be no remedy; and that he who can rejoice in mirth without sin, that same is happy." Such was John Scogin of Oriel. While the form of instruction he adopted was often grotesque and unexpected, beneath it lay a gravity more sober than seriousness itself; and when he laid aside the guise of the conventional teacher, he did so that he might speak

University should note, in connection with the rise of "Oxford Marmalade" to the prominent position which it now holds in all civilized communities, that here Scogin of Oriel, at a date some time near the close of the fifteenth century, refreshes himself with that confection. The earliest uses of the word "marmalade" are those made of it by Oxonians. This delicacy took a place of honour at the elaborate banquet given by William Warham (New College, 1475-88), when he was enthroned Archbishop of Canterbury in 1509; the supper of *leche Florentine*, *tart melior*, *joly ipocrass*, *tench florished*, *lamprey*, etc., provided on that occasion for the Archbishop's high steward, Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, a Cantab, concluding with the service of "marmalade, succade, and comfits" (*Antiquities of Canterbury*, William Somner and Nicholas Battely, Appendix to Supplement, p. 26). Again, the *Register of Magdalen College*, i. 71 (W. D. Macray), shews that, already in 1517, it was the custom at that College to temper the austerity of the mediæval biscuit, or "wafron," with this excellent substitute for butter. William Tyndale (Magdalen Hall, 1510) mentions "marmalad" in conjunction with "succad, green-gynger, and confiettes" in one of his sermons (*Works*, p. 229); Sir Thomas Elyot (St. Mary Hall, 1514) praises the sweetmeat in his *Castel of Helthe* (1541); and light refreshments offered to the king's messengers at Exeter College in 1549 included "marmaladye and succade" (*Registrum Coll., Exon*, C. W. Boase, p. 38). Finally, when John Lyly of Magdalen College published *Euphues* in 1580, marmalade would seem to have already gained the extraordinary popularity which it has maintained ever since. "Euphues," he writes, "would die if he did not talk of love once in a day; and therefore you must give him leave after every meal to close his stomach with love, as with marmalade." It is pleasant to conjecture that Colet may have introduced the foreign delicacy to his University, and that its rapid rise in academical esteem may have followed some reference made by Linacre to its medicinal value, when those two pioneers of the New Learning returned from Italy to Oxford in or about the year 1491.

to his disciples with the greater clearness and pathos. Oxford fulfils herself in many ways; and if Scogin's method was one all his own, his goal was none the less the common goal of all genuine Oxford Clerks:—to be, in Gest and Dict alike, a Leader of the People by his counsel.

Such good men and true, neither the pell-mell of war, nor the hurly-burly of revolution, has been able to divert from their aim. During the Great Rebellion, for example, when the clerical Band was brought into close contact with the military Cuff and the Ruff of the Courtier, the genuine Clerk preserved his essential characteristics unimpaired. Though he put on armour and served in the ranks, he retained, as it were, square-cap under helmet, and academical toga beneath back- and breast-piece. His immortal Manner still distinguished him from the every-day warrior; and his actual fighting was, as Chaucer would have put it, "after the scole of Oxenford":—

"Treasure of Armes and Artes, in whom were set  
The Sword and Bookes, the Camp and College met,

His Valour was not of the furious straine;  
The Hand that struck, did first consult the Braine:—  
Hence grew Commerce between Advice and Might;  
The Scholler did direct, the Soldier fight."

MARTIN LLUELLYN, Student of Ch. Ch.,  
*Men-Miracles*, 1646

Nor did the Genius Loci depart, when, after the triumph of the Rebels, the University was in danger of being reformed out of existence by the Puritans, and it seemed to her loyal sons that "Oxford could no longer be found in Oxford City." Too quick despairers, these latter may have been reassured, though disgusted, by the following caricature of an "Academick":—

“Think not to daunt us with a daring Eye:—  
 The maze of Logick, or Maturity  
 Of your taught Science and Intangled Rules,  
 The Scum and Dregs of Academick Pools,  
 Boast not of these:—nor strive with censure nice  
 T’ esteem your dear-bought Wisdome by the price.  
 Come now, my Spark, thou o’ th’ OXONIAN  
 RACE,

And let a Word of Reason interlace  
 With thy Ambition. Grammar is thy sphere,  
 And thou canst travel in no path but there:  
 Thou of Philosophy no more hast known,  
 Than what Tradition and the Books have shown;  
 Thou keep’st the track, and only goest by course,  
 And I must tell you that each carrier’s horse  
 Performs thy task, and has as much to be  
 Admired for, or admired at, as thee.  
 What say’st thou now? Says not th’ Impartial  
 Test

That Art’s but feeble, Nature is the Best.  
 Suppose your fancy leads you into Court,  
 Perhaps you’re able to speak Latin for’t,  
 And now and then spew out a word of Greek,  
 But for Invention you are far to seek;  
 You to the Book must go, if you would ken  
 The Customs and Moralities of Men:—

· · · · ·  
 · · · · ·  
 Yes, You it is, ’gainst whom my Muse doth roar,  
 That have been taught each Science and no more;  
 Yet of a little make as great a Show,  
 AS IF YOUR KNOWLEDGE HAD NO MORE TO  
 KNOW.”

*Poems by HUGH CROMPTON, the Son of Bacchus  
 and the godson of Apollo, being a Fardle  
 of Fancies, or a Medley of Musick stewed  
 in four Ounces of the Oyl of Epigrams,  
 London, 1657*



Nor has Fiction failed to supply the eighteenth-century University, which History notices only to condemn as "the embodiment of sloth and prejudice," with many a reincarnation of her traditional energy. "In my youth," writes Steele of Merton College, "it was a humour in the University, when a fellow pretended to be more eloquent than ordinary, or had set himself to triumph over us with an argument, or to inform us about some matter whether we would or no, I say it was a humour in such cases to shut one eye, or for each man in the company to offer the orator a pinch of snuff"; but it is clear that these extraordinary precautions were insufficient to check such "voluntary rhetoricians" as "Jack Lizard," "Tom Welbank," and those apostles of sweetness and light whose tragi-comical adventures are recorded in the *Rambler* and the *Idler*. "Gelasimus, Verecundulus, and Gelaleddin," Samuel Johnson of Pembroke College in Oxford tells us, "returned home, confirmed in the doctrine inculcated at the University, that nothing was worthy of serious care but the means of gaining and imparting knowledge; and they entered the world, prepared to show wisdom by their discourse and moderation by their silence, to instruct the modest with easy gentleness, and repress the ostentatious by seasonable superciliousness"; in short, and to quote once more Chaucer's line on the original Clerk of Oxford, "gladly would they learn and gladly teach." It is true that the author of the *Vanity of Human Wishes* then goes on to tell how his three young heroes were quickly brought to confusion. Gelasimus, the mathematician, found to his dismay that "algebraic axioms had little weight with ladies, and that approximations to the quadrature of the circle but slightly recommended him to elegant acquaintance"; while the eloquent demonstrations of the Newtonian system of philosophy which were made by Verecundulus at the dinner-table, "not only failed to add to the

satisfaction of the company, but even provoked several hints of the awkwardness of young scholars." So too, when Gelaeddin proceeded "to practise all the arts of narration and disquisition in his family circle, his kinsmen heard his arguments without reflection and his pleasantries without a smile. Contrary to his expectations, the learned did not visit him for consultation; and when he endeavoured to attract notice in public places by the copiousness of his talk, the sprightly were silenced and went away to censure in another place his arrogance and pedantry, while the dull listened patiently for a while, and then wondered why a man should take pains to obtain so much knowledge which would never do him any good," etc. But though these young enthusiasts failed, it is clear that their failure cannot be attributed to any "sloth or prejudice." On the contrary, it was their very spirit that doomed them;—the blind impetuosity, or, as Johnson calls it, "the precipitation of inexperience," with which they threw themselves into the conflict between the ideals of Oxford and those of the degraded England of the second George. But probably in no case has Fiction joined a clearer issue with History than in that of "Mr. Walden." In the very year when Gibbon found "all practice of teaching to have been given up at Oxford; and that instead of discoursing upon such amusing and instructive topics as literary questions, the Fellows of Magdalen talked of nothing but College business, Tory politics, personal anecdotes, and private scandal," in that very year, Samuel Richardson produced this sketch of "the man of the College."<sup>1</sup> There can be little doubt which picture is the more true to life, that of the great novelist, or that of the future historian. A youth of sixteen, Gibbon, after residing but a few weeks at Magdalen, thought himself capable of measuring the abilities of Tutors and Professors, and able to take a complete

<sup>1</sup> *Sir Charles Grandison*, by Samuel Richardson, 1753.

survey of the discipline of a great University which consisted of five-and-twenty separate societies. His argument limps with a compound fracture of that most elementary rule of logic—"Syllogizari non est ex particulari." And while his picture, if true at all, is true only of certain individuals, and relates only to a portion of time, to a point in the surface of the world of Oxford, in Richardson's work, all times, all places, are embraced. The great painter of nature never swerves from the truth; for the "Clerk of Oxenford" who has been, is, and ever will be the same, is the model he has copied. In Mr. Walden's conversation at Lady Betty Williams' party, the didacticism of a Jack Lizard is combined with the serene complacency of a Tom Welbank in the all-sufficiency of Oxford wisdom. Thus, "after dinner, the man of the College, not choosing to be eclipsed by the man of the Town, put forth the scholar. 'Pray, Sir Hargrave,' said he to the frivolous baronet, 'May I ask you—You had a thought just now, speaking of love and beauty, which I know you must have found in Tibullus,' (and then he repeated the line in an 'heroic' accent):—'which University had the honour of finishing your studies, Sir Hargrave? I presume you were brought up at one of them.'

"'Not I,' said the baronet: 'a man, surely, may read Tibullus and Virgil too, without being indebted to either University for his learning.'

"'No man, Sir Hargrave,' replied Mr. Walden, 'in my humble opinion' (and with a decisive air he spoke the word 'humble'), 'can be well grounded in any branch of learning, who has not been at one of our famous Universities.'

Then, a little later, he remarks to Miss Harriet Byron: "'I asked you, Madam, whether you knew anything of the learned languages. It has been whispered to me that you have had great advantages from a grandfather, of whose learning and politeness

we have heard much. He was a scholar. He was of Christ-Church in our University, if I am not mistaken. To my question you answered that you knew not particularly which were the learned ones: and you were pleased to throw out hints in relation to a lesser and greater University: by all of which you mean something.'

"'Pray, Mr. Walden,' began Miss Byron—

"'And pray, Miss Byron,' answered he,—'I am afraid of all smatterers in learning. Those who know a little—and ladies cannot know to the bottom—they have not had the happiness of a University education,' etc.

Strangely enough, he then proceeded to compel this London dinner-party to discuss one of those "literary questions," which, according to Gibbon, were so lamentably neglected at Oxford. "'A colloquy upon the topic of the learned languages,' said he, in reproof of the frivolous chatter of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, 'may tend as much to edification, as most of the subjects with which we have been hitherto entertained.'" Nor, when the lofty argument was concluded, did the man of the College suffer the conversation to sink to its former low level. When the company spoke of love, he quoted Tibullus in an heroic accent; when of plays, "he forced in, with a preference to Shakespeare, his Sophocles, his Euripides, his Terence; of the merits of whose performances, indeed, no one present but himself could judge, except by translations. Nor would he be excluded from the subject of the reigning fashions, and decency and propriety of dress; but suggested the adoption of his Spartan jacket descending only to the knees of the women, in place of hoops; and the wearing of the Roman toga for the men. At this point, however, Miss Barnevelt broke in upon the scholar; but by way of approbation of what he said; and went on with subjects of heroism, without permitting him to rally and proceed, as he seemed inclined to do."

“After praising what he had said of the Spartan and Roman dresses, she fell to enumerating her heroes both ancient and modern. Achilles, the savage Achilles, charmed her. Hector, however, was a good clever man. Alexander the Great was her dear creature, and Julius Cæsar was a very pretty fellow,” etc.

Many another case might be quoted from the records of Fiction to prove, that, even at times when the University’s message to the world has been but a narrow one, her messengers have been none the less as alert, confident, and insistent as ever. And when the year 1851 is reached, the date which has been set as a limit to this story, and unstinted abuse is once more being poured upon Oxford and all her works, the Clerk is found to be displaying the same strength and steadfastness of faith in himself and his University, as have rendered him a Man of Mark from the beginning. “He is not as other men are,” writes Mr. J. R. Greene of him, as he appeared at the time; “he has a deep quiet contempt for other men. Oxford is his home, and beyond Oxford lie only waste regions of shallowness and inaccuracy”: “he directs his mind, before it has been sufficiently disciplined by less lofty and dangerous studies, to the investigation of the most exalted and sacred subjects,” declares another critic, echoing, though in politer language, the censure of Archbishop Arundel, quoted above; “he is as one who endeavours to build a house, either with no scaffolding at all, or at least with one of the slightest description.”<sup>1</sup> And his immortal “manner” still strikes all beholders; nay, he is even himself at times appalled by the sense of his personal distinctness:—“Perhaps,” said the Stranger, in Newman’s *Loss and Gain* (1848), “I can read you, Sir, better than you

<sup>1</sup> The opinion of an eminent “critic, educated at Rugby, and destined to be a professor at Oxford,” delivered in 1843—quoted in Christopher Wordsworth’s *Scholæ Academicæ*.

can me. You are an Oxford Man by your appearance." Charles assented: "How came you," he asked, "to suppose I was of Oxford?" "Not entirely by your looks and manner," replied the Stranger, "for I saw you jump from the omnibus at Steventon; but with that assistance it was impossible to mistake." "I have heard others say the same," said Charles; "yet I can't myself make out how an Oxford man should be known from another. It is a fearful thing," he added with a sigh, "that we, as it were, exhale ourselves every breath we draw."

Renewing his youth in fresh activities from age to age, the Clerk embodies in visible form the unbroken continuity of the intellectual life of Oxford. "In him the University possesses the last bond which links her generations together, the last memorial of a tradition of discipline. He has formed, and still forms, the background of all the variety and movement of academical life." For Oxford is in truth a place of brief-lived generations. But four short years, and those who are now but new-come within her walls, will have completed their sojourn. Another busy tribe of flesh and blood will be knocking at the gate; and these momentary men, their sayings and doings, their manners and fashions, will pass away, even as the memory of a guest who tarried but a day. The Clerk alone abides; his Gests and Dicts alter not:—*Oxoniae hodie est una multitudo; cras erit alia: Ille vero non mutatur; semper idem est; SOLUS MOBILITATE STABILIS.*

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