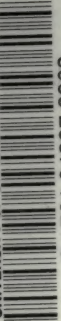


MINISCENCES OF
OXFORD

UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



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REV. W. TUCKWELL, M.A.

Mr. Tuckwell, a former Fellow of New College and the son of a famous Oxford doctor of the early years of this century, has written a most amusing volume of reminiscences. There is not a dull page in his book. Few of the anecdotes are old, though

are well known to Oxford men even of the present degenerate age; all are told with vivacity and freshness and in the style of real reminiscence, not of mere hashing up of old notes or diaries. It is unfortunate that some of the tales are extremely ill-natured, and that the author's kindness and tolerance do not prevent him not only from erring on the side of severity, but also from falling not infrequently into grave lapses from good taste. A careful revision would have taken away an unpleasant flavour and given us a happier view of the writer himself. Conspicuous want of good feeling is shown in the accounts of the late Dean Lake and of the Rugby career of Dr. Hayman. In such a book, of course, we do not expect complete accuracy, but the slips are perhaps less than might have been expected. It was not, as Mr. Mackail's *Life* shows, "hunting in the parish churches on Sunday evenings to find a Guinevere" that William Morris first met his wife, but at the old Oxford Theatre. The "heroic student, T. R. Green," who "died learning," may mean either J. R. Green or T. H. Green, quite different people. It is at least doubtful if Dr. Bloxam instituted a custom of "feasting" the choristers of Magdalen at the high table on the strict fast of Christmas Eve. The moderns will hardly understand what is meant by the sentence "When the new museum was opened, two houses sprang up just beyond its northern limit, inhabited by Commander Burrows and Goldwin Smith, hence known as Pass and Class." And why will Mr. Tuckwell always write "Christchurch"? More noticeable is a point to which, we believe, the publishers' attention has been called—the insertion (and, if our memory serves, from an incorrect version) of the private Balliol rhymes, which the authors (whose names Mr. Tuckwell has the temerity to give) have never allowed to be published. But when all this is said it is impossible to deny the vivacity and humour of the book. The pictures of Oxford characters are worthy of Aubrey. Though by no means always kindly, the portraits are undeniably vivid. Here is part of a description of Dr. Pusey which certainly does not err generally on the side of charity:—

"I can see him passing to the pulpit through the crowds which overflowed the shabby, inconvenient, unrestored cathedral, the pale, ascetic, furrowed face, clouded and dusky always as with suggestions of a blunt or half-used razor, the bowed grizzled head, the drop into the pulpit out of sight until the hymn was over: then the harsh unmodulated voice, the high-pitched devotional patristicism, the dogma, obvious or novel, not so much ambassadorial as from a man inhabiting his message; now and then the searchlight thrown with startling vividness on the secrets hidden in many a hearer's heart." Equally vivid is the picture of Lady Lucy Pusey, the doctor's mother. Burgon is evidently an object of special detestation to Mr. Tuckwell:—

"Few men have offered scope so inviting to a biographer—at once poet, critic, artist, theologian, buffoon—at once indecently scurrilous and riotously comic, he lived and died as if to inspire above all things a brief and brilliant memoir." This is one of the three mentions of Dean Burgon, and the kindest.

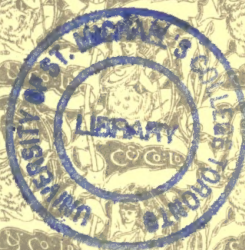
On the other hand, the mention of Dean Burgon is not the only one of its kind. The author's treatment of the subject is not always fair.

The Rev. William Tuckwell, who died on Saturday at the age of 89, was distinguished as an historian of Oxford. His recollections of the University went back further than those of any one living; he was born there in 1829, and had a continuous knowledge of events from his childhood onwards. His father was the leading surgeon in the city, and everybody who was most interesting and famous in the University went to his house. His memories were embodied in his *Reminiscences of Oxford* and *Pre-Tractarian Oxford*, books now of great historical value.

* * * * *

62.19

He took a Fourth in *Lit. Hum.* in 1852, when the late Professor Chandler, of Pembroke, was in the First, and Dr. Boyd, afterwards Principal of Hertford, in the Second Class. Other men going through the schools on his day were Peter Goldsmith Medd (a very diligent author in his day), Frederic Harvey, and T. E. Browne. It was not a distinguished list. A year later the First Class in the same school contained the names of C. Brodick, afterwards Warden of Merton, Lewis Campbell, W. H. Fremantle, and G. J. Goschen. These had Mark Pattison and Benjamin Jowett among their examiners.



J Hewetson

25.12.1900

REMINISCENCES OF OXFORD





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*The Rev. the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, Nov. 1852
and the two former Vice-Chancellors*

THE VICE-CHANCELLOR ENTERING ST. MARY'S.
 THE "VICE," DR. COTTON, PROVOST OF WORCESTER, IS FOLLOWED BY HIS PRO-VICE-CHANCELLOR PLUMPTRE,
 MASTER OF UNIVERSITY, AND "BEN" SYMONS, WARDEN OF WADHAM.

Photographed from a Coloured Drawing by Mrs. Freda Girdlestone.

Frontispiece.

REMINISCENCES OF OXFORD

BY THE

REV. W. TUCKWELL, M.A.

Late Fellow of New College, Author of "Tongues in Trees," "Christian Socialism," "Winchester Fifty Years Ago," etc.

1st cl. Lit Hum '52.

Asst. St. Columba, Ireland '53, 4; C. S. M. Magd. Oxfd '56

Head Newcoll Sch '57-64; Taunton 64-78

Rector, Stockton, Warw^{sh} '78-'93; Waltham, Line. '93-'05

d. 1919.

ILLUSTRATED

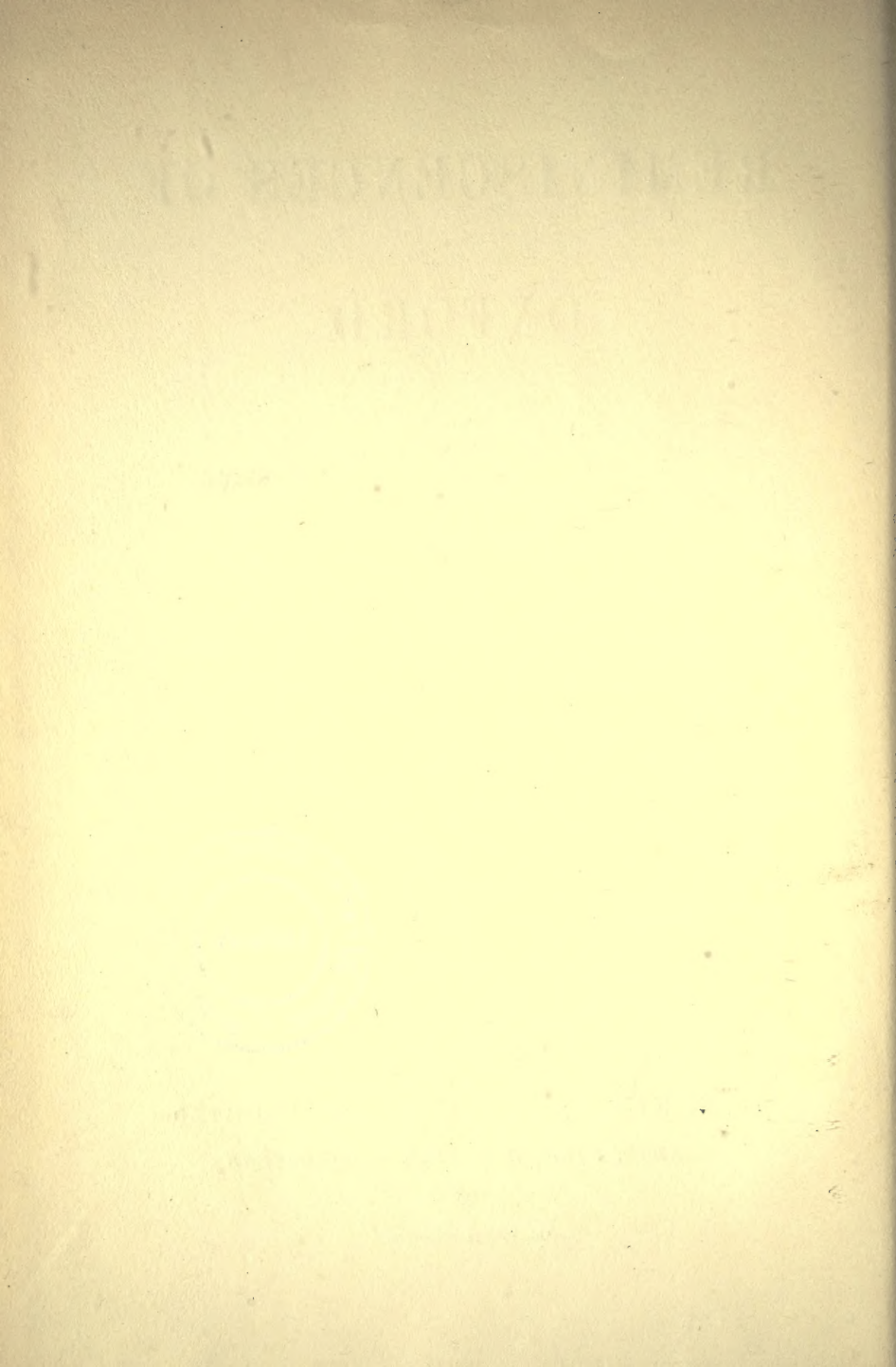


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LONDON, PARIS, NEW YORK & MELBOURNE

1900

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O Thought, that wrote all that I met,
And in the tresorie it set
Of my braine, now shall men see
If any vertue in thee bee.
Now kith thy engine and thy might.

CHAUCER, *House of Fame*, ii. 18.

SOME OF THESE MEMORIES, APPEARING FROM TIME TO TIME
UNDER THE SIGNATURE OF "NESTOR," IN THE COLUMNS
OF "THE SPEAKER," ARE HERE REPRODUCED, BY KIND
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REMINISCENCES OF OXFORD.

CHAPTER I.

OXFORD IN THE THIRTIES.

“καὶ μὴν, ἦν δ' ἐγὼ, ὦ Κέφαλε, χαίρω γε διαλεγόμενος τοῖς σφόδρα πρεσβύταις.” “To tell you the truth, Cephalus, I rejoice in conversing with very old persons.”—PLATO, *Republic*, A. ii.

The Thirties—The Approach to Oxford—Coaching Celebrities—The Common Rooms—Then and Now—The Lost Art of Conversation—*Beaux Esprits* and *Belles*—Miss Horseman.

THE evening of a prolonged life has its compensations and its duties. It has its compensations: the Elder, who, reverend like Shakespeare's Nestor for his outstretched life, has attained through old experience something of prophetic strain, reaps keen enjoyment from his personal familiarity with the days of yore, known to those around him roughly from the page of history or not at all. It has its duties: to hand on and to depict with the fascinating touch of first-hand recollection the incidents and action, the characteristics and the scenery, of that vanished past, which in the retired actor's memory still survives, but must scatter like the Sibyl's leaves should

he pass off the stage uncommunicative and unrecording.

The nineteenth century, in the second intention of the term, opens with the Thirties; its first two decades belong to and conclude an earlier epoch. The Thirties saw the birth of railroads and of the penny post; they invented lucifer matches; they witnessed Parliamentary and Municipal reform, the new Poor Law, the opening of London University; they hailed the accession of Victoria; in them Charles Dickens, Tennyson, Keble, Browning, John Henry Newman, began variously to influence the world; while with Scott, Crabbe, Coleridge, Lamb, Southey, all but a few patriarchs of the older school of literature passed away; men now alive who were born, like myself, in the reign of George IV., recall and can describe an England as different from the England of our closing century as monarchic France under the Capets differed from republican France to-day. Nowhere was the breach with the past more sundering than in Oxford. The University over which the Duke of Wellington was installed as Chancellor in 1834 owned undissolved continuity with the Oxford of Addison, Thomas Hearne, the Wartons, Bishop Lowth; the seeds of the changes which awaited it—of Church movements, Museums and Art Galleries, Local Examinations, Science Degrees, Extension Lectures, Women's Colleges—germinating un-

suspected while the old warrior was emitting his genial false quantities in the Theatre, were to begin their transforming growth before the period which he adorned had found its close. The Oxford, then, of the Thirties, its scenery and habits, its humours and its characters, its gossip and its wit, shall be first amongst the dry bones in the valley of forgetfulness which I will try to clothe with flesh.

It was said in those days that the approach to Oxford by the Henley road was the most beautiful in the world. Soon after passing Littlemore you came in sight of, and did not lose again, the sweet city with its dreaming spires, driven along a road now crowded and obscured with dwellings, open then to corn-fields on the right, to uninclosed meadows on the left, with an unbroken view of the long line of towers, rising out of foliage less high and veiling than after sixty more years of growth to-day. At once, without suburban interval, you entered the finest quarter of the town, rolling under Magdalen Tower, and past the Magdalen elms, then in full unmutilated luxuriance, till the exquisite curves of the High Street opened on you, as you drew up at the Angel, or passed on to the Mitre and the Star. Along that road, or into Oxford by the St. Giles's entrance, lumbered at midnight Pickford's vast waggons with their six musically belled horses; sped stage-coaches all day long—Tantivy, Defiance, Rival, Regulator, Mazeppa,

Dart, Magnet, Blenheim, and some thirty more; heaped high with ponderous luggage and with cloaked passengers, thickly hung at Christmas time with turkeys, with pheasants in October; their guards, picked buglers, sending before them as they passed Magdalen Bridge the now forgotten strains of "Brignall Banks," "The Troubadour," "I'd be a Butterfly," "The Maid of Llangollen," or "Begone, Dull Care"; on the box their queer old purple-faced, many-caped drivers—Cheeseman, Steevens, Fowles, Charles Homes, Jack Adams, and Black Will. This last jehu, spending three nights of the week in Oxford, four in London, maintained in both a home, presided over by two several wives, with each of whom he had gone through the marriage ceremony, and had for many years—so distant was Oxford then from London—kept each partner ignorant of her sister's existence. The story came out at last; but the wives seem not to have objected, and it was the business of no one else; indeed, had he been indicted for bigamy, no Oxford jury could have been found to convict Black Will.

The coaches were horsed by Richard Costar, as great an original as any of his men; those who on his weekly visits to the Bensington stables sat behind Black Will and his master and overheard their talk, listened, with amusement or disgust, to a rampant paraphrase of Lucretius' Fourth Book. He lived in the picturesque house on the Cherwell, just oppo-

site Magdalen Turnpike, having two entrance gates, one each side of the pike, so that he could always elude payment. I remember standing within his railings to see the procession of royal carriages which brought Queen Adelaide to Oxford in 1835. She drove about in semi-state, attending New College and Magdalen Chapels, lunching at Queen's, and holding a court at the Angel. Opposite to her in the carriage sat always the Duke of Wellington in his gold-tasselled cap, more cheered and regarded than the quiet, plain-looking, spotty-faced Queen. The Mayor of Oxford was an old Mr. Wootten, brewer, banker, and farmer, dressed always in blue brass-buttoned coat, cords, top-boots, and powdered hair. He was told that he must pay his respects to the Queen; so he drove to the Angel in his wonderful one-horse-chaise, a vehicle in which Mr. and Mrs. Bubb might have made their historic jaunt to Brighton, and was introduced to her Majesty by the Chamberlain, Lord Howe. She held out her hand to be kissed: the Mayor shook it heartily, with the salutation: "How d'ye do, marm; how's the king?" I saw Queen Victoria two years afterwards proclaimed at Carfax; and in the general election of 1837 I witnessed from the windows of Dr. Rowley, Master of University, the charring of the successful candidates, Donald Maclean of Balliol, and William Erle of New College, afterwards Chief Justice of

the Queen's Bench. Erle rode in a fine open carriage with four white horses; Maclean was borne aloft, as was the custom, in a chair on four men's shoulders. Just as he passed University, I saw a man beneath me in the crowd fling at him a large stone. Maclean, a cricketer and athlete, saw it coming, caught it, dropped it, and took off his hat to the man, who disappeared from view in the onset made upon him by the mob; and, as Bunyan says of Neighbour Pliable, I saw him no more. Maclean was a very handsome man, owing his election, it was said, to his popularity among the wives of the electors: he died insolvent and in great poverty some years afterwards.

The University life was not without its brilliant social side. The Heads of Houses, with their families, formed a class apart, exchanging solemn dinners and consuming vasty deeps of port; but the abler resident Fellows, the younger Professors, and one or two notable outsiders, made up convivial sets, with whose wit, fun, frolic, there is no comparison in modern Oxford. The Common Rooms to-day, as I am informed, are swamped by shop; while general society, infinitely extended by the abolition of College celibacy, is correspondingly diluted. Tutors and Professors are choked with distinctions and redundant with educational activity; they lecture, they write, they edit, they investigate,

they athleticise, they are scientific or theological or historical or linguistic; they fulfil presumably some wise end or ends. But one accomplishment of their forefathers has perished from among them—they no longer *talk*. In the Thirties, conversation was a fine art, a claim to social distinction: choice sprouts of the brain, epigram, anecdote, metaphor, now nursed carefully for the printer, were joyously lavished on one another by the men and women of those bibulous, pleasant days, who equipped themselves at leisure for the wit combats each late supper-party provoked, following on the piquet or whist, which was the serious business of the evening. Their talk ranged wide; their scholarship was not technical but monumental; they were no philologists, but they knew their authors—their authors, not classical only, but of mediæval, renaissant, modern, Europe. I remember how Christopher Erle, eccentric Fellow of New College, warmed with more than one glass of ruby Carbonel, would pour out Æschylus, Horace, Dante, by the yard. Staid Hammond of Merton, son to Canning's secretary and biographer, knew his Pope by heart, quoting him effectively and to the point. Edward Greswell of Corpus, whose quaint figure strode the streets always with stick in one hand and umbrella in the other, was a walking library of Greek and Latin inscriptions.

A select few ladies, frank spinsters and jovial

matrons, added to the charm of these convivialities. Attired in short silk dresses—*for Queen Addy*, as *Lady Granville* calls her, was proud of her foot and ankle—sandal-shoes, lace tippets, hair dressed in crisp or flowing curls, they took their part in whist or at quadrille, this last a game I fear forgotten now, bearing their full share in the Attic supper-table till their sedan-chairs came to carry them away. There was gay old *Mrs. Neve*, belle of Oxford in her prime, living a widow now in *Beam Hall*, opposite *Merton*, with seven card-tables laid out sometimes in her not spacious drawing-room. *Mrs. Foulkes*, whose husband, the Principal of *Jesus*, walked the High Street always upon *St. David's* day with a large leek fastened in the tassel of his cap, piqued herself on the style and quality of her dress. She had a rival in *Mrs. Pearse*, a handsome widow living in *St. Giles'*; by the aid of *Miss Boxall*, the fashionable milliner, they vied with one another like *Brunetta* and *Phyllis* in the "*Spectator*." Famous, not for dress, but for audacity and wit, was *Rachel Burton*, "*Jack*" *Burton* as she was called, daughter to a Canon of *Christ-church*, whose flirtations with old *Blucher*, on the visit of the allied sovereigns, had amused a former generation, and who still survived to recall and propagate anecdotes not always fit for ears polite. Amongst her eccentricities she once won the *Newdigate* :

the judges, agreed upon the poem which deserved the prize, broke the motto'd envelope to find within the card of Miss Rachel Burton. Her sister "Tom," married to Marshall Hacker, vicar of Iffley, I knew well; and I remember too the illustrious Jack, lodging in the corner house of what was then called Coach and Horse Lane, sunning herself on summer days without her wig and in wild dishabille on a small balcony overlooking the garden of a house in which I often visited.

Another of these vestals was Miss, or, as she liked to be called, Mrs. Horseman, dressy and made up, and posthumously juvenile, but retaining something of the beauty which had won the heart of Lord Holland's eldest son years before, when at Oxford with his tutor Shuttleworth, until her Ladyship took the alarm, swept down, and carried him off; and had attracted admiring notice from the Prince Regent in the Theatre, as she sat in the Ladies' Gallery with her lovely sister, Mrs. Nicholas. They came from Bath; I have always imagined their mother to be the "Mrs. Horseman, a very old, very little, very civil, very ancient-familied, good, quaint old lady," with whom Fanny Burney spent an evening in 1791.¹ Miss Horseman herself was a witty, well-bred, accomplished woman. Her memory was an inexhaustible treasure-house of all the apt sayings, comic incidents, memorable personages

¹ Madame D'Arblay's "Diary," vol. v., p. 257.

of the past thirty years, dispensed with gossip and green tea to her guests round the little drawing-room of her house in Skimmery Hall Lane, hung with valuable Claude engravings in their old black frames. She outlived her bright faculties, became childish, and wandered in her talk, but to the last shone forth in all the glaring impotence of dress, ever greeting me with cordial welcome, and pathetically iterative anecdote. She lies just outside St. Mary's Church; I see her grave through the railings as I pass along the street. That is the final record of all those charming antediluvians; "arl gone to churchyard," says Betty Muxworthy in "Lorna Doone." *La farce est jouée, tire le rideau*;—but it is something to recall and fix the *Manes Acheronte remissos*.

CHAPTER II.

ORIGINAL CHARACTERS.

I am known to be a humorous patrician ; hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion ; what I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath.—SHAKESPEARE.

Thomas Dunbar—Brasenose Ale—A famous Chess Club—Dunbar's Impromptus—"Horse" Kett of Trinity—Oriël Oddities—Copleston—Blanco White—Whately—Dr. Bull of Christchurch—The Various Species of Dons—The Senior Fellow—Some Venerable Waifs—Tom Davis—Dr. Ellerton of Magdalen—Edward Quicke of New College—Dr. Frowd of Corpus—His Vagaries as Preacher and Politician—A Brother Bedlamite—"Mo" Griffith of Merton—His Quips and Cranks.

READERS who, like supercilious Mr. Peter Magnus, are not fond of anything original, had better skip this chapter ; if, with young Marlow in "She Stoops to Conquer," they can say more good-naturedly, "He's a character, and I'll humour him," let them persevere ; for I shall recall not a few among the Oxford Characters of my early recollections. They were common enough in those days. Nature, after constructing an oddity, was wont to break the mould ; and her more roguish experiments stood exceptional, numerous, distinct, and sharply defined. Nowadays, at Oxford, as elsewhere, men seem to me to be turned out by machinery ; they think the same thoughts, wear the same dress,

talk the same shop, in Parliament, or Bar, or Mess, or Common Room. Even in the Forties characters were becoming rare; as the Senior Fellows of Corpus and of Merton, Frowd and Mo Griffith—two oddities of whom I shall have something to say later on—were one day walking together round Christchurch Meadows, little Frowd was overheard lamenting that the strange Originals of their younger days seemed to have vanished from the skirts of Oxford knowledge; but was consoled by Griffith—“Does it not occur to you, Dr. Frowd, that you and I are the ‘characters’ of to-day?”

First in my list shall come Thomas Dunbar, of Brasenose, keeper of the Ashmolean, poet, antiquary, conversationalist. Dibdin, in his “Bibliographical Decameron,” congratulates Oxford on Dunbar’s appointment to the neglected museum, which he cleansed, smartened, rearranged, rescuing from dust and moths the splendid twelfth-century “Bestiary” which Ashmole had placed in the collection. His poems, *vers de l’Université*, were handed about in manuscript, and are mostly lost. I possess an amusing squib on “Brasenose Ale,” commemorating the else forgotten Brasenose dons and city wine merchants of the day;¹ with an ode composed by him as Poet Laureate to a famous chess club, whose minutes will, I hope, pass some day

¹ Appendix A.

from my bookshelves to the Bodleian.¹ It was recited at an anniversary dinner, where sate as invited guests Mr. Markland, of Bath; Sir Christopher Pegge; porter-loving Dale of B.N.C. satirised in "Brasenose Ale"; with Henry Matthews, author of the "Diary of an Invalid."² "It was a sumptuous dinner," the minutes fondly record; it began at five o'clock, and must have continued till after nine; for "Old Tom is tolling" is written on the opposite page. The King's Arms, where it was held, still stands; but the delightful symposiasts, with their powdered hair and shirt-frills, their hessians or silk stockings, their sirloins and eighteenth-century port, are gone to what Dunbar's poem calls the Mansion of Hades. His, too, was the lampoon on the two corpulent brothers, whose names I will not draw from their dread abode. Respectively a physician and a divine, they were lazy and incapable in either function. This is Dunbar's friendly estimate of the pair:—

Here D.D. toddles, M.D. rolls,
 Were ever such a brace of noddies?
 D.D. has the cure of souls,
 M.D. has the care of bodies.

Between them both what treatment rare
 Our bodies and our souls endure;
 One has the cure without the care,
 And one the care without the cure.

¹ Appendix B.

² Appendix C.

But his most brilliant reputation was colloquial ; sparkling with apt quotations and with pointed well-placed anecdotes, he was especially happy in his impromptus. Leaving England for the East, the Club accredit him with a Latin letter, penned by Gilbert, afterwards Bishop of Chichester, to the Prince of the Faithful, as Grand Master of Oriental chess-craft. He returns thanks in “a warm and impressive Latin oration” ; and suddenly perceiving that the seal appended to the commendatory epistle is enclosed in an oyster shell, he exclaims, “Et in Græcia Ostracismum Aristidi ostendam !” One of the Heads of Houses had four daughters—Mary, a don ; Lucy, a blue-stocking ; Susan, a simpleton ; Fanny, a sweet unaffected girl. Asked by Lucy the meaning of the word *alliteration*, with scarcely a pause he replied :—

Minerva-like majestic Mary moves ;
 Law, Latin, logic, learned Lucy loves ;
 Serenely silent, Susan’s smiles surprise ;
 From fops, from flatterers, fairest Fanny flies.

The “toast” of the day was a beautiful Miss Charlotte Ness. She asked Dunbar the force of the words *abstract* and *concrete*, which she had heard in a University sermon. A few moments’ silence produced the following :—

Say, what is Abstract ? what Concrete ?
 Their difference define.—
 They both in one fair form unite,
 And that fair form is thine.—

How so? this riddle pray undo.—
'Tis no hard-laboured guess,
For when I *lovely Charlotte* view,
I then view *lovely Ness*.

He was a man of good family, hovering between London, Bath, and Oxford. A room in our house at Oxford was within my memory known as Mr. Dunbar's room. His walking-stick was handed down to me, a serpent-twined caduceus, with the names of the Nine Muses on the gold handle. *Styx novies interfusa* he called it.

Contemporary with Dunbar was "Horse" Kett, of Trinity. In his portrait by Dighton, here reproduced, the long face, dominated by the straight bony nose, explains and justifies the epithet. He was a man of considerable ability; Bampton lecturer, novelist, and just missed the Poetry Professorship. His critical powers were acknowledged by De Quincey, who referred to him the once burning, now forgotten, question of the plagiarism in White's Bampton Lectures. But his repute was due to his strange equine face, inspiring from the seniors jokes in every learned language, and practical impertinences from the less erudite youngsters. When his back was turned in lecture, the men filled his snuff-box with oats. Dr. Kidd used to relate how, attending him in his rooms for some ailment, he heard a strange rattle in the letter-box of the outer door: "Only a note (an oat),"

said the good-natured victim. Walter Savage Landor tried on him his prentice hand:—

“The Centaur is not fabulous,” says Young.¹

Had Young known Kett,
He'd say, “Behold one, put together wrong ;
The head is horseish, but, what yet
Was never seen in man or beast,
The rest is human—or, at least,
Is Kett.”

Even stately Copleston, replying to a work by Kett called “Logic Made Easy,” did not disdain to head the pamphlet:—

Aliquis latet error ; Equo ne credite, Teucrici.

Dunbar, too, had ready his perhaps pre-meditated impromptu. Someone asked him who were the Proctors in a certain year : they were Darnel, of Corpus, and Kett. Dunbar answered :—

Infelix *Lolium* et steriles dominantur *Avenæ*.

The mention of Copleston carries one to Oriel, peopled at that time with “characters” of a very exalted type. Copleston, substantial, majestic, “richly coloured,” as T. Mozley calls him, was Provost ; a man not without asperities of mind and manner—we recall his rudeness to J. H. Newman, dining in Hall as a newly-elected Fellow :—but, as a man

¹ A book notable in its day.—YOUNG (E.) “The Centaur not Fabulous, in Six Letters to a Friend on THE LIFE IN VOGUE,” 8vo, copperplate front., symbolic of the public's careless gaiety, calf, 3s. 6d., 1755.



"HORSE" KETT
From a Portrait by Dighton.



of the world, in London society, regular contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, author of widely-read and accepted pamphlets on currency and finance, he held absolute ascendancy amongst the higher class of University men, and filled his College with Fellows strangely alien to the port and prejudice, the clubbable whist-playing somnolence, which Gibbon first, then Sydney Smith, found characteristic of Oxford society. I saw him only once, as Bishop of Llandaff; but his mien and presence were carefully preserved and copied by old Joseph Parker, the bookseller, who resembled him curiously in face and voice, and, in a suit of formal black, with frill at the breast and massive gold seals pendent from the fob, imitated his walk and manner. He carried on at Oriel the innovation of his predecessor, Provost Eveleigh, giving his Fellowships not so much to technical attainment as to evidence of intellectual capacity: to Whately and Hinds, the white and black bears, as they were named; to Hampden, Davison, and Arnold; men who formed in Oxford what was known as the *Noetic* school, maintaining around them a continuous dialectical and mental ferment—Oriel Common Room *stunk* of logic, was the complaint of easy-going guests—and provoking by their political and ecclesiastical liberalism the great revolt of the Newmania. Amongst them, too, was Blanco White—Hyperion they called him, as

Copleston was Saturn—adopted not only into Oriel, but into English society and the English Church. He is believed to have inspired Hampden's Bampton Lectures, challenged afterwards as heretical: an old pupil of his remembers how day after day for months before they were delivered Hampden was closeted with him daily. Whately was a prominent Oxford figure, with blatant voice, great stride, rough dress. I remember my mother's terror when he came to call. She had met him in the house of newly-married Mrs. Baden-Powell, who had filled her drawing-room with the spider-legged chairs just then coming into fashion. On one of these sat Whately, swinging, plunging, and shifting on his seat while he talked. An ominous crack was heard; a leg of the chair had given way; he tossed it on to the sofa without comment, and impounded another chair. The history of the Noetic school has not been written; its interest was obscured by the reactionary movement on which so many pens have worked.

I cross from Oriel to Christchurch, and encounter sailing out of Peckwater a very notable Canon of "the House," Dr. Bull. Tall, portly, handsome, beautifully-dressed and groomed—he was known as Jemmy Jessamy in his youth—I hail him as type of the *ornamental* Don. For of Dons there were four kinds. There was the *cosmopolitan* Don;

with a home in Oxford, but conversant with select humanity elsewhere; like Addison and Prior in their younger days, Tom Warton in the Johnsonian era, Philip Duncan in my recollection; at home in coffee house, club, theatre; sometimes in Parliament, like Charles Neate; sometimes at Court, like William Bathurst of All Souls, Clerk to the Privy Council. There was the *learned* Don, amassing a library, editing Latin authors and Greek plays, till his useful career was extinguished under an ill-placed, ill-fitting mitre. There was the *meer* Don, as Sir Thomas Overbury calls him; Head of a House commonly as the resultant of a squabble amongst the electing Fellows, with a late-married wife as uncouth and uneducated as himself, forming with a few affluent *sodales* an exclusive, pompous, ignorant, lazy set, "respecting no man in the University, and respected by no man out of it." Lastly, the *ornamental* Don; representative *proxenus* to distinguished strangers, chosen as Proctor or Vice-Chancellor against a probable Installation or Royal visit. Bull played this part to perfection, as did Dr. Wellesley in the next generation. He had gained his double first and kindred decorations as a young man, but promotion early and plural lighted on his head, promotion not to posts which tax and generate effort, but to cushioned ease of canonries; and he dropped into the manager of Chapter legislations and surveyor of College properties;

a butterfly of the most gorgeous kind, a *Morpho*, such as dear old Westwood used to unveil before visitors to his museum, yet still only a butterfly. He was a man of pluck and determination; his overthrow of redoubtable Bishop Philpotts was immortalised by a delightful cartoon in an early *Punch*—a bishop tossed by a bull; he had the manner of a royal personage; you must follow his lead and accept his dicta; but he was a generous, kindly Dives, of a day when Lazarus had not come to the front with unemployed and democratic impeachments, to drop flies into the fragrant ointment, to insinuate scruples as to the purple and fine linen, to predict the evolutionary downfall of those who toil not neither spin. He would be impossible at the present day, and perhaps it is just as well. He was Canon of Christchurch, Canon of Exeter, Prebendary of York, and held the good College living of Staverton, *all at once* :—

On the box with Will Whip, ere the days of the Rail,
 To London I travelled; and inside the mail
 Was a Canon of Exeter; on the same perch
 Was a Canon of Oxford's Episcopal Church.
 Next came one who held—I will own the thing small—
 In the Minster of York a prebendary stall.
 And there sate a Parson, all pursy and fair,
 With a Vicarage fat and four hundred a year.
 Now, good reader, perhaps you will deem the coach full?
 No—there was but one traveller—DOCTOR JOHN BULL!

An oddity *par excellence* was the “Senior Fellow”: an oddity then, a palæozoic memory

now. He vanished with the Forties; Railways, New Museums, University Commissions, were too much for him. He was no mere senior, *primus inter pares* only in respect of age; he was exceptional, solitary, immemorial; in the College but not of it; left stranded by a generation which had passed; a great gulf in habits, years, associations, lay between the existing Common Room and himself. He mostly lived alone; the other men treated him deferentially and called him Mister; he met them in Hall on Gaudy days and was sometimes seen in Chapel; but no one ever dropped in upon him, smoked with him, walked with him; he was thought to have a history; a suspicion of disappointment hung over him; he lived his own eccentric, friendless life, a victim to superannuation and celibacy.

Not a few of these venerable waifs come back to me from early years. There was old Tom Davis, Senior Fellow of Jesus, visible every day from 3 to 4 p.m., when he walked alone in all weathers twice round Christchurch meadow. He was the finest judge of wine in Oxford—"the nose of *haut-gout* and the tip of taste"—could, it was believed, tell a vintage accurately by the smell. Joyous was the Common Room steward who could call in his judgment to aid in the purchase of pipe or butt. He refused all the most valuable College livings in turn, because the underground cellars of their parsonages were inadequate;

lived and died in his rooms, consuming meditatively, like Mr. Tulkinghorn, a daily cobwebbed bottle of his own priceless port.

There was old Dr. Ellerton, Senior Fellow of Magdalen, who used to totter out of Chapel with the President on a Sunday. I have seen a laughable sketch of the pair, as Shuttleworth, Warden of New College, a dexterous caricaturist, spied them from his window shuffling along New College Lane to a convocation. He was a mild Hebrew scholar, and is embalmed as co-founder with Dr. Pusey of the small annual prize known as the Pusey and Ellerton Scholarship. His rooms were at the corner of the quadrangle, looking on to the deer park and the great plane tree. He was a picturesquely ugly man; the gargoyle above his window was a portrait, hardly an exaggeration, of his grotesque old face. Years before, when the building was restored and he was College tutor, the undergraduates had bribed the sculptor to fashion there in stone the visage of their old Damœtas; he detected the resemblance, and insisted angrily on alteration. Altered the face was: cheeks and temples hollowed, jaw-lines deepened, similitude for the time effaced. But gradually the unkind invisible chisel of old age worked upon his own octogenarian countenance; his own cheek was hollowed, his own jaw contracted, till the quaint projecting mask became again a likeness even more graphic than before.

There was Edward Quicke, of New College, whose one lingering senile passion was for tandem-driving; the famous "Arter-Xerxes" story had its source in his groom and him. Twice a day he might be seen, sitting melancholy behind his handsome pair along the roads round Oxford. He died, I may say, in harness; for one dark night in the vacation he was run down near Woodstock by two tipsy scouts, and succumbed in a few days to his injuries. With him was old Eastwick, who after spending some years, poor fellow, in a lunatic asylum, reappeared to end his days in College. He had once, we supposed, been young; had lived and loved and gathered rosebuds; had certainly begun life as a briefless barrister. At a Gaudy dinner once sardonic Shuttleworth congratulated him "on an accession to his income." "I beg your pardon, Mr. Warden, I was not aware——" "Oh! I beg yours, but I was told that you had left off going circuit." He came back from durance vile a quiet, watery-eyed, lean old man, dining in Hall, where he was mostly silent, yet broke out curiously sometimes with reminiscences, forebodings, protests; spent the livelong day in eradicating dandelions from the large grass-plat in the front quadrangle, his coat-tails falling over his shoulders as he stooped, and leaving him, like the poor Indian of the parody, "bare behind." Once more there was old Maude, of Queen's, one of the

détenus as they were called—the ten thousand English tourists seized brutally by Napoleon when war was suddenly declared in 1803, and kept in prison till his abdication. Maude came back to Oxford, eleven years of his life wiped out and his contemporaries passed away, to live alone in his old-fashioned, scantily furnished rooms, where I remember his giving me breakfast in my schooldays and quoting to me Dr. Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes."

These were curios of no great native force—spectacular oddities merely; two more remain, whose amusing outbreaks of indecorum and forcible gifts of speech deserve a longer notice: Dr. Frowd, of Corpus, and "Mo" Griffith, of Merton. Frowd was a very little man, an irrepressible, unwearied chatterbox, with a droll interrogative face, a bald shining head, and a fleshy under-lip, which he could push up nearly to his nose. He had been chaplain to Lord Exmouth, and was present at the bombardment of Algiers. As the action thickened he was seized with a comical religious frenzy, dashing round the decks, and diffusing spiritual exhortation amongst the half-stripped, busy sailors, till the first lieutenant ordered a hencoop to be clapped over him, whence his little head emerging continued its devout cackle, quite regardless of the balls, which flew past him and killed eight hundred sailors in our small victorious fleet. He was a preacher of much force and humour, if only

one could *risum tenere*. I heard him once in St. Clement's Church deliver a sermon on Jonah, which roused up his congregation quite as effectually as the shipmaster wakened the sleepy prophet. "There's a man in this church who never says his prayers: lies down at night, rises in the morning, without a word of gratitude or adoration for the God who made him and has preserved him. Now, I have a message to that man—what meanest thou, O thou sleeper? arise," &c., &c. "Hell," he began another time, with a knowing wag of his droll head, "Hell is a place which men believe to be reserved for those who are a great deal worse than themselves." Presently he became husky, drew out a lozenge and sat down in the pulpit to masticate it leisurely, while we awaited the consumption of his lubricant. In reading chapters from the Old Testament, he used to pause at a marginal variation, read it to himself half audibly, and, like Dr. Blimber, smile on it auspiciously or knit his brow and shake his head in disapproval. I remember too his preaching in All Saints Church, of which Thompson, afterwards rector of Lincoln, was incumbent. He climbed up the steep three-decker steps into the high-walled pulpit, and disappeared, till, his hands clinging to the desk and his comical face peering over it, he called down into the reading desk below, "Thompson, send up a hassock." A College living was offered to him;

and a funeral being due, he went down to bury the dead and survey the place. Arrived at the nearest railway station, he found no conveyance except a carriage which had just deposited a wedding party. Into this he jumped—coachman, whip, horses, being all decked with favours—met the mournful procession, and finding the churchyard path muddy, climbed on the white-ribboned driver's back, and was borne to the church in front of the coffin amid the cheers and laughter of the amateur onlookers, who in the country assemble always at these dismal functions. He accepted the living after this escapade, but the College refused to present him, and were sustained on his appeal to the Visitor. To another prank they were unjustifiably lenient. A contested election of a member for the University was proceeding, the excitement high and the voting close. Frowd paired with four men against one of the candidates, then went up and voted. A London club would have expelled a man for such a feat; but Frowd seems to have been looked upon as a chartered libertine, and the offence was passed over on receipt of an unintelligibly remorseful letter—"You have from me a *pœnitet* in duodecimo and a *habes confitentem reum* in quarto"—with a request, however, that he would absent himself from the College for a twelvemonth. His rooms were on the second floor looking out into the meadow;

in the room below him lived Holme, a more advanced Bedlamite even than himself, a pleasant fellow as I remember him in his interlunar periods, but who died, I believe, in an asylum. Frowd used to exercise on wet days by placing chairs at intervals round his room and jumping over them. Holme, a practical being, one day fired a pistol at his ceiling while these gymnastics were proceeding, and the bullet whizzed past Frowd, who, less unconcerned than at Algiers, ran downstairs, put his head into the room, and cried, "Would you, bloody-minded man, would you?" The feeling in the Common Room was said to be regret that the bullet had not been billeted; Frowd would have ceased to aggravate, Holme would have been incarcerated or hanged, the College rid of both.

Moses Griffith was son to a physician of the same name. In the hospital where the father practised a particular kind of poultice was long known as a "mogriff." But the son, objecting to the nickname "Mo," obtained the royal licence to bear the name of Edwards, gradually dropping the Moses and the final letter s, and appearing in the later University Calendar as Edward Griffith; but though gods might call him Edward, mortals called him "Mo." He was much more than an oddity—a real wit, racy in ironical talk, prompt in bitter or diverting repartee. In younger days he was Whitehall Preacher, an appointment then

made for life ; but became so tedious as time passed that the Bishop of London, Howley, called on him to suggest his retirement. He was overpowered by Mo's formal politeness, and came away discomfited ; and Griffith remained until Blomfield, succeeding to the bishopric, dismissed all the preachers, and replaced the best of them under fresh rules, mainly in order to get rid of Mo. Going once to preach at Wolvercot, he took with him William Karslake, a young Fellow of the College, who had found favour in his eyes. "How did you like my sermon, sir?" was the first question, as they walked through the fields homewards. "A very fine sermon, Mr. Griffith ; perhaps a little above the audience." "Audience, my friend. I suppose these dear young turnip-tops would understand my sermon as readily as those rustics. Sir, that was a Whitehall sermon." He sometimes read the service at Holywell, a Merton living. The lesson happened to be the third chapter of St. Luke. Griffith read on till he came to the formidable pedigree at the end. "Which was the son of Heli," he began ; then, glancing at the genealogical Banquo-line which follows—"the rest concerns neither you nor me, so here endeth the Second Lesson." He used to attend the St. Mary's afternoon service. A prolonged University sermon had retarded the parish service, and it was near five o'clock when Copeland, who sometimes preached for

Newman, approached the pulpit. He was stopped in the aisle by Griffith, who said in one of his stentorian asides, "I am grieved to quit you, Mr. Copeland, but Merton College dines at five."

He spent the Oxford term-times usually at Bath—"City of Balls and Beggars" he was wont to superscribe his letters thence—hating the sight of the Philistines, as he called the undergraduates. "Fetch a screen, Manciple," he said one day, when dining alone in Hall he beheld a belated solitary scholar who had not gone down; but he resided in the vacations, and always attended College meetings. The present Warden, I have heard, relates that when he was candidate for a Fellowship and Griffith came up to vote, his colleagues tried to impress upon him the duty of awarding the Fellowship according to the examiner's verdict. "Sir," said Mo, "I came here to vote for my old friend's son, and vote for him I shall, whatever the examiners may say." He would sometimes bring a guest to the College dinner, watching anxiously over his prowess with the knife and fork. Abstemiousness he could not abide: Dr. Wootten, an Oxford physician, dined with him one day, and did scant justice to the dishes: "My maxim, Mr. Griffith, is to eat and leave off hungry." Mo threw up his hands as he was wont: "Eat and leave off hungry! Why not wash and leave off dirty?" So often as a haunch of venison was announced for the high table,

he would invite my father, a renowned diner-out in former days, but made domestic by *dura podagra*. I remember his exit once, fuming at my father's refusal. "My friend," laying hand upon his sleeve, "you will eat mutton till the wool grows out of your coat." Once, at a large party in our house, good-natured, loquacious Mrs. Routh, the President of Magdalen's wife, addressed him. "Mr. Griffith, do you ever take carriage exercise; drive in a fly, I mean?" "Madam, I thank God, I am not quite such a blackguard." He used to ask me to his rooms when I was a boy, and regale me with strawberries. He would make me recite poetry to him—the "Elegy," "Sweet Auburn," "The Traveller," which I knew by heart—rewarding me with presents of books; on one occasion with a fine set of Pope's "Homer" in eleven volumes, bearing the bookplate of *Edward Griffith*. Much later, and shortly before his death, I met him at a Merton dinner. Edmund Hobhouse, afterwards a New Zealand bishop, had brought Sir Benjamin Brodie. "Who is that gentleman?" asked Griffith in his sonorous whisper. He was told. A pause, during which Mo glared at the great surgeon; then the word "Butcher!" was heard to hiss along the table. He comes before me in an unbrushed beaver hat, a black coat and waistcoat, nankeen trousers, and low shoes, with a vast interval of white stocking. *Requiescat in Pace!*

CHAPTER III.

PRESCIENTIFIC SCIENCE.

We will be wise in time : what though our work
 Be fashioned in despite of their ill-service,
 Be crippled every way ? 'Twere little praise
 Did full resources wait on our good will
 At every turn. Let all be as it is.

BROWNING.

Dr. Daubeny—His Physic Garden—His Monkeys and their Emancipation—A Pioneer of Science—Buckland and his Friends—His Wife—His Lectures—A Scotch Sceptic and how he was Silenced—The Buckland *Ménage*—The Buckland Collection in the Oxford Museum—Thomas, the Holywell Glazier—Chapman, the Discoverer of *Cetiosaurus*.

PRESCIENTIFIC unquestionably : in the Thirties the Oxford mind was inscient ; its attitude first contemptuous, then hostile, towards the science that, *invita Minerva*, was hatching in its midst ; a strange, new, many-headed, assertive thing, claiming absurdly to take rank with the monopolist Humanities of Donland, not altogether without concealed intent to challenge and molest the ancient, solitary reign of its theology. Yet science none the less there was, sustained by at least two famous names, making possible the Phillips, Brodie, Rolleston of a later date. Its first representative of note was Daubeny ; Doctor, not Professor, Daubeny ; Professor as a titular

prefix came in much later; came, I am told, through the Scottish Universities, which had borrowed it from Germany. First Class and Fellow of Magdalen, he early forsook practice as a physician to devote himself to pure science, became widely known by his works on the "Atomic Theory" and on "Volcanic Action"; and when Dr. Williams died in 1834, succeeded him as professor of chemistry, botany, rural economy, taking up his abode in the house built newly at the entrance to Magdalen bridge. He lectured, experimented, wrote; his books on Roman husbandry, and on the trees and shrubs of the ancients, are still invaluable to the Virgilian scholar; he carried out elaborately and with improved devices Pouchet's experiments on spontaneous generation, was the first to welcome and extend in England Schönbein's discovery of ozone. His chemistry lectures were a failure; he lacked physical force, sprightliness of manner, oral readiness, and his demonstrations invariably went wrong. He lavished care and money on his "Physic Garden," introducing De Candolle's system side by side with the old Linnæan beds, building new and spacious houses, in which flourished the Victoria lily, to be seen elsewhere for a long time only at Kew and Chatsworth, and where the aloe produced its one bloom of the century, its great raceme rising in seven days to the height of four and twenty feet. He cared little for outdoor plants,



DR. DAUBENY.

From a Photograph taken in 1860.



and could not condescend to rudimentary teaching; botany, prospering at Cambridge under Henslow, took no hold of Oxford. Happily, the garden was for nearly eighty years in the care of the two Baxters, father and son, both of them amongst the best exponents in England of our native botany. Their assiduity and knowledge resulted in a collection of hardy growth, exceptional in healthiness and size, arranged with little rigidity of system, but, with deference to each plant's idiosyncrasies, in spots which the experimental tenderness of near a century showed to be appropriate. They laboured for a posterity which hastened to undo their work. New brooms swept the unique old garden clean; young men arose who knew not Joseph; young men in a hurry to produce a little Kew upon the incongruous Cherwell banks,

Parvam Trojam, simulataque magnis
Pergama, et arentem Xanthi cognomine rivum.

So the time-honoured array was broken up, Baxter *filis* cashiered, the Linnæan borders razed, the monumental plants uprooted. I avoid the garden now, injecting only as I pass its beautiful gate the malison invoked by Walter Scott on the leveller of Dunedin's cross.

One of Daubeny's fads was a collection of monkeys, which he kept in a cage let into the Danby gateway. One night the doors were forced and the monkeys liberated, to be

captured next day wandering dismal on the Iffley road, or perched, *crepitantes dentibus*, on the railings in Rose Lane. The culprit was not known at the time; it was mad Harry Wilkins, of Merton, who had sculled up the river after dark and so gained access to the locked-up gardens. Daubeny was pained by the foolish insult, and the menagerie was dispersed. He was genial and chatty in society; in College Hall, or at evening parties, which he much frequented, we met the little, droll, spectacled, old-fashioned figure, in gilt-buttoned blue tail coat, velvet waistcoat, satin scarf, kid gloves too long in the fingers, a foot of bright bandanna handkerchief invariably hanging out behind. Or we encountered him on Sunday afternoons, in doctor's hood and surplice, tripping up the steps which led to the street, shuffling into Chapel, always late, cross old Mundy, the College porter, dispossessing some unfortunate stranger to make way for him in the stalls. But with all his retirement he did his work as a witness to the necessity of science; pleaded in pamphlets more than once for its introduction into the University course, pressed on his own College successfully the establishment of science scholarships, helped on the time when, not in the Thirties, scarcely in the Forties, the hour and the man should come. He lived into old age, active to the last. Shortly before his death he visited me in Somersetshire, to meet his

former schoolfellow, Lord Taunton. The two old men had not seen each other since they slept in the same room at Winchester fifty-five years before, along with one of the Barings, and Ford, author afterwards of the "Handbook to Spain." It was pleasant to hear the chirping reminiscences of the successful veterans, boys once again together. He died in 1867, and lies at rest beneath the stone pulpit in the Chapel court: ever I take off my hat when I pass his now forgotten grave.

The only other *savant* of the time was Buckland, and there was certainly no over-looking him. Elected Fellow of Corpus in 1809, he gave his whole time for ten years to the fossil-hunting begun by him in the Winchester chalkpits as a boy, not then reduced into a science; till in 1819 the Prince Regent, at the instance of Sir Joseph Banks, created a professorship of geology, and nominated Buckland to the post. His lecture-room in the Ashmolean filled at once, not so much with undergraduates as with dons, attracted by his liveliness and the novelty of his subject. The Chancellor, Lord Grenville, visiting Oxford, sat beside and complimented him; Howley, afterwards Archbishop, Sir Philip Egerton, so famous later as a collector, were among his devotees; Whately, Philip Duncan, Shuttleworth, pelted their friend with playful squibs: "Some doubts," wrote Shuttleworth,

Some doubts were once expressed about the Flood,
Buckland arose, and all was clear as—mud.

Alarms about the Deluge had not yet been generally awakened; in his early works, *Reliquiæ Diluvianæ* and *Vindiciæ Geologicæ*, he posed as orthodox and reconcilist; it was not till 1836 that his Bridgewater Treatise roused the heresy-hunters, that a hurricane of private and newspaper protests whistled round his disregarding head, that Dean Gaisford thanked God on his departure for Italy—"We shall hear no more of his geology"—that Pusey organised a protest against the conferring a degree on Owen, and Keble clenched a bitter argument by the conclusive dogma that "when God made the stones he made the fossils in them." Worse was still to come; the "Six Days" were to be impeached; the convenient formula "before the Flood" to be dispossessed; the old cosmogony which puzzled Mr. Ephraim Jenkinson to fade slowly from the popular mind, reposing as a curiosity, where it still occasionally survives, amid the mental furniture of the country clergy; and in the great awakening of knowledge which severed theology from science and recast Biblical criticism he was amongst the earliest and most energetic pioneers. The Clergy, the Dons, the Press, fell upon him altogether; "Keep the St. James' Chronicles," wrote to him his wife, "everyone of which has a rap at you; but I beseech you not to lower your dignity by noticing newspaper statements." Wise words! which not every wife would



DR. BUCKLAND.

The Ansdell Portrait. From Mr. Gordon's "Life of Buckland," reproduced by permission of the authoress and of the publisher, Mr. John Murray.



unreservedly emit. Without her moral aid and intellectual support Buckland would not so lightly and so confidently have faced his difficulties and achieved his aims. An accomplished mineralogist before their marriage, she threw her whole nature into her husband's work. She deciphered and transcribed his horribly illegible papers, often adding polish to their style, and her skilful fingers illustrated many of his books. Night after night while his Bridgewater Treatise was in making, she sat up writing from his dictation till the morning sun shone through the shutters. From her came the first suggestion as to the true character of the lias coprolites. When, at two o'clock in the morning, the idea flashed upon him that the Cheirotherium footsteps were testudinal, he woke his wife from sleep; she hastened down to make paste upon the kitchen table, while he fetched in the tortoise from the garden; and the pair soon saw with joint delight that its impressions on the paste were almost identical with those upon the slabs. Genial as a hostess, sympathetic as a friend, she was not less exemplary as a mother. Her children, departed and surviving, called and call her blessed: "As good a man and wife," wrote Frank Buckland of his parents, "as ever did their duty to God and their fellow-creatures." "Never," says her daughter, "was a word of evil speaking permitted. 'My dear, educated people always

talk of things, not persons; it is only in the servants' hall that people gossip.'"¹ He was a wonderful lecturer, clear, fluent, rapid, overflowing with witty illustrations, dashing down amongst us ever and anon to enforce an intricate point with Samsonic wielding of a cave-bear jaw or a hyæna thigh bone. Of questions from his hearers he was intolerant; they checked the rapids of his talk. "It would seem," queried a sceptical Caledonian during a lecture in North Britain, "that your animals always walked in one direction?" "Yes," was the reply, "Cheirotherium was a Scotchman, and he always travelled south."

Even more attractive than the lectures at the Clarendon were the field days; the ascent of Shotover, with pauses at each of its six deposits, the lumps of *Montlivalvia* hammered out from the coralline oolite, the selenite crystals higher up, the questionings over the ironsand on the summit, over the ochre and pipeclay on the rough moorland long since ploughed into uninteresting fertility. These are undergraduate memories; but I recall much earlier days, when I was wont to play with Frank Buckland and his brother in their home at the corner of Tom Quad: the entrance hall with its grinning

¹ An unconscious echo of Plato: "ἀεὶ περὶ ἀνθρώπων τοὺς λόγους ποιούμενος, ἤκιστα φιλοσοφία πρέπον ποιῶντας." "Ever chattering about persons, a proceeding quite inconsistent with philosophy." —*Republic*, vi. 12.

monsters on the low staircase, of whose latent capacity to arise and fall upon me I never quite overcame my doubts; the side-table in the dining-room covered with fossils, "Paws off" in large letters on a protecting card; the very sideboard candlesticks perched on saurian vertebræ; the queer dishes garnishing the dinner table—horseflesh I remember more than once, crocodile another day, mice baked in batter on a third—while the guinea-pig under the table inquiringly nibbled at your infantine toes, the bear walked round your chair and rasped your hand with file-like tongue, the jackal's fiendish yell close by came through the open window, the monkey's hairy arm extended itself suddenly over your shoulder to annex your fruit and walnuts. I think the Doctor rather scared us; we did not understand his sharp, quick voice and peremptory manner, and preferred the company of his kind, charming, highly cultured wife. Others found him alarming; dishonesty and quackery of all kinds fled from that keen, all-knowing vision. When Tom Tower was being repaired, he watched the workmen from his window with a telescope, and frightened a scamping mason whom he encountered descending from the scaffold by bidding him go back and bring down that faulty piece of work he had just put into a turret. At Palermo, on his wedding tour, he visited St. Rosalia's shrine,

That grot where olives nod,
Where, darling of each heart and eye,
From all the youth of Sicily
St. Rosalie retired to God.

It was opened by the priests, and the relics of the saint were shown. He saw that they were not Rosalia's: "They are the bones of a goat," he cried out, "not of a woman"; and the sanctuary doors were abruptly closed.

Frank used to tell of their visit long afterwards to a foreign cathedral, where was exhibited a martyr's blood—dark spots on the pavement ever fresh and ineradicable. The professor dropped on the pavement and touched the stain with his tongue. "I can tell you what it is; it is bat's urine!"

I can see him now, passing rapidly through the quadrangle and down St. Aldate's—broad-brimmed hat, tail coat, umbrella, great blue bag. This last he always carried; it is shown in Ansdell's portrait, the best likeness of him by far. Sir H. Davy once expected him, and, disappointed, asked his servant if Dr. Buckland had not called. "No, sir, there has been no one but a man with a bag; he called three times, and I always told him you were out."

Suddenly, in the midst of unsurpassed energy and usefulness, came the blow which ended, not the life—better perhaps had it been so—but the vigour and beauty of the life. For eight years he lay torpid and apathetic; the only books he would open were the Bible and the

Leisure Hour! His fine collection, with his own hammermarks and his wife's neat labels on every stone, he bequeathed to his successors in the Chair. It lies, or lay till lately, neglected, useless, unarranged, in the cellars of the Museum. All students who have worked there know how slovenly and distracting is (or was) the disposition of its geological specimens; yet, if not for the sake of education and learning, then for the sake of sentiment and reverence, one would think that the Conscript Fathers might accord, if they have not yet done so, a place conspicuous and honoured to the traditions and the autographs of the first great Oxford scientist.

I think no other science was in those days even nominally represented, except "Experimental Philosophy," as it was called, which meant lectures in the Clarendon by a cheery Mr. Walker, who constructed and exploded gases, laid bare the viscera of pumps and steam engines, forced mercury through wood blocks in a vacuum, manipulated galvanic batteries, magic-lanterns, air-guns. This last demonstration once, like decent David's dancing in "Don Juan," "excited some remark." A wicked wag loaded the air-gun before the professor entered, and when the trigger was pulled we saw some plaster fall from the ceiling, and a clatter was heard presently on the staircase. The bullet had gone up into the lecture-room above, and put to flight another

professor with his pupils. A humbler philosopher in the same line was Thomas, a Holywell glazier, who used to give gratuitous popular lectures in the music-room to working men, using implements and apparatus, magnets, galvanometers, induction coils, cleverly fashioned by himself. He was genuinely and widely scientific; made an interesting discovery as to the thinness at which decomposed glass yields complementary colours—I have some of his specimens in my cabinet—discovered that certain double salts, crystallised at particular temperatures, assume special forms and become beautiful microscopic objects—an electrician, a naturalist, an optician, a discoverer, a working man. A few years later came another self-taught genius, Chapman, a watchmaker with a shop opposite Balliol, whose large and well-stocked marine aquarium, a thing of beauty at that time rare, attracted wondering visitors. He it was who discovered and rescued the monster *Cetiosaurus* at Kirtlington Station. He had dismounted from the train with his son on a botanising expedition just as the first fragment was disclosed by the pickaxe, found the foreman, stopped the digging, telegraphed for Phillips, who superintended the removal of the enormous bones to the Oxford Museum. The credit accrued to Phillips, no one mentioned Chapman. “The page slew the boar, the peer had the gloire.”

But the names of Phillips and the Museum

are anticipatory; I must go back to clear the way for them. The man who made them and much else possible in Oxford is still alive, member of a family exceptional in longevity as in almost all besides. His advent in the early Forties, his regeneration of the Anatomy School at Christchurch, the Hope Bequest, the erection of the new Museum, the remarkable genius who was its architect, the impulse which it communicated at once to Science and Art, its welcome to the British Association, its handselling by the Great Darwin fight in its new Theatre from morn till dewy eve, when Huxley and S. Wilberforce were protagonists, and Henslow held the stakes,—I must keep for another chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

SCIENTIFIC SCIENCE.

Jam jam Efficaci do manus Scientiæ.

HORACE.

Dr. Acland—His Influence—The New Museum—Its Erection—Woodward—An Art Colony—William Morris and Rossetti—The British Association Meeting of 1860—The Darwinian Discussion—Wilberforce and the “Venerable Ape”—Huxley’s Reply—The Statistician and the Symbolist—After the Battle—Darwinism a Decade Later—The Microscopical Society—J. O. Westwood.

IN 1844 Dr. Acland, settling in Oxford as a physician on Dr. Wootten’s early and lamented death, was made Lee’s Reader of Anatomy at Christchurch. The subject had not formed part of University studies; Sir Christopher Pegge had drawn small audiences to fluent desultory lectures; Dr. Kidd, who vacated the chair to Dr. Acland, had published a monograph on the anatomy of the mole-cricket, whose novelty moved the mirth of his professional brethren. The small theatre contained a cast of Eclipse’s skeleton with a few dreary preparations in wax; corpses were sent from the gallows for dissections, at which an intending medical student would now and then assist; there was a tradition that the body of a woman hanged for murder had once, when laid out on the table, shown signs of

life, had been restored by the professor, and dismissed, let us hope to sin no more. In Oxford, or out of it, Invertebrate Zoology was a subject little studied, and, while microscopes were costly and imperfect, could not be generally carried out. A comparative anatomist, however, Dr. Acland determined to be. Going to Shetland for practical work amongst the marine fauna, he encountered Edward Forbes, employed on the same errand; shared his labours, caught his enthusiasm, and profited by his knowledge. Appointed to the Christchurch Chair, he amassed slides and preparations, introducing the first microscope which had been seen in Oxford. He employed for dissection the deft fingers of J. G. Wood, then an undergraduate; from the yet more skilful hands of Charles Robertson—who, under his tuition, became afterwards Aldrichian Demonstrator and tutor for the Science Schools, and whose “Zoological Series” gained a medal in the Exhibition of 1862—proceeded nearly all the beautiful biological preparations now on the Museum shelves. The lectures began in 1845; they were delivered in the down-stairs theatre, whence we ascended to the room above, to sit at tables furnished with little railroads on which ran microscopes charged with illustrations of the lecture, alternately with trays of coffee. A few senior men came from time to time, but could not force their minds into the new

groove. Dr. Ogle, applying his eye to the microscope, screwed a quarter-inch right through the object; and Dr. Kidd, after examining some delicate morphological preparation, while his young colleague explained its meaning, made answer first, that he did not believe in it, and, secondly, that if it were true he did not think God meant us to know it. So we were mostly undergraduates; and greatly we enjoyed lectures, microscopes, and the discussions which Dr. Acland encouraged; though these last exercises were after a time suppressed, as endangering lapses into the *leve et ludicrum*. On one occasion, so fame reported, the men being invited to relate instances of surprising animal instinct, it was announced by an imaginative student, to the consternation of the Professor, who did not appreciate jokes, that "he knew a man whose sister had a tame jellyfish which would sit up and beg."

But all this teaching bore fruit; and before the Forties had run half their course the question of a Museum arose. There were Buckland's treasures houseless, Dr. Acland's had outgrown their *sedem angustam*, and when Hope's noble entomological collection, accepted together with its curator, had to be stored away in drawers and boxes of a room in the Taylor building, it was felt that the old Ashmolean must be supplanted by a temple worthy of the University. The proposal was vehemently

denounced; by economists on the ground of cost, by the old-fashioned classicists as intrusive, by theologians as subtly ministering to false doctrine, heresy, and schism. Sewell of Exeter, of whom I shall have more to say, strained the clerical prerogative of bigotry by protesting against it in a University sermon. Backed by Daubeny and Buckland, as later by Dean Liddell and Professor Phillips, Dr. Acland sedulously pressed it; till early in the Fifties the money was voted, the design adopted, the first stone laid by Lord Derby, and the work begun—due, as ought always to be remembered, to the initiative and persistence of Acland more than of any other man. Its erection popularised in Oxford Art no less than Science. The growth of artistic feeling had been for some time perceptible; Hungerford Pollen's painting of the Merton Chapel ceiling drew men to the study of decoration; the Eldon drawings were laid out in the Taylor; Mr. Combe's fine gallery of Pre-Raphaelites, the collections of choice engravings made by Griffith of Wadham and by Manuel Johnson, were liberally and kindly shown; James Wyatt, the picture dealer, loved to fill his High Street shop with Prouts and Constables and Havills, and an occasional Turner water-colour; an exhibition of paintings at the Angel, promoted by Captain Strong, an accomplished amateur, brought out unknown talent and drew the artists together.

Millais was often in Oxford as the guest of Mr. Drury at Shotover; Holman Hunt was working in Mr. Combe's house at "The Light of the World," brought with him from Chelsea; nor can anyone who knew young Venables, curate of St. Paul's, an intimate with the Combes, doubt whence, consciously or unconsciously, Hunt drew the face of his Christ.

Then into our midst came Woodward, architect of the Museum, a man of rare genius and deep artistic knowledge, beautiful in face and character, but with the shadow of an early death already stealing over him. He was a grave and curiously silent man: of his partners, men greatly his inferiors, the elder, Sir Thomas Deane, was a ceaseless chatterbox, the younger, son to Sir Thomas, stammered. Speaking in Congregation, Jeune hit off the trio after his manner: "One won't talk, one can't talk, one never stops talking." Woodward brought with him his Dublin pupils, drew round him eager Oxonians, amongst them Morris and Burne-Jones, not long come up to Exeter. The lovely Museum rose before us like an exhalation; its every detail, down to panels and footboards, gas-burners and door handles, an object lesson in art, stamped with Woodward's picturesque inventiveness and refinement. Not before had ironwork been so plastically trained as by Skidmore in the chestnut boughs and foliage which sustained the transparent roof; the shafts of the interior arcades, re-



WOODWARD ARCHITECT OF THE MUSEUM.

From a Photograph.



presenting in their sequence the succession of British rocks, sent us into the Radcliffe Library for the mastery of geological classification; every morning came the handsome red-bearded Irish brothers Shea, bearing plants from the Botanic Garden, to reappear under their chisels in the rough-hewn capitals of the pillars.

Nor herb nor flow'ret glistened there
But was carved in the cloister arches as fair.

It seemed that Art was in the air: Mrs. Bartholomew Price, with Miss Cardwell's aid, painted her St. Giles' drawing-room in no Philistine taste; the graceful sunshade work outside Dr. Acland's windows found imitation in many another street; Ruskin, whose books in 1850 the librarian of my College refused to purchase for the library, was read as he had not been read before; while he himself hovered about to bless the Museum work, and to suggest improvements which silent Woodward sometimes smilingly put by. The Committee of the Union authorised Woodward to build a debating-room, to decorate which—alas! upon untempered mortar!—came down Rossetti and Val Prinsep, and Hughes and Stanhope, and Pollen, and Monro the sculptor. A merry, rollicking set they were: I was working daily in the Library, which at that time opened into the gallery of the new room, and heard their laughter and songs and jokes and the volleys of their soda-water corks;

for this innutrient fluid was furnished to them without stint at the Society's expense, and the bill from the Star Hotel close by amazed the treasurer. It was during this visit that Morris and Rossetti, with Rogers, a pupil of Woodward, hunting in the parish churches on Sunday evenings to find a Guinevere, met with the handsome girl who became afterwards the wife of William Morris and Rossetti's cherished friend. I well remember her sister and herself; but she survives in sacred widowhood.

At last the Museum was so far finished as to receive the British Association of 1860. Sections fell conveniently into the lecture-rooms; the area, not yet choked with cases, held the evening gatherings; and the large Library, devoid of books and shelves, was dedicated to the Darwinian discussion, the great event of the week. The room filled early, and we waited long. Owen was to take the chair, but did not come; he was replaced by an unclerical-looking man in black, whom we in Oxford knew not, but whom all Cambridge honoured as Professor Henslow. The attack on Darwin's book was to be led by the Bishop of Oxford, who had written in the last *Quarterly* a denunciatory article inspired by Owen, and Huxley was to head the defence. The Bishop came late, trampling his way through the dense crowd to his place upon the platform, his face no longer refined and spiritual as in the early Richmond portrait; crassified some-

what, even plebeianised, by advancing years, but resourceful, pugnacious, impregnable, not a little arrogant. On the chairman's other side sat Huxley; hair jet black and thick, slight whiskers, pale full fleshy face, the two strong lines of later years already marked, an ominous quiver in his mouth, and an arrow ready to come out of it. For a moment Daubeny beamed on us at the upper door, inviting all at three o'clock to his experimental garden on the Iffley Road. Professor Draper of New York, eminent, serious, nasal, read a paper on Evolution; then, during an expectant pause, out came the Derby dog in the person of old "Dicky" Greswell of Worcester, who, with great eyes, vast white neckcloth, luminous bald head and spectacles, rising and falling rhythmically on his toes, opined that all theories as to the ascent of man were vitiated by the fact, undoubted but irrelevant, that, in the words of Pope, Great Homer died three thousand years ago. Another pause, an appeal from the chairman to Huxley, his sarcastic response that he certainly held a brief for Science, but had not yet heard it assailed.

Then up got Wilberforce, argumentative, rhetorical, amusing; retraced the ground of his article, distinguished between a "working and a causal hypothesis," complimented "Professor Huxley who is about to demolish me," plagiarised from a mountebank sermon by Burgon, expressing the "disquietude" he should

feel were a "venerable ape" to be shown to him as his ancestress in the Zoo: a piece of clever, diverting, unworthy claptrap. Huxley rose, white with anger. "I should be sorry to demolish so eminent a prelate, but for myself I would rather be descended from an ape than from a divine who employs authority to stifle truth." A gasp and shudder through the room, the scientists uneasy, the orthodox furious, the Bishop wearing that fat, provoking smile which once, as Osborne Gordon reminds us,¹ impelled Lord Derby in the House of Lords to an unparliamentary quotation from "Hamlet." "I am asked," Huxley went on, "if I accept Mr. Darwin's book as a complete causal hypothesis. Belated on a roadless common in a dark night, if a lantern were offered to me, should I refuse it because it shed imperfect light? I think not—I think not." He met Wilberforce's points, not always effectively, not entirely at his ease; the "venerable ape's" rude arms were choking him. The Bishop radiantly purged himself. He did not mean to hurt the Professor's feelings; it was our fault—we had laughed, and that made him pursue the joke. We laughed again, and Huxley was not appeased.

Another pause, broken by a voice from the crowd of a grey-haired, Roman-nosed, elderly gentleman. It was Admiral Fitzroy, and men listened; but when they found he had

¹ Page 271, *note*.



PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

From a Photograph taken at the Meeting of the British Association, 1860.



nothing more to say than that Darwin's book had given him acutest pain, the cry of "Question" silenced him. Another voice from the far end of the long room, a stout man waved and slapped a blue-book; told us that he was no naturalist but a statistician, and that if you could prove Darwin's theories you could prove anything. A roar of displeasure proclaimed the meeting's inaptitude at that moment for statistics, and the stout man made his exit with a defiant remonstrance. Now, we thought, for business; but no, there was another act of comedy. From the back of the platform emerged a clerical gentleman, asking for a blackboard. It was produced, and amid dead silence he chalked two crosses at its opposite corners, and stood pointing to them as if admiring his achievement. We gazed at him, and he at us, but nothing came of it, till suddenly the absurdity of the situation seemed to strike the whole assembly simultaneously, and there went up such an *ἀσβεστος γέλωσ* as those serious walls would never hear again. Again and again the laughter pealed, as purposeless laughter is wont to do; under it the artist and his blackboard were gently persuaded to the rear, and we saw him no more. He was supposed to be an Irish parson, scientifically minded; but what his hieratics meant or what he wished to say remains inscrutable, the thought he had in him, as Carlyle says of the long-flowing Turk

who followed Anacharsis Clootz, conjectural to this day.

So at last the fight began, with words strong on either side, and arguments long since superannuate; so all day long the noise of battle rolled. The younger men were on the side of Darwin, the older men against him; Hooker led the devotees, Sir Benjamin Brodie the malcontents; till the sacred dinner-hour drew near. Henslow dismissed us with an impartial benediction, College Halls and hospitable homes received both combatants and audience; nor had Daubeny any visitors to his experimental garden. Next day I met Rolleston, and asked after Huxley's symptoms. "In my room," said he, "hang portraits of Huxley, and of S. Oxon. When I came down this morning I give you my word that Huxley's photograph had turned yellow." Ten years later I encountered him, anything but yellow, at the Exeter meeting of the Association. Again there was a bitter assault on Darwinism, this time by a Scottish doctor of divinity; with smiling serenity Huxley smote him hip and thigh, the audience, hostile or cold at Oxford, here ecstatically acquiescent. The decade had worked its changes: Darwin and Evolution, fighting in their courses against Inscience and Prejudice, had subdued the popular mind. Philistia herself was glad of them

In Oxford for a time after this science was tolerated sceptically rather than cordially welcomed. "Brodie has done it at last, gentlemen," laughed Chaffers cheerfully to his Brasenose pupils, when during lecture was heard a tremendous explosion—issuing, as it turned out, from the new heating apparatus at St. Mary's, not from the Glastonbury laboratory. At this day, according to Professor Ray Lankester, it receives an indecently inadequate proportion either of recognition or emolument. Conservatism hated it as novel, Orthodoxy feared it as emancipating; even men like Jowett¹ proclaimed war against it on behalf of the "ancient studies," as encroaching on and menacing the "higher conception of knowledge and of the mind," as antagonistic to "morals and religion and philosophy and history and language"—curiously unaware that their own avowed ignorance of its nature, subjects, tendencies, precluded them from forming, much more from expressing, an opinion. Nevertheless, before the decade was far advanced science established itself in Oxford. The Museum buildings formed an object lesson which it was impossible to overlook; their contents, laid out and labelled, their minerals, fossils, insects, zoological specimens and preparations, appealed to the naturalist instinct which from many natures school and college had not

¹ "Life and Letters of Jowett," vol. ii., p. 268.

quite extirpated ; professors came amongst us, men already stamped with classical University distinction, such as Rolleston, Brodie, Balfour ; or, like Mrs. Bayham Badger's second husband, "of European reputation," such as dear old Phillips. The splendid show of microscopes at the British Association conversazione had excited interest and emulation ; and when in 1861 an enthusiastic young New College naturalist projected a Microscopical Society the idea was warmly taken up. Dr. Acland was its first president, and delivered an inaugural address ; it met and worked regularly, with papers and discussions, systematic investigation of the rich Oxford microscopic fauna, periodical exhibitions in the Museum, which drew large audiences and laid wide foundations.

Conspicuous at these gatherings was the famous entomologist and very lovable personage, J. O. Westwood, who had come to Oxford in the late Forties as controller of Mr. Hope's collection. As far as I know, he has never been memorialized in print, and I may appropriately end this science chapter with a brief tribute to his memory. His claim to eminence was not only biological ; he was also a specialist in the archæology and palæography of art, the highest living authority on fictile ivories and inscribed stones. Born and brought up a Quaker, he was apprenticed to an engraver, acquiring the power of accurate delineation which enabled him so graphically to illustrate

his various works. Articled for a time to a London solicitor and afterwards a partner in the firm, he was persuaded by Mr. Hope to remove to Oxford, first as curator of the Hope collection, then as earliest occupant of the Natural History Chair which he was founding; and at Oxford Westwood remained till his death. Sprung from the ranks, and a late-born son of the University, he received scant welcome from the Dons; the exclusiveness of that time being further exasperated by his Nonconformist origin and opinions, 'until rebuked by Richard Michell, the Public Orator, who reminded his friends that their new colleague was "not sectarian but *insectarian*." The good-humoured simplicity of his manner and his unfailing amiability to all who sought enlightenment in his department soon won men's hearts, and he became as popular as he deserved to be.

I knew him not till 1860. Attracted by a jar containing live specimens of the uncommon and beautiful *Cheirocephalus diaphanus*, which I had found in a rain-water pool near the Headington Asylum, and had sent to a natural history exhibition at the Town Hall, he begged me to call on him at the Museum and, finding that I was studying the *Coleoptera*, placed at my disposal books and specimens, sparing no pains to encourage and assist me. I happened to be dexterous in microscopical preparation, and he urged the Museum Delegates

to employ me in mounting a series of insect anatomies after a conception of his own; but the plan fell through. His own technique was as remarkable as his knowledge; with no tools except scissors, forceps, lens, camel-hair brush, gum tragacanth, and colour box, he performed miracles of dissection and restoration. I remember his falling from a ladder in the Library, and crushing in his breast-pocket a pill-box containing a rare beetle. The ruin seemed hopeless, the insect a powder of fragments; but he set to work at once, and next day showed me the beetle restored to all its former beauty. His unerring instinct in diagnosing and locating a new species was made the subject of a practical joke. Some saucy young entomologists obtained a chocolate beetle, made and coloured under their directions, from a famous shop in Paris, and sent it to Westwood for identification fixed in a glass-topped box. He wrote that without handling it he could not be certain of the genus, but that it was a tetramerous beetle belonging to the family *Cerambycidae*. The useful letter "h" he never succeeded in pronouncing. He once asked Mansel who was St. Bee. Remembering his peculiarity, Mansel answered that he was a near kinsman of St. 'Ives. At an electoral contest between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Hardy, Westwood, coming in late, hurried and breathless, announced his vote for "Glad——, no, no, I mean 'Ardy." Henry Smith claimed the vote

for Gladstone. Why, said the Vice-Chancellor, "he only pronounced the first syllable of Mr. Gladstone's name." "Yes, sir; but he did not pronounce the first letter of Mr. Hardy's."

He left more than one standard work: in science, the "Modern Classification of Insects," and a beautiful but costly monograph of "British Moths and Butterflies"; in art, the "Palæographia Sacra Pictoria," with "Miniatures and Ornaments of Anglo-Saxon and Irish MSS.," and the monumental "Lapidarium Walliæ." He was President of the Entomological Society, and received the Royal Society's gold medal. We felt when he passed away that a zoological professor as good, perhaps better, might be found; but that the minutely accomplished entomologist, holding in mind's eye and memory all the discovered and named insects in all the museums of the world, accessible from his fluent colloquial French and German to every Continental scientist, ready ever to display and expound his treasures, patiently to the unlearned, enthusiastically to the accomplished visitor, could probably never be replaced. Men said of him, as was said of Richelieu when he died, "Il laisse plus de vide qu'il n'a tenu de place." Entering the familiar room, I shall never cease to miss and to recall regretfully the short figure, shrewd kindly eye, welcoming voice, long wave of snow white hair and beard, which went to form the outward man of J. O. Westwood.

CHAPTER V.

ÆSCULAPIUS IN THE THIRTIES.

This is the Prince of Leeches : fever, plague,
Cold rheum, and hot podagra, do but look on him,
And quit their grasp upon the tortured sinews.

WALTER SCOTT.

An Oxford Medical Directory—Pegge—Wall—Bourn—Kidd—Ireland
—West—Wood—Tuckwell—A Picturesque Survival—A Friend
of Abernethy—His Wonderful Memory—His *jeux d'esprit*—
The Last of the Old School.

“LONG and lasting,” says Lockhart in his now forgotten “Reginald Dalton,” while he recounts the blood-letting of an Oxford town and gown row—“long and lasting shall be the tokens of its wrath—long shall be the faces of Pegge, Wall, Kidd, and light shall be their hearts, as they walk their rounds to-morrow morning—long shall be the stately stride of Ireland, and long the clyster-pipe of West—long and deep shall be the probing of thy skilful lancet, O Tuckwell; and long shall be all your bills, and long, very long, shall it be ere some of them are paid.” Lockhart wrote in the Twenties, but most of his doctors were walking their rounds ten years later; *walking*, for Oxford was a small place then, and our medicos performed their *ambarvalia* on foot. Sir Christopher Pegge was a showy, handsome man,

a Fellow of Oriel in Oriel's prime of reputation ; he had no great practice, but as Regius Professor drew men to his spirited lectures. Though comparatively young, he wore the old-fashioned cocked hat and wig, with the massive gold-headed cane, which his successor, Dr. Kidd—a sensible, homely man—was the first medical professor to abandon. Kidd, Wall, Bourn were the popular physicians of the decade. Kidd was a little man, trotting about the streets in a “spencer,” a tailless great-coat then becoming obsolete, and worn only by himself and Dr. Macbride. Bourn was an insinuating, smiling, soft-voiced man—“Have we any report from the bowels?” was his regular whispered question to lady patients suffering from what Epimenides the Cretan called *γαστέρες ἀργαί*. Wall I cannot recall, but I remember his widow and Bourn's, picturesque old ladies in black velvet and lace, whose card-parties, preceded by formal tea and closed by substantial suppers, attracted the clever genial men and women whom I have earlier mentioned. Kidd, with two droll little daughters something like himself, lived on into the early Fifties, as did Ogle, father to the well-known London physician of to-day. Ireland represented the “matriculated apothecaries” of that date, men who, like the elder Pendennis in his lowly days, made up their own medicines, attended ladies at the most interesting period of their lives, sold Epsom salts, blisters, hair

powder, across the counter of the shops which they called their surgeries. Some remained humble to the end ; not so Ireland, who somehow obtained a Scotch degree, discarded the surgery, and set up a brass plate as Dr. Ireland on his house in Pennyfarthing Street. He was a grandiloquent, pompous man ; Lockhart's "stately stride" exactly hits him off—a dissolute old scamp withal ; some of the stories told of him I should not like to quote. I remember his swing along the street with cane held at attention ; recall his stalking into my mother's drawing-room with his new honour fresh upon him, and bespeaking her congratulations on the fact that he would "enter the Kingdom of Heaven as a Doctor of Medicine." I saw him later in extreme old age ; he said that he was ninety-nine years old—he was nothing like so old—but he added, with his hands aloft, "My memory is in ruins." He deserved credit, however, for discovering the mathematical talent of his servant lad Abram Robertson, who became afterwards Professor of Astronomy. West was his partner—tall, gentlemanlike, gold-spectacled, married to the daughter of a rich and notable Alderman Fletcher, whose hands continued to hold her cards long after they had ceased, through rheumatism, to be for other purposes prehensile. West's partner again and subsequent successor was Wood, father to the naturalist, who lived in the fine corner house opposite the

King's Arms, built by Vanbrugh, and destroyed to make way for the Indian Institute.

But by far the most conspicuous and interesting of Lockhart's Hakims was Tuckwell, for thirty years—from 1815 to 1845—the leading Oxford surgeon. In costume and demeanour he was a survival from the more picturesque and ceremonious past. He pervaded Oxford in a claret-coloured tail coat with velvet collar, canary waistcoat with gilt buttons, light brown trousers, two immense white cravats propping and partly covering the chin, a massive well-brushed beaver hat.¹ His manner and address were extraordinarily winning; a contemporary described him to me long ago, in a letter which I happened to preserve, as “the most fascinating man I ever met, a favourite with all who knew him; his cheery brightness invaluable in a sick room, supported as it was by his high repute and skill.” Mr. Abernethy, discontinuing practice, entreated him to take his place; he was, said Sir Benjamin Brodie to me in 1853, “one of the cleverest surgeons of his day.” He was not a member of the University, but had been educated at the then famous Aynho Grammar School, whose eccentric master, Mr. Leonard, was known for his scholarship and for his addiction to green tea, which he kept ever by

¹ *Beaver*.—There were no silk hats until late in the Thirties. They cost two guineas; only gentlemen wore them. New College men of that day were known by their unbrushed hats.

his side to moisten his construes in Tacitus and Horace. So Tuckwell knew his Latin books minutely, and could quote them effectively. He was pupil to Abernethy, who became much attached to him; his dinner table after his marriage held a magnificent epergne, a wedding present from the famous surgeon. Amongst his comrades were the lads known afterwards as Dr. Skey and Sir George Burrows. He worked hard at his profession, and made himself a proficient besides in French, Spanish, and Italian. He went to Oxford, without introduction, friends, or money, about 1808, but rose rapidly into practice, establishing himself in the house opposite Magdalen elms, which a few old Oxford men still associate with his name, and which was to bear in later years the door-plate of his son. His name is not only embalmed in Lockhart's novel, but points the moral of a bitter passage in the "Oxford Spy":

If tutors punish what they seldom shun,
Severe to all who do—as they have done—
Their wild career at once pursue, condemn,
Give fees to Tuckwell and advice to them.

It was, as we have seen, the day of early dinners, late suppers, nightly cards. Ombre had gone out; though it was said that old Miss Horseman could still illustrate Belinda's game, and unfold the mysteries of Manille and Matador. Quadrille, piquet, whist, were the games in vogue; and at the last two Tuckwell was said to be one of the best players in



MR. TUCKWELL, SURGEON.

From a Water-Colour Drawing by J. F. Wood, 1833.



England. David Gregorie, the Queen's Square magistrate, invited him to a three nights' contest at piquet. It took place at Oxford, in a select gathering of experts, and Gregorie returned to London three hundred pounds the poorer. He was no less skilful as a chess player, having learned from the famous Sarratt, the great chess teacher, whose fee was a guinea a lesson, and founding the club already mentioned in these papers. The marvellous memory which explains his prowess at cards was shown in his power of quoting poetry. Few men could beat him in capping verses; those present with him at a large party were challenged to write down the titles of Shakespeare's plays; all tried, but he alone succeeded. The story I am about to relate seems incredible, but I heard it long ago from not a few independent witnesses. A bet was laid, and heavy odds taken against it, that he would repeat ten consecutive lines from any place at which he might be set on in Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, or Lope de Vega. The bet was won. What proverbs and riddles were to Solomon and his courtiers, that were impromptus and epigrams to the lively *convives* of that pleasant time. A lady sang one night a pretty Italian song by Metastasio, and the company appealed to him for a translation. He hastily pencilled it as follows:—

Gentle Zephyr, ah! if e'er

Thou meetst the Mistress of my heart,

Tell her thou'rt a sigh sincere,
 But never say whose sigh thou art.
 Limpid Rivulet, ah! if e'er
 Thy murmuring waters near her glide,
 Say thou'rt swelled by many a tear,
 But not whose eyes those tears supplied.

Catherine Fanshawe's poem on the letter H created much excitement when it appeared.¹ It was discussed one evening in his presence, and a Miss Harriett Lee, a very clever girl—afterwards Mrs. Wingfield, of Tickencote Hall—disparaged it. "It's no great thing," she said; "Tuckwell would have done it just as well." Next morning he carried to her these lines on the letter W:—

Its existence began with this World full of tears,
 And it first in the Work of Creation appears.
 In the Whirlwind we feel and acknowledge its power,
 And its influence hail in each soft falling Shower.
 Its presence the Woods and the Waters must own,
 And 'tis found in the Dwelling of monarch and clown.
 It will never forsake us in Want or in Woe,
 And is heard in each Word that can comfort bestow.
 It dwells with the Wealthy, the Witty, the Wise,
 Yet assistance to Wretchedness never denies.
 In the mournful Farewell if you hear it with pain,
 In the sweet sound of Welcome 'twill meet you again.
 'Tis the prop of our Laws, and the guide of our Will,
 Which without it would lead us to nothing but Ill.
 It begins every Wish, every View it must bound,
 And still to our Welfare essential is found.
 In the last dying Whisper of man it shall rise,
 And assist us with Wings to ascend to the skies;
 'Midst the Wonders of Nature its form we shall view.
 Until lost in the Wreck which shall Chaos renew.

¹ Appendix D.

His heart was as large as his brain was keen; if he fascinated his equals, he no less won the love and gratitude of his humbler neighbours. During the thirty years of his celebrity his doors stood open for the first two hours of every over-busy day to the poor who chose to come, and who streamed in from the country round to be tended without a fee. He devoted to their care gratuitously the same minute and searching skill, the same unerring memory and rapid judgment, the same urbane and cordial presence, which had made him popular and fashionable among those who were glad to pay him highly for these gifts; and when the large heart ceased to beat and the keen brain to toil, while amongst a troop of friendly mourners I followed his remains along streets darkened by the signs of universal sorrow, I saw the crowd of poor—to be counted, it was said, by hundreds—gathered in from village and from slum for a final tribute to the friend who had dispensed among them health and healing through so many years. He was the last of the old Oxford school; the “Brilliant Man”—to quote from Henry Bulwer—amongst his University compeers, as was Canning among a wider and more high-placed set. He retained the “grand manner” of a fading age; the refined and pointed, not conventional and effusive, courtesy to women; the bounteous fund of ever-ready talk, alternating not monologist, seasoned not swamped with

allusion, recitation, epigram. They played as well as worked, those fine old fellows—*luserunt satis atque biberunt*—lost and won their guineas gaily, chirruped their genial wit and anecdote, laid the ghosts of eating cares in floods of generous “Comet” port, which enriched and liberated, never dulled or overfraught, their brains. Some of us love them for it the more; let the “*sicci*” who start from wine, the purists who spy sin in cards, remember that behind this radiant conviviality the higher virtues walked their round, moral excellence hand in hand with mental power; that often, as in Tuckwell’s case, the day which culminated in joyous revelry began in self-devoted altruism, bidding us as our record closes turn from the catalogue of professional and social triumphs to

That best portion of a good man’s life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

CHAPTER VI.

CALLIOPE IN THE THIRTIES.

The sound

Of instruments that made melodious chime
Was heard, of Harp and Organ ; and who moved
Their chords and stops was seen ; his volant touch
Fled and pursued transverse the resonant Fugue.

MILTON.

Early Amateurs—Blanco White—Newman—The Bewildered Butler
—Musicians a Caste apart—A Notable Organist—Jonathan
Sawell the Singer—A Letter from the Eighteenth Century—
Jullien—The Amateur Society—Oxford becomes Musical—
“Gregorian” Music—Jenny Lind’s Visit—Sir Frederick
Ouseley—Sir John Stainer.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young in the present century, she had few votaries in academic Oxford. The traditions of the place were against her ; to be musical was bad form. There was once, to be sure, a Dean of Christ-church who wrote charming glees and catches, and respectable church music ; but the solecisms of Dean Aldrich were expiated by his successor, Cyril Jackson, who pronounced that a boy “with no more ear nor a stone nor no more voice nor an ass” would make an excellent chorister ; and by Gaisford, who appointed as singing men worn-out scouts and bedmakers. In the Twenties and Thirties there were probably not half a dozen amateurs in Oxford.

Blanco White was a violinist, so was Newman ; and his noble passage on the Inspiration of Music, with its curious slip as to fourteen notes in the scale, has become a *locus classicus* ; but he records the bewilderment of the Provost's butler, when, sent to announce his election at Oriel, he found the new Fellow playing on the fiddle, and inquired anxiously if he had not mistaken the rooms or come to the wrong person. Donkin played both the violin and the piano ; George Rowden of New College was one of the best double-bass performers in England ; now and then at the evening parties of the Heads a gifted lady would, with Handel, Haydn, or Mozart, compel, like Milton's nightingale, pleased silence ; but from these gatherings music, as encroaching upon cards, was for the most part ostracised. Even so late as 1846 Max Müller, fresh from musical Leipzig, found that no young man, even if qualified, would stoop to the music-stool in public, and that to ask a Don to play " would have been considered an insult " ; while Hallé visiting England two years later, tells us that for a gentleman to be able to play upon the piano was looked upon as a sign of effeminacy, almost of vice. For by hereditary prejudice the professional musician was looked upon as an inferior, to be paid for his services, to be kept socially at a distance. Prince Hal bore much from Falstaff, but broke his head for likening his father to a singing

man at Windsor; stately Dr. Williams, when headmaster of Winchester, took to hair-powder because a lady mistook him for a bass singer in the cathedral; I shall recall later on the consternation felt among the older men of Oxford, when Ouseley, baronet, gentleman commoner, Master of Arts, condescended to become Doctor of Music; and we all remember Mr. Osborne's contempt for the "Honourables" to whom his daughter introduced him—"Lords, indeed? Why, at one of her swarreys I saw one of 'em speak to a dam fiddler, a fellar I despise."

So music was relegated contemptuously to a quasi-professional set, the chaplains, singing men, Bible clerks, of the three choral Colleges; its Doctorate was a sham, the graduates not admitted to the sacred scarlet semicircle in the Theatre; its Professor, with a salary of £12 a year, appearing only at Commemoration to play the ramshackle old organ in the Theatre. The Professor at that time was Sir Henry Bishop, composer of deservedly popular part-songs, but inferior as a musician to his very eminent predecessor, Dr. Crotch. Of the three organists only one was notable, Dr. Stephen Elvey of New College, a good harmonist, an enthusiastic Handelian, though the loss of a leg prevented him from playing pedal fugues, but of rough manner and suspicious temper. On the death of his first wife he had married, with rather unusual

promptitude, a pretty girl known as Perdita amongst the New College undergraduates, who used to crowd the "Slipe" gate on Sundays after service in order to see her pass from Holywell Church. He presided shortly afterwards at a concert, and the wag who arranged its programme had inserted a glee by his brother George, which appeared in the bills as "Ah! Why so soon, Elvey?"

I remember the performance of Sir George Elvey's Bachelor's exercise in the Music Room, I think in 1838, when Stephen Elvey conducted in the splendid robes which I then for the first time saw, the new Bachelor sitting at the piano. The choral services in the Chapels were not of a high order, though individual voices of special sweetness kept up their popularity. The finest adult singer of that time was Jonathan Sawell, chaplain of New College and Magdalen, who possessed the rare pure Mario-like tenor, almost touching alto in the higher range. He long survived his voice, singing with husky wooden notes into the Fifties; a cheery, popular fellow, and an admirable oar; he and Moon of Magdalen, son to Alderman or Lord Mayor Moon, placed on the river the first outrigger skiffs seen at Oxford. His window in Magdalen, opposite to the Physic Garden, was always beautifully floral; an adornment long since universal, peculiar then to him and to Dr. Peter Maurice of New College. As for the chorister boys,

they ran wild. Their nominal master at Magdalen was an elderly Fellow, George Grantham, who came to a tragic end, falling out of his window at bedtime into the deer park, and found there next morning by his scout, dead with a broken neck, the deer crowding round him in an alarmed circle. His grave, with G. G. incised, is in the corner between the Chapel door and the entrance to the Cloisters. There was a fire in the antechapel at that time, and the surpliced boys used as they passed it to deposit chestnuts and potatoes, which they recovered, *matura et cocta*, when they came out. The New College brats were not under better discipline. Many years ago, while lionising some strangers in the Chapel, I observed that the plaster wing of a sham oak angel had been broken off, and from the crevice behind protruded a piece of paper. I drew it out, yellow, stained, and creased. I suppose that interest accrues even to trivial personal records when ripened by the lapse of years. We take no note to-day of a child's naked footprint on the sand, but the impress of the baby foot on the Roman villa floor at Brading is a poem fertile in suggestion. So I copy the crumpled fragment as it lies before me: "When this you find, recall me to your mind. James Philip Hewlett, Subwarden's chorister, April 26, 1796." There follows the roll of boys; then this edifying legend: "Yeates just gone out of chapel, making as if he was

ill, to go to Botleigh with Miss Watson. Mr. Prickett reads prayers. Mr. Lardner is now reading the second lesson. Mr. Jenks read the first. Slatter shams a bad Eye because he did not know the English of the theme and could not do it. A whole holiday yesterday being St. Mark. Only the Subwarden of the Seniors at Prayers." This last is significant. So we take our leave of naughty Master James Philip Hewlett—" *I, curre*, little gown boy," as dear Thackeray says.

The first pioneer of musical feeling in Oxford was Jullien, an affected, grimacing, overdressed Frenchman, but a clever *maestro*, whose brilliant band played the dance and march music which set elderly heads and bonnets wagging in imperfect time, and who brought out excellent soloists. He often came amongst us, and the men who heard Koenig and Richardson at his concerts themselves took up the cornet and the flute. Oppressive practising *à la* Dick Swiveller prevailed; but the taste for music spread. It was found that Thalberg and Madame Dulcken would fill the Star Assembly Room; that scientific and high-priced Chamber Quartetts, by Blagrove, Clementi, and the Reinagles, brought to Wyatt's room fit audiences though few. In 1844 came Hullah; large classes working under him in Merton College Hall, mature and unmusical M.A.'s hammering away without much result at the "From his low and grassy bed," which

formed the Pons Asinorum of the Hullah Manual. The practising soon died out; but the real musicians took the hint. An Amateur Society was formed, with W. E. Jelf of Christchurch for its president, a young "gold tuft" as secretary, a committee highly selected and unprofessional; and, with the help of Grimmet's band, concerts were given twice a term, at which men since famous made their *début*. Murray, of Queen's, was there, who sang afterwards with Louisa Pyne at the English Opera; Thompson, the late Archbishop of York, sounded his magnificent baritone, publicly heard before only in the Boar's Head anthem upon Christmas Day; young Frederick Ouseley improvised at the piano; later on came the present Sir Herbert Oakeley, a slim boyish figure, with a passion for Handel. Musical talent was everywhere lying loose; it needed someone to combine it, and the someone was Dr. Corfe, who succeeded Marshall at the Christchurch organ. He formed classes of amateurs for practice of classical music, training them laboriously in his picturesque old house Beam Hall, in Merton Lane, until in 1847 they gave a public performance of "Acis and Galatea," Corfe rolling his *rs*, Staudigl-wise, in "O ruddier than the cherry," Mrs. Corfe singing the exquisite Galatea solos. This was followed by "The Antigone," by "Alexander's Feast," and, more daring still, by Beethoven's Mass in C. At

the opening of the new Magdalen School in 1850, an amateur choir, conducted by Blyth, who had followed old Vickery at Magdalen, performed, without instruments, a series of pieces which would have done credit to the Berlin Choir. Oxford had become musical. Healthy development is apt to throw down morbid outgrowths, manifested here in a spurious but short-lived influx of the so-called "Gregorian" music, a reversion to the modes prevalent in Christian worship before the discovery of counterpoint. The freak was ecclesiological, not musical; part of the general putting back of clock hands which characterised the Church movement of the time. It was adopted by some amongst the clergy as a royal road to music, traversable without knowledge and without training; was rejected as an indefensible anachronism by musicians, who noted the unsuitableness of the "tones" to English words, their inexpressive baldness unless sung in unison by eighty or a hundred voices, the intolerable impropriety of appending to them harmonies for English Church performance; while Ouseley brought his vast learning to pulverise the theory of their derivation from the Jewish Temple service, pointing out that the melodic intervals of Oriental music could have borne no resemblance to the Greek system of tones and semitones on which were founded the chants of the ancient Western Church.

Whether, without its incipient musical awakening, Oxford would have gone crazy over Jenny Lind in December, 1848, I cannot say. She came as Stanley's guest, having stayed with his father at the Palace when she sang at Norwich. The Bishop, a little black figure, hopping about the Cathedral aisles like Vincent Bourne's "Cornicula," was known locally as the Crow; and her visit produced the epigram:—

Ornithologists ancient and modern attest
 That the Cuckoo-bird visits the Nightingale's nest,
 But not Stanley's own Alderley Bird-book can show ¹
 That the Nightingale roosts in the nest of the Crow.

She sang in the Theatre, which was crowded from area to roof; here, as elsewhere, winning every heart. That the sight of the interior with its thousand black gowns should have impressed her to tears is perhaps a tradition difficult of acceptance; there were tears in the hearts if not in the eyes of many amongst her hearers. Great was the demand for her autograph; most good-naturedly she acceded to it. One undergraduate, who rushed into poetry and sent her his effusion, still retains her answer—the verse from Brady and Tate:

Happy are they and only they,
 Who from Thy judgments never stray,
 Who know what's right, nor only so,
 But also practise what they know—

¹ "A Familiar History of Birds," by the Rev. Edward Stanley, Rector of Alderley, Cheshire (afterwards Bishop of Norwich).

with "In remembrance of Jenny Lind," and the date. On the day after the concert she came, veiled and *incognita*, to New College Chapel; but the Sub-Warden, Stacpoole, near whose stall she sate, detected her. It happened that the Hall was lighted and its piano open for the Thursday glee club practice; Stacpoole, after showing her the Chapel, cunningly brought her on to see the Hall, by this time filled with men, and unceremoniously asked if she would sing. She looked surprised, but good-naturedly consented; bade the lady with her accompany, and sang to us a cavatina from *Der Freyschütz*. I remember her, poising herself like a fisherman about to throw a casting-net, before she flung out her wonderful trills. Many years afterwards I heard her again in Max Müller's drawing-room; the old execution was there; the nightingale warble, the *timbre-argentin*, was gone. She told us that A. P. Stanley, who had no ear and hated music, or at least was bored by it, usually left the room when she warbled. But hearing her one day sing "I know that my Redeemer liveth," he told her she had given him an idea of what people mean by music. Only once before, he said, the same feeling had come over him, when in front of the Palace at Vienna he had heard a tattoo performed by four hundred drummers! So Eothen Kinglake, we are told, also tone-deaf, astray by some mischance at a *matinée musicale*, and

asked by the hostess what kind of music he preferred, answered—"I certainly have a preference; it is for the drum." One thinks too of M. Jourdain's passion for *la trompette marine*.

Not till 1855 was music validly recognised by the University; that achievement was reserved for Sir Frederick Ouseley. Sir Henry Bishop died; the appointment rested with the Proctors, and through one of them, Holland of New College, a good musician, it was conferred on Ouseley. The necessary reforms were two: that the degree should become a reality, and that the Professor should not only profess, but teach. Hitherto anyone seeking the Mus.Doc. had only to inscribe his name as a nominal member of some College, send in an orchestral thesis, which was invariably accepted, pay a band for its performance, and take rank as an Oxford Doctor. Ouseley instituted a public examination by three competent examiners in historical and critical knowledge of music, and in elementary classics and mathematics, demanding also from each candidate a lengthy written composition to be submitted to himself. The stringency of the test was shown by the fact that in its early application fifty per cent. of the candidates failed, not a few of the plucks being a judgment on "cribbed exercises," which his immense knowledge enabled him to expose. I remember how the Professor, kindest-hearted of men,

suffered in inflicting rejections. He was beset by piteous, even tearful, appeals, or by fierce expostulations; had sometimes to escape into a friend's house from imploring remonstrants who chivied him in the streets; but he kept conscientiously to the line he had drawn, with the result that in a few years' time the Oxford Doctorate came to be estimated as it had never been before. His lectures, somewhat obscure and cramped in style, owed popularity to the practical illustration of them on the organ or piano by his friend Mr. Parratt, and to the volunteer assistance of a well-coached vocal and instrumental band. So at last Queen Calliope came down from heaven and made a home in Oxford. I am told she abides there still; that Ouseley's white and crimson mantle fell upon a worthy Elisha, whose advent to St. Paul's had been hailed by the innocent quatrain:

St. Paul's had a loss
 In Dr. T. Goss;
 I'm sure it's a gainer
 In Dr. J. Stainer;

that by his promotion to the vacant Chair Oxford was a gainer in her turn; that if Sir Frederick Ouseley made music respectable in the University, Sir John Stainer has made it beloved. But this is recent history; and the Neleian sovereign old, though his confidences to Patroclus were sometimes garrulous

in their old-world reminiscence, never bored that Homeric Man Friday by recapitulation of contemporary events.

Plague on't, quoth Time to Thomas Hearne,
Whatever I forget, you learn.

CHAPTER VII.

UNDERGRADUATES IN THE THIRTIES.

The seedsman, Memory,
Sowed my deep-furrowed thought with many a Name,
Whose glory will not die.

TENNYSON.

An Old Diary—Oxford in the Thirties as depicted in Fiction—Its more Essential Aspects—Some Great Undergraduates—And a Great Tutor—"Tom" Acland—His Achievements at Oxford—His Torrential Eloquence—The "Uniomachia"—Tom Brancker—Solomon Cæsar Malan—His Seventy Languages—Stanley—Matthew Arnold—Clough—Thorold Rogers—A Kindly Action—An Interchange of Amenities.

MANY years ago, with a collector's instinct, I exhumed for sixpence a ragged manuscript from the rubbish heap of a Barbican bookstall. It was the diary of an old Rugbeian, covering his residence at Oxford through 1830 and 1831. His name was Trevor Wheler, cadet of a Warwickshire family living in their ancient manor-house at a village called Leamington Hastings, and he came to Oxford by the Regulator coach, going on to London when the term was over on the box of the Royal Defiance. A quiet, orderly fellow: he kept morning chapel strictly, went always to St. Mary's, where on one occasion he heard Keble preach, and usually read a sermon in his own rooms on Sunday night. He corresponds with several female Christian names, and has

written Byron's stanzas on "Woman, lovely woman" in the first page of his journal, with the date June 14th attached, evidently Commemoration Week. He gives frequent wine parties, among the guests being Roundell and William Palmer and Piers Claughton, and always carefully records the number of corks he drew. He breakfasts with Tommy Short of Trinity, who died not many years ago, having been Newman's tutor, and for half a century the most amusing of Oxford Dons. He goes to New College Chapel, and to the Tyrolese singers at the Music Room. He frequents the Union, where seven men are blackballed in one evening, where Acland senior is elected treasurer and Gladstone secretary, and where debates are held on Jewish disabilities, and on the superiority of Byron to Shelley, Sunderland coming express from Cambridge to speak upon the latter theme. (Sunderland, we may remember, was the contemporary of Tennyson, who described him as "a very plausible, Parliament-like, self-satisfied speaker at the Union," and sketched him mercilessly in the poem called "A Character.") A notable diarist wrote of him as "a most extraordinary and brilliant person who lost his reason, and ended, I have been told, in believing himself to be the Almighty.") He "sits" in the Little-Go school, and hears a man construe *spicea virga* a "spicy virgin." He buys the new edition of the Waverley Novels,

and, attending Wise's sale-room, has a lot of seventy books knocked down to him for £1 2s. The composition is neither incisive, eventful, nor picturesque; but it is interesting, not only as all diaries are interesting by lifting the curtain of a fellow-mortal's mental privacy, but as raising from the shades with contemporary vividness the undergraduate Oxford of seventy years ago.

We may read of this Oxford in forgotten novels: its vulgar side in Hewlett's "Peter Priggins"; its rollicking side in Dickinson's "Vincent Eden," published in *Bentley's Miscellany*, and abruptly ceasing through pressure on the editor, it was believed, from apprehensive University authorities. In "Loss and Gain" we have its priggish side, due to the author's teaching; the picked men of ability in its pages—Sheffield, Reding, Carlton—ranging over not high themes of philosophy, science, culture, but the nightmares of Tractarian theology and the characteristics of a true Church. Mere foils were men like these, setting off the nobler Oxford of their time; and never in the history of the University has a decade opened and progressed amid a group so brilliant. In 1830 we have Gladstone, Liddell, Charles Wordsworth, Hope, T. Acland, Manning, Church, Halford Vaughan, William Adams, Walter Hamilton, Lords Dalhousie, Elgin, Lincoln, Canning, to take names almost at random. Nor was this dawn of golden

times confined to Oxford ; at Cambridge in the very same year gathered a not less rare group of *conjurati fratres* : Spedding, Thompson, Brookfield, Trench, Tennyson, Monckton Milnes, Charles Buller, Merivale, Arthur Hallam. There is deep pathos in these sparkling catalogues. We see the band of friends, cheerful, united, sanguine, starting together on life's path. Pass sixty years, we check the list, to find a scattered remnant of survivors, telling sadly of havoc wrought in their train by the storms of life, themselves too often alienated at its close. But the record of their deeds survives. Outworn, disappointed, hostile, not one of them lived in vain. The severances of party and of creed are incidents of independent warfare ; but the soul that is fervent and heroic not only fights its own way to perfection, but makes ignoble sloth more odious, brings high aim within the readier grasp of the generation and the men who follow it.

And O, blithe breeze ! and O, great seas,
 Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
 On your wide plain they join again,
 Together lead them home at last.
 One port, methought, alike they sought,
 One purpose hold where'er they fare—
 O, bounding breeze ! O, rushing seas !
 At last, at last, unite them there !

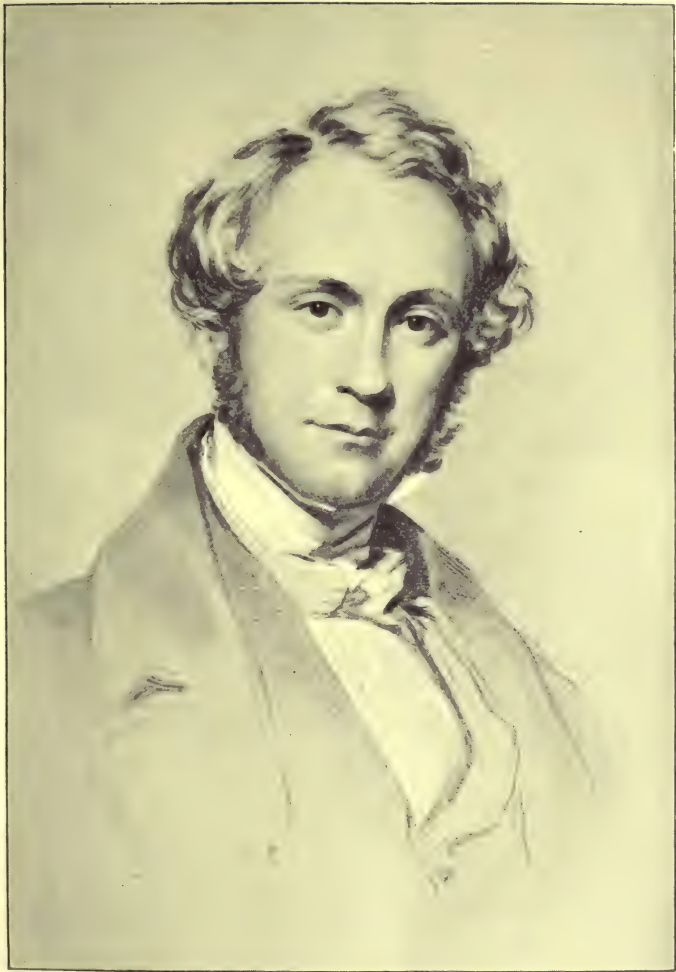
First among the Oxford comrades of that time, *juvenum publica cura*, universal undergraduate theme, ranked Charles Wordsworth ;

tutor to Gladstone and Manning, Sir Francis Doyle and Walter Hamilton, Acland, Hope, Lords Lincoln and Canning; the best scholar, cricketer, oar, skater, racquet player, dancer, pugilist, of his day. His proficiency in this last branch of antique athletics was attested by a fight at Harrow between himself and Trench, which sent the future Archbishop to a London dentist, in order to have his teeth set to rights. "That man," whispered Lord Malmesbury to Lord Derby, when Wordsworth had shaken hands with the Chancellor on receiving his honorary degree, "that man might have been anything he pleased." His attainments and capacities were set off by an unusually tall and handsome figure.

Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.

His aunt, the Poet's wife, told me that of all the young men she had ever known he was the most charming in manner, mind, and person. He was beyond all his contemporaries an adept in Greek and Latin versification; whatever of noble thought, of touching sentiment, of transient humour, gained access to his mind, came draped in one or other of the classic tongues. His grief at his wife's death found expression in a perfect Latin couplet, untranslated, untranslatable.¹ A junior boy whom he once found eating cake in "Meads" at Winchester, artlessly offered him a piece,

¹ Appendix E.



CHARLES WORDSWORTH.

From the Richmond Portrait.



which he accepted, sending to the boy next day a pile of cakes and cream from the confectioner, with the note,

δέξαι, πλακοῦντος ἀντιδωρεάν, τὸδε

(Requiting guerdon, cake for cake, receive);

and his very inscriptions in hotel books when on a tour were Greek Iambics.¹ His career as Master in College at Winchester justified the promise of his youth: he raised the scholarship as well as the morality of the boys. His Greek Grammar was accepted by every school in England except Eton, which, preferring to go wrong with Cato, clung to its old inferior manual; and he imparted to Winchester a tone of unaffected, thoughtful piety which long outlived his rule. At Gladstone's entreaty—High Churchmen saw in the reviving Episcopal Church of Scotland a happy hunting ground for English Tractarianism—he undertook the Headship of Glenalmond College, becoming soon afterwards Bishop of St. Andrews. Through no fault of his own he failed as Warden; as Bishop he did all that man could do, but the post was not worthy of his powers; and the illustrious Oxford paragon ended, like his Swedish namesake, amid the trivial surroundings of a petty fortress and a barren strand. Having been his pupil in early years, I reviewed his Autobiography in a London Weekly. He was pleased by my notice of him, sought my name,

¹ Appendix F.

and we exchanged many letters lively with memories of the past. The last I received from him was a New Year Greeting, with closing invocation of *multos felices annos, ultimum felicissimum*. It was his own *annus ultimus*; he died before the day came round again.

One more confederate in this *ἕρα νεότης*, this sacred band of youthful brothers, let me commemorate. Double First Class, when Double Firsts meant much, Fellow of All Souls, heir to beautiful Killerton with its mighty trap rocks, forest scenery, wild ponies, and red deer, "Tom" Acland, as everyone called him, was heralded into public life by unusual expectations. He was in Parliament for a time, made no great mark, married, early lost his wife, threw himself heartbroken into agriculture, under the tuition of his friend and relative Philip Pusey. He came late to his inheritance, for the Aclands are a longæval race, and old Sir Thomas lived to a great age. The contrast between them was amusing; the father with manners regal in their measured graciousness and polish, the son jerky and discursive in talk, movement, ideas. "Tom thinks so fast," said a near relation, "that none of us can keep up with him." During the Fifties it was my lot to see a good deal of him in Oxford: he used to walk with me in the streets, recalling his early life, the Newmanism and its influence on his mental growth, his association with the "Young England" movement, whose

only surviving representative is, I believe, the Duke of Rutland. Stopping opposite to St. Mary Magdalen Church one day, he told me how he and Jacobson had taken there F. D. Maurice, when an undergraduate, to be baptised. He was full at that time of the "Middle Class Examinations," which, with Canon Brereton, he had initiated in Devonshire, and which developed ultimately into the Oxford Local Examinations. To him especially, to his experience of West Buckland School, his patience, wisdom, and enthusiasm, that great educational experiment was due. I remember, too, that we went together to Max Müller's opening lecture on Comparative Mythology; he was disturbed, fidgeted, bit his nails. "It frightens one," he said. I was reading the 'Odyssey' with a pupil one day; he came in, and I handed him a book; he listened for ten minutes, then gave me back the volume, saying: "How quickly one forgets! but for the Latin translation at the foot I could not have followed"; going on to tell me how with Bunsen and Philip Pusey he used to read Homer daily through a winter in Rome, and imitating Bunsen's Continental pronunciation of the sonorous lines.

In 1865 I gave evidence on School Teaching of Science before the Schools Inquiry Commission, of which he was a member. He questioned me at great length as to examination methods, as to the machinery needful

for extending the local examination to the public schools, as to the desirableness of a Government Board of Higher Education, with a special Minister at its head. He became somewhat iterative; and the chairman, Lord Taunton, cut him short; he rose with an impatient gesture and went to the fire, but said to me afterwards, "I kept my temper." We travelled down to Oxford together; he was in high spirits, having just re-entered Parliament after twenty years of exile, and poured forth optimistic talk. My sceptical interjections grated on him once or twice; he was uneasy, too, lest my science teaching should overshadow the imaginative and reverential side of the boy-mind. "Don't be too materialistic," he shouted into my cab from the pavement, as I dropped him at his brother's house in Broad Street. Yet again I was to know him, in his home at Killerton. He was now Sir Thomas—a far abler man than his father in all the higher requirements of a great country gentleman's position, yet, somehow, never filling his father's place in local sentiment; less outwardly imposing, less captivating, suasive, patriarchal. I saw him constantly; he used to drop in and talk on the winter afternoons. He was not a man of reminiscences, nor did his speech linger on scholarship and books; present problems, social chiefly and theological, seemed to fill his mind. He would question me repeatedly as to my own mental develop-

ment, wishing to trace the process by which High Church bigotry in the green salad-days changed into independent rationalism later on. He was devoted to agriculture, of which I had some experience, to allotments, to cottage building in its sanitary, profitable, moral aspects. My microscope, which stood constantly in employ, used to puzzle him—he always went to see what new marvel I had got, with an ever-renewed protest against the cult of the infinitely little.

He was not amœbæan in his talk; it sped forth torrential, and you had to listen; it fascinated for the first half-hour, then to the hearer followed loss of sequence, logical perplexity, swamped surrender, boredom, headache, desperation. I once compared notes with a kindred patient, who had the day before dined with him *tête-à-tête*. He described the eloquence, so genial in its opening, endurable during dinner by manducative and bibulous supports, by degrees assuming nightmare proportions, tempered only with faith in inevitable bedtime. That arrived, the good-nights were spoken, the staircase reached; and then, stimulated by a fresh *œstrus*, the host began again, and the evening closed with a long supplementary harangue in the hall by the light of the bedroom candlesticks. This habit made him in society the terror of *raconteurs*, demanding as they do attentive auditors with interlocution just enough to start successive

topics and give fresh chances to their wit. I recall meeting at his table Mr. Massey, M.P. for Tiverton, one of the brilliant London talkers of the day. He led off at the opening of dinner with a delicious anecdote of the notorious Mrs. Thistlethwayte, but his incidental mention of a certain other lady inspired Sir Thomas to interrupt with a genealogical disquisition; the aroma of the story exhaled, and the narrator looked depressed. He recovered himself, and another good story was begun; but when a second time Sir Thomas cut in *mal à propos* Mr. Massey collapsed and we heard no more of him. And so in this and other ways it came to pass that with all his great attainments he was not a man with whom you ever felt at ease. That he would be polite and kind you knew; knew, too, that until submerged by vocables, as Carlyle said of Coleridge, you would gain abiding knowledge from his boundless stores; yet everywhere in his talk and temperament lurked sharp points on which you feared to tread—the conversational smoothness was *suppositus cineri doloso*. It used to be said that God made men, women, and Aclands, and he lent full flavour to the epigram. He gave one always the idea of a superlatively good thing unkindly impaired by Fate. To his birth thronged the fairy god-mother with gifts of intellect, fluency, loftiness of standard, philanthropy of aim, generosity of nature; then came the malignant Uninvited,

with the marring supplement of position, fortune, ease, to annul the bracing, shaping discipline which moulds the self-made man. Covered with University distinctions, Fellow of All Souls, rich in Parliamentary promise, protagonist in a great social and religious movement—all older men looked on at him expectantly with a *Ce garçon ira loin*. But inherited wealth absolved him from compulsory struggle, rank and repute secured him unearned deference—he was admirable, useful, honoured, loved; but he disproved the augury of greatness, he failed to realise the promise heralded by his splendid youth.

Faster than Homer's leaves the Undergraduate generations pass. Three years, or four at most, push them from their stools, and a fresh succession enters on the stage. In 1833 the "Uniomachia," Battle of the Union, embalms another scarcely less remarkable relay.

I well knew Tom Brancker, who was believed to be *dux facti*, originator of the social war. Coming from Shrewsbury in jacket and turn-down collars, he had, while still a school-boy, though matriculated, beaten Gladstone and Scott for the Ireland. Butler had sent him up by Scott's advice, for the sake of practice merely, but he came out scholar, surpassing his two great competitors, as Vowler Short told them, in the points of taste and terseness. He failed afterwards to get his

First, but became Fellow of Wadham, and dropped finally into the lotus-eating of a College incumbency. He was hated and dreaded as a bully in the schools, but I always found him kind and friendly. It was usual, as matter of course and compliment, to re-elect each year the committee of the Union; but just then was the time of the Reform Bill, the outgoing committee was Tory; and Brancker, with Bob Lowe, Massie, and other zealous Whigs, successfully opposed them, and were elected in their place. The exiles formed an opposition club called the Rambler, so popular and successful that the new committee proposed to expel its members from the Union. In hope of lulling the storm, two St. Mary Hall men, Jackson and Sinclair, produced the "Uniomachia," a mock Homeric poem with a dog-Latin Interpretatio and notes, and, in a second edition, with an additional "Notularum Spicilegium" by Robert Scott, afterwards Master of Balliol. There followed an English translation from the pen of Archdeacon Giles, and an "Emollient and Sedative Draught" by Lenient Lullaby, F.R.S., whom I have never been able to identify. The characters, besides the three innovators, were Cardwell, W. G. Ward, Roundell Palmer, Mayow, Tait, and Charles Marriott. The fun fell upon the combatants like Virgil's *pulveris exigui jactus* on the bees, and the hatchet was buried in a reconciliation dinner at the Star. Of Marriott

I shall speak later on, as also of Mark Pattison, who in these years, not yet disappointed, melancholy, and vindictive, was struggling with undigested reading, unawakened intelligence, morbid self-consciousness, progressing towards that love of learning for learning's sake which, agnostic, cynic, pessimist as he was, gave unity to his sad, remonstrant life.

Contemporary with these was a genius perhaps more remarkable, certainly more unusual, than any of them. In 1833 Solomon Cæsar Malan matriculated at St. Edmund Hall, a young man with a young wife, son to a Swiss Pastor, speaking as yet broken English, but fluent Latin, Romaic, French, Spanish, Italian, German, and a proficient at twenty-two years old in Hebrew, Arabic, Sanskrit. He won the Boden and the Kennicott Scholarships, took a Second Class, missing his First through the imperfection of his English, was ordained, became Professor in Calcutta, gathered up Chinese, Japanese, the various Indian, Malay, Persian tongues, came home to the valuable living of Broadwindsor, where he lived, when not travelling, through forty years, amassing a library in more than seventy languages, the majority of which he spoke with freedom, read familiarly, wrote with a clearness and beauty rivalling the best native caligraphy. In his frequent Eastern rambles he was able, say his fellow-travellers, to chat in market and bazaar with everyone whom he met. On a visit to the

Bishop of Innereth he preached a Georgian sermon in the cathedral. He published twenty-six translations of English theological works, in Chinese and Japanese, Arabic and Syriac, Armenian, Russian, Ethiopic, Coptic. Five-fold outnumbering the fecundity of his royal namesake, he left behind him a collection of 16,000 Proverbs, taken from original Oriental texts, each written in its native character and translated. So unique was the variety of his Pentecostal attainments that experts could not be found even to catalogue the four thousand books which he presented, *multa gemens*, with pathetic lamentation over their surrender, to the Indian Institute at Oxford.

I encountered him at three periods of his life. First as a young man at the evening parties of John Hill, Vice-Principal of St. Edmund's Hall, where prevailed tea and coffee, pietistic Low Church talk, prayer and hymnody of portentous length, yet palliated by the chance of sharing Bible or hymn-book with one of the host's four charming daughters. Twenty years later I recall him as a guest in Oxford Common Rooms, laying down the law on questions of Scriptural interpretation, his abysmal fund of learning and his dogmatic insistency floated by the rollicking fun of his illustrations and their delightful touches of travelled personal experience. Finally, in his old age I spent a long summer day with him in the Broadwindsor home, enjoying his library, aviary, workshop, drawings; his

hospitality stimulated by the discovery that in some of his favourite pursuits I was, *longo intervallo*, an enthusiast like himself. He was a benevolently autocratic vicar, controlling his parish with patriarchally imperious rule, original, racy, trenchant, in Sunday School and sermons. It was his wont to take into the pulpit his college cap, into which he had pasted a text of Scripture which he always read to himself before preaching. They were words from the story of Balaam: "And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass, and she spake——" He died at eighty-two, to have been admitted, let us hope, in the unknown land to comradeship of no ordinary brotherhood by spirits of every nation, kindred, tongue; to have found there, ranged upon celestial shelves, the Platonic archetypes of the priceless books which it tore his mortal heart to leave.

Skip two or three more years, and we come to a not less interesting student stratum, to the period of Stanley, Matthew Arnold, Clough. Think of them walking among the Cumnor cowslips and the fritillaries of the Eynsham river side, bathing in the abandoned lasher, noting from Hinksey Hill on winter afternoons the far-off light of the windows in Christchurch Hall, mounting to the Glanvil elm, which yet stands out clear against the flaming sunset sky. Imagine the talk, now glad, now pensive, of their still illusioned

youth ; its poetry, speculation, criticism, Wordsworthian insight into nature, valiant optimism, rare communion of highest and most sacred thoughts ;—as one reads “Thyrsis” and “The Scholar Gypsy,” airs from Paradise seem to breathe around one, airs which only Oxford could have inspired, only high natures such as theirs could have exhaled. I heard Stanley recite his “Gypsies” in the Theatre in 1837 ; the scene comes back to me as of yesterday—the crowded area, the ladies in their enormous bonnets ; handsome, stately Dr. Gilbert in the Vice-Chancellor’s chair ; the pale, slight, weak-voiced, boyish figure in the rostrum ; the roar of cheers which greeted him. Clough, too, I knew ; read with him for half a year in his tiny Holywell lodging immediately after his election to Oriel, working the first hour in the morning, while he ate his frugal breakfast of dry bread and chocolate. It was his happy time, before his piping took a troubled sound ; his six golden Oxford graduate years of plain living and high thinking, of hopeful fight for freedom, of the rapturous Long Vacations in Wales, the Highlands, the English Lakes, summed up immortally in his “Bothie.” The original edition in its blue cloth lies before me as I write, a present from his son. I have noted in it the undergraduates represented, so far as they are now recoverable.¹ Side by side with these men were Donkin, Lord Hobhouse,

¹ Appendix F.

Brodie, Henry Acland, young gentleman-commoner Ruskin; little, white-haired, cherub-faced Jowett; James Riddell, whose *φθίω*, *φθίω*, *φιλιότη*, Moberly used to quote as the unsurpassable gem of all the Anthologies; and, perhaps a year or two earlier, "Jem" Lonsdale, great in estimation rather than in production as a scholar, the tales of his wit and genius ephemeral and for the most part lost. Let me give one specimen. Asked to preach at Eton by his old tutor, Bishop Chapman, he sent this answer—

Cur imparem me cingis honoribus,
 Me, triste lignum, me vetulum, pigro
 Sermone, fundentemque tardo
 Ore soporiferum papaver ?

Henry Furneaux, who was his colleague in the Moderation Schools, used to speak of him as the most winning of men from his extreme simplicity and absence of all self-consciousness; his scholarship not so much an acquirement as an intuition, inherited probably from his father. It was amongst the answers to a Paper set by him that occurred the delicious explanation of the Lupercalia, "Lupercalia is the name of a she-wolf that suckled Romeo and Juliet." Riddell's quiet manner concealed a turn for comedy. I once saw him in a charade act with much humour the Parliamentary Candidate in the gentlemanly interest, opposing Henry Wall, who was the demagogue. And

one day at Zermatt, the party being bored by a cockney who was destitute of Miss Catherine Fanshawe's letter, and was afraid of losing his 'at on the mountain, Riddell wrote in the hotel book—

A gent who was late at Zermatt,
Dropped an H on the Hoch Taligat ;
If he'll fetch it away
He'll find it some day
Of use in the front of his 'at.

The Forties were years of strife ; of Ward's expulsion, Newman's perversion, Hampden's challenged bishopric ; a time none the less of great youthful names. Thorold Rogers I knew slightly as an undergraduate. He was then a loud, dominating, rapid talker, deluging his company with a shower-bath of Greek choruses, not more regardful of the skins into which he poured the wine of his erudition than was Tom Jones when in company with Ensigns Norther-ton and Adderley. He so frightened men, in fact, that he could find no College to take him as a Fellow. Altered and saddened by his young wife's death, he plunged into politics as a relief, obtained the Act of Parliament which enabled him to resign his Orders, and sate in the House of Commons till not long before his death, valued there as a walking dictionary, and always the centre of a laughing group in the smoking-room or on the Terrace. From this time I knew him closely ; we stood together on many political platforms, and I

pleased him by an appreciative review in *The Spectator* of his book on Holland, which had been coarsely attacked, as I thought, in *The Pall Mall*. He was an unequalled story-teller; some men affect nonchalance in repeating a good thing, but Rogers's face used to flash and his eyes start out with contagious joy in a clever saying. That football is the accomplishment of a hippopotamus, that the Athanasian Creed was an election squib—a saying Rogeresque but justified, as readers of Foulkes's investigation are aware—and his happy comparison of a serious, hairy-faced Birmingham M.P. to a costive terrier, are amongst his countless epigrams which occur to me. His was the pun which disqualified Mundella of the big nose, ὁ μεγαλόρρινος, as Chairman of Committees, because “when Mr. Mundella was in the Chair the Noes would always have it.” Some prolix creature had told one day in the House the ancient story of a miser swallowing a guinea, from whose niggard interior an emetic persuaded him to refund only ten and sixpence. Rogers seized a pencil, scribbled and handed round the following:

χθὲς νομικὸς δέκ' ἀποκρύψων κατεβρόχθισε δραχμάς,
καὶ βυσθὲς θάνατον Πρόκλος ἔδεισε μόρον.
νῦν δὲ μόγις τέχνη Παρακέλσον δῆθεν ἰατροῦ
ἠτηθεὶς ὀβολοῦς εἴκοσιν ἐξέμεσεν.
τῶν δὲ τριῶν μερίδων γλισχρῶς ἀπενόσφισε διπλῆν
ἀνθρώπου γαστήρ, τὴν δὲ κάτεσχ' ἴδιαν.

Translated in the manner of Swift :

Attorney Proclus, so they say,
 Swallowed ten drachmas 'tother day.
 He choked, he gasped ; to ease his ill
 Came Paracelse with purge and pill.
 Seven coins the emetic spew obeyed—
 Cries Proclus, "Curse your plundering trade!
 Of my loved store three-fourths are gone ;
 So help you Plutus, leave me one!"

When news came down to the Lobby of Lord
 Derby's death, he wrote :

Reckless in speech, and truculent in face,
 Geoffrey, the fourteenth Earl of Derby, died :
 Only in this superior to his race,
 He left the winning for the losing side.

He used to quote, as the cleverest retort ever made, the answer of a notorious admiral to the Duke of Clarence : "I hear, sir, that you are the biggest blackguard in Portsmouth!"—"I hope your Royal Highness has not come down to take away my character!" I met him one day laughing along Beaumont Street ; he had just overheard a scout talking to a waiter at the door of the Randolph—"So he says to me, his lordship says, 'You don't seem to think much of them bishops.' 'No, my lord, I don't,' says I ; 'I remember them all coming up here with pockmantles not worth five shillings, and now they're as fat as Moses's kine.'" Beneath his coarseness and profanity lay not only political morality and ardent patriotism but active kindness of heart. A clever girl at

Somerville had exhausted her funds after two years' residence and was about to leave. Rogers heard of it, told the circumstances about the House in his forcible way till he had collected £80, which he sent to the young lady, who is now a successful and distinguished professor. Of his *bons mots* the majority, perhaps, will not bear repetition; there was truth as well as pungency in the saying which explained his writing a book on Holland by the fact that it is "a low country full of dams." When Freeman came up to examine in the newly-founded History school, he and Rogers, an equally ursine pair, were maliciously brought together at a dinner party. In compliment to Rogers the host led the talk to political economy. "Political economy," said Freeman, "seems to me to be so much garbage." "Garbage is it?" said Rogers; "the very thing then for a hog like you." Readers of Boswell will recall the meeting between Adam Smith and Dr. Johnson.

CHAPTER VIII.

MORE ABOUT UNDERGRADUATES.

Præteritos extollens, Recentiorum incuriosus.

CICERO.

Goldwin Smith—John Conington—Hayman and Rugby and More-decay—Frank Buckland—J. G. Wood—His Many-sidedness—The “Common Object”—Blaydes of Oxford and Calverley of Cambridge—R. E. Bartlett—The Schoolboy and the Queen—Walter Wren—The Great Henley Race of 1843: “Septem contra Camum”—George Cox—“Black Gowns and Red Coats”—The Early Fifties—Harry Wilkins—Herbert Coleridge—His Mother, Sara Coleridge—Tom Faussett of Corpus—His Epigrams—His “Elegy”—Dress at Oxford Fifty Years Ago and Now—Unathletic Oxford—The Supremacy of the Spirit.

GOLDWIN SMITH—“vastiest Goldwin,” Rolleston always called him—towered above his fellows as undergraduate and bachelor. We all saw in him the coming man; but he married, settled in America, and never came. Close to him was John Conington, whose extraordinary visage, with its green-cheese hue, gleaming spectacles, quivering protrusive lips, might be encountered every day at 2 o’clock on his way to a constitutional, which he would have liked, he said, to conduct between two high walls, shutting out all irrelevant topics such as surroundings and scenery might suggest. He ranked high in Oxford as a scholar—a triton, possibly, among minnows; Robinson Ellis was

reported as pronouncing that there was more scholarship in a page of Heyne than in all Conington's three Virgil volumes. From an *esprit* and a Liberal he suddenly became Conservative and Puseyite; died early, leaving a profuse diary of his Oxford life, which his executors thought it their duty to destroy. In the same class list with Goldwin Smith and Freeman, a Double Second where they were Double Firsts, stood the name of Hayman, the unfortunate *ad interim* Headmaster of Rugby. I first met him in our younger days on the top of a Devonshire coach. I was quoting Pope's "Character of Narcissa," and hesitated for a word, which a voice behind me supplied, and its owner joined in our talk with spirit. He was a pleasant fellow and a good scholar, though what the waiter in the "Newcomes" would call a "harbitrary gent"; but his election to Rugby was unfortunate for everybody. Only a Hercules could have succeeded an Atlas such as Temple; and Hayman's inferiority in generalship, teaching, preaching, capacity for work, at once armed against him boys and masters. His forlorn position won him public sympathy, but the numbers fell; it became clear even to the Philistines who had appointed him that he must go—

When Rugby, spite of priest or layman,
Began to fall away,
The Governors suspended Hayman
For fear of More-decay.

The next year brings us to Frank Buckland. Few men can now recall those unique breakfasts at Frank's rooms in the corner of Fell's Buildings; the host, in blue pea-jacket and German student's cap, blowing blasts out of a tremendous wooden horn; the various pets who made it difficult to speak or move; the marmots and the dove and the monkey and the chameleon and the snakes and the guinea-pigs; the after-breakfast visits to the eagle or the jackal or the pariah dog or Tiglath-pileser, the bear, in the little yard outside. The undergraduate was father of the man. His house in Albany Street became one of the sights of London; but to enter it presupposed iron nerves and *dura ilia*. Introduced to some five-and-twenty poor relations, free from shyness, deeply interested in your dress and person, you felt as if another flood were toward, and the animals parading for admission to the Ark. You remained to dine: but, as in his father's house so in his own, the genius of experiment, supreme in all departments, was nowhere so active as at the dinner table. Panther chops, rhinoceros pie, bison steaks, kangaroo ham, horse's tongue, elephant's trunk, are recorded among his manifestations of hospitality; his brother-in-law quotes from the diary of a departing guest—"Tripe for dinner; don't like crocodile for breakfast."

Of the same standing—acquaintances I think they were not—was J. G. Wood, the well-known

naturalist. He was a Bible clerk of Merton, of the class typified in Tom Brown's "Hardy," one of two pariahs compelled by chill penury to accept the coarse munificence of the College, who pricked Chapel attendance and said grace, knowing no one, living alone, dining in Hall alone on the remnants sent from the high table. I used to go with him down the river in the Long Vacation, with gun, fishing rod, collecting net. He was a redoubtable athlete, champion of the St. Clement's gymnasium; for Maclaren's rooms were not then built, though he had come lately to Oxford, succeeding little Angelo, who taught fencing to the previous generation. Wood was skilled and imperturbable at singlestick, and a first-rate boxer. I saw him once put on the gloves with Maclaren at Parsons' Pleasure when both were stripped for a bathe, hitting Mac in the face during the first round, and receiving the good-natured professional's warm congratulations. Large-boned and muscular, he had a small, facile, lady-like hand; was a dexterous anatomist, many of his dissections being still in the Museum; mounted skilfully for the microscope, manufactured for himself electrical and optical apparatus, took calotypes, as photographs were called before the collodion process was invented, drew spirited caricatures. He was not then, if ever, a scientific naturalist; he picked up knowledge as he went on and cleverly made the most of it; and his authorship

was due to accident. He was intimate with Buckley, a Christchurch chaplain, who did cribs for Routledge; the publisher asked him to recommend a man who could produce for moderate payment a popular work on Natural History, and Buckley named Wood. He accepted, and came to me for suggestions, which I gave rather inventively. The bull terrier "Crab" who figures in his first book was mine; some of his recorded feats, with other surprising incidents, one in particular of a pointer standing at a pig, were, I fear, not founded on fact. But the little book had a great sale, was followed by "Common Objects of the Country," and led to a long series of more pretentious works. Wood was ordained to the curacy of St. Thomas, then, under "Tom" Chamberlain of Christchurch, the most ritualistic of Oxford temples: in doubt to the last moment whether he was to serve under Chamberlain or under a Low Church friend of Ben Symons, he bid the tailor leave his clerical waistcoat uncompleted, that it might be open or M.B. according to his rector's tenets. He made no mark as a clergyman, his vocation lay in writing and in lecturing. Plain in features and rough in dress—men called him the "Common Object"—and with a somewhat indistinct voice, he was yet on the platform extraordinarily popular, fascinating, by his anecdotic itch, as Peter Pindar calls it, and his skill in blackboard drawing, not certainly

scientific or highly cultivated hearers, but the half-educated intelligence of a middle-class or schoolboy audience. He died suddenly while at work, struck down on a lecturing tour.

I pass to a very different man, who came up to Oxford as Blaydes in 1847, and left it in 1849 to be better known as Calverley at Cambridge: his encounters with the little "Master," the stone thrown up at his library window, the "Well, yellow-belly, how's Jinks?" the surmise at Collections that it might perhaps be some time since the Master had read Longinus, were long current in Balliol. When one of his escapades made it probable that the authorities would invite him to adorn with his liveliness the groves of some other Academe, R. E. Bartlett, afterwards Fellow of Trinity, wrote—

Oh, freshman, redolent of weed,
Oh, scholar, running fast to seed,
This maxim in thy meerschaum put—
The sharpest Blades will soonest cut.

He answered—

Your verse is tolerable; but
My case you understand ill;
For though the Dons want Blades to cut,
They cannot find a handle.

Bartlett's, too, were the lines on Weatherby, a fast scholar of Balliol, who was sent down for being drunk in Quad, and prostrating the porter who tried to get him to bed—

Why was his term, at first so short,
Cut prematurely shorter?

The reason was, he floored the Port,
And then—he floored the Porter.

The catastrophe occurred in the “short” three-week summer term, which gives point to the opening line. Conversing with an old Harrovian the other day, I asked what sort of reputation Blaydes left behind him at the school. Not, it appeared, for wit and verse-writing, but as the only boy who ever jumped from the top to the bottom of the old school steps. So Matthew Arnold’s leap over the Wadham railings used to be familiar to many who had never read his books; so a clever boy named Selwyn earned immortality at Winchester by jumping for a bet over “Nevy’s hedge” into the road far below. He broke his leg, had been thought sure of the Queen’s gold medal for that year, locked from ink and paper lost his chance. The young Queen heard the story through his cousin, a maid of honour, and sent him a gold watch, with an inscription more precious than Wyon’s shop full of medals.

By the way, what becomes of old school and college medals? One rarely meets with them in after life. A greatly beloved London preacher sold all his the other day that he might subsidise a deserving institution; and Macaulay did the same through want of money for himself in early struggling days! My

own, gold and silver, repose under a glass case, and perhaps those who survive me may value them.

Calverley retained his saltatory power at Cambridge. Professor Allbutt kindly writes to me that one evening, in the presence of himself, Walter Besant, and Wormald, then stroke of the Christ's boat, he suddenly sprang like a skipjack off the floor of the Christ's gatehouse porch, over the bar which crossed (and still crosses) from the wall to fasten one valve of the gate, alighting safely in the triangular space within. The marvel was not so much the height ($37\frac{1}{2}$ inches) as the rise without a run and clean descent into the narrow triangular enclosure, free from collision with door or wall: he must have jumped straight upwards, clearing his feet easily, and then dropping vertically downwards. He possessed enormous thighs and large gluteal muscles, enabling him to spring like a grasshopper. The Professor adds that Calverley was the most indolent man of parts he ever knew; his reading casual and intermittent, but his memory prodigious, with power of absorbing from a book as though by some ethereal process the matter demanded and assimilable by his genius. His Cambridge life has lately lost an honest chronicler in his great friend Walter Wren, who boasted that he had answered all the questions in the Calverley Pickwick Paper except the "red-faced Nixon."

More than once I have sat with Wren into the small hours, listening to his reminiscences of his friend's lampoons, epigrams, miracles of scholarship and wit. Wren had often pressed him for a scholarly *tour de force*; caught him one wet morning in his room, and seized his chance. The "Excursion" lay on a table; Calverley handed it to his friend—"Read me any five-and-twenty lines." Wren did so. "Again, more slowly." Then for ten or fifteen minutes Calverley sat with his head in his hands. "Now write"; and he dictated the translation in fluent Virgilian hexameters. The remaining story I cite with special pleasure as revealing a very noble aspect of his many-faceted character. He heard from a profligate acquaintance of a country girl, turned out of home by her parents for disobedience in some love affair, come to seek service at Cambridge, not yet ruined, but in a house where ruin was inevitable and imminent. He was reading for the Craven, which he won; to be seen by tutor or proctor in questionable company or at a house of ill-repute would mean rustication or expulsion; but he went to the place at once, extricated the girl, took her with him to the station, paid her fare, and sent her home with an earnestly written letter to her father which brought about a reconciliation, and saved her. Clever as Blaydes in epigram and pun, though not in sustained satire, was Arthur Ridding, of New College, elder brother to the

present Bishop of Southwell. When everyone was celebrating in Latin verse the Duke of Wellington's funeral he was asked how to render "lying in state." "Splendide mendax," was the answer. At Winchester once during a cricket match we passed on the "Tunbridge" towpath a miserable horse, who with drooping head, glassy eyes, protruding bones, was dragging a heavy barge. "*Τὸ-πάθ-ος*" (*Tow-path-oss*) was Ridding's comment.

I must not leave the Forties without a reminiscence of the Henley race, the "*Septem contra Camum*," in 1843. It was the event which really popularised boating at Oxford; the College races were before that year a mere pleasant incident in a summer term; there were no College barges on the river; even the Oxford and Cambridge race, except in 1829, the first race rowed, excited languid interest. I stopped on Battersea Bridge one day in 1841 to watch the Oxford boat practising against a Thames crew; there was hardly anyone on the bank, where to-day thousands would be running. It was, I think, in 1842 that a new oar, Fletcher Menzies, of University, arose, under whose training the Oxford style was changed and pace improved, with prospect of beating Cambridge, which had for several years been victor; and the '43 race at Henley between the two picked crews of Oxford University and the Cambridge Subscription Rooms was anxiously expected as a test. In the last week Menzies, the stroke,

fell ill, and the "Rooms" refused to allow a substitute. The contest seemed at an end, when someone—Royds, of Brasenose, it was said—proposed that the Oxford Seven should pull against the Cambridge Eight. The audacious gallantry of the idea took hold; George Hughes, of Oriel, brother to Tom Hughes, was moved from seven to stroke, and his place taken by the bow, Lowndes, of Christchurch.¹ So, with the bow-oar unmanned, the race began, the crew hopeless of more than a creditable defeat; but as their boat held its own, drew up, passed ahead, the excitement became tremendous; and when the Oxford flag fluttered up, the men on the bank, as the guard said of his leaders in "Nicholas Nickleby," went mad with glory; carried the rowers to the Red Lion, wildly raced the street, like horses on the Corso in a Roman carnival, tore up a heavy toll-bar gate, and flung it over the bridge into the river. The boat was moored as a trophy in Christchurch meadow at the point where Pactolus poured its foul stream into the Isis, and was shown for twenty-four years to admiring freshmen; until in 1867, rotten and decayed, it was bought by jolly Tom Randall, mercer, alderman, scholar, its sound parts fashioned into a chair, and presented as the President's throne to the University barge. One of the seven, John Cox, of Trinity, who pulled six, is still alive.

¹ I give the names of the seven in Appendix C.

His elder brother, George Cox, of New College, an extraordinarily brilliant man, died some years earlier. Besides one or two coarse, clever, very popular songs, such as the "Oxford Freshman" and "A Drop of Good Beer," he left behind him a satire of unusual power, called "Black Gowns and Red Coats," published in 1834. It is now very scarce, its author so forgotten that Mr. Hirst in the Cassell "Life of Gladstone," quotes him as George Fox. He draws a lurid picture; proclaims the teaching barren, the teachers sunk in crapulence and sloth, the taught licentious, extravagant, idle. Of the Dons only three are excepted from his lash, the two Duncans and Macbride; of recent undergraduates only one—

Yet on one form, whose ear can ne'er refuse
The Muse's tribute, for he loved the Muse,
Full many a fond expectant eye is bent,
Where Newark's towers are mirrored in the Trent.
Perchance ere long to shine in senates first,
His manhood echoing what his youth rehearsed,
Soon Gladstone's brows will bloom with greener bays
Than twine the chaplet of a minstrel's lays,
Nor heed, while poring o'er each graver line,
The far faint music of a lute like mine.

There are passages of terrible force, as in the portrait of the profligate freshman; memorable photographs of contemporary follies, as in the fast exquisite's career; echoes of conservative alarm at the muttering thunder of reform; momentary lapses into prize poem jingle, redeemed

by abundant resonant epigram; one special episode, "A Simple Tale of Seduction," rising very nearly to the highest strain of poetry. Was it a faithful portrait? No more than was the "Oxford Spy," whose author, Shergold Boone, lived to express his deep regret for having written it. It generalised from a single and a limited side of Oxford life, as it was said of Simeon Stylites that he discerned the hog in Nature and mistook Nature for the hog. Amongst the Heads whom Cox indiscriminately chastises were Routh, Gaisford, Cramer, Jenkyns, Ingram, Hawkins, Hampden; his "untutored Tutors" with their bloated pedantry and screechowl throats numbered in their ranks such men as Hussey, Newman, the two Fabers, Robert Wilberforce, Vowler Short, and Hurrell Froude; his one blameless junior was but *primus inter pares* of the splendid youthful band sampled, and sampled merely, in my last paper. We must bemoan the untimely loss of genius so prodigal in its shortened promise; but, remembering his own admission that the fingers were not always clean which held the pen, we discount the Censor's satire with the banished Duke's reply to sneering Jaques—

For thou thyself hast been a libertine;
 All the embossed sores and headed evils
 That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
 Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

My undergraduate reminiscences must stop

short with the early Fifties, at the line of cleavage between the Old and New Oxford Comedy. They include mad Harry Wilkins of Merton, manumitter of Daubeny's apes, who once, an M.A. and Fellow of his College, in broad daylight and full term, led a mob of rowdy Christchurch undergraduates in a duck hunt at the Long Bridges. He came up from Harrow in 1840 with a Gregory Exhibition and high scholarly repute, but with incipient deafness, which increased as years went on. I remember his examination in the Schools, his inability to hear questions, his cataclysmal answers when they reached him. Probably his deafness was calculated; Liddell, one of the examiners, remarked that the way to make Mr. Wilkins hear was to question him on subjects which he knew; but there was no doubt about his First Class. He was an eloquent talker, used to sit kicking his legs on a table, pouring out to a crowd of listeners classically poised sentences like extracts from a review. His life's occupation was writing school-books, by which he made large sums; his unrealised ambition was to become a nobleman's chaplain, as the next best thing to being a nobleman: "My dear fellow, think what it would be to be a Marquis—a *Marquis!* my dear fellow." He was a *bon vivant*, declined into a fat Phæacian, abrogated his Orders, and latterly did nothing.

A very different man was Herbert Coleridge, whose Double First in 1852 marked nearly,

if not quite, the close of the old Great-Go examinations. The most brilliant Etonian of his day, Newcastle Scholar, and winning the Balliol while still in the Sixth Form, he was unappreciated in a school where athletic eminence was the sole title to distinction; at Oxford he found and enjoyed a higher, more congenial level. His richly endowed and beautiful mother, Sara Coleridge, "last of the three, though eldest born" in Wordsworth's *Triad*, theologian, scholar, poetess, her father's spiritual child in philosophy, learning, genius, yet feminine in grace and sweetness, in domestic tenderness and self-sacrifice, died just before his Class was known. She had read with him, his Greek books especially, throughout his school and college career. He used to acknowledge, it was said, that, while he beat her latterly in trained scholarship, she was always his superior in vigour of phrasing and in delicate verbal felicities. He never took his degree: by an absurd rule then prevalent—now, I am told, extinct—men taking the B.A. with £300 a year of their own, ranked as "Grand Compounds," and, bedizened in scarlet gown—Cox's tulips they were called—paid £100 in fees to old Valentine Cox, the Esquire Bedel; and this Coleridge would not do. He turned his attention to Philology, inducing the Philological Society to announce a new English dictionary on a vast scale, to be compiled with aid from volunteers throughout the country,

and edited by himself. I was one of his humble coadjutors, and preserve many letters which he wrote to me as the work went on. With his death the enterprise fluttered broken-winged and fell, to be revived in our own time by Dr. Murray. He died in 1861, only thirty years old. Throughout a prolonged and distressing illness he laboured steadily and cheerfully; beside him at his death lay an unfinished review of Dasent's "Burnt Njal," which had employed him almost to the last; like another heroic student, T. R. Green, "he died learning." Eighteen months before the end it was announced to him that recovery was hopeless. "Then," said he, "I must begin Sanskrit to-morrow."

One old acquaintance more shall close my list, who, like the last, died, *multis flebilis*, before his time, Tom Faussett of Corpus. He held a close scholarship, confined to the county of Oxford. There was only one candidate besides, but as the senior boy at Winchester he was formidable. I remember Faussett's glee when his rival withdrew, preferring unwisely to take his chance of New College. Unwisely—because while New College was decadent, Corpus was a rising College. Its President, Norris, was a little, round, fat, oily man of God, whose eye twinkled roguishly over a glass of '34 port, and who was supposed to possess unclerical knowledge of the world, and to have run platers under a feigned name. Francis

Otter, one of the Fellows, who sate for the Louth Division of Lincolnshire during the Short Parliament, and who married the sister of George Eliot's husband, Mr. Cross, once asked him, as Burgon asked Routh, for a word of wisdom which might be to him a maxim and a guide in the change and chance of life. "I will give you two such, my young friend," said Norris. "First, never make an enemy; and secondly—*never* be drawn into a correspondence." Amongst its scholars were Henry Furneaux, learned Editor of Tacitus, of miraculous memory, brilliant talker and anecdotist, who, to the deep grief of many amongst us, passed away while these lines were in writing; Philip Sclater the ornithologist, who used at his breakfast parties to open and explain drawers full of stuffed birds; poor Charles Blackstone, winner of the Newdigate and eloquent speaker at the Union, who was found dead in his rooms from an accidentally self-inflicted pistol-shot; the younger Conington, Blaydes, brother to Calverley; William Ogle, now the well-known London physician, said to have circumvented the Statute compelling Fellows to assume the white tie by taking Deacon's Orders, and then going out in Medicine. While at College Faussett was dexterous in epigram and parody; he became afterwards an exceptionally skilful writer of Latin poetry; not the classical poetry of Lord Wellesley and Charles Wordsworth, but the riming mediæval verse,

now secular and humorous, now devotional, of Walter de Mapes or of the Paris Breviary. He was an unrivalled punster: his was the quatrain in *Punch* at which all England laughed, when in the Ashantee war King Coffee Calcalli fled from his burning capital—

Coomassie's town is burnt to dust,
The King, escaped is he:
So Ash-and-Coffee now remain
Of what was Ash-an-tee.

It is not so easy to pun in Latin; but that too he habitually achieved. In some lines sent to Dean Alford at a time when stormy winds did blow he interjects the comment—

Contra venti sunt brumales
(Audin' quanta vox ei?),
Si non æquinoctiales
Saltem æque noxii.

An accomplished lawyer and antiquary, he lived and died at Canterbury as Auditor to the Dean and Chapter; died at the early age of forty-eight. While he was an undergraduate I had heard someone recite from a topical imitation of Gray's "Elegy," which he ascribed to Faussett. The lines kept a hold on me, and ten years afterwards, meeting him in Oxford, I asked him for them. "I don't think a copy is extant," he said with astonishment. "I never even knew that F. had heard of them; but that they should have reached you and remained in your memory is to me wonderful."

He recalled and sent me the lines ; I reproduce them from his handwriting. It was a letter, written to an absentee comrade at the close of term.

Collections o'er—the knell of closing term,
 The lower herd speed off with eager glee,
 The Dons too homeward trail their steps sedate,
 And leave the College to the scouts and me.

Now fades the last portmanteau on my view,
 And o'er the Quad a solemn stillness looms ;
 Save where young Furneaux coaching still resides,
 And mumbling pupils throng his distant rooms :

Save that from yonder gloom-encircled lodge,
 The porter's boy doth to the porter moan
 Of such as issuing from the ancient gate
 Forget the usual terminal half-crown.

Within that number two, that one pair left,
 Where heaves the wall with countless gold-framed views,
 All in his snug armchair in silence set,
 Your humble correspondent takes his snooze.

The husky voice of dream-dissolving scout,
 The porter, summoning to the Dean's stern frown,
 The bell's shrill tocsin and the echoing clock
 No more disturb him from his morning's down.

For him no more the social breakfast waits,
 Nor smiling Sankey boils the midnight brew,
 No mirthful Wadham scatters cheer around,
 No Blaydes applauds the long-divided crew.

Oft did "blue-devils" 'neath their influence fly,
 Their laughter oft his stubborn moods dispelled,
 How jovial did they chaff the term away,
 How the Quad echoed as their sides they held !

Ah! let not Christchurch mock their simple life,
 Their homelier joys and less expensive cares,
 Nor Merton gaze with a disdainful smile
 On fun too intellectual to bē theirs.

The glare of bran new pinks, the pomp of teams,
 The tuft-hunter's success, the gambler's luck,
 Alike upon a slippery basis stand;
 A course too rapid endeth in a "muck."

Nor you, ye swells, impute to us a fault
 In fame and memory if to you we yield,
 If ours no vulpine brush, no argent vase,
 Proclaim us victors of the flood and field.

Can storied urns of animated "busts"¹
 Bribe back the mucker which has once been run?
 Can knocker wrenched allay proctorial ire,
 Or tails of vermin soothe a clamorous dun?

Yet know in this our quiet spot have lived
 Hearts close united by affection's tie,
 Wit that might shine in Courts as well as Quads,
 And social virtues with which few can vie.

Their names, their deeds, writ in tradition's page,
 Shall sound eternised by her Muse's lyre,
 Freshmen to come the fond record shall trace,
 Rejoice in youth, like them, like them in age aspire.

To close this chapter of retrospect, let me set down the main differences which to an old man surveying modern Oxford point the contrast between then and now. The first lies in the category of dress, whose strict unwritten rules were in the Thirties penally

¹ *Bust*—slang for a breakdown in character and career; synonymous with "mucker," then first coming into use.

enforced and universally observed. Men wore, not carried, their academicals in the streets; the Commoner's gown, now shrunk to an ugly tippet, floated long and seemly, a sweet robe of durance. Even to cricket and to the boats black coats and beaver hats were worn, with change and re-change upon the spot; a blazer in the High Street would have drawn a mob. A frock or tail coat was correct in Hall; in some Colleges even a cut-away, as it was called, provoking a sconce or fine. A clever group of undergraduates in the Forties who presumed to dress carelessly—Irrving, son to the famous preacher, Henry Kingsley, who ranked as one of the three ugliest men in Oxford¹—and some three or four besides, incurred universal obloquy, and were known as the intellectual bargees. Nowadays the garments of a gentleman are reserved, as high school girls tell me that they keep their Longfellow, for Sundays; while men pulling ladies on the river go near to earn the epithet suggested by Jonathan Oldbuck for his nephew Hector's Fenians, through the frank emergence from amputated trousers (Calverley's *crurum non enarrabile tegmen*) of what Clough's Bothie calls their lily-white thighs. Even a more potent factor in University change is the development of athleticism.

¹ I shall not give the names of the other two Calibans. One having curly teeth, was known as *Curius Dentatus*; the extraordinary visage of the other was hit off by the inspired nickname "The Exasperated Oyster."

At that time there was no football and no "sports"; only one cricket field, the "Magdalen ground," at the Oxford end of Cowley marsh. Comparatively few men boated; outriggers, dingies, canoes, apolaustic punts were unknown. Rich men hunted, followed the drag, jumped horses over hurdles on Bullingdon Green, drove tandem. This last was more common than to-day: from West's, Tollitt's, Figg's, Seckham's stables the leader was trotted out a mile or so to await an innocent-looking gig, taken off again on the return so as to outwit the Proctor. When Osborne Gordon was Proproctor, he took his chief in a fly one night to the edge of Bagley Wood, made the driver unfasten the horse and push the fly into a ditch. The expected tandem came—pulled up—"Can we help you?" said the Jehu dismounting, when out stepped the velvet sleeves with "Your name and College." The plant was complete; but Gordon had made the Proctor promise amnesty, and the men were unmolested.

These were amusements of the wealthy; the great mass of men, whose incomes yielded no margin for equestrianism, took their exercises in daily *walks*—the words "constitutional" and "grind" not yet invented. At two o'clock, in pairs or threes, the whole University poured forth for an eight or ten miles' toe and heel on the Iffley, Headington, Abingdon, Woodstock roads, returning to five o'clock dinner. The

restriction told undoubtedly in favour of intellectual life. The thought devoted now to matches and events and high jumps and bikes moved then on loftier planes; in our walks, no less than in our rooms, then, not as now,

We glanced from theme to theme,
Discussed the books to love and hate,
Or touched the changes of the State,
Or threaded some Socratic dream.

There once we held debate, a band
Of youthful friends, on mind, and art,
And labour, and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land.

Only I fear in unathletic days was possible the affluent talk of a Tennyson and Hallam on the Cam, on the Isis of a Whately and a Copleston, a Newman and a Froude, a Congreve and Mark Pattison, Stanley and Jowett, Clough and Matthew Arnold—brain as against muscle, spirit as against flesh, the man as against the animal, the higher as against the lower life.

CHAPTER IX.

SUMMA PAPAVERUM CAPITA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

See unfading in honours, immortal in years,
The great Mother of Churchmen and Tories appears.

NEW OXFORD SAUSAGE.

“Presence of Mind” Smith—“Planting Peckwater”—Gaisford—His Achievements as a Scholar—His *brusquerie*—Helen Douglas—“Brigadier” Barnes—Dr. Jelf—Pusey—A Veiled Prophet—His Mother, Lady Lucy Pusey—Pusey’s Personal Characteristics—His Brother the Agriculturist—Roots, Esculent and Hebrew—A Religious Vivisector—How Pusey got his Hebrew Professorship—My Relations with him—The Sacrificial Lamb—Attitude towards Biblical Criticism and Free Thought—His Sermons—*Dicta*—The Year 1855—Other Chronicles of Christchurch—Liddell—His Greatness—Max Müller—Ouseley—The Jelf Row—The Thunny—Lewis Carroll—His Girl Play-fellows—Why his Friendships with them Ended—A Personality Apart.

OF men, no less than plants, the upgrowth and stature are unequal. The tallest ears in Thrasybulus’ cornfield, the proudest poppies in Tarquin’s garden, were, to use the metaphor of Prospero, “trashed for overtopping”; and so, *inter silvas Academi*, some men stand out conspicuous to the backward glance of memory above the haze which shrouds the lower levels of the generations past, claiming to be “taken off” in milder sense than by the enigmatic cruelty of the Grecian or Etruscan tyrant. Let me embalm in fragmentary guise some

relics of the wit and wisdom of those once laurelled now half-forgotten heroes.

In the august procession of Colleges Christchurch leads the way. Its Dean at the opening of the Thirties—*καὶ γὰρ ἔτι δὴν ἦν*—was “Presence-of-Mind” Smith. Tradition explained the name. Going down to Nuneham with a friend in his undergraduate days, he returned alone. “Where is T——? Well, we had an accident: the boat leaked, and while we were bailing it T—— fell over into the river. He caught hold of the skiff and pulled it down to the water’s edge. Neither of us could swim; and if I had not with great presence of mind hit him on the head with the boathook both would have been drowned.” His daughter Cecilia was engaged (and afterwards married) to Richard Harington of Brasenose. Harington was Proctor, and with the young lady and her party attended a concert at the Star. Behind them sat some Christchurch men, who amused themselves by removing with a sharp knife the “penwiper,” of no utility and of uncertain origin, worn by noblemen and proctors. What was to be done with the trophy? They hurried home, pinned the penwiper to the Dean’s door, and retired into the obscurity of the adjacent archway. Tom Gate opened, the carriage drove to the steps, the party ascended to the door. A hand stretched to ring the bell was arrested by the novel ornament; it was taken down and

handed round. "Why, it is Dick's penwiper," said Miss Cecilia's voice, as she fingered the back-piece of her lover's toga; and a chorus of Samsonic laughter was heard retiring up to Peckwater.

Peckwater enriched the Oxford vocabulary with a proverb in the reign of Smith's successor, Gaisford. During one of his periodical quarrels with the men, some of them scaled his garden wall in the night, dug up a quantity of shrubs, and planted them in Peckwater, which was found next morning verdant with unwonted boskage; and for many years "planting Peckwater" was synonymous with a Christchurch row. Gaisford became Dean unexpectedly; the men came up in October, 1831, to find his grim person in Smith's vacated stall. For certain reasons Smith was uneasy at Oxford, while Gaisford longed to return to it from Durham. So in some occult fashion Bishop Van Mildert, whose niece was Gaisford's wife, effected an exchange; Gaisford came to the deanery, Smith subsided into the golden canonry of Durham; his portrait hangs in the castle. Gaisford was no divine; he preached annually in the cathedral on Christmas Day, and a sentence from one of his sermons reverberated into term-time.

Nor can I do better, in conclusion, than impress upon you the study of Greek literature, which not only elevates above the vulgar herd, but leads not infrequently to positions of considerable emolument.

He was a rough and surly man; had owed his rise originally to Cyril Jackson, who discovered

the genius of the obscure freshman, gave him a Christchurch studentship, and watched over him. "You will never be a gentleman," said the "Great Dean" to his *protégé* with lordly candour, "but you may succeed with certainty as a scholar. Take some little known Greek author, and throw your knowledge into editing it: that will found your reputation." Gaisford selected the great work on Greek metres of the Alexandrian grammarian Hephæstion, annotated it with marvellous erudition, and became at once a classical authority. In 1811 Lord Liverpool, with a highly complimentary letter, offered him the Professorship of Greek: he replied—"My Lord, I have received your letter and accede to its contents. Yours, etc." The *gaucherie* came to Cyril Jackson's ears; he sent for Gaisford, dictated a proper acknowledgment, and made him send it to the Prime Minister with a handsomely bound copy of his Hephæstion. He never lectured; but the higher Oxford scholarship gained worldwide lustre from his productions. His Suidas and Etymologicon Magnum are glorified in Scott's Homeries on the strife between Wellington's and Peel's supporters for the Chancellorship.

Ἄλλ' ὄσοι εἰς Καθέδρην περὶ Βόσπορον ἠγερέθοντο
 Γαισόφορος κόσμησε, δύο δολιχόσκια πάλλων
 λέξικα, δυσβάσταχθ', οἷς δάμνησι στίχας ἀνδρῶν
 ἠρώων, κριτικῶν· ἅπερ οὐ δύο γ' ἄγδρε ιδέσθαι
 τλαῖεν ἀταρμύκτοισι προσώπασι, σήματα λυγρὰ,
 οἷοι νῦν βροτοὶ εἰσ'· ὁ δὲ μὴν ῥέα πάλλε καὶ οἷος.¹

¹ Appendix H.

In a facetious record of the Hebdomadal Board Meeting in 1851 to protest against University Reform, he is quoted as professing that he found no relaxation so pleasant on a warm afternoon as to lie on a sofa with a Suidas in one's arms. These *Lexica*, with his Herodotus, won cordial respect from German scholars, who had formed their estimate of Oxford from third-rate performances like Dr. Shaw's "Apollonius Rhodius." George Gaisford used to relate how, going with his father to call on Dindorf at Leipsic, the door was opened by a shabby man whom they took to be the famulus, but who on the announcement of Gaisford's name rushed into his arms and kissed him. Poor Shaw's merits, on the other hand, they appraised with contumely. The "Apollonius" was re-edited, I think, by Böckh, whose volume was eagerly scanned by Shaw in hopes of some complimentary recognition. At last he found cited one of his criticisms with the appended comment "*Putide Shavius*"! Gaisford was an unamiable Head, less than cordial to the Tutors, and speaking roughly to his little boys. He had a liking for old Hancock, the porter at Canterbury Gate, with whom he often paused to joke, and whom he called the Archbishop of Canterbury. Hancock once presumed so far as to invite the Decanal party under that name to tea: I do not think they condescended to immure themselves in those unwholesome subterranean rooms of

his. The story of the Dean of Oriel's compliments to the Dean of Christchurch is true in part. The Dean Minor is supposed to have been either Chase or Eden; not Burgon, though he was just the man for it: the Dean's remark, not written but spoken to his neighbour, was, "Oh! yes--Alexander the Copper-smith to Alexander the Great." Equally confused is the tradition of his daughter's suitor. It runs that Jelf proposed to Miss Gaisford, who refused him; that Gaisford urged his deserts, as of a scholar knowing more about $\gamma\epsilon$ than any man in Oxford:--that the young lady answered it might be so, but she herself knew too much about $\mu\epsilon\nu$ to accept him. Those who knew Gaisford will doubt if his respect for Greek would overbear his indignation that a mere Tutor should cast eyes upon his daughter; those who knew Osborne Gordon will give a tolerable guess at the origin of the story. A story indeed there was; of love strong as death, of brave and patient constancy, of bright too brief fruition, not to be profaned by mention here. *Est et fidei tuta silentio merces.* I am growing tragic, and, as Wordsworth sings, the moving accident is not my trade. Let me end off old Gaisford's cenotaph with lines composed, it was believed, by Henry Cotton, afterwards Archdeacon of Cashel, who assumed certainly in conceiving them the sock rather than the buskin, when Gaisford, unloverlike, slovenly, black-a-vised, wooed and won his first wife, the beautiful Helen Douglas:--

Here's to the maid who so graceful advances ;
 'Tis fair Helen Douglas, if right I divine.
 Cupid, thou classical god of soft glances,
 Teach me to ogle and make the nymph mine.
 Look on a Tutor true,
 Helen, for love of you,
 Just metamorphosed from blacksmith to beau—
 Hair combed and breeches new,
 Love has changed Roderick Dhu,
 While every gownsman cries, wondering, "Oho!"

In Greek, I believe, I must utter my passion,
 For Greek's more familiar than English to me ;
 And Byron of late has brought Greek into fashion,
 There's some in his "Fair Maid of Athens"—let's see.
 But this vile modern Greek
 Never will do to speak ;
 Let me try—*Ζώη μὲν σᾶς ἀγαπῶ*—?
 Pshaw ! I don't like the tone ;
 Let me now try my own—
κλῦθι μεῦ Ἐλένη, σοῦ γὰρ ἐρῶ.

But here comes a handsome young spark whom I plucked once.
 Perhaps he'll make love to her out of mere spite ;
 Aye, touch thy cap and be proud of thy luck, dunce,
 But Greek will go farther than grins, if I'm right.
 By Dis the infernal god,
 See, see—they smile—they nod—
Ω μοι δύστηνος—ὦ πάλας ἐγώ.
 Oh ! should my faithless flame
 Love this young Malcolm Græme,
"Ὅτοιοῖ τοιοτοῖ φεῦ πόποι ὦ.

Thank heaven, ! there's one I don't see much about her,
 'Tis her townsman, the Tutor of Oriel, Fitz-James ;
 For though of the two I am somewhat the stouter,
 His legs are far neater, and older his claims.
 Yet every Christchurch blade
 Says I have won the maid ;

Every one, Dean and Don, swears it is so.
 Honest Lloyd, blunt and bluff,
 Levett and Goodenough,
 All clap my back and cry "Roderick's her beau."

Come then, your influence propitious be shedding,
 Ye Gnomes of Greek metres, since crowned are my hopes ;
 Waltz in Trochaic time, waltz at my wedding,
 Nymphs who preside over accent and tropes.
 Scourge of false quantities,
 Ghost of Hephæstion, rise !
 Haply to this my success I may owe ;
 Come sound the Doric string,
 Let us in concert sing,
 Joy to Hephæstion—Black Roderick, and Co.

Gaisford's senior Canon was "Brigadier" Barnes, a name persistent to the end of his long life because he had borne it in the Oxford Volunteer Corps of 1803. To him was always attributed what is I suppose the archetype of leading questions, launched at a floundering youth in a Homer examination—"Who dragged whom how many times round the walls of what?" All the Canons, except Pusey, were more or less nepotist in their nomination to Studentships—it was to Pusey that the historian "Sam" Gardiner, as we always called him, owed his appointment in 1849—but none of them came up to Barnes. "I don't know what we're coming to! I've given studentships to my sons, and to my nephews, and to my nephews' children, and there are no more of my family left. I shall have to give them by merit one of these days!" I knew him as

a large, red-faced, kindly, very deaf old gentleman, with three pleasant daughters, who gave evening parties. To one of these came upon a time Mrs. and the Miss Lloyds, widow and daughters of Bagot's predecessor in the Oxford See. The youngest girl had engaged herself to Sanctuary, an undergraduate of Exeter. The mother frowned on the attachment; the sisters favoured it. Sanctuary's rooms in Exeter commanded the Lloyds' dwelling, which was next door to Kettel Hall; and so it came to pass that when mamma went out, a canary was hung outside the drawing-room window, and the young gentleman walked across. Old Barnes had imbibed from his daughters some hazy notion of the *liaison*, and greeted the pretty rebel, of whom he was very fond, with a loud "How do you do, dear Miss Isabella, and how *is* Mr. Tabernacle?"

Another Canon meriting record was Dr. Jelf. He was also Principal of King's College, London, and therein instrumental in expelling F. D. Maurice from his Professorship, as a tribute to the majesty of everlasting fire. He had been tutor to the blind King of Hanover, whose full-length portrait in oils adorned the drawing-room, and he had married a Hanoverian, a highly accomplished Countess Schlippenbach. Her presence, and that of two young musical daughters, made his house exceedingly attractive during his canonical residence. I remember taking the tenor part with the young ladies in Men-

delssohn's Quartetts, while Thomson, afterwards Archbishop, sang the bass. I recall too a dinner party one day when I championed Johnson's "Rambler" against general disparagement, until from the head of the table Jelf interposed, thanked me for what I had said, and told us that at a critical period in his own life he had owed very much to certain Papers in the "Rambler."

Of Buckland and of Bull I have spoken; there remains Pusey. In those days he was a Veiled Prophet, always a recluse, and after his wife's death, in 1839, invisible except when preaching. He increased as Newman decreased; the name "Puseyite" took the place of "Newmanite." As mystagogue, as persecuted, as prophet, he appealed to the romantic, the generous, the receptive natures; no sermons attracted undergraduates as did his. I can see him passing to the pulpit through the crowds which overflowed the shabby, inconvenient, unrestored cathedral, the pale, ascetic, furrowed face, clouded and dusky always as with suggestions of a blunt or half-used razor, the bowed grizzled head, the drop into the pulpit out of sight until the hymn was over, then the harsh, unmodulated voice, the high-pitched devotional patristicism, the dogmas, obvious or novel, not so much ambassadorial as from a man inhabiting his message; now and then the search-light thrown with startling vividness on the secrets hidden in many a



PUSEY, FROM A PEN-AND-INK DRAWING OF THE THIRTIES.

Photographed from the Print by Mrs. Freda Girdlestone.

hearer's heart. Some came once from mere curiosity and not again, some felt repulsion, some went away alarmed, impressed, transformed. It was in the beginning of the Fifties that I first came to know him well, sometimes in his brother's house at Pusey, sometimes in his own. His mother, too, I knew, Lady Lucy Pusey, a dame of more than ninety years, preserving the picturesque dress and sweet though formal manners of Richardson's Cedar Parlour. She remembered driving under Temple Bar with her mother as a little girl, and being told to look up and see the last traitor's head still mouldering on its spike. She would tell me stories of her school, where the girls sat daily in a horrible machine constructed to Procrusteanize a long and graceful neck by drawing up the head and chin; of her wedding introduction to Queen Charlotte's drawing-room, borne in her sedan chair by brown-coated "Johnnies" and attended by running footmen with silk coats and wax flambeaux; of the "reverend gentleman" from Oxford who rode over to Pusey each Sunday morning in boots and cords, read prayers in the little church, *dined in the servants' hall*, and carried his ministrations and his boots to two other parishes for the afternoon. She used old-fashioned pronunciations, such as t'other, 'ooman, 'em for them. "Green tea poisonous? look at me. I'm an old 'ooman of ninety-two, and I've drunk strong green tea all my life!"

She loved to talk of Ed'ard, as she called her famous son, relating how, when he gained his First Class and his father begged him to claim some valuable commemorative present, he asked for a complete set of the Fathers; and how in the Long Vacation he used to carry his folios to a shady corner in the garden which she pointed out, and sit there reading with a tub of cold water close at hand, into which he plunged his head whenever study made it ache. She died, I think, in 1858; her sedan chair, in which she regularly went to church on Sunday from her house in Grosvenor Square, and which attracted always a little crowd of onlookers, was probably the last used in England.

Two things impressed me when I first saw Dr. Pusey close: his exceeding slovenliness of person; buttonless boots, necktie limp, *intonsum mentum*, unbrushed coat collar, grey hair "all-to-ruffled"; and the almost artificial sweetness of his smile, contrasting as it did with the sombre gloom of his face when in repose. He lived the life of a godly eremite; reading no newspapers, he was unacquainted with the commonest names and occurrences; and was looked upon with much alarm in the Berkshire neighbourhood, where an old lady, much respected as "a deadly one for prophecy," had identified him with one of the three frogs which were to come out of the dragon's mouth. His brother, the renowned agriculturist, would

introduce him to visitors with the aphorism that one of them dealt in esculent, the other in Hebrew roots; but, like his friend and follower Charles Marriott, he had no small talk, and would sit absolutely silent in strange company. Into external society he never went; was once persuaded by his old friend and neighbour Sir Robert Throgmorton to meet at dinner the Roman Catholic antiquary and theologian Dr. Rock; but he came back bewailing that Dr. Rock had opened controversy so soon as they sate down, had kept it up after the ladies left the table, had walked homewards with him in order to pursue it, flinging a last word after his opponent as they parted at Mr. Pusey's lodge-gate. In contrast to his disinclination for general talk was his morbid love of groping in the spiritual interiors of those with whom he found himself alone. He would ask of strangers questions which but for his sweet and courteous manner they must have deemed impertinent. I had not been in his company a week before he had extracted my past history, habit of mind, future aims. Persons who evaded his questionings fell in his opinion; he denounced as reprobate a sullen groom who drove him in and out of Oxford, and who had repelled his attempts at inquisition; the habit of acting towards others as a confessor seemed to have generated a scientific pleasure in religious vivisection. He had countless clients of this

kind; women chiefly, but young men, too, as readers of Mark Pattison's "Memoirs" will recollect. Flys came to the door, from which descended ladies, Una-like in wimple and black stole, "as one that inly mourned," obtained their interview, and went away. He paid frequent visits for the same purpose to Miss Sellon's institution—Chretien's wicked witticism will recur to some who read¹—and on our occasional visits to Wantage, where Butler reigned as vicar, with Liddon and Mackonochie as his curates, we were detained till late at night while he gave audience to ladies of the place. Sisterhoods were his especial delight and admiration; he had begun to work for their establishment in 1840, somewhat against Newman's judgment. He held in all its force the mediæval superstition as to the excellence of virginity; exerting all his influence on one occasion and setting many springs in motion to enlist in the Clewer Home a young orphan lady whose friends deemed her not old enough for such a life, and treating his ultimate discomfiture as a victory of Evil over Good. His dread of worldly influences begot the feeling that no young woman was safe except in a nunnery, no young man except in orders. He would urge men to be ordained at the earliest possible period: controversial knowledge,

¹ There was a foolish report of his contemplated marriage to Miss Sellon: Chretien of Oriel remarked that the offspring of the alliance would be known as the "Pusey *Miscellany*."

systematic reading, theological erudition, might come afterwards; if only the youth were pious, earnest, docile, the great thing was to fix, to secure, to *capture* him.

In one of our walks he told me of his appointment to the Hebrew Professorship. He had been a favourite with Lloyd, who held besides his Oxford bishopric the post of Divinity Professor, and who when at Cuddesdon or in London gave up his Christchurch house and library to his young friend's use. Pusey owned a Hebrew Bible with large folio interleavings, and these were filled with the notes of ten years' study. Once the Bishop came suddenly to his house, and Pusey, vacating it in a hurry, left his folio behind. It caught Lloyd's eye: he examined it, and gave it back without remark; but when soon afterwards Dr. Nicoll died and Sir Robert Peel consulted Lloyd as to the appointment, he strongly recommended Pusey, who became Regius Professor at the age of twenty-nine. Lloyd cautioned him—"Remember, you must be circumspect, you will be *φθονερῶν φθονερώτατος*." Lord Radnor, the head of the family, was just then in vehement Opposition, and the Duke of Wellington's colleagues attacked him for patronising a Bouverie. "How could I help it," said the Duke, "when they told me he was the best man?" He was a laborious Professor, but a dull lecturer. His lectures, given in his library, were conversational, not continuous.

or methodised ; his manner hesitating, iterative, involved ; you had to look out for and painfully disentangle the valuable learning they contained. Rarely his subject would inspire him. Once at the close of a wearisome disquisition on Isaiah xxi. he suddenly woke up at the words, " Watchman, what of the night ? " gave a swift, brilliant, exhaustive paraphrase of those two oracular verses, sent us away electrified and wondering. Two other incidents from the lecture room rise up before me. He was laying down the probable site of ancient Tyre, when an eccentric student broke in to quote from memory Grote's dictum on the subject, differing altogether from the Doctor's. He looked scared for a moment at the interruption, then smilingly reserved the point, and told us next time that he had read Grote's note and acceded to his view. Another day I noticed that he was unwontedly *distract*, casting glances towards the same student, who, always nervous and restless, was crumpling in his fingers a scrap of written paper. When the room cleared and I remained to chat, as I sometimes did, he joyously pounced upon the paper, which had fallen under a chair, and showed it to me crammed with manuscript in his own minute handwriting, representing as he told me two days' labour, which would have been lost to him had young Fidgety destroyed it.

He early gave me a proof of his regard,

vouchsafed I was told only to a few, in setting me to work for him: successive pages of Greek and Latin which I translated look me now in the face when I open his "Catena on the Eucharist." But he would let no one else overwork me, for I had much on my hands at the time; and when he heard poor Edward Herbert, then an Eton boy, murdered afterwards by Greek brigands, petition me to read Virgil with him in the evenings, interposed an eager negative—"Mr. Tuckwell's evening is the poor man's one ewe lamb, and I will not have it sacrificed." Twice he spoke to me of his wife, whom he had loved at eighteen, married at twenty-eight, lost at thirty-nine. A common friend was sacrificing an important sphere of work in order to seek with his delicate wife a warmer climate, and I asked him—no doubt a priggish query—if the abandonment were justifiable on the highest grounds. "Justifiable?" he said, "I would have given up anything and gone anywhere, but——"; his voice shook, the aposiopesis remained unfilled. Once afterwards I was with him in his drawing room at Oxford. It had been newly papered when the family from Pusey came to live with him. He told me that the former paper had been chosen by his wife, and that to cover it up had pained him, but pointed with a sad smile to a corner where the fresh paper had been rubbed away (by his own fingers I suspected) and an inch or a two of the old

pattern disclosed. He was greatly amused by a report, which I repeated to him as current in Oxford, that he punished his children for their misdeeds by holding their fingers in the candle as an antepast of hell-fire. He said he had never punished his children in his life, and his son Philip, to whom the tradition was repeated, added that the nearest approach to punishment he could recollect was when his father, looking over his shoulder as he read a novel on a Sunday, pulled his ear and said, "Oh, Phil, you heathen!" The well-known anecdote of the lamb he corrected for me. He was in the three-horse omnibus which used to run from Oxford to the railway at Steventon, and a garrulous lady talked to him of the Newmanites and of Dr. Pusey, adding that the latter, she was credibly informed, sacrificed a lamb every Friday. "I thought I ought to tell her," he said; "so I answered, 'My dear madam, I am Dr. Pusey, and I do not know how to kill a lamb.'"

In argument he was always modest and candid. Mr. Algernon Herbert, the eccentric, the omniscient, the adorable, was referring Christ's miracles to *medica fides*; to no innate thaumaturgic power that is, but to a passionate belief on the part of the recipients which acted on their bodily frames. Pusey frankly accepted the theory as regarded the healing of *functional* maladies, citing modern instances in support of it, but pointing out that the

explanation failed to cover the removal of *organic* disease; that when, for instance, a man born blind was reported to have gained eyesight, you must accept the miracle or deny the fact. He owned that a six days' Creation could not be literally maintained, for he had attended Buckland's lectures; more he would not say; but long afterwards, when Darwin's book came out, he asked Dr. Rolleston whether the species existing upon the globe five thousand years ago might not have been so few as to be contained in an Ark of the dimensions given in Genesis. "I would not answer him," said Rolleston in his blunt way; "I knew he would quote me as an authority." I pressed him once to say whether, in his opinion, morality without faith or faith without morality were the more hopeful state. He did not like my way of putting it, and fenced with the question for a time, giving the preference at last to faith without morality, but owning his verdict to be paradoxical, and laughing heartily when I reminded him of the sound Churchman in Boswell's "Johnson,"¹ who never entered church, but never passed the door without pulling off his hat. I quoted a recent Charge by Bishop Blomfield containing strong doctrinal statements. He said

¹ "Boswell," vol. ii., p. 195; ed. 1835. "Campbell is a good man, a pious man; I am afraid he has not been in the inside of a church for many years, but he never passes a church without pulling off his hat. This shows that he has good principles."

that he had not read and should not read it: "He has been a Bishop twenty years, has given, they say, eight hours a day to the merely mechanical work of his diocese; what time has he had to read, or what is his opinion worth on questions of theology or doctrine?" The ritualistic practices just beginning to appear he regarded with distaste, as presumptuous and mistaken; his strong disapprobation of their later developments is recorded in a recent "Life of Goulburn." We called upon an adjacent rector, who showed us proudly as a *virtutis opus* his newly made reredos surmounted by a large cross, admitting that in consequence of its erection several parishioners had ceased to attend the service. Pusey said to me as we drove away, "I would *never* put up a cross in any church, feeling certain that it would offend someone." Alluding once to his own alleged heterodoxy, he challenged us to find any rule of the Church which he had ever broken. Rubric in hand, we catechised him, but he stood the test, owning indeed that he always stayed away from the Gunpowder Plot Service, but refusing to recognise a Royal Warrant as canonical.

He had no familiar acquaintance with our older English classics; a quotation from Cowley, Dryden, Pope, seemed to touch in him a latent string, but awoke no literary association; for Dr. Johnson indeed he professed loyal admiration—less, I fancy, for the author

of "Rasselas," the "Rambler," and the "Lives," than for the scrupulous High Churchman who drank his tea without milk and ate his buns without currants upon Good Friday. Of modern publications not theological he read absolutely nothing; one of his nieces pressed on him for a railway journey Miss Yonge's "Heartsease," just then in vogue, but he could not get through the opening chapter; his sympathies, all wide as they were, failed to vibrate to the poor child-bride's sorrows. He was a staunch defender of absent friends; when a visitor spoke disparagingly once of Mr. J. M. Neale, another time of Dean Lake, he flared up on their behalf with an energy for which he afterwards apologised. For freethinkers he had the deepest repugnance; his outbreak when I quoted admiringly Froude's fine paper on the Study of History in the "Oxford Essays" reverberated through the family. He seemed to feel something like alarm in the presence of neologian writers, English or German, as of antagonists whose arrows threatened weak points in his armour. He recounted to me the astonishment first, the horror afterwards, with which, while in Germany, he listened to the Professors' lectures. I told him how Shuttleworth, when at Holland House as tutor and engaged in controversy with Allen, "Lady Holland's infidel," demolished his attacks on prophecy by citation of Isaiah liii. "The Germans," he said with a groan, "would have

shown Allen how to meet it." Of course he was an accomplished German scholar, unlike old Tatham of Lincoln, who in his famous two-and-a-half-hour sermon on the Three Heavenly Witnesses, wished "all the Jarman critics at the bottom of the Jarman Ocean."

He preached every Sunday at Pusey in the little church, a change from the ordinary occupant of the pulpit, whose homilies Mr. Pusey pronounced to be Blair infused with Epictetus. His sermons there gave the same overwhelming impression of personal saintliness as breathed from them in the Christchurch pulpit; but the language was laboriously simple, arresting the crass Berkshire rustics by pithy epigrams which fastened on their minds, and which some of them used afterwards to repeat to me: "Find out your strong point and make the most of it"; "Seek heaven because it is God's throne, not because it is an escape from hell"; "Holiness consists not in doing uncommon things, but in doing common things in an uncommon way." Of his *obiter dicta* I recall the following: "In the study of theology books are better than topics." "The best ecclesiastical history is Fleury's." "It is a good thing to know a large number of minds." "A carefully written sermon or essay cannot be recast or expanded; its integrity is marred by reconstruction." "Discontinue fasting as dangerous if you feel exhausted on the following day." (His own

regular Friday meal was a poached egg on spinach, with one glass of port.) "Bennett, of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, is the only man I know who went abroad with wavering Anglican allegiance and returned an English Churchman." "Hooker's chapter on the Eucharist is disappointing; he shirks the logical sequence of his grand argument on the Incarnation and passes off into mere pious rhapsody." "Luther had an irreverent mind; he says that if God had pleased to make a bit of stick the Sacrament He might have done so." I failed to see the irreverence, but he spoke the words whisperingly and with a shudder, and I could not question him further.

The year 1855, with which these experiences end, marked a transitional period in his life-history. In the autumn of the previous year, greatly to his surprise, he was elected at the head of the Professoriate a member of the enlarged Hebdomadal Council under the new Act, was fascinated at their first encounter, as he told me, by the dashing talk and practical energy of his colleague, Jeune, became, I think, for a time a weapon in that clever tactician's hands, at any rate came out of his Achilles tent and flung himself with a keen sense of freedom and enjoyment into active legislation for the liberated University. Mark Pattison used to say that no man of superior intellect and character could be yoked unequally to the machine of public "business" without

moral and mental deterioration; and certainly the Pusey of later years, as useful for aught I know, was not so *great* as the imposing hierophant of the Forties. He is handled saucily in the clever fragment which sprang from young Balliol about 1856:—

Now, stilled the various labours of the day,
 Student and Don the drowsy charm obey.
 E'en Pusey owns the soft approach of sleep,
 Long as his sermons, as his learning deep;
 Peaceful he rests from Hebraistic lore,
 And finds that calm he gave so oft before.¹

The lines are quite good-humoured, but no longer reverential; they could not have been written ten years earlier. I had known him as a devout Casaubon, unconscious of contemporary trivialities, aloof in patristic reverie and in spiritual pathology. That at any rate he ceased to be; these earlier reminiscences, nowhere hitherto recorded, indicate the close of a chapter in his inner as in his outer life.

But the chronicles of Christchurch are not all in canon type. In my bookcase is a finely bound Delphin Virgil, a school prize with the legend *Honoris Causa* on its cover, which belonged to Charles Atterbury, Senior Student and Vicar of St. Mary Magdalen. A well-bred gentleman, a finished scholar, a devoutly efficient pastor, he was also an enthusiastic whip, never so happy as when

¹ Appendix I.

handling Costar's thoroughbreds. He was destined, like Pope's Cobham, to feel his ruling passion strong in death: while driving the Birmingham coach he was upset and killed. The text of his sermon on the Sunday before had been "Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live."

In the Thirties Liddell strode the quadrangles, already magnificent in presence, less superbly Olympian than he afterwards became. I think Westminster saw the meridian of his personal beauty. Sweeping into the Abbey with his boys on a Sunday afternoon, he belittled and uglified all the surpliced dignitaries around him; venerable to the last, he yet made one rejoice that the gods do not grow old. "None knew," wrote to me at his death one of his most distinguished colleagues—

None knew how great Liddell was. I rather hope they will not have his Life written. Only those who worked with him could tell what a depth of tenderness and generosity there was in him. He was strangled by the Don, and spent his great powers on the Dictionary. Do the greatest of men achieve more than one-tenth of their powers?

The Life has been written, and we may be grateful for it. It has set him right with a half-appreciating world; has taught those who needed to be informed that beneath the stern, reserved, austere outside lay a man humble, reverent, tender-hearted; his severity straightforwardness, his *hauteur* shyness, his reticence born of the strong self-restraint which guarded

all utterances by exactest truth, his Stoicism like that of the Roman Aurelius, like that of the Hebrew Preacher—"death so dark, and all dies; love it before it dies; love it because it dies; fear God, love one another, this is the whole of man." The cathedral which he beautified, the University which he helped to reform, the College whose intellectual and moral strain he raised, will not behold a nobler man.

Of Christchurch, too, his friend of many years, Max Müller, was an adopted son. I recall the black-haired slight young foreigner in 1846, or thereabouts, known first as a pianist in Oxford drawing-rooms, whose inmates ceased their chatter at his brilliant touch. I remember the contest for the Sanskrit Professorship, wherein I voted, and as far as I could worked for him; an inferior candidate being preferred before him, first because Max was a German, and therefore a "Germaniser," secondly because a friend of Bunsen must of necessity be heretical, thirdly because it was unpatriotic to confer an English Chair on any but an Englishman. I attended his stimulating philological lectures, learning from his lips the novel doctrine of the Aryan migrations and the *rationale* of Greek myths: the charm of his delivery heightened by a few Germanisms of pronunciation and terminology; *moost* for "must," *dixonary* for "vocabulary." He consulted me later about two matters in which,



SIR FREDERICK OUSELEY.

From a Photograph taken about 1856.

strange to say, I was better informed than he, the art of budding roses and the conduct of marine aquaria. He watched me one day in my garden putting in some buds, and tried his hand; but gave it up presently, saying: "While you are budding a dozen standards I can earn £5 by writing an article." I was his guest sometimes in his pretty home opposite the Magdalen elms, where played Deichmann--

Whose bowing seemed made
For a hand with a jewel,

where Jenny Lind warbled, Charles Kingsley stammered in impassioned *tête-à-tête*. I read with delight three years ago his "Auld Lang Syne," pasting into it an 1860 portrait of his then clear-cut face, as a corrective to the elderly crassified outlines of the more recent counterfeit presentment, which, hardly suiting the title, decorates the frontispiece of his book.

As I think of him in his earlier musical Oxford days, there comes before me a more wonderful pianist, who had taken his degree, but was still resident at Christchurch, when Max Müller first appeared. Few now remember Sir Frederick Ouseley's playing at the amateur concerts in the earlier Forties; the slim form and dark foreign face, the prolonged rubbing and twisting of the mobile hands before they were placed upon the instrument; the large, prominent, opal eyes, in fine frenzy rolling over the audience as the piece went on, the executant

brilliancy of the marvellous performance, with constructive development and contrapuntal skill which the highest English adepts professed themselves unable to emulate. Like Handel, Mendelssohn, Mozart, he was born a musical prodigy; but he lacked serious training; the early golden years were wasted by his relatives in petting, not instructing, him; Greek and Latin, which he hated, were forced upon him; a clerical career and ritualistic excitements distracted him. Even so, he was nothing short of a very great musician. He was probably—there is wealth of competent consensus in the verdict—the greatest extempore player who ever lived. Often, in days of yore, have I formed one amongst a group round his piano challenging him to improvise. He always asked for a subject. One of us would supply a theme, perhaps intentionally intricate. In a few moments he would begin, and the piece would grow under his hand with a wealth of resource, a command of technical device, a brilliancy of imagination, and a skilful elaboration of complicated texture,

Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony—

which raised it to the rank of a great classical masterpiece. His knowledge of the history of music was unique; his library, finely equipped in other departments, contained not only endless autograph and unpublished scores, but several hundred works on music in many

languages, all of which, an accomplished linguist, he had read and mastered. His musical degree and his acceptance of the Professorship were looked upon by the Dons as ignominious condescensions; though old Gaisford loyally attended the performance in the Theatre of his Mus.Doc. exercise, the oratorio of "Polycarp," in which his friend Madame Dolby sang the sweet contralto solos. As Professor he raised to a very high pitch the standard of graduate qualification, and delivered admirable lectures, of which only meagre reports remain. From his many compositions a couple of anthems and two or three hymns alone seem likely to survive; his ultimate repute will, I fear, be altogether incommensurate with his vast powers.

Apart from exceptional men like these, intellectually as historically, Christchurch held its own. The Common Room in the Thirties contained seniors such as Foster Lloyd, F.R.S., and Political Economy Professor; Robert Hussey, a monument of erudition, not yet so grimly serious as he became in later years; Jacob Ley, the greatly beloved, who probably, like Dominie Sampson, "evinced even from his cradle an uncommon seriousness of disposition." Of the juniors were Bode, Hertford Scholar; W. E. Jelf; Osborne Gordon, Ireland Scholar and Double First; Linwood, Hertford, Ireland, Craven Scholar, and, a little later, Kitchin, Double First, now Dean of Durham. Linwood was nephew to the once celebrated Miss Linwood,

whose needlework imitation of great paintings drew crowds to her Exhibition Rooms in Leicester Square. He is known to the present generation as compiler of the "Anthologia Oxoniensis." He was a rough, shabby fellow when I remember him, living in London, and coming up to examine in the Schools, where he used to scandalise his colleagues by proposing that for the adjudication of Classes they should "throw into the fire all that other rubbish, and go by the Greek Prose." It was said of him that somewhat late in life, reading St. Paul's Epistles for the first time, and asked by Gaisford what he thought of them, he answered "that they contained a good deal of curious matter, but the Greek was execrable."

By Jelf hangs a tale. He was younger brother to the Canon, an accomplished scholar, author of a Greek Grammar which furnished to English students what Matthiæ had achieved for Germans. But his reputation rests upon the historic "Jelf row" of 1843. Proctor in that year, he was the most unpopular official of the century, beating "Lincoln Green" and Merton Peters, who ranked next to him in odium. He seems to have found enjoyment in what Proctors usually hate, the punitive side of his duty. Dexterous in capturing, offensive in reprimanding, venomous in chastising his victims, he had accumulated against himself a fund of hatred which abode its time, until it might find relief in the Saturnalia of

Commemoration. It happened that the uproar which ensued gave voice to a *duplex querela*; hostilities were rampant in the area as well as in the gallery of the Theatre. The young lions of the Newmanism, sore from Pusey's suspension and Isaac Williams' defeat, and led by Lewis of Jesus and Jack Morris of Exeter, chose to be furious at the presentation of a Unitarian, the American Minister Everett, for an honorary D.C.L. Early in the morning they called on the Vice-Chancellor, Wynter, President of St. John's, to protest. Wynter, serene, indifferent, handsome—"St. John's Head on a charger" men called him as he went out for his daily ride—urged that Mr. Everett conformed in England; that honorary degrees had no reference to theological opinion; would not, in short, withdraw the distinguished heretic. So finding remonstrance vain, the angry malcontents attended in formidable numbers to *non placet* the degree. On the other hand, the smarting undergraduates had sworn a solemn oath, like John Barleycorn's royal foes, to stop all proceedings until Jelf was driven out of the Theatre. From his first appearance in the procession the yells and groans went on without a moment's slackening. In dumb show the Vice-Chancellor opened the Convocation, Garbett declaimed inaudible his Creweian Oration, Bliss presented Everett, who, red-gowned, unconscious, smiling, took his seat among the Doctors. An opposing Latin speech by Marriott and a

volley of *non placets* from his friends were imagined but unheard amid the din, and ignored by Wynter, who at the expiration of an hour dissolved the Convocation, to the fury of the Puseyites, the triumph of the gallery, and, so all believed, to his own concealed but genuine relief from a very difficult position. After-protests poured in upon him, to be met by bland assurances, which no one credited, but no one could disprove, that in the ceaseless uproar he had not heard the *non placets*; that, in short, *factum valuit*, the thing was done. Three or four men were expelled; amongst them Parnell, a Double First of Wynter's own College, who had not yet put on his gown, and who, according to the testimony of those who sate near him was inconspicuous if not innocent in the turmoil; while the posthumous indignation of the M.A.'s fizzled out in the appointment of a Committee. "So," says the Introduction to a recent edition of "Eothen," "while Everett was obnoxious to the Puseyites, Jelf was obnoxious to the undergraduates; the cannonade of the angry youngsters drowned the odium of the theological malcontents;

" Another lion gave another roar,
And the first lion thought the last a bore."

The Tractarian element in the tumult is described in a richly humorous letter to Lord Blachford¹ from Dean Church, himself prom-

¹ "Life of Dean Church," p. 40.

inent in the following year as interposing with Guillemard of Trinity to crush by their proctorial *non placet* the decree against "Tract 90": a dramatic incident which had not occurred during the present century, except when in 1836 the measure to suspend Hampden was veto'd by Bayley of Pembroke and Reynolds of Jesus. I possess the address of thanks presented to Church and Guillemard, signed by about six hundred notable Graduates, not by any means confined to the High Church party.

The memory of Osborne Gordon is, I fear, already fading. The authors of the "Life of Jowett" think that "some few readers may have met with his Greek lines on Chantrey's children." I should hope every scholar can repeat them—*non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora!*¹ Less known, and very scarce, are his "Sapphics on the Installation of Lord Derby as Chancellor," a parody on Horace's "Quem Virum."² With solemn irony he glorifies his hero; lauds him, in fiction such as Phœbus loves, a consistent Proteus, skilled to veil base thoughts in noble words; recalls in a felicitous stanza his savage assault on smiling Bishop Wilberforce in the House of Lords; sneers at the tail of followers brought with him to be decorated—"sorry wreck of a defeated crew, to be refitted in the harbour of quiet Isis." Young men and maidens in the Theatre cheer him and them; with malign smile the country

¹ Appendix J.

² Appendix K.

looks and listens. I know not what fly had stung him—what motive winged and pointed a shaft so keen; it must have pierced the Chancellor's embroidered panoply, vulnerable to elegant academic taunts, though impervious to vernacular Parliamentary vituperation.

One more skit let me be permitted to recall, emanating from the same College, partly from the same pen. In 1857 Dr. Acland went with Dean Liddell, then in delicate health, to Madeira. On his return voyage a large thunny was caught by the sailors, rescued when the ship was wrecked on the Dorsetshire coast, taken to Oxford by the Professor, articulated by Charles Robertson, and mounted in the Anatomy School. Brought thence to the new Museum in 1860, it was placed in the area, with a somewhat inflated Latin inscription on *Thunnus quem vides* affixed to its handsome case. Soon appeared a sham Congregation notice, announcing a statute for the abrogation of the label and substituting another, *Thunnus quem rides*, a line-upon-line travesty of the first, as derisively satirical as its model was affectedly complacent.¹ It was believed to have been rough-hewn by Lewis Carroll, handed round the Common Room, retouched by Gordon, Bode, and the rest; a delightful change at the close, *ἔσκελετεύθη, skeletonised*, to *ἔσκιεμωρεύθη, Skidmoreised*, Skidmore having constructed the supporting iron foliage of the area, was ascribed

¹ Appendix L.

to Prout, who is still in green old age an admired ornament of "The House." Would that we had more of Osborne Gordon! Marshall of Christchurch edited a volume of his sermons with an inadequate Memoir. Those who can still remember that queer, mocking face with its half-closed, inscrutable eyes, and who knew the humour, wisdom, benignity, which lay behind it, are fewer every day—

Slowly we disarray; our leaves grow few,
Few on the tree, and many on the sod.

He is a memory only, and will some day cease to be that.

A well-known writer in a recent book calls his old tutor a vulgarian and a tuft-hunter. Probably Gordon snubbed him, deservedly no doubt, but forgetting Shallow's advice to Davy, and this is his revenge; the valet-de-chambre was no hero, and had better perhaps not show himself in Christchurch Common Room.

I have mentioned Lewis Carroll. He was junior to these other men, and has been recently biographised, facsimile'd, Isa-Bowmanised, to the *n*th as he would say. Of course, he was one of the sights of Oxford: strangers, lady strangers especially, begged their lionising friends to point out Mr. Dodgson, and were disappointed when they saw the homely figure and the grave, repellent face. Except to little girls, he was not an alluring personage. Austere, shy, precise, absorbed in mathematical reverie,

watchfully tenacious of his dignity, stiffly conservative in political, theological, social theory, his life mapped out in squares like Alice's landscape, he struck discords in the frank harmonious *camaraderie* of College life. The irreconcilable dualism of his exceptional nature, incongruous blend of extravagant frolic with self-conscious puritan repression, is interesting as a psychological study now that he is gone, but cut him off while living from all except the "little misses" who were his chosen associates. His passion for them was universal and indiscriminating; like Miss Snellicci's papa, he loved them every one. Yet even here he was symmetrical and rigid; reaching the point where brook and river meet, the petted loving child friend was dropped, abruptly, remorselessly, finally. Perhaps it was just as well: probably the severance was mutual; the little maids put away childish things, he did not: to their maturer interests and grown-up day-dreams he could have made no response: better to cherish the recollection unimpaired than to blur it by later consciousness of unsuitability; to think of him as they think of nursery books, a pleasant memory, laid by upon their shelves affectionately, although no longer read. And to the few who loved him this faithlessness, as some have called it, seems to reveal the secret of his character. He was what German Novalis has called a "grown-up child." A man in intellectual

range, severe self-knowledge, venturesome imagination, he remained a child in frankness, innocence, simplicity; his pedantry cloaking a responsiveness, which shrank from coarser, more conventional, adult contact, vibrated to the spiritual kinship of little ones, still radiant with the visionary light which most of us lose all too soon, but which shone on him through life.

CHAPTER X.

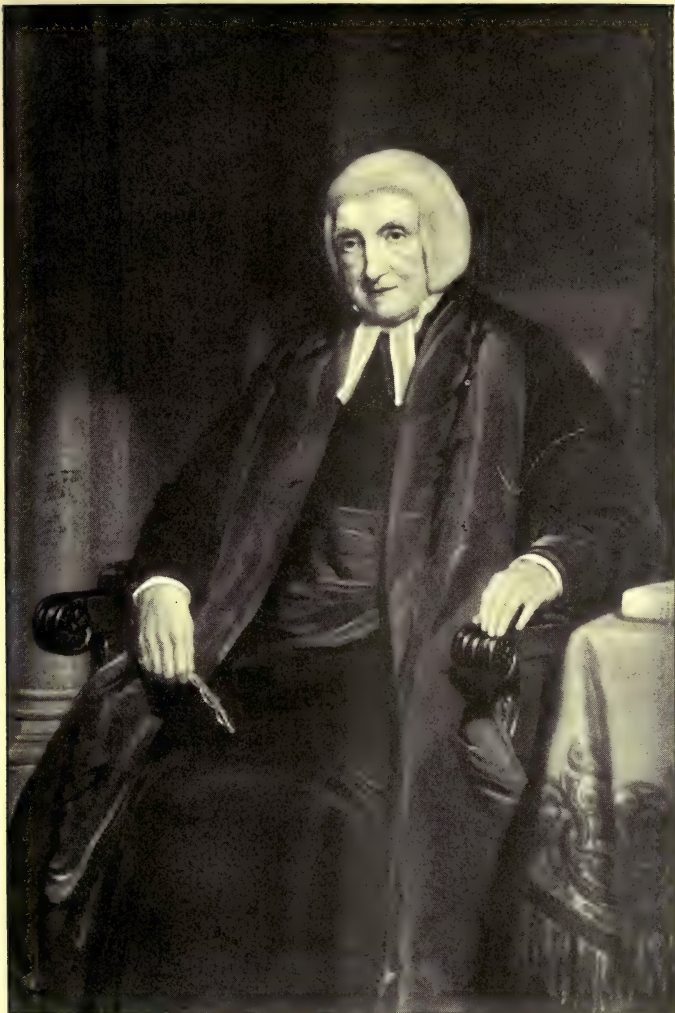
MAGDALEN AND NEW COLLEGE.

Lordly is Christchurch, with its walks and quadrangles ; lovely is Merton, as it were the sister of Christchurch, and gracefully dependent ; New College is majestic ; All Souls worthy of princes ; but Magdalen alone is all that is the charm of others, compendious in itself ; yielding only a little to each rival in particular, but in the whole excelling them all.

CLEVELAND COXE.

The Most Beautiful of Colleges—Dr. Routh—His Old Young Wife—His Mania for Books—His Friends—Some Famous Men of Magdalen—New College—Shuttleworth—Whately and Manning—The Abingdon Ball and the Brigands of Bagley Wood—Public Orator Crowe—Christopher Erle—His Sharp Tongue—Lancelot Lee—One of the *Détenus* of 1803—Dr. Nares—His Drollery written for Miss Horseman.

I PASS from Christchurch to Magdalen ; from the stateliest to the most beautiful of Colleges ; Hall and Chapel lovelier perhaps, Walks and Tower lovelier past question, than any of the Oxford groves and buildings : nowhere else does the *Numen inest* so enthrall, inspire, haunt. But its prime of rarity in those days was its President, Dr. Routh, “of olden worth the lonely leaf and last” ; who, born in 1754, was in the later Thirties past fourscore, and was to live into his hundredth year. It was as a *spectacle* that he excited popular interest ; to see him shuffle into Chapel from his lodgings a Sunday crowd assembled.



DR. ROUTH, PRESIDENT OF MAGDALEN.

From the Pickersgill Portrait, 1851 (?).

The wig, with trencher cap insecurely poised above it, the long cassock, ample gown, shorts and buckled shoes; the bent form, pale venerable face, enormous pendent eyebrows, generic to antique portraits in Bodleian gallery or College Halls, were here to be seen alive—

Some statue you would swear
Stepped from its pedestal to take the air.

After 1836 he was rarely visible in the streets, but presided at College Examinations, and dined in Hall on Gaudy days, occupying the large State Chair, never profaned by meaner loins, constructed from the immemorial Magdalen elm, which, much older than the College, fell with a terrific crash in 1789. In front of his lodgings stood a scarcely less remarkable plane tree, split from the root originally, and divagating in three mighty stems, of late years carefully propped. Once while he was at Tylehurst, his country home, word was sent to him that a heavy gale had blown his plane tree down: he returned a peremptory message that it should be put up again. Put up it was; the Magdalen Dryads owned their chief; it lived, and long survived him. I stood for a Demyship early in the Forties, nominated, according to the custom then prevalent, by Frank Faber. He was confined to his rooms by illness, and had failed to comply with some essential preliminary, of which he ought to have been

informed. But—so it was said—the Vice-President and the Fellow next in order, to whom Faber's nomination, if forfeited, would lapse, conspired to keep it from the invalid; and when he was carried into Hall to vote for me, they sprang the objection they had husbanded, and disqualified him. I went in for *vivâ voce* immediately afterwards, and I remember how old Routh, shaken by the contest, wept while I construed to him the lines from the Third Book of the "Iliad," in which Helen, from the walls of Troy, names the Grecian chiefs below. My supplanter was a Winchester boy named Wickham, who died shortly afterwards.

Mrs. Routh was as noticeable as her husband. She was born in the year of his election to the Presidency, 1791; so that between "her dear man," as she called him, and herself—"that crathy old woman," as *he* occasionally called *her*—were nearly forty years. But she had become rapidly and prematurely old: with strongly marked features, a large moustache, and a profusion of grey hair, she paraded the streets, a spectral figure, in a little chaise drawn by a donkey and attended by a hunchbacked lad named Cox. "Woman," her husband would say to her, when from the luncheon table he saw Cox leading the donkey carriage round, "Woman, the ass is at the door." Meeting me as a boy, she sometimes used to take me in to lunch, where the

old President, who was intimate with my father, talked to me good-naturedly, questioned me about my school work, showed me one day the scar on his table which had been left by Dr. Parr's tobacco, and enjoyed my admiration of the books which lined hall, rooms, staircase. He was proud of possessing many not on the Bodleian shelves. To himself and to Dr. Bandinel the London catalogues were regularly sent: Bandinel would mark off the treasures which he coveted and write by return of post, but was constantly informed that the books had gone to Dr. Routh. One day, calling at Tegg's shop, he saw the boy bring in a pile of catalogues wet from the press. Now is my time, he thought, noted some sets of rare books, and said, "I will take these books away with me." The shopman went to consult his chief. "I am very sorry, sir, but they are all bespoken by Dr. Routh." "How can that be? Are not the catalogues freshly printed?" "Yes, sir, but proofs of all our catalogues are sent to Dr. Routh." Dr. Jacobson was another disappointed rival; he obtained the proofs, but was still too late: remonstrating with the bookseller, he was told that while he *wrote* for the books he wanted, the President sent a man up by the early coach to secure and bring them back. The story gives delightful point to a generous caution which he is said to have impressed on Jacobson: "Beware, sir, of acquiring the habit

of reading catalogues ; you will never get any good from it, and it will consume much of your time."

His especial friend was Dr. Bliss ; I have a letter to him from Routh, sealed with his favourite *IXΘΡΣ* seal, deploring my father's death. Bliss once asked him to say, supposing our language to become dead to-morrow, who would take the classic rank in English which Cicero had held in Latin. "I think, sir, our friend Tom Warton," he replied ; an answer bespeaking no great knowledge of older English Prose. In later years Burgon, fussy, obsequious, adulating, hovered about him. Henry Coxe, an accomplished mimic, used to render dialogues between the two, bringing out, as in the "always verify quotations," and the recipe for theological study, the absurdity of which Burgon's narrative is all unconscious. Coming to Oxford from his Suffolk home in 1770, he was a mine of anecdote as to the remote past ; had seen two undergraduates hanged for highway robbery on the gallows which ornamented the corner of Long Wall near Holywell Church—the "church by the gallows" it is called in a skit from Anthony Wood's collection—remembered stopping in High Street to gaze on Dr. Johnson as he rolled up the steps into University College. One of his aunts, he used to say, had known a lady who saw Charles I. in Oxford. He died, so John Rigaud averred, and so Blagrave, his

brother-in-law, and man of business admitted, through chagrin at the fall of Russian Securities, in which most of his hoards were invested, at the time of the Crimean War—a very respectable way of breaking one's heart, according to Mr. Dombey, but it would have formed an anti-climax to Burgon's rhapsodies. Rigaud imitated his voice and manner with startling accuracy; his stories of the old man owed their force to this, and would be pointless written down. John preserved too his queer shoes and gown, and one of his two wigs; the other was secured by Daubeny, who sent it to be petrified in the Knaresborough Spring. It would have been indestructible without this calcifying process: when in 1860 a grave was sunk in New College antechapel to receive the remains of Warden Williams, an ancient skeleton was found extended, the bones partly dissolved, the wig fresh as from the maker's hands.

Eminent among the Magdalen Fellows were Daubeny, William and Roundell Palmer, Walker, compiler of "Oxoniana," and author of the "Flora of Oxfordshire"; Faber, valetudinarian and slovenly, lecturing in dressing-gown and slippers, brother to "Water-lily" Faber of University, who became famous afterwards as a Roman Catholic hymn writer. James Mozley's shy, cold outside hid a genial nature and a mind of rarest power. "Dick" Sewell was a brilliant Bohemian; his fine Newdigate on the

“Temple of Vesta” was said to have been written in a single night. A barrister on the Western circuit, he used to get me leave out at Winchester, sending me to dine alone at his lodgings, where I found a roast fowl, a pint of champagne, a novel, and a tip. Henderson’s First Class in 1839 was long memorable in the history of the Schools; he became Head Master of Jersey College, then of Leeds Grammar School, and is still alive, an octogenarian Dean of Carlisle. Charles Reade, just beginning to write novels, would beguile acquaintances into his ill-furnished rooms, and read to them *ad nauseam* from his latest MS. Bloxam, Newman’s curate at Littlemore, was the first man to appear in Oxford wearing the long collarless coat, white stock, high waistcoat, which form nowadays the inartistic clerical uniform. Like his more famous brother Matthew, he was a laborious antiquary, and compiled a Register of the Members of his College from its foundation. He established the delightful Christmas Eve entertainment in the College Hall which has been annual now for fifty years. Held first in his own rooms as a treat to the choristers, it came about 1849 to fill the Hall with a hundred guests or more. Hymns, carols, parts of the “Messiah,” were sung through the evening; the boys were feasted at the high table, the visitors waiting upon them, and eating Christmas frumenty. Then, when midnight drew near,

a hush fell on the assembly, the choir gathered round the piano; twelve o'clock pealed from the tower, and as the last stroke ceased to vibrate, Pergolesi's "Gloria" rose like an exhalation, and sent us home in tune for the worship as well as for the festivity of the Christmas Day. I am told that the gracious custom still abides, to keep fresh and green the memory of dear old Bloxam. Of the remaining Fellows I will say no more than that they were, for the most part, *fruges consumere nati*, and justified their birthright zealously. Two among them, Whorhood and T. H. Newman, claim a kindly though certainly not a reverential notice. Whorhood was the last and landless descendant of an ancient line, which had owned for centuries the wide manors of Shotover and Headington. His mother, "Madame Whorhood," a stately old lady in antique dress, lived with him in the house overhanging the Cherwell on the north side of Magdalen Bridge; the top of her high cap usually visible to passers-by. They moved afterwards to a house in the High Street, over which her ancestral hatchment was suspended when she died. He was a fresh-coloured, smooth-faced, vivacious, whist-playing, amiable loungeur. Later in life he took the College living of Willoughby, leading there a lonely, melancholy life, cheated and ruled by five domestics, whose service was perfect freedom. Dining once in his old College, he was boasting of their docility and devotion;

Rigaud scribbled and handed round his own rendering of the facts—

Sunt mihi quinque domi servi, sunt quinque magistri ;
 Quod jubeo faciunt, quodque volunt jubeo ;

Englised promptly by Octavius Ogle into—

Five servants I have whom I handsomely pay,
 Five masters I have whom I always obey.
 To do what I bid them they never refuse,
 For I bid them do nothing but just what they choose.

Alas ! The human butterfly in its later stages is a sight more cautionary than pleasing ; I met poor Whorhood not long before his death, pallid, weary, corpulent ; and he cried as we talked over old times. Newman was a practical joker ; his rooms overlooked the river, and he sometimes fished out of his window. The men coming in from Cowley Marsh cricket and constitutionals were arrested one afternoon to see him struggling with a fish, which Sewell announced through a speaking trumpet from another window to be an enormous pike. Great was the concourse, passionate the excitement, profuse the advice ; till at last the monster was hauled up, gaffed, and drawn in at the window. It was on view in his rooms ever after, ingeniously constructed of cardboard overlaid with tinfoil. Many of his sayings and pranks survived ; mainly, one of his friends writes to me, too coarse for repetition. That was a malady most incident in those days to *magnanimi heroes* of the lighter sort.

From Magdalen I pass naturally to New College, whence, *matre pulchra pulchrior*, it lineally sprang. Its Warden was Shuttleworth, the last, I think, with Baden-Powell, of the "Noetics," the only Head who in 1834 had courage to vote for the admission of Dissenters to the University; author of a dull book on St. Paul's Epistles, but a wit, *raconteur*, caricaturist, mimic. When the queer cupola, extant and inexplicable still, was made to surmount the Theatre, he wrote to Whately-- "You ask for news: I have one item only: the Radcliffe has kittened, and they have perched one of the kittens on the top of the Sheldonian." He invented an inclined mahogany railroad, still in use, whereby decanters circulating at the horse-shoe tables in the Common Room could be carried automatically across the interval of the fire-place. A Winchester boy, he made his mark at school as a writer of burlesques; two of his pieces, "Phaethon," and the "Progress of Learning," sent up in 1800 instead of, or together with, the serious poems expected, are preserved in the "Carmina Wiccamica."¹ Here are four lines from the first, where the steeds discover that Phaethon, not Phœbus, sits behind them--

For Horses, Poets all agree,
 Have common sense as well as we;
 Nay, Homer tells us they can speak
 Not only common sense, but Greek.

¹ Appendix M.

The second opens with the boy leaving home—

The fatal morn arrives, and oh !
To school the blubbering youth must go.

carries him through school, college, country living,
to a Deanery ; ends with the predictive lines—

As erst to him, O heavenly Maid,
Learning, to me impart thy aid ;
O teach my feet like his to stray
Along Preferment's flowery way.
And, if thy hallowed shrine before
I still thy ready aid implore,
Make me, O Sphere-descended Queen,
A Bishop, or, at least, a Dean.

Episcopal aspirations do not always take shape at eighteen years old ; with Shuttleworth they seem to have been continuous ; Scott's Homerics satirise him thirty-four years later, as refraining from the Peel and Wellington contest, in order to maintain his expectation of a bishopric from the Whigs—

*'Ανδρῶν δ' οὐκ ἠγάειτο περίκλυτος Ἀξιοκερκίς,
στῆ δ' ἀπάνευθεν ἐὼν, πεφοβημένος ἕνεκα μίτρης.*

A mitre he obtained in 1840, and died sixteen months after his elevation. On going down to his bishopric at Chichester, he was warned by Whately against Manning, an incumbent in his diocese, as an undoubted "Tractite"—so Whately always called them. The Archdeaconry of Chichester was vacant, the appointment in the new Bishop's hands. He met Manning at a dinner-party, was impressed with his mien and talk, and they sate together

afterwards in the drawing-room mutually charmed. Manning had walked from no great distance; his parsonage lay in the Bishop's way home, and Shuttleworth offered him a seat in his carriage. Set down at his own door, "Good-night, my lord," said Manning; "Good-night, Mr. Archdeacon," said the Bishop.

His Fellows at New College, as at Magdalen, were curiously unequal in merit and distinction. A very few, "the two good Duncans," Bandinel, Tremenheere, Chief Justice Erle, Archdeacon Grant, George Cox, J. E. Sewell, afterwards Warden, William Heathcote, be of them that have left a name behind them; the rest were mostly of very common clay indeed. Until 1838 the College had refused to undergo the public examination for degrees, and was further oppressed by the incubus of founder's kin, which imposed two superannuated dunces from Winchester every year, to the exclusion often of their meritorious seniors. Two centuries earlier the discreditable aphorism, "Golden scholars, silver bachelors, leaden masters," had been popularly applied to the College; and in 1852 it had fallen so low that the undergraduates petitioned for out-college tutors, pleading the incompetence of the resident staff. A wild set were not only the juniors but the seniors far into the Thirties. More than one strange scandal I could recount, of a sort which, like Horace's gold, are best placed when unexhumed. But I can vouch for the following frolic. Some men were

going to the Abingdon Ball ; and in the Common Room the conversation turned on a highway robbery recently perpetrated near Wheatley. The ball-goers talked valiantly of their own courage, contemptuously of brigand dangers ; their fly was announced, and off they drove. Coming home they were stopped in a dark part of Bagley Wood by two masked men, one of whom held the horses' heads, while his mate pointed a pistol into the fly with the conventional highwayman's demand. Meekly our gallant travellers surrendered money, watches, jewellery. One pleaded for a ring which had belonged to his old mother ; the deceased lady was consigned to Tartarus, the ring was taken, and the marauders rode away. Great commiseration was shown to the victims when they told their tale, great activity displayed by the police ; until, on going into Hall the next afternoon, they saw lying in a heap on the centre of the high table the abstracted valuables, including the maternal ring, while mounting guard over them was a broken candlestick which had done duty as a pistol. The two practical jokers had ridden to the wood, tied their horses to the trees, waited for the revellers, and played the wild Prince and Pains.

A few more men of note I remember, *rari nantes in gurgite*. Public Orator Crowe had lately passed away, farmer-like, uncouth, wearing a long cassock to hide his leather breeches, but a fine Latinist with a magniloquent delivery which found scope each year

at the Encænæia. The neat Latin inscription on Warden Gauntlett's monument in the antechapel was his; I possess the first draft in his handwriting, endorsed by Routh, to whom he had submitted it. He was known to the outer world by his really fine poem, "Lewesdon Hill"; I remember "Mad" Hoskins, the squire of North Perrott, an enthusiastic Wykehamist, repeating the whole of it as we rode together, in 1846, within sight of that "proud rising." His father was a humble carpenter at Winchester; the son, grown eminent, was standing by the west door of the Cathedral in conversation with the Dean and Warden, when the father, in working dress, his rule projecting from his corduroys, came by, and walked aside from the group in modest avoidance of recognition. Crowe saw him, and called after him in Hampshire Doric, "Here, fayther, if thee baint ashamed of I, I baint ashamed of thee."

Another eccentric of the Thirties, Christopher Erle, brother to the Chief Justice, lived till long afterwards. Like most old-fashioned scholars of an era when philology was not, he knew his Greek and Latin books by heart, pouring out apt quotations with the broad *a* which then marked Wykehamists; was a proficient, too, in Italian, French, and English literature, with his Dante at his fingers' ends. He was a familiar figure at the Athenæum, where one day his Bishop, newly appointed Sam of Oxford, remonstrated with him—very impertinently,

since they were on neutral ground—for wearing a black neckcloth. Erle called the club porter. “Porter, do you know this gentleman? This is the Bishop of Oxford. Get me half a dozen white ties, and bring me one whenever this gentleman comes into the club.” His living was in the part of Buckinghamshire colonised by Rothschilds—Jerusalem the Golden it was called—and the reigning Baron was his squire. It was Erle’s whim to dress carelessly; and the plutocrat, walking one day with a large party and meeting his Rector in the parish, had the bad taste to handle his sleeve and say, “Rather a shabby coat, Parson, isn’t it?” Erle held it up to him—“Will you buysh? will you buysh?” There ensued an *exitus Israel*, and Erle walked on chuckling and victorious.

Of the same standing, and not less an original, was Lancelot Lee, who, with imposing face and figure, strident voice, assumed ferocity of manner, was a frequent visitor at my father’s. He was one of the *Détenus*, Englishmen seized by Napoleon in 1803, and incarcerated till his fall in 1814.¹ They were about ten thousand in number, some previously residents in France, but chiefly visitors or tourists. They included noblemen and gentlemen, clergymen and academics with their servants, workmen, and commercial travellers. All were at first treated as prisoners of war; but this sentence was afterwards limited to English officers, the rest were made prisoners

¹ Page 24.

on parole, and lodged in certain fortified towns. Those of higher rank, Lee amongst them, were confined at Verdun, under the charge of a ruffianly General Wirion, who treated them with insolent barbarity. A committee of nine gentlemen was formed to represent the prisoners and assist the poorer captives, and of this committee Lee was one. Liberated at the peace, he returned to New College, and was presented to the valuable living of Wootton, near Woodstock, where he built an exceedingly handsome parsonage, and ruled his people as a kindly despot, his memory lingering among them affectionately long after his death. Coming out of church one day, he found two disreputable vagabonds in the churchyard. "What are you doing here?" "Oh, sir, we are seeking the Lord." "Seeking the Lord, are you? Do you see those stocks? That is where the Lord will find you, if you stay here another minute." They did not stay. Insulted in his old age by a hulking ruffian, the terror of the village, he gave him a tremendous box on the ear; and the bully, who could easily have thrashed him, slunk off cowed. The degree examination at New College was a farce, and roused his never-failing indignation. Traditions still survive of his furious protests, and Warden Gauntlett's placid insensibility, at each repetition of the sham. It would seem, however, that he was moved by moral disgust rather than by intellectual ardour. Old

William Risley, of Deddington, used to relate that he was sitting in Lee's rooms one day when an undergraduate came in with a puzzling equation and a request for help. "Turn over to the next page, sir." "I have done so, sir." "Then turn over to the next"—adding aside to Risley as the discomfited inquirer shut the door, "I hate your d—d clever fellows." He went once with Henry Williams, most ceremonious and correct of men, to call on Miss Horseman, the delightful old vestal earlier mentioned. She was out. "Who shall I say called, sir?" "Tell her," in a voice which sounded from the High to Canterbury gate, "Tell her it was the man she ought to have married!" He died a bachelor in 1841.

Miss Horseman's name suggests another well-known figure of the Thirties, old Dr. Nares, Professor of Modern History. As a handsome young Fellow of Merton, long before, he had acted in private theatricals at Blenheim, and eloped with one of the Ladies Churchill. He wrote an amusing book, "Thinks I to Myself," which lay on Miss Horseman's table. To him, too, was ascribed a lampoon on a Mr. Sheepshanks, who edited the Satires of Horace. The work was unscholarly, and the title misprinted "Satyrs." Nares wrote:—

The Satyrs of old were Satyrs of note,
With the head of a man and the feet of a goat;
But the Satyrs of this day all Satyrs surpass,
With the shanks of a sheep and the head of an ass.

The old lady and the Professor were fast friends, and she used to repeat to me a piece of clever jargon which he once extemporised to test the power of some bragging memorist. The closing sentence dovetails into Foote's similar improvisation of the Piccalillies and the Great Panjandrum,¹ the confusion probably due to her; the earlier part was I believe quite new. I learned it from the old lady's lips, and have retained it unwritten all these years in the receptacle which held Count Smorltork's materials for his great work on England:—

There was a shovel, and a shackfok, and a one-eyed pike-staff, went to rob a rich poor man of the head of a herring, the brains of a sprat, and a bushel of barley meal. So he got up in the morning. "Wife, we're robbed," says he. "You lie," says she. "'Tis true," says he; "we must saddle the brown hen and bridle the black staff." So off they rode till they came to a long wide short narrow lane, and there they met three horse-nails bleeding at both nostrils. So they sent for the Hickmaid of the Hall; she, being a rare stinter of blood, sent them word that Mrs. Jones Tittymouse Tattymouse was brought to bed of a mustard spoon and was very ill, and so she couldn't come. So they sent the boy to Mr. Macklin's, at the corner of St. Martin's Lane, for some plums to make an apple pudding with, but desired they mightn't be wrapped in brown paper, since the last tasted so of cabbage leaves they couldn't eat them. So the baker's boy came in to buy a penny loaf; there being none, they gave him a farthing candle to eat. Presently three bears came by, and one popped its head in, and said, "What, bless me, no soap!" So the head fell off the block, and beat the powder out of the Lord Chancellor's wig; and he died, and she married the barber; and that's the way that Mrs. Atkins came to lose her apple dumpling. ;

¹ Appendix N.

CHAPTER XI.

ORIEL.

Summi enim sunt homines tantum.

QUINTILIAN.

Newman—His Character and Career—Had Arnold been at Oxford in his Time!—Vain Speculations—Newman's Life as a Catholic—Charles Marriott—Eden—The Efficacy of the Bible—George Anthony Denison—Tom Hughes—A "Christian Chartist"—His Radicalism—"Tom Brown"—Oxford in Fiction—Charles Neate and John Bright—Neate, Disraeli, and the Angels.

A HUNDRED yards from Miss Horseman's door stands Oriel gateway. What a procession of phantoms meets the inward eye as I approach it! Newman, Charles Marriott, Eden, Denison, "Donkey" Litton, Low Church leader, inconspicuous in spite of his Double First, and Charles Neate, the only layman of the group, mounting his horse to join the Berkshire hounds. I was living at Iffley during Newman's golden time; knew his mother in her pretty home at Rosebank, turned afterwards into a den of disorderly pupils by poor James Rumsey. I remember the rising of Littlemore church, first among the new Gothic edifices which the "Movement" revived in England; met Newman almost daily striding along the Oxford Road, with large head, prominent nose, tortoiseshell spectacles, emaciated but ruddy face, spare figure whose leanness was exag-



*From St. Mary's Church, Oxford,
1841*

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

*From a Pen-and-Ink Drawing, 1841. Photographed from the Print by
Mrs. Freda Girdlestone.*

gerated by the close-fitting tail-coat then worn. The road ceased to know him after a time; he had resigned St. Mary's, and was monachising with a few devotees in his barn-like Littlemore retreat; then, in 1845, Oxford lost him finally--

Interque mærentes amicos
Egregius properavit exul;

to the anguish of his disciples left alone, who had made him their pattern to live and to die; to the relief of many more, who thought that Humanism and Science might reassert themselves as subject matter of education against the polemic which had for fifteen years forced Oxford back into the barren word-war of the seventeenth century. By no means a recluse like Pusey, but gregarious, hospitable, seminarising, he was always surrounded by disciples, in his rooms, in Oriel Common Room, in his Littlemore *cænobitium*. But he would only associate with like-minded men; shrank from healthy friction with avowedly opposed opinions, broke off relations with his rationalist brother Francis, refused to see Manning, who came out to call on him at Littlemore, in consequence of a sermon he had preached upon the Gunpowder Plot. And so he was not, and is not, in any sense a mystery. While the cryptic element in Pusey's character is deepened by the sacrilegious half-revelations of his biographers, Newman's own "Apologia" and the numerous tributes of his friends have

shed a flood of fierce light upon his character. If Mozley's notices of the "Movement" are inaccurate and flippant, Pattison's spiteful, Palmer's tedious, Williams's jejune, Denison's irrelevant, we yet learn something of him from them all; while the entire moral and intellectual epiphanies both of the "Movement" and the man are portrayed severally by Church and Ward.

Surveying him calmly by the light of these, now that his great name and his enthralling presence have become a memory, reading too the expositions of himself which flowed so rapidly from his pen during ten momentous years, we seem to conceive the secret at once of his ascendancy and his shipwreck. It was unfortunate for himself and others that he should have reigned without a rival; his only opponents on the spot, Faussett, Golightly, and the rest, men *impar congressi*. The magic of his personality, the rhetorical sweetness of his sermons—he used to say that he read through Mansfield Park every year, in order to perfect and preserve his style—their dialectic vigour, championship of implicit faith as against evidential reasoning, contagious radiance of intense conviction, far more than the compelling suasion of his arguments and theories, drew all men after him. Had there been in Oxford at the time a commanding representative of liberal theology, with corresponding personal attractiveness, seducing piety,

intellectual equipment, argumentative ability and promptitude; had, for instance, Arnold been resident through those years at Oriel, not at Rugby, two camps instead of one would have been formed, Delphi would have been answered by Dodona; Lake would not have been overpowered, Stanley shaken, less by the convincing proofs than by the unopposed monarchy of the magnificent system which enveloped them; free play would have been proffered to the many minds which came regretfully to avow in later life that Newman exercised a disturbing, not a quickening, influence on their mental and religious growth. Nay, who can tell what consequences might not have issued from the immediate and continued contact of the two great gladiators themselves; how many divergences might have been reconciled by the mutual respect and the recognition of fundamental community which close collision must have produced on two so noble natures, the hurricane of opposing passion hushed by the still small voice of sympathy which vibrates between all good men. Both had their disabilities; both lacked prescience, viewing the present with a short-sighted intensity which could not look ahead: if Arnold's constitutional deficiency was unguardedness and exaggeration, Newman's was impatience and despair. We see his limitations clearly now; of temper, knowledge, mental discipline, even piety. We see haste to be despondent in

the hero of his valedictory novel, more nakedly in his letters to his sister, until criticism is disarmed by their agony as the crisis becomes inevitable. That his secular knowledge was limited all his reviews and essays show; ignorant of German as we know him to have been, the historic development of religious reason with its underlying unity of thought lay outside the narrow philosophical basis on which were reared his Anglican conclusions; while Arnold was just the man, *invicem præbens crura sagittis*, to elucidate, correct, counterbalance, these flaws in his temperament and system. And if will governed and narrowed his intellect, so did impatience dominate his piety and self-discipline. Austere in his ideal of Christian life as detached, ascetic, painful, he saw true discipleship only in organised and formal self-surrender, such as he found in the "regulars" of the Roman Church, but missed in English Protestantism. A conviction of his own infallibility underlies his whole mental current; at every succeeding stage *securus judicat*, non-acceptance of his views is censurable in individual opponents, theologically disqualifying to their collective "note of Catholicity." How far years might aid his aspiration, his dreams pass into realities, his tests of Churchmanship find fulfilment in Anglican practice, he would not wait to see. For Teutonic slowness of apprehension he made no allowance, confused the dominant instinct of

startled contemporaries with the mature resultant of education and of time. "Had he lived to-day," said to me his old friend Hinds Howell, who passed away but now, "had he lived to-day, he would not have deserted his Church." Had Heads and Bishops tolerated "Tract 90" then, he might have died a Bishop or a Head; but, as Matthew Arnold sang of Clough, "he could not wait their passing."

These are matters of speculation; but it is curious to note how, as a fact, from the moment of his secession his commanding influence ceased. On the Monday morning when he left Manuel Johnson's house for Oscott, he died to his old associates, to the University, to the public. He died to his old associates: Richmond's water-colour portrait of him leant against Pusey's bookshelves; his marble bust, covered with a veil—whether from dust or from reminiscences I never dared to ask—stood in Keble's study; but the three who had been as one in spiritual kinship met only, after many years, to find in an evening of restrained and painful converse that the topics uppermost in the minds of all were topics all must avoid, walking in the house of God as adversaries, not as friends. He died to the University: Intellectual and educational changes pursued one another like surging waves in Oxford; but the man who for fifteen years had to all Europe personated Oxford stood aloof from all, unconsulted, uninterposing, because he had fallen

into the pit himself had digged, in narrowing the University from its great national, nay worldwide, function to the limits of a divinity school, so that, an alien in this one particular, he became an alien in all. And as from his brethren and from his University, so from the public he stood separate. The days of a Richelieu or an Alberoni are for ever past; but that a Roman Cardinal may popularise and exalt his Church while he endears himself by doing battle in English public life, as a partisan of moral reform, a pleader for social righteousness, a champion of the oppressed and poor against individual and class rapacity, was shown in a series of splendid object lessons by his great fellow prelate. Once only in the forty years did Newman win an audience ranging beyond controversialists and divines, in his famous "Apologia," which will go down, with Blanco White's "Autobiography," Froude's "Nemesis of Faith," and the "Phases of Faith" of his own brother Francis, as graphic self-dissections by men at once acutely and intensely organised of their innermost mental struggles amid distracting spiritual perplexities.

To what task, then, in all these years did Newman's powerful and once restless intellect address itself? No longer to proselytism, to Biblical criticism, to ecclesiastical reform; he gave to old Anglican friends who sought him out, he gave to Stanley in 1864, the impression of a "wasted life," of fearfulness in the presence

of advancing religious thought and criticism, of faded ability to handle questions with which formerly he was the first to grapple, of the piteously recurring cry when looking beyond the bars of his Oratory cage, "O, my mother! Why dost thou leave us all day idle in the market place?"¹ He bent himself, as far as we can see, to the subjective task of dealing with his own soul, working out harmony in his inner nature, gaining certainty as to his relation towards the Unseen, security as to his future acceptance in the indistinct domain which held his dead Gerontius expectant on his bed of sorrow. He has long since solved the riddle. Yet, let us admit that his was not the highest aim. The salvation of our own souls, the abstraction of our own natures, is at best a Buddha view of life and of eternity: the consumption of self in active work for others, the disregard of self mounting into Apostolic readiness to be "accursed for our brethren's sake" is the lesson of the life of Christ. Deep respect is due to the man who flung away friends, position, influence, in loyalty to the claim of conscience; deep sympathy with saintliness is an ingredient in all highly strung spiritual natures; but our age more than any calls for a Manning rather than a Newman, a Mazzini rather than a Cavour, a Father Damien succouring his Molokai lepers rather than a Simeon Stylites battering the

¹ "Life of Dean Stanley," ii. 342.

gates of heaven, however high his pillar, however rapt his insight, however vast his prospect.

Of the *minora sidera* which revolved round Newman, Charles Marriott, *φιλαίτατος Ὀρειήλων*, was the most notable. Saving every penny for charitable uses, he dressed like a beggar, with a veil over his weak eyes in summer and a dark green shade in winter, draped in a cloak made of two old M.A. gowns unequally yoked together. He often took me for walks, premising always that he had no small talk, and I must not be offended if he were silent; but it was easy to draw him out, and he would discourse with a kind of dry enthusiasm on some of his philanthropic schemes—economic, social, educational. He contributed several hundred pounds to a co-operative enterprise, called the “Universal Purveyor.” The project was commercially sound, but engineered by a sleek French scoundrel called André, who went off with all the money. I met this adventurer once in Marriott’s rooms at breakfast; the beast gave his host at parting what he called a “Christian kiss” on either cheek. He turned out to be a spy in the pay of Louis Napoleon. I saw him in his last illness, visiting him at Bonchurch, with R. F. Wilson, Keble’s curate at Ampfield, Newman’s friend and correspondent. As I entered his room he eagerly greeted me, and asked me to tell him the cube root of 1. His brother John

hushed him with a "dear Charles," and he became silent, with that queer tightening of the jaw which some of us remember well. But his half-paralysed brain was still active and his sense of fun acute. A new lodging house, ugly, comfortless, uninviting, had been built close by; the owner asked John Marriott what he should call it. Charles suggested the *Redan*—it was the time of our repulse before Sebastopol—"because it would never be taken."

Marriott inherited Newman's rooms, Eden succeeded to his parish. Burgon says of Eden that he strained his friends' affection by conceit and arrogance, meaning probably that he now and then rapped Burgon's knuckles, a feat which might cover a multitude of sins. To my recollection he was supremely agreeable in society. A dinner-party would be assembled in some stiff Professor's house, no convivial water for the feet or ointment for the head of entering guests, Dons and Donnas dull and silent in the drawing-room like Wordsworth's party in a parlour, when Eden was announced. In he would dart, his droll hare-lipped face radiant with reaction from a hard morning's work and with generous prandial expectancy; would snatch a book from the table or an ornament from the shelf, as text for a vagrant cheery disquisition taking in all the mutes in turn, till a general thaw set in, and we went down to a successful dinner. His manner in church was quaint;

the matter of his sermons terse and scholarlike, but the manuscript held close to the candle and read without pretence of oratory, the voice coming and going in fitful gusts now *forte* now *piano*. He could not stand coughers: "If worshippers cannot restrain their coughs, they would better go out," he used to say in eager, snapping tones. He had a great horror, too, of casual lookers-in, migrants, who *taste* successive churches in turn; "Rovers never grow" was his frequent dictum. He had a theory that the letter of the Bible carried sacramental efficacy, that merely to read it to a worldling or a reprobate would drive out devils and sow germinating seeds. He tried it once on poor old Miss Horseman, who was in his parish and supposed to be near her end. She told me that he walked into her drawing-room, said no word, took down and opened her big Bible, read it to her for half an hour, and again without farewell departed. He, of course, succeeded only in alarming and disturbing her; to a chapter of the Bible she had no objection, but her formal, old-fashioned breeding was outraged by his unceremonious aggression. When he left St. Mary's for the College living of Aberford, a large congregation came to hear his farewell sermon, prepared for an affecting and *larmoyant* valediction. He preached on some ordinary topic; then shut up his sermon case with a snap: "The volume—of the book—of my ministry

among you—is closed. It is sealed up—and will be opened at the Judgment Day.”

Of George Anthony Denison—picturesque and aggravating, eccentric and impracticable, stormy petrel in every row, at Oxford as at Eton, during sixty years; restlessly pugnacious as a divine, disappointingly irrelevant as a writer; like Sydney Smith in his estimate of the Church as a social bulwark, like Newman in his assumption of her historic and spiritual claims—I have a word or two to say. His Tutorship in 1831 marked the commencement of Oriel decadence, when Newman, Froude, and Robert Wilberforce were turned out by fussy, jealous, meddling Hawkins, to make way for Denison, Dornford, and the junior Copleston. As in scholarship so in theology he was far below the giants of the “Movement”; he had neither Newman’s fascination of moral earnestness and literary style, nor Liddon’s later doctrinal enthusiasm, nor Pusey’s fathomless abyss of learning; he had not even Henry of Exeter’s versatile facility in getting up a case and working it with a forensic adroitness which only the initiated could expose. His force was purely gladiatorial, his motive power personal; the side *he* had adopted, the position *he* had taken up, became in his eyes sacramental, opposition to it criminal and blasphemous. When, in 1863, Pusey proposed a compromise to end the Jowett strife, Denison gathered the country clergy in defiance of

his old chief, ascending the steps of the semi-circle in the Theatre in order to expound to us in Latin the causes "*quia discedo ab amicis meis.*" I remember the roar of displeasure which cut him short, the scream of "*Procacissimi pueri*" with which he descended, the curious subsequent mistake, when Chambers, the Proctor, announced the result of the voting by "*Majori parti placet*"; then, blushing and confused, dashed the exultation of Jowett's friends by the amended proclamation, "*Majori parti non placet.*" His sermons were minaciously dogmatic, alienating to large-minded and thoughtful men, grateful only to the prepossession which prefers petulant insistence to sweet reasonableness in argument and appeal. He ruled his clergy in Somersetshire imperiously; I always felt sorry for his bishop. The only man among them who could stand up to him was Clark, the Vicar of Taunton, a man of temperament much akin to his Archdeacon's, but apt to disregard the *convenances* of gentle breeding which in all his outbreaks governed Denison. Agreeable in society he always was; it was Stanley's delight to place him at the Deanery table among men whom he had just been traducing in the Jerusalem Chamber, and who found their malignant censor transformed into a cheery equal, friendly, anecdotic, convivial. "There are men," he would say to you, as, after vilipending you all the morning, he asked you to take wine with him at luncheon, "there

are men whose persons I love and whose opinions I abhor, and there are men whose opinions I honour and whose selves I hate." And this quality redeemed him; without it he would have been a mere firebrand—to some he seemed so all along; but those who saw him in his softer hour—and many such remain,—those especially who watched him presiding over his parish water storage and harvest home convivialities, still send from the railway windows as they shoot past Brent Knoll a benediction, half humorous, half affectionate; echo regretfully the *Tandem requiescit* of Lord Lyttelton's burlesque epitaph.¹ "Requiescat," they will add, "but not *in pace*; peace would destroy his paradise!"

Associated ever in my mind with Denison, not by similitude, but by graphic contrast, is his junior at Oriel by some fourteen years, Tom Hughes. He came up in 1842; men knew him as an athletic, pleasant fellow, pulling always in fours and eights, eclipsed somewhat by his then more notable brother George. Between George Hughes and Denison there were many points of resemblance, but Tom was everything that Denison was not. Denison was a Don, Tom was a Bohemian; Denison a sacerdotalist in white cravat and Master's hood, Hughes a humanist in flannel shirt and shooting jacket. Denison was an incarnation of lost causes, Hughes the pilot of

¹ Appendix O.

a beneficent future. Denison rode a painted rocking-horse to tilt with theological windmills, Tom rushed to spike the guns of social selfishness, like his own East in the trenches of the Sutlej forts. The historian of the century, if he recalls Denison at all, will speak of him as the high-bred clerical aristocrat, relic of a class extinct. He will extol Hughes as pioneer of a new and ardent realism, shaping itself to-day under fresh conditions, yet essentially accordant with his creed; as labouring to alleviate the discontent of the many by the self-sacrifice of the few, to extinguish class antagonism and bridge social chasm, to replace an oligarchy of prescriptive privilege, rank, and wealth, by a nobler timocracy of eminence in intellectual acquirement and in evangelical generosity of aim. Even as an undergraduate Hughes was a "Christian Chartist," in full sympathy with the passionate discontent which English proletarian misery well justified, yet holding that the party of upheaval must be led by men of property and social rank, if civil war were to be averted by peaceful civic reconstruction. His Radicalism, both at Oxford and elsewhere, was ludicrously composite; Colonel Newcome's electoral programme is hardly a travesty of Hughes: "He was for having every man to vote, every poor man to labour short time and get high wages, every poor curate to be paid double or treble, every bishop to be docked of his salary and

dismissed from the House of Lords; but he was a staunch admirer of that assembly and a supporter of the rights of the Crown." And this political confusedness was his strength as a social iconoclast. The unwashed rallied round a gentleman who was for abolishing the very rich and very poor, round a Christian who read Socialism into every page of the New Testament; the aristocracy gave ear of necessity to the well-dressed, well-bred school and University man, who from their own point of view and in their own interest preached reform as alternative to revolution. So for a time the school of Maurice, Kingsley, Hughes, shaped the sentiment and coloured the literature of the country; until, as from the Chartism of the Forties was by degrees evolved the Collectivism of the Eighties, older Radicals shrank back alarmed before the Demos which they had nursed complacently in its childhood; when the great election fight of 1884 raged round his home in Chester we tried in vain for the old veteran's voice and presence on our platforms.

Of his books, two alone probably will live. The "Scouring of the White Horse," racy but local, interests those only who are familiar with that pleasant, sleepy, peaceful Berkshire vale; his "Memoirs of a Brother" leaves somehow the impression that the muscular representative of the Uffington Hugheses must have been an oppressively pragmatical

hero; but theme and treatment combine to make the two "Tom Brown's" immortal. I know no more cogent tribute to Arnold's greatness than that Rugby alone of all public schools should have earned world-wide celebrity by an unrivalled biography and an unrivalled epic, both stamped in every page with his pre-inspiring impulse, both lit from the torch of his Idæan fire. Of Rugby, though not of Arnold, Hughes was a better interpreter than Stanley. Dean Lake used to say that Stanley never was a boy; he left school as he entered it, something between girl and man. Hughes was *puerilissimus*, boy in virtues and in foibles; and as, on the one hand, Stanley could not delineate the rough-and-tumble life which moulds nine-tenths of public school boys, could never have appreciated or described the football match or the fight with Slogger Williams, so, on the other hand, the tribute which Hughes pays to Arnold attests that wonderful school-master's electric influence on unreceptive ordinary natures such as Brown's and East's, no less than on the exceptional temperaments of a Vaughan, a Clough, a Stanley. Of course, in both books Tom is Hughes himself; Arthur, according to Rugby tradition, was a boy named Orlebar; the "young master" was Cotton; East in the one book, Hardy in the other, are probably mere types. And, though continuations are usually disappointing, I should place "Tom Brown at Oxford" not one whit behind

its predecessor. Recalling the higher fictions which deal with undergraduate life, "Reginald Dalton," "Vincent Eden," "Peter Priggins," "Loss and Gain," "Verdant Green," the Oxford chapter in "Alton Locke," the Boniface chapter in "Pendennis," I rank "Tom Brown" before them all for the vigour and the completeness of its portrayal. Every phase of College life as it exuberated sixty years ago—fast and slow, tuft and Bible clerk, reading man and lounge, profligacy and debt, summer term and Commemoration, boat races, wines, University sermons, passes easily in review, without Kingsley's hysteria, without Newman's prigishness, without Hewlett's vulgarity, without Lockhart's stiltedness, without Cuthbert Bede's burlesque. The New Zealander of A.D. 4000, visiting the tangled morasses of the Upper Thames which once were Oxford, the crumbling chaos of rotting carriages and twisted rails which once was Rugby, will annotate his monumental work on "Ancient England" by Tom Brown's pictures of their ruined sites and Tom Brown's chronicles of their academic humour. They seem to me somehow memorials of a life fuller, more varied, more *youthful*, than is proved to-day by our golden or our gilded juvenility. Stagecoaches, postchaises, peashooters meant more fun than first-class carriages and railway novels; boys were "fellows" then, now, save the mark! they are "men"; undergraduates who crowded formerly the

coffee rooms of the Old and New Hummums, Tavistock, Bedford, melt to-day into a mammoth hotel, gravitate after play and supper to music-halls and casinos, instead of applauding Herr von Joel or shaking hands with Paddy Green at Evans'. I am a fogley, to be sure, and out of date; but, remembering the days when I rode from Southam to Rugby on the "Pig and Whistle," or was dropped at the Mitre by Jack Adams "from the box of the Royal Defiance," the days when Cowley Marsh was a rush-grown common, and from Magdalen bridge to Iffley there was not a single roadside house, I feel for those ancient ways and vanished hours what our present youngsters will mayhap feel for their own some ten or twelve lustres hence, and I bless the hand that has preserved the verdure of their antiquity with a pen whose vigour and a heart whose freshness bids antiquity defiance.

I have travelled far from Oriel; I return to find Charles Neate on horseback at the Corpus corner, his face set towards the meet at Brasenose Wood. He began life as a barrister, but was disbarred for horsewhipping Bethell, known later as Lord Westbury, then as afterwards the bully of the profession, who had insulted him in court. He was cosmopolitan, at home in Paris, a member of London clubs, a mighty hunter. He stood for Oxford City in the Fifties as a Radical, and was elected,

but unseated for bribery. While in the House he became intimate with John Bright. I have heard him describe their first accost. The smoking-room was crowded; Bright sat upon one chair, and leaned his arm across the back of another. Neate asked him if he required two seats. "Yes, I do; but I'll get you another" —which he did. Neate gave his name, and a friendship soon sprang up. He brought Bright down to Oxford; they came together to a Congregation, where we were voting on some election. The papers, having been counted by the Proctors and the result announced, were burned on a brazier in the room, a custom long since extinct; Bright expressing his amused delight—it was before the Ballot—to find the secret vote enforced in the University of Oxford. Neate was in the Theatre when Dizzy made his famous "angel" speech, at a meeting of the Diocesan Association, S. Oxon in the chair. "What is the question now placed before society with a glib assurance the most astounding? The question is this—Is man an ape or an angel? My lord, I am on the side of the angels." Neate, in a delicious set of Sapphics,¹ inclined rather to range the great posture master on the other side :

Angelo quis te similem putaret
 Esse, vel divis atavis creatum,
 Cum tuas plane referat dolosas
Simius artes ?

CHAPTER XII.

BALLIOL.

There is a history in all men's lives
 Figuring the nature of the times deceased ;
 The which observed, a man may prophesy,
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things
 As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
 And weak beginnings lie intreasured.

SHAKESPEARE.

Two Masters of Balliol—Jenkyns and Jowett—The One who came between—The Succession to Scott—Temple and Jowett—Henry Wall—Dean Lake—"The Serpent"—Lake on Arnold—Jowett and Dr. Johnson—*Obiter Dicta*—A Conversation—Jowett's unfamiliarity with Natural Science.

FOR elderly men of to-day the term "Master of Balliol" conjures up two visions. They think of Jenkyns in the Thirties and Forties, of Jowett in the Seventies and Eighties; they do *not* think of Scott, who came between. Overlaid, enveloped, eclipsed by the two luminaries who "went behind him and before," he somehow drops out of sight; his reign is an intervention, and is remembered only with an effort. His was a career of early promise unusual, but unfulfilled. He came from Shrewsbury to Oxford as the best of Butler's pupils, won the Craven and Ireland and the Latin Essay, was First Class man and Fellow of Balliol. His notes to the "Uniomachia" and

his *Homeric*s on the Chancellorship showed rare aptness and resource in the exceptional felicities of Greek and Latin scholarship. In 1834, the year after his degree, Talboys, the leading Oxford bookseller, proposed to him to undertake the translation of Passow's German-Greek Lexicon; he consented on condition that with him Liddell might be associated. The Lexicon appeared in 1843; his share in it cannot be known; the feeling which ranked him below Liddell in its construction was expressed in anecdote and epigram.¹ He retired to a College living; and the later editions, changing a tentative into a masterpiece, owed most of their excellence to Liddell, whose desire for its linguistic revisal by Max Müller was foiled by Scott's apathy or opposition. In 1854 the old Master died, the College was divided as to his successor. The senior Fellows wished for Temple, an equal number of the juniors wished for Jowett; James Riddell wanted Scott, but would vote for Jowett rather than for Temple. So at the last moment Temple's supporters threw him over for Scott, securing Riddell's vote. For ten years he was a mere obstructive, wielding his numerical ascendancy to crush all Jowett's schemes of reform. "Your Head," said Jowett to a Fellow

¹ Two men wrote a Lexicon, Liddell and Scott;
One half was clever, one half was not.
Give me the answer, boys, quick, to this riddle,
Which was by Scott, and which was by Liddell?

—Hare's "*Story of My Life*."

of another College, "seems to be an astute person, who works by winning confidence; here we have a bare struggle for power"; and when, in 1865, successive elections to Fellowships had given Jowett a majority, Scott became a cypher in the College. Nor was he influential beyond the walls of Balliol. Soon after his appointment he preached a magnificent University sermon on Dives and Lazarus, with application of the "five brethren" episode to the home ties, feelings, scruples, tenderness of undergraduates. When he preached again, St. Mary's was filled from entrance door to organ screen; but the sermon was absolutely dull—on Hezekiah's Song—nor did he ever again command an audience; in his Headship as in his earlier career he left, as someone says, a great future behind him. In 1870 Gladstone, at Lowe's entreaty, appointed him to the Deanery of Rochester in order to make room for Jowett, and he descended into decanal quietude.

Scott's firmest supporter in College had been Henry Wall, Lecturer and Bursar: he figures in the "Grand Logic Sweepstakes" as Barbadoes, having been born in that island.¹ It was he who led the opposition to Max Müller for the "half-a-brick" reason that he was a foreigner. His intellect was clear, logical, penetrating; his temper bigoted and arrogant. His lectures, which as Prælector of Logic he delivered publicly

¹ See p. 237.

in Balliol Hall to all who chose to bring the statutory guinea, were cosmic in their reduction and formularisation of the Aldrich-Aristotle chaos. Keen-eyed, sharp-nosed, vehement in manner and gesture, he fired off questions as he went along at this or that student who caught his eye, with joyous acceptance of a neat response, scornful pounce on a dull or inattentive answerer. He was an undesirable dinner guest, starting questions which he seemed to have prepared beforehand for the pleasure of showing off his dexterity in word fence, rousing temper, and spoiling conversational amenities. He was a great dancer: the waltz of those days was a serious department of life, "to be wooed with incessant thought and patient renunciation of small desires." Readers of "Pelham"—does anyone read "Pelham" now?—will remember how Lady Charlotte impressed upon her fashionable son the moral duty of daily practice, with a chair if no partner could be obtained; and to see Wall's thin legs twinkle in the mazy was a memorable experience. He was exceedingly hospitable; giving dances, sometimes on a large scale in Wyatt's Rooms, oftener at his snug little house in New Inn Hall Lane, to the music of old Grimmett's harp and fiddle. With him lived a stout, florid sister, dressed in many-coloured garments, a niece whom pupils knew as "Bet," and a Pomeranian "Fop" who suffered many things when his master's

back was turned. He was great in charades, personating now a Radical mob orator, now an ancient crone, now a shy, clumsy, gaping freshman. When well on in years he made a January and May marriage; the bachelor home was recast; poor Bet had died, Fop had borne her company to that equal sky, the jovial sister subsided into small lodgings over a baker's shop in Holywell: *miscentur Mœnia luctu*.

Contemporary with Wall, but more prominent in College work and discipline, and dying at a great age only three years ago, was Dean Lake. I saw him first in 1842, when Clough, with whom I was reading at the time, took me to breakfast in his rooms. They looked into the Quad; and as we stood at the window after breakfast he pointed out a black-haired, smooth-cheeked, ruddy undergraduate, and said, "Notice that man; he will be our Double First this year." It was Temple; and I went with Clough into the Schools to hear his *Viva Voce*. Lake was kind to me after that; one day took me for a walk. We encountered his doctor in Broad Street, and they stopped to talk. He was looking wretchedly ill, red-nosed, pale, and thin, admitted in answer to questions that he had fasted during Lent; and I listened unnoticed to the wise earnestness with which the doctor, a man greatly respected and beloved, urged upon him the duty of caring for his body as the condition of all useful work. As a fact, the phase of feeling

which took shape with him in bodily maceration was a transient one; he had been bitten by the Newmania, but he soon, like Goldsmith's man of Islington, recovered of the bite. He was not liked either as Tutor or as Proctor. His manner was cold, sarcastic, sneering, and a certain slyness earned him the nickname of "Serpent." When, in 1849, young Lancaster of Balliol, for playfully fastening up and painting a Tutor's oak, was summoned before a Common Room meeting to receive sentence, the scene was thus rendered by a forgotten wit:—

Incipit "Jinks."

And first out spake "the Master": "The young man must go down,
And when a twelvemonth has elapsed he may resume his gown."

Lake sequitur.

And the Serpent's brow was calm, and the Serpent's voice was low;
"I'm sorry, Mr. Lancaster, but really you must go.
The fact has come so clearly before the Tutors' knowledge,
And if we once pass over this, what rules can bind the College?"

Lancaster respondet.

Then out spake Harry Lancaster, that man of iron pate:
"I know, ye Dons, I must have gone a mucker soon or late;
But this I say, and swear it too, without or cheek or funk,
The Tutor may have been screwed up, I'm —— if I was drunk."

He left to Mrs. Goddard the packing of his togs,
He paid no ticks, with chums exchanged no farewell dialogues;
But in a fury flinging down
His academic cap and gown,
And striding madly through the town,
Rushed headlong to the dogs!

I have relegated to the Appendix¹ the more recent and well-known lines on Master and Fellows. It is curious, though, that there are three different readings of the verse on Jowett, each vouched for as correct. I do not think it has ever been observed that the stanza is plagiarised from a saying of Madame de Staël: "*Monsieur, je comprends tout ce qui mérite d'être compris; ce que je ne comprends n'est rien.*" Much the same thing is said, more pungently, in a German epigram—

Gott weiss viel;
Doch mehr der Herr Professor:
Gott weiss alles!
Doch er — alles besser.

Lake bore, for strictly Balliol consumption, another playful *sobriquet*, an obvious degradation of his name. Walking one day with John Conington, he said, "Do you know, Conington, that the men call you the Sick Vulture?" Conington turned on him his blank, pallid moon-face, and said, "Do you know, Lake, that the men call you Puddle?" There is of the retort yet another rendering, which I cannot bring myself to write. In 1858 he took the College living of Huntspill, then a very valuable incumbency, but a secluded, unhealthy, stagnant village in the Bristol Channel marshes. He was not the man to spend there much of his time: he kept a capable curate, a muscular Christian he half admiringly, half

¹Appendix Q.

contemptuously, called him; and lived mostly in London, enjoying club life at the Athenæum, and labouring for a long time on the Duke of Newcastle's Education Commission. I remember standing with him at the Highbridge Station, when one of his principal farmers came up and said, "We don't see much of you at Huntspill, Mr. Lake." "You may depend upon it," said the faithful herdman, "that you won't see more of me than I can help." He was one of the most active members of the Commission, supporting the large recommendations which, novel and startling at the time, were all eventually embodied in Mr. Forster's Act. He told me that the secretary, Fitzjames Stephens, a man in the habit of riding roughshod over his fellows, tried to dominate and bully the Commissioners. They deputed to Lake the task of extinguishing him, and in rebuke to some instance of unwarrantable interference he went across to the secretary and explained to him with serpentine grace that he was intruding on their prerogative and must confine himself to his proper function. The hint was taken perforce; but one of the reporters said afterwards to Lake, "The expression of Mr. Stephens' countenance when you spoke to him, sir, was truly diabolical." I saw a good deal of him during his visits to Huntspill. He attended educational meetings in which I was interested, an animated, nay violent speaker: arms and coat-tails flew about

while he strode hither and thither: for his after-dinner orations we used to clear out of his way the wineglasses and other unstable appurtenances of dessert. Of clerical assemblies he fought shy. Posing at that time as an advanced Liberal and a Broad Churchman, his plea for unfettered admission of Nonconformists to our schools, and his denunciation of Bishop Gray, just then tramping Somersetshire in his crusade against Colenso, gave deep offence to Philistia. He would have liked, I think, to be Regius Professor of Divinity, and was bitterly savage, as were many more, at Payne Smith's appointment. Lord Palmerston consulted Jeune; and Jeune, who while solitary as Vice-Chancellor in the Long Vacation had seen much of Smith, then a sub-librarian at the Bodleian, was impressed by his Oriental erudition and his views on Messianic prophecy, and named him at once. I daresay the Chair lost nothing by his occupancy rather than by Lake's, who was but an amateur theologian.

He stayed in my house more than once, full always of interesting talk. He gave us one evening a minute description of Dr. Arnold's death. He was a guest in the School House at the time; the five younger children had gone to Fox How, and all were to follow in a day or two, when the school should have broken up. He, the Doctor, and I think Matthew, strolled till dusk on the Sunday evening in the Head Master's garden overlooking the

School Close. Their talk was of the New Testament writers, and he recalled the almost angry vehemence with which Arnold resented from one of them a preference of St. Paul to St. John. The great Head Master died early next morning, and Lake went down to Fox How with the tidings. He dwelt on the pathos of the journey, the beauty of the Rothay Valley as he drove along it from the head of Windermere in the early summer dawn, the exquisite peacefulness of the tree-shaded home. It was Arnold's forty-seventh birthday, and the children had prepared to celebrate it: they were waked instead to learn the news, and went back with Lake to see their father's face in death. He went on to talk of his old master, depreciating the value of his influence. Electric and overpowering, it was, he said, more than *boys'* nature could stand; coming on them prematurely, infusing priggishness rather than principle. "Halford Vaughan once agreed with me that it took five years to recover from the mental and moral distortion which it involved." One trait of character, said to have been strongly marked at Oxford, we noticed in him more than once, a sort of superior tuft-hunting: not, of course, the vulgar deference to social rank and wealth, but a rather too exclusive pursuit of and attention to the man of highest note in any company. I met him once at a large dinner-party. He found me alone when he entered, and began

to talk; presently the Head Master of Winchester was announced, and for him Lake naturally left me. But on the arrival of Eothen Kinglake the Head Master found himself deserted; and when the party was joined by Temple, then in the splendour of his pre-episcopal repute, Eothen in his turn was dropped. Of course, we the rejected ones, combining on the common ground of supersession, discussed our friend's peculiarity with good-humoured pungency. A prolonged, and as we all supposed a confirmed, bachelor, he was sensitive to the presence of women; kind, bland, and beaming towards them as he was not towards men. He described scornfully the dull dinners of a Cabinet Minister who gave men's parties only, excluding his charming wife. "He ought to understand that most men would rather have his wife's company than his own; I know I would." Of his decanal career, his married life, his alleged later relapse into the Puseyism of his youth, I know only from hearsay; I never met him after his ascent to Durham. Reckoning him up from his Oxford and his Huntspill days, I should say that he was too self-centred and withdrawn, too aggressively the superior person, to be popular; that, winning an undoubtedly high position, his performance scarcely equalled the expectation men had formed of him; that he remained through life a conspicuous and interesting figure rather than an effectual and influential force.

Of Jowett I shall not say much. The "Jowler myths" served their purpose and are exploded, the facts of his life are told abundantly in the *Biography*, a book which for my own part I never open without extracting from it gold unalloyed. I was so fortunate once as to meet him in a country house; in such retreats he was always at his best, communicative, receptive, easy. The talk turned on obscure passages in well-known poems—Tennyson's "one clear harp," Newman's "those angel faces"—which their authors when challenged could not or would not explain. He quoted Goldsmith and Johnson's colloquy over the word "slow" in the opening line of "The Traveller." Asked by someone if he meant tardiness of locomotion, Goldsmith said yes. Johnson interposed, "No, sir, you do not mean tardiness of locomotion; you mean that sluggishness of mind which comes upon a man in solitude." He repeated the paragraph exactly, rolling it out with relish. Our host, his old pupil, told us afterwards that he believed Jowett knew his Boswell by heart; no book oftener on his lips or pen. We passed to the "base Judæan" in "Othello." "Herod and Mariamne," Barabas and his daughter in the "Jew of Malta," were proposed as illustrations. The last interested him much, and he asked many questions about the play, which he seemed not to have read; but next morning he said, "I have been thinking it over; it can only mean the Jewish nation

and Christ." He went on to condemn Ger-
vinus' Commentary, but found we were all
against him. A lady asked him whether
Bishop Butler's saying is sound, that, in general
no part of our time is more idly spent than
the time spent in reading. He roused him-
self to utter very emphatically, "No." "Mr.
Pattison says so." "Mr. Pattison would make
all reading difficult, he would have it so perfect
and accurate." "Yet one sits at the feet of a
great man." "You would not give up your
common-sense, if you do sit at a great man's
feet." She asked his opinion of Greg. He
spoke admiringly of his "Enigmas"; went on
to describe him as a most curious little man,
aged seventy, just married, likely to be always
weighing his wife's qualities and to molest her
when he found them wanting. Then we dis-
cussed old Oxonians. He spoke with absolute
reverence of Arnold. Pusey, he thought, had
deteriorated; once innocent and a saint, he
had become "cunning and almost worldly."
Temple, too, had suffered from episcopacy. He
pronounced the best Oxford Colleges—it was
in 1874—to be Balliol, New College, University,
Trinity, Lincoln. He withdrew after breakfast
to his Plato, but we had a long walk on Exmoor
in the afternoon. As we sate on the hillside,
watching the "shadowy main dim-tinted," along
which wounded Arthur was borne by weeping
queens in dusky barge to Avilion, the blue Atlantic
water of the incoming tide pushing itself in great

wedges up the brown Severn sea, I picked up and showed him a chunk of old red sandstone at my feet, flecked with minute white spots, which under my Coddington lens became lichens exquisite in shape and chasing. I recall his almost childlike amazement and delight, his regretful confession that to his mind all natural science was a blank, wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. He had, in fact, several times, with a hankering after the unknown, attended meetings of the British Association. In one of these an amusing incident occurred. The meeting was at Durham: the fathers of the Cathedral looked askance at the sages in their midst, appointed Handel's "What tho' I trace" as a significant anthem for the Sunday service, and put up as preacher a Dr. Evans, Greek Professor, a man hostile to everything new. He had prepared a violent sermon against "Essays and Reviews," but his heart failed him when on entering the Cathedral he spied Jowett's white head in a stall. It is one thing to anatomise a book, quite another to vivisect its author, and Evans shrank from the operation. What was to be done? There was present in his place a certain Canon and Archdeacon Bland, who was known to carry a sermon in his pocket wherever he might be. To him was sent a hurried message, and he calmly preached his inappropriate but harmless pocketful. Jowett was not told of the incident, but remarked upon the badness of the sermon.

CHAPTER XIII.

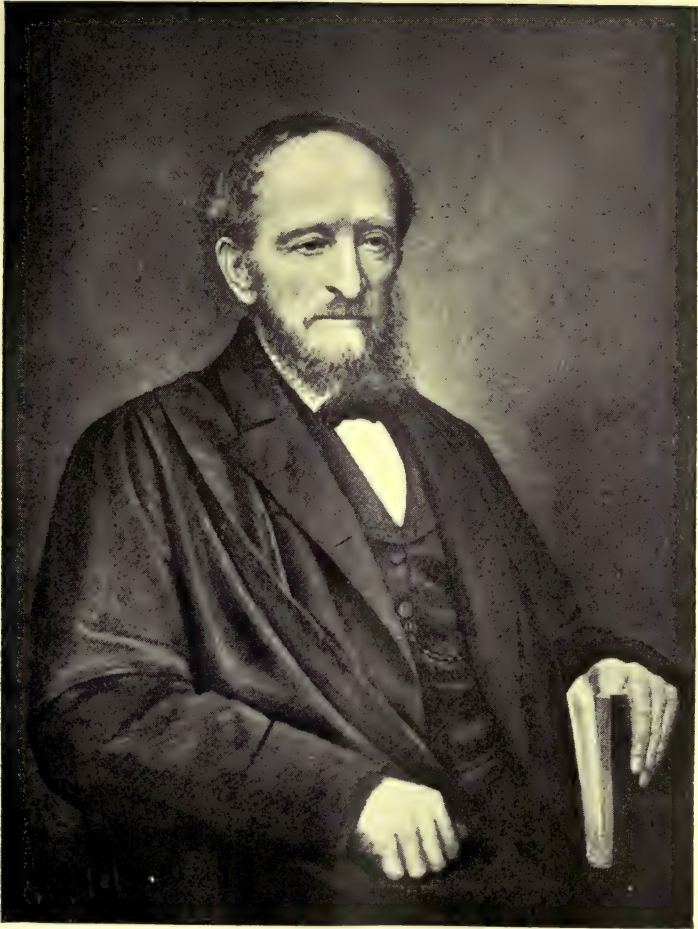
PATTISON, THOMSON, GOULBURN, WILLIAM SEWELL.

Hast thou seen higher, holier things than these,
 And therefore must to these refuse thy heart ?
 With the true Best, alack, how ill agrees
 That best that thou wouldst choose.
 The Summum Pulchrum rests in heaven above ;
 Do thou as best thou may'st, thy duty do :
 Amid the things allowed thee live and love ;
 Some day thou shalt it view.

CLOUGH.

A Contrast to Jowett—Mark Pattison's Character and Career—A Sceptic—And a Cynic—Omni-erudition—His Talk of Books—The Optimist and the Pessimist—Archbishop Thomson—Provost of Queen's—Oxford Preachers—Early Recollections—Denison—Hamilton—Adams—Goulburn—Goulburn at Rugby—A Mediæval Saint—Dean of Norwich—William Sewell—More Puseyite than Pusey—His Emotional Theology—His Quaint Lectures—His Translation of Horace—An Epidemic of High Church Novelettes—"Amy Herbert"—"Hawkstone"—St. Columba's College—Singleton—Radley.

FROM Jowett to Mark Pattison is a transition popular but unphilosophic: to bracket the two men, as is often done, shows superficial knowledge of both. Both, no doubt, were clergymen, both missed disappointingly and afterwards exultingly obtained the Headship of their Colleges, both wrote in "Essays and Reviews." Behind these accidents are life equipment, experiences, characters, temperaments, standing in phenomenal contrast. Pattison's



MARK PATTISON.

From a Portrait in the possession of Miss Stirke.

mind was the more comprehensive, instructed, idealistic, its evolution as intermittent and self-torturing as Jowett's was continuous and tranquil. Pattison's life, in its abrupt precipitations and untoward straits, resembled the mountain brook of Wordsworth's solitary; Jowett's floated even, strong, and full, from the winning of the Balliol scholarship by the little white-haired lad with shrill voice and cherub face, until the Sunday afternoon at Headley Park, when the old man, shrill, white-haired, and cherubic still, bade "farewell to the College," turned his face to the wall, and died.

To a College whose tutors were inefficient and its scholars healthy animals Pattison carried at eighteen years old a mass of undigested reading, an intelligence half awakened, a morbid self-consciousness, a total want of the propriety and tact which a public school instils, but in which home training usually fails. Slowly there dawned in him the idea of intellectual life, the desire to amass learning for the rapture of acquiring it; and to his mental development, with all its aberrations, this idea gave lasting unity. It was broken for a time by Newman's influence, which swept him into the Tractarian whirlpool, arrested the growth of his understanding, diverted him from scholarship to theology; the reaction which followed Newman's flight told on him with corresponding force. He became a College Tutor and Examiner in the Schools, threw himself

zealously into academic discipline and teaching, recovered the bodily health which High Church *σωματική γυμνασία* had impaired; was useful and ambitious and happy. The Headship of Lincoln fell vacant, and all looked to see him fill it—all except a torpid and obstructive minority amongst the Fellows, affronted by the energy which put their somnolence to shame. Their intrigues succeeded, and he was defeated by a man of the lowest type—"a mere ruffian," Pattison calls him with equal impropriety and truth—under whom the College sank at once in prowess, tone, repute; and Pattison, broken-hearted, resigned his Tutorship. Somewhat restored by two years of rambling, fishing, foreign travel, but an altered and embittered man, vindictive, melancholy, taciturn, he fell back on his old ideal of life—the life of the student pure and simple, with no view to literary success, but, as before, for the joy which study brings. Thenceforth for thirty years, with one brief interruption, his life flowed in this single channel. He lived among his books, used his Headship, when it came to him, less in the interests of the College than to enlarge his library and his leisure; produced his monumental "Casaubon," outcome of twenty-five years' reading; flung off from his workshop the chips now mortised into his collected Essays; died, *multa gemens*, as for his reft library, so most of all for this, that his "Life of Scaliger," conceived and

shaped in memory and notes, must pass with him into the land where all things are forgotten.

Such a life must needs write wrinkles, not only on cheek and brow, but on heart and brain: it left its mark on Pattison's. It left him sceptic. Puritanism, Anglicanism, Catholicism, had successively widened his religious conceptions, each in turn falling from him like a worn-out garment, till he became Pantheist on the positive side, negatively Agnostic. Religion he esteemed as a good servant but a bad master; the idea of Deity, he told one of his querists, was "defæcated to a pure transparency." Faith he defined as "belief in the unproved"; and what he could not prove that he would not believe. This discrepancy between esoteric conviction and professional status troubled him not at all. He acknowledged to Thorold Rogers, who had abandoned the Anglican ministry, his own disbelief in what those who hold them call the fundamental verities of Christianity; but said that as a young man he had adopted in good faith the doctrines of the English Church, had shaped his life to meet its demands, was too old now to make a change injurious to himself. It left him cynical. He declined to acknowledge the obligation of self-sacrifice; pronounced Montaigne's dictum, that to abandon self-enjoyment in order to serve others is unnatural and wrong, "a refreshing passage"; quoted with approval Goethe's paradox, "I

know not myself, and God forbid I ever should." In his sister Dora's heroism, which, in spite of Miss Lonsdale's book, all England honoured, he saw only self-glorification and misdirected energy. He lectured once at Birmingham while she was combating small-pox at Walsall: she came over to greet him, not having seen him for years. "What Dora!" was his only salutation, "still cutting off little Tommy's fingers and little Jemmy's toes?" It left him pessimist. As student of history and politics he had seen one after another millennium prevented by the thwarting Spirit which, *sævo læta negotio*, loves unweariedly to spite humanity: Hellenic civilisation in one century, "New Learning" in another, political reform in his younger days, social emancipation in his maturity. He refused to believe in the progressive happiness of mankind, and laughed to scorn the amiable Tennysonian commonplace that good will be the final end of ill. It left him, happily, as it found him, a devotee of knowledge. He was as nearly omni-erudite as man can be in omni-parient days: one who knew him well said of him that you may dig into any portion of his mind with certainty of turning up a nugget. In the book-lined gallery which opened out of his drawing-room he would sit or stand, in the short morning coat which he affected as a dinner dress, the centre of a group of guests, picked men from many walks of thought, scientist, æsthetic,

literary: as each proffered his own patented topic Pattison would take it up and handle it with swift, clear, exhaustive analysis, ending always with an apologetic, "But, you know, it's not my subject."

What was his subject? He ranked specially as an expert in moral philosophy, examining therein at one time for the India Civil Service. I asked him once about the relative merits of the candidates as belonging to different Universities. He said that the Oxford man, in shirt front, finger nails, costume generally, was a thing of beauty—and knew nothing; the Cantab, slightly dingy—and knew something; the Caledonian knew little about moral philosophy, much about the Scotchmen who had handled it; the Dublin man was a boor in externals, but knew everything. Yet no one would venture to limit his speciality to philosophy. Apart from literature and philology, fresh chambers were ever opening to one's quest in the basement no less than in the higher storeys of his mind. He had a Yorkshireman's love of horses, and cared to know who won the Derby. He narrowly missed the championship of croquet, and could diagnose the mental bias of the players round him by their methods and tactics in the game. In country walks he recognised the note of every bird, and knew or sought to know the name, habit, class, of every uncommon plant or hovering insect. His talk of books was musical in its

luminous enthusiasm, and he read aloud the poetry he loved with rare felicity. As a young man he had written hymns for some of the minor Church festivals, but he never enjoyed religious poetry, and would pitilessly dissect the *ἵθως* and the diction of the "Christian Year." He cared little for Tennyson or Browning, though he joined the Browning Society, and once gave a characteristic address on "James Lee's Wife." Towards Milton he felt as a scholiast rather than as a worshipper. Pope always appealed to him; he recited his poetry with a relishing *cæsuric* swing, was proud of his own commentary on the "Essay," furious at a stereotyped error in the notes which made him quote Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity" as "Ode to Nature." He greatly enjoyed Wordsworth in what he called his higher mood; moral, that is, not lyrical or romantic. Amongst classic writers he placed Æschylus as unapproachable. Anna Swanwick used to relate that she was reading alone in her drawing-room late one night, when there came a ring at the bell and Pattison walked in. "What is the finest poem in the world?" She hesitated. He answered, "The Agamemnon"; turned on his heel, and disappeared. His favourite Latin poet was Virgil; Gray, and perhaps Collins, he pronounced to be the only English poets rivalling the artistic melody of the Augustan age: he loved to read aloud the "Progress of Poesy," as the finest classical

ode in the language, always throwing away the book in anger before the copybook bathos of the closing lines. On his last night alive he desired to have read to him the "Ode on Eton College," commenting as he listened with all his old aptness, pregnancy, refinement.

But man cannot live by literary enthusiasm alone; and in Pattison's scheme of life there was a fatal flaw—it lacked benevolence, participation, sympathy:

He did love Beauty only, Beauty seen
In all varieties of form and mind,
And Knowledge for its beauty;

and slighted Love avenged itself. His history incarnated the "Palace of Art"; he built for himself a godlike life, but a life of godlike isolation; and so the unseen hand wrote "Mene, Mene," on his palace walls, and the fruit which he plucked so laboriously from the ambrosial tree turned to an apple of Sodom at the last. He was, indeed, in all points the antithesis of Jowett. The one was idealist, the other practical; a Cynic the one, while the other was a Stoic. Pattison brooding, self-centred, morose; Jowett sweet-blooded, altruistic, sociable; Jowett beamingly optimistic, Pattison pessimist to the core. To his old friend's deathbed, so the tale was current at the time, Jowett sent a farewell message: "You have seen so much good in the world that you may be hopeful of the future!" "I have seen so much *wrong*

in the world," snarled Diogenes from his pillow, "that I have *no* hope for the future!" *Sunt lacrymæ!* Yet let us remember, while we emphasise the contrast, that to make allowance for the forces which disturb the moral pendulum—heredity, constitution, temperament, environment—is outside our power and our scope. Here, as elsewhere, comes in the weighty "Judge not" of perfect insight and of perfect charity, hushing our presumptuous verdict, alike on the dejected and the buoyant character, alike on the auspicious and the hapless life, in the presence of the all-adjusting grave.

The "Essays and Reviews," with Stanley's tremendous article in the *Edinburgh*, provoked a counterblast of conservative theology, in a long-forgotten "Aids to Faith," edited by Archbishop Thomson, then Provost of Queen's, who had himself, amusing to relate, written a paper which missed insertion in the famous volume only by being sent in too late. I knew him as a Fellow long before; we were both on the committee of the "Amateur," and worked together at the programmes. He was an enthusiastic musician, with a superb baritone voice; no one who heard it will forget his singing of the "Boar's Head" chant at the Queen's College Christmas dinner. In his rooms I first received the idea of what came afterwards to be called "culture"; his talk and the books which lay about giving outlook into a wider

world than had dawned on the ordinary academic. He was of humble origin, and so unwise as to be ashamed of it. Educated under Butler at Shrewsbury, he came up to Queen's in 1836, was idle, was plucked for his Little-Go; recovered himself, and became a Michel Fellow of Queen's. His line as a Tutor was philosophy; his "Laws of Thought" was for many years a valued text-book. His Bampton Lectures on "The Atonement" passed into the limbo retained for these annual apologies of orthodoxy; but his presentation to All Saints', Marylebone, enabled him to attract fashionable crowds, and made him known outside the University. During his residence in College Mr. and Mrs. Skene of Rubislaw, with their family, came to reside in Oxford. We had all read our Lockhart, and looked with deep interest on the white-haired laird, Walter Scott's life-long friend, accomplished horseman, draughtsman, antiquarian, godfather to the Fourth Canto of "Marmion," to whom Scott owed the conception of the Jews in "Ivanhoe" and of "Quentin Durward." With them was a middle-aged daughter, who sang Handel finely and wrote religious novels, and two young grand-daughters, one pretty, the other clever: men used to manœuvre at dinner-parties to take down the clever sister and sit opposite the pretty one. This last—the "Greek Slave" she was called, her mother being a Levantine—was soon surrounded by admirers; from them

she selected Thomson, and they were married on his appointment to the London living. In 1855 he was made Provost of Queen's, after a sharp contest as to the right of Michel Fellows to take part in the election: a contest which terminated in his favour, but so exasperated the Fellows on the old foundation that the new Provost was insulted on his first appearance in the Common Room after Hall. At Prince Albert's death his name was found prominent on the list of clergymen whom the Prince thought deserving of promotion, and he became at short intervals a Royal Chaplain, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, Archbishop of York. The final nomination was said to have been distasteful to the Queen, who had marked her old friend Bishop Wilberforce for the see; but Lord Palmerston, between whom and the Bishop there was constant feud, refused to sanction the appointment, and the Head of the Church was compelled to give way to the popular Prime Minister. As Archbishop, Thomson hardly fulfilled the expectation which dictated and accompanied his rapid rise. Unpopular in London society, it was early understood that he would never succeed to the higher throne of Canterbury. He preached, now and again, extraordinarily eloquent sermons: Dean Stanley, and Thompson, afterwards Master of Trinity, both noted discourses of his in Westminster Abbey as amongst the best which they had ever heard, and his rare

appearances on public platforms were marked by addresses of the very highest order; but these efforts were isolated and eruptive, so that, unquestionably in his own time the ablest prelate on the bench, he left no mark either on his Church or on the community. His presence was remarkably imposing, of great bulk and stature, with massive features, sonorous delivery, dignified and stately manners. Imprudently exerting himself when unwell in a December Ordination, the action of his heart failed, and he died on Christmas Day, 1890.

I have said nothing of the early parochial Oxford pulpits. At the opening of the Thirties Evangelicalism was dominant, trumpeted by a tremendous Boanerges named Bulteel, whose powerful but sulphurous sermons filled St. Ebbe's Church. He made a name for himself outside his squalid parish, attacked the Heads of Houses for sloth and unfaithfulness in a violent University sermon, whose impeachments they but feebly answered, practised faith healing successfully in cases where physicians were in vain, ministered in conventicles, found his licence revoked by Bishop Lloyd, whom he thereupon denounced publicly as "an officer of Antichrist," built a chapel of his own, and founded a not long-lived sect of Bulteelites. Reviving High Churchism first echoed in St. Peter's Church, about 1835, from the lips and practice of Edward Denison and his curate

Walter Kerr Hamilton, both afterwards Bishops of Salisbury. I remember the beautiful old Norman edifice in my boyhood, neglected and dilapidated : I sate with my mother in a large, high, square pew, into which we locked ourselves on entering, and prayed for their most gracious Majesties King William and Queen Adelaide. A lady in the adjacent pew interested me always by turning eastward and thereby facing us when the Creed was recited ; it was explained to me that she was "a very old-fashioned person." In 1836 the church was restored (we worshipping the while in Merton Chapel), an ugly clerk's house in the churchyard swept away, the vast family pews abolished, the services improved to a pitch for that time highly ornate, starveling as it would seem now. Denison was followed by Hamilton ; Hamilton by William Adams, author of the once famous "Allegories" ; Adams by Stewart Bathurst, who followed Newman to Rome ; he by Edmund Hobhouse, still living at a great age, emeritus Bishop of Nelson. Few churches have ever been so shepherded in a succession so long unbroken. It was believed that a particular set of Merton rooms in which these pastors lived held an occult power of episcopal generation ; certainly I have breakfasted there with three occupants who afterwards became bishops.

Good men as all these were, yet, with the exception of Adams, who at his early death left

behind him a volume of touching sermons, none of them made the drum ecclesiastic musically resonant. That distinction was reserved for Goulburn in the opening of the Forties. " 'Obhouse and 'Ansell are below par," said Mr. Hounslow, the Radical grocer in High Street, to a stranger in quest of Sunday pabulum; "go to 'Olywell and 'ear Goulburn." Always noted as a preacher, Goulburn was a man rather lovable than eminent, a man who sank into the surroundings of the high posts he filled, discharging their duties conscientiously, but affixing to them no stamp of genius. A Balliol Scholar, he was intimate with Lake, Stanley, Brodie, Waldegrave, Golightly; gained a First Class, and became Fellow of Merton. These laurels won, he started on a tour with Stanley, which was terminated by an accident to his leg. Stanley used to tell how, overhearing from his bed the physician, Dr. Bruno—Byron's incapable doctor sixteen years before—express his fear lest suppuration should set in, the invalid called out in his mincing tones, "Suppuration—I never heard the word before, but it exactly expresses what I feel." Rescued from suppuration and from Bruno, he returned home to take Orders and to become Vicar of the small Holywell parish. His wife was of the Aynhoe Cartwright family; he brought his bride to the pretty little Holywell Cottage, now swept away, and at once made his mark as a preacher. Townspeople and undergraduates

swelled his congregations, finding in the frankness, variety, humanism, of his sermons a refreshing contrast to the textiferous platitudes or the dry formalisms emitted respectively from neighbouring Low or High Church pulpits. Nor was the absurd strain wanting which ran ever through his character, actions, talk. Delicious bits of finical rhetoric, set off by his detached, tinkling, monosyllabic delivery, come up to me out of the past; as when, preaching on the Jews of Berea, he began, "It may be predicated of the Bereans that they permitted no extraneous circumstances to counteract the equipoise of their equanimity"; or when, magnifying the wisdom of Providential adaptation in nature, he concreted his illustration by a "min-now," which swam so often into our ken as to be at last greeted with a general titter. His theology, baldly Calvinistic at the outset, was afterwards modified by contact with Samuel Wilberforce, when that astute prelate, all things to all men in his diocese, muzzled his Low Church opponents -- Litton, Hayward Cox, John Hill, and others -- by making their like-minded friend Goulburn one of his examining chaplains. It culminated finally in that dexterously balanced Anglican orthodoxy which, whatever its effect upon their intellectual expansion, earns for its doctrinaires the valuable repute of "soundness," and so "not unfrequently leads to positions of considerable emolument."¹ It led Goulburn

¹ Page 129.

to a post for which he was certainly not suited, the Headmastership of Rugby. In the competition his rival was Lake, on all grounds a fitter man. Lake was essentially an educator, Goulburn restrictedly an evangelist. Lake represented all the tendencies and traditions which had made Rugby the first school in England, Goulburn must inevitably thwart them: to the Tory trustees who held the election in their hands, and who later on appointed Hayman, that was Goulburn's strongest recommendation. They chose Goulburn and rejected Lake, causing Arthur Stanley, for once in his placable life, to lose his temper and say hard things.

Goulburn went to Rugby with misgivings, found the work uncongenial, after eight years resigned it with delight. "He was not," writes to me an old pupil who was in his house and loved him well, "he was not intended to be a headmaster. He was a mediæval saint with great social power; simplicity itself, with the pomposity of a D.D. of those times: he used, for instance, to go out to dinner in his cassock, and never appeared without it among us boys. He preached on excellent theses, but loved Latinised expressions: "Let the scintillations of your wit be like the coruscations of summer lightning, lambent but innocuous." He believed in surprises to attract attention; would preach on occasions from the eagle instead of from the pulpit, would choose as a

text "The King of Jericho, one; the King of Ai, one," and so on, reading out all the thirty-one in order; would conceal a horsewhip under his gown in school, and crack it to help out a passage in Aristophanes. He seldom knew one boy from another: "Well, little boy, what do you want?" passing his hand over one's head in a fatherly way, but having forgotten all the previous interview. He was fleeced by his servants, who starved us; adored personally by Benson, who saw his goodness; ridiculed by Bradley, who saw his failures: Compton was his relative, and the first attempt at a science master in the school; a good attempt, but badly carried out. When Goulburn left, he tried to keep out Temple in favour of Fanshawe from Bedford, but happily failed. Temple restored discipline by a system of superannuation. Had it not been for Tom Evans, Bradley, Benson, as assistant masters, the teaching would have been as bad a failure as the discipline. And yet he was an ideal gentleman and a Christian."

He returned to the field in which he was an expert, the field of parochial and pastoral work, at Quebec Chapel and St. John's, Paddington; until he made perhaps the second blunder of his life by accepting the Deanery of Norwich. As Dean he found scope for his preaching power, but was deficient in the secular and practical side of chapter work. At this time were written many of his devotional

manuals, and by these his name will be remembered longest. Once or twice he took public action; when Stanley was made Select Preacher at Oxford he protested by resigning the similar office which he held; but the step left untouched their personal friendship, and on Stanley's death he preached a funeral sermon which, since Burgon sternly denounced it, was probably in all ways generous and Christian. He wrote afterwards the *Life of that eccentric divine*. Few men have offered scope so inviting to a biographer—at once poet, critic, artist, theologian, buffoon, at once indecently scurrilous and riotously comic, he lived and died as if to inspire above all things a brief and brilliant memoir: but Goulburn produced two ponderous volumes as unreadable as the “*Guicciardini*” of Macaulay’s anecdote. After a time his deanery palled on him as his headmastership had done: its quasi-episcopal rubs and worries, exhilarating to a Wilberforce or a Magee, were to him intolerable; he long pined to be rid of it, and at last resigned it. The last public act of his life was to join with Denison, Liddon, and a few, a very few, besides, in a declaration, called forth by “*Lux Mundi*,” on the “*Truth of Holy Scripture*,” which, defiant of German exegesis, of geological discovery, of universally accepted Darwinism, restated solemnly, sadly, helplessly, the abandoned theories of unadjusted Biblical criticism. There is a double pathos in such spectacles,

familiar as they are to times of mental change : pathos in the heart-sickness of the seniors, left to stand alone in ancient ways, from which the forces of enlarged conviction have driven the disciples and the friends who once walked with them there ; pathos in the half compassionate reluctance of the younger men who break away, galled by the stigma of desertion, yet submissive to the beckoning of a hand their elders cannot see. Some of us, it may be, can remain apart from and feel sympathy with both ; discerning, from our vantage ground outside the conflict, that the old paths and the new, if traversed in obedience to the prick of conscience and of duty, lead to the same goal at last.

I come to the last of my *Papavera*, to William Sewell, subsequent founder of Radley, prominent Fellow of Exeter in the Thirties, a flourishing and conspicuous, yet somehow a questionable, specimen—what botanists call *Papaver dubium*—among the poppies of his day. In fluency of speech, fertility of mind, fascination of manner, he had no contemporary rival ; his public teaching, like his private talk, was ever rousing, persuasive, lofty ; it seemed that those eloquent lips could open only to emit godlike sentiments and assert uncompromising principles. In truth, they were not often closed : he was Select Preacher and Professor of Moral Philosophy ; his lectures

on Plato and on Shakespeare filled Exeter College Hall; while in London, as Whitehall Preacher, he drew large crowds, amused to hear leading statesmen of the day denounced under the names of Herod and Pontius Pilate. "More Puseyite than Pusey," his emotional theology attracted a shallower yet scarcely a less numerous class than Newman's inspired sermons. It seemed that a mitre, or at least the Headship of his College, must descend upon so gifted and so popular an aspirant: yet when old Collier Jones, the *Μαριλαΐδης* 'Ιωνέος of Scott's verses, died in 1839, Richards, not Sewell, was elected; and, in spite of the promptings of the *Times*, whose young chief Walter had been his pupil, right reverend Howleys and Blomfields at headquarters were understood to shake doubtful wigs when his name was mentioned for promotion. A taint of superficiality clung to him: "Sewell is very unreal," wrote Newman to Bowden in 1840; "Preaches his dreams" was shrewd Shuttleworth's comment on his University sermons; "Sewell," said Jowett in 1848, "Sewell, talking rashly and positively, . . . has gone far to produce that very doubt and scepticism of which he himself complains." "How silent you have been, Jacobson," said he at the end of a large gathering in his rooms, where, as usual, he had done all the talking; "you have not said anything worth listening to." "Nor heard," was Jacobson's answer.

So through the Forties he continued Tutor of Exeter—"excessively discursive," says Dean Boyle; "would commence a lecture on Aristotle and end with the Athanasian Creed or the beauties of Gothic architecture." "Sewell's last" formed the staple of Exeter breakfast parties. I well remember his cremation of Froude's "Nemesis of Faith," a feat reduced from myth to fact in Max Müller's "Auld Lang Syne." "What is meant by gold, frankincense, myrrh?" he propounded on another day. The regulation answer was given. "Yes; but shall you understand me if I tell you that they also mean logic, rhetoric, and metaphysics?" Many more I could relate, but *ex ungue leonem*. Meanwhile men around him were moving on, and he marked time: opposed in a once famous hysterical sermon the erection of the new Museum; wrote, under the title of "Lord John Russell's Postbag," a series of lampoons, discreditable in their imputations and distortive of his opponents' motives, against the University Commission. He was to learn that *ὀβρις* has its nemesis no less than faith: a translation of the Odes of Horace from his pen was mercilessly gibbeted in the *Edinburgh* by John Conington, and all England laughed over a review by Conybeare of his "Year's Volume of Sermons." Both articles were, of course, intentionally punitive; the second was good-humoured, and the savagery of the first was justifiable. I have not seen the Horace for

fifty years, but some of its absurdities still cling to me. Here is his opening of the *Parentis olim* :

If a man upon a time
 Ever has with hand of crime
 Wrenched his sire's aged neck, I ween
 'Tis that he hath eating been
 Garlic, deadlier without question
 E'en than hemlock : oh digestion
 Hard as iron of the reaper !
 What is this, that still so deep here,
 Keeps turmoiling in my chest ?

We laughed ; but I do not think he lost general repute. He remained the exciting public lecturer and preacher, the supremely fascinating talker, the genial and accomplished host ; entertaining in this last capacity the Archæological Society in 1850 at a magnificent entertainment, when the Fellows' pretty garden was illuminated, the great Service tree hung with coloured lamps, the Distin family performing upon their saxhorns in the Hall. Meanwhile his energy had broken out in a new place. One of the cleverest of Oxford skits, "The Grand University Logic Stakes of 1849," attributed to Landon of Magdalen, and academising with marvellous dexterity the language of the Turf, described the "runners" for the Prælectorship of Logic in 1839 and 1849. Sewell bears the stable name of "Gruel," so richly descriptive of his querulous invalid voice and cataplastic countenance that it clung to him ever after.

Gruel continues to make a show in the world, and stands high in public estimation. He has taken to a *novel* line, in which he has come out rather strong. He appears to have left the Turf altogether for the present. After a long season in *Ireland*, where, notwithstanding several influential Backers, he seems to have been a failure, he returned to the Marquis of Exeter's stables. His lordship still drives him in his four-in-hand, giving him an occasional day's work at *Radley Farm*, where he goes to plough and drill on a new system with an Irish horse called *Single-Peeper*.

There was in the Forties an epidemic of High Church novelettes. Sewell's name appeared as editor on the title-page of his sister's popular tales, "Amy Herbert" and her successors, and he himself wrote "Hawkstone," a queer, sensational production, but hinting an idea which had for some time taken possession of his mind—the establishment of an educational institution "on a new system," on the lines of our older public schools, but with minute observance of Prayer Book rules. The consequence elsewhere attaching to slowly matured antiquity was here to be ready made, by sumptuous fittings and surroundings, academic dress, a collegiate framework in which the head was to be a "warden," the assistant masters "fellows." St. Columba's College was opened in 1844 at Stackallan, in County Meath. Its warden was Singleton, afterwards head of Radley, its sub-warden Tripp of Worcester, an enthusiastic, amiable, not powerfully minded Wykehamist. It received munificent support from Lord Adare, from the Primate, from Lord John Beresford, and

from Dr. Todd of T.C.D.; but friction soon arose, and the site was moved to Rathfarnham on the Dublin mountains, where I believe it still survives. Sewell retired from the enterprise, and in 1847 opened St. Peter's College, Radley, on the same lines, with Singleton as its first warden. For this venture large sums were wanted; Sewell obtained them by his extraordinary genius for enlisting the sympathies and picking the pockets of plutocrats, calling frequently, it was said, at great merchants' counting-houses and coming out with weighty cheques. Soon visitors from Oxford saw cubieled dormitories, a tastefully decorated chapel with a fine Flemish triptych, magnificent carved oak sideboards, tables, cabinets, and, it must be added, very few boys.

Warden Singleton, whom I knew intimately, was one of the noblest of men, self-sacrificing, generous, high-principled, true as truth itself. From considerable private means he had given bounteously to both schools, lending money to Sewell as well. The moral tone of the boys under his rule was perfect, their scholarship respectable, they loved him dearly, he managed economically the current outlay; *but* the numbers did not rise. His manners told unfavourably on Oxford men; over a pipe or on board his yacht he was a genial Irish gentleman, but at the Radley high table, exalting not his person but his office, his stern elevation of manner was repellent

Hascoll, the sub-warden, a half-pay naval captain, who spoke French and was supposed to teach it, had no social qualifications. The assistant masters were gentlemen but not scholars, for the salaries were very low; the only first-class man amongst them, Howard of Lincoln, afterwards Director-General of Public Instruction at Bombay, spent all his time in plaguing Singleton and agitating for a stronger brew of college beer; for by the statutes the "fellows" were independent of and could control the warden, and three amongst them succeeded in driving Singleton from his post. They chose instead of him William Heathcote of New College, who promptly dismissed the insurrectionary cabal; but, discovering after a time the unsound financial basis of the school, and prevented from obtaining a proper audit of the accounts by Sewell's refusal to explain a certain large and unaccountable deficit, he in his turn threw up the post. Sewell now perforce took the reins himself, with a great name, magnificent conceptions, and a genial acquiescence in Ancient Pistol's motto, "Base is the slave who pays." The school went up with a rush, the "eight" rowed at Henley; entertainments were given on saints' days, the "college plate" on the tables, the senior boy, Bob Risley, welcoming the guests in Latin speeches; Sewell proclaiming in terms of pious gratitude that the school was out of debt, at a time when I knew him to owe Singleton £5,000, and more than sus-

pected far heavier liabilities behind. In fact, the splendour, like Timon's, "masked an empty coffer." The school had never paid; after the first capital was exhausted reckless purchases had gone on; cases of decorative treasures, including Agra marbles at a guinea a foot, lay still packed in outhouses as they had arrived, to be sold for a trifle when the bubble burst; heavy loans were obtained, heavier debts heaped up; boys were taken for six years' payment in advance at largely reduced fees, which vanished as soon as they were received. Finally, to celebrate the opening of a new gymnasium, which cost *somebody* £1,600, a Belshazzar feast was given to all who then or in the past had been connected with St. Columba's or with Radley. A vast assembly came; Sewell, in full Doctor's dress of scarlet and black velvet, welcomed us—as usual, a perfect host. We sate to a splendid banquet; Dan Godfrey's band discoursed sweet music; 600 lb. of strawberries, we were told, covered the tables at dessert, and all went merry as a marriage bell. After dinner, not waiting for the concert, as my wife and I sate expecting our carriage in an unlighted corner, we saw Hubbard of the Bank of England, whom I knew to have made large advances, pacing up and down alone, with anxious face and corroded brow. "The handwriting on the wall," I whispered; and so it was. The reckless extravagance of that evening scared him; a closer inspection of the

school affairs revealed secrets of indebtedness which had been hitherto concealed from him. Within a few days he seized the place as principal creditor, sent Sewell right away, repudiated all his debts, cancelled the claims of parents who had paid in advance, sold all unnecessary splendours, placed in charge Norman, one of the masters who was highly popular with the boys, to work the school as his property in reduction of its dues to him. Sewell came into Oxford a broken man, then disappeared; dying, I think at Dover, not till 1874.

CHAPTER XIV.

WALK ABOUT ZION.

Since all that is not heaven must fade,
 Light be the hand of Ruin laid
 Upon the home I love :
 With lulling spell let soft Decay
 Steal on, and spare the giant sway,
 The crash of tower and grove.

KEBLE.

Venerable Oxford—Ancient Landmarks—The Greyhound—Mother
 Jeffs—Mother Louse—Mother George—Mother Goose—The
 Angel—Some Old Establishments—The High—Jubber's and
 Sadler's—Convivialities—Changes—The Oxford that I love.

THE Psalmist bade his countrymen mark the towers, bulwarks, palaces of their historic city in its prime of queenliness, that they might "tell it to the generations following." What would the Biblical student give for such a Hestiagraph to-day? Many a fragmentary chapter of Jewish story might be well replaced by a brief record, contemporary, personal, picturesque, of the scenes which are now to us mere shadow-names: Solomon's Palace and the Royal Tombs, the Tyropœon megaliths and the Bakers' Street, the pools of Enrogel, Gihon, Siloam, the gilded dome of Zion "towering o'er her marble stairs." Oxford is not, like Jerusalem, a buried city; yet the Oxford of

to-day is not the Oxford of the Thirties; ever and again as I recall events and personages they need the background and the setting which enshrined them then, and is now impaired or swept away. The dreaming spires of the sweet city show still from the Cumnor or the Rose Hill heights, as they showed to Matthew Arnold sixty years ago; he could not now go on to say that "she lies steeped in sentiment, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age," for the encroaching nineteenth century has dissolved that still removed charm.¹ Tram-lines mar to-day the "pontifical" symmetry of Magdalen Bridge; an intruding chasm breaks the perfect High Street curves; St. Mary's spire, tapering from its nest of pinnacles, has been twice deformed by restoration; Vanbrugh's quaint house in Broad Street is sacrificed to a stodgy

¹ Let me go back further still, and embalm forgotten lines from Tom Warton's "Triumph of Isis":

Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes sublime,
 Ye towers that wear the mossy vest of time
 Ye massy piles of old munificence,
 At once the pride of learning and defence;
 Ye cloisters pale, that length'ning on the sight
 To contemplation, step by step, invite;
 Ye high-arched walks, where oft the whispers clear
 Of harps unseen have swept the poet's ear;
 Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
 Her holy hymns for ever echoing praise;
 Lo! your loved Isis from the bordering vale
 With all a mother's fondness bids you Hail!

Indian Institute; Christchurch Meadow with its obstructed river banks tempts me to render railing for railing; the Broad Walk veterans are disarrayed or fallen; a vulgar and discordant pile has banished the civil-suited nymphs of Merton Grove: visiting extant Oxford, I should explore the venerable haunts, seek the ancient *Termini*, probe the mouldering associations of High and Broad, of Iffley Road, and Cowley Marsh, and Bullingdon all in vain, like Wordsworth's old man wandering in quest of something. The change had begun when Arnold wept over Thyrsis' urn—"In the two Hinkseys nothing keeps the same"; it is far more devastating to-day. Let me in this last paper recover where I can its erased or vanishing landmarks—*formæ veneres captare fugaces*—as a setting to the recorded incidents and characters which they should illustrate and frame.

In the early Thirties, then, railroads and enclosures had not girdled Oxford proper with a coarse suburban fringe. On the three approaches to the town, the Henley, Banbury, Abingdon Roads, it was cut off, clear as a walled and gated Jericho, from the adjacent country. Only St. Clement's, sordid by day, by night oil-lighted, stretched from Magdalen Bridge to Harpsichord Row at the foot of Headington Hill, where had lately risen the hideous church known from its shape as the "Roasted Hare." The old church stood at the fork of the Headington and Iffley Roads,

close to the Cape of Good Hope public-house ; in it J. H. Newman served his first curacy under the octogenarian antiquary John Gutch, Registrar of the University, editor of Anthony Wood, author of "Collectanea Curiosa." Newman in his letters to his sister depicts gratefully the valuable assistance rendered by the old Rector's daughters ; Sarah, the youngest, lived to her ninetieth year, the most efficient visitor of the poor in Oxford. For the last ten years she was bedridden ; when I saw her shortly before her death, in 1882, she told me how the aged Cardinal, visiting Oxford, had climbed to her room and sate long beside her bed, affectionately recalling old times and people. You passed the bridge and tower, the Physic Garden open on your left ; for the nondescript residence built by Daubeny had not then risen, and the Professor, Dr. Williams, lived in the large house facing Rose Lane. Water-carts were not as yet invented, and in very dry weather the street was irrigated from its five or six fire-plugs—we remember Mr. Bouncer's F.P. 7 ft.—commencing at Magdalen elms. A sheet of canvas with a wooden frame was laid across the gutter, and the water turned on until it swelled into a pool, then with curious dexterity dashed in all directions by means of enormous wooden shovels. The gate of Magdalen was Jacobæan, of debased style, but more in harmony with the College than any of its successors ; adjoining it was



THE REV.^D JOHN GUTCHE, F.A.S. M.A.

Registrar of the University of Oxford.

From an Engraving after a Water-Colour belonging to the Family.

a remnant of the old Magdalen Hall, used as the choristers' school, with a modern cottage inhabited by the College manciple Stephens, most Waltonian of Oxford anglers, knowing every spot in Cherwell, Upper Isis, Windrush, where a skilfully dropped "gudgin" would capture perch or pike. Past the stables, where Magdalen schoolroom stands, was a vast shabby inn, the Greyhound. Under one of the trees, then in the perfection of their stature, sate always an aged woman, Mother Jeffs, selling tarts and fruits, last of a famous sisterhood whose names and effigies survive out of the hoary past. There was Mother Louse, whose portrait by Loggan is a prize to print collectors, the latest woman in England to wear a ruff; Mother George, who at more than a hundred years old would, on payment of a shilling, thread a needle without spectacles; Mother Goose the flower-seller, pictured by Dighton in a coloured drawing which I possess; her contemporary Nell Batchelor, pie-woman, an epitaph to whose "piehouse memory" was inscribed by a forgotten wit—

Here under the dust is the mouldering crust
Of Eleanor Batchelor shoven,
Well versed in the art of pie, custard, and tart,
And the lucrative skill of the oven.

When she'd lived long enough, she made her last puff,
A puff by her husband much praised;
Now here she doth lie, and makes a dirt pie,
In the hope that *her* crust may be raised.

From Coach and Horse Lane to the Angel stretched a great block of shops, swept away to make room for the new Schools. The corner house was tenanted by James, a confectioner, cook of Alban Hall, where the traditional dinner grace ran, "For what James allows us make us truly thankful"; another exhibited the graceful plaster casts of Guidotti, an Italian image-seller, with an extremely handsome English wife. The Angel was the fashionable hotel; the carriages and four of neighbouring magnates, Dukes of Marlborough and Buckingham, Lords Macclesfield, Abingdon, Camoys, dashed up to it; there, too, stopped all day post-chaises, travelling chariots, equipages of bridal couples, coaches from the eastern road; all visitors being received at the hall door by the obsequious manager Mr. Bishop, in blue tail-coat gilt-buttoned and velvet-collared, buff waistcoat, light kerseymere pantaloons, silk stockings and pumps, a gold eye-glass pendent from a broad black ribbon; and by Wallace, a huge mastiff, who made friends with every guest. All of it has vanished except the spacious coffee-room, which became Cooper's shop. The Old Bank stood where now it stands, already some twenty years old. It was founded by two tradesmen—Thompson, a gunsmith, and Parsons, a draper, the latter brother to Dr. Parsons, Master of Balliol and Bishop of Peterborough. Passing gallantly through the money panic of 1825,



MOTHER LOUSE, of LOUSE

*You laugh nor goodman in does but at what
My Green my Marjion House or my dun Hat,
But for that my loving Chin & Sweat
I'm met, because my Tails are fallen out.
Is it at me or at my RUFF you litter,
Your Grandmother you Rouge here none a filter.*

Engraved from the Original Print

HALL, near OXFORD.

*Is it for beads or white or black Furrow
Is it at my Mouth, so like a Coney-Borro up,
Or at those Orient Eyes that here shed tear,
But when the Excusemen come that to us year
Kiss ME, tell me true & when they fail
Thou shalt have larger Pettis & stronger Ale*

by David Loggan — Price 7 6.



MOTHER LOUSE.

From the Line Engraving after Loggan.

when Walter Scott was ruined and half the banks in England broke, it rose into high repute, obtained the deposits of all the Colleges, and retains probably most of them to-day under the grandsons of its founders. Close to it were Vincent's Rooms, the home of the Union, whose debates were held in a hall behind Wyatt's picture shop. In 1835 the house of Wood, the apothecary, at the entrance to Skimmery Hall Lane, was translated into Spiers', now itself extinct, but for nearly sixty years inseparable from Oxford life, better served and more artistic in its merchandise than any shop in England. Its display of papier mâché and of ceramic ware, surrounding a beautiful cardboard model of the Martyrs' Memorial, was one of the features in the 1851 Exhibition.

There were in the High two superior confectioners, Jubber's and Sadler's, where white-hatted Christchurch dandies lounged and ate ices in the afternoons. The principal tailor was Joy, in a large shop opposite Wadham. He was known as Parson Joy, having been met in the Long Vacation travelling on the Continent with his brother, as Captain and the Rev. ---- Joy. He bequeathed his book debts to one of his daughters; they amounted to £4,000, and she used to say that every penny was recovered. The two large booksellers were Talboys, in a handsome pillared shop opposite St. Peter's Church, and Joseph

Parker, in the Turl, whose management of the Bible Press had converted a heavy debt into £100,000 of profit, and who had lately made a hit by publishing two unassuming and anonymous little volumes, destined, as "The Christian Year"—"The Sunday Puzzle" Sydney Smith called it—to achieve unprecedented popularity. The chief wine merchant was Latimer, a tall, gentlemanlike, handsome man, with a fine house on Headington Hill. One of his stories deserves recital. A county magnate, notorious for his meanness, had ordered six dozen of a fine brown sherry, which he sent back by-and-by, minus one bottle, with a message that the Duke had tried the wine and disapproved of it. "Put it back," said Latimer to his cellarer, "and we'll call it the Duke's wine." Entertaining a party at luncheon soon after, he narrated the incident, and proposed that they should try the wine. Up came a bottle; the guests smelt, tasted, looked at one another, said nothing, till Latimer's glass was filled. It was toast and water; so was the whole binn: the bottles had been opened, the wine drawn off, the simpler fluid substituted.

Crossing from the Old Bank into Cat Street, you might read in large letters on the All Souls wall "No Bristol Riots," painted there in 1831. Ten years ago it was still visible in certain conditions of sunlight. The squalid cottages in Cat Street had not been



MOTHER GOOSE of OXFORD.

MOTHER GOOSE.

From a Coloured Lithograph by Dighton.

long pulled down, and the Radcliffe surrounded with railings. By this last adornment hangs a tale. The outer walls of Brasenose and Lincoln exactly touch one another in Brasenose Lane; you may walk from the Brasenose gate opposite the Radcliffe to Lincoln gate in the Turl without taking your hand from the masonry. It was in the days when, after dinner, gentlemen became unsteady in their walk; when the joyous closing stave of Maginn's "Ode to a Bottle of Old Port"—

How blest are the tipplers whose heads can outlive
 The effects of four bottles of thee;
 But the next dearest blessing that heaven can give
 Is to stagger home muzzy with three—

was quoted with approval and from experience round many a mahogany tree; and it is easy to understand how opportune to a wine-cheered veteran would be the continuous support and guidance open to him so long as, like Pyramus, he should "draw near the wall." A jovial club, the bibulous champions of either College, dined mutually at Lincoln or at Brasenose on a day in alternate weeks, confidently hugging the wall as they reeled home from gate to gate. One night it blew a hurricane, and as the Brasenose detachment threaded the opening of the lane just under Bishop Heber's tree, they were met by so furious a gust that they lost hold of the wall and were

blown into the open. Struggling in the pitchy darkness to recover their lost stay, they were brought up against the unrailed Radcliffe. Joyously they resumed their progress; occasional suspicion that the way was long floated through their muddy brains, but port wine, deranging reason, leaves faith undisturbed, and on they went. The night was on the wane, and at break of day the early coaches sweeping past beheld a procession of vinous seniors, cap and gown awry, slowly following their leader in single file round and round the Radcliffe. So the railings arose, and repetition of the feat became impossible. Inside Brasenose, in the centre of the Quad, was a curiosity long since removed: the stone figure of a man bestriding a prostrate foe, and raising a mighty jawbone for the death blow. "Cain and Abel" it was called—"Cain taking A-bel's-life, his Sunday Paper," was the current joke; and undergraduates after wines would clamber on to the fratricide's shoulder. Mark Pattison relates how his father, caught there one night by Tutor Hodson, answered his angry challenge by a quotation from Aristophanes, and so Apollo saved him. The Post Office was in Queen Street, removed afterwards to the corner of Bear Lane, to be burned down early one Sunday morning in 1842. I remember the introduction of the Fourpenny Post in 1839, followed by the Penny Post in 1840, with black Queen's head, stamped envelopes having

silken threads let into the paper, or Mulready's graceful device.

Restored Balliol and Trinity, with the unharmonious appendage to New College Slupe, are quite recent alterations. In 1839 the Martyrs' Memorial replaced a group of hovels, and the enlargement of St. Mary Magdalen's spoiled a well-proportioned church. Jacob Ley, the Vicar, used to say that a sermon as delivered to the right or left of a certain pillar near the pulpit was absolutely inaudible to worshippers on the corresponding side of it, so that one discourse symmetrically aimed would serve two Sundays. The Taylor Buildings came a little later, on the site of a lofty edifice, once a mansion, afterwards decayed, and let out in poverty-stricken tenements. The four colossal female statues surmounting its eastern side were declared by an imaginative undergraduate to be effigies of the four Miss Ogles, ladies who lived hard by; and the myth obtained a more than humorous acceptance. In St. John's gardens, sacred to Capability Brown, still grew a crooked maple tree planted by Archbishop Laud; and the lines in the portrait of Charles I. in the library, inscribing the Psalms of David, were clearly legible with a magnifying glass. Houses were nowhere then numbered, and the names of streets were traditional. Not till 1838 was Coach and Horse Lane nomenclatured into Merton Street, Magpie Lane into Grove Street, Skimmery Hall Lane into Oriel Street,

Butcher Row into Queen Street, Pennyfarthing Lane into Pembroke Street, Fish Street into St. Aldate's, Titmouse Lane into Castle Street; while Bridge Street from Magdalen Bridge to East Gate was incorporated into High Street. Only Logic Lane, quoted in the *Spectator*, as commemorating mediæval combats, not always of words alone, between Nominalists and Realists, no one was profane enough to change. The Parks, so called because the Parliamentary cannon were planted there in the siege of Oxford, was a large ploughed field, divided by a gravel walk, bounded on the west by market gardens, on the east by a high broad hedge, beyond which lay the Cherwell meadows; a haven to nursemaids and their charge, the daily constitutional of elderly, inactive Dons.

When the new Museum was opened two houses sprang up just beyond its northern limit, inhabited by Commander Burrows and Goldwin Smith, hence known as Pass and Class. They were vaunt-couriers to a tremendous irruption; to the interminable streets of villadom, converging insatiably protuberant upon distant Wolvercot and Summertown. I cannot frame to pronounce them Oxford; but they suggest to me a momentous query. Nine-tenths of their denizens, I am told, are married Professors, Tutors, Fellows; men who formerly lived in College, resident and celibate and pastoral. The sheep live there still; who shepherds them? Are they successfully

autonomous, or controlled by deputy shepherds whose own the sheep are not, or a happy hunting ground for the grim wolf with privy paw? The old monastic Oxford has evaporated into the *Ewigkeit*; as I pace the Norham Gardens and the Bradmore Road, leafy thoroughfares of the bewildering New Jerusalem, I wonder what system has supplanted Zion's, and with what bearing on discipline and morals? I do not prejudge the answer: I question, like Bassanio, in pure innocence; not croaking sinisterous from my Pylian ilex. But as the old glide down the inevitable slope, their present becomes a living over again the life which has gone before, and the future takes the shape of a brief lengthening of the past. To me Oxford, the venerable stones of which I love as Newman loved the fading willow leaves in Christchurch Meadow, must remain cis-paradisean Oxford, Oxford southward of the Parks, Oxford of the Thirties and the Forties, the Oxford which in these annalistic chronicles I have set myself to recover and re-people. To Oxonians of to-day they will appeal perhaps with something of prehistoric dignity; it may seem suitable that the fading lineaments of a time so different from their own should be portrayed by one well-nigh the last of those who drew from them the inspiration of his own youthful dreams and fancies; and some, at least, among the young Patrocli who are there beginning

life will join hands filially and affectionately across the chasm of three score years with the time-worn commemorative NESTOR who must ere long resign it.

SIT FINIS FANDI.

APPENDICES.



A.

BRASENOSE ALE.

By THOMAS DUNBAR, Fellow of Brasenose, and Keeper of
the Ashmolean Museum.

(See p. 12.)

All ye, who round the buttery hatch
Eager await the opening latch
Our barrels to assail,
Come, listen, while in pleasing gibe
The rare ingredients I describe
Which float in Brasenose Ale.

Guiltless alike of malt and hop,
Our buttery is a druggist's shop
Where quassia's draughts prevail;
Alum the muddy liquor clears,
And mimic wormwood's bitter tears
Compose our Brasenose Ale.

All ye who physic have professed,
Sir Kit¹ and Poticary West,²
Your practice gone bewail!
The burning mouth, the temple's throb,
Sick stomach, and convulsive sob,
Are cured by Brasenose Ale.

¹ Sir Kit—Sir Christopher Pegge, p. 60.

² Poticary West, p. 62.

As poisons other poisons kill,
 So, should we with convivial skill
 Old Syms's¹ wine assail,
 Or Latimer's immortal tun,
 "Herbert" yclept or "Abingdon,"
 We're cured by Brasenose Ale.

The fair Cheltenia's opening salt
 Must yield to our factitious malt;
 What double sconce² can fail?
 But, if you want some tonic stuff,
 You readily will find quant: suff:
 A gill of Brasenose Ale.

Mysterious as the Sibyl's leaves
 The battels are which each receives;
 But, freshmen, cease to rail!
 You're fed and physicked; in your bills
 Each week is vinegar of squills,
 Bark, salts, and Brasenose Ale.

Oh that our Bursar would consent
 To give the bottled porter vent,
 Porter beloved by Dale;³
 Smuggled no more by Joey's³ stealth,
 It would improve the College health,
 Well scoured by Brasenose Ale.

My muse, a half reluctant prude,
 In dudgeon vile George Smith⁴ pursued,
 Afraid his verse should fail;
 When next the annual Ode he woos,
 May he invoke a different Meux,
 T' improve our Brasenose Ale.

¹ Syms and Latimer, wine merchants, p. 250.

² A double sconce was a fine for improprieties in Hall; the culprit was compelled to drink a gallon of ale.

³ Rev. Joseph Dale and Joseph Hodgkinson, Fellows of the College, addicted to Double X.

⁴ Allusion lost.

B.

ODE,

RECITED ON THE ANNIVERSARY DINNER OF THE CHESS
 CLUB, BY THE LAUREATE, THOMAS DUNBAR.

(See p. 13.)

From the bright burning lands and rich forests of Ind,
 See the form of Caissa arise ;
 In the caverns of Brahma no longer confined,
 To the shores of fair Europe she flies.

A figure so fair through the region of light
 All natives with wonder survey,
 As her varying mantle now darkens with night,
 Now beams with the silver of day.

Let Whist, like the bat, from such splendour retire,
 A splendour too strong for his eyes ;
 The Trump and Odd Trick let dull Av'rice admire,
 Entrapped by so paltry a prize.

Can Finesse and the Ten-Ace e'er hope to prevail
 When Reason opposes her weight,
 When inviolate Majesty hangs in the scale,
 And Castles yet tremble with fate ?

When the bosom of Beauty the throbbing heart meets,
 And Caissa's the gay Valentine,
 What Chessman, who'd tasted such amorous sweets,
 His Mate but with life would resign ?

But 'tis o'er—Terebinth¹ the decision approves,
 And Whist has contended in vain ;
 To the Mansion of Hades the Genius removes,
 Where he gnaws his own counters in pain.

¹ "Terebinth" needs a scholiast ; can "Termagant" be meant ?

On Philosophy's brow a new lustre unfolds,
 Mild Reason exults in the birth;
 His creation benign Father Tuckwell beholds,
 And Steph¹ gives the chaplet to Mirth.

C.

HENRY MATTHEWS.

(*Note to p. 13.*)

Henry* Matthews well deserves a notice. His father, Colonel Matthews, was the owner of a beautiful seat called Belmont, on the Wye, in Herefordshire, Colonel of Militia and long M.P. for the county; a sapling planted by him in 1788 is still called Colonel Matthews' oak. In his old age Henry was wont to attend on him to bed each night, where as his head settled into the pillow he repeated always in his Herefordshire dialect the same complacent formula, "I tell yer—'Eney—I thinks—the most comfortablest place in the world is bed—fur—there ye forgets all ye're cares." One of the sons, Charles Skynner Matthews, was the intimate Cambridge friend of Byron (*Life by Moore*, vol. i., p. 125), and was drowned in 1812. Another, Arthur, I knew well as a Canon of Hereford. Henry was the third. At Eton he was a reckless madcap, driving tandem through the town, and once lighting a bonfire on the floor of Long Chamber. He became a Fellow of King's; his health broke down, he travelled, publishing in 1820 his "Diary of an Invalid," which reached a fifth edition. In 1821 he was appointed Advocate Fiscal of Ceylon, married Emma Blount, of Orleton Manor, Herefordshire, and sailed for India; passing through Oxford on his way to Southampton, and leaving for my father, who was away, a touching letter of farewell, which I possess. He became Judge in 1827, and died on May 20th, 1828. His son is the present Lord Llandaff.

¹ Steph was Stephens, Fellow and Vice-Principal of Brasenose, afterwards Rector of Belgrave, near Leicester

D.

THE LETTER H.

(See p. 66.)

I insert the original for the sake of comparison. Its authorship was doubted at the time, and it was assigned to Lord Byron. Lady Stanley, in her "Early Married Life," gives Miss Fanshawe's appropriation of it:—"I do give it under my hand and seal this 12th day of February, 1819, that to the best of my belief the Enigma of the Letter H was composed, not by the Right Honourable George Lord Byron, but by me, Catherine Maria Fanshawe."

'Twas in heaven pronounced—it was muttered in hell,
 And Echo caught faintly the sound as it fell.
 On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
 And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed.
 'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder,
 Be seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder;
 'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
 Attends at his birth and awaits him in death,
 Presides o'er his happiness, honour, and health,
 Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.
 In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
 But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir.
 It begins every hope; every wish it must bound,
 With the husbandman toils, and with monarchs is
 crowned.

Without it the soldier, the seaman, may roam,
 But woe to the wretch who expels it from home.
 In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
 Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion is drowned:
 It will soften the heart, and, though deaf be the ear,
 It will make it acutely and instantly hear.
 Yet in shade let it rest like a delicate flower:
 Ah! breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour!

E.

CHARLES WORDSWORTH.

(See p. 86.)

EPITAPH ON HIS WIFE, IN WINCHESTER CHAPEL.

I, nimium dilecta, vocat Deus, I, bona nostræ
Pars animæ; mœrens altera, disce sequi.

Translated by Lord Derby.

Too dearly loved, thy God hath called thee; go,
Go, thou best portion of this widowed heart:
And thou, poor remnant lingering here in woe,
So learn to follow, as no more to part.

CHARLES WORDSWORTH.

INSCRIPTION IN THE GRIMSEL HOTEL BOOK.

χωρεῖν, καθεύδειν, ἐσθίειν, πίνειν, πάλιν
χωρεῖν, “ Βαβαίαξ ὡς καλὸν ” κεκραγέναι,
κόντον τρίπηχυν χερσὶν οἰακοστροφεῖν,
Γάλλιστι βάζειν, τοῦνομ’ ἐν βίβλω γράφειν,
ὀμβρόφορον ὡς τὰ πλεῖστα δυσφημεῖν Δία,
τοιόσδ’ ὁ βίотός ἐστι τῶν ὀδοιπόρων.

Translated:—

To walk, to sleep, to eat, to drink,
To cry, “ How lovely, don’t you think ? ”
To wield a six foot alpenstock,
Talk French, write name in Grimsel book,
To curse the rain’s incessant pour ;
The pleasures these of foreign tour.

F.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ OF THE "BOTHIE."

(See p. 98.)

Hobbes was certainly Ward Hunt, afterwards First Lord of the Admiralty.

Lindsay, the "Piper," was F. Johnson of Christchurch, with some touches of W. H. Davies.

Airlie was probably Deacon of Oriel, who joined Clough's reading party in the year following.

Arthur Audley was Herbert Fisher of Christchurch, with, say the Walronds, a touch of Theodore Walrond.

Philip Hewson was Clough himself, with some traits from Winder of Oriel.

Adam was probably not a portrait, but not unlike Clough. *Hope* cannot, I fear, be now identified.

G.

SEPTEM CONTRA CAMUM.

(See p. 114.)

- i. Vacant.
 - ii. Robert Menzies, University.
 - iii. Edward Royds, Brasenose.
 - iv. William B. Brewster, St. John's.
 - v. George D. Bourne, Oriel.
 - vi. John C. Cox, Trinity.
 - vii. Richard Lowndes, Christchurch.
 - viii. George E. Hughes, Oriel.
- Coxswain. Arthur T. W. Shadwell, Balliol.

H.

FRAGMENTA E CODICE BAROCCIANO.¹

(See p. 130.)

"Insanientem navita Bosphorum."

Tentabo. HORAT. *Od.* III., iv. 30.

EXCUDEBAT W. BAXTER, OXONII.

The origin of this clever skit is given on p. 130. Its charm lies in the dexterous rendering into Homeric Greek of Oxford names and witticisms.

MONITUM.

Two fragments,
of Homeric
age apparent-
ly, found in
the Bodleian.

Fragmenta duo, quæ in nobilissimo Codice apud Bibliothecam Bodleianam evolvendo nuper detexi, religionis duxi non primo quoque tempore publici juris facere. Auctoris nomen consideratur; colorem tamen vere Homericum habent. Adjeci ea quæ inter legendum mihi occurrebant, tum ex aliis auctoribus, tum e conjectura petita: sed perfunctorie et currente calamo omnia, ut reliquias vere aureas quam citissime cum eruditis communicarem.

Dabam Oxonii, Prid. Cal. Græc. CIO . IO . CCC . XXXIV.
Imprimatur, Wellington, Cancellarius.

I.—E PROÆMIO, UT VIDETUR.

Μῆνιν ἄειδε θεὰ φθισίμβροτον, ἣ προίαψεν
ἄνδρας ἀριστήας περὶ Βόσπορον ἴφι μάχεσθαι·
Πάσας δὲ Ψυχὰς, καὶ Ἴάονας ἐλκεχίτωνας,
Μερτῶνας θ' ἐτάρους, Καθέδρην θ' ὅσοι ἀμφινέμονται,
τηλεπύλω τ' οἰκοῦσ' ἐνὶ Φυστέρῳ, ἔνθα κέλευθοι 5

3. Ἴάονας, St. John's. ἐλκεχίτωνας, *Hom. Il.* xiii. 685.

5. Φυστέρῳ, Worcester.

Gathering of the
Clans.

¹ Where these *jeux d'esprit* are in a dead language I have appended a translation or short paraphrase.

δύσβατοι ἀνθρώποισιν ὑπ' ἀγνοίης ἀλεγεινῆς,
 Σκιμμερίουσ τ', αἰεὶ γένος ἀστιβέσ Ἀπόλλωνι,
 τοὺσ δὲ Μετεξετέρουσ ἔριδι ξυνέηκε μάχεσθαι.

* * * *

II.—CATALOGI FRAGMENTUM.

Ἐν δαπέδω δ' ἐκάτερθεν Ἰάουασ ἐλκεχίτωνασ
 Χεῖμαρ ἐκόσμησε στίχεσιν, καὶ Χείματος ἄλλοσ
 βριθύτεροσ, μείζων, στιβαρώτεροσ ἐν πολέμοισί,
 Φίντλεοσ· οἷσ ἐκατὸν πολέμου μῆστωρεσ ἔποντο,
 τιμῆν ἀρνύμενοι Ἀρθουρίου ἱππόδαμοιο.

10 Wynter (p. 157)
and Wintle, a
Don of the
whist, port
wine, and Tory
school, lead St.
John's.

Μερτῶνοσ δ' ἐτάροσ, κρατερῶν στίχασ ἀσπιστάων,
 ἐξήκοντα βόην ἀγαθὸσ κόσμησεν Ἐλειοσ·
 στήσε δ' ἄγων ὅθι Πηλείδεω τάξαντο φάλαγγεσ.

The "man of
the marshes,"
Dr. Marsham,
leads Merton.

Βαλλιολεῖσ δ' ἤγεγν θεόφιν Μῆστωρ ἀτάλαντοσ,
 Μῆστωρ, ὅσ μικρὸσ μὲν ἔην δέμασ, ἀλλὰ μαχητήσ·
 οὔνομα δ' ἔσχεγν ἄμετρον, ἀθέσφατον, οὐδ' ὀνομαστόν·
 τῶ δ' ἄρ ἔποιθ' ἐκατὸν καὶ πέντε μελαινοχίτωνεσ.

"The Master
leads Balliol,
small but va-
liant. Dr. Fox
leads Queen's.

Ἄλλ' οἷοισιν ἀνασσ' ἀρχηγέτισ ἐστὶ Φιλίππη
 τοισίδε Φόξοσ ἔην κεφάλη· ἐκατὸν δ' ὑπὸ τούτῳ
 ἤρωεσ κόσμηθεν ἰδ' ὀγδώκοντα Βορεῖοι.

20

8. Μετεξετέρουσ, Exeter.
10. Χεῖμαρ, Wynter, President of St. John's.
12. Φίντλεοσ, Wintle, Senior Fellow of St. John's.
15. Ἐλειοσ, marshy, Marsham, Warden of Merton.
16. Πηλείδεω, supporters of Peel.
17. Μῆστωρ, the Master.
18. οὔνομα κ. τ. λ., the uncouth name Jenkyns.
21. Φιλίππη, Queen Philippa, Foundress of Queen's.
22. Φόξοσ, Fox, Provost of Queen's.
23. Βορεῖοι, the Scholars and Fellows of Queen's, mostly from northern counties.

- Dr. Bridges leads
Corpus. Ἄλλ' αὖ νῦν, ναίουσιν ὅσοι Τρία Κάππα κάκιστα,
ἦρωσ ἠγεμόνευ' εἰδὼς πολέμοιο γεφύρας, 25
ὀηδόκουτ' ἀριθμῶ καὶ ἅπαντας φαιοχιτῶνας,
Ἄλλ' ὅσοι εἰς Καθέδρην περὶ Βόσπορον ἠγερέθοντο
(μακρὴν ἀμφιέποντες ἀταρπιτὸν, οὗ τὰ ρέεθρα
Χαρφέλου ἢδ' Ἰσις συμβάλλετον ὄβριμον ὕδωρ)
Dean Gaisford, wielding two
mighty lexica,
leads Christ-
church. ἢ διπύλωτος ἄρ' ἐστὶ, διηκόσιοι δ' ἄν' ἐκάστην 30
ἄνερες ἐξοιχνεῦσι λιλαϊόμενοι μαχέσασθαι,
Γαισοφόρος κόσμησε, δύω δολιχόσκια πάλλων
λεξικά, δυσβάσταχθ', οἷς δάμνησι στίχας ἀνδρῶν
ἠρώων, κριτικῶν ἄπερ οὐ δύὸ γ' ἄνδρε ἰδέσθαι
τλαῖεν ἀταρμύκτοισι προσώπασι, σήματα λυγρὰ 35
οἰοὶ νῦν βροτοὶ εἰς', ὁ δέ μιν ρέα πάλλε καὶ οἶος.
Dr. Macbride
leads Magda-
len Hall. Οἱ δ' Απομαγαδάλιας κλεινῇ δάιυννται ἐν Ἄυλῃ,
τοῖς μέγα σημαίνων ἀράβησεν ὁ Παρθενοπαῖος·
τῷ δ' ἄρα πεντήκουθ' εἶποντο μελαιοχίτωνες.
Ἐθνεα δ' ἀνθρώπων χαλκέντερα, χαλκοπρόσωπα, 40
διογενῆς Γιλβερτὸς ἄγεν· πολλοὶ δ' ὑπὸ τούτῳ
ὀπλίτας βασιλῆες ἐκόσμεον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα·
Μύκτηρ δις φέρεται Χαλκοῦς δείνοιο πελώρου,
(σήμα βρότοις ἔριδος, Γοργείου κρατὸς ἀπορῥῶξ)
ὀρθὸς ἐπ' ἐγχείῃς, περὶ σαυρώτηρα πυλασθεῖς· 45
τῶνδε διηκόσιοι πολεμόνδε καὶ εἴκοσι βαῖνον.

24. Τρία Κάππα, C. C. C., Corpus, κάκιστα, referring to a proverb—the three bad C's—Cappadocians, Cilicians, Cretans.

25. γεφύρας, Brydges, President of Corpus.

33. λεξικά, Suidas and Etymologicæon Magnum.

35. ἀταρμύκτοισι, unwinking

38. Παρθενοπαῖος, Macbride. ἀράβησεν—he was Professor of Arabic.

41. Γιλβερτὸς, Gilbert, Head of Brasenose.

43. Μύκτηρ Χαλκοῦς πελώρου, the brazen nose over the gate.

Σνευδέϊ δ' εἰπόμενοι λευκαύχενι, δουλιχοδείρῳ,
ἔπτ' ἴσαν ἠρώων δεκάδες, διὰ φύλοπιω αἰνῆν,
Πασῶν ἐκ Ψυχῶν ἰφθιμότατοι καὶ ἄριστοι,
σηρικὰ σείοντες καρακάλλια, τετραφάληροι.

Mr. Sneyd leads
All Souls.

50

Ἐκ δὲ Καπηλείου Κραμήριος ὄρτο Νέοιο,
τοῦ καὶ ἀπὸ γλώσσης μέλιτος γλυκίων ῥέεν αὐδῇ
τῇ πέρυσι δῆμοιο πανηγύρει ἀκριτομύθῳ.
μῦθος ἦν δ' ἐτάρων, παῦρός τε οἱ ἔσπετο λαὸς.

Dr. Cramer leads
New Inn Hall.

Τοὺς δὲ Μετεξετέρους ὁ Μαριλαΐδης ἄγ' Ἴωνεὺς
μειδιῶν βλοσύροισι προσώπασιν ἵπποκόμοιο
κακκεφαλῆς· ὅς χθίζ' ἀνὰ Βόσπορον ἀνθυπατεύων
σκῆπτρ' ἔχεν, Ἐφάιστου τεχνάσματα, θέσκελα ἔργα,
ὧν τρία μὲν χρυσᾶ, τρία δ' ἀργυρόηλα τέτυκτο,
δῶκε δὲ Βοσπορίοις βασιλεύσιν ὁ Κυλλοποδῖαν

55 Dr. Collier Jones
leads Exeter,
preceded by
five "Pokers."

60

πολλοῖσι νήεσσι καὶ ἄστει παντὶ ἀνάσσειν.
τοὺς μὲν ἄγεν πολεμόνδ'· ἄλλους δ' οἴκοι κατέλειπε
τείχεα φρουροῦντας καὶ ἐπάλξιας οἰκοδομοῦντας·
ἡμισὺν γὰρ τετέλεστο, τὸ δ' ἡμισὺν γυμνὸν ἐλείφθη.

64

47. Σνευδέϊ, Sneyd, Warden of All Souls, noted for his long neck and corresponding white tie.

51. Κραμήριος, Cramer, Principal of New Inn Hall.

55. Μαριλαΐδης Ἴωνεὺς Collier Jones, Rector of Exeter.

58. σκῆπτρα, the bedel's staves; he was Vice-Chancellor.

60. Κυλλοποδῖαν, lame-foot, Vulcan.

64. Buildings must have been going on at Exeter, probably the Turl front.

The following lines about Shuttleworth were apparently never printed, but handed round in *writing* with copies of the printed piece.

Ἄνδρῶν δ' οὐκ ἠγείτο περικλυτὸς Ἀξιοκερκίς·
στῆ δ' ἀπανευθ' ἐτάρων, πεφοβημένος εἵνεκα μίτρης.

Dr. Shuttleworth (p.173),
with his eye
on a bishopric,
stands apart.

I.

OXFORD.¹

(See p. 150.)

O'er Oxford's halls the dewy hand of night
 Sows the still heavens with gems of lustrous light,
 Earth sinks to rest, and earthly passions cease,
 And all is love, and poesy, and peace.
 How soft o'er Wykeham's aisle and Waynflete's tower
 Falls the mild magic of the midnight hour ;
 How calm the classic city takes her rest,
 Like a hushed infant on its mother's breast !
 How pure, how sweet, the moonbeam's silver smile
 Serenely sleeps on fair St. Mary's aisle,
 And lends each sculptured saint a chastened glow,
 Like the calm glory of their lives below.
 Now, stilled the various labours of the day,
 Student and Don the drowsy charm obey,
 E'en Pusey owns the soft approach of sleep,
 Long as his sermons, as his learning deep :
 Peaceful he rests from Hebraistic lore,
 And finds that calm he gave so oft before.
 Lo ! where on peaceful Pembroke beams the moon,
 Delusive visions lull the brains of Jeune ;
 Slowly he finds in sleep's serene surprise
 The mitred honours which the world denies ;
 Dreams of a see from earthly care withdrawn,
 And one long sabbath of eternal lawn.

[Lacuna valde deffenda, sed ne in antiquissimo quidem codice
 suppleta.]

See, fresh from Eton sent, the highborn dunce,
 So late a boy, now grown a man at once :

¹ Composed by W. W. Merry, Alfred Blomfield, Charles Bowen, and J. W. Shepard, all of Balliol.

Given to Mr. Madan in 1885 by J. R. King of Oriel, who was present at the composition, and himself contributed a few words. To Mr. Madan's kindness I owe this copy, and other valuable help.

Proud, he asserts his new-found liberty,
 And slopes in triumph down the astonished High.
 Mark the stiff wall of collar at his neck,
 More fit to choke the wearer than to deck ;
 And the long coat which, dangling at his heels,¹
 His "bags" of varied colour scarce reveals.
 So, when the infant hails the birthday grant
 Of gracious grandmother or awful aunt,
 Forth from the ark of childhood, one by one,
 The peagreen patriarch leads each stalwart son ;
 O'er Noah's knees descends the garment's hem,
 And clothes in solid folds the shins of Shem,
 His ligneous legs in modesty conceals,
 And two stout stumps alone to view reveals.
 Pleased with the sight, the infant screams no more,
 And groups his great forefathers on the floor ;
 Sucks piety and paint from broad-brimmed Ham,
 But thinks that even Japhet yields to jam.

J.

ON CHANTREY'S CHILDREN IN LICHFIELD
CATHEDRAL.

(See p. 159.)

OSBORNE GORDON.

Ἄ Μοῖρα ἃ κρυερὰ τῷ καλῷ παῖδ' Ἀφροδίτης
 ἤρπασε τῶν καλῶν τίς κόρος ἐσθ' Ἄιδα ;
 Ἄλλα σύ γ' Ἀγγελία, τὸν ἀηδέα μῦθον ἔχουσα,
 Βάσκε, μελαντειχῇ πρὸς δόμον ἐλθέ θεοῦ.
 Λέξον δ', ὦ δαῖμον, τὰν καλὰν ἄλεσας ἄγραν,
 οὐ γὰρ τὰς ψυχὰς, οὐδὲ τὰ σώματ' ἔχεις.
 Ἄι μὲν γὰρ ψυχὰι μετέβησαν ἐς οὐρανὸν ἐϋρύν,
 σώματα δ' ἐν γαίᾳ νήγρετον ὕπνον ἔχει.

¹ The long ulster-like coats which came in just then (in 1856) are alluded to

May be thus translated, faithfully, not adequately :
 Love's fairest twins cold Fate has rapt from earth :
 Death craves each loveliest birth.
 Go, thou, whose lore inculps the unpleasing word,
 Go to the dark-realmed lord.
 Forbid him triumph;—his the power to slay,
 Not his to hold the prey.
 Their forms unawaking sleep beneath the sod,
 Their souls rest aye with God.

I transcribe from a copy given to me at the time of its composition. In the "Anthologia Oxonensis" is an altered reading of line 4, Βάσκ', ἴθι, παγκοίταν εἰς Ἀίδαο δόμον, probably the latest correction of the author. Both epithets are finely classical—μελαντευχῆ Pindaric, παγκοίταν Sophoclean. I append a translation, the best I can render: it is quite inadequate as transmitting the old-world feeling of the original, but it is nearly literal. Ἀγγελία, line 3, I have taken to mean the sad message of death inscribed in the sculptured forms. The Dean of Durham thinks that the somewhat tame last line (last but one in the translation) shows inability on Gordon's part to "get in" the thought he had—"the souls rest in heaven, the bodies are immortalised in stone."

K.

CARMEN.¹

IN THEATRE SHELDONIANO.
 NON RECITATUM
 VII. DIE JUNII, MDCCCLIII.

(See p. 159, in which the poem is paraphrased.)

Quem Virum aut Heroa lyra vel acri
 Tibia sumis celebrare, Clio ?
 Scilicet quem te voluere Patres
 Hebdomadales.

¹ By Osborne Gordon; on the Installation of Lord Derby as Chancellor.

Te decet jussum properare carmen,
 Ficta nam Phœbus patitur, tuisque
 Laudis indignæ fidibus canoris
 Dedecus aufert.

Jamque dicatur gravis et decorus,
 Et sibi constans memoretur idem,
 Ille, qui multis superare possit
 Protea formis.

Quin et insignem paribus catervam
 Laudibus tollas, quibus, heu fatendum,
 Ista de nobis hodie paratur
 Pompa triumphi.

Plura si tangas, tacuisse velles ;
 Vix enim linguæ tulit eloquentis
 Præmium, verbis relevare doctus
 Præmia magnis.

Nec magis palmam meruit decoram
 Sævus in mitem, nimiumque vincens
 Dulce ridentem Samuelis iram
 Voce cruenta.¹

His tamen constat decus omne nostri,
 Hic Duci magno Comes advocatur,
 Talibus flentes præmimus tropæis
 Grande sepulchrum.

Deditis ergo gravis ille nobis
 Partium tristem trahit huc ruinam,
 Et rates obstat reparare quassas
 Isidis unda.

Gaudeant istis pueri et puellæ :
 Mente diversa notat, et Theatri
 Excipit vani sonitum maligno
 Patria risu.

¹ This refers to a passage between Lord Derby and Samuel, Bishop of Oxford, during a debate on the Canada Clergy Reserves in the House of Lords. The Bishop advocated their surrender; "Fiat justitia, ruat cælum," he said. Provoked by his arguments, and by the aggravating smile with which he met his own indignant attack, Lord Derby quoted the line from Hamlet, "A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain" (see p. 52).

L.

FACSIMILE OF THE "THUNNUS" PARODY.

(See p. 160.)

IN A CONGREGATION to be holden on Saturday, the 31st instant, at Two o'Clock, the following form of Statute will be promulgated.

F. JUNIUS,

Vice-Can.

UNIVERSITY CATACOMBS,

Nov. 3, 1860.

Placuit Universitati 2009.

In Epitaphio Thunni in Musæo Academicò depositi hæc verba

THUNNUS QUEM VIDES
 MENSE JANUARIÏ A. S. MDCCCLVII
 AB HENRICO W. ACLAND TUNC TEMPORIS ANATOMIÆ IN AEDE XTI. PRAELECTORE
 EX MADEIRA INSULA
 QUO HENRICUM G. LIDDELL AEDIS XTI. DECANUM
 INFIRMA VALETUDINE LABORANTEM DEDUXERAT
 PRAETER OMNEM SPEM OXONIAM ADPORTATUS EST.
 TYNA ENIM NAVE VAPORARIA IN QUA REDIBAT PRAELECTOR
 AD SCTI. ALBANI PROMONTORIUM IN COMITATU DORSETIÆ EJECTA,
 QUUM IPSE VIX SOSPES E FLUCTIBUS EVASIT,
 HIC PISCIS IN NAVE RELICTUS PER VOLUNTATEM NAUTARUM AD TERRAM ADVECTUS EST,
 DEINDE IN MUSÆO AEDIS XTI. POSITUS
 PER ARTEM CAROLI ROBERTSON 'ΕΣΚΕΛΕΤΕΘΗ.

abrogare, et in eorum locum quæ sequuntur subrogare :—

THUNNUS QUEM RIDES
 MENSE JUNII A. S. MDCCCLX
 AB HENRICO W. ACLAND NUNC TEMPORIS MEDICINÆ IN ACAD. OXON. PROFESSORE REGIO
 EX MUSÆO ANATOMICO
 DE QUO HENRICUM G. LIDDELL AEDIS XTI. DECANUM
 AETERNA MANSUETUDINE PERORANS SEDUXERAT
 PRAETER OMNIUM SPEM OXONIENSIVM HUC ADPORTATUS EST.
 ORATIONE ENIM VAPORARIA IN QUA GAUDEBAT PROFESSOR
 AD SCTI. ACLANDI GLORIAM IN CONGREGATIONEM DOCTISSIME INJECTA,
 QUUM MUSÆUM IPSUM VIX SOSPES EX HOSTIBUS EVASIT,
 HAEC AREA IGNAVE REFECTA PER SEGNITATEM MAGISTRORUM AD FINEM PROVECTA EST,
 QUAE IN MEDIO AEDIFICIO POSITA
 PER ARTEM BENJAMINI WOODWARD ἰΣΚΙΔΜΠΡῶδῃ.

M.

THE STORY OF PHAETHON.

By P. N. SHUTTLEWORTH.

(See p. 173.)

Once on a time, so goes the tale,
The driver of a country mail,
One Phœbus, had a hare-brained son,
Called from his uncle Phaethon.
This boy, quite spoilt with over care
As many other children are,
All day, it seems, would cry and sputter
For gingerbread or toast and butter ;
And sure no father would deny
Such trifles to so sweet a boy.
But that which rules all earthly things
And coachmen warms as well as kings,
Ambition, soon began to reign
Sole tyrant in this youngster's brain ;
And, as we find in every state
The low will emulate the great,
As oftentimes servants drink and game
Because their lords have done the same,
The boy, now hardly turned of ten,
Would fain be imitating men ;
Till what, at last, must youngster do,
But drive the mail a day or two.
In vain with all a father's care
Old Phœbus tries to soothe his heir,
In vain the arduous task explains
To ply the lash and guide the reins,
Tells him the roads are deep and miry,
Old Dobbin's blind and Pyeball fiery ;
At length he yields, though somewhat loath,
And seals his promise with an oath :

The oath re-echoing as he sware
Like thunder shook his elbow chair,
Made every rafter tremble o'er him,
And spilt the ale that stood before him.
All then prepared in order due,
The coach brought out, the horses too,
Glad Phaethon with youthful heat
Climbs up the box and takes his seat,
And, scarce each passenger got in,
Drives boldly off through thick and thin.
Now whether he got on as well
The sequel of my tale will tell :
Scarce gone a mile the horses find
Their wonted driver left behind :
For horses, poets all agree,
Have common sense as well as we ;
Nay, Homer tells us they can speak
Not only common sense, but Greek.
In vain our hero, half afraid,
Calls all his learning to his aid,
And runs his Houyhnhnm jargon through
Just as he'd heard his father do—
As, "Gently Dobbin, Pyeball stay,
Keep back there Bobtail, softly, way !"
The more he raved and bawled and swore,
They pranced and kicked and run the more,
Till, driver and themselves to cool,
They lodged all safely in a pool.
Hence then, ye highborn bards, beware,
Nor spin *your* Pegasus too far,
From Phaethon's mischance be humble,
Go gently—or the jade will stumble.

P. N. SHUTTLEWORTH.

N.

(See p. 181).

This is said to have been repeated impromptu by Foote in order to puzzle Macklin, who boasted that he could re-word any tale after once hearing it :—

“The baker’s wife went into the garden for a cabbage leaf to make an apple pie. A great she bear walking down the street put its head into the shop : ‘What, no soap ?’ So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber. And there were present at the wedding the Piccalillies, the Joblillies, the Gargulies, and the great Panjandrum himself with the little round button on the top ; and they all played at Catch-who-catch-can till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots.”

O.

(See p. 195.)

Hic tandem invitus requiescit

GEORGIUS ILLE ARCHIDIACONUS DE TAUNTON

Qui vulgo

GEORGIUS SINE DRACONE

Audiebat,

Amicorum dum vivebat Deliciæ,

Whiggorum,

Radicalium,

Rationalistarum,

Gladstonophilorum,

Flagrum Indefessum, Acerrimum.

In Clericorum Convocatione
Facundissimus, Facetissimus.

In Baronibus

Seu humanis et Hagleiocolis

Sive bovinis

Demoliendis,

In Feriis Autumnalibus apud East Brent

Conveniendis,

In denegando

De Ecclesia, De Republica

De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis,

In Piscium venatione,

Nulli secundus.

Se ipso iudice,

Erroris Expers,

Per Vices Rerum Quantaslibet

Immutatus et Immutabilis.

LYTTELTON Baro fecit. Jan., 1868.

A.D. 1910.

Here rests at last against his will

G. A. D.,

Known commonly as George-without-the-drag-on.

In life the delight of his friends;

Of Whigs, Radicals, Gladstonians,

The unwearied scourge.

Eloquent in Convocation,

Unrivalled in social charm,

Keen Angler, universal Gainsayer,

In his own opinion faultless,

Unchangeable amid surrounding change.

By LORD LYTTELTON, 1868

P.

DIZZY AND THE ANGELS.

By CHARLES NEATE.

(Note 1, p. 201.)

At a meeting of the Oxford Diocesan Society in the Theatre, November 25th, 1864, Bishop Wilberforce presiding, Mr. Disraeli said: "What is the question now placed before society with a glib assurance the most astounding? The question is this—Is man an ape or an angel? My lord, I am on the side of the angels."

Angelo quis te similem putaret
Esse, vel divis atavis creatum,
Cum tuas plane referat dolosus
Simius artes?

Angel? No, Ape.

Sive cum palma latitans in alta,
Dente quos frustra tetigit superbo
Dejicit fructus, nuceam procellam,
Tutus in hostem;

Climbing to the tree-top, and flinging the fruit at his enemies.

Sive cum fictæ gravitatis ore
Comico torquet dehonesta rictu
Turba quod risu, nimium jocosa,
Plaudat inepto.

With feigned gravity emitting claptrap.

Sive (quod monstrum tua novit ætas),
Cum furens intus rabie, feroque
Imminens bello, similis dolenti
Pectora plangit.

With feigned sorrow beating a gorilla breast.

Scilicet veræ pietatis ardor
Non tulit pressis cohibere labris
Fervidam vocem—tuus ille forsan
Credat Apella.

He religious and devout? tell it to his brother Jew, Apelles.

Credidit certe pius ille noster
Ore qui blando data verba reddidit,
Non prius nobis ita visus esse
Credulus Oxon.

Our "Sam" feigns belief, but his tongue is in his saintly cheek.

Q.

THE MASQUE OF BALLIOL.

(See p. 208.)

By BEECHING, MACKAIL, SPRING-RICE. Verse 15 by SCOTT.

- (1) First come I: my name is *Jowett*:
 Whatever can be known I know it.
 I am the Master of the College,
 What I know not is not knowledge.
- (2) I'm the self-distinguishing
 Consciousness in everything;
 The synthetic unity,
 One in multiplicity,
 The unseen nexus of the seen,
 Sometimes known as *Tommy Green*.
- (3) So to say—at least, you know,
 I am *Nettleship*, or so;
 Or, in other words, I mean
 What they call the Junior Dean.
 You are gated after Hall:
 That's all; at least—that's nearly all.
- (4) Oh I say—I once was *Forbes*:
 Me the Master now absorbs,
 Me and many other me's,
 In his great *Thucydides*.
- (5) I am Mr. Andrew *Bradley*:
 When my liver's doing badly
 I take refuge from the brute
 In the blessed absolute.
- (6) I'm *Bradley*: and I bury deep
 "A secret that no man can keep."
 If you won't let the Master know it,
 Or *Forbes*, I'll tell you—I'm a poet!

- (7) Take a pretty strong solution
Of the Roman Constitution,
Cigarettes not less than three,
And mix them up in boiling tea :
Then a mighty work you've done,
For you've made *Strachan Davidson*.
- (8) I am *Strachan the son of David* ;
Not the man who in the cave hid,
But an honest Scotchman, who
Brought me up a Scotchman too.
- (9) *Strachan Davidson* am I ; the lean,
Unbuttoned, cigaretted Dean.
Brother numismatists, you see a
Historian in a Dahabeah.
- (10) Here am I, the often sat on
Dancing Don : my name is *Tatton*.
Like old wine in a new bottle
Is my talk on Aristotle.
- (11) I am *Cheyne* : I confess
That I love a deaconess.
I can wed without misgiving
Now I've got a College living.
- (12) My good mother bore me, bless her,
To be a very great Professor,¹
Mr. Hall knows that, I guess.
Here in Oxford I profess ;
Though I know it is a mystery
Why on earth it should be History.
- (13) I'm the great *Sir William Anson* :
Versed alike in Coke and Hanson ;
All Souls' claret is a boon.
I belong to All Souls : soon,
If the Fates and I agree,
All Souls will belong to me.

¹ Query J. M. McKay.

- (14) Here I lie—the truthful *Bright* ;
 What I said was always right :
 Though, 'tis true, all my life long
 I always said that it was wrong.
- (15) Languid, lily-like, and limp,
 Umph ! I am the *Son of Simp* :¹
 I turn my head this way ; and then—
 Umph ! I turn it back again.
- (16) I am the Dean of Christchurch, sir ;
 This is my wife, look well at her.
 She is the Broad, I am the High :
 We are the University.

26th February, 1888. 10 178

[Added later.]

- (17) My name is George Nathaniel *Curzon*,
 I am a most superior person.
 My hair is soft, my face is sleek,
 I dine at Blenheim once a week.

[Variant on 3.]

- (18) Just roughly, so to speak, you know,
 My name is *Nettleship*—or so.
 I'm what they call the Junior Dean,
 At least I think that's what I mean.
 If you cut Chapel you'll be gated ;
 I don't think that is overstated.

R.

Facsimile of letter to Charles Girdlestone (“Commentary” Girdlestone he was called), accompanying a copy of the “Suggestions for an Association,” written by Palmer of Worcester, revised by Newman, and corrected by Ogilvie. Girdlestone, whose answer follows, was a leading Evangelical, and had recommended Newman as a kindred spirit to his first curacy at St. Clement's. These two letters are not published

¹ Simpson.

in Mr. Mozley's book. They illustrate: (1) The wide extent of Newman's initial propaganda, amongst extreme Low Churchmen no less than in directions not inevitably hostile to the movement; (2) the confident, excited temper, and defiant oburgatory language with which he embarked on his crusade; (3) the deep instinct of opposition felt from the first by weighty theologians of the Clapham School, spreading and increasing as the Tracts went on, though not culminating till the publication of Tract 90.

Ox. Coll. Nov. 1. 1833

Dear Giddleston,

Thank you for your account of your proceedings at Exeter. I heartily wish it were in my power to help you in finding a substitute for the new Church. I have mentioned it to several men, but without success hitherto. The accompanying suggestions have brought out a feeling which will not soon (I have God) be put down. We are in motion from the Isle of Wight to Durham & from Cornwall to Leeds. Surely the Church will shortly be delivered from its captivity under wicked men, who are worse than Chusan-Richthaim or the Philistines. We grow weary of heterogeneous un-ecclesiastical Parliament, and will not submit to its dictation. I do not know how far these sentiments will offend themselves to you; we shall be truly glad of your co-operation, or of one who really fears God & wishes to doer him but if you will not, we will march past you. We have been joined by persons of the most opposite sentiments, & I trust may do something towards uniting opposite parties in the Church. Among our supporters are Archdeacon Watson, Froude, Dailey, Sheepshanks & Lyall, the Dean of Ripon, Rev. Abbe. de Budillon, Richards, the Wilberforces, &c. &c. - If we do nothing after all, still we shall have discharged a duty, and may sleep in peace. We are publishing Tracts. Do you think there is any chance of Mr. Marsh & Birmingham joining us? Yours very truly

J. H. Newman
 P.S. We do not mean to form an exposed opinion. *John H. Newman*
 either in our own or the D.M. the? this opinion could well give themselves. *at present, in our setting*
with the Government

C. GIRDLESTONE'S ANSWER TO J. H. NEWMAN'S
LETTER.

Sedgely Vicarage, Dudley,

DEAR NEWMAN,

6th Nov., 1833.

It gives me very great pain indeed to differ so widely as I fear I do from you in the matter to which your printed circular and written letter refer. Nor do I like to say no to your application without assigning one or two of the reasons which chiefly weigh with me.

1. Your objects are indistinctly defined. "Maintain inviolate" looks very like to an Anti-Church-reform society; though your definition goes no further than I should gladly go with you, being extremely averse to any change which "involves the denial or suppression of doctrine" (sound doctrine I conclude you mean) or "a departure," etc., etc. I honestly assure you I could not be certain whether it is your intent to promote any change at all, though I guess from the tenour of the whole paper that almost any change would be counted innovation.

2. Besides this indistinctness as to your principles, I am at a loss to understand in what way they are to be practically applied: whether the publication of a periodical, the influencing elections for M.P.'s, the putting yourselves under the direction of a committee in all matters connected with your first object, or the mere circulation of tracts.

3. I cannot approve of the feeling which pervades your document, nor assent to the presumed data on which it proceeds. The spirit of the times does not appear to me in the same light as it does to you. And, the worse it is, I am the more desirous that in the Church at least a good spirit should be cultivated. Now, this whole paper breathes a censorious, querulous, discontented spirit, a spirit of defiance, unless I am much mistaken, to the party predominant at present in the State, a spirit which is the most likely of all others to bring the Church into contempt with that party, and, what is worse, a spirit which is

thoroughly opposite to the Christian rule of overcoming evil with good.

I have written the more freely because I cannot but think it new and strange to you to write as you have written about the Parliament, etc., and I hope you may be disposed to weigh the grounds on which I have come to conclusions so opposite to yours. I regard the men at present in power as no worse Christians than their predecessors, counting no doctrine worse than that which sacrifices the morality of the people on the shrine of finance and expediency. (See Beer bill, appointment of Philpotts to be Bishop, defence of the venality of votes in elections, multiplication of oaths at Custom House, etc., etc.). I count them to be entitled to our respect because they are in power; and, without being as I trust a Vicar of Bray, I cannot comprehend how you reconcile the names you call the Parliament with the prayer you daily use for its prosperity. The many grievous faults which as a Christian I cannot help seeing in many of their measures (not more than in those of their predecessors) make me the more anxious to conciliate their affection to the Church, and through the Church to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, by manifesting in our politico-ecclesiastical conduct that zeal against abuses, that self-denial, humility, and charity, which we preach up in private life.

And, lastly, I have hope that much good will come of their schemes for Church reform, even if ill meant by them (which I trust they were not), for I count as the greatest enemies of the Church, even those to whom her present perils will hereafter be ascribed, the men who have winked at every scandalous abuse and resisted every attempt at reasonable amendment.¹ There now! I take out the word "reform," for fear you should dislike it, though the root was thought a good one at the time of the Reformation. But call it amendment. Who for a word would quarrel with a friend? Not I, if I could help it. And earnestly I hope that you will not quarrel with me for this letter. I do not think you will, or I should scarcely have said so much. Yet some whom I used to know well, and still love as well as

¹ Altered from "moderate reform."

ever, look now askance when they meet me in their path, for no other reason that I know of than that I thought ten pound voters better than close boroughs, and have also publicly maintained that a Dissenter may get to Heaven, and ought to be treated as a brother Christian whilst on earth. Do, dear Newman, well consider where you are going in this business, and do not, as you threaten, march past me, unless you are quite sure that you will not hereafter wish to march back again.

Many thanks for your help in searching for an incumbent for my church at Coseley. I have as yet made no appointment. It is by the conscientious discharge of our duties in our cures, by the due disposal of our patronage, and by the exercise of self-denial in preferment offered to ourselves, that I hope we may silence the gainsayers, or, if not, yet justify the Church. I would gladly enter into an association for these objects, if we were not by our vows as ministers and as Christians already members of just such a society.

Ever Yours,

C. GIRDLESTONE.

Rev. J. H. Newman, Oriol College.

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