

OXFORD STUDIES

BY

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

EDITED BY

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INTRODUCTION

THE papers in this volume represent an idea which was constantly in Mr. Green's thoughts for many years—a History of Oxford. The Essays on Oxford in the Last Century were his first work, written in the *Oxford Chronicle* of 1859. Almost his first article to the *Saturday Review*, in 1867, was on "Watch and Ward in Oxford"; and his first papers in *Macmillan's Magazine*, in 1871, were on Oxford and its Early History; "whereof," as he says, "the thesis is two-fold: (1) That the University killed the City; and (2) that the Church pretty well killed the University."* In that year he returns to the same subject: "Roaming through these little Ligurian towns makes me utter just the old groans you used to join in when we roamed about France—groans, I mean, over the state of our local histories in England. There isn't one of these wee places that glimmer in the night like fireflies in the depth of their bays that hasn't a full and generally admirable account of itself and its

* *Letters*, pp. 170, 260, 283.

doings. They are sometimes wooden enough in point of style and the like, but they use their archives, and don't omit, as all our local historians seem to make a point of doing, the history of the town itself. I have made a little beginning for that of Oxford in the first paper I sent to George Grove; but clearly the first part of such work, the printing and sifting materials, falls properly to the local antiquary."*

Born in 4 St. John's Street, Mr. Green was from his childhood sensitive to the spirit of his native city. Its outer beauty had lifted his imagination. "Bells had their poetry for me from the first as they still have," he says, "and the Oxford peals would always fill me with a strange sense of delight. . . . There was the awe of listening to one of the college choirs, and hearing the great organ at New College or Magdalen! . . . The College was a poem in itself; its dim cloisters, its noble chapel, its smooth lawns, its park with the deer browsing beneath venerable elms, its 'walks' with 'Addison's walk' in the midst of them, but where we boys thought less of Addison than of wasps' nests and crawling. Of all the Oxford colleges it was the state-liest and the most secluded from the outer world, and though I can laugh now at the indolence and uselessness of the collegiate life of my boy-days, my boyish imagination was overpowered by the solemn services, the white-robed choir, the long train of divines and fellows, and the president—moving like some

* *Letters*, pp. 295 96.

mysterious dream of the past among the punier creatures of the present. . . . May morning too was a burst of poetry every year of my boyhood. Before the Reformation it had been customary to sing a mass at the moment of sunrise on the 1st of May, and some time in Elizabeth's reign this mass was exchanged for a hymn to the Trinity. At first we used to spring out of bed, and gather in the gray of dawn on the top of the College tower, where choristers and singing-men were already grouped in their surplices. Beneath us, all wrapped in the dim mists of a spring morning, lay the city, the silent reaches of Cherwell, the great commons of Cowley marsh and Bullingdon now covered with houses, but then a desolate waste. There was a long hush of waiting just before five, and then the first bright point of sunlight gleamed out over the horizon; below, at the base of the tower, a mist of discordant noises from the tin horns of the town boys greeted its appearance, and above, in the stillness, rose the soft pathetic air of the hymn *Te Deum Patrem colimus*. As it closed, the sun was fully up, surplices were thrown off, and with a burst of gay laughter the choristers rushed down the little tower stair, and flung themselves on the bell ropes, 'jangling' the bells in rough mediæval fashion till the tower shook from side to side. And then, as they were tired, came the ringers; and the 'jangle' died into one of those 'peals,' change after change, which used to cast such a spell over my

boyhood."* I well remember the passionate enthusiasm with which he watched from the train for the first sight of the Oxford towers against the sky.

As a child too he had felt the power of Oxford in the Past. His first prize had been given him by the old President of Magdalen who wore the last wig ever seen in Oxford, who had himself seen Dr. Johnson. "We boys used to stand overawed as the old man passed by, the keen eyes looking out of the white, drawn face, and feel as if we were looking on some one from another world."† It was from Oxford itself that he learned to deny the convention that would separate between Ancient and Modern History. "Oxford seems to me the one place where this distinction vanishes. There in its very system of training the old and the new worlds are brought together as they are brought nowhere else."‡

The history of the Papers on "Oxford in the Eighteenth Century" is given in a preface to a reprint in 1859 of two series of articles published in the *Oxford Chronicle* of that year. "It was intended by the proprietors of the *Oxford Chronicle* that this series should embrace the whole period from 1750 to the middle of the present century, detailing in chronological order the more marked events of every year, the municipal changes, the local improvements,

* *Letters*, pp. 4-6.

† *Ib.* p. 6.

‡ *Ib.* p. 176.

the social progress of the town. For the execution, however, of such a project it is plain that the goodwill and co-operation of the custodians of the city archives were absolutely necessary; and this co-operation in a matter of such great civic interest it was never doubted they would be only too ready to afford. With these expectations, the most respectful application was made for access to civic documents, but, to our great surprise (and, perhaps, to our readers also), the request was met by a refusal. At the Spanish Queen's levee each lady used to be attended by two gallants, who were permitted to remain covered in the presence even of Majesty, on the supposition that they were too engrossed to remember anything but their mistress. A similar excuse—in the engrossing character of the pursuits in which they are engaged—may perhaps be found for our civic authorities. It will be hard, at least, to suggest any other.”

There were however certain good friends of knowledge both in the University and among the civic officers, who gave their help to the enterprise, lending books and documents and supplying such information as was possible. “The information thus kindly communicated, as well as that which has been withheld, has led to changes of some importance in our scheme. It became impossible to persevere in the original project without rendering the papers a mere dull summary of petty and uninteresting events. It was determined, therefore, on the change of authorship at

the conclusion of the First Series, to adapt them, as far as possible, to our existing sources of information ; and since we could not present a chronological history, to depict in as lively a manner as possible the Life of the Times which were so fast passing away from us. Papers detailing the events of several periods were at the same time interspersed amongst the others, and it was hoped that the combination would give to our readers no incomplete idea of the Life of Oxford during the Last Century. The proprietors have wished to satisfy the interest which has been felt in this series by the present reprint of them, and they have only to hope, in conclusion, that their attempt, frustrated though it has been in some respects, has, on the whole, done no unimportant service in filling up a very conspicuous gap in our civic history and antiquities ”

Mr. Green, then in his last year of residence, was the anonymous author of the Second Series of papers on Oxford in the Eighteenth Century. His rooms at Jesus are described by Sir Owen Roberts as “on the first staircase on the right entering the second quadrangle—next the Principal’s house in the corner, and on the second floor on the left—right as one ascends the stairs.” In the summer months when these essays were written, between July and September, he was at 13 High Street. The idea of the papers was perhaps suggested to the proprietors by the piles of volumes of the *Oxford Chronicle* of the eighteenth century still preserved in the Office, un-

fortunately by accident of fire no longer perfect. The volumes formed, as will be seen in the references to these Essays, a rich source of information for the social history of the past. Some fragments from a diary kept by Mr. Green at the time show his perpetual eagerness in gathering in from every source whatever could be known about Oxford.

Friday, 5th August 1859.—“Rose at seven, arranged notes for papers on Jacobite Oxford; at breakfast read Burton; ran over to Cooke with three papers on Civic Oxford, which make up nine of the series. That on the Toasts appears to-day in print. . . . Afternoon read magazines in Union, especially *Sword and Gown* in *Frazer*. After tea wrote No. I. of the Jacobite papers, succeeding pretty well in point of style, I think, but desperately Whig—Whigs being in Oxford the minority. Read a little Burton, and sallied forth with Dick round meadow. . . .

Saturday, 6th.—“Rose at seven, leaving Dick asleep in bed, and finished the paper, interrupted just before ending by breakfast, resumed, but close very stupid in consequence. Burton at breakfast, but interrupted by frequent calls for my book-desk—the loaf. . . . The Union—papers and reviews—after dinner, extracts for my papers, etc. from Spence and other sources. Burton at tea, and after tea Coleridge’s *Northern Worthies*, a book below the name, at least.

What of sketches of Oxford Worthies—Davenant, Chillingworth, Pococke, etc. ?

Sunday, 7th.—“Uncle at dinner remembers when Christ Church dined at three, and some at four ; none at five. Says, Dr. Jackson, when asked to advance from two to three, replied, ‘to one, if you like.’ . . . The night so close I could not sleep for thinking of my plans for literary work, especially my ‘Oxford-born Worthies,’ which I planned out elaborately in my head.

Monday, 8th.—“Drew uncle out at tea about old Oxford. Tales were lingering about the resort of Dons to Taverns when he came here, 1810 ; especially to that which stood where Evans lives now. I told the story of Warton and the Dream. Spoke of the Music Hall ; he remembered the weekly entertainments which were transferred to the Town Hall from insufficiency of room. Catalani was the first to sing there. The concerts used to be important affairs, and the trustees important men, especially Dr. Johnson of Magdalene, a big, pompous, good-humoured fellow. Sir Francis Burdett lived in the two houses of Ald. Spiers and Ald. Sadler’s wife his lady’s maid. Sir Edward Hitchings succeeded him, removing from Clarke’s Row, to which he had retired on quitting business. Aunt spoke of the greater mixture and familiarity which used to exist between University and City from their meeting in Taverns. At the bottom of George Street, aunt says, ‘the respectable citizens’ used to meet, etc. The Bear Inn, whence name of

lane, stood where Foster's house now stands, had a coach entry to High Street.

Sunday, 14th.— . . . “Finished half my twelfth paper. Shall go on with it now. Ended it and strolled out to Merton; find they are building up again the Meadow Gate” (a few days before he had noticed in his walk the demolition of the gate). “I asked a policeman the reason of this pulling down and building up. ‘Cos they don't know what to do with their money, I suppose, sir.’ . . .

Friday, 19th.— . . . “When uncle came home to prayers I drew him out about old times, *à propos* of a little book of 1818 I showed him, and gleaned a few curious items for my papers, *e g.* he remembers old Dennet, the last of the Barbers, turning out at four with his apron and scissors to trim and powder the ‘Gentlemen’s’ heads for Hall.

Saturday, 20th.—“Disappointed in *Notes and Queries*, but hit on a mine of information in Nicholls, at extracts from which I was busied all the morning. Returned to dinner, found a relative of uncle's who farms a little near North Leach. We talked of enclosures, and the great downs he remembered sprinkled with a few half-starved sheep, now everywhere covered with crops. I wished to lead the subject to that remarkable coincidence between the enlargement of enclosures and the local improvement of towns, but he refused to travel beyond his own tether. The whole afternoon I dug in Nicholls. . . .

Tuesday, 23rd.—“‘Ah! woe is me,’ quoth the niece,

'my uncle a poet too! he knows everything! nothing comes amiss to him!' 'I assure thee, niece,' answered Don Quixote, 'that were not my whole soul engrossed by the arduous duties of chivalry, I would engage to do anything—there is not a curious art I would not acquire, especially that of making bird-cages and tooth-picks!' Is this the case with myself? Is the *Opus Magnum* to dwindle down to monographs on Sir Leoline Jenkins—or Oxford Worthies—or the slop-work of magazines and reviews? I lay tossing and tumbling last night with the thought of this. Sir Leoline's life would be a sop to the Jesuits—Oxford Worthies (not forgetting Wilkins), a sop to my fellow-citizens. But *the Opus*—well, 'God send it a good delivery,' as they say at Assizes. I bundled off my Jacobite papers this morning, and am already planning those on Education, but intend interposing some on the County, etc. Oh, that I knew a little about marl, loam, and clay!

Friday, 26th.— . . . "It requires great intellectual power to be diffuse. A loose rambling style can only be adapted to a mind like De Quincey, full of varied thoughts and quaint paradoxical speculations—or Southey's, with its hoards of miscellaneous learning; for ordinary mortals who have no such reserve of wealth to peep out between the chinks of their style, 'tis impossible to be too terse and condensed. I have sinned deeply in these last papers of mine on the Jacobites, though the patchwork I have to sew together is provocative of the sin.

Friday, 29th September.—“At uncle’s dinner last night, chat with Slatter. His partner, Munday, an apprentice of old Fletcher’s. The *Oxford Spy* published by them. The first part came with a note requesting publication; they read and liked it and it took. The three other parts followed, and when all were inserted, the real author called and they made him a handsome remuneration with which he was much gratified. The secret of his name is still preserved. Its incidents were quite true, especially that of the Proctors breaking into Locke’s house, and the room where his wife lay ill in bed, in search of some runaway young men. They published the eccentric Dr. Tatham’s sermons and pamphlets. To one, in which he advocated a National Bank, he always attributed the bank’s consent to help Pitt in the French War. They published too his *Bamp-ton*s, including that celebrated one of an hour and three-quarters, which drove the Bishop of Gloucester (?) out of church from sheer fatigue. He had long been promulgating his strictures on the ‘Aristotelian’ mode of education with little success, so this sermon was made the vehicle for the diffusion of his peculiar views. ‘You profess to educate the youth of the country, but the youth require a visit to continental capitals to complete their education!’ He proposed Modern Languages and History, and seems to have been a reformer before his age. He was probably the last punster in an University pulpit. ‘What with your Little Goes and Great Goes, I fear

education will give you the Bygo.' The *Lady's Visit to Oxford* was written by Mrs. Hewlitt (wife of the author of *Peter Priggens*); the second part was never published. The Oxford Volunteers, in which he was Lieutenant, mustered 800 strong, in two divisions. Dr. Tatham rode up their ranks, promising to pension the widow of the first man who fell in the country's cause. *The Lucubrations of Councillor Bickerton*, which they published, was written by a Mr. Tawney, then gentleman commoner of Exeter. The Councillor was not offended, but came in and seriously proposed a share in the profits in lieu of the liberty taken with his name. He studied for the bar and used once to go circuit in a post-chaise of his own with one horse. He was miserably poor, and used to cut branches from the trees in Hertford Quad for fuel. On one occasion he quietly severed the branch on which he sat and came to the ground. Mother Goose (her real name he mentioned, but I forget) a great favourite with the University men. When the Regent passed through to Bibury Races he would change horses at the 'Lamb and Flag,' take one of her bouquets and fling her a guinea. The knighting by mistake was a true story. William Elias Taunton was Town Clerk; his son of the same name, the Recorder, was absent when the Prince drove up, and the father read the address, but instead of handing it to the Mayor for presentation, handed it in himself. The Regent took a sword from one of his attendants, asked his name, and knighted him. He was reminded

that it was an error. 'Bid the Mayor stand forward,' and he rose Sir Joseph Locke. Truly, a Comedy of Errors. The great Oxfordshire election he was surprised no one had touched on. It ruined every family concerned but Turner's. It was not a struggle against the Duke as I supposed. Parties of twenty rode out to fetch in a single voter. The conduit ran with wine. It was then opposite Slatter's house. The four were returned, and a scrutiny conducted before the House of Commons. The Oxford election which wrested one seat from the Duke was different from this. His wife's father (as I understood) one of the Corporation imprisoned in the Tower.

"The Town Clerk as usual lectured on the Grace Cups. The large one is a present from Charles II., as the inscription testifies. The small, plain, but very valuable two-handed cup of solid gold, worth about £200 or £300, was a present from Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, High Steward of the City. (How did he become so? Did he interfere in elections?) There are a series of letters from him still preserved in the City archives, inviting the Corporation to Cliveden, etc. : 'A good subject for a novelist,' said the Town Clerk; 'these old burgesses amongst the wit and wickedness of Buckingham Court.' They are written in a school-boy's hand. (See and copy these, and study the subject.) George the Fourth's cup was presented by the Old Corporation before its decease to Tommy

Ensworth. They feared that in the zeal for reform all the plate would be sold. There were indeed madmen, such as Bristow, who counselled them."

It seems that by the end of September one series of papers was completed, and Mr. Green was proposing to reach out beyond the city into regions where the proprietors of the *Oxford Chronicle* hesitated to follow him, into the county history, the history of religion and education. "I have finished," he writes, "the first of my papers on the County considerably debated; I reserve erasures for my collected edition. This Ald. Spiers seemed to be looking forward to with some interest. Then *Oxford during the Siege*, and *Will Davenant*, and the rest of the Oxford-born Worthies—and the *Oxford Quarterly*, and a thousand other unhatched projects—*immensum navigavimus æquor*—hey for a literary life!"

Friday.— . . . "‘You have not been an idle fellow,’ said B., ‘and yet you have so little to show for your work.’ ‘I suppose I am the only fellow who would think so, yet I don’t doubt that my career has been a successful one,’ I replied. . . . ‘What have you learnt?’ said B. ‘What few here seem to learn,’ said I, ‘to think.’

Wednesday evening, 2nd November.—“‘You have done the College a great service,’ said B. to me a night or two ago, ‘in introducing to them an animal

who read, and yet did not read for honours.' . . . I have passed, with compliments from the examiners, but without honours—and must strike out for myself till I have convinced mankind that I can swim after all.

“Besides reading a review of Sede’s pamphlet and spending a couple of hours over a paper for the *Chronicle* I have done little to-day.”

It was a bitter disappointment to him and a great discouragement at the time, to be forced to abandon projects he had so much at heart. A letter written some years later recalls his regret at this decision :—

ST. PHILIP’S, STEPNEY,
April 1867.

MY DEAR H.—I send the loose sheets—I have no other—of what I wrote about Oxford. Of course I don’t swear by all of it now ; I see, for instance, that the social part is over-coloured. It is the almost necessary consequence of using memoirs or pamphlets, etc. as authorities before one has learnt the use of a little wholesome criticism. The Jacobite part is new and not bad ; and had I been allowed to continue the series of papers by a few on the religion and educational state of Oxford then, I might have found something new to tell there too. But they came out—as you know—in a local paper and it would stand no more. . . .—Yours very busily,

J. R. G.

P.S.—I can’t find the first paper, but it was a mere preface. I think I have generally quoted my authorities. I have made much use of the *Terræ Filius*.

Many of Mr. Green's letters and papers have been lost, and many destroyed. There remain only a few fragmentary pieces to indicate his constant interest in the Oxford of his own day. A letter of Sept. 22, 1860, alludes to some friction which had arisen between him and the Oxford magnates on the subject of the Rifle Corps.*

"We had Morrell's great dinner to the Rifle Corps here last Thursday Bishop, Duke, Heads of Houses, M.P.'s, etc., all in robes; a pretty sight they say (the 'they' being ladies). At the end of the proceedings Cooke of the *Chronicle* inserts in type my verses against the Rifle Corps—*unde irae*." The lines went against what may be called the outburst of Jingoism of that day. In 1858 the plot of Orsini was prepared in London to blow up the Emperor; it was followed by the address of the French Colonels to Louis Napoleon, demanding to be led on London. Orsini's fellow conspirator, Bernard, was tried in London 1859, acquitted, and carried in triumph shoulder-high by the mob. Then came the assembling of the French fleet at Cherbourg, and the formation of Rifle Corps all over England—celebrated by Tennyson in his verses "Form, Riflemen, Form!" Mr. Green's lines were given in the *Chronicle* of Saturday, September 22, 1860, immediately after a long account of the "Grand Banquet to the Oxford City Rifle Corps," which had taken place on the previous Thursday. The line in verse four, "Fight

* *Letters*, p. 46.

bravely—o'er trimmings and facings," is an allusion to a discussion which had been going on in the newspaper for some weeks previously about a proposed alteration in the uniform of the Corps.

PEACE OR WAR?

"The Guarantee Fund of the Exhibition of 1852 is still open."—*Athenæum*.

Build! what, a Temple to Peace!
 I laugh as I utter the word—
 Peace with a mailed hand
 And its olive-branch hiding a sword

Peace! but an hour ago
 Came a martial clangour this way,
 And nursemaids and boys followed, gaping,
 A thin file of heroes in grey.

Has life, then, heroes in grey,
 Nothing deeper and truer than this—
 To march with a clangour of war
 To watch how the rifle-shots miss?

To drill—when the drill's not too early;
 Parade—when the weather seems fine;
 Fight bravely—o'er trimmings and facings;
 And dare—not to die—but to dine?

Better war than a hypocrite peace—
 Better war with its stern hard dints,
 Than a Peace full of childish fears,
 Of panics and rumours and hints.

Better battle with blow for blow—
 Hard strife amid dust and gore
 Than double-faced Peace like this—
 This puerile mimic of War.

War! there *is* war to be waged,
 Real war, by the weakest hand—
 War with the craven fears
 That deaden the heart of the land.

Arm! but with the weapons of Peace!
 Let the Rifle rust as it will,
 While the shuttle from loom to loom
 Flies merry and blythe through the mill.

While early at dawn the ploughshare
 Cleaves through the rich black mould;
 While mile upon mile in the sunshine
 The heavy grain ripens to gold.

Then, oh! for the weapons of labour—
 The warfare that never may cease.
 While fearless, and honest, and earnest,
 Man fights the glad battle of Peace.

J. R. G.

In the same number of the *Chronicle* a Perambulation of the Bounds of the city is announced for the following Monday, September 24; and a week later a short description is given beginning thus: "The ancient custom of perambulating the boundary of the city was performed on Monday last, and as seven years have elapsed since the event took place, during the Mayoralty of Ald. Dudley, it excited a consider-

able degree of interest." A letter of Mr. Green's* gives an account of his share in the proceedings.

"Oh, how I wish you had been in Oxford to go with me round the city boundaries. About once in eight years the Mayor has to do this, winding up with a great feed. I was invited and went. We marched in red and fur (*i.e.* the Corporation), cocked hats and mace, down the High to Magdalene Bridge. Here we dismissed the rifle band, the aldermen doffed their robes, the bulk of the crowd dispersed, but the faithful followed the Mayor in punts across the stream, along the Cherwell Meadows, across Christchurch Mead by the side of the ditch that runs across it, and then entering some house-boats which were waiting for us with the ladies on board, we went as far as the Long Bridge where the city boundary stone is situated. Here we were joined by the king of the Sclavonians, a club of firemen who are now dying out, arrayed in aldermanic costume, with a royal crown of 'real gold,' as the ladies all averred, upon his head. His Majesty was presented with a bottle of gin, whose head he graciously condescended to knock off, and then to swallow its contents. Bidding adieu to the monarch we again returned, bade farewell to the ladies, and punted under those arches on which Randall's house stands into the Hincksey meadows, through which, muddy as they were, we proceeded to pound. We were cheered by the merry beat of the city drum—the city fife having

* *Letters*, pp. 47-48.

been early 'winded' and dropped behind. 'You make me quite wild, you do,' said the drum as he dragged forward his lagging comrade, but the fife was too exhausted, or screwed, to reply. At Hincksey we found the barrel of beer which the tenant is bound to offer the Mayor on such occasions stolen, so onwards we trudged towards Godstow, only pausing at Botley to shy bread and cheese, and pipes and ale at the crowd; you may fancy what a glorious scramble it was. My party now led 'across country,' but getting pounded at the second hedge, I was picked up by the alderman who was comfortably ensconced in a punt, and conveyed to the dinner at Godstow. The feed at an end, off we started again, but as the plank-bearers had got too drunk to stir, the Mayor had to jump ditches—item the mace. The Mayor did wonders, and reflected credit on the city. The mace made oft acquaintance with the mud. So we emerged on Portmeadow, which is a perfect quagmire now, only to be paddled through, and crossing the two roads descended into the vale of the Cherwell, where the aldermen again embarked, while I managed to scramble over hedges and ditches as best I might, and in a mangled and fragmentary condition emerged near Holywell Church, rejoining the procession at Magdalene Bridge, and marched home to the 'sound of trumpets.' As a bit of pluck, I finished the evening at the theatre; but didn't I pay for it the next day."

Mr. Green was deeply interested in Oxford politics. A friend recalls how "Green gave me the most remarkable account of canvassing Oxford with Thackeray, whose want of power of public speaking seems to have been perfectly extraordinary. On the hustings he utterly broke down, and Green heard him say to himself, 'If I could only go into the Mayor's parlour for five minutes I could write this out quite well.'*" It was of this election that he used to tell the tale of his experience in canvassing. There was a certain barge-owner who had, or was supposed to have, the command of many votes, and it was held necessary to secure his support. Mr. Green was sent to interview him, and laid before him the loftiest reasons for giving a liberal vote. The man heard him to the end, and then silently stretched out an open palm. As Mr. Green hesitated, 'How much is it?' said he. Mr. Green expressed a just surprise and repudiation of such a thought. 'Well, that's all well enough,' said the man, 'but we knows very well what to believe. We reads the papers, and we sees what happens in Parliament. When they have talked a while, what do they do? Why, they cries *Diwide! Diwide!* Now what do they diwide? Why, the Taxes to be sure!'"

In 1869 and 1870 Mr. Green wrote the two papers in the *Saturday Review* on Modern Oxford which are included in this volume. There is a sad

* *Notes from a Diary*, Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, i 112.

laugh in one of his letters at "the talk and jest of young Oxford"; "I have said hard things of 'young Oxford,'" he says in another letter, "and perhaps there are hard things to say, but no one can deny there is a great deal of real nobleness and refinement of life about it."* "With all its faults of idleness and littleness, there is a charm about Oxford which tells on one, a certain freshness and independence ("it has never given itself over to the Philistines," as Mat. Arnold says), and besides a certain geniality of life such as one doesn't find elsewhere. Perhaps its very blunders—and one meets a blunder at every step if one regards it as a great educational institution—save it at any rate from falling into the mere commonplace of the *Daily Telegraph*. The real peril of our days is not that of being wrong, but of being right on wrong grounds; in a liberalism which is a mere matter of association and sentiment, and not of any consistent view of man in his relation to society; the Liberalism of the daily papers, I mean, and of nine-tenths of their readers; a Liberalism which enables the *Times* to plead this morning for despotic government in Greece, or Froude to defend the rack. And with all its oddities [Oxford] seems to give a wide toleration and charity to the social intercourse of thinkers; Comtist and Romaniser laugh together over High Table and are driven, by the logic of fact, from the shallow device of avoiding one another as 'fools' or 'madmen.'"†

* *Letters*, pp. 287, 256.

† *Ib.* pp. 241-42.

As Mr. Green's first work was a collection of materials for the History of Oxford, so it was one of his last occupations. He had filled many note-books with details collected from all sorts of sources, and in 1873 he proposed to prepare a book of "Essays on Oxford History"; working in a paper on "Early Oxford"; a paper on "Oxford in the Great Rebellion," and another on "Puritan Oxford," and close with two long studies on "Oxford Society in the Eighteenth Century" and "The Oxford Jacobites," taken from the essays written as an undergraduate. The last of these he had begun to put into form and correct, but the work remains unfinished. I can now, therefore, only give these studies in their original form.

When failing health had put an end to all hope of his own work on Oxford history being continued, he took pleasure in the thought that it might still be carried on by the society which he had first planned, and which he lived to see inaugurated—the Oxford Historical Society.

I have to thank the editors of the *Oxford Chronicle*, and of the *Saturday Review* for permission to reprint articles from their papers. The Provost of Queen's and Mr. Madan kindly allowed the editors of this volume to see some notes taken by Mr. Richard Robinson and the Rev. John Rigaud. In a few cases where these have been used, the initials R. R. or J. R. have been added. The initials A. C. indicate a few suggestions given by the Rev. Andrew Clark. There

are a few instances in which it has been found impossible to supply the necessary references. I hope that some intelligent readers will come to our help and fill in the blanks.

ALICE STOPFORD GREEN.

14 KENSINGTON SQUARE,
September 1901.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF OXFORD

I

To most Oxford men, indeed to the common visitor of Oxford, the town seems a mere offshoot of the University. Its appearance is altogether modern ; it presents hardly any monument that can vie in antiquity with the venerable fronts of colleges and halls. An isolated church here and there tells a different tale ; but the largest of its parish churches is best known as the church of the University, and the church of St. Frideswide, which might suggest even to a careless observer some idea of the town's greatness before University life began, is known to most visitors simply as Christchurch Chapel. In all outer seeming Oxford appears a mere assemblage of indifferent streets that have grown out of the needs of the University, and this impression is heightened by its commercial unimportance. The town has no manufacture or trade. It is not even, like Cambridge, a great agricultural centre. Whatever importance it derived from its position on the Thames has been done away with by the almost total cessation of river navigation. Its very soil is in large measure in

academical hands As a municipality it seems to exist only by grace or usurpation of prior University privileges. It is not long since Oxford gained control over its own markets or its own police. The peace of the town is still but partially in the hands of its magistrates, and the riotous student is amenable only to university jurisdiction. Within the memory of living men the chief magistrate of the city on his entrance into office was bound to swear in a humiliating ceremony not to violate the privileges of the great academical body which reigned supreme within its walls.

Historically the very reverse of all this is really the case. So far is the University from being older than the city, that Oxford had already seen five centuries of borough life before a student appeared within its streets. Instead of its prosperity being derived from its connection with the University, that connection has probably been its commercial ruin. The gradual subjection both of markets and trade to the arbitrary control of an ecclesiastical corporation was inevitably followed by their extinction. The University found Oxford a busy, prosperous borough, and reduced it to a cluster of lodging-houses. It found it among the first of English municipalities, and it so utterly crushed its freedom that the recovery of some of the commonest rights of self-government has only been brought about by recent legislation. Instead of the Mayor being a dependant on Chancellor or Vice-Chancellor,

Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor have simply usurped the far older authority of the Mayor.

The story of the struggle which ended in this usurpation is one of the most interesting in our municipal annals, and it is one which has left its mark not on the town only but on the very constitution and character of the conquering University. But to understand the struggle, we must first know something of the town itself. At the earliest moment, then, when its academic history can be said to open, at the arrival of the legist Vacarius in the reign of Stephen, Oxford stood in the first rank of English municipalities. In spite of antiquarian fancies, it is certain that no town had arisen on its site for centuries after the departure of the Roman legions from the isle of Britain. The little monastery of St. Frideswide rises in the turmoil of the eighth century only to fade out of sight again without giving us a glimpse of the borough which gathered probably beneath its walls. The first definite evidence for its existence lies in a brief entry of the English Chronicle which records its seizure by the successor of Ælfred. But though the form of this entry shows the town to have been already considerable, we hear nothing more of it till the last terrible wrestle of England with the Dane, when its position on the borders of the Mercian and West-Saxon realms seems for the moment to have given it a political importance under Æthelred and Cnut strikingly analogous to that which it acquired in the Great Rebellion. Of the life of its burgesses

in this earlier period of Oxford life we know little or nothing. The names of its parishes, St. Aldate, St. Ebbe, St. Mildred, and St. Edmund, show how early church after church gathered round the earlier church of St. Martin. The minster of St. Frideswide, in becoming the later cathedral, has brought down to our own times the memory of the ecclesiastical origins to which the little borough owed its existence. But the men themselves are dim to us. Their town-meeting, their Portmannimote, still lives in shadowy fashion as the Freeman's Common Hall; their town-mead is still Port-meadow. But it is only by later charters or the record of Domesday that we see them going on pilgrimage to the shrines of Winchester, or chaffering in their market-place, or judging and law-making in their husting, their merchant guild regulating trade, their reeve gathering his king's dues of tax or honey or marshalling his troop of burghers for the king's wars, their boats floating down the Thames towards London and paying the toll of a hundred herrings in Lent-tide to the Abbot of Abingdon by the way.

Of the conquest of Oxford by William the Norman we know nothing, though the number of its houses marked "waste" in the Survey seems to point to a desperate resistance. But the ruin was soon repaired. No city better illustrates the transformation of the land in the hands of its new masters, the sudden outburst of industrial effort, the sudden expansion of commerce and accumulation of wealth which followed

the Conquest. The architectural glory of the town in fact dates from the settlement of the Norman within its walls. To the west of the town rose one of the stateliest of English castles, and in the meadows beneath the hardly less stately Abbey of Osney. In the fields to the north the last of the Norman kings raised his palace of Beaumont. The canons of St. Frideswide reared the church which still exists as the diocesan cathedral: the piety of the Norman earls rebuilt almost all the parish churches of the city and founded within their new castle walls the church of the canons of St. George.

But Oxford does more than illustrate this outburst of industrial effort; it does something towards explaining its cause. The most characteristic result of the Conquest was planted in the very heart of the town in the settlement of the Jew. Here as elsewhere the Jewry was a town within a town, with its own language, its own religion and law, its peculiar commerce, its peculiar dress. The policy of our foreign kings secured each Hebrew settlement from the common taxation, the common justice, the common obligations of Englishmen. No city bailiff could penetrate into the square of little streets which lay behind the present Town-hall; the Church itself was powerless against the synagogue that rose in haughty rivalry beside the cloister of St. Frideswide. The picture which Scott has given us in *Ivanhoe* of Isaac of York, timid, silent, crouching under oppression, accurately as it represents our modern

notions of the position of his race during the Middle Ages, is far from being borne out by historical fact. In England at least the attitude of the Jew is almost to the end an attitude of proud and even insolent defiance. His extortion was sheltered from the common law. His bonds were kept under the royal seal. A royal commission visited with heavy penalties any outbreak of violence against these "chattels" of the king. The thunders of the Church broke vainly on the yellow gaberdine of the Jew. In a well-known story of Eadmer's the Red King actually forbids the conversion of a Jew to the Christian faith: it was a poor exchange which would have robbed him of a valuable property and given him only a subject.

At Oxford the attitude of the Jewry towards the national religion showed a marked consciousness of this royal protection. Prior Philip of St Frideswide complains bitterly of a certain Hebrew with the odd name of "Deus-cum-crescat," who stood at his door as the procession of the saint passed by, mocking at the miracles wrought at her shrine. Halting and then walking firmly on his feet, showing his hands clenched as if with palsy and then flinging open his fingers, the mocking Jew claimed gifts and oblations from the crowd who flocked to St. Frideswide's on the ground that such recoveries of limb and strength were quite as real as any Frideswide had wrought. But though sickness and death, in the prior's story, avenge the insult to his shrine, no earthly power, ecclesiastical or civil, seems to have ventured to

meddle with "Deus-cum-crescat." The feud between the priory and the Jewry went on unchecked for a century more, to culminate in a daring act of fanaticism on the Ascension-day of 1268. As the usual procession of scholars and citizens returned from St. Frideswide's, a Jew suddenly burst from the group of his comrades in front of the synagogue, and snatching the crucifix from its bearer trod it under foot. But even in presence of such an outrage as this the terror of the Crown shielded the Jewry from any burst of popular indignation. The sentence of the king condemned the Jews of Oxford to erect a cross of marble on the spot where the crime was committed; but even this was remitted in part, and a less offensive place was allotted for the cross in an open plot by Merton College.

With the Jewish settlement began the cultivation of physical science in Oxford. The Hebrew instruction, the Hebrew books which he found among its rabbis, were the means by which Roger Bacon penetrated to the older world of material research. A medical school which we find established there and in high repute during the twelfth century can hardly have been other than Jewish: in the operation for the stone, which one of the stories in the *Miracles of St. Frideswide* preserves for us, we trace the traditional surgery which is still common in the East. But it is perhaps in a more purely material way that the Jewry at Oxford most directly influenced our academical history. There as elsewhere the Jew

brought with him something more than the art or science which he had gathered at Cordova or Bagdad; he brought with him the new power of wealth. The erection of stately castles, of yet statelier abbeys, which followed the Conquest, the rebuilding of almost every cathedral or conventual church, marks the advent of the Jewish capitalist. No one can study the earlier history of our great monastic houses without finding the secret of that sudden outburst of industrial activity to which we owe the noblest of our minsters in the loans of the Jew. The bonds of many a great baron, the relics of many an abbey, lay pledged for security in the "Star-chamber" of the Jew.

His arrival at Oxford is marked by the military and ecclesiastical erections of its Norman earls. But a result of his presence, which bore more directly on the future of the town, was seen in the remarkable development of its domestic architecture. To the wealth of the Jew, to his need of protection against sudden outbursts of popular passion, very probably to the greater refinement of his social life, England owes the introduction of stone houses. Tradition attributes almost every instance of the earliest stone buildings of a domestic character to the Jew; and where the tradition can be tested, as at Bury St. Edmunds or Lincoln, it has proved to be in accordance with the facts. In Oxford nearly all the larger dwelling-houses which were subsequently converted into halls bore traces of their Jewish origin in their

names, such as Moysey's Hall, Lombards', Jacob's Hall. It is a striking proof of the superiority of the Hebrew dwellings to the Christian houses around them that each of the successive town-halls of the borough had, before their expulsion, been houses of Jews. Such houses were abundant in the town, not merely in the purely Jewish quarter on Carfax but in the lesser Jewry which was scattered over the parish of St. Aldate; and we can hardly doubt that this abundance of substantial buildings in the town was at least one of the causes which drew teachers and students within its walls.

The same great event which flung down the Jewish settlement in the very heart of the English town bounded it to the west by the castle and the abbey of the conquerors. Oxford stood first on the line of great fortresses which, passing by Wallingford and Windsor to the Tower of London, guarded the course of the Thames. Its castellan, Robert D'Oilly, had followed William from Normandy and had fought by his side at Senlac. Oxfordshire was committed by the Conqueror to his charge; and he seems to have ruled it in rude, soldierly fashion, enforcing order, heaping up riches, tripling the taxation of the town, pillaging without scruple the older religious houses of the neighbourhood. It was only by ruthless exaction such as this that the work which William had set him to do could be done. Money was needed above all for the great fortress which held the town. The new castle rose on the eastern bank of the

Thames, broken here into a number of small streamlets, one of which served as the deep moat which encircled its walls. A well marked the centre of the wide castle-court; to the north of it on a lofty mound rose the great keep; to the west the one tower which remains, the tower of St. George, frowned over the river and the mill. Without the walls of the fortress lay the Bailly, a space cleared by the merciless policy of the castellan, with the church of St. Peter le Bailly which still marks its extent.

The hand of Robert D'Oilly fell as heavily on the Church as on the townsmen. Outside the town lay a meadow belonging to the Abbey of Abingdon, which seemed suitable for the exercise of the soldiers of his garrison. The earl was an old plunderer of the Abbey; he had wiled away one of its finest manors from its Abbot Athelm; but his seizure of the meadow beside Oxford drove the monks to despair. Night and day they threw themselves weeping before the altar of the two English saints whose names were linked to the older glories of their house. But while they invoked the vengeance of Dunstan and Æthelwold on their plunderer, the earl, fallen sick, tossed fever-smitten on his bed. At last Robert dreamt that he stood in a vast court, one of a crowd of nobles gathered round a throne whereon sate a lady passing fair. Before her knelt two brethren of the abbey, weeping for the loss of their mead and pointing out the castellan as the robber. The lady bade Robert be seized, and two youths

hurried him away to the field itself, seated him on the ground, piled burning hay around him, smoked him, tossed haybands in his face, and set fire to his beard. The earl woke trembling at the divine discipline; he at once took boat for Abingdon, and restored to the monks the meadow he had reft from them. His terror was not satisfied by the restitution of his plunder, and he returned to set about the restoration of the ruined churches within and without the walls of Oxford. The tower of St. Michael, the doorway of St. Ebbe, the chancel arch of Holywell, the crypt and chancel of St. Peter's-in-the-East, are fragments of the work done by Robert and his house. But the great monument of the devotion of the D'Oillys rose beneath the walls of their castle. Robert, a nephew of the first castellan, had wedded Edith, a concubine of Henry I. The rest of the story we may tell in the English of Leland. "Edith used to walke out of Oxford Castelle with her gentlewomen to solace, and that oftentymes where yn a certen place in a tree, as often as she cam, a certain pyes used to gather to it, and ther to chattré, and as it were to spek on to her, Edyth much mervelyng at this matter, and was sumtyme sore ferid by it as by a wonder." Radulf, a canon of St. Frideswide's, was consulted on the marvel, and his counsel ended in the erection of the priory of Osney beneath the walls of the castle. The foundation of the D'Oillys became one of the wealthiest and largest of the English abbeys; but of its vast church and lordly abbot's

house, the great quadrangle of its cloisters, the almshouses without its gate, the pleasant walks shaded with stately elms beside the river, not a trace remains. Its bells alone were saved at the Dissolution by their transfer to Christchurch.

The military strength of the castle of the D'Oillys was tested in the struggle between Stephen and the Empress. Driven from London by a rising of its burghers at the very moment when the crown seemed within her grasp, Maud took refuge at Oxford. In the succeeding year Stephen found himself strong enough to attack his rival in her stronghold; his knights swam the river, fell hotly on the garrison which had sallied without the walls to meet them, chased them through the gates, and rushed pell-mell with the fugitives into the city. Houses were burnt and the Jewry sacked; the Jews, if tradition is to be trusted, were forced to raise against the castle the work that still bears the name of "Jews' Mount"; but the strength of its walls foiled the efforts of the besiegers, and the attack died into a close blockade. Maud was however in Stephen's grasp, and neither the loss of other fortresses nor the rigour of the winter could tear the king from his prey. Despairing of relief, the Empress at last resolved to break through the enemy's lines. Every stream was frozen and the earth covered with snow, when clad in white and with three knights in white garments as her attendants Maud passed unobserved through the outposts, crossed the Thames upon the ice, and

made her way to Abingdon and the fortress of Wallingford.

With the surrender which followed the military history of Oxford ceases till the Great Rebellion. Its political history had still to attain its highest reach in the Parliament of De Montfort. The great assemblies held at Oxford under Cnut, Stephen, and Henry III., are each memorable in their way. With the first closed the struggle between Englishman and Dane, with the second closed the conquest of the Norman, with the third began the regular progress of constitutional liberty. The position of the town, on the border between the England that remained to the West-Saxon kings and the England that had become the "Danelagh" of their northern assailants, had from the first pointed it out as the place where a union between Dane and Englishman could best be brought about. The first attempt was foiled by the savage treachery of Æthelred the Unready. The death of Swegen and the return of Cnut to Denmark left an opening for a reconciliation, and Englishmen and Danes gathered at Oxford round the king. But all hope was foiled by the assassination of the Lawmen of the Seven Danish Boroughs, Sigferth and Morcar, who fell at a banquet by the hand of the minister Eadric, while their followers threw themselves into the tower of St. Frideswide and perished in the flames that consumed it. The overthrow of the English monarchy avenged the treason. But Cnut was of nobler stuff than Æthelred, and his

conquest of the realm was followed by the gathering of a new gemot at Oxford to resume the work of reconciliation which Eadric had interrupted. Englishman and Dane agreed to live together as one people under Eadgar's Law, and the wise government of the King completed in the long years of his reign the task of national fusion. The conquest of William set two peoples a second time face to face upon the same soil, and it was again at Oxford that by his solemn acceptance and promulgation of the Charter of Henry I. in solemn parliament Stephen closed the period of military tyranny, and began the union of Norman and Englishman into a single people. These two great acts of national reconciliation were fit preludes for the work of the famous assembly which has received from its enemies the name of "the Mad Parliament." In the June of 1258 the barons met at Oxford under earl Simon de Montfort to commence the revolution to which we owe our national liberties. Followed by long trains of men in arms and sworn together by pledges of mutual fidelity, they wrested from Henry III. the great reforms which, frustrated for the moment, have become the basis of our constitutional system. On the "Provisions of Oxford" followed the regular establishment of parliamentary representation and power, of a popular and responsible ministry, of the principle of local self-government.

From parliaments and sieges, from Jew and castellan, it is time to turn back to the humbler annals

of the town itself. The first event that lifts it into historic prominence is its league with London. The "bargemen" of the borough seem to have already existed before the Conquest, and to have been closely united from the first with the more powerful guild, the "boatmen" or "merchants" of the capital. In both cases it is probable that the bodies bearing this name represented what in later language was known as the merchant guild of the town; the original association, that is, of its principal traders for purposes of mutual protection, of commerce, and of self-government. Royal recognition enables us to trace the merchant guild of Oxford from the time of Henry I.; even then indeed lands, islands, pastures already belonged to it, and amongst them the same "Port-meadow" or "Town-mead" so familiar to Oxford men pulling lazily on a summer's noon to Godstow, and which still remains the property of the freemen of the town. The connection between the two cities and their guilds was primarily one of traffic. Prior even to the Conquest, "in the time of King Eadward and Abbot Ordric," the channel of the river running beneath the walls of the Abbey of Abingdon became so blocked up "that boats could scarce pass as far as Oxford." It was at the joint prayer of the burgesses of London and Oxford that the abbot dug a new channel through the meadow to the south of his church, the two cities engaging that each barge should pay a toll of a hundred herrings on its passage during Lent. But the union soon took

a constitutional form. The earliest charter of the capital which remains in detail is that of Henry I., and from the charter of his grandson we find a similar date assigned to the liberties of Oxford. The customs and exemptions of its burghers are granted by Henry II., "as ever they enjoyed them in the time of King Henry my grandfather, and in like manner as my citizens of London hold them." This identity of municipal privileges is of course common to many other boroughs, for the charter of London became the model for half the charters of the kingdom; what is peculiar to Oxford is the federal bond which in Henry II.'s time already linked the two cities together. In case of any doubt or contest about judgment in their own court the burgesses of Oxford were empowered to refer the matter to the decision of London, "and whatever the citizens of London shall adjudge in such cases shall be deemed right." The judicial usages, the municipal rights of each city were assimilated by Henry's charter. "Of whatever matter they shall be put in plea, they shall deraign themselves according to the law and customs of the city of London and not otherwise, because they and the citizens of London are of one and the same custom, law, and liberty."

In no two cities has municipal freedom experienced a more different fate than in the two that were so closely bound together. The liberties of London waxed greater and greater till they were lost in the general freedom of the realm: those of Oxford were

trodden under foot till the city stood almost alone in its bondage among the cities of England. But it would have been hard for a burgher of the twelfth century, flushed with the pride of his new charter, or fresh from the scene of a coronation where he had stood side by side with the citizens of London and Winchester as representing one of the chief cities of the realm, to have dreaded any danger to the liberties of his borough from the mob of half-starved boys who were beginning to pour year after year into the town. The wealthy merchant who passed the group of shivering students huddled round a teacher as poor as themselves in porch and doorway, or dropped his alms into the cap of the mendicant scholar, could hardly discern that beneath rags and poverty lay a power greater than the power of kings, the power for which Becket had died and which bowed Henry to penance and humiliation. On all but its eastern side indeed the town was narrowly hemmed in by jurisdictions independent of its own. The precincts of the Abbey of Osney, the wide bailly of the castle, bounded it narrowly on the west. To the north, stretching away to the little church of St. Giles, lay the fields of the royal manor of Beaumont. The Abbot of Abingdon, whose woods of Cumnor and Bagley closed the southern horizon, held his leet court in the small hamlet of Grampound beyond the bridge. Nor was the whole space within its walls altogether subject to the self-government of the citizens. The Jewry, a town within a town, lay

isolated and exempt from the common justice or law in the very heart of the borough. Scores of householders, dotted over the various streets, were tenants of abbey or castle, and paid neither suit nor service to the city court. But within these narrow bounds and amidst these various obstacles the spirit of municipal liberty lived a life the more intense that it was so closely cabined and confined.

It was in fact at the moment when the first Oxford students appeared within its walls that the city attained complete independence. The twelfth century, the age of the Crusades, of the rise of the scholastic philosophy, of the renewal of classical learning, was also the age of a great communal movement, that stretched from Italy along the Rhone and the Rhine, the Seine and the Somme, to England. The same great revival of individual, human life in the industrial masses of the feudal world that hurried half Christendom to the Holy Land, or gathered hundreds of eager faces round the lecture-stall of Abelard, beat back Barbarossa from the walls of Alessandria and nerved the burghers of Northern France to struggle as at Amiens for liberty. In England the same spirit took a milder and perhaps more practical form, from the different social and political conditions with which it had to deal. The quiet townships of Teutonic England had no traditions of a Roman past to lure them on, like the cities of Italy, into dreams of sovereignty. Their ruler was no foreign Cæsar, distant enough to give a chance for

resistance, but a king near at hand and able to enforce obedience and law. The king's peace shielded them from that terrible oppression of the mediæval baronage which made liberty with the cities of Germany a matter of life or death. The peculiarity of municipal life in fact in England is that instead of standing apart from and in contrast with the general life around it the progress of the English town moved in perfect harmony with that of the nation at large. The earlier burgher was the freeman within the walls, as the peasant-*ceorl* was the freeman without. Freedom went with the possession of land in town as in country. The citizen held his burgher's rights by his tenure of the bit of ground on which his tenement stood. He was the king's free tenant, and like the rural tenants he owed his lord dues of money or kind. In township or manor alike the king's reeve gathered this rental, administered justice, commanded the little troop of soldiers that the spot was bound to furnish in time of war. The progress of municipal freedom, like that of national freedom, was wrought rather by the slow growth of wealth and of popular spirit, by the necessities of kings, by the policy of a few great statesmen, than by the sturdy revolts that wrested liberty from the French seigneur or the century of warfare that broke the power of the Cæsars in the plain of the Po.

Much indeed that Italy or France had to win by the sword was already the heritage of every English freeman within walls or without. The common

assembly in which their own public affairs were discussed and decided, the borough-mote to which every burgher was summoned by the town-bell swinging out of the town-tower, had descended by traditional usage from the customs of the first English settlers in Britain. The close association of the burghers in the sworn brotherhood of the guild was a Teutonic custom of immemorial antiquity. Gathered at the guild supper round the common fire, sharing the common meal, and draining the guild cup, the burghers added to the tie of mere neighbourhood that of loyal association, of mutual counsel, of mutual aid. The regulation of internal trade, all lesser forms of civil jurisdiction, fell quietly and without a struggle into the hands of the merchant guild. The rest of their freedom was bought with honest cash. The sale of charters brought money to the royal treasury, exhausted by Norman wars, by the herd of mercenaries, by Crusades, by the struggle with France. The towns bought first the commutation of the uncertain charges to which they were subject at the royal will for a fixed annual rent. Their purchase of the right of internal justice followed. Last came the privilege of electing their own magistrates, of enjoying complete self-government. Oxford had already passed through the earlier steps of this emancipation before the conquest of the Norman. Her citizens assembled in their Portmannimote, their free self-ruling assembly. Their merchant-guild leagued with that of London. Their

dues to the Crown are assessed in Domesday at a fixed sum of honey and coin. The charter of Henry II. marks the acquisition by Oxford, probably at a far earlier date, of judicial and commercial freedom. Liberty of external commerce was given by the exemption of its citizens from toll on the king's lands; the decision of either political or judicial affairs was left to their borough-mote. The highest point of municipal independence was reached when the Charter of John substituted a mayor of their own choosing for the mere bailiff of the Crown.

It is hard in dry constitutional details such as these to realize the quick pulse of popular life that stirred such a community as Oxford. Only a few names, of street and lane, a few hints gathered from obscure records, enable one to see the town of the twelfth or thirteenth century. The Church of St. Martin in the very heart of it, at the "Quatrevoix" or Carfax where its four roads meet, was the centre of the city's life. The Town-mote was held in its churchyard. Justice was administered by mayor and bailiff sitting beneath the low shed, the "penniless bench" of later times, without its eastern wall. Its bell summoned the burghers to counsel or to arms. Around the church lay the trade-guilds, ranged as in some vast encampment; Spicery and Vintnery to the south, Fish Street falling noisily down to the Bridge, the corn market occupying then as now the street which led to Northgate, the stalls of the butchers ranged in their "Butcher-row" along the

road to the castle. Close beneath the church to the south-east lay a nest of huddled lanes broken by a stately synagogue and traversed from time to time by the yellow gaberdine of the Jew, whose burying-place lay far away to the eastward on the site of the present Botanic Garden. Soldiers from the castle rode clashing through the narrow streets; the bells of Osney clanged from the swampy meadows; long processions of pilgrims wound past the Jewry to the shrine of Saint Frideswide. It was a rough time, and frays were common enough,—now the sack of a Jew's house, now burgher drawing knife on burgher, now an outbreak of the young student lads, who grew every day in numbers and audacity. But as yet the town seemed well in hand. The clang of the city bell called every citizen to his door, the summons of the mayor brought trade after trade with bow in hand and banners flying to enforce the king's peace. Order and freedom seemed absolutely secure, and there was no sign which threatened that century of disorder, of academical and ecclesiastical usurpation, which humbled the municipal freedom of Oxford to the dust.

OXFORD DURING THE EIGHTEENTH
CENTURY

I

WE have hitherto endeavoured to review, with as much regard for chronological arrangement as was possible, the more prominent features of our Oxford history during the greater part of the eighteenth century. But such a detail, however interesting in itself, can necessarily give us but little insight into the Oxford of the time, into its habits and social life, its sympathies and prejudices, its moral influences, its educational position and utility. Nor can we guess at these things by any comparison with, or inference drawn from, the corresponding facts of the present day. For between this age and the last "a great gulf is fixed." It is almost impossible, without special study, to throw oneself into communion with the age of the first two Georges—to feel as though its men and women were of real flesh and blood, and not mere marionettes, whom an adroit hand is putting through fictitious bows and imaginary minuets. In the moral history of the world the last century¹ is not of necessity a

hundred years nearer us than its predecessor. Just as infancy, spite of the lapse of years that intervenes, is really nearer than manhood to that second childhood, a garrulous old age, so in the history of mankind, instead of a constant, unintermitted advance, we see the ages of the past recurring in a mysterious alternation, each, viewed by itself, seeming but the gulf that parts two alike in all but time, till a wider retrospect shows us that this age of severance has its counterpart too—and that the alternation is not an exception but a law.

And thus it is that we instinctively feel the great, the immeasurable distance that severs this age, so proud of its truth, its earnestness, its energy, its high and noble aims, from the heartlessness, the indifference, the frivolity—in one word, the utter worldliness of the eighteenth century. Were one of us, falling asleep in the nineteenth, to wake an Englishman of the sixteenth century, to don his ruff, his short cloak, buff jerkin, and trunk hose, he would find little novel, save his costume, or strange in those who thronged the streets of the time of Queen Bess save their “prythee’s” and canary. The two centuries have common sympathies, common ideas, common aims. Drake is but the prototype of Nelson or Franklin, Sydney of Havelock, Raleigh of the emigrant or goldseeker of to-day. But fall asleep once more and wake—two centuries nearer, as chronologists have it—in the age of the Georges. Sally forth in well-combed peruke, gold-laced coat,

and silver shoe-buckles into Pall Mall or Merton Walks, and bow gracefully to the Delias and Phyllises that swim past you in their hoops and huge head-dresses, with a leer on their painted faces, and a roguish flutter of their fans. Chat with one of those gay beaux, all lace and perfumes, who are dangling their amber-headed canes with the true supercilious vacancy of men of the mode! Why so silent? Sir Fopling is voluble enough, can chat of to-morrow's masquerade, the intrigues of Lady Dash, or the latest epigram of George Selwyn; he will rally you on your "blues," rattle over the frolic of last night, how they smoked a country squire, carried off an actress, or knocked down a watchman. Or perchance—should you be dumb—he will turn with a charming ease to themes of graver import, though treated with as light an air; will demolish Christianity with a jest, and quote Toland for a sarcasm on "superstition."

We are about then to endeavour, before resuming the detail of events during the latter years of the last century, to rebuild from the few facts which we have been enabled to collect, this Oxford of the first Georges; to see what men lived then, and what manner of life theirs was; to listen to their disputations, to smoke a pipe of Virginia with them in the common-room, or chat over a bowl of punch in the coffee-house;¹ in short, it is our purpose to give as full an account as we are able of the social, the political, the religious and the educational state of

Oxford during the greater part of the eighteenth century.

"I cannot but fancy," writes one of Swift's correspondents, "if one of our heads were dissected, after passing a winter's campaign in town, it would appear just like a pamphlet shop; you would see a collection of treaties, a bundle of farces, a parcel of encomiums, another of satires, speeches, novels, sermons, loose songs, addresses, epigrams, proclamations, poems, divinity lectures, quack bills, historical accounts, fables, and God knows what."¹ Just such a medley as Lord Bathurst discovered in the head of a man of fashion, makes up the Oxford of the last century. It is in the most primary sense an "universitas," its little microcosm represents faithfully, though in miniature, every purpose, aim, or fancy of the world without, but it is without order or arrangement; there exists no centre round which these tendencies may group themselves; religion has dwindled down to a roll-call, and education may be found anywhere save in the lecture-room. In spite of the imposing ceremonies that attest its greatness, in spite of past traditions and present pretensions, it might be said of the University—as was indeed said of it in fulsome eulogy—"we seek in vain for Oxford in Oxford."² Great architectural efforts were being made, noble buildings were every day rising around, but to those who looked in all their costly display for learning and piety, the University resembled the Jew in Addison's simile—"a toad squatting among the ruins of a mighty temple."

For this "aggregation of atoms," however, one centre still existed, one focus to which all resorted, a little University within the University. I mean the coffee-house. The first introduction of this beverage into Oxford had been made by a Jew, who, in the year 1650, had offered it for sale at the Angel, in St. Peter-in-the-East, where "by some that delighted in Novelty," Anthony à Wood says, "it was drank."¹ But its progress had been rapid; a brother antiquary, Aubrey, testifies to "the modern advantage of coffee-houses in this great city, before which men knew not how to be acquainted, but with their own relations or societies."² Tom Warton in his {panegyric} on Oxford ale could soon sing of

The coffee-house
 Of James or Juggins, where the grateful breath
 Of loathed tobacco ne'er diffused its balm :
 But the lewd spendthrift falsely deemed polite,
 While steams around the fragrant Indian bowl,
 Oft damns the vulgar sons of humbler ale³

And in 1759 we find an advertisement in the *Oxford Journal* for that year, which reveals the price of the beverage and the number of its vendors. "April 13th, 1759,—The Masters of Coffee-houses in Oxford find themselves under the disagreeable necessity of acquainting their customers that by the late additional duties on Coffee and Chocolate, together with the advanced price of those commodities, occasioned by their present scarcity, they shall be obliged to advance the price of Chocolate from four-pence to

five-pence per dish, and Coffee from four-pence to five-pence a pot. Signed, James Horseman, Charles King, Eliz. Coombes,—Hobson, Thomas Hadley, John King, Thomas Browne, Thomas Roberson, William Harper, John Bullock.”¹ One exception, however, occurs to this unanimity, for Mrs. Anne Blowfield, of the George Coffee House, announces, in a counter advertisement, that she does not join in the rise.² The same names, with but one addition, are met with in Warton’s *Newsman’s Verses* for 1770, when entreating entertainment he apostrophizes—

Ye too, whose houses are so handy
 For coffee, tea, rum, wine, and brandy :
 Pride of fair Oxford’s gaudy streets,
 You, too, our strain submissive greets !
 Hear, Horseman, Spindlow, King, and Harpei—
 The weather, sure, was never sharper !

Here it is that all meet, the pedant, the wit, the rake, and the gamester. At the door lounges “a man of Fire” as he terms himself, “a Slicer,” “Towrow,” “Blood,” “Buck,” as he is called by the rest of the world, with a loud triumphant “she blues” for the passing seamstress that blushes at his coarse buffoonery, a scurvy jest for the threadbare servitor, who scared from entrance by the terrible score in the bar hangs about the door, ready to barter a catch or song for a pint of ale, and a low bow for the “smart fellow” who saunters in with red stockings and elaborate peruke conning over a

sonnet for the reigning toast, whose health has been sung from Headington to Hincksey. A deeper obeisance still he reserves for the fellow-commoner who struts by, freed from the drudgery of lectures or chapel by the golden tuft in the velvet cap, at once badge of honour and apology for ignorance—the magnet that draws in its train that crowd of the shabbily-genteel toadeaters, ready at his call to “breakfast, dine, or sup with him, as he pleases; to drink with him, rake with him, borrow his money, or let him pay the reckoning.”¹ Dick Loungeit—poor devil—rather envies these fortunate toadies; falling into a reverie, whence he is awakened by that boon companion Tom Buck, who, having brought the repute of knowing every London vice from Westminster, is determined to leave behind him at Oxford the additional fame of seeing every comrade under the table. He has already tossed off his morning tankard at the Magpie, and is come now to the Coffee-house, partly for the Tory news, for Tory Tom is to the backbone ever since he learnt, on his arrival, that Tories drank deepest and swore loudest, partly to plan over his claret a debauch for tomorrow or a trip to the Paradise of town. The noise of these two toppers wonderfully disturbs Dr. Dry in his perusal of the Monitor, spite of his eagerness to return to pipe and common-room with the news of the Grand Monarque or the Great Mogul. There are others waiting for the Monitor—one in particular, to whom we owe so much for the dry

notes in which he has handed down that age to us—Esquire Beadell, Mr. Hearne,¹ is there, big mouthed, with set obstinate face and inquisitive eye, hair scornful of wig flowing to his shoulders, and ink-stained hands spreading over his unbuttoned slovenly waistcoat, chatting with Browne Willis over Grievés's great work on the "Roman Denarius," or the comparative antiquity of Oxford and Cambridge²

There is a stir however in the coffee-room now. Topers, doctors, and antiquaries are making their way collegewards, for it is close upon twelve o'clock, and twelve during the earlier part of the eighteenth century was the dinner hour. "Time," says De Quincey, in a most ingenious essay on this subject, "has very little connexion with the idea of dinner. It has travelled through every hour, like the hand of a clock, from ten in the morning till ten at night." He might have pushed the hour hand still further back. "Rise at five, dine at nine," says the old French proverb, and one traditional cause of Louis the Twelfth's death was his change of dinner hour from eight to twelve, in compliment to his young English bride. But the century which we are at present engaged with was the epoch of Dinners greatest advance. The Revolution of 1688 brought with its other "glorious" consequences a march of the dinner hour to two; the Rebellion of 1745 marks its progress to four. But, at the beginning of this century, Oxford was on this point in the rear of the metropolis. Even in 1732, when Queen Caroline

sends a buck to Magdalen, the dinner at which it appears is at 10 A.M.¹ Each advance was made amidst grumblings from the older and more conservative members. "University disputations," growls Hearne in his diary,² "began on Ash Wednesday, at two and after, instead of at one; occasioned by several colleges altering the hour of dinner from eleven to twelve, from people's lying in bed longer than they used to do." "It hath been an old custom," he writes in 1723, "for the scholars of all houses on Shrove Tuesday to go to dinner at ten o'clock, at which time the little bell, called pancake-bell, rings, or at least should ring, at St. Maries, and at 4 in the afternoon; and it was always followed in Edmund Hall as long as I have been in Oxford till yesterday, when they went to dinner at twelve and to supper at six. Nor were there any fritters at dinner as there used always to be. When laudable old customs alter 'tis a sign learning dwindles!"³ How horrorstruck would he have been had he seen the great move in 1804,⁴ 1805, when those colleges that had dined at three advanced to four, those that had dined at four to five!

II

“OXFORD,” sings Spenser,

That fair city wherein make abode
So many learned imps that shoot abroad
And with their branches spread all Britanny
No less than do her elder sister's brood—
Joy to you both, ye double nursery
Of arts, but Oxford, thee doth Thame most glorify.

We have seen these “learned imps” assembled at their common rendezvous, the coffee-house, but to form any notion of the social aspect of the Oxford of the day it will be necessary for us—if our readers be not already weary of the subject—to follow them to their college homes, to dwell a little on their manners and discipline, their fashions and habits, their amusements and extravagances, while in succeeding papers we may do our best to complete the picture by some slight account of their educational and religious position.

We have seen the servitor waiting without the coffee-house, in fear to enter; and were we to follow him home to his college we should find him ready

to perform as menial offices for his daily subsistence as he was then for a tankard of ale. The servitor was even now beginning to clash with the spirit of the place; he was practically an anachronism, the last relic of that great church system which, whether purposely or no, seemed to love the elevation of the very meanest to the same or a higher level than the princes and nobles of the day by the mere ladder of learning, the system which raised Becket to Canterbury, and Wykeham to Winchester. He was usually a lad of low extraction, but of promising parts, who came fresh from the taproom or the plough—not as now, to take his station among equals, but by menial offices to earn that instruction which the University could afford. Sometimes the young country squire brought him up with him from the country, oftener he came up alone, seeking only to be quartered upon some wealthier student. He lived generally within call; when Erasmus for a time taught at Cambridge, his servitor's room, Aubrey notes, was close above his at Queens'.¹ He was wholly at his master's command, and sometimes at his mistress's. Willis, who afterwards acquired such fame and wealth through his discovery of the chalybeate properties of Astrop Wells, "was first servitor," says Aubrey in his memoirs of him,² "to Dr. Iles, one of the Canons of Christ Church, whose wife was a knowing woman in physic and surgery, and did many cures. Tom Willis then wore a blue livery cloak and studied at the lower end of

the hall, by the hall dore ; was pretty handy, and his mistresse would oftentimes have him to assist her in making of medicines. This did him no hurt, and allured him on." The knowledge which the half-educated boy thus picked up gave him a superiority over his less fortunate companions, of which he would sometimes mischievously avail himself. When one of our earliest mathematicians¹ was counted an astrologer by the populace, "his servitor, to impose on freshmen and simple people, would tell them that sometimes he should meet the spirits comeing up his staires like bees."

It need not, however, be supposed that in these services there was anything to humiliate or degrade them. In many the position resolved itself into a mere change of place. When the afterwards notable Sir John Birkenhead entered as a servitor at Oriel, his brother was a common trooper.² Bishop Robinson was sent up through the kindness of his patron from the plough.³ Whitefield was the son of a tavern-keeper at Gloucester, and to quote his own words, "I put on my blue apron and my snuffers,⁴ washed mops, cleared rooms, and in one word became professed and common drawer for nigh a year and a half," at the expiration of which time his mother hears that there is a possibility of admission at Pembroke and enters him there as a servitor.⁴ Of

¹ So the word is printed in his own account. It may be a misprint for 'Scoggers,' as sleeves worn by cleanly men in dirty employments are called in some parts of England.—SOUTHEY.

the poverty of the class no better instance can be found than Samuel Wesley, the father of the Wesleys who were to change the whole state of religion in England, and himself a very stirring person, to whom we shall have occasion subsequently to allude. He was the son of an ejected and starving nonconformist minister, and when at the age of sixteen he walked to Oxford and entered himself as a servitor at Exeter his whole worldly wealth amounted to no more than £2:16s. Yet, after supporting himself during his whole university career without any aid from his friends save a trivial five shillings, he set off to London to make his plunge into life with a capital increased to £10·15s.¹ Five shillings, however, sneer as we may, seem to have been no uncommon "allowance" to a servitor of the time. In an amusing imitation of a servitor's letter, in one of the squibs of the time, we find the writer, after thanking his mother for her present of a Cheshire cheese, and announcing "I am a rising lad, mother, and have gott prefarment in college allready, for ovr sextoun beeing gonn intoo Heryfordshear has left mee his depoty which is a vary good place," concludes with believing he shall do very well, "if you wull but send me t'other crowne."²

While the less promising, however, were employed on the most menial errands, the more literate seem often to have been introduced to notice and patronage by the occupation of copying. When Laud wished to have some manuscripts transcribed, Birken-

head, whom we have before mentioned, was recommended to him as one that "wrote an excellent hand, who performed his business so well that the Archbishop recommended him to All Souls' College to be a fellow, and he was accordingly elected,"¹ hereafter to become scholar, poet, cavalier, and the witty editor of the *Mercurius Aulicus*. "I would not have your Spenserian design delayed," writes Johnson to Warton. "Let a servitor transcribe the quotations, and interleave them with references, to save time",² and at the beginning of this century Dr. Hyde complains that "some in the university have been very troublesome in pressing that their servitors may transcribe manuscripts for them though not capable of being sworn to the Library."³ Many similar employments seem to have been open to servitors, which enabled them to subsist till their degree was attained, and distinction lay as open to them as to their nobler masters. How well they availed themselves of the opportunity many instances show, but none perhaps more so than one whom we have before alluded to, Bishop Robinson. Transferred from the plough to trade, his master, "finding him more inclined to books than business, got him to Brasenose, where he was servitour to Sir James Astrey, who was extremely kind to him" He became fellow of Oriel, envoy to Sweden, Bishop in turn of Bristol and London, but his greatness did not obliterate the memory of his days of toil and poverty; he was enabled to relieve his benefactor's son with a chap-

laincy, and the scholarships which he founded at Oriel attest his gratitude to the university.¹

At the beginning of the present century the order was practically extinct, but, considering the facilities it afforded for the entrance of a class into the university who are now in effect shut out of it, some may perhaps be indisposed to join in Mr. De Quincey's rejoicings over "the wise discontinuance of the order itself in those colleges which were left to their own choice in this matter."²

Although, perhaps, the story of Oliver Goldsmith has elevated the waiting in hall into greater notoriety than any of the other menial services which it fell to the servitor's lot to perform, we have reserved them for less prominent mention because in reality they were not peculiar to this order of students. Battlers, a rank which has also disappeared, had, in addition to other small perquisites, the dishes from the table of the fellow or gentleman commoner whom they served. And it was the duty of scholars on the foundation, says Salmon, "to wait in hall on the fellows by turns."³

And this brings us to the consideration of the "poor scholar" of those days; "poor" being then no mere statutory epithet, but a reality—for the poor scholar somewhat of a sad one. Scholars of note could fairly lay claim to it; "Mr. Lydiatt of New, by many great judges reckoned to excel Scaliger," vibrates all his days between Oxford Bocardo and the King's Bench, spending his last penny on books and being,

says Hearne, "in a manner starved to death."¹ Mr. Trapp found our Poetry professorship not unwelcome, "being but in mean circumstances."² Ockley, the first eastern scholar of his age, studied Arabic and wrote his history in Oxford gaol.³ Dr. Hyde, who gave the first great impulse to Oriental studies, burnt his unsaleable books to boil his kettle with.⁴ Deep-read Mr. Hales (Hearne recurs to that grim phrase) "All allow to have been in a manner starved."⁵ Nor were these poor scholars at the University in a better position. This poor scholar of ours (as we have him etched for us in the satires of the day, for he was the common butt of wit and poetaster) will muffle his face in his gown as he passes the shops of his creditors; will run away in dread of battels from the manciple if he meet him; will barricade himself in his garret—"vile" perhaps, but with a window commanding the sole means of approach for a dun. He is hunger-pinched, glad to dine upon scraps and drink "small acid tiff." If it be cold he must blow his chilled fingers to warm them, for there is not a knob of coal in the cellar; he must sit in the dark to mend his tattered stockings or rent galli-gaskin—for there is not a candle in his closet. None cares for his society—if he walks, his walk is a solitary one—if he sits in his garret he has no companion but "the tube as black as winter chimney or well-polished jet";⁶ he may scribble a verse now and then, but his musings will be interrupted—

Whether the plaintive voice
 Of laundress shrill awake his startled ear,
 Or barber spruce with supple look intrude,
 Or tailor with obsequious bow advance,
 Or groom invade him with defying front
 And stern demeanour,¹

from whose persecution he has no refuge but the wood-hole.² Worst of all miseries he must go supperless to bed, for the Bursar has "crossed" him at the buttery, and not a pothouse will "tick" for him more.

It must not be thought that this picture because satirical is too highly coloured. The "mending of galligaskins" indeed seems to have borne a different aspect to our ancestors from that which it bears to us. Dr. Kettle, of whom Aubrey gives us so many odd details, when choosing a son-in-law, "seldom found Bathurst minding of his booke, but mending of his old doublet or breeches; he was very thrifty and penurious, and upon this reason he carried away this curious creature."³ But it is noted of this same eccentric doctor to his honour (and it bears on the question which we are treating) that "where he observed diligent boys that he ghesed had but a slender exhibition from their friends, he would many times putt money in at their windowes, that his right hand did not know what his left did."⁴ Nor was this penury of modern date.

For want of means, the University judge me—
 I have been fain to hecl my tutor's stockings
 At least seven years,

says Ford in his *Vittoria Corombona*, and though Padua is the scene alluded to, it can hardly be doubted that his description is drawn from the Universities where he had himself been a student.

But the clearest and the most touching picture of the position of the poor scholar in the eighteenth century is that which has been given us in the few faint traditions which Boswell was enabled to collect respecting Johnson's life at Oxford. Some of his contemporaries¹ could recollect the awkward, bleary-eyed, convulsive figure, lounging at the college gates, the centre of a circle of gay students, entertaining them with his wit, spurring them on to rebellion against discipline, or detaining them from their studies. He had no close friendship with any of his fellow collegians; men and tutors stood alike in awe of this strange wild creature who had brought such a store of curious and uncommon reading with him, and who was already known as a poet of no mean abilities; whose pride repelled every overture for the relief of his griping poverty, and whose reckless wit drew down remonstrances from friendly tutors, which "made me ashamed," as he afterwards confessed, "though I was too proud to own it."² He ruled his college chums as he ruled his associates in after life "Sir," said Edwards, an old college associate, when he casually met him years after, "I remember you would not let us say 'prodigious' at college."³ But all the memories of him were not harsh and stern like these. "I'll convince you," he

said to this very friend, "that I recollect you. Do you remember our drinking together at an ale-house near Pembroke Gate? At that time you told me of the Eton boy, who, when verses on our Saviour turning water into wine were prescribed as an exercise, brought up a single line, 'Vidit et erubuit lympha pudica Deum,' and I quoted another fine line from Camden on the death of a king who was succeeded by a prince of equal merit 'Mira cano, sol occubuit, nox nulla secuta est.'" ¹ But his poverty seldom can have allowed him such relaxations. We can see how grinding it must have been when we find him relinquishing his visits to his friend Taylor, because his shoes were worn out, and it was noticed by the Christ Church men—when a friend in pity places a pair of new shoes at his door, and his pride makes him fling them away with indignation—when the very mention of Dr. Adams's remark "he was caressed and loved by all about him—was a gay frolicsome fellow—and passed there the happiest part of his life" forces out from him, when years had passed over these memories, the touching reply, "Ah, Sir, I was mad and violent—it was bitterness they mistook for frolic. I was miserably poor and thought to fight my way by my literature and my wit, so I disregarded all power and all authority." ²

III

THERE are certain types which Nature seems never tired of repeating—if they vanish for a time, it is only to spring up into a new life under some different name or under a fresh set of circumstances. And among this class we may fairly reckon the Oxford Freshman. There is no greater difference between the young novice of 1760 and the Freshman of a hundred years later, than between the hoop of the one period and the crinoline of the other. Their costume, their manners may differ; but they blush with the same “verdancy,” pass through the ordeal of the same merciless ridicule, develop very much into the same characters.

We are enabled, and principally by the lively sketches of Amherst, to gain a pretty distinct conception of the Freshman of the eighteenth century. We see the public schoolman, just freed from the rod of Busby’s successors, strutting about town for a week or two before entrance, courting his school-fellows’ envy with his “new suit of druggot, his pair of prim ruffles, his new bobwig, and brazen-hilted

sword," swaggering at coffee-houses, and giving himself a scholar's airs at the bookshops.¹ We see the country greenhorn, "mounted on an easy pad," trotting with father and mother along the Oxford road ;² or meet in the High the rough country farmer with his equally unkempt hopeful, staring moodily about in "linsey woolsey coats, greasy sun-burnt heads of hair, clouted shoes, yarn stockings, flapping hats with silver hatbands, and long muslin neckcloth, run with red at the bottom."³ They are domineered over by the butler, overawed by the tutor, and introduced by him to their set, "a parcel of honest merry fellows," who complete their initiation by carrying them drunk to bed for three or four nights together.⁴ They are awoke by the bell at six, and bestow a pardonable malediction on the servitor who bids them tumble into chapel with heads reeling from the last night's debauch.⁵ A few weeks and they are swaggering in their new bobwigs and Oxford-made shoes ; drugget supersedes linsey woolsey and worsted stockings the yarn , and a month or two sees them metamorphosed into complete smarts, "d—g the old country putts, their fathers, with twenty foppish airs and gesticulations."⁶ The smart of the day rises late in an age of early risers. Nothing indeed is more curious than the great change of manners in this particular. Milton, we know, rose at four in the morning, even after he had lost his sight, for the purpose of study. Hobbes, when at Oxford, was remarkable for the early hour at which

he rose. Warton, who would saunter and chat all day, rose in the early morn to study and court the muse in his favourite walks along the Cherwell or up Headington Hill. And at the very close of the century we find Shelley's biographer asserting "many of the wholesome usages of antiquity had ceased at Oxford, that of early rising however still lingered,"¹ and from his subsequent statements it seems to have been thought even at that time a piece of gross indolence to remain in bed after seven in the morning, at whatever hour the sleeper had retired to rest.

But the smart's breakfast is scarce over by ten; a few notes on the flute—a glance at the last French comedy,² and in academic undress he is strolling to Lyne's coffee-house, the great rendezvous of the loungers of the day, where at the risk of inked ruffles, he indites a billet-doux or a stanza to the reigning Sylvia of the town. From Lyne's he saunters for a turn or two upon the Park or under Merton wall "while the dull regulars," the "slow" fellows, "are at dinner in hall according to statute." A little dinner in his rooms at one, and an hour devoted to dress prepare him for the great business of the afternoon.³ Dress is indeed with him a matter of serious import. It was a time when hundreds were spent on the costly embroideries of a single suit; when a coat was handed down like an estate from father to son; when a man could count it no reproach if told that he carried all he possessed upon his back. Those who have laughed—and who has not—over

the adventures of Roderick Random, will remember the bold stroke of that hero when driven to his last resources he expends them on the most costly finery and puts his fortune on the hazard of a conquest. But an equally amusing instance of the excessive value attached to dress occurs in one of the bits of news which the *Oxford Journal* for 1755 communicates to its readers. A young gentlewoman, it appears, had thrown herself into the Serpentine "which being seen by some gentlemen and ladies that were going to Kensington, one of the gentlemen, notwithstanding his being finely drest, had the humanity to run to her relief and jumped in just time enough to save her."¹ With no little care has our lounger studied the rustle of the stiff silk gown, the graceful dependence of the long flaxen tie-wig, the defiant cock of his laced hat or huge square cap, his red or white stockings, the red tops of his Spanish leather shoes, the silk-lined coat, the laced ruffles at breast and wrist. With what sublime contempt does he look down on "a ragged servitor of Jesus, or a half-starved scholar of St. John's,"² on Johnson with his worn-out shoes, or Whitefield's "unpowdered hair, woollen gloves, patched gown and dirty shoes,"³ as he passes by with tripping gait and jaunty dangle of his clouded amber-headed cane. The afternoon is spent by our exquisite in learning the news of the town or parading before the windows of a toast. He drinks a dram of citron at Hamilton's and saunters off at last to chapel "to shew how genteely he dresses and how

well he can chaunt." Chapel ended, he has an assignation to tea with some fair one, whom he amuses with all-important discussions, whether any wears "finer lace or better linen than Jack Flutter, has handsomer tie-wigs, or more fashionable cloaths, or cuts a bolder bosh than Tom Paroquet, is a more handy man at a tea table than Robin Flutter, or plays ombre better than Valentine Frippery."¹ He waits on her to the fashionable places of resort, to Merton, Magdalen Walks, or Paradise Garden,² whispers his verses in her ear as he attends her home, sups, and then turns to the less refined pleasures of the night. He is soon one of the group round the table of the Mitre or the Tuns, is loud in his song, deep in puns, put, or cards, toasts his mistress in the spiced cup with the brown toast bobbing in it, and staggers home to his college "a toper all night as he trifles all day."³

Almost a century before, the same character had been wittily painted by Dr. Earle, under the name of "a young gentleman of the University." He "is one that comes there to wear a gown, and to say hereafter he has been at the University. His father sent him thither because he heard there were the best fencing and dancing schools; from these he had his education—from his tutor, the oversight. . . . His study has commonly handsome shelves, his books neat silk strings, which he shews to his father's man, and is loth to unty or take down for fear of misplacing. Upon foul days for recreation he retires

thither and looks over the pretty book his tutor reads to him, for which his tutor gives him money to spend next day. His main loitering is at the library, where he studies arms and books of honour, and turns a gentleman critic in pedigrees. Of all things he endures not to be mistaken for a scholar, and hates a black suit, though it be made of sattin. His company is ordinarily some stale fellow that has been notorious for an ingle to gold hatbands.”¹

Most of these exquisites were gentleman-commoners, a class which is now rapidly decaying, but which was then in its fullest vigour. They were allowed either to dine with the Fellows or at a separate table of their own, their college charges were double those of an ordinary member, and a liberty even more than proportionate to their position seems to have been allowed them. Every temptation to idleness was in fact thrown in their way. They were told plainly that it was not for men of their fortune to mind exercises; if studious, the gentleman commoner was taunted with being “morose,” and “a heavy bookish fellow”; if his wine was good, the Fellows would forgive every delinquency, and excuse even absence from morning chapel.² “My own introduction,” say Gibbon, “to the University of Oxford forms a new era in my life, and at the distance of forty years I still remember my first emotions of surprise and satisfaction. In my fifteenth year I felt myself suddenly raised from a boy to a man; the persons whom I respected as my superiors in age and

academical rank entertained me with every mark of attention and civility; and my vanity was flattered by the velvet cap and silk gown which distinguish a gentleman commoner from a plebeian student. A decent allowance, more money than a schoolboy had ever seen, was at my own disposal; and I might command among the tradesmen of Oxford an indefinite and dangerous latitude of credit." "The want of experience, of advice, and of occupation soon betrayed me into some improprieties of conduct, ill-chosen company, late hours, and inconsiderate expense. My growing debts might be secret, but my frequent absence was visible and scandalous, and a tour to Bath, a visit into Buckinghamshire, and four excursions to London in the same winter were costly and dangerous frolics. The irksomeness of a cloistered life repeatedly tempted me to wander, but my chief pleasure was that of travelling, and I was too young and bashful to enjoy, like a manly Oxonian in town, the pleasures of London. In all these excursions I eloped from Oxford; I returned to college; in a few days I eloped again as if I had been an independent stranger in a hired lodging, without once hearing the voice of admonition, without once feeling the hand of control; yet my time was lost, my expenses were multiplied, my behaviour abroad was unknown; folly as well as vice should have awakened the attention of my superiors, and my tender years would have justified a more than ordinary degree of restraint and discipline."¹ Nor

are the reminiscences of the first Lord Malmesbury, then Mr. Harris, less severe on the University system.—“In fact, the two years of my life I look back to as most unprofitably spent were those I passed at Merton,” 1763-5. “The discipline of the University happened at this particular moment to be so lax that a gentleman commoner was under no restraint, and never called on to attend lectures, chapel, or hall. My tutor, an excellent and worthy man, according to the practice of all tutors at that moment, gave himself no concern about his pupils. I never saw him but during a fortnight when I took into my head to be taught trigonometry. The set of men with whom I lived were very pleasant, but very idle fellows. Our life was an imitation of High Life in London; luckily drinking was not the fashion, but what we did drink was claret, and we had our regular round of evening card parties, to the great annoyance of our finances. It has often been a matter of surprise to me how so many of us made our way so well in the world, and so creditably.”¹

How far these excesses might be carried with comparative impunity we learn from the anecdotes which are preserved of Foote’s residence in the University just previous to 1740. The future wit, though entered on the foundation of Worcester as founder’s kin, seems to have plunged at once into all the dissipation of the town. His dress was of the utmost extravagance, and we can guess at its character from the frock suit of green and silver lace, bagwig,

sword, bouquet, and point ruffles in which he was soon afterwards to make his entrance into the Bedford, and at once take his place among the critics and the wits. In every sort of reckless adventure Foote soon took the lead, he acted Punch in disguise through the streets, and amused the crowd with his ridicule of the pomposity of his college's head. Provost Gower, the most lumbering of pedants, was the object of his especial persecution. On one occasion when summoned to receive a reprimand from the insulted dignitary, he presented himself with the greatest appearance of gravity and submission, but with a dictionary under his arm. No sooner had the pompous harangue begun than at the first long word Foote interrupts the Doctor, begs pardon with the greatest formality, and turns over his dictionary to find out its meaning, and after a moment's pause requests the Provost to proceed. Yet even this grave insult seems to have passed without severe punishment, and it was not till the audacious rake, on his return from a trip to Bath, dashed through Oxford in a coach and six greys, accompanied by "society not very worshipful," tricked out in ridiculous finery, and attended by a couple of footmen, that the authorities took him gravely to task, and though he quitted college in consequence, it is expressly mentioned that his departure was voluntary, and "without any public censure."¹

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IV

WE have in a previous paper sketched the rapid metamorphosis of a bumpkin into a fop, but it must not be supposed that the change was always so complete or instantaneous. The freshman sometimes transferred to college the habits of school: kept his room, buried himself in his books, and seldom appeared but in a dirty brown wig and linen that would have borne washing. Taunts were ineffective, though conveyed as delicately as those which De Quincey has recorded. "I neglected," says that entertaining writer, in speaking of his Oxford career in 1803, &c., "I neglected my dress in one point habitually, that is, I wore my clothes till they were threadbare, partly in the belief that my gown would conceal their main defects, but much more from carelessness and indisposition to bestow upon a tailor what I had destined for a bookseller. At length an official person sent me a message on the subject." This was, however, disregarded, and "one day I suddenly made the discovery that I had no waistcoat which was not torn, or otherwise dilapi-

dated, whereupon, buttoning up my coat to the throat, and drawing my gown as close about me as possible, I went into the hall. A grave man, with a superlatively grave countenance, whom I did not personally know, addressing his friend sitting opposite begged to know if he had seen the last *Gazette*, because he understood it contained an order in Council laying an interdict upon the future use of waistcoats. His friend replied with the same perfect gravity that he trusted so sensible an order would be followed up by an interdict on breeches—they being still more disagreeable to pay for.”¹

Stubborn, however, as our student might be in his poverty and bookishness, his friends had still one weapon to try ere they despaired of his reformation. “Had he never seen Miss Flavia, the top toast of the town? Why, she had been heard to say in publick company—‘ Mr. —— is a man of fire; ’tis a thousand pities he is such a sloven ’!” The poor fellow eats no supper, retires to walk restlessly about his chamber, flings his brown wig into the fire, and swears, like one distracted, that he will see her to-morrow. An interview with his mercer, a few hints of future expectations, a bill begun, and our hero is in an hour a smart. The assemblies are soon buzzing with the news that Dick dresses at Miss Flavia; the girl in her turn is enraptured at her conquest; Dick flings aside his band and ruffles, wearies his brain with no heavier task than the penning a sonnet, a billet, or an

epigram, and dwindles into the hanger-on of a toast.¹

Whatever reason be assigned, it is certain that the toast of a hundred years since occupied a far more conspicuous place in Oxford society than her nameless successors in the present day. *Tattlers* and *Spectators* did not deem her beneath their notice ; she was the theme of a hundred songs, jests, satires. Her father—so runs the sarcastic description of her which Amherst has given—a good honest tradesman, dreams of raising his family by her marriage with a parson or a schoolmaster ; the little Miss, not yet in her “teens,” is forbidden to play with the muckworms of the neighbourhood ; she graduates at a dancing school, and sallies forth to victory with no arms save “an hoop, a gay suit of clothes, and two or three new Holland smocks.” She is assiduous at balls and assemblies ; you may meet her in every public walk, coyly listening to the compliments of the chance gownsman who has had the happy audacity to address her, who waits on her home, calls the next day, and dangles ever after.²

The time has gone by since grave dons complained that, with a court and ladies of honour invading the cloistered shades, all learning was at an end ; since, in her rooms at Merton, Barbara Villiers, Lady Castlemaine, gave birth to a son, whom the Merry Monarch did not blush to claim for his own ; since Lady Isabella Thynne³—“the possessor of all the virtues save one,” as Aubrey tells us—used to

come with a friend of hers to morning prayers at Trinity College Chapel "half-drest, like angels," or make her entrance upon the college walks with a lute playing before her—just as Waller sang of her :

The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for every kiss aloud.

But the toast still carries on the war of her sex against academic studies. The smart, with his hair just "wired" by the friseur, and his cap trimmed to the smallest size, parades daily beneath her window for the chance of a look or an ogle; grave Dons lay down their pipes for her society;¹ should Patty go on Sunday to church, "the students stand in rows at her pew door"; she is toasted at the clubs, and the High Borlace,² at its annual meeting at the King's Head, chooses her their patroness for the year: while in the Trinity Gentleman Commoners' and Bachelors' Common-room the chosen Laureate is reciting, crowned with a wreath of laurel, a copy of verses in her honour. Toasts, indeed, seem to have been the Oxford Muses of the last century, and to have inspired every poetaster with a passion for song. Miss Brickenden cannot go down to Nuneham without the trees being invited to "rush into the flood" to meet her, while the laggards—the "gouty oaks," we suppose, of Tennyson's *Amphion*—are exhorted to—

Peep o'er their fellows' heads to view the fair,
Whose name upon their wounded bark they bear.³

Miss Polly Foote's brief visit becomes the basis of a little epic, where Cupid sends this lovely emissary to make war upon the favourite seat of Pallas, stations her battery at a Venetian window, and joys to see

What troops of gazing students fell,
Stretch'd o'er the smooth parade.

Folios are relegated to their former dust; logic is abandoned, pipes neglected, and churches deserted for Polly, till at the prayer of the assaulted Deity Jove decrees, as the sole means of saving Learning's seat from destruction, that "Iris should next week convey fair Polly back to London."¹ Here and there, it must be owned, this great engine of compliment was turned into an instrument of satire. Lucetta was taunted as one who

Bears Jove's lightnings in her eyes,
But in her voice his thunder;²

or Belinda reminded in mellifluous verse of her rouge and cosmetic, or scandal just hinted at the "three-pair window" whence the Troughs looked down on their admirers below.

The favourite resort of the toasts was Merton Walks, which during the early part of the century, constituted the fashionable Oxford promenade. Every Sunday night saw them "thronged with young gentlemen and gentlewomen," as Hearne soberly puts it, "like a fair."³ We can very dimly discern through the chance notices of the time which have reached us, the more prominent features

of the scene—the brilliant medley of smirking beaux and smiling belles, the laughter and jest and repartee, the soft compliment and whispered assignation, the couples retreating to talk sentiment in the more retired corners, the elders talking fashion and scandal in the broad promenade, the tap of the snuff-box, the rattle of the fan. We can see the Brooks towering high above her rivals, “the tall cedar” that “o’erlooks the wood,” or meet the sisterly Troughs, about whom there are such whispers and suspicions. Margaret with her proud cold bearing, contrasting so strongly with the alternating smile and frown of the coquette Maria. Not that all is joy and happiness here, “radiant *Astre*” has a cloud upon her brow—“has generous love no charms—or riches more?”—she has, in plain English, been jilted in favour of a wealthier widow; while Hayward, “every fair in one,” is scornfully telling the simpering Strephons of the impudent fellow whose billet desired her visit to his chamber—alone.

The source from which much of this sketch is derived is a small poem called “Merton Walks, or the Oxford Beauties.” The Queen of Beauty turns Jacobite, and flies from a court where “German eyes” bear rule, till passing over “Rhedecyna’s towers,” she sees a thousand beauteous nymphs—

A thousand sportive youths contrived for joy,
As her *Adonis* fair, but not so coy.

She determines to fix her empire there, and the

poet summons this brilliant troop of her subjects to a closer review. From this point all is indiscriminate flattery. We can almost picture to ourselves the author, sallying forth in the conscious perfection of fashion, and whispering in every ear that strain of elaborate compliment, the art of which Louis Quatorze had bequeathed—his only benefaction to his admiring century. He learns from Brunetta's eyes that "beauty to no colour is confined—the fair, the brown, all equally destroy"; he mourns over the loss of Eleanora, and beflatters Celia with a curious cento of mythological allusion. Merton Gardens are transformed for the nonce into "Ida's hill," and our poetic Paris only gets rid of the difficulty of selection by suddenly apostrophising a passing "Miss Harris," as it seems, a visitor "from Winton's towers the lovely robber came." But, little disturbed by the incident, our author is already reminding Miss Law of her trip to the Woodstock races, how at her appearance "the winged coursers passed unheeded by"; he is thrown into an affected ecstasy as he greets another beauty, "where Hammond is, with every beauty crowned, a thousand Cupids scatter deaths around"; he is whispering with "charming White," and ransacked at last of all his store of compliments, he is forced to adore "lovely Wright," by attributing to her all the united perfections of her rivals. By this time we have nearly forgotten the epic and its machinery, but they are suddenly recalled at the close; the Goddess

THE literary and social life of the last century seemed to centre in its Clubs. Dryden's arm-chair recalls to us Will's; Addison held "his little senate" at Button's; Johnson gave his name to one which continues famous to this day. The conclusion of our last paper would show that Oxford faithfully copied the fashion of the Metropolis. But the Amorous Club—whether the mere creation of the graceful essayist, or (as is more probable) founded on real Oxford reminiscences—was not the only instance which can be given. The *Terræ Filius*¹ gives us an account full of absurd exaggeration, but evidently founded on a substratum of fact, of a Poetical Club, presided over by Tom Warton, the father of the more celebrated poet of the same name. The Three Tuns is the place chosen for its deliberations, with this proviso—"That Mr. Bradgate would keep good wine, and a pretty wench at the bar, both of which are, by all critics, allowed to be of indispensable use in poetical operations." No member is admitted without certificate of distinction

in "tale, catch, sonnet, epigram, madrigal, anagram, acrostic, tragedy, comedy, or epic." A reverend Doctor alone is allowed to smoke in a corner; to the rest tobacco is forbidden, "the fumigation thereof being supposed to cloud the poetical faculty and to clog the subtle wheels of the imagination." The members "clear their throats with a glass of port and a loud Hem!" The utmost license is allowed to innuendo or double-entendre, but on one point, orthodoxy, the utmost rigid severity prevails. When a daring versifier argues that "since some one God believe, some thirty, and some three," since men differ universally on this point, while on the worship of woman all agree—

Since in this faith no heresies we find,
 To love let our religion be resigned,
 And Cælia reign, the goddess of mankind,

the jest is voted heretical, burnt by the hands of the small-beer-drawer, and its author expelled the club.

More license was probably allowed in the crowd of clubs which a letter in the *Spectator* mentions as having sprung up about the beginning of the last century,—the Punning Club—the Witty Club—and the Handsome Club. The last found a formidable rival in a burlesque of itself, which Steele has immortalised under the name of the Ugly Club. Their rules were embodied in an "Act of Deformity"; "a visible quearity in aspect"; a "peculiar cast of countenance"; "gibbosity," or "obliquity," were the

necessary qualifications for admission. The figures of Esop, Thersites, Scarron, and Hudibras adorned their club-room. Over their pipes and ale they recited their congratulations to Mrs. Touchwood "upon the loss of her two fore-teeth"; or to Mrs. Andiron on the deformity of her "left shoulder"; or toasted Mrs. Vizard with acclamation on the ground of her advance in ugliness since the small-pox.¹

But of the majority of the Clubs of the time we know only the names. We meet with them in quaint advertisements, as in the following from the *Oxford Journal* for 1775:—"The brethren of the Arcadian Society are requested to meet at the Angel Inn, in Oxford, to ballot for some fresh candidates. (Signed) Alphesibæus, Crook-holder."² Here and there we get a casual glimpse of their doings within, as in Hearne's mention of the meeting of the "High Borlace at the King's Head, when Miss Molly Wickham of Garsington was chosen lady patroness in room of Miss Stonhouse that was lady patroness last year."³ But for the most part we are left to glean what we can from the mere names, and these are generally characteristic. Our notion of the "Nonsense Club" is verified when we learn that George Colman, Bonwell Thornton, and Lloyd were among its first founders; nor can any mistake the meaning of the "Jelly-bag Club," who remember that famous little epigram from which it derives its title.⁴ We can only fancy to ourselves the nightly gathering, the chat, laughter, and wit, the poem read and criticised, the toast drunk in repeated potations,

the candles burning dim and blue in the smoky atmosphere. For if our own can yield to no other age in the universal diffusion of the habit of smoking, the last century seems to have been especially the æra of *old* smokers. We meet with no mention of the Common-room of those days without some reference to pipes. Scholars and divines derived inspiration from it in their studies. The Civil Wars furnished the great means for the diffusion of this taste; soldiers brought it from Germany, and marches and counter marches spread it over England. How firm a root it took in Oxford we see from Dr. Plot's mention of the bed of white clay at Shotover, "which during the late wars, in the siege, was wholly used for making tobacco pipes."¹ By this time it had conquered every prejudice against its use. When Raleigh, "standing in a stand at Sir Robert Poyntz's parke at Acton tooke a pipe of tobacco, it made the ladies quitt it till he had donne." And, writing in 1680, Aubrey adds, "within these thirty-five years 'twas scandalous for a divine to take tobacco."² Now Aldrich could print in company with his "Hark, the bonny Christ Church bells," a "Smoking Catch to be sung by four men smoking their pipes, not more difficult to sing than diverting to hear." The 'Sam' of the "I prythee, Sam, fill," was Aldrich's friend, Sampson Eastwich, of Christ Church, and of the three other singers one was the Dean himself. So notorious was his love of smoking that a young gentleman—so runs the story—betted with a friend

that the Dean was smoking at the moment of their talk, which happened to be ten in the morning. The Dean received his visitors, laughed good-humouredly at their tale, and replied "you see you have lost your wager, for I am not smoking—but filling my pipe."¹ But perhaps tobacco never took so public a position as in the exhibition which we find mentioned in Hearne's Diary for the year 1723. "At two o'clock in the afternoon was a smoking match over against the Theatre, a scaffold being built up for it just at Finmore's, an ale-house. 'Twas thought a journeyman tailor of St. Peter's in the East would have been victor, he smoking faster than, and being many pipes before, the rest, but at last he was so sick that 'twas thought he would have died, and an old man that had been a soldier and smoked gently came off conqueror, smoking the three ounces quite out, and four or five pipes the same evening."²

There is another habit peculiar in the excess to which it then was carried, to the age of which we are treating, which—however disagreeable to dwell upon—it would be altogether absurd to omit in a notice of this century. It was a century of hard drinkers. The vice was not confined to grade or age, the Don was carried to bed as often as the servitor. Dr. Grabe, the great theologian's "way of writing was to have a bottle of ale, brandy, or wine stand by him—and every three or four lines of his writing he would drink thereof."³ Hearne does not scruple to call the fellows of University "debauchees";⁴ their

senior fellow passed by the significant name of "Jolly Ward."¹ The scurrilous *Terræ Filius* of 1733, in his "speech as it was to have been spoken at the public Act," could taunt the fellows of All Souls: "I would willingly next pay a visit to their college, if I could find it out; it used to stand on the right hand above Queen's, but if we may judge from the resort of its members we should judge it to be translated over the way, and that the Three Tuns Tavern was All Souls' College, did not the effigies of the good Archbishop over the door convince us to the contrary."² The fellows of St. John's "valued themselves for having the best single and double coll^s in the University," and doubtless could appreciate the fine old drinking song—

In potu primo purgatur guttur a limo ;
 Gaudia sunt nobis solennia quum bibo bis ;
 Nil valeant vina nisi sit potatio trina ;
 Cumque quater poto tunc lætor pectore toto ;
 Ad quintum potum mens labitur in paradisum ;
 Sextus vult potus ut nemo sit mihi notus ;
 Potu septeno frons efficitur sine freno ;
 Octavo potu sum debilis et sine motu ;
 Nono tractatur ut corpus sepeliatur .

Lord Eldon has recorded in his anecdote book how he saw a Doctor of Divinity striving to make his way to Brasenose through Radcliffe Square; "he had reached the Library, a rotunda then without railings, and, unable to support himself except by keeping one hand upon the building, he continued walking round and round" till rescued by a friend.⁴

It was no new feature in the character of an Oxford Doctor. When the Spanish ambassador visited the University in the time of James I., "I shall not tell you," says a letter-writer of the time, "how our Doctors pledged healths to the Infanta and Arch-Duchess, and, if any left too big a snuff, Colombo would cry 'supernagulum' (invert the cup on the nail, so that if a drop remains it would be detected)."¹ But the dons of the eighteenth century far exceeded their predecessors in the regularity as well as depth of their potations. The immense punch-bowl which Sir Watkin Wynn bequeathed to Jesus College² was the most fitting gift for the time. "I did not leave off drinking wine because I could not bear it," said Dr. Johnson. "I have drunk off three bottles of port without being the worse of it. University College has witnessed this."³ "Were the Colleges ever to be reformed," wrote Southey, soon after his entrance, "and reformation will not come before it is wanted, I would have a little more of the discipline kept up. Temperance is much wanted; the waters of Helicon are far too much polluted by the wine of Bacchus ever to produce any effect."⁴ "Oxford," wrote Crosse⁵ to his mother at the very beginning of the present century, "is a perfect hell upon earth. What chance is there for an unfortunate lad just come from school, with no one to watch and care for him—no guide? I often saw my tutor carried off, perfectly intoxicated"

The undergraduates, says Lord Eldon, were

no better. At Corpus Christi were drinking cups and glasses, which, from their shape, were called ox-eyes. "Pol, me ox-eye-distis, amici," punned a young tippler as he was being helped to bed. Kegs of brandy and other cordials crowded Christ Church meadow when the ice was frozen for skating. John Scott—as he was then termed—broke through into the ditch, and, on scrambling out, a brandy-vendor recommended him "something warm." "None of your brandy for that wet young man," cried Lord Grantley's son as he swept past, "he never drinks but when he is dry."¹ Even those who detested excesses succumbed to the tone of the place. Abbot, indeed, the future Lord Tenterden, could summon up enough courage to decline wine parties, but few were so resolute. "I always hated wine," confessed Crosse, "but I had not the moral courage to resist joining in the parties which were made up by my companions."² But the drinking of the time of which Crosse spoke was trivial when compared with the drinking that was passing slowly away. Of Lord Lovelace, the Principal of his Hall could report that "he never knew him sober but twelve hours, and that he used every morning to drink a quart of brandy, or something equivalent to it, to his own share."³

The results of this debauchery it was easy to foresee. Lord Cornbury, fresh from Christ Church, dies of "hard drinking, particularly taking hot spirits in a morning";⁴ Dr. Inett's son "being drink-

ing with three others, after they had drunk ale for some time, 'twas concluded to drink brandy upon it, which they did in such a quantity that they all fell asleep," and awaking, "found Inett quite dead."¹ Nor were these deaths confined to the junior members of the University. Hearne records the death of Whiteside, the keeper of the Ashmolean, from drinking "a pretty deal of bad small beer at Christ Church,"² and the account of the end of the Savilian Professor of Astronomy must be left to tell its own tale—"that which immediately contributed to his death (as it is said) was drinking late on Saturday night, at his own house, where he entertained, with wine and punch, the Vice-Chancellor, Sir Tom Gifford, and some others."³

We pass easily from this subject to a few notices of the Taverns and Ale-houses of the time.⁴ It is curious to remark the difference between the manners of the last and present centuries in this particular. The tavern was the favourite resort of the senior as well as the junior members of the University. St. John's sent its Fellows forth at eve—as we learn from their enemy, Amherst—to drink their bottle at the neighbouring ale-house; we have seen the All Souls' men congregating at the Three Tuns; Warton "was fond of drinking his ale and smoking his pipe with persons of mean rank and education."⁵ By the younger scholars it was even more frequented. The poor battler, who dared not enter the more refined and dearer coffee-house, left his masters to their

punch, and turned away to his pipe and ale at "Juniper's Magpie or Town Hall."¹ Dr. Newton laments the growing inclination to "go every evening to a public house, become mighty to mingle strong drink, and suffer the love of it to steal upon them."² But the rebuke is one-sided; strong drink could be mingled in common rooms as well as taverns, but the ale-house gave the poor scholar, in addition to its liquors, the precious joys of light, fire, and society; and, recalling the lines of Warton, in his Panegyric, we may, perhaps, see beneath their irony some traces of the "home-like" feeling with which the ale-house was regarded by the half-starved student or the weary servitor:—

To pot-house I repair, the sacred haunt
 Where, Ale, thy votaries, in full resort,
 Hold rites nocturnal. In capacious chair,
 Of monumental oak and antique mould,
 * * * * * I place
 My gladsome limbs, while, in repeated round,
 Returns replenished the successive cup,
 And the brisk fire conspires to general joy;
 While, haply, to relieve the lingering hours
 In innocent delight, amusive Putt,
 On smooth joint-stool, in emblematic play,
 The vain vicissitudes of fortune shows;
 Nor reckoning, name tremendous, me disturbs,
 Nor called for chills my breast with sudden fear,
 While on the wonted door, expressive mark,
 The frequent penny stands described to view
 In snowy characters and graceful row.

VI

WHAT were the amusements of Oxford men during the last century? That these constituted no unimportant part of their social life, the founder of New College had long since shown. "Since," he says in his statutes, "since in the winter time a fire in Hall is afforded for the Fellows, then let the Scholars and Fellows be allowed after dinner or supper time to enjoy a becoming leisure for recreation's sake in Hall in ballad-singing (*cantilenis*) or other seemly amusement, and somewhat more gravely to peruse poems, histories, and the wonders of the world, with all other things that befit their clerical position." And how long these amusements in Hall survived we can see from the account which Wood gives us of some in which he himself bore a part at Merton. "Christmas appearing there were fires of charcoal made in the common Hall on All Saints' Eve, All Saints' Day and night, on the holydayes, and their nights and eves between that time and Christmas Day. Then on Christmas Eve, Christmas Day and holydayes and their nights, and on Candlemas

Eve, Candlemas Day and night. At all these fires every night, which began to be made a little after five of the clock, the senior undergraduats would bring into the Hall the juniors or freshmen between that time and six of the clock, and there make them sit downe on a forme in the middle of the Hall, joyning to the declaiming desk, which done, every one in order was to speake some pretty apothegme, or make a jest or bull, or speake some eloquent nonsense to make the company laugh. But if any of the freshmen came off dull or not cleverly, some of the forward or pragmatrical seniors would 'tuck' them, that is, set the nail of their thumb to their chin just under the lipp, and by the help of their other fingers under the chin they would give him a mark which somtimes would produce blood. On Candlemas Day or before (according as Shrove Tuesday fell out) every freshman had warning given him to provide his speech to be spoken in the publick Hall before the undergraduats and servants on Shrove Tuesday night that followed, being alwaies the time for the observation of that ceremony. The fire being made in the Common Hall before five of the clock at night, the Fellowes would go to supper before six; and, making an end sooner than at other times, they left the Hall to the libertie of the undergraduats, but with an admonition from one of the fellowes (who was the principal of the undergraduats and postmasters) that all things should be carried in good order. While they were at

supper in the Hall, the cook was making the lesser of the brass pots ful of cawdel at the freshman's charge, which, after the Hall was free from the fellows, was brought up and set before the fire in the said Hall. Afterwards every freshman according to seniority was to pluck off his gowne and band, and if possible to make himself look like a scoundrell. This done, they were conducted each after the other to the high table and there made to stand on a forme placed thereon, from whence they were to speak their speech with an audible voice to the company, which if well done the person that spoke it was to have a cup of cawdle and no salted drinke; if indifferently, some cawdle and some salted drink; but if dull, nothing was given to him but salted drinke, or salt put in college beere, with tucks to boot. Afterwards, when they were to be admitted into the fraternity, the senior cook was to administer to them an oath over an old shoe, part of which runs thus, 'Item tu jurabis quod Penniless Bench¹ non visitabis'; after which, spoken with gravity, the freshman kist the shoe, put on his gowne and band and took his place among the seniors." Doubtless, though most of these jocular observances were swept away during the reign of the Puritans, yet—as Warton notes on this very passage—customs bearing a very near resemblance to this were still kept up in the eighteenth century.² But their chief amusement seems to have lain without the college walls. The times were long past

since the scholars amused themselves in Bellomonte (Beaumont),¹ the fields of which were portioned out to the different degrees. We have seen them loitering their mornings at the coffee-house, or taking an early tankard at the tavern; one of the especial enjoyments of the afternoon seems to have been boating. Southey's favourite diversion was a pull with his friend Wynn upon the Isis. "There were but two things I learnt in Oxford," he could say in after life, "to row and to swim."² "So," sings our own Hurdis—

So on thy banks, too, Isis have I strayed
 A tasselled Student, witness you who shared
 My morning walk, my ramble at high noon,
 My evening voyage, an unskilful sail,
 To Godstow bound, or some inferior port,
 For strawberries and cream. What have we found
 In life's austerer hours delectable
 As the long day so loitered?³

But it seems that that age was not exempt from the accidents that have so often thrown a gloom over the amusement in our own day, for we find continually announcements of a similar character with the following, from the *Oxford Journal*, April 13, 1776:—"On Monday last, as Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Bullock, and Mr. Street, of Merton College, were sailing on the river near Kennington, their boat was upset by a sudden gust of wind, when the two former were unfortunately drowned." Others of the "regulars," like Warton (and, as we have seen above, Hurdis),

preferred the "constitutional" up Headington Hill, or a "saunter on the banks of his favourite Cherwell," or the enjoyment of the frequent concerts at the new Music-room.¹ But the bulk of Oxford men sought for amusements of a less refined character. They had no literature to amuse them; indeed, no taste for it seems to have existed. "Few or none of the Oxford undergraduates, with whom parity of standing threw me into collision at my first outset, knew anything at all of English literature," says De Quincey; "the *Spectator* seemed to me the only book of a classical rank which they had read, and even this less for its inimitable delicacy, humour, and refined pleasantry in dealing with manners and characters, than for its insipid and meagre essays, ethical or critical,"² which might serve them for translations and exercises. Rougher diversions were provided for these. The conduit now stood on the site of the old bull-ring, but we see them with doffed coat and bob-wig, "cocking" at the pit in Holywell, skittle-playing at Wolvercot and Godstow, carousing at Wallingford or Abingdon, or gambling at home. The practice was not confined to the juniors—a *Terræ Filius* could shake a dice-box in the Theatre at the President of St. John's, and salute him, as he entered, with "Jacta est alea, doctor, seven's the main."³ Practical jokes and still more daring exploits relieved the monotony of the fast man's existence. It is amusing to find a grave Lord Chancellor telling us of the riotous deeds of plain Mr.

Scott. An invalid grumbled that the view from his window down the High Street was intercepted by a tree in All Saints' churchyard. His young associates determined to relieve him. "One night," says Lord Eldon, "when the moon was under a cloud, we set the gentleman's servant to cut down this tree whilst we stationed ourselves at different parts to watch. Well, he was very long about it, and the moon began to appear, and we were in a great fright, so got over the wall to see what he was about. He was a Yorkshireman, and he told us 'The seg winna wag'; and that, which meant—the saw will not move—was all that we could get from him. So we had to help him, down came the tree, and away we all scampered. Next day there were handbills and magistrates offering a reward for the conviction of any of the offenders who had the night before committed a dreadful crime in All Saints' Churchyard. None of us peached, and so we all escaped, and Nurse said it was the most glorious crime that had ever been perpetrated in favour of a patient."¹ "Bucks and bloods" cocked their newly-laced hats as they whirled along from Blagrove's stables to Campsfield, nodded to laughing toasts on the race-course at Woodstock, pic-nic'd at Enstone wells, or dined "on mutton chops and scanty wine" at Dorchester.²

The smart, however, despised excursions so trivial as these. Tired of billiards, runs with Capt. Bertie's pack, and the bowling-green, he is fluttering day

after day at Bath, or plunging down, "amid a crowd of academics," at Astrop. About a hundred years before, a young doctor,¹ just fresh from Oxford, "riding towards Brackley, to a patient, his way led him through Astrop, where he observed the stones in the little rill were discoloured of a kind of Crocus-Martis colour; thought he, this may be an indication of iron; he gets galls, and putts some of the powder into the water, and immediately it turned blackish; there, said he, 'I'll not send my patients now so far as Tunbridge.'" His observation and acuteness made Willis's fortune, and raised a little village for a time into a fashionable watering-place. But London was the great magnet that attracted the majority of the idlers and bucks of the time. There is no one to be found in Tom Lowngeit's room, the ordinary sporting-room, with its prints of horses and dogs, its hat and whip on one hook, and pair of boots on another, its sole library the *Sportsman's Calendar* and Gibson's *Treatise on Horses*. The room is empty, for Tom, with Dick Riot, and a few choice spirits, are on their way to town, and a smart rider Dick makes, in his long blue riding coat, with plate buttons, and leathern belt girding his waist.

The Oxford man in London is the butt of all the wits of his time. They are never weary of ridiculing his awkward imitation of a man of the town. He "transfers to playhouse, park, and tavern the lounging air that passes for genteel in an Oxford Coffee-

house," but he misses the genuine careless loll and easy saunter of the town-bred coxcomb. He is the darling of hotel-keepers, for he never dines or sups out of the house, and eats and drinks and pays like a lord. "Ha, Jack, is it you," shouts one to a chum whom he meets in Pell-Mell; "how long do you stay?" "Ten guineas," is the reply, "if you come to Venables after the play you'll find Tom Latin, Bob Classic, and two or three more." "So! your servant," rejoins his friend, "for I am off to meet the finest girl upon town in the green boxes." They haunt the theatre with the Templar, a kindred soul with their own, and perhaps just transferred from their set to his present position; the briefless barrister sauntering from tavern to tavern "in silk gown and purple slippers," or hurrying from Nandos to Covent Garden, to criticise or catcall, and returning to George's to show by his harangue that his depth in the drama is equal to his shallowness in the law. But though their stay in London is a round of diversion, its sphere is limited to the play, the gaming-house, or the bagnio. This is what one scores on a window in an idle fit. "Monday—Rode to town in six hours; saw two last acts of Hamlet; at night with Polly Brown. Tuesday—Saw Harlequin the Sorcerer; at night with Polly again. Wednesday—Saw Macbeth; at night with Sally Parker, Polly engaged. Thursday—Set out for Oxford—a d—d muzzy place." "'Tis always Polly with this set of mortals," comments Colman, "till their purse is exhausted,

and they are forced to exchange tavern and theatre for small beer and halfpenny commons."¹

They returned, however, to something better than "small beer and halfpenny commons." The commoner who had been roused to run "with hose ungartered" to reach chapel ere the door was closed, was nowise reluctant

To repair
To friendly buttery ; there on smoking crust
And foaming ale to banquet unrestrained.

"Unlike," adds the poet, "the squeamish sons of modern times,"² whose practices compelled Dr. Newton to fulminate an edict in Hart Hall against the use of tea³ and coffee, "a fashionable vice which leads only to squandering of money and misspending the morning in jentacular confabulations."⁴ And for those who loved more solid potations the Mitre stood open, the tavern of the noted "Captain Jolly, who *pro bono publico* first reduced the price of porter in Oxford from sixpence to fourpence a quart." Draughts of his liquor gave a relish to the supper of tripe, Mother Spreadbury's sausages, or Ben Tyrrel's "threepenny mutton pies." Ben Tyrrel had the good fortune to attract the attention of the wits of the time, and in their verses we can still see the motley company that gathered round his board on Wednesday and Saturday evenings "at seven o'clock."

For thee the citizen and cit
Their cold boiled beef and carrots quit ;
Grave aldermen, ambitious, share

In Alma Mater's classic fare ;
 The blooming toasts of Oxford town
 Catch the contagion of the gown,
 And wish the wonted evening night
 To "have a finger in the pie."¹

A time of course came when these joys had to be relinquished, when the "one-curled scratch" was exchanged by the hands of "Baylis, Blenkinsop, or lofty Wise," the noted peruke makers of the time, for the "snowy pomp" of the grizzle wig,² and fop and regular alike sobered down into Dons. But this stage of their history we must reserve for future notice, when in our account of Oxford's educational position we shall be enabled to paint in detail the life of a college Fellow. For the present, however, our sketches of Oxford university society must cease here, but should we be furnished with any additional information we shall not hesitate to resume a subject whose treatment we hope may have furnished some little information as well as entertainment to our readers.

VII

BEFORE commencing the series of papers in which we shall endeavour to illustrate the political life of Oxford in the Last Century, we may, perhaps, venture, for the sake of variety, to interpose a passing account of the transactions, as far as they can be gleaned from the newspapers, of the period from 1774 to 1777. It is impossible in an undertaking of this kind to pursue our civic history in strict chronological order; deficiency of information will necessarily create gaps here and there in our design. But this apparent inconsequence may probably give us a better notion of our subject than the most perfect regularity. The habitual associates of a man often know less of his character than one who meets him at odd moments, and chats with him at irregular intervals. And our desire of seeing this Oxford in the Last Century—not so much in its daily events and weekly details, as in its ordinary life and character—will probably find its fullest gratification in the somewhat irregular plan which we propose to adopt.

Our information—as we have said—must be gleaned from the newspapers of the day. The *Oxford Journal* was probably a superior specimen of the provincial press. It was the lion's mouth, as the *Spectator* would have said, into which members of the University poured lucubrations which furnish even to the reader of to-day no little amusement. Warton did not disdain to turn from odes and antiquarian research to immortalise Ben Tyrrel's mutton pies, or to parody Gray's *Elegy*. Wits penned from the coffee-house for Jackson's insertion sparkling little ditties on Miss Brickenden or Miss Polly Foote. Old Lochard, the newsman, who, bell in hand, hawked the *Journal* through the streets, owed to his college patrons not only the "antiquated cane" and "rusty grizzle wig," which they had thrown by after ten years' service, or the tankard at buttery hatch in return for "quick despatches"; but the merry rhymes that every Christmas drew a *douceur* from the tradesman, a "slice of sirloin and cup of October" from the squire, or a dram from "Mother Baggs."¹ To them we owe the amusing detail of the subjects of the day,—

Each vast event our varied page supplies,
 The fall of princes, and the rise of pies ;
 Patriots and squires learn here with little cost
 Or when a kingdom or a match is lost ;
 Both sexes here approved receipts peruse,
 Hence belles may clean their teeth or beaux their shoes :
 From us informed Britannia's farmers tell
 How Louisburgh by British thunders fell ,

'Tis we that sound to all the Trump of Fame,
And babes lisp Amherst's and Boscawen's name, —
All the four quarters of the globe conspire
Our news to fill, and raise your glory higher.¹

But spite of this conspiracy of the four quarters of the globe, the news is hardly what the pampered appetites of the present day would call "full." Let us turn to a newspaper of the period which we have selected. The little poems and epigrams have disappeared. Their young authors have graduated and donned their grizzle-wigs, and have left no successors behind them. The little weekly essays which we find in the *Journal* for 1755 have ceased, and 'tis only occasionally that a passing jest reminds us of "Will Whimsey." Here, however, in the paper which we open we are entertained with an epistle from "Old Squaretoes." He is bitter on the enormous head-dresses of the day; his daughter "though in a morning but five feet one inch high, yet, by raising herself fifteen inches at top and four at bottom, she grows to the amazing height of six feet eight by four in the afternoon." A series of ludicrous adventures follow. A shower overtakes the ladies in their promenade, they run for shelter to a sentinel's box, "and forgetting the preposterous height of their heads, struck them against the top of the box with such violence that both fell backwards, kicked up their heels, and threw down my wife, whose pyramid flew off and was picked up by a taylor's apprentice who ran away with it." The lesson is in vain;

Old Squaretoes has hardly concluded his moralising when "Mr. Toupee entered the room with three handboxes, each of the size of a child's coffin," and the ladies appear "with heads four inches higher than their last." A fire, however, destroys these new erections, the ladies are left doctoring their scorched faces, and with a proposal for a fire-insurance of head-dresses, the lively little extravaganza concludes.

We turn to the news. Foreign politics are summed up in a few paragraphs. Rumours of a "rupture between Spain and Portugal"; "talk of a grand alliance which will greatly alarm the public." The American war is in progress, and engagements, privateering and naval orders are spun out into a couple of meagre columns. The fashionable intelligence is divided between the turf and the elopements and scandal of town. Justice is satisfied by an account of the execution of a brace of culprits. "An abstract of the new Act for the relief of insolvent debtors" fills up the remaining space. Only the Oxford news is left. It is exactly four paragraphs. We learn that "the Rev. John Williams" has received a dispensation to hold a couple of livings at once; the marriage of "the Rev. Thomas Robinson, head master of Magdalen College School, to Miss Rebecca, daughter of Mr. James Fletcher, of this place, bookseller," is succeeded by the death of the Rector of Oddington; and the news ends with an advertisement from some itinerant vendor of "likenesses."¹

To those, however, who would gain a clearer view

of the social and material conditions of the period, the advertisements furnish the widest field for observation. The time had not yet arrived when "advertisements" had become a regular item in trade expenses, and 'tis amusing to see the ingenious devices to which advertisers resorted to justify their appearance before the public. The favourite means were a feigned dispute between two of a trade; sometimes a pretended rumour "to my prejudice" served the turn, or the setting up of an apprentice, as a rival, was the signal for recriminatory advertisements. Notices of enclosure grow more and more frequent, and prominent among them we see the enclosure of Campsfield, that open ground between Oxford and Woodstock, which we have noticed before as a favourite drive for the Oxford bucks and bloods. We can see the traces of that great advance of agriculture which began with the accession of George III., and which was so soon to change for the better the habits of our rural gentry. "Twenty-five Inclosure Acts only had passed," says Massey, "up to the accession of George II.; during his reign of 33 years, they had increased by 182. From 1760 (the accession of the third George) to 1774—the beginning of our present period—upwards of 700 Inclosure Acts were obtained"; while the passing of 452 Turnpike Acts enormously facilitated the communications of the country. In the rural districts, as swamps and wastes disappeared, the higher classes began to imbibe that love of the

country which is, at this day, the most creditable characteristic of an English country gentleman. In the towns, as we shall afterwards have occasion to see in greater detail, the sudden accumulation of wealth produced an increased refinement in manners, which, in its turn, became the origin of those great local improvements which marked the period of which we are speaking. But, great as this progress was, to those who view this time from our point of view rather than from its own, it must necessarily seem a period of social barbarism. The police of the kingdom was, with the exception of the few Bow Street runners, disorganised and ineffective. Riotous young aristocrats sallied forth to commit the grossest insults on either sex without fear of the superannuated "Jarvies." Highwaymen robbed not only on the outskirts but in the very squares of the metropolis, in broad daylight. Runaway soldiers, with swords they did not scruple to use, infested the highways. "It is noticeable," says a paragraph in one of the *Oxford Journals*, "that most robberies are wrought by persons with weapons, to be accounted for by the great number of discharged soldiers who took to the trade." Men of the highest rank were not exempt from these attacks. The robbery of Lord Percival was, as we shall soon see, one of Dumas' most notable exploits, and in the news for March 12, 1774, we find so illustrative an account that we insert it at length:—"Lord Stanley and his brother, coming in a postchaise-and-four from

Chelsea to town, were stopped by four footpads, two of whom seized the horses, and put pistols to the breasts of the postilions; the other two went on each side the carriage, and, presenting their pistols, were resisted by the Hon. Mr. Stanley, whom one of the fellows fired at, on which Lord Stanley seized the man on his side by the arm, and wounded him on the back of the head with a scymetar. The two ruffians at the head of the horses then went to the assistance of their comrades, when, the postilions driving furiously on, the nobleman and his brother escaped unhurt, though one of the villains fired a second pistol." The neighbourhood of Oxford was haunted by similar marauders. Farmer Dover, of Botley, is knocked down, on his way home from market, by a couple of footpads, near Bulstock Bridge, and only rescued by a chance arrival (March 1775).¹ A couple of highwaymen infest the country between Woodstock and Glympton, and count among their many exploits "the robbery of two young gentlemen of the University, near Campsfield, this side Woodstock."² In November 1776, three coaches are robbed in the immediate vicinity; one, indeed, near the Radcliffe Infirmary.³ The Oxford news for December 7, 1776, is enlivened by the following paragraph:—"On Thursday morning, between five and six o'clock, the Bath coach, in which were three passengers, was robbed in going up the hill on the other side of Bottley, about a mile and a-half from this city, by a single highwayman, well mounted,

who took from Mr. Jonas, the celebrated conjuror, his watch and about four guineas. It is more than probable that either the suddenness of the demand, or the bitter imprecations of the highwayman, might so much alarm Mr. Jonas as totally to deprive him of his wonderful art of "conveyance," or we can scarcely suppose he would have suffered the robber to pocket the watch or money, and carry it off."

It is not the least peculiar feature of the times that these deeds of pillage, attended as they often were with a combination of cowardice and cruelty which it is impossible now to regard with aught but disgust, seem at the time to have been looked upon with an especial leniency and favour. Highwaymen were the heroes of the day. There was a something, the ladies would argue, about the dark muffled figure, whose horse came splashing up to the toiling night-coach, in contemptuous defiance of the shivering guard and his lumbering blunderbuss, that severed him from the vulgar pilferer of the Old Bailey. And the highwaymen, here and there, seem to have appreciated and returned the sympathy of the fairer sex. Rings and jewels were often ransomed by a kiss, and 'twas reported of Dumas that, after capturing a whole coachful of ladies, he was satisfied with dancing a coranto with each in turn upon the green. The story of this prince of highwaymen is connected with our especial subject by his execution at Oxford, on Monday, March 23, 1761. By birth the son of a corkcutter, in Eastcheap, his

spirit scorned the drudgery of common toil; he sought and found company more to his taste, was soon enrolled among "the Killers of Care, the Silenians, Sons of Nimrod, A.B.C.darians, Snitchers, Choice Spirits, Ubiquarians," and every other low club of the town, and told his story, sang his song, and drank his bottle with the best of them. But debauchery and extravagance told fast upon his purse, and, to support his mistresses, young Isaac Darkins was driven to "the road." His assumed name of Dumas soon became the terror of travellers. He was sung in Seven Dials, and famed even in aristocratic boudoirs. But fame could not protect him from mishap. At Chelmsford, in 1758, we find him sentenced to death for the robbery of Capt. Cockburn, but his youth gained him a reprieve, and his sentence was finally commuted to transportation for fourteen years. By revealing a plan of escape formed by his fellow transports, in short, by peaching, our hero obtained a pardon on condition of serving as a soldier in the Island of Antigua, and, in spite of several frustrated attempts at escape, he was put on board ship, and conveyed thither. But Dumas' destiny was not thus to be evaded. He availed himself of the first opportunity of desertion to lie in hiding on board a merchant vessel, and, eluding the strict search which was made, in the disguise of a sailor, soon found himself once more in England. His exploits in mid and west England, by their daring and ingenuity, attracted on him such

inconvenient attention from the officers of justice, that he was forced to seek for safety by entering as a midshipman on board the *Royal George*. While in harbour, however, a leave of absence enabled him again to gratify his tastes, and a series of successful encounters was crowned by his robbery of Lord Percival. For this he was soon brought to trial, but an ingenious defence, and the defective proof of identity, procured him an acquittal, and he was again free "to set out for London in a postchaise." While in gaol, his cell had been visited by every lady of fashion, and his adventures furnished the tea-table chat of the town. They were charmed with the elegance of his person, the neatness of his dress, and the gaiety with which he enlivened his prison. But the sympathy of the sex was soon to prove fatal to him. He had directed letters to some of his female friends from an inn whose owner was postmaster of the district, and his abode thus discovered, a robbery near Nettlebed lodged him in Oxford gaol. He maintained his nonchalance to the end, played "Macheath" in the prison, and threw himself off at the gallows without troubling the executioner. His age was but twenty-one at his death, and his booty already amounted to £600. A striking mark of popular sympathy followed his end. He had declared that he feared—not death—but the thought of being anatomized, and, at his execution, a large body of bargemen surrounded the scaffold, and carried off his body in triumph to the next

parish church, "where," says the account in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, from which this is condensed, "while some rang the bells, others opened the belly, filled it with unslack'd lime, and then buried the body."¹

As interesting a culprit to the higher classes in Oxford was Le Maitre, a French master of tambour and similar accomplishments, who, in 1776, gained considerable notoriety by pillaging the Ashmolean Museum of a great number of antiquities, medals, etc., to the amount of £100. Being arrested at Dublin, he was sentenced, at the Oxford assizes, to five years' hard labour, and is next heard of as the originator of a nearly-successful attempt at escape, which throws light on the condition of the Oxford prisons at the time. With the aid of four, who were confined in the same cell, the wall was undermined by a few faggot-sticks and an holdfast taken from the pump, the hole was covered with a few mats, and confederates waited without to file their fetters.² The plan was discovered on the very eve of its completion, but justice was not always so fortunate. In the autumn of the previous year two women had succeeded in cutting through the bars of their window, and escaped into the road which ran beside;³ and in 1775 a prisoner, himself under sentence for assisting a culprit to break prison, was killed by a fall in his attempt to escape.⁴

Such attempts, indeed, were common in every prison in the kingdom. The dilapidated condition of the buildings offered every temptation. And

within was every means of plotting and facilitating an escape. The interior of a prison of that time, whether we trust the statements of the novelist or the philanthropist, was nothing short of a hell upon earth. The vilest and most profligate were left free to reduce the less experienced criminals to their own degradation. Criminals herded together in noisome cells, where the most foul crimes were connived at by the gaolers, who were themselves scarce better than the felons they guarded. These, treated like beasts, turned like beasts upon their keepers. Prisons were sometimes broken open by a revolt from within. The terrible Newgate riot of 1775 needed the presence of troops to quell it. The same policy exhibited itself in those fearful penal laws which were in their full vigour at this period. Every assize saw the punishment of death recorded for crimes the most unequal in their nature, for the villain who had taken his benefactor's life, and the bankrupt who had fraudulently concealed his goods. The same want of equity distinguished the punishments of the pillory. "All secondary offences, from crimes too abominable to name down to libels and breaches of the peace, were punished by the pillory," says Mr. Massey. But the occasions of its use in Oxford during the latter part of this century seem to have been rare; indeed, only one is recorded in the public prints,—the punishment of Edward Clark, for keeping a house of ill-fame, November 1774.¹ Men still living can remember the last instance of

its exercise in, we believe, 1810, when one Tubb stood in the pillory for perjury. The pillory¹ seems to have been placed near the Cross Inn, in North Gate or Cornmarket Street. Another,² which at a very distant period stood in company with a cross, gallows, and stocks³ at the corner of Magdalen Grove, looking up Holywell, recalls to us the time when the north side of that street stood alone, when the south side and Long Wall were as yet but the city ditch, and the manor, with its judicial rights, beyond the wall was the property of Bogo de Clare.⁴ But, if the gallows and pillory were more plentiful in the Middle Ages, the culprit then possessed a privilege which civilization has long robbed him of—the right of sanctuary. Behind All Saints' churchyard stood Broadgate Hall,⁵ where, in 1463, Mr. Hill, one of the proctors, coming to seize "one J. Harry, a tailor, of Oxon, who had stabbed a man," "upon information given to him that it was a place privileged of old time by the Pope, and claim laid to the said privilege by the Master and Convent of St. John's Hospital, the man at length, upon some small security given, found the benefit of the place, and was dismissed."⁶ The privilege in this case seems to have fallen into desuetude about 1530. In Wood's time, the vestiges of a sanctuary, near St. Edward's Church, "did not long ago remain in a townsman's ground abutting down from the High Street to Tresham's Lane."⁷ A sanctuary of greater interest will, in our next number, introduce us to the more especial consideration of

the civic affairs of Oxford in the period which we are treating.

Minor offences were visited with punishments which men still living can remember—the stocks on the Butter-bench,¹ or a whipping at the cart's tail. The last was a practice as useless as it was disgusting, for, as we have learned from one who had himself seen this punishment inflicted, “though dragged the whole length of the Cornmarket and back again, the culprit scarce ever received more than one effective stroke, in consequence of the throng and pressure of the crowd around.” But one consequence of the severity of the penal code was the jurisdiction which the populace themselves exercised. Pickpockets, taken in the fact, seldom made their appearance at Sessions, they were usually dragged to the nearest pond or pump, and ducked while any sign of life remained. The same rude justice, as many must remember, was extended to those whose religious tenets offended the sovereign mob. Young thieves and minor offenders were usually let off with a thrashing. But enough withal remained to make the office of Recorder no sinecure. In noticing the resignation of this office in the year 1776,² by “Thomas Francis Wenman, Esq.,” and the unanimous election of “John Skinner, Esq., of Little Milton, one of the Justices of the Principality of Wales,” we must conclude this, we confess, somewhat miscellaneous paper.

VIII

THE Sanctuary to which we referred at the conclusion of our last number was the Sanctuary at East Gate. The friars of the order of the Holy Trinity for the Redemption of Captives, who had been settled in the little chapel by its side, by the patronage of Edmund, son of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, were cut off to a man in the pestilence of 1351, and the chapel eventually lapsed to the city. Here the new Mayor who, by the charter of Henry III., claimed, with the chief magistrate of London, the honour of a formal presentation to the Barons of the Exchequer for confirmation in his new office, was accustomed on his return over the long and rude "Petty Pont,"¹ which has given place to the present Magdalen bridge, to stop and return thanks to God for his safe return, leaving, at the same time, an alms on the altar upon which a little taper or lamp burnt night and day. On quitting the chapel the Mayor was received by the townsmen, assembled in their trades, and "conducted into the city with great huzzaing and rejoicings."²

In the elections for 1774, Mr. Samuel Culley was chosen Mayor; Mr. Thomas Jones and Mr. Richard Hayes, Chamberlains of the city.¹ The next year presents us with the name still honoured in its connection with civic offices, in the unanimous election of "Mr. William Thorpe, the junior assistant of this city," to the Mayoralty, while Mr. William Fidler and Mr. Richard Weston were appointed bailiffs.² The mention of a family which still remains to us cannot fail to recall some of those which have long perished and decayed. The Chillingworths have gone, yet the most acute of all our philosophers was the son of a Mayor of Oxford. Sir William D'Avenant reminds us that it was during the mayoralty of his father, that Shakespear used to stop at the Crown, on his way to Stratford,³ but the very name has died out of Oxford now. Here and there indeed local denominations recall the memory of old civic families passed away. Yet of the thousands who speak of Peckwater Quad, how many remember that it is so called from occupying the site of the old house of Radulph Peckwether, one of an illustrious line, who was Provost or chief magistrate of Oxford in the reign of Henry III. And the gradual change of names is already obliterating even these slight vestiges. Pembroke Street has even recently superseded the old "Pennyfarthing" Street, the street that commemorated the name of the great burgher-family, the Penyverthings, of whom one was Provost in Henry the Third's time. The name of a

tavern has driven from Ship Street the title of Burewald's Lane, which it owed to the wealthy family which ended in Dionysia Burewald,¹ the foundress of a chauntry in St. Michael's Church, for the souls of those of her name, "especially of Gilbert and Radulph, men of great possessions in Oxford." These, however, had themselves superseded the designation which it had before derived from the Dewys, a family of early note in Oxford history, and whose name seems to have lingered on to our own times. The same transmutations were the fate of other streets; the lane from "Bocardo to New Inn Hall" was Bedford Lane, from burgesses of that name in the first Edward's time—and then Adynton's Lane, from that Stephen Adynton, who was seven times Mayor at a much later period. But not seldom lane and name have perished together. Improvements have banished Kepeharme's Lane,² which ran from Fish Street (St. Aldate's) into the Butcher-row, and with it all memory of the great family that, like the Segrims, whose tenements were blotted out by Wolsey's Hospital, held civic offices in Oxford before the Conquest, and the wife of one of whose descendants, Alice, had to offer to King John one hundred marcs and two palfreys for liberty to re-marry.³

Mr. Edward Lock was the Mayor for 1776; the Chamberlains being Mr. William Hyde and Mr. William Jones.⁴ The elections of the old Corporations were scenes of bribery and riot. The poor

freeman thought himself entitled to his half-guinea and bottle of gin. In A. Wood's time, we find him recording, "Anthony Hall, vintner, chosen Mayor, at which some young scholars and servitors being present, heard his speech of thanks out of the balcony, viz. that he thanked them for their choice of him—that he could not speak French nor Spanish, but if they would walk to the Bear they should find that he could speak English, meaning give them English ale and beer."¹ At this date, however (1679), the powers of the office were wielded with a severity which would astonish the burgess of the present day. In recording the Mayoralty of Robert Pauling, draper, Wood observes, "Whereas all Mayors in memory of man used to be mealy-mouthed and fearful of executing their office for fear of losing trade, this person is not, but walks in the night to take townsmen in tippling houses, prohibits coffee to be sold on Sundays, which Dr. Nicholas, Vice-Chancellor, prohibited till after evening prayer, viz. till five o'clock."² But spite of these extensive powers and vexatious interferences, the Mayor seems to have had little control over the riotous inclinations of his townsmen. Indeed, election-time was particularly selected for the noisiest demonstrations. The election of Anthony Hall, which we have noticed above, was the signal for a prolonged "Town and Gown," between the servitors and the populace, which continued amid breakages of arms and heads for the space of a week, till appeased by the Vice-

Chancellor and Proctors.¹ Here and there, too, the latent opposition, which always existed towards the High Church Tory Corporation, manifested itself in acts of violence. Not ten years after the Revolution of 1688, we find the Puritan, or Whig party, carrying the Townclerkship against the united powers of the Earl of Abingdon and the Corporation, and celebrating their victory with bonfires and "ringing of bells at night." And at the elections of the same year the mob wandered about the city, breaking the windows of the officers of the corporation. "These," says Wood, "are the fanatical or factious sort, and shew what they will do when they are in authority."²

We may be pardoned for wearying our readers with details so distant and seemingly unimportant as these, when it is considered that these revolts of the populace were in fact protests, very noisy protests, against the system of corporate government, or misgovernment, which was then gradually approaching that uncontested supremacy which it enjoyed in the eighteenth century. Without dwelling on the minute features of the system which the Municipal Reform Act swept once and for ever away—on the narrow suffrages, the disgraceful bribery, the close family patronage, which were necessary for its support, it may be well for those who, perhaps not unnaturally irritated by the disagreeables of the system which that reform established, and influenced, in addition, by that very pardonable prejudice which throws an air of sanctity over all that is past, are now and

then driven to a cry of regret for "the old corporation," to consider the pitiful position in which that regime placed the city with respect to the great noblemen whose possessions surrounded it.

Of these families the first which we find in intimate connection with the corporate affairs of the city was that of the Berties. In 1682 Wood records the joy of the Tory party at the elevation of their head. "Bonfires made in several parishes in Oxford by the Tory party after supper for joy that the Lord Norris was made Earl of Abingdon, with the ringing of bells. Several colleges had bonfires, All Souls' especially. About 11 at night they brought out a barrel of beer out of the cellar, and drank it in healths on their knees to the Duke of York and Earl of Abingdon out of the buckets that hung up in the hall. They got about twenty of the trained bands of Oxford, who discharged at the drinking of every health. They had wine in great plenty from the tavern over the way, guarded by a file of musqueteers; they had a drummer that beat round the college quadrangle and at the gate."¹ The Earl's Toryism had given him the lord lieutenancy of the county, and in Monmouth's rebellion, two years later, we find him at the head of the troop of 60 horse which was raised by the University,² committing suspected Puritans—amongst others our severe friend Robert Pauling—to the Castle,³ and training the volunteers in Broken Heyes⁴ or Christ Church Meadow.⁵ But loyalty so vehement as this was soon destined to be

shaken. The Earl was one of the first to welcome William of Orange, and his congratulations were seconded by the University. The Tory meddling, however, continued still. The contest for Town Clerk in 1694 was decided in favour of Thurston against Slatford, "by the endeavour of James Earl of Abingdon, who got several country gentlemen that were of the house to give votes for the said Thurston. The Commons, enraged at it, spoke vilely of the Earl of Abingdon and his son, called them Jacobites. He laid in town that night, went next day to the Bishop's lodgings, at Magdalen College, in the company of one or two constables to prevent abuses."¹ The wrath of the "Commons" the Earl could afford to despise, but the internal opposition which the family influence experienced from the corporation must have been more trying to his patience. In 1732, Hearne tells us of my Lord's driving in a coach from Rycot to put up Mr. Lawrance, the chandler, against Mr. Nibb, upholsterer, for the office of Mayor's assistant; but the drive was in vain, and the Earl had to entertain his supporters at dinner afterwards with what good humour he might.²

By the middle of this century, however, the Rycot was fast being superseded by the Blenheim influence. The great Duke, the rise of whose stately palace had been viewed with such malignant eyes by his Tory neighbours—(Hearne has handed down to us the exultation of the common-room at the news that the

fine stones of the new buildings were already cracking with the frost)¹—was too busy in his intrigues, too miserly in his expenditure, to meddle in the civic elections. Violent Duchess Sarah seems to have confined herself to occasional presents of a buck to the Whig heads. But the eighteenth century was the great æra of what Disraeli has called “Venetian” government. The great oligarchic families were straining every nerve to secure a “following” in the corrupt House of Commons. Nobles forced their way into the cabinet by a simple enumeration of the votes at their disposal. Immense sums were lavished on contested elections. Yorkshire grew famous as the insatiable quagmire that engulfed the mortgaged acres of its battling landholders; but simple boroughs proved often as ravenous. The Spencers, who squandered nearly £100,000 on the Northampton election, were only one out of three great families that retired crippled from the contest. Corruption was practised without disguise; indeed one member openly proposed in the House to repeal the Bribery Act. “Arnold Nesbitt, Esq.,” says a paragraph in one of these *Oxford Journals*, M.P. for Cricklade, “made a present of ten guineas each to the voters in his interest at the late general election, and likewise entertained them with a genteel dinner.”² At the Hindon contest, a man, supposed to be a clergyman, in a fantastic female habit, called ‘the dancing Punch,’ presents each voter with five guineas, and distributes larger sums to all that call at his inn.³

Worcester saw its members elected, unseated, re-elected and unseated again for the most flagrant bribery, yet a third election secured them in their seats.

The Marlboroughs, like their fellows, aspired to be boroughmongers. They had already gained a footing in the county, they nominated the two members for their borough of Woodstock, and an opportunity at length arrived for securing one of the seats for Oxford. The borough representation had, at this time, fallen practically into the hands of the corporations. The vilest means, bribery, drink, abused influence, were employed to secure the comparatively small body of freemen, who alone possessed the right of suffrage. Should these fail, the corporation could increase its power by a new charter, such as, in 1774, was granted to Abingdon. It was welcomed with a Mayor's feast, drink was distributed to the populace, bonfires kindled in the Market-place, and the bells set ringing.¹ But the grant was a mere election dodge. The roll of electors was in the hands of overseers, who were chosen by two justices, and the appointment of the latter was, by this charter, vested in the corporation. In other words, the list of electors was at its mercy. A creation of "beggar" voters soon followed. "Mr. Bayley and the dissenters" (we suppose political dissenters) were routed in the choice of Mayor, and the next election saw a nominee of the corporation sent, as their representative, to Parliament.²

The corporation of Oxford were encumbered with

debts, and saw in the approaching election of 1768 a means of freeing them from their embarrassments. But the offer which they made to their members to return them for the sum of £7500, ended in a reprimand from the Speaker and a committal to Newgate. During the five days of their confinement, however, it was rumoured that the bargain which had failed with Lee and Stapylton had been successfully concluded with the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Abingdon.¹ The year following saw the city debt of about £6000 liquidated by the Duke,² and (1771) the elevation of Sergeant Nares to the Bench, gave a seat to his brother, Lord Robert Spencer. For the subsequent half-century the city became the mere nomination borough of the Duke and corporation. The honour, however, if honour it were, was not purchased cheaply. Eighty taverns were opened at the Duke's expense, and a collation provided for the corporation, when the debt was satisfied by the sale of the representation.³ Into these "collations" had the old city feast dwindled, just as the city itself seems to have shrunk into the corporation. A. Wood recalls to us some of these old entertainments, which would seem to have promoted a feeling of fellowship among their partakers. The citizens met in the Town Hall, "marched thence very orderly, in number about 440" (the time was 1669) "down the High-street, with a minister before them, had a sermon in the church of St. Peter-in-the-East, preached by Rob. Field, M.A., born in Grope-lane,⁴ in St Mary's

parish, and, retiring to the Hall again, had a noble entertainment: which done, there was a collection made to bind out two or more boys apprentices."¹ This seems to have been the first feast of the kind, though many afterwards are recorded in his pages. Open entertainments, indeed, were everywhere given to the freemen on the eve of elections. At Wootten Bassett, the Mayor presided while two fat oxen, the gift of the members, were distributed among the electors, and a third was roasted whole for their diversion.² Every civic necessity occasioned an appeal to the purses of its representatives. The members for Windsor, in 1774, are "honourably mentioned" for their present of £500 to the corporation, towards defraying the expenses of the new pavement of the town.³ The Marlborough interest in the county was maintained after the same fashion by a sumptuous ball at Blenheim, "Lord Robert Spencer and Miss Vernon began the minuets"; whence the ladies, returning at four in the morning, "in passing through the park, expressed uncommon transport on beholding the glorious appearance of a rising sun";⁴ or by grosser entertainments to 225 tenants and other farmers, in the greenhouse, at Blenheim, where they were treated with "128 dishes, exclusive of vegetables, etc. ; 300 bottles of port wine, 52 bottles of rum made into punch, besides an indefinite quantity of ale and strong beer,"⁵ which tells well for the heads of the freeholders. Nor were the more indirect means neglected. The members and their patrons were

expected to subscribe munificently to local charities and subscriptions, and, amongst other contributors, we find Peshall mentioning Lord Abingdon, "who then lived in Mr. Hacker's house," as a principal benefactor to the new gallery at St. Peter's-in-the-East.¹

But the heaviest demands on their charity were occasioned by the extreme destitution which was caused by the severity of the winters of this period and the high war-prices of provisions, wheat being at forty shillings per quarter. The distress was not confined to Oxford. At Westbury the members contributed in large donations, and the corporation of Abingdon granted £50 for the relief of the necessitous poor.² Fifty guineas were given by the Duke of Marlborough, in 1776, to be distributed in bread to the poor in general; and twice that amount was subscribed by the members for the city, Lord Robert Spencer and Mr. Bertie, for the relief of the freemen.³ Similar contributions seem to have been made at every inclement season, accompanied with gratuitous distributions of coal and fuel. The most stringent regulations were at the same time made to enforce the ridiculous statutes against "Forestalling and regrating," and, by an official assize of bread in the winter of 1775, the penny loaf (wheaten) was fixed at 9 oz. 4 dr., while the price of the wheaten quartern loaf was settled at 6½d.⁴

IX

THE prerogative of the corporation was not solely employed in fixing the assize of bread. We find a curious instance of its exercise in the case of inoculation. The small-pox has, by the discovery of Jenner, been rendered so comparatively innocuous, that we can scarcely realise to ourselves the intense consternation which the mere mention of the scourge produced. The slightest rumour of its presence in any locality was deemed a pernicious libel, and judged worthy of the most authoritative contradiction. The surgeons of Wallingford advertise their protest against the rumour that it has broken out there.¹ June 24, 1775,—“The minister, churchwarden, overseer, and principal inhabitants of Chipping Norton do hereby certify that the small-pox is not in the said town, and that those belonging to it who have had this disorder were, before they became infectious, removed to the pest-house, and are now quite recovered.” The vicar and inhabitants of Watlington certify to the freedom of their parish from the infection.² At the same

time, the new remedy of inoculation, which Lady Mary Montague had introduced from the East, was viewed in many quarters with disgust and incredulity. Hosts of doctors, some of whom seem to have been little removed from quacks, opened houses for the reception of patients. Mr Sampson, of Begbroke, "who has inoculated near two thousand without the loss of a single patient, inoculated his third company for this season"; Mr. Bristow, of Begbroke, "receives a succession of patients for inoculation at his house at Jericho, near this city, where they are carried through that disease with the utmost safety by his approved and most successful method";¹ but those in authority, at least, remained unconverted. The prohibition which was fulminated in the year 1774 is too great a curiosity not to be preserved entire:—"Whereas attempts have been made to inoculate persons for the small-pox within the University and City of Oxford, to the great terror of the inhabitants, we, the Vice-Chancellor and Mayor of the said University and City, do hereby will and command that, for the future, no attempt of this kind be made, nor inoculation practised within the said University and City. And likewise we hereby do give notice that if any person or persons shall henceforth inoculate in private houses, or shall take into their respective houses patients under inoculation, or shall let or make use of any houses within the said University and City to inoculate patients therein, such person or persons

offending in any or either of those cases will be prosecuted as the law directs. Given under our hands, Tho. Fothergill, Vice-Chancellor; Sam. Culley, Mayor."¹ These thunderers, however, seem to have roused a spirit of opposition. "Mr. Sutton, just returned from France," advertises that he "intends to inoculate in Oxford and its neighbourhood this winter, notwithstanding any attempts to impede his practice."²

Interferences such as these, absurd as they seem to us, were too much in harmony with the countless other restrictions of the time to seem out of place in the eighteenth century. Sumptuary laws still forbade the use of metal buttons, and ladies were dragged, by common informers, before the Lord Mayor, and fined, for appearing in chintz dresses. The law meddled equally with workman and employer. The one was liable to imprisonment for a "strike;" the other to a heavy penalty for exceeding the wages prescribed by statute. The old and cumbrous machinery of trade-companies, obsolete as it had grown, still retained a lingering vitality. "N. Elliot, Master of the Guild or Fraternity of Cordwainers," advertises a reward of five guineas to any one who will discover any of the journeymen on strike in May 1776.³ A general combination for increase of wages seems to have been formed at this time, for immediately above this advertisement appears another, which gives us the names of the master tailors of the time in Oxford. "Twenty or

thirty journeymen taylor's" are advertised for by "Thomas Joy, P. Rice, Richard West, Fred. Rogers, Wm. Fidler, Thomas Benwell, Wm. Davenport, John Giles, Joseph Harpur, Edward Hitchins."¹ The last of these, a name of future eminence in the city, had but recently (as appears from his first advertisement, October 20, 1775) succeeded to the business of Mr. Herne, and his commencement was almost contemporaneous with that of Mr. Deodatus Eaton, another well-known name, who, in the succeeding week, advertises that "in partnership with his brother-in-law, W. Thompson," he has succeeded to his mother's business as a wood and coal merchant.²

The Company of Taylors, to which these tradesmen belonged, took the lead among the Oxford guilds. "No less than eight kings, eleven dukes, forty-one earls, with many hundreds of gentlemen of family and fortune," had, it boasted, been admitted as honorary members of the fraternity. In March 1776, we find thus admitted the Hon. Peregrine Bertie, Sir Narborough D'Aeth, and Francis Brownsword Bullock, Esq.; while John Walley, Esq., presented the society with a handsome piece of plate.³ But, great as the guild was, it yielded in antiquity to the shoemakers, though both claimed priority over the glovers and mercers. So, at least, did the Common Council determine, when consulting on the order of the procession which was to welcome King James the Second. "These companies—

glovers, cordwainers, taylors, and mercers," says Anthony à Wood, "went on foot. At the end of each company was the master thereof, with his gowne on. Each company went apart by themselves, and had a flagge or ensigne, containing the arms of the company or corporation painted on them. The Taylors, who were most numerous, had two flaggs, one containing their arms, another"—here the account ends in asterisks.¹ One company seems even at this early date to have slipped into non-entity—the Company of Barbers. These, Peshall tells us, "at their first incorporation, at the order of Dr. Northwade, then Vice-Chancellor of the University, agreed that they would yearly keep and maintain a light before our Lady in our Lady's chapel in St. Frideswide's church; for the sure continuance of which every man or woman of the same profession, that kept a shop, should pay two pence every quarter, two journeymen a penny, and to keep it always burning, under the pain of 6s. 8d."² This, which continued till the Reformation, was only one of the many lights which testified at once to the opulence and piety of the crafts. In the orders of the glovers (1461) they are bound to find a light in All Hallows' church, in the Trinity chapel, "namely, 8 tapers and 6 torches, to be honestly kept to the praise of the Holy Trinity." All Hallows, or All Saints' church, was the religious centre of the Company of Glovers. In this chapel of the Trinity, on its south side, which had been founded by J. Stodely, a glover, and

several times Mayor of this City, in the 14th century, the guild was accustomed to celebrate mass on Trinity Sunday for the good estate of the glovers. The mass was silenced at the Reformation, but, in another little chapel, on the same side of the church, which John Berry, Mayor of the City, and warden of the company, had erected in the reign of Henry the Eighth, for a mass priest to pray for their welfare, the change of religion, which so soon followed, did not abolish the whole commemoration, but commuted the mass into prayers on the Trinity Monday, immediately before the guild proceeded to the election of its officers, and to this the benefaction of Alderman Southam added a sermon, which, says Peshall, writing in 1773, "they have now besides praying as formerly."¹ Most, indeed, of the older churches, within the walls, preserved, even to late times, the memories of the trade fraternities. On the south side of All Hallows' church stood the chapel of Our Lady, built by the Cordwainers;² and, in the upper window of the south aisle of old St. Martin's, the painting of a pair of tailor's shears remained, in memory of the foundation of a chauntry in that church by the craft of tailors, for "a priest, that should pray for their welfare, at a yearly stipend of £3:16s."³

Another company which the lapse of time had long since extinguished was the craft of weavers; and it affords a curious instance of the mutations (the whole story of which is itself so curious and

entertaining) of locality and trade in Oxford to know that in old times barges came heavily laden up the Cherwell to Parry's Mead,¹ ground now enclosed in the limits of Magdalen College Meadow, where seventy fullers and weavers abode, and twenty-three looms were busily at work. This peculiar segregation—if we may use the term—of a trade was characteristic of the crafts of the middle ages. Not to look abroad to the great towns of mediæval Italy, where this system had its fullest development, we find the relics of this severance of trade from trade long lingering at least in the names of our own streets and localities. "Sched-yard" Street,² the present Oriel Lane, preserved in its very title the memory of a time when, as appears from records still preserved, it was solely inhabited by "Parchmenors, exemplars, luminars, and bocbynders," the several divisions of what we should now perhaps roughly call the craft of booksellers and stationers. The same craft seem to have inhabited the street which has passed through the titles of St. Mildred's, Cheney, Jesus, and Market Street. Drapers' Hall, which stood in the Bailey, near St. Martin's, long commemorated the "Drapery," within whose bounds it was built. Fishmongers' Hall received its name from the company, whose arms were still remaining in its windows in A. Wood's time, and the residence of whose craftsmen had given to the street in which it stood—the present St. Aldate's—the name of Fish Street. A little bridge on the way to Osney

recalled by its appellation of "Bocbynders' Bridge" some settlement of a craft which probably flourished in the vicinity of the great Abbey. The tailors had their shops in the North-east Ward, in St. Michael's parish, whence, on St. John Baptist's eve, they sallied in procession to the sound of musical instruments, trolling out ancient songs in honour of their craft and its patron, and returning after a circuit of the streets to the jovial mirth of their revel.¹ Other companies seem to have had similar revels and processions, which, picturesque as they appear at the distance of centuries, seem in reality to have afforded scenes of riot and murder so outrageous as to necessitate their suppression by a Royal missive to the Chancellor.

But we have wandered so far into antiquity that we may gladly allow the mention of these revels to lead us back to the more modern times of which we are treating, and to the fairs and wakes which had superseded them. The fair of St. Frideswide, whose memory is still annually kept up by the cakestall which adorns St. Aldate's, the great fair during the seven days of whose continuance the custody of the city was given up into the hands of the monastery, the town courts were closed in favour of the Steward's Piepowder Court, and the keys of the gates rendered by the Mayor to the Prior—had, even in A. Wood's time, fallen "almost to nothing."² The Austin fair, which the Augustin friars had held on the site of the present Wadham College, had been

long forgotten. Fairs, therefore, in the sense of resorts for traffic, there was none. Two wakes however remained: the one Gloucester Green,¹ the other St. Giles's. Of the latter we find no mention—a chance war of advertisements gives us a passing peep into the first. We see “the usual and accustomed pastime of backword playing,” the disorderly mob, the “informer” singled out and chased across the Green.² In presence of such scenes we fail to perceive the justice of Salmon's eulogium—“The people of the place are more civilised than the inhabitants of any other town in Great Britain.”³ They were probably neither better nor worse than the citizens of “the other towns.” It was, despite its material progress, a rough and rude state of society, governed by feelings and sympathies differing widely from our own. We need not shrug our shoulders too complacently when our eye is met by constant advertisements of cock-fighting; when the “Pit” in Holywell is seen to be as established an amusement as the Bull-ring in Spain; when the newspaper chronicles, as an edifying feat, the “drinking three quarts of ale in three minutes” by a labourer at the Observatory;⁴ or the constant “deaths from drink” that testify to the prevalence of the vice. Ladies have their vices now, though we should stare to hear—as Hearne tells us then—of the death of a canon's wife at Christ Church from overlove of the brandy bottle,⁵ or of attempts at suicide by ladies of rank from inability to pay their gambling debts.⁶

If again and again we are horrified in perusing the tedious records of the time to find the constant outrages which were perpetrated against old women on the ground of "witchcraft"; the stripping and weighing against the church Bible; the tying of hands to feet and hurling into the neighbouring pond; we must remember that a century has elapsed, that we boast of our educational advance, and yet that the belief in witchcraft lingers still in our rural districts. A recollection of the fearful immorality which still prevails in the mining counties may perhaps soften our abhorrence of the brutal jocular carelessness with which the papers of the time treat that most brutal of all outrages on decency, the sale of a wife. Such sales were then frequent enough. We have before us one at Leeds, where the ceremony was attended by one thousand spectators, and the bargain concluded for twenty-one guineas, a sum usual in these cases, and which proves that the parties concerned could not at any rate plead ignorance or poverty in excuse. In justice to ourselves, indeed, we must own that we have at any rate shamed vice out of its outrageous publicity. A mistress is not now regarded as the ordinary appendage of a gentleman's household, wives are not lent "by an eminent tradesman" to his comrade for a night, women do not (as we find one in the year 1775) marry in but an undergarment with the notion of thus getting rid of their debts;¹ nor do husbands advertising for a wife who has eloped promise the

person who is "so obliging as to bring her back to her husband the first night's lodging with her in his house."¹ If the times have not grown more virtuous, they have at least grown more shamefaced.

In concluding this account of the three years, we have only to notice the few physical phenomena which they presented. The shock of an earthquake, which was distinctly felt in September 1775, was soon followed by a storm of such violence as to be without parallel in the memory of those then living. Roofs were torn off, chimneys shattered, and holes perforated in the ground by the lightning.² The more prominent event during the period, however, was the great flood of 1774. Four days and nights of incessant rain rendered the temporary footbridge which supplied the place of Magdalen Bridge, then in process of re-erection, impassable; the roads were covered, and communications carried on in boats; St. Thomas's church was filled with water for a week, and service interrupted; while a landslip of an acre of ground, on the south side of Shot-over, shifted one hundred yards into the valley beneath.³

X

IN the Papers which have already appeared we have endeavoured to present to our readers the Oxford of the Last Century in its social aspects. We have painted the university of the time, its servitors and poor scholars, its rakes and debauchees—we have whispered the toasts in Merton gardens, and sipped punch in the coffee-house—and, passing on to descriptions more purely civic, we have gleaned from paragraphs, but too brief and few, some notion of the tradesman of the day, of the drunken voter, the useless watch, the pillory, and the gaol. In future papers we shall, it is hoped, be enabled to fill up these sketches in still greater detail; the series which will follow on the educational position of Oxford will open up an interesting side of her social life in the sketch of “the Don” of that day, “steeped in prejudice and port”; while Papers similar to those which have just come to a close will little by little enable us to realise more completely the every-day life of the shop and the counter.

But this—though the more interesting aspect to

us—was not, it must be remembered, the aspect in which Oxford appeared to the England of the time. Nor was it Oxford's educational position which gave her the importance which she retained through the first half of this century. Walpole, who hated books and tossed history aside with a contemptuous—"That I know *must* be false," was not likely to care much for schoolmaster-functions which the university so imperfectly discharged. Nor did the country squire, whose library consisted of the tattered *Baker's Chronicles* and a few books on simples and farriery, in the hall-window, care one straw for the learning of Dr. Hyde, or the resources of the Bodleian. Yet Oxford was the one point of interest for both squire and minister. It was the Jacobite capital of England. The traders of London might think of Addison's "sponge" and shout themselves hoarse for Public Credit and the Protestant Succession; Oxford brooded over memories of parliamentary visitors and "purified" colleges, and toasted the "King over the water." It was the place of all others where tradition exercised most influence, and the traditions of 1640 hung round Oxford like a baneful spell. Christ Church still boasted of her loyally-defiant Dr. Fell; even Jesus could lay her poverty at the door of the fraudulent Principal whom the Visitors had set over her. The ring of arms had hardly yet died out of the memories of men. There, in Bodley's Library, the curious visitor was shown the map in which "H. Shirburne, Esq., a native of

Oxon, and Comptroller of the Ordnance," had graven Oxford "whilst it was a garrison, with all its fortifications, bastions, trenches," and on which Charles himself, "much approving, wrote the names of the bastions with his own hand."¹ Very old men could remember the scenes which A. Wood's rough memoranda have handed down to us; the students but too willingly drawn from their books to the muster; the troop of university horse which has bequeathed its name to the "Oxford blues"; the city girded by floods on every side save the north, and the Abingdon road, cleaving the inundations, covered with long trains of provisions, or echoing the tramp of Rupert and his straggling troopers, fagged and weary from skirmishes as successful—and as fatal to the noble and good—as that of Chalgrove. Such a one was the "old Will Bremicham," with whom Hearne often, as he tells us, conversed, who used to supply his father's place, as a sentinel on the ramparts, "where Buddard's garden, as they call it, by Wadham is now." The old man could remember Charles, "a thin man, of a little picked beard and little whiskers," and the hanging of the notable traitor on the oak towards Abingdon, to which the execution gave the name of "Blake's Oak."² The Restoration of the Royal Family was no mere matter of political feeling in Oxford; it meant there the restoration of hundreds of fellows and scholars who had been ejected for their cause. Men so expelled, so restored, were not likely easily to forget to whom they owed the one

benefit or the other. And so it was that when the fever-fit of loyalty, which had succeeded the Restoration, had abated elsewhere, it was still maintained at its height in Oxford. Thither Charles II. prorogued his Parliament when London and Shaftesbury seemed likely to foil the projects of the "merry monarch"; and its streets had been filled with the armed retinues of the great opposition lords, who distrusted the pledges of a Stuart. It rewarded Charles's confidence with the most abject devotion. No job was too dirty, no humiliation too base, for its loyalty. Again and again Whigs smiled and the printers rejoiced to see its Heads looking on while beadles stirred the fire that consumed some anathematized volume or pamphlet. A word from Court, and Locke was expelled from Christ Church; and foreign men of learning smiled when the exiled philosopher told them his great work was contraband in the university on account of its "Whig principles." But Oxford was ready to stoop to compliances baser even than this. When Charles was balked in his desire to sacrifice Colledge, "the Protestant Joiner," by the "Ignoramus" of a London grand jury, the victim was despatched to Oxford, and the judicial murder was easily consummated.¹

With facts like these staring us in the face, we may perchance have little sympathy to spare for the university when the characteristic ingratitude of the Stuarts turned upon itself the tyranny it had so warmly applauded when exercised on others. For

the moment "non-resistance" was forgotten. The King was defied, and the Prince of Orange welcomed. But the welcome of the Prince augured no welcome for King William. The oath of allegiance forced the waverers to a quick decision. Some, the worthiest, resigned all rather than take it; the majority swore, and counted the imposition of the oath a new grievance against "the intruder." As day by day the memory of the wrong James had done them grew weaker, the memory of the wrong they had done James waxed the stronger and stronger. Oxford began to reassume its position during the Great Rebellion. Then, as now, the Stuarts had been driven from the throne—then, as now, a "test" had emptied fellowships and preferments—and the acutest politicians of the time could not predict but that a restoration now, as then, was an event within the bounds of probability. Communications were soon opened with the Pretender. Non-jurors retired to Oxford to find cognate sympathies and society, and formed a little junto for the reception and discussion of despatches from St. Germain's. Mr. Giffard, the ejected rector of Russell in Wilts, was there for the sake of "honest company,"¹ and by this time "honest" was the cant term for "Jacobite." Holdsworth, an ejected fellow of Magdalen, and well known for his amusing "Muscipula," had brought thither from Rome the pictures of the Pretender and his consort;² Leak brings news—to be told when none but honest folk are present—of the birth of that son of the

Chevalier de St. George who, under the name of Prince Charles Edward, was to culminate at Derby and set at Culloden.¹ In St. Giles's lived Dr. Wynne, a man learned and benevolent, who had put a stop to the profligate sale of fellowships at All Souls only to be deprived of his own "about midnight" by the Whig head, Dr. Gardiner.² This junto it was that leavened the whole mass, but the mass needed little leavening. Freshmen were drawn from the very quarters where Jacobitism still reigned triumphant, from the country nooks where the squire caught up the Scotch songs that were creeping about, and trolled out "Here's a health to him that's far awa'"; or the vicar weekly thundered against "the pretended right to resistance." "I am a Tory," says one of them, "and all my family have been Tories; my grandfather lost his estate against Oliver Cromwell; my father was a great sufferer for King James II; and I myself had my head broke in defence of Dr. Sacheverell before I was eight years old."³ One so trained was ready to sit down at his first introduction to his tutor, and toast Ormond and Mar six bumpers deep.

Besides the historical causes—if we may so term them—there were other circumstances peculiar to the time which aided Oxford in becoming the great capital of Jacobite England. London indeed was then, even in a greater degree than now, not only the emporium of commerce, but of learning, of manners, one may almost say, of civilisation. It

was to England what Paris is now to France. Other cities bore no comparison with the capital; manufactures had not begotten Manchester, nor had commerce reared Liverpool. London was the great magnet to which whatever genius cropped up was irresistibly attracted, that drew Chatterton from Bristol, Goldsmith from Dublin, Johnson and Garrick from Lichfield. But there were material obstacles which circumscribed the range of the influence which it radiated back in return. Prominent among these were the badness and insecurity of the roads. And every mile from London the roads grew less traversable and less secure. We have already dwelt enough on the highwaymen and their exploits, but we can hardly now realise the dread and terror of travel which those exploits created. Still less can we realise the condition of the roads, the long lanes of mud and ruts through which the lumbering "diligence" ploughed its way to London. Here is a Prince on his travels, no further back than 1734. "As the Prince of Orange was going from Newbury to Abingdon in order to see Oxford, and the road lying through a lane almost impassable for a coach and very dangerous, a wealthy farmer, whose estate lay contiguous, threw down the hedges and opened a way for his highness to pass through his grounds."¹

One consequence was that the provincial districts fell far behind in the progress of intelligence. Addison has humorously sketched a Templar riding

forth on a briefless circuit and busy in marking how, by imperceptible degrees, costume grew more antiquated every stage of his journey, till on his arrival in Cornwall he found the high sheriff priding himself on the fashion of a coat which had been fifty years out of date in town. And it was with manners as with costume. The farther from the metropolis, the farther one went from refinement or education. Wales was for all practical purposes at a greater distance from London than it is now from Vienna. Without adopting Squire Western as the common type of the country gentleman of the day, one can understand the contempt which the novelist's portrait undoubtedly displays. The riches of the country aristocracy might indeed find their way to the amusement, the society, the dissipation of town, but the bulk of the country squires vegetated on their estates, cut off from communication with the world without (save by the monthly "Dyer's Letter," humble precursor of our newspapers and reviews) an occupation but that of hunting, or an ambition but that of being the deepest sot among the toppers of the quorum. The squire's dame (as Humphrey Clinker reveals her to us), spite of "her rose-coloured negligee, her yellow damask, and blue quilted petticoat," which, with French commode and Mechlin headdress, were disinterred from the walnut-press at the advent of a new visitor, was but a farmer's wife. She had to care for her cheese, her savings of buttermilk, her turkeys, chickens, and goslings; it was her

business to see when old Moll had another litter of pigs, what the Alderney calf might fetch, or whether the goose was sitting; it was her eye that kept the maids busy at their spinning-wheels, and watched over ungrateful "Mary Jones that loved to be romping with the men."

The chief result of all this was the greater comparative importance of the provincial towns. The one great centre being practically beyond access, each started into the little centres of its own district. We pass through these country towns, and wonder at the great brick houses, the haunt now of a score of lodgers, but whence of old the county magnates sallied forth to hunt, ball, or assembly. Macadam and Stephenson have been the vandals of these little rural capitals. But at this time they were in the heyday of prosperity, and this prosperity was shared by Oxford; itself a provincial centre, with which no rival could compete. Here the youth, just fresh from the dulness and ignorance of the country, could find all the excess, the life, the refinement of town. It was a sudden plunge at an age when the mind is most susceptible of impressions—that plunge into the Tory atmosphere of Oxford. And the prejudices which the neophyte encountered were but the counterparts of his own. All that chivalry and noble feeling had suggested in favour of the exiled race was now confirmed by the sanction of those whom, at first, he must have looked up to as men of learning and religion. He could give the lie

to the Whig attorney of his native town, who contrasted the ignorance of the Jacobites with the men of letters who rallied round the constitution. The men of letters, whom he met in the High, or the Broad, were Jacobites to a man. It was no wonder that Oxford, thus reinforced, became the focus of disloyalty to the House of Hanover; that after abdicating her functions of the guardian of religion, as the nurse of learning, she came forward as the defiant champion of a retrograde and senseless Toryism. But when the patient firmness of the national will had foiled again and again her efforts at what would have been self-destruction; when the Jacobite blindness had passed from her eyes, and she saw herself landed in safety on the securer ground of "Church and King"—it may be that a few humorists, such as Dr. King, smiled at the story of the poor Irish bricklayer, who had betted against the possibility of his comrades carrying him up a ladder in his hod, and when safely disembarked on the roof could find no better reflection on his foolhardiness than "Faix, but I had hopes at the third story."

XI

IN our last Paper we attempted to sketch, in detail, the causes which led to the political position which the university assumed in the beginning of the eighteenth century, a position so opposite to her own interests and to the sentiments of the wiser and more statesmanlike among the nation at large—the greater importance of provincial towns, the metropolitan position which Oxford occupied towards the young students who flocked to her, the character of those classes from whom she drew her chief reinforcements, the country squires and the country parsons. But, above all, we directed attention to the traditions in which Oxford was bound and entangled, the noble memories of sufferings, manfully borne, for the cause of the Stuarts, the bitter remembrance of injuries, never to be forgotten, inflicted by the usurpers. A mere glance round the landscape would, in Tory hearts, revive the bitterest reminiscences. The great forest of Bagley, that stretched to the very skirts of Oxford, and enveloped Abingdon

in old time, had, indeed, long been curtailed. But, up to the Great Rebellion, the neighbourhood of Oxford was well-wooded; spite of Fuller's complaints: "Indeed, the woods therein are put to too hard a task in their daily duty, viz. to find fuel and timber for all the houses in, and many out of, the shire, and they cannot possibly hold out, if not seasonably relieved by pit-coal, found here, or sea-coal brought hither." The forests had been dear to the city. "When Shotover woods," we quote the same amusing author, "being bestowed by King Charles the First on a person of honour, were likely to be cut down, the university, by letters, laboured their preservation, wherein this, among many other pathetic expressions, 'that Oxford was one of the eyes of the land, and Shotover woods the hair of the eyelids, the loss whereof must needs prejudice the sight with too much moisture flowing therein.' This retrenched that design for the present, but in what case the woods stand at this day is to me unknown."¹ Dr. Plot, however, can tell. "The hills, 'tis true, before the late unhappy wars, were well enough—as Camden says—beset with woods, where now 'tis so scarce that 'tis a common thing to sell it by weight."² The ravages during the Great Rebellion had left traces that no loyalist heart could well forget.

But to this natural sympathy, and to the pride which might arise from a consciousness of the political importance which Oxford now assumed, we must add that perverseness with which the university has

so often shown itself the antagonist of national feeling. "Chronica si penses," says the old proverb,

Cum pugnant Oxonienses
Tunc post sex menses volat ira per Angligenses.

But the wrath of the people was as likely to be in opposition as in accordance with the result of the university's contests. When crown and nation alike took alarm at what were then considered the socialist doctrines of Wycliffe, the reformer could find his staunchest adherents and disciples in the lecture-rooms of Oxford. So violent was the tendency that Richard Fleming, at first a strong partisan, but after his elevation to the see of Lincoln, as strong an opponent of the new doctrines, thought it wise to establish the college which bears the name of his see, for the purpose of perpetually opposing the tenets of "that pestiferous sect," as the statutes termed the Lollards. But the first dawn of the Reformation had been watched by the great prelates who founded Corpus Christi and Brasenose, as bulwarks against the spread of heresy in the University. And so, though literature and scholars such as Erasmus and Ludovicus Vives spread "the new learning" in Oxford, and the teachers whom Wolsey had gathered from Cambridge and elsewhere secretly countenanced the rising heresy, the university, as a body, stood aloof from the movement; it required menaces to gain her assent to that divorce which was the turning-point in the contest, and Oxford is only

associated with the Reformation by that burning of the three bishops that "lighted such a fire in England as shall not easily be put out." In the great national strife against Charles the First, Maynwaring went forth from Oxford to preach "No resistance," and Laud to counsel "Thorough."

There were some who believed that by violent measures the universities could be brought into unison with the national feeling, and amongst the earliest of these was Locke. "Sir, you have made a most glorious and happy Revolution, but the good effects of it will soon be lost if no care be taken to regulate our universities,"¹ was the appeal of one who, perhaps, still smarted with the disgrace of an exclusion, on mere political grounds, from Christ Church. But the Government wisely held aloof—how wisely the result of Sacheverell's "persecution" was destined to prove. During William's reign and the first years of his successor the university merely talked. Non-jurors were content to ignore the "usurpers," and in the midst of the rejoicings for Marlborough's victories, to exult over the exploits of the young Pretender, though fighting against those whom he claimed as his subjects and countrymen. "Amongst others that signalized themselves" in the battle near Mons, says Hearne, "must not be forgotten the young King of England, who fought under the character of the Chevalier St. George, and 'tis by that title he passes. He showed abundance of undaunted courage and resolution, led up his troops with unspeakable bravery,

appeared in the utmost dangers, and at last was wounded.”¹ Jacobites, to whom London was dangerous, sought shelter in Oxford. Leslie, author of the seditious pamphlet, “The Memorial of the Church of England,” in his flight from outlawry, could visit the Bodleian under a flimsy incognito, without fear of discovery.² A visitor of greater interest to us was the father of the Wesleys. In a previous Paper we saw him starting, without a penny, to Oxford, and eking out his subsistence as a servitor, by teaching and composing exercises for the idlers of his college. He was ordained, became, in turn, a navy chaplain and a London curate, and, in his latter capacity, distinguished himself by refusing to read James’s obnoxious “Declaration,” and taking for his text the reply of Daniel, “Be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image that thou hast set up” The Revolution came, and Wesley was amongst the foremost to write in its defence; and the dedication of his work to Queen Mary was rewarded with the living of Epworth, in Lincolnshire.³ Like his sons, he was a poet, and a poem on the battle of Blenheim procured him a chaplain’s place in one of the new regiments, and a promise of greater favour. But Wesley was among those whose conscience or obstinacy are for ever marring their fortune. He had engaged in an acrimonious controversy with the Dissenters, and the request of the “person” on whom all his hopes of preferment rested that he would drop the dispute, “had a con-

trary effect to what was expected. I left my fortunes in God's hands, and resolved to act according to my conscience," he says in his letter. Accordingly, no sooner had he gone down into the country than he threw himself into election struggles, wrote letters, which his enemies charged with treason, was ousted from his chaplaincy, and thrown into prison for debt to one of the friends of the candidate he had opposed. The same zeal that had involved him in these misfortunes had gained him bitter foes among his Lincolnshire parishioners; but we must leave his own begging letter to tell the story of a poor parson's life and misfortunes in the last century. "I had been thrown behind by a series of misfortunes. My parsonage barn was blown down ere I had recovered the taking my living; my house, great part of it, burnt down about two years since; my flax, great part of my income, now in my own hands (hemp was the principal crop of the neighbourhood), I doubt wilfully fired and burnt in the night, whilst I was last in London; my income sunk about one half by the low price of grain; and my credit lost by the taking away my regiment. I was brought to Lincoln Castle June the 23rd last past. About three weeks since, my very unkind people, thinking they had not yet done enough, have, in the night, stabbed my three cows, which were a great part of my poor numerous family's subsistence. For which God forgive them."¹

The letter was responded to by considerable subscriptions on the part of all the colleges, and a vote

of £20 from the justices in session ; but the sympathy was not so much for his distress as for his opposition to the Whigs. "There is a gathering making in the University for relief of Mr. Wesley," says Hearne, "to the great mortification of the fanatics."¹ To the same charitable end tended the ceaseless calumnies which Oxford common-rooms poured forth against the character of the Prince whose first arrival they had so vehemently welcomed. To us it would seem simply ridiculous were a grave Don to assert that "King William gave £1000 to those infamous villains Blackett and Fuller, that were embarked in a design to take away the lives of Archbishop Sancroft and Bishop Spratt";² but the lie thus circulated became a source of exultation to the Tories and of indignation to the Whigs. On the other hand no eulogy could be too great for the sufferers for "loyalty's" sake. Lord Griffin dies in the tower, "confined," comments Hearne, "for treason, as they now call sticking close to the oath of allegiance, and adhering firmly to the undoubted Sovereign."³ The most odious epithets were lavished on their political foes. "Vile, stinking Whig"⁴ almost recalls to our memory O'Connell's "base, bloody, and brutal." A chorus of indignant invective saluted any public demonstration of Whig principles. Long after this several of the nobility had to vindicate their characters—as though the aspersions were a grave one—from having met together purposely to carouse on the 30th of January, the "Martyr's day." And the Tory annalist

commemorates "an abominable riot committed in All Souls' College. Mr. Dalton, A.B., and Mr. Talbot, A.M., son to the Bishop of Oxon, both fellows, had a dinner drest at 12 Clock, part of which was woodcocks, whose heads they cut off in contempt of the memory of the blessed martyr. At this dinner were present two of the pro-proctors, of Oriel Coll., Mr. Ibbetson and Mr. Rogers, to their shame be it spoken, both low church men. 'Tis to be noted that this Dalton, an empty fellow, is one of those whom the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Tension, put into the Society upon the devolution to him of that power when Dr. Finch the late Warden died. He was for having calves' heads, but the cook refused to dress them."¹

Greater persons than cooks, however, were now coming forward to vindicate the Toryism of the University. Sacheverell, like his personal friend but political opponent, Addison, was a fellow of Magdalen. It is hard to guess the causes of the friendship between two so opposed in character as well as opinion, for, from the testimony of his very supporters, Sacheverell was a man of infinite bluster but of scanty parts or knowledge. It fell, however, to his lot to preach at St. Paul's before the Lord Mayor and Corporation, and he selected for the occasion a sermon which he had just preached at St. Mary's. But language that fell unheeded in Oxford sounded like treason at St. Paul's. He upbraided "the fanatics" for condemning the king of high treason against "his supreme subjects." He taunted the Whig ministers,

and singled out Godolphin by the nickname of Volpone. Then, turning on the Whig London clergy, who sat in great numbers in the choir—"The Whigs," he thundered out, "are conformists in faction, half conformists in practice, and nonconformist in judgment." The glove thus boldly thrown down was at once taken up by the opposite party. The Government talked of prosecution. The Lord Mayor and Corporation refused to order the sermon to be printed. But the university was not backward in supporting her daring son. Drs. Moss and Smalridge refused to preach before the Lord Mayor "on account of the ill-treatment Dr. Sacheverell had received."¹ The populace, wearied with the long war whose objects they could not understand, and roused by the cry of "the church in danger," flocked to hear the preacher at Lothbury, and pulled down Meeting-houses to show their zeal for the Establishment. Mobs surrounded the Queen's coach with shouts of "The Church and Dr. Sacheverell." The impeachment went on, and Atterbury and the Oxford wits penned an ingenious and impressive defence. The return from the trial was a triumphal progress. Addresses were presented to the doctor; purses were thrown into his coach. Everywhere he stopped on his journey to his parsonage in Wales mobs turned out to huzzah him. Oxford received him in solemn procession, and the bells rang as for a victory.²

It was indeed a victory for the Tories. The Queen was weary of imperious Duchess Sarah of

Marlborough, and the nation was weary of the war. The Sacheverell mania gave a last blow to the tottering ministry, and, aided by Mrs. Masham, Harley and Bolingbroke came into power. Peace was made, and the people were contented. Whispers spread abroad of ministerial intrigues for the restoration of the Pretender on the Queen's death, and the Jacobites waited in silence. "Mr. Giffard told us last night," says Hearne, "when several of us were in company, all honest men, that the young king was in England when the present Queen, as she is styled, his sister, was crowned, and he further says that the Queen kissed him at that time, he being present at the coronation. This is a great secret."¹ It was on "secrets" like these that the Tories relied, as they saw the Queen's health gradually declining. Smalridge and Atterbury were rapidly promoted; Oxford again basked in court favour, and its tranquillity gave no sign of the stormy outbreak which was so soon to follow the downfall of its hopes. This, however, we reserve for our next Paper.

XII

THE accession of Harley to power, the Jacobite sympathies of the Queen, the hopes that rested on her failing health and on the success of the intrigues of Bolingbroke and Ormond, had given a seeming peace to the university. Both parties shook hands on the brink of a deadly struggle. They accosted each other in the streets; politics were carefully excluded from conversation; party words—those badges of faction—laid for a while aside. The Whig was silent about the “Pretender”; the Tory, in return, said little about the “Elector of Brunswick.” The one party looked hopefully to Hanover—its rival, to the Ministry and St. Germain's.

At length the crisis came. The Ministry, disunited and shaken by Bolingbroke's manœuvres, hung back irresolutely. The Jacobite members of the Cabinet exhorted them in vain to a bolder course of action. Atterbury, bishop though he was, swore with an oath that, give him but a regiment of the Guards, and he would proclaim the Pretender in the heart of the city. But, while their enemies were

discussing, the great Whig lords had forced their way into the Council Chamber. The Queen died, and Bolingbroke was flying for his life across the Channel, Harley waiting for impeachment at home. The Elector was on the throne, and the Whigs sang a triumphant welcome to the first of the Georges.

Bitter as the disappointment must have been, the new king was at all events received without open opposition in the greater part of his dominions. In Scotland, indeed, there were signs of the rebellion which Mar was so soon to put himself at the head of, but in England the discontent only expressed itself in that "grumbling" which an Englishman reckons among his constitutional privileges. Here and there one might find a parish clerk that had "ransacked Hopkins and Sternhold for staves in favour of the race of Jacob; after the example of their politic predecessors in Oliver's days, who on every Sabbath were for binding kings in chains and nobles with links of iron." The Jacobite beauty might parade her white rose, to spite the rival fair one, who, "to show her zeal for revolution principles, had adorned her bosom with a Sweet William." Elections for "Toasts" might be decided in clubs rather on political than on personal grounds, and a trifling deformity be pardoned on account of "honest principles." In the theatres the ladies patched on different sides as they differed in opinion; and the audience ranged into parties, selected their respective favourites, and hooted, or applauded every chance

phrase that they could wrest to the contests of the day. In the country the strife took other, but not more demonstrative forms. The elder Wesley's house—according to his own account—was haunted by a goblin that proved its Jacobitism by rarely suffering him to pray for the King or the Prince of Wales without disturbing the family devotions. "As to the devil's being an enemy to King George," replied his son Samuel, to whom he communicated his troubles, "were I the King myself, I should rather old Nick should be my enemy than my friend."¹ Even up to the beginning of George III.'s reign there were persons in Bristol whose political principles would not allow them to receive King William's halfpence, and such was the inconvenience to trade which attended their refusal that the interference of the magistrates was thought necessary.

But a more envenomed opposition awaited the triumph of the Whig cause at Oxford. There the correspondents of Atterbury, the confidants of Dr. King, waited, hour by hour, for some interference that never came, some rising that never occurred. They exulted at the small number of people who attended to hear the Hanoverian proclaimed at Abingdon. "A person in an open-sleeved gown, and in a cinnamon-coloured coat," left at the Mayor's house a letter, which, in its medley of cowardly threats, craven petitions, and vague intimations, gives us a very lively picture of the state of the Jacobite minds of the time.

“Mr. Mayor,—If you are so *honest* a man as to prefer your duty and allegiance to your lawful sovereign before the fear of danger, you will not need this caution, which comes from your friends to warn you if you should receive an order to proclaim Hanover not to comply with it. For the hand of God is now at work to set things upon a right foot, and in a few days you will find wonderful changes, which if you are wise enough to foresee you will obtain grace and favour from the hands of his sacred Majesty King James by proclaiming him voluntarily, which otherwise you will be forced to do with disgrace. If you have not the courage to do this, at least for your own safety delay proclaiming Hanover as long as you can under pretence of sickness or some other reason. For you cannot do it without certain hazard of your life, be you ever so well guarded. I, who am but secretary to the rest, having a particular friendship for you and an opinion of your honesty and good inclinations to his Majesty’s service, have prevailed with them to let me give you this warning. If you would know who the rest are, our name is Legion—and we are many.”

The only notice taken of this ludicrous epistle was a proclamation by the Heads of Houses, and an offer of £100 for the discovery of the deliverer in the cinnamon-coloured coat.¹ Broadwater, the Mayor, “honest” though his subsequent conduct shews him to have been, was prudent enough to proclaim the accession on Carfax with all the usual ceremonies,

while the Heads met at the Convocation House and proceeded to St. Mary's for the same purpose. The Tories, however, exulted with Hearne "on the small appearance of Doctors and Masters" in the procession, and in the feeble rejoicings and scanty illuminations with which Oxford celebrated the occasion.¹ But day after day passed without notes of disturbance, the country was quiet, and men began to hope that the same peaceful sentiments would prevail at the university. There, however, the waiting against hope begat a bitterness which could not long contain itself in even an appearance of content. The rage of the vanquished broke out in all the malice of a baffled and disappointed faction. Libels covered the tables of the coffee-houses; grave dons toasted "The King over the water"; rioters sang treasonable lampoons beneath the windows of the hated Hanoverians. They were marked out for persecution and scorn. Common-rooms had no mercy on them; Golgotha—the place of skulls, as the Hebdomadal room² was then called—denied them justice or redress. Nor was it better without college than within. If they ventured forth they were sure of insult from the crowd; gownsmen shouted at them as they passed, and the rabble at their bidding hustled and mobbed them.³

But the Whigs, few as they were in Oxford, were too fresh from the triumph of their cause to yield without a struggle. Their lack of numbers called for union, and it is characteristic of their age that they

found this union in a club. To this—the Constitution Club—all were to be admitted who were well-affected to the Government, and (as we presume few Whigs could be found among undergraduates) not below the Bachelor's degree. Originated by some members of New College, and patronised by Dr. Gardiner, the Head of All Souls, it soon became the centre round which the poor persecuted Whigs grouped. The Tories fumed at "the insolent loyalty" of the united Hanoverians.¹ But, as yet, though individual members might be persecuted, no opportunity could be found for attack on the club. On the 28th of May 1715, however, came the first anniversary of the birthday of the new Sovereign. The bells "were jangled by the Whiggish fanatical crew," as Hearne growls, but "honest folk" mocked, and drank deep for King James.² Mobs paraded the streets, shouting for the Pretender, and putting a stop to every kind of rejoicing. The Constitution Club had gathered to commemorate the day at the King's Head. The windows were illuminated, and preparations made for a bonfire. Tossing up their caps, and scattering money among the rabble that flocked to the front of the hotel, the Jacobite gowmsmen egged them on with shouts of "No George"; "Jamcs for ever"; "Ormond"; or "Bolingbroke." The fagots were torn to pieces, showers of brickbats were thrown into the clubroom. It was feared lives would have been lost had not the Constitutioners escaped by the back door, and slunk away to their

colleges. Thus baffled, the mob rolled on to attack all illuminated houses. Every Whig window was smashed. The meeting-house was entered and gutted.¹ This was the usual mode of showing concern for the Church by men who, like Addison's Tory landlord, "had not time to go to church himself, but—as my friend told me in my ear—had headed the mob at the pulling down of two or three meeting-houses." There was some reason for the essayist's caustic comment—"Their concern for the Church always rises highest when they are acting in direct opposition to its doctrines. Our streets are filled at the same time with zeal and drunkenness, riots and religion. We must confess that if noise and clamour, slander and calumny, treason and perjury, were articles of their communion there would be none living more punctual in the performance of their duties."

At last the mob dispersed for the night, publicly giving out that "the glorious work" was left unfinished till the morrow. The Twenty-ninth of May was associated with too significant reminiscences to be allowed to pass in quiet. Sunday though it was, the streets were filled with people running up and down with oak boughs in their hats, and shouts of "King James, the true king—No Usurper. The Good Duke of Ormond!" The streets were brilliantly illuminated; indeed, wherever disregard was shown to the mob's fiat, the windows were broken.² It is a sign of the deep disloyalty of the place that even

those who had not shared in the riot of the past night, boasted of their part in it. The real rioters displayed their hoarseness in proof of the vigour of their uproar, and recruited their voices with treasonable healths in every tavern. Oxford had seen no such public rejoicing since the Restoration. The crowds grew thicker and noisier towards even. A rumour had gone abroad that Oriel had given shelter to some of the Constitutionalists. The mob rushed to the attack, and threatened to break open the closely-barred gates. At this moment a shot from a window wounded one of the ringleaders, a gownsman of Brasenose, and the crowd fled in confusion to break fresh windows, gut the houses of dissenters, and pull down the chapels of the Anabaptists and Quakers.¹

Such is the Whig account of the great Jacobite riots in Oxford in the year of the accession of King George. The account of the Tories was very different. "Golgotha" met to deliberate on the causes of the riot. It was at once laid at the door of the club. They had met there, it was urged, to carry out "extravagant designs," been prevented by an "honest party" in an adjoining room, and forced to steal away.² The guilt, too, of the bloodshed was laid at their door. 'Twas in vain that others, not belonging to the club, who had been in the street at the time of the attack, alleged that its members had given no provocation, had left the tavern before nine, and had been forced to use weapons in self-defence. It was replied by the Heads of Houses,

and to such a reply it is difficult to see what answer could be made, that had the Constitutional Club not been assembled in the tavern on the 28th, the riot could not have occurred, and that on this ground the club must be adjudged the originators of the disturbances. Nor were the Heads alone in this conclusion. The grand jury of the county made a similar presentment at the assizes, branding the Constitutionals as "a set of factious men, who, shrouding themselves under the specious name of the Constitution Club, were enemies to monarchy and all good government, and had been the authors of all the tumults and disorders that had happened in the city or county of Oxford."¹ The county juries, however, had long since earned a reputation for unflinching Jacobitism by the trial of Du Cain, an Irish gentleman, who was indicted for declaring his belief that the soul of King William was in hell. The charge could not be denied, but the jury, nevertheless, returned a verdict of acquittal, stating their belief that by the word which he had used the prisoner did not intend to convey the meaning of a place of torment, but merely that intermediate place of rest where the dead repose till the last judgment day!² After sophistry such as this we may, perhaps, attach less importance to the logic by which the grand jury condemned the members of the Constitutional Club.

XIII

THE Heads seem to have entertained a reasonable doubt whether the account of these riots, which proved satisfactory to themselves, would prove equally satisfactory to the Court. "Rattling letters," as Hearne phrases it, had come down to the Pro-Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Charlett, and to the Mayor. "The riots," these missives urged, "had been begun by scholars, and scholars promoted them. . . . The Pro-Vice-Chancellor did not endeavour to suppress them, and the other magistrates were no less remiss." Old Sherwin, the beadle, was indeed sent up to London to represent what the Tories styled "the truth of the matter";¹ but the Heads felt that the patience of the Government had reached its utmost limits. When June 10th brought the Pretender's birthday, the zeal of his supporters was rudely suppressed. Charlett and the Proctors were industrious in hindering any sign of rejoicing. Illuminations indeed were commenced at Wadham, but they were promptly extinguished by the Pro-Vice-Chancellor. Atterbury's friend, Smalridge, now, in addition to his Bishopric

of Bristol, Dean of Christ Church, invited all the noblemen and gentlemen commoners of his house to supper, and kept them in his lodgings, and was christened "a sneaker" for his pains. "All honest men were obliged to drink King James's health either privately or out of town." Hearne, with a party of Balliol non-jurors, made merry at Foxcombe.¹

The Jacobites had no reason to reproach Golgotha with "sneaking." At their instigation the university, on the impeachment and withdrawal of their Chancellor, Ormond, had unanimously elected as his successor his equally Jacobite brother, the Earl of Arran.² On the very day of the coronation of King George the Convocation met to confer on Sir Constantine Phipps, one of the most active of the Tory partisans, the honorary degree of D.C.L., with particular marks of honour and esteem.³ Of their representatives in Parliament, Bromley disputed the Tory leadership with Wyndham, and Whitlock had to apologise to the House for the intemperate language which, in his opposition to the dissolution, he applied to the Throne.⁴ On the birthday of the Prince of Wales⁵ no signs of rejoicing were shown, and the bells were silent. A recruiting party⁶ was in Oxford at the time, and its Major, indignant at the affront to the house of Hanover, bustled off to the Mayor. The Mayor shuffled; he did not know, he urged, that it was the Prince Regent's birthday. The Major swore he would draw out his regiment, and celebrate the day with suitable rejoicings. The soldiers were

from the riot being attributable to the officers, it was only by their exertions that a greater disturbance was prevented. The Earl of Abingdon, finding the debate going against him, offered a petition from the Mayor and Magistrates, but it was very properly rejected, as the House was in committee, and the Lords agreed to the following resolutions: —“That the Heads of Houses and the Mayor of the City neglected to make proper rejoicings on the Prince’s birthday; that the officers having met to celebrate the day, the house in which they assembled was assaulted and windows broke by the rabble; that this assault was the beginning and occasion of the riots which ensued; that the conduct of the Major was justified by the affidavits; that the printing and publishing the depositions while that matter was under the examination of the Lords of Council, and before any resolution was come to, was irregular, disrespectful to the Prince, and tending to sedition.”¹

In the interval, however, between the riots and these proceedings, which, for the sake of convenience, we have linked together, the Court had taken an opportunity of shewing its resentment by a most contemptuous reception of the address with which the university met the announcement from the Throne of the rebellion in Scotland.² It is difficult, indeed, to imagine how the actors in this farce could have kept their countenances. It is probable that among the whole deputation there was scarce one who did not in his heart wish for Mar’s success.

The Government, well informed of the Jacobite plans, of the preparations for insurrection in the western counties, of the arms and artillery gathering at Bath, of the design to surprise Bristol, could hardly place much confidence in the loyal professions of a place which they were on the point of coercing by military force. Still, so great had been the forbearance of the Administration, that it was with no little surprise that Oxford saw Major-General Pepper's entrance at daybreak at the head of his dragoons.¹ Martial law was at once proclaimed, and the General declared that any student who presumed to appear beyond the limits of their respective colleges should be marched off to military execution. After the seizure of ten or a dozen persons, "among whom was one Lloyd, a coffee-man,"² and of some horses and furniture belonging to the notorious traitor, Colonel Owen, and other Jacobites, the soldiers withdrew to Abingdon, and Handyside's³ regiment of foot was afterwards⁴ quartered in Oxford "to overawe the university."⁵ The measure, harsh as it was, can hardly be considered an unnecessary one. Derwentwater's rebellion was on the point of breaking out, Oxford men were among his associates, and in the number of those who were taken at Preston, we find Hearne mourning over one "Lionel Walden, a very worthy young gentleman," just fresh from Christ Church, who, after a temporary imprisonment, seems to have taken refuge on the continent, and there to have fallen in a miserable squabble with one

Forbes, a fellow refugee.¹ To such ends could a worthless cause lead the noblest and bravest of the youth of England!

The wits of Oxford met this affront with an epigram worthy of a better origin—

King George, observing with judicious eyes
The state of both his universities,
To Oxford sent a troop of horse ; and why ?
That learned body wanted loyalty.
To Cambridge books he sent, as well discerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning.

The authorship of this is, we believe, unknown.² The reply which was made with almost equal severity on behalf of Cambridge was attributed to Sir William Browne, the founder of the prize for odes and epigrams in that university, and himself a wit of no mean order—

The King to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force.
With equal skill to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs admit no force but argument.

The books here alluded to were the 30,000 volumes of Bishop Moore's magnificent library which the Crown had purchased at Lord Townshend's suggestion. Cambridge, though cool in comparison with Oxford, was yet Tory in sentiment, and opposed to the domination of the Whigs. She returned in the election of 1715 representatives as anti-Hanoverian as Bromley and Whitlock. Riots took place at

Cambridge as at Oxford on the birthdays of the King and the Pretender, windows were broken, and young gowmsmen shouted "No Hanover." But Golgotha was not so blind as at the sister university. Instead of the ingenious logic by which the Oxford Heads thrust the blame on to Whig shoulders, the Vice-Chancellor treated the conduct of the young men as a breach of discipline, and the senate in a formal act sanctioned an address to the Throne, acknowledging King George for their rightful sovereign, and promising so to train up the youth under their charge "that they might shew in their conduct an example of those principles of loyalty and obedience which this university, pursuing the doctrines of our Church, has ever steadily maintained." The doctrine of Non-resistance was an odd one to use in addressing a King who owed his throne to a revolution, but the testimonial was well timed, and the loyalty of Cambridge was rewarded with the present of Bishop Moore's Library.¹

But the insult to Oxford was resented by measures more weighty, if less provoking, than epigrams. On the suppression of the rebellion, and the conclusion of a triple treaty with France and Holland, addresses poured in from every quarter of the kingdom. "Oxford," smiles the Tory Smollett, "was not so lavish of her compliments." At a meeting of the Vice-Chancellor and Heads of Houses an address was moved to the King. Its grounds are curiously stated. The suppression of the late rebellion, and the King's safe return from his Hanoverian dominions,

were coupled—as a concession to Tory prejudice—with “the favour lately shown the university in omitting, at their request, the ceremony of burning in effigy the Devil, the Pope, the Pretender, the Duke of Ormond, and Earl of Mar, on the anniversary of his Majesty’s accession.” In spite, however, of such a favour as this, the proposal met with a vehement opposition. The rebellion, Smalridge argued, had been long suppressed; addresses would have no end were one presented on each return of the King from his German dominions; the favour so much dwelt upon was more than counterbalanced by the regiment that was quartered on them; while the remonstrances of the university against the riotous conduct of the troops had been met with contemptuous disregard.¹

If we are amused at this childish display of an impotent resentment, we cannot, on the other hand, fail to be struck with the great forbearance exhibited by the Government in their dealings with Oxford. Enough has been said of the secret intrigues carried on even by Ministers of the Crown with the Court of St. Germain, but historians have failed to notice that the lenity which this conduct forced them to exhibit towards those who were more luckless in their intrigues, or more open in their dealings with the exiles, was one of the main causes of the comparative bloodlessness of the many contests which disturbed the throne of the first two Georges. Certain it is, that of this lenity Oxford had more than its share.

So long as sedition only trumpeted from its pulpits; so long as their exertions for the Jacobite cause were confined to treasonable toasts and witty epigrams, the Government stood by inactive. Bellarmine—so merciless to heretics—“allowed,” says Southey, “free right of pasture on his corporal domains to fleas. He thought they were created to afford exercise for our patience, and, moreover, that it was unjust to interrupt them in their enjoyment here when they have no other paradise to expect.” Oxford divines had no court promotion, no deaneries or sees to look to, and, perhaps, Townshend or Sunderland allowed them in very pity to have their fling. It may be that, like the monks who, every day during the warm season, shake the vermin from their habits into a dungeon beneath, the Hanoverian statesmen were glad to brush off the prejudices and bigotries which, if accumulated elsewhere, might have given them so much trouble, into this antiquated receptacle, and to leave it untouched, as the monks left theirs untouched—“La Pulciara”—the Fleaery of England.

XIV

THOSE who have amused themselves with the riots and disturbances of our former Papers must smile to think how, proudly as our university looks down on its continental rivals, its attitude in the last century recalls the Jena and Heidelberg of 1848. There are the same boisterous disloyalty—the same secret clubs—the same military coercion. Traitors—to give them a harsh name—they immured in their hidden recesses; the beautiful turret, which alone remains to us of old Magdalen Hall, served to conceal Colonel Owen, the seizure of whose horses we have already recorded. The same high and noble sympathies were enlisted in the cause of King James as in the cause of republican liberty, but it must be owned that the German universities—whether from fear or some higher feeling—have shown a disposition towards their political opponents very different from that which the Oxford Tories displayed towards the Oxford Whigs.

During the reign of the first two Georges, Oxford was to a Whig an earthly purgatory. Open resist-

ance to the new family ceased after the first wild outburst of disappointment; and the baffled dons turned with an old-womanish instinct to worry the luckless partisans whom fortune had placed in their hands. The severer weapons of offence were indeed no longer in their power. The days were past when A. Wood could record (Sept. 6, 1683) "Bannimus stuck up to expell Mr. Parkinson from the university for Whiggism, formerly expelled from C.C.C.," and a late expulsion of one of the fellows by a Cambridge college for justifying the execution of King Charles had been annulled by the restoration of their victim. But means of annoyance still remained, as well for the Whig as for the Tory. Degrees were refused to even the most senior applicants. Dr. Wills complained of the strenuous opposition that was offered to the conferring of his degree, "which he obtained at last with much difficulty by a majority of only three or four," and of the refusal of accumulating, which was granted on the same day to an applicant of the other party. "What reasons," blustered a Tory zealot,¹ "have I against him? Did he not decypher the Bishop of Rochester's letters?" The bishop was Atterbury, just exiled on a charge of treason, and whom his sufferings rendered justly dear to his Jacobite friends at the university. The story of Amherst—to whose sketches we owe so much of our knowledge of the time—may prove that this persecution ranged from doctors down to undergraduates. Though there seems little doubt that his

conduct was by no means so irreproachable as he represents it, and that he suffered as much for his own misconduct as for his Whig sympathies, yet the side of his Oxford life which he has written for us is too strongly corroborated by every other memorial of the time to be dismissed as a fiction. He sketches vividly enough the hot, ardent boy disputing "with his disaffected schoolfellows upon Liberty and Property and the Protestant Succession," poring over the *Flying Post*, and devouring the crowds of controversial pamphlets, "by which means I became so considerable a disputant that I thought myself a match for any Jacobite in the kingdom." He is elected, in the very crisis of Mar's rebellion, to St. John's, "a college the most remarkable in Oxford for as violent a zeal on the contrary side,"¹ and he had not been there an hour before the company were toasting "King James, Ormond, and Mar," and "Confusion to the Usurper." The young Whig declined drinking to the Pretender, whom he was on the morrow to abjure, and proposed the health of King George. He was charged with "an affront to the company," and set down in the eyes of all honest men as "a turbulent, contumacious, ungovernable wretch, an undutiful son of the university." The young "freshman" seems to have had an Irishman's love of a row; if there was one thing in Oxford worse than the being a Whig it was the being a Low Churchman, and Amherst took part with Hoadley in the famous Bangorian controversy only to add to his other titles

that of "Arian, infidel, and atheist." It was in vain that head and tutors remonstrated; he enrolled himself in the Constitution Club, and was whispered to be the author of the bitterest of the Whig pamphlets and epigrams. His probation came at last to a close; ten out of fourteen fellows voted against him for his fellowship, and his four supporters in turn came in for the penalties of insubordination. One lost his living, two were long denied testimonials for orders, and it was rumoured that another, before he could obtain his degree, had to declare that he abhorred Amherst's person and principles.¹

But the most systematic and persevering instance of Tory persecution was directed against the Constitution Club. We have already described the riots of 28-29 May 1715. On the evening of 29 May 1715 the Club, with several officers of Handyside's regiment, were drinking loyal healths at the King's Head, regardless of the squibs or hooting of the crowd without. About eleven the Pro-proctor, Mr. Holt, of Magdalen, entered to demand the reason of their presence at a tavern at so late an hour. Meadowcourt,² of Merton, who was in the chair, replied that they were met to commemorate the restoration of King Charles and the accession of King George, and invited the Proctor to join him in drinking the health of the latter. It was impossible, with any appearance of loyalty, to refuse; but the jest was an imprudent one. The offender was summoned next day to the Proctor. He was treated to a tirade against the Constitution

Club—"the most profligate fellows in Oxford, who deserved to be expelled for pretending to have more loyalty than the rest of the university. Who were this handful of men," thundered the indignant official, "that they should venture to set themselves up in a place where there were notoriously ten Tories to one Whig?" Meadowcourt was fined, and his name, with that of his companions,¹ put down² in the Proctorial Black Book, in spite of the intercession of influential friends. They were charged in that formidable record with "profaning with mad intemperance" the sacred anniversary of the Restoration; with associating "with those who insolently boast of their loyalty to King George"; with abetting "certain officers who ran up and down the High Street with their swords drawn"; and "with breaking out to that degree of impudence" at the Proctor's admonition to withdraw, "as to command all the company to drink King George's health." For these and other charges they were suspended from their degrees for different periods, and at whose expiration an abject apology was required. This was refused, and the culprits took advantage³ of the King's Act of Grace, which wiped off all offences, to stand for their degrees. Mr. Meadowcourt was thrice denied his M.A.; and on the third trial it was granted only because the refuser would then have had to allege his reasons for such a proceeding.⁴ In spite of these penalties the Constitution Club advanced in numbers and influence. While the Vice-Chancellors were

sneering at it in the Theatre, and a Proctor was describing its members to Convocation as "villains hateful to heaven and to men," they boasted of the presidency of Dr. Gardiner, the head of All Souls, and of the adhesion of the more aristocratic members of the university. It was impossible to arrest the steady growth of more loyal principles, and the disgust which was felt at the mad threat of one of the Proctors, "that no Constitutioner should take his degree" during his year of office,¹ was a sign that in this burst of vapouring Toryism open persecution had at last reached its close.

The petty but perhaps more annoying vexations which Whigs were exposed to in their social intercourse with their opponents lasted probably much longer. Hearne glories in the exclusion of Mr. Moseley from the club of "the High Borlace," on the mere pretext that he was a Merton man.² "Oxford," exclaimed a Tory professor who had wandered to London, "is a learned and blameless society." "What," said a friend, "are there no abuses, debauchery, disloyalty, or perjury there?" "None at all," replied the doctor. "No!" rejoined his questioner, "not in Merton College, sir?" "Hum," quoth his professorship, "yes, really, I have heard of strange doings there!"³ Merton, in fact, was regarded by both parties as the centre and rallying-point of the Whigs. Three of its fellows were among "the associates of the red coats," who, with Meadowcourt, experienced the discipline of the

Black Bock.¹ A Merton Proctor, Mr. Streat, who with his Pro. was commemorating the coronation of the King in a tavern, on the evening of that anniversary, which chanced to be Sunday, was pounced upon by the Vice-Chancellor, "who walked that evening," and "dismissed forthwith to the great reluctance—to be sure—of Streat and his friends," chuckles Hearne.² Wadham, Exeter, and Christ Church were tainted with the same political spirit in a less degree. The Deans who succeeded Atterbury and Smalridge were carefully selected by the Court from among its staunchest adherents. On the King's birthday, in 1727, "Mr. Jonathan Colley, being chaunter of Christ Church, set a penitential anthem, which enraged the Dean, Dr. Bradshaw, to that degree that after service he sent for and reprimanded him."³ Gibson, the head of Queen's, was a Whig as well by conviction as by his marriage with a grand-daughter of the Protector Cromwell.⁴ There were indeed many exceptions; Johnson, years after, praised Panting, the Master of Pembroke, as a "fine Jacobite fellow";⁵ but the Toryism of the Heads was lukewarm when compared with the Toryism of the Undergraduates.

The "Freshman," who arrived at Oxford with a head full of loyal traditions, a hatred of Oliver, Jack Presbyter, and the Whigs, had little to encourage him to a change of sentiments. He saw the few Whigs outlawed, discountenanced, and jeered at, scouted by the society of their college, disqualified

for preferment, visited with the utmost severity on the most trifling breach of discipline. He evades the oath of allegiance—as he thinks—by kissing his thumb instead of the book, or perhaps, by favour of an “honest” beadle, has not the book given him at all.¹ He drinks to “Betty of Hearts” with his tutor, and passes his wine duly over the water-bottle. He has a knack of rhyming, and his satirical verses on the Whig head, whose zeal had so carefully erased the treasonable initials (as they seemed) “J. R.,” from the velvet cushion only to discover that he had destroyed the initials of the donor (Jemmet Raymond)² are laughed at in the coffee-houses, and applauded by the wits. Or, perhaps of a rougher turn of mind, he sits over a pipe and a bottle with some “jovial blades” of All Souls, when, espying some foreigners in the quad, the company jump out of window, pelt them out of college, and stand hooting before their lodgings for a couple of hours, “d——n all strangers, particularly Frenchmen and Hanoverians,” and swearing “they would have their blood before they went away.”³

Indeed “a foreigner” was as fearful a bogie to these educated gentlemen as to the veriest bumpkin in Stubbleshire. If he entered a Oxford coffee-house, the doctor whom he accosted had no reply for him but a cool “Yes, sir,” or “No, sir”; and the company round stared at him, and swore that by his assurance he must be a Hanoverian. If he walked through the streets, rumours instantly flew about, a mob

gathered at his heels, and he was fortunate if he escaped without a broken head. If he complained to the authorities, he was probably told that the gentlemen were in liquor, and obliged to content himself without even an apology.¹

In one respect, doubtless, the Tory "freshman" was more commendable than his successor of the present day. He was regular in his attendance at the university sermons. But the motives which drew him to St. Peter's or St. Mary's were not so much those of religion as of amusement and fear. If he absented himself, he was liable to a lecture from his tutor; and the Proctor, if he caught him strolling in the High during sermon time, was prompt with an imposition. If he attended, the dry topics of theology were sure to be enlivened with a spice of treason or a gird at the Whigs. Sometimes an entertaining scene would divert the audience. When Wyatt, the Principal of St. Mary Hall, thundered against the perfidy and Whiggery of the Scots, Archibald Campbell, the son of Argyle, who happened to be one of the audience, "did accost Mr. Wyatt when he came out of the pulpit, and did in a most egregious manner abuse him in the face of the people, and called him 'red-faced sot.'"² Among the preachers whose sermons "smacked of treason" we find no less a name than John Wesley. "My brother," says Charles, in 1734, "has been much mauled and threatened more for his Jacobite sermon on the 11th of June. But he was wise enough to

get the Vice-Chancellor to read and approve it before he preached it, and may therefore bid Wadham, Merton, Exeter, and Christ Church do their worst.”¹ Some were not so fortunate. Mr. Coningsby was summoned before the Vice-Chancellor for a sermon whose sedition seems to have consisted in innuendoes, and suspended for two years, but Hearne’s comment is remarkable—“I am told it was a good honest discourse, and that all were very attentive, without the least smile, as often happens when any stinging passage comes from a sermon.”²

XV

MORE remarkable in its tone, however, than any of the sermons which we have noticed, was one delivered by the then Professor of Poetry, the elder Warton, on May 29, 1719. The obvious parallel between the First Charles and his deposed son was dexterously used to point the covert allusions of the preacher, and the fidelity of Oxford dwelt upon as an example in times of similar difficulty. "Justice," ended the Professor, with a slight perversion of the words of St. Paul, "Justice beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, restoreth all things," and the emphasis on the word "restoreth" left no doubt of the meaning of this clerical pun. Men praised it as the boldest, and as the most guarded sermon that had ever been heard at Oxford; the Masters waved their caps to the preacher as he passed through them out of church, and his health was drunk in every common-room. The challenge, however, was too bold a one not to be taken up by the Whigs. Meadowcourt charged the sermon with sedition, and demanded that Warton's notes might

be examined, but the Vice-Chancellor refused. The charge was laid before Craggs, at that time Secretary of State, and the Lords Justices, in the King's absence, commanded the Vice-Chancellor to proceed against the preacher. He was summoned, but as notice had been privately given him, the notes were prudently lost. The only result of the Government interference was that in his Commemoration speech, the Vice-Chancellor branded Meadowcourt as a "delator turbulentus,"—"a troublesome informer,"—and alluded to the Council as "a foreign jurisdiction."¹

That the Government should interfere, and that in a harsher and more summary manner, had been already suggested by many wise and judicious men. We have already noticed the advice which Locke gave to King William, and in 1719 Archbishop Wake was earnest for the introduction of a bill for the assertion of the royal supremacy and the better regulation of the clergy of the two Universities. Lord Macclesfield went further than a mere suggestion or desire. In a formal memorial he embodied his plan for the reformation of the Universities, and it is, in some points, so characteristic of the age, that we may be pardoned for entering a little into detail. The election of Heads was henceforward to be vested in the great Officers of State, with the concurrence of the Visitor and the Bishop. The Fellowships were to be limited in duration to twenty years, to prevent that long continuance in college

which leads only "to their being overrun with spleen, or taking to sottishness." Conciliation was to be attempted by the founding of Professorships, and the gift of pensions of "£20 or £30 per annum," to about twenty fellows of colleges "to encourage them to serve the government with their pupils and others." The system of bribery, which Walpole found so effective in St. Stephen's, was to be tried in Oxford. The benefices of the Crown and the nobility were to be bestowed only "on well-affected persons." The Government was advised to "extend its care and kindness in an especial manner to those colleges in which honest" ('tis amusing to see this last word the shuttlecock of both parties) "in which honest and loyal men have any interest," both by bestowing livings and the like, and by the removal of the discontented "till the true interest in them was become superior to all opposition."¹

Wise, however, as some of these suggestions might be, the government preferred—and wisely preferred—inaction. It was not till within ten years of the accession of George the Third, when the House of Brunswick, after the suppression of the "Forty-five," felt itself at length secure upon the throne, that measures of severity were resorted to. But the opportunity which was chosen, was by no means a happy one. Two or three riotous young students dropped some treasonable expressions over their cups, and boasted of their attachment to the House of Stuart. No sooner had the report of this spread

abroad, than the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors—apprehensive of the result—published a declaration of their abhorrence of seditious practices, their resolution to punish such offences with the utmost rigour, and containing peremptory orders for the regulation of the university. The Government, however, was not to be diverted from its purpose. A messenger of state was despatched to arrest “the three boys,” two of whom were, after trial in the Court of King’s Bench, found guilty, and sentenced to walk through the Courts of Westminster with an account of their crime fixed on their foreheads, to pay a fine of five nobles each, be imprisoned for two years, and find security for seven years more. This ridiculously disproportionate sentence was followed up by other acts of rigour. The King’s Bench granted an information against the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Purnell, for his behaviour in the matter, but the rule was eventually countermanded.¹ It was attempted to subject the whole of the statutes to the revision of the Privy Council, but, after an argument in the Court of King’s Bench, this attempt, in deference to the judge’s opinion, was also countermanded. The cry of Jacobitism was, however, still clamoured against the university, and its address, on the re-establishment of peace, was rejected with disdain.

Meanwhile Cambridge was displaying a fulsome spirit of flattery rather than loyalty. Its Chancellorship fell vacant, and, though generally expected to have been reserved for the Prince of Wales, who

was then in opposition, was bestowed on that most ignorant and ridiculous of mortals, the Premier, the Duke of Newcastle. The prosecutions of 1748 afforded another opportunity of "supporting the throne," and Mason, then a promising young poet, bid high for perferment by the publication of his *Isis*. In an invidious comparison, he contrasted the loyalty of Cambridge with the disaffection of its sister University. At Oxford he bids us

See Hydra Faction spread its impious reign,
Poison each breast and madden every brain ;
Hence frontless crowds, that not content to fright
The blushing Cynthia from her throne of night,
Blast the fair face of day ; and madly bold
To freedom's foes infernal orgies hold ;
To freedom's foes, ah, see the goblet crowned !
Hear plausi. c shouts to freedom's foes resound.

But he does not omit a tribute to the few Whig Abdiels, "faithful only found,"—

Learning, that once to all diffused her beam,
Now sheds by stealth a partial private gleam
In some low cloister's melancholy shade
Where a firm few support her sickly head,
Despised, insulted by the barbarous train
Who scour like Thracia's moon-struck rout the plain,
Sworn foes like them to all the muse approves,
All Phcebus favours, or Minerva loves !

To us the satire seems of the dullest and most vapid kind, but its author, as we learn from an amusing anecdote, thought very differently. Years after the elegy had been published, and (we should

think) forgotten, Mason was entering Oxford on horseback, and, as he passed Magdalen-bridge, he turned to his companion to express his satisfaction that the darkness of the evening would allow them to enter the town unnoticed. His friend was puzzled to conjecture what the advantage of this could be. "What," rejoined the poet, "do you not remember my *Isis*?"¹

Whatever was the extent of Mason's vanity or timidity, it is seldom that the victor bears a grudge against the vanquished, and victorious Oxford had come off on this occasion, thanks to the genius of a young scholar of Trinity, the son of that Tom Warton whom we mentioned at the commencement of this Paper. This younger Tom Warton was doubtless then, what he remained to the end of his life, a singular combination of the scholar and the buffoon, the hard-reader and deep-drinker. He lounged and sauntered all day, and spent the early hours, when his comrades slept, for classical and antiquarian study. He was a poet in the morning, strolling, full of fancies, along the Cherwell, or up Headington-hill, or standing, lost to all but his thoughts, before the ancient gateway of Magdalen College. At night he was the first of boon companions, punning and jesting in common-room, or drinking his ale and smoking his pipe in the lowest pot-house, "with persons," as his biographer primly puts it, "of mean rank and education."² There was little poetical in the appearance of this "little, thick,

squat, red-faced man," as a satirist describes him, with a stutter that prevented all but his friends from understanding him, and "a gobble," as Johnson said, "like a turkey cock."¹ But poet, notwithstanding, he was, and, in picturesqueness of description, inferior to few among his rivals. The lines in which he invokes the time-honoured temples and shrines of Oxford to inspire their defender against this unprovoked assailant have never been excelled by a poet of twenty-two, and such was the age of their author. Nor was he wanting in a vigorous vein of sarcasm—

Let Granta boast the patrons of her name—
 Each splendid fool of fortune or of fame :
 Still of preferment let her shine the Queen,
 Prolific parent of each bowing Dean ;
 Be hers each prelate of the pampered cheek,
 Each courtly chaplain, sanctified and sleek,
 Still let the drones of her exhaustless hive
 On rich pluralities supinely thrive.

There was a ring in lines like these that made his poem in very deed "The Triumph of Isis." He was no less successful in his compliment to the Jacobite Dr. King, whose oration at the opening of the Radcliffe had roused a thousand charges of disloyalty—

See, on yon sage, how all attentive stand,
 To catch his darting eye and waving hand ;
 Hush, he begins with all a Tully's art
 To pour the dictates of a Cato's heart ;
 Skilled to pronounce what noblest thoughts inspire.

He blends the speaker's with the patriot's fire ;
 Bold to conceive, nor timorous to conceal,
 What Britons dare to think he dares to tell.

The sage of these lines was too notable a Jacobite to be passed over in these Papers without notice. Principal of St. Mary's Hall, and, by turns, secretary to Ormond and Arran, a keen satirist and a most amusing wit, he contrived to trifle his great gifts away (like the predecessor in his name who waged war against Bentley, and, though conquered, made the world laugh at his conqueror) in the mean contests of party, or rather of faction. "Imprudens et improvidus," it was thus he wrote of himself, "comis et benevolus, sæpe æquo iracundior, haud unquam ut essem implacabilis—ipse et cibi abstinentior et vini abstinentissimus, cum magnis vixi, cum plebeiis, cum omnibus, ut homines noscerem—ut meipsum imprimis—neque eheu novi!"¹ "A pleasant, kind-hearted fellow, often angry beyond measure, but never too stubborn to be appeased, a temperate diner, still more temperate in his cups—I have lived with the lofty, with the lowly, with every one in short, that I might gain a knowledge of men and of myself, and yet this last knowledge I have never gained." Contented with the laugh with which men welcomed every scrap from his humorous pen, he gave up literature for politics, but he retained a kindly feeling towards the young aspirants who enlisted under the standard he had deserted. We can yet see the "tall, lean, well-looking man" reading, in the shop

of Prince, the bookseller, with a smile of pleasure this eulogium from an unknown hand, and then—no idle thought in an age of Johnsons and Savages—inquiring whether five guineas would be of any service to the author, and leaving the donation with the publisher.¹ He was at this time in communication with the Pretender, the head, it might almost be said, of the English Jacobites, yet truer than ever were his words—he knew not himself. When the third of the Georges mounted the throne, and Dr. King accompanied the address, the party he had led turned upon him as the Protectionists turned upon Sir Robert Peel. The end of his life was embittered with charges of “apostacy” from his old supporters. “He knew not himself,” but he might have urged with equal truth that the University to which he belonged was just as ignorant. Its eyes were soon to open. Tory principles mounted the throne with George the Third, and the current of royal favour was at once diverted to the Tory University; Jacobitism disappeared like a dream. The Cardinal of York was sneered at as a pretender. The zeal that had backed the most odious of causes was needed now to back the new king in the most odious of wars—the war with America. Deaneries and Bishoprics fell in a shower among the Heads, and a stream of addresses—against Wilkes, against Catholic Emancipation, against anything in short that the King hated, evinced the gratitude of the University. As Dryden sang years before—

The court of Constantine was full of glory,
And every trimmer turned addressing Tory.

We pause, however, at this beginning of a new reign, this striking revolution in the position of Oxford towards the Crown, because the chain of events which we have been tracking ends abruptly here. In future Papers we may perhaps resume the tale of Tory Oxford under the two last of the Georges, but of Jacobite Oxford under the two first the tale is ended. If the story has nothing but what is mean, and petty, and trivial, if Jacobitism in Oxford had no Prestons or Cullodens to prove the sincerity of its loyalty ; if its "honesty" began and ended in grumbling, while the heads of braver and truer men were mouldering on Temple Bar, there is something even in this childish obstinacy, this ineffective resentment, above the level, uninterrupted sycophancy which was to follow it. The tale, at any rate, is new and curious (it has never, so far as we know, been attempted before) ; and if this brief sketch has served in any way to illustrate it, we shall have gained some fresh knowledge of an hitherto untold side of the History of Oxford during the Last Century.

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XVI

THOSE who are at all conversant with authorship know that sketches of a period, such as those which we have endeavoured to produce, must often be constructed from the most heterogeneous materials. The pamphlet, the libel, the broadsheet, must in turn be ransacked by one who would picture the social life of the time. The writer must resemble the alchemist, and extract gold from the very vilest materials. And this for the very obvious reason that his search is for those very details which such chance productions alone preserve to us. That common, daily life, which he is endeavouring to disentomb, seems to those who partake of it so mean and worthless in its lesser circumstances that they would think it ridiculous to chronicle it in their graver and more serious histories. And so the generations who succeed, if they would learn not merely how their forefathers fought and died, but how they walked, were dressed, eat, drank, spoke, laughed, or swore, must turn into the "bye-ways"

of literature, and melt down in their crucible the libels of the wit, or the play-book of the child.

The little volume which we intend to submit to this process for the edification of our readers in the present paper is of the latter character. *The Young Travellers, or a Visit to Oxford*, by a Lady,¹ is just the sort of book which sage parents put into the hands of those who have attained the enviable title of "good boys." The parents are all benevolent, affable, and prosy: the children—what children never were or will be. They listen with the utmost interest to the dullest lectures on moral questions, and, full of their own unquestioning obedience, doubt not that every little boy who utters those tabooed syllables, "I won't," is destined to be drowned, buried alive, or devoured by tigers. They have a horror of marbles and mud-pies, and a great love for the society of sententious old gentlemen, who might be their grandfathers. In short, the book is of the usual stamp of the child-books of our own youth, and is inspired with just that amount of untrue as well as ridiculous morality which is usually thought wholesome for developing philosophers, still unbreached. It is full, however, of interesting details of a time which we may call the borderland, between this century and the last, and its notices, combined with the information we have been enabled to draw from other quarters, may enable us to realize in some measure that phase of Oxford life, on which, as yet, we have not ventured, the Life of the Streets.

We pass into Oxford by the great London road, with a glance at the row of old tumble-down houses, a disgrace to the city, which ran along from the gate of the Botanic Gardens, and turned down what is now the open side of Rose Lane. Before one of these, on its high pole, hangs out the sign of the Noah's Ark, and the host (one Hodges) is busy clearing his doorway of one of the noisiest scamps in the town, that prince among poachers, Dan Stewart. Fish and game were Dan's legitimate property; there was not a cover or a preserve in the county whose merits he was not well acquainted with; and so high was his reputation for a knowledge of "sport," that he was generally selected by freshmen as their guide on piscatory excursions. The joke ran that he was as invariably successful in directing them to spots perfectly free from fish of any size, as he was in securing a bagful when he sallied out alone. Dan, however, is at present haranguing, as is his wont, blind-drunk in the street, and a crowd gathers round to laugh at the blasphemies which proceed so fluently from his lips. Dan is but one amid a host of ruffians who infested the streets—ruffians, such as the blustering drunkard whom the children call "Captain Ward," who comes raving up street at the moment, with eyes bearing traces of many encounters, abusing every one he meets, and offering them satisfaction in a fight for a pot of beer.

The children, however, leave these two worthies

to run over to the old cakeman beneath the elms of Magdalen Horse-walk, where two or three Magdalen schoolboys are already lounging, hesitating between his "rosy apples and sugared cakes." Dicky Dunker, however, finds a formidable rival in old Mother Smith, who passes by with her basket full of buns, and her shrill cry of "any cakes and rolls, muffins and crumpets"; and in Tippetty Ward's cakes, "all sugar and brandy," as the vendor describes them. Tippetty, we may remark in passing, was a very notable Oxford character, whose father had lived in the great farmhouse with the trees in its front below the Infirmary, which was subsequently burnt down, and whose site is now occupied by Pearse's-row. Street-cries, which we so seldom hear now, were in these days no insignificant feature of Oxford streets, and Monday morning in particular seldom failed to bring round the old woman with her bag across her shoulder, and her cry of "old boots and old shoes," with whom extravagant servant-galism (so said the mistresses) was glad to effect exchange of less useful finery. Another member of the mercantile fraternity of the streets was "poor Jack the matchman," in his long coat and slouched hat, who still figures in West's picture of "The Death of General Wolfe," as the soldier who, leaning on his musket, is casting a last look of affection on his dying leader. Fame, however, had not saved Jack from penury, and his present resource was that of vending those old-fashioned

matches which lucifers have driven out of use. A more poetical traffic was that of the far-famed Mother Goose, who, sitting at the Star gate, in her heavy cloak, ruffled cap, and trim little hat, was ready to curtsy a welcome to the coaches as they rolled up one after another, and to present her basket of flowers to "pretty ladies" within. She was a great favourite with university men, who christened her "Flora"; but she did business now and then with nobler customers than these. When the Regent passed through on his way to Bibury Races, it was his custom to change horses at the Lamb and Flag, so as to avoid the crowd and confusion which his changing them at the Star would have created, and as Mother Goose never failed to appear with her usual offering, the kind-hearted voluptuary would take one of her bouquets and fling her a guinea. We may be sure no one in Oxford cried "God save the Regent" with more loyalty than Mother Goose.

If we turn from the streets to the Broad Walk we may encounter a greater character even than Mother Goose, in the person of "Counsellor Bickerton,"¹ attired in his shabby gown, and dilapidated cap, with enormous curled wig and band, haranguing up and down, without consciousness of observers. He had been a member of Hertford College, where, spite of all efforts to get rid of him, he still claimed rooms, and was so miserably poor that he was said to cut branches from the trees in the quad for fuel. On one occasion, said the wits, he quietly severed

the branch on which he sat, and came to the ground. He was the usual butt of these wits, and one (a Mr. Tawney, we believe of Exeter) published *The Lucubrations of Counsellor Bickerton*. The Counsellor was not offended, but entered the publisher's shop, and seriously proposed a share in the division of the profits in recompense for the liberty taken with his name! His habits were as singular as his ideas. Fancying himself the Principal of Hertford, he thought it inconsistent with his dignity to rise before noon, or retire to rest before daybreak. His favourite mania, however, was the Law. Dubbing himself a barrister, he carried everywhere in his pocket a portentous wig, which was drawn forth and donned whenever he supposed himself called on to speak. At a meeting of the Bible Society when the business was over, and the audience on the point of dispersing, the poor enthusiast clapped on his wig, mounted one of the benches, and astonished his hearers with an oration, which, for once, displayed a trifle of sense and lucidity. His exhibitions, however, were sometimes more ludicrous. A barrister, he very justly argued, should "go circuit." Accordingly, a battered post-chaise was purchased; its shafts altered to suit a single horse; and in this vehicle the Counsellor followed the Judges, and offered his services to any client that required them. As none, however, came forward, it was his custom to rise and censure in a lengthy speech, the conduct of the judge, jury,

prosecutor, and defendant alike, till expelled from the court.

“Great wit from madness what thin bounds divide,” says Dryden, and the occasional eccentricities of the strong-headed Dr. Tatham¹ not unfrequently rivalled the exploits of poor Bickerton. It was his own sober opinion that to him, and him alone, was owing the overthrow of Buonaparte, and the consequent glory of Great Britain. The Bank, he said, refused Pitt advances, and the war must have dropped, had not a pamphlet of his own, advocating the establishment of a rival bank, frightened the old lady of Threadneedle-street into a loan—the war was continued, and the usurper overthrown. More notable, however, was his celebrated sermon on Oxford education, a discourse of an hour and three-quarters, whose excessive length drove even a prelate, who was among his auditors, out of church from sheer fatigue. It was a vehement attack on what he termed the Aristotelian mode of education at Oxford, and, in many respects, a just one. “You profess to educate the youth of the country,” he argued, “but your students require a visit to continental capitals to complete their education.” He proposed the introduction of modern languages and history, and seems, in some of his suggestions, to have been a reformer before his age. He was probably the last punster in an university pulpit. “What with your little-goes and your great-goes, I fear education will give you the by-go,” said the

indignant doctor. But if he was an ardent reformer he was none the less an ardent Tory, and when the Oxford volunteers, who mustered at the time 800 strong, were drawn up on review, in two divisions, Dr. Tatham rode along their ranks, promising to pension the widow of the first man who fell in his country's cause. As volunteering is revived, we record this promise of the doctor's as a hint to its encouragers.

We have not space enough to dwell in very great detail on the little fragments of our local history which we have gleaned. We can only notice "the Linen Draper" of Oxford, a person named Smith, whose shop was on Carfax, and who seems to have had so complete a monopoly of his trade, that when he went out he could afford to lock up his shop; if a customer came in during his dinner-hour, he was requested to call again, and during his annual journey to London to make purchases, the shop was closed for a week until his return—as an evidence of the great revolution which has been created by competition in trades. Or we can glance at Atkins, the City Marshal, strutting about in his laced hat and coat, and carrying his long staff, with the city arms painted on its top, with all the self-importance of beadlehood. Or passing, as the quarter-boys strike eight in the morning, at Carfax, we may see "Little Dickey James" passing in to read early prayers, whose diminutive stature had made him the subject of a few practical jokes. The fall of one

of the quarter-boys soon produced an advertisement, in which "the Little Doctor" (as, though but M.A., he was generally called) was made to announce his intention of offering himself as a candidate for the post. Or we may meet "Johnny," the Oriel messenger, scudding along on his crutches faster than ordinary legs could carry him; or Barber Dennet, with apron and tongs, proceeding to decorate the gentlemen's heads before their dinner-hour. But these and other topics we may touch on a future occasion.

XVII

IN our sketches of the Smart of the Last Century we had occasion to introduce Amherst's picture of the farmer of the time, in his "linsey woolsey coat, greasy sunburnt head of hair, clouted shoes, yarn stockings, flapping hats with silver hat-bands, and long muslin neckcloths run with red at the bottom." Figures like these were the jest of every wit who paraded the High; fops lisped out their sneers at the "Aborigines," and their very sons, "metamorphosed into complete Smarts, d—d the old country putts, their fathers, with twenty foppish airs and gesticulations." The severance between town and country was indeed a marked feature of the earlier part of the century which we are treating. To the writers of the *Spectator* school a farmer was but a synonym for a mixture of ignorance and excess; novelists, like Fielding in his *Squire Western*, depicted him as a compound of passion and brutality, whose oaths alternated with his potations. Even Swift, writing soberly to Pope, says—"In how few hours with a swift horse or a strong jade may a man come

among a people as unknown to him as the Antipodes." The ignorance was reciprocated by the rustic of the country. A stranger from London was looked upon as a Whig in disguise; the vicar declared him "no churchman," and hinted his suspicions of "no religion at all."

The causes of this great severance have been partially noticed before. First among them was the condition of the roads. About 1760 "the roads of Oxfordshire," says an accurate observer, "were in a condition formidable to the bones of all who travelled on wheels. The two great turnpikes which crossed the country by Witney and Chipping Norton, by Henley and Wycombe, were repaired in some places with stones as large as they could be brought from the quarry, and, when broken, left so rough as to be calculated for dislocation rather than exercise."¹ The heavy stage waggons, whose broad wheels alone made an impression on these formidable masses, were stopped for days or weeks by floods and snow. Bridges were scarce, save in the vicinity of towns, and lighter vehicles often found themselves exposed to serious danger in crossing the fords. Pope, who often passed through Oxford on his way to Colonel Dormer's, nearly lost his life through an accident of this kind. His carriage was overturned, and the poor poet, at the last moment, had to be dragged through its windows.² The country lanes were, of course, incomparably worse. "The cross roads," says our informant, "were impassable but with real

danger." The neighbouring farmers' horses had often to be borrowed to drag the luckless voyagers out of these Sloughs of Despond. Sometimes, as in the case of the Prince of Orange, it became necessary to make a flank march through the farmers' fields. The latter part of the century saw the almost total abolition of this great obstacle to national inter-communication. "A noble change," writes Young, in 1809, "has taken place, but generally by turnpikes which cross the county in every direction, so that when you are at one town you have a turnpike road to every other town. This holds good with Oxford, Woodstock, Witney, Burford, Chipping Norton, Banbury, Bicester, Thame, Abingdon, Wallingford, Henley, Reading, etc. etc., and in every direction, and these lines necessarily intersect the county in every direction. The parish roads are greatly improved, but are still capable of much more. The turnpikes are very good, and, where gravel is to be had, excellent."¹ Along these roads rolled hundreds of coaches, whose superiority to the speed of all previous means of locomotion was as great as is the superiority of steam to their own. That great array of mail coaches in front of the Post-Office on the first of May, a spectacle on which De Quincey, in his *Autobiography*, dwells with such delight, was suggestive of something more than material progress. To every thoughtful observer they must have seemed the great weapons by which England was gathering up her severed parts into one united whole; which

were knitting town to country, and country to town ; which were bringing rural honesty and truth and fearlessness to bear upon the social depravity of the metropolis, and carrying the civilization of the metropolis to the most secluded districts of the country.

Another great obstacle, to which this century did *not* apply any efficient remedy, arose from the multitudes of highwaymen who infested the roads. We have already dwelt upon the daring exploits which made these ruffians the heroes at once of the ladies' closet and the thieves' gin-cellar ; and, in our account of Dumas, have striven to realize, as much as possible, the life and adventures of one of the fraternity. But, besides the element of romance, and the longing for "plunder," which made "the road" so fashionable a profession, an additional inducement to crime seems to have been afforded by its comparative security. Here and there, indeed, individual travellers, like Mr. Stanley, might carry weapons and make a fight for it, and it is due to the prudence of the Dick Turpins of this time to own that in such cases they shewed the utmost facility in running away, if a correspondence with their Sultanas fell into the hands of inquisitive innkeepers, or an encounter with a personage of high rank set the Bow-street runners on them ; but, for the most part, the plunderers were unmolested. Hair-dressers and tailors, for these were the trades that furnished most recruits to the host of the highway, had nothing

to do but to buy a pistol out of their master's till, steal the best horse in the neighbourhood, and levy black-mail on whom they would. If travellers ran scarce, or the road became dangerous, it was easy to assemble a gang of a dozen, and break into a farmhouse or a rectory. The newspapers of the time are crowded with outrages such as these. If secured, ladies visited the hero in prison, and petitioned for his pardon, while the ruined walls, and confederates within and without, offered every opportunity for escape. Under such circumstances, it is no wonder that people, convinced of the inefficacy of the law, began to take the question of Police into their own hands. "Divers felonies and depredations," says an advertisement in the *Oxford Journal* for 1783, "having been lately made and committed on the persons and property of the Inhabitants of Oxford, its suburbs, and neighbourhood, it has been resolved to promote an association for the joint protection of the subscribers, and for prosecuting all persons guilty of Felonies committed upon any of the members of the said association, as well as for rewarding such persons as shall give information, apprehend, or bring to conviction any offender or offenders."¹ The Mayor for the time being was, by the rules, constituted Treasurer, and associated in committee with fourteen other members, Mr. Ald. Tawney, Mr. Ald. Tongue, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Morrell, Mr. Taunton, Mr. Shortland, Mr. Lock, Mr. Burford, Mr. James Fletcher, jun., Mr. John Walker, Mr. Thomas Prickett,

Mr. Francis Guiden, and the Bailiffs of the city. For the detection of a burglar or incendiary, a reward of ten guineas was offered; half that sum was given for the discovery of a highway or a foot robber, or a receiver of stolen goods; and smaller sums in proportion for crimes of less consequence. No compromise with persons arrested was to be allowed, and the prosecutor's share of all rewards, given by Act of Parliament, was to be added to the premium offered by the society for their apprehension.¹ A similar association was formed, with still higher rewards, by "gentlemen, farmers, and others, in the neighbourhood of Abingdon."² Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire seem to have combined for the purpose, and the organization, as we find from advertisements, spread rapidly over all the neighbouring counties. How little terror these announcements caused among the fraternity, we may see from the following item of Oxford news, for February 28, 1784. "Between seven and eight o'clock last Monday evening, one of the Bath coaches was robbed upon the galloping ground above Bottley, about two miles and a half from this city, by two men on foot, who took from the passengers upwards of £24 in money, with their watches. But at the request of the driver, they returned all the watches except one, and went off with their booty. There were six passengers in the coach, and two outsides."

We need not stop to dwell on the subsidiary causes which hindered intercourse between country

and town, but, in these days of tourist and excursion trains, it is impossible to avoid the mention of one. Nothing, perhaps, can be considered a stronger characteristic of our own age than the taste for scenery which has been diffused through every grade of society. Prince and peasant alike hurry from home on every chance interval of leisure, and deem themselves abundantly repaid for trouble and expense by the view of a mountain, or a peep at a waterfall. But this perception of the picturesque, this intense relish for natural beauty was denied to our forefathers. The very phrases which they habitually employ to characterise scenes of surpassing sublimity were such as "a horrid grandeur," or a "rugged waste." Men of taste were no better than their fellows. Goldsmith, who saw the perfection of rural beauty in the flat meadows and sluggish canals of Holland, could see in Scotland nothing but frightful precipices and bare and savage solitudes. It may be said that to this time was left the task of discovering the sublimity of Snowdon or Ben Nevis, or the picturesque beauty of the Lakes. A poet of the last age might sing of nightingales and sunrise, but his very expressions betray that he had never heard the one or seen the other. He might play at pastorals with Phyllis and Corydon, but his Phyllises wore red-heeled shoes, and his Corydons wielded the dice box. The essayists of this time found no subject more amusing than the disgust of a man about town at the humdrum monotony of a country life.

Sir John with his long stories over the bottle, Lady Prue with her genealogies and embroidery, the daughters with their hoydenish familiarities and hands fresh from pudding-making, the sons with their eternal dog and gun, were terrible bores to the Exquisite who had supped with Selwyn or gambled with March.

We cannot, however, turn away with these from this simple life of the country. We shall follow these farmers as they trot homewards, and get what scanty glimpses we can of their life and manners, of their system of cultivation, and the great changes in the modes of farming which were at this time gradually introduced. In the course of this task we shall doubtless often have to crave the indulgence of our readers. The details of a farmer's system require a special knowledge which we cannot claim to possess, and the materials which are at our command are far too scanty to enable us to give the full account which we should desire. We can, however, but attempt the task, praying in the merry words of old Tusser—

And grant me now,
 Thou reader, thou !
 Of terms to use,
 Such choice to choose,
 As may delight
 The country wight,
 And knowledge bring ;

For such do praise
 The country phrase,

OXFORD DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY 197

The country acts,
The country facts,
The country toys,
Before the joys
 Of any thing.

XVIII

THE character of the Oxfordshire farmer experienced a remarkable change during the progress of the last century. The great spread of education, the variations in the mode of culture, the closer ties by which country began to be bound to town, all tended to improve and civilize them. "Enclosing," says Arthur Young, at the end of the century, "to a greater proportional amount than in almost any other county in the kingdom has changed the men as much as it has improved the country; they are now in the ebullition of this change; a vast amelioration has been wrought and is working. The Goths and Vandals of open fields touch the civilisation of enclosures."¹ The capital of trade was beginning to be thrown into the cultivation of the land. Mr. Taunton was paring and burning hundreds of acres of waste land at Ensham, and, though farmers laughed at the mistakes of the town-bred agriculturist, he was in reality but the sign of the revolution which was creeping over the whole system of English farming.²

But, "Forty years ago," the same writer confesses,

“I found them a very different race from what they are at present.” Even in the midst of this great advance, “a great deal of ignorance and barbarity remains.” “When I passed from the conversation of the farmers I was recommended to call on to that of men whom chance threw in my way, I seemed to have lost a century in time, or to have moved a thousand miles in a day. Liberal communication, the result of enlarged ideas, was contrasted with a dark ignorance under the covert of wise suspicions; a sullen reserve lest landlords should be rendered too knowing, and false information given under the hope that it might deceive, were in such opposition that it was easy to see the change, however it might work, had not done its business. The old open-field school must die off before new ideas can become generally rooted.”¹ This retrograde class, the exceptions of the close of the century, were fair representatives of the bulk of the agriculturists during the greater part of it. The tenant of his small holding, the holding of his father and grandfather, whose acres seemed bound up with his family history, had little to draw him out of the vegetative life of his fellows. The little circle round the fire at the village inn constituted his world; their chat furnished him with his news and information. The Journal indeed had sprung up of late, but a newspaper was still a novelty, and to the bulk who could not read, and made their cross in the parish register, a somewhat useless one. His only excursions were a “run” with

the Squire's pack, and the journeys to market for the disposal of his produce. The great Bible served for his library, and was treasured perhaps more for the fly-leaf, with its entries of births, marriages, and deaths, than for the rest of its contents. Schools were "for his betters," and learning he looked down on as something "lackadaisical." Lilly, the astrologer, whose family were yeomen in the obscure town of Diseworth, in Leicestershire, describes it amusingly as "a town of great rudeness, wherein it is not remembered that any of the farmers thereof did ever educate any of their sons to learning."¹ There were probably no such towns as Diseworth in the England of that day, but a village school was still a rarity. The farmer's home was the great kitchen, with its warm chimney corners, where the huge fitches hung amid the smoke for winter consumption. Wife and daughters were busy spinning flax for the countless sheets and counterpanes that filled the walnut presses in the bedroom, and the hum of the wheels enlivened the dull evenings. It was not the farmer's wife only whose wheel hummed so merrily; the labourer's wife had the same resource. In the middle of the last century "every cottage at Baldon had a plot of hemp, and all manufactured into linen for their own consumption, selling what they could spare"; but its close saw the extinction of this household manufacture. "The last," adds Young, writing in 1809, "was given up about six years ago."²

It was a time of transition for much besides hemp

plots. The whole face of the country was undergoing a great change by the rapid progress of enclosures. Before the accession of George II. scarcely an Enclosure Act can be discovered, but at the close of the last century "very nearly the whole range of country, 13 miles, from Banbury to Chipping-Norton is enclosed by Act of Parliament, and improved in product very greatly."¹ Burford, Young speaks of as "enclosed 12 years ago."² Culham-heath was still unenclosed, "the reddest sand (near Nuneham lodge) covered with thick fern—a sure proof everywhere of what is below it."³ Enclosure, adds Young, "has been the capital improvement of the county, for proportionately to the extent of it more land has been enclosed since I first travelled in it, which is about 40 years ago, I conceive, than in any county in England."⁴ The statistics fully justify this assertion. During the first forty years of the reign of George III. sixty-seven Enclosure Acts for this county had passed through Parliament, forty-one of which seem to have been carried into effect, and the amount of land thus utilised was little less than 100,000 acres, or somewhat more than one-fifth of the county. One consequence was a sensible diminution in the wheat produce. The 4882 acres of wheat grown before these Enclosure Acts actually decreased by 112. Under the head of oats, however, as well as cattle, dairy land, sheep pasture, and turnips, we find a considerable increase. Burford is an instance: since its enclosure "it has not produced so much

corn, but infinitely more mutton and beef." Rents rose rapidly, as the produce increased. "Fringford has been improved greatly in rent and produce since the enclosure, at least trebled in both; Stoke Lyne the same. . . . Stratton Ardley was £500 a year, now it is £2500: one estate there was offered for £3000, it is now £800 per annum." Rents round Bicester were trebled; at Alvescot the vicarage farm rose from £200 to £600 a year; Wootton, "Mr. Sotham has not the least doubt of having yielded full four times the produce in the 37 years since its enclosure that it did in a like period before, and the rent is five times as much as it was in the open state." Nor did the rise in rent press heavily on those who paid it; "at Barton the land was let for scarcely anything, and the farmers generally as poor as could be; enclosed it let at twenty shillings an acre, and the farmers in easy circumstances and doing well, and in all of them the farmers in general very much benefitted."¹ Other districts, however, resisted for a long time the introduction of enclosures. Campsfield, the open common between Oxford and Woodstock, where we have seen the Oxford fast men taking their morning drive, still hung on to its old "rights," its cow common and common meadows, where wretched cross-bred sheep were tended by "shepherds miserably poor."² Whichwood still spreads over its 7000 acres, filling its vicinity with "poachers, deer-stealers, and pilferers of every kind. . . . Oxford gaol would be uninhabited were

it not for this fertile source of crimes.”¹ Most stubborn of all was Otmoor, where the “commoners” were backed by the opposition of Lord Abingdon, and enjoyed the low flat, with its periodical inundations, its “rot,” and “moor-evil,” undisturbed.² Long after, at a time just previous to the passing of the Reform Bill, the carrying out of the enclosure in that district gave rise to the notable Otmoor riots, which still linger in the recollection of many of our readers.

Great changes, too, were taking place in what we may call the interior economy of the farm. Oxfordshire became noted for the neatness and regularity of its rickyards. The farmers, says Young, “have a proper pride in a clean and well ordered rickyard and are sure to walk a stranger into them. They form so perfect a contrast to the ragged heaps called stacks, by the courtesy of Suffolk and Norfolk, that I have returned to my own county and farm with no little disgust.”³ The thrashing mill, though a new invention at the close of the last century, was rapidly superseding the flail. Other implements made slower progress. In 1807 only a few drills had crept into the county, scarifiers and scufflers were “very rare indeed,” and not a single horse-hoe was to be seen nearer than Henley-bridge.⁴ Horse-hoeing Young notes as “quite unknown in Oxfordshire.”⁵ The system of rotation of crops was still regarded in some quarters as an innovation;⁶ there were but one or two fields of cabbage; rape was only

to be found on the rich red land north of Banbury. Swedes were in 1807 just beginning to attract attention, but at Milton where Sir C. Willoughby, the great patron of the plant, had covered considerable tracts of land with it, there had been none five years before.¹ In this branch of agriculture Oxfordshire seems to have taken the lead among English counties. In other respects it was not so advanced. Nature had her own water-meadows at Watereaton, where the summer floods would sometimes sweep away five hundred pounds worth of hay in a season,² but there was not a single artificial water-meadow in the county. Where attempts were made to introduce them they were frustrated by the opposition of the millers.³ Artificial manure in the shape of peat or coal ash had begun to make its appearance under the patronage of Mr. Fane.⁴ Southdowns were being gradually introduced "to the exclusion of the Berkshires";⁵ the Chilterns produced, says a competent witness, half as much again as they did thirty years before, and the increase was attributable to "the increase of live stock by more turnips and artificial grass."⁶

Of the condition of the labourer we only gain incidental glimpses. His wages, too, had risen more than a third in the last forty years of the eighteenth century. At its close his wages amounted to about nine or ten shillings a week, with a rise to twelve shillings in harvest. This was at a time when, in the Oxford Market, beef was at 7½d. per pound, and

the quartern loaf at 9d.¹ "There are gardens, and good ones, to nine-tenths of the cottages I have seen in Oxfordshire." And he adds a curious fact, "A few years ago they had no potatoes; now all have them. Formerly, they did not like that root with their bacon, only cabbage; at present, they are generally eaten."² Of their occasional hardships, and how much these have been relieved by national progress, we gain a glimpse in the following note. "Before the navigable canal, about 1780, the people at Heyford were greatly distressed for firing, wood being scarce; they were obliged to burn straw, etc., or anything they could procure; but now as well supplied with coals as any village in Oxfordshire."³

Far greater distress, however, than that of the agricultural labourers was the lot of the manufacturing hands at Witney, Thame, and Woodstock. In the middle of the last century there were above five hundred weavers in full employ at Witney, but it sank gradually to below half that number, and so great were the fluctuations of the trade, that though revived for a time by the introduction of spinning jennies, it sank in the five years preceding 1807 from four hundred to one hundred and fifty. At Thame a little lace manufacture was insufficient to save the town from "depressing poverty," which was enhanced by the high price of coals, 2s. 2d. per cwt. Greater still were the fluctuations in the trade of Woodstock. At the beginning of the

century, the manufacture of articles of polished steel was introduced by a Mr. Metcalfe, and to such a height was it carried, that a chain of two ounces was sold for £170,¹ the box in which the freedom of the borough was presented to Viscount Cliefden cost 30 guineas, and a garter star for the Duke of Marlborough 50 guineas, while a pair of scissors sold in proportion to their workmanship, at from 5s. to 3 guineas. At the close of the century, however, the trinkets of Birmingham and Sheffield had driven these articles from the market, and not more than a dozen hands were employed in their manufacture. About 1750, however, the manufacture of leather into breeches and gloves, had been established here, and in 1807 no less than sixty to seventy men were engaged as "grounders" and "cutters," at wages of from a guinea to 30s. a week, and from 1400 to 1500 women, who earned from 8s. to 12s. So flourishing was the trade at this time, that the manufacture had risen, in ten years, from thirty dozen to four hundred dozen per week. In addition to these manufacturing centres, we may notice that the general employment of the female poor, at the close of the eighteenth century, was in the south of the county lace-making, while spinning prevailed through the north and midland portions.² The average of the county poor-rates was 4s. 8d. in the pound, but these varied greatly in different parts, from the 2s. rates of Kelmscott, to 10s. at Burford, and 14s., in the scarcity, at Bensington. The poor-

rate for the city in 1803 (the date of these statistics) seems to have been slightly below the average of the county, amounting to 4s. 4d. in the pound.¹ We have only to add, that at the beginning of the present century, the population of the city was estimated at about 13,000, that of the county at 96,000.²

XIX

So much interest has been taken in the restoration of the City Races, that we may perhaps find some little entertainment in a glance at them a century ago. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, in the month of July, were the days selected for the sport; the principal prize was the gold cup of one hundred guineas in value (in addition to £40 in specie); the town purse of £50 for five-year-olds; a stake of the same value for four-year-olds; and a £50 gift from the stewards. Lord Abingdon, Lord Robert Spencer, Sir James Whalley Gardiner, and Captain Bertie (then master of the hounds) and Mr. Bowler, seem to have been the chief patrons of the sport. During the period of the races, Oxford was a scene of gaiety. Public breakfasts alternated with the balls and musical entertainments of the evening; while, for the less refined, there were matches in the Cockpit, in Holywell, "each morning of the races, between the gentlemen of Oxford and the gentlemen of Watlington for five guineas a battle, and fifty guineas the odd battle,"¹ and E.O., upon which we

find the Mayor and constables busy in effecting a razzia.¹ Itinerant hairdressers came down from London to prepare the elaborate head-dresses of the ladies who flocked in from every quarter to the races, the assemblies, and "Mr. Sadler's balloon."²

The ascent of a balloon, so ordinary an event with us, was in 1784 a new discovery, for the honour and precedence in which France and England were eager in contending. To the unscientific it seemed little less than a miracle. "Mr. Rudge, of Queen's," was not the only college Fellow who launched these wondrous machines amid the applause of the university; nor the Marquis of Blandford the only peer who considered it an honour to cut the string that fastened it to the earth.³ But this interest rose to its greatest height when adventurers trusted themselves to this frail means of ascent. One of the first of such exploits, in England, was the ascent of Mr. Sadler from the Physic Garden, November 12, 1784. The accounts notice "a surprizing concourse of people of all ranks; the roads, streets, fields, trees, buildings, and towers of the parts adjacent being crowded beyond description." After crossing Otmoor, Thame, etc., the balloon descended near Sir William Lee's; and on the aëronaut's arrival in Oxford, "the populace seized the chaise at the entrance of the town, took off the horses, dragged the carriage through several of the principal streets of this city, and were not content till they had compelled the inhabitants to illuminate their houses."⁴

Balloons were not the only amusements which Oxford had to offer her visitors or inhabitants. The Music-room was at this time at the height of its prosperity. Every Monday evening a concert of vocal and instrumental music was held (except during September and Passion week); the Messiah was performed in Lent, some other oratorio in Act Term, and in Easter and Michaelmas Terms either a piece of choral music, or a grand miscellaneous concert. The subscription was a guinea for two tickets, a sum so small that we wonder how the stewards could provide, as they undoubtedly did, such singers as Mara and Catalani. The amusements of Oxford seem to have been softened and refined by the character of the place. While Wantage had its back-sword feast, and Stow-on-the-Wold offered the munificent prizes of "half-a-guinea to each man breaking a head, and two shillings and six pence to each man having his head broke,"¹ Oxford was unobtrusively fostering "Florist Feasts," the humble precursors of our Horticultural Societies. "A show of Carnations in the Town Hall, August 8, 1782,"² seems to have been one of the first of these exhibitions, which, from this time, continued to be held annually. No theatre was, as yet, established at Oxford; but a flourishing dramatic company could be found at Burford, and at Woodstock. An advertisement, warning all trespassers off the domains of Lord Harcourt,³ would seem to point to the first origin of that most enjoyable of all quiet amusements—a water-party to Nuneham.

It was from Nuncham that King George, with his Queen, and the Princes Ernest, Augustus, Adolphus ; the Princesses Royal, Augusta, and Elizabeth, visited Oxford, September 13, 1785. This event, at any time an interesting one for Oxford, was especially notable as a sign and seal of that great change in the position of antagonism which the city had occupied up to the accession of the present king towards the Hanoverian dynasty. From Jacobite Oxford had become Tory, and was free once more to bask in the sunshine of royal favour. There were recent obligations due to her which George III. was of all men least likely to forget. In the heat of the great struggle in which Pitt, with the aid of the King, eventually succeeded in breaking for ever the oligarchic yoke of the great Whig houses, Oxford had come to the aid of the minister in his encounters with a hostile majority ; had expressed to the King its "most cordial thanks for your Majesty's late goodness and wisdom in removing from your councils" the heads of the coalition ministry of Fox and North ; adding, "at the same time we intreat your Majesty to accept our hearty congratulations upon the appointment of a Ministry who, we have reason to believe, are equal in ability and virtue to the important trust they have undertaken, and in every respect deserving the confidence of the people at large, so generally bestowed upon them." "We shall ever be ready," said the address in conclusion, "to support the constitutional exercise of all your

royal prerogatives, and we will not cease to implore the blessing of Almighty God upon a Prince whose exemplary life and character have so justly rendered him the object of universal veneration and esteem."¹ This address they even prevailed on their member, Lord Robert Spencer, though himself in opposition, to present to the King. Reward was not long in coming. Warton, the fellow of an Oxford college, was now the court laureate, and, for the first time since the accession of the Georges, Oxford shared with Cambridge the honour of a royal visit. The royal party, accompanied by the Earl and Countess of Harcourt, entered the city in five carriages, and passing through the fields behind Merton College, attended morning prayers at the Cathedral. After inspecting Christ Church, they were waited upon at Corpus by the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Dennis, President of St. John's College, preceded by the Beadles, "with their staves inverted," who conducted them by the Schools to the Theatre, where the Heads of Houses and the Proctors had the honour of kissing their Majesties' hands, while Dr. Hayes performed several overtures on the organ. After visiting the Bodleian, New College, St. John's, and the Observatory, the King returned to the Council Chamber, and conferred the honour of knighthood on the Mayor (John Treacher, Esq.), who, with the Aldermen, assistants, and other members of the Corporation, kissed hands. All Souls', Queen's, and Magdalen, having been inspected, the royal party quitted

Oxford at a little past five, and returned by Lord Harcourt's to Windsor. It may interest future investigators into royal costume to know that "his Majesty and the young Princes were in a blue and gold uniform, the Queen in a plain lilac silk, the Princess Royal and Princess Elizabeth in pale blue, and Princess Augusta in light green." The enthusiasm of the citizens seems to have been boundless. Bells rang incessantly from the arrival of the royal family till their departure, and at night the city was "grandly illuminated."¹

The mention of the Mayor, whom this accolade converted into Sir John Treacher, reminds us that the year immediately preceding had been distinguished by three Mayoralties. The Mayor for the year beginning September 1782 was Mr. William Fletcher, mercer; the Bailiffs being Mr. Christopher Yeats and Mr. John Collis.² His successor was Mr. John Watson, with Mr. Stephen Haynes and Mr. William Costar, Bailiffs.³ On the 29th of March, in the succeeding year (1784), Mr. Watson died, and, as an election was close at hand, and a returning officer necessary, Mr. Isaac Lawrance was elected in his place for the remainder of the year of office.⁴ July, however, saw the death of Mr. Lawrance, at the age of seventy;⁵ and the Mayoralty now fell to Alderman Edward Tawney,⁶ who was more fortunate than his predecessors. Nicholas Halse, Esq., held the chief magistracy during the following year, with Mr. Pears and Mr. Bush, Bailiffs.⁷ Mr. Halse had pre-

viously been elected Assistant in the year 1783.¹ The only event connected with the Corporation recorded during these four years, from 1782 to 1785, was the opening of "the organ, just erected, by Mr. Green, of London, for the Corporation of this city," in Carfax Church, by a voluntary played by Dr. Hayes, which ushered in the procession of Mayor and Aldermen. Mr. Cross was appointed organist, for whose benefit the oratorio of Judas Maccabæus was performed in St. Martin's.²

The election which caused so hasty a re-election of Mayor, was caused by that dissolution of Parliament by Pitt, which resulted in the return of a triumphant majority in his favour, and the annihilation of the old Whig faction. But, though Oxford had been so lavish of fair words, the yoke was too strong to be thrown off, and the old members, Lord Robert Spencer and Captain Bertie, though open followers of Fox, were returned without opposition.³ The scene was hardly more creditable at Banbury, where the territorial influence of Lord North secured his re-election. "Some disgust having been conceived at a former election, relative to the beer which had been withheld from the companies of woolcombers, weavers, etc., they peremptorily declined accepting any favours from his Lordship, and, determining to have an election of their own, constituted a corporation among themselves. At the time Lord North's election was carrying on, the new-created corporation passed his Lordship in grand procession, with music,

flags, and a curious display of the coalition, which consisted of a fox and a badger, the latter with a blue riband" (Lord North habitually wore the badge of the Order of the Garter), "and both suspended from a branched pole. The companies having elected their member, he was chaired amidst the acclamations of more than a thousand people."¹ The mention of the companies in this extract, from the papers of the time, is illustrated by the account of the thanksgiving day at Salisbury, in the same year, where the effigy of the giant, St. Christopher, was escorted by a procession of the companies of joiners, shoemakers, weavers, tailors, and woolcombers; the last of which made, on this occasion, its "first appearance as a society, and added in no small degree to the beauty of the scene; they were preceded by a boy and girl, elegantly habited in the dresses of a shepherd and shepherdess, and followed by a band of youths, uniformly dressed in white, with sashes of various-coloured wool, and carrying wands; next came Bishop Blaze in his episcopal robes and mitre, holding a prayer-book and wool-comb in his hands, mounted on a white horse, attended by pages, and followed by his chaplain, also mounted on a white steed. The body of combers, drest in white uniforms, with sashes of wool, and a banner of the same, closed a scene which gave infinite satisfaction to the spectators."²

with the Imperial Ambassador and a brilliant suite.¹ A more really beneficial result of the royal visit was a present from the King of £300 towards the release of the poor debtors in Oxford gaol, and a remission to each of the better-conducted convicts of a part of their sentence. By the means of this benefaction the Earl of Harcourt was enabled to effect the discharge of twenty-five out of the twenty-seven debtors confined in the Castle.² Benevolence was not confined to royalty; in the month of January of this year "five hundred half-peck loaves, a benefaction from Sir John Treacher, our late Mayor, were distributed among the necessitous freemen and the widows of freemen of this city."³

Among the more miscellaneous events of this year may be noticed one which recalls the more recent sacrilege at New College; the robbery of two pair of massive candlesticks and a large silver offertory plate from Magdalen Chapel, by an organised gang of thieves, who effected an entrance through the woodyard and kitchen into the cloisters, and made their way into the Chapel by means of a false key. They were convicted at the next assizes, two reprieved, and Ward, the leader of the gang, executed in the month of April.⁴ A curious instance of the low morality of the times may be seen in the frequency of the "Wife Sales." In August 1786 we find that "one Broom, of Kennington, near this city, sold his wife to a person of the name of Pantin, of Little London, for five shillings, to whom she was publicly

delivered soon after with a halter about her neck ; but it seems Pantin was very soon sick of his bargain, for in the afternoon of the same day he generously made a present of her to Sadler, the Woodward of Bagley.”¹ And in the year 1789 we find the new Oxford market-place selected as the scene of one of the brutal barterings by a “navvy” employed on the canal, who “tied a penny slip round the waist of his wife, the end of which he held fast till he had pocketed three shillings in part payment, the purchaser not abounding in cash ; he then put the cord into the hands of the new husband and took a French leave. The woman immediately called for her second wedding ring, which being put on she eagerly kissed the fellow, with whom she walked off.”²

The Mayor chosen for the year beginning September 1786 was Mr. Richard Weston ; Mr. William Forty and Mr. Edward Hitchings being elected Bailiffs.³ In the next month the honorary freedom of the city was presented to Sir Charles Nourse and Mr. William Jackson, the originator and proprietor of the *Oxford Journal*.⁴ The same honour was in the course of the next year conferred on Lord Heathfield, better known as General Elliott, the gallant defender of Gibraltar, on his casual passage through the city.⁵ We find the corporation during the year 1787 distinguishing itself by a crusade against “the unlawful practice of forestalling and regrating which has lately prevailed in the market of this city” ;⁶ but our smile at such folly will perhaps be tempered by

the recollection that at this very time Lord Kenyon was busy preaching much the same sort of political economy from his seat on the King's Bench. The Commemoration of this year was enlivened by a public breakfast in Trinity College Gardens.¹ "The tables were plentifully and elegantly covered under the shade of the lime tree walk near the shrubbery."² We instinctively think of Tom Warton, "gobbling" and punning from one table to another, and listening by turns to the compliments of the ladies, and what was always such a magnet to him, the strains of "the Oxford band." Year after year his birthday and congratulatory odes meet us now in the columns of the *Journal*. They do not cease till we meet with the announcement of his burial (May 1790) in the college chapel, the funeral being attended by all the dignitaries of the university. Antiquarian, one might think, even in death, there were found, in digging for his grave, some few remains of a forgotten predecessor in the occupation of those last few feet of earth, "a buckle about the bigness of a crown piece," and "some fine silver thread which might probably have belonged to the fringe of his girdle."³

At the civic election for the year 1788 we find Mr. Francis Guiden elected Mayor; Mr. William Hyde and Mr. James Tagg bailiffs; Mr. Thomas Benwell and Mr. John Cox chamberlains; while the vacancies in the Council Chamber were filled up by the election of Mr. William Slatter, Mr. Simon

Brown, and Mr. Richard Cox.¹ The mayoralty was signalised by another passage of the royal party through the city on their way to Cheltenham.² In May of this year we find "the Oxfordshire Regiment of Militia"—quartered in the city for their annual exercise of one month—reviewed on Port Meadow by their colonel, Lord Chas. Spencer, and dismissed after a dinner in the Council Chamber.³ From this time the corps seems to have been regularly exercised at Bullingdon and elsewhere, and to have excited an amount of warlike enthusiasm similar to that which is every day springing up more and more around us. England was, in fact, unconsciously training for her death struggle with that revolutionary power which was rapidly rising into greatness on the other side of the Channel. Whiggism was beginning to be confounded with Jacobinism, and the loyal corporations were everywhere rallying round William Pitt. In his struggle with Fox and the Carlton House Whigs, on the Regency question, he received the thanks of the City of Oxford, in common with "the 267 patriotic members of the House of Commons, who so nobly maintained the rights and privileges of the two Houses of Parliament" to supply the defect of the personal exercise of the Royal authority, in opposition to the hereditary claims of the Prince of Wales.⁴ The strife was ended by the recovery of the King from his temporary fit of insanity, and nowhere was that recovery hailed with louder rejoicings than at Oxford. A public

dinner was given by the corporation, the city flag was displayed from the tower of St. Martin's, the bells rang incessantly throughout the day, and drums and fifes paraded the streets. The night was the signal for a general illumination, in which the colleges ("for the first time," it is noted) shared; the walls and palisades of the churches, and the "City Colonade" on Carfax, were decorated with lights, and scarce a cottage in the suburbs neglected to display its owner's loyalty. The Duke of Leinster, who, with the rest of the Irish deputation, sent to offer the unrestricted Regency to the Prince of Wales, had been met in Oxford by the news of the King's restoration to health, saw the poor watchmen each contributing his pound of candles to ornament his box; and a stage-waggon, stripped of its tilt, with the naked hoops studded over with lights, and a group of loyal fellows seated within, trolling out loyal songs, and passing round the health of King George till break of day.¹ Pitt was not forgotten in the general exultation. In October 1789 we find him passing through the city, in the company of Lord Auckland and Lord Henry Spencer, the bells ringing almost without pause during the whole time of their stay.² The mere threat of an attempt at a repeal of the Test and Corporation Act revived in 1790 the vigour of civic Toryism; by an unanimous vote of the council, the city members and the High Steward were requested to oppose the project,³ and the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Abingdon showed ready

deference to the wishes of what was almost their pocket-borough.

The most interesting event of the year 1789 was the falling of the "Founder's Oak" in Magdalen Waterwalks. It stood at their entrance,¹ and, by its dimensions and antiquity, had become an object of great curiosity. In girth it exceeded 21 feet, in height 71 feet, and its cubic contents 754 feet. For more than nine feet from the ground it was a mere shell, and had for a long time been kept from falling by two or three roots "scarcely so large as a two-inch cable." Its age was estimated at upwards of six centuries, and in the fifteenth century it was already so notable an object, that William of Waynflete expressly ordered his college to be built "nigh to it." It is curious that its fall was attributed to injuries received so far back as the reign of Charles II., when the present walks were laid out.² A portion of its timber was applied by the College to the construction of a large and highly-ornamented chair, and numerous snuff-boxes still remain as mementoes of its existence.

The Mayor for the year 1789 was Mr. John Parsons, mercer, Mr. William Wright and Mr. James Rowland being chosen bailiffs.³ The next year saw Mr. William Thorp, senior, elevated to the mayoralty, while Mr. John Johnson and Mr. Thomas Hardy became bailiffs, Mr. James Halse and Mr. John Swift being elected chamberlains.⁴ How carefully the city was nursed by this corporation may be seen from

the transactions connected with the election of Mr. Annesley in 1790. Immediately on the arrival of the news of Captain Bertie's death, the Mayor convened the Corporation and the Council, who unanimously put in nomination Arthur Annesley, Esq., of Bletchington, who was at once ushered into the town by many gentlemen of the corporation, and a large body of the freemen, with drums, music, and colours. A canvass was commenced; upwards of a hundred houses opened for the entertainment of the freemen; and the candidate, after dining with the electors at the Angel, was drawn in triumph by the crowd, which took the horses from his carriage, through the principal streets. The freedom of the city was presented him in a gold box, and Mr. Annesley returned the compliment by a grand entertainment to the Council and Chamber in the Town Hall. In spite, however, of this elaborate preparation an opposition candidate was at the last moment started, a Mr. Ogilvie, who, however, succeeded in polling only 103 votes against the 613 which were recorded for his opponent and the Corporation.¹ Civilities were bandied briskly enough between the civic dignitaries and the neighbouring peers, who were desirous of a seat for younger sons. Captain Parker is presented with the freedom of the city, and his father, the Earl of Macclesfield, entertains at the Star the members of the Tailors and Cordwainers Companies; "upon which occasion the two honorary members,"—Captain Parker and Lord Parker—"were

each presented with a taylor's silver thimble and a silver-bladed shoemaker's awl in an ivory handle."¹ The Town Hall was restored and made commodious in 1790, by the orders and at the expense of the Marquis of Blandford, while his father, the Duke of Marlborough, presented the room with "a magnificent gilt chandelier and chain."²

XXI

THE year 1792 found Oxford, in common with the rest of the kingdom, eagerly watching the progress of revolution in France. Whatever sympathy the first outbreak of liberty had excited was being fast extinguished by the excesses into which the revolution had by this time plunged; and that reaction was commencing which was eventually to defer for nearly half a century later the slightest approaches to a just reform of the representation. The king's head which, to use Danton's daring phrase, France threw down as her gage of defiance to Europe, was for England the symbol of a Tory despotism founded on the horror which that deed of blood excited. Addresses of confidence in existing institutions became the order of the day. Fearful of the dark and stormy sea into which France was so daringly launching forth, England clung to the worst and most effete abuses, as though a familiar evil were better than so obscure and uncertain a good. To those who are willing to cast aside every obstruction or anomaly in their eager reaching forward to a

political Utopia, the lesson is no valueless one. France hewed her way through abuses and anomalies to the despotism of the second of December; England amid abuses and inconsistency waited patiently the development of her freedom in the great charter of 1832.

Addresses of confidence, as we have said, poured rapidly in, in answer to the vigorous exertions of the small knot of English republicans who circulated so diligently the writings of Tom Paine. Such an address we find presented to the Crown in June 1792 by the Corporation of Oxford. "Kingly power," said that address, "wisely limited, is the surest safeguard of the rights and liberties of a great nation. We have to regret that no branch of the British Constitution has failed to meet its full share of reproach and calumny. The church, the nobility, the representation of the people, have each in their turn become the object of direct attack, malignant invective, and insidious ridicule."¹ In the month of December, in the same year, a "Loyal Association" was formed in the city under the presidency of Thomas Walker, Esq., and with the patronage of the authorities both of the university and city, for the purpose of declaring the firm attachment of its members to "the happy Constitution of this country," and of binding them to "oppose, detect, and suppress all seditious, treasonable, and inflammatory publications, whether in newspapers, printed handbills, ludicrous or caricature prints, etc.," and to assist the magistrates

in the suppression of any riot or disturbance; and to the resolutions of this society the Taylors' Company, the most important body in civic politics, gave in its formal assent.¹ (We may notice in passing that the then Mayor, Edward Lock, Esq., had in August been elected an honorary member of this company.)² The university was at the same time busy in the relief of the French refugee clergy, towards whose support the Vice-Chancellor was enabled in November to transmit the sum of £500, as a first instalment, and in December a further sum of more than £600.³ These expressions of political feeling were not confined to the higher classes. In January 1793 we find the rabble "parading the streets of this city with lighted torches, and bearing about the effigy of Tom Paine," amid the shouts of a mob of boys, until the evening, when it was committed to the flames on the top of Carfax. "The figure was dressed in black, with the Rights of Man in his left hand and a pair of stays under his right arm."⁴ The same ceremony was performed in the course of the next week at Headington, with somewhat more state and dignity. "Colonel Langton and Richard Lloyd, Esq., were particularly active and zealous on this occasion; and previous to the execution a band of music attended the procession, and God save the King was performed, vocally and instrumentally, for near five hours, during all which time the utmost decorum was observed."⁵ As the contest became graver we find the first institution of that "general fast and humiliation for imploring

success on our arms, and for restoring the blessings of peace to this kingdom," which was afterwards observed throughout the whole of the war, on April 19, 1793.¹ And we are reminded of that dark background of war, which we are so tempted to lose sight of in its more dazzling details, in the long list of subscriptions for the relief of the "widows and children of seamen or soldiers who may die or be killed in his Majesty's service during the present war," which was headed by the Corporation with a donation of fifty guineas.²

An agreeable variation of these sadder features of Oxford history is afforded in the account of the Duke of Portland's inauguration after his election to the office of Chancellor of the University, vacated by the death of Lord North. After attending at a grand choral service at St. Mary's, whose "galleries were occupied by a brilliant assemblage of ladies," the new Chancellor dined with the governors of the Radcliffe at a public ordinary in the Town Hall, and heard Mrs. Billington sing at Dr. Hayes' concert in the evening. On the next morning he proceeded to the Theatre, and conferred degrees on the Bishop of Dromore—better known to lovers of English literature as the collector of *The Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, the amiable and accomplished Dr. Percy; on the Duke of Devonshire, Lords Bute, Spencer, and George Cavendish; on the Right Hon. William Wyndham, and a crowd of other noblemen and statesmen. The same ceremonies on the two

following days, the graver features of the scene being relieved by the balls and promenades of the evening, and the whole being brought to a close by a grand performance of the *Messiah* in the Theatre.¹

The employment of the Oxfordshire regiment of Militia (July 1793) in escorting a thousand French prisoners from Southampton to Salisbury,² plunges us at once into the bustle of the great Revolutionary War which ended in 1815, and in November of the same year the Council is voting twenty guineas towards the use of the soldiers under the command of the Duke of York, at that time campaigning in Flanders;³ and in April 1794 a sum of £300 was voted by the Corporation in aid of the subscription for internal defence, in addition to the individual contributions of each of its members. The money was applied towards the raising of two troops of Fencible Cavalry in the county to serve during the war, which were soon organized under Major Parker and Captain Auriel, and marched off into Northamptonshire.⁴ In the midst of these preparations came the news of the great naval victory of Lord Howe, which was celebrated by a grand illumination. The front of Queen's, its parapet, and cupola, were covered with lights, bands of music played loyal airs, and the bells rang throughout the day. The streets were crowded until midnight.⁵ Admiral Bowyer, one of the heroes of the day, on his return to his seat at Radley, was escorted by the townsmen of Abingdon in blue ribbons and

cockades, and entertained by the gentry of the neighbourhood.¹ The ebullitions of popular loyalty were, however, sometimes more ardent than wise, for in the course of this year we find the Dissenting Minister of Oxford violently assaulted at Woodstock by a party of recruits "under a mistaken opinion of Mr. H., the minister's, political character."²

With war came war-prices and starvation. Every winter had been accompanied by voluntary subscriptions for the relief of the indigent poor, but these attempts produced scarcely any impression on the general distress. Yet the committee could state that "considerably more than four thousand persons have been regularly supplied with bread, twice in the week, at little more than half-price, for the space of eleven weeks," while the Corporation ordered all necessitous persons to be supplied with the best coals at fourteenpence per hundred, and the deficiency to be made good by the City Treasurer, on a consumption which in less than five months amounted to six hundred tons.³ What a boon this was we see from the joy with which the arrival of a canal boat, in the opening of March, was welcomed. The canal had been closed by a frost for more than ten weeks; coals had been brought by land carriage from Birmingham, and sold at four shillings a hundred.⁴ The county magistrates decided that for a man and his wife, wages to the amount of at least six shillings a week were necessary, adding one shilling for every additional child, and that where the family

earnings were less, the overseer should make up the deficiency.¹ The scarcity did not cease with the winter, and the usual amount of folly in the shape of proposals for its relief began to crop up. The farmers around Burford resolved "to sell their corn only to mealmen and bakers who shall consume the same at or near home, and not to any jobber, for they have found," adds the editor, "that persons of this description buy up various sorts of grain, and send it by different canals out of the country. The above laudable resolution, if universally adopted, will put an effectual stop to these proceedings."² Such nonsense as this was not confined to farmers. Lord Dudley informed his tenants "that if they do not sell their wheat at what may be deemed a fair and reasonable price, he will, according as they sell exorbitantly, advance their rents at Michaelmas, and give the sum arising from such advance to the poor."³ It is scarcely possible to conceive that the *Wealth of Nations* had been many years in existence, and that Adam Smith's pupil, William Pitt, was the first minister of Great Britain. The Duke of Marlborough and Lord Harcourt showed greater sense in the example which they set of ploughing up a great part of their parks to raise grain.⁴ The Vice-Chancellor and Heads of Houses unanimously agreed to "reduce the consumption of wheat in their own families by at least one-third of the usual quantity, and to recommend the same to their respective societies."⁵ In this they did but follow the example of the Privy Council,

who had entered into a similar agreement to consume only bread with a mixture of one-third of barley-flour. As might be expected, these quixotic attempts produced no great impression, and, in July 1795, a general subscription is again set on foot for the relief of the poor, and the reduction of the price of bread in their case to fourteenpence the half-peck, which the corporation headed by a donation of one hundred guineas.¹ Sufferings such as these were hardly compensated by great victories like that at Camperdown, for which we find Oxford busy in a general thanksgiving in December 1797, sermons being "preached before the University by the Rev. Dr. Collinson, Provost of Queen's College; and before the Corporation by the Rev. William Green, A.M., of Magdalen Hall."²

We have passed over in this hasty sketch of Oxford, at the close of the last century, some events of miscellaneous interest, such as the great eclipse which was very visible here in September 1793,³ and a curious tornado, which visited the city in the beginning of 1792.⁴ "A meeting of the Bursars," held in 1793, "for the purpose of taking into consideration the late advance of two shillings per barrel laid on beer by the Oxford brewers," in which they invite "proposals from such brewers in the country as may be inclined to serve the different colleges," is worth mentioning in these days of "strikes."⁵ A trial of great importance for the trade of Oxford was that of the Corporation against William

Taman, who, being matriculated and privileged as a barber, had tried a variety of other occupations, as a tallow-chandler, earthenware man, and cutler. The University contended that his privilege from matriculation entitled him to the exercise of all or any of these in addition to his tonsorial profession. The City relied on charters, etc., to prove that the privilege was limited to that particular trade of barber, which he was entitled to exercise as a matriculated person. The jury, with the approbation of Heath, the presiding judge, gave their verdict, without hesitation, in favour of the City.¹ A serious mutiny of the Oxfordshire Militia, stationed, in 1795, at Bletchington, must have excited a painful interest in the county. It was a rough attempt to effect what their superiors were just as clumsily attempting—a reduction in prices. They cleared the butchers' stalls of their contents, selling them at fourpence a pound; insisted on a farmer's selling wheat at £12 a load, and carried off flour to the amount of £5000, to sell at a "fair price" at Lewes market next day. For the night they encamped at Newhaven, where they were surrounded and made prisoners by the Lancashire Fencibles, who were in the neighbourhood, but their comrades in barracks, sallying out to effect their rescue, boldly attacked a troop of Horse Artillery which disputed their progress, and were not dispersed without bloodshed. Heavy punishments were inflicted, and four ringleaders shot for this crime.²

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XXII

“IMAGINATION,” said the Greeks of old, “is the daughter of memory.” To those who have accompanied us through the series of papers, of which this forms the conclusion, the converse may appear equally true. Our memory of the past must indeed be ever tinged deeply with Imagination. We look back on a past century as the traveller looks back on a distant landscape, where the grey of evening is blotting out one by one the coarser features of the scene, the miry roads, the squalid huts, the filthy peasantry, and leaving but the dark masses of long colonnades of elms, or the distant spires and pinnacles standing out sharp and black against the amber sky. As we, too, look back on the century which we have been sketching, we see how its fouler and more degrading features have passed away from men’s memories ; how its finer and more romantic points have been magnified through the haze of our fancy, till we have summed up and consecrated all under the name of “The Good Old Times.” There would be little harm in all this, if,

in doing justice to the past, we did not often do less than justice to the present. Comparisons are proverbially odious; but the comparisons which some of the older among us are so fond of instituting between the present and the past are the most odious, because they are the most erroneous of all. It has been the fate of the author of these papers to have to strip away much of the romance that enshrouded the deformity of the Last Century; to lay bare its low mean aims, its grossness, its utter want of moral tone or energy, and it was impossible to do so without provoking some comparison with the present—without the expression of a firm conviction that the advance from the eighteenth to the nineteenth century has indeed been a passing from darkness into light—a crossing of the great gulf, which we alluded to in our first paper, as severing the two most dissimilar æras of our history.

It is not without reason that “we boast,” as old Homer sang long ago, “to be far better men than our forefathers.” Low as, in the opinion of some, the standard of our politics has sunk, it would be hard to wring a consent, even from the lowest of Oxford pot-wallopers, to the unblushing sale of the civic representation in Parliament. The stoutest of reactionaries would stand aghast at a public reprimand delivered at the bar of the House to civic functionaries guilty, on their own confession, of open and flagrant corruption, at a second bargain concluded even within the walls of Newgate, at the

eighty open public-houses, and the cold collation to the members of the Corporation, which celebrated the sale of the seat to the Duke of Marlborough. Those who still profess to regret the changes effected by the Municipal Reform Act can scarcely regret changes which, at any rate, abolished the bribery, the gin-bottles, the unscrupulous employment of influence which made a civic election a bye-word. The fellows of St. John's no longer think it a nocturnal enjoyment to sally forth for a bottle at the neighbouring alehouses. The Three Tuns no longer affords a means of convivial pleasure to the dignitaries of All Souls. The present Professor of Poetry does not rival his predecessor, Warton, in his love for a pot-house; nor is it a common event for noblemen to rise in the morning after the whet of a quart of brandy. A highwayman, mounted like Dumas, would be as much stared at as a mermaid; we never think of looking carefully to our pistols as we take our railway ticket. Our prisons are not the scene of the foulest excesses, and the most horrible outbreaks; the pillory is gone with the stocks and whipping at the cart's tail. The poor, tattered, supperless servitor has almost vanished. If the Smart survives, his "smooth unruffled stream" has at least to break over the rocks of Examiners and Testamurs; even a gentleman-commoner may be studious without fear of a taunt of being "a bookish fellow" from his tutor. "Toasts" and beauties abound, let us hope, still; but Merton Gardens no longer catch the whispers of flirtation, or the click of

Flavia's fan. Baylis and Blenkinsop have disappeared with the wigs they so deftly manufactured; and the barber is no longer seen hurrying to college to prepare the student's peruke for Hall. With the barber other trades have sunk into comparative insignificance. The Guild of Cordwainers, the Company of Tailors, only afford subjects of interest to the civic antiquary. If we turn from city to county we can scarce recall the farmer of a hundred years ago, "fixed fungus-like on his peculiar spot," knowing nothing, caring nothing for improvement of the outer world, amid the present bustle of Farmers' Clubs and Agricultural Societies. The iron road along which we whirl in a day from London to Edinburgh has carried us almost beyond the memory of the Turnpike of the end of the Last Century, quite beyond that of the mud-lane of its opening.

This age, however, of the Georges was by no means an age of inaction. Materially it was an æra of gigantic progress. While the mind and conscience of Europe were waiting, as it were, for the thunder-burst of the French revolution to wake them from their death-sleep, mechanical ingenuity and commercial activity were rapidly raising England to the position which it holds at this day as the manufacturing centre of the world. Little as yet was generally known of the laws by which this commerce was regulated. Lord Kenyon was charging grand juries, and Oxford magistrates were advertising against the practices of forestalling and regrating, the

Court in its anxiety to alleviate a general famine could think of no other device but that of ceasing to eat puddings and pastry. But heedless of little follies like these, the great river was cutting out its own channels and spreading fertility in its own way around. And it is from this rapid material progress of the last century that there is almost as great a contrast between itself in its beginning and in its close, as between itself as a whole and its successor. Nowhere is this contrast more vividly presented to us than in the papers of this series. As they open Oxford is hurrahing for Dr. Sacheverell, persecuting Hanoverians, illuminating for the birthday of the Pretender, and toasting King James in every tavern and coffee-house. The "deep disloyalty" of the place is the subject of discussion among the Lords, and for the last time in the history of Oxford it is occupied by a hostile garrison. A hundred years pass, and with them pass all traces of Jacobitism and "Major-General Pepper's dragoons"; a Hanoverian monarch is still on the throne, but to whisper a jest upon him is counted a sign of republicanism. Tom Paine is being burnt in effigy, a loyal association is the fashion of the day, and crowds throng the streets to huzzah King George the Third when he honours with frequent visits his loyal city and university. When 1700 opens England is thrilling with the glorious news of Blenheim, of Ramillies, of Malplaquet; the House of Bourbon is the terror of Europe, and a grand

confederacy is clipping the ambitious wings of the Grand Monarque; when it closes the descendant of Louis XIV. is a refugee at Hatfield, and another great confederacy is on foot for his restoration to the throne of the Bourbons. Nor is the contrast less in our own internal progress. If 1700 witnessed the university's greatest inactivity and degradation, 1800 saw the first beginnings of that system of examination which led the way to higher and nobler intellectual efforts. If religion during the first years of the eighteenth century seemed dormant within her walls, the middle of the century sent Wesley and Whitefield forth to sow the good seed which may almost be said to have saved England from the fate of her sister countries of the Continent. The county was not behind hand. It is the great æra of enclosures; commons are disappearing, the great range of open country from Banbury to Chipping-Norton is being parcelled out into fields and farms; the value of land is doubling and trebling, and yet the farmers find no reason to complain. The old race of agriculturists is dying silently away before the dawn of a better system of culture; the close of the century sees a new race springing up eager to test and adopt the new implements that are to work a revolution in their modes of farming,—the drill and the thrashing mill, the scarifier and the horse-hoe. Externally, indeed, there seems little change or progress in the city. The corporation is as corrupt in the beginning as in the close of this æra, as busy in

fixing the assize of bread, in prohibiting inoculation, in putting down strikes and combinations for wages. "Backsword-play" goes on in Gloster-green, and cock-fighting at the pit in Holywell. St. Giles's fair remains, even far into the next century, the type in brutality and excess of St. Bartholomew's. The streets ring with the oaths and curses of ruffians who cared little for the watchman or the staff of the city marshal. But even in amusements signs of a gradual amelioration peep forth. Concerts grow more and more frequent. Flower shows, shows of carnations, trips to Nuneham, trivial as they may seem to us, are yet the straws that shew the set of the tide of refinement. The building of the Radcliffe Infirmary forms an important æra in the charities of Oxford. Meanwhile the whole aspect of the city is undergoing a change by the operation of the Improvement Act of the latter part of the century. A market-place is established, the lumbering array of signs and penthouse shops are swept away, the streets are paved and lighted, the kennel over which Johnson stood so long astride, wrapt in meditation, disappears. The entrances of the city are widened by the removal of the old gates—a sweeping measure which we cannot but regret while we approve it—by the construction of the present fine bridges, and by the removal of the ruinous blocks of houses which disfigured the approaches to them.

It is a topic on which one would be tempted to enlarge in an age when the importance of local and

sanitary improvements and the connexion of wide open streets and free-air circulation with health is becoming daily more recognized. But our limits bid us pass on to another topic which may have struck, perhaps, the readers of this series. Interesting books have been written on the boyhood of great men; it was one of the felicities of our subject that it introduced us to not a few of England's greatest intellects at a time of still greater interest than their boyhood, the time of brief rest ere that plunge into the life-ocean which some were to buffet so manfully, where some were to suffer so terrible a shipwreck. We saw the father of the Wesleys, with his allowance of five shillings from his friends, copying, running errands, teaching, for a livelihood; Foote acting Punch through the streets, ridiculing the pedantry of Provost Gower, and dashing through Oxford in a coach and six greys. Malmesbury met us, the future diplomatist, drinking claret and playing whist with Eden and Charles Fox; the brilliant though discursive writer whom we have so recently lost, De Quincey, was there, entering hall with coat buttoned to the throat, and gown drawn close about him to conceal the rents in his threadbare habiliments; Collins was parading about Queen's or Magdalen in laced hat and the finery of an exquisite; a greater poet, a still more unhappy man, Shelley, is staining his carpet with vitriol or making ducks and drakes in the pool below Shotover, or snatching up the children whom he met for a kiss. Gibbon paces the

cloisters of Magdalen in his velvet cap and silk gown, sneering at the port-bibbing dons whom he mixes with in common-room, and sneered at by them in turn as they see him poring over his D'Herbelot; making tours to Bath, to Buckinghamshire, to London; and poring over Arabic and bills with the same cynical indifference. Tom Warton has strolled with us up Headington Hill or round the Cherwell meadows, amusing us with his poetry and his puns, his gobbled criticisms, his enthusiasm at a fife and a drum. Greatest of all we have seen Johnson's gaunt convulsed form lounging at Pembroke gate, a wit, a rebel, a king among his fellows, at once so proud and so poor.

They are gone—these men of the last century—and their age is gone with them. We inherit the material wealth it bequeathed to us; its manufactures and its commerce, its roads, canals, and spinning-jennies—but the age has gone—it has left us nothing of itself. There is, as we said at the very outset, a great gulf between our aims, our purposes, our standards of what is high and excellent, and the aims, purposes, standards of the age which we have been investigating. The fishermen of the Northern Seas believe that seamen sometimes land on what seems a great island, and whilst reposing in fancied security, the Kraksa¹—for the island is that fabled monster—sinks and is seen no more. As we turn our eyes away from this Eighteenth Century on which we have been landing so lately, it seems

like the *Kraksa* to sink into the deep sea of oblivion—we gaze easily beyond to the firm solid land—the age of Cromwell, of Elizabeth, of the Reformation—but the Age of the Georges is vanished for ever.

■

YOUNG OXFORD

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I

THERE are few earthly surprises at once so old and so pleasant as the surprise with which, after a few years' absence from Oxford, one returns to find oneself an anachronism. It is not merely that the ordinary social changes of life have gone on more rapidly there than elsewhere, that a little world which renews itself every three or four years presents new faces and new voices to us, that, if we seek for some enduring element amid the chaos of novelty, we are driven to make friends with a veteran scout, or to gaze with a sigh of relief on an immortal bedell. It is not the faces only, but the whole atmosphere of Oxford that has changed. The puns, the sermons, the Newdigates, the heroes of the past are utterly forgotten. It is one peculiarity of a place at first sight so eminently traditional, that there is no tradition; the great boating deeds of Smith, the great proctorate of Brown, the wit of Robinson, the learning of Jones, vanish with the generation that knew them. We find ourselves in the midst of a world that has no past, in which a modern life is for ever ebbing

and flowing through time-honoured cloisters and beneath immemorial elms, where the most venerable of living beings is the man in his last term.

It is difficult to express the sense of fogyism with which one reads the innumerable Oxford *jeux d'esprit* that float down to hall or parsonage as Charlie comes home for vacation; such amusing little essays, for instance, as these which have just been collected in the form of the *Oxford Spectator*. There is all the old fun, the old sense of social ease and brightness and freedom, the old medley of work and indolence, of jest and earnest, that made Oxford life so picturesque. But every form in which this spirit embodied itself is changed. We have to begin our Oxford again, as we had to begin it when we faced the Vice-Chancellor at our matriculation. All is new, all is strange to us, and we are plunged once more into the "Freshman's Dream" which has been so ingeniously sketched by a writer in these essays:—

I dreamed that I was wandering at midnight in the Christ-church meadows. The sun was shining, and all the trees bore the similitude of the colossal heads which form the new decoration of the Theatre. I was hastening to Iffley to attend a lecture for which I was in no measure prepared. One tree gravely requested me to subscribe to the Botanical Gardens, while another asked me with great affability to wine. Then the ground beneath my feet turned suddenly to cinders, and I was exhorted to feel my stretcher, because it was the last lap. I rose in the air, and found myself on my feet at the

Union, unable to speak ; I sat down, and was straightway dining in Hall without cap or gown, where my old school-master glared at me from a frame upon the wall. Then came Alcestis, whose face was still that of the College Porter. With one hand she solved a quadratic equation, and with the other she whispered in tones of silvery sweetness, "the Proctor's compliments, sir, and are you a member of the University ?" ¹

It is the contrast of this social novelty with the historic and unchanging aspect of the place, of its real life and its ideal life, which gives such a strange charm to Oxford. The future Antony-a-Wood who sets himself to describe the true and not the merely official history of Alma Mater will find himself face to face with the most picturesque, because the most rapidly changing, panorama in the world. Without stirring the dust of the middle ages he will recall the martial tramp of the academical Cavalier as he mustered in Broken Heyes or swept out with Rupert to the fight at Chalgrove Field, the jests of the sturdy Jacobites who ogled the Toasts in Merton Gardens or pelted the soldiers of King George, the earliest Methodists fasting and praying beneath the eyes of the "pretty fellows," the tap of the martial drum that could alone draw Professor Warton from his alehouse, the gaunt figure of Whately stalking round the meadow, the geological cavalcade behind Buckland, the sudden adoption of tail-coats and the most courteous of droops by which Oxford signaled its worship of Newman and the origin of the new

"Movement," the debates at the Union, the boats on the river, the delights of the Long. What will strike him most, perhaps, in the Oxford of to-day is the disappearance of the Don. Oxford is Young Oxford. The queer figures, strange compounds of shyness and hauteur, who formed the still background to all the movement and variety of academical life, have faded away into quiet parsonages. With them Oxford has lost its last relic of continuity, the last bond that linked its generations together, the last memorials of a tradition of discipline. It has not lost sweetness in them or light, but it certainly has lost individuality. They were not as other men are. They had in fact a deep, quiet contempt for other men. Oxford was their world, and beyond Oxford lay only waste wide regions of shallowness and inaccuracy. They were often men of keen humour, of humour keen enough at any rate to see and to mock at the mere pretences of "the world of progress" around them. Their delight was to take a "progressive idea" and to roast it over the common-room fire. They had their poetry; for the place itself, and the reverence they felt for it, filled them with a quiet sense of the beautiful; and this refinement and this humour both saved them from bowing before the vulgar gods of the world without. They did not care much for money; they saw their contemporaries struggling for it, and lingered on content with their quiet rooms and four hundred a year. They cared very little for fame, at least the

fame that lives in the light of Mudie's countenance, although most of them had a great dream-work on hand, of which not a chapter was ever written. What they did care for was strangely blended of the venerable and the ridiculous, for their real love of learning was mingled with a pedantry both of mind and of life, and a feminine rigour over the little observances of society and discipline. Such as they were, however, Young Oxford has no type of existence to show so picturesque, so individual. Its one really new product is the "D. F. Niente, Esq.," whom the essayists of the *Spectator* set before us in the various stages of his academical career. He

wears the form of a slim and graceful youth, well dressed and highly perfumed ; his voice is soft, and his manners attractive, if perhaps a trifle artificial. First you ask his name, and admire him at a distance for a week ; then you meet him in company, and are in a moment his willing captive. He soon allures you to his lair, a spot strewn with every elegance of luxury and art, with albums full of fair faces or amusing "sketches," with graceful trifles from foreign lands, and little notes from all the ladies in Oxford. There he feeds you with the most delicate viands, over which you linger like them of old who could not leave the lotus-beds ; then, before this enjoyment begins to pall, he leads you forth, and slowly up and down the High Street, through a long delightful afternoon, till, before the bell of your College rings for dinner, you are ensnared. Struggle as you will, you cannot get free. Henceforth you will act in private theatricals, and sleep till mid-day ; you will never row or

run again ; you will be often photographed ; in short, as your captor is so will you be.¹

No doubt there is a more serious side to Young Oxford. If dons have fled before this advent of "shooting stars," of whist, of athletics, of art, before the endless jangle of pianos and the rattle of billiard-balls, some of the better elements of the world without have come in. Lepidus, as these essayists paint him, may be "dainty, delicate, delightful, superficial"; we may get a little sick of his raptures over De Musset, his egotistical philosophy, his art gossip, the pretentious little essay which he polishes in a couple of years till it is too sparkling to be readable, his feminine fussiness over the last Liberal statute, his fleers at "the barbarians," his patronage of goodness and nobleness "from an æsthetic point of view"; but with all his affectation Lepidus is quietly changing this old world into a new. If Oxford is to educate Englishmen, and not merely to drill them, to act as an intellectual, and not merely as a social force, it is time that she knew something and taught something of Turner and Alfred de Musset. Ten years ago we should have found no Oxford man daring enough to talk through a whole paper, as one of these gentlemen does, about the drawings in the Taylor buildings, and to talk with a certain amount of knowledge and good sense. Ten years ago it would have been hazardous in a mere author of fugitive papers to suppose such an interest in literature, in the

humours of Charles Lamb, in the style of Addison, as these papers in their very form take for granted. And the result of this extension of Oxford sympathies is apparent, we think, in a new geniality and fairness of tone. Oxford has given much in the way of impulse, of energy, to England, but her impulse has been narrow, and her energy has been hard. Who does not recall the bitter, fighting, intolerant temper that marred much that was lofty and beautiful in the earlier Oxford movement; the blind party-spirit, the cliquishness, the self-sufficiency that has so often disenchanted men of Oxford Liberalism? To men living in a little world, and never looking outside it, mole-hills become mountains, and to Oxford men Headington Hill was an Alp. We can forgive much art-gossip, much prattle over Sainte-Beuve, if it takes men out into the larger world, where they may gain a sense of proportion, and add a little sweetness to their light. Their contact with the actual life around them, however trivial may be the forms it takes, their sympathy with the actual hopes and aims of men at large, may help Oxford in the days that are to come. For whatever may be the changes that are impending, it is plain that changes must be, and that they will be changes that will set our academical education in a far closer and more practical relation to the general instruction of the country than its present system and tradition allows. Whether Oxford can adapt herself to new national requirements will depend not so much on new "Liberal

statutes" as on the development of a temper in harmony with the temper of that "world without" which she has so long despised. And it is because of the promise of such a development, a promise none the less significant that its form is so light and unpretending, that we have noticed these little pages of the *Oxford Spectator*.

OXFORD AS IT IS

I

COMMEMORATION is Oxford in masquerade, and the mob of country visitors who celebrate its carnivals of balls and prize essays during the present week are simply looking on *Hamlet* with the part of Hamlet left out. Oxford is in Pall Mall, or up the Rhine, or scaling the Matterhorn, or doing the Caucasus, and it has left only its tail behind it. Chancellors and beadles and doctors of civil law, and a few belated undergraduates groaning against fate and the caprice of pretty cousins, form indeed a tail such as no other place can boast. Some faint shadow of the real life which has flitted away lingers in the grand incongruities which remain—Abyssinian heroes robed in literary scarlet, degrees conferred by the suffrage of virgins in pink bonnets and blue, a great academical ceremony drowned in an atmosphere of Aristophanean chaff. The shadow of Oxford is better than the substance of other places, no doubt; but we can hardly wonder that the pretty cousin goes home again as wise as she came. She has failed to see Oxford, as Leicester failed to see the Spanish fleet,

“because it was not in sight.” It is the season, not the method of her inquiry, which is at fault. The one place to study Oxford in is Oxford herself; a walk down the High tells more of its actual life than all the books and treatises in the world. Nowhere does one get less help from sentiment or speculation; nowhere can one trust so implicitly to the eye and ear. The charm of the place lies in a single difference from the world without it, and that difference is betrayed in almost ostentatious individualities of speech, of manner, of costume. It is natural enough for the pretty cousin, as she peeps into Oriel quad or wanders round Magdalen cloister, to associate Oxford with the speculations it has suggested or the traditions to which it seems to cling. It is hard not to shrink with a little awe before the long procession of Doctors and Heads which floods with a gorgeous river of colour the middle aisle of St. Mary’s. But Oxford is in truth neither historic nor theological nor academic. It is simply young. The first impression one receives is the true one; half the faces one meets are the faces of boys; everywhere there is the freedom, the geniality, the noise of a big school.

There is the indolence and the lawlessness too. The true life of Oxford begins after luncheon. It lounges about the quad in the sunshine of noon. It plays bowls on the smooth sward of St. John’s, or does a little lazy archery beneath the elms of New College. It paddles down to Sandford, or moors its indolent punt among the water-lilies of Cherwell.

It seeks comfort in Symonds's stables, and discusses with ostler-pundits the odds for the Oaks. Its cricket drag rattles down High on its way to Bullingdon, its fours drift down the river and receive comfort and counsel from the bank. Night brings the magniloquence of the Union, Jones's first speech, and Robinson's smashing reply. Choral and quartet parties burst forth on the evening stillness of the quads. Brown settles himself in the coziest of sofas for an hour with his French novel; Smith wends his way to the little room in the corner, where the faithful gather to celebrate the mysteries of whist. It is a life possibly without grandeur or high aims, hardly perhaps the ideal life of a great university but a life at any rate free and genial and young. It is difficult, of course, to bring young Oxford into any very definite relation with the traditional Oxford which surrounds him. His one relation is that of picturesque contrast. One turns into the gloomy quad of S. Leoline's, and every window and dropstone of the blackened walls is etched out with gay lines of flowers. It is in the same gay, flower-like spirit that young Oxford etches out the grim, dark outlines of the Oxford of centuries ago. There is a certain grace even in the revolt which flung aside academic costume and permitted dress to attain its highest pitch of negligence in the one spot where it is still regulated by statute. A long line of founders and benefactors look down on the results of their munificence in the group of boyish strollers got up in

boating flannels and red comforters, or gracefully lounging beneath mediæval porches in the *abandon* of a wide-awake and a pea-jacket. It is in vain that Heads lecture and tutors preach, and proctors insist on a morning call and a statutory fine. The whole thing melts in an atmosphere of laughter and fun. The Head whom nobody cares for, the sermons that nobody goes to, the halls that fade away into boating suppers, the tutors that submit to a terminal screwing-in, the proctor who stifles his smile as he pockets the half-crown, dissolve into unreal beings beneath the jests of young Oxford. We dress this *jeunesse dorée* in the philosophic toga and set it before examiners in bands and white tie, but it is impossible to make it believe in statutes or testamurs. The young barbarian believes that he has been sent to these venerable cloisters to play. The scene at Commemoration, the chaff which breaks upon the Latin poem, the interruptions of the portly orator, the roar of laughter which greets the Vice-Chancellor's appeal for a little gravity in the proceedings, convey simply the undergraduate's impression that everything which aims at not being play is a joke.

Oxford is young, and oddly enough it is this peculiar characteristic of the place which has been especially intensified by modern reforms. The old Don of port and prejudice has disappeared. The new teachers are hardly older than the boys they teach. The country parson who brings up his son for matriculation stares at the beardless Vice-President,

at the gay group of unwhiskered young Fellows round the High Table, who are tossing from one to another the grave titles of Tutor and Dean. The chaff, the vivacity of common room, strike him as dumb as if he had looked in casually upon Convocation and caught bishops playing high jinks. And no doubt among the actors themselves there is a slight sense of unreality. Graduate and undergraduate hardly meet without a smile; the tutor displays somewhat defiantly a shade of his old interest in the cricket-score; it is difficult to bring home to the friends of last term the impropriety of bonneting the Dean. The Dean himself longs sometimes for a grey hair or two when it is necessary to impress on young Oxford the principles of decorum and self-respect. Still on the whole the experiment is a success. There is a great deal more unity and good-feeling about the place than could possibly exist when a gulf of twenty years separated governors and governed. Discipline is quite as efficiently maintained by friendly appeals to men's good sense as by the puerile severity of college meetings, and religion can hardly be said to have suffered from the abolition of compulsory chapels. The place in fact has quietly changed from a school into a university, and a discipline originally framed for boys of fifteen, and which had become an anachronism with men of twenty, has at last been adapted to the altered circumstances of the time. Nor has the change been unfavourable to the Don himself. No doubt he is young; young, for instance,

in dandyism and a tendency to soft living, a youthful taste for sybarite little dinners in common room, a weakness in the way of flirtation, a certain poetic effervescence, a juvenile drift towards laborious pleasantries and elephantine jest. His muscular energy has a youthful rawness about it; he is proud of doing Constantinople in the four weeks of an Easter vacation, he revels in the Alpine peaks of the Long. Intellectually he has a boy's want of balance, a wide, unconscious ignorance, which satisfies itself easily with parrot-like phrases and a general reliance on cram; a juvenile narrowness of mental range, and an absolute blindness to the greater lines along which human knowledge is destined to advance. He is totally ignorant of history in one of the most historic cities of the world. He knows nothing of science, though he votes thousands in a lordly way towards its support from the University chest. He is young in the intensity of his worships, in the precocity of his criticism. Before Balliol he falls down, like Sisera, dead. German has a strange power over him, as a language in which all human science is summed up. He contemptuously refers the Professor of History to a Leipzig treatise, which turns out to be a summary of Hallam, and bursts upon the Physiological Reader with a scientific Eureka, which proves to be a translation of Darwin. He has, like most people of his years, a tendency to epigram, an intolerance of bores and boredom, a turn for paradox. His youth breaks out in defiant heterodoxies and ortho-

doxies, in a fiery party-spirit, in a passionate loyalty to academical wire-pullers, in an abhorrence of "caves" and moderation, in a preference for strict party votes. He moves heaven and earth to frustrate the reactionary intrigues which aimed at substituting a comma for a semicolon in the statute on blunderbusses. He has the last news from the lobby about the Tests Bill, and shakes his head distrustfully over the Solicitor-General. But with all this he is honest and hard-working. The number of books turned out from Oxford just now is probably greater than at any time since the years of the Newmania, and the intellectual energy which produces them is far wider in temper and actual extent of interest than the energy of 1840. The *Academy* is a good index to the nature of Oxford activity—a little too impatient of vulgarity, too contemptuous of fine writing, aiming too passionately perhaps at thoroughness and originality, but still genuine and useful so far as it goes. In a word, the young Don is a little priggish, as young people are apt to be. But he is for the most part eminently genial and good-humoured. His gaiety and vivacity give life and colour to the place. People never meet each other without a good story or a piquant little jest. Nowhere are differences so wide or so keenly expressed, but nowhere do they tell less upon the grace and courtesy of social converse. The philosophers who have been rending one another in pamphlets and on platforms are in common room the best friends in the world.

It is curious to watch the influence of the young Don upon the world into which he is thrown. On the place itself it tells rapidly, because it is a place without a tradition, without a past. No place lives so absolutely in the present, and nowhere is the present so short. The "old resident," who was the one chain that linked the generations together, is quietly drifting away. If he stays, the atmosphere of youth around him turns Oxford into a Medea's kettle. He prides himself on being younger than the youngest. He cracks jokes, he trots out his little anecdotes, he is the life of the common room, he is fatal on the croquet-ground. It is on the croquet-ground that the new social aspects which young Oxford has introduced can be best studied. Beyond the classic fields of St. Giles stretches the land of Professors and Professors' wives, hundreds of mediæval little villas where learned young ladies invite young Oxford to early tea. The old celibate spirit has vanished before this invasion of the vestals. There is a curious action and reaction; the young tutor becomes a shade over-festive, the maiden sometimes a shade over-blue. She is generally Liberal, learned in University politics, divided in her affections between boating-men and first classmen, cautious not to get entangled with penniless barristers, and secretly dreaming of blissful union with a "tuft." Her tea is a little weak, but she is very strong in croquet, and strongest of all in a chat beneath the willows. Grave "Heads" wield the mallet for her,

and grave Professors vary their lectures with pretty little stories which are rewarded with her smiles. She mourns over the scarcity of balls and at the perpetual monotony of musical evenings. But she quickens into new life at the advent of Summer Term. There are the Art Lectures to begin with, and art is always pleasant to dabble in. What can be more delightful than the Master of St. Simon's and the charming little sketches he leaves on the blotting-book at every delegate's meeting? What more entrancing than the new Art-Professor, and the wonderful fireworks which throw their magical light over every subject on earth but the subject of his chair? Quiet art-students there have been in Oxford for a long time; its art-circle is one of the most real and worthy results of the life of young Oxford; but the Vestal of the Parks votes their talk a bore, and hurries off to the Taylor to see a great genius crown itself with foolscap and burn the Church Catechism in effigy before the nose of the Vice-Chancellor. But the Vestal is only one instance of the wider world into which young Oxford plunges. The great ambition of the modern Don is to turn Oxford into a suburb of town. The non-resident Fellow forms the link between society and Alma Mater. Troops of lions and lionesses, poetesses and novelists, Comtists and Cardinals, flutter down on the Saturday, to return on Monday morn. Sunday is spent in "academical regeneration," in breakfasts and boating, barges to Nuneham and breaks to Woodstock, lioniz-

ing, flirting, chatting, dining. In this way Oxford is "saturated with modern thought." So at least thinks young Oxford, as he rests from his flirtations, and turns back with a sigh to the old-fashioned grind.

NOTES

P. 27.—¹ It has been thought best to alter nothing in the wording of the following papers; the expressions "this century," "present century," "last century" have therefore been left as they originally stood. The reader will understand that, as these papers were written in 1859, "the last century" stands throughout for the eighteenth, and "the present century" for the nineteenth century.

P. 29.—¹ The large shop in the High Street occupied by the late Mr. Wyatt (printseller) was formerly the well-known "Tom's" coffee-house. The front part was the general room, but the small back room was the sanctum of dons, and Mr. Wyatt used to point out the Chippendale chairs which had been there more than a century, and tell how the room was always known as "The House of Lords," set apart for men like Tom Warton or Dr. Johnson. The chairs had been sat on by many a learned talker, while he and his listeners enjoyed their pipes and coffee.—J. R.

P. 30.—¹ Lord Bathurst to Swift, June 30, 1730. Swift's *Works*, ed. Scott, 1824, vol. xvii. pp. 304-5.

² "The man of God doubted not but that very soon Oxford would be sought for, even in Oxford." Amherst, *Terræ Fulvius*, No. 5. "Oxonium quæras in Oxonio." *Ib.* No. 44.

P. 31.—¹ Wood's *Autobiography*, a. 1650.

² Aubrey, *Lives of Eminent Men* (published with *Letters written by Eminent Persons*, 2 vols. 1813), vol. ii. p. 198;

Clark's edition (1898), vol. ii. p. 10. It should be noted that "this city" in the text means London.

³ *Oxford Sausage* (1764).

P. 32.—¹ Jackson's *Oxford Journal*, April 14, 1759.

² *Ib.* April 21, 1759.

P. 33.—¹ This reference has not been identified. For the gentleman commoner see prologue to Colman's *Oxonian in Town*.

P. 34.—¹ Zach. Conrad von Uffenbach, who visited Oxford in 1710, relates that the Protobibliothecarius of the Bodleian, "Bookseller" Hudson, left the making of the new catalogue to the Hypobibliothecarii, Master Crab and Master Hearne. "This Hearne is a man of 30 year, a poor starveling mean little creature, yet diligent withal and of good scholarship. He is only keeper (*Beschlosser*) of the Library, and shows the Anatomy Camera, wherefore he is very eager for the fee. He has not much from the Library, and as he assured me, only £10." Uffenbach's *Itinerary* (1754), iii. 158, quoted in Wordsworth's *University Society*, p. 21, note 2. The German words represented by "a poor starveling, mean little creature" are *sehr unansehnlich*.

² Dr. Routh of Magdalen College used to tell in 1848 (being then in his ninety-third year) how he "well remembered the time when every academic of any fashion resorted to the coffee-house during the afternoon, 'Tom's,' nearly opposite the present market, being frequented by the most gay and expensive; 'Horseman's,' also in the High Street, nearly opposite the house of the Principal of Brasenose, received the members of Merton, All Souls', Corpus and Oriel; 'Harper's,' the corner house of the lane leading to Edmund Hall, those of Queen's and Magdalen; 'Bagg's,' the stone house (built out of the surplus materials from Blenheim by Sir John Vanbrugh), at the corner of Holywell, facing the King's Arms, used by New College, Hertford and Wadham; and 'Malbon's,' a diminutive tenement some feet below the present street, at the north-east corner of the Turl, was filled from Trinity, and by the members of the neighbouring colleges."—Wordsworth's *University Society*, p. 145.

P. 35.—¹ “Last week the bp. of Winchester sent half a buck to Magd. Coll., Oxford (the president himself being absent) for the fellows, and about the same time Queen Carolina sent them a whole buck (it being had from Whichwood forest), and they eat it on Monday last, September 11, going to dinner at one o'clock.”—Hearne's *Diary*, Sept. 14, 1732.

² “Whereas the University disputations on Ash Wednesday should begin exactly at one o'clock, they did not begin this year 'till two or after, which is owing to several colleges having altered their hour of dining from eleven to twelve, occasioned from people's lying in bed longer than they used to do.”—*Ib.* Feb. 10, 1721-2.

³ *Ib.* Feb. 27, 1722-3.

⁴ See Colman's *Random Records*, vol. i. p. 274.

P. 37.—¹ Aubrey, *Lives*, vol. ii. p. 343.

² *Ib.* pp. 585-86.

P. 38.—¹ Mr. Thomas Allen, of Gloucester Hall (Worcester College); see Aubrey's *Lives*, vol. ii. pp. 201-3. There is a portrait of Allen in the Bodleian picture-gallery. He died at about ninety-six years of age, “a very cheerfull, facetious man, and everybody loved his company, and every house on their Gaudie-dayes were wont to invite him. He had a great many instruments and glasses in his chamber, and his servitor thought it for his credit to serve such a master. Allen used, every long vacation, to ride into the country to visitt his old acquaintance and patrons, to whom his great learning, mixt with much sweetness of humour, rendered him very welcome. One time being at Home Lacy, in Herefordshire, at Mr. John Scudamore's (grandfather to the Lord Scudamore), he happened to leave his watch in the chamber windowe (watches were then rarities). The maydes came in to make the bed, and hearinge a thing in a case cry *Tick, Tick, Tick*, presently concluded that that was his Devill, and tooke it by the string with the tongues, and threw it out of the windowe into the mote (to drowne the Devill). It so happened that the string hung on a sprig of an elder that grew out of the mote, and this confirmed them that 'twas the Devill. So the good old gentleman gott his watch again.”

² Aubrey, *Lives*, vol. ii. p. 238.

³ Hearne's *Diary*, Aug. 17, 1721.

⁴ Whitefield, *Short Account of God's Dealings*, etc. (1740), pp. 14, 18, 19.

P. 39.—¹ "In Dr. Whitehead's *Lives of the Wesleys* and in the life which is prefixed to the collected edition of Mr. Wesley's *Works*, it is said that Wesley the father was about sixteen when he entered himself at Exeter College. But as he was born 'about the year 1662, or, perhaps, a little earlier,' he must have been not less than two-and-twenty at that time, as the following extracts from the registers of Exeter College will prove: 'Deposit of Caution Money. Sept. 26, 1684. Mro. Hutchins pro Samuele Westley, paup. schol. de Dorchester, £3,' etc.—Southey, *Life of Wesley*, 3rd ed. (1846), vol. i. p. 8, note.

² Amherst, *Terræ Filius*, No. 11.

P. 40.—¹ Aubrey, *Lives*, vol. ii. p. 238.

² Nov. 28, 1754. Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, ed. Birkbeck Hill, vol. i. p. 276.

³ No reference has been found for this.

P. 41.—¹ Hearne's *Diary*, Aug. 17, 1721.

² *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, new series, vol. ii. p. 374.

³ Salmon, *Present State of the Universities* (1744), p. 423.

P. 42.—¹ Hearne's *Diary*, March 4, 1705-6.

² *Ib.* July 14, 1708.

³ The preface to Ockley's *History of the Saracens*, vol. ii., was written in Cambridge gaol.

⁴ Nichols, *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. ii. p. 457.

⁵ Hearne's *Diary*, March 4, 1705-6.

⁶ Philips, *The Splendid Shilling* (1709).

P. 43.—¹ Warton's *Panegyric on Oxford Ale*.

² *The Splendid Shilling*.

³ Aubrey, *Lives*, vol. ii. pp. 421-22.

⁴ *Ib.* p. 425.

P. 44.—¹ Mr. Green himself received a prize at Magdalen School from the hands of Dr. Routh, the last man who wore a wig in Oxford, who had seen Dr. Johnson stand in the High

Street, lost in thought, with one foot on either side of the kennel down the middle of the way, surrounded by a group of street-boys, "none daring," as Dr. Routh used to tell, "to interrupt the meditations of the great lexicographer."

² Boswell's *Johnson*, ed. Birkbeck Hill (1887), vol. i. p. 74.

³ *Ib.* vol. iii. p. 303.

P. 45.—¹ *Ib.* vol. iii. p. 304.

² *Ib.* vol. i. p. 73.

P. 47.—¹ Amherst, *Terræ Filius*, No. 31.

² *Ib.* No. 41.

³ *Ib.* No. 46.

⁴ *Ib.* No. 31.

⁵ *Ib.* No. 41.

⁶ *Ib.* No. 46.

P. 48.—¹ Hogg's *Life of Shelley* (1858), vol. i. p. 66.

² "The Lownger," *Oxford Sausage*, p. 92.

³ Amherst, *Terræ Filius*, Nos. 30, 46.

P. 49.—¹ Jackson's *Oxford Journal*, Sept. 27, 1755.

² Amherst, *Terræ Filius*, No. 46.

³ Whitefield, *Short Account*, p. 39.

P. 50.—¹ Amherst, *Terræ Filius*, No. 46.

² "Uffenbach (*Reisen*, iii. 171) thus describes Paradise Garden: 'This is hard by an end of the town near a tavern which is in connexion with it, and at the back of which, on the water, are countless little boxes partitioned by hedges, where the Fellows drink in summer.' . . . This pleasaunce appears in the map of T. Neale and R. Agas (1566-78), engraved by Loggan a century later, as 'Paradise'; and in Loggan's own (1675) as 'Paradise Garden'—at the bend of the river to the south of the castle. 'Paradise Walks' is the scene of the three first acts of *The Humours of Oxford*, a play by James Miller of Wadham (1703; d. 1744)." Wordsworth, *University Society*, pp. 365, 366. The garden had belonged to the Grey Friars. *Oxford Historical Society's Publications*, vol. xvii. pp. 395-6. Its name is preserved in the present Paradise Square and Paradise Street.

³ "Thus I tope all the night, as I trifle all day."—"The Lownger," *Oxford Sausage*, p. 93.

P. 51.—¹ Earle, *Microcosmographie* (1628), c. 25.

² Amherst, *Terræ Filiius*, No. 9.

P. 52.—¹ Gibbon's *Autobiography* (1869), pp. 23, 29.

P. 53.—¹ *Diaries and correspondence of the first Earl of Malmesbury* (1844), vol. i., introductory memoir, p. ix.

P. 54.—¹ *Quarterly Review*, Sept. 1854, p. 492.

P. 56.—¹ *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, new series, vol. ii. (1835), p. 79.

P. 57.—¹ Amherst, *Terræ Filiius*, No. 19.

² *Ib.* No. 28.

³ In the life of Dr. Kettle of Trinity, the builder of Kettle Hall (Aubrey's *Lives*, ii. 417-430), the story is told of his rebuke to Lady Isabella Thynne (who "lay" at Balliol) and her friend Mrs. Fenshawe, who "would have a frolick to make a visitt to the President." "'Tis probable this venerable Dr. might have lived some years longer, and finisht his century, had not these civill warres come on; which much grieved him, that was wont to be absolute in the colledge, to be affronted and disrespected by rude soldiers. I remember, being at the Rhetorique lecture in the hall, a foot-soldier came in and brake his hower-glasse" "The dissoluteness of the times, as I have sayd, grieving the good old Doctor, his dayes were shortned, and dyed. . . . Anno Dni. 164-, and was buried at Garsington."

P. 58.—¹ "On Miss Polly Foote's unexpected arrival at Oxford, 1758." *Oxford Sausage*, pp. 101-3.

² The meaning and derivation of High Borlace are not known. Wordsworth (*Univ. Soc.* pp. 153-4) says: "Of clubs at Oxford (in addition to the Constitution and *The Club*, with others which I have already mentioned), there were the Banterers (1678) . . . the Free Cynics (1734), 'a kind of philosophical club who have a set of symbolical words and grimaces unintelligible to any but those of their own Society.' There was also the 'High Borlace,' a Tory Club which had a convivial meeting held annually at the King's Head Tavern in Oxford on the 18th of August, or if that fell on a Sunday, on the 19th; as in 1734, on which occasion Dr.

Leigh, Master of Balliol, was 'of the High Borlace,' and the first clergyman who had attended. It seems to have been patronised by the county families, and it is not improbable that there was a ball connected with it. The members chose a Lady Patroness; in 1732, Miss Stonhouse; in 1733, Miss Molly Wickham of Garsington; 1734, Miss Anne Cope. . . . On that occasion Mr. Moseley of Merton was proposed as member of the said Borlace, but rejected, probably because he was a member of a Whig college." See p. 165.

³ *Oxford Sausage*, p. 109.

P. 59.—¹ *Oxford Sausage*, pp. 101-104.

² *Ib.* p. 108.

³ "Some years agoe came out at Oxford a poem called *Merton Walks*, the walks in the garden of that place being every Sunday night, in the pleasant time of the year, thronged with young gentlemen and young gentlewomen, which growing scandalous, the garden gate was, at last, shut up quite, and thereupon the young gentlemen and others betook themselves to Magdalen College walk, which is now every Sunday night in summer-time strangely filled, just like a fair."—Hearne's *Diary*, July 30, 1723.

P. 63.—¹ *Spectator*, No. 30.

P. 64.—¹ Amherst, *Terræ-Filius*, Nos. 25, 26.

P. 66.—¹ *Spectator*, No. 17.

² *Oxford Journal*, July 15, 1775.

³ Hearne's *Diary*, Aug. 22, 1733.

⁴ "*Epigram on an Epigram.*

One day in Christ Church meadows walking,
Of Poetry and such things talking,
Says Ralph, a merry wag,
An Epigram, if right and good,
In all its circumstances should
Be like a Jelly-Bag.

Your simile, I own, is new,
But how dost make it out, quoth Hugh?
Quoth Ralph, I'll tell thee, Friend,
Make it at Top both wide and fit
To hold a Budget-full of Wit,
And point it at the End.

N.B. This Epigram is printed from the original Manuscript, preserved in the Archives of the Jelly-Bag Society." *Oxford Sausage*, pp. 87, 88. "Ralph" is said to have been Ralph Bathurst. Wordsworth, *Univ. Soc.* p. 150.

P. 67.—¹ Plot, *Natural History of Oxfordshire*, ch. iii. sec. 43.

² Aubrey, *Lives*, vol. ii. p. 512.

P. 68.—¹ *Oxoniana* (1807), vol. iv. pp. 115, 116.

² Hearne's *Diary*, Sept. 5, 1723.

³ *Ib.* Jan. 3, 1726-7.

⁴ *Ib.* June 25, 1727.

P. 69.—¹ *Ib.* June 12, 1727.

² This speech was suppressed and printed. A copy is in the Bodleian, Pamph. 384.

³ Amherst, *Terræ Filius*, No. 34. "Coll.," Amherst explains in a footnote to No. 33, stands for "college ale."

⁴ Twiss, *Life of Lord Eldon*, vol. i. p. 53.

P. 70.—¹ This letter has not been identified. Adelung in his *Wörterbuch* (1808) says the Latin form "*Supernaculum*" had lately come in to describe the ancient "*Nagel-Probe*," i.e. the pouring of the last drop of liquid on the nail to prove the cup was empty. He quotes the English phrase "to drink *supernaculum*." See Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, ii. 209, 210, and for etymology, p. 200. Colman in his *Random Records*, vol. i. p. 136, describes the decayed old-fashioned inn at Oxford where the landlord (1775) brought out his "smeared decanter, containing sloe-juice, which he called a bottle of his *supernaculum*." The word was in use among old peasants in Connaught twenty-five years ago.

² See on this bowl A. Clark, *Colleges of Oxford* (1891), p. 387. It was given in 1732.

³ Boswell's *Johnson*, ed. Birkbeck Hill, vol. iii. p. 245.

⁴ Southey's *Life and Correspondence* (1849), vol. i. p. 177.

⁵ *Memorials of Andrew Crosse* (1857), pp. 32, 33.

P. 71.—¹ Twiss, *Life of Lord Eldon*, vol. i. p. 54.

² *Memorials of A. Crosse*, p. 32.

³ Hearne's *Diary*, May 11, 1712.

⁴ *Ib.* Feb. 17, 1712-13.

P. 72.—¹ Hearne's *Diary*, Nov. 13, 1726. He dates the event "about the year 1704."

² *Ib.* Oct. 23, 1729.

³ *Ib.* Sept. 1, 1721.

⁴ A number of names of taverns have been preserved in Larwood and Hotten's *History of Signboards*, p. 33, under the title of *Signs of Love at Oxford*, by an Inn-consolable Lover.

"She's as light as the *Grey-hound*—as fair as the *Angel*,
Her looks than the *Mitre* more sanctified are ;
But she flies like the *Roebuck* and leaves me to range ill,
Still looking to her as my true polar *Star*.
New Inn-ventions I try with new art to adore,
But my fate is, alas ! to be voted a *Boar*.
My *Goats* I foisook to contemplate her charms,
And must own she is fit for our noble *King's Arms*.
Now *Cross'd* and now *Jockey'd*, now sad, now elate,
The *Chequers* appear but a map of my fate.
I blush'd like a *Blue-Cur* to send her a *Pheasant*,
But she call'd me a Turk and rejected my present.
So I mop'd to the *Barley-Mow*, griev'd in my mind
That the *Ark* from the flood ever rescu'd mankind.
In my dreams *Liens* roar and the *Green Dragon* grins,
And friends rise in shape of the *Seven Deadly Sins*—
When I ogle the *Bells*, should I see her approach,
I skip like a *Nag*, and jump into the *Coach*.
She is crimson and white like a *Shoulder of Mutton*,
Not the red of the *Ox* was so bright when first put on.
Like the *Holly-bush* prickles she scratches my liver,
While I moan and die like a *Swan* by the river."—J. R.

⁵ T. Warton's *Poetical Works*, ed. Mant (1802), introductory memoir, vol. i. p. ciii.

P. 73.—¹ Philips, *The Splendid Shilling*.

² Amherst, *Terræ Filius* (1726), appendix, p. 327.

P. 76.—¹ "Penniless Bench is a seat joyning to S. Martin's Church *apud Quadrvirum*" [Carfax], "where butter-women and hucksters use to sit," says Anthony Wood in a note to this passage (*Autobiography*, Feb. 1647-8). See the University regulation in 1584, "that no schollars shall sit on bulkes or penniless bench, or other open places" (*Oxoniana*, vol. iv. p. 176). "On the left hand, under the east end of

St. Martin's Church, yee see that seate, which is called Pennelesse Bench, builded by the Cittie, as well for their solace and prospect every waie, as for the convenience of the Market Women in the tyme of Raine" (Hutten's Survey, *O. H. S.* vol. xxxix. p. 59). It was first built in 1545, "re-ædified with stone pillars, July 1667," says Wood (*O. H. S.* vol. xvii. p. 86); Peshall adds (p. 180), "since pulled down, and instead thereof an alcove." "Adjoining to the east end of Carfax Church are to be found the imperfect traces of a place properly dedicated to the Muses, and described in our statutes by the familiar but forbidding denomination of Pennyless Bench. History and tradition report that many eminent poets have been Benchers here. To this seat of the Muses we are most probably indebted for that celebrated poem *The Splendid Shilling* of Philips; and that the author of the *Panegyric on Oxford Ale* was no stranger to this inspiring bench may be fairly concluded from these verses where he addresses the God or Goddess of *Tickling*—

'Beneath thy shelter, *pennyless* I quaff
The cheerful cup.'

A Companion to the Guide (by T. Warton), pp. 15, 16. See also Fletcher's *Carfax Church* (Oxford, 1896), pp. 12, 13, and pl. iii.

² Wood's *Autobiography*, Dec. 1647, Feb. 1647-8; Huddesford and Warton, *Lives of Leland, Hearne, and Wood* (1772), vol. ii. pp. 44-46.

P. 77.—¹ Probably fields on the west side of St. Giles's Street, now built over.

² Southey's *Life*, vol. i. p. 176.

³ Hurdis, *The Village Curate*.

P. 78.—¹ Built in 1742. Wordsworth, *Univ. Soc.* p. 201.

² *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, new series, vol. ii. (1835), p. 542.

³ Amherst, *Terræ Filii*, No. 1.

P. 79.—¹ Twiss, *Life of Lord Eldon*, vol. i. pp. 56, 57.

² Warton, *The Phaeton and the One-horse Chair*.

P. 80.—¹ Aubrey, *Lives*, vol. ii. pp. 585-86.

P. 82.—¹ No reference has been found for this.

² Warton, *Panegyric on Oxford Ale*.

³ Wordsworth, *Univ. Soc* p. 128, quotes from a letter written by an undergraduate of Trinity College, Oxford, in 1792, who used to breakfast at 8.30 with his neighbour—

Friend Warren takes accustomed seat,
Pours tea on sugar very sweet,
And cream not over rich ;
And rolls he cleverly does spread,
Or from brown George toasts slice of bread.

“Brown George” is the name of a loaf in a poem of Samuel Wesley the elder.

⁴ “. . . misspending the morning; since (as you [*i.e.* Dr. Newton] once ingeniously express'd it) nothing more can be expected from those Jentacular Confabulations.” Amherst, *Terræ Filius* (1726), appendix, p. 330.

P. 83.—¹ *Oxford Sausage*, pp. 17-20

² Warton, *Ode to a Grizzle Wig*.

P. 85.—¹ Warton, *Newsman's Verses*, 1770.

P. 86.—¹ These lines have not been found.

P. 87.—¹ *Oxford Journal*, June 1, 1776.

P. 90.—¹ *Ib.* March 18, 1775.

² *Ib.* Nov. 26, 1774.

³ *Ib.* Nov. 9, 1776.

P. 94.—¹ *Trial and Memoirs of Isaac Darkin, alias Dumas*. Oxford, 1761. *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xxxi. p. 139.

² *Oxford Journal*, Feb. 10, March 9, July 20, Sept. 7, 1776; March 8, April 5, 1777.

³ *Ib.* Oct. 19, 1776.

⁴ *Ib.* June 10, 1775.

P. 95.—¹ *Ib.* Nov. 5, 1774.

P. 96.—¹ “In the middle of the street, facing Colesbourne Lane;” the exact position of the lane is not known. *O. H. S.* vol. xxxix. p. 69.

² The pillory of Holywell manor, in the jurisdiction of Merton College. *Ib.* p. 136.

³ The stocks replaced the gallows before 1800. The gallows got the name of "Gownsmen's Gallows" about 1780. Dr. Routh, President of Magdalen, gave the reason. "What, sir, do you tell me, sir, you never heard of Gownsmen's Gallows? Why, I tell you, sir, I have seen two undergraduates hanged on Gownsmen's Gallows in Holywell—hanged, sir, for highway robbery," *O. H. S.* vol. xxxix. p. 136.

⁴ An account of the rights of Merton College, and the former rectors of St. Peter's-in-the-East, to hang offenders on this gallows will be found in Peshall's edition of Wood's *City of Oxford*, pp. 243-44, with the case of Bogo de Clare.

⁵ The little house between the passage into Amsterdam and the new gateway to Brasenose College occupies the site of this Hall. Borouwaldescote Inn took the name of Broadgates Hall about 1426. *O. H. S.* vol. xxxix. p. 176. See also Peshall's Wood, p. 48.

⁶ Peshall's Wood, pp. 48, 49.

⁷ *Ib.* p. 117.

P. 97.—¹ "A 'Butter Bench' still remained within living memory in the corner of Carfax where Boffin's shop now is." *O. H. S.* vol. xv. p. 47, note 10. This was a part of the old Butter-bench which stood on the west side of Fish Street (now St. Aldate's) and perhaps down the Great Bayly (now Queen Street), running round the corner opposite to that occupied by Penniless Bench (see above, p. 76, note 1). Both Benches were originally made to shelter the market-women; see Peshall's Wood, p. 181. The stocks are figured in a woodcut opposite p. 15 of Warton's *Companion to the Guide* (2nd ed. 1762), with the following note: "This Structure formerly stood on the South Side of Carfax Conduit; from whence it was removed to the City Hill, as a more convenient Situation, in the mayoralty of Thomas Munday, Esq., Anno MDCCLIX."

² *Oxford Journal*, April 13, 1776.

P. 98.—¹ A stone bridge with pointed arches, widened with wooden additions on the north side; it was known as Tubbrugge, from crossing the two Cherwells.

² No reference for this has been found. It may be noted that in September 1761 Thomas Munday, Mayor, accompanied

by two aldermen, the bailiffs, two assistants, and the Town Clerk, went to London to assist on the Coronation day, with the Lord Mayor of London, as Chief Butler of England. *Oxford Journal*, Sept. 19 and 26, 1761.

P. 99.—¹ *Ib.* Oct. 1, 1774.

² *Ib.* Sept. 23, 1775.

³ Aubrey, *Leves*, vol. ii. p. 303.

P. 100.—¹ The family was flourishing c. 1240. *O. H. S.* vol. xxxix. p. 67. A Lambert Burewald is mentioned 1262; and Dionysia Burewald, c. 1424. *Ib.* pp. 153, 139.

² Kepeharme's Hall was near St. Edward's Church, the foundations of which have been found north of Blue Boar Lane and west of Alfred Street. *Ib.* p. 195.

³ Peshall's Wood, p. 156. *O. H. S.* vol. xv. p. 199.

⁴ *Oxford Journal*, Oct. 5, 1776.

P. 101.—¹ Wood's *Autobiography*, Sept. 15, 1673.

² *Ib.* Sept. 29, 1679.

P. 102.—¹ *Ib.* Sept. 15, 1673.

² *Ib.* Feb. 2 and Sept. 20, 1695.

P. 103.—¹ *Ib.* Nov. 27, 1682.

² *Ib.* June 28, 1685.

³ *Ib.* June 22, 1685.

⁴ "Broken Heys, limited on the south and west sides with the castle and Stockwell Street, on the north and east by the King's Pallace (since the White Fryers), and the street on the west side of Magdalen parish church, hath bin from all antiquity till within 24 years a rude, broken, and undigested place." "Magdalen parish taketh it to be a common belonging to their parish. The toune look on it as theirs because (they are) Lords of North Gate Hundred, build houses round it and set trees, anno 1671. The toune levelled it and made it a bouling green anno 1638 or 1639." Wood's *City of Oxford*, *O. H. S.* vol. xv. p. 363. Stockwell Street is now Worcester Street; the King's Palace of Beaumont, afterwards the White Friars, stood near the north-west corner of the present Beaumont Street. In Peshall's map, 1773, the name of Broken Heys is replaced by that of Gloucester Green, which the place still

retains ; but "the rough land to the east of the well" (from which Stockwell Street took its name) "is still known as Broken-hays among the older population, and the floors of some of the old cottages there are even now most undecided which level to take." *O. H. S.* vol xxxix. p. 97. The name Broken Hayes is now attached to a small passage leading out of George Street into Bulwarks Alley at the west end of the playground of the Oxford High School. *O. H. S.* vol. xv. p. 363, note 2.

⁵ Wood's *Autobiography*, June 30, 1685.

P. 104.—¹ *Ib.* July 24, 1694.

² Hearne's *Diary*, Dec. 14, 1732.

P. 105.—¹ *Ib.* Nov. 1, 1705.

² *Oxford Journal*, Jan. 21, 1775.

³ *Ib.* Feb. 11, 1775. The *Journal* does not say that the man was supposed to be a clergyman.

P. 106.—¹ *Oxford Journal*, Aug. 27, 1774.

² *Ib.* Sept. 3, Oct. 8, 1774.

P. 107.—¹ "The late Mayor of Oxford, with several gentlemen of the Corporation, were called before the House for malpractice with respect to the ensuing election of members for that city. They were severely reprimanded and committed to Newgate." *Gentleman's Magazine*, Feb. 1768. "The speech of the Speaker of the House of Commons when he reprimanded Philip Ward, late Mayor of the City of Oxford ; John Treacher, Sir Thomas Munday, Thomas Wise, John Nichols, John Philips Isaac Lawrence, Richard Tawnay, all of the said city ; Thomas Robinson and John Brown, late bailiffs of the said City, upon their knees at the Bar of the said House, upon Wednesday the 10th day of February 1768," is given in *Gentleman's Magazine*, March 1768. "The Mayor and Aldermen of Oxford had written word to their members that they should be re-elected if they would pay £7500, to discharge the debts of the Corporation. With proper spirit the members laid the case before the House, and the House committed the peccant Mayor and Aldermen to Newgate for five days, when having acknowledged their guilt and asked pardon they were discharged. . . . During their very imprisonment it is said

they completed another bargain for their borough with the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Abingdon." Mahon, *Hist. of England*, vol. v. p. 190. This incident, which made so great a stir, is not alluded to in the *Oxford Journal*.

² *Oxford Journal*, Aug. 19, 1769.

³ *Ib.* Aug. 6 and Oct. 8, 1774.

⁴ Now Grove Street. *O. H. S.* vol. xv. p. 137.

P. 108.—¹ Wood's *Autobiography*, April 15, 1669.

² *Oxford Journal*, Jan. 21, 1775. "A third ox was roasted whole in the market-place for the benefit of the populace; and by way of diversion there was backword playing and other amusements."

³ No reference has been found for this.

⁴ *Oxford Journal*, Aug. 27, 1774.

⁵ *Ib.* Nov. 5, 1774.

P. 109.—¹ Peshall's Wood, p. 84.

² *Oxford Journal*, Feb. 10, 1776.

³ *Ib.* Feb. 24, 1776.

⁴ *Ib.* Oct. 14, 1775.

P. 110.—¹ *Ib.* July 29, 1775.

² *Ib.* March 4, 1775.

P. 111.—¹ *Ib.* Nov. 26, 1774.

P. 112.—¹ *Ib.* Dec. 31, 1774.

² *Ib.* Jan. 7, 1775.

³ *Ib.* May 4, 1776.

P. 113.—¹ *Ib.* May 4, 1776.

² *Ib.* Oct. 28, 1775.

³ *Ib.* March 23, 1776.

P. 114.—¹ Wood's *Autobiography*, Sept. 3, 1687.

² Peshall's Wood, p. 123.

P. 115.—¹ *Ib.* pp. 40, 41. See also *O. H. S.* vol. xvii. p. 111.

² Peshall's Wood, p. 39.

³ *Ib.* p. 175.

P. 116.—¹ "Pary's Meadow, roughly the Physic Garden." *O. H. S.* vol. xxxix. p. 31.

² Shydyard Street was formerly derived from "Scheda," a roll of paper or strip of papyrus. An older version of the name, however, is "Sid-therd-street" (side-thread-street), or Silk-thread Street. It used to run south to the city wall, and was first leased by the city to Corpus in 1556. *O. H. S.* vol. xxxix. p. 180.

P. 117.—¹ Peshall's Wood, p. 332.

² *Ib.* pp. 335-337.

P. 118.—¹ "The name Gloucester Green in Loggan's map, 1675, is attached to an open space which is now that part of Walton Street which is over against the Provost of Worcester's garden; in Peshall's map, 1773, it is attached, as it is now, to what in Loggan's map is called Broken Hays." *O. H. S.* vol. xv. p. 363, note 3. See above, p. 103, note 4. In 1601 Queen Elizabeth granted three fairs "to be kept every year in Broken Heys and Gloucester Grene . . . but," says Wood, "thus I suppose was either neglected for the same causes with the market that was to be kept here and granted at the same time, or else by the seldome recourse or paucity of people thereto." *O. H. S.* vol. xv. pp. 504-5. Peshall, p. 338, says: "A Fair was attempted some years ago for beasts of all sorts, to be held on Gloucester Green. Some faint efforts were made for its restoration, but soon vanished and disappeared, as heretofore. At present we have no fair, a wake is at St. Giles's, called St. Giles's Wake, yearly, the Monday after St. Giles's day. The other on Gloucester Green the 3rd of May."

² *Oxford Journal*, Sept. 23, 1775.

³ Salmon, *Present State of the Universities* (1744), p. 410.

⁴ *Oxford Journal*, June 22, 1776.

⁵ Hearne's *Diary*, Feb. 16, 1723-4.

⁶ *Oxford Journal*, May 7, 1774.

P. 119.—¹ See the Chronicle given in *Annual Register*, 1770-76.

P. 120.—¹ *Oxford Journal*, Aug. 12, 1775.

² *Ib.* Sept. 16 and 23, 1775.

³ *Ib.* March 12 and 19, 1774.

P. 123.—¹ Peshall's Wood, p. 88.

² "He says, that the tradition used to be, that Blake's oak (as we go to Abbingdon) was so called, because Blake was hanged there upon it (he being a great Parliamentary villain) for betraying three Christian kings." Hearne's *Diary*, Feb. 21, 1723-4. This "Will Bremicham, of S. Peter's parish in the East," was then in his ninety-first year, and had never lived out of Oxford, "unless it were before he was in breeches, when he was not two years of age, that he staid a little while at Norleigh."

P. 124.—¹ Wood's *Autobiography*, Aug. 15, 17, and 31, 1681.

P. 125.—¹ Bliss, note to Hearne's *Diary*, Oct. 23, 1711.

² Hearne's *Diary*, Sept. 3, 1720.

P. 126.—¹ *Ib.* Feb. 14, 1720-1.

² *Ib.* Nov. 11, 1720.

³ Amherst, *Terræ Filius*, No. 32.

P. 127.—¹ Hearne's *Diary*, March 15, 1733.

P. 132.—¹ Fuller, *Worthies of England*, ed. Nuttall (1840), vol. iii. p. 2.

² Plot, *Nat. Hist. of Oxfordshire* (1677), ch. iii. sec. 2.

P. 134.—¹ Edmund Miller, *Account of the University of Cambridge* (1717), p. 196.

P. 135.—¹ Hearne's *Diary*, Sept. 19, 1709.

² *Ib.* Oct. 18, 1705.

³ Southey, *Life of Wesley*, vol. i. pp. 9-11.

P. 136.—¹ Hearne's *Diary*, Sept. 28, 1705.

P. 137.—¹ *Ib.*

² *Ib.* Nov. 9, 1705.

³ *Ib.* Nov. 13, 1705.

⁴ *Ib.* March 4, 1709-10.

P. 138.—¹ *Ib.* March 1, 1706-7.

P. 139.—¹ *Ib.* Nov. 11, Dec. 5, 1709; March 4, 1709-10. See also the letter of Sacheverell to the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, Feb. 5, 1709-10, in *Letters written by Eminent Persons* (1813), i. 200-1. He had taken his degree of D.D. 1708.

² Cf. Hearne's *Diary*, July 20, 1710.

P. 140.—¹ *Ib.* Oct. 23, 1711.

P. 143.—¹ Southey, *Life of Wesley*, vol. i. p. 23.

P. 144.—¹ Hearne's *Diary*, Aug. 5, 1714.

P. 145.—¹ *Ib.* Aug. 4 and 5, 1714.

² A room in the old Clarendon, described in Amherst's *Terræ Filius*, No. 11: "That famous apartment, by idle wits and buffoons nicknamed *Golgotha*, *i.e.* the place of *Skulls* or *Heads* of Colleges and Halls, where they meet and debate upon all extraordinary affairs which occur within the precincts of their jurisdiction," etc.

³ *Ib.* No. 50.

P. 146.—¹ *Ib.*

² Hearne's *Diary*, May 28, 1715.

P. 147.—¹ Amherst, *Terræ Filius*, No. 50. Hearne's *Diary*, May 29, 1715.

² Hearne's *Diary*, May 29, 1715.

P. 148.—¹ Amherst, *Terræ Filius*, No. 50.

² Hearne's *Diary*, May 29, 1715.

P. 149.—¹ Amherst, *Terræ Filius*, No. 50.

² Hearne's *Diary*, July 29, 1707.

P. 150.—¹ *Ib.* June 5, 1715.

P. 151.—¹ *Ib.* June 10, 1715.

² *Ib.* Sept. 10, 1715.

³ *Ib.* Oct. 20, 1714.

⁴ *Parliamentary Debates*, vol. vi. pp. 325-28. Sir William Whitlocke, member for Oxford University, "made a kind of excuse for what he said"; Sir William Wyndham refused to apologise and was reprimanded by the House.

⁵ Oct. 30, 1715.

⁶ "The Officers and Soldiers of Sterne's Regiment quartered there." *Political State of Great Britain*, vol. x. p. 506.

P. 152.—¹ March 25, 1717.

P. 154.—¹ A full account of the riot of October 30, 1716, and the subsequent proceedings in Parliament is given in *Political State*, vol. xii. pp. 505-531; vol. xiii. pp. 420-444.

² The riots above described occurred on October 30, 1716, and the parliamentary proceedings on them in March and April 1717. The address here referred to was sent up, and rejected by the king, in August 1715. "The University of Oxford had also prepared an address to be presented to his Majesty; but the Deputies they had sent up to London for that purpose were given to understand 'That as they had shewn a manifest Disrespect to his Majesty's Person and Government in all their late Proceedings, so his Majesty expected they should convince him of their Loyalty by their *Actions* and not by *Words*.'" *Polit. State*, vol. x. p. 121. There had been riots in Oxford on August 27, 1715, at the very time when the address was sent.

P. 155.—¹ October 5, 1715.

² "One Lloyd, the famous Jacobite Coffee-man at Charing Cross, near Whitehall, who formerly followed the same employment in Dublin." *Polit. State*, vol. x. p. 345. For the trial and execution of the conspirators in November see *ib.* pp. 535-36.

³ Brigadier Handasyde.

⁴ October 28, 1715.

⁵ The whole account of Owen, Pepper, and Handasyde is in *Polit. State*, vol. x. pp. 343-46. On Pepper and Owen see also Amherst, *Terræ Filius*, Nos. 6, 29, 41.

P. 156.—¹ Hearne's *Diary*, Aug. 26, 1720. A letter from Oxford in September 1715 says: "I think myself very happy in being settled in this so loyal a place, and only want your good Company to compleat it; for here we fear nothing, but drink James's Health every day." *Polit. State*, vol. x. p. 342 (wrongly numbered 332).

² The author was Dr. Trapp; see *The Book of Rarities in the University of Cambridge*, by Rev. C. H. Hartshorne, 1829. —J. R.

P. 157.—¹ Monk, *Life of Bentley*, vol. i. p. 377.

P. 158.—¹ Smollett, *History of England*, ed. Hughes, vol. viii. p. 203.

P. 161.—¹ Dr. Wintle. Amherst, *Terræ Filius*, dedication, p. x., 2nd ed.

P. 162.—¹ They shewed (1721) in the battlements of the gateway turret at St. John's a hole said to be made by Oliver Cromwell's cannon shot, when he besieged Oxford. Amherst, *Terræ Filius*, No. 84.

P. 163.—¹ *Ib.* No. 45.

² Richard Meadowcourt, B.A., Merton, 1714; afterwards (1735) canon of Worcester.—A. C.

P. 164.—¹ One of them is of special interest: "D^s Carte e Coll. Univ." This must be the historian; matriculated at University, 1698; B.A., Brasenose, 1702; M.A., King's, Cambridge, 1706; but still, apparently, with his name, as a B.A., on the books at University College. Carte never sought a repeal of the sentence against him.—A. C.

² On June 28, 1716.—A. C.

³ On November 28, 1718.—A. C.

⁴ Amherst, *Terræ Filius*, Nos. 22, 23, 24, 50.

P. 165.—¹ *Ib.* No. 50.

² Hearne's *Diary*, Aug. 26, 1734.

³ Amherst, *Terræ Filius*, No. 5.

P. 166.—¹ *Ib.* No. 50.

² Hearne's *Diary*, Oct. 22, 1723.

³ *Ib.* May 29, 1727.

⁴ "On Saturday (Sept. 5) came to Oxford two of the daughters of Richard Cromwell, son of Oliver Cromwell, protector, one of which is married to Dr. Gibson, the physician, who writ the *Anatomy*; the other is unmarried. They are both presbyterians, as is also Dr. Gibson, who was with them. They were at the presbyterian meeting-house in Oxford on Sunday morning and evening; and yesterday they and all the gang of them dined at Dr. Gibson's, Provost of Queen's, who is related to them and made a great entertainment for them, expecting something from them, the physician being said to be worth £30,000. They went from Oxford after dinner." Hearne's *Diary*, Sept. 8, 1719.

⁵ Boswell's *Johnson*, ed. Birkbeck Hill, vol. i. p. 73.

P. 167.—¹ Amherst, *Terræ Filius*, No. 3.

² "The Cushion Plot," *Oxford Sausage*, pp. 105-6.

- ³ Amherst, *Terræ Filius*, No. 35.
- P. 168.—¹ Amherst, *Terræ Filius*, No. 35.
- ² Wood's *Autobiography*, Jan. 30, 1693-4.
- P. 169.—¹ Jackson, *Life of Charles Wesley* (1841), vol. i. p. 33.
- ² Hearne's *Diary*, Feb. 23, 1726-7.
- P. 171.—¹ Amherst, *Terræ Filius*, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 39.
- P. 172.—¹ Gutch, *Collectanea Curiosa* (1781), vol. ii. pp. 53-73.
- P. 173.—¹ Hume and Smollett, *History of England*, ed. Hughes, vol. ix. pp. 154-5.
- P. 175.—¹ Warton, *Poetical Works*, ed. Mant, introductory memoir, vol. i. p. xxii.
- ² *Ib.* pp. xcvi-ciii.
- P. 176.—¹ *Ib.* p. cvi.
- P. 177.—¹ Wilham King, *Anecdotes* (1818), pp. 251-52.
- P. 178.—¹ Warton, *Poetical Works*, ed. Mant, introductory memoir, vol. i. p. xv.
- P. 181.—¹ Mrs. Hewlitt. See Introduction, p. xx.
- P. 184.—¹ See Introduction, p. xx. John Bickerton matriculated at St. Edmund Hall in 1793, then aged twenty-eight, and took B.A. in 1799. Later in life he is said to have taken possession of some rooms in Hertford College, then tumbling to decay, and become a squatter there. For the "squatting" at Hertford College see G. V. Cox's *Recollections of Oxford*, 2nd ed. p. 190.
- P. 186.—¹ See Introduction, pp. xix, xx.
- P. 190.—¹ A. Young, *View of the Agriculture of Oxfordshire* (1809), p. 324.
- ² Pope, *Works*, ed. Elwin and Courthope, vol. i. p. 236; vol. vii. pp. 78, 79.
- P. 191.—¹ Young, *Agriculture of Oxfordshire*, p. 324.
- P. 193.—² *Oxford Journal*, Oct. 11, 1783.
- P. 194.—¹ *Ib.* Oct. 25, 1783.
- ² *Ib.* Nov. 8, 1783.

P. 198.—¹ Young, *Agriculture of Oxfordshire*, p. 35.

² *Ib.* p. 232.

P. 199.—¹ *Ib.* p. 35.

P. 200.—¹ William Lilly, *History of his Life and Times* (1715), p. 1.

² Young, *Agriculture of Oxfordshire*, p. 204.

P. 201.—¹ *Ib.* p. 4.

² *Ib.* p. 91.

³ *Ib.* p. 11.

⁴ *Ib.* p. 87.

P. 202.—¹ *Ib.* pp. 91-94.

² *Ib.* p. 231.

P. 203.—¹ *Ib.* p. 239.

² *Ib.* pp. 227-29.

³ *Ib.* p. 19.

⁴ *Ib.* p. 75.

⁵ "I have so rarely met with horse-hoeing in Oxfordshire, which is so much wanting in their bean culture, that I hope the practice will gradually travel from Henley."—*Ib.* p. 77.

⁶ *Ib.* pp. 110 *et seq.*

P. 204.—¹ *Ib.* pp. 173-76.

² *Ib.* p. 207.

³ *Ib.* p. 268.

⁴ *Ib.* p. 264.

⁵ *Ib.* p. 315.

⁶ *Ib.* p. 268.

P. 205.—¹ *Ib.* pp. 317-22.

² *Ib.* p. 23.

³ *Ib.* p. 323.

P. 206.—¹ The chain was sent to France; it was sold for 163,600 times the worth of the pig-iron, taking that at less than $\frac{1}{4}$ d. the two ounces.—R. R.

² Young, pp. 325-330.

P. 207.—¹ *Ib.* pp. 43-44, 59.

² *Ib.* p. 340.

P. 208.—¹ *Oxford Journal*, July 24, 1784.

P. 209.—¹ *Oxford Journal*, July 27, 1782.

² "Mr. Sadler of Oxford was the first Englishman who ascended with a balloon. He constructed one himself, with which he rose from Oxford on the 4th of October, and a second time on the 12th, and sailed 15 miles in 18 minutes." Imison, *Elements of Science*, ed. by Webster, i. 168 (London, 1822).—R. R. See *Oxford Journal*, Feb. 14, June 12, July 24, Sept. 25, 1784.

³ *Oxford Journal*, Feb. 21, June 5, 12, 1784.

⁴ *Ib.* Nov. 13, 1784. See June 25, 1785.

P. 210.—¹ *Ib.* June 25, 1785.

² *Ib.* July 27, 1782.

³ *Ib.* Aug. 23, 1783.

P. 212.—¹ *Ib.* Feb. 14, 1784.

P. 213.—¹ *Ib.* Sept. 17, 1785.

² *Ib.* Sept. 21, 1782.

³ *Ib.* Sept. 20, 1783.

⁴ *Ib.* April 3, 1784.

⁵ *Ib.* July 24, 1784.

⁶ *Ib.* July 31, 1784. He was succeeded in September by Mr. John Treacher, brewer. *Ib.* Sept. 24, 1784.

⁷ *Ib.* Sept. 24, Oct. 1, 1784.

P. 214.—¹ *Ib.* Oct. 4, 1783.

² *Ib.* April 16, 30, 1785.

³ *Ib.* April 3, 1784.

P. 215.—¹ *Ib.* April 10, 1784.

² *Ib.* Aug. 7, 1784.

P. 216.—¹ *Ib.* Feb. 4, 1786 ; Dec. 2, 1786.

² Built in 1610 by Otho Nicholson, M.A., of Christ Church, one of the Examiners of the Chancery (*O. H. S.* vol. xv. pp. 62, 441, 446 ; at the first reference the date is wrong), "who for the publike good both of the Universitie and Citty, builded the same, every Colledge from thence haveing a Cock to their Kitchens, and the wholl Towne recourse thereunto for their Water." Hutten's Survey, *O.H.S.* vol. xxxix. p. 58. It stood on the site of the old Bull Ring, and at the time of its erection there was plenty of room for it ; but fifty years later the

encroachment of houses and shop-fronts had so narrowed the space around it that it was already complained of as a nuisance. *O. H. S.* vol. xv. pp. 62-63, 441-46, where it is fully described.

³ *Oxford Journal*, Oct. 28, 1786.

P. 217.—¹ *Ib.* May 5, 1787.

² *Ib.* Aug. 19, 1786.

P. 218.—¹ *Ib.* Sept. 16, 1786.

² *Ib.* April 7, 1787.

³ *Ib.* Jan. 7, 1786.

⁴ *Ib.* March 18, April 1, 29, 1786. "The indictment against the actor and abettors before the fact for stealing plate out of the chapel belonging to Magdalen College in Oxford" is in *The Crown Circuit Companion*, pp. 98, 99 (London, 1820). Not long after Le Maître robbed the Ashmolean (1776), Tho. Gerring and Miles Ward robbed Magdalen Chapel; see the *Newgate Calendar*, vol. iii. p. 37 (London, 1824).—R. R.

P. 219.—¹ *Oxford Journal*, Aug. 5, 1786.

² *Ib.* Dec. 12, 1789.

³ *Ib.* Sept. 23, 1786.

⁴ *Ib.* Oct. 21, 1786.

⁵ *Ib.* Sept. 1, 1787.

⁶ *Ib.* June 30, 1787.

P. 220.—¹ An Hart Hall man goes to Trinity because they had a fine garden there which he hoped would be of advantage to his health. "I do acknowledge it is a very fine garden. I question whether there are finer evergreens in any garden in Europe than in that of Trinity College." Newton, *University Education*, p. 82, in Amherst, appendix to *Terræ Fœvus* (edition 1726), pp. 165, 166. Newton maintains, quoting Spenser, *Faerie Queen*, I. i. 9, that the yews were meant to teach undergraduates obedience to their benders and pruners.—R. R.

² *Oxford Journal*, June 23, 1787.

³ *Ib.* May 29, 1790.

P. 221.—¹ *Ib.* Sept. 22, Oct. 6, 1787.

² *Ib.* July 12, 19; Aug. 16, 1788.

³ *Ib.* May 31, 1788.

⁴ *Oxford Journal*, Jan. 10, 1789.

P. 222.—¹ *Ib.* March 14, 21, 1789.

² *Ib.* Oct. 31, 1789.

³ *Ib.* Jan. 30, 1790.

P. 223.—¹ It is placed in Loggan's map of 1675 to your left as you cross the bridge into the Water Walk, beyond an arched gateway of stone.

² *Oxoniana*, vol. ii. pp. 155-56; *Oxford Journal*, July 4, 1789.

³ *Oxford Journal*, Sept. 27, 1788.

⁴ *Ib.* Sept. 26, Oct. 3, 1789.

P. 224.—¹ *Ib.* Aug. 28, Dec. 25, 1790.

P. 225.—¹ *Ib.* Sept. 4, 1790.

² *Ib.* Aug. 7, 1790.

P. 227.—¹ *Ib.* June 9, 1792.

P. 228.—¹ *Ib.* Dec. 8 and 15, 1792.

² *Ib.* Aug. 4, 1792.

³ *Ib.* Nov. 10, Dec. 22, 1792. In March 1795 Convocation voted that two thousand copies of the New Testament in Latin, from the University Press, should be placed at the service of the French refugee clergy in England. They had most of them escaped from France without books or anything else, and this distribution of these copies of the Vulgate was received with thankfulness.—J. R. See *Oxford Journal*, March 14, 1795.

⁴ *Oxford Journal*, Jan. 12, 1793.

⁵ *Ib.* Jan. 26, 1793.

P. 229.—¹ *Ib.* April 20, 1793.

² *Ib.* May 18, 1793.

P. 230.—¹ *Ib.* July 6, 1793.

² *Ib.* July 13, 1793.

³ *Ib.* Nov. 16, 1793.

⁴ *Ib.* April 12, 19, May 31, June 7, and Oct. 25, 1794.

⁵ *Ib.* June 14, 1794.

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² *Ib.* July 4, 1795.

³ *Ib.* Sept. 26, 1795.

⁴ *Ib.* Dec. 19, 1795.

⁵ *Ib.* Dec. 26, 1795.

P. 233.—¹ *Ib.* July 11, 1795

² *Ib.* Dec. 23, 1797.

³ *Ib.* Sept. 7, 1793.

⁴ *Ib.* May 5, 1792.

⁵ *Ib.* Nov. 16, 1793.

P. 234.—¹ *Ib.* Aug. 2, 9, 1794. William Taman appears in Foster's *Alumni Oxonienses* with the description "*tonsor privilegiatus*," and the date of matriculation, April 13, 1778.

² *Oxford Journal*, April 25, June 20, 1795.

P. 243.—¹ Kraken or Kraxen. See Pigott, *Scandinavian Mythology*, p. 177.

P. 249.—¹ *Oxford Spectator*, No. 1, Nov. 26, 1867.

P. 252.—¹ *Ib.* No. 5, Dec. 5, 1867.

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