

Oxford Thirty Years Ago.—I.

“O mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos.”

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF BURNLEY.

EIGHTY years ago Lamb matriculated for his task of introducing himself to the reading public through the *London Magazine* by a vacation stroll through Oxford, and from a goodly assortment of genial sentences in his “Oxford in the Vacation” we cull the following: “I can here play the gentleman, enact the student. To such a one as myself nowhere is so pleasant to while away a few idle weeks as one or other of the Universities. Here I can take my walks unmolested, and fancy myself of what degree or standing I please; I seem admitted *ad eundem*. I fetch up past opportunities. I can rise at the chapel bell, and dream that it rings for me. In moods of humility I can be a sizar or a servitor. When the peacock vein rises, I strut a gentleman-commoner. In graver moments I proceed to Master of Arts. I have seen your dim-eyed vergers and scouts drop a bow as I pass, wisely mistaking me for something of the sort. I go about in black, which favours the notion.”

The Oxford of Lamb was not the Oxford of to-day, nor of thirty years ago. It will be recalled how, reminiscent of Augustine of Hippo, he apostrophizes Time, and in the presence of the antiquity of the place feels “flat, jejune, *modern*.”

Painfully modern has Oxford become in our day. While, happily for it, vestiges of the past are not being ruthlessly obliterated, they are to a sorry extent being encrusted or overshadowed by Victorian architecture, the genesis of which will puzzle the future architectural evolutionist.

Approaching Christ Church from the meadows, we are confronted with a heavy domestic Gothic annex, suggestive of a convalescent home, behind which we shall search for a hoary cathedral and a Wolsey's hall and staircase. Sweet old Holywell, with its overhanging stories and backyard ramifica-

tions under lichened and wall-flowered town walls, is fast going ; New by a towering block, having dwarfed into meanness its survivals of a gone quietude, and projecting further aggression.

Gentler judgment is due to the admirable extension of Magdalen and St. John's, and the tasteful work at Brasenose, fronting the High. The less said of the Balliol buildings the better ; we have never met any hardy enough to defend them. But if the æsthetic test were on all sides sustained, half the world would pass by unpleased. When Dr. Chalmers, notable climber of towers wherever he goes, looks from the dome of the Radcliffe, nothing more favourably strikes him than the mongrel quadrangle of All Souls.

The erection of the new schools in the High is chiefly memorable for the checkmating of a grasping blacksmith which it involved. For years after the splendid blocks were finished his shanty stood where the grand gates form the fourth side of the square. Deeming himself master of the financial situation in the non-expiry of his lease, he asked an exorbitant price to move. The University chest stood out, and so did he. Let entrance stand barred by a smithy, while a side-door admits by stairs of Italian marbles of diverse rare hues to the examination rooms. The ingenious aspirant for classical honours may rise from a horseshoe to the shield of Achilles, and so claim fitness for the intrusion. Changes in the relative importance of its colleges, we suppose, have always been, the personal ascendancy of particular tutors being largely the cause. The opening of the last century saw Brasenose at the top. Frodsham Hodson is returning to keep the October term. The final stage is nobbily done with a four-in-hand. The ostentation was defended with the plea that "it should never be said that the first tutor of the first college of the first University of the world entered it with a pair." At Brasenose, in 1803, the historic "Palestine" Prize-poem Breakfast sat down. Then the palm passed to Oriel, and Oriel, in the break-up of its illustrious common room, ceded it to Balliol, which, through the reign of its Scotts, its Jowetts, and its Greens, has taken sharp care for its retention. Thirty

years ago the heart of the city was where it had been for generations. In Queen Street old St. Peter-le-Bailey was standing, and Carfax Corner was still the stirring "meeting of the waters," where town and gown flowed together; where sometimes, as on the 5th of November, the mains turned on, the streets became conduits to quench the harmless signs of the fray. The "Parks" were more worthy the name; married Fellows were just beginning to invade the suburb. Keble was in building. The museum was finished. The new Town Hall was not heard of, nor the Indian Institute. Sir Monier Williams wanted his Institute in the "Parks," and by a majority of one in Convocation this site was carried. We remember the visible satisfaction on his face, speaking of measureless relief after years of battling for his scheme, as we passed out. But South Parks Road, professional yet human, rose. It would have none of it to block its view of the willows and Professor Pritchard's observatory. Ultimately it settled down upon a site looking up Broad Street, and it could hardly have been better placed.

The Union has kept pace with the times, and long since built itself an ampler debating-room. The fading glories of Rossetti's frescoes no longer look down upon the orators. Rhetoric, by the way, is less affected than it was in the seventies. There was a particularly florid-coloured gentleman in those days who would occasionally talk of the "ashes of the altar" and the "tramp of the spirit," recalling Kerneguy's fling at Milton in "Woodstock," that "he was tailor to the clouds," which he "furnishes with suits of black lined with silver, at no other expense than that of common-sense." A less adorned and more manly speech is now current, and we are not sorry for it.

In matters academic Oxford was reviewing her position. The specializing spirit was judiciously at work. Your science must be endowed. Let the cumbrous alliance of Law and History cease, it thus being secured that the jurisconsult of to-morrow shall tread nearer the heels of your Blackstones and your Bentham's, and your exclusive historical range shall widen and

deepen. Let Natural Science hold out her honours, and Theology hers. Greats shall no more rule the roost. In its early days the fluctuations of the Divinity School were serious. For some years severity of standard rendered a First an event. A lenient period succeeded. This with a new Honour School may have been unavoidable. While the oscillation lasted it was necessary to be behind the scenes to gauge the worth of a man's class.

Those were the days of crowded theological lecture-rooms. Liddon in the Chair of Exegesis, and Bright in that of Church History, were at their best. As to style and method, it was curious to contrast the two. Liddon sat, with head bent over copious notes. Bright stood at a high desk, with head thrown back. He found his best thoughts, instead of cobwebs, in the extreme left corner of the cornice. A Chrysostom in the pulpit, Liddon wore an academic hesitancy in the lecture-room which sometimes made note-taking difficult. Bright was all energy, terse, tense.

Pusey was—himself and nobody else. His days were spent amongst his books in the house in the south-west corner of Tom Quad. He was hardly ever seen in the streets, except when his bent form was caught for a couple of minutes in Oriel Lane, passing to or from congregation. His study was quite the most untidy we ever saw, its chaos doubtless resolving itself into a literary cosmos in the usage of its owner—three or four tables, a sofa, a dozen chairs piled with papers, exactly as if emptied from clothes-baskets, the Professor seated in the midst girdled (at his morning lectures) by a semicircle of his morning letters, spread on carpet. Across this bow he would occasionally step to cull a book from his sombre shelves, these lettered with unsightly cards, to guide to the catalogue. The first librarian of the Pusey House must have had his work cut out for him.

The beautiful bust of Pusey has faithfully fixed his strong, quiet, introspective look as he sat there with a small wooden cross standing among his papers in front of him. In his Biblical researches his lame son, Philip Edward, was for years of great

service to him. His attenuated frame, the halo of suffering round his impressive face, was familiar in the great libraries of Europe as he went about collating manuscripts for his father. There are always at least two sides to every strong, brave life, and few outside Oxford thought of the great High Church exponent as other than the Church leader he was. Yet we believe that long after the "Priest in Absolution" is forgotten, the Bible student will hold dear "Daniel" and the "Minor Prophets."

These three, with Mozley as Regius of Divinity and Heurtley as Margaret Professor, made the theological faculty in those days a power to an exceptional extent. But not theology alone shone in its professors. The other Regiuses were names of no mean account—Sir Henry Wentworth Acland, Bryce, and Jowett, notable Master of Balliol, who had lately succeeded Scott, the Lexicographer, and that "universal referee," as Archbishop Temple called him, Dr. Stubbs, of Modern History. Then there was Pritchard, of Astronomy, who once set his subordinates to work out the problem, "What amount of modification would our watches require if we migrated to the moon?" The problem employed them four months. Rawlinson, of Herodotus fame, occupied the Chair of Ancient History, Rolleston, best of boon companions and most infective of fun-pokers, that of Physiology.

Cheek by jowl with none may Max Müller be named. He belonged, not to Oxford, but to the world. Resisting all solicitations to return to Fatherland, a member of the Privy Council, a colossus of Eastern learning, yet touching in daintiest fashion the lightest philological nugæ, he honoured us far more than we could honour him by long residence amongst us. He was the happiest-*looking* man in the place.

Poetry, music, art, all had exponents, whose names the world will not readily let die.

Sir Francis Doyle was getting dim-sighted, and was wont to interpose between his face and his auditors a folio sheet, held close to his nose, over which he would intermittently peer, not

at them, but at vacancy. A tedious task must have been assigned him yearly in examining the Newdigate competition poems. Why for these essays rhyming heroics, long since discarded, should be suffered to survive, we have never quite clearly seen.

Music was not largely affected. Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley must have needed all the exclusive refinement and enthusiasm for his art which he had at command to reconcile him to the scant company that met to hear his terminal lecture in a sombre room of the old Schools quadrangle. Fortunately for the cause of Church music, his gifts have had wider scope, and his classical style has done much to raise its taste.

The Fine Arts Chair was held by Ruskin; to this he was first appointed in 1869. His inaugural lecture, as Slade Professor, was an occasion of considerable excitement. It had been announced for the lecture theatre of the Museum. This was found inadequate. A hasty decision sent the whole audience hurrying along the Parks, headed by the new Professor, gown flying behind and half off the shoulders (its normal set). The Sheldonian was packed in ten minutes. Undergraduates hung on from every available coign, Liddell and Scott—significant juxtaposition—standing side by side in front of the rostrum. Ruskin's voice was penetrating, but hardly musical; his manner absolutely self-possessed; his style—his own. Polar-bear paces, where room permitted (as not then), with hands thrust under gown behind. His notions of muscular development were, during his tenure of office, embodied in the following scheme: At Hinksey, a few miles out, was a very bad piece of road. What did it await but a gang of road-makers enrolled from undergraduate disciples? Out they went, pick and spade in hand, the Head leading to inspire and supervise, with the result (so the legendary part of the story) that the particular section of road which secured attention was rendered impassable.

It is needless to say that his criticism of a picture was inimitable. Listening, you wondered at your own obtuseness in failing to see the twenty things on a canvas he gave you eyes to see.

He was not invariably proof against the temptation of saying a brilliant thing because brilliant. His comments on his own younger judgments were sometimes very droll. Their piquancy atoned for their self-consciousness.

From professors to undergraduates is a headlong descent. However, with whole skin we reach the ground, across which the breezes play. We are conscious of extreme inability to take our bearings. A young fellow between eighteen and twenty-two admits not of much differentiation. The social creed appears to demand the crushing of individuality. The man who, by "the estimation of a hair," differs from his brother-men becomes a bore: he is not "in form." Character must have no characteristics; if it has, its destiny is to become a butt.

Young Oxford was beginning then to draw Easterns. Young Japan was showing strange precocity, retentive Eastern memories making Western ones sieves by comparison. Prince Hassan, son of the Khedive, was snugly settled at Grandpont, till the Alderman who owned it gave His Highness notice to quit, grievances being that the Egyptian servants did not hit it with the English; that pet parrot and cats, rashly left in charge, were neglected; and hot kettles were set down on polished furniture-tops—trifles all compared with the woes of Egyptian finance at that date. His sheik wished to learn English, and an enemy of ours called for a preliminary chat, and, deceived by the Oriental acquiescence, imagined himself delightfully intelligible. He afterwards found, to his chagrin, that he had been incomprehensible, and was rejected in favour of a more monosyllabic instructor. We hope Mr. Murray, the Prince's English tutor, was an inveterate smoker. The reek even of the drawing-room was pungent.

Clerical circles in Oxford at the period had their strong and sterling personalities, strongly contrasted, some of them, in originalities of character, as in Church colour. Canon Liddon and the present Bishop of Lincoln had, in their different ways, exceptional power of attracting around them a large number of the men. The splendid work of the present Bishop of Liverpool in training men, through close personal intercourse, for the

ministry was of a future day. Mr. Christopher at St. Aldate's, Mr. Linton at St. Peter-le-Bailey, Mr. Hathaway at St. Ebbe's—all had their attached following, and in their several walks were so true and kindly to those who approached them. The extreme High Church wing was represented by Mr. Noel of St. Barnabas, Mr. Freeling of Merton, and Father Benson, of the Cowley Brotherhood.

(*To be continued.*)



The Deuteronomic Legislation and its Relation to the Priestly Legislation.—I.

BY THE REV. W. R. LINTON, M.A.

THE above title is intended to cover two problems, the solution of which this paper is an attempt to supply.

I. And first as to the date of production of the legislative parts of Deuteronomy. These are contained in speeches ascribed to Moses. In order to ascertain whether this ascription is correct, it is necessary first to settle, if possible, the date of the book, since the book is clearly later than the speeches. The best way to do this is to begin at the end of the book and work backwards. In the last chapter we have an account in the third person of Moses' death, with some other details. The writer of this account lived when Dan, Naphtali, Ephraim, Manasseh, and Judah had become the names of the several territories which these tribes occupied. He speaks of the land of Moab in a way which implies that he lived in West Jordan. The expression "unto this day" shows that he lived some time after Moses. The statement "no prophet arose since like Moses" (comparing chap. xviii. 15, 18) may imply that he lived before the great prophets arose. The account of Joshua implies that the writer was not Joshua, but one who lived later. This writer is responsible in chap. xxxiii. for the introduction to the blessing of "Moses, the man of God" (*cf.* "the servant of the Lord,"