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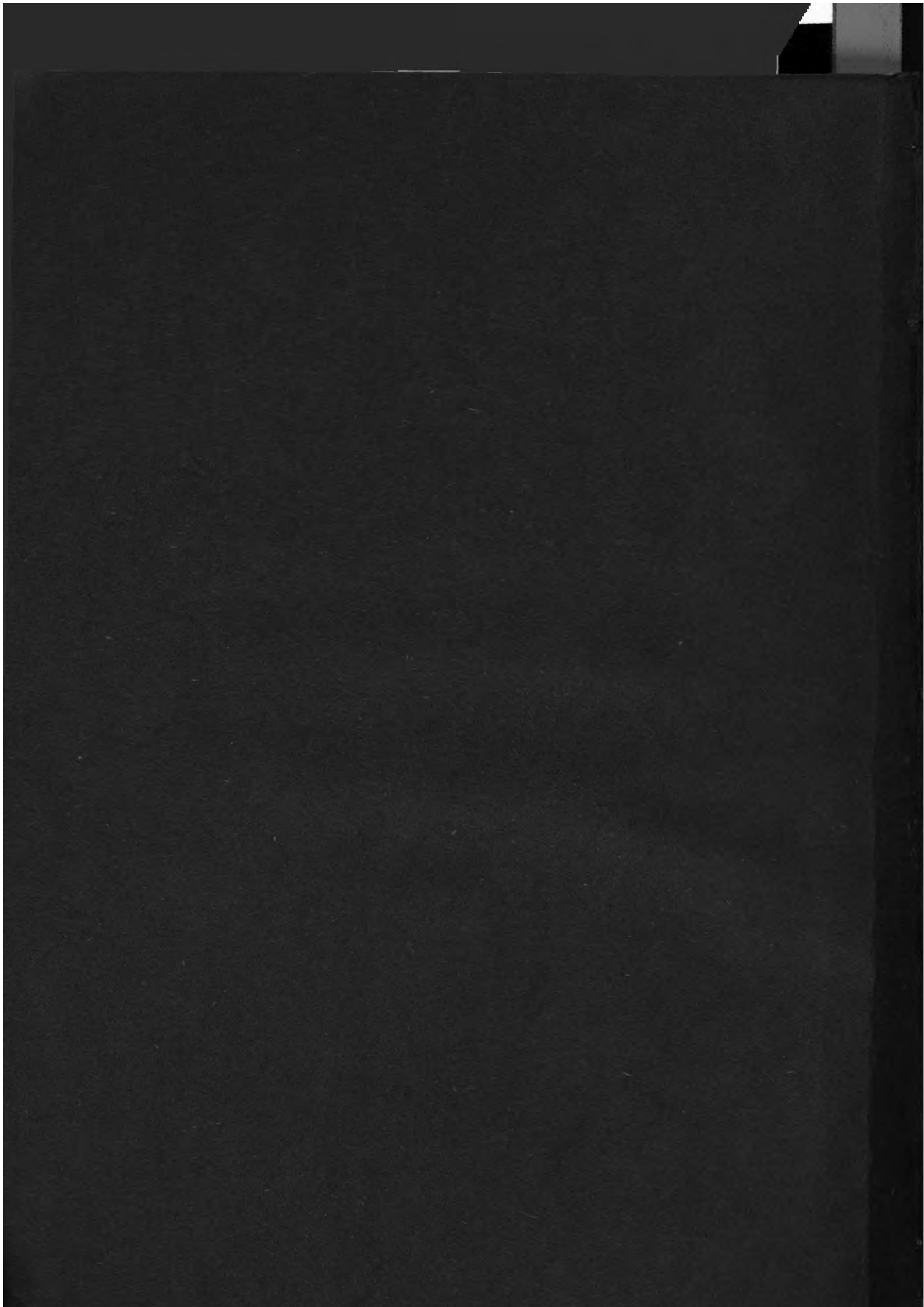
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2799 d. 114



A  
DAY in VACATION  
AT  
COLLEGE.  
A  
BURLESQUE POEM.

---

*Ut nox longa quibus mentitur amica, diesque  
Longa videtur opus debentibus : Ut piger annus  
Pupillis, quos dura premit Custodia matrum,  
Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque Tempora.*

HORACE.

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L O N D O N :

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Bl from Piercing & Chate





A

DAY in VACATION, &c.

To a FRIEND.

**W**HILE gayly smiling through the Wilds of Love,  
The laughing Hours, and rose-lip'd *Hebe* leads  
Thee, midst the jolly Choir of Maidens trim,  
Daughters of Pleasance, list, oh list awhile,  
5 From Love and Mirth's brisk Music, to the Strains,  
Hoarse-ecchoing, of thy solitary Friend!  
While how slow pace along his ling'ring Hours,  
'Midst *Granta's* gloomy Walls he sorrowing tells,  
And paints the awful Scene! O Friend to Woe!  
10 Sad Muse, in sable stole right meekly clad,

B

Thy

Thy melancholy *Young*, who ledest forth  
 Slow, mournful, musing, to the mirky Tomb,  
 Midst Darknes horrible (save where the Moon  
 With intercepted Light, serves but to make  
 15 The Scene more solemn) and his Midnight Song,  
 Grief-dictated, inspirest.—Goddes come,  
 And thro' the live-long, tedious, lonely Day,  
 Assist me while I drag laborious on.

Ah! what avails it, when the sleepy Bell  
 20 Breaks thro' the Silence of the Morn, and calls  
 To solitary Prayers? Since there no Face  
 Of friendly Aspect on my hunger smiles,  
 Inviting to the Breakfast's kind Repast!  
 Chance thro' the ill-frequented House of God  
 25 The meagre Visage of a *Fellow* stares,  
 Himself who grudges Food: and, Diet thin,  
 Pines to afford a miserable *Size*!  
 Hence to keen Appetite, and Hunger strong,  
 What Hopes can well? Reflections thus severe,  
 30 Food to desire, not so to ravenous Maws,

Yet

Yet why indulge ? Since Fate's Decrees stand fix'd,  
 And fruitless 'tis to hope reverse our Doom !  
 Come then, thou lonely Loaf, thou pensive Cup,  
 And 'midst the tortur'd Kettle's hissing Plaints,  
 35 Let me eat, sip, and yawn o'er Pamphlet dull.  
 Where's now the jocund Pun, the merry Jibe,  
 Erst Laughter usher'd midst belov'd Compeers ?  
 Where's now the social Walk, the friendly Chat,  
 As thronging thick to *Cloacina's* Fane ?  
 40 In Sort not unressembling *Gallic* Dames  
 Of Decency nought heedful : How unlike  
 The Virgin Modesty of *British* Fairs ?  
 How pant their little Hearts, how glow their Cheeks,  
 With Elegance of Blushes, if decried,  
 45 Of Nature's Wants ought conscious ! oh go on,  
 Ye sole sweet Chearers of my musing Hours,  
 Still delicate, and still by Grace refin'd,  
 Height'ning the Marriage Bliss, to every Joy,  
 To every Rapture adding new Increase.  
 50 If on my Gloom of Solitude ere breaks

Of Pleasure glimmering Ray, 'tis all from you.  
 From sweet Reflection on the absent Fair,  
 Soul of my Soul,—with whom whyleare when blest,  
 How gay was Nature, and each Scene how trim!  
 55 How chang'd, how alter'd now! For lo! (the Morn  
 Midst Thoughts thus pensive, or midst travelling dull,  
 O'er the wild Maze of philosophic Ground,  
 At length o'erpass) as by the Dinner-Bell,  
 Once Sound most grateful call'd, the dusty Stairs,  
 60 Despotie Empire where *Arachne* holds  
 Her curious Webs midst Death-denouncing Beats,  
 Incessant weaving,—as adown I move  
 My hunger-stirr'd, yet grief-stay'd languid Limbs,  
 A Scene how dull crowds fullen on my View!  
 65 Clos'd every antique Window thro' the Dome,  
 (Black with the Smoke of many a rolling Year)  
 Whence, or in Night-Cap white, or, some more gay,  
 In Velvet soft of many a varied Hue,  
 Peep'd forth, on Barber calling shrill and loud,  
 70 Dreading the Loss of Dinner, numerous Heads!

No Barbers trim are now ! No more they skim  
 The well-shav'd Lawn, its Beard regardless grows  
 To length uncouth, and wild neglected Grass  
 O'er every Plat uncultivated reigns !

- 75 No Barbers trim are now ! no more with Wig  
 Well-powder'd, white or brown, of Don more grave,  
 Or Scholar blythe meet Emblems, haste those Sires  
 Of News, and sprucest God-fathers of Drefs !  
 No more the jolly *Jips*, with Heart a Foe  
 80 To Thought or Sorrow, carol out their Songs,  
 Loud-ecchoing thro' the Mirth-devoted Court,  
 As to the Butteries, with their *Paper* Friend  
 Jocund they jog along, and o'er their Ale  
 Measure their Masters Merits by their Gifts !  
 85 To Penury, alas, and pinching Want  
 Condemn'd, the long Vacation loud they curse,  
 And pray with me, *October's* Bell to hear,  
 To *Sophs* more Dread than *Curfeu* ! So thro' Life  
 The Weal of one still proves another's Woe.  
 90 Of gracious *Alma Mater's* desert Plight





When Feasts and Spoils like these are found no more?  
 So wept, so griev'd the *Macedonian Chief*,  
 When all the World dread ravag'd, and o'er-run,  
 No other World remain'd for future Deeds,  
 115 Future Destruction, Blood-shed, Spoils, and Death!  
 ---Scant strew'd with Cloath full black its antique Boards,  
 (For such unphilosophic Eyes wou'd deem,  
 What *Tables Granta's* wiser Sons yclepe.)  
 The Hall, whence frighted Hospitality  
 120 Wan takes her Flight, with lonely Steps and slow  
 Musing I enter, and with Sighs behold  
 My solitary *Trencher*! Banquets rich,  
 And choicest Dainties all their Relish lose,  
 If temper'd not with sweet Society!  
 125 Stiff thro' the Hall, the lowering of my Cap,  
 And reverential meek Respect demands  
 One moving, dull, alone, distrest like me,  
 Of big Authority, and that great Name,  
*Fellow*, in *Granta's* Walls sonorous deem'd,



130 Full proud, and swoln with mighty Littlenefs !

Sick of the mimic Pageant, down I haste

My sparing Dinner ; and full glad avoid

A Wight so hateful to judicious Eyes :

Left to his own dull Silence, and to gnaw

135 Malign his cancred and perturbed Gall !

But as on Forest dreary waste and wide,

The Traveller bewilder'd looks agast,

And doubts which Way to turn his sober Steed,

Each equally perplexing, each alike

140 Lonely and desert : So from every Scene

Friendly Society and Comfort fled,

In Hesitation sighing, long I stand,

Where to direct my faint and feeble Feet !

Along the silent Streets, whose awful Gloom

145 Adds Horror to my melancholy Soul,

I steal on unregarded : Friendly Face,

*Round-Cap, or square,* neer greet my passing Steps

With Salutation pleasing : Nor the Shops

Of *Thurlbourn, Merrill*—or than those more sweet,

That,

150 That, where the beauteous Wife's bright Visage gives  
 Beauty to Books, and Lustre to their Backs,  
 One acceptable Greeting e'er afford!  
 Not one lov'd Friend——'tis Silence, Darknes all!  
 And yet awhile, methinks, my Cares are still'd,  
 155 And Dawn of Comfort rays upon my Gloom,  
 As in profoundest Meditation lost,  
 Beside the Door-case leaning I behold,  
 In fond Imagination's Eye, the Walk  
 Hight *Regent*, by the babbling Sophists throng'd,  
 160 For stern Dispute in mental Armour clad.  
 Slow tolls the Bell: Bright Glory holds aloft  
 Her splendid Crown, where gaily stamp'd in Gold,  
 Great *Wrangler* glows, and panting Honour throbs  
 In each fierce Combatant's aspiring Heart!  
 165 He comes, behold, the dread *Decider* comes——  
 As from the East the Giant-Sun breaks forth,  
 To run his Course, on each beholder's Eye!  
 He comes, ascend the Rostrum, mount on high,  
 Great *Cato* of fair Science, and confound

- 170 The Syllogistic Slaves of Cavil fly!  
 See the Prefs thicken, hark the Fight begins,  
 Tongue-doughty—oh, of Ignorance *ye Sons!*  
 How ill for you in unknown Guise they treat  
 Of Subjects deep, important! else what Funds,  
 175 What mighty Crops of Science might ye reap,  
 And grow in Wisdom wealthy! So yon Son,  
 (Or *Cambro-Briton*, or from northern Climes,  
 Late footing o'er the hard and pebly Soil)  
 As by that Pillar leaning, all agape,  
 180 Dread Witness of his Wonder and Applause,  
 Right sapient deems, while in his troubled Thoughts  
 He scorns the Ignorance of Northern Climes:  
 And prickt with Emulation hies him home  
 To plod o'er hallow'd *Euclid's* sacred Page!  
 185 Not so the happy Disputants: releas'd  
 And crown'd with high Applause, jocund they haste  
 To drench their thirsty Souls in chearing Wine:  
 Pleas'd talking o'er the Glories of the Day,  
 And taking off each Argument afresh.

Thus

( II )

190 Thus from the Chace, around the rosy Cups  
The jolly-hearted Hunters stun the Ear  
With Feats atchiev'd by each, while every *Fence*  
Again is sprung, each Beast again pursued,  
And in Imagination slain anew.

195 Where, roving Fancy, whither was I borne!—  
These active Scenes are wrapt in Slumber now,  
The still Schools droop, the desert Rostrum mourns;  
And pensive Silence with her down-fixt Eyes  
Walks solitary round the forrowing Walls.

200 Vain is it, once the Coffee-House supplied  
Reviving Coffee, or Heart-cheering Tea,  
And with them Pamphlets in long happy Roll  
Food for the hungry Mind! How dreary all  
As ent'ring there, I pace along the Room!

205 The languid *Dockrill* drops his wonted Smiles,  
Pale *Dockerilla* on her Elbow leans,  
And views the long, long Order, shining trim,  
(Ah that they shine!) of Coffee-Pots forlorn!  
While each with me in deep Complaining joins

And

210 And ruminates full fad on happier Days.

Vain is the Hope for ought of Comfort here :

Quick let me wander to those pleasing Scenes,  
Where Nymphs whilome right gayly trimm'd, advanc'd,  
And spread their gawdy Plumage to the Sun.

215 But vanish'd is the Sun from *Granta's* Skies,  
With it the Summer's vanish'd—and the Pride  
Of Summer, each gay Butterfly is gone!  
No more the high-arch'd Walk of lovely *Clare*,  
No more proud *Trinity's* delightful Round,

220 No more the rural Grove of awful *Kings*,  
Or *Jobnian* Scenes for Solitude devis'd,  
Are with the Bevy bright of Gownsmen blythe  
And beauteous Ladies, elegantly throng'd.  
No more the *Commoner* with Gold distinct,

225 And curfing Regulations, treads the Green,  
With Step superior, while perchance his Side,  
Some humbler *Fellow*, very meek, attends,  
Full supple, big with Hopes of Benefice!

\* \* \* \* \*

230 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

No more 'midst Laughter loud, meet Scorn of Sage,  
 The thoughtless Youth full idly loll along,  
 And deem themselves important! Here I reign  
 235 Sole Monarch; and if nought can give me Joy,  
 At least am free from ought to raise my Spleen.  
 Here only am I blest, while Nature's Works,  
 And every Beauty thro' the laughing Fields,  
 Contemplating, delighted: while my Limbs,  
 240 Beside the gurgling Spring, that murmuring rills  
 Adown the Steep, amidst the whispering Breeze  
 Soft sighing, of the gently waving Boughs,  
 Indulgently I spread, and feed my Thoughts  
 With thy Perfections and thy Works, great King  
 245 Of universal Nature,——sure to lead  
 To that most perfect loveliest of thy Works,  
 (Sweet Meditation!) her, who holds my Heart,  
 And *is*, whate'er *has* been of Beauty feign'd!

E

Away,



Away, ye Sons of Midnight Revelry,  
250 That to a wanton *Venus* make your Court!  
Think not to lure me with those gallant Joys,  
More boasted of than known : one Hour of Love,  
Of innocent Delight, of guileless Blifs,  
Of Converse delicate, refin'd and pure,  
255 Exceeds your utmost Pleasures, and may vie  
With all the Transports of lascivious Love!

No Wonder, *Lucy*, wrapt in Thoughts of thee,  
Quick move along the nimble-footed Hours,  
When with thee oft, so oft, too winged prov'd,  
260 Then fleeter than a snail-pac'd Moment now.

The Hour of Prayer approaches : Home I tend,  
And as the silent melancholy Court  
Yawning I enter, 'chance a dismal Scrape,  
From Hand of forlorn *Fiddler*, wounds my Ear,  
265 And to the Scene adds Horror. So the Howl  
Of triple-mouthed *Cerberus* bursting dread  
Thro' the dull Silence of Hell's awful Gloom,  
New Terror struck thro' pale *Æneas*' Soul

Dire

Dire Woe -- begone, and made e'en Hell more horrible.  
 270 The House of Prayer, or Supper, nought presents  
 Or new or meet to mend the dull-spent Day :  
 How shall the long, long tedious Evening pass ?  
 Where are the social Friends, the flowing Cups  
 Midst Converse pleasing jovially put round,  
 275 Midst Mirth and Laughter, honest Joke and Joy ?  
 Where is the Evening, held more social yet,  
 Midst Conversation, open and refin'd,  
 On Themes that well might suit an Attic Ear ?  
 Ah D \* \* \* now where art thou ? Blest indeed  
 280 In Converse with the *Man*, the World admires -----  
 And I - - - small Comfort, to Reflection left  
 Of what I once enjoy'd : Upbraidings hence ---  
 The Hours move on, and proud *Augusta's* Walls  
 Shall all those Comforts to my Soul afford,  
 285 *Granta* unkindly to my Wish denies.  
 So might Mankind be blest : Learn, Mortals, learn,  
 The present State contented to support,  
 Let flattering Hope the future Prospects crown !

Thus



Thus in dull Round drags on each self-fame Day,  
290 And every Hour well knows the next's Employ :  
The Day of God except: Then ruling Change  
Ufurps her wonted Sway : The Pulpit then  
New Fund of Matter to engage my Soul,  
Or raise my Laughter, as with \* \* fill'd  
295 \* \* \* \* or \* \* \* \* graciously supplies.

So in our Days, when late the parting Earth  
Yawn'd, threat'ning Diffolution, some with Awe,  
With Souls religious felt the warning Shock,  
And pick'd Morality from every Shake.  
300 While others, looser Throng, with Laughter vain,  
And idle 'Observation deem'd it light,  
While with gay Pleasures closely compass'd round,  
They rioted in Jovisaunce secure,  
And unregarding, or with Smiles could hear  
305 " The Wreck of Matter and the Crush of Worlds."

*August 15, 1750.*

*F I N I S.*

# N O T E S.

**S**EVERAL of the Expressions in this Poem being local, and not intelligible to any but a *Cambridge* Reader, I thought it would not be disagreeable to add a few short Explanations of such Terms as are particular.

Ver. 25. *Fellow.*] A Fellow of a College.—See Line the 227th.

27. *Size.*] A *Size* of Bread is half a half-penny Roll: A common Modicum with the small Eaters of Breakfasts at the University.

29. *Well.*] A Word of *Spenser's*, *Shakespeare's*, &c. signifying to *spring*, *flow*, &c.

39. *Cloacina.*] The Goddess of Bogs, &c.

57. *Philosophic Ground.*] Philosophy is the reigning Study, and principally rewarded at *Cambridge*. \* The following Passage from a late learned Writer will well explain these Lines.

“ It is certain the Improvements they do make in Learning, especially in *Mathematical* and *Philosophical* Learning, are often extraordinary for Persons of their Age, (meaning the *Undergraduates* at *Cambridge*) and are usually as great as may reasonably be expected to be made, within the Compass of Time they commonly reside amongst us. In these Respects we have not lost, we have, I think, gained Ground of late Years: And though I am not sensible that the Study of *Classical* Learning has declined among us, and should be much concerned if it had; yet I am of Opinion, that it would be more attended to, and carried to a much greater Height than it usually is, if some publick Honours were affixed to Improvements of that Kind, as has already been done to those in *Philosophy*.”

79. *Jips.*] Are an idle useful Set of Hangers on the College, to procure Ale, Pence, &c. by running Errands, and doing little Services for their Masters; and are a Degree inferior in Place and Pre-eminence to the Bed-Makers: From a Regard to the *Interests* of the young Gentlemen, the *Butlers*

F

feldom

\* See Considerations on the Expediency of making the late Regulations at *Cambridge*, P. 154.

feldom permits them to have any thing from him without a Note from the Giver—which is usually of this Form, *A Size of Ale—Williams—Loaf and Butter*, Jackson: By this the Reader will understand what is meant by *Paper-Friend*.

87. *October's Bell*.] Which rings in that dreadful Term, the last before Degree-Time, when the *Sophs*, or those who then take their Degrees, are in no small Terror from Moderators, Wiflers, or Examiners, Proctors, Philosophy, and fiery Trials.

91. *Matron*.] Meaning an aged Bed-Maker, for 'tis requisite, and a Point of great Prudence in the Governors of Colleges, that the *She Bed-Makers* should be both aged and uninviting, lest Temptation should cause the younger Hearts to wander from the glorious Paths of Virtue.

122. *Trencher*.] That is,—a square Piece of Deal Board, seldom or ever scraped, (never wash'd) off which the younger Part of the University dine.

147. *Round-cap or Square*.] The *Undergraduates*, or those who are not dignified with the Title of *A. B.* or any thing similar thereto, in general wear Round-caps, not unlike those of the Charity-Boys, saving that they are black,—the superior Part wear Square ones, dignified with Silken Toffels.

149. *Thurlbourn or Merrill*] Are so well known, we need observe nothing of the Honesty or Excellence of these eminent Booksellers. The third (Mr. *Matthews*) who is hinted at in the next Line, is less famous in Publick, but renowned within the Walls of *Granta*, for a very pretty Wife, whom he had just brought Home when this Poem was written, and whose Charms, doubtless, will add no small Increase to his Trade.

*N. B.* This Circumstance may, in future Times, be of no small Service to fix the Chronology of this Poem.

157. *The Door-Cafe*.] Mr. *Merrill's* Shop looks upon the Walk (commonly called the *Regent*) which leads to the Schools, which before Two, (the Hour when publick Exercise is kept in the Schools) is generally much thronged by the younger Sort, to hear the Disputations, but more particularly when any renowned Hero is to ascend the Rostrum.

163. *Wrangler*.] There are Twelve of every Year constantly honoured with that Appellation, as a Mark of their superior Merit. Many are the Privileges they used to enjoy, which by imperceptible Degrees, have dwindled away to only one, that of taking each a *Squire*, and visiting all the fair Ladies of the Town, from whom they demand—nought but a Kiss. And the good-natured Ladies never were averse to so laudable a Custom. But mark the  
Unkindness

Unkindness of our Times! Even this Privilege is taken away, and the Wranglers must no more joyously ravish the balmy Blessings from the coy and frugging Fair: Scarce a dry Eye was seen on that Day the Wranglers were last expected, when the peeping Maidens observed, now and then, one with down-cast Looks steal along the Streets, and muffle up their inglorious Faces in dismal Black, proper Emblem of their cruel Destiny.—The Year 1750 is, and will be, remembered with Grief, by every *Cambridge Virgin*, and future Wrangler.

165. The Decider,] Or Moderator, whose Business it is to be Umpire in all Academical Disputations, and keep up good Manners and Decency between the Combatants.

205. Dockrill-Dockerilla.] The Names of the Master and Mistress of the Coffee-House, commonly called *Robin's Coffee-House*. For the Description of an Academical Coffee-House, we refer the Reader to that noble History of *Little Pompey*.

224. Commoner.] The before-mentioned History well explains the Meaning of this Word, *Chap. XII. Book II.* ‘ He was admitted in the Rank of a Fellow-commoner, which, according to the Definition given by a Member of the University in a Court of Justice, is one who sits at the same Table, and enjoys the Conversation of the Fellows. It differs from what is called a Gentleman Commoner at *Oxford*, not only in the Name, but also in the greater Privileges and Licenses indulged to the Members of this Order; who do not only enjoy the Conversation of the Fellows, but likewise a full Liberty of following their own Imaginations in every Thing. For as Tutors and Governors of Colleges have usually pretty sagacious Noses after Preferment, they think it impolitic to cross the Inclinations of young Gentlemen, who are Heirs to great Estates, and from whom they expect Benefices and Dignities hereafter, as Rewards for *their Want of Care of them*, while they were under their Protection. From hence it comes to pass, that Pupils of this Rank are excused from all public Exercises, and allowed to absent themselves at Pleasure from the private Lectures in their Tutors Rooms, as often as they have made a Party for Hunting, or an Engagement at the Tennis-court, or are not well recovered from their Evening's Debauch. And whilst a poor unhappy Soph, of no Fortune, is often expelled for the most trivial Offences, or merely to humour the capricious Repentment of his Tutor, who happens to dislike his Face; young Noblemen, and Heirs of great Estates, may commit any Illegalities, and, if they please, overturn a College with Impunity.’

227. Fellow.] A Fellow of a College is either a most amiable or insignificant Character: To the Honour of the Universities be it spoken, they now  
abound



abound with as many worthy Men, in that Station, as can either be desired or expected; and were I not to be suspected of Flattery, I would name several, whose Names as Tutors, as well as Fellows, do Honour to their own Colleges, and the University in general: But many too there are of the Species mentioned in *Pompey the Little*, whose Insignificancy can never be sufficiently ridiculed, and whose foolish Pride never sufficiently humbled.—Let us therefore, with honest *Boileau*, censuring only to amend, see what is there said of them: ‘ He (*Williams*, a M. A. and Fellow) was in the First Place, a Man  
 ‘ of the most exact and punctilious Neatness; his Shoes were always blacked  
 ‘ in the nicest Manner, his Wigs powdered with the most finical Delicacy,  
 ‘ and he would scold his Laundresses for a whole Morning together, if he  
 ‘ discovered a wry Plait in the Sleeve of his Shirt, or the least Speck of Dirt  
 ‘ on any Part of his Linen. He rose constantly to Chapel, and afterwards  
 ‘ proceeded with great Importance to Breakfast, which moderately speaking  
 ‘ took up two Hours of his Morning; for when he had done sipping his  
 ‘ Tea, he used to wash up the Cups with the most orderly Exactness, and  
 ‘ replace them with the utmost Regularity in their Corner-cupboard. After  
 ‘ this, he drew on his Boots, ordered his Horse, and rode out for the Air,  
 ‘ having been told that a sedentary Life is destructive of the Constitution, and  
 ‘ that too much Study impairs the Health. At his Return he had barely  
 ‘ Time to wash his Hands, clean his Teeth, and put on a fresh-powdered  
 ‘ Wig, before the College-bell summoned him to Dinner in the public Hall.  
 ‘ When this great Affair was ended, he spent an Hour with the rest of the  
 ‘ Fellows in the Common-room to digest his Meal, and then went to the  
 ‘ Coffee-house to read the News-papers; where he loitered away that heavy  
 ‘ Interval, which passed between Dinner and the Hour appointed for Afternoon  
 ‘ Tea: But as soon as the Clock struck Three, he tucked up his Gown,  
 ‘ and flew with all imaginable Haste to some of the young Ladies above-  
 ‘ mentioned, who all esteemed him a prodigious Genius, and were ready to  
 ‘ laugh at his Wit before he had opened his Mouth. In these agreeable Visits  
 ‘ he remained till the Time of Evening Chapel; and when this was over,  
 ‘ Supper succeeded next to find him fresh Employment; from whence he re-  
 ‘ paired again to the Coffee-House, and then to some Engagement he had  
 ‘ made at a Friend’s Room, to spend the remaining Part of the Evening. By  
 ‘ this Account of his Day’s Transactions, the Reader will see how very im-  
 ‘ possible it was for him to find Leisure for Study in the midst of so many  
 ‘ important Avocations; yet he made a shift sometimes to play half a Tune  
 ‘ on the German Flute in a Morning, and once in a Quarter of a Year took  
 ‘ the Pains to transcribe a Sermon out of various Authors.

‘ Another Part of his Character was a great Affectation of Politeness,  
 ‘ which is more pretended to in Universities, where less of it is practised,  
 ‘ than in any other Part of the Kingdom. Thus *Williams*, like many others,  
 ‘ was

‘ was always talking of *genteel Life*, to which End he was plentifully provided with Stories by a female Cousin, who kept a Milliner’s Shop in *London*, and never failed to let him know by Letters, what passed among *the Great*: Though she frequently mistook the Names of People, and attributed Scandal to one Lord, which was the Property of another. Her Cousin however did not find out the Mistakes, but retailed her Blunders about the Colleges with great Confidence and Security.

‘ But nothing in the World pleased him more than shewing the Univerfity to Strangers, and especially to Ladies, which he thought gave him an Air of Acquaintance with the *genteel World*; and on such Occasions, if he could prevail on them to dine with him, he would affect to make expensive Entertainments, which neither his private Fortune, or the Income of his Fellowship, could afford.’

233. Youth.] In an old Book I met with the other Day, called *Micro-Cosmographie*; or, *A Piece of the World discovered in Essays and Characters*. Printed in 1633. I found the following Character of an Univerfity Scholar; which pleasing me much, I did not doubt but it might also please some of my Readers.—The little Book whence I take it, is very full of Characters, and was so well approved in it’s own Days, as to run through six Editions.

‘ A young Gentleman of the Univerfity, is one that comes there to weare a Gown, and to say hereafter, he ha’s beene at the Univerfity. His Father sent him thither, because he heard there were the best Fencing and Dancing Schooles, from these he ha’s his Education, from his Tutor the over-sight. The first Element of his knowledge is to be shewne the Colledges, and initiated in a Taverne by the way, which hereafter hee will learn of himselfe. The two markes of his seniority, is the bare Velvet of his gowne, and his proficiency at Tennis, where when hee can once play a Set, he is a Fresh-man no more. His Study ha’s commonly handsome Shelves, his Bookes neate filke Strings, which he shews to his Fathers man, and is loth to untye or take downe, for fear of misplacing. Vpon foule dayes for recreation, he retyres thither, and looks over the pretty booke his Tutor Reades to him, which is commonly some short History, or a piece of *Euphormio*; for which his Tutor gives him Money to spend next day. His maine loytering is at the Library, where he studies Armes and *Books of Honour*, and turnes a Gentleman-Critick in Pedigrees. Of all things hee endures not to bee mistaken for a Scholler, and hates a black fuit though it be of Satin. His companion is ordinarily some stale fellow, that ha’s beene notorious for an Ingle to gold hatbands, whom he admires at first, afterward scornes. If hee have spirit or wit, hee may light of better company, and learne some flashes of wit, which may doe him Knights service in the Country hereafter. But he is now gone to the Inns of Court, where hee studies to forget, what hee learn’d before, his acquaintance and the fashion.’

230. The Man.] Every Reader will confess the Justness of what is said of this Gentleman, when I tell them the Person here meant, is the truly amiable Author of *Clarissa*.

294.] No particular Persons are here meant: Every University Man can easily supply the Vacancies, as no Pulpit affords greater Variety of excellent, as well as miserable, Preachers, than *St. Mary's*.—The learned Reader will observe how strictly the Writer of this Piece has complied with the Opinions of the ingenious Author of the very grave *Scribleriad*. He, in Imitation thereof, never deigning to let one Smile intrude all the Way through; and in so doing, we hope People of *true* and *nicer Taste* will confess he has hit upon the *true Burlesque*. For in the Preface to that Poem, saith the Writer,——‘ In a *Mock-heroic* Poem, the Author should never be seen to laugh, but constantly wear that grave Irony, which *Cervantes* only has inviolably preserved.’







