

**CAMBRIDGE IN THE
LONG VACATION:
POETICALLY DESCRIBED**

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Cambridge in the Long Vacation: Poetically Described by Xtopher Twigum

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XTOPHER TWIGUM

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LONG VACATION:
POETICALLY DESCRIBED**



JULY 21 AUGT. 21 1871

CAMBRIDGE
IN THE
LONG VACATION:

Partially Described.

"_____ to shew
The very age and body of the time
Its form and pressure."



BY XTOPHER TWIGUM.

Fellow of the Snoboon Society.

LONDON:
HENRY WASHBOURNE, SALISBURY SQUARE;
HATT, CAMBRIDGE; SLATTER, OXFORD;
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1830.

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TO
THE
COOKS,
CHEESEMONGERS,
BREWERS, LIVERY-STABLE-KEEPERS,
DOCTORS, DRESS-MAKERS, BRANDY-MERCHANTS,
TAILORS, SHOEMAKERS, BAKERS, BOOKSELLERS, HATTERS,
PRINTSELLERS, MILLERS, COACH-MASTERS,
TOBACCONISTS, WINE-MERCHANTS,
FRUITERS, INNKEEPERS,
BUTCHERS, MUSICIANS,
AND PRINTERS,
OF
CAMBRIDGE.

It is to you I dedicate the following bouts-rimés; if they displease you, be taciturn—if they create a smile, be communicative. We ought rather to strew smiles than frowns.

Cambridge

IN

THE LONG VACATION.

O for a muse! a muse, like melting wax,
That's free from toll and each oppressive tax,
To sing of Snobs* at term's termination,
When Gownsmen leave for the Long Vacation.†

Forgive, O Snobs, forgive the scribbling elf,
Who scribbles thus to please you—not himself;
And if that scribbling, when the scribbling's done,
Delights but you, his own *sole end* is won.

What time the colleges are empty seen,
And college walks display a vivid green;
When Granta's streams in soft meanders roll,
And chapel bells have ceased their wonted toll;

* *Snobs*. A term applied indiscriminately to all who have not the honour of being members of the university.

† *The Long Vacation* begins on the Saturday after the commencement, and finishes on the 9th of October.

When college kitchen-spits are almost bare,
 And but few hot joints are seen smoking there;
 When mice leave butteries* with weeping eyes,
 And Clare Hall Pieces quite deserted lies—
 For nurse-maids now no longer there repair,
 And what's the use now there no Gownsmen are?—
 When cucumbers are hawk'd about for sale
 In Cambridge—*inter nos*—thereby hangs

A TALE.

Some years ago, a college cook—
 No matter now his name—
 Who had acquired the credit of
 Great culinary fame,

In term-time always with the *grate*,
 No greater man than he,
 In stuffing, soup, or haricot,
 In braise, or fricasee.

But when the Long Vacation came
 He could no longer boast
 (And like the other college cooks)
 That he could rule the roast.

* *Buttery*. The House of Commons, or place where bread, butter, cheese, ale, &c. are sold by retail.

Vacation and cucumber time
 Are now synonymous ;
 For then the Gown are gone, and there's
 " Nae luck about the house ;"

And the first boy that he heard cry,
 " Green cucumbers" to sell,
 As sure as life, he'd catch the rogue
 And *baste* his jacket well.

But when the cry it reach'd his ear,
 " Colchester oysters, O !"
 He always gave the boy a crown,
 And praised the urchin too.

He knew when oysters came to hand
 The *term* would soon commence,
 And then he'd sing " God save the King,"
Honi soit qui mal y pense.

I sing the Long Vacation—that's the rub—
 When bare the *commons*, and with scanty bub
 The college servants sigh in empty rooms,
 And drop a tear o'er mops and carpet-brooms,
 As they collect from cupboard and from shelf
 The empty bottles, crockery, china, delf.