

**BLACK GOWNS & RED  
COATS, OR OXFORD IN  
1834: A SATIRE, IN  
SIX PARTS, PARTS I-V**

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Black Gowns & Red Coats, or Oxford in 1834: A Satire, in Six Parts, Parts I-V by George Cox

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**GEORGE COX**

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COATS, OR OXFORD IN  
1834: A SATIRE, IN  
SIX PARTS, PARTS I-V**



BLACK GOWNS & RED COATS,

OR

OXFORD IN 1834.

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A Satire,  
IN SIX PARTS.

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ADDRESSED TO  
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

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*Γαρήσας χαλχόν τε, ἰδὲ λόφον ἱππιοχαίτην,  
Δεινὸν ἀπ' ἀεροστάτης κόρυθος νέοντα νόησας.*

ILIAD. VI.

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LONDON:  
JAMES RIDGWAY AND SONS, PICCADILLY.

MDCCCXXXIV.

BLACK GOWNS AND RED COATS,

OR

OXFORD IN 1834,

*ἔc. ἔc.*

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*Ταβήσας χαλχόν τε, ἰδὲ λόφον ἵππιοχαίτηρ,  
Δεινὸν ἀπ' ἀκροτάτης κόρυθος νιόντα νόσας.*

ILLIAD, VI.

---

OH! for that horn, whose magic tones of yore,  
To eastern climes the champion Hugo\* bore,

---

\* It might seem unnecessary to all but Oxford readers to remind them that this allusion refers to Wieland's Oberon.

Whose blast, as round those pompous courts it ran,  
 Convuls'd the features of each stiff Divan,  
 Uprous'd the Cadi from his opiate desk,  
 And made reluctant gravity grotesque !  
 In pantomimic dance each proud Imaum  
 Wriggled and reel'd before that wond'rous shawm,  
 And chuckling shook the paunch of each vizir--  
 Such paunch as swells 'neath many a cassock here.  
 Oh ! that a hand like mine could wield again  
 A Dighton's † pencil, or oh ! Boone ‡, thy pen,

---

† Dighton, the celebrated caricaturist, was invited by an Oxford dignitary to meet several of the characters of the University at his house, that he might avail himself of the opportunity to sketch them.—The first production of his portfolio was no other than the figure of the insidious host himself.

‡ The Rev. James Shergold Boone, author of the *Oxford Spy*, whose vast talents have as yet met, alas ! no higher reward than the drudgery of the second Mastership of Charter-House School.

Which forc'd the smile from many a frowning eye,  
 And made ev'n Golgotha† admire the Spy—  
 Well-temper'd weapons, like Pelides' blade,  
 Whose humour heal'd the wounds their sharpness  
     made!

So might I range these classic halls at will,  
 And sweep their cobwebs with my grey-goose  
     quill;

From end to end pass through th' infected town,  
 From lewd St. Clements' to St. Thomas down,  
 And make their two suburban saintships blush,  
 Ev'n in their graves, beneath my feath'ry brush.  
 So might I kindle once again those rays  
 Which beam'd round Oxford in her brighter days,

---

† Golgotha is the name perhaps somewhat irreverently assumed  
 by the Council of Heads of Houses in Oxford.



Purge the thick mud through which dull Charwell  
rolls,

And light the darkness of obscure St. 'Olls. †

Yet is the filth so dense, 'twere vain to pass  
Pieria's waters through th' Augæan mass :—  
'Twere worse than vain that each Aonian maid  
Should leave her bow'r, to wield the nightman's  
spade,

Did not just now the shifting moonbeams dart  
A ray of hope to guide the midnight cart ;  
Were not the stern necessity so great  
That asks improvement in this sinking state,  
That through their tears these eyes some change  
foresee,  
Ev'n un reforming Wellington from thee.

---

† St. Olls is classically contracted from St. Aldate's.

Yes, hail ! great Hercules, none less than thou  
 Could cleanse th' accumulated ordure now ;  
 Bring pioneers the vast morass to drain,  
 With pike and musket storm th' unyielding train ;  
 Come with thy baton—plant thy guns of bronze,  
 Field-marshal Chancellor—dragoon the Dons !  
 Thrice hail great hero ! though thy dauntless front  
 In camp or senate bears the battle's brunt,  
 Unmov'd alike, whiche'er around thee play,  
 Napoleon's batt'ries, or the fire of Grey ;  
 Though such thy grasp, that as thy brow grows  
     bare  
 Fame with her bays has twin'd her olive there ;  
 Though such thy name, no equal charm may suit  
 To frighten Europe—or to puff a boot,  
 Here is a task for all thy varied pow'rs,  
 Thy promptest hand, thy most delib'rate hours ;

A harder field than that where Marmont fled—  
 A sturdier foe than those Masséna led—  
 A fence more strong than 'ere Reform-bill set :—  
 Oxford shall yield thy proudest triumph yet.

Speak but of change; see, must'ring masters form  
 In scarf and hood to face the coming storm,  
 Doctors and deans to convocation march,  
 Gleams the red robe, and rustles loud the starch :  
 See Balliol's chief in front like Ajax stand  
 Firm in the broad-hemm'd breast-plate of his  
 band ;

While from the ramparts round at many a gap  
 For burnish'd helmet peeps the trencher-cap.  
 Up proctors, up, the foe is on the town—  
 Flood the dank moat—gird on the velvet gown—  
 Hark! the proud war-cry of the Christ-church clan—  
 Pembroke and Queens send many a murky man—