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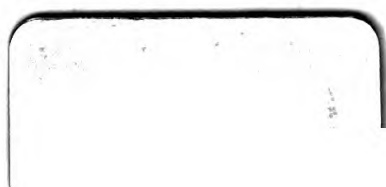


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BLACK GOWNS & RED COATS,

OR

OXFORD IN 1834.

~~~~~  
**A Satire,**  
**IN SIX PARTS.**  
~~~~~



ADDRESSED TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Ταρβήσας χαλχόν τε, ἰδὲ λόφον ἵππιοχαίτην,
Δεινὸν ἀπ' ἀκροτάτης κόρυθος νέουντα νόησας.

ILIAD. VI.

LONDON:
JAMES RIDGWAY AND SONS, PICCADILLY.

MDCCCXXXIV.

729.



OXFORD IN 1834,

ETC. ETC. ETC.

[Price One Shilling.]

Notice.

THE SECOND PART,

BEING ON THE

INTELLECTUAL SYSTEM OF OXFORD,

Will be published in a few days.

BLACK GOWNS & RED COATS,

OR

OXFORD IN 1834.

A Satire.

ADDRESSED TO

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON,

CHANCELLOR OF THAT UNIVERSITY ; FIELD-MARSHAL IN THE ARMY ;
COLONEL OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS,
ETC. ETC. ETC.

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BLACK GOWNS AND RED COATS,

OR

OXFORD IN 1834,

&c. &c.

*Ταρβήσας χαλχόν τε, ἰδὲ λόφον ἵππιοχαίτην,
Δεινὸν ἀπ' ἀκροτάτης κόρυθος νέουντα νοήσας.*

ILIAD. 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 unreforming 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—

And first class heroes gather in a row
 Huge piles of books to hurl them on the foe.
 Here Lexicographers and dull divines
 Crush with their pond'rous tomes th' advancing
 lines ;

There Müller's Dorians, and the rules of Dawes
 Whiz through the air, and crack th' invaders' jaws ;
 Greyson alone avoids the dang'rous sport,
 And fearing hides behind a pipe of port.*

Well may he fear ! Already all who think
 View their own choice with wonderment, and
 shrink ;

Shrink from their champion's iron-featur'd traits,
 Doubt while they court, and tremble as they praise.

* ——— Rhætum vigilantem et cuncta videntem,
 Sed magnum metuens se post cratera tegebat.
 ÆNEID.

They fondly hop'd beneath his drowsy reign

Each dear abuse unquestion'd to maintain ;

Beneath the ægis of his wing to creep,

And grunt in dull security to sleep. •

They fondly hop'd, untroubled as before,

O'er many a fat plurality to snore,

Each vice with sleek hypocrisy to hide,

And figleaf sloth decorously with pride.

Well may they start to see his eagle eye

Watching to pounce upon their nest from high,

To find their cunning fram'd its own rebuke,

And caught a Tartar, when it sued the Duke.

Yes—deep and long shall Oxford soon repent

She made her classic domes the soldier's tent,

Though now with flow'rs his ent'ring steps she

strews,

Shouts in his path, and wakes the flatt'ring Muse.

So round the horse, they dragg'd themselves to Troy,
 Danc'd the mad youths and touch'd the rope with
 joy ;

Pregnant with arms its steely bowels rang,
 Yet Priam fell, although Cassandra sang.
 So into Paris, twice ten years ago,
 Deluded Frenchmen hail'd the foreign foe,
 Drank bitter physic with a gay grimace,
 And hymn'd the pæan of their own disgrace.
 So high the clarion's note—so long and loud
 Were cheers of despots echoed by the crowd,
 Their voices drown'd the clanking of the chain,
 And shouting freedom bade the Bourbon reign.

Such is poor Oxford's fate, whate'er the views
 Her toga'd warrior in his pow'r pursues ;
 By diff'rent routes on equal ills to fall,
 To suffer change ill-judged, or none at all :

To find his passive Grace, a mere King Log,
Despis'd and spittled by each bloated frog,
Or, if he wags his tail, not know to stop
His bull-like progress round the china-shop :
To see her pristine glories pass away
By slow consumption, and a dull decay,
Or else to perish, should he play the quack,
With St. John-Long-like blisters on her back.
For oh ! 'twere worse than none, to see reform
Devis'd by ign'rance, and enforc'd by storm ;
To see th' imperious Captain dare to wield
His truncheon o'er this literary field,
And marring all he cannot understand
In *rank and file* review the Muses' band.
'Twere worse to see the discipline of camps
Quench the bright beam of Learning's classic
lamps,

See Greek and Latin drill'd by pike and sword,
And guardsmen's hands arranging Bodley's hoard.

 In captive Warsaw drench'd with patriot blood
On plunder bent when fierce Suwarrow stood,
A fitting boon to send for Cath'rine's praise,
Zaluski's bookshelves lur'd the victor's gaze.
To fit the boxes, which they pack'd with zeal,
His Cossacks hew'd fair quartos with their steel,
To wrap rich bindings tore out titles whole,
And butcher'd Aldines, as they would a Pole.
Full many an old black-letter perish'd then—
Vellum and gilt stay'd not those impious men :
Full many a manuscript was made a wedge,
And sturdy folios dull'd the sabre's edge.
Yet thought that chief to favour Learning's cause
And only hugg'd her with a warrior's paws,
And 'mid the massacre stood by the while
Grim with a self-congratulating smile.

Oxford beware ! thy tears will come too late—
The bear's embrace is deadly as his hate.
Oh ! monstrous union !—could not Arms and Arts
By sep'rate paths pursue their destin'd parts—
Must the weak maid with fatal fondness bow,
And play the harlot to incestuous vow ?
Like Messalina in her charms decline
With pleasures sated, yet inflam'd with wine :
Could no soft passion tickle her dead ear,
No suitor rouse her,—but a grenadier ?
Art thou so fall'n, proud beauty ? was there none
Of all thy race esteem'd a worthy son
O'er thy decrepit dotage to preside,
And veil thy wrinkles with a filial pride ?
Not one thy care maternal to repay
Now thy step totters, and thy hair is grey !—
That thou wast forc'd in stranger ranks to seek
A soldier champion for thy faded cheek,

To face the lists in panoply, and dare
The world to gainsay that thy form is fair ?

So Rome of old her realm's defence consign'd
To hireling bands, when native worth declin'd :
No more her Decii fought, her Scipios bled.—
What marvel, if the mercenaries fled,
If fierce barbarians snatch'd her pow'rless crown,
Chain'd her luxurious sons, and dash'd her temples
down !

Blush Isis, blush ! Thy waves be crimson
red !

Tear off thy reedy chaplet from thy head,
And murmur mournful music !—Those fair fanes,
So proudly mirror'd in thy crystal veins
Should bow their heads with grief.—For shame,
for shame,

Ye thankless children of the poor old dame,

Who taught you all you know,—that little all—
 And claims your gratitude to save her fall !
 From her you learnt supinely to rely
 On Custom's blind infallibility,
 And shut against Enquiry's vain attacks
 Your eyes with blinkers, and your ears with wax.
 From her you learnt most meekly to despise
 The freely pious, and the boldly wise,
 With Christain hands to wield Exclusion's rod,
 And call intolerance the love of God.
 From her you learnt within how small a line
 Man's understanding may its pow'rs confine :
 Profound in trifles, like the sage who broke
 The jetty team to draw the mimic yoke,
 To harness insects gave up time and ease,
 And liv'd and died—the Phaëton of fleas.
 She shew'd you how to brew the tepid punch
 In just proportions for the festive lunch ;

Of various tastes to equipoise the sum,
 Not spare the lemon, yet not spoil the rum,
 For the snug doze to reel to Chapel then,
 And wake like clockwork at the last amen.
 She shew'd you how, beneath the broken lamp,
 To wrench the knocker from its widow'd cramp,
 From Seckham's gate to coach the lofty car,
 From Castle's store to choose the brown cigar,
 With fluent phrase at luckless duns to swear,
 And face collections with a brave despair.
 Alas! with all these useful lessons taught,
 With all these hotbeds for the growth of thought,
 Such seeds implanted, is there none to shoot
 A fost'ring shade to shield the parent root?
 What none grown great or glorious? None whose
 name
 Might cast a splendour round such sacred claim?

No Grey or Holland with their minds' expanse—
No Brougham's power, no Lansdowne's elegance?
'Tis strange—'twould seem that system must be
wrong,

Which thrives so seldom with so vast a throng,
And bad those farmers, who with all their toil,
Have raised so little from so rich a soil.

Yet were there some, if bigot brows could
smile
On Stanley's youth, or thee mature Carlisle,
Whose genius struggling through the rubbish
spread

By noxious culture on its infant head,
Soars up to heaven, and bids its leaves expand
In rich luxuriance o'er the smiling land.
Such are not Oxford's choice—her charier charms
Are nurs'd to pander to some Tory's arms ;



Or worse, she basely leaves each honour'd name,
Lur'd by the splendour of a phantom flame.

Pleas'd, like a school-girl at her Christmas
dance,

Should some red-coat to court her hand advance,
The heartless flirt forsakes her faithful Peel,

To waltz with scarlet and coquet with steel ;
Nor, though the spur should tear the muslin
dress,

Frowns on her partner, nor admires him less.

Then since the match is made—since Reason's
voice

Too late would seek to stay the wanton choice,—

(As vainly ever good papas would cope

With gay lieutenants, and their stairs of rope,)

Be ours the wiser task, to guide with care

The inexperience of the giddy pair,

To aid the taming of the wilful shrew,
 And shew what good the bridegroom's hints
 may do.

Be ours the task to lead Improvement's hand
 Through the wild garden of this o'ergrown land,
 To root from tares its long-neglected bow'rs,
 And make its desert laugh once more with
 flow'rs.

For I have lov'd thee, Oxford ! and should
 weep

To see gaunt Ruin o'er thy portals creep,
 Where, as I soar'd with Pindar's burning ode,
 Or sighs on sad Antigone bestow'd,
 My midnight lamp I have so often dress'd,
 And heard the skylark hymn me to my rest ;
 Or turning slow from such melodious strings,
 I scann'd the sterner page of men and things,

Drank the Stagyrite's ethic stream, and hung
 With fond respect on Mills's* gifted tongue.
 How often, as on summer eve I've stray'd,
 Deep in the bosom of some devious shade,
 Some trackless haunt, where gurgling waters gush,
 And the wind whispers to the quiv'ring rush,
 I've mus'd on themes, which rais'd the godlike men
 Of Rome or Athens to my eyes again,
 And let rapt Fancy steal my soul away
 To past creations from this dull to-day !
 Seen the old Pan—the Satyrs in his train
 People the copse, or dance upon the plain,
 And naked Naiads all unblushing lave
 Their zoneless glories in the moon-lit wave !

* The amiable and erudite Professor of Moral Philosophy,
 whose health we sincerely hope may be benefited by the voyage
 which he has been obliged to undertake to Madeira.

Then should some peeping wood-god chance to spy
The virgin quire with frolic-loving eye,
The startled Nymphs fled with unsandell'd feet,
Skimm'd through the winding paths, and sought
the green retreat.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

OXFORD IN 1834,

ETC. ETC. ETC.

PART THE SECOND.

THE INTELLECTUAL SYSTEM.

SECOND EDITION.

[Price One Shilling.]

The Third Part of this Work, will be published in a few days,

THE DISCIPLINE AND MORALE;

and the Fourth and concluding Part as speedily as possible.

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OR

OXFORD IN 1834.

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**A Satire.**  
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ADDRESSED TO

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CHANCELLOR OF THAT UNIVERSITY ; FIELD-MARSHAL IN THE ARMY ;

COLONEL OF THE GRENADEER GUARDS,

ETC. ETC. ETC.

PART II.

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Δεινὸν ἀπ' ἀκροτάτης κόρυθος νέοντα νόησας.

ILIAD. VI.

—◆—
LONDON :

JAMES RIDGWAY AND SONS, PICCADILLY.

MDCCCXXXIV.



BLACK GOWNS AND RED COATS,

OR

OXFORD IN 1834,

&c. &c.

PART II.

“Et ideo ego adolescentulos existimo stultissimos fieri, quia nihil ex iis, quæ in usu habemus aut audiunt aut vident.”—PETRONIUS ARBITER, book i.

—◆—

KNOWLEDGE is power ; yet since its streams
conduce

By paths so various, to such diff'rent use,
Since man's most lengthen'd lifetime is so small
No single head may hope to compass all,

Wisdom herself consents from out the rest,
 To choose such parts, as give this pow'r the best.
 She sees outspread to tempt her eager eye
 Ancient and modern realms of science lie ;
 Both richly planted with prolific seeds,
 Yet chok'd with barrenness, and rank with weeds.
 In each she views calm Hist'ry's warning page
 Fraught with examples for the passing age ;
 In each Philosophy acutely blind,
 With learned ign'rance humbling proud mankind ;
 While still sweet Poesy, with gentler art,
 Wreaths her bright garlands round the feeling
 heart.

Both are alike her care ;—as Use impels
 She mixes waters from these chymic wells,
 Casts in one mould the ancient and the new,
 And grasps one whole with comprehensive view ;

The wider spreads her range, the more she blends
 Their close affinities and cognate ends,
 Compares, selects, discriminates, combines,
 Culls various flow'rs, and as she culls them, twines.
 In *Austin's* * page sees Tully write again,
 In Moore's sweet music hears Anacreon's strain,
 In Cleon's rant detects O'Connell's aims,
 And borrows laws from Tiber for the Thames.

Oh ! Oxford, Oxford, vainly still endow'd
 With wealth and ease to lift thee from the crowd,
 With opportunities too richly blest,
 Why with slow step still lag behind the rest?—

* The profound and excellent Professor of Jurisprudence at the London University, Lecturer at the Inner Temple, one of the Commissioners for the Reformation of the Criminal Code, Author of the Province of Jurisprudence determined, &c.—

This for the information of those Gentlemen who read Aristotle and not Jeremy Bentham.

When wilt thou cease, with all thy pompous plan,
 To waste on mummies, what was meant for man—
 With all thy learning when wilt thou decide
 That to be useful it must be applied ?
 Will no cup tempt thy lip, but that which stands
 Crack'd with old age, and worn by monkish hands ?
 Will no book please, unless begrim'd with dust,
 Worm-drill'd its boards, its clasps ingrain'd with
 rust ?

Is human life so long that there is time
 To waste whole years upon a ding-dong chime—
 Some book of metres, which would crutch in vain
 A crippled chorus on its feet again—
 Some tome on accents, crabbedly diffuse,
 To fix their places, tho' unknown their use ?
 Nor think, if words like these should sound
 severe

To the fine drum of some Porsonian ear,

Think not I therefore call that labour waste
 Which moulds expression, or which chastens taste,
 Or would in manhood gracelessly deride
 My youth's enjoyment, and my boyhood's pride ;—
 Far be from me the rage that would despoil
 The lamps of Learning of their Attic oil !
 Far be the modern Goth's unletter'd zeal,
 Who mocks the charms, he lacks the sense to
 feel !

But when I see the temple's priests essay
 To bar its gates against the beams of day,
 When in the same dull round I see them creep,
 Profoundly trifling, profitlessly deep,
 Treading the steps their sires before them trod,
 The past their heav'n, antiquity their God,
 Like mould'ring mammoths, who unmov'd have
 stood

Seal'd in some muddy cavern since the flood ;—

When I see those, who ought the lead to take,
Strangling Improvement like a pois'nous snake,
The grain rejecting, to be gorg'd with chaff;—
Shade of Democritus! who would not laugh?

'Tis not, that Oxford's fame too proudly stands
Weighed in the classic scale of other lands,
Or that her sons research so far outstrips
The toils of Tiersch, the lore of Hermann's lips;
'Tis not, that mining through each weary page
Of scribe Byzantine, or Platonic sage,
Or near that fount where Niebuhr's bays are green,
—Niebuhr, name dreaded in this sombre scene—
She wears out youth in too laborious care,
And with late watching thins the silver hair;
'Tis, that one stagnant scum has crusted o'er
The baleful waters of her Dead Sea shore,
And old and young alike are rock'd to rest
On the dull ripple of its lep'rous breast :

'Tis, that each modern page, each late advance,
 If not discourag'd, are consign'd to chance ;
 While with oblivion's draught each eye is dim,
 Cramp'd ev'ry nerve, and palsied every limb ;
 'Tis this that fires the verse, and pours along
 The full fast current of satiric song :
 'Tis this that crimsons shame's indignant cheek ;
 Too little modern, not too much antique ;
 With just arrangement there were place for both :
 Oxford ! the curse that kills thee is thy sloth !!

Lo ! on a pile of dusty folios thron'd,
 Her Janus brows with dogs-ear'd fools-cap
 crown'd,
 Fenc'd with a footstool, that no step should go
 Too rashly near, nor crush her gouty toe,
 Obese Tuition sits, and ever drips
 An inky slaver from her bloated lips !

Unwholesome vapours round her presence shed,
 Dim ev'ry eye, and muddle ev'ry head,
 Stunt the young shoots, which smil'd with promise
 once,
 And breathe a deeper dulness on the dunce.
 Around their queen, array'd in gown and band
 A dusky crew, her servile vot'ries stand,
 Men who at morn and eve have never missed
 To plod the lecture, or to ply the whist ;
 With the shrill chant to pierce the chapel's gloom,
 Or shake with puns the sides of Common-Room.
 Here Euclid's teacher, as he fills his glass,
 Describes a circle for the port to pass ;
 Dinner the problem which he loves to work—
 His only instruments a knife and fork ;
 His text book, Ude, and all his brains divine
 Of conic sections—how to carve a pine.

There, round a table strew'd with whips and
 books,
 Pleas'd on his class the spurred preceptor looks,
 As word by word they swallow Livy's lies,*
 And murder Lucrece ten times 'ere she dies.
 His palfry waits—he coldly turns away
 From some wild speech, some warm impassioned
 play,
 And leaves the lines at which Aspasia glow'd,
 To trot till hall-time on a turnpike road.
 Oh ! profanation—Oh ! unheard disgrace :
 To put old Æschylus to use so base !

* Juvenal was merciful to his own countrymen, when he only talked about “ quicquid *Græcia* audet in historiâ mendax,”—but whatever may have been the Romans' own belief as to the early history of Rome, I doubt whether they would have ever equalled Oxford in the blindness of their faith.

Shame ! that not ev'n such altars may assuage
 The cold blasphemer's desecrating rage ;
 They outrage genius for their impious farce,
 And scan Olympiads, and Philippics parse.

Nor deem it strange, if only screech-owl notes
 Grate in harsh cadence from tutorial throats,
 If none but would-be birds of wisdom stay
 From garret-eaves to whoop their drowsy lay ;
 To nobler goals the loftier minds aspire,
 The mart, camp, bar, the senate, pulpit, lyre,
 Where active duties sterner laurels yield,
 And honour woos them to the world's wide field :
 The dross remains ; the gold soon quits the throng ;
 And Oxford's schools retained not *Whately** long.

* The Archbishop of Dublin, who had scarcely accepted the chair of Political Economy in Oxford, when he was obliged to vacate it to discharge the higher duties which he now fulfils so well. But why does he not go on publishing his interrupted lectures ?

And can such tutors, when they chance to meet,
 Contain their conscious laughter in the street ?
 Is this the way Britannia's noblest youth
 Climb the proud portals of eternal truth ?
 Is there such magic in those sounds M.A.
 That for such end deluded mothers pray,
 And cram their darlings ev'n from childhood's age
 With jangling jargons till they loathe the page.
 Yes ! this is all their sons are taught to do,
 In school at six—the schools at twenty-two ;
 Happy and proud, if, having passed that time,
 They know at last a reason from a rhyme :
 If having learnt Greek Trimeters to scan,
 That first grand glory, for which God made man :
 If having learnt in syllogistic nut
 The shrivell'd kernel of their sense to shut,
 With eyes submiss on moods and terms to look,
 And rev'rence Aldrich next the sacred book :

If having learnt each chapter of their creed
 At others' nod unargued to concede,*
 And conscience stretch'd, or shorten'd of her toes,
 On Procrustean pillows to repose,
 They, by these means, their weary wits install,
 In some snug living to forget it all.

Genius of Locke ! oh ! if forgiving still
 Thou lov'st the land, which wrought thy spirit ill ;
 If thou look'st down, from out the starry choir,
 With Gibbon's ghost, and Shelley's soul of fire,

* It would perhaps be amusing to a stranger to hear how the ceremony of reading the thirty-nine articles, previously to being presented to a degree is performed. The Dean of the College invites the young man to breakfast—a couple of articles are read—then succeeds a *wadding* of cold meat—an interlayer of boiled eggs (if indeed the Dean be so munificent) divides the third and fourth ; the doctrine of Predestination requires to be swallowed down with a cup of tea, and the Dean reads the newspaper, while the candidate reads the remainder. Is this an indecent farce, or is it not ? If it is, why is it not discontinued ? Answer : because it is an old custom.

Both driv'n like thee to blaze their bold career
 Far from these halls—too bright to smoulder here ;
 How must thou mourn, to see man's nobler part
 Strapp'd like a racer in a dustman's cart,
 Trammel'd and bound in Custom's changeless
 school,

Absurd by system, frivolous by rule !
 How must thou weep, to see men's pow'rs divine
 Toil without fruits in learning's richest mine,
 The wheel still working, though unfed their wit,
 Starving of hunger, while they turn the spit !

Meanwhile, around on each plebeian height
 Bursts the full day, and streams the purple light ;
 An active swarm the midland counties pour,
 And Sheffield's tow'rs are veiled in smoke no more.
 See, Nature's scroll to Faraday unroll'd
 By surer alchemies than those of old,

And Smeaton's mantle spreading as it fell,
Rest on the ampler shoulders of Brunel !
See, education sweep from sea to sea
To teach the poor, and make the people free ;
Each loftier virtue, as their minds expand,
Smiles in calm dignity to bless the land,
Instruction's empire spreads its gifts to all,
And tyrant Usage lets his sceptre fall.
Ev'n now, where Oxford rears her moss-grown
 fanés,
The rous'd mechanic scorns her pedant pains,
Bids town and gown divided honours hold,
And shares the muse, which lov'd the schools of old.
O'er tow'r and hall the baneful ivy crawls,
Yet flow'rs more fruitful bloom on humbler walls,
On Bodley's shelves may wave the spider's webs,
Yet infant labours grace despis'd St. Ebbe's.

Oxford alarm'd, beholds the coming scene,
 Guilt in her breast and terror in her mien;
 She sees Reform march on, and conscience stung,
 Hears her dirge mutter'd, and her death-knell rung;
 She knows not yet it makes its pride and joy
 To mend not mar, to strengthen not destroy,
 To fill the gaps, which time has worn away,
 To till the waste, and renovate decay.
 Hence all her whines of innocence, and pleas
 To prove her system harmless in its ease,
 As pois'nous reptiles, fearing to be hurt,
 Roll themselves up, and pass for lumps of dirt :
 Hence her vain hope with various arts to stop
 The torrent tumbling from the mountain top ;
 These zeal and talent to the stream oppose,
 The pride of indolent importance, those,
 In diff'rent ways the diff'rent forces pull,
 And Buckland's genius has for ballast Bull.

Oh ! vain defenders, if with gripe so strong
 You still would cling to all you grasp'd so long ;
 If 'tis indeed so sweet your own to call
 The rich endowment and the golden stall,
 Bend your proud shoulders, let your choler cool,
 Untutor'd tutors, go once more to school !
 Methinks 'twere well such trial to conduct,
 Where dons were catechised, and pluckers pluck'd ;
 The modern Athens sophist tribe to see
 Once more examined for a new degree,
 Gaisford and Sneyd each other's lecture seek,
 And one learn manners, and the other Greek.

The modern Athens— ! sure 'tis well to claim
 At least the poor pretension of a name,
 And shield awhile expiring learning's torch
 Beneath the shelter of the Grecian porch :
 Yet where, oh ! where is here th' inventive fire
 That rais'd the arts which fram'd the scenic choir—

The daring mind, that grasp'd the etherial prize,
Rais'd men to gods, and climb'd the spangled skies—
All that ennobles man—the span of soul
Which links the universe in one vast whole—
All that applies philosophy to life—
The firm resolve that calms the passion's strife—
The practice moulded in the die of thought—
What Cato did—what Epictetus taught?
The youth who reeling from the banquet heard
Th' Athenian sage's monitory word,
Gave but one sigh for all that charm'd before,
One long, last sigh, which shew'd the links he tore,
Cast but one look on pleasure's tempting prize,
The sparkling joy-cup, and his Phryne's eyes,
Then dash'd the garland from his wine-wet hair,
Renounc'd them all, and stood a Stoic there—!
But here the herd of pompous pedants pace
With loosen'd girdles, yet ascetic face,



Grimace philosophy like apes and birds,
 Sages of signs, and Xenophons of words,
 With virtuous cant in reeking rosebuds bask,
 And Luxury's snout protrudes from Learning's
 mask.

Yet on one form, whose ear can ne'er refuse
 The muses tribute, for he lov'd the Muse,
 And when the soul the gen'rous virtues raise,
 A friendly Whig may chant a Tory's praise,
 Full many a fond, expectant eye is bent
 Where Newark's towers are mirror'd in the Trent.
 Perchance 'ere long to shine in senates first,
 If manhood echo what his youth rehears'd,
 Soon Gladstone's brows will bloom with greener
 bays,

Then twine the chaplet of a minstrel's lays,
 Nor heed, while poring o'er each graver line,
 The far faint music of a lute like mine.

His was no head contentedly which press'd
 The downy pillow in obedient rest,
 Where lazy pilots, with their canvass furl'd,
 Set up the Gades of their mental world ;
 His was no tongue which meanly stoop'd to wear
 The guise of virtue, while his heart was bare,
 But all he thought through ev'ry action ran ;
 God's noblest work — I've known one honest
 man.

Oh ! is there only one ? Do no such ranks
 As grac'd Ilyssus lurk on Isis' banks,
 Wait but to see the barriers dash'd away,
 And pant impatient at the long delay ?
 Ev'n now, where Daubeny plies with modest skill
 The fine alembic, and the chymic still,
 See ardent crowds pursue the magic sport,
 Mix the bright dies, or charge the curv'd retort.

*More, had they guides, the starry spheres would
 mount,
 And drink high thoughts from heaven's empyreal
 fount ;

* I shall doubtless be told that there is already an Observatory and a Professor of Astronomy. I ask again, what is the use of either, unless the students are enabled to hear the one, and to use the other. Let a part of the Observatory be set apart—it is big enough—for the use of the pupils, and the Professor stand by and direct them, and the public will not have an additional cause to complain in seeing the advantages withheld from them which are actually within their reach. The lustre of Professor Wilson's name lends an eclat to the University by his splendid acquaintance with the Oriental languages—why are not other Professors appointed to descant on the literature of other tongues more necessary and more useful than Sanscrit? I would have Professors of German, Spanish, Italian, Danish, and Russian literature—as to Metaphysics they are altogether neglected in Oxford—even the Scotch schemes are not inculcated, even Condillac is thought too deep an inquirer to direct attention to—it is time to improve all this. Nor let any one be afraid to degrade the University's *dignity* by the introduction there of a practical school

The earth's wide-scatter'd brethren would connect,
 Their manners weighing with their dialect,
 Or scan man's moral attributes, and rise
 Through worlds ideal upwards to the skies.

or the Fine Arts. Nothing, on the contrary, would have a more salutary effect on all subjects connected with the Muses. If it is honourable for a gentleman in after-life to become a collector of paintings or of pieces of sculpture, may it not be of some advantage to him to learn in youth the principles on which to be guided in bestowing his patronage or his money? Would it not be likely to raise the standard of the Arts themselves in the country, if the young artists enjoyed the opportunity of mixing perpetually with others of their age more deeply imbued with the spirit of the Classics, that fount from which all draw their inspiration? Would not Sir Joshua Reynolds' Lectures, if read in an Oxford School, be thought worthy of the audience? and might not such a man as Shee give an elegance and a taste to his youthful hearers, which would continue with them through life? At the larger Germany Universities, as at Berlin and at Munich, it is customary to have such Professorships, and the same with regard to Architecture, which last might surely be studied with advantage enough in Oxford, for the student would be sur-



More would mute language to the canvass give,
 And with still motion make the marble live ;
 Would pore on Death, and as they guide the blade
 Confess how man is wonderfully made ;
 Would learn to rear the dome's collossal pride,
 Bend the wide arch, and span the subject tide,

rounded with specimens of every variety of date, beauty, and ugliness. —One word as to the state of Anatomy and Physic, as they are to be learnt at Oxford, and I have done with this long note. There are many endowed Professorships—two or three of them held by the same individual connected with the subject—yet it so happens, as the Lord Chancellor observed the other night to the House of Lords, that though Oxford so obstinately clings to the monopoly of conferring degrees in Medicine, it is the only University in the world where Medicine is never taught—I say nothing about Cambridge. Cambridge must look to herself also; but she is at least one step in advance of her sister. The same remarks that apply to Medicine apply equally to Law. As to their Politics, which, if they are not *taught*, are at least learnt there, I leave them with Sir Charles Wetherell till the next contested Election.

Or rule mankind, observe the passing hour,
And gain such knowledge, as indeed *is* pow'r.

For what the profit, though a man should
know

How Rome was ruled two thousand years ago,
What change of prices shook Suburra's trade,
What rate of interest sordid Novius made,
If England still the veil of mystery draws
O'er funds, finance, statistics, commerce, laws,
If while his footsteps round the Forum range,
A mighty magic stands the Stock Exchange?
Where were the good to see the past reveal'd,
If Europe's book be, like the Sybils', seal'd?
With nice research the Caudine Forks to trace,
While Russia plots unwatch'd the Turks disgrace?
To know what heroes at Saguntum bled,
While Napier's pages load the shelves unread?

With curious glance Sphactina's rocks to spy,
 While Navarino scarce attracts the eye ?
 To laud the brave who fought by Sunium's waves,
 Nor weep for Poland, tho' her sons be slaves ?

Oxford, awake ! The land hath borne too long
 The senseless jingling of thy drowsy song,
 Seen her fond youth of empty sounds the dupe,
 And truck'd their birthright for a drop of soup.
 Wake ! doating drone, or 'ere thy dream be done,
 Reform will snatch thee, as its car flies on,
 And through the miry path, with whirlwind wheels
 Drag thee along, like Hector, by the heels.
 The hum of men is up—strange voices now
 Rise from the loom, the anvil, and the plough—
 The warning trump hath echoed long and loud,
 Yet hear'st thou not, nor mark'st the gath'ring
 crowd.

Still, as the wing of soft oblivion throws
 Its silken shadow o'er thy deep repose,
 And while thy nostrils, like the Cyclops', snort
 The mingled fumes of prejudice and port,
 Years have flown by, and others watch have kept,
 With nimbler feet have speeded whilst thou slept.

So from some gaudy have I seen forlorn
 A luckless freshman to the Angel borne,
 And dreaming still of punch, and pipes, and gin,
 Dragg'd to the mail, and bundled senseless in :—
 Smack goes the whip—the horn's Tursenic sound
 Impels the horses, and the wheels run round :—
 He hears them not—but rapt in jovial vein
 Still snores and nods, and nods and snores
 again,

Till as the morning's rays begin to gleam,
 Chapels and lectures mingle in his dream :—

He rubs his eyes—he wakes—and still in doubt
For soda-water calls his tardy scout :—
—Then rous'd to Truth, he lets the window down,
And spells the mile-stone—Sixteen miles from
Town.

THE END OF PART THE SECOND.

OXFORD IN 1834,

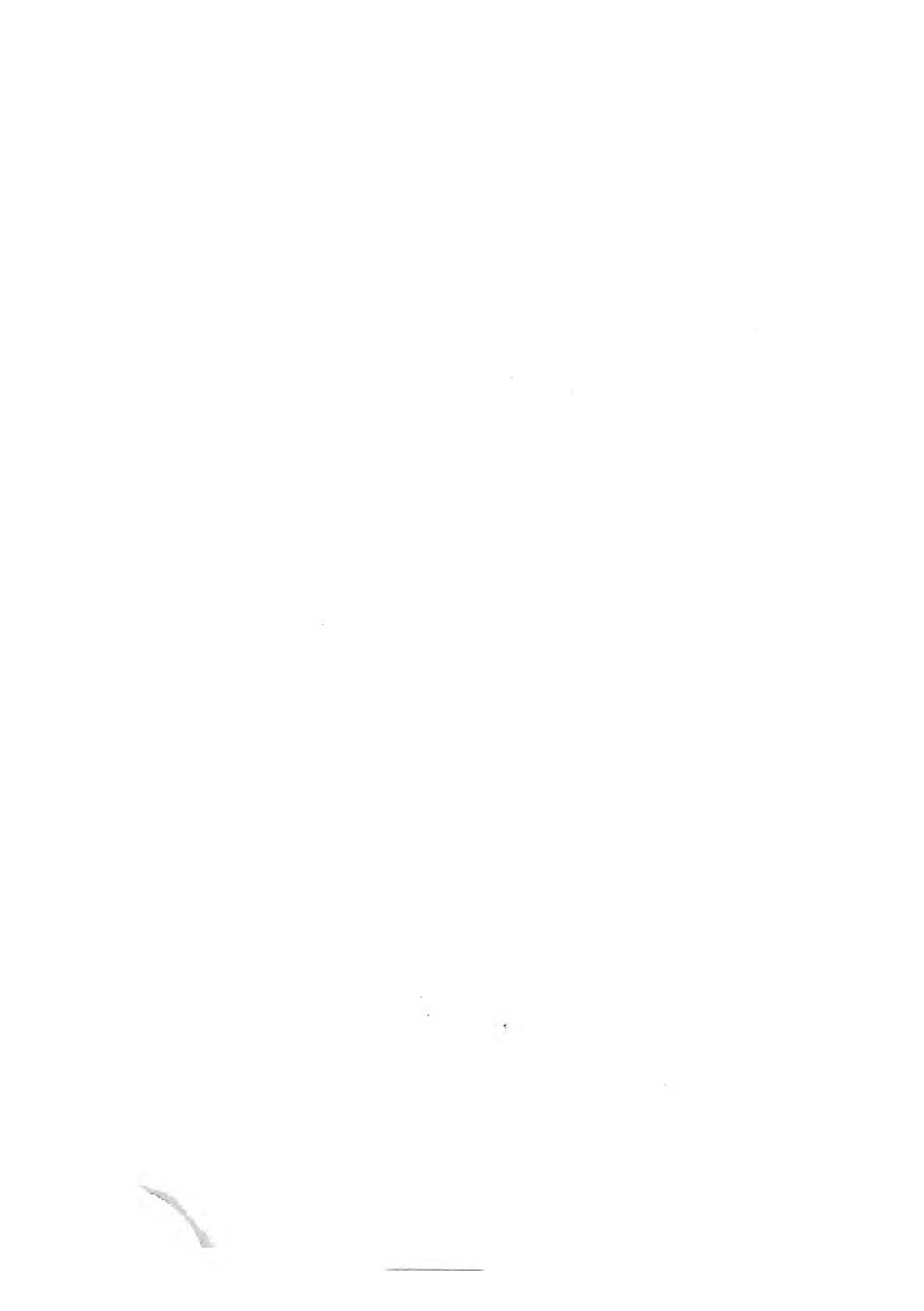
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PART THE THIRD.

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BLACK GOWNS & RED COATS,

OR

OXFORD IN 1834.

A Satire.

ADDRESSED TO

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON,

CHANCELLOR OF THAT UNIVERSITY ; FIELD-MARSHAL IN THE ARMY ;

COLONEL OF THE GRENADEER GUARDS,

ETC. ETC. ETC.

PART III.

Ταρβήσας χαλχόν τε, ἰδὲ λόφον ἵππιοχαίτην,
Δεινὸν ἀπ' ἀκροτάτης 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,

&c. &c.

PART III.

“ — ces risibles etablissemens, qu' on appelle colleges.”

ROUSSEAU'S EMILE, b. i.

REGION of Ruin ! Land where duns and dons
With iron bowels, and the brows of bronze
Wink at extravagance, with fav'ring eyes,
And fan the madness, they too late chastise;

Cradle, round which, as round Alcmena's twins,
 Vice's gay serpents trail their slimy skins,
 Crush'd by the strong, yet ah! too often press'd
 By earth-born brothers to their weaker breast;
 Palace of Circe! where some spell transmutes
 Men's proper natures to their kindred brutes;
 Where tabby tutors o'er their turtle purr,
 And snarling pedants imitate the cur,
 Where long-ear'd doctors asininely bray,
 Or dull as dormice dream whole years away,
 Where portly Tories, fill'd with corn and wine,
 Forget their wisdom, and descend to swine,
 And carnal priests their rev'rend powers devote
 To shame the rabbit, and eclipse the stoat;
 A loftier theme demands my lash to-day,
 A strain more moral, and a sterner lay,
 The quarry towers—then let the falcon fly—
 Open the field, and boundless is the sky.

Syntax and Prosody ! ye awful powers,
 Whose jealous temple stands in Oxford's bowers,
 Who, when Montgom'ry dared approach your fanes,
 Rebuk'd the bard, and turned his addled brains,
 Still guide my verse ! yet not to-day I ask
 Your aid descriptive for the graphic task,
 Nor seek to paint how Shuttleworth may fawn
 With sighs aspirant for the sleeves of lawn ;
 Some future bard the hum'rous pen may stretch
 Devote to Momus o'er the mirthful sketch,
 And tell how Rowley loves the jovial cheer,
 And shews his wit far weaker than his beer ;
 Some future lyre may sing how brandy sheds
 Its night-cap fumes o'er Heads of Houses' heads,
 How proud the proctors, and how prim the pros,*
 What little men achieve the greatest goes ;

* A "Pro" is a Pro-proctor, and a "little-go" and "great-go"
 signify the first and second examinations.

Some happier minstrel may with skill dissect
 The toils of preachers, falsely called “ select,”
 Or tell how Winter* whines in Maw-worm mood,
 And bitter physic gives for wholesome food:—
 Not such my theme, though these might also claim
 The chastening verse to tinge their cheeks with
 shame,

But loftier arrows to my string belong,
 And 'tis the subject elevates the song.

Yet where begin, when faults and follies rise
 In shapes so various to my wond'ring eyes?
 Where hoary heads with prudent vices shun
 The fair exposure of the tell-tale sun,

* The last sermon I heard from Dr. Winter, Principal of St. John's College, was directed against the unchristian spirit of emulation in the pursuit of study. The learned Divine need not be afraid.—At present a most amicable understanding prevails upon that head.

Or beardless youths, converting night to day,
 Rattle the dice, and tempt the fate-fraught play?
 'Tis sev'n's the main—the stripling caster smiles
 As from the board he sweeps the glitt'ring piles:—
 For this he seeks the midnight club by stealth,
 And with late watching mines his wasted health,
 For this he dares, while bribed policemen snore,
 To wrench the staunchion, or to thumb the door,
 While porters* feign to slumber, twists the screw,
 Scales the spiked wall, or files the staple through;
 Quits ev'n the passions, which hot youth engage,
 Pleased to anticipate the faults of age,
 And beauty's less exciting cup foregoes
 To gulp the draught, which poisons as it flows.

Hark forward, hark ! a manlier sport invites
 Horse, hound, and huntsman to its fierce delights ;

* “ *Doctus resupino stertere naso.*”—JUVENAL.

The pace is clipping, yet I scorn to shrink;
To-day I mount my Pegasus in pink,
Full many a student cheers the falt'ring pack,
Whose purse is empty—yet he hires his hack—
So that he first may speed o'er heath and hill,
The devil may take the hindmost—and the bill.
Full many a youth, whose cheek turns pale to look
On shunn'd Castalia, clears the wintry brook,
And though Parnassus makes his courage quail,
Braves the broad horrors of the post and rail,
Then home returning, o'er the festive board,
Where witless songs of ribaldry are roar'd,
He stuns the ears of wond'ring freshmen well
With moving accidents of flood and fell,
Or joins the chaunt, and warms the Phallic strain
With spurious bumpers of unpaid champagne.
His courage rising as the liquor flows,
He boasts each art, and ev'ry science knows ;

Not themes which lift the soul to deeds of praise,
 But worse than trifles animate the phrase ;
 No gun like his through Wytham's covers rang,
 No dog like his can face the badger's fang,
 None won but he the Woodstock glover's smile,
 None bilk'd the turnpike in such topping style ;
 Or like Sir Oracle he next begins
 To vaunt of vintages, and boast of bins,
 Or dictate fashions, and his judgment waste,
 Deceived at once in toilet, and in taste :
 His Maraschino melts the critic's throat,
 9 Nujée exhausted art to frame his coat :
 His Chateau Margot ravish'd Carbonell,
 Jupp shaped that hat, where all the graces dwell ;
 Yet still in vain he boasts the poor pretence,
 And grasping fashion, only gains expense ;
 In vain he sees his tradesmen's bills expand
 In fearful length from Bond Street to the Strand,

While yet no gold can buy the art to wear
 The costly gewgaws with a Brummel's air,
 While Hoby's boots for him refuse to shine,
 As if his scout had black'd them with port wine,
 And doomed of fortune to be twice the sport,
 He swallows blacking, tho' he's dunn'd for port.

But jests be mute ; methinks such scenes
 provoke

The tear of sorrow, rather than the joke ;
 Methinks 'tis sad to see the Giant Debt
 Sweep thoughtless thousands to its deadly net,
 And hardened vice's leprosy encase
 The fair smooth promise of the youthful face !
 In these a false ambition to be first
 'Mong good or bad, still makes them best or
 worst ;

In these the fears of ridicule o'erwhelm
 The Palinurus conscience at the helm ;

These weaker still example's power deplore,
 And drink contagion at each open pore.
 In all 'tis Leisure feeds the passion's growth,
 And Vice awakes upon the lap of Sloth.

Then give to Labour both the night and day,
 For rosy pinions waft the hours away,
 And the worn man will vainly weep their
 flight

Debauched in pleasure and each low delight.
 Let modish youths renounce the midnight oil,
 And shrink exhausted from ennobling toil ;
 Let titled spendthrifts needlessly disguise
 Their known excesses from averted eyes,
 And boast the easy triumph to deceive
 The proctor, laughing in his velvet sleeve ;
 Not such the rules which Plato gave his state,
 When virtue flourished, and when Greece was
 great ;

Not such the dread of toil, which could convince
 The sage* whose care enlighten'd Parma's prince;
 Not such the views that fired their sires of old
 Whose glorious deeds were cast in sterner mould;
 Ere modern babies walk without their strings,
 Pope earn'd a wreath, which mocks the crowns
 of kings,

And Pitt was premier, ere such slugs are free
 From the slow trammels of their first degree.

What! still the treadmill? Ev'n the studious
 few,
 Still classing verbs, still ranging grammars thro',
 The wheel revolving o'er and o'er again,
 Ainsworth, Schrevelius, alike in vain,

* Vide Condillac's Cours d'etude pour l'education du Prince de
 Parma. A comprehensive scheme which may well astonish the
 minds of the most industrious students of Oxford.—οἱοὶ γυν
 βροτοὶ εἰσι.—

Pacing the same stale circle's tedious round,
 At school and college—tho' no corn is ground —
 For ever climbing, never meant to rise,
 For ever learning, never to be wise ?
 Still in the land of bondage ? Bade by law
 To furnish bricks, though Pharaohs stint the
 straw ?

Idly expected to be rich with fruits,
 While dung and water are denied the roots ?
 —No wonder sloth abounds, when only themes
 Devoid of int'rest break the sluggard's dreams :
 No wonder patients doze, when doctors take
 Such lulling means their lethargy to wake :
 No wonder pupils nod when bats themselves
 Roost 'mong the quartos on the tutors' shelves :
 No wonder Vice o'er youth its meshes spreads,
 When vine-leaves form the crown for provosts'
 heads.

Where tyrants rule, 'twere fitting to amuse*
 Young minds too bent on freedom in the stews,
 To give such bias to their passions spring,
 And waste on Lais, what might wound a king ;

* In Catherine's time—at present no such gentle remedies are resorted to—when any of the enslaved Poles shewed symptoms of effecting their independence, they were invited to Petersburg, and kept in a constant whirl of dissipation and debauchery, to divert them from thoughts of their lost liberty. At Paris it is *asserted*, and at Vienna it is *believed*, that the imprudencies of the unhappy Duc de Reichstadt, which were fatal to his constitution, were encouraged and promoted by wily instruments of Government, in order to let off by such a safety-valve a spirit which might otherwise have become formidable from reminiscences of his father. We are far from accusing the wise men of Oxford of being so far aware of the effects of their own conduct, as to deserve, in its literal application, the reproach of being such political panders—but we counsel them to avoid the possibility of such a design being imputed to them, by promoting, instead of repressing, the spirit of inquiry, and repressing, instead of countenancing, by their example, the spirit of indulgence.

But here 'tis time, where no such despots reign,
 To burst, tho' hid with flowers, the iron chain ;
 To raise to youth the veil that shades their view,
 To spread their minds, and shape their morals too ;
 To fit to life each philosophic plan,
 And teaching wisdom, moralize the man.

What, though perchance too gaily once I
 chased

Joy's painted plumage o'er the flow'ry waste,
 With reeling step the fields of Riot trod,
 Nor feared the fiat of a proctor's nod ;
 What tho' home speeding, and redeemed by night
 Each squandered moment of my day-dream's
 flight,

From Harriet Wilson's turned to Paley's page ;
 Nor tho' I seemed the sinner scorned the sage.—
 Vain were such watch, unless with sterner view
 My practice dared to prove the precept true ;

Unless each act conviction's image caught,
And thinking right, I grew to all I thought !

But let that pass—it boots not now to cast
One thought of joy or sorrow on the past ;
Whether at Edmund Hall with decent glee
I sipp'd the brew of Doddridge and bohea,
Or led the Braz'n-nose rouse,* and stole a glimpse
Of hell's own orgies, and its roaring imps,
It little boots to mourn such vain career,
Still less 'twould move the incurious world to
hear ;

More towering hawks our shafts satiric claim ;
The mark is broad—it needs no Tell to aim.

There, stripling peers, whose noble blood
disdains
The mud that stagnates in plebeian veins,

* “ He drinks his *rouse*.”—HAMLET.

Though many a stallion at the Yorkshire fairs
 Can boast a longer pedigree than theirs,
 See servile tutors fearful to dispraise,
 And dare a broader latitude of ways ;
 Teach* awe-struck scouts with wonder to behold
 The cap surmounted with the threads of gold,

* It is surely ill-judged to give a different dress to noblemen, and what are called *gentlemen-commoners*, and to teach them to rely upon external distinctions, which are not accorded them afterwards in the world. At Christ Church the Masters of Arts and other dignitaries of the College, who are not in general too remarkable for their humility, give up their proper place at the dais or high-table for the accommodation of the noblemen, and modestly take the lower room in the hall.—What *can* be the reason?—Noblemen also enjoy a much more enviable privilege at Oxford than the above trifles—they are allowed to take their degrees a year sooner than other men.—Why is this? Is it that noblemen are so much cleverer than the rest of the world, that a less time suffices, or is it of more importance to them than to other men to get away

Dine at the dais in a Sefton's style,
 And* know their Alma Mater by her smile.
 Around such suns, fit planets in their train,
 The spawn of merchant-monarchs of Mark Lane,
 Scorning their vulgar sires, whose pen-worn ears
 Ne'er heard such music from the lips of peers,
 Echo each phrase, in smiles and flattery drest,
 And with forced laugh applaud the smutty jest.
 The peer is poor—no matter—they can lend—
 Such cost were small to call his Lordship friend ;

from Oxford drudgery, and give their time to more *useful* pursuits?
 Which self-condemnatory reason is the one commonly given in
 Oxford.—It would be well to save many men a wasted year, by
 extending this privilege. If the shorter period is enough for noble-
 men, it is enough for other men ; if it is not enough for other men,
 it is not enough for noblemen.

* “Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem.”

VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES.

Their bows are slighted, and their hand rebuff'd—

N' importe—such jokes are witty in a *tuft*.*

Think not they came in Oxford's shades to see

The love of learning, or the grace of Greek :

Accuse not them, too innocently dull,

Of harb'ring knowledge in their cocoa skull ;

They read no annals but the herald's shield ;

They scan no study but the azure field :

Their country's patriots for its peers forget,

And leaving Smollett, only read Debrett.

But mark yon freshman's gait, whose cheek

demure

Reflects a heart in guileless virtues pure ;

Who ne'er initiative lessons took

From Harrow's primer, or chaste Eton's book ;

* A *tuft*—another word in the Oxford vocabulary, though not in the Slang Dictionary.

See him up High Street steal with downcast lid,
And mould his mien as juggling tutors bid.

Yet will one single Term suffice to chase
That Moses Primrose candour from his face,
To teach him first through each excess to rush,
And put ev'n Tom and Jerry to the blush.

Unshrinking now he courts the strumpet's eye,
And drinks corruption from her tainted sigh,
And casts God's gift, with heaven's own dews
divine,

His first best love, to deck a dæmon's shrine.
No smuggler now, he boasts the varmint feat,
And beards th' astonish'd proctor in the street ;—
An imposition stops his hec't'ring way—
He laughs—his barber* writes it—he can pay,

* This process is called getting an imposition "*barbarized*,"
but it is not confined to impositions. Essays, declamations; transla-

Or if he cannot pay, his skull were thick,
 Who lacking money, knows not how to tick.
 Debt after debt, he builds his ill renown
 The pest and Nomentanus of the town,
 And in six weeks in wild profusion pours
 Six twelvemonths' savings on his hounds and
 whores.

 Meanwhile his grey-haired sire, who hoards
 with pains

Each hard earned portion of his thrifty gains,
 Tending remote some peaceful hamlet's soil,
 Whose rural virtues crown his pastoral toil,
 Kneels nightly down, to ask his God in prayer
 For grace, and blessings on his spendthrift heir—

tions, analyses of sermons, all are *barbarized*, at a charge of from ten shillings to several pounds. Olivier le Dain was nothing, in point of talent, to an Oxford Figaro.

“ My boy,” he cries, when up the long watched
street,

The tardy postman brings the half-filled sheet,

“ My boy was right to give to Learning’s store

His every hour—he could not write me more :

He asks for money, ’tis to buy more books --

I’ll sell the poney—never mind my looks—

To save the sum, six extra months I’ll wear

My coat—this hat will last another year—

’Twill give him means for fame—he’ll win the
prize”—

—And tears of joy bedew the old man’s eyes.

Yet think not always, though so lulled to rest,
That conscience slumbers in the stripling’s breast,
Or that though fools applaud, no thought he lends
To the cold glances of more solid friends ;
Think not, though hard, his bosom bears unruined
The look in sorrow more than anger given

By you, good Duncans, or by thee Macbride,
Whose smile outweighs a flattering world beside—
—Ah ! heavy load ! with shame and sorrow borne,
From those we love to meet the glance of scorn,
To feel the ties, most clung to, torn away,
And good men's friendship waning to decay.
'Tis not the idiot scoff, the paltry pride
Of those whom, though derided, we deride :
'Tis not the sneer of worldlings we condemn
That moves our anguish—for we loved not them—
But 'tis the cold repulse—the distant gaze,
That cuts more keenly than the steel which slays,
When they too fail us, whom we loved to trust,
And self-reproaches speak their judgment just.

On to the charge ! I scorn such themes as
these—

I fight with dons, and battle with D. D.'s ;

A nobler game my soaring wing pursues,
 —These undergraduates tire my donnish Muse.
 She turns where social fellowships invite
 With whist and negus to the jovial night,
 Or guttling gossips pick their bones at ease,
 And swallow scandal with their bread and cheese.
 See! where their groaning cossack scarce contains
 Their 'hill of flesh,' their hemisphere of veins,
 In wheezy voice, and flatulential gust,
 With lies obscene they titillate their lust.
 Gluttons in slander, adders to defame,
 In festive synod o'er some tale of shame,
 See how they lick their sav'ry chops, nor fail
 To leer and chuckle at each gross detail;
 See how their eye in sensual rapture gloats,
 Their power the wedder's, and their wish the
 goat's.

Hear it, oh! England—These are they who
draw

Their monstrous stipends for their greedy maw,
With useless pomp on warped endowments thrive,
And, worse than drones, contaminate the hive.
These are the herds, who, paid for pleasure, lie
Sunning their hides in Epicurus' sty,
While cold neglect, or stern oppression drown
Each brighter jewel of thy tarnish'd crown;
While Godwin pines in all but virtue poor,
And pale-eyed Famine prowls by Banim's door,
And Hazlitt died, with scarce one friend to bless
His parting spirit in its wretchedness.
Stretch'd on a couch of straw, with feeble hand,
Tracing, as vainly as if graved on sand,
His dying prayer to beg some crumbs of bread
From those his wit had charmed, his learning led,

He of the feeling heart, and thinking mind—
 Heir to the world's cold charities—reclined.
 The sparkling humour with which seemed to shine
 The chrystal clearness of each pointed line,
 The happy art to illustrate, which threw
 O'er Shakspeare's paintings yet a livelier hue,
 The shrewd remark, the pathos of his pen,
 The mighty knowledge of the minds of men—
 What were they now?—Their hand and purse
 denied,
 Christians made merit of their Pagan pride,
 And harsher accents round his death-bed fell,
 Socinian, heathen, atheist, infidel!
 'Twas Jeffry's heart which only knew to feel
 For kindred genius in its wild appeal—
 Alas! too late the succour came to save—
 His ghost in heav'n yet blessed the hand that gave.

Oh! that my head were waters, and mine
eyes

A fount of sorrows gushing to the skies,
To mourn for men's iniquities, and steep
Their crimes of crimson in the tears I weep!
Oh! that one hour before my life drains dry
Man's bitter cup,—to suffer and to die,—
I yet might see Opinion's discord cease,
And Persecution kiss the feet of Peace;
See ev'n on earth one heav'nly impulse live,
And men who sin, the sins of men forgive;
Ev'n though their guilt this beauteous world infest
And in God's garden build their scorpion's nest;
Ev'n though the tint of Hell's own shadow dies
The pitchy blackness of their villanies;
Yet is one lesson taught to all by time—
To pity error, and to weep for crime—

To wipe the tear from Pain's afflicted cheek,
To mourn the wicked, and to aid the weak,
To draw sweet waters even from Sorrow's cell,
And use the vale of Misery for a well.

END OF PART III.

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Ταρβήσας χαλχόν τε, ἰδὲ λόφον ἵππιοχαίτην,
Δεινὸν ἀπ' ἀκροτάτης κόρυθος νέουντα νόησας.

ILIAD. VI.

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BLACK GOWNS AND RED COATS,

OR

OXFORD IN 1834,

&c. &c.

PART VI.

“Take physic, pomp!”—SHAKSPEARE.

ARMS, and the man I sing,—this song my last,—
Who, Europe's trumpet fill'd with glories past,
Like the fifth Charles in wisdom's weakest hour
Fatigu'd with palaces, but fond of pow'r,

Forsakes his Apsley House, and packs his trunks,
 To rule o'er cloisters, and to mope with monks.
 Of the church militant our fathers spoke ;—
 The army clericized is now the joke.

Said I, to mope with monks? Monastic vows
 Thank God are past—but now, the monk's
 carouse !

Say rather to regale 'mid Oxford's spires
 On the rich cellars of her Tuck-like friars,
 Praise and be praised—and find in Tory shrine
 Its flatt'ry's fumes more fuddling than its wine.
 Fill high the bowl !—a thousand covers wait
 The word of battle round the warrior's plate ;—
 A thousand beakers ruddy to the brim
 Shed the ic'd current of their veins for him ;—
 Dread is the carnage ;—piles of chicken slain
 Sink with gash'd breast, and strew th' embattled
 plain ;—

Hark ! the cannon of champagne corks flying ;—
 See ! rent fragments of the *bon bons* lying !—
 War to the knife was once his bloodier work ;
 His watchword now is breakfast to the fork.*

How strange the changes, as our life extends
 We see around us, in our foes or friends !
 Strangest of all, were Ovid's numbers mine,
 Thy Metamorphoses great Duke, should shine.
 Not Marat,† when from gallipots and pills
 France saw him rise, her arbiter of ills ;—
 Not Louis Philippe, tho', as pleases God,
 He wields the sceptre, or the pedant's rod ;—

* One of the *grandest* features of the week, say the newspapers, is to be a *dejeuné* to 1000 persons.

† The sanguinary Marat, at first a medical practitioner, is in all probability the original of Hogarth's quack doctor in the *Rake's Progress*.—See Lichtenberg's explanation of Hogarth, decidedly the best extant, though in German.

Not Twiss, when 'erst from scribbling in the Post
 He sprang up champion of the Tory host ;—
 Not Cobbett rais'd to senates from the plough,
 Of rooks the terror once, of pensions now ;—
 Not one of these, in tints so strong, displays
 The mad caprice of fortune's giddy ways—
 Though strange their dramas, none of all the line
 Presents so wild a pantomime as thine.

Touch'd by the magic wand, from off thy
 head

Drops the plum'd casque—the hilted sword is
 fled—

The gorgeous epaulettes resign their place—
 The tranquil band supplies the flashing lace—
 Emblem of wisdom, with nice balanced ends,
 In curly pomp the sapient wig descends—
 The flat round cap extends its velvet brim—
 The flowing gown enwraps the martial limb ;

And the worn soldier stands a new-born sage,
 The boast—jest—pity of a wond'ring age.* 50

Who could have thought, when once on Belgic
 field

Thou taught'st the victor of the world to yield,
 When ev'ry voice attested in thy praise
 The proudest laurel of our modern days,—
 Who would have thought thou wished'st, or thou
 durst

Such second triumph to burlesque thy first,
 That thou could'st stoop to rule o'er pedants too,
 And Oxford make the quiz of Waterloo?

* The proper dress of the Chancellor is a black damask silk gown, richly ornamented with gold lace, lace bands, a wig like that worn by the Lord Chancellor, or the Speaker of the House of Commons, and a flat round velvet Doctor of Laws cap. The wig was dispensed with by Lord Grenville on the plea of ill-health. I hope the Duke of Wellington will bear his blushing honours better. He is not a man, who having had the boldness to undertake such an office, should shrink half way, from want of sufficient *face to go through with it*.

The frog a wooing in his op'ra hat—
 The puss in Wellingtons—presumptuous cat!—
 Cock-robins' rook in clericals and band—
 A hog in armour, or a fish on land—
 All move our laughter ;—but oh ! droller far
 To see the gown enfold the limbs of war,
 To hear the voice which at Busaco led,
 Which told how foes at Torres Vedras fled,
 Which launch'd its thunders from the Ebro's banks,
 And scatter'd terror on Vittoria's ranks,
 Now school'd to softer syllables and views,
 And sighing tender accents to the Muse!—
 No more, as once with Metternich at ease,
 Insulting Europe with insane decrees,
 No more allied with Congresses to bind
 In iron links men's body, or their mind,
 Dividing states like chessmen by the map,
 Tight'ning the chain 'till, tho' of steel, 'twould snap!!

How is the proud one fall'n !—Reduc'd to grub
 For Tory flatt'ers in a Charles-street Club,
 Or more ignobly end his high career,
 And cut at Munchengratz, yet lord it *here* !

Has adulation then such power to spread
 Her wily web ev'n round a statesman's head ?
 Is there such pleasure to a hero's sense,
 In such poor praise as rostrum bards dispense,
 Where gownsmen throng, on proctors' heads to
 pay

The debt of many an unforgotten day,
 And shake the theatre with rival claims,
 Equal to Wellington's and Dyer's names?

Cards of the running horses !—see—his

Grace

Himself applauds the emulative race,
 As whip and spur, to see who lauds him best,
 Each blown and spavin'd Pegasus is pressed.

Glad for awhile his pester'd ears to shade
 From half-pay officers, and duns half-paid,
 Who Apsley's knocker ceaselessly invade ;
 See, how he lolls in classic Grenville's chair,
 And mouths dog Latin with a Bentley's air,—
 Listens in vain to Flattery's wasted lays,
 Affects to construe, and affronts with praise.

So have I seen by Oriel's postern gate,
 Some weary scout escaping from his fate,
 Steal to the pot-house, to enjoy his pipe,
 His pint of porter, and his pound of tripe ;
 And there long pondering o'er the vapid news,
 Such as Bell's Life, or unctuous Age diffuse :
 With air profound the meaningless mystic spell,
 And hear, unmov'd, his swearing master's bell.

Off to the ball !—The steel-shod courser glints,
 The lightning flashes from the thund'ring

flints :—

Down fly the steps, and beauteous forms alight—

But Rosa shines the second star to-night.

Unseen, on that fair neck, the purple veins

Like wand'ring snow-streams wind their mazy
skeins ;

The gaping crowds each minor charm forget,

The lip of coral, and the eye of jet,

And dead to beauty, only throng to view

The Pyrrhic capers of the soldier's shoe.

Triumphant chief!—sole Cynosure of all—

The shout, the song, the banquet, and the
ball—

How must thy heart leap, Wellington, to-day?

How must thou feel, of more than mortal clay?

How wilt thou e'er repay such heavy debt,

If e'er again thou rul'st the Cabinet?

So many persons wave their shovels high,

And strew their garments as thou passest by!

Fred'rick of Prussia plied the sword and pen,
 And fought—then scribbled—and then fought
 again ;

And strove, nor vainly, Czaslaw to eclipse
 By yet the prouder triumphs of his lips.
 Cæsar was greatest when he sought to save
 Th' historic scroll, by swimming, from the wave :—
 But happier thou than either, hence shall rise
 Learn'd without learning, without effort wise ;
 See doctors greet thee with fraternal kiss,
 And all thy victories seem as nought to this :
 The god of wisdom now, of battles then—
 More than thy sword the gown shall dazzle men,
 And thou, thro' ages yet unborn, shalt shine,
 The male Minerva of thy Oxford's shrine.

Yet while thy pulse beats quick, of all the
 clan

While no kind slave reminds thee thou art man,

Go read the wholesome truth !—Go—turn thine
eyes

Where Blenheim's tow'rs in dwindled splendour
rise!

There Marlborough's glories in reverse behold ;
The mortgag'd acres bound to Jews for gold—
The shrunk and weedy lake—the dry cascade—
The forest patriarchs shorn of half their shade ;
Learn there how heroes' earthly fame expires,
And spendthrift heirs are satires on their sires.

Then let the first best lesson stand confess'd,
That sole ambition of a noble breast—
Learn to do good !—and here on Oxford's field
Reap the rich harvest which such task may yield.
Here let thy fostering hand Time's waste repair,
Direct the scope of Education's care ;
And, as such aims a loftier impulse give,
in wreaths which longer than thy bays shall live !

Oh! 'tis a goodly sight, to see go forth,
 Gay as the meteors of the arrowy North,
 The pride of Albion's youth, ere yet the strife
 Of passions kindle into lawless life :
 The manly grace, athletically light,—
 The stately step—the full eye beaming bright.
 'Tis sweet to mark them yet, ere manhood's

woe

Wake the volcanoes from the sleep below ;
 Ere cool revenge succeed to short-lived force,
 Or transient sorrow darkens to remorse :
 Ere eager Hope may disappointment prove,
 Or fierce-eyed jealousy embitter love.

But ah! how sad the change! if doom'd to

stay

'Mid scenes which Oxford's fellowships display :—
 Year after year they linger here to creep
 Like groping reptiles round their dunghill heap !

The glad light heart turns sad—the fount grows
dry

Whence flow'd the joyous laughter of their
eye.

To thirst for knowledge, and the flush of hope,
Succeeds the fear of change, with narrow
scope,—

The one-eyed view—still obstinately blind,
Gazing like Orpheus, fatally behind,—
Dreading in each reform an evil sprite,
As sooty negroes paint their devils white,—
Trusting to see without instruction's spark,
As blinking cats see better in the dark,—
For marriage vows condemn'd to woo disgrace
In the pollutions of a bought embrace ;—
Haply some secret foe, with dæmon stains
Creeps through their blood, and circles in their
veins,

Entails the branding shame from sires to sons,
 And, like the Parthian, galls them as it runs ;—
 And next steal in, to blot out reason's sun,
 The hacknied dogma, or the jingling pun,
 And all the palsied faculties turn dry,
 And wither up to imbecility ;
 Each mental chain drawn tighter—till at last
 The driv'ling victims nod to dotage fast,
 With copious negus end their course insane,
 And die of *wine and water** on the brain !

Well may the sytem's dull defenders fear
 At such a spectacle as shocks us here,
 And see ev'n now amid the festive hall,
 The warning finger write upon the wall !

* Horace must have meant this when he wrote "*Mentemque
 lymphatam Mareatico.*"

Well may their croaking flocks, like ravens, perch
 On the grey gables of their sinking Church,
 And each like Overton, with conscious sin,
 Implores the Lord to “ *take away their tin!* ” *

Oxford, farewell!—the song will soon be mute,
 Which streams perchance too freely from my lute,
 Careless of frowns which threaten or dispraise,
 Proof 'gainst the smile which flatters and be-
 trays,

To all untutor'd, as its numbers flow,
 To court the patron, or avoid the foe.

* Vide a poem called *Ecclesia Anglicana*, by the Rev. Charles Overton, London, 1833; in which is the following couplet,

“ I own my error, and confess my sin ;
 Lord, purge my dross, and take away my tin.”

Such scriptural allusions are very irreverent, when their effect is only to burlesque. Most likely Mr. Overton did not know that “ tin,” in certain circles, means vulgarly *money*; and Mr. Joseph Hume is anxious to save him the trouble of any further prayers.

Strange, should it charm !—Yet as the negro host
 Best love their masters when they lash them
 most;

As Close's praise, at Cheltenham's wicked well,
 Is hymn'd by sinners he consigns to hell,
 Perchance ev'n I may prejudice beguile—
 Perchance ev'n I may win one pouting smile ;
 And Truth too rudely harp'd in strains like these,
 At least be pardon'd, tho' it fail to please.

For still I love thee—and would greet the
 hand
 Which should plant flowers to deck the desert
 land,
 To twine their wreaths round Time the spoiler's
 way,
 And sweetly smiling decorate decay.
 Like thine own garden in Botanic pride,
 Now breathing beauty on thy High Street's side,

Where church-yard weeds, and thistles used to
wave

In barren rankness o'er the Hebrews' grave ;*

Improvement came—the eye admiring sees

The noisome waste replac'd by fruitful trees,

And arums flourish, and the cactus blow

Where mouldering Jews manure the soil below.

Once more farewell!—the moon looks down
to-night

Like me, pale watcher, on the words I write,

Fair as of old, when thus with fitful ray

She lit my courser on his rushing way

Home, nightly home, from the retreat of one

Whose name breathed music as his hoofs sped on.

Oh ! could I hush my lyre, nor tune one chord

To her for whom its earliest hymns were pour'd,—

* Anthony Wood tells us that the Jews burial-ground used to be on the spot where now is the Botanic or Physic Garden.

Whose heav'nly image hangs round Oxford yet,
 By mem'ry cherish'd in one bright regret?
 And must so sad a charm, so dark a spell,
 Breathe in the echoes of that word farewell!

The chain of flow'rs which Love so lightly flung
 Round our young necks, it touch'd not where it
 clung,

So loosely twin'd, it scarcely seem'd a chain,
 Our band of roses,—is it torn in twain?
 Alas! 'tis rent, my Mignonne!—and methinks
 'Twere time to rend it, if we felt its links.
 'Twere best to break it ere thy heart could feel
 Its fetters gall thee as they grew to steel,
 Ere Form had fix'd the rivets Fondness made,
 Or forg'd a dungeon from our Paphian shade!

For bonds can do strange things—and many
 an oath
 Has dash'd with gall the lips of one or both,

Chas'd the sweet kisses from their honied cove,
 And giv'n to hatred all it stole from love.

To deem escape impossible will start
 The wish to prove it, and attune the heart

To restless discontent:—then one by one
 The sparks go out, when passion's blaze is
 done,

And leave all cold—and 'mid the darkness
 dank

Love's ear will start to hear the fetters clank
 Where all was flowers before.—But our bright
 ray

Knew not the dullness of a slow decay,
 Caught up to heaven—amid a sphere more fair,
 To beam, Tithonus-like, for ever there—
 Snatched 'ere authority's ungenial voice
 Broke down the charm of nature's dearest
 choice—

'Ere human hands had stamped its seal divine
 With the base signet forged from earthly mine,
 Or the cold fingers of unkind Restraint,
 Marred the bright tints young Fancy loved to
 paint !—

—And so,—the spell is gone—I gaze around
 A lonely man, where all was fairy ground—
 Her sceptre-reed no more Titania wields—
 The car of Oberon has left the fields—
 Puck's frolic laugh in distance dies away—
 The dance is ended—yet I sadly stay ;
 I stay ;—for though the music's o'er, 'tis sweet
 To trace the mazes of their sportive feet,
 Where the dark ring still marks the enchanted
 green,

And pore in silence upon what hath been.

But oh ! our loves, thou dear one, was it thus
 Their dawn of smiles which rose so fair to us,

Was doomed to set in tears? Were those young
hours

Which passed so gladly o'er their path of
flowers,

Tripping it hand in hand round every stem,
To find a viper coiled to poison them?

Were vain those sighs—those sweet and wordless
vows,

Warm like the sunlight through the dense* dense
boughs

Glowing, yet vast and still? —Was all for
nought,

The thrill of sense—impassioned burst of
thought,

* It is impossible in English to give the force of the word *ingens* in Latin—the *ingenti* ramorum protegat umbra.

The love that deemed omnipotence less strong
 Than its own tide—eternity less long
 Than its duration—are they passed away,
 Like the poor pageants of some holiday,
 Which the worn labourer gazes at, and goes
 To earn with sweat his livelihood of woes?
 Oh! I can ne'er believe it. Time may mar
 The mountain—Force may pulverize the bar—
 But Time nor Force, though both combined their
 powers,
 Could rend the roots up of a love like ours.
 'Tis vain to think it—let us part and say—
 Farewell! be happy, when I'm gone, and gay—
 Forget those looks—those arms whose girdling
 zone
 Clasped thy soft form, and laid it to mine
 own—



Those eyes through which our ardour poured its
speech,

While each seemed half identified with each—

Those lips whose kiss, till now could never lie,

Forget them all, and seek some happier tie.—

Let us be cheerful—be our brows unbent—

Feign resignation, and affect content !

Our cheeks may wreath with smiles, yet worse
than hell

Boil through the surface of that cool farewell ;

While each persuades the other to forget,

'Tis Memory speaks—and both are mourners
yet.

Oh ! heaven-born hours ! Bright visions of
romance,

Days that were transport ! Nights of rapturous
trance !



When Hope half grew Reality, and took
 All that was best and brightest from his book,
 To paint the page no eye but Rapture's read—
 Stealing the future for the hours now fled !
 Oh ! are they gone for ever ; never more
 Must my step falter at the well known door
 With fond solicitude, that all had passed
 In peace unbroken, since it trod there last ?
 No more in rapture must I build my throne
 There in that heart which still beats all my own,
 Lord of the bliss which kings have never felt,
 Priest of that shrine, where princes vainly
 knelt ?

For she I loved was noble—and a flood
 Of most high lineage mantled in her blood,
 And rich with warm and generous feelings lent
 A mightier lustre to that proud descent.

And she I loved was pure—no dew distilled
 In cups of jasmine, where the turtles build,—
 No starry chrystal hung in seamaid's cave,
 Unseen, unsunned, unwatered by the wave,—
 No star in heaven—God's angels' dwelling-place,
 May near approach that calm and nameless grace,
 Which in self spite—at once so fair, so pure,
 Fled but to fasten, shrunk but to allure.

Farewell, thrice dear one—oh ! how bright,
 how brief

Those hours of joy, that brought an age of grief!
 How sweet, how sad their extacy appears
 Mid the dull tameness of Life's after years !
 —Farewell ! when wandering on a foreign shore
 I breathe thy name, but press thy lip no more,
 Still something warns me that thou too wilt hail
 Each trace that tells thee of the by-gone tale—

And as these lines recall the moons long fled,
The vows once whispered, and the tears once
shed,
Sigh for the happiness that could not be,
And give some moments to the past—and me.

THE END.

Finis.



