

GEORGIAN
REVELATIONS!

OR,

"THE MOST ACCOMPLISHED GENTLE-
MAN'S" MIDNIGHT VISIT BELOW STAIRS!

A Poem.

REPRINTED FROM A CLEVER SUPPRESSED WORK,
Entitled "Pindaric Odes and Tales," by Peter Pin-
dar, Esq. the Younger.—London, 1821.

WITH

TWENTY SUPPRESSED STANZAS OF

"DON JUAN,"

IN REFERENCE TO IRELAND,

WITH BYRON'S OWN CURIOUS HISTORICAL NOTES.

The whole written in Double Rhymes, on the model of
Casti's stanzas, an Italian author from whom Byron
is said to have plagiarized many of his beauties.

—From a Manuscript in the possession of
Captain Medwin, warranted Genuine.

ONLY 100 COPIES PRINTED.

GREAT TOTHAM, ESSEX:

PRINTED AT

CHARLES CLARK'S PRIVATE PRESS.

1838.

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1838

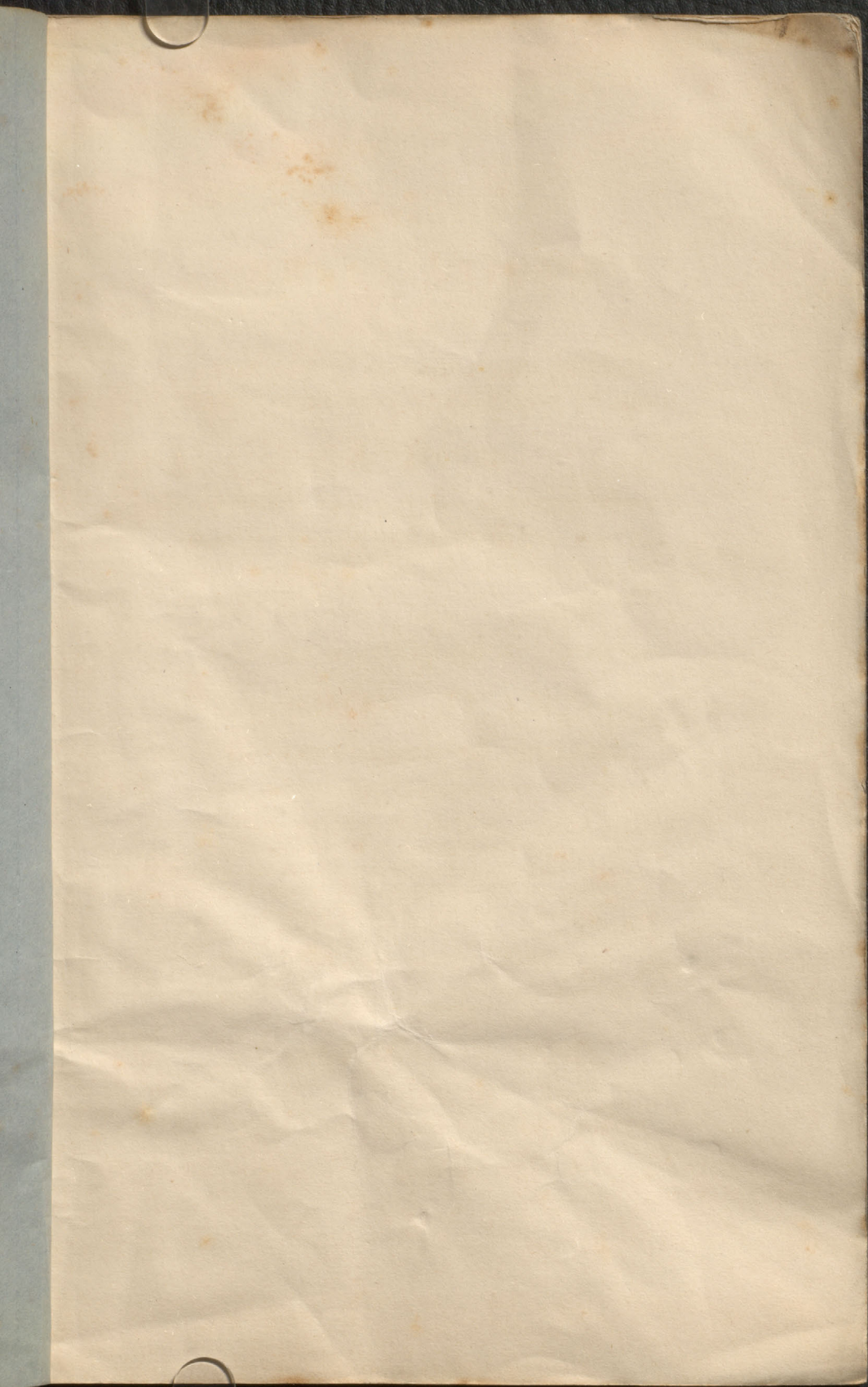
1838-1839

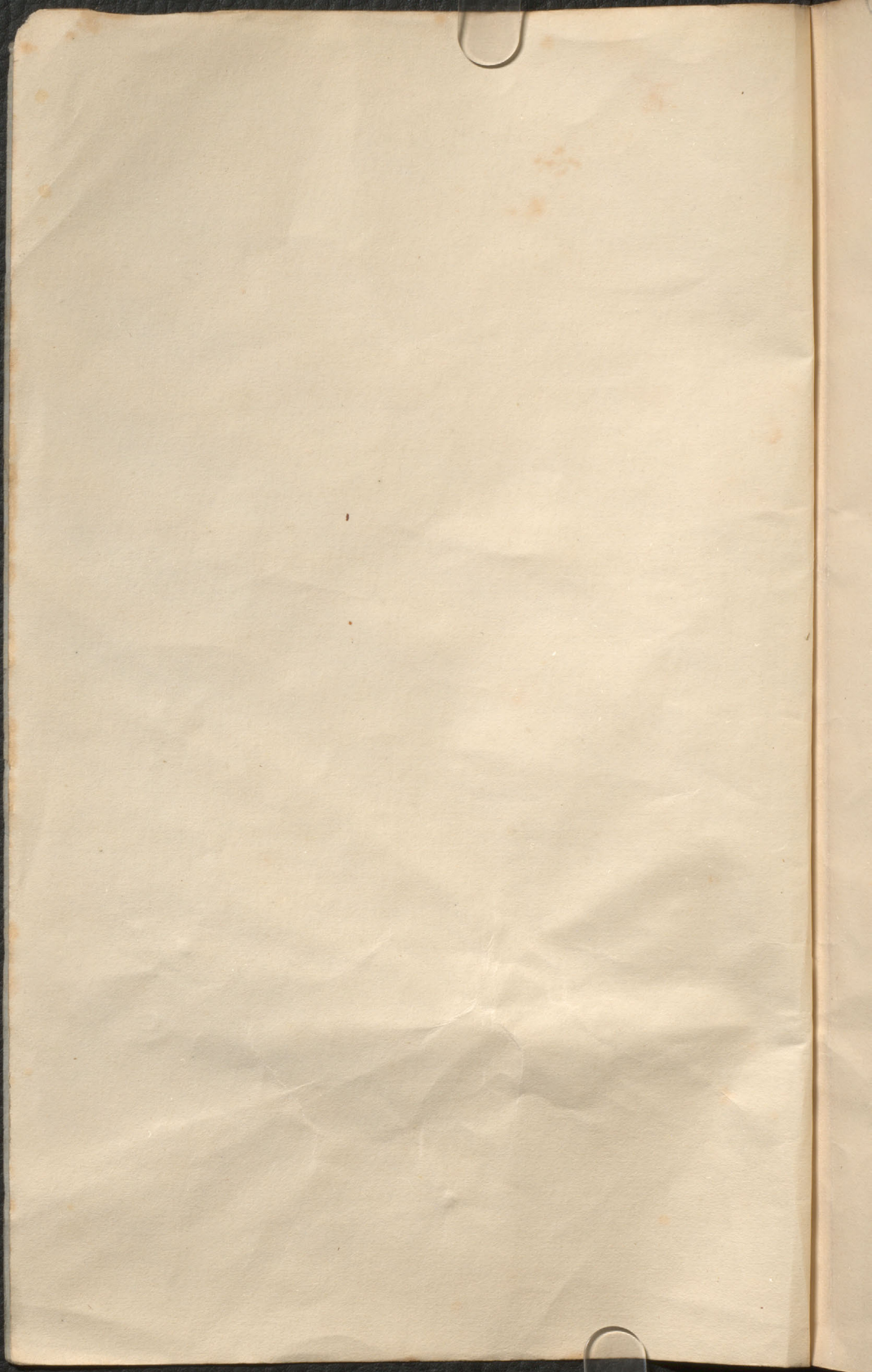
1838-1839

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1838-1839

1838-1839





REVELATIONS

THE BOOK OF THE PROPHECY OF

JOHN

TO THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA

AND THE SEVEN THOUSAND YEARS

OF THE CHURCH

BY

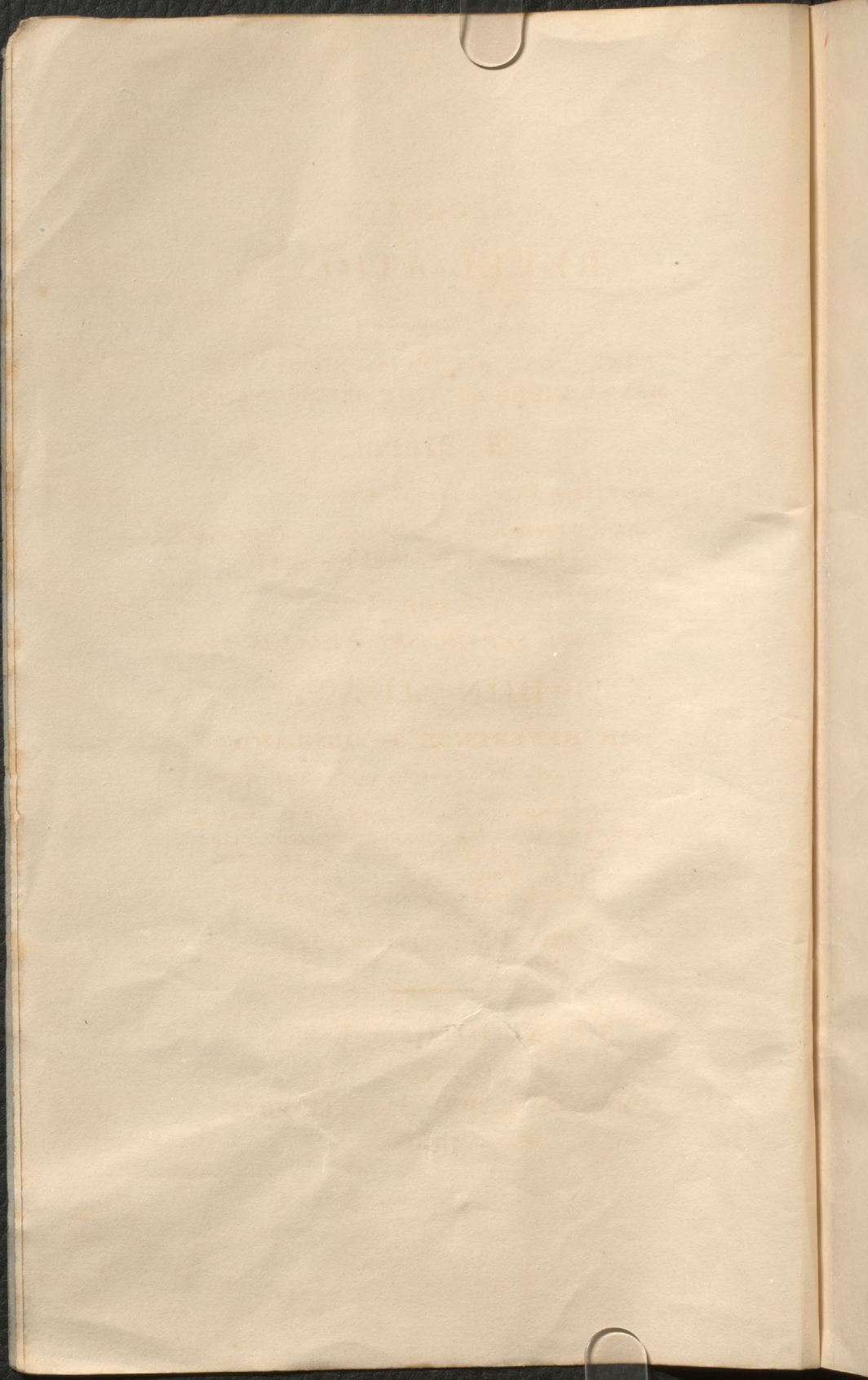
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ESQ.

OF

THE

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE



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IN

REPRINTED FROM A CLEVER SUPPRESSED WORK,
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WITH BYRON'S OWN CURIOUS HISTORICAL NOTES.

The whole written in heroic blank verse, on the model of
Pindar's odes, on which indeed it is founded. It is
said to have pleased many of his hearers.
—From a manuscript in the possession of
Captain Richard, was copied by

ONLY 100 COPIES PRINTED.

ANNALS OF THE PRESS

PRINTED BY

CHARLES CLARKE'S PRINTING PRESS

1848.

Georgian Rebel-ations,

&c. &c.

'T WAS at a royal feast, for Princely fun,
(So Dryden would have probably begun)
When that "the savory meats his soul most loved"
Had been—some half a dozen hours—removed:
And, ranged around, in solemn, stern debate,
The various minions of the kitchen sate;—
Cook-maids and Scullions—Coachmen—Porters—all
The *posse comitatus*, great and small!
When lo! appeared an unexpected guest;
And England's future M——h stood confest!*
Reader! thou may'st have seen how, in a trice,
A cat will sometimes scare a host of mice:
Or much more frequently beheld, perhaps,
A set of saucy, chubby, ragged chaps,
In schooltime, when the master was away,
Prefer, to cyphering, a game at play;
'Till lo! the *Pedant* shows his angry face,
And quick each urchin scampers to his place!

So scarcely here the Royal *phiz* was known,
Than presto! every living soul was flown!
Some creeping dressers, tables, chairs beneath!
Some flying, helter-skelter, out of breath!
In pantry some, in cellars others stored,
Until each nook contained a living hoard!
The R——t wondering, as well he might,
His Princely presence should occasion fright;
With gracious speech the fugitives address'd,
And thus allayed the tumults of each breast.

P —— E.

Y-y-ye faithful vassals! whom the will of fate
Has made sub-sub-subservient to my r-r-royal state;

* It must be remembered that this circumstance really occurred, when the present [in 1821] *Vice-gerent* of —— (to whom be all *honour* and *glory*!) directed the destinies of these realms as P—— R——.

Be-be-behold! I come—your hum-hum-humbler lot to
share;

A-a-and take a taste, for once, of *kitchen* fare!
My d-d-discontented subjects to convince
I can forget the dignity of P——e,
When of more courtly joys I've had my fill;
And condescension tends to gratify my will.

A *hiccup*, here, the lab'ring thought supprest,
That, like a giant, struggled in his breast;
'Till, from the mighty effort, down he sat—
And, gath'ring round, his Princely panders squat:—
Just as we read a roving *Tartar* horde,
Upon their buttocks, circumscribe their lord;
When, on affairs of state, disposed to treat—
In other words—to find some means to eat.

The scared attendants, pleased at what they heard,
Obeyed, with promptitude, the royal word;
Dust-holes and sinks again disgorged the fry,
Destined to bask in smiles of royalty!

Thus have we seen, in poultry-yards, ere now,
Some o'ergrown pig, in wallowing through the slough,
Whole tribes of hungry sparrows put to flight—
Until discovering what had caused their fright—
They fall to work, again, 'round sties and pens;
And make a common cause with cocks and hens:—
Or, Reader! if't has been thy fortune, rare,
To've seen a *bull-bait* at a country fair,
When, as the animal most *sport* has shewn,
By goring dogs, so *nicely*, one by one;
Some wag perchance, has, like a silly goose,
Bawled out, for frolic's sake, "*the bull is loose!*"
As quick each ragamuffin-lout would mind him,
And scamper off, afraid to look behind him:
But when, at last, security he feels,
And, turning, finds no *bull* is at his heels;
More valiant grown, he, with the frightened train,
With boist'rous mirth, renews the sport again.

But, pry'thee, sing my Muse, the high degree
Of the fair dame that *graced** the royal knee,

* In the first proof sheet the printer's *devil* here made a *devil*

Re-remember! I came—your hand—handier for to
 show:
 A hand take a taste, for coast of kitchen fare!
 My best-dissipated subjects to converse
 I can forget the quality of P—
 When of more courtly joys I had my fill;
 And conversation tends to gratify myself.

A Mowbray, late, the lab'ring thought's success
 That, like a giant, staggered to his breast;
 Till, from the night's depth, down he fell—
 And gave the world, his Pembrook's ponderous seat—
 Just as we read a certain Towler's book,
 Upon their buttocks, circumvented their lord;
 When, an'other of state, happened to treat—
 In other words—to his own house to eat.

The second attempt, placed at what they heard
 O'er, and somewhat, the royal word;
 That, for and that, a tale the story of the
 That, to back to make of royalty!

The day we were, in quality, the new
 Some overgrown, and in walking through the sloth,
 Whose limbs of dignity, were not to slight—
 I still remember what had caused their flight—
 They fall to work, each, round this and that;
 And, for a woman, were with work and heat—
 O' Mowbray! He has been the fortune, here,
 To see a fall, but of a country, here,
 When, at the court, that great one should,
 Mowbray, here, as never, was he due,
 That, for the court, was, like a little more,
 That, for the court, was, like a little more,
 As, such, and, such, and, such, and, such, and, such,
 And, such, and, such, and, such, and, such, and, such,
 The, such, and, such, and, such, and, such, and, such,
 And, such, and, such, and, such, and, such, and, such,
 More, such, and, such, and, such, and, such, and, such,
 And, such, and, such, and, such, and, such, and, such,
 The, such, and, such, and, such, and, such, and, such,
 Of the, such, and, such, and, such, and, such, and, such.

In the first part about the prince's death, here made a note

As, circling 'round the board, a motley crew
 Familiarly pay him "homage due:"
 Say of what honors—of what lineage sprung—
 Her charms how peerless! and her looks how young!
 "Pause Peter! here," methinks I hear you cry—
 "Nor into scenes, like these, too closely pry.
 Zounds! Turkey's sultan, when he pleases, can
 Exalt a minion to his grave divan,
 And make a menial, without much ado,
 The mistress of his bed and harem too;—
 Then do not, Peter! to exalt thy work,
 Degrade our gracious P——e beneath a Turk!"

Reader! thy observation's just, I own,
 I'll therefore leave her pedigree alone.
 And thus philosophers, at times, will toil,
 To prove the peopling of some new-found isle;
 But, when they find their labor is in vain,
 They curse the task, and give it up again.

Now massive goblets crowd the festive board,—
 Goblets that soul-inspiring draughts afford;—
 For fast the ruby current circled round,
 And brief repose the reeling bottles* found:—
 Whilst *wit*—that, like th' electric fluid, passes
 Along conductors, in the shape of glasses—
 Excited many a laugh, as titt'ring maids—
 Beneath the ambush of their locks and braids—
 With wonder heard the R——t talk of things,
 They fancied ne'er defiled the lips of Kings!
 Poor simpletons!—but lord! how many think
 That R——lty needs neither meat, nor drink!
 And thus believe, in their good easy nature,
 A King can scarcely be a human creature!
 But something like a Saint of *Hindoo* birth—
 Hardly partaking of old mother earth!

of a mistake, by printing it *greased* instead of *graced*; which would have altered the reading materially—if not destroyed the meaning of the author.

* The R——l decanters had *round bottoms*; to cause, as it is *technically* termed, a quick circulation of the bottle! Well may the moralist exclaim, *O tempora! O mores!*

At, striking round the board, a motley crew
 Familiarly say him "homage due"
 Say of what honors—of what honors spring—
 Her charms how peerless! and her looks how young!
 "Praise Peter! here," methinks I hear you cry—
 "Nor into scenes, like these, too closely pry."
 Wonder! Turkey's sultan, when he pleases, can
 Exalt a minion to his grave divine,
 And make a mortal, without much ado,
 The mistress of his bed and bosom too—
 Then do not, Peter! to exalt thy work,
 Devote our gracious P—— beneath a Turk!

Behold! the observation's just, I own,
 I'll therefore leave her business alone,
 And thus philosophize, at times, will toil,
 To prove the possibility of some new-found toil;
 But when they find their labor is in vain,
 They cease the task, and give it up again.

Now music's raptures crowd the festive board—
 Goblins that soul-judging draughts afford—
 For fast the ruby current circled round,
 And brisk repose the restless bottles' sound—
 Whilst you—like the electric fluid, pass
 Along conductors, in the shape of glass—
 Excited many a laugh, as lightning bolts—
 Beside the ambo of their jokes and puns—
 With wonder heard the H—— talk of things,
 They fancied never defied the lips of Kings!
 Poor simoniacs!—but hold! how many think
 That H—— the words neither meant, nor think!
 And thus believe, in their good nature,
 A King can scarcely be a honest creature!
 But something like a stain of Wanda's birth—
 Hardly visible, but old another earth!

of a mistake, by writing "wonder" instead of "wonder," which
 would have altered the reading materially—it not destroyed the
 meaning of the author.

The H—— is a word, which, as it is
 repeated, is a word, repetition of the bottle. Well may
 the moralist exclaim, O beware, O beware!
 the bottle!

Resting—as Mussulmans have long contended
 Mahomet does—'twixt heaven and earth suspended!
 Reader! if thou pursuest my heroics,
 Thou'lt find that Kings are neither saints nor stoics;
 But eat—just like ourselves—substantial dinners—
 And are—to all intents—as wicked sinners;
 Praying as seldom;—but why need *they* pray,
 Whilst others do it for them every day?
 And then a *nation's* prayers may prevail,
 When, it is possible, their own might fail!—
 At least, so thought our forefathers of old,
 Who left so piously—as we've been told—
 Splendid bequests to feed and clothe the poor;
 Their prayers for *ever* after to insure;
 And yet—my argument it alters not—
 Poor souls! all but their bounty is forgot!
 Now plumes again, my gentle Muse, her wing,
 Of more immediate Princely deeds to sing:
 For why should we *departed* heroes laud,
 When we have *living* ones we can applaud?

Twice had the midnight lamp replenished been,
 To lend new lustre to the courtly scene;
 Nor yet had rosy Bacchus ceased to shed
 His genial influence on each votary's head;
 When one—but how, in lofty verse, can we
 Depict his plebeian birth and dignity?
 Automedon we fain the youth would name,
 From him, the charioteer of classic fame;—
 And why should not a deathless meed of glory,
 Modern postillion, share with him in story?
 'Tis true that one Achilles' pondrous car
 Wheeled fearlessly amidst "the tug of war;"
 Whilst our young Jehu, guiding Venus' doves,
 Drives his heroic master—to his loves!
 "If not the danger, yet the toil's the same;
 Then wherefore, Peter! quarrel with a name?"
 I will not, Reader! but to make him known,
 I'll dub him "Genius of the Whip" alone.

Well, then, up rose, with most consummate air,
 This mighty genius—Jove's peculiar care!—
 The ruddy liquor, mantling in his face,
 Lent—I had *almost* said—a *Princely* grace;—

4

Feeling—the Marseillaise have long contradicted
Mars does—twice heaven and earth expanded!
Honor! if thou punest my heroes,
I don't find that Kings are neither saints nor sages;
That eat—just like ourselves—substantial dinners—
And ate—to all intents—as wretched sinners;
I pray for as seldom—but a good day pray,
What others do it for than every day?
And then a nation's prayers may prevail,
Why, it is possible, their own might fail!—
At least, so thought our forefathers of old,
Who felt so gloriously—as we've been told—
Spent his pecuniary to feed and clothe the poor;
And his persons for ever after to insure;
And yet—my argument it alters not—
Poor souls! all but their beauty is forgot!
Now please you, my gentle friend, not give,
Of more immediate priority deeds to give;
For who should we worship more than him,
When we have living ones we can applaud?
I've had the midnight lamp replenished here,
To lead me down to the country scene;
Nor yet had you, I suppose, ceased to sleep;
His genial influence on each soldier's head;
If not now—but how, in holy years, can we
Depict his plebeian birth and dignity?
Atonement we find the youth would name—
From him, the character of classic fame—
And why should not a heartless man of glory,
A noble position, share with him in glory?
The time that our Achilles' goodness can
I should least of all like "the day of war";
Which our great John, rather than doves,
Gives his commentators—to his lovers!
All for the same, yet the toll's the same;
Then, when you're "war", quarrel with a name!
I will not, I think, be out to make him known,
I'll do his "killing of the W. hip", alone.
Well, then, my dear, with most respectful
The mighty name—how's burning care—
The truly heroic, shining in his face,
I don't—I had almost said—Princess's grace—

Stroking his hair on end before he spoke,
 He thus, at length, the solemn silence broke:—
 "May't please your R——l H——s, I stand here—
 I speak it boldly—destitute of fear;
 And though sometimes before your nod I bow—
 I think myself (d——m me) your equal now;
 Which proves—how much-so-ever some deride—
 Your H——s has not got a bit of pride;—
 And what must follow, beyond disputation,
 You're worthy—greatly worthy of your station!"
 —At this, down sat the man of thong and leather,
 'Midst boist'rous hootings and applause together.
 So often follow, when some pot boils o'er,
 The embers' *hisses*, and the gossips' *roar*;
 Until the fluid puts the fire out,
 And closes, thus, the elemental rout.
 Just so, the reason of this wayward wight
 The grapes' rich juice had, now, extinguished quite:
 Until, his head reclining on the board,
 A very sweet soliloquy he snored;
 Which pleased a r——l Personage, to think
 How much more than a *lackey* he could drink!
 And thus we read the Gods would, now and then,
 Their *nectar* condescend to quaff with men;
 And laugh—as wine, its potent force revealing,
 Would set poor mortals, *Bacchi pleni*, reeling.

With port majestic, and obsequious bow,
 A laced attendant claimed attention now;
 One who had witnessed many a *levee* day—
 A sort of second Nestor in his way:
 Looking, as though a most important man
 He deem'd himself, he thus at length began:—
 "Fellow domestics of the best of P——s—
 As this familiarity evinces—
 Look round the world, and tell me where you'll find
 Another Master, with so great a mind!
 For modern Sovereigns—like a raree-show—
 Are seldom viewed by vulgar eyes, we know;
 But kept locked up for certain state occasions—
 Scarcely approached, e'en by their own relations;
 Until their subjects think it a great thing
 To have it once to say, '*they'd seen the King!*'"

Stroking his hair as and before he spoke,
 He thus, at length, the solemn silence broke—
 "May I please your R— I H— I stand here—
 I speak it boldly—determination of heart;
 And though sometimes before your nod I bow—
 I think myself (d—m—m—) not your equal now;
 Which prays—how much so ever some desire—
 Your H— has not got a bit of pride;—
 And what must follow, beyond distinction,
 I am worthy—greatly worthy of your station."
 —At this, he rose, and the seat of thong and leather,
 With his feet, together and apposed together,
 Gotten before, when some not balk'd or
 The solemn, slow, and the keeping, your
 Until the field was the fit out,
 And chose, thus, the essential part,
 Last as the reason of the way and right,
 The gentleman in his bow, extended quite;
 I still, his hand, resting on the board,
 A very sweet, smiling, and a smile,
 Which pleased a— I returned, to think—
 How much more than a body, he could think;
 And thus we each the other's words, now and then,
 Your words, understood to pass with men;
 And though, as with, his eyes, he was revealing,
 Would not your words, which, your, telling,
 In the most majestic, and spacious bow,
 I faced, attendant of his attention now;
 (The eye had witness'd many a long day—
 A sort of grand master in his way;
 Looking, as though a most important man,
 He look'd, indeed, he was at heart, beyond—
 "Yellow, however, of the best of—"
 And, as though, he were—
 I look'd, the eye, and tell me when you'd find
 Another, that, in so great a mind,
 For instance, that, like a rare show—
 Are seldom found by other eyes, we know;
 But, in the eye, of the same occasions—
 Rarely, indeed, to see, in their own relations;
 I still, their eyes, that, it is a great thing,
 To have it once to say, "I'd seen the King!"

Applause succeeded—as he now essayed
 To gain the anchorage from which he weighed ;
 But lo ! a copper-scouring wench, who saw
 His body following the recumbent law,
 With dextrous hand, his faithless seat removed ;—
 When Newton's views of gravity he proved !

Shout followed shout—and laughter long betrayed
 The too successful effort of the maid !—
 E'en R—l—y regarded it, 'tis said,
 By gentle inclinations of the head ;
 Which made some whisper that the Pr—ly nod
 Was rather due to Sleep's, than Laughter's God !—
 But little boots it, whether Morpheus shared,
 Or Momus most, the moment'ry regard.

Vociferating, now, the motley throng
 Demand, to enhance festivity, a song :
 But say—where is “the mighty master” frown ?
 His chair is vacant at the board alone !
 Prythee, my muse, restrain thy further flight—
 And charitably bid to R—l—y good night.*

* The best writers are puzzled, at times, to know how finally to dispose of a principal character when they have made him “play his part :” and *Peter*, in the present instance, was, more than once, inclined to say, “*the devil take mine.*”—He however flatters himself that he has, at last, hit upon a plan far superior to *Puff's* in the Critic, who makes a number of characters *exeunt* praying : for here it is most delightfully left to the reader's “*sympathetic imagination.*” His Hero is neither *said* to have fallen *drunk* under the table ; nor to have taken a candle and walked *soberly* to bed ;—either of which would have been beneath the dignity of the *Heroic* stanza. Besides, it has been very wisely remarked, that it is the province of History, alone, to record the actions of P—s :—He is therefore quite satisfied in sketching the outlines of the picture, willingly leaving it to posterity to fill up the details.



Applauds the man who has been assayed
 To gain the anchors from which he weighed;
 But for a lighter-sounding weight, who saw
 His body following the recumbent law,
 With dextrous hand, his faithless seat removed;—
 When Newton's views of gravity he proved!
 Spent followed about—said laughter long betrayed
 The too successful effort of the maid—
 Her head—she regarded it, she said,
 Beneath the indications of the head;
 Which made some whisper that the Poet—
 Was rather true to sheep, than Launcelot's God!
 On this point, whether Marquis shared
 O'Shaughnessy's most, the momentary regard.
 I collected, now, the motley throng
 Demanded to enhance levity, a song
 But she—where is the night-master's hour?
 His fate is vacant at the board alone!
 Pardon, my town, restrain thy further flight—
 Indescribable bid to R—l—a good night!

The poet writes his papers, at times, to know how likely to
 I give of a particular character of our time, and made him play
 his part; and, in the present instance, was more than once
 method to me, "I have written it down"—the however falling him-
 self that he has, at last, his own plan for the speaker to play in
 the Circle, who makes a number of characters, exacting; for
 himself is most intelligibly left in the reader's "eye" and the man
 himself. His here is neither you to have taken away under the
 work; nor to have taken a candle and walked softly to bed;—
 either of which would have been beneath the dignity of the literary
 manner. Besides, it has been very well remarked, that it is the
 manner of history, to record the actions of P—l—s—He is
 therefore quite entitled to sketching the outline of the picture,
 without leaving it to posterity to fill up the details.

SUPPRESSED STANZAS OF
“Don Juan.”

But when, e'er since the days of King Conary,
 (Who reign'd before the Emerald Isle was sainted:
 He who with Herod was contemporary;—
 And Tarah's Hall rebuilt just as 'twas painted
 By Ollim Fadhla—where, when in quandary
 Milesians met, *by foreign blood untainted,*
 In senatorial pride, as the redressors
 Of wrongs first wrought by *humbler* transgressors.)*

When was't—that, free from war and strife internal,
 Hibernia's sons enjoyed repose and quiet?
 The sun *now* scarcely sees the earth's course diurnal
 Without beholding some uproarious riot,
 Or of the laws a breach, by deeds infernal,
 Committed at some desp'rate rebel's fiat;
 And such there were—when, wrath with filial ire,
 The sons of Ith revenged their murdered sire.†

Yet—once—they say, when Brian reign'd in Munster,
 A maid through all the isle did safely travel:
 Alone—in virgin's mail,—(as some rude punster
 Might term her nuded state,) but some may cavil
 At this strange tale—the question ask—did none stir
 To cross the maiden's path, or try * * †
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

* King Conary reigned before Patrick's Mission 400 years, when Ireland had no titular saints. In “Tara's Halls,” which that monarch restored to their original splendour, meetings were held in imitation of those of the Grecian chiefs.

† Heber, Hereman, and Ir, sons of Ith, are said to have gone from Spain to revenge their fathers' murder; and ending Danonian rule fixed the Milesian power in Ireland.

‡ Under King Brian Boiromhe, such order was established in the island, that for an experiment, a female was sent through every district, unprotected and naked; and it is reported that she performed the journey unmolested.

SUPPRESSED STANAS OF

"Don Juan."

Of wrongs first wrought by Alexander transgressors,
 In sentimental pride, as the redressors,
 Missions met, by foreign blood unattended,
 And Pasha's Hall rebuilt just as 'twas painted
 He who with Herod was contemporary —
 (Who reign'd before the Emerald Isle was sainted:
 But when, o'er since the days of King Conary,

When was! — that, less from war and strife internal,
 Biberon's sons enjoyed repose and quiet?
 The sun now scarcely sees the earth's course diurnal
 Without beholding some appalling feat,
 Or of the laws a breach, by death infernal,
 Committed at some desperate rebel's fate,
 And such there were — when, with their fatal fate,
 The sons of the revogeth their murdered state.
 Yet — once — they say, when Brian reign'd in Munster,
 A in id through all the hill and valley:
 Alone — in virgin's mail — (as some rudo painter
 Might term her sacred state), but some may call
 At his strange tale — the question ask — did none stir
 To meet the maiden's pain, or try
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

King Henry reigned before the British Mission 400 years, when
 Ireland had no other king. In "Tara's Hall," which that mo-
 ment occurred to be an original collection, meetings were held in
 imitation of those of the Grecian chiefs.

† Helen, Harman, and the sons of the, are said to have gone
 from Spain to revenge their father's murder; and ending Danian
 the first the Mission house in Ireland.

‡ Under King Brian Boromha, such order was established in the
 island, that for an hundred years a female was sent through every
 district, unpersecuted and unharmed, and it is reported that she
 formed the famous conquest.

But if the monarch, Boiromhe's, plan succeeded,
 In bringing men so under his subjection,
 That maids could roam in nakedness unheeded,
 With naught to guard them but the law's protection,
 Pat must have been of different dough then kneaded—
 For now no fear of God or man's correction
 Can stop the amorous race from stealing pleasure,
 Though petticoats conceal the maiden treasure.

However this might be, soon Brian's order
 Gave place to war, and that about a trifle;
 For Leinster's king, hot-headed Maolmorda,
 Unused, it seems, at aught his rage to stifle,
 Call'd Boiromhe out, and met on Clontarf's border,
 Combat to wage, deciding which should rifle
 The other's realm—where, for a paltry button,
 Kings and their subjects lay like shambled mutton.*

If, *then*, the Patlanders were so pugnacious
 As to engage in such domestic slaughter,
 And to their chiefs were true, and so sequacious
 Before Dermod's attack on some man's daughter,
 Who happen'd to be queen—(so 'twas audacious)
 But to his own from Breffny's bed he brought her;
 Which put the land in trouble and commotion,
 And caused more change than many had a notion.

Though great mutations, since the days of Adam,
 Have oft occurred on this terraqueous planet,
 Entirely through the love of man for madam,
 Who likes to light his fire, and (lit) to fan it—
 For, spite the *law*, men do as nature bad 'em,
 Like Paris, who took little time to scan it,
 As off he went to Troy, by Homer's telling
 To have crim-con. with that fair frail one, Helen.

* Brian sent to Maolmorda for timber to build a navy, which the king ordered to be cut down in some of the forests of Leinster, and so heartily did he enter into the views of Brian, that he assisted in the manual operation of felling a tree, in which acts he lost a button from off his vest. This loss (for then button-makers were scarce) so exasperated the monarch, that Brian, the indirect cause of the disaster, sent a special embassy to condole with Maolmorda on his bereavement, but the hot-headed Irishman killed Brian's ambassador, which caused the battle of Clontarf, where both kings were slain.

But if the monarch, Boirombe's, then succeeded,
 In drugging men so under his subjection,
 That maids could roam in nakedness unheeded,
 With naught to guard them but the law's protection,
 For must have been of different thought then kneaded—
 For now no fear of God or man's correction
 Can stop the amorous race from stealing pleasure,
 Though potticos conceal the maiden treasure.

However this might be, soon Brian's order
 Gave place to war, and that about a trifle;
 For Leicester's King, hot-headed Masinorda,
 Fancied, it seems, at night his rage to stifle,
 Call'd Boirombe out, and met on Clon arff's border,
 Combat to wage, deciding which should rife
 The other's realm—where, for a paltry button,
 Kings and their subjects lay like shambled mutton.

If, then, the Parliament were so purgations
 As to remove in each domestic slaughter,
 And to their ends were true, and so purgations
 Before Denmark's attack on some man's daughter,
 Who happen'd to be queen—(so 'twas at daisies)
 Him to his own room, though he had brought her;
 What not the least in trouble and commotion,
 And toward more change than many had a notion.

Through great mutations, since the days of Adam,
 There's not occurred on this terrestrial plane,
 Equally through the love of man for man,
 Who likes to light his fire, and (tho' to see it—
 For, says the law, men do as rats a bad one,
 Like Paris, who took little time to scan it,
 As off he went to Troy, by Hector's telling,
 To have his own, with that fair girl one, Helen.

Brian sent to Masinorda for timber to build a navy, which the
 King ordered to be cut down in some of the forests of Leicester, and
 so hourly did he enter into the views of Brian, that he assisted in
 the annual operation of felling a tree, in which act he lost a but-
 ton from all his years (for his button-buttons were scarce)
 so concerned the monarch, that Brian the indirect cause of the
 disaster, sent a special embassy to console with Masinorda on his
 bereavement, but the hot-headed Irishman killed Brian's ambas-
 sador, which caused the battle of Clontarf, where both kings were
 slain.

So Dermod thought no more, when with the lady
 Of Tighernan O'Rourke he gaily started;
 Hoping, in his own kingdom, passion's hey-day
 To feed, and fully glut it, ere they parted:
 But found, alas! that soon the fatal pay-day
 Came round—for, pleasure fled, with pain he smarted;
 And, after all, though woman's charms *are* pleasing,
 To lose a crown for them is *rather* teasing.

Dermod from his by Breffny's king was driven,
 For he (as most bulls are) when *horned*, was furious
 At having from his arms his *sposa* riven:
 And this it was that led—the fact is curious,
 Matilda's son (who had with Stephen striven
 For England's throne), and two of Harry's spurious
 Offspring, to found by force, through Dermod's trouble,*
 The claim that kicked up such a hubble-bubble.

—When first a land, however rude in culture,
 Is pounced upon by some intrusive stranger,
 Who holds between his talons, like a vulture,
 (And men in arms have claws as full of danger)
 His vanquish'd prey, exacting death or mulcture,
 Or turning into serfs the free-born ranger.
 No wonder, e'en though wealth, and art, and science,
 Are in his train, that he should meet defiance.

Not that I wish to prove a great disparity,
 'Tween Albion's sons, and their Milesian brothers,
 When Adrian's Bull (commending peace and charity
 To his beloved sons, and to all others
 Who then were sunk in such a gross barbarity
 As not to know the church—the best of mothers)
 Was sent from Rome to England's King, with letter,
 Commanding him to make the Irish better.†

* Henry II., and Fitz-Gerald, and Fitz-Stephen, (the issue of an amour of Henry the First, with a Princess of South Wales), with Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, went to reinstate Dermod or Dermot Mac Monagh, on the throne of Leinster.

† Adrian's Bull commanded the Irish to submit themselves to Henry, which Bull was confirmed by Pope Alexander.

To lose a crown for them is rather taxing,
 And, after all, though women's charms are pleasing,
 Gains round—for pleasure's sake, with pain be wanting;
 But fond, alas! that soon the fatal pay-day
 To feed, and fully glut it, ere they parted;
 Hoping, in his own kingdom, passion's pay-day
 Of Tyrannous O'Rourke he early started;
 So Demond thought no more, when with the lady

The claim that kicked up such a rattle-rattle,
 O'Rourke, to land by force, through Demond's trouble,*
 For England's throne, and two of Harry's squires
 Matilda's son (who had with Stephen squire)
 And this it was that led—the fact is curious,
 At having from his arms his spear retire:
 For he (as most bulls are) when forward, was furious
 Driven from his by the lady's king was driven,

At in his rate, that he should meet defiance,
 No wonder, 's on though wealth, and art, and science,
 Of learning into words the free-born render;
 His vanguard's pique, exciting death or maiming,
 (And men in arms have shown as full of danger)
 Who holds between his talons, like a vulture,
 Is poured upon by some intrusive stranger,
 —When first a hand, however vain in culture,

Commanding him to make the Irish better,
 Was sent from home to England's king, with letter,
 As not to know the ground—the best of teachers)
 Who then were sent in such a gross civility
 To his beloved sons, and to all others
 When Adrian's Bull (commanding peace and charity
 To turn Adrian's sons, and their English brothers,
 Not that I wish to prove a great disparity

Henry II. and his sons and his Stephen, the issue of an
 married Henry, the first, with a Princess of South Wales, and
 daughter, Earl of Northumberland, went to reinstate Demond in Eng-
 and the strength on the throne of England.
 p. Adrian's Bull commanded the king to submit themselves to
 Henry, which Bull was countersigned by Pope Alexander

In fact, they took the lead in love Catholical ;
 And earlier, by St. Patrick, were converted
 To the true faith, by knowledge apostolical,
 Than were the Britons, who, by Rome deserted,
 Return'd to that religion diabolical,
 Which taught that Heaven's wrath might be averted
 By misletoe, or human immolation—
 Made oaks their gods, and preach'd up transmigration.*

Though, some have said, the Britons had a trial
 Made of their faith, in early Christian ages,
 By him, who, at the feet of Gamaliel, †
 Was taught the lore of Jews and heathen sages ;
 And that (the fact, some say, 's beyond denial)
 He travelled into *Wales* by easy stages ;
 For on a stone is cut—to all the naughty—
 The good St. Paul preached *here* in *eight* and *forty*.

Though in those days, when Claudius and Vespasian
 Tried hard against Caractacus to jostle,
 The Britons could have had but small occasion
 To hear the words of this most learned Apostle :
 And, that he ever made the invocation,
 As is related on the ancient fossil,
 Is doubted now, and as not worth *one* farthing—
 The tale's received, that Paul preached in Carmarthen. ‡

* In A.D. 447, the Romans withdrew from Britain, and with them "all the arts that aggrandize the mind of man," and the Britons returned to the Druidical worship.

† Brought up at the feet of Gamaliel and taught according to the perfect law of the fathers.—(Acts xxii. 3.) The rhyme adopted is after a vicious pronunciation, but who knows how the Hebrews pronounced Gamaliel. The Greeks accented the penultimate, or properly the last syllable, as in Abdiel, and so *must* Gamaliel in this instance rhyme to trial.

‡ The stone, here spoken of, was dug out of the earth in Carmarthenshire, but its antiquity is disputed. That St. Paul ever was in Britain, is also doubted, though the metropolitan church is dedicated to him ; and the sword in the City Arms is thought to be in commemoration of his martyrdom under Nero, by the sword. This addition to the arms of London is vulgarly attributed to a Lord Mayor's killing Watt Tyler, which history records to have been done with the mace, instead of the sword.

Made asks their gods, and preach'd up transmission*
 By mistle, or human innation—
 Which taught that Heav'n's wrath might be averted
 Factors'd to that religion diabolical,
 Than were the Britons, who, by Rome deserted,
 To the true faith, by knowledge apostolical,
 And earlier, by St. Patrick, were converted
 In fact, they took the lead in love Catholical;

The good St. Paul preach'd here in eight and forty
 For an estate is cut—in all the country—
 His travels into Wales, by easy stages;
 And that (the fact, some say, is beyond doubt)
 Was taught the use of Jews and heathen ages;
 By him, who, at the feet of Gamaliel,
 Made of their faith, in early Christian ages,
 Though some have said, the Britons had a trial

The poet's conceit, that Paul preached in Cornwalsh.
 He doubted not, and as not worth our laughing—
 As is related in the notes last.
 And, that he ever made the conversion,
 To hear the words of his most learned Apostle;
 The Britons could have had that small occasion
 Which had against Carnarvon to justify,
 Though in those days, when Claudius and Vespasian

was returned to the British worship,
 than all the arts that regenerate the mind of man," and the Brit-

perfect list of the letters—(see vol. 2). The style adopted is
 after a certain pronunciation, but who knows how the Hebrew pro-
 nouns Gamaliel. The Greeks received the penultimate, or pro-
 ceed, the last syllable, as in Arabic, and so read Gamaliel in this
 instance seems to hold.

† The name, however, it was dug out of the earth in Car-
 martham, but in another tradition, that St. Paul ever was
 in Britain is also stated, though the metropolitan church is said
 to have been in the City. As it is thought to be in
 connection with the legend under one of the walls. This
 addition to the story of London is vulgarly attributed to a book
 named "The History of the City of London," which history, it is
 done with the more, instead of the more.

However this may be, the great commotion
 Kick'd up by Picts upon the British borders,
 Destroy'd, 'tis said, the germs of true devotion;
 For, as we're told by all the old recorders,
 The Saxon race, who o'er the German Ocean,
 At Vortigern's request, to quell disorders,
 Came to our isle, the rights of soil adjusting,
 Were Pagans, 'til baptized by Saint Augustine.

But though the Irish claim to have been thus holy,
 While England all religious aid rejected;
 Yet, when the Danes appeared, their minds were wholly
 (Like Albion's sons, when Rome their cause neglected)
 Denuded of religion—ay, and solely
 Unto the Danish heathen faith directed;
 And so they were,—when Strongbow made his entry,
 Unmindful of their souls, in the twelfth century.*

But who can doubt?—the thing is quite notorious;
 An Irish lad is never half so happy
 As when, for love or coin, he has a glorious
 Battle, dispute, or set-to on the *tapis*,
 And can, with stout shillelagh, march uproarious,
 Then friends or foes, no matter, to a pap, he
 Their noddles beats without discrimination,
 And so winds up an Irish epaulation.

The gods and goddesses, 'tis said, once loaded
 With choicest gifts of heaven the nymph Pandora.
 Some bliss; but others many a mischief boded
 To earth, and him, to whom as her adorer
 She was sent down by Jupiter, who so did,
 When lesser gods had done their best to store her,
 The casket pack, and good and bad so mingle,
 That man grew tired, and wish'd that he were single.

* Patrick's mission, in the 5th century, was most successful, and he introduced all the knowledge of that period into his country. An historian says, when the Danes first landed, the Irish were famous for learning, but having sustained a terrible defeat about A.D. 815, from the Norwegian and Danish forces, led on by Trugesiug, all erudition was soon destroyed, and the natives relapsed into their original ignorance and barbarity.

There have been some—(but then its all a fable)
 Who've said that Neptune, Mars, and he that made
 her,
 Dined, in their turn, at sly Pandora's table ;
 Then, that Apollo private visits paid her,
 And all the gods, as fast as they were able
 Came down to earth, with their advice, to aid her,
 And that from *such promiscuous embraces*
 The world was peopled with its diff'rent races.

If this were true, the doubt would soon be ended :
 The sister isle, has had like visitations
 From diff'rent tribes—some so their course had wended,
 And ere they reached the end of their migrations,
 Had, with the produce of each god so blended,
 That, of their passions, they formed aggregations ;*
 Therefore her sons may well be hot and burly,
 Keen, subtle, free, kind, arrogant, and surly.

* * * * *

* The Milesians are said to have descended from the Gadeliens, a vagrant Egyptian race contemporary with Moses, and their migrations through all the Europeans nations are traced. The Picts and Danes, since their settlement with Scotch, Welsh, and English, have all had a hand in peopling Ireland.

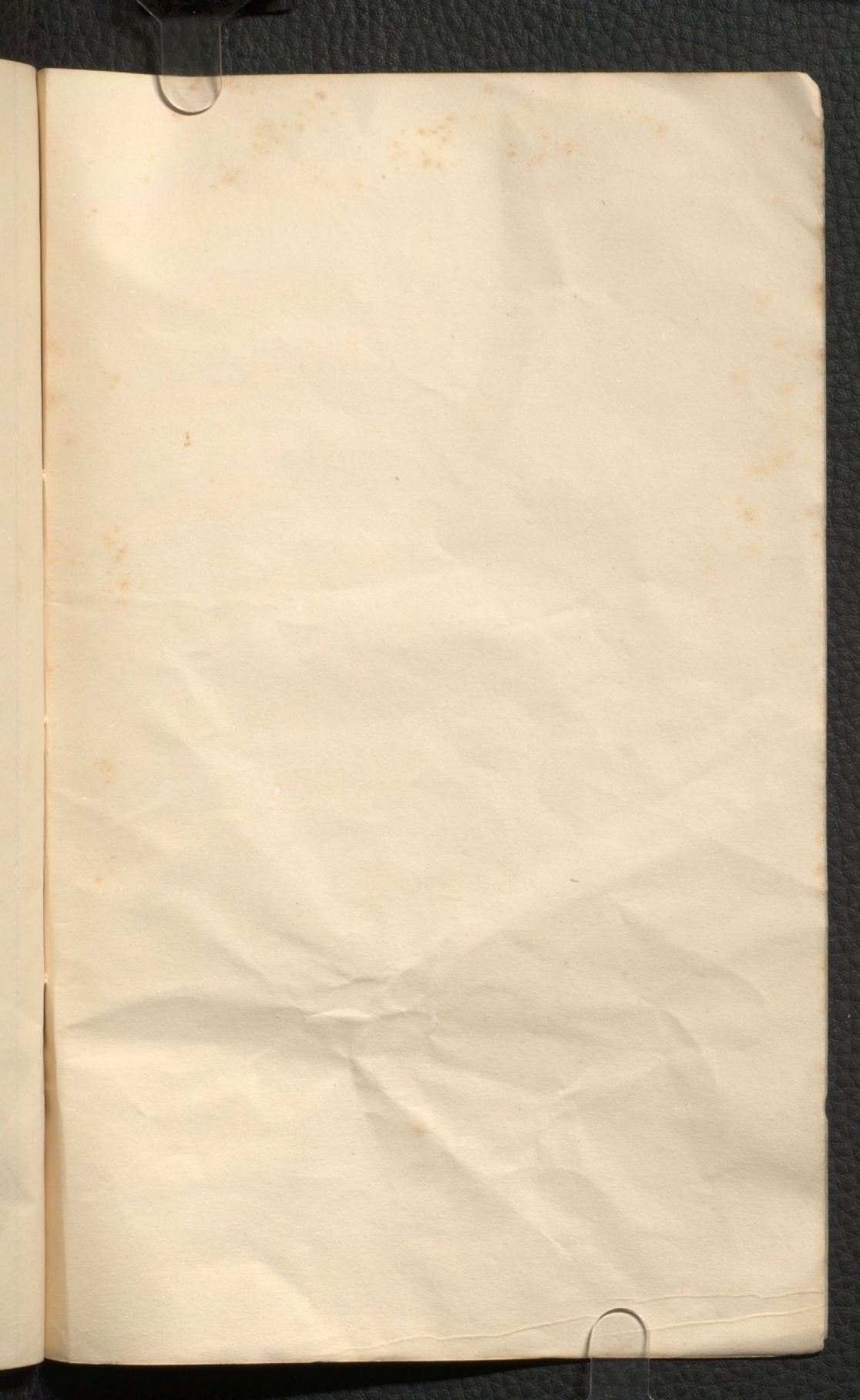


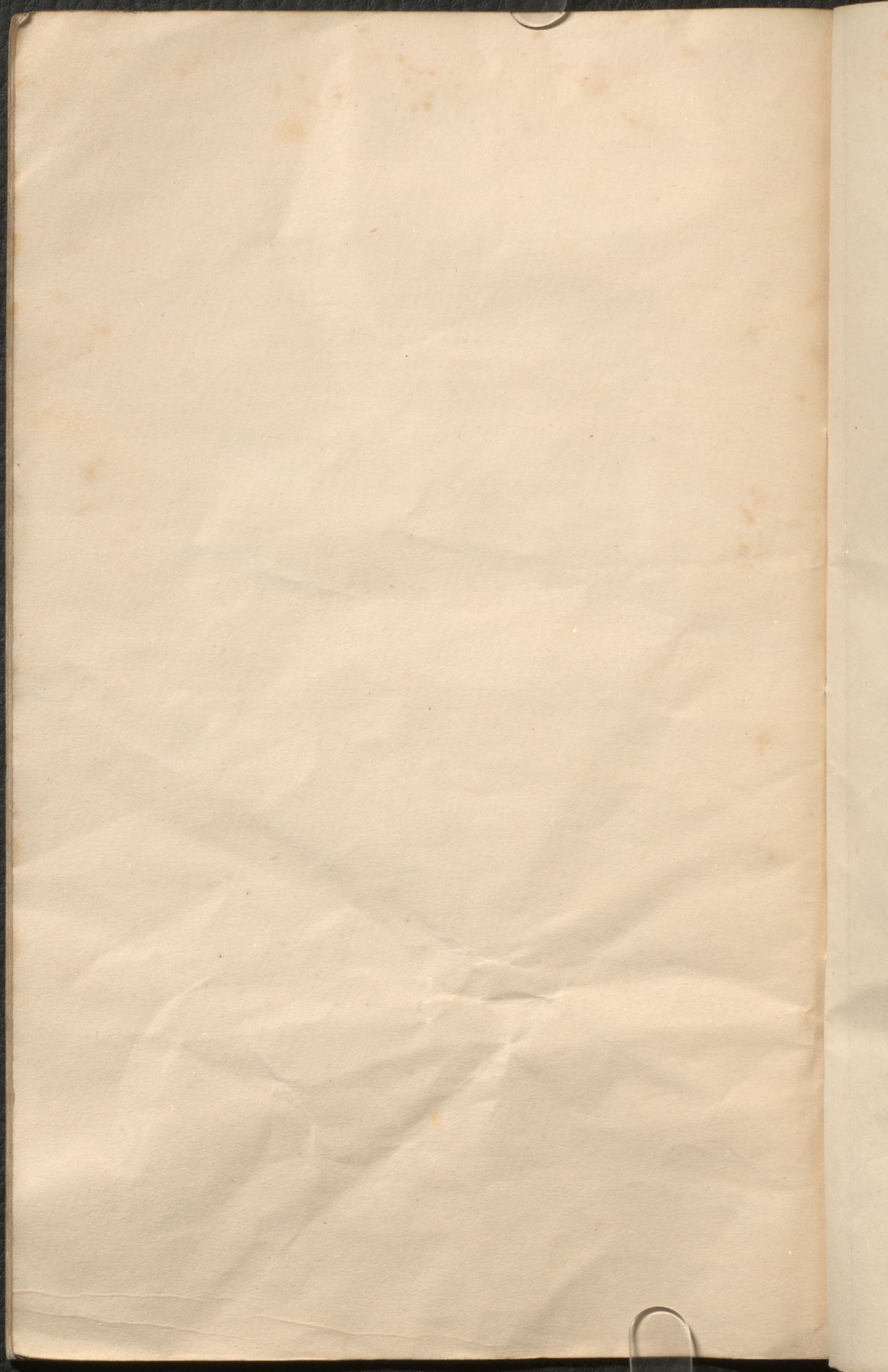
There have been some—(but that is all a fable)
 What's said that Neptune, Mars, and he that made
 her
 lived in their time, at my Pandora's table;
 Then, that Apollo presents this gold bar,
 And all the gods, as that is said, were able
 Came down to earth, with their spheres, to aid her,
 And that they such prodigious wonders
 The world was peopled with its different races.
 If this were true, the doubt would soon be ended;
 The statue late, has had like statues
 From different tribes—some, as their names had vanished,
 And as they reached the end of their migrations,
 With the produce of each, and so labeled,
 That of their names, they found suggestions;
 Therefore her sons may well be not and partly,
 Men, either free, kind, arrogant, and partly.

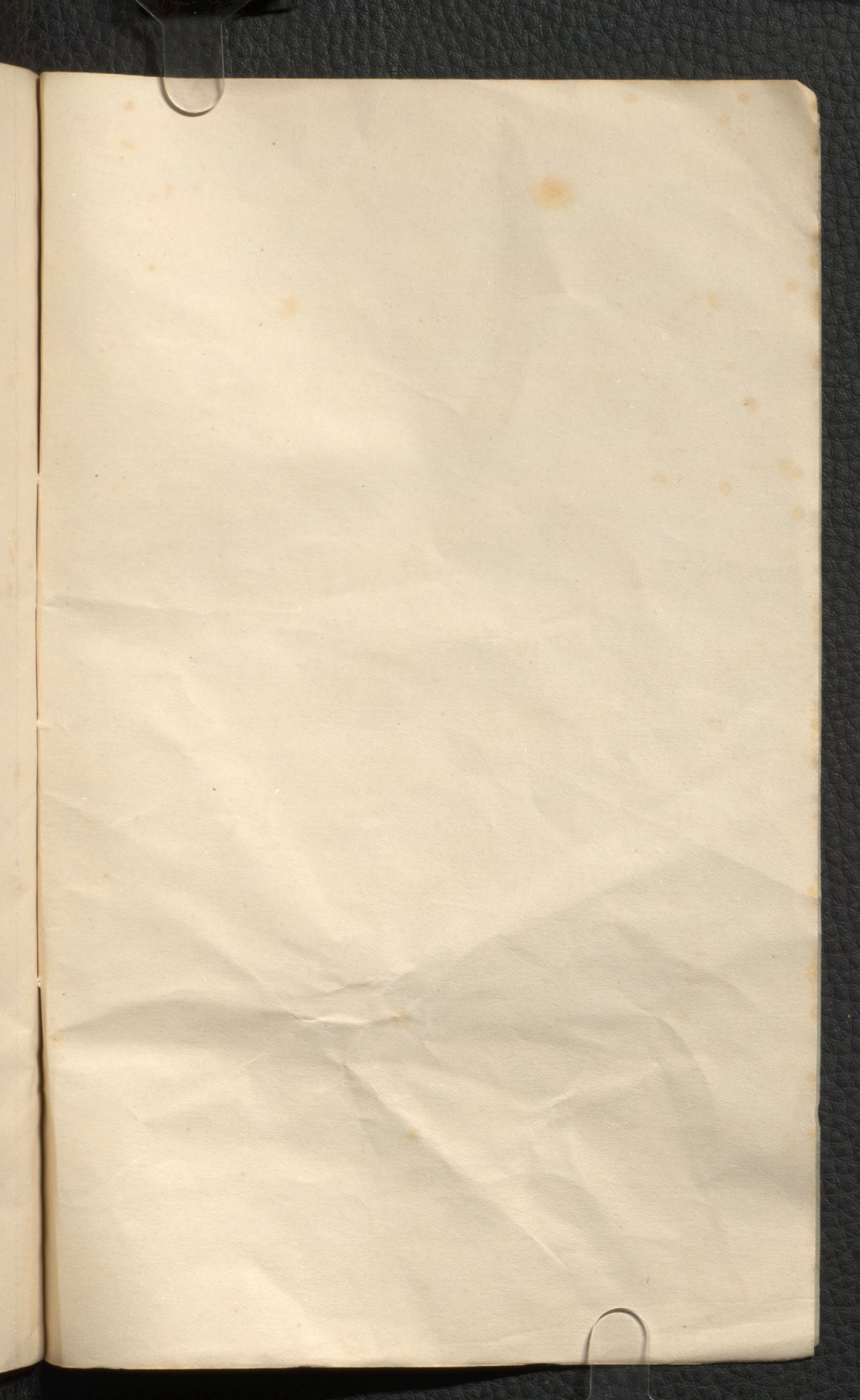
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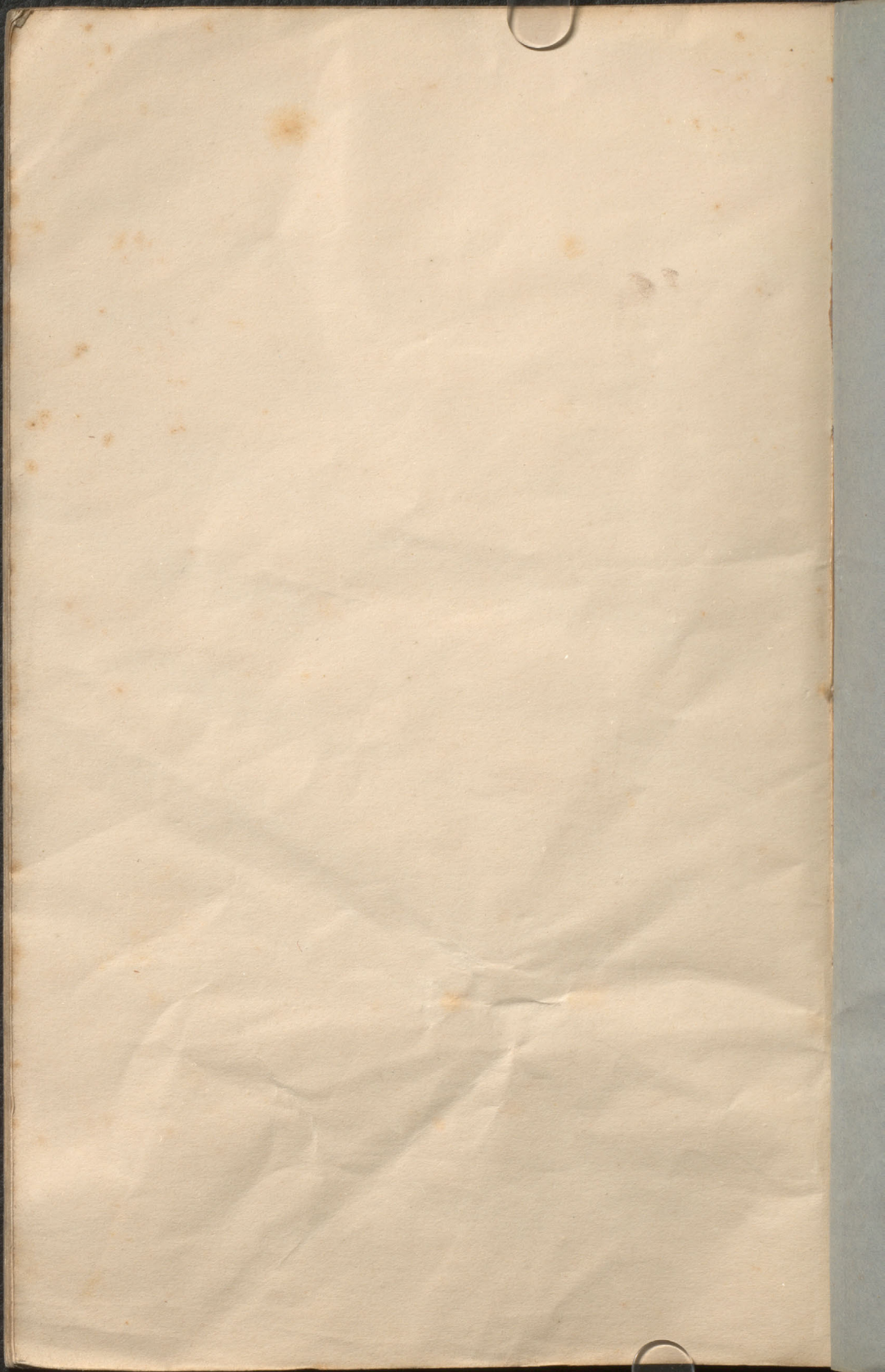
The Mithras is said to have descended from the Goddess,
 a certain Egyptian race contemporary with Moses, and their mi-
 grations through all the European nations are traced. The Persians,
 and Romans, since their settlement with Gauls, Welsh, and English,
 have all had a part in peopling Ireland.











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