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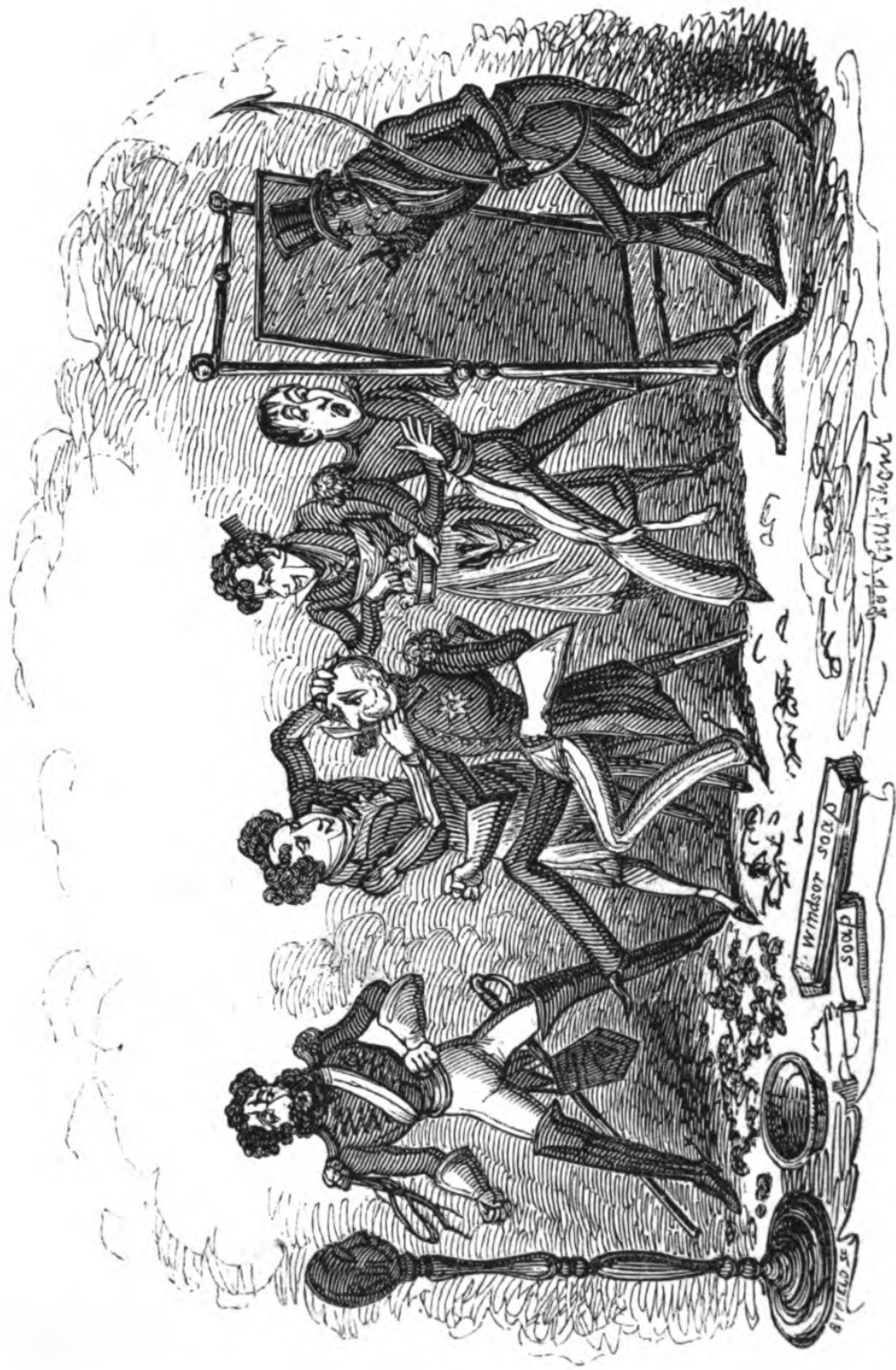
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ST. UZA XLIII.

Windsor soap

Windsor soap

WINDSOR SOAP

THE
DEVIL'S VISIT;

A POEM,

FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

WITH NOTES BY A BARRISTER.



LONDON :

WILLIAM KIDD, 6, OLD BOND STREET.

MDCCCXXX.

ADVERTISEMENT.

PERHAPS it may be as well to state the cause of the *difference of metre* which occurs, occasionally, in this little Poem.—It is printed *verbatim* from the *original MS.*, which *accidentally* came into the possession of the Editor, and as he is unwilling to spoil it by mutilation, he has published it *entire*.

C. E. D.



THE
DEVIL'S VISIT.

I.

THE Devil resolved to return to earth,
To resume* his perambulation ;
For he heard that its rulers were staunch to his cause,
And it fill'd him with admiration.

II.

As he thought it prudent not to appear,
In propriâ personâ,
He took the form of his *old friend P * * 1*,
As he drew near Hyde Park Corner.

III.

To lose no time, he came to town,
One morning very early,
But great indeed was his surprise,
To meet—not a single “*Charley*.”

* For an account of the Devil's *first* Visit, see a very clever poem, called the “*Devil's Walk*.”

IV.

“ Why, where,” quoth Nick, “ are all my friends ?
 They every one seem gone !”
 Just then stepp'd up a man in blue,
 And said, “ Sir, pray walk on !”

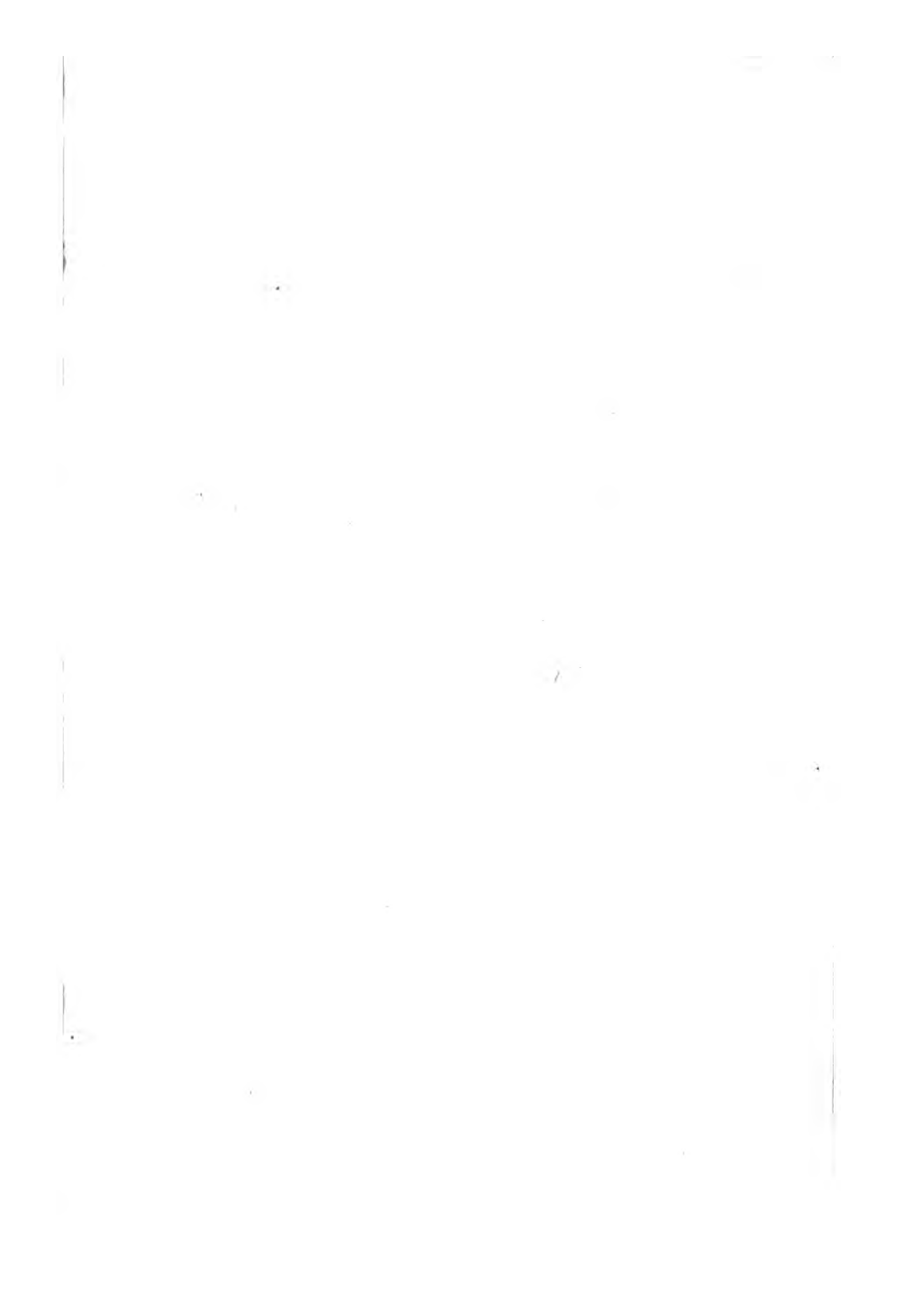
V.

He laugh'd to see a *livery-servant*,
 (For such he thought him to be,)
 Assuming an air of authority ; *
 So he answer'd him, “ You be *d—*—.”

VI.

“ I'll be *d—d* if I do,” said the man in a rage,
 “ So come on with me, if you please ;
 Our dungeon-hole shall teach you, again
 To insult the New Police !”

* The insolence of these *creatures* in the exercise of their “ authority” as they term it, is now become unbearable. Numerous meetings have lately been held, in different parishes, and a resolution has been adopted to petition Sir Robert Peel on the subject. Should *he* refuse to repeal the obnoxious bill, redress will be immediately sought in a *higher* quarter, where, no doubt, it will be readily granted.





Stanza VIII.

VII.

Thus saying—he shook old Nick by the collar,
But found he'd the “ Devil to pay,”
For he burnt his fingers, and while dancing with pain,
Old Nick quickly glided away.

VIII.

He stopp'd at a noted liquor shop,
Determined to take a peep,
And he thank'd the Lords of the Treasury
For making Gin so cheap.

IX.

A parson was preaching 'gainst selfishness,
But the Devil laugh'd at the bubble,
Knowing the knave had just gone to law,
To make his *own* tithes *double*.

X.

He saw a man slain for snaring game,
Quoth the Devil, “ Ere I go further,
I'll note down the wisdom of those who frame
A law to encourage murder.”

XI.

He saw some old women in juvenile masks,
But they limp'd when they tried to caper ;
Quoth he, "That's like England's crippled finance,
Made up to deceive with paper.

XII.

He look'd into the Courts of Law,
And heard men swear to lies ;
But he thought how many children he'd got,
And gave up his surprise.

XIII.

He smiled when he saw them kiss the book,
For he knew such men had thriven ;
And he thought of the hollow kiss of old,
By Judas Iscariot given.

XIV.

He went to the Hells at St. James's, and found
The name was not taken in vain ;
"Yet I've *one*," said he, "better deserving the name,
In a court in Bartholomew Lane."

XV.

The *pious* he heard were ensnaring his flocks,
 At which he was somewhat afraid,
 But he laugh'd at his fears when he found out the
 truth,
 That *their* piety was but a *trade*.

XVI.

He saw a *deep read* A*****y G*n***l,
 With a *white man* at his back,
 Who they said was his devil, as if to prove
 That the Devil's not always black.†

† To those uninitiated in the mysteries of the Law, some *explanation* may here be thought necessary. The duties of the A*****y G*n***l of England (an office, by the way, the utility of which is not very obvious) are so laborious, that he is obliged to entrust the '*slavery department*' to a junior barrister, who is therefore called by the profession, the "A*****y G*n***l's Devil." This office is at present held by one Mr. W**ht**n. It has always been an opinion, simple people as we are, that no office should have more duties attached to it, than the holder of that office is able to perform. A friend, however, suggests, that an exception may reasonably be made in favour of the A*****y G*n***l; "for," says he, "as the Devil is sure to have all A*****y G*n***ls, it is only *fair* that the A*****y

XVII.

He seem'd to be lost in a reverie,
 (For his *wig* was rather awry)
 Planning measures preparatory
 To strangle liberty.†

XVIII.

But though the Devil was fully aware
 That his projects could never succeed ;
 He yet felt loath to disturb the thoughts
 Of one of his darling breed.

G*n***l should have a Devil." "It is," he further observes, but "*Lex Talionis*;" or, as our hero might prefer reading it, "*Lex Talonis*;" if we might be allowed (in the legal way) to latinize an English word for the occasion.

† The recent crusade of a whig A*****y G*n***l against the liberty of the press, will not speedily be forgotten, nor easily forgiven. It is difficult to say which is the more detestable—the atrocious attempt to stifle the expression of sentiments hostile to men in power, or the base sacrifice of whig principles made by the degraded instruments of a military cabinet. Either is sufficient to consign the perpetrator to everlasting infamy; but when united, language fails in the attempt, to describe the scorn and hatred with which he must be viewed. The *scarlet* lady herself cannot have been guilty of baser prostitution.

XIX.

Alexander* next he went to see,
 And found him quite dejected;
 "Cheer up," said Nick, "your foes shall be
 With *me*—ere they expect it.

XX.

"Though *friends* of mine, I'll not forget,
 To give to each his due,
 Sc**l*tt is 'booked' beyond reprieve;
 W**l*ng**n soon shall rue.

XXI.

"But, as he's steady† to my cause,
 And brings grist to my mill,
 Bad policy 'twould be in me
Just now to do him ill.

* Mr. Alexander, the editor of the Morning Journal, who, for having honestly dared to speak his sentiments ('Truth is a libel'), was first heavily *fin*ed, and *then* thrown into prison!!

† This alludes, no doubt, to THE *letter* lately sent by a *certain personage* to the French government, urging them to pursue *that* policy which deprived France of a king, and sent many thousand souls to their 'long home' when they least expected it!!

XXII.

“ His *goodly* course he will pursue,
 Following all that's *evil*,
 And when he falls, drag all his tools
 Down headlong to the Devil.”

XXIII.

One day as our Hero was strolling along,
 Attended by two pretty lasses,
 He saw, as he pass'd through Harley Street,
 A number of geese and asses.

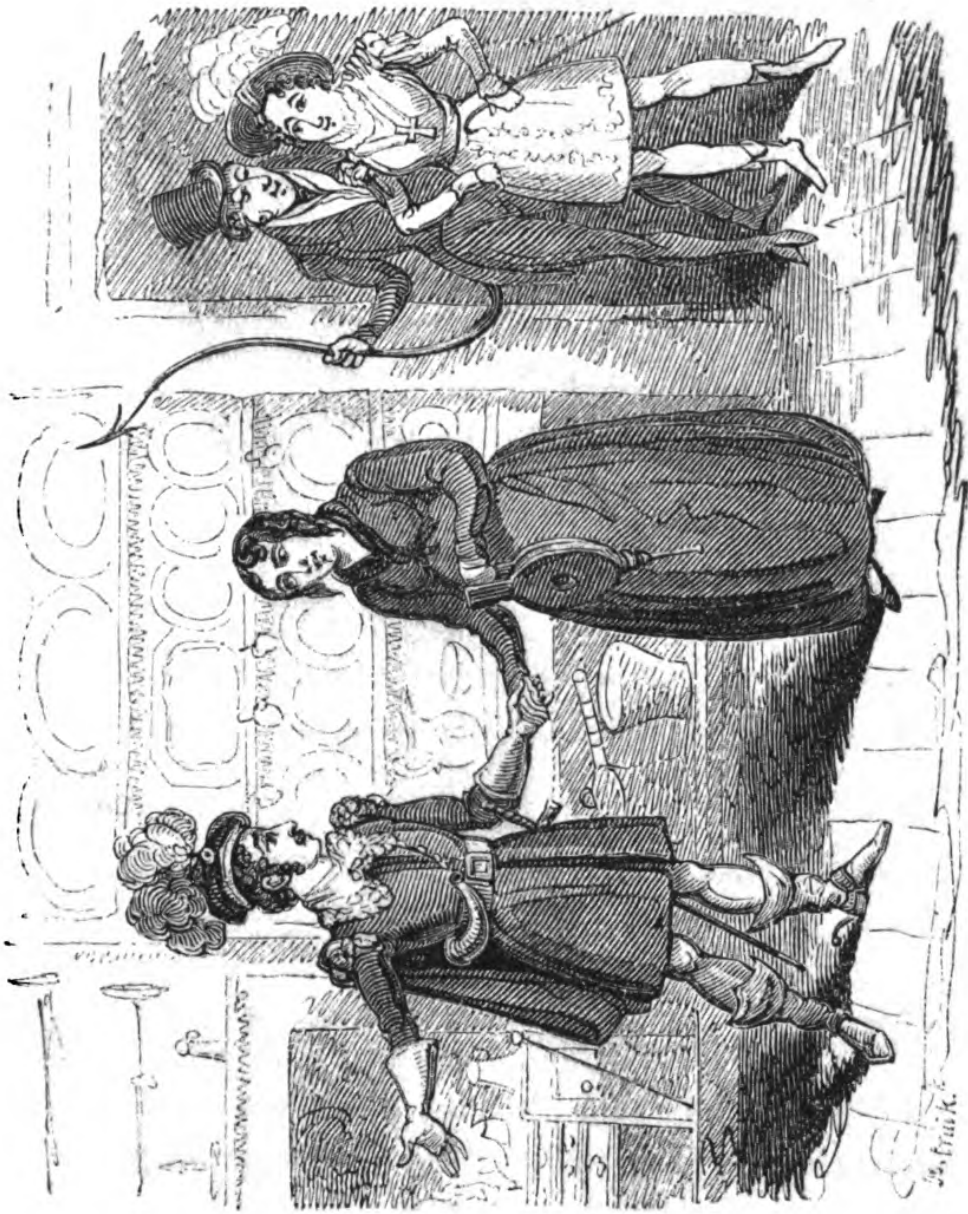
XXIV.

He laughed aloud, and it made him so ill,
 That his sides were ready to crack,
 For he found that all these geese were in search
 Of a newly discover'd *Quack!!**

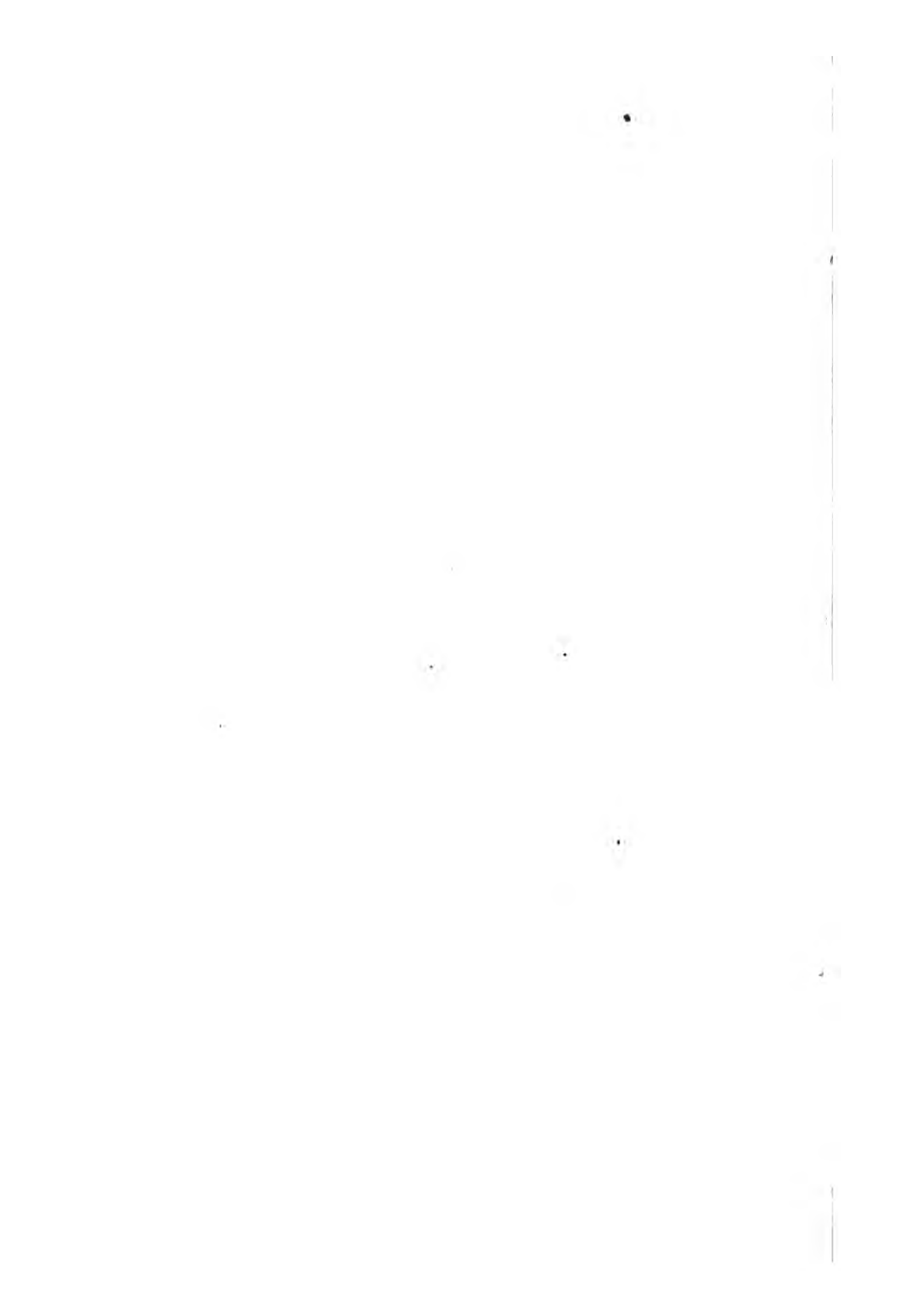
XXV.

Quoth Nick, “ How these asses march on to inhale
 (To lengthen their ears) a new system,
 They hasten along with *Cash-in* their hand,
 Thinking nobody can resist 'em.”

* Mr. St. J**n L*ng, about whom, and his patient Miss C*sh*n, there has lately been so much talk.



Stanzas xxx.



XXVI.

He went to a tavern* in Lincoln's-inn-fields,
 (The proprietor's name was Cuff)
 Where he heard fools prating of slavery,
 Till their hearers cried, " Hold! enough!"

XXVII.

He smiled at their inconsistency,
 For they all began to shout,
 And when poor Hunt stood up to speak,
 They all cried, " Turn him out!" †

* The Freemason's Tavern, Great Queen Street.

† It is a positive fact, that when Mr. Hunt rose to address the Anti-Slavery Meeting, held at the Freemason's Tavern, in May last, he was *hooted* and treated in a most *disgraceful* manner. It was not until Mr. Brougham rose to order, saying, "*he hoped*, he was addressing a *rational* assembly," &c. that *any thing like* a hearing could be obtained for Mr. Hunt; who, when he *did* speak, spoke more to the purpose than any of those persons who had preceded him. So powerful were his arguments, and so convincing his remarks, that all were, for some moments, silent; but being galled by the *truths* advanced by Mr. Hunt, they prevented him from proceeding by deafening shouts of,—"*Off!*" "*Off!*" &c. So much for the moderation of the *Christian* advocates of *Anti-Slavery!* For a more detailed account of this meeting, see a very clever article headed, "*Anti-Slavery Society*," in *Frazer's Magazine*, No. 5.

XXVIII.

This plainly proved how *good* their cause,
 And fill'd Nick's heart with glee;
 "Poor fools," quoth he, "you'll *better* know,
 When you reside with *me*."

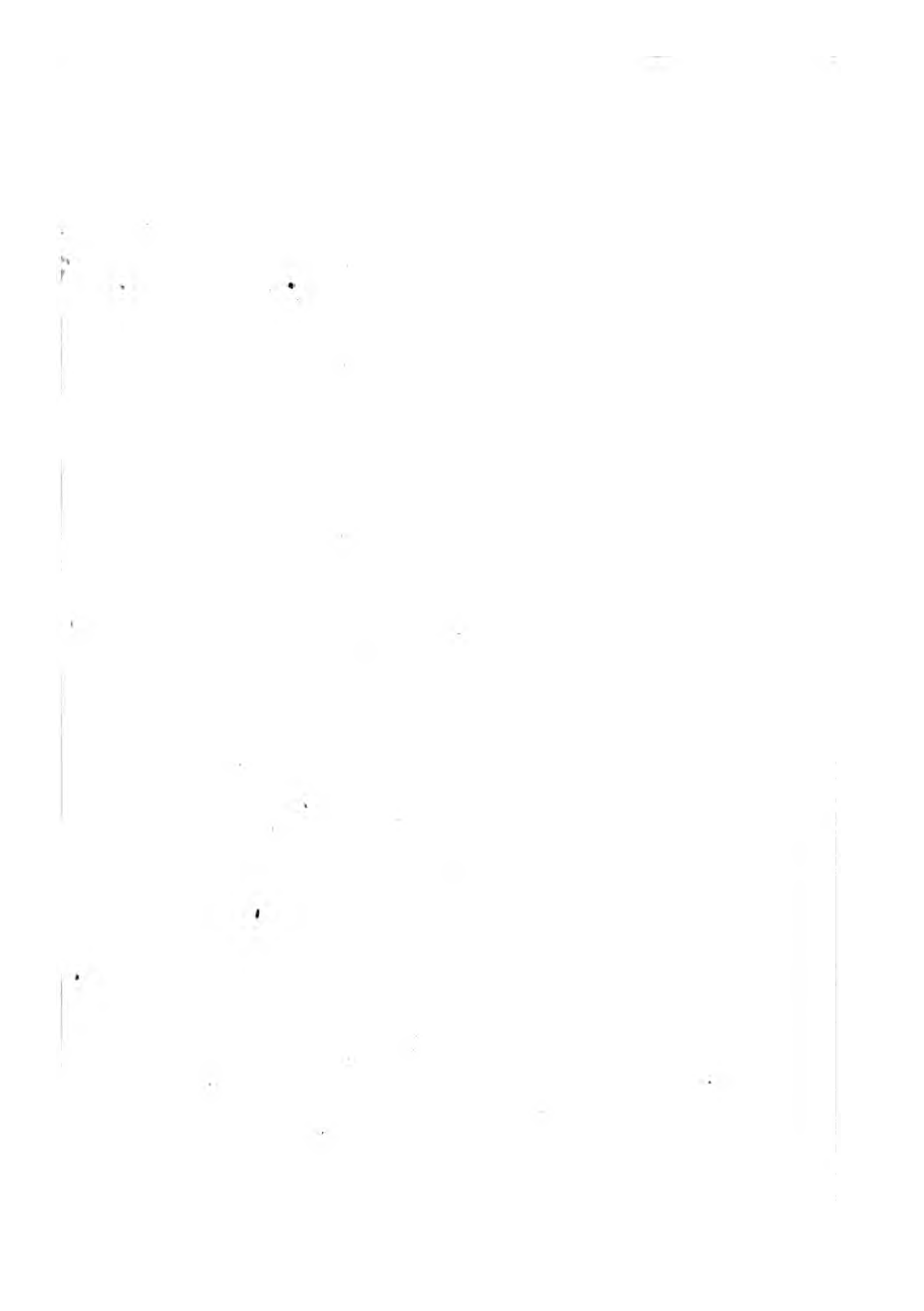
XXIX.

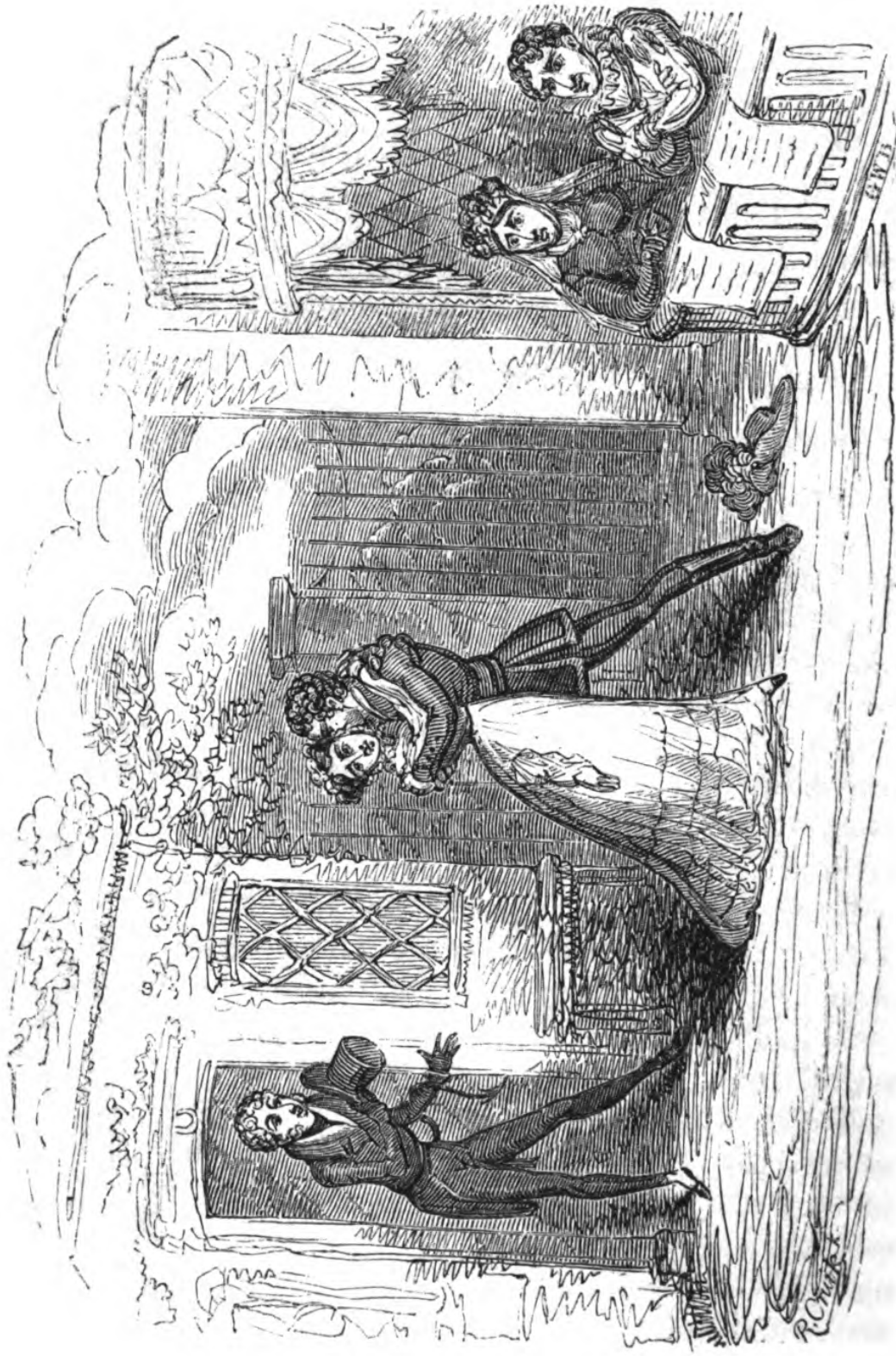
He saw a young spinster with look most demure,
 In a methodist congregation,
 Who popp'd in at eve, to a cottage close by,
 To keep a snug assignation.

XXX.

Madame V**tr*s he spoke to behind the scenes,
 Who joyfully argued the fate on,
 Of a vocalist ranking † her sister in sin,
 Lady L*nn*x, *alias* Miss P*t*n.

* It is much to be regretted, that the *private* character of an actor or actress should ever be permitted to interfere with their *public* performances. The actress in question has for many years been, and deservedly so, a very great favourite with the public; why then should *she* be *singled out* (for there are *many far more notorious* female actresses), and *driven* from the stage, in consequence of *malicious* reports, industriously circulated by her secret enemies, *most* of which





Stanza xxxi.

XXXI.

Though 'twas but in whispers that C. K****e
spake,

Nick heard what the cunning rogue prated :
“ I've palm'd off my girl as Melpomene's Queen,
And for * *shadow* with *substance* am sated.”

reports have no foundation in truth, and which, it could be proved, were *first* maliciously set on foot by those who were bound, by every sacred tie, to succour and protect her? So long as she fulfils her engagements to the public, they can have no cause for complaint; and should she return to London to resume her professional duties the ensuing season, she will, doubtless, find a very powerful body of friends, who, knowing her to be an *injured woman*, will protect her from insult, and encourage her in the discharge of her public duties.

* Our hero is rather too severe in applying the word “ *shadow*,” to the performance of this young lady; if it be *shadow*, we trust it may be the “ shadow of good things to come.” That she is too apt to seek applause, by what are vulgarly called “ Clap Traps,” and that her acting is far too studied to be *natural*, we will allow; but let us hope that time will effect great improvements. *She* is not to be blamed half so much as the London public who applauded *all* she said, and *all* she did, without a why or a wherefore. Such *injudicious* applause would spoil the cleverest young actress that ever appeared. Her late general reception in the *Provinces* will prove a more salutary lesson for her, than all the *flattery* of her friends.

XXXII.

Cried Satan to Lee, "Have a care, for you know
 The rock that all managers split on ;"
 Quoth Lee, "D—n the Thespians, to jail I'll not go,
 Half payment's* the plan I have hit on."

XXXIII.

In the Parliament House he felt quite at home,
 As if in his own possessions ;
 For they gull their victims with words of hope,
 While they torture with fresh oppressions.

* Mr. Lee, the present proprietor of Drury Lane Theatre, has wisely resolved on doing away with the "Starring System" altogether, and intends making a very considerable reduction in the salaries of the performers. Our *first rate* actors will now receive a less sum *per week* than was lately given to Mr. Kean for *one night's* performance. How *grateful* this gentleman feels, for past favours, may be gathered from the following paragraph, copied from the *Sunday Times* of September 5th,—“ Surely it was a *little* unfair on the part of Mr. Kean, towards his magnificent benefactors—the public—at *the very time* he was soliciting their aid and assistance in favour of a *farewell benefit*, previous to his departure for America, to *apply to the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre*, offering to engage himself to perform *forty nights at that theatre, the ensuing season, for fifty guineas a night !!!*”

XXXIV.

He met six free-born Englishmen,
 Harnessed like beasts of draught,
So he whistled "*Rule Britannia*,"
 Then flourish'd his tale and laugh'd.

XXXV.

The Devil was musing one day in a Row,
 When he form'd in his mind an opinion,
That the houses contain'd nothing else but his imps,
 While the area was his own dominion.

XXXVI.

With feelings *paternal*, he sigh'd, "They are mine,
 So, as babes, all their acts I will foster;"
When lo! looking up, at the corner he spied
 The words, ever famed, *Pater Noster*.

XXXVII.

His nose then uptwisting and curling his tail,
 Strutting proud as the Hector of Homer;
He said, "'Tis a lie! this is Acheron's Row,
 Pater Noster—a cheat—a misnomer."

XXXVIII.

He sped from the City enraged, and ne'er stopp'd
 Till he found that his course was impeded,
 By numberless bales in *New Burlington Street*,
 H**ry C*lb**n's—whom nobody heeded.

XXXIX.

Of course he was anxious to know the contents,
 So he asked—but stared like a Gorgon,
 When told that they were the “Stock left on hand
 Of the Works of my Lady Morgan.”*

* It would seem that his *Satanic Majesty* is here enjoying a joke at the expense of a well-known ‘*puffing*’ publisher, for in most of the daily and weekly papers the following notice has from time to time appeared :

“LADY MORGAN'S WORKS *at Half-price.*

“In consequence of the large number of copies of Lady Morgan's Works remaining on hand, they will in future be sold at the following reduced prices :—”

There may not appear, *at first sight*, any thing very extraordinary in this advertisement ; but, when it is stated that her Ladyship offered her *new work* for publication to a *rival house*—the *object* of the foregoing advertisement will be *very easily* divined.

XL.

He spied a diminutive fellow hard by,
On whose features were legibly *printed*
The characteristics of meanness complete,
While his carcass appeared as if stunted.

XLI.

Each arm bore a bundle—so, eager to learn
Their contents; Nick found cut from diurnals,
By hundreds of thousands, *side puffs*, and *direct*,
Which for *years* had fill'd columns of journals.

XLII.

With look quite significant, Satan observed,
“ All sense, sure, these English are lacking,
Or ne'er would the public be choused of their pelf
By such *impudent*, *mouutebank* quacking.”

XLIII.

Next he enter'd the Horse Guards, where all was
affright,
A command having come from head-quarter,
Directing the *shavers* to *lather* outright,
And to spare neither *whiskers* nor water.

XLIV.

Old Nick shook his sides with rude laughter to see
 The French cooks kick'd out of their places ;
 "The *shavers*," he cried, "will demand *triple* fee
 To lather and smooth such *long* faces."

XLV.

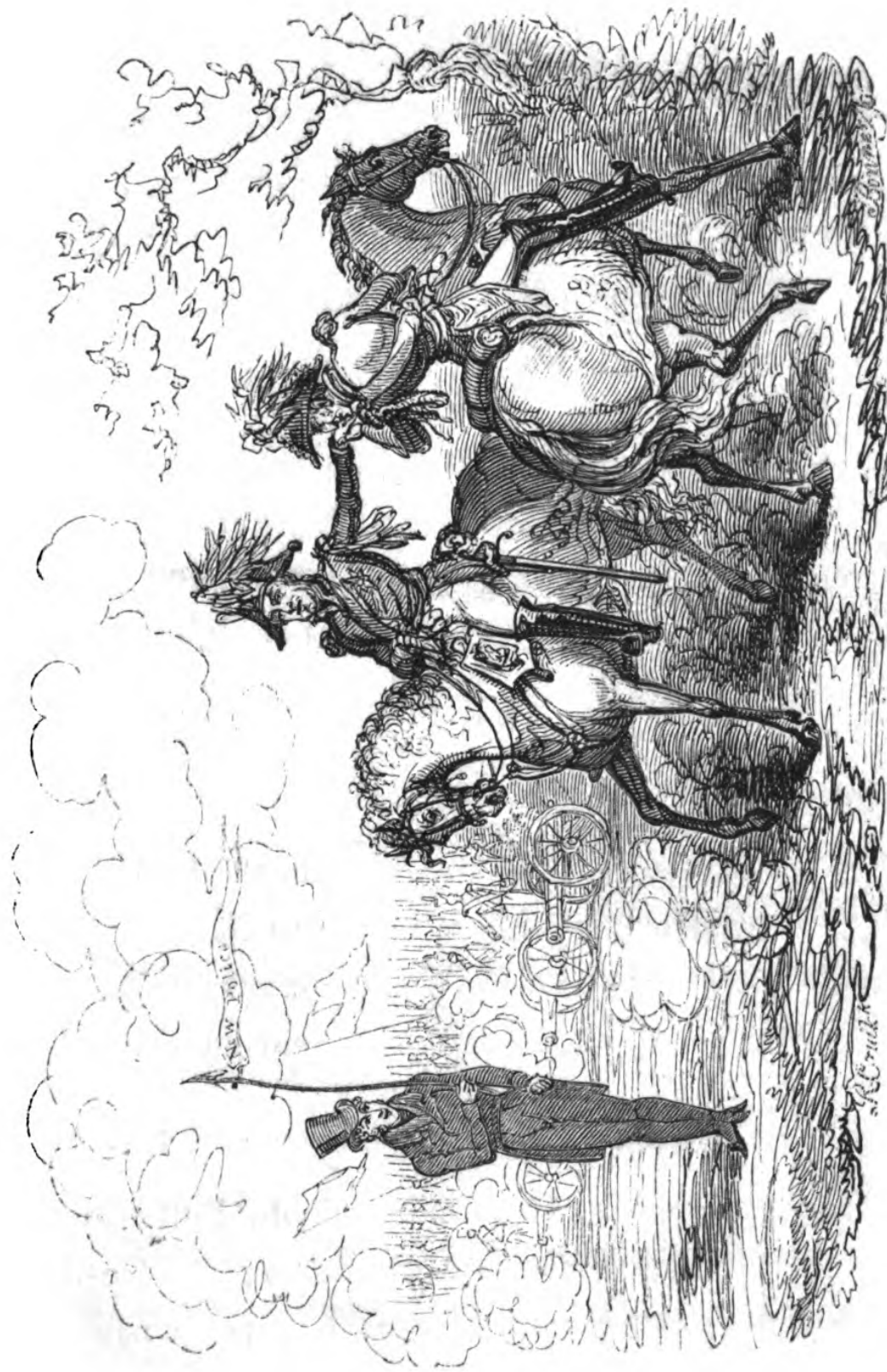
He heard the fourth William, while humming the
 tune
 Of the Storm—mutter these words that follow :
 "The tempest will freshen, and ministry hacks,
 Greedy wolves—hear the royal view hollow."—

XLVI.

Once he went to attend a review in the Park,
 When (the troops being about to disband)
 He saw a *great Duke* bow and *cringe* to the king,
 Who, THOUGH LOATHING IT, held out his hand.

XLVII.

Says the Devil, "These *fêtes* set John Bull nearly
 They come in such rapid rotation ; [mad
 But the *sweater* will be, when the piper is paid,
 For the cost of the Grand Coronation."





XLVIII.

While conning at Peel's every print of the day,
 Nick saw, for ensuing elections, [dried,
 By scores, choice advertisements, neat ' cut and
 Scope affording for cogent reflections.

XLIX.

Like sheep in their pens, the constituents all,
 Bought and sold, boasted *liberties* barter,
 And then d—n the Commons who tax them to pay
 For the fees that impounded their charter.

L.

That Peers, who their seats claim from father to son,
 Are patriots, Nick found, is certain; [cern'd
 For *self* they cry " *Aye*," but when *interest's* con-
 Solemn " *No*" on the scene drops the curtain.

LI.

Conclusions thus drawn, Satan chanced to turn
 round,
 When Will C*bb*tt appeared—mob addressing;
 Who, *modest* enough, ask'd a seat in the House,
 His plea, in these words, *humbly* pressing.

LII.

“ You know I'm the man for your money, my lads,
 Freedom's pillar of granite—Odd zounds!
 Return *me*, stump *each* but a bob, my brave boys,
 A flea-bite are ten thousand pounds!”

LIII.

Great Lucifer mingling with grandees one night,
 Overheard many females of fashion, [wear)
 (Whose fames appear'd somewhat the worse for long
 Surmise—if the Queen had compassion.

LIV.

“ Your Grace,” said a Marchioness, “ smells of
 the boards,
 While tales of a banker they dwell on;”
 Her Grace made reply, “ And your Ladyship's hoards,
 Have made character, seedy as MELON.”

LV.

“ But shall we be countenanc'd !” cried one and all,
 “ By a Queen acting prim and demurely ?”
 “ If *none* be admitted,” quoth Nick, “ but the *chaste*,
 Her Majesty's court will go *poorly*.”

LVI.

While lounging one day along Catherine Street,
 His *Highness* was seized with the vapours;
 Beholding the type of himself at the door
 Of a shop, where they vend Sunday Papers.

LVII.

He cross'd o'er the street, and with whisk of the tail,
 Bowing, ask'd—"Don't you know your own
 brother?" [must be I,
 "By my *Age*," exclaim'd W*****tt, "you
 Since one is the stamp of the other."

LVIII.

"Why surely," said Nick, "you're the same little
 man
 That sold *Captain G**th* and his *letters*,
 And who squeezed a **fat Duchess* to make her
 disgorge;
 Your motto, 'I'll work all my *bettors*.'"

* It would seem that the "*fat Duchess*" has 'disgorged,' as it is a long time since she was 'squeezed' in the print alluded to.

LIX.

“ And you,” quoth the Man of the Age, “ as I live,
 Are my idol ; so, come—shake hands—hearty !”
 “ You’re a trump, by my soul,” answer’d Nick,
 “ here’s my arm,
 Let’s off to a *tête à tête* party.”

LX.

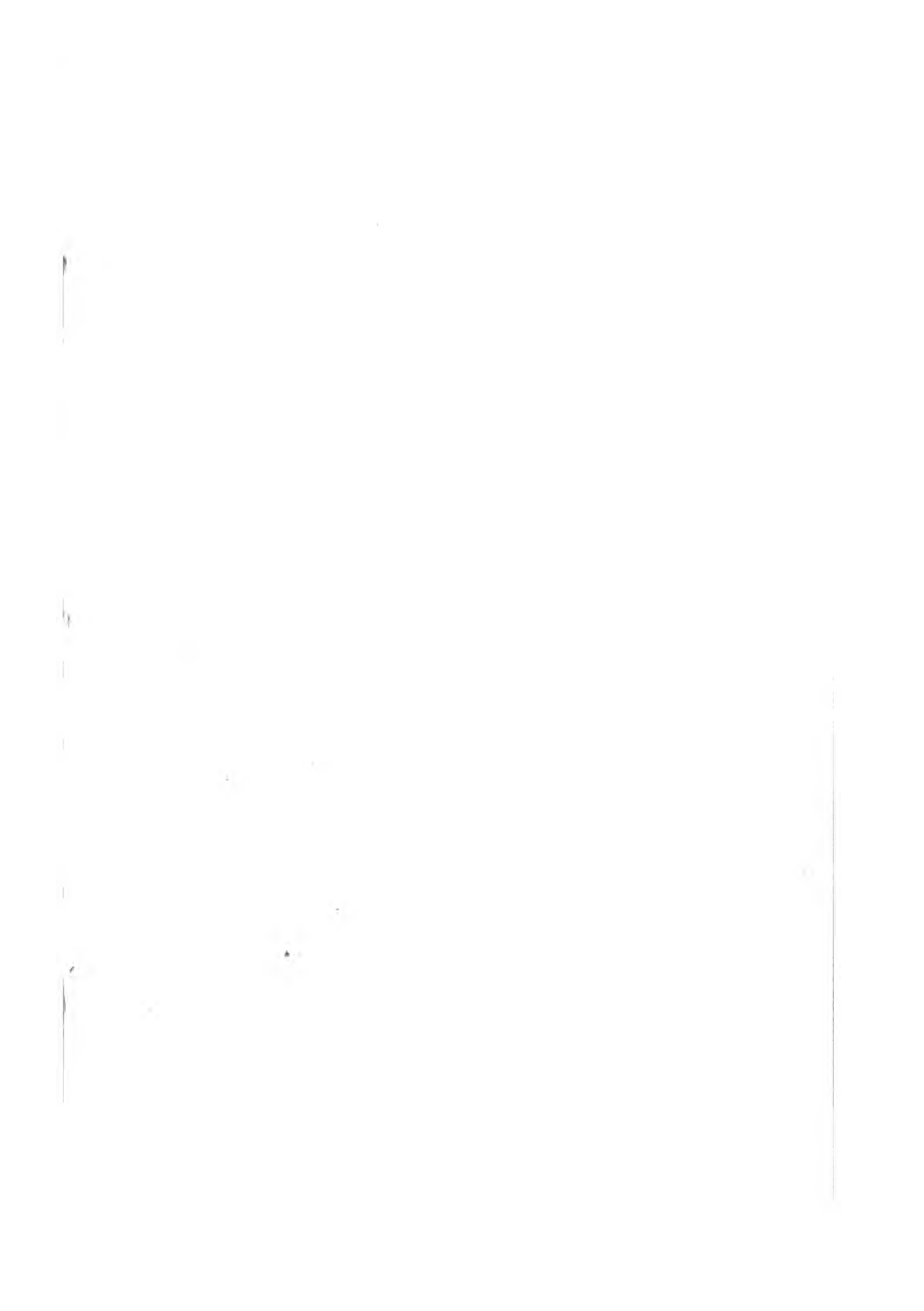
Law, Physic, Divinity, State and the Court,
 Each range by the Devil inspected ;
 The *Army*, the *Navy*, *Trade*, *Merchant*, and *poor*,
 Proved that Virtue for Vice was neglected.

LXI.

Then, lashing his tail, like a tiger in cage,
 From the ball of St. Paul’s eyeing London ;
 “ Myself and my legions,” cried Nick, “ are more
 pure [done.”
 Than this race—though we’re all d—d and un-

LXII.

He thought that from thence he would visit the
 Parks,
 In hopes to see something more pleasant ;
 But a rumour that reach’d him as thither he went,
 Quite alter’d his route for the present.





Stanza LXIII.

LXIII.

For hearing his *most devoted friend*,
Was about to depart from earth,
He quickly flew home, for in case of his *death*,
He knew he *must* find him a BERTH.



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