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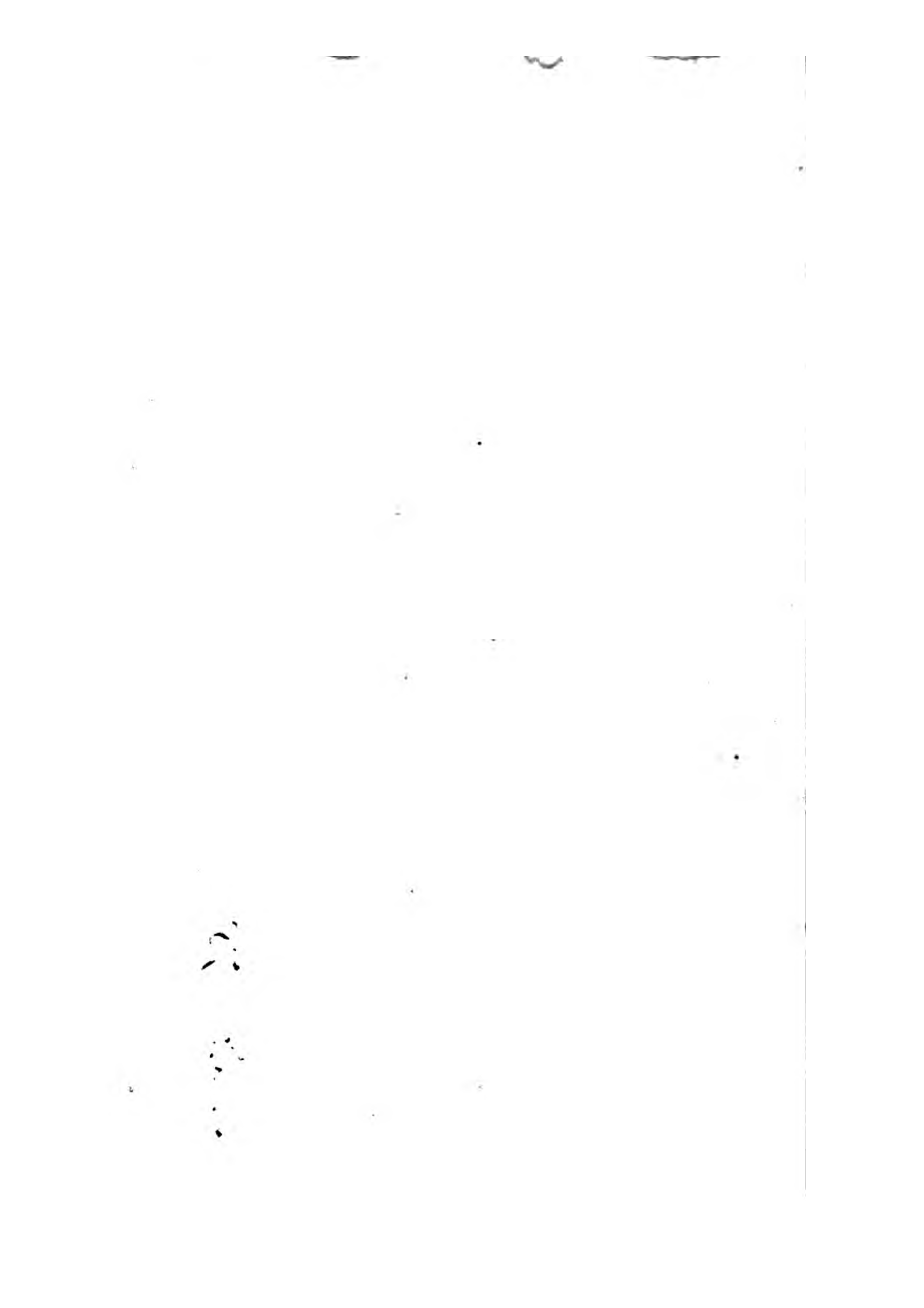
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T H E

D I A B O L I A D :

A N D

D I A B O - L A D Y.



T H E
D I A B O L I A D :
A
P O E M.

DEDICATED TO THE
W O R S T M A N
I N
HIS MAJESTY'S DOMINIONS.

ALSO, THE
D I A B O - L A D Y :
O R, A
M A T C H I N H E L L.

TO REIGN IS WORTH AMBITION, THO' IN HELL !—
MILTON.

L O N D O N :
Printed : And D U B L I N Reprinted. 1777.



DEDICATION

TO THE

WORST MAN

IN

HIS MAJESTY'S DOMINIONS.

MY LORD,

I HAVE not the honour of being acquainted with your Lordship; and as I do not wish there should be any attempt to violate my property, to estrange the affections of my wife, to seduce my daughter, or corrupt my son;

A 3

it

vi D E D I C A T I O N.

it is a matter of real satisfaction to me, that I have not formed any connections with you.

To address you, my Lord, in the name you derive from your Ancestors, would be treating you, in common with those who have no titles to distinguish them from the herd of ordinary men. The most eminent Bards, Orators, Philosophers, and Statesmen, have felt greater delight, and received an higher fame from titles characteristic of their excellence, than imperial favour could bestow. Does not Mr. *Garrick's* character, my Lord, derive an honour from the application of those titles he so well deserves, the *Reformer of the Stage*, the *Great Theatrical Example*, the *British Actor*, &c. &c. with which his particular name
has

D E D I C A T I O N. vii

has no more to do, than any other which has been used for the purposes of social distinction? If I were to quote to your Lordship an opinion of *Solomon's*, you might, perhaps, imagine him to be Jew-broker, a near relation, a familiar servant, or a character in a Comedy; but when I mention a saying of the *Wise Man*, your Lordship will immediately perceive, by this distinguishing characteristic appellation, that I mean no less a personage than *the King of Israel*. How faint does *General, Sir Jeffery*, or even *Lord Amberst* sound, when compared with the *Conqueror of America*! And how insipid is the title of *General, Sir William*, or even *Lord Howe*, on a comparison with the *Re-conquerors of it* ---- should the wishes of Great Britain be compleated!

Cicero

viii D E D I C A T I O N.

Cicero and many others among the Antients owed their names to some personal peculiarity or defect, and the misfortune of bandy legs gave a well-known title to one of our own Monarchs. I do not know, my Lord, that Nature has been guilty of any inattention to your form; and if she had, it would not have concerned me, who look to the mind as the best source of name and title. Though, if I had time, and it were to the purpose, we might find it matter of curious speculation to enquire, why the poorest and most ignoble man on earth, if capricious Nature has placed a hunch upon his back, should be honoured with the same title as your Lordship, and without the formalities of a Royal Patent.

But

DEDICATION. ix

But to proceed.----The bulk of mankind, who are incapable of nice observation, and to whom, if they were capable, it would be useless, look not to the more intermediate state of human character; but, passing at once to the extremes, fix their attention on the Best and Worst of Men. Your Lordship need not, therefore, be afraid, that you will escape that celebrity which I mean to bestow by this Dedication. However, not to omit any thing which may produce your conviction, I shall beg leave, my Lord, to acquaint you, that many years ago, when mankind in general were not so enlightened and informed, more particularly with respect to character, as they are at present, a Letter was published, addressed

To

x D E D I C A T I O N.

To the Most Impudent Man Living ; a title far more vague and indeterminate than that which I have done myself the honour of giving to your Lordship. Nevertheless, the public eye immediately discovered to whom this poor performance, for it was a very poor one, was addressed, though he was sheltered, where one would think impudence could not find a shelter, in the bosom of the Church.

There are many in the world, who think the perfection of their abilities to consist in making their vices the means of attracting the notice of mankind. Your Lordship's own heart will tell you, that you are one of the number ; and surely you will think all
further

DEDICATION. xi

further reasoning on this subject nugatory and impertinent, when I assure you, my Lord, that your success has been equal to your wishes.

However, if you are not convinced by my arguments; and the propriety of that title which my pen has bestowed upon you should be a matter of doubt in your Lordship's breast; will you, my Lord, do me the favour to travel a few lines farther, and hear my excuses for the liberty I have taken? You will therefore pardon me, if I am now obliged to turn from so important an object as Lord -----, to so inconsiderable an Individual as myself.

I was

xii D E D I C A T I O N.

I was not born to refine and polish my own Compositions! The long habit of making rapid sketches of men and things, has rendered me wholly incapable of filling up an Outline with those effectual masses of light and shade, and that happy, harmonious mixture of colours, which distinguish the work of judicious application. I know, my Lord, that I am a careless writer : The inaccuracies of this Address, and the pages which succeed it, will, I fear, fully prove my assertion. Nevertheless, I feel a self-complacency resulting from this performance, unlaboured as it may be, which I am sure your Lordship would wish me to possess as my solace and my reward. This satisfaction, therefore, I cannot suffer to be diminished,

DEDICATION. xiii

nished, nor my allowable vanity to be mortified, by prefixing a name to my work, which is to be continually seen in the annual pages of the *blushing* Register, and which you never suffer to be erased from the Journals of your Tradesmen.

I am, my Lord, with due respect,

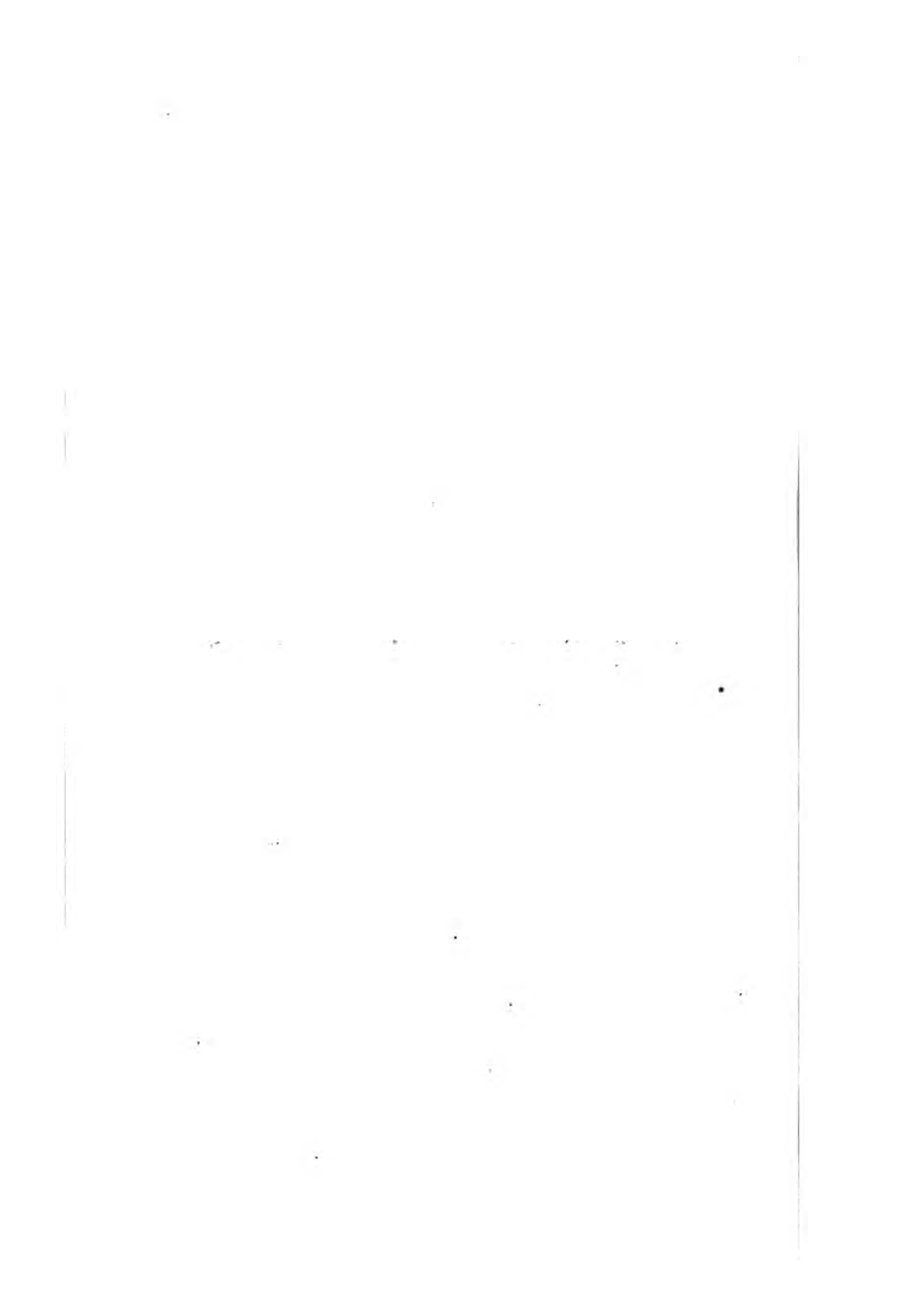
Your Lordship's sincere Friend,

• • • • •

T H E

T H E

D I A B O L I A D.



T H E
D I A B O L I A D.

THE DEVIL, grown old, was anxious to
prepare

A fit Successor for the Infernal Chair.

At length, he summon'd forth his chosen band ;

And thus the Monarch gave his last command :

B “ Expand

“ Expand your fable wings, and speed to Earth
 “ To every Knave of Power, and Imp of Birth,
 “ Statesmen and Peers, these welcome tidings
 “ tell,
 “ That I resolve to quit the Throne of HELL:
 “ But, ere I cease to reign, ’twill be my care
 “ From my dear Children to elect an Heir.
 “ For this important end, I now proclaim,
 “ And swear by SATAN’s high and mighty name,
 “ That ere the posting Sun’s resplendent ray
 “ Dawns on the Upper World another day,
 “ With all terrific pomp, I will appear
 “ On the dark, ebon Throne of HELL, to hear
 “ The Claimants of its honours each display,
 “ Their titles—to my proud, imperial sway.
 “ This purpose let my favourite Mortals know,
 “ And give them convoy to my realms be-
 “ low.”

They heard, and instant soar’d upon the wind ;
 The infernal Regions soon were left behind.

By

By whirlwinds borne, they urge the rapid flight,
 Till, gently fluttering round the giddy height
 Of PAUL's black, footy Dome, they unob-
 serv'd alight.

In strict obedience to their King's command,
 The human shape assum'd, along the STRAND
 They bend their course, to where the *Scaffold* stood
 That whilom smok'd with streams of royal blood :
 And where, I trust, if Tyrant Kings succeed
 To spurn our sacred Laws,——those Kings shall
 bleed.

Here they disperse :—Some take their fav'rite
 way
 To those fam'd mansions—where the Sons of Play
 By trick and rapine share a base reward ;
 Shake the false dye, and pack the ready card :
 In solemn tone their errand they proclaim,
 Their high commission, and their Sovereign's name.

With joy and wonder struck, the Parties rise !
 " Hell is worth trying for," F***** cries ;
 Pigeons are left unpluck'd, the game unplay'd,
 And F~~ox~~^{Fox} forgets the certain Bett he made ;
 E'en S~~al~~^{Sal} feels Ambition fire his breast,
 And leaves, half-told, the fabricated Jest.

Well-pleas'd, th' Infernal Ministers resume
 Their real forms, and thro' the midnight gloom,
 On wide-stretch'd wings the eager Claimants
 bore
 To the dank darknes of the Stygian shore.
 The rest of Hell's industrious Band resort
 To the corrupted Purlieus of the Court ;
 To lure the Statesman from his deep-lay'd scheme,
 To wake the Courtier from his golden dream,
 And make the C~~b~~^{Chamberlain} desire to hold
 Hell's weighty Sceptre,—for 'tis made of gold.
 Sure he'd resign for such a tempting fee !
 HELL's Sceptre far outweighs the golden Key !

But

But cautious H***** shrinks, when risks
 are run, *Herford.*

And leaves such Honours for his ELDEST SON.

Now prowling onwards to the noisome caves
 Where PROSTITUTION rules her needy slaves,
 They tempt the Lordling, by Ambition's charms,
 From the rank pleasures of a Harlot's arms ;
 Then, with the Mortal Croud, they bend their
 flight
 To the dark realms of everlasting Night.

Lords of the Chamber,—Ministers of State,
 With Sons of Lords, and Hirelings of the Great ;
 Men whom the Villain only loves, the Worthy
 hate ;
 Follow'd by Pimps, Bawds, Parasites and Whores,
 In crouds, approach'd Hell's adamantine doors.

As they came onward, MERCURY the gay * }
 With lively greetings met them on the way ; }
 He was the brisk Sir *Clement Cotterell* of the day. }

The

* If the Orthodox Critic should here observe, that I have thrown a slight upon *his* Devil, by introducing so great an Heathen as *Mercury* to his employment, he will discover, when he lowers his eyes to this part of the page, that I have made the observation before him.—But, if according to some of the ancient Christian Fathers, his *Satanic Majesty* was supposed, for his own private ends, to concern himself with the Heathen Oracles, Sybils, and Pythonesses, I may, surely, under their respectable authority, make him have occasional recourse to another of the same family, without the least degradation. Besides, I had not one of the Rabbinical Writers within my reach, while I was writing this Poem, to give me the name of SATAN'S Gentleman Usher: so that, to save myself trouble, which I at all times hate and detest, I borrowed an acquaintance from the Grecian Poets.—Again, if my Critic will but consider of whom the troop consisted which received safe conduct from this winged guide, he must esteem *Mercury*, who is (Heathenly speaking) the presiding Genius of rogues, sharpers, &c. as properly introduced to be their conductor.—And, as an Orthodox Critic must consider all such in the light of Heathens, my application to the Pagan Mythology will not appear so *mal apropos* as he at first imagined.

The winged God thrice wav'd his magic wand !
 The massive doors acknowledg'd his command ;
 And, to the Claimants wond'ring Eyes, display'd
 SATAN in all his gloomy pomp array'd.
 High, in his throne, on golden columns rear'd,
 The venerable King of Hell appear'd.
 In his right Hand a weighty mace he bore,
 And on his brow a regal crown he wore ;
 Begirt around with spiral flames, which shed
 A silver lustre o'er his aged head.
 Beneath the Throne, arrang'd in order, sat
 The long establish'd Council of the State,
 In every hand the flaming torches wave,
 And cast their splendor through th' imperial cave.
 High in the vault the fiery Dragons shone,
 And Monsters, whose dire shape was never known
 To mortal fantasy,—when, Reason flown,
 Fear fills the mind with spectres of her own.
 With flaky flames the distant region glow'd,
 Whose angry light, in all their horrors, shew'd

Those

Those fields of fire where guilty Spirits dwell,
 And in loud ceaseless shrieks their anguish tell,
 Nor respite know:—Hope cannot enter there,
 To calm their sorrows or to soothe despair.

With horrid clangor now the clarion sounds ;
 Through the dark dome the jarring thunder bounds.
 Then rose the King;—and all th' Infernal Croud
 With threefold reverence to their Monarch bow'd.
 Throughout the Court the expecting murmur ran,
 But soon was hush'd;—when SATAN thus began.

“ Thousands of years have pass'd since, first,

“ I fell

“ Into the deep abyss of flaming Hell ;

“ And many an age since my Almighty Foe

“ Gave me dominion in these realms below.

“ Ambition's Slave, from Heaven I was hurl'd

“ Down to the depths of this Infernal World.

“ Tho'

“ Tho’ Heaven was lost, Ambition still possess’d
 “ Its darling Empire in my haughty breast.
 “ My Tribes, with fruitless expectation cheer’d,
 “ And Patriot zeal, this gloomy palace rear’d—
 “ Here fix’d my throne,——here formed my
 “ awful state,
 “ And to my will resigned their future fate.
 “ But, cloy’d with power, my Ambition’s o’er;
 “ The boasted charms of Empire are no more!
 “ Hear then my Children, hear your Sire de-
 “ clare,
 “ Of Hell’s dominions He shall be the Heir,
 “ Whose past life bore the most obdurate crimes;
 “ Who gave new vigour to degenerate times;
 “ False to his God, who every Law defy’d,
 “ Thief, Traytor, Hypocrite and Parricide;
 “ Let him who claims these Titles as his own,
 “ Come forward, prove his claim,——and take
 “ the crown.”

The Monarch ceas'd!—F*** foremost stood
 And wav'd his hand to hush the murmuring crowd.
 Then graceful bow'd around; but, ere he spoke,
 SATAN again the awful silence broke;

“ Well-meaning Youth! thy great and noble

“ aim

“ Deserves remembrance in the rolls of Fame!

“ But know, for to thyself 'tis yet unknown,

“ These Characters of Ill thou canst not own.

“ Within the deep recesses of thy breast

“ The pregnant seeds of many a virtue rest.

“ Now baneful passions do their place supply,

“ And check their progress to maturity.

“ The feverish ardor of disastrous Game

“ Burns with a furious, unrelenting flame;

“ And daily seeks to quench its parching thirst

“ By deeds esteem'd the noblest and the first

“ In Hell's black Calendar.—The foul design

“ To make another's wealth, by treachery, thine;

To

“ To charm, with pleasing arts, the artless Heir, }
 “ To call thee friend,——then lay th’ un- }
 “ erring snare, }
 “ Pocket his fleeting gold,——and leave him }
 “ to despair. }

“ But I, who every distant Age can see,
 “ Whose keen look kens the vast Futurity,
 “ Ill-pleas’d thy alter’d character behold,
 “ No more by hungry Appetites controll’d ;
 “ From every hateful vice and passion free,
 “ Lov’d by the Gods above—and lost to Me !
 “ Farewel !———Thy well-meant efforts will be
 “ vain !
 “ Cherubs attend to bear thee back again !”

In order due, VOLPONE next appear’d ;
 Loose was his hair, unshaven was his beard :
 O’er his whole face was spread a yellow hue,
 Borrow’d, perhaps, from some relenting Jew

Not

Not anxious to be paid.—Gold he had none ;
 Th' inverted pocket told that all was gone.
 But ere he made his claim to Hell's rewards,
 His right hand wav'd aloft the fatal Cards.
 Then, smiling, thus he spoke :—“ All-gracious
 “ power !
 “ Who from my natal to the present hour,
 “ Didst o'er my life, with fostering care,
 “ preside,
 “ My Friend, my Guardian, and my faithful
 “ Guide !
 “ How weak the Task my Actions to review !
 “ You know them all, dread Sir, they sprung
 “ from You ’
 “ And now, I trust, ’tis You alone suggest
 “ The great, determined purpose of my breast,
 “ To try my chance, at this important hour,
 “ And *stake my Soul* against your sov'reign
 “ power—

“ Who

“ Who wins have both.”——“ Thy foul’s al-
 “ ready mine,”

SATAN replied :—“ and I this day assign
 “ Thy earthly duty.—Hence, begone, to bait,
 “ With mastiff zeal,—a Minister of State.”

“ Poor C—— dismiss’d, next comes a noble
 Peer, *Pembrok*

Grooms, Pimps, and Link-boys, give the triple
 cheer.”

His right hand bore a Horse-shoe and a Bit ;
 His left, a Book by *Angelona* writ ;
 To whose fair pages—anxious after fame,
 His Lordship ventur’d to prefix his name.
 A Wife complain’d that matrimonial dues
 Were nightly wasted in the wanton stews ;
 A Friend lamented how he was beguil’d,
 And mourn’d a ruin’d and forsaken Child ;

While

While two attendant Parsons boldly swore,
 They never wanted—but he paid the Whore :
 Then loud proclaim'd his knowledge in the
 wiles

Of drabby *Drury* and of low *St. Giles*.

E'en Saint-like *GODBY* blasts her eyes, and
 swears,

P*****'s the most abandon'd of his Peers*.

His

* This noble person, verging to that time of life when he may say of the Brothels, "I myself have no pleasure in them," is fond of introducing Gentlemen of the Black Cloth and Character into these places, where he enjoys the contemplation of their pleasures, and pays for them. *Mrs. Godby's* piety suffers very much upon these occasions, and can only be equalled by his L*****'s refinement, which is so universally known, that I expect every day to hear of its being sung in a proverb.

It is not impossible that the scene of the two M—ly—ts, Father and Son, may be acted over again, and again, when a certain young Nobleman returns from his travels.

+ *Madlycotts.*

Godby's Nocturnals, p. 116.

N. B. The

His Vouchers done, with smiler on his cheek
 He silent stood ;— for P * * * * * cannot
 speak ;

When the sage Council, with one voice de-
 clare——

“ Rough-riders would disgrace *a regal Chair.*”

Without one Virtue that can grace a name ;
 Without one Vice that e'er exalts to Fame ;

The despicable B * * * * * next appears,

His bosom panting with its usual fears :

Beauchamp. the present Man
 1814

He strives in vain,——and fruitless proves the
 art,

To hide, with vacant smile, the treacherous
 heart.

The

N. B. The manuscript from which this last note is
 taken, will make its appearance in due time, and un-
 fold some transactions which the world little thinks
 of.

The faithful HARRY * stands not by his side,
 His learned Counsel, ^{Conway} and his constant guide ;

Who

* This young Nobleman's character is, in every respect, a striking contrast to his ——— ; but the following Anecdote will give a very strong explanation of my idea concerning him.—When Mr. C—— F—— proposed him to be elected into one of the fashionable clubs, he was almost universally black-balled. Mr. F——, who *at that time* had great interest there, was much surprised that his friend should be thus rejected. But as he concluded, and not without reason, that the universal disgust in which the family of his Friend was held had prevented his success, he proposed him again, with a declaration, on his honour, that Mr. C had not one quality in common with any of his family. The event justified Mr. F——'s penetration, on the second Ballot not a single black-ball appeared against his friend.— This Anecdote has been asserted to me as fact: but be that as it may, the principle of it is founded in truth, and serves the purpose of doing justice to a most amiable Character, whose great merit the Author of these pages, who sincerely loves him, is glad to attest.

Who for an hard earn'd, narrow competence,
 Supplies his tongue with words, his head with
 sense †.

At length, recovered from his huge affright,
 He, stammering, reads the Speech he did not
 write :

“ Curst with hereditary love of pelf,
 “ I hate all human beings but myself ;

C

“ Cross

† It is not uncommon for an avaricious Father to saddle a younger Brother for a maintenance on the elder, especially if he has a place. And if the latter should possess an hereditary baseness, he will carry on the spirit of *conditionalizing*, and insist that the former shall, in return, give him the use of his understanding. It too often happens that elder brothers want spirit and understanding, and that younger ones who have both in an eminent degree, stand in need of a provision. It is hard that Worth and Genius should be so situated! but this is among the fore evils under the Sun!

34 THE DIABOLIAD.

“ Cross and perplex my wife, because she
“ prov’d,

“ Poor girl!—not rich enough to be lov’d.

“ But all return my hate :—where’er I go,

“ My coward eye beholds a ready foe.

“ And tho’ to Earth’s extremes my feet I
“ bend,

“ These arms would ne’er embrace a real
“ friend.

“ When my breast throbs with unrelenting
“ grief,

“ No friendly Spirits bring the kind relief.

“ If I sink down beneath oppressing pain,

“ Surrounding foes rejoice as I complain.

“ I’m scoff’d by those, who from my hand have
“ prov’d

“ That kindness which would make *another*
“ lov’d;

“ Men

“ Men, who to other Patrons bend their
“ knee,
“ Are proud of their Ingratitude to me.
“ Thus, without Friends on earth, I humbly
“ sue
“ To find, my gracious Liege, a Friend in
“ you.
“ *Hated by all*,—I’m fit to be allied
“ To your Imperial State !”——The King re-
plied :

“ If vacant smiles and hypocritic air
“ Could form pretensions to this sov’ reign
“ Chair ;
“ If my pale Crown by *meanness* could be
“ won,
“ Who’d have so fair a claim as H*****’s
“ Son ?

“ But Meanness is a Vice which Devils dis-
 “ dain!

“ Should’st thou attempt, base Mortal, here
 “ to reign,

“ To wield the Sceptre,—and to wear my
 “ Crown;

“ The infernal Host would rise to cast thee
 “ down,

“ With furious zeal, where outcast Spirits
 “ lie,

“ In the dark dens of gnashing Infamy.

“ Such minds as thine,—Observe the truth I
 “ tell!

“ *Find neither Friends on Earth,—nor Friends
 in Hell.*

Appall’d

Appall'd the hapless Lordling sneak'd away,
 And Harpies hiss'd him to the realms of Day*.

The

* Several of my friends who were kind enough to approve, and, indeed, enforce the publication of this little Work, seem'd to think that I had frustrated my intention of marking the insignificance of this Character, by giving so many lines to the delineation of it. But as the bold strokes are more easily imitated than the finer pencillings of nature, those colourless bad qualities which have not sufficient strength or spirit to rise into daring, manly vice, require a great length of description to impress them properly on the attention of the Reader. Indeed, it is my serious opinion, that this man's life would be a profitable lesson to the world, to prove, that *meanness of spirit*, though unaccompanied by any bold, open violations of virtue, will ever be more contemptible, obnoxious, and distressing, than any of those public vices which are seldom wholly unconnected with some sort of principle, and often originate from the same source with many virtues. The ebullitions of youth, the spur of necessity, the prevalence of example may hurry to enormities. In these cases, however, the cause is not always difficult to be removed, and frequently removes itself. The effects will then cease, and honour and virtue return.

But

The murmurs hush'd,—the Herald straight
proclaim'd

S—L—N the witty next in order nam'd

Selwin

But

But a mean spirit, as in this example, is a low, sneaking, base, fixed propensity to what is bad, which it loves; and yet is compelled by its fears to assume the semblance of good, which it hates. It is wholly incorrigible, and attends the Character it has once possessed through every degree of station and of life; and is very seldom or never known to rise into momentary courage or spirit; unless suicide, to which it has sometimes applied for a dismissal from universal contempt may be considered as examples of them.

But this subject, which I have already extended beyond the limits of a note, shall be considered in a separate publication, illustrated and proved by anecdotes of the Character before me when he was at School, the University, in France, Ireland, Warwickshire, and London; as a School-boy, a Collegian, a Traveller, a Secretary, a Militia-commander, a Husband, and so on to the present times,—with collateral relations.

But he was gone to hear the dismal yells
 Of tortur'd Ghosts and suffering Criminals.
 Tho' summon'd thrice, he chose not to re-
 turn,
 Charm'd to behold the crackling Culprits
 burn.
 With GEORGE, all know Ambition must give
 place,
 When there's an *Execution* in the case. *

Then

* I would not be guilty of injustice to any Character. *George* does not want humanity ! nay he has an uncommon portion of this virtue : it extends even to the *gallows* ; and is well known to have bedewed his cheeks with tears at the lamentable fate of that *pious personage*, commonly called, *Sixteen-String Jack*. And I may venture to assert, that he never saw a man hang'd in his life, but when the *sport was over*, he would have been really happy to have restored him to life. It requires a kind of knowledge which every body does not possess, to reconcile the apparent contradiction

Then in Succession came a Peer of words,
 Well known—and honour'd in the House of
 Lords,

Lytelton.

Whose

traditions in the human character. However, I shall not, at present enter further upon the subject than to observe, that there are certain propensities in the mind, which, being long indulged, become irresistible, and stand between Men and their best interests. All the World knows that Mr. S—— is attached to gaming, and that when he games, he wishes to win. And there are many will tell you, that this love of play, when it has taken root, becomes the leading, if not the sole, propensity of the human breast. But in the Character before me, there is an evident example of two leading propensities in the same mind, which, upon certain occasions, form a spirit of accommodation, and blend with each other. This very Gentleman, though he had made a very considerable bet that he should not be at a certain execution, was, notwithstanding, discovered to be actually present at the *spectacle*, dressed like an old woman, in a josoph and bonnet, and seated on horseback, &c. &c. This is a twofold irresistible propensity! Nevertheless, *George* is a man of humanity.

Whose Eloquence all Parallel defies!
 So SANDWICH says, and SANDWICH never
 lies.

No doubt, the partial Earl delights to see,
 In this young Lord, his own Epitome.

Behind him came, in Regimentals drest, *Cap. Archer*
 The brazen *Gorget* hanging on his breast,

Th' obsequious Cousin, ready to obey,

Whate'er might be the business of the day.

With solemn look the conscious Peer began

Thus to address the *Military Man* :

“ Friend, Cousin, Pimp, or by whatever

“ name

“ You would be *blasted* by the trump of

“ Fame,

“ Approach, and lend me now unusual aid !

“ You, my brave Soldier, never are afraid,

“ But

“ But when the critic brow of Ladies frown :
 “ With thy assistance, I shall mount the
 “ Throne ;
 “ And then, to thee, my Coz, these Powers
 “ shall bend,
 “ Their Monarch’s favourite Counsellor and
 “ Friend.

“ Oft at thy curious vice I’ve stood a-
 “ maz’d,
 “ While *half fledg’d Subalterns*, with wonder,
 “ gaz’d.

“ Of you their sage *Lieutenant, Ensigns* learn
 “ The weakness of all Virtue to discern !
 “ You fill their brains with Honour and Re-
 “ nown ;
 “ And teach them how to live—*upon the*
 “ *Town* ;

“ To

“ To whore, to bully, to blaspheme, to
“ game,
“ To scorn the boyish blush and honest
“ shame ;
“ And having vers'd them in each common
“ evil,
“ Lead them to Masques to personate the
“ Devil :
“ Their grateful Parents will your pains re-
“ quite,
“ And fill the Boxes on an Author's Night.

“ 'Twas you unlock'd a pious parent's doors
“ For Panders, Gamesters, Whores, and Sons
“ of Whores ;
“ And, with uncommon filial duty blest,
“ Sent her from Hell on earth, in Heaven to
“ rest.

“ But

“ But to my purpose.—In the world

“ above,

‘ Bound by resembling characters and love,

“ We liv’d together, and together stray’d

“ In Vice’s public walk and secret shade.

“ I found thee apt in every artful wile,

“ Proud to defame, and eager to beguile.

“ Whene’er I sigh’d to practise a Deceit,

“ In thee, my COZ, I found the ready Cheat.

“ Whene’er I wanted Falsehood to supply

“ The place of Truth,—you found the ready

“ Lie.

“ When, to give spirit to some tedious hour

“ I wish’d to see the Pedant Parson lour,

“ To make the Simple stare, the Virtuous

“ sigh,—

“ Your tongue pour’d forth the ready Blas-

“ phemy.

“ But

“ But now the scene is chang’d ; that farce is

“ o’er,

“ And e’en your Falsehood will assist no more.

“ Start not at what I say,——well-temper’d

“ Youth !

“ Be not alarm’d—you now must speak the

“ truth.

“ Look not so pale, ’twill suit your nature

“ well ;

“ You *ly’d on Earth*, and you *speak truth in*

“ *Hell.*”

This cheer’d him much, and made his cheek^s

to glow,

And sav’d his bosom from the threat’ning

woe ;

Which when his Lordship saw, in haughty

tone

He thus laid claim to the Infernal Throne.

“ Is

46. THE DIABOLIAD.

“ Is there a guilty deed I have not done ?

“ What say you, Coz ? ” The Captain an-

“ swer'd, “ None ! ”

“ Have I not whor'd myself, and made thee
whore ?

“ Confirm it with an oath ! ”—The Captain

“ swore.

“ Have I not acted every Villain's part ?

“ Have I not broke a Noble Parent's heart ?

“ By deeds of ill have I not seem'd to live ? ”

The Captain gave a bold affirmative.

“ Do not I daily boast, how I've betrayed

“ The tender Widow, and the virtuous Maid ?

“ These serious crimes you know, and many

“ more :

“ Swear, Sir ! ”—By *Egypt's Queen* the Cap-

tain swore !

*Cleopatra, a Tragedy wrote by
The Captain.* (The

THE DIABOLIAD. 47

(The Queen who lur'd him to disgrace his
cloth,
And gave him bread, now serv'd him for an
oath).

But as he spoke, there issued from the
croud,

Lutterell ***** the base, the cruel, and the proud;
And eager cried, " I boast superior claim

" To Hell's dark Throne, and ***** is my
" name. *Jonham*

" What, shall that stripling Lord contend with
" me ?

" I have four Sons as old and bad as he !

" Whate'er he swears, I'll swear—he says, I'll
" say !

" And look, All gracious King, *my hairs are*
" *grey !*"

Th'

Th' astonish'd Demons on each other gaz'd,
 And SATAN's self sat silent and amaz'd ;
 Revolving, in his dubious mind, the state
 And crimes of each aspiring Candidate ;
 When clanking chains, and doleful shrieks were
 heard,
 And injur'd *Hardham* *****'s raving Ghost ap-
 pear'd* :
 His bosom heav'd with many a torturing sigh,
 And bloody streams gush'd forth from either
 eye.

With.

* See the *Letters of Junius*, where the able Writer has observed, with his usual spirit and good sense, upon this guilty transaction. *Junius* felt for human nature, and would not suffer his pen to trace all the particulars of it. To degrade the Criminal, they should be remembered ; but for the sake of humanity, they had better be forgotten.