19.

THE

DIABO-LADY.

THE DIABO-LADY:

OR,

A MATCH IN HELL.

A

POEM.

DEDICATED TO THE

WORST WOMAN

IN

HER MAJESTY'S DOMINIONS.

O Faireſt of Creation, laſt and beſt
Of all God's works, creature in whom excelled
Whatever can to ſight or thought be formed,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or ſweet!
How art thou loſt!

MILTON.

LONDON:
Printed: And DUBLIN Reprinted. 1777.

DEDICATION

TO THE

WORST WOMAN

IN

HER MAJESTY's DOMINIONS.

MADAM, OR, MY LADY,

AS I am happily but little acquainted with Ladies in high life, I confeſs myſelf perfectly ignorant either of your rank

rank or demerits; which has reduced me to the aukward neceſſity of this vague and indefinite addreſs. The character above deſcribed will, no doubt, be ſeverally and particularly applied, according to the World's gueſs, knowledge, or malevolence; and a certain conſciouſneſs in ſome female breaſts, may poſſibly make them conclude themſelves to be the perſons obliquely aimed at in this place; but I hereby declare, that I had no ſpecific Female in view when I ſat down to write this Dedication; and ſhall therefore refer my fair Readers to the known Adage of, *Qui capit, ille fecit*; which for their ſakes, I ſhall tranſlate, by a

ſynonimous

ſynonimous Engliſh Proverb, *Whom the Cap fits, e'en let them wear it.*

The following Verſes, be aſſured of it, Madam, are the firſt *Juvenalian* Lines I ever compoſed, in my life; but being a ſort of Knight-errant in my Nature, I confeſs I felt myſelf conſiderably piqued, for the honour of your ſex, upon peruſing a Poem called *The* DIABOLIAD, lately publiſhed; and not ſeeing any manner of reaſon, why or wherefore Women have not as good a right, where equal merits appear, to be *damned to everlaſting fame*, as well as Men, I have thus boldly ventured to enter the liſts of chi-

valry

valry againſt that partial author, and meaſure my lance with his, in the extenſive *Campus Martius* of Satire.

" Tremble, thou wretch!
" That haſt within thee undivulged
" crimes,
" Unwhipt of Juſtice!"

We neither of us pretend to ſtile ourſelves Poets (I ſpeak for myſelf, at leaſt); ſo that to carry on the alluſion above made, we may be conſidered rather as *Squires*, than *Knights*, in this ſpecies of literature. But as Indignation is ſaid to inſpire Verſe, we have equally, and I think commendably

mendably too, expreſſed our reſentment againſt the numerous vices and groſs immoralities of the times.

The example of Superiors is a matter of great moment to the inferior claſſes of mankind. The vices of the Great naturally deſcend; but thoſe of the Vulgar ſeldom riſe. People of rank muſt ſtoop to them, ere they receive the infection. The depravity of a ſingle Peer or Peereſs, about St. James's, diffuſes more poiſonous effects thro' the Town, than all the profligacy of St. Giles's.

Poſſibly,

Poſſibly, the corrupt manners of the preſent age may not exceed thoſe of former times; but there is this peculiar diſtinction to be obſerved between them, that, upon a compariſon, the purity, virtue and decorum, of our King and Queen form ſo ſtriking a Contraſt with the Corruption of manners among the generality of our Nobility, and other reſpectable ranks of life, in this kingdom, as may render the Modern Libertiniſm and Indecencies of this Nation, more apparently remarkable, than thoſe of our Predeceſſors. Charles and his Court were of a Piece------George and his are of a quite different Pattern.

The

DEDICATION.

The ſtricteſt and moſt comprehenſive laws of Men, cannot be ſo aptly framed as to apply a remedy, or ſcourge, to many of the crimes and enormities daily practiſed in the world. Satire, therefore, is an uſeful Supplement to legiſlation. When a Culprit eſcapes out of the hands of juſtice, he ſhould always be hanged in effigy. This reſource, then, in ſome ſort, ſerves to ſupply the office of CENSOR, which it was thought neceſſary to eſtabliſh in the antient Common-wealth of Rome.

The ſharp pen of Aretin once made moſt of the Sovereign Princes of Europe

rope his tributaries; and the keen Iambics of Archilochus and Hipponax, who, without vanity I may ſay, were not better Poets than we, are ſaid to have driven the perſons who were the ſubjects of them, to ſuch acts of deſperation, as to hang and drown themſelves. I ſhould be ſorry to hear of ſo tragical an effect being produced by the lines of my ſpirited Compeer or me; for though I bear hatred to vice, I harbour no malevolence, even to the vicious; but if our ſtrictures ſhould conduce towards the reformation, the contrition, or repentance, of the ſeveral objects of our reproof, we may be ſaid to have performed ſome

ſervice,

ſervice, at leaſt, to the Common-wealth of Morals. Such as they are, you are moſt heartily welcome to them; and that you may receive the full benefit of their intention is the ſincere wiſh of,

MADAM, or, My LADY,

Your moſt humble,

And obedient Servant,

BELPHEGOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

BY THE

EDITORS.

WHEN the following Poem was put into our hands, we thought it neceſſary to write Notes on ſome of the paſſages, in order to render the Text more clear and intelligible; for though the Author, in his Preface, takes the liberty of comparing himſelf to *Juvenal*, we are of opinion that he more reſembles *Perſius*; whoſe writings are both more ſevere, and obſcure. But in ſome places, indeed, he has ſpoken rather too plain; which has induced us to leave out ſeveral of his lines, as may be ſeen by the aſteriſks, in ſome of the following pages.

THE

DIABO-LADY.

A

POEM.

THE

DIABO-LADY.

Nec tibi regnandi veniat tam dira cupido;
Quamvis Elysios miretur Græcia campos,
Nec repetita sequi curet Proserpina matrem.
VIRG. Georg. I.

Isnham

** now seated on the Infernal Throne, (*a*)
Thought it not good the DEVIL should be alone;
And

(*a*) See The Diaboliad, last line.

And ſo reſolved to marry, if a Wife,
Fit Conſort, could be found, to match his life.

" Shall I, ſaid he, who ne'er obey'd a God,
" Obſerve his precepts in my own abode;
" Reſtrain my acts within the Chriſtian ſcope,
" And whore in celibacy, like the POPE?
" What tho' I'm head of that Hierarchal
" Scheme,
" Which deems it ſin in Prieſt to quench their
" flame
" In Marriage rites; yet Modern Records tell,
" Tho' made in Heaven, they are confirm'd in
" Hell.
" Since ſuch the preſent ſtate of Wedlock, I,
" As Prieſt and Devil, will the adventure try.
" Beſides the Pagan ſyſtem is my Creed,
" And in that antient ritual all may read,

" That

" That Pluto our great Prototype, had wed
" A mortal female to his throne and bed." (*b*)

He ſaid; then ſent his Imps thro' Earth to rove,
And chuſe a Paramour for SATAN's love
The ready Miniſters of Hell's commands
Obedient fly, and take their ſeveral ſtands
At COURT, CORNELY's, and the COTERIE;
Where Vice, more vicious by effrontery,
Fearleſs, unbluſhing, braves the eternal laws
Of GOD and MAN, to aid the DEVIL's cauſe.

From

(*b*) The Poet may poſſibly be reprehended here, by ſome Critics or Divines, for the confuſion of theology that may be objected to this paſſage. But as the good old proverb ſays, that *Example is better than precept*, we ſhall refer his defence, firſt, to Arioſto, or Taſſo, I forget which, for I am but a poor ſcholar in the *baſtard Latin* Authors, where the Heathen mythology and the Chriſtian ſyſtem are mixed together in the ſame ſcene; and, next, to Rubens, who in his Luxemburgh Gallery has made Hymen and St. Denis (I think it is) jointly preſide at the marriage of Henry IV.

From these resorts the Imps of SATAN chose
So hopeful a Seraglio, that 'twould pose
The DEVIL himself to judge the equal claims
To Hell's Sultanaship, between such Dames;
Who eager all to obtain Infernal sway,
In order thus prefer their several plea.

Rudd.

First * appeared, and to conviction swore,
Her smallest crime was that of being Whore;
Adultery she added to her plan,
Defying equally both GOD and Man;
In forgery and perjury owned such art,
She palmed the Gold, while others paid the smart:
And lest her just pretences should be vain,
The *Adelphi* P** (*c*) vouch the tragic scene.

Poreau.

Sr Thos: Frankland. SATAN

(*c*) Sir T** F** too might have sufficiently supported the same evidence; but, by his not being mentioned in this cause, 'tis to be supposed that his avocations in 'Change-Alley had prevented his appearance *yet* in Court.

SATAN with pleaſure heard the ſhocking tale,
But inward griev'd ſuch merits there ſhould fail;
" The Vice defeats itſelf," replied the DEVIL,
" That makes *examples* to deter from evil."

Governor.

Next ** forward came, as frail as fair,
And urged her ſuit with confidential air:
" Tho' nobly born," ſhe cried, " and high in life,
" A ſpotleſs Maiden, and an honoured Wife,
" Yet ſcorning theſe, I ſpurned ſuch humble
" fame,
" And boldly ſacrificed a Matron's name:
" My firſt amour was with a Youth of Blood; (*d*)
" But here I would not have it underſtood,
" That

(*d*) Leſt the equivocation of Titles might lead our readers to miſtake the perſon, we think it proper to acquaint them that this Galant was not the hero of C***, but the one who going to bed *by himſelf*, was ſurprized, when he awoke, at *finding himſelf by himſelf quite alone*. See certain Love-Letters upon record.

" That 'twas Ambition made me aim so high,
" No—'twas to aggrandize my infamy ;
" I chose, to shew all sense of virtue lost,
" A Swain who nought but pedigree could
" boast :
" Ask treach'rous D * *, if you doubt my
" word,
" Who first abetted, then *approved* (*e*) me
" whored,
" And stampt the shame she (*f*) had herself
" procured.
" A first amour is seldom found the last,
" From hand to hand thro' low intrigues I
" past ;

" Till

(*e*) One of the senses of this verb is, in a legal sense, *to accuse, to inform against, or convict* ; from whence the Noun *Approver*. This note had been unnecessary, if Lexiphanes, among the other neglects in his pompous Dictionary, had not left this article imperfect.

(*f*) A certain Lady *of quality* who was a confidant in the amour, and afterwards proved the *Crim. Con.* in Court.

" Till ſatiating the public eye, leſs rare,
" I ceaſed at length to be the *public care.* (*g*)
" Yet being reſolved thro' all mankind to rove,
" I, when neglected, proffered love for love; (*h*)
" And tho' an ~~Earl's~~ Baron's Coronet I ſtill poſſeſt,
" *Corona Veneris* (*i*) was my favourite Creſt."

She pauſed; when SATAN, with deciſion nice,
Deemed theſe but petty-larcenies in vice;
She pilfered from herſelf, ſhe injured none,
And therefore was unfit to grace his throne.

" Thy

(*g*) *Publica cura*—an expreſſion made uſe of by Horace, for a Courteſan, L. II. Od. 8.

(*h*) This was apparently the caſe at a late Maſquerade.

(*i*) This is not the Myrtle Wreath with which the *Venus Amica* crowns her Votaries, but a certain *Frontlet*, with which her Baſtard Siſter, the *Venus Meretrix*, is uſed to ſtigmatize her Devotees.

" Thy deeds have been ſo very mean, he cried,
" They but prefer you to be * * 's bride : (k)
" Beſides, to credit your firſt Shame we're loath,
" As being acquitted on a *Bible-Oath.*" (l)

The next that roſe was wanton * * *,
With front aſſured, and dreſſed *en Cavalier* :
A * * * (m) led her forth, *Jack H* * * (n) followed,
While Grooms and Jockeys in full chorus hallooed.
The tale ſhe told 'twere needleſs to repeat,
'Twas Meſſalina's hiſtory compleat ;

She

(k) See The Diaboliad, page 31, 2d paragraph.

(l) The Story is upon record, and therefore requires no note.

(m) A foreign Count with whom we had her firſt *public* amour.

(n) A poſtilion with whom ſhe had her ſecond.

She loved to ride, and to be ridden too,
And came prepared to *give the Devil his due.*

Old ** (*o*) trembled at ſuch vigorous boaſt,
And quick diſmiſſed her from the Stygian coaſt.

To **'s Caſe in point, (*p*) he thus alludes,
" *Rough Riders*, male or female, HELL ex-
" cludes."

Then with a high and all-commanding air,
Slowly advancing, ***, once fair,
Appeared in diſtant view. The Cyprian Dame,
Eſcorted by her MARS, (*q*) aſpired to claim

The

(*o*) See the Diaboliad, laſt page, and laſt line.

(*p*) See the Diaboliad, p. 31, firſt paragraph.

(*q*) We confeſs ourſelves to be in doubt whether the Poet alludes to general C*, or to the Secretary at War, in this paſſage.

The vacant Crown; but haply on her way
Perceiving in a nook ſome Imps at play,
She turned aſide, to learn ſome fleight of hand,
To cut, or ſhuffle, and the game command;
Some new device, ſome yet-unpractiſed cheat,
To cozen, pilfer, and the Rook compleat.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * * *

This gave advantage to a rival Quean
To take her place, and prior audience gain.

Stanhope

** now preſſed before, and claimed deſert,
For having broke a too fond huſband's heart;
Yet to the joys of marriage-rites ſtill true,
Ere one was dead, ſhe had engaged with two:
The firſt ſhe jilted, being thought too tame,
Preferred the Bully of her ticklish fame,

Cap: Morrice.

And

And like *Quiteria* in *Cervantes'* Tale,
The bleeding *Basil* wed, *Camacho* (*r*) left to
rail :

* * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * * *

But timorous **, in a sore affright,
Hearing the desperate prowess of her Knight,
Replied, " I dare not to this match agree,
" Who fights my Priests, (*s*) would *play the*
" *Devil* with me."

Then

(*r*) And his railing has had good effect, we hear, as the Don has got ten thousand pieces, and a good riddance into the bargain, for a release of contract. This is the second Suitor this Heroine bought off. The first was one to whom she had been affianced by her father's will, and who piously attending to the advice of Solomon, *Leave off Contention before it be meddled with*, remitted his claim upon that Condition.

(*s*) This alludes to a late extraordinary Duel ; but we

Then next moved forward, waddling on her
ſtumps,
A weight to put poor Atlas to his trumps;
Duchess of Kingston.
A Dame that late had puzzled heraldry
To ſay what *Alias* it ſhould ſtile her by;
Who, had ſhe been but born in days of
yore,
Would have given Hercules one labour more;
For ſure no mortal Might for her was able,
But his who cleanſed the foul Augean Stable.

By

we cannot ſee why the Poet has taken the liberty of putting the Noun into the Plural Number here; for the Member of the Church Militant in that martial ſtrife, is but one; and we cannot ſuppoſe our Author meant to compliment him with the name of *Legion*— Nor is that Reverend Perſon yet in poſſeſſion of *Pluralities*, either. In our Second Edition perhaps we may be able to explain this matter further.

By Nature wanton, falſe, and prone to ill,
Beauty ſhe had, and wicked wit at will;
Conſiſtent ſtill in Vice, from firſt to laſt,
Thro' ſcenes of *many-coloured* (*t*) life ſhe paſt.
Not brooking long in amorous flames to burn,
She whored or wedded, as it ſerved her turn;
She married and unmarried as ſhe pleaſed,
While Lords (*u*) and Doctors Commons ſtood amaz'd!
But now grown wiſer, ſhe reſolv'd to fix
Her ſeat of empire on the banks of Styx;

(*t*) An Epithet of Doctor Johnſon's, in his Prologue to the opening of Drury-Lane Theatre.

(*u*) The Houſe of Lords.

But firſt enquired, " Are any here who knew
" A Devil on earth, whom Men call *Le Boiteux ?* (*x*)
" For vengeance on him, *even to Hell's-gates* (*y*) I come ;
" And know, my Liege, I'm juſt arrived from
" Rome : (*z*)

" On

(*x*) Our Ariſtophanes, or *Devil upon Two Sticks*, with whom this Lady held a ſort of Mountebank Correſpondence, upon the occaſion of a Piece of his then coming out, in which ſome part of her *private* hiſtory of *public* notoriety, was to be exhibited on the ſtage.

(*y*) The Author we ſuppoſe, meant here to allude to one of her Letters upon the above occaſion ; but he is miſtaken in the paſſage ; the Lady did not promiſe to carry her complaiſance ſo far. As well as we can recollect, ſhe only mentioned that ſhe would attend him *to Tyburn*, and then leave him to ſhift for himſelf, and *go to the Devil his own way*.

(*z*) She had lately a villa near that City, and lived in great intimacy with the Pope.

" On earth he made my Hell; and have
" not I,
" As Satan's Queen, (*a*) a right to make him
" fry?
" What muſic to my ears, to hear him
" yell,
" And make his *Trip to Calais*, (*b*) one to
" Hell!
" Above he 'ſcaped my utmoſt ſpite and
" power,
" Grant me revenge, I aſk no other Dower!

(*a*) This expreſſion was rather premature—She was but preſumptive Conſort. But, perhaps, ſhe thought ſhe might do in Hell as ſhe had done on Earth, and marry whom ſhe pleaſed, right or wrong.

(*b*) This Piece was afterwards repreſented; but whether through fear, favour, or fee, was ſo garbled, as ſoon to ſink into oblivion.

" And reſt my Suit for juſtice, on this
" hope,
" That I am recommended by the Pope." (*c*)
Who ſaw and heard her pleading, muſt confeſs,
Sh'had *Falſtaff*'s fleſh, and wit, and wickedneſs;
Tho' ſome there were who thought her wanton plight
Reſembled more *Doll Tear-Sheet*, than the *Knight*.

Yet

(*c*) Theſe two Potentates have ever been in ſtrict confederacy together; and his infallible Holineſs has ſent more ſouls to SATAN'S empire, by his *pardons, abſolutions and indulgences*, than ever were diſpatched thither from the *Scaffold or the Gallows*.

Yet SATAN cried, " Thy claim I muſt de-
ny,
" For want of one Vice more, Hypocri-
" ſy ; (*d*)
" Your barefaced Sinners are not worth my
" notice,
" Demure pretending Saints, *hoc eſt in vo-*
" *tis.* (*e*)

" Then

(*d*) This was the anſwer of the late Lord Cheſterfield, to a profligate Parſon who was recommended to him as a Chaplain, once, when he was going Ambaſſador to *The States.* There were ſcandalous perſons in thoſe times, it ſeems, as well as in the preſent ones.

(*e*) This is a Sentence from Horace, but falſely quoted.—The Verb Subſtantive *Sum* is in the preter-imperfect tenſe there, but turned into the preſent time here. This is one of the vices of verſe, which, like the tyranny of Procruſtes, lengthens or ſhortens the

" Then back return, re-wed your former
" Peer,
" And taste an Hell on earth, ere you come
" here."

The Court was now disturbed. A jovial troop
Of female libertines appeared *en groupe*;
1 2 3 4
O——, B——, E——, B——,
5 6
H——, T——, and a Hundred more;
Which noisy Amazons made such a riot,
That SATAN thought 't had been a Polish Diet.

" Zounds!"

the members, according as they suit its own measure. But possibly our Author, who is an adept in metaphysics, may reply, that there is no distinction of times or tenses, in the Region of Spirits—the past, the present, and the future being all the instant *now*, among immortal beings.

1 Oxford. 2 Berkley. 3 Ecklin.
4 Barrymore.

" Zounds!" quoth he, in a rage, " whence
" this abuſe?
" Call up my guards—What! is all Hell broke
" looſe?"
The deafened Cryer thrice proclaimed, *O Yes!*
And Imps and Implings (*f*) gave a general
hiſs.

Silence at laſt obtained, each ſtrove to
ſhew
Her ſeveral right *to rule the roaſt below*;

'Till

(*f*) We have looked for this diminutive, of a diminutive, in Johnſon's Dictionary, in vain.—We are, therefore, at a loſs for ſufficient authority to ſupport the word, except we may ſuppoſe it an alluſion to the vulgar expreſſion, which is ſometimes applied to a demure Sinner, *that he is as innocent as a Devil of Two Years old.*

'Till SATAN tired with prate, thus made reply;
" Your claims ſo like, and equal are, that I
" Can ſee no choice, except Polygamy:
" But when my future Queen takes ſtate upon " her,
" Ye ſhall be all preferred to—*Maids of Ho-* " *nour.*" (g)

The ſcene now ſhifted, on the ſtage appears
The Sock and Buſkin Heroines, linked in pairs;

B——

(g) Here the Devil ſeems to have been a little out, in the point of Etiquette; for as this illuſtrious groupe are all Matrons, he could only appoint them as *Ladies of the Bed Chamber.*

Barry Yeats

B—— and Y—— first trail the purple train
Abington Baddely
Next A——— and B—— intervene,
'Twixt Y—— and B———, who close the
Scene.

Their Plea was modest, which is something
rare,
In any Modern male or female Player; (*h*)
For, not presuming on their own demerits,
Their puny Vices, in this land of *spi-*
rits,
They only claim'd, that having acted Queens
On COVENT GARDEN and old DRURY'S
scenes,

And

(*h*) Our Author's Sarcasm here is, in general, too true; for we know but few exceptions to the remark.

And being *Shadows* in the mimic ſhow,
Their rank they challenged in the *Shades* below;
And thought themſelves intitled to obtain
An equal dignity in PLUTO's reign. (*i*)
SATAN, who has wit and humour, if he'd ſhew it,
For who but him made ROCHESTER a Poet?

Or

(*i*) A poetical licence again! See our former Note, upon a ſimilar paſſage, in p. 2. But probably the Author meant to be critical, in this place, by making a diſtinction here between the imaginary Tartarus of the Pagan Creed, and the real Hell of the Chriſtian belief. In the firſt, Souls were but *Shadows*, which was too metaphyſical a notion to ſway the multitude. But the latter doctrine tells us, that we ſhall *pick up our Crumbs* again at the day of judgment, in order to receive *corporal puniſhment*. This is ſenſible, ſubſtantial, and edifying.

Or who the Author of the *Henriade* (*k*)
Inſpired to write the filthy *Pucellade?* (*l*)
Or inſtigated the *Diabolade?* (*m*)

Thus, with a ſly, Sardonic ſmile replied:
" Your claim, fair Puppets, muſt be here de-
" nied;

" For

(*k*) M. Voltaire.

(*l*) *La Pucelle d' Orleans*, or, the Maid of Orleans.

(*m*) *The Diabolade*, for The *Diaboliad*. The firſt ſhould have been the Title, by all rules of Derivation. 'Tis a Subſtantive, and the latter is an Adjective. Diaboli*adus*, *da*, *dum*. Beſides the juſtneſs of the alteration in the Word, our Author might have had a further intereſt in it, alſo, as his own Title of *Diabo-Lady* derives more fairly from one word than the other.

" For hear a truth, a truth for once I'll tell :
" Whate'er your ſtate, while on earth ye
" dwell,
" Your Green-room Dolls are *Kitchen Maids*
" in Hell." (*n*)

At length with dimpling cheek, and leering
eye,
Long noted in the rolls of Infamy,
* * ſtept forth and claim'd the vacant crown,
For every crime that bears in Hell renown.

Her

(*n*) This is meant in Oppoſition to *Maids of Honour* above-mentioned ; as he did not think their ſtation or character in life, entitled them to any higher office in the Houſehold of the *Pandemonium*.

Her argument ſhe thus maintained with force,
Recounting deeds of blame from bad to worſe:
" Tho' bleſt with beauty, rank and powers to " engage,
" To charm in Youth, and win *Time-honour'd* (o) " age,
" Yet ſtill ambitious of a nobler aim,
" I ſquandered beauty, dignity, and fame,
" To earn thy notice, thy loved Empire own,
" And, *jure infernali*, ſhare thy throne—
" Falſe to my huſband's bed, I ſcorned to " rove
" Thro' common guilt, but choſe inceſtuous " love;

" I drove

(o) An Epithet borrowed from Shakeſpeare, in Richard II.

" I drove him to diſtraction and deſpair,

" And then *removed* a Siſter and her heir;

" To make Succeſſion ſure, and ſeal the deed,

" Which helped my ſpurious iſſue to ſuc-
" ceed (*p*)

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * * * *

" Of favours profligate and nothing nice,

" In many another mean ignoble vice;

" I gamboled,

(*p*) This is an old Story; and we confeſs that we agree in the ſame Charity with the good old Woman, who, hearing of *the Paſſion*, one Sunday at Church, ſaid, that, *as it was ſo long ago, ſhe hoped in the Lord that it was not true.*

" I gamboled, and I gambled deep at play,
" And raiſed finances in leſs legal way;
" I *ſweated gold*, (*q*) and practiſed every
" cheat,
" Which, known to thee, I need not here
" repeat.
" My deeds with thine compared, in every
" art,
" Prove me in all—thy worthy counterpart:
" In fine, to crown my merits, you ſhall find
" I'm the reverſe of her you left behind:
" Nay more, to ſhew me fit to ſhare thy
" ſway,
" Behold, my Liege, my locks, like thine, are
" grey. (*r*)

" Father

(*q*) Another obſolete Story.

(*r*) See the Diaboliad, page 47.

" Father of Lies! accept my proffered hand,
" What richer portion canſt thou now de-
" mand;
" For e'en to all the Ruſſias ſhou'dſt thou rove,
" I equal CATHERINE, both in hate and love;
" And were SEMIRAMIS herſelf alive,
" With her in deeds of darkneſs I dare ſtrive."

The liſtening Imps with wonder ſtood amazed,
And at each period ſubtler ſulphur blazed;
While at a diſtance, on the Elyſian Plains,
Where even the Bleſt re-act their former ſcenes
Of mortal life, was ſeen in geſture wild,
A mournful Mother weeping o'er her child. (s)

The

(s) See page 77, Line 10.