



# Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.



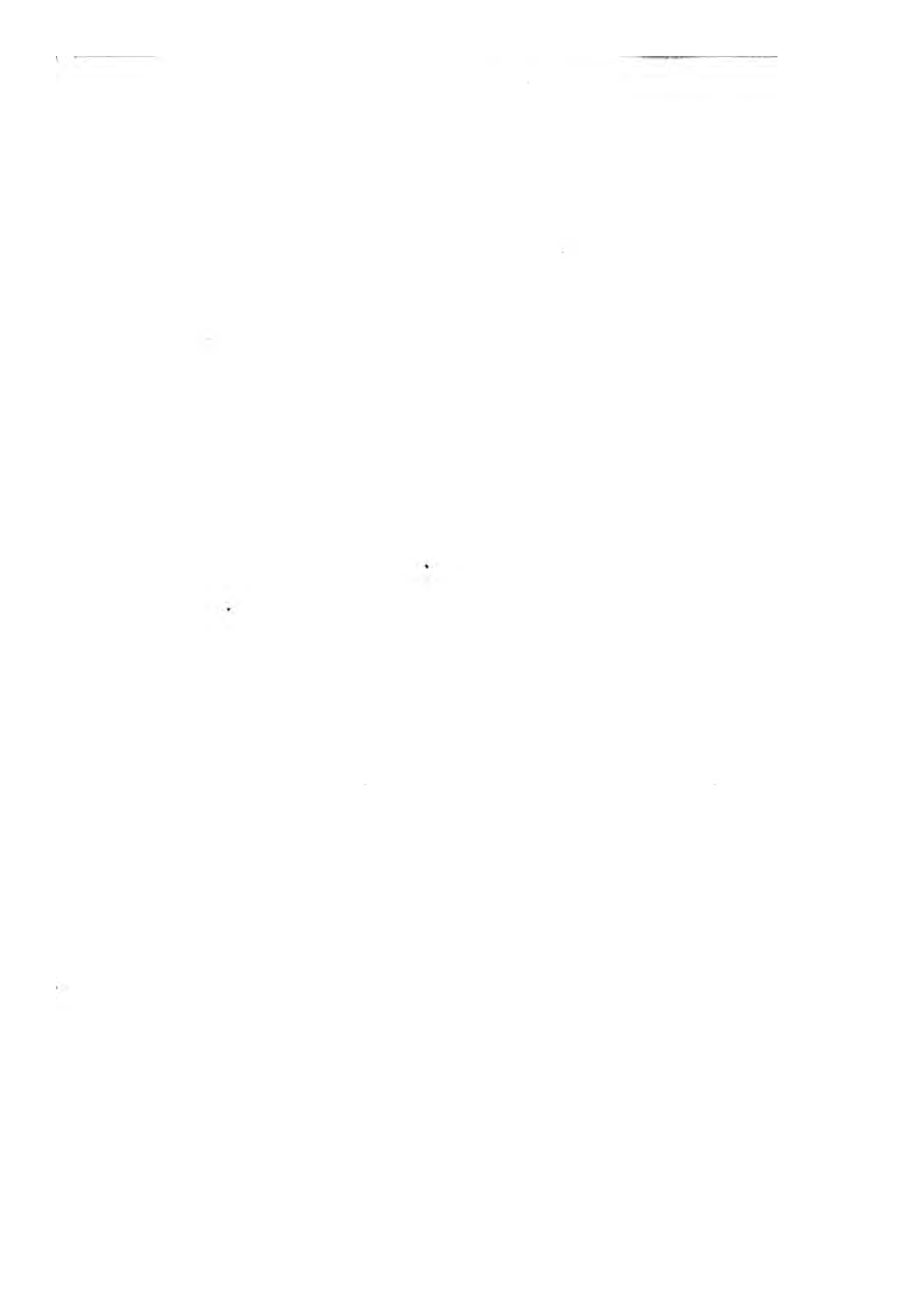
280. r.

415.



600080224M







T H E D E V I L

AND

T H E D. D S ;

AND

*Lines written for the 1st of May, 1851.*

BY J. M.



LONDON :

HOPE AND CO., 16, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

—  
1851.

*280. M. 415.*



## THE DEVIL AND THE D.Ds.

---

ONE time, in gloomy depths of Hell,  
The Devil silent sat,  
And those who knew him best could tell  
Some mischief he'd be at.

The spirits dark, all round about,  
Watched with delighted air ;  
For soon they knew he'd send them out  
On to the Earth so fair.

Legions he had already there,  
Each passion to foment,  
And legions still he had to spare  
To urge each passion's bent.

These last had idle been of late,  
With little work to do,  
And they were tired of this state,  
The Devil was so too.

So thus he with himself communed,  
And muttered 'neath his breath,  
" All Europe is to peace attuned,  
And shuns the bloody death.

" Save here and there in slight affray,  
War sleeps—his arms at rest ;  
Nor can his banner e'en display,  
Tho' by ambition prest.

" A foe we have, by Heaven 'tis sent,  
A foe unto our power,  
That foe is man's enlightenment,  
But we will watch our hour.

- “ Since now too well ’tis understood,  
That each should hold his right,  
We fear we could not, as we would,  
For countries make men fight.
- “ And tho’, indeed, ’tis passing sweet  
To see them battle wage,  
When foe to foe together meet  
In dreadful deadly rage ;
- “ Yet do we love the subtler ill,  
By civil discord bred,  
When brother would his brother kill,  
Or lay his mother dead.
- “ And how to bring about this state,  
So pleasing to our mind,  
Some scores of years we’ve passed of late,  
The shortest road to find.
- “ No new way to this end we see,  
Which is our fondest aim,  
But embers, which seem dead to be,  
May fan into a flame.
- “ We look around, and what behold ?  
There’s England blithe and free,  
Nor tyrannies her rights enfold,  
Nor cramp her policy.
- “ Too free by half ! too happy isle !  
By gentlest guidance ruled ;  
Enlightenment there sheds her smile,  
By reason’s precepts school’d.
- “ Oh ! could we but beneath our yoke  
Bend England’s haughty mind,  
’Twould be indeed a master-stroke,  
Her energies to bind.



“ But since she priestcraft threw aside,  
And flung off monkish chains,  
We find that we’ve less power to guide  
Her sons to our domains.

“ No more, as in dear Mary’s time,  
The blazing faggots rise,  
Nor dying shrieks and curses chime,  
To mock the azure skies.

“ No more the rack and thumb-screw wrings  
From dying wretch a lie,  
Nor now the Inquisition flings  
Its cloak of destiny.

“ But even there, on British ground,  
We have some little hold ;  
Alloy may everywhere be found,  
E’en in the purest gold.

“ And England, tho’ she’s very great,  
Is not so much too good,  
But we may hope, at any rate,  
To find for mischief food.

“ Nor have we let the years pass by,  
Since that regretted time,  
But, ever on the watch, we try  
Some fools to bring to crime.

“ But not with fools does crime begin,  
’Tis with the deeper kind,  
Who start a race, some goal to win,  
The fools come in behind.

“ They rattle on not seeing where,  
And follow don’t know why ;  
But where or why, they’ll follow there,  
Where most there’s mystery.

- “ And tho’ diffused is knowledge now,  
And men begin to think,  
Such once as could but plough or sow,  
But lived to eat and drink ;
- “ Yet still remains a goodly flock,  
And such there’ll ever be,  
A very multiplying stock,  
Of mere inanity.
- “ Tho’ baffled have our arts appeared,  
Since first in England’s isle  
Its sign the Reformation reared,  
And freedom ’gan to smile ;
- “ Yet have our spirits ably worked,  
To keep some tapers light,  
And sought, where superstition lurked,  
To mystify the sight.
- “ And soon we hope to meet reward  
Of our forethought and care ;  
And see the apple of discord  
Drive millions to our lair.
- “ What ho !” (aloud the Devil now,  
And made all Hell resound ;)
- “ A hundred thousand demons go  
To yonder earthy round.
- “ And some to France, and some to Spain,  
And some to German states,  
And some to t’other side the main,  
Must hie to help their mates.
- “ But most to Rome and England go,  
Religious hate to breed,  
’Twixt those who kiss the Pope’s great toe,  
And those of varying creed.”

'Twas said—they went, and soon thro' Rome  
A hotter zeal was felt,  
More oft the priest to wives did go,  
More in confession knelt.

More actively the Jesuit sly  
His tortuous course pursued,  
To make, by soft hypocrisy,  
His wicked ways seem good.

He wormed in here, there, everywhere,  
And 'mongst the British nation,  
So made of Freedom's name a snare,  
As caught emancipation.

The Devil hugged himself with glee,  
To see bold Freedom lay,  
For bigotry and slavery,  
A smooth and easy way.

But brighter beamed that spirit's light,  
Refulgent beams emitting,  
O'er superstition's darksome night,  
Intelligence transmitting.

Enlightenment on Freedom shone,  
Obscured her coward foe;  
The Devil found that he *was done*,  
Too well these things did go.

But now, behold! a newer wile  
Was started into play,  
And worked with art and learned guile,  
Soon gained a goodly sway.

Within a quiet study sat  
A Doctor and Divine;  
He turned from this and then to that,  
Nor could to read incline.

For he had tried for many a day  
To find some path to fame ;  
Nor yet he had found out the way  
To realize a name.

And now a sleepy feeling stole  
Across his aching brain,  
And soon was calmed his troubled soul,  
Forgotten all his pain.

As thus he slept a wicket sprite  
Came whispering in his ear—  
“ Show others *wrong*, and you’ll be *right*,  
Act boldly without fear.

“ All bend before the dauntless heart,  
Be it for good or ill ;  
For *one* will myriads depart,  
The ranks of death to fill.

“ Start something new, man’s tired now  
Of things that he calls old ;  
The Church is or too high, too low,  
And zealots growing cold.

“ And didst thou but a rival raise  
To good St. Peter’s name,  
Soon proselytes your faith would praise,  
And great would grow your fame.”

Quick noised about was doctrine new,  
And quickly swallowed down ;  
It caught from every form a few  
In every Christian town.

The Doctor joyed to see at last  
His name a word of weight,  
Nor did regret his labours past,  
Now with success elate.

With greedy eye the Pope looked on,  
Although this novel creed  
Did lift the apostoletic crown  
From off his Peter's head.

He liked to see what numbers flew  
Its precepts to embrace,  
That priests and bishops, not a few,  
With sanctity did grace.

For short the step that lay between  
The new faith and his own,  
And many had he lately seen,  
Its converts to have grown.

Tho' he meantime was sore beset  
By French or Austrian bands,  
Yet did he not the while forget  
His hopes in British lands ;

But thought some struggle he must make,  
To let all Europe see  
That he again o'er all would take  
His high supremacy.

And straight together he did call  
His cardinals so sage,  
And laid those hopes before them all,  
Which did his mind engage.

First one did give this counsel good,  
Which caused a long debate,  
That excommunication should  
Be hurled 'gainst England's state.

But he was over-ruled at last,—  
'Twas finally agreed,  
Anathemas were vainly cast  
'Gainst heretics in creed.

One thing was now proposed, and then  
 As quickly laid aside,  
 And soon another mooted, when  
 The Pope did thus decide :—

“To England,” Pio Nono said,  
 “I’ll send a little bull,  
 To show of Christians who’s the head,  
 And who the Church should rule.

“And I will make of Westminster  
 A holy Roman see,  
 And bishoprics I will confer  
 On those who honour me.

“The Queen may rule o’er other rights,  
 (I will not interfere.”)  
 So graciously the Pope indites  
 His bull without a fear.

For wisdom he had great respect,  
 A wise man therefore he  
 As Archbishop did now elect,  
 And sent to cross the sea.

Oh! how the Devil chuckled o’er  
 The mischief he saw brewing,  
 His chance increasing more and more  
 Of pious war renewing.

Will England insult tamely bear,  
 Audacity so great?  
 Or will she punish those who dare  
 To meddle with her state?

And thus he still does watch and wait  
 The crop of ill progressing,  
 Sure, be it soon or be it late,  
 The harvest of possessing.



And certainly it, England threw  
 Into a strange commotion ;  
 It seemed a thing so very new,  
 So comical the notion,—

That Rome should try to raise again  
 Her thrall proud Albion o'er,  
 And rouse the spirit that was lain—  
 The British lion's roar.

And party soon soared rather high,  
 The bigots liked the notion,  
 That they once more their flight could try,  
 And put their wings in motion.

Nor yet has legislation laid,  
 With vigour to the root,  
 The axe, that would at once have made  
*Wrong* fall beneath her foot.

But feeble measures, feebly press'd,  
 Do but the ill increase :  
 And *wrong* will stand as the oppress'd  
 If granted too long lease.

But why not put in force our rights  
 (Let every true man say),  
 And banish all those Jesuit kites,  
 Now hovering o'er their prey ?

Shall British maidens, freely born,  
 Be their unholy prize,  
 Who are the truth, unfriended, lorn,  
 Too young to analyse ?

Beneath invidious serpent guile,  
 Must England faltering fall ?  
 Must freedom cease her cheerful smile ?  
 Must slavery conquer all ?

They must, unless her sceptre now  
Abroad she boldly wave,  
And England strike at once a blow,  
A deadlier blow to save.

Must England, Freedom, both submit  
To sigh in mental chains?  
Must we a petty Prince admit  
To hold our empire's reins?

The Catholic Relief Act placed  
Such power in our hand  
As should, ere now, this curse have chased  
From out our native land.\*

And let it now be called in play,  
The tenth of George the Fourth,  
That o'er our Church Victoria may  
Reign sole from south to north.

Enlightenment the day will win,  
And crush her recreant foe,  
Without the red and glaring sin  
Of causing blood to flow.

The Devil he was wide awake,  
(So last reports do tell,)  
And feared the Government would take  
The pains this Act to spell.

But more than this we have not heard;  
Should further meet our ear,  
We'll quickly send the public word,  
Such news is ever dear.

\* This alludes to the clauses of the Roman Catholic Relief Act for the expulsion of the Jesuits.

## LINES

*Written for the 1st of May, 1851.*

THE first of May! the first of May!  
Oh! ever dawned so blithe a day?  
A fairy palace, magic grown,  
To wondering mortals open thrown;  
Come each and all from foreign strand;  
Thrice welcome all to English land;  
And Britain's Queen, all hail with pride,  
Shall o'er the peaceful scene preside,  
Queen of the fairy pageantry!  
Queen of the May's festivity!  
Queen of all the enlightening arts!  
Queen of all her subjects' hearts!  
Oh! may the golden orb of day  
Shine forth upon the first of May.  
Oh! may a sun for ever shine  
Upon our Queen, and all her line.  
Oh! may no chilling cloud or shower  
Damp the day's propitious hour.  
Oh! may no sorrow cast a shade,  
Such as will not quickly fade,  
(Cloudless ne'er was any state,  
However well deserved of fate,)  
Upon our royal lady's brow,  
Who makes so many joyous now.  
Oh! may her princely partner still  
Such noble deeds of peace fulfil;  
Encouraging each gentle art  
With skilful mind, with generous heart.  
Oh! blessings fall upon the day,  
The first of any first of May;  
The first in all our history's page;  
The first in this or any age.  
It opes an era new as grand,  
It opens in our own England.

