

**THE DEVIL'S
PROGRESS: A POEM**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649258628

The Devil's Progress: A Poem by Thomas Kibble Hervey

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY

**THE DEVIL'S
PROGRESS: A POEM**

THE

DEVIL'S PROGRESS.

P o e m .

BY

THE EDITOR OF THE "COURT JOURNAL."

Thomas Kibble Stervey

"This volume we can pronounce to be as attractive in its appearance,
as it is laudable in its object."

COURT JOURNAL.

THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

LUPTON RELFE.

1849.

TO
HIS MAJESTY'S ATTORNEY GENERAL

This Poem
IS INSCRIBED;

TO TESTIFY THE AUTHOR'S APPROBATION OF HIS
JUDICIOUS AND PERSEVERING EFFORTS,
IN THE CAUSE OF ITS
HERO.

P R E F A C E.

It is scarcely necessary to say that this poem owes its origin to the striking (though not, otherwise, very clever) *jeu d'esprit* from which its epigraph is adopted; and which has been, for some time, running about the world, under the credit of the various paternities of Porson, Coleridge, and Southey,—the latter of whom is (or perhaps the two latter, jointly, are) pretty generally supposed to be its authors. To whomsoever this title may be due, it is probable that it has not been considered, by its author, worth reclaiming; as, excepting the ingenuity of its idea, (more felicitous, after all, than original,) it has little to recommend it, and was, there can be little doubt, thrown upon the world, by the writer, as a thing of no pretension. The notice which has been attracted, by its singularity, (a notice increased

and perpetuated by the mistake which, for so long a time, assigned it to Porson, and which mistake, probably, induced many to think it more singular than it really is,) has produced several imitations of it; and of the original poem itself, and its various imitations, (including one published, in part, by Mr. Moore, from the posthumous papers of Lord Byron, and stated to be in the possession of Lord Holland,) it may be said, generally, that the *plan* (due, of course, only to the first) forms the principal merit. To this remark the present poem is not offered as any exception, — being a mere undigested squib, hastily sketched, and putting forth no claim to be considered as any thing more than a rough and unfinished adaptation of an idea, which, however, it appears to the author, might, in fit hands, be rendered singularly available for the purposes of satire of a better order than mere personalities.

THE
DEVIL'S PROGRESS.

From his belmstone bed, at break of day,
A walking the Devil is gone,
To visit his snug little farm of the earth,
And see how his stock gets on.

THE DEVIL'S WALK.

THE Devil sits in his easy-chair,
Sipping his sulphur tea,
And gazing out, with a pensive air,
O'er the broad bitumen sea ;
Lulled into sentimental mood,
By the spirits' far-off wail,
That sweetly, o'er the burning flood,
Floats on the brimstone gale !—
The Devil, who can be sad, at times,
In spite of all his mummery,
And grave, — though not so prosy quite
As drawn by his friend Montgomery, —
The Devil, to-day, has a dreaming air,
And his eye is raised, and his throat is bare !

His musings are of many things,
That — good or ill — befell,
Since Adam's sons macadamized
The highways into Hell : —
And the Devil — whose mirth is *never* loud —
Laughs with a quiet mirth,
As he thinks how well his serpent-tricks
Have been mimicked, upon earth ;
Of Eden and of England, soiled
And darkened by the foot
Of those who preach with adder-tongues,
And those who eat the fruit ;
Of creeping things, that drag their slime
Into God's chosen places,
And knowledge leading into crime,
Before the angels' faces ;
Of lands — from Nineveh to Spain —
That have bowed beneath his sway,
And men who did his work, — from Cain,
To Viscount C***!****gh !

The Devil called for Dagon,
That " ancient fish-like " spirit,
A sort of water-dragon,
Of a very fiendish merit ; —
Commander he, already, was
Of all the host of Devils,
Prime minister, of high repute
For generating evils !
To him, who o'er the Pagan hosts
Had governed long and well,