

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

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The Devil's progress. A poem by Thomas Kibble Hervey

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**THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY**

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THE  
DEVIL'S PROGRESS.

A Poem.

BY  
THE EDITOR OF THE  
'COURT JOURNAL.'



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

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SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:  
LUPTON RELFE, CORNHILL.  
1830.

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.

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## PREFACE.

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 anything 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.

It will be seen, from the poem itself, that it was written some months ago; and its publication has been delayed, for part of that time, by circumstances connected with its wood-cut illustrations. This will account for one or two of the allusions, of which the change in the position of things, during that time, may seem, in some measure, to have superseded the propriety. They are, however, for the most part, not much out of place, with the single exception of the note on French affairs; which, had it not, long since, been in print, would, (as wearing the appearance of a prophecy after fulfilment,) have been suppressed. Directly as that note alludes to the events which have, since, taken place,—and convinced, as all thinking persons, acquainted with the present condition of France