

**SATAN IN SEARCH OF A WIFE:
WITH THE WHOLE PROCESS
OF HIS COURTSHIP AND WHO
DANCED AT THE WEDDING**

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Satan in search of a wife: with the whole process of his courtship and who danced at the wedding by An Eye Witne

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AN EYE WITNE

**SATAN IN SEARCH OF A WIFE:
WITH THE WHOLE PROCESS
OF HIS COURTSHIP AND WHO
DANCED AT THE WEDDING**



Satan in Search of a Wife ;

WITH THE WHOLE PROCESS OF

HIS COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE,

AND WHO DANCED AT THE WEDDING.

BY

AN EYE WITNE



London :

EDWARD MOXON, 64, NEW BOND STREET.

M.DCCC.XXXI.

DEDICATION.

To delicate bosoms, that have sighed over the *Loves of the Angels*, this Poem is with tenderest regard consecrated. It can be no offence to you, dear Ladies, that the author has endeavoured to extend the dominion of your darling passion; to shew Love triumphant in places, to which his advent has been never yet suspected. If one Cecilia drew an Angel down, another may have leave to attract a Spirit upwards; which, I am sure, was the most desperate adventure of the two. Wonder not at the inferior condition of the agent; for, if King Cophetua wooed a Beggar Maid, a greater king need not scorn to confess the attractions of a fair Tailor's daughter. The more disproportionate the rank, the more signal is the glory of your sex. Like that of Hecate, a triple empire is now confessed your own. Nor Heaven, nor Earth, nor deepest tracts of Erebus, as Milton hath it, have power to resist your sway. I congratulate your last victory. You have fairly made an Honest Man of the Old One; and, if your conquest is late, the success must be salutary. The new Benedict has employment enough on his hands to desist from dabbling with the affairs of poor mortals; he may fairly leave human nature to herself; and we may sleep for one while at least secure from the attacks of this hitherto restless Old Bachelor. It remains to be seen, whether the world will be much benefited by the change in his condition.

Satan

IN SEARCH OF A WIFE,

&c.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

THE Devil was sick and queasy of late,

And his sleep and his appetite ail'd him ;

His ears they hung down, and his tail it was clapp'd

Between his poor hoofs, like a dog that's been rapp'd—

None knew what the devil ail'd him.

II.

He tumbled and toss'd on his mattress o' nights,
That was fit for a fiend's disportal ;
For 'twas made of the finest of thistles and thorn,
Which Alecto herself had gather'd in scorn
Of the best down beds that are mortal.

III.

His giantly chest in earthquakes heaved,
With groanings corresponding ;
And mincing and few were the words he spoke,
While a sigh, like some delicate whirlwind, broke
From a heart that seem'd desponding.

IV.

Now the Devil an Old Wife had for his Dam,

I think none e'er was older :

Her years—old Parr's were nothing to them ;

And a chicken to her was Methusalem,

You'd say, could you behold her.

V.

She remember'd Chaos a little child,

Strumming upon hand organs ;

At the birth of Old Night a gossip she sat,

The ancientest there, and was godmother at

The christening of the Gorgons.