

# The D E V I L pursued:

O R,

The right Saddle laid upon the right Mare.

A

# S A T Y R

U P O N

## Madam Celliers standing in the Pillory,

Being Convicted for the Publishing of a late Lying Scandalous Pamphlet, called *Malice Defeated*, &c.

By a Person of Q U A L I T Y.

**A**Las, what has this poor Animal done,  
That she stands thus before the rising Sun,  
In all the heats of Infamy and Disgrace,  
The sure Remarks of a bold Brazen-face ?  
Truly for no great hurt, nor for much harm ;  
Only inventing to spill Royal Blood, to keep it warm ;  
Fire Cities, Burn Houfes, and devaft Nations ;  
Ruine us in all our feveral ftations.  
But who would think it from the Woman fine,  
A thing whom Nature itfelf has made Divine,  
That ſhe ſhould act ſuch horrid barbarous things,  
As to defign to ſtab Statefmen, and to Murder KING S ?  
But here ſhe ſtill appears for her ill acts,  
Like ſecond ſtorms after Thunder-claps.  
Philoſophers tell us, *the beſt things corrupted are the worſt*,  
And from their own fine ſpecies are ever curſt.  
When once we take to Ill and Vices Road,  
We then paint out our ſelves much like the Toad ;  
Since Vice not only horrid is from the being of Nature,  
But alſo from the thing itfelf, and from its own feature.  
Who makes us look at once, and that ſeveral ways,  
Like Squinting people, from their falſe Optick Rays.  
This teaches us therefore how a ſtrange a thing is Religion,  
That makes one a Vulture, the other a Raven, and the other a  
To be ſo very falſe, in the inſtructing thoſe (Widgeon ;  
To commit ſuch horrid acts, and with them cloſe :  
As what is opened and preſented here,  
By a Popiſh Midwife, called Madam Cellier.  
Go to therefore, all ye Papiſts and Men of the Red Letter,  
Than Plot ſuch ſecret villainies againſt the State,  
The direful operations of your ungodly hate,  
As wilfully to deſtroy your fellow-Creatures all,  
And butcher them to their Eternal Funeral.  
But, Lord, what can theſe Souls plead before thee,  
When they ſo wilfully flie to their own miſery ?  
Surely they are from their Father the Devil,  
The great Oglio, and Compoſition of all Evil ;  
Who delights only in the ruine and deſtruction of Souls,  
As Drunkards do in their enchanted golden Boulds :  
Since in one part of Hell Treafon is bred and fed,  
And in the other Drunkenneſs is in triumph led ;  
While in the Eaſt-corner Stabbing and Murder leers,  
At which the Devil himſelf he ſports and jeers,  
To ſee his dreadful buſineſs and his work go on,  
And Men and Women brought to deſtruction  
By his fair Apples, through his intices flie,  
At his falſe charms by his damned Divinity ;

Who never reſts till he his Work has done,  
And brought his Children to his Kingdome :  
Since from his fall he only deals in falls,  
As the Pot-Companion runs againſt the Walls.  
Therefore as we would eſcape Infamy and puniſhment here,  
We muſt by Vertues Looking-glaſs ſee moſt clear ;  
Since 'tis ſhe only, and that ſhe alone,  
That muſt conduct us to our eternal peaceful home,  
To the Heaven of joys, to that bliſs above,  
Where all are ſtroaked by the Pigeon and the Dove,  
To wit, by Angels, by good Men, and all Sages,  
To future times, and to ſucceeding Ages ;  
While the wicked ſhall for ever undergo,  
In Hells deep pit everlaſting ſorrow,  
As a juſt reward for Treafon, Murder, and Blood,  
Things that will be there moſt underſtood :  
While the Saint and Bravo lives in glory and pleaſure here,  
As the glorious Sun lies coaching in the Air :  
In ſhort, they that like this, I would adviſe them ſtill  
To act, proceed, and go forward in ill ;  
Since Priſons, the Gallows, and Scotch Caſements rare,  
Always provided for Malefactors are.  
Poor Cellier ! you had better brought to bed  
Any thing, than to have a Plot in Triumph led,  
And thus to be received into the worlds charms,  
By Dirt and Stones, and other warlike Arms.  
As in a Sea-ſtorm, one Prays, and the other Swears,  
And all againſt the furious Ocean tears :  
So you while thus you treated are,  
Still you muſt Dine and Sup with the ſame fare,  
Until the Law be ſatiſfied, which will be at Noon,  
And then you may go ſee the Pope of Rome ;  
Shew him the Inſtruments by which you pelted were ;  
Tell him, there was for you no better fare :  
Though you denied a Ceſſation from Trouble,  
Yet it was deſired, becauſe you were a bubble.  
Therefore theſe Stones and Dirt ought to be Relicks high,  
And Regiſtred in the preſent Popes Divinity,  
Until he comes to ſhew us what he will do,  
To bring all out-lying Deer to ſorrow,  
While the Engliſh Huntſmen like bid him be quiet,  
Or elſe they'll ſoon prepare him moſt whoſome Diet :  
Since England ſtill, has always hated Rome,  
And every wiſe man ſtill reſolves for home.

F I N I S.

