



Mistris

PARLIAMENT

Presented in her Bed, after the fore travaile and hard
labour which she endured last weeke, in the Birth,
of her Monstrous Off-spring, the

Childe of Deformation.

The hopefull fruit of her seven Yeers Teeming,
And a most precious Babe of Grace.

*With the severall Discourses between Mrs. Seditiō, Mrs.
Schisme, Mrs. Synod her dry-Nurse, Mrs. Iealousie,
and others her Gossips.*

Oh sick ! oh faint ! alas my sight doth faile,
My Members tremble and my Spirits quaille ;
Oh what a chilnesse doth my heart oppresse,
But what the cause of 't is, I know you'le guesse
'Tis this most hedious Birth doth me amaze,
And *much* torment me when on it I gaze :
But *more* when as I thinke what men will conster,
To see th'expected *Babe of Grace* prove Monster.

BY

Mercurius Melancholicus.



Printed in the Yeer of the Saints fear. 1648.

Mills

EARLY MEMOIRS

of the life and adventures of
James Oglethorpe, the first
founder of the colony of Georgia.

Child of Deformation.

The first part of the life of
James Oglethorpe, from his birth
to his departure for Georgia.

By James Oglethorpe, Esq.
Author of the History of Georgia.

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Mrs.

PARLIAMENT presented in her Bed, after the fore
travaile and hard labour which she endured last week, in the
Birth of her Monstrous off-Spring, the
CHILDE OF DEFORMATION.

Mrs. *Schisme* The Kingdomes *mine*, I am the child,
My name's *Tom*. Presbyter.

Mrs. *Sedition* 'Tis false, 'tis Th' Saints; whose King I'me, stild,
Holy St. ——— *Oliver*.

Mrs. *Schisme* We are the Saints, we, *Presbyters*.

Mrs. *Sedition* We *Independents*, are.

King *Charles* Nor Saints, nor Kings, what need these stirs?
'Tis mine which you would share.

Jealousie I smell a plot, the Kings no doubt,
To prove true, what is known;
When Theeves about stolne goods fall out
True men still get their owne.

Mrs. *Sa. Yandseal* No, no, arme, arme (the common Foe
Appeares for *Charles*) I'le; bawle
Herod and *Pilate* made friends so,
Though *Christ*, he then must fall
The Child-wif's laid, the tables's spread: but oh!
The Gossips strive for place, 'tis alwayes so.

Act. 2. Scen. 1.

Sedition. **A** Nd why you first, Mrs. *Schisme*. Pray you
give place to Seniority.

Schisme. Nay, nay, neighbour *Sedition*, me
thinks you and I should be better friends, our
affections are the same.

Sedition. And one Progenitor, the Devill, belongs to both I
confesse, only, because I come of the Elder house (for though you
are

are of the House of the Incendiaries in the Church, which is a very ancient Family, I grant, yet I am of that of the Incendiaries in the State, which preceeds in antiquity) I claime the priority, both here, and also in presenting my service to Mrs. *Parliament*, yea, I expect the preheminence above you in her Honours employments too.

Schisme. Cozen! Whatsoere your seniority may plead for you to her in your behalfe, my past actions in her service may exact as due to my deserts: Never did any State Incendiary bring the Designes of any Tyrant to such perfection in an age, as I have done Mrs. *Parliaments* in less then seven yeers, under the vizard of Religion, therefore, by your leave Mrs. *Sedition*, I think my selfe worthy to be preferred before you in her affections.

Sedition. Marry gip with a wynnion! you preferred before me! Have not my pretences, to make every free-borne Subject a quiet possessor of his propriety and liberty, to suppress Tyranny, and prevent Arbitrariness in the King (which I intend to act my selfe) brought Mrs. *Parliament* to this height of unlimited power which now she is at, and doe you think now to carry away her favour from me?

Mrs. *Sa. Yandseale*. Fie, fie friends fal out about trifles? You have both deserved well, and no doubt shall in fit time and place receive your reward; but agree, agree, and the rather because the common enemy begins to stirre and hold up his head again: and will you by your divisions give life to their dead hopes? what were this but to blast all your former glorious actions, absolutely frustrate all your golden hopes, and wholly annihilate your vast expectations, and will you now prove such enemies not only to her, whose servants ye profess your selves to be, but also to your selves and all your friends? Come come, you shall (like gentlewomen of equall birth and merit) walke hand in hand, and have the same degree of place at her table and in her affections: only for the present I must prevaile with Mrs. *Schisme*, that Mrs. *Sedition* may have her right hand; for Mrs. *Parliament* hath now occasion to use the sword, (as indeed when will she not find occasion to use?) and we all know Mrs. *Sedition* knowes how to weild that best for her advantage.

Mrs. *Schisme*. I am content, for I must confesse that I am no fighter, though none could ever match me for an Incendiary and Abettor to warre and bloud-shed. Wilt please you walk in Mrs. *Sedition*?

Mr.

Mr. *Sedition*. Your Servant, in your hand, sweet *Cousin Schisme*.

Mrs. So this is well and timely brought about. *Exeunt.*

Sa. and seale. We loose our precious hopes if these fall out.

Enter Mrs. Parliament in Child-bed. Scen. 2.

Mrs. *Parl.* Nurse, Nurse, — why Nurse, Where art thou Nurse?

[*Enter Mrs Synod Dry Nurse.*

Nurse. Anan forsooth Mistris, I am here : What is't your pleasure I should do?

Mrs. *Parl.* O, pre:hee Nurse speak softly (for a time:) the noise which thou makest with thy babling and prating pierceth my head, and may prove a great hindrance of my Recoverie, if not totally obstru&t it. I am very weak with my past sore Travail, and should I fall into a Relapse it might cost me my Life; and then Nurse, you would (I know) confesse (as being sensible of your losse) that the most bountifull Mistris, that ever you had, is deceased: Was it ever known that such a rate was given a *Dry Nurse* before; four shillings a day, besides other by-blowes, gratuities and especially three or four steeple-houses and positable Lectures? therefore Nurse it nearly concernes you to have a special care of me.

Nurse. Dear Mistris, you shall for the future experience my diligence to comply in all things with your desires, and my care hereafter shall evidence the readinesse of my obedience to your commands.

Mrs. *Parl.* It is well said Nurse: — But is Mrs. *Truth* gone?

Nurse. Gone, quoth you? Why what should she do here? Do you ever hope to recover your strength or regain your credit by her? If you should follow her Directions and take such Physicke as she would prescribe you, she would give you such a Potion as would make you fall a vomiting with a witnessse, and then up would come (to the view of the whole World) all that you have converted to the satisfying of your own private Lust, though pretended to be done for the publique good of the Kingdom; as the Revenues of the Crown —

Mrs. *Parl.* O, prethee Nurse speak softly.

Nurse. Noble mens Estates, Bishops Lands and Houses, all Sequestrations, and vast Compositions, besides great summes of Loan-money for Rebels Lands in *Ireland*, Publique Faith Money, Excise money, Contribution and Free-quarter; All would up. Verily Mistris, if you be rul'd by her, it will inevitably follow, that you cannot escape your (I too sadly fear too too sudden) dissolution.

Mrs. *Parl.* It is truth Nurse; I have ever rejected her Counsels (though I have alwayes made the World believe I have followed them most precisely) and though I sent for her in my extremitie, and desired her to indite that feigned Confession so to blinde the eyes of the World that I might the more securely and undiscovered compass mine own Designe, yet know Nurse, that I hate her companie, and loath her sight, much lesse will I follow her Dictates and Directions.

Nurse. No, do not Mistris, Did you ever reap any benefit by her companie? or, Did at any time any good accrew to you by following her counsell? If the People should know all that she can tell of you (and she can as well be hanged [which you know is the least you have deserved] as conceal her knowledge, but will at some time or other discover all) What would be the event thereof? Indeed Mistris I tremble to thinke (being in the same condemnation, and deserving the same reward with your selfe) and by that little experience thereof, which you have had of late you may be sensible enough what you must expect.

No, no, Mistris, if you hope to recover again, make use of Mistris *Mendax*, the whole Packe of your weekly forging Pamphleters, they have ever stucke close to you, and by imploying them still, you know how advantagious it hath been to the advance of your Designes; but among them all there is none (since *Britannicus* his deccase) comparable to *Luke Haruney* or *Walker*, the *quondam* pillorie Iremonger, he is alwaies at your elbow, with his out-side *Satin*, and in-side *Devil*, ready to breathe into the eares of your tame Guls and noosed Woodcockes, what you thinke may best advantage the *Cause* (though never so false) in his perfect Occurrence.

Besides it is evident what service his double diligence hath done you in endeavouring to suppress your worst Enemies, the Tell-truths of the Times, *Pragmaticus*, *Melancholicus*, *Elentichus*, &c. whose publishing the Truth of those foul Enormities which they by intelligence have and do daily discover in your Actions, have done you more hurt of late, than all the Kings Army could heretofore; by their pennes having wounded you deeper in your credit and reputation, than ever the Sword of the Cavaliers did your bodie in your Souldiers; and therefore the care of your creature *Walker*, in endeavouring to discover and so suppress them, deserves your notice and encouragement. Besides as a testimonie of his affection to your Service, and to manifest his

knowledge to be as deep in the *Greek* as *Hebrew* Tongue, he hath desired you to hear this Etimologie of *Parliament*, 1648.

Mrs. Parl. Reade it, good Nurse, let me hear it: I know he ever puts that forth that shall tend to my Honour and advancement in the good opinion of the Saints. Reade it Nurse, reade it. *Nur. Parliament* in the *Greek* is written thus ΜΥΣΤΗΡΙΟΝ ΒΑΒΥΛΑΟΝ ἡ Μεγαλη ἡ μητηρ των ἀπορνωτων των βδελυγματων της γης.

They that can reade and understand it may, Ile look for the *English* of it according to his direction, *Rev. 17. v. 5.*

Mrs. Parl. Do good Nurse, I long to know the *English* of it, **MYSTERY BABYLON THE GREAT**, the Mother of Harlots and Abominations, Nurse of error, heresie and blasphemy.

Parl. O hold Nurse, sicke, sicke, a suddain shivering carreers through every part, besides—a—deadly—qual—O—Nurse. Helpe good Women, helpe, helpe. *Mrs. Schisme*, *Mrs. Toleration*, What are ye all deaf? Cannot one of you hear? Why *Mrs. Sa-Yand-Seal*. Helpe, helpe. *Scen 3.*

Enter Mrs. Sa-Yand-Seal in haste, after her Mrs. Jealousie and the rest of the Gossips shrieking and screaming with Mrs. Suburbs the Deputy. *Mrs. Sa-yand-seal.* What's the matter Nurse?

Nurse. O *Mrs. Parliament*, *Mrs. Parl.*— is gone, is gone.

Mrs. Suburbs. Be patient Nurse, she is but in a swoone, burne some ill-senting thing under her nose: that will bring her again.

Nurse. Oh what shall I burne?

Mrs. Sa. Yandseale. Nothing makes a loathsome smell than the Vote wherein she resolved upon the question, that she would make no more addresses to her husband, herhead, and that it should be treason for any to bring Messages from, or carry intelligence to him.

Mrs. Suburbs. 'Tis well thought on, *Mrs. Sa. Yandseale* good Nurse run to *H. Elsing*, and wish him to cut it out of the journal book, and bring it thou hither, and burne it presently

from behind the Curtaine

Nurse. I flye—*Melanchol* } 'tis more than time, shall I
} haile *Rainsborough* for you.

Mrs. Jealousie. But Gentlewomen doe you not deceive your selves? (pardon me I am jealous for *Mrs. Parliaments* good, and am the foundation upon which her rising to this height was laid at first) as I conceive no incense would smell better, and be more comfortable in all mens nostrills than the fume of that, burnt

Mrs. Sa. Yandseale. Yea (*Gossip Jealousie*) but not in the no-

strills

strils of all women, especially hers, because it would trouble her much to be made sensible of the burning of that her darling : and as for others, it is good to please fooles a while : so she recover, it is no matter for burning of it : when she gets strenght againe, 'tis but preambing that it was done in fear, and in case of eminent danger, and then she may revote it againr.

Mrs. *Sedition*. There spake an *Achitopel* indeed, and he must needs be a good man, for we reade that his counsel was as the Oracle

Nurse. He', her', here 'tis. Mrs. *Sa*. That's well burne it quickly, rub her temples, she sneezes—
so, so,—she comes again—why M s. *Parliament*.

Mel. behinde the curtain,
And I hope shortly to see
hee come to that good-
mans end, it will save
Grig the trouble.

Parl. Where am I—O sick, Awe—Awe,

Sa. A Bason *Nurse*, quickly :—so—up with it Woman—so 'tis well.

Mrs. *Sub*. God blesse us, Whaa is here ? ——— What blacke stufte is this ?

Sa. Nothing but *Atra bilis* or melanchollicke adust, throw't aside, throw't aside, I have many times my selfe vomited the like.

Mel. from behinde the curtain. I believe you indeed Mrs. *Sa-yand-seal*, for (good People) it is no lesse than and Heresie Blasphemy, which during her health she wink'd at and swallowed, and now in her weaknesse up it is come : And—
let me see—there is something else in the bowle—What is this ?

— A scrowle ? ——— and something writ in it too ? ——— Reade it
Gentlemen, I warrant she hath uttered her minde in it.

The Scrowle.

From XLI. to VIII. have I (a Brood
Of Vipers) *Englands* swaid : and (in an hood
Of zeal close lurking and the publique Weal)
Bewitch'd the simple and their hearts did steal.
But now by time unmask'd 'tis plainly seen
For *Englands* Bloud and Wealth my thirst hath been.

Gentlemen, I am sorry she's come again, I was in good hope she would have gone this bout, but (believe me) she's not long liv'd, the next newes from *Wales* lets her packing, if that from the North do not do it before.

Rowze up your valiant hearts brave *English men*
And put in *Charles* his hand his sword again.

God blesse and save Him.

