

you, that you will spend it all, and leave your Children little or none? Are you so exasperated against wise *Scotland*, that you will make *England* your fool or foot-stool? Is your Fathers Son grown more Orthodox, than his most Orthodox Father, when he told his Son, that a King was for a Kingdom, and not a Kingdom for a King? Parallel to that of the Apostle; the Husband is but by the Wife, but the Wife of the Husband.

Is *Majestas Imperij* grown so kickish, that it cannot stand quiet with *Salus Populi*, unless it be fettered? Are you well advised, in trampling your Subjects so under your feet, that they can find no place to be safe in, but over your head: Are you so inexorably offended with your Parliament, for suffering you to return as you did, when you came into their house as you did, that you will be avenged on all whom they represent? Will you follow your very worst Council so far as to provoke your very best, to take better counsel than ever they did? If your Majesty be not Popish, as you profess, and I am very willing to believe, why do you put the Parliament to resume the Sacrament of the Altar in saying, the King and Parliament, the King and Parliament? breaking your simple Subjects braines to understand such mystical Parlee-ment? I question much, whether they were not better, speak plainer English, than such Latin as the Angels can hardly construe, and God happily loves not to perse; I can as well admit an ubiquitary King as another, if a King be abroad in any good affair; but if a King be at home, and will circumscribe himself at *Oxford*, and proscribe or discribe his Parliament at *Westminster*, if that *Parliament* will prescribe what they ought, without such paradoxing, I should think God would subscribe a *Le Dieu le veult* readily enough.

Is your *Advisera* such a *Suavamen* to you, that hath been such a *Gravamen* to Religion and Peace? Shall the chief bearing womb of your Kingdom, be ever so constituted, that it cannot be delivered of its own deliverance, in what pangs soever it be, without the will of one man-midwife, and such a man as will come and not come, but as he list: nor bring a Parliament to bed of a well-begotten Liberty without an entire Subsidy? Do not your Majesty being a Schollar, know that it was a truth long before it was spoken, that *Mundus est unus aut nullus*, that there is *Principum purum unum*, which unites the World and all that is in it; where that is broken, things fall asunder, that whatsoever is durable or triable, is fryable.

Is the *Militia* of your Kingdom, such an orient flower of your Crown, which all good Herbalists judge but a meer nettle, while it is in any one mans hand living? May not you as well challenge the absolute disposal of all the wealth of the Kingdom