

as of all the strength of your Kingdom? Can you put any difference? unless it be this, that mens hearts and bones are within their skins, more proper and intrincical, their lands and cattle more external: dare you now *contredit* the *Militia*, with those to whom you may betrust your heart, better than your own breast? Will they ever harm you with the *Militia*, that have no manner of *Malitia* against you, but for mis-employing the *Militia* against them by the *Malitia* of your ill Counsellours? What good will the *Militia* do you when you have wasted the Realm of all the best *Milites* it hath? May not your Majesty see through a pair of Spectacles, glazed with inch-board, that while you have your *Advisera* in one hand, and the *Militia* in the other, you have the necks of your Subjects under your feet, but not your heart in your own hand? do you not know that *malum est, posse malum*?

Hath Episcopacy been such a religious Jewel in your State; that you will sell all or most of your Coronets, Caps of honour, and blue Garterts, for six and twenty cloth Caps? and your Barons Clokes, for so many Rockets, whereof usually twenty have had scarce good manners enough to keep the other six sweet? Is no Bishop no King, such an oraculous Truth, that you will pawn your Crown and life upon it? if you will, God may make it true indeed on your part: Had you rather part with all, than lose a few superfluous tumours, to pare off your monstrousness? Will you be so covetous as to get more than you ought, by losing more than you need? Have you not driven good Subjects enough abroad, but you will also slaughter them that stay at home? Will you take such an ill course, that no Prayers can fasten that good upon you we desire? Is there not some worse root than all these growing in your Spirit, bringing forth all this bitter fruit? Against which you should take up Arms, rather than against your harmless Subjects? Do you not foresee, into what importable head-tearings & heart-searchings you will be ingulfed, when the Parliament shall give you a mate, though but a Stale?

Methinks it should break your heart, to see such a one as I, presume so much upon your clemency and too much upon your Majesty, which your self have so eclipsed by the interposal your Self between your Self and your Self, that it hath not ray's enough left to dazle down the height of my affections to the awe of my judgment?

Tres-Royal Sir, I once again beseech you, with tears dropping from my hoary head, to cover your Self as close as you may, with the best shield of goodness you have: I have somewhat more to say, which may happily trouble not your Self, but
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