

Sometimes it may happen, shall govern but in Name) we might be ruled like the ancient *French*, by an insolent *Mayor of the Palace* who will be sure to mind the private Interest of himself and Family, more than that of the Prince or the publick Good: Or like the *Turkish* Empire under a weak Grand Seignior, by the prevailing Concubine of the Seraglio, who is perhaps her self managed by no other Dictates, than that of her chief Eunuch, or She-Slave It is strange therefore to observe the impotent Ambition of some Men, (and such as, with shame let us speak it, boast themselves *Englishmen* too) who (provided they may trample upon, and domineer over their Inferiors) care not how much their Superiors do the like over them. Their Souls (like most insolent Mens) being mean enough to submit thereunto; or, who can enough deplore and abhor the Ignorance and Stupidity of some lazy insignificant Gentlemen, who care not how things go, provided they may enjoy their Hawks, Hounds, and Bowling-Green Meetings; whilst not only for Divinity, but Politicks too, they are govern'd by their more impertinent Chaplain, or the Parson of their Parish? Now nothing is more obvious than the Designs of some idle, covetous, Sycophant Clergymen, who, like Ivy, tho' it cannot grow without the support of the Oak, and yet will destroy it at last, do in private Parlours over the the Glasse, whilst Healths go round, as well as in their Pulpits over their Cushions, set up Absolute Monarchy to be *Jure Divino*, declaiming against the unreasonable Stubbornness of any Parliament that will not give away the Peoples Money, and submit themselves to be fleec'd, as often as the prime Minister or Favourite think fit: They cry up the Prince like an Angel, so long as he will be their Executioner, to whip, imprison or hang all