

be remitted to *Great-Britain* & If Armies are to be kept up in *America*, to defend the Colonies against *Themselves*, (for it can hardly be imagined that Troops are necessary for their Protection against any foreign Enemy) or are to be employed in the national Service of Cropping the Ears, and Slitting the Nostrils of the Civil Magistrates, as Marks of Distinction *, why must the Money be paid into the Exchequer? Or, if it should be paid into the Exchequer, in order to be applied towards sinking the national Debt, why might not the Parliament enquire into the Application of it? Does the Examiner, in his Idea of the Parliament, figure to himself a Monster with an Hand that can reach to the utmost Verge of the *British* Dominions, and clutch and crush Millions of Subjects at a Gripe; but, when the Object is near, apt to be rendered by some magical Influence, so short, and so feeble, as not to be able to reach the *Exchequer*, or to squeeze the *Chancellor* of it?

We are assured that there never can be any irregular " Attempts of the " Prerogative upon our Rights, whilst we are blessed with a Prince of the " glorious Line of *Brunswick* upon the Throne of *Great-Britain*." I have all the Confidence in the excellent Dispositions of our present most gracious Sovereign that an *Englishman* ought to have, but I can't penetrate into Futility; and, as the Examiner hath not yet established the Character of a Prophet, I must consider this Assertion rather as a curious Specimen of Lip-Loyalty, I will not call it extravagant Adulation, than as a sober Recommendation, to surrender all those Guards and Securities of Liberty, which the Constitution of a Free Government hath provided; but, if the *British Americans* should ever be reduced to the unhappy Necessity of giving up their Natural Rights, and their Civil Principles, I believe They would as soon make the Surrender to a Prince of the *Line of Brunswick*, as to any other Mortal, or Number of Mortals, in the Universe.

We have seen too a Piece in some of our late News-Papers, all bedaubed with the Lace of Compliment—There is no End to human Ambition! It is perpetually restless, and pushing forward. If a little P—r † is raised to the Title of Excellency, and the Rank of a Kind of Viceroy, there is still a Summit beyond the Eminence to which he hath been elevated, that he is solicitous to gain.

* See the Narrative of the Outrages committed by the Soldiery, on Mr. Justice *Walker* in *Canada*.

† A late notable Speech puts me in Mind of the Ingenuity of the Female Disputant, who used to silence Debate, by crying out, *God bless the King and what have you to say to that?*