

A
L E T T E R

FROM

J O N A T H A N 's, &c.

WHETHER we are indebted to any visible Change in our Climate, or the Constitution of Englishmen has received any Alteration by the many advertised Panacea's, both corporeal and political, I will not pretend to determine; but this much is certain, that our Ways of thinking are amazingly altered within a short Time, and with them, also, our Ways of Expression; every thing is to be taken figuratively, the North Briton implies an Englishman, and the South Briton a Scotchman; one Coffee-House is made to write Letters to the Country-Gentlemen, and another to attempt an Answer: I have, therefore, chimed in with this tropical Way of Writing; and, in my Title, have strictly adhered to this new-fangled Profopoeia.

I know not, Mr. Treasury, how the Preliminaries of Peace have operated at your End of the Town, where so many Placemen reside, whose Interest it is to take the Dose, and wash it down with a Libation of Lethe; but, on this Side the Bar, Murmuring, Railing, and Disquietude, seem to have fixed their Reign, and nought else is heard, but,—Oh! what a Peace!—I am ruined! Martinico and Guadalupe both given up!—What, and the Havanna too! It were in vain to expatiate upon the Propriety of the Measure, to shew the Justice and