

there by *the neck* in a humorous light. Indeed, by the strangeness of this attempt to wit, I should imagine the *Loyal Briton* no native of England, but rather of an adjoining country; as notoriously barren of wit, humour and poetry, as it is of every other pleasure of the imagination, being a soil where the inhabitants, from the coldness of the climate, consider every ludicrous attack upon a Ministry, like those of *The Test* and *North Briton*, with a sort of chill, or sober earnest, with us not unfrequently termed dullness. Moreover, from the name or title which my brother writer has assumed, I should suspect him to be a foreigner; for some how or other, tho' his meaning may be right enough, yet it is not expressed according to the genius of this nation, or the true English idiom. I do not ever remember to have heard of any Englishman that called himself a *Loyal Briton*, altho' I have known many who denominated themselves good Subjects and some Patriots; it sounds to me like a sort of translated English, and has, in short, the air of an appellation, which some foreigner has taken upon himself to do into English, and written, perhaps, at *The British Coffee-house* before he was well acquainted with our laws, our constitution, or our tongue. He says too, that whether a Prince among us persecutes Papists or Protestants, it is exactly the same thing; so that this writer, as yet, really differs from us in his notions both of Church and State. It cannot be long, I think, since he has taken the oaths. There is, however, I must confess, one fashionable writer of late, Mr. David Hume, the Historian, who is of the same way of thinking; and I am told, that the most ingenious of

the

(1) Scotland

2. The great Scotch Coffeehouse