

T H E
Mysterious Congress.

S I R,

Aix la Chappel, $\frac{21}{14}$ September, 1743.

O U R Water Drinkers here this Season seem to verryfy the political Fiction concerning the Waters of *Lethe*; for all is Life and Spirit, Gaity and Mirth, Profusion and Expençe, just as if the present melancholy Scene in *Europe* had been the Reverse of what it is. There seems to be no Memory, no ideal Traces of the late and present Distractions and Devastations in these *once* happy Regions of *Germany*; and even the native *Germans* themselves seem as insensible of the Miseries of their Country as we Foreigners, and appear not a whit more anxious about the dreadful Consequences of the *present* dangerous Schemes of the contending Courts.

I was many Days in Suspence concerning this general Spirit of Gaity and Insensibility; I could not suppose it to be altogether spontaneous, tho' it wore the Appearance of Nature, because it appeared to me unnatural,

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