

You know that I commonly travel on foot when I cannot get into a public land or water carriage; but these are inexpressibly pleasant to me on account of the company I meet in them, even should that company happen to consist only of Jews, Capuchins, and old women.

You know too that I am enough a citizen of the world to find some good out of my own country, and not to be outrageously out of humour when all is not as it is at home.

You may depend on receiving one letter at least every week, in which you will have an account either of a German town or of some part of the country. General observations I must, of course, defer to the end, when I shall have put together the several broken parts of the narrative. I shall not trouble you with any of the nonsense which you must have enough of in our daily publications.

## LETTER II.

*Stuttgart, April 10, 1780.*

I HOPE that you received my letter of the third, which was intended as a kind of introduction to our future correspondence. Though I know how odious letter-writing is to you, I must nevertheless insist on an answer to every six of mine, and if you cannot bring yourself to sit down to work, desire Nannette to do it for you. But to my diary: As I was getting into the post-waggon at Strasburg, who should come in, in a post-chaise and four, but Mr. B——! No doubt, you must have seen him at Paris at Madame H——'s. 'Whither,' says he, 'so fast?' 'A pilgrimage through Germany,' says I. 'Out upon the stupid country,' says he; 'I have just travelled over it, but in truth it is not worth the trouble.' At first I thought that he must at least have made some stay in some of the principal German towns; but when I came to inquire, I found that what he called having travelled over the stupid country, was a small excursion from Switzerland, through part of Suabia and Bavaria, as far as Munich, and from thence into France again by Augsburg, Ulm, and Friburg. As there happened to be a map of Germany behind the door of the post-house, with the point of my sword I traced the parts of the country he had been over, and shewed him, that far from having travelled through Germany, he had scarce seen any part of it; but this did not affect him at all; 'Go you,' says he, 'go you; for my part I have seen it.'

My company consisted of a wine merchant from Ulm, with a melancholy face, who was always shaking his lips as if he had tasted sour wine, and an elderly lady, who said she was hired as a governess in a great house at Vienna. As neither of these companions had any peculiar charms for me, I amused myself as we travelled along the banks of the Rhine, with considering the idea persons who live in the great Parisian world entertain of what they call with us le Nord. I had been led into this by the gasconade of M. B——, and the sight of the German post-map. Here, then, thought I to myself, (as I run over in my mind that track of country which reaches from the spot I was then on to the frozen sea) in ancient times dwelt the Cimbri, the Goths, the Franks, the Saxons, the Suabians, and the Allemanni; and here now are the Swedes, the Prussians, and the Russians; and all this great country, together with the formidable possessors of it, we dispose of in a word that conveys much the same ideas to the readers as les Pais Bas, the low countries. Les Pais Bas and the Nord, a Frenchman considers as only so many dependencies on the omnipotent France. There is really nothing to be said to this but what Tristram Shandy says upon a like occasion: 'The French have a pleasant way of treating all great matters.' I could not help laughing inwardly as these thoughts