

*Extract of a private letter from Paris,
February 12.*

"It is scarcely possible to furnish you with news or entertainment in the present state of this capital. The mortality by which it is desolated may be said almost to exceed the bounds of credibility. Within the last ten days I have been assured from an official quarter, the number of interments has amounted to 400 per diem on the average, or 4000 in the whole of that term. Several persons distinguished for their birth or their characters are upon this funeral list, St. Lambert, who was distinguished by the title of Thoulson of France; Cais, the poet, the author of *Gli Animali Parlanti*; Laharp, who here stood high in the political world, and who formerly read lectures in London on the Belles Lettres; Lalande the celebrated astronomer; and the Abbe Dehille, a poet of resplendent merit, have already dropt into the tomb, or are given over by their physicians within that short period. Every family is in mourning, and there is scarcely one individual in ten who has not been in some degree attacked. What is extremely singular is that the strangers in Paris have almost wholly escaped this desperate contagion!

"In the midst of this calamitous scene, the characteristic gaiety or rather the *insensibility* of the lower order of the Parisians, has not failed to develope itself as usual. They have given to the disorder the title of *La Grippe*; it has under this title been made 'the sad burthen of a merry song!' The ballad singers have their audiences in every street, and it is no uncommon thing to see, 'whilst frequent horses blacken all the way,' the mob divide itself, in order to suffer the melancholy procession to pass, and again to form themselves *en groupe*, to hear the *mauvaises plaisanteries* of their favourite ballads! Even those of a higher order partake in some degree of this spirit and temper. I was speaking but yesterday to a Parisian of some distinction on this subject, and remarked with some surprise, that foreigners had so singularly escaped from the disorder. His answer was curious—'*La Revolution, disoit-il nous a rendus Egoistes que nous gardons pour nous, insqu' a La Grippe*'.——"
"The Revolution, Sir, has rendered us so selfish, that we keep every thing to ourselves, even *La Grippe*."