

they have never witnessed*. Every one must know the sensation that is felt at beholding a fellow-creature in distress; but is the human heart to be governed by the passions, rather than by maturer judgment? Should humanity shudder at the sight of a single distressed object, and yet be insensible to the sufferings of millions who are perishing in concealment, and whom the eye of pity may never behold? No, true benevolence flows from a soul more expansive; for many a tear is shed by those who never tell their woes.

The late sudden transition from war to peace,

* When I was at Batalha, in Portugal, where Murphy wrote the greater part of his travels through that country, a priest related to me a very striking anecdote to prove this observation.

The Prince of Brazil, in reading Murphy's work, came to a passage where he described the poor of that country to be in a wretched state, and the travelling there most execrable.

The Prince flew in a violent passion, and ordered Murphy to be taken up and punished; for he had travelled through all the country, he said, and had never witnessed a single instance of what that writer related. "No," said the minister, who was standing near him, "but, if your Royal Highness had travelled as Murphy did, his observations would have appeared too true!" "Ah!" replied the Prince, "then I am sorry for it!" and poor Murphy thus escaped unpunished.