

In short, there is no distinction or subordination left--The different departments of life are jumbled together--The hod-carrier, the low mechanic, the tapster, the publican, the shopkeeper, the pettifog-ger, the citizen, and courtier, all tread upon the kibes of one another: actuated by the demons of prof-ligacy and licentiousness, they are seen every where rambling, riding, rolling, rushing, justling, mixing, bouncing, cracking, and crashing in one vile ferment of stupidity and corruption. – All is tumult and hurry; one would imagine they were impelled by some disorder of the brain, that will not suffer them to be at rest. The foot-passengers run along as if they were pursued by bailiffs. The porters and chairmen trot with their burthens. People, who keep their own equipages, drive through the streets at full speed. Even citizens, physicians, and apothecaries, glide in their chariots like lightening. The hackney-coachmen make their horses smoke, and the pavement shakes under them; and I have actu-ally seen a waggon pass through Piccadilly at the hand-gallop. In a word, the whole nation seems to be running out of their wits.