

# The Newbern Gazette.

NEWBERN (NORTH-CAROLINA) PRINTED FOR JOHN C. OSBORN, & Co.

[Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1799.

[No. 47.]

## BIOGRAPHY.

### THE LIFE OF M. ZIMMERMAN.

THE life of a physician, devoted with incessant application to professional practice and literary pursuits, cannot be expected to afford much incident to elevate or surprise the reader. In truth, there is little more in this small tract than a picture (faithfully drawn it is fairly to be presumed) by a familiar friend and correspondent of M. Zimmerman. He is exhibited to us as a man of extraordinary benevolence and urbanity; in the active exercise of almost every virtue, but through the greater part of his life the prey of an hypochondriac malady.

Of the death of this worthy man, we have the following account:

"Deeply impressed with the importance of his cause, Zimmerman gave himself up to labours that rapidly destroyed his health; not only inasmuch as an unremitted occupation of the mind hurts it more than any thing else, but also because when he was employed in any work his manner of living was changed in a very prejudicial manner; he arose early in the morning, and wrote a long while before he began his visits, and in the evening, after having finished the professional business of the day, instead of easing and diverting his mind in society, he again went to work, and remained at it frequently till a very late hour. His mind was thus in continual action, and his body had not the repose it required; he bore up, however, very well for several years; and on the fourth of October, 1791, he wrote me a letter in which there is the same strength of expression, the same justness of thought, and the same precision of arrangement, as in those preceding; he there clearly pointed out the progress of the Society, which became daily more dangerous: 'She is mistress of almost every press, of every bookseller, of every German journal, and of all the courts. The causes of the disasters of this last campaign are the same as those of the events at Chalons in 1762.'—This letter also contained the most lively expressions of his joy at hearing of my cure; yet there was one sentence bearing traces of the most profound melancholy, which gave me the greatest pain: 'I run a risk yet of becoming this year a poor emigrant, forced to abandon his house with the dear companion of his life, without knowing where to direct his course, or where to find a bed to die on.'—The invasion of the Electorate, the sacking of Hanover, and the necessity of abandoning it, was certainly at that time to be feared, if the negotiation had not saved what the armies did not defend; but Zimmerman's manner of expressing his fears announced the greatest depression. I saw therein a mind whose springs began to fail, and which dared no longer to say, as it could have justly done, *I carry every thing with me.* I neglected nothing in order to raise his spirits, and entreated him to come to me with his wife, to a country that was his own, where he would have remained in the most perfect security, and enjoyed all the sweets of peace and friendship. He answered me in December, and one part of his letter resembled those of other times; but melancholy was still more strongly marked, and the illness of his wife, which he unfortunately thought more serious than it really was, evidently oppressed him: he had been obliged to take three days to write me details which at another time would not have occupied him an hour, and he concluded his letter with, 'I conjure you, perhaps for the last time, &c.' The idea that he should write no more to his friend, (and unfortunately the event justified him) the difficulty of writing a few pages, the still fixed idea of being

\*The Illuminated, against which he had so strenuously contended.—R.V.

forced to leave Hanover, although the face of affairs had entirely changed; all, all indicated the loss I was about to sustain.

"From the month of November, he had lost his sleep, his appetite, his strength, and became sensibly thinner; and this state of decline continued to increase. In January he was still able to make a few visits in his carriage; but he frequently fainted on the stairs: it was painful for him to write a prescription: he sometimes complained of a confusion in his head, and at length gave over all business. This was at first taken for an effect of hypochondria, but it was soon perceived, that his deep melancholy had destroyed the chain of his ideas. What has happened to so many men of genius, befel him. One strong idea masters every other, and subdues the mind that is no longer able either to drive it away, or to lose sight of it. Preserving all his presence of mind, all his perspicuity and justness of thought upon other subjects, but no longer desirous of occupying himself with them, no longer capable of business, not giving advice, but with pain, he had unceasingly before his eyes *the enemy plundering his house*, as Pascal always saw a globe of fire near him. Bonnet, his friend, robbing him, and Spinoza, the devil, opposite to him. In February he commenced taking medicines, which were either prescribed by himself or by the physicians whom he consulted; at the beginning of March he desired my advice; but he was no longer able himself to describe his disorder, and his wife wrote me the account of it. I answered her immediately; but of what avail can be the directions of an absent physician in a disorder whose progress is rapid, when there must necessarily be an interim of near a month between the advice asked and the directions received? His health decayed so fast, that M. Wichman, who attended him, thought a journey and change of air would now be the best remedy. Eutria, a place in the Duchy of Holslein, was fixed upon for his residence. In going through Luneburg on his way thither, M. Leutin, one of the physicians in whom he placed much confidence, was consulted; but Zimmerman, who, tho' so often uneasy on account of health, had, notwithstanding, had the wisdom to take few medicines, and who did not like them, always had a crowd of objections to make against the best advice, and did nothing. Arrived at Eutria, an old acquaintance of his family lavished on him all the caresses of his friendship. This reception highly pleased him, and he grew rather better. M. Hentler came from Kiel to see him, and gave him his advice, which was probably very good, but became useless, as it was very irregularly followed. At last, after a residence of three months, he desired to return to Hanover, where he entered his house with the same idea with which he left it; he thought it plundered, and imagined himself totally ruined. I wrote to entreat him to go to Carlsbad: he was no longer capable of hearing the journey. Disgust, want of sleep, and weakness increased rapidly; he took scarcely any nourishment, either on account of insupportable aversion, or because it was painful to him: or perhaps, as M. Wichman believed, because he imagined he had not a farthing left. Intense application, the troubles of his mind, his pains, want of sleep, and lastly, (as I have just said) want of sufficient nourishment, had on him all the effects of time, and hastened old age; at sixty he was in a state of complete decrepitude, and his body was become a perfect skeleton. He clearly foresaw the issue of his disorder; and above six weeks before his death, he said to his wife, 'I shall die slowly, but very painfully,' and fourteen hours before he expired, he said, 'Leave me alone, I am dying.' This must have been a sweet sensation for a man in the midst of so many incurable evils, and who had lived as he had done.

This excellent man died on the 7th of October 1795."

M. Zimmerman, (says M. Tissot) was tall, well made, had a firm and easy gait, an elegant address, a fine countenance, and an agreeable voice: his genius sparkled in his eyes; and if the small pox had left its indentions upon him, it was only in such a degree as adds to the physiognomy what it takes from the skin.

## OBSERVATIONS

### On Lavater's Remonstrance to the Executive Directory.

The lamentable cries of Lavater to the great nation, have excited nothing in my mind but ridicule and contempt—nothing of pity—nothing of commiseration—nothing of friendship or good wishes. O Lavater! you have greatly mistaken the physiognomy of the great nation, if you can believe that either the pompous and absurd flattery, the pitiful moan, or the ineffectual threats of a degraded Swiss *castigé*—degraded by his own consent, by his own agency—can move their inexorable purpose of universal domination and rapine.—Didst thou look for redress from their justice? Follow with thine eyes as far as thine eyes can carry thee, the boundless course of blood and devastation which they have passed over in a few years, in a mite of time, and you may then indeed exclaim, with feelings of horror, and not in the vile humiliation of a slave's flattery, "*What other nation, ancient or modern, has performed the actions which it has done?*" But you must hope for nothing for poor Zurich from its justice. Do you hope for a restoration of your impolated liberty, and plundered property from the pity of the great nation? Take the whole range of the eight years—take all the vast and innumerable scenes, both at home and abroad, in which they have been engaged, and point me a single instance where the cries of humanity have arrested the hand of blood, or the tears of pity has glistened in the eye of a Frenchman. No—they have thrown off the authority of heaven; they have broke down every obligation of morality;—they have extinguished every characteristic of humanity, every tender attachment between man and man; *they conquer to plunder and enslave; and the conquered and enslaved cry for mercy in vain.* Meet the robber at the threshold, and resolutely defend the entrance of your dwelling. If you fly before him, or if, deluded by his perfidious offers of friendship and benefits, you open your arms to welcome him, you are indeed lost. Is it not credible that in the year 1798, any man should make an appeal to the justice and pity of France? Where have you been Lavater? Are you ignorant of its deeds? or have you lost the faculty of horror?—Do their awful crimes pass in along succession before you, without any impression? If thou couldst applaud while they sacked the world and opened rivers of innocent blood; learn, at least, to think, to reason, to know them from the fate of Switzerland. But the desolation of a neighboring canton, a filter state, was too remote to open thine eyes, to expose the bloody assassin, the insatiate robber. Look then to Zurich, to thine own Zurich, and how canst thou be deceived, or hope for justice or mercy from France? But you wouldstooth them with thy flattery. Believe me they will laugh you to scorn. The flattery of a conquered voluntary slave is dull, vapish, vile and ridiculous. They are the "*great nation*"—the "*matchless nation*." Alas! poor Zurich has found them matchless indeed, in perfidy, cruelty, and villainy. You say, "many of the most able and enlightened heads admire the achievements of this people, considered as philosophers, politicians and heroes." As "*philosophers*," they have filled the world with vice, discord and unexampled misery; as "*politicians*," they have governed by falsehood, perfidy and force; and have laid the certain founda-

tion of ages of discord, bloodshed and wretchedness for their country; as "*heroes*," they have murdered weakness and innocence, the infant, and the aged; the mother and her babe. You assert another sentiment, for which I almost despise you—Lavater, speak not then; it is the conquered slave of France,—the wretched dupe of Republican intrigues. You say that France "may be justly called the great nation, for it has produced the greatest, and I will still hope the most beneficial results, ever produced by man, in any period of time." This sentiment can need no comment, no contradiction—ask Italy—ask Switzerland—ask Zurich, what are the beneficial results of the achievements of this great nation—Show me the country on earth, show me the man on earth, to whom their revolution, their conquests, their principles or their friendship, have not yet been, or are likely to be beneficial—Slavery, ruin and desolation, are the certain consequences of all and each of them—While the relentless rapacity of France excludes you from all hope of pity from her, you give us a fact that will make the world deaf to your cries; even should misery accumulate ten fold upon you—When the true heroes of your country, her noble and magnanimous defenders, (patriots of immortal glory receive this weak tribute from a free American), were struggling against the hosts of France, and the dastard degeneracy of corrupted Switzerland, were contending in a deadly exertion against the arm of the murderer and the treason of the brethren, what did Zurich?—"*supplied the barbarians with cannon and ammunition!*"—For this deed she is blasted of Heaven and detested by man—Parricide! talk not of atonement.—The ghosts of your slaughtered brethren call aloud for vengeance—the groans of your enslaved country shall ever disturb you. Let Zurich be swept from among nations—let her become desolate as a wilderness—let her habitations become lonely rocks, and the waters turned to blood; and let it be remembered that she aided the destroyers of Berne, and she will find not commiseration from man. Let them learn from it that France divides to destroy; and that those who add here to her are involved in a common ruin with those that oppose—no promises bind her faith, no services hold her friendship. To serve France, Zurich murdered her brethren: Zurich struck a dagger to her own heart—yet Zurich is enslaved, plundered and destroyed. France promises that no French troops should enter Zurich, that not a *franc* should be demanded of her.—"But the very reverse happened"—three millions of lives are exacted, and troops are marched in without the least previous application to exhaust the country. Americans! be not deceived, be not divided by the black perfidy of French promises.—Let us stand firmly together, man to man, brother to brother. If we then fall it will be with glory, and we shall not, like Zurich, be sunk in infamy and humiliation, we shall not like her, be followed with the curses and contempt of the human race.

## THE COMMISSIONERS

Appointed by an act of the last General Assembly, for the purpose of selling the Palace lots in the town of Newbern.

### GIVE NOTICE.

That the sale of said lots will commence on the 22d day of March next, at noon. Bonds with approved security, will be required of one third the purchase money, at the end of one year, and the residue at the end of two years.

J. C. BRYAN,  
LEWIS BRYAN,  
W. M. JOHNSTON,  
JAS. CARNEY.

Com'rs

January 12.

B L A N K S,

Of all kinds for sale at this Office.