

**A sketch of the life and character of the late Dr. Monsey, physician to the Royal Hospital at Chelsea; with anecdotes of persons of the first rank in church and state / [Anon].**

### **Contributors**

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183 Euston Road  
London NW1 2BE UK  
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19

A  
S K E T C H  
OF THE  
L I F E   A N D   C H A R A C T E R  
OF THE LATE  
D R.   M O N S E Y,  
P H Y S I C I A N   T O   T H E   R O Y A L   H O S P I T A L  
A T   C H E L S E A ;  
W I T H  
A N E C D O T E S   O F   P E R S O N S  
O F   T H E  
F I R S T   R A N K  
I N  
C H U R C H   A N D   S T A T E.

---

*Ille autem sui iudicii potius quid se facere par esset arbitra-  
batur quam quid alii laudaturi forent.*      N E P O S.

---

L O N D O N :  
Printed for the AUTHOR,  
By J. COOPER, Bow Street, Covent Garden.

M.DCC.LXXXIX.

8 K E T C H

to

HIS GRACE

THE

DUKE OF LEBES

and

of the

MY LORD

I TAKE the liberty of

saying to your Grace this rough one

line of a man not known in po-

lite circles

He

A



---

TO  
HIS GRACE  
THE  
DUKE OF LEEDS,  
&c. &c. &c.

---

MY LORD,

I TAKE the liberty of dedica-  
ting to your Grace this rough out-  
line of a Man not unknown in po-  
lite circles.



He enjoyed, for the greatest part of a long life, your friendship and approbation, and what is equally honourable to you both, was as little disposed to submit to those unworthy compliances which are necessary to secure the smiles of some great men, as your Grace was to require them. I have two reasons for thus publicly addressing you: one is, that as truth dictated the following pages, you are qualified to detect me, if I have deviated from it in delineating his character; the other is, to congratulate your

Grace

Grace on the additional prospect of  
happiness in your family.

I have the honour to be,

With due deference,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's most obedient

And devoted humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.



PRELACE

THAT happens is in general attributed  
by philosophers with a pedantic exactness  
that a great portion of human affairs is  
produced by chance and accident, the  
Moralist and Divines will allow; yet  
instances occur of men eminently blest  
with moral perfection, who have  
have exhibited peculiar powers that  
virtue possesses cannot always be  
may regard the "lot of troubles" as  
surrounds them.

---

P R E F A C E.

---

**T**HAT happiness is in general diffused by Providence with an equal hand, and that a great portion of human misery is produced by crime and imprudence, the Moralist and Divine will allow : yet surely instances occur of men, eminently blest with morals, health, wit, and fortune, who have exhibited painful proofs that those enviable possessions cannot always be a security against the “ sea of troubles ” that surrounds them.

If



If it should be found, then, that many of our *self-created evils* originate rather from a neglect of the little than the great duties of life, if we discover that the sunshine of our days is clouded more by an unaccommodating severity towards the ill qualities of others, than a want of good ones in ourselves, the remedy is easy, and, if adopted, its effects towards the improvement of social intercourse are so important, as to lay a strong claim to our attention.

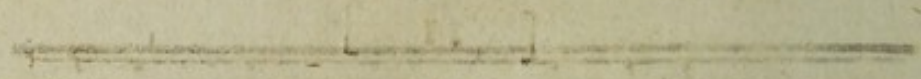
Such were the reflections poured on my mind by the death of a man whose character I have attempted to draw by a slight and hasty sketch in the following pages.

If, from a perusal, one person shall be induced not to prepare for himself a store of future discontent by too implicit a reliance on the promises of the great; if he shall be prevailed on, however exalted by rank  
or

or talents to accommodate in *innocent* trifles, to the manners of those around him, and in some instances to sacrifice his own convenience to the ease, or even the prejudices of others, he will not have read, nor shall I have written, in vain.

A SKETCH





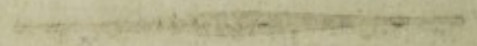
S. K. E. T. C. H.

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF THE LATE

DR. M. O. N. S. E. Y.

&c. &c.



M. O. N. S. E. Y. ... in the year 1803, at a remote ... of which ... but at the ... cost ... these ...

1803

---

A  
S K E T C H  
OF THE  
L I F E A N D C H A R A C T E R  
OF THE L A T E  
D R. M O N S E Y,  
&c. &c.

---

**M**ESSENGER MONSEY was born in the year 1693, at a remote village in Norfolk, of which his father was Rector; but at the Revolution, by declining the oaths, forfeited his preferment. In one respect he was happier than the generality of  
nonjuring



nonjuring clergymen, as he had some resource in a paternal estate, which is still in the family, and preserved him from those difficulties which too many at that time encountered, who sacrificed interest to principle.

He received a good classical education, which the old gentleman superintended chiefly himself, and was removed to St. Mary Hall, Cambridge, and after five years spent at the University, studied physic some time under SIR BENJAMIN WRENCH at Norwich, from which place he went and settled as a Physician at Bury.

He here experienced the common fate of country physicians, constant fatigue, long journies, and an inadequate income. — The Writer of this Sketch has heard him confess, that, after every exertion of unwearyed application and fair fame, his receipts never exceeded three hundred pounds a year,



year, by efforts which, in an easy chariot, and in the streets of London, secure Dr. Warren nearly twenty times the income.

With a rusty wig, dirty boots, and leather breeches, he here might have degenerated into the hum-drum Country Doctor, with the common-place questions by rote, the tongue, the pulse, and the guinea; his merits not diffused beyond a county chronicle, and his fame confined to a country church yard.

LORD GODOLPHIN, the son of Queen Anne's Lord Treasurer and a daughter of JOHN the great DUKE of MARLBOROUGH, was seized with an apoplectic complaint on his journey to his seat near Newmarket: the nearest medical help was at Bury, and nature or Dr. Monsey were so successful as to secure Lord Godolphin's life, and his warmest gratitude.

A sick



A sick room, and at a distance from polished society, was a dreary prospect, and pain was aggravated by the fear of solitude; so circumstanced, how happy to meet relief, and to find it accompanied with frank cheerfulness, literary talents, and convivial wit.

LORD GODOLPHIN was single, not a very young man, nor much given to company or dissipation, and he felt an impulse, that attaching himself to worth so superior to the situation in which he found it, would afford him a rational companion in his leisure hours, and a medical friend, so desirable in the decline of life.

During the intervals of illness his esteem for the Doctor increased; and, after his Lordship's recovery, his behaviour was so unassuming, and his offers so liberal, that he accompanied his patron to the metropolis.



Nor can a greater contrast of life be imagined; by one of those turns of fortune, by so many neglected, but which are said to occur to all, from the narrow rural circuit, from the justice, the curate, the lawyer, and the apothecary, he was deposited in the metropolis, the region of elegance, the fountain of politics, and the land of promise.

Nor did he meet with that delayed hope which is said to make the heart sick; for he was treated at Lord Godolphin's as a friend and a companion, introduced to many of the first characters of the age for rank and eminence: among others, Sir Robert Walpole assiduously cultivated his acquaintance, and the late Earl of Chesterfield always acknowledged, with gratitude, the benefit he derived from his medical assistance.



He thus trod the pleafanteft path of life, the midway between leifure and fatigue, while friendship, polished fociety, and literary amufement, might be faid to ftrew it with flowers.

He was made a Fellow of the Royal Society, though his great age for many years paft prevented his attendance; and on the death of Dr. Smart, Phyfician to Chelfea College, he was appointed to fucceed him.

Although LORD GODOLPHIN readily embraced every opportunity to forward the intereft of his Friend Monfey, as he ufed to call him, yet he could not perfuade himfelf to lofe his fociety, which he was frequently heard to declare was the folace and comfort of his life.

And on the Doctor's appointment to Chelfea, he procured leave for him ftill to  
refide



reside in town, on condition of his visiting the Hospital as occasion might require.

He was once in habits of the closest intimacy with the late David Garrick, whose fascinating powers of conversation and elegant manners were very opposite to Dr. Monsey's; who, during a long intercourse with the great and the gay, ever preserved a plainness of behaviour, but, to those who remember it, by no means an unpleasing one.

Nor could he ever be persuaded to sacrifice sincerity on the shrine of abject flattery: he spoke the truth, and, what sometimes gave offence, the whole truth, which afforded occasion to ignorance and malignity to cry him down as a cynic; but it should be remembered, that his censure, though severe, was generally just, and that his shafts were directed against vice, folly, and affectation.



This difference of manners between him and the Manager produced a mutual, but not unfriendly, exchange of raillery. To raise a laugh at the Doctor's expence was the amusement of many an hour at Hampton.

Garrick told him one evening, after his return from performing at Drury Lane, that he wished to see a favourite scene acted by a performer at Covent Garden, then much in fashion; that he had slipped from his own stage sily, and trusted an underling actor, known by the name of Dagger Marr\*, to supply for a few minutes his place, which was only to stand silent and aloof, and that he returned time enough to take his place before it was his turn to speak. The Doctor credulously swallowed the story, circulated it with a degree of serious wonder; the town enjoyed the joke,

\* Not Jefferson, as Messrs. Este and Topham, who are very *correct*, relate it.



and he was heartily laughed at for his pains.

Those who knew Mr. Garrick admired and loved him; but they knew, and universally confessed, that though he eagerly sought and enjoyed a joke at *another man's* expence, he was nettled if it was raised at *his own*. Monfey frequently retorted with success. The little Manager was sore, and elapsed, on a *particular* occasion, into an unjustifiable asperity of reply, that called forth the latent spark of resentment in his Friend.

The BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN (if I mistake not, DR. HILDESLEY, who preceded Dr. Wilson) was saying that Garrick certainly meant to quit the stage: "He never will do it," said Monfey, "as long as he knows a guinea is cross on one side, and pile on the other\*." —

\* A proverbial expression in Norfolk.



This was industriously reported. The violence with which it was resented proved *that it was true*; and the long acquaintance was closed by an anonymous letter sent by Garrick, containing the frequently-quoted extract from Horace,

*Absentem qui rodit amicum, &c. &c.*

A sentiment which Roscius ought to have been the last man to quote, as the *eccentric oddities* of his Friend, as he used to call them, afforded him a constant food, at all times, and in all places, for ridiculous anecdote.

Intimate friends are said to make the most inveterate enemies; and Garrick, by his repeated and widely-diffused sarcasms, certainly embittered the enmity.

Severe recrimination, fomented by the interference of officious meddlers, who enjoyed their quarrel, subsisted to the last.

I had



I had an imperfect sight of some unfinished stanzas penned by the Doctor during the Manager's illness, on which occasion many physicians had been called in.

As soon as Garrick died, which Monfey did not expect, they were instantly destroyed, and I never could prevail on him to repeat them.

As they have not been published, if my memory will assist me, I shall endeavour to recollect a part of them: they prove how strongly,

*Hæsit lateri lethalis arundo.*

Seven wise physicians lately met,  
 To save a wretched finner:  
 Come, Tom, says Jack, pray let's be quick,  
 Or I shall lose my dinner.

The consultation then begins, and the case of the patient is stated; after which,



Some roar'd for rhubarb, jalap some,  
 And some cry'd out for Dover :  
 Let's give him something, each man said —  
 Why e'en let's give him — over.

This desperate counsel is, however, re-  
 jected by one of the medical sages, who,  
 after some reflections on the life and habits  
 of the patient, declares that he has great  
 confidence in chink ; adding,

Not dry'd up skinks, you ninnies ;

The chinking that I recommend

'S the famous chink of guineas !

A humorous altercation enfues to deter-  
 mine by whom this auricular application of  
 the purse should be made : with a humility  
 and politeness to *each other*, for which phy-  
 sicians are so remarkable, each declines the  
 honour to the superior rank or years of his  
 neighbour. But the Poet shrewdly guesses  
 that this backwardness arose from the major-  
 ity



rity of them, not chusing to exhibit the comfortless state of their pockets.

At last a physician in vogue prides himself on his purse replenished with guineas, which he had weighed, found *heavy*, and not *returned* to his patients as *light*: in the moment of exultation he exclaims,

I and my long tails seldom fail  
To earn a score a day.

After due solemnity he approaches the bed side; the curtain is withdrawn, and the glittering gold shaken at the sick man's ear,

Soon as the fav'rite found he heard,  
One faint effort he try'd:  
He op'd his eyes, he stretch'd his hand,  
He made one grasp, and dy'd.

LORD BATH vainly attempted to reconcile them:—"I thank you," cry'd Dr. Monsey;



Monfey; “ but why will your Lordship  
 “ trouble yourself with the squabbles of a  
 “ Merry Andrew and a Quack Doctor ? ”

But the time was approaching when he was to lose his friend, benefactor, and patron, LORD GODOLPHIN, who frequently, by his recommendation, and often by his joint assistance, raised depressed merit, and relieved obscure indigence — a trait in his Lordship’s character which a love of ease would have suppressed, had not Monfey frequently called it forth.

After a life spent more in snug comfort than brilliancy, this Nobleman died at a good old age, bequeathing the Doctor a handsome legacy. His enjoyments were of the retired domestic kind, his game backgammon, and his favourite book Cibber’s Apology for his own Life.

His



His Lordship used to relate a conversation that passed between LADY SUNDERLAND and his Grandmother, which proves the old DUTCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH was not entirely such a woman as the malignancy of Pope describes, though she gave him a thousand pounds to suppress the portrait of Atossa, which a BISHOP took care to add, by Pope's desire, in the posthumous edition.

“ Amongst the torrent of abuse poured  
 “ out on your Grace,” said LADY SUN-  
 DERLAND, “ your worst enemies have ne-  
 “ ver called you a faithless wife.” — “ It  
 “ was no great merit,” said old SARAH,  
 the first DUTCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, as  
 she was turning over the papers afterwards  
 sent to Mallock for her husband's history :  
 “ It was no great merit ; for I had the  
 “ handsomest, the most accomplished, and  
 “ bravest man in Europe for my husband.”  
 — “ Yet you don't pretend to say he was  
 “ without



“without faults,” replied Lady Sunderland.—“By no means; I knew them better than he did himself, or even than I do my own. He came back one day from my *poor misled mistress*, Queen Anne, I believe when he resigned his commission, and said he had told her, that he thanked God, with all his faults, neither avarice or ambition could be laid to his charge.” Such was the sensible answer of Sarah: to which she added, “I was not then in a laughing humour; but, at my Lord’s words, I almost bit through my tongue, to prevent my smiling in his face.”

Dr. Monfey was now to retire from St. James’s, adjoining to which LORD GODOLPHIN lived, and to quit the splendour, equipage, and retinue of a Peer, with an agreeable circle of London friends, for a solitary apartment at Chelsea, his plate at the hall table, his time-piece, and his old woman.

It



It now became necessary for him to call forth the fruitful resources of his own mind, to fill up the tedious intervals of a life which had hitherto been completely occupied by the interesting offices of friendship, by science, and by amusement.

In this nice point, so productive of crimes or of follies in us all, he, in a great measure, succeeded, without giving way to irrational excess, by correspondence in which, in a manner peculiar to himself, he excelled, by his profession, mechanics, books, whist, and backgammon.

The situation and change of circumstance undoubtedly required a wonderful exertion of temper; nor ought we to be surprised if it was injured in the painful effort.

An alteration was observed: the strong features of genius and sterling sense, the attic wit, happy allusion, and well-timed anecdote,



anecdote, were mellowed and improved on the canvass; but the gentle tints, the delicate colouring, the morbidezza of refined manners, produced by the attrition of elegant society, were found to be gradually impaired: he possessed, in high perfection, the *fortiter in re*, but neglected or despised the *leviter in modo*.

Yet an instance occurred, after he had passed his eightieth year, in which he usefully reprov'd a friend, without gratifying his satirical talent.

No one who pretended to understand Monsey's character can forget that it was impossible for folly or affectation to pass in his company undiscovered, and very seldom unpunished.

A young popular clergyman, of a good heart and sound understanding, was infected with a solemn theatric mode of speaking

at



at times, accompanied with a mincing, finical gesture, bordering on the coxcomb.— This foible did not escape the eye of his friend, who knew his worth, and would not hurt his feelings; the Doctor therefore took an opportunity, when they were alone, to censure him, and agreed, whenever he saw the “*affectio dramatica*” (as he called it) coming on, as a signal, always to offer him his snuff-box, with two smart raps, to prevent his lapsing into such an erroneous habit. The gentleman speaks of it to this day with gratitude. A visible improvement in his deportment took place, and Monfey was very probably instrumental in his procuring, what I wish him long to enjoy, preferment, and a wife with a good fortune.

When the Doctor removed to Chelsea, he found Mr. Ranby, the Surgeon, there, a man of strong passions, harsh voice, and inelegant manners. King George the Second,



cond, with whom he was a great favourite, had appointed him to Chelsea Hospital, and from the humble capacity in which he is said to have served him in another way, the old and oft-repeated story originated, of “ Fat, fair, and forty \*.”

The interesting chat which novelty of acquaintance often produces, at first appeared like intimacy between the Surgeon and Physician ; but this gradually declined into indifference, coldness, disgust, and at last, on Ranby's side, into personal outrage.

Ever since the establishment of the Hospital it has been the business of the Physician to overlook the Surgeon's bill, and if he saw no reason to disapprove it, to sign his name as a passport for it through the offices.

\* He was said to have the honour of occasionally introducing a good-natured lady to the old King.

A bill



A bill occurred which the Doctor thought objectionable, and was said by many to have reasonable grounds for his objections : he refused his signature. This Ranby considered as a reproach on his moral character, and as an insult : mutual ill language took place, and the angry Surgeon concluded by swearing he would be the death of his opponent if he persisted in refusing to sign the account.

I believe, but am not certain, that Ranby, on this occasion, was obliged to give surety for keeping the peace : I know the Doctor consulted the late Lord Chief Justice De Grey (afterwards Lord Walsingham) on the subject, and I heard his Lordship recommend peace to Monsey, “ and if “ Ranby repeats his violence, leave *me* to “ manage him,” were his concluding words. The dread of a Chief-Justice’s warrant kept the lion a little quiet.



LORD CHESTERFIELD told Dr. Monfey he had right \* on his side, but that Ranby's connections and influence would carry him through it : his Lordship was not mistaken — the Board to whom Monfey referred the affair dropped it, and the bill was paid.

This affair Ranby † never forgave ; and a few years after he died from the effects of a violent fit of passion, occasioned by the late Sir John Fielding not *punishing* an hackney coachman who happened to be the *injured* party.

In the dispute between Monfey and Ranby concerning the bill, a melancholy instance of profusion in the disposal of the public money occurred.

At

\* A GREAT PERSONAGE was of the same opinion.

† Ranby was the only man I ever heard coolly defend the use of laudanum in effecting his designs on

women,



At the Hospital for decayed Seamen at Greenwich more than twelve hundred persons were provided with advice, physic, and surgery, for something less than four hundred and fifty pounds a year—a trifling sum, however fully adequate to the purpose, when compared to the medical and surgical department at Chelsea.

In the College at that place it was found that Government was at the enormous expence of more than two thousand four hundred pounds a year\*, besides providing houses, furniture, a table, coals, and candle.

When the late Duke of Newcastle appointed Mr. Graham, senior, to this post as Apothecary, he might probably find it convenient to get rid of a long apothecary's bill

women, which he confessed he had practised *with success*.

\* I speak on an average of the last 14 years.



of many years standing, to the amount of a thousand pounds; but surely Mr. Pitt or Mr. Grenville have no purposes to answer in tolerating so wanton a waste of the public money: and as a vacancy in the Surgeon's appointment cannot be far remote, a *fixed salary*, without a contingent bill, should be ordered by the Board, without injury to the present possessors.

It ought to have been premised that Chefelden was Surgeon when Dr. Monfey was first *appointed* to the Hospital: he *resided* not till many years after; during which time Mr. Chefelden died, and Ranby was appointed to succeed him.—Chefelden treated him with great attention and civility; but was more flattered by having the mechanism of his chariot and the splendour of his equipage admired, than by being told, which was really the case, that he was the first Surgeon in Europe.—Pope, whom the Doctor often saw at his Friend's house,  
found



found out this secret, and profited from it : by introducing his name into his epistles, and humouring this blameless foible, the house, carriage, and servants of Cheselden were always at the Poet's disposal.

I have often heard the Doctor mention an extraordinary opinion of Mrs. Cheselden, who was a sensible, but by no means a handsome, woman, and, if I mistake not, the daughter of Mr. Knight, the Cashier in the unfortunate South-Sea Bubble.

This singularity related to the excessive severity of the criminal code of laws, as it extended to unnatural gratifications\* : it did not amount to a defence of these abominable practices ; but she thought if men had so bad a taste, and were so absurd as to seek amusement so much out of the way, that they should be considered as fools and

\* Cum hominibus aut feris.



madmen ; but that taking away their lives was making the punishment greater than the crime, and unjust — an idea so odd, so inimical to female sway, to drop from a woman, is so rare a phænomenon, that I could not help (however I may be blamed) recording it.

As age, with its additional cares, came on, an asperity of manners and a neglect of decorum was observed in Monfey : it became the fashion for the young, the delicate, and the gay, to exclaim against him as an interrupter of established forms, and as a breaker of those various and minute rules which, however trifling they may appear to the Sage and the Philosopher, contribute essentially to the ease and comfort of modern life.

The character which usually passes under the denomination of an oddity, has been defined as a man who sacrifices the good  
 opinion



opinion of others to his own whim and  
conveniency.

Nor can our Friend be wholly exculpated from these charges. In his intercourse with mankind he met with so many trifling and worthless characters, that he was apt to suspect that what *such persons* so much valued was beneath *his* attention; but idle, fantastic, vain women, and men like women, always excited in him the most violent emotions of anger and contempt.

He was acquainted with a Clergyman of this class, a *near* neighbour, remarkable for puerile and silly behaviour, and very much in the habit of contradicting the Doctor, without learning, or even a single idea to support his arguments.—“ If you have any  
“ faith in your opinion, will you venture a  
“ small wager on it?” — “ I cou’d, but I  
“ won’t,” was the answer.—“ Then you  
“ have



“ have very little wit, or very little money,” said Monfey.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\*\* more famous for his wheelbarrow amours with the cast-off mistress of a Royal Duke, and the marked contempt of his wife, who found solace in the arms of the fortunate Irishman, than his military achievements, contributed very much to render the Doctor's situation uncomfortable. It was owing to the following circumstance :

This hoary veteran, who pretends to reform now he is no longer able to sin, was in a very illiberal manner abusing a friend of the Doctor's, in his absence, as a coward and a debauchee, and the Doctor for defending him. He instantly silenced the formal but empty prater by these words:—

“ You have little right to abuse him for  
 “ gallantry, for you attempted to debauch  
 “ his mother; and as to his courage, he  
 “ did



“ did not stay at home whoring and drink-  
 “ ing, and get his bones broke in a fray  
 “ under the Piazza, while his regiment  
 “ was cut to pieces in Germany, and then  
 “ hurry over thither time enough to hear  
 “ peace proclaimed, bring home infirmities  
 “ produced by vice, and boast of them as  
 “ the consequence of wounds received in  
 “ the service of his country.”

It was Monsey's misfortune to launch  
 into the boundless ocean of metaphysics,  
 where so many adventurers wander without  
 rudder, sail, or compass. His voyage pro-  
 duced the usual return of doubt, uncer-  
 tainty, and disappointment. To those who  
 are infatuated enough to sacrifice their time  
 and attention to such a wild and unprofita-  
 ble study, I think it my duty to observe,  
 that in the intervals of cool reflection he  
 confessed a great part of the unhappiness of  
 his life originated from these unavailing per-  
 plexities.



As to religion, after long study and much reading, he was a staunch and rational supporter of the Unitarian doctrine, and early imbibed an unconquerable aversion to bishops and establishments, to creeds, and to tests; but when the “ Blasphemous Athanasian doctrine” (as he called it) was mentioned, he burst into the most vehement expressions of abhorrence and disgust.

During his abode at LORD GODOLPHIN’S, he was riding in Hyde Park with a Mr. Robinson, a well-meaning man, who was lamenting the deplorable state of the times, and concluded his harangue with saying, “ and, Doctor, I talk with people who believe there is *no* God;” — “ And I, Mr. Robinson, talk with people who believe there are *three*.” — The frightened Trinitarian immediately set spurs to his horse, and would never after speak to the author of so prophane a reply.

It



It has been said that DEAN SWIFT was Monfey's model; and as far as ruling the company and guiding the conversation of those with whom he associated, there *was* a resemblance. In this department they were both rather tyrannical; for he who seldom meets with his equal either in parts or power in *any*, is too apt to expect deference and submission from *all*.

Another axiom of Monfey's brings to our minds a similar, but unfortunate, taste in Swift ———

*Medico & philosopho nihil indecens.*

The Author of the Ladies' Dressing Room, and a man\* who produced an almond which he boasted had travelled four times down his throat, could neither of them be *very nice*, though, according to a doctrine of the Dean's, they both abounded in *nasty ideas*.

\* This the Doctor has frequently exhibited.

But



But SWIFT, the patriot of Ireland, the lover of laughter, the genius, and the poet, Swift was a rank churchman, with all the mitred notions of a high priest, hierarchy and prerogative, and, except where temporary popularity led for the moment, was a stickler for the infamous Sacheverell, a Tory, with all the narrow bigotry of the party, an enemy to the civil and religious liberties of mankind.

SWIFT's religious intolerance I shall not try to prove: he defended it publicly with his pen, and complimented ARCHBISHOP (I was going to say Arch-zealot) KING for his furious prosecutions in the ecclesiastical and other Courts for speculative errors in doctrine. His passion for invading the liberty of the press, which he grossly abused himself, bursts out frequently in his letters, which I quote from memory. In one he says he has laid one of his antagonists by the heels at a messenger's; and for another he



he has long had a *sharp knife* and a pillory ready for his ears.

I thank God such language or such treatment would not be suffered in the present day; and in a man who abounded in wit and poignant invective it was mean and ungenerous: it favoured of the *argumentum baculinum*, or club law.

I always think the following line very applicable to SWIFT, whether basking in the warm sunshine of Harley's favour, or wielding a despotic sceptre at the head of the chapter of St. Patrick: —

“*Dat Deus immiti cornua curta bovi.*”

There are two well-written letters which strongly mark the Dean's character — they are in his works; but, after a twenty-years' absence from the book, I can't point out the page. The first is to the above-mentioned



tioned DR. KING, who, at the Hanoverian accession, turned his back on, and tried to oppress, his old Friend: the other is addressed to a Lord Palmerston, a descendant, I think, of SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE'S. He tells his Lordship, that his character has not *bulk* enough to be worth *crushing*, and that he owes his safety to his *insignificance*.

Swift undoubtedly had a thousand faults, but he possessed ten thousand good qualities; and I take this public opportunity, having no other, of *wholly* dissenting from the ingenious Mr. Hayley's theory, which, without one good argument, but with much plausibility, he aims against the Dean in his *Triumphs of Temper*,

Monfey was a Whig in the most liberal sense of the word, who, while he valued his own opinion, did not wish to enslave, or, rather, ensnare that of another. "He  
" was a friend to a limited monarchy and a  
" mixed



“ mixed government, but detested those arts  
 “ which render religion a mere government  
 “ machine, to torture and perplex the minds  
 “ of rational and conscientious men; which  
 “ deprives them of advantages to which all  
 “ have a common right, and holds them  
 “ out to the thoughtless accommodating  
 “ herd alone, who determine before they  
 “ are qualified to examine, sacrifice con-  
 “ science to interest, and sit down infa-  
 “ mous and contented.”

Among many who admired and respected  
 the Doctor, was the late DOWAGER LADY  
 TOWNSHEND, and she was said, as far as  
 was compatible with being a well-bred wo-  
 man, which wit sometimes made her for-  
 get, greatly to resemble him in conversa-  
 tion. He used to relate a tolerable, or (as  
 you take it) an intolerable, reply she made  
 to the late LORD BATH at the time he was  
 going to be made a Peer.

“ I have



“ I have a pain in my side,” said MR. PULTENEY.—“ I don’t think you have any “ side,” answered LADY TOWNSHEND.—“ I have a backside,” cried PULTENEY, in a pet.—“ I don’t know that,” said the LADY instantly; “ but every body knows “ that your wife has one.”

The Patriot had, I believe, married a Miss or MRS. GUMLEY, with whom LORD BOLINGBROKE had an intrigue; and an official note is extant which he penned in a hurry, without a *table*, in the Lady’s bed-chamber, and dated from a *very odd place*.

LORD BATH, though an opposer of the Minister, and very intimate and full of professions to Dr. Monfey, behaved to him like an errant courtier; and in the business of a subscription towards translating the Bible into the language used by the inhabitants of the Isle of Man, acted by no means like  
a man



a man of such immense property as he possessed.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE knew and valued the worth of his “Norfolk Doctor,” as he called him — *he knew it*, and neglected it.

The PRIME MINISTER was fond of billiards, at which his Friend very much excelled him. — “How happens it,” said SIR ROBERT, in his social hour, “that nobody will beat me at billiards, or contradict me, but Dr. Monfey.” — “They get,” said the Doctor, “places — I get a dinner and praise.”

The late DUKE of GRAFTON was mean enough to put off paying him for a long attendance on himself and family by promising him a little place at Windsor.

D

“ I take



“ I take the liberty to call on your Grace  
 “ to say the place is vacant,” said the Chel-  
 sea Physician. — “ Ecod,” (his Grace had  
 not the most harmonious voice, and repeat-  
 ed this *elegant* word in a very peculiar man-  
 ner) “ Ecod I know it—the CHAMBER-  
 “ LAIN has just been here to tell me he  
 “ promised it to Jack —.” — The dis-  
 concerted and never-paid Doctor retired ;  
 informed the Lord Chamberlain what passed,  
 who said, “ Don’t, for the world, tell his  
 “ Grace — but before he knew I had pro-  
 “ mised it — here is the letter he sent me  
 “ soliciting for *a third person.*”

Though his Grace’s head was not over-  
 stocked, nature had been bountiful else-  
 where, which occasioned his making a re-  
 markable wager : I decline relating it,  
 though *many* guineas *were laid* on the sub-  
 ject of the bet. This, and an unexpected  
 mistake a female acquaintance of his Grace’s  
 made, created a hearty laugh.

There



There was a time when the ingenious MRS. MONTAGUE was intimate with him; so much so, as for many years to receive from him a poetical compliment on her birth-day. Whether from his lines at last not having compliment enough, or from his coolness with Garrick, their acquaintance declined: he was always silent on the subject; though, from what I have heard from *another* person, I suspect it was owing to an extreme parsimony which has appeared in this Lady's conduct ever since she built the magnificent house in Portman Square, a building certainly in a style of grandeur and expence beyond her fortune, rank in life, and extreme old age\*.

Dr. Monfey was always strangely infatuated with fears of the public funds, a bugbear that drove him to place his money on

\* She was not far from seventy when the building began.



troublesome securities, and productive ultimately of heavy losses. He used to speak (as losers always do) feelingly of the villainy of a Welch Parson and a London Attorney.

Experience, for which he paid so dear, at last taught him to put as much confidence in *public* as in *private* faith, and he invested property to a considerable amount in the funds.

It was a prevailing opinion that he was avaricious—a charge often bestowed on prudence by the foolish and profuse—if he was so, it was not a principle that pervaded his whole conduct; for I have known him, in two instances, burn a bond for a hundred pounds, which he had advanced to industrious tradesmen, who were able, but would have been distressed, to repay it.

A neigh-



A neighbour of the Doctor's, possessed of a large sinecure, used to be fond of ridiculing him in all companies for his meanness and love of money, though the Doctor professed and proved himself a friend on all occasions to him and his wife: he attended them both at different times, for some years, without a fee being thought of or offered; and on one occasion, at some distance from town, when the Doctor's chaise hire cost him seven guineas, after some time, this *abuser* and *practiser* of fordid actions sent his Friend a ten-pound Bank note, which Monsey directly returned, saying, "That the attentions of a *friend* cannot be repaid with *money*;" adding, "if he had sent me a piece of plate worth forty shillings, I should have thought myself obliged to him."

This same *Friend*, in another instance, where the payment of rent for an outhouse was to be left to his *generosity*, paid Monsey



thirty shillings a year for what a man who was not his *friend* used to pay five guineas per annum.

“ *Clodius accusat Mæchos.* ”

In advancing sums to assist inferior tradesmen he was ever ready — often with little prospect of seeing the money again.

Not long before his death he advanced a servant, retiring from a gentleman's service, a hundred pounds to set him up in business.

The tradesman applied to his master to assist him, a finical delicate woman's man, who trembled at a breeze: he *generously* lent him twenty pounds, which he made him repay in a fortnight. I have heard the performer of this *generous* action exclaim against the Doctor as a miser and a brute.

This



This “ Bug with gilded wings ” would lavish treble the sum on a squeaking eunuch, or new furniture for his phaeton, in which he was often afraid to ride.—“ Nature certainly at first designed him for a woman,” said Monsey, in a surly hour, “ but was “ unwilling to disgrace the sex : to chuse a “ coat, or determine a pattern for his waist- “ coat, is the sedulous but fatiguing busi- “ ness of a day. I used to ask him if he “ was settling a jointure for one of his “ daughters, or debating on the purchase “ of an estate.”

During a prevailing general illness in the Doctor’s neighbourhood, all intercourse with this family was interdicted by a very serious letter sent to him. A correspondence by letter was admitted ; but even the *letter* was to pass quarantine for a night and a day, or to be *bleached*, (as the Doctor used to call it.) If he met them in his post chaise on the road, the glasses of their coach were



carefully and closely shut up, and a waving of hands was the only personal civility that passed between *intimate* friends for seven months.

“ We are afraid of you, Doctor ; you come from a sick room,” exclaimed the Petit Maitre.—“ You often make me sick,” said Monfey, “ but never afraid.”

As the Doctor advanced in years, an irregular stop in his pulse gave him much alarm, and he applied to Sir George Baker and Dr. Heberden on the occasion. Of this last gentleman’s medical skill he often expressed the highest opinion.

They at first concurred with him in supposing that it arose from some of the great vessels of the heart growing bony, which is said often to happen in old age ; but they afterwards altered their opinion when it was discovered that this phænomenon returned  
only



only at intervals; observing very justly, that if the cause had been of so local a nature, the effect would have been permanent and regular\*.

His health for twenty years before his death had been subject to frequent attacks; his nights restless and uneasy. This, with some heavy pecuniary losses before mentioned, and the ill usage of some of his *near* neighbours, visibly soured his temper, added suspicion and acrimony to his behaviour and conversation; and his minute attention to œconomy, which he took no pains to conceal, occasioned his enemies to remark that he grew too fond of a guinea.

Had I pretended to, or been qualified for, perfect biography, I should ere now have observed, that, before he quitted Bury, he

\* On opening his body, this, however, appeared to be the cause; yet his pulse at times being natural, is still not to be accounted for.

married



married a widow with a handsome jointure, who died and left him one daughter. This lady was married to a gentleman of a reputable mercantile family in the City, and is now a widow with a numerous family.

Dr. Monfey was certainly bound to attend to these children by every tie of tenderness and duty, which he fulfilled perhaps to a fault, and has amply provided for them in addition to their father's fortune.

If his parsimony in many instances degenerated into meanness, if his mode of life was not equal to his fortune, let it be remembered that he was constantly observing the lamentable effects of dissipation; that he had the warmest affection for his daughter, a purse to assist the unfortunate, and an amiable reason for his weakness.

He was frequently anxious, in his absence from his apartment, for a safe place  
in



in which to deposit his cash and notes; bureaus and strong boxes he was conscious had often failed in security. Previous to a journey into Norfolk, during the hot weather in July, he chose the fireplace of his sitting room for his treasury, and placed Bank notes and cash in that unusual situation under the cinders and shavings. On his return, after a month's absence, he found his old woman preparing to treat a friend or two with tea, and, by way of showing her respect for her guests, the parlour fire place was chosen to make the kettle boil, as she never expected her master till she saw him. The fire had just been lighted, when her master arrived in the critical minute: he rushed, without speaking, to the pump, where luckily a pail of water was, and deluged the whole over the fire, and the half-drowned woman, who was diligently employed in removing it. His money was safe; but the notes, if they had not been wrapped in thick brown paper, would inevitably



vitably have been destroyed. Sufficient fragments were preserved to enable the Doctor, with some official difficulty, to get paid at the Bank.

It has been observed, that he whom many disapproved must have some radical defects; and Monfey's not being generally liked at Chelsea, has been adduced in support of the argument. An œconomist and a reformer of abuses is seldom a popular character: to this another reason may be added,

He came to Chelsea from a circle of friends exalted in rank and family, and in general adorned with useful or polite learning.

He was placed in an Hospital of Invalids, the domestic officers of which, according to the design of the institution, should have been filled by disabled or disbanded officers, a well-earned retreat for the brave and unfortunate.

The



The Temple at Jerufalem was meant for a house of prayer, but converted into a den of thieves: and the College at Chelsea, which ought to have been devoted to national charity, was over-run by the valets, grooms, or election jobbers, of a FOX\*, a RUSSELL, or a RIGBY.

By this preposterous misapplication of public rewards, a man, by shaving the Paymaster, brushing his coat, his shoes, or marrying his mistress, became the companion of a General, a Knight of the Bath, a Physician, and a Divine.

To men sprung from the dregs of society, frequently elevated for obsequiousness, folly, or vice, ignorant † and self con-

\* The first Lord Holland.

† “ So you are one of the *venal* electors of ———  
 “ ———,” said Monsey. — “ I never had the disorder  
 “ in my life,” said the Freeman, understanding that  
 he meant *venereal*.

ceited,



ceited, can we wonder that Monfey repaid infolence with fatirical invective and contempt?

But real and unaffuming merit, in the pooreft and loweft f Situations, he treated with good nature and winning familiarity: the gratitude he experienced from patients of this clafs he ever fpoke of as the moft gratifying fee, and was the laft man to arrogate adventitious merit from family connection or intellectual excellence.

By way of ridiculing family pride, he ufed to confefs that the firft of his anceftors of *any* note was a Baker and a Dealer in Hops, a trade which enabled him with fome difficulty to fupport a large family.

To procure a prefent fum he had robbed his feather beds of their contents, and fupplied the deficiency with unfaleable hops. In a few years a fevere blight univerfally prevailing,



prevailing, hops became very scarce and enormously dear, the hoarded treasure was ripped out, and a good sum procured for hops which, in a plentiful season, would not have been saleable; “and thus,” the Doctor used to add, “our family *hopp’d* “from obscurity.”

He used to speak highly of the present DUKE OF LEEDS for being divested of this false family pride, and related the origin of the OSBORN family from the Duke’s own mouth at his table.

“My family,” said the Duke, “deduces  
 “its origin from Jack Osborn, the Shop  
 “Boy of a Pin Maker on London Bridge,  
 “in the reign of one of the Henrys. The  
 “only daughter of his master fell from a  
 “window into the Thames: the lad saw  
 “her situation, and rescued her. Some  
 “years after the young lady had many no-  
 “ble suitors; but ‘Jack won her,’ said  
 “the



“ the old Citizen, ‘ and he shall wear  
 “ her.”

The Doctor, in his visits at the Duke's, occasionally saw the late Marchioness of Carmarthen, and from her attention to her children, and seeing a woman of so exalted a rank making or mending some of the clothes of an infant to which she had been giving suck, he used to foretel she would be an excellent wife: the event proved the Doctor mistaken in his prophecy, as she became too fashionable a one.

May the MARQUIS, in his recent nuptials, derive, as is not unfrequent in life, happiness and peace even from *anguish*, and have no reason to distrust the motto of a noble Lord\*.

It was (I believe, but am not certain) at the table of the DUKE of LEEDS that our

\* Crede Byron.



Chelsea Physician sometimes met LEONIDAS GLOVER, who soon after married a lady of an athletic make and constitution, and then made a rural excursion.

“ Have you seen GLOVER since his marriage,” said an acquaintance: “ I fear he is lost.”—“ No,” said Monsey; “ but I hope he has not perished, like his hero, in the Straits of Thermophylæ.”

I have said that he occasionally amused himself in rhyme, and I have seen a long Poem, in doggrel verse, in which many humorous fallies and laughable stories occur; but it was not remarkable for clearness of language, closeness of connection, or delicate expression. This performance, for a reason I am not acquainted with, he called Jack Shade, and it is still extant.

As an excuse for listening to the Goddess of Nonsense, whom he invoked as his



Muse, he used to plead long confinement from the gout in *both* his thumbs—an *unaccountable reason*, I confess, for seeking, or at least being able to *find*, amusement with his pen.

But at the age of eighty-four he addressed a copy of verses to Miss Berry, a young lady who, if I recollect right, lived at Chiswick—a poetical effort which Pope need not blush to own:—but who, with the feelings of a man, could behold Miss Berry without love, emotion, and desire!

He was not much in the habit of exercising his pen either on medical or miscellaneous subjects for public view.

An account of his drawing up, of a man whose body was blistered whenever the sun shone upon it, has been published, with the Doctor's successful mode of treatment.

And



And my medical readers may possibly recollect a description he gave, in some periodical publication, of the case of Mr. Fraine at Chelsea, a being marked by fate for horrible and hideous nervous affection, for a family destroyed in their bloom by suicide, and for his own untimely death.

His son, an amiable young man, in the memory and (I trust) the esteem of many of my readers, destroyed himself before his glass in the Temple soon after his return from his travels, because he hinted to his father, that as he had *educated* him as a gentleman, he ought to *support* him as one, and received in return abuse and cruelty. The daughter, the very character drawn by Marmontel in Agathe, in the *Connoisseur*, whose eyes spoke love and benevolence, whose heart was the seat of tenderness and sentiment, put an end to her existence soon after a marriage she was *teized* into with *one* man, while her heart was with *another*.



Not long after, *this father* received a blow on his head as he was hastily getting out of a coach, of which, in a few hours, he died.

The effects of the disease, described by Monsey in the case he published, were, a shocking wolf-like yell, agonizing pain, attended with diabolic distortion of countenance; none of which could be relieved but by the constant application of the hand of an attendant to the upper and back part of his head, which was in all places, and on all occasions, unceasingly stroked or tapped.

Such an accumulation of personal and domestic calamity, on any *other man*, would have the strongest claim to our pity — his children certain have to our tears.

The father, a man of considerable fortune, very much increased it by firmly adhering



hering to *a rule*, which was never to pay any debt till obliged to it by a course of law, in which he was so well versed as to evade or terrify a number of claimants; — it would be severe to say he deserved *such* evils.

Monfey, as a Physician, was of the old Boerhaavian school, and adhered to rules which he used to say he had sanctioned by fifty years trial; of course he either knew not or neglected the acknowledged improvement of the moderns both in theory and practice. But Sir George Baker and Dr. Heberden can bear witness to the frequency of his happy prognostics, his minute and accurate delineation of symptoms, and his undeviating attention to nature.

That he was a nasty dog, wore a dirty shirt, and was fond of contrayerva, is the utmost that the malignity of Ranby could object against him.



“Thou, Nature, art my Goddess,” he used to say should be the Physicians’ motto.

The medical authors he most attended to were Hippocrates, Boerhaave, Friend, Simpson (of St. Andrew’s), and Sydenham.

In polite literature, Horace and Juvenal\*, Swift and Pope, claimed his strongest approbation.

Of Horace’s productions, the Ode beginning “*Ulla si juris tibi pejerati,*” and the

\* A translation of the other Satires of Juvenal, by Dr. Johnson, is said to be in the hands of one of his friends; if so,

*Quorsum hæc tam putida,*

would not publishing *them* be rendering the Public a more essential service than setting us to sleep by dull biography, detailing childish anecdotes, publishing the delirious wanderings of dying superstition, or surfeiting us with the offensive and garbled journal of an old man’s sick room?

Satires



Satires where Davus and his Master appear in dialogue, he most admired.

“*Adde quod horam tecum non esse potes,*

“*Teque-ipsam vitas fugitivus ut erro,*”

he often and emphatically repeated.

Of Juvenal, the Satire beginning with “*Omnibus in terris,*” and in Pope, the *Essay on Criticism*, he perused with most pleasure.

With the Translator of Homer, as Dr. Warton thinks, or, rather, as in his *first* volume he *did* think, he conceived that good poetry ceased.

He was highly gratified with the perusal of Gibbon's History, and waited on him to thank him for the pleasure and instruction he received. The Historian received him with politeness, and, after a variety of subjects, his altercation with Mr. Davis came



on the carpet. “ Mr. Davis,” said Gibbon,  
 “ accuses me of not having a sufficient  
 “ number of books: if he will call any  
 “ day, *when I am not at home*, the fer-  
 “ vant shall shew him my library.” — Mr.  
 Gibbon entered into the contest with Davis  
 very reluctantly. “ I was forced into it,”  
 he would say; “ but I think it very hard,  
 “ after declining the maffy polemic club of  
 “ a Horsley, and the fine-edged blade of a  
 “ Watson, to encounter the rustic cudgel  
 “ of a Davis\*.”

Mandeville’s Fable of the Bees he often  
 read, a book which, from the peculiar  
 wording of its second title, and from the  
 outcry at first made against it, has roused

\* Though Mr. Davis once forced the Writer of  
 this Sketch into a personal dispute, he cannot help  
 paying this posthumous tribute to a man who, with  
 all his faults, was strongly endowed with classical  
 learning, critical acumen, and a comprehensive eccle-  
 siastical knowledge.



the groundless fears of the zealous, and, like many other books, attained an apparent consequence to which it is by no means entitled either for novelty or dangerous tendency.

The tenet of Mandeville, as old, I believe, as the Christian æra, was merely this:—Providence severely punishes wicked men, but at the same time extracts advantages even from their vices. Is it credible that a doctrine setting Divine wisdom and policy in the highest point of view, should have been presented by a Grand Jury, and furiously attacked by a BISHOP?

Mandeville inherited cunning by his Dutch extraction. His father had fled from Holland, because, in a popular commotion, he had pointed out to an exasperated mob where there were cannon, with which they might soon level the house of a concealed, but unpopular, Burgomaster.—“ We know  
“ he



“ he is in the house,” said the Boors,  
 “ but can’t find him, so let’s set it on fire.”  
 — “ He’ll escape in the smoke and confu-  
 “ sion,” said old Mandeville: “ level the  
 “ house into a heap of ruins with your  
 “ great guns, and the bird cannot escape.”  
 His advice was instantly followed.

Mandeville (I speak of the Author of that name) had the art of adopting alarming, and of course saleable, titles for his works, such as *Private Vices public Benefits*, *The Virgin unmask’d*, *A Defence of public Stews*, and *An Attack on charitable Foundations*; in this last, though he carries his doctrine too far, his arguments are generally right, and his deductions proved by late experience to be just.

A particular apartment at Dr. Monfey’s was devoted to mechanics, which displayed a confused collection of pendulums and wheels,

clocks



wheels, nails and saws, hammers and chisels.

As long as age and sight allowed, in this recess he most days amused himself, and was particularly pleased in executing for himself, and even others, any necessary joiner's work.

It was always his pride to have an excellent watch, and a good clock: he possessed a time-piece of great value and exquisite workmanship, partly put together by Mr. Barber.

To two of his favourite clocks he had a string, which he could pull as he lay in bed; and when he could not sleep, which latterly was too often the case, it was his amusement to have recourse to his nocturnal companions, and count the tedious hours. A mischievous rogue, just as the Doctor was going to bed, put a feather into each of the  
clocks



clocks and stopped them. In the night, the old friends, in spite of all the Doctor's applications, were both silent: he rung his bell, instantly got up, called his servants, and the house was in confusion. The remainder of the night was spent in searching for and removing the cause of this misfortune; but the wag was forbidden his house for ever.

The mode he adopted for drawing his own teeth was uncommon: it consisted in fastening a strong piece of catgut round the affected tooth firmly; the other end of the catgut was, by means of a strong knot, fastened to a perforated bullet; with this a pistol was charged, and when held in a proper direction, by touching the trigger, a troublesome companion and a disagreeable operation were evaded.

Though he used to declare that he never knew this operation attended with any ill consequence,



consequence, yet he scarce ever met with any body to adopt it, notwithstanding his frequent persuasions.

A person, whom he fancied he had persuaded to consent, went so far as to let him fasten his tooth to the catgut; but then his resolution failed, and he cried out lustily that he had altered his mind: — “But I have not,” said Monsey, holding fast the string, and giving it an instant and smart pull; “and you are a fool and a coward for your pains.” The tooth was immediately extracted from the mouth of the reluctant, but not disappointed, patient.

He used to ridicule his neighbour, Mr. Hingestone, for asserting that the nave of a wheel, in the motion of a carriage, turned twice every time the circular part in which the outer end of the spokes are fixed turned once.

Though



Though very different in *front* to Dr. Monfey, yet, if you *followed* Hingestone, there was a resemblance in wig, stooping, &c.

“Is that Dr. Monfey?” said a Gentleman of Chelsea, who took him for the Doctor as he passed the window.—“I hope not,” said Hingestone, turning round as he spoke.

This Gentleman never forgave him, Monfey used to say, for cautioning him against Ranby’s designs on his wife.

Such, with all his foibles, was Monfey; but the time was rapidly approaching when infirmity clouded his faculties, when the eye that enlivened and the ear that listened to his friend began to fail, narrative old age came on, and languor, pain, and petulance, succeeded to wit which set the table on a

roar,



roar, and fallies of ironical farcasm which no "power of face" could resist.

He had exceeded the age of man; the accomplishment of his century was at hand; and he declared in the querulous voice of decrepitude, that he had outlived his pleasures and his friends.

The world was to him a desert; he was in a degree a stranger and alone; and, to use his own words, he was tired of life, but, like many fools and many philosophers, afraid to die.

The edge of the sword had cut through the scabbard, the candle had burnt to the socket, and the Writer of this Sketch "felt his convulsive grasp, caught his dying look, and heard that sigh which is repeated no more."

It



It has been the fashion to ridicule and censure that part of his will which directed his body to be sent to the anatomist after death ; his reason for this was plausible, and I think just.

In the course of his practice he had often and strenuously recommended the opening the bodies of patients who had died of remarkable complaints, a conduct for which he had been grossly abused by the ignorant and uninformed. He had, therefore, always determined to convince his enemies that what he had so frequently advised for his patients he was very willing to have performed on himself.

As a Biographer, without a view to improvement, performs a nugatory task, and his readers at best have but unprofitable amusement, the life of Monfey may perhaps afford a not unuseful lesson to young  
and



and enterprising men of genius and learning.

He had been educated in a profession which, even in the country, might have rendered him, if not a brilliant, an useful and respectable member of society.

Roused by the enticing voices of ambition, luxury, and ease, he deserted the post in which Providence had placed him: he rushed on the wings of hope to the metropolis.

Endowed with strong discernment, possessed of no ordinary share of knowledge both of books and men, he took a satirical turn, and attempted to correct shabby enormity, to reform the abandoned, the impertinent, and the vain.

After a pause, let us ask the following questions:— Did he in general effect his

F purpose?



purpose? — Does it appear that his change of situation advanced him on the road of happiness? — Did his rare talents elevate him to any great or lucrative employment? — Did his learning and powers in conversation make him more feared or loved? — In a word, Did they contribute to smooth his passage through life? — After considering these questions, the humble man may perhaps look up with thankfulness to Providence for blessing him with content, and the ignorant and unlearned cease to complain of not being initiated in those dangerous arts which so often tend to diminish the happiness of our neighbours as well as ourselves.

To conclude — Dr. Monfey had strong passions, pointed wit, and a lively imagination: his curiosity was ardent, insatiable, and often troublesome; but then his communication was rapid, copious, and interesting: he possessed a vein of humour, rich,



rich, luxuriant, and (as is the nature of *all* *humour*) sometimes gross, and sometimes inelegant.

If I may be permitted to borrow an allusion, I would say his wit was not the keen, shining, well-tempered weapon of a Sheridan, a Courtenay, or a Burke — it was rather the irresistible massy sabre of a Cossack, which, at the same time that it cut down by the sharpness of its edge, demolished by the weight of the blow.

To these qualities were added deep penetration and an incredible memory, which poured forth, in an unexhausted flow of words, the treasure of past years; which at times, like other treasures, was not without its dross. He was a storehouse of anecdote — a reservoir of good things — a living chronicle of past times.



His faults he either would not or could not conceal; they were prominent — a vitiated taste, a neglected dress, unseemly deportment, and disgusting language.

His treatment of the established clergy, who neither gave or received quarter from him, was unforgiving, and by no means liberal.

Yet, after all, let not the Courtier, the Philosopher, or Christian, be too sure, that, situated and used like Monfey, he would have acted a different part, or quitted the scene with more approbation.



This is the first time that the world has seen  
not content; they were prominent — a vi-

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## A P P E N D I X.

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portment, and the same is to be seen in  
whom he has the means to have left a la-

It is the first time that the world has seen  
with a concealed mind, which is the case from

**I**T has been suggested to me by a literary  
Friend, that the Will of Dr. Monsey should  
be taken some notice of.

Without pointing out the uninteresting  
impertinence of displaying family concerns  
to the public eye, and diving into cabinets  
for domestic intelligence, it may be suffi-  
cient to observe, that he has left the bulk of  
his fortune, amounting to about sixteen  
thousand pounds, to his daughter for her  
life, and afterwards gives it by a long and  
complicated entail to her *female* descen-  
dants.

He mentions a young lady with the most  
lavish encomiums on her wit, taste, and  
elegance,



elegance, and bequeaths her an old battered snuff-box, scarcely worth sixpence.

He mentions another young woman, to whom he says he meant to have left a legacy; but that he has discovered her to be a pert, conceited minx, with as many affected silly airs as a foolish woman of quality, which induced him to alter his mind.

He bequeaths his body for dissection; an old velvet coat to one friend, and the buttons to another; inveighs forcibly against Bishops, Deans, and Chapters, and gives annuities to two Clergymen who had resigned their preferment on account of the Athanasian doctrine.

THE END.