



MY UNCLE.

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FLIM-FLAMS!

in paper bound. 1827
THE LIFE AND ERRORS

OF

MY UNCLE,

980

AND THE

AMOURS OF MY AUNT!

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND OBSCURITIES,
BY MESSIEURS TAG, RAG, AND BOBTAIL.

WITH AN ILLUMINATING INDEX!

“ Every thing in this world is big with jest, and has wit in it, and instruction too—if we can but find it out. Here is the glass for the LITERATI, DILETTANTI, and COGNOSCENTI, to view themselves in, in their true dimensions. O there is a *husk and shell*, Yorick, which grows up with LEARNING, which their unskilfulness knows not how to fling away. SCIENCES may be learned by rote, but WISDOM not!”

STERNE.

IN THREE VOLUMES,
WITH NINE PLATES.

VOL. I.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

980

THE REVIEWERS ANTICIPATED!!!

MY PUBLISHER, whose liberal spirit merits distinction, has, however, frequently experienced considerable timidity respecting the sale of any literary production coming from our family. When I unfolded the fair manuscript of my "FLIM-FLAMS*," I observed his eye

* Although this word cannot boast a classical purity, and is not found in Johnson nor in Ash, yet it is in the "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue," signifying "idle stories, and sham stories, and lies. It is to amuse, to deceive, and to hum!" It is so expressive a word, that Baretti has adopted it in his Dictionary! I consider it as a pearl picked up from a dunghill; and I have heard an accomplished actress of genius, though a vulgar woman, employ it with the happiest effect. May I be as fortunate!

crystallizing, his hand stiffening, while the leaf he held stood erect and glazed between his thumb and fore finger, which shone like two icicles; marvelling, I perceived that all his soft organized parts had been entirely removed by a substitution of stony matter, and I saw, with as much horror as Mr. KIRWAN himself could, the gradual state of *petrification*.

I hallooed in his ear—with his chilling breath he just uttered, We ought to have the *public sentiment* before we print this work!

I enquired somewhat pettishly, for I was mortified that he had looked over my work so COLDLY, what he meant by the *public sentiment*?

He pointed to one of the bills of Dr. THORNTON'S Medical, Botanical, and Political Works—there I discovered that, under the alluring title of

THE PUBLIC SENTIMENT !

the industrious writer had inserted articles from the *Reviews*, paragraphs from the *newspapers*, and well-rounded sentences from *private letters*, which he had preserved, whenever they expressed his

PRIVATE OPINION !

Immediately I contrived to procure from the *Reviews*, articles concerning my work ; requesting them, however, to be careful the Review did not appear before the work was printed, for more than once this blunder has occurred !!! Here they are ! They think of the Nephew as they thought of the Uncle ! and make me

“ *All full of HIM, and differing but in NAME !*”

MAC FLECKNOE.

They surely mean to extirpate a harmless race of pleasant writers—our family !

THE
PUBLIC SENTIMENT
OF
THE MONTHLY REVIEW!

FOR more than half a century have we been seated at the critical board ; and of late have had unusual occasion to rub our spectacles and discompose our wigs, at the fatiguing discoveries we encounter every month. We have outlived many a darling system, and have shared in the honour of demolishing many a well-flanked hypothesis. Of late, more particularly, we have regretted the wildness of our theorists, and the hurry of our sanguine experimentalists !

Science is venerable, and so ought its professors to be : but the unhappy facility with which it is of late acquired, and the celerity with which every new discovery is communicated throughout Europe, in our opinion, considerably injure its

gradual and tranquil progress, by the encouragement it affords to a vast populace of smatterers and charlatans. BOYLE and NEWTON made slow and few discoveries; never disclosing them till they understood their results; nothing came crude from their hands, nor was fallacious in their experiments. At the same time they were committed to HEADS fitted for their reception, and capable themselves of enriching science by their strenuous and co-operative labours.

What would these great men have thought were they now resident in "this visible diurnal sphere!" Nothing we conceive can be more ludicrous than the view of one of our itinerant lecturers (a race of philosophers peculiar to our times,) delivering his system of "familiar philosophy," and in a dozen rapid lectures turning the whole system of nature out to girls and girlish women! Such lecturers may easily turn weak heads; the dullest may be taught all day to repeat experiments, and the most ignorant to prattle with petulant vanity, till she offends the correct feeling of domestic delicacy. We are risking every claim we possess to gallantry; but, in truth, one of the most fantastical objects in nature (if, indeed, such an object ought to be deemed natural,) is a woman created to cherish home-af-

fections, who lays an astronomical quadrant among the "Olympian dews" in her commode—holds a chit-chat on a new comet—and sits like an ecstatic Sybil at a tea-table!

The author of the work before us has marched in due order a long pageant of astronomers, chemists, geologists, entomologists, wind-catchers, cloud-modifiers, dilettanti and literati of all kind! He has amused himself, rather freely, with this grotesque crew; perhaps he writes with unfeigned good humour, and more in merriment than in malice; he laughs at his neighbours, but he evidently has not spared himself! He may reply to those who accuse him of ill-nature in the words of Horace—

Hanc veniam petimus damusque vicissim!

We are of opinion, that to ridicule, according to the moral of our author's tale, those who have HEADS *too small* for the serious pursuits of science, is no attack on science itself. MOLIERE, in his *Femmes Savantes* and his *Precieuses Ridicules*, confesses he only aims at those ladies who cultivate science from contemptible motives: it is not science they love, but vanity and conceit! The great triumvirate of wit, in their inimitable

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS, never ridiculed genuine erudition, of which they, of all men, knew best the value—but they have not spared the false!

The author of “Flim-Flams” has sent us a note, requesting us “not to get through more than two chapters at a sitting; to read the text without the notes; then the notes without the text; and finally both together! and particularly to read his index, which, he says, will exhilarate us—and leave us “*colla bocca dolce!*” This is a singular instance of literary impudence! We have approved the *design* of this work, but we have to regret its feeble execution. It can never hope to become a popular favourite, nor what a great wit dreaded his work to turn out—a parlour-window book! Our author may sing with HORACE,

Nulla taberna meos habeat, neque pila libellos
 Queis manus insudet vulgi—

The following article has been drawn up by one who is a kind of miniature-painter in criticism: he pourtrays the smallest feature, even the moles on the cheek, and the hairs on the chin; a kind

of Gerard Dow, or Denner, in modern criticism. His style is as curious as his manner; he illustrates the *dicta* of criticism by borrowing terms and images from science. All is subtile and refined! In the MONTHLY REVIEW I have read with curiosity and delight, only at times with fatigue, his series of criticisms on *Wieland's* voluminous works—but lately he has transferred his genius to the CRITICAL REVIEW. I refer the reader to a singular specimen of his STYLE, at once brilliant and offuscating;—it is a critique on *Klopstock's Works**—and I am sure a great deal is lost, for he is frequently unintelligible.

From the CRITICAL REVIEW.

The comic burlesque writers have delighted, in various æras of polished society, with the lever of

* In the Appendix to the Critical Review for Sept. 1804.

the Ludicrous to move heavy bodies, while the fulcrum of satire keeps in equilibrio the motive force and the resistance ; concurring with the one to sustain the effort of the other.

The LUCIANIC dialogue has undergone an infelicitous process ; the oxygen of LUCIAN now exists in such a degree as not to produce obvious acidity. His Dialogues of the Gods are oxides, possessing little taste or smell.

RABELAIS has too much recondite humour ; yet the comic features have more *relievo* ; susceptible of infinite chimerical forms ; a capricious painter of *bizarre* grotesques, distracting the eye by masses of groupes and contortions of figures, where the monstrous supports the imbecil, and the feeble is clouded over by the gross.

SWIFT fell into a kind of misanthropy, which led the way to his annexation to the order of Cynics, whose erect independence was marked by a slight of sneer, with a profound penetration into human spirit and an hostility to imposture ; nor, let us forget that his genius was accompanied by a comet's tail of elongated wit.

STERNE has an Aristippic philosophy, a cosmopolite humanity, a geniality of humour, with a dramatic individuality of character; no sententious morality obtrudes its formal preachments. He runs through the whole gamut of the heart, from bass to treble.

The author of these fairy tales, generalized by the title of "FLIM-FLAMS," has meditated these favourite models. Their characters have been studiously altered, but not powerfully enlivened. He displays an astonishing comprehensive familiarity with the more fanciful tales of the fairies, a series of scenes of urbane satire, and of characters new and heroic, conformable to ethic probability. This work may be compared with the Last Judgment of Michael Agnolo Buonarotti; the eye is perplexed with the universal confusion and the population of its objects; and though we may like a group here and a figure there, yet in looking on the whole we discover nothing but discrepancy. The work is a kind of PERISCOPE SPECTACLES, *looking round* on various objects! His story has no felicitous structure, nor does the reader cling to his volumes by magnetism. He is perpetually monotonous; in his landscape the

sun's rays are of the same density, whether they impinge the metaphysic occiput of CACO-NOUS; the Belvedere Apollo, CONTOUR; the incombustible chemical studying-cap and prismatic millinery of MY AUNT, or the encyclopedic heart of MY UNCLE! He has a tip-toe wit, dancing and balancing on the brink of good sense and ludicrous sensation. He wants glow, originality, and fascination!

From the BRITISH CRITIC !

This is a strange incoherent rhapsody, and in many parts very objectionable. The author abounds with various attempts at wit and humour; these we always dislike—wit and humour, as well as the attempts! The salt of pleasantry is of all salts we take the most nauseous; it is physic to us! The text violently disturbs the notes, and the reader is whirled about with immense velocity. The author too is offensively personal; for he quotes a number of authors, and every one by *name!* In two or three passages we observed our cheeks of a pink colour—we imagine we blushed! In other places we dis-

covered another kind of *double entendre*, A PUN !
 These freedoms we cannot admire, unless *in Greek* !
 These volumes are another instance of that literary depredation of which we have so frequently warned the public. These meagre volumes are charged at fifteen shillings, that is, three crowns ! amounting to thirty sixpences !!! These writers consider their books as good as bread !

From the ANTI-JACOBIN !

Although this work, considered as a literary production, is too contemptible to dwell on, yet it is written with a *design* which two police magistrates have obligingly communicated to us. *Politics and religion* are not even alluded to throughout the entire performance ; yet so insidious and so wicked is this work, that it entirely concerns both *politics and religion* !!! Next month we shall be able to unravel the whole of this thickly-woven plot. The author has been long known on the continent as the confidential intimate of *Weishaupt*, and is secretary to the conspiracy of the *Illuminati* !—He evidently betrays himself by the title of his Index—an illuminating Index !! The

MONTHLY REVIEW, which has undergone a violent defection from its ancient gravity and sobriety, has noticed this work with great art; they censure its ineptitude, but they commend the *design!!!* We have to unfold a tale of the *sale* of this Review *next month*—in the mean while, we can inform the present author that he need not be so elated respecting this venerable apostate—the M. R. *Next month* the public shall know all. Suffice it at present to add,

“ Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For DICKON thy master is BOUGHT and SOLD!!!”

THE IMPERIAL REVIEW!

Our publishers have informed all those who have done us the high honour to enquire after the writers in our Review, that we are *all gentlemen!* yet we take as much trouble as if we were well paid for our pains! Our articles are beautifully transcribed on satten paper, with edges gilt; perfumed by *the ottar gul*; and our ink manufactured purposely for our critical decisions, is not like the ink of our rivals—it has no gall!

The writer before us, we have no doubt, is a *gentleman*!—but probably, if he will allow us to take the freedom of just hinting, a *very young gentleman*! If his feelings be hurt, we are ready to submit to any apology his politeness and discretion shall dictate to us.

His first volume is chiefly occupied by unfolding the character of his eccentric hero. He personates the *ignorant* Nephew of a *learned* Uncle! We liked the second better than the first, and the third better than the second; and we cannot but deem him an improving and improveable writer.

ERRATA.

- P. 17, line 8, after *ten guineas* insert *a sheet*.
 48 — 14, dele *bone or*.
 124 — 3, for *roof* read *rotunda*.
 184 — 10, for *boxing* read *batling with*.

EXPLANATION OF THE PLATES

PLATE I.—VOL. I.

MY UNCLE !

I APPEAL to every physionomist, however slight his *tact*, and without his having had any personal acquaintance with the original, whether this must not be a *perfect likeness*? No blundering artist could give that *unity* of the physiognomical character, which here is so critically exhibited. In ordinary portraits you detect at every feature a discordant characteristic; the broad nose of Wisdom (as Lavater will have the nose of Wisdom) projecting from the inflated cheek of Folly, or the eyes of Sagacity brilliant over the hanging lips of Stupidity. If a FACE is too small, LAVATER says, it is a sign of weakness and insignificance; if too bulky, it indicates gross stupidity. I leave my Uncle's to the mercy of the world !

EXPLANATION OF THE PLATES.

Our hero is represented in the act of retreating into a portable philosophical solitude, of his own felicitous invention. His enormous common-place-book heavily presses on a palpitating goose, which he intends plucking. The skulls, half-sawed, depict his expertness in *splitting heads*, as CAMPER did. The ancient emblem of wisdom, an owl's head, decorates his fountain ink-stand; but I own what seems growing out of the head of the owl long baffled my ingenuity of conjecture. But I now can assure the curious that it is *a pen!* It is a fortunate thing to have to explain the works of *living artists*, as they are always willing to communicate what their things stand for. Who could have imagined this to have been *a pen!* But our great artist, in this instance, has condescended to be a mere copyist, and has authority on his side. Authority, at all times, justifies absurdity. In Mr. HAYLEY'S *Life of COWPER*, examine critically the design of the Poet's tomb; tell, if you can, what that is which encompasses the tomb from end to end. Mr. FLAXMAN, in this instance, has not designed for common understandings—nor do we!

PLATE II.—VOL. I. P. 46.

A SCALE OF GENIUS!

We have given this CAMPERIAN SCALE to assist the reader to become modest, which probably he may do,

EXPLANATION OF THE PLATES.

if he will impartially take the exact dimensions of his own head, so rarely practised.—By carrying such a scale of genius about one, we may silence an antagonist; and whom we may not be able to confute, we may at least terrify. The ANCIENT GREEK is the *Grecian Apollo*, and finely contrasts with the MODERN GREEK, *Dr. Græculus!* The reader will observe by the model of a graduated scale, the angle which the *facial line* of the *Apollo*, makes to the left of the perpendicular line; and the gradual declension from that to my Uncle!

PLATE III.—VOL. I. P. 157.

THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE!

These certainly require to unbend in harmless relaxations, and are even aided by the most trifling recreations—while at their more solemn labours, the game of BATTLEDORE and SHUTTLECOCK will not unaptly express how the LITERATI are bandied about from one opinion to the other!

EXPLANATION OF THE PLATES.

PLATE IV.—VOL. II. P. 31.

VERTU IN DANGER.

Not *virtue*, as some English connoisseurs read. I wish the lamp post was out, and the whole did not look so much like Westminster, where, indeed, Mr. DESENFANS says, there is an oven used as the present one was. The strained sublimity of the Italian's flight, in my opinion, rivals any *extravaganza* of Mr. FUSELI.

PLATE V.—VOL. II. P. 121.

THE HUNTER CAUGHT, AND THE ESCAPE
OF THE EMPEROR!

Exhibits an unlucky accident to which the Members of the AURELIAN Society are subject; to be caught in their *own flappers*! The likeness of my UNCLE is exquisitely preserved through the gauzy texture, while the solid SECRETARY *respires*, (though with difficulty) under the needle of the great artist. My Uncle's ventilating hat is in the fore ground.

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PREFACES!

“ As a banter on the hermetic philosophy, this furnishes a
“ curious *history* of the *extravagancies* of the human mind,
“ —were it *merely imaginary*, it would be worth nothing
“ at all.”

Dr. JOHNSON on the HERMIPPUS REDIVIVUS
of Dr. CAMPBELL.

CHILDREN in all ages have been suddenly quieted, and frightened *into* their senses by some terrifying *nursery word*. With the French 'tis a *loup-garou*; and with us, among a variety of nick-names, it is a *buga-boo*, or *raw-head and bloody bones*; and, to

recur to a more ancient authority, the Romans had their *Manducus**.

I feel a laudable desire that no one should consider my UNCLE (whose unhappy life I am about to write) *as a philosophical Manducus*—I consider him as a peerless character, the Sir Charles Grandison, or the Amadis de Gaul of the world of scientific romance—All *had been great* about him had his HEAD not proved *too small!* and therefore, though I hold him out as an *example*, he may also be considered as a *warning!* He fell a victim to the *deliramenta doctrinæ*; the wild speculations of the learned! Is it for me *ridere* and *deridere?* I record adventures more true

* *Manducus* was a name given by the Romans to certain *extravagant figures*, or actors, to *divert* some, and to *frighten* others. They wore a whitened face, bloated cheeks, a gaping mouth, and long sharp teeth, with which they kept up a *strange rattling noise*. JUVENAL (Sat. III. v. 174.) tells us that children were much afraid of them, though even lying on the bosom of their mother!

than credible; modern historians practise the reverse, but they write more for their own, than their reader's profit. Mine is a narrative of the sufferings of Science; the disasters of universal Curiosity; and the small profits arising from certain Experiments on air and vapour!

As for his friends, I call them PHILOS: * I attribute to them, and their

“ Whims of a DAY, and theories of an HOUR !”
TICKELL.

my inheriting nothing more than a *philosophical cap* and a *fountain ink-horn*! If they think I mean to badger, to banter, and to

* Some have discriminated among modern philosophers a certain race by the term *Philosophists*, for their profundity and discoveries in *Theology* and *Politics*. But I am writing of *other kinds* of philosophers, curious dilettanti, who are in love with every thing, but least with these. I adopt the concise and expressive term *PHILO*, which means a *lover of*—ANY THING!

stultify them, they will no doubt be *frightened*, and buy up this edition. But if they are *diverted*, they will probably not object to my tickling their fancies, and clarifying their understandings by my improved manner of *Godwinising*!

I must acknowledge an unavoidable objection against my work—it is overloaded and oppressed, as it were, with *truths upon truths*! In “family biographies*” can any matter be more objectionable? How many worthy souls, even the soul of the writer himself, will be cut to the quick! I am not chary in weighing matters to my Reader; not a palliation is offered! not a fact disguised! Had my UNCLE had but one eye, you would have had his full face, though there are other miniature painters, who would have tricked you with a profile.

* See an excellent one by the author of OLD NICK.

TACITUS never composed his father-in-law's life with the impartial spirit I do the Memoirs of my Uncle; no mother's milk flows into and sweetens my ink. Never has PLINY noticed his uncle's works with that true criticism I do my uncle's. If I am not so indulgent to my uncle's great book as PLINY, have I inherited as great a villa?—Where there is a difference between legacy and legacy, the same will ever be between nephew and nephew.

I am sensible a writer gets but scurvily thanked when he pours out his *truths* as fast as he gets them, and as if he wished to get rid of them, like a heap of crab-apples. One *Guiot de Provins* wrote a book concerning his own times, which containing nothing but *truths*, he thought there was no harm in calling this book *Guiot's BIBLE*! But it was all bedevilled with the most peppering sa-

tire, and so tickled the throats of the grave and prosing *reverendissimi* of his day, that there arose an universal outcry. And I dare conjecture that were I to write A NEW TESTAMENT—that is, a continuation of *Guiot's BIBLE*—I should have at my heels all the little dirty devils of controversy! The world, in spite of all its revolutions, being just as it was in *Guiot's* time!

TO

THE READER!

IN what degree are the HOT, the MOIST, and the DRY kneaded up in your animal frame? If you can determine on this with any tolerable accuracy, I could tell you in what manner these anomalous Memoirs are to be written, and whether they will suit your temperament. For want of a proper understanding on this point we have many bickerings and heart-burnings. A *hot genius* over the cool work of a *dry writer* becomes *hard* and *harder* to please at every page, as cold water thrown over heated iron indurates

it still more ! But when the *dry writer* meets with a *dry reader*, a proper understanding immediately takes place ; like two owls, they enjoy the moon-light of the mind ;—they can gaze on a rush-light without blinking !

A preface is the cradle of a book,—’tis the first stage of existence between reader and author. The old *month-nurse** of an author stands by the young reader, chaunting a lullaby ! Some of my ancestors ridiculously stood melting in the mouths of their readers the liquorish confectionary of a candied preface. ’Twas ever “most gentle !” or “right courteous !” We had a BISHOP in our family, who, in his preface to a Welch bible, made an *apology* to James Ist. for *preferring* the Deity—to his Majesty !!! For the bishopric

* According to a hint stolen from Lord Orford, who says, “most men write now, as if they expected that their works should live no more than A MONTH !”

of Durham, would I not have kissed hands
on the occasion!

Since the time my grandfather commenced
writing tragedies in rhyme, we have had no
luck with our readers! So that since then,
there is a spirit in our family, which makes
us heartily despise *the taste of the town!*



TO

THE COMMENTATORS!

OF

SHAKSPEARE, MILTON,
&c. &c. &c.

As this piece of literary biography will inevitably contain many covert meanings, recondite anecdotes, and obscure facetiæ, with quips and flouts equally pungent and argute, and other high and mysterious matters, which have been hitherto kept up in silence from the popular ear, I do not object in due time, that ye should sharpen yourselves on my text,—provided, that ye do not hinder my fooleries from being read, by the more copious nature of your own*.

* In our last edition of Shakspeare, we pushed it on to 21 volumes, and, thank the gods! all is not yet done!—They now want an edition, *without notes!!!*

In the present extraordinary work we have come to several extraordinary resolutions. If we found any passage obscure, we have studiously avoided any notice, and left it as dark as we found it; but whatever needed no explanation, we have very curiously and very copiously illustrated.

We have desisted from giving any imitations of *words*, or *phrases*, which some have called our *so-so notes*; from their usually commencing with, *so Decker!* *so Marston!* *so Jonson!*

We have promised not to write any notes on certain trivial matters, merely to convert them into bawdry, which MR. STEEVENS did under the *nom de guerre* of *Collins*. For a curious specimen of these notes, see a very copious one subscribed *Collins*, at the end of *Troilus and Cressida*; the subject is *potatoes*, but it ramifies into very interesting particularities, concerning cock-sparrows, venereal motions, strengthening the back, &c.

We have consented not to throw ourselves out too freely in reciprocal abuse, nor otherwise indulge our wit, or our ingenuity.

We shall be chary of MR. MALONE, notwithstanding no one can be more sensible than ourselves of his *astonishing*, though *minute*, discoveries which have so much enriched and indeed, overwhelmed, English literature. His *poetical criticism* is as infallible as the *multiplication table*, or *subtraction* can make them!

For instance, JOHNSON (whose *dates*, it is melancholy to add, are very inaccurate,) had said CONGREVE wrote his plays before he had passed his *twenty-fifth year*. Now MR.

MALONE has profoundly investigated this bold assertion, and has fortunately discovered, after great fatigue and hard reading, that he was in his *twenty-eighth year*!—clearly proving that Johnson's Criticism wants 3!

But one of the most astonishing instances of human sagacity, is the singular discovery MR. MALONE has made respecting a servant-maid of Milton.

This maid, it seems, deposes, in his nuncupative will, that he died late at night on a *Sunday*, about a month preceding her giving evidence in that cause; it was on Sunday, 15th November.—Good!

Now Milton was buried on the 12th! From this accurate statement MR. MALONE has discovered, (we believe very correctly,) that this maid *mistook a week in her reckoning*!

TAG, RAG, AND BOBTAIL.

This trio of commentators (who, as I have told the world in my Preface to Chaucer's Life would not put their whole collections or stock in trade at my free disposal, when writing that Life, for which, as Queen Elizabeth would have sworn, God eternally confound them!) seem to be insensible to the nature of the above important *discovery*. It is impossible to misconstrue the cautious language of MR. MALONE. To have *mistaken her reckoning by a week*, might have proved of very serious consequences, if the maid was (as I *conjecture*,) pregnant.—If (as I *imagine*,) she was with-child by MILTON, it is an important event to literature.—I have some *notion* of discovering a MILTON JUNIOR! I shall properly investigate this circumstance in the close of the fifth volume of my forth-coming Life of

Milton the Father, which, with *Shakspeare* and *Chaucer*, and perhaps *Spenser*, may occupy an entire new shelf in any country gentleman's library. They will contain a great deal more than he will expect, or even care to find; for provided an ENQUIRER is paid by the sheet, it is indifferent to him what he enquires about. He does not write (as I have told the world) because he is intimately acquainted with the subject, but he picks up an acquaintance with the subject, as he proceeds in writing; so that when I have finished my work, I begin to understand it a little!

CACO-NOUS.

MR. CACO-NOUS's notion of *literary composition* perfectly agrees with the idea a very keen judge had of the literature of his day.

“ He rubs his awful front and takes his ream
 With no provision made, but of his theme!
 Perhaps a TITLE has his fancy smit;
 Or a quaint MOTTO which he thinks has wit.”

YOUNG'S EPISTLE ON THE AUTHORS OF THE
 AGE.—BOBTAIL.

TO

THE CRITICS !

I WISH ye all had (for I am not vindictive !) a *fistula* somewhere, so that ye could not “*sit down,*” (as ye phrase it,) so coolly and so periodically to whirl about the caps and bells of my Knights of Foolery, mobbing us holiday writers!—or at least a *fistula lacrymalis*, so that every page ye write were written, as such malicious pages ought to be, with tears (penitential I mean) in your eyes !

Not that I am without some remains of humanity towards your race.—But you

ought to be reminded that the great ancestor of the whole family of the MALEVOLI, venerable ZOILUS, was either burnt, or crucified, or stoned—in such a magnificent style did the ancients treat their REVIEWERS!

I have no quarrel with you, but ye are such a motley kind of gentry, that if I speak truth I shall displease; and if I please, I shall not speak truth.

What a pity it is, you can never be any thing in this world but a WHALE-LOUSE!—created to feast on the fat of a great sea-genius, and to retain your hold in spite of all his efforts to disengage himself from your adhesion*.

* The WHALE-LOUSE is a small testaceous (perhaps testy) creature, which insinuates itself under the fins of that powerful animal, and is attached to him through life. There are also *small Zoiluses*, who will fasten on the

Sometimes, when ye teaze us least offensively, ye are MICE-CRITICS! hungering after the chance crumbs that fall from the rich table of a man of genius. Bless your painful endeavours! may ye all meet with less scurvy rewards*!

fry of literature—so terrible a gorgier is Malice! These may be compared to *the louse of a louse*. A naturalist assures me, that even the *smallest creatures* have still *smaller creatures* to torment them; so that even such animated specks as *mites* and *maggots* do not lead such comfortable lives as some imagine.

* Some only get *thanked* for their pains!—Seldom, however, by the authors they review! The late Mr. Robertson, a sensible man, wrote an “*Essay on Punctuation* ;” he could point words, but not epigrams; another on “*English Versification*,” and knew every thing concerning it; but one thing he did not know—to write a couplet! He squeezed 3000 critical lemons (it sets one’s teeth on edge!) for he declares in his latter *Essay*, that “he is the author of near 3000 articles in the *CRITICAL REVIEW*, forming a *considerable part* of 42 volumes, from August 1764, to September 1785.” His literary small punch was much too acid for BLAIR and GIBBON.—Vide their articles. I have seen this Longinus, when he drank

But, ere we part, allow me to entertain you with a *mouse anecdote*.

his porter, to keep it fresh, cover his pot with his own "Essay on the Sublime."

A *new plan* of reviewing is adopted by the *Edinburgh Cannibals*; they are Anthropophagi of Critics; a live author is nothing but fat and gristle in their maw. Much good may their *ten guineas* do them! they make one's heart sick—they are wrapt in a ——— clout! They smell for all the world like Vespasian's tax-money on urine, when Titus (who was a *gentleman*) held it under his father's nose, and asked him how it smelt? and if he were not ashamed to levy so vile a tax?

"Spitting into our mouths and eyes,
With a pretence to wash our faces.
But when you spy a STEWART walking,
His air and manner is so pleasing,
That you immediately leave hawking,
And offer him a pickle of your sneezing."

J. H. STEVENSON'S WORKS, Vol. I. p. 92.

According to the Edinb. Rev. Professor *Dugald Stewart* is the first of biographers; as appears by his two Lives of ROBERTSON and REID! and the wonderful *long* critique, and the *long continuation* of the *long* critique, about a five-shilling book—not worth sixpence! I mean the critique, not the book—or both together!



Once, over a statue of Minerva, a sculptor hung a veil exquisitely wrought in marble; so artfully were the folds touched! This circumstance of its appearing the very thing it was designed to appear, induced the MICE to begin their grave labours—but the matter proved too hard!—They nibbled at the marble, and cracked their small white teeth!

TO THE
"FRIENDS OF HUMANITY,"
RESIDING
IN THE ROW*.

IN this work I have at heart the interest and honour of *Parnassus*, of which I have at length discovered the *concealed spot*. Some critical cynics affirm that the *modern* is not the *ancient Parnassus*; but except a change

* *Paternoster Row*—the fair offspring of modern literature. *THE ROW*, is a familiar and endearing name given to this pet by the partial fondness of its affectionate parents the booksellers. *THE ROW* ought to be now synonymous to the more ancient *Grub Street*.

Are these Philanthropists the *Booksellers*, for the splendid patronage they bestow on their *Authors*, and the *humane prices* they charge for their ware? Alas! I have done them some service!

RAG.

in the manner of *conducting business*, they will not find it easy to convince us that we are not the legal heirs of the ancients, and that the spot on which we reside is not an estate duly descending into our possession, and a capital for us to trade on.

The *lyre of Apollo* itself was not so miraculous a thing as a *goose quill* in THE ROW!

With this hollow instrument in your hands you can *blow all kinds of music*—provided the piper is paid!

With this in your hands, you offer the world *peace* or *war*;—the *feather* tickles, the *point* stabs!

Over the Alexandrian library was inscribed, “the medicine of the mind.” Considering then the literature of THE ROW, as so much *physic*,—is not this instrument the *sy-*

ringe by which we are sometimes compelled to squirt it?

An abominable calumny has spread abroad, that *the whole* ROW is destitute of morality; we are declared to be a republic of vagrants, as covetous as Jews, and as unsettled as Gypsies, and they might add, that we labour and drudge as so many plantation Negroes.

It shall be my humble endeavour to convince the world of our *morality*, by the prompt zeal shewn in the defence of any party or any opinion, going all lengths with them, stopped by nothing in our course, no men feeling more anxious than ourselves,—for *quarter-day*!

We are ungenerously reproached for having no CONSCIENCE! Where is conscience placed? Our adversaries will tell you, in the

HEART ; for my part I am clear it lies in the STOMACH ! I have long observed, that *conscience* is greater or less, as that part of us is better, or worse filled. Few can doubt this ! Is it wonderful, then, that *conscience* cannot be found in *an empty stomach* ?

Rather than abuse us for being utterly deprived of *conscience*, let them admire the *intrepidity* we have frequent occasion to display ; yes, our *intrepidity*, I repeat ! Has not THE ROW its *martyrs* ? No *prison* can change our *principles* ; no *pillory* can raise a *blush* on our cheek ! a starved mouse, my friends ! is as bold as a lion !

I further hope that my well meant attempt to display the flourishing state of the various TRADES and MANUFACTURES, carrying on in THE ROW, will convince the world that our most laborious artisans, notwithstanding

all their nail-blood and brain-sweat*, are really hired at a lower rate than *cobblers*, and *paviours*, and *nightmen*; yet they perform as much *drudgery*, and go through as much *dirty work*! All this, I cannot but flatter myself, will tend to *raise your wages*!

* Our author feels too strong partialities for his saints in THE ROW. I do not conceive that their expenditure of *blood* and *sweat* deserves this respectful notice. They rather pride themselves on the *facility* and *celerity* of their works; and as it is usually *piece-work*, they only estimate the value by the quantity they can put out of hand. The most celebrated manufacturers in THE ROW work by a *Spinning Jenny*, which has occasioned some jealousies and disturbances. Both HORACE and PERSIUS notice the bitten nails as one of the presumptive proofs of a good Poet. PERSIUS even declares they have a certain *taste*—

—— “*demorsos sapit ungues.*”

SAT. I. v. 106.

HORACE censures LUCILIUS for sparing this nail-blood: “He would, had he lived in this age,” says he,

—— “*Vivos et roderet ungues.*”

Lib. I. SAT. X. v. 71.

I hope I may live to give the last finishing touches to my treatise on LITERARY ARCHITECTURE, with tables for measuring *superficies* and *solids*.

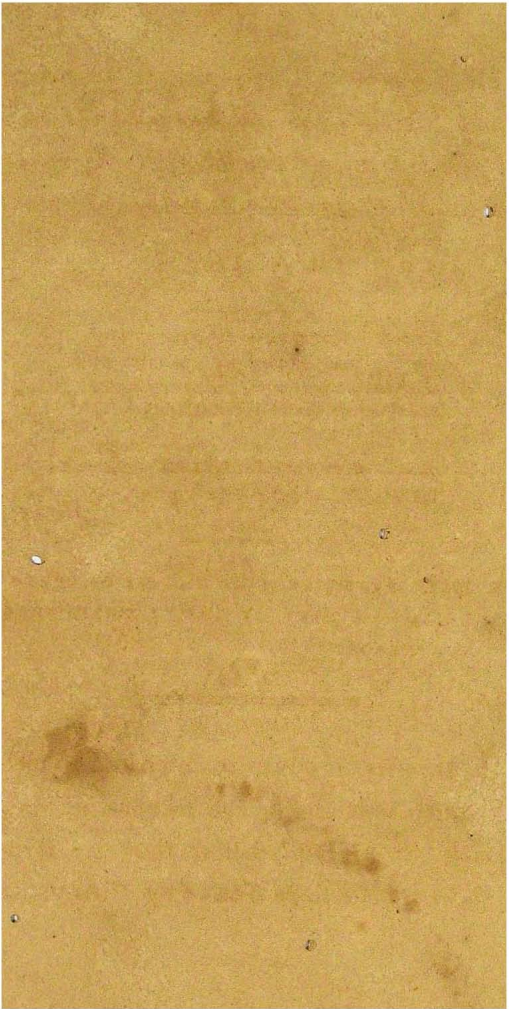
There I shall unfold the whole art and mystery of *book-buildings*; calculating the height and extent, and profundity to which you have carried them, to the astonishment of all Europe! I shall describe your inviting *porticoes*; the multiplicity of your *sleeping chambers*; the length of your galleries, and the smallness of your windows; when I shall compare the beauties of the *Greek* and the *Roman* architecture, with that of THE Row, the impartial will decide whether this must not highly redound to your taste and invention!

FINALE !

As there are many readers who pass over *prefaces*, not aware of the excellent matter they frequently contain, I have written no less than *five*, to try how many they can bear at once, for some positively assert that they cannot even bear *one*. I am inclined to hope that these prefaces may be served up as sauce to my book, or be a symphony to my opera, attuning the mind to that just key, which gives you some idea of the air itself!

Vide, lege et crede !

—See the valuable Dictionary of Quotations, and *Thornhill's* Shooting Dictionary !



FLIM FLAMS,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

Semper enim partus duplici de semine constat ;
Atque utri simile est magis id, quodcunque creatur
Ejus habet plus parte æqua, quod cernere possis,
Sive virum soboles sive est muliebris imago.

LUCRETIUS.

——— Oft the FATHER's LIKENESS does prevail
In FEMALES, and the MOTHER's in the MALE!

DRYDEN.

A CONJECTURE RESPECTING THE SEX OF CERTAIN
PHILOS—A HINT OF ONE OF THEIR GREAT-
EST MISFORTUNES.

I ARDENTLY desire to enter into a modest
inquiry concerning the manner in which
men are *educated*, before they are *born*—
CACO-NOUS affirms it to be by “ Ante-natal

impressions" and "original structure." He seems to think with the old Rabbins, that they might have known *fluxions* ere they came into the world*. This great metaphy-

* Who, says SEARCH, seeing a child two hours after its birth, could suppose that it would ever come to *understand fluxions*?

PALEY'S *Natural Theology*.

Were I a *Jew*, or a *Platonist*, I should positively assert that the CHILD actually did know FLUXIONS *before he was born!!!*

The pre-existence of souls clears this very dark and extremely interesting topic. PLATO, contemplating the spiritual nature of the soul, indivisible and incapable of dissolution, opines it must have existed before this life. Is it not ever agitated, ever curious, ever penetrating into things it can never comprehend? All this struggle in this world is merely to regain, what in coming to this world it had totally lost—its knowledge! All knowledge acquired on earth is only a *reminiscence of those ideas*, which in a prior state it contemplated, and derived from the divine mind. And in the degree our intellect becomes enlarged and purified, we the more nearly resemble the spiritual nature of the Creative

sician informs us, that “ the almost *lifeless mass* of infancy has within it a *human cha-*

Power. Such is the sublime and fanciful conception of
PLATO!

All this my Uncle knew, but he was such a *reader!* and mixed such burlesque and sublime ideas together, that he never rested till he arrived at the *Talmud*, where, in the chapter entitled *Nidda*, he discovered, what he wished much to know, why children, as soon as they were fairly in this world, forgot every syllable they had known so well!

The Rabbins tell us, that *Jewish infants* in the *womb*, are instructed in the *law!* And as soon as they are born they forget it. So far they probably copied from Plato, and Plato from Egypt, &c.

To this they add one of their fancies, which have seldom the grace of Plato's. The cause of their sudden loss of memory at the instant of parturition, is owing to an angel standing ready, *and laying his finger on the upper lip of the infant*—that mark of the finger is still visible! It occasions them to *forget the whole law*, and makes them whine most piteously on entering this world.

And in confirmation of the whole, the Rabbins go on saying, that while MAN grows up, he may be observed to be like one who has *lost something*, and is *endeavour-*

racter." I will give the world hereafter some experiments, all made on the left side, ac-

ing to find it. Of all animals, is there one like MAN so over-curious, so over-restless, so over-dissatisfied?

Now I give the world all this curious information for what it is worth—that is, for the very best information on the subject, till a better can be produced.

And in some respect, as a reply to *Search* and *Paley*—Ought they to have been so positive that the *child* did not know *fluxions* before he was born?

CACO-NOUS, notwithstanding all his profundity, is, on the subject of children coming into the world, not without a certain degree of *modesty*. He says "what may be the *precise degree of difference* with respect to capacity that *children bring into the world* with them, is a *problem PERHAPS impossible* completely to solve!"

This is what Milton terms *oracling*. With great weight and caution he moderates the whole by a "*perhaps impossible*." I dare say, if he could get sixpence by it, he could *prove* the child in the womb was conversant with *fluxions*. Why should not the unborn child be versed in *fluxions*? An Italian artist swore

ording to a hint of Hippocrates *De * Superfætatione*—by my UNCLE. But as I propose to get through this chapter with some decency, I shall only observe, that I am convinced there are some gentlemen who are entirely derived from the female, with little interference of the male. I don't think

that he was BORN a *Painter*—for that *he painted* when his mother was *big with him!!!* My dear CACONOUS, give me *systems*—I will furnish “*confirmations* strong as holy writ.”

* The Reader may acquire very curious information on this important subject from *Sainte Marthe's* elaborate Poem, in several thousand verses, entitled, *Pædotrophia*, translated by Dr. Tytler, the subject of the first canto being on *unborn children*. Lord *Kaimes* very feelingly observes, that a *woman breeding* should be cautious lest the *tender parts* of the infant in the womb be affected by her ill temper¹ and the father of *Martinus Scriblerus* frequently treated him with a *concert* while he remained IN Mrs. Scriblerus.

HUARTE and *I* differ greatly*—I particularly allude to those gentlemen, who throughout life have made themselves conspicuous

* See HUARTE's *Examen de Ingenios*, or "Trial of Men's Wits."—In that mysterious work the Reader will find some high speculations. See particularly his chapter "what diligence ought to be used that children *male*, and *not female*, may be born!"—This profound Spaniard seems to be as much convinced as I am, that a *lady* ought not to be a *Philo!* but his language is not so polished and feeling as I flatter myself my style must be acknowledged to be. For instance, he says, "Those parents who seek the comfort of having *wise children* (*Philos*, I presume,) must ENDEAVOUR that they be *born male*; for the *female*, through the cold and moist of their sex, *cannot be endowed* with any *profound judgment*. (He seems quite clear of this.) They may talk with *some appearance* of knowledge, in *slight matters*, with *ordinary terms*, (such as the *Botanical Nomenclature*,) but *this* only through the help of *memory*. (Certainly he means the *botanical names*.) SOLOMON said 'I have found *one man* amongst a *thousand*; but I have *not found one woman* amongst the whole *rout*!'" p. 286.

for their unwearied *curiosity* respecting, and *prying into*, the *pourquoi* of the *pourquoi**. I know CACO-NOUS has positively declared, in the thirteenth page of his "Enquirer," that "GENIUS is little more in the first instance than a spirit of PRYING *observation* and *incessant* CURIOSITY." My UNCLE was convinced at last that he came entirely from the female, and some of his familiar acquaintance

* Queen Caroline, the wife of George II., was our English Sheba. She was highly philosophical, and afflicted with many metaphysical head-aches. She took *Physica* with Newton and Leibnitz, and told fortunes in the grounds of her coffee-cups, as was the fashion of the day, with Locke and Clarke. But she was a little over-curious, and chose too often to wear the breeches. Leibnitz, one day, a little pettish at her eternal *pourquoi* this? and *pourquoi* that? tartly and testily replied to her Majesty—"Madam, I do not undertake to explain the *pourquoi* of the *pourquoi*!"

will testify that he turned out to be, *an old woman!*

I own there are difficulties which occur in the demonstration of all our systems. I sympathize with Professor BLÜMENBACH *, whose case is peculiarly provoking! for having, with considerable fatigue, traced every thing *ab ovo*, he is finally at a loss to determine whether the egg is formed before the chicken, or the chicken before the egg! a subject which I leave the impartial to decide. BUFFON and SPALLANZANI undoubtedly performed many laborious and nice experiments, and it is a pity they all end in giving

* See his Essay on Generation, translated by Dr. Crichton. He is at a loss to know whether there are germs in the ova, &c. I wish, from my soul, I could inform him (poor man!) of any thing positive to relieve him in this delicate embarrassment.

us the most opposite results! BUFFON affirms that animal existence is derived from the Male; SPALLANZANI is positive it comes from the Female!

These are subtile enquiries; and some may think we are troubling ourselves with matters that do not concern us: yet, in an age when every thing is to be performed in a philosophical manner, and biography has reached such a point of perfection, I cannot tell but they may be very necessary for the due understanding of the characters of our favourite heroes.

After many years of dear-bought experience, my UNCLE agreed, that though it was an irreparable misfortune to have come entirely from the *Female*, yet his greatest misfortune was his HEAD! Yes, we were both

at length convinced, with CAMPER, LAVATER, and WHITE; that all my UNCLE'S sorrows and sufferings were derived from this insignificant part of his organization!

As nearly as a human head could be, it was an horizontal line—the head of a snipe! and according to the latter, and, of course, the very best physiological systems (CAMPER'S alarming one concerning the large-sized particularly, utterly broke my UNCLE'S peace of mind,) did Jacob carry about him a *cranium* which could be of no real utility in this world; it was an oven which would not bake!

My dear Reader! how has thy SKULL fared in the blundering hands of the midwife! half thy errors and thy vagaries thou mayest place to the account of some shilly-

shally accoucheur ! In what a perilous situation, at that moment, is the cranium of lordly man placed ! an indent, more or less, a depression here, or an elongation there, ovals it to genius, or squats it down to boobyism* !

* HIPPOCRATES attributes the particular form of the head to the conduct of midwives and nurses. VESALIUS supports this idea, and asserts, that some midwives have been bribed by mothers to shape the heads of their children into the form of a ball.

CAMPER'S *Works*, translated by Dr. Cogan; p. 24.

Besides *Vesalius*, such illustrious moderns as *Haller*, *Buffon*, &c. agree with *Hippocrates*. Professor *Camper* does not agree with them, because that would ruin his own system, which tends to shew that *Nature* has made a marked distinction in her physiological fabrics, and that the *heads of different beings* are adapted to *different degrees of intellect*. To prove to the world that *Nature* acts by this determined principle, he performed an extraordinary experiment—at the recollection I sicken and I shudder ! The Dutch Professor actually *plunged into the fœtus of a female negro*, and found that this *unborn child* had just as ugly features

My UNCLE was latterly so deeply imbued with these principles, that when, in the course of an argument, he stood beating the

as any *living negro*, a flat forehead, peaked crown, and oblong head! The fœtus was affectionately adopted by the learned anatomist.

This fœtus he put in a phial, and kept on the chimney-piece in his bed-chamber. When one night, raging with the tooth-ache, he was advised by his *wrow* to apply to some brandy in a small bottle regularly filled every morning.—In the dark he blundered. Surprised to find something solid between his teeth, he exclaimed to the Dame Cornelia, “What is in this bottle over the chimney? I am provoked to sickness, and preparing to vomit.” To which his lady replied, “O, Pieter! Pieter! it can be nothing else than—the little negro!—” which was very true; for, shocking to relate, the Professor of Anatomy in the College of Amsterdam found his own favourite embryon crackle under his tooth!

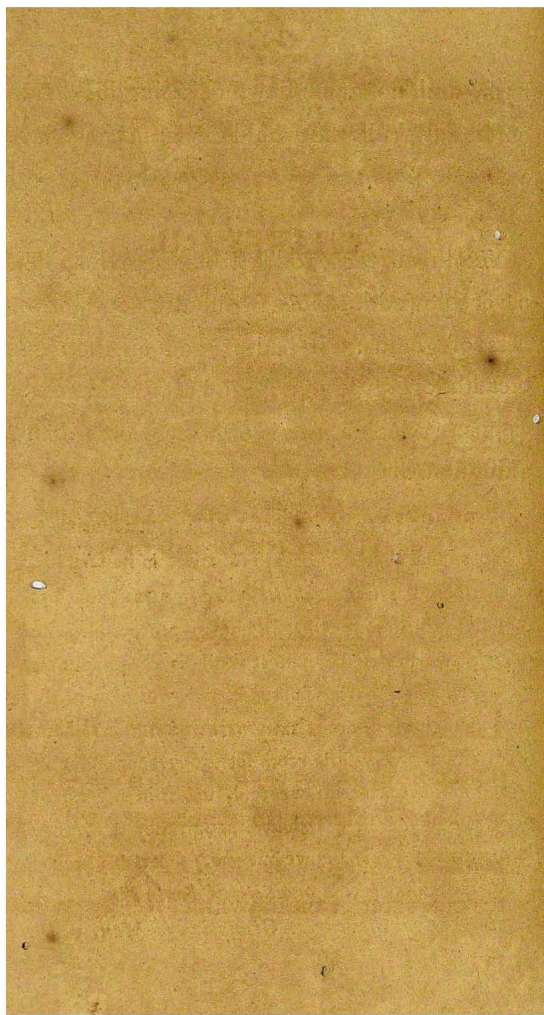
Unhappy fœtus! the victim of philosophy! thy misfortunes, like Tristram’s, began long before thou wert born!

bush, and no game flew, clapping his hand on his flat skull, he would exclaim, "What a goose *!"

Yet in all these odd troubles of his, he never blowed his NOSE without a consciousness of genius. It had "half an inch in breadth over the eye;" and LAVATER exclaims, "Such a *nose* is of more worth than a kingdom!"

* Mr. WHITE, an admirer of CAMPER, writes—
 "No animal that approaches to MAN in its faculties, or energies, has a *flat skull*. The GOOSE, that has one, has so little sense, that its name is proverbial. The *ostrich*, which has the flattest skull, is of all animals the most foolish, having no sense, that we know of, in perfection—owing to the *smallness* and *flatness* of the head, there is very little room for the *cerebrum*, or *ce-rebellum*.—Where shall we find, unless in the *European*, (the Chinese are dolts, though they think they have a pair of eyes, and we but one,) that nobly arched head, containing such a *quantity of brain*?"

[WHITE *on the regular Gradation in Man*, p. 14.]



CHAPTER II.

ALMA, they strenuously maintain,
Sits cock-horse on her throne, the brain !

PRIOR.

A DISSERTATION ON SKULLS! LAVATER, CAM-
PFR, BLUMENBACH, AND GALL.

LAVATER positively maintains, that the simple form of the skull, its *hardness* or *softness*, are sufficient to determine, with the *utmost certainty*, the *energy* or *weakness* of the character of the individual it belonged to.

CAMPER, from his public situation, as Anatomical Professor, in the large and populous city of Amsterdam*, and from the gravity of his character, and the whimsicality of his genius—has made profounder and more interesting discoveries!

The Dutch Professor fancied *large-sized heads*; and was positive that the *position* of the upper and lower *jaws*, was the *natural cause of the most astonishing differences* †!—in

* “ The large and populous city of Amsterdam afforded me various opportunities of *collecting the skulls of the deceased*, from *abortions* to advanced age.”—He was at first too humane to make his strictures on the *living*, though afterwards he lost most of his *acquaintance* by his personal observations and free strictures on the *skulls of abortions*. “ *Many years* (he continues) I passed in *comparing them together*.”—CAMPER.

† “ I sawed several heads, both of *men and animals*, perpendicularly through the centre, and I clearly

other words, that the breadth of his face, and the squareness of his jaws, was the most evident proof of a man's genius!

The only suspicious circumstance against this system appears opposite the frontispiece of his work—where the portrait of the Dutch Professor shews he had the head of a buffalo!

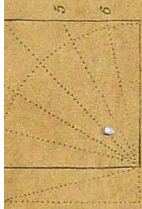
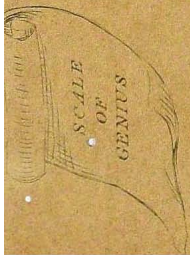
Poor man! what extraordinary pains he took to form *a collection of SKULLS!*—from all parts of the universe, and of the European down to the Ourang-Outang! His correspondence with the resurrection-men throughout the globe, I hope to publish; for in cleansing the *skulls* to ship them to Am-

perceived, that the position of the upper and the lower jaws was the natural cause of the most astonishing differences. I have followed *this method* with *quadrupeds* down to *fish!*”

sterdam, they usually crammed the scandalous anecdotes appertaining to these skulls when alive, into them—as a kind of seasoning, to keep them from utter putrefaction*.

Most patiently, for many a year, did this sublime Dutchman set about “sawing the skulls perpendicularly through the middle,

* “My notion was confirmed by contemplating a considerable collection of *crania*, which acknowledged various countries for their parents. Exclusive of several skulls of my countrymen, and of adjacent nations, I possess the heads of a young English *negro*, and one of a more advanced age; the head of a female *Hottentot*; of a young *native of Madagascar*; of an inhabitant of *Mogol*, of a *Chinese*, of a *Celebean*, and, finally, of a *Calmuk*!”—that is, of eight different nations! To have collected all these *skulls* is highly honourable to the indefatigable Professor; but the *anecdotes*!—under my volant pen, they will please the whole College at Amsterdam, and recreate these grave muzzers after their *empty studies*!



1. ...
 2. De European.
 3. De Modern Greek & African.
 4. During Outing.
 5. De Ape.
 6. De Supe & my Uncle.
- B. Application of Scale.
C. Showing the use of Angular Forms.



and comparing them together." This, he declares, was a *very entertaining* study; I suppose, however, he alludes to the aforementioned anecdotes found in the skulls.

The result of this incessant "sawing of heads" (most unluckily for my Uncle, and his *small-headed* friends,) was not only a positive preference of the *large-sized*, but he went to such lengths: I must say, to such imprudent extremities, that he actually had the inhumanity to invent *a machine* wherewith any Philo may measure his own head, and ascertain if it touches the proper degree. It is an instrument of torture, and my Uncle shuddered to look at it *!

* I shall quote the *description* I find in the MONTHLY REVIEW, Vol. VI. p. 209.—"The general doctrine is, that the difference in form and cast of countenance, proceeds from the relation which the *cranium*

I was glad afterwards when Professor BLUMENBACH published two *decades of differences* in the craniums of different people, and every skull splitted, carefully and impartially, and with a steady hand by himself. The specimens are preserved in his own collections; where, perhaps, he may find one skull splitted more than he is aware of! How-

is found to bear to the direction of an horizontal and a perpendicular line. Let us suppose a frame of wood, similar to that of a picture, to be made perfectly square, and the upper part be graduated into 90 degrees, proceeding from the right to the left. Let the cranium, or head, be placed in the centre of this frame. (Heaven defend us!)

“ Draw an imaginary line from the lower part of the upper lip to the forehead, which the Professor terms the *linea facialis*, or the facial line; and observe in what degree it intersects the upper part of the frame, as this will give one characteristic, and the situation of the maxillæ, respecting the perpendicular side of the frame, another.

“ For example—the facial line of the Ourang will

ever, he goes a good way to prove the other Professor *wrong-headed*—besides, here is another system to learn! another science to meditate on!

But Dr. GALL, of Vienna, exploded his system of CRANIOGNOMY!

“Ye little ‘*Wigs*,’ hide your diminish’d HEADS!”

intersect the horizontal line at 58—that of the Negro at 70—that of the European at 80 or 90—while, in the Grecian Antique, it projects *ten degrees beyond the limits of the frame!*—This last discovery is a final argument in favour of the *Greeks*, who, so many agree, had a *genius* that can never be equalled by us, the small heads of 80 or 90 degrees. I conjecture, however, at this moment, that the *skull* of a *Modern Greek*, whether of OXFORD or CAMBRIDGE, would go into such a frame very *quietly*. Indeed, they and some other persons have revived the notion of PLINY respecting the existence of the ACEPHALI, a people without heads!

The Doctor has constructed the weather-cock-head of man into a regular piece of clock-work.—He has effected a marvellous discovery—I own this is not wonderful in this *age of miracles*: for, notwithstanding HUME's scepticism were he now living, he would see *hundreds of miracles*, and all performed by THE PHILOS themselves!

Dr. GALL deposes, that the *size of the organs in the CRANIUM* is in the exact proportion of their *corresponding faculties*; for every passion, every faculty, every virtue, every vice, every talent, every folly, has got a *certain bone or organ in the HEAD*, which suits the particular faculty. For instance, we have the *organ of PRIDE*—'tis in the middle of the interior edge of the parietals, at the upper middle part, and a little towards the posterior of the head.—Can any

direction be more particular? 'tis perfectly topographical! and yet they say Dr. GALL is *not intelligible!* Here PRIDE has concealed itself in the darkest corner of a dark alley, full of windings and out-of-the-way places; but never did a Bow-street runner know so well as Dr. GALL where to *unearth* a thief!

But how does the Doctor so positively know that *there*, precisely *there*, is the *organ of PRIDE*? — Because that organ expands in the chamois goat and the bouquetin, and he observed the same thing in the skulls of several men distinguished for their *pride!* Here difficulties may be raised: How do you know, Doctor, that the chamois and the bouquetin are so proud? He replies, Because they inhabit the peaks of mountains, and the bouquetin always endeavours to as-

ceed higher*.—From this, concludes the Doctor, I deem them to be *high-fliers!* This is sound and curious argument too; proud people inhabit elevated spots—and our *garreteers*, (writers I mean,) are well known to be the proudest race of men in the three kingdoms.

Those who wish to know where lie the ORGAN of the *spirit of satire*; ORGAN of *mildness*; ORGAN of *metaphysics*; ORGAN of *copulation*; ORGAN of *assassination*, &c. may find them all in the Philo's Magazine, Vol. XIV.

I add one conjecture. Dr. GALL, who

* A naturalist assures me, these animals are calumniated by Dr. GALL. If they could find their dinner in a valley, they would not climb a mountain—on the height of which grow their favourite herbs.

never affirms or is positive about an *organ*, unless he is perfectly convinced that he is *at home*, very modestly confesses there are “two unknown organs;” they correspond to the temporal bone, and their functions are not yet even conjectured!—Here is a fine and interesting subject to occupy the cogitations of the greatest Philo! No one knows so well as myself what faculties they generate! However, I will tell the world—
REVOLUTIONISM AND ATHEISM!

As nothing tickles me more pleasantly than to prove that CACO-NOUS is sometimes a buz-

* Who is Dr. GALL? who ever has heard of his inaugural discourse? May he not be a Doctor of the French order of *Charlatanisme*? He has terrified Vienna, the Emperor, and the Aulic Council! His lectures were forbidden! The libertines were charmed to find that if they went astray—“*their organ*, sure, was more in fault than they.”

zard, I must inform the world, that he knew nothing about all these curious and interesting matters ; and yet he had *notions* which might have cracked the tiny occiput of a monkey ! He says, “ *Dissect a man of genius*, (by the bye, did you ever hear of such barbarity, a *live* genius !) and you cannot point out *those differences* in his structure which constitute him such.” ENQUIRER, p. 13.

But you see CAMPER, and BLUMENBACH, and Dr. GALL—have done it *!

* Dr. GALL, *et hoc genus omne!* are but servile imitators of my Uncle’s great predecessor, MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS. I refer the reader to his far sublimer theory than Dr. GALL’S.—MARTINUS pursues nature into every corner of the body ; the Doctor’s *Craniognomy* is a confined view, taken at the *court end of the town* ; now MARTINUS runs into the *lanes*, and *alleys*, and *bye-corners* of the PASSIONS!—Chapter X. of his Life unfolds his project of “ curing

the diseases of the mind by ANATOMY!" He asserts that the habitual passions may be discerned in particular persons by the *strength* and *bigness* of the muscles used in the expression of the passion." Complaisant people have the *flexors* of the head very strong, which make them *nod* and *bow* so easily; but insolent persons have a great over-balance of strength in the *extensors* of their neck and the muscles of their back, "which make them so *stiff-necked*."

The great theorist, in Chap. XII. pursues the speculation—precisely as Dr. GALL has *copied*, without any acknowledgment of his prototype.—Dr. GALL compares the skull of a *proud man* with a *bouquetin's*; of a *cunning man* with a *fox's*; of a *thief* with a *magpie's*. So the illustrious MARTINUS pursues his divine theory.—He says, "Calves and philosophers, tigers and statesmen, foxes and sharpers, peacocks and fops, cock-sparrows and coquets, monkies and players, courtiers and spaniels, moles and misers, exactly resemble one another in the conformation of the *pineal gland*."—Now I ask the philosophical world, if this detection of the origin of Dr. GALL's *system* is not new to them, and may we not claim the whole theory for the honour of our country and MARTINUS SCRIBEERUS? To him, indeed, stands not less indebted the late Dr. DARWIN and other moderns; in his immortal pages we track their inventions, or start their plagiarisms.



CHAPTER III.

How many poor scholars have lost their wits, or become dizzards, and after all their pains, in the world's esteem, they are accounted ridiculous and silly; fools, idiots, asses! rejected, contemned, derided, doting, and mad!

BURTON's *Anat. of Melancholy*, Ed. 1660, p. 129.

SOME IDEA OF MY UNCLE'S *SCAVANTERIE*! OF HIS CONSUMPTION OF *GOOSE*!

HOW MY UNCLE GOT HIMSELF SIMILIED AND PUNNED ON BY HIS NEIGHBOURS, WITH VARIOUS LITERARY ILLUSTRATIONS.

AFTER many years of hard labour, my Uncle had gradually obtained an exact knowledge of all the ignorance of former times—A certain proof this, of what is usual

ly denominated ERUDITION! I never looked on him in his study without admiring the rigidity of his muscles, while, with a cat-like gravity, he was mousing some old obscure author. He had a delicious gusto for masticating a black-letter book—as dry as a horn, and as empty too! He resembled *Petrus Comestor*, otherwise *Pierre le Mangeur*, or the *Gorger*, so called from his ravenous literary appetite; but who taking so much solid food on a stomach too weak to perform its office, fell sick of a literary indigestion, and in a work of his, entitled “The Sea of Histories, or the History of all Things,” threw out all his learning, and presented the world with a clearance; a more wholesome operation for Peter than for the world!

My Uncle was curious in *philological learning*! He was an Orientalist, who could

guess at first sight the Arabic from the Persian ; and was not unsuccessful in counting the characters found on a Babylonish brick ; only he could not make sense of them ! His favourite pursuit was the Chinese language, in which he became so expert, that, to the envy and vexation of some learned friends, he actually made out one of those labels which the Chinese affix to their chests of tea ! Notwithstanding these acquirements, my Uncle was sometimes extremely modest ; a singular feature, indeed, in the character of *a master of languages*, and a man “ hastening into dictionary learning * ! ”

* RICHARDSON, curiously and energetically observed of the men of learning in his time, (the *dawn* of the present meridian *heat* of modern literature) that “ they were *hastening apace* ; dwindling into INDEX,

Perhaps one cause of this *scavan's* occasional modesty arose from his being gravelled, and at a stand-still. He possessed a precious MS. of an unknown language ; to decypher its alphabet, he pored till he had dimmed his eyes and dinned his head ! I have every reason to suspect this new language—was made purposely for him ! 'Twas to check the growing vanity of a linguist, who thought he could have served as an interpreter at the Tower of Babel.

into COMMON-PLACE, into DICTIONARY-LEARNING !”

RICHARDSON'S *Letters*. Vol. VI. p. 122.

Here the *prophet* is still clearer.—“ In this age of *dictionary* and *index-learning* our study is to get knowledge without study (if I may so express myself) and a *smattering* is almost all that is aimed at !”

T A G.

But still my Uncle was modest! When I consider the size of his FOUNTAIN INK-HORN, which he regularly emptied on every subject he undertook, was it not great modesty in him to suppose that others might come after him with deeper *ink-horns*? I always advised him to write only the half he wrote! 'Twas a saving plan! But whenever my Uncle began to write, he was so timid that he drudged his pen to the stump; he was fearful that write whatever he could, he would still have not written what he ought. He felt a scruple of conscience in printing the word FINIS at the close of his works. A pompous word, which seems to intimate, that nothing hereafter could be written on the subject.—He did not (generous soul!) wish to starve out the writers of SUPPLEMENTS, of SEQUELS, and ADDENDAS!

Many a GOOSE has he plucked by the side
of his FOUNTAIN*.

When my Uncle was an ANTIQUARY, he troubled his head curiously about matters with which most of his friends imagined he had better have had no concerns ; to trace his maps of the Roman roads in Scotland cost him a round thousand pounds ; it is true, he got the thanks of the Antiquarian Society,

* A most beautiful pastoral image !

TAG.

TAG has evidently mistaken the meaning of this passage. It is not a *pastoral image*, but an *arithmetical problem* ! Could a speculative naturalist conjecture *the number of geese* our hero caused to be plucked, in the course of his *authorship*, the *quills* might easily be calculated. Their number would alarm us. I never see a flock of geese, and look at "the Annual Review," but I feel uneasy sensations.

BOBTAIL.

but I wish from my soul he had never set his foot out of the library !

————— He could shew
How Britons ate a thousand years ago*!

SCRIBLERIAD.

Whatever the world knew least and wished to know less, this great man knew most, and wished to know more ! But at length he became so crazed by authorities, so weighed down by facts †, and so obscured

* BOIVIN was more a Hebrew than a Frenchman; better acquainted with the works of the Chaldeans than with those of his country, and a stranger to all courts but the court of Semiramis. He imagined that he could illustrate some disputable points in the family of Louis XIV. by the family of Nimrod, and lost his little sense among the vast accumulations of antiquity.

MADAME DE STAHL'S *Memoirs*.

† There is a fascination in *those researches* in which MEMORY is chiefly concerned, which even GENIUS itself cannot resist. Bishop WATSON ingeniously apo-

himself by illustration, that he shewed himself a gentleman of a more *reasoning*, than *reasonable* nature*. All the subtile wits in our neighbourhood compared him to something. Oh, that my Uncle's neighbours had lived with their *heels* placed directly opposite

logises for them in these words "I have bestowed more time in searching out the age in which the applying a *metallic covering to one side of a looking glass was introduced*, than the subject, in the estimation of *many*, will seem to deserve; and indeed more than it deserved in my own estimation. But the *difficiles nugæ*, the *stultus labor ineptiarum*, when once the mind gets entangled with them, cannot be *easily abandoned*. One feels moreover a *singular reluctance in giving up* an unsuccessful pursuit. The reader would pardon this reflection if he knew *how many musty volumes* I turned over."

CHEMICAL ESSAYS, Vol. IV. p. 243.

* As in his curious essay on the introduction of the small pox from America to Leith; he gave twelve arguments for Leith, and twelve for America; the good peo-

to *his*!—Nature had designed them for *the antipodes of science*!

Our Curate was a sarcastic fellow, as I think most unbeneficed curates are, and his great delight was to see his malice prosper! Alluding to the greediness with which Jacob swallowed his books, and the after-folly the Curate averred they constantly produced in such men of learning as my dear Uncle, he applied this verse out of the Revelations.—“I took the little book out of the angel’s hands and *ate it up*; and it was in my *mouth* sweet as *honey*, and as soon as I had *devoured it*, it was *bitter* in my *belly*!”

My Uncle would compare his *Adversaria*,

ple of Leith, to the present moment, know not what they are to conclude!

where he arranged all kinds of knowledge, by an orderly alphabet *, to a wardrobe—the Curate affirmed it to be—a *receptacle for old clothes*; the cast-off follies of other persons, and the second-hand suits of learning! He

* The author of the Pursuits of Literature seems to have had some idea of *erudition by common-places*.

There lived a scholar late of London fame,
A doctor, and MOROSOPHOS his name;
In metaphysics bold would spread his sail,
And with Monboddo still believ'd in tails—
A dilettante in divinity!
A special clerk for *method* and for plan,
Thro' science by the *alphabet* he ran, &c. &c.

I refer the reader to his *all accomplished character*.
He too was a *linguist*! a *chemist*, &c. &c. &c.

At last the DOCTOR gave his friends a work!
(Not verse like COWPER or high prose like BURKE)
CHAMBERS ABRIDGED! in sooth 'twas all he read,
From fruitful A to unproductive Zed!

said that my Uncle was one of those literati who are apt to take their water from the *cistern*, and not draw it from the *well* *.

Again, alluding to his ravenous appetite for what our Curate termed *Nugæ ! Ineptiæ!* and the *Stultus labor ineptiarum!*—the fellow compared my dear Uncle to *a patient ass*, devouring his *thistles* with that eagerness that it is clear he mistakes them for *artichokes*!

Another declared that his brain was like *a weathercock out of order*—turning to all points of the compass, and by chance to the right!

A third compared him to *a fly without a*

* An admirable discrimination which a man of genius once made in conversation.

head—buzzing on to the right and to the left, without knowing what he is doing, or where he is going !

A fourth, for his stiffness of opinion and emptiness of his reasoning faculty, (as this charitable neighbour chose to assert,) to—*a bladder puffed with air*—the *stiffness* of which is ever in proportion to its *emptiness*.

And because his opinions were not to be refuted, (his pertinacity being stronger than his opinions,) they likened him to a *polypus*—which, *cut into a hundred pieces*, still retains the faculty of perpetual renovation, and to *its last atom* remains a *perfect polypus* !

Nay, they came at length to suspect that he was nothing more than a *fresh-water polypus*, which, according to Buffon's defini-

tion, is—*the last of animals, and the first of plants!*

Finally, his WORKS, not having YET met with that eminent success his family have so long expected, and being found, neglected and unbound on stalls—they maliciously confounded them with *other dead bodies*—because, in the language of THE ROW, they are *laid out in sheets*, and inclosed *between boards!*

When a certain writer, who in his manner demonstrated that a great lord had a *wooden head*, and then compared him to a *horse*—the Trojan!—'twas declared that a *nick-name* was not a *libel!* I hope the world thinks more seriously when a grave gentleman is *punned* and *similied on!* If this be suffered, your WORSHIPS, who are now so

honourably seated at the COUNCILS and the COMMITTEES of all our LEARNED SOCIETIES, will every soul of ye sit there like so many lobcocks and loblings*! They will take your heads, small as those of my honoured Uncle's, and filter them into a particle!—into nothing! they will not leave ye the pellicle of a soul!

You have, grave and right worshipful Signors! but one security from ~~all~~ this malice, (and which I understand you frequently practise,)—avoid their company—black-ball the wits!

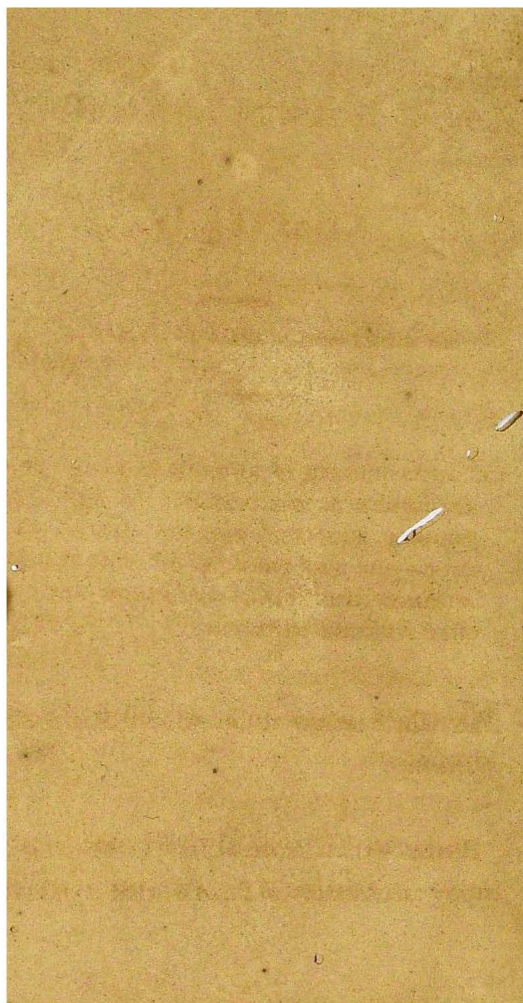
* LOBCKOCK, or clown, Johnson says, denotes both inactivity of body and dullness of mind.

LOBLING is a North-sea fish of a large bulk, whence, perhaps, a great, heavy, sluggish fellow.

BOBTAIL.

Yes, Nature has been kind to the *small-headed folk*; they cannot *feel* deeply, nor *smart* acutely!

My Uncle, shelled in his library, was insensible to all these libels. Nature had comfortably bestowed a coarse coating on his mind, which preserved it from all *pointed attacks*. He had not that delicacy of skin which bleeds at every sting. PLINY relates, that some HORSES have been stung to death by BEES— a misfortune that could not have happened had they been ASSES! the rough raggedness of their coat is invulnerable.



CHAPTER IV.

" How SCIENCE dwindles! and how VOLUMES swell!

YOUNG.

THE ANTI-SUBLIME IN SCIENCE, WITH SEVERAL BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS. A DUEL DESCRIBED BETWEEN NATURE AND A CHEMIST—OF THE THREATS OF THE LATTER AGAINST THE FORMER—AND HOW THE CHEMIST FINALLY TRIUMPHS!

MY Uncle is now to be exhibited as a *man of science!*

PHILO—that learned Jew, who was so happy an imitator of PLATO, that it was said

of him, PLATO *philonises*, or PHILO *platonises*—in his curious life of MOSES, the great legislator of the Jews, giving an account of his education, portrays him as *an universal genius*. He tells us the Egyptians instructed him in geometry, vocal and instrumental music, and natural philosophy; the Greeks in the liberal arts; the Assyrians in their alphabetical characters; and the Chaldeans in their astronomy — The ROYAL INSTITUTION could not have done much more for him! However, CLEMENT of Alexandria denies all this!

He does not, however, deny it uncivilly, or to derogate from the character of MOSES—nothing was further removed from the intention of the saint.—On the contrary, it is to exalt his universal genius! On some ancient authority he affirms, that all *these sages*

were *not the masters*, but the *scholars* of MOSES!

So fares it with my UNCLE, among the race of modern Philos! He lived so much *among them*, and they hung so much *about him*, (particularly when he gave dinner parties,) that I declare I cannot decide whether they informed him, or whether the reverse might not happen!

Between them both, and "their WHIMS and THEORIES," (if I may use an ambiguous term,) the RE-CREATION of the OLD WORLD was daily going on!

My Uncle did the commonest things of life according to *the latest discoveries*; but this did not hinder him frequently from

doing the commonest things uncommonly wrong : yet, to do him but justice, he had a peculiar genius for what may be termed the ANTI-SUBLIME in science.

The ANTI-SUBLIME science of turning the GREAT into the LITTLE, is a *new art of invention*, pregnant with a thousand discoveries, and with which Lord BACON appears to have been seldom conversant. The obsolete mode of discovering the secrets of nature, or as FONTENELLE pleasantly represents the idea, to *catch Nature in the fact*, was a serious labour ; Genius traversed from Alps to Alps, and felt, as it were, a *rising* towards her. But our Philos glide on *more rapidly* ; for, in fact, we are all *rolling down on a decline*. By this recent and happier method, we squeeze Nature at her ex-

tremities, and have the same knowledge of her as a chiropodist who pares nails and cuts corns has of the human body*.

* I presume not to decide between the *experimentalist* and the *hypothesist*—I am neither ! But certainly the *hypothesist* is the superior genius, evidently shewing more invention and ingenuity. The *experimentalist* may be a second, and even a seventieth rate genius, and the present mode of heaping together experiments without number is, I conceive, not difficult to be effected by *eyes* and *hands* ; but let others decide, whether they do not usually constitute a monument of *industry* rather than of *ingenuity*. Experimentalists are more obstinate than hypothesists, for the former think they have proofs of what they maintain ; yet how frequently are opposite conclusions drawn from the same experiment, for much depends on accuracy, and industry, and *patience* ! And how many experiments are effected every day, which, when we have, we do not know what to do with ; what they mean, what they prove ; and sometimes the last overthrows the former !

For instance, Mr. MURHARD, a German Philo, seems to have passed much of his life in contemplating “living toads found inclosed in stones.”

The glorious consequence of our *new philosophy* has therefore been what ought to have been expected; every thing being *low* with us, all our labours have been directed to THE KITCHEN. To point out some beautiful instances of what is called popular philosophy. FRANKLIN, (an experimentalist of the obsolete school,) exulted in drawing down *fire from heaven*; my Uncle prided himself in

But though these *toads* are neither strange nor rare,
He wonders how the devil they got *there*!

FROM POPE.

He adds, that the right experiment has not yet been made—and exultingly exclaims, he would tread in the footsteps of Bacon and Newton; that he is not satisfied to enjoy Nature as his *mistress*, but is resolved to make her at the same time a *maid of all work*! These are his words—“At a period like the *present*, we are not contented with surveying NATURE in her *private recesses*, we compel her as it were to *labour*, and make known her *secrets*!”—Dear Nature! mayst thou out-live thy experimentalists!

Philos. Mag. Vol. III. p. 232.

sending the smoke there, by curing chimnies. Inspecting once an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, like another Pliny, curiously he peeped into a *crater*, and instantly caught the idea of his *patent Dutch oven* *. It was at the siege of a town in Flanders that he acquired the useful hint of *eating a hot hasty-pudding* by gradual approaches, circumventing the out-work, and storming the parapet †; and finally, did not he and a pair of Philos,

* He usually called it (I suppose from the crater) his
GREAT ROASTER.

† These are his words—"The HASTY-PUDDING being spread out equally upon a plate while hot, an *excavation* is made in the middle of it with a *spoon*, into which *excavation* a piece of butter as large as a nutmeg is put, and upon it a spoonful of brown sugar, &c. The butter being soon heated by the heat of the pudding, mixes with the sugar and forms a sauce, which being *confined in the excavation*, occupies the *middle of the plate*!"

with no common intrepidity, inclose themselves in a heated oven, and there endure much heroical perspiration * ?

Thus for the array—now for the battle !

“ Dip each *spoonful* in the *sauce*, before it is carried to the MOUTH, care being had in taking it up to begin on the outside, and near the BRIM OF THE PLATE, and to APPROACH the CENTRE by GRADUAL ADVANCES, in order not to DEMOLISH too soon the EXCAVATION which forms the RESERVOIR of the *sauce* !”

Essays Philosophical, if not by Lord Bacon,
by Count Rumford, Vol. I. p. 254.

The preceding account is so accurately detailed, that I myself taught my Uncle's monkey the gradual advances, but, weary of a siege in form, he at length took it by a *coup de main*.

* This adventure has lately been perpetuated in the *Philosophical Transactions*. What could possibly be intended by it, but to demonstrate how long it would take to *bake a true Philo* ?—They whined and shrieked in the oven like boiled lobsters ; for one who had a black face has since found it has turned red ; and another has

One feature in the physiognomy of a scientific character is very striking—it seems, indeed, a very homely one, but Newton and Buffon have declared it to constitute genius itself—it is PATIENCE!

It is *patience* which can work miracles, and can exalt even a Dutch Professor, at length, into a system-fancier.

By *patience* alone an industrious man may get much reputation, though he has neither genius nor sense.

O it is most excellent for a Philo and a Philo's readers!

retained a *burnt smell*, and is supposed to have had some parts of him converted into what chemists call an *empyreumatic acid*!

My Uncle evinced the most *exemplary patience!* in all kinds of experimental philosophy—as all experimentalists ought. He would repeat a distillation one thousand times, as BOERHAAVE did; so that when he took it into his head, it seemed as if he never meant to finish.—For eight months he watched the weight and motion of quicksilver whirling in a fulling-mill; nay, he kept mercury in digestion for fifteen years, with a constant heat of one hundred degrees. And what, poor man! was his reward for all this indefatigable fatigue? Nothing! the things remained just as they were; however, it was a great satisfaction to the scientific world, that my Uncle laboured fifteen years to demonstrate the whole affair. However, of all his pertinacious discoveries and patient experiments, I think the most remarkable one was, the deep attention to and fortunate

termination of a certain experiment in his *froggery*—he actually got a frog with tadpole, without any assistance whatever !

But in CHEMISTRY many a duel occurred between my Uncle and *Nature* ! He so incarcerated her in retorts, so soured her into acids, and so burnt her to alkalies ; so fevered her in furnaces, and refrigerated her in air-pumps, that the venerable matron, so indecently handled and so cruelly treated, after an alarming struggle of self-defence, griping, singeing, and otherwise frightening my Uncle out of his senses, became at length *quietly decomposed*, and any thing he chose to force her to ! I take a chemical experiment frequently to be a conjuror's trick of making *Nature* herself *unnatural* !

While my Uncle was thus hazarding his precious breath, and what was not less precious to me his nephew, his estate, in working at Nature upwards and downwards, by analysis and synthesis—the oddest notions occurred to him, and occasioned some misconceptions in our family.

For instance, experimenting by his *one candle*, he discovered that it had rays of light that gave no heat, and rays of heat that gave no light.—I having innocently communicated this discovery to our house-keeper, there arose a squabble between her and its maker! My Uncle was by no means positive respecting the *characteristic* property of *fire*: he said, “that it warms and heats bodies, is a very *ambiguous criterion!*” And having mentioned his expectation of *refining smoke*, so that he should be able to warm

the whole ROYAL INSTITUTION with the *refined smoke* extracted from a *bushel of coals!* When this reached the ear of our high-spirited coal-merchant, he immediately refused to serve a philosophical family, who spread reports so disadvantageous to the trade.

But it was his monstrous ideas of HEAT and COLD which none of us could bear!

In Summer he stifled us with a description of HEAT four times greater than Summer-heat, in “which all the juices of plants and animals, and mineral particles, could be raised up in vapour and exhalation!” And in Winter, how did he freeze us! He gave us an *idea* of COLD, by which “all the water on the earth could be changed into a solid transparent stone, which might be em-

ployed in buildings, while the whole atmosphere would be in a solid state *!" Though I hope from my soul these are only chimeras of his own raising, which can never happen to us in the natural course of weather, still our family were half afraid, for while my uncle reasoned and calculated about them he seemed tickled by an idea of intolerable cold and heat!

But when he succeeded in *freezing mercury*, fifty-six pounds into a solid mass!— what a bustle it made at the Royal Society! But, poor man! he and his friends were so eager to catch at morsels of the solid mercury when it fell into pieces, that, (like children who thrust their fingers on the hot bars of a grate,) all shrieked and swore

* See Chemical Essays, Vol. I. p. 403.

the frozen mercury was as hot as a burning coal*.

* I refer the curious reader to a very amusing account of "the freezing of mercury by artificial cold," performed by the London Philosophical Society, in Phil. Mag. Vol. III. p. 81.

It was done in a bladder, which when cut, "the eagerness" of all the London Philosophical Society "was past description." "Forgetting, (perhaps they were totally ignorant of) the consequences, some rushed their hands into the frigorific mixture," others, "having selected with their eyes" (it was soon, however, their hands) "they grasped them harder than they ever did any thing before!" Then followed a terrific scene. "Some clapt their hands into their mouths, others shook them, blew on them, or rubbed them against their clothes!" Poor members of the London Philosophical Society! Worse fared ye, than had ye all been at our club at the Cat and Fiddle! for afterwards—this intense *freezing* turned to "burning and scalding." "A gentleman who accidentally came in," screamed that the *mercury did not freeze*, "'twas a red-hot coal."

After all, it is not clear to me (but I own I am no Philo!) whether or not what chemists call "the *frees-*

At length Jacob broached an opinion, that all the elements of nature might easily be confounded.—He affirmed that all the elements may be changed into each other, and water become air ; air fire, &c. *—I ask if it were possible to live with any comfort in our family, with such desolating notions perpetually running in our heads !

At length he took it into his head that he was—it was a fit of impiety that I flatter myself he repented on his death-bed —no-

ing of mercury” may not be just the reverse, “the *heating of mercury.*” If so, the whole chemical world, from Fourcroy to Cavendish, are all in the wrong ! And I am pretty positive in my conjecture ! for no one can ever persuade a sensible man that when he actually *burns* he is *frozen* !

R A G.

* This is Buffon’s idea, as quoted in the *Chemical Essays.*

thing less than a *Creator*, and one who shared in the prerogatives of the Supreme Being *!!!

* CHAPTAL, the great Philo of chemistry, closes his Preface, after a review of the miracles his unhallowed hand is to work, by saying, "In this last point of view, *man* becomes a *Creator*, and appears to partake with the SUPREME BEING in the *most eminent* of his *prerogatives*!"

I must confess I blame my Uncle, who with his cracked retorts, whizzing air-pumps, and cloudy gazes, took on him to describe how the creation was formed! Bishop Watson cautiously observes on chemical elements, that "the great diversity of sentiments of the ancient and modern philosophers suggest a *suspicion* that their *full comprehension* falls not within the reach of the human understanding."—*Chem. Essays*, Vol. I. p. 112.

What is extraordinary, after this very declaration, the Bishop himself attempts to account for the creation itself!

Yesterday it was *Electricity*—to-day it is *Volcanic*—and to-morrow we shall see what will turn up. I

have great hopes of my Uncle's own geological system!

Descartes had his vortexes, Newton his subtile ether, Leibnitz his monads. A few years ago the scientific world were all lost in the newly-discovered electricity, and it was affirmed that "it would soon be considered as the great vivifying principle of *Nature*, by which she carries on most of her operations;" and the ladies were then so *alarmed*, that they pulled all their pins from their hair, and every Philo gravely cogitated every time he pulled off his silk stockings, which crackled.—Mr. BRYDONE, full of the future discoveries to be made by ELECTRICITY, speculating on *thunder-storms*, suddenly turns his creative eye to the *pins* then worn in ladies' head-dresses. "Every lady," he advises, "should provide herself with a *small chain*, or wire, to be hooked on at pleasure during *thunder-storms*, to pass from her *cap* down to the ground." Then he compares their *heads* to the *tops of steeples*!—and this chain was to serve as a conductor. It is amusing enough to fancy the belles of thirty years ago at a *route*—and a *thunder-storm*!—rattling their chains, and hastily fixing them to their caps and down to their feet at every clap!

CHAPTER V.

Il me tarde de voir notre assemblée ouverte,
Et de nous signaler par quelque decouverte.

MOLIERE *les Femmes Scavantes.*

OF A BUNDLE OF FAGGOTS!

HOW THE CONSTELLATION AT THE CAT AND
FIDDLE WAS FORMED—A DISSERTATION ON,
INCLUDING HINTS TOWARDS ERECTING *ACA-*
DEMIES IN ALL COUNTRY TOWNS, AND OF
THE GREAT BENEFITS THEREOF TO THE
CONFINED AND THE CONFINERS.

WHEN the corruscations of the PHILOSO-
PHICAL MAGAZINE, like a beautiful aurora
borealis, shed their variegated illuminations
over our town, they produced a great sensa-

tion at the corners of streets! Hot from its reading, and their *cerebellum*, fermented by their cogitations, gentlemen would pretend to walk out for a little fresh air! when, in truth, it was frequently designed for an opportunity of way-laying each other for the purpose of communicating discoveries, and conferring on some queer topics. My Uncle was astonished to discover in our town such a wonderful deal of latent genius.

Philos, Collectors, and others of this party-coloured fraternity, are magnets to each other, and when well rubbed together, communication increases their power. They would shake hands, and congratulate one another on their monthly contributions, and whisper to every philosophical neighbour a hundred odd, and occasionally alarming whims.

One was a WIND-CATCHER*!—a congenial friend was drawing designs after CLOUDS, which he called *going a skying* †! — a third dolefully foretold an approaching revolution in our APPLE-TREES, and the extinction of some of their favourite RACES ‡! My Uncle gave a hint, that in consequence of some experiments by SPALLANZANI, he had little doubt he could MAKE A MAN—by means best known to himself!

Although not one of these gentlemen, but

* Vide Dr. Darwin, Volney, and others!

† Vide Luke Howard's, Esq. recent treatise on "the modification of CLOUDS, with accompanying PLATES, consisting of sketches of a collection of clouds." The author pretends that this is not "an useless pursuit of shadows!"

‡ Vide the 18th Vol. of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c. p. 300.

in their hearts would ridicule the pursuits of each other, yet each felt he wanted a support. The emblem of the SOCIETY of ENGRAVERS struck them as one full of ingenuity and novelty. These Engravers, to illustrate the good effects of UNION, have typified it, not by a beautiful antique *gem*, but by a *familiar fable*; and as an evidence of their erudition, and the curious felicity of their taste, have selected the fable of the old father, holding a *bundle of faggots* to his children — an emblem novel and tasteful, but unlucky! *Justly* applied, it will refer to the *collected works* which these engravers are to produce, and will then evidently signify that THEY (the works) are only FIT TO BE BURNT!

This “bundle of faggots” reminds me of a profound observation of TACITUS, or,

perhaps, of MARIANA—that when a man cannot do any thing by himself, he usually calls for a helping hand.

This observation is remarkably verified among your PHILOS. Genius, like the LION, is solitary, while your feeble SHEEP huddle together. GENIUS has no associate; and an *epic*, a *novel*, or any other great work of invention, has ever been produced by ONE MIND! *Philosophical Transactions* require what they call A BODY! Hence the origin of the ROYAL, the ANTIQUARIAN, and other learned *Societies*, and the superiority of MIND over BODY!

CONTOUR, who had just returned from his seventh tourification from Italy, as fantastical as a half-intoxicated ape, could never

pass by a neat small ale-house, on which, more happily conceived than expressed by the artist, was suspended the harmonious sign of the *Cat and Fiddle*, without being reminded of the *Arcadian Society at Rome* *!

His conversation was ever in the tone of rhapsody, and it was nearly impossible to guess at his meaning, for he had returned home with so many grand and fine ideas respecting ART, that he never could find *English* to express them. He now blew such a

* It is the observation of an acute writer, that "the present mode of sending our *young men* into *France* and *Italy*, tends only to fill *Great Britain* with DABBLERS in VIRTU, PRETENDERS in TASTE, SCIOLOGISTS in LITERATURE, and INFIDELS in RELIGION."

*Bishop WATSON's Preface to Chem.
Essays, Vol. IV.*

breeze into the volcanic minds of the ingenious men in our neighbourhood, with my Uncle at their head, that they could not sleep a-nights with thoughts of the Arcadian Society. Contour, feeling the state of their minds, worked them up to madness by his rapturous dedication to a lady of one of his "Memoirs on Italian Operas," and in the true spirit of a wild Arcadian, stamped it with their SEAL, ratified it by their watchword, *Eubante Tirinzio*, and subscribed by the author's name, MDCXCVIII* .

* As a literary curiosity, as a specimen of the chastest style, and also of the nature of *literary free-masonry*, may I be allowed to ornament my page with a faithful transcript of the unparalleled dedication? Fearful of injuring its *occult* meaning, (persuaded as I am that it is not merely *elegant nonsense*;) I have correctly printed this specimen of *literary cryptology*.

As for these ITALIAN ACADEMIES, they are the exact things which we ought to have

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
ARABELLA,
COUNTESS, &c.
EUBANTE TIRINZIO.

It cannot excite wonder, that the “tablet starting” into existence, and notes that “lift the soul on seraph wings,” should tempt an ardent admirer of the elegant arts to enter the bowers of W———. Let me, however, Madam, intreat your pardon for this intrusion; and while I bend at the shrine of wit and beauty, permit me to lay the humble offering at your feet.

M D C C X C V I I I .

If this subscription be not the *name* of the author, I must confess that such a rapturous dedication ends in a vapouring compliment! But it is possible this is all perfectly NATURE and ARCADIA; and I am only censuring what I do not understand!

established in our populous towns. They will prove of the greatest public utility; attracting within their vortex all the *desœuvrés*, or nothing-to-do gentlemen, a turbulent and numerous race! whom, for the quiet of their respective towns, it is of momentous importance to make busy, and work according to the rate of their capacities. These are the men who have engendered in this age such terrifying revolutions! In ages less philosophical than the present, they opened a vent for these boiling geniuses, by pouring them out into some newly-discovered island; the Canaries, or Virginia, or the Moluccas, where they soon exhausted their souls and bodies. — These newly-discovered islands served as empires for political-justice-mongers! bishopricks for curates! regiments for disbanded officers! and estates for younger brothers!

For the quiet of these kingdoms, we have no chance left, but converting them all into ACADEMICIANS!

These ACADEMIES I propose, are a kind of small BEDLAMs! I suggest their plan only to our *country physicians*; in the metropolis, we feel no want of public and private receptacles of this kind; the former are known under the title of SOCIETIES, and the latter under that of CONVERSAZIONES! In the *societies*, men assemble to hear some communication read in that tuneable tone, which causes sleep and promotes perspiration; and in the *conversaziones*, they harmlessly amuse themselves by crunching at stale biscuits and fresh experiments, and scalding their throats with disputations much hotter than their tea.

In the erection of these COUNTRY ACADEMIES, we must be cautious not to confuse the unfortunate members ; and, to prevent sharp bickerings and mutual contempt, we may describe them by characteristic titles. The following have been judiciously appropriated by the various *Italian academies*, amounting, as I am informed, in that land of vanity and paradise of fools, to more than one hundred and fifty * !

The Academy of Pisa was called the Academy of the *Extravagants* !—that of Pesaro, the *Heteroclites* !—Geneva was lulled by the *Sleepy* ! while Alexandria, from the long sittings of its heavy members, was proud of the

* A copious list of these ACADEMIES has been given in a recent French publication, entitled, “ *Eloge de Perruques.*”

Immoveables!—Viterbo gloried in its *Obstinate*s! Sienna admired its *Blockheads!* but the Academy of Macerata congregated the *chained Madmen!* This classification may, I flatter myself, include all our own philosophical Abderites; but should a new sect of *Academics* start up in any of our great towns, I shall leave to the care of the mayor and corporation to assign them

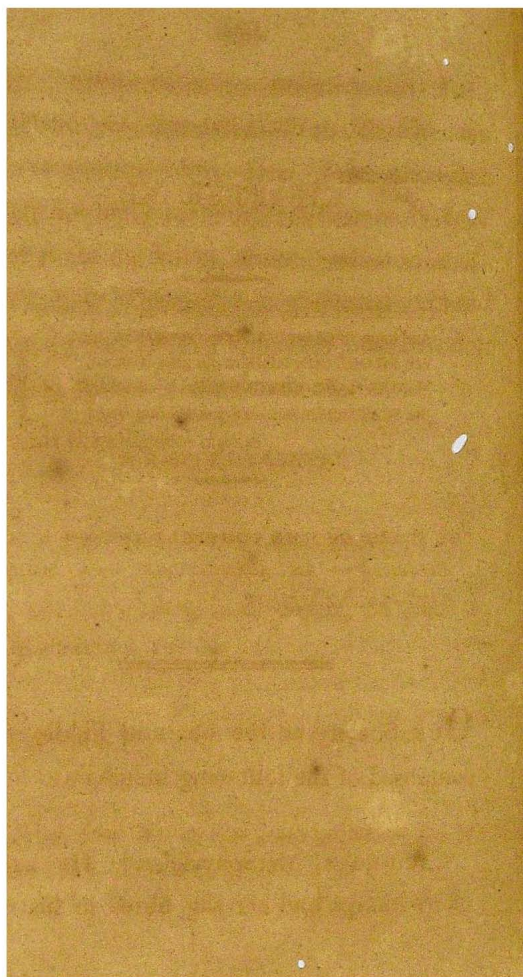
“ *A local habitation—and A NAME!*”

SHAKSPEARE.

If, indeed, this part of my project be not vigorously pursued, we shall have much reciprocal abuse among the confined! I would not have the *Naturalist*, who puts his *frogs in breeches*, placed beside the *Astronomer*, who catches at the *tails of comets*; or put the *Picturesquist* into a dark cell, with the *Che-*

mist, who inflames a *diamond*, and exultingly beholds it evaporate into *a little smoke* ! or the *Black-letter Collector*, who writhes and moans at the price of *an old play*, with the unhappy man who would pawn his coat to purchase *Oliver Cromwell's breeches*; or those other unfortunate gentlemen, who, to complete their *Granger*, have given fifty guineas for a print *rariss*, of a philosopher and a pickpocket, a poetess, and a bawd.

To return to our narrative. Contour had so fascinated us by his whims and his antics, that he formed us all into an *Academy* at the Cat and Fiddle. He called us THE CONSTELLATION ! but soon much ill blood arose respecting who should hang there as *a star* ! We agreed to entertain one another in a philosophical way from six o'clock till it was time to go to bed !



CHAPTER VI.

These GENTLES may not please you, but they're new,
And hope you'll say that I have drawn them true ;
Yet NO ONE COXCOMB in our glass is shewn,
No ONE MAN's HUMOUR makes a part alone,
But SCATTERED FOLLIES gather'd into ONE !

Prologue to SHADWELL's VIRTUOSO.

THE STARS OF THE CONSTELLATION—A META-
PHYSICIAN — AN AGRICULTURIST — A MODERN
BARD—A DILETTANTE.

OUR Society at the Cat and Fiddle were
composed of the following members :

CACO-NOUS, Metaphysician ! He had as
many humps and zig-zag fibres in his " in-

tellec," (so he called the understanding,) as any Philo yet chronicled, from the days of LUCIAN to those of STERNE. Some thought he had not much ingenuity; however, he had much more ingenuity, than ingenuousness. I am credibly informed, this celebrated author originally resided in *Grub-street*; bred to *the trade*, he opened a warehouse as,

A PAPER-STAINER!

AND

FUSTIAN MANUFACTURER!

But not succeeding in the latter, he made a *tragical end* *!

Proposing to carry on the *business* of ME-

* What does this mystical language mean? did he write a *single* and *singular* tragedy?

TAG.

TAPHYSICS on a new plan, he adopted the manner of Mr. *Collier*, a great silk-stockings-maker, who so liberally advertises three pair for a guinea, though worth double !—but CACO-NOUS's silk stockings (Mr. *Collier*'s are, I suppose, different,) would not bear a sharp pull to fit on the leg. No matter! for CACO-NOUS was one of those who, if their legs were cut off, would write a book against the use of stockings *! When CACO-NOUS began with

* These *silk stockings* is one of those remote allusions which too frequently obscure this profound biography. But this *obscurity* was not the fault of the author's genius—as his commentator I cannot allow this! Tradition has handed down to us several anecdotes of this great man, all shewing that he was liable at times to fits of personal timidity. I have seen some persons tremble at the sight of a walking-cane, as much as James I. used at only the sight of a drawn sword.—When a great genius writes in fear, it must cloud the perspicuity of his style, and even disorder his ideas. PERSIUS is equally enigmatical; but the TRUE com-

his “antenatal impressions,” and concluded with “the perfectibility of man,” which,

mentators never allowed that this obscurity was to be attributed to his *own genius*, but were positive it was derived merely from his *timidity*—he was *afraid of Nero!* PERSIUS having written this line, asserting a fact—

Auriculas asini Mida rex habet,
King Midas has asses' ears!

He took fright and altered it to—nothing!

Auriculas asini quis non habet?
Who has not asses' ears?

To return to our biographer. I am clear our author aims a merry stroke at a grave Philo of his time.

SILK STOCKINGS—means a spick and span new system of *political justice*, which made people rave at the time. They were taken by the *embroidered clocks*, and thought of nothing but the “perfectibility of man”—“an age of universal emancipation”—and Madeira at a shilling a bottle!

They would not bear A SHARP PULL TO FIT ON THE LEG—meaning that the said system was not good for *wear*. Some GENTLEMEN found, after having *tried*

you see, is the widest range IN and OUT a metaphysician has yet taken—I doubted whether, after all, he knew more of Man—than did the great turkey-cock in our yard, who, when not regularly fed, was the most *reasoning* animal I ever met with—a turkey-

them, that had they continued their use, they would *not* have had a pair of stockings to their feet!

If his LEGS were CUT OFF, he would write AGAINST the USE of STOCKINGS!—Here we have at a stroke the whole character of the author alluded to.

This note may serve as a golden key to the concealed treasures so deeply buried in these volumes. The diction of our profound genius is allegorical and mystical, and all which appears “flat and unprofitable” is full of instruction! I am indebted for this hint to THE PLATONIST. I turn over these small volumes with the spirit some investigate the EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHICS.—Like them, the *materials* are the *fewest possible*, and these, too, are *perpetually repeated*,—nevertheless, the Learned conjecture, that they contain the soul and substance of *all the arts and sciences*!!

BOBTAIL.

cock may, at times, be a very good metaphysician !

BULBO—was a cattle-fancier, and thought to deserve well of his country by giving them more fat than lean. Has he not been hardly used for raising meat to half-a-crown a pound—when every pound of flesh, perhaps, stood him in a pound in good money? One of his barrel-shaped monsters devoured four times as much as any natural ox; and looked much better in the window of a print-shop, exhibited as a prize ox, than in Smithfield, where it was not considered as fit to be eaten by christian people !

Afterwards he formed such a patriotic passion for APPLES, and experienced such uneasy sensations respecting the extinction of their *races*, that he actually assumed the title

of "The ORCHARDIST of *all England!*" BULBO conversed of his *trees* as physicians of their patients. He has stood feeling for "the *pulsation* of a tree," and alarmed at the chance it had of "getting into a *high fever* ; either by *feeding* on too much earth, or by the tender fibres being *chilled* by too much *water*." He had a notion that a tree ought to be kept as clean as a christian, and "be well washed, and made delicately smooth and soft*."

DICK was our man for verse, rhimed and blank ; he and his friend JACK declared of one another, that they had given WILLY the *go-by!*—meaning one Shakspeare—no con-

* See one of BULBO's papers in the Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Sciences, Vol. XVIII. p. 300.

temptible poet for his age! After publishing much extraordinary poetry, DICK and JACK agreed that the age was grown quite prosaic! He wrote tolerably well much indifferent verse; but whether he excelled in epic or epigram he could not tell. To discover this, Dick invited the Constellation to a *literary dinner*; they (never suspecting a metaphor,) most jovially assembled, but their appetite sunk when they saw put on the table, parts of an epic—a whole tragedy—and a handsome variety of side-sonnets. The Constellation suffered all the horrors of an indigestion.

DICK is no brother soul of mine! He is a dirty melancholy fellow, with an odd, rough, slovenly appearance, slouching his hat over his eyes, and humming his verses as he strooms the streets. He has already had an indent from a pig of lead, and has been run

over, and nearly through, by half the porters in towns. He is perpetually alluding to his little merit—a trick to wheedle you into a corner and read to you! there he eats into a man's soul, as a silk-worm does into a mulberry leaf. He has published his "Sonnets to his Grandmother," and "Elegies to a lame Ass,"—and is most humorously pathetic.

In what ethereal fountain of light and colour shall I dip raving Fancy's pencil, to tint the ideal portrait of RAPHAEL CONTOUR, Esq.!

Fortunately for the world of the *Cognoscenti*, he has feasted us on his own biography *!

* See Mr. THOMAS HOPE's extraordinary letter to FRANCIS ANNESLEY, Esq. 1804. Compare with this the companion-piece of "Thoughts on Outline, by GEORGE CUMBERLAND, Esq." Mr. HOPE assures

CONTOUR, at eighteen, not knowing what to do, or where to go *, perambulated “ the us, that, “ *from AN INFANT*, architecture always was his favourite amusement, and I already began *dealing* in straight lines,” &c. Mr. CUMBERLAND says, that “ his purest affection for the fine arts was acquired at *an age too tender to have noticed the cause of the impression.*” Mr. CUMBERLAND’s *genius*, by this, would appear to be *somewhat older* than Mr. HOPE’s; but who shall decide? an equal consciousness of genius prevailing through both these curious performances!

TAG.

* That learned enthusiast, (Mr. BARRY will not object to my adding coxcomb) WINKELMAN, in one of his letters, gives the following character of Lord BALTIMORE.—“ He imagines he has *too much genius*, and that God had been more benevolent to have given him *less intelligence* and more *bodily strength*. He is one of those worn-out beings, a hipped Englishman, who have lost all moral and physical taste. He goes to Constantinople merely, because he *knows not what to do with himself*. Here he finds nothing to his taste. With an income of £50,000, he knows not how to enjoy it. He became so intolerable, that at length I told him frankly my opinion.”

banks of the Nile;" took lodgings opposite "the little temple of Theseus at Athens." He gazed deliriously on Moorish, Tartarian, and Etruscan structures, and took the trouble to go to "the shores of Ionia to measure an Ionic column." The result of all these "fatigues, hardships, and dangers," as he calls these vagaries of his, was, that he maliciously built himself a classical house in go-

It is fair to own that WINKELMAN himself was probably as mad as my Lord Baltimore. He became so crazed by the ANTIQUE, and "beauty conceived on the great principles of art," that, travelling to Vienna, he grew so feverish in his journey, at the sight of the *angular terminations* of the Hungarian cottages, and the *perpendicular sharpness* of the mountains, that his companion, worried and wearied, returned with him to Rome, and at the feet of his beloved statues, soon restored to health the valetudinarian amateur. His description of the *Belvedere Apollo* is remarkable for the enthusiasm of the author's feelings—he said he never gazed on it, but he trode with a fiercer air!

thic England, and all to vex his neighbours*!

A martyr to *vertu*, and, perhaps, a little insane in what relates to the *nude*! His mind is ricketty with sensibility, and he has so refined a taste, that there are few objects in this world which do not fever him. He is more bewitched by the tenderness of marble flesh than fascinated by a woman's: he never mentions the Venus de Medicis without an endearing epithet and passionate recollec-

* "I am willing to flatter myself, that the world has given me credit in the mode of new decorating an old house, for an *elegance* and *unity of design* and a *classic taste* which I have myself *in vain sought in the habitations of my neighbours.*"—Mr. HOPE's Letter, p. 10.

I conceive this to be what rhetoricians call the trope *synecdoche*, where the *part* being taken for the *whole*, MY NEIGHBOURS mean, THE THREE KINGDOMS!
BOBTAIL.

tion; and has long felt an incurable passion for a Minerva with whom he constantly breakfasts, and whom he has been frequently discovered indecently ogling*. He doats

* The *Cognoscenti* of ANCIENT STATUES have actually performed feats of gallantry with them. They have fallen in love with a fine marble insensible girl! This passion was not unknown to ancient Greece, where it must have been carried to a strange height, if our *cold feelings* are to decide on such *warm subjects*! The Venus of Praxiteles was violated by the embrace of one of her lovers, who was afterwards thrown into the sea! Some, in an ecstasy of despair, have committed suicide at the feet of their unrelenting mistresses!—Even in recent times the Venus of Medicis has effected similar conquests, and it became necessary to have that cold nymph narrowly watched. A statue of Michael Angelo turned the brain of a Spanish Quixote, and is now veiled, as it bears the marks of the monstrous passion. I have seen the portrait of a baronet standing in a pensive and passionate attitude before Mr. TOWNLEY'S *Minerva*!

Mr. GEORGE CUMBERLAND, a rapt enthusiast of

to madness on *chaste outline*, and will sit for hours studying a *shadow on a plain surface* *;

the FINE ARTS, does not, perhaps, go quite these lengths; but in a delightful orgasm exclaims — “There is but one thing that *can* have more intrinsic value than a *very fine piece of sculpture*, which is—A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN!” and why? because—she, “indeed, affords her admirers a *thousand exquisite OUTLINES* at every turn of her body or change of her thought, blending colour, form, and motion!” By this it seems that Mr. CUMBERLAND actually prefers a woman to a statue! However, he is difficult to please even with *his women*, for he tells us, “*Extreme leanness* is intolerable!”—but I afterwards discover that he also dislikes “a *pregnant woman*,” for “*extreme protuberances*” are detestable!

BOBTAIL.

* Mr GEORGE CUMBERLAND says, “he had a desire, which continually *haunted* him, to commit to writing a few thoughts on *the inestimable value of chaste outline*.”—Good! What is *chaste outline*? According to the impalpable fine feeling of our author, it is something *which ought never to be seen*!—“The rabble of mankind,” elsewhere called “the profane,” re-

he grows angry at too much or too little light in a room, and is so violently attacked by the *fidgets* *, that vertigoes, head-aches, and fe-

quire outlines as clear as any others—but this maddened Contour, because in nature there are *no outlines* !

Although Mr. CUMBERLAND's "Thoughts," as well as Mr. HOPE's "Letter," are not without their value for ARTISTS—it must be honestly confessed, that every AMATEUR unites to insinuate, and often to assert, that not *one living artist* knows any thing of his profession. Our author wrote before Mr. HOPE attacked Mr. WYAT—and he says, "I pay a compliment to DEARE, BANKS, and FLAXMAN; to the Venetian CANOVA, to the German TRIPPEL, and to the French HOUDON; to MARCHANT, to PICKLER, to AMASTINI, when I say, that all these men of ability have as yet only attained to *the vestibule of the Temple of Art!*"

Here are all these, our best modern artists marshalled as children bend and arrange their cards, for soldiers, to fall one upon another at a touch! Yet is this language more decent than Mr. HOPE's, who asserts of Mr. WYAT, that "it is NOW time for him to learn *his business!*"

BOETAIL.

* I refer the DILETTANTE, who wishes to know

verets, will be his daily portion in this miserable life !

what the FIDGETS are, to Dr. CRICHTON's "Enquiry into Mental Derangement," Vol. I. p. 272. A man ought to get informed of the miserable state of his whole nervous system, lest hellebore drug his cup too late !

CHAPTER VII.

Let no servile copyist appear,
To build his paltry imitations here ;
To show poor Baalbec dwindled to the eye,
And Pæstum's fanes with columns six feet high!

KNIGHT'S LANDSCAPE, Book II. v.302.

O pensa quel che tu diresti se tu la vedessi con gli OCCHI di SALVATOR ROSA!

SALVATOR ROSA *on his own Eyes!*

CONTOUR'S VILLA AND LANDSCAPE GARDEN.

THESE have sharpened the dialect of connoisseurship from ecstasy into epigram, and raised pretty hard words in the politer circles —while meaner eyes, who could never comprehend CONTOUR'S picturesque taste, va-

garies, and *vertu*, rashly deemed that he meant to confound Brobdignag with Lilliput.

The house had a Grecian portico, which made us feel the want of a Grecian sun ; for while some were rapt in admiration of the harmony of the proportions, the beauty of the columns, and the richness of the entablature, the winds, with a British roughness, twitched the dilettante !

The interior of the house was Egypto-Greco-Chineso-Moresco ! When walked over, it was whispered that you had just passed through remotest ages ! Ah ! my head turned as I escaped through ugly Egypt. brown Etruria, and gaudy China * !

* In this age of whimsical taste, the PAVILION at BRIGHTON has been converted to a *Chinese house* !

As CONTOUR was his own upholsterer, cabinet-maker, &c. &c. the FURNITURE was

This rash undertaking has been entirely conducted by an illiterate house-painter, who has emptied into the Prince's pavilion all the grotesque lumber of one side of Moorfields. Brokers' Row was his *academy* for MODELS; and on the *other side*, (where is the famous college,) our Professor seems to have attended to *hints* from the former *Chinese Cognoscenti*, who have been confined *there* since the days of the author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers! As our Professor has managed matters, he has given much sorrow and vexation to some of his brother tradesmen. To repair this crazy collection, Brighton carpenters, glaziers, and painters, have racked their honest heads, to twist the bamboo chairs, to glaze the rainbow-coloured lanthorns, and gild the green dragons that grimly grin about the bed-chambers. But will the mischief end here? Will the ugly and obsolete taste of the Chinese Professor be confined to the *inside*, while THE STEYNE opens to his Chinese eye? There are a few trees, and there is a fine lawn!

“MONKIES may climb those trees, and LIZARDS crawl!”

trimly classical *. The knocker at his door was a lyre, which was struck by an ivory

For "the Tartar maids" and "the snakes" already celebrated, there are not wanting

"Damsels alike adroit to sport and sting."

HEROIC EPISTLE to Sir W. Chambers.

* Mr. REPTON offers, "as a professor of taste, to give designs for FURNITURE to the upholsterers, &c" —gratuitously, I conjecture, to those for whom he writes "A RED-BOOK," price fifty to one hundred guineas! besides travelling expences, (five guineas *per diem*,) and a certain sum *per diem* while he is on a visit!!! I myself have paid five guineas for his "Landscape Gardening"—dear, but pretty!

These much talked of "RED-BOOKS" are notes, in which Mr. REPTON puts down his opinions of the (wretched) state of the grounds he is called on to review, and of the (wonderful) improveable state he could carry them to—for any country gentleman, to whom

"Some dæmon whisper'd, VISTO, have a taste!"

POPE.

plectrum; the two bronze *sarcophagi* in his hall served as a pair of coal-scuttles; and

I have heard a curious anecdote of *an improver*.—Col. C——, hearing he was a mile from his house, requested his company to dinner, and received him at his gate. To his surprise, he saw the improver in a post-chaise, who shook his head sadly at the Colonel. “Drive,”—said the improver to the post-boy, “to that white house the shortest way you can, that is in a straight line!” The boy galloped, ploughing up in his way a beautiful lawn, but succeeded at length in reaching the Colonel’s house in a straight line. The *improver*, benevolently turning to the Colonel, said, “I did this to convince you that *you do not know the way to your own house!!!*”

The Colonel was so alarmed at this first element of the improver’s art, that he gave him his dinner, paid him for his *visit*, and repaired his damaged lawn, which still retains a straight line, to shew the Colonel how to enter his own house!

Considering the *price* Mr. REPTON charges for his RED-BOOKS, I must say he values every line he writes like “*the golden lines* of PYTHAGORAS,” and when he opens his mouth to a country-gentleman, he may be honourably distinguished by

the *Roman shields* hung in his rooms were girandoles ! His writing desk, when closed, was a model of the roof of the Pantheon ! His *pots de chambre* were either lachrymatories of the ancients *, or funereal urns—I am

the title SAINT CHRYSOSTOM obtained, *the golden-mouthed*. Indeed the very *sight of GOLD* is so *picturesque*, or at least so *beautiful*, an object to him (for high disputes have arisen among the dilettante, which is which) that Mr. REPTON says, and mark his words !—“ From the *observations* I have made on the *effect of GOLD* in *large masses*, I have often considered *gilding the dome of St. Paul's* as a subject worthy of this nation's wealth !!!” With the same sagacity and quickness of feeling Mr. REPTON rates the *value of SILVER*, for he says, “ To *silver* (if the surface be too plain) WE annex (that is, Messieurs REPTONS, father and son !) the idea of *tin or pewter* !!!”

* The antiquarians of taste consider these *lachrymatories* as very precious ; they are small vessels, in which the ancients collected the *tears* of friends and relations, and afterwards deposited them with the *dead* ! I am so ignorant in all affairs of *vertu*, that I am at a

not positive which, but recollect it was some kind of thing used to hold something *dead*. His Grecian apartment had bull-hides to lie on ; a sweet summer custom comfortably described by the most ancient bard ; and when CONTOUR, in a classical frenzy, sighed to revive the golden days of Homer, he hurried upstairs, squatted on a bull's hide, and, with the Ilias before him, broiled his own beef-steaks. He kept his old clothes in the tem-

loss to conjecture their *size* ! Surely they could only have been used for the very opulent Romans, who left *numerous legacies* ; otherwise, I presume, those who went about *collecting the tears*, or even those who held them in their hands *to drop their tears in*, must have got but little for their pains ! Sometimes a difficulty must have occurred how to *nick the tear*, for the tear and the lachrymatory might not always be ready ! On the whole, it must have been a very cool business on both sides ; and if a man were so sincerely affected as to have burst into a shower of tears, they were all lost ! for, a hundred to one, the lachrymatory was not in his hand !

ple of Minerva at Athens. His dog-kennel was a sublime piece of architecture; a fine specimen of the *Moresco* style, and a copy, in parts, of the *Alhambra*!

CONTOUR's grounds consisted of about an acre, while, poor man! he had a picturesque soul for a county! Yet was he content, for his "improver" had solemnly told him, "that the providence of the Author of Nature is equal to all men—even to those who live on *Clapham Common* *!"

* "Such is the equal providence of the Author of Nature, that every place has its beauties and deformities, whether situated among the mountains of Wales, or on the margin of *Clapham Common*!"

REPTON *on Landschape Gardening*, p. 134.

An exhilarating hope for those who live in the suburbs of this great town, and not unfavourable to the VIEWS of an *improver*!

At first *CONTOUR*, to lay out his grounds, was satisfied to employ “an improver,” who is a person so called by “the craft of improvers.” The improver made “a pleasure ground,” or, as he sometimes dignified it, “a landscape-garden.” He brought down a posse of earth-men armed with axes, spades, and shovels—he stormed the place! He planted, he scooped, and he levelled! A gravel walk—a lawn—water—clump and belt! All *smooth* to the eye and to the foot.—To *dress*, to *shave*, to *make water*, formed the clean circle of his ambition*.

* These are technical terms,—a *dressed* lane—a *shaven* bank—*made water* for artificial water conducted into grounds where it never was before, and is usually what is called very *tame*! Nature makes her banks and water at one heat; but an improver always is obliged to *build his banks afterwards*! The late Mr. BROWN, the father of our improvers, was in such an ecstasy when one of his *works* was commended, that

This done, he declared “ it was a comfortable spot, fit for a christian to live in, and delightful to common observers *.”

he cried out, “ None but your Browns and your God Almighty can do such things as these !” MR. PRICE, who gives the anecdote, justly observes, This is very blasphemous indeed !

* Such is the pleasant and mild language of Mr. REPTON—but hear his adversaries ! two country gentlemen, but at the same time members of the Dilettante Society !

First Mr. KNIGHT, in very intelligible verses, sings,

Prim *gravel walks thro’* which we winding go,
 In *endless serpentines*, that nothing show ;
 Till tired I ask, why this eternal round ?
 And the pert gardener says, ’tis *pleasure ground !*
 This *pleasure ground !* astonish’d, I exclaim,
 To me Moorfields as well deserves the name ;
 Something more entertaining there is seen
 Than *red-hot gravel, fringed with tawdry green.*

KNIGHT’S *Landscape*, B. iii. v. 225.

I shall make no apology for Mr. UVEDALE PRICE’S

When all was done, CONTOUR turned up his nose at “the neatness, simplicity, and elegance of *English* gardening!” — ’twas merely *beautiful*! He afterwards debated whether it was so!

The truth is, that CONTOUR, who had become crazy with *pictures*, took up an odd conceit, that nature ought to be *picturesque*, in the sense he affixed to that term! Of the

language! “The *true Improver*, if carried to a scene merely *picturesque*, is bewildered with its variety and intricacy, the *charms* of which he neither *relishes*, nor *comprehends*; and longs to be *crawling* (he had just compared him to *a snail travelling in his own slime*. Heavens! is this the language of a country gentleman and a dilettante! Well, patience! proceed Sir!) to be *crawling* among his clumps, and *debating* about the *tenth part of an inch*, in the turn of a gravel walk.”

PRICE on the *Picturesque*, Vol. I. p. 387.

levelled, the polished, the harmonious scene of mild and cultivated beauty, this gentleman rudely swore that the neatness was primness ; the simplicity, baldness ; the smoothness, monotony ! The whole was laboured littleness !

He insisted that all should be abrupt, wild, rough, and intricate—that his trees, water, buildings, &c. were to be grouped, separated, selected, and combined—with an unity of character, and with a breadth and effect of light and shade, and with I know not what of harmonious tints !

“ The Improver,” having listened with astonishment to CONTOUR, enquired if he was not talking of *a picture* ?

Yes ! exclaimed CONTOUR, of a picture,

and of my landscape-garden ! a piece of canvass and a piece of ground !

“ The Improver,” closing with great composure his Red-book, observed, that Gaspar Poussin could do any thing in three yards of canvass—we work with different materials. The earth is no canvass, the spade is no pencil, the foliage are no tints that mingle to the hues we wish—except in the verses of the Garden Poets *. The pen and the pencil are instruments of magic ; the spade is but a spade !

Here CONTOUR burst with rage—and all about his little acre ! 'Tis ignorance ! 'tis

* MASON'S *English Garden*, and DE LILLE'S *Les Jardins*.

calumny! 'tis conceit! 'tis a want of liberal views! 'tis a want of a collection of paintings!—Alas! was this language fitted for an AMATEUR! But poor CONTOUR had just then discovered that the principal feature in the *picturesque*—was IRRITATION*!

* Mr. PRICE, in his “Character of the Pleasures arising from IRRITATION,” asserts it contains “the source of our most active and lively pleasures, but eager, hurrying, and impetuous.” Again. “A certain degree of stimulus, or *irritation*, is necessary to the picturesque.”—Both Mr. PRICE’s *prose* and Mr. KNIGHT’s *verse* shew the most evident mastery in their favourite quality of *irritation*, understanding the term as all *men of sense* do.

Mr. REPTON replies to his dilettanti friends!—for Messieurs PRICE and KNIGHT were his friends, till they used such hard words concerning how Mr. REPTON was to lay out the gardens of those persons who were so obliging as to give him the preference in his own profession. There was the blunder! They wish to

All the day, and in the evening, and through the night, was he perambulating his acre—

raise GARDENING into a *fine art*, which it is not, and He into an *honest trade*, which it really is !

“ You and Mr. Knight are in the habits of admiring fine pictures, and both live amidst bold and picturesque scenery. This may have rendered you insensible to the beauty of those milder scenes that have charms for common observers. I will not arraign your taste, or call it *vitiated*, but your palate certainly requires a degree of “ irritation,” rarely to be expected in *garden scenery*.”

Again, he judiciously observes, still attempting to calm the perturbed minds of this couple of unhappy dilettanti—What a good, meek, kind-hearted layer-out of grounds is Mr. REPTON !

“ There are a thousand scenes in Nature to delight the eye, besides those which may be copied as *pictures*; indeed, Mr. GILPIN has regretted that few are capable of being so represented without considerable licence and *alteration*.”

Once more. “ If the *painter's landscape* be indispensable to the perfection of *gardening*, it would be better to *paint it on canvass*, at the end of an *avenue*,

studying a wild, heathy, rocky scene for the eye of SALVATOR ROSA ; and, I believe,

as they do in Holland, than to sacrifice the health, cheerfulness, and comfort of a country residence to the wild scenery of a painter's imagination."

REPTON'S *Letter to PRICE.*

This *Dutch* notion of a picturesque landscape is worthy of the elegant and playful sensibilities of our present Raphael. Scenes of *this nature* have been eagerly caught by Messieurs Price and Knight, when they occasionally took an evening's collation of tea and hot rolls at Bagnigge Wells, where the present annotator had the honour of illustrating a few of their ideas from his own *Sketch-Book*, taken in the environs. At length we differed materially concerning *picturesqueness*.—These connoisseurs, having a lively feeling for antique grandeur, I wished either of them to purchase *Temple Bar* (which is about being removed,)—for an approach or entrance to their picturesque grounds. They rejected the idea—and I, them ! I rejoice, however, to inform the *Cognoscenti*, that *Temple Bar* will still be preserved ! My project has been adopted with eager taste by the elegant genius of no less an amateur

would have cheerfully admitted a den of thieves into his grounds for the sake of having a banditti worthy of the pencil of that artist—or, he was looking after picturesque accidents in nature, “ contrasts of form, colour, light, and shadow; sun-beams in a dark wood; torrents, and *dead bodies* of men and animals; cataracts of light, clouds and darkness,” for the picturesque pencil of RUBENS!

But, alas!—as soon as our Raphael had planted with what has been finely called “ the prophetic eye of Taste,”—that eye which anticipates an effect, and views the future magic of a plantation—after patiently waiting till the whole hit his fancy, lo! when than a *Banker*, who is about to affix it in his rustic scenery, that he may never lose sight of an object so justly endeared to him—*the east side of Temple Bar!*

BOBTAIL.

the trees and the shrubs had just attained the *picturesqueness*, for which his soul panted—in a year or two they would outgrow their situation, so changing the entire *character* of the scene, that CONTOUR raved and wailed at Nature! for not suddenly checking her universal power of vegetation, to bewitch continually the visionary eye of a humorous *Picturesquist*!

How much wiser was KENT, the venerable father of our Picturesquists!—to secure an effect, he planted *a dead tree*!

CHAPTER VIII.

We have no one notion
That is not formed like the designing
Of the peristaltic motion,
Vermicular, twisting and twining,
Going to work
Just like a bottle-screw upon a cork!

JOHN HALL STEVENSON'S *Works*

THE UNITED STATE OF THE CONSTELLATION, BEFORE THEY ARE SPLINTERED BY THE REVIEWS—HOW *CONTOUR* RELINQUISHES, IN FAVOUR OF HIS PARTICULAR FRIENDS, HIS CHOICEST CURIOSITIES—*DICK'S* VAL CHIUSA—*JACOB'S* UNEASINESS RESPECTING SOME PIMPLES IN THE SUN'S FACE, PREDICTS TEMPESTS AND THE PRICE OF WHEAT—*BULBO'S* LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMIAH ON APPLES—*CACO-NOUS'S* SECRET HOW TO INVENT A SYSTEM OF BULLYING METAPHYSICS.

OUR geniuses had long been out of blossom, and were in full fruit; we only required to

hang together ; we longed to form one bunch and be plucked ! WILMOT, our curate, was not admitted. None of us fancied his dusky features and his anatomizing eye ; and much less his ambidextrous panegyrics and his epigrammatic flouts. If that man loved merriment a good deal, he loved malice much more. He so terrified me, that I proposed to give him a dinner once a month, and make him perpetual president of the Constellation ; for I have seen a president made, ere now, merely to *confine the enemy*—but this stroke of policy was never comprehended at the Cat and Fiddle !

We were all too happy to be prudent ; the pains of foresight never afflict rapt enthusiasts. CONTOUR'S *Arcadians* never enjoyed their golden age, their holiday of foolery, as we did at the Cat and Fiddle. We

were all concerned in writing ONE BOOK! six of us to a book! yet Wilmot said we six writers had not among us genius enough for one.—Ah! few can sympathize with our raptures—and our sorrows! Our book was like the oil of rhodium, which sweetly attracts rats by the agreeable scent of its *drug*; it gives exquisite pleasure for the time to these noxious Epicureans—at length it poisons them!

For aught I know, our CONSTELLATION might still have glittered in the literary hemisphere—had the REVIEWS not splined and splintered us all, and, in a word, broke us up, like so many odds and ends!

But, to give you a notion of our happiness!

CONTOUR admired my Uncle's erudition,

and initiated him into all the mysteries of *taste*, and displayed all the miracles of *vertu*. He began the new year with these new studies, (for my Uncle was very methodical,) and, before Lady-Day, did he most profoundly prattle in the mottled vocabulary of connoisseurship. CONTOUR generously made him a present of a model of the *Torso* of Hercules, and another of the Venus Callipyga—and my Uncle grew so familiar with Hercules's back and this Venus *aux belles fesses*, that he has stood in the dark feeling them, assuring us he was in an ecstasy *!

* Even SMOLLETT felt his heart softened, if not his passions inflamed, by too close a scrutiny of the *Venus de Medicis*. He confesses he thinks her *features* are far from beautiful—but her limbs and proportions are elegantly formed, “and the *back-parts* especially are executed so happily as to excite the admiration of the most indifferent spectator!” He exclaims with LUCIAN, “*Ut exuberantes lumbi amplexantes manus implent!*” &c. SMOLLETT'S *Works*, Vol. V. p. 446.

These gifts maddened the owner to possess some fine originals! and he persuaded CONTOUR to *relinquish* in his favour* (my Uncle first paying a round sum) an Io of Correggio, and a sun-set of Claude's; in the latter Contour swore you might see the sun shine through the canvass—I wish the sun had never shone on it! I never viewed it, but it reminded me of the sum it had cost the family. When I urged my dear Uncle to hint this, and to try to get some of the money returned, Mr. CONTOUR, to satisfy him that he had had a lucky bargain, threw him in an antique bust of Homer, which he had picked up in the Isle of Chios. WILMOT declared

* *To relinquish in favour of any one*, is a term which our COLLECTORS employ with a brother, when, at a sale, one generously resolves not to outbid another for any curious article, though in his heart he silently pants for it—but waits for an opportunity where there is less likelihood of such purse-bloody opposition.

then it must have been the sign of some Grecian public-house, and that the Red Lion in our village had more of the majesty of Homer's head than this bust! WILMOT was a mischief-maker, and raised among us small difficulties concerning great matters, which, in the fine arts, and in philosophy, play the devil with the amateurs!

DICK, about this time, writing "a Centenary of Sonnets," it struck him that he should never get through them, unless he retreated to *Valchiusa*, the romantic solitude of Petrarcha. Solitude! was his eternal exclamation! he wearied his friends by perpetual murmurs that he saw their faces continually! DICK thought to go straight at once to *Valchiusa*, and lodge there during his centenary; these long journies are taken very commonly now-a-days for such interest-

ing matters. However, CONTOUR had so bewitched our bard, with some of his ancient engraved stones, for seals and rings, that the poor devilet of a poet ruined himself by purchasing two Greek gems—a seal, on which was engraven *a butterfly burning on a torch*; this typified, in the fine allegorical taste of the ancients, the ardent soul of genius!—a ring, in which a Grecian artist had playfully engraven *a butterfly fluttering over a lyre*; emblematic of the melody and versatility of the poet. The result of all this was, that Contour sold two gems at a price which made Dick smart; that Dick's fingers, thus bedizened, seemed infected with a more inveterate eruption of rhyme—and that Dick could not afford to set off for *Valchiusa*!

This was a grievous disappointment, till

Dick discovered a *Valchiusa* at a cheap rent; a small spot in the middle of our river, known by the name of *Duck Island*. It had a hovel, which DICK transformed into a *cavern cottage*. To that magic solitude he retired! Yet, to shew that he parted not from his fellows in a bitter and unrelenting spirit of misanthropy;—but merely to sonnettize!—he chained a boat to his *cottage-cavern*.—Whoever sought the bard, hallooed from the river bank!—if he liked their faces, he pushed off the boat, which floated like a boat in romance towards the favoured guest.

This answered every purpose of the poet—saved the expences of a journey to *Valchiusa*—and, I swear by the three Graces! had he been at VALCHIUSA—OR on a mountain in WALES—OR perched on the summit of the ANDES—not one of his Centenary of

Sonnets would have been more inspirited with poetical feeling than they were at DUCK-ISLAND !

As for Jacob, he was not only the *friend* but the *prophet* of BULBO. They had put their heads together and were reducing METEOROLOGY to a science. They proposed, nay, they were actually engaged in, bridling the WINDS—classifying the CLOUDS—and calculating the WEATHER !

My Uncle and my Aunt, by peering into the SUN, and taking a cursory view of his diameter, affirmed that, by its appearance, they could prognosticate the *harvest* and the *price of wheat* ! The Herschels dispute this discovery with my Uncle and my Aunt, but I can assure them—that if there was a *spot* on the *sun's face*, our family were disturbed

with what they called "*celestial notices* *;" and my Aunt was as uneasy when she perceived on the sun's face what are called "pimples, wrinkles, and crinkles," as if they had been on her own!

It was, indeed, Bulbo's opinion, that shortly we might be able to *direct* a N.E. or a S.W. at our convenience; and in sending out a fleet, like Lapland witches, sell an accompanying WIND †! He would keep a sharp

* We see them frequently in the Magazines, alarming gentle readers.

† Professor WATERHOUSE, with Dr. MITCHILL, (Americans) have been of late *very windy*!

On cherubs and on cherubims
 Full royally they rode;
 And on *the wings of all the winds*
 Came *flying all abroad*!

look-out for CLOUDS, and has published some *fine specimens* of CLOUDS, which he must

The Professor advises us “to unite our efforts to fill up a dreary blank left in science by the ancients.” (This dreary blank is, a knowledge of the WINDS). He thinks “we may form a system which may teach us TO BRIDLE THE WINDS THEMSELVES, and render them *farther subservient to human uses!*”—Philos. Mag. Vol. XIII. p. 363.

See Dr. MITCHILL’S Account of a North-east Storm, or Memorandums how the Winds blew, p. 273.

The celebrated KIRWAN is pursuing the science of METEOROLOGY with the sober researches of a Briton, who, it must be confessed, was *formerly* more anxious about the weather than any other person. But this folly is not now peculiar to us. On the continent they are proceeding with a *velocity* and *obscurity*, resembling the nature of their favourite objects—the WINDS and CLOUDS! In the Literary Journal for April 1804, I find the following curious piece of intelligence. “Citizen LA MARC is *intensely engaged* in making *meteorological observations*. He *thinks* that STORMS and TEMPESTS, which have *hitherto* appeared so *disorderly* and *uncertain*, may, like the different eclipses, be re-

have drawn with a rapid hand, and therefore I dare not swear to them as *exact likenesses* *.

duced to the rules of calculation. He speaks with *great confidence* of his *discoveries*—to his *private friends* !” —This is a remarkable piece of modesty in a Frenchman ! only to his *private friends* ! depend on it, Citizen LA MARC will not keep a STORM or a TEMPEST cold in his pocket, merely for the gratification of his *private friends*.—Since writing this, I am sorry to find that Citizen LA MARC, who was so *intensely engaged* with the WINDS, has unluckily opened his eyes, and is running wild to catch *a new comet*, which has just appeared !!!

* “ CLOUDS are not (says the writer) an useless pursuit of *shadows*—they are commonly as good visible indications of the sky, as is the *countenance* of the state of a person’s mind, or body.”—(I hope he will not discover a *cloud in a passion*, as indeed a Philo not long ago asserted, that so much gunpowder used in wars makes the atmosphere very *turbulent*, producing *billows of air* and *tearing the atmosphere*, and he has actually seen “ *a cloud shot dead*.” A million of pounds of

My Uncle would sympathize with “*the Orchardist of all England,*” who was at times powder, he asserts, fired off in Europe, will ruin us in *fine weather* for several years).

But to return to “cloud-compelling Jove.” He says, that the modifications of clouds are as distinguishable as a *tree* from a *hill*, and the latter from a *lake*—(We have often heard some happy persons exclaim, their situation was a *heaven on earth*, here that notion is reversed.) This ingenious observer has attempted to give a *nomenclature* for the clouds, so that any common observer may now have the pleasure, when he talks of cloudy weather, to acquaint us with precision, what he means—nay, he can even *note down* to his friend, what kind of a cloud hangs over him, for this philosopher, has even invented a *short hand*, to designate any particular cloud. The following are instances,—

The CIRRUS ... marked thus V ... is a thin, curly cloud.

CUMULUS ☽ a thick heap of cloud.

STRATUS — a continuous horizontal sheet of cloud.

HOWARD *on the Modification of CLOUDS.*

extremely querulous, and foretold, in a style similar to the Lamentations of Jeremiah—the fortunes and the fates of APPLES! When Jacob deplored the loss of several STARS, which disappear in the course of many centuries, and are supposed to have *wasted away*—Bulbo would exclaim—“ Alas! ’tis worse with the APPLES! I am infinitely distressed about them! So many RACES have totally disappeared! The *red-streak* is nearly gone! the *stire* is in the last stage of decay! and there are many well-grounded fears entertained for the *golden pippin*! Shakspeare says, ‘ There is a tide in the affairs of men;’ may I apply the thought to APPLES? ’Tis a

At the moment I am concluding this note, I feel myself in the clouds—I perceive most alarming combinations — \— \— . I do not know what is the consequence of all this !!!

moment of crisis! *Russets* and *pearmaines* are going off*!"

But it was CACO-NOUS who got entire possession of my unhappy Uncle's mind. He taught him all the live-long day "to consider the causation of causes in the causes of things!" His bullying metaphysics he called the art by which the superiority of a *strong mind* was shewn over a *weak one*!

Pray, Mr. CACO-NOUS—asked my innocent Uncle—in what manner may a man build up a system, so indisputably his own, that no *reasonable* person shall ever lay claim to it?

CACO-NOUS replied, In whatever sense a

* See Bulbo's Communication to the Society for Arts, Vol. XVIII. p. 300.

great genius understands a particular expression, we are certainly at liberty to apply it *in the sense we think proper* *!!!

Mr. CACO-NOUS, replied my Uncle, turning to the great Philo, and laying his hand

* We find in "POLITICAL JUSTICE" (two strangely-coupled words!) this memorable observation:

"FRANKLIN, a man habitually conversant with the system of the external universe, and *by no means propense to extravagant speculations*, conjectured that MIND will one day become omnipotent over MATTER. In *whatever sense* HE understood this expression, WE *are certainly at liberty to apply it in the sense WE THINK PROPER.*"

In plainer English, Franklin made use of a certain expression, which ought to be understood in an obvious sense, because he never indulged extravagant ideas.—But we, in using his *own expression*, are not to attend to his *own meaning*—but give it *any signification* we take a fancy to!

upon his heart—*As gentlemen*, can we be allowed to go on at this rate? May we make a great genius responsible for our inferences, without once consulting the sense in which he understood his own words?

It is the secret germ of my new mode of philosophizing! Thus I make any thing of something! and something of nothing!

My poor Uncle, having put this zig-zag principle into his delicate brain, it made him keep up such a racket in his metaphysical speculations, that he was for all the world as disorderly as a drunken man in a dark room.—Give him but an ABSURDITY for his premises, and he would go on writing or speaking like a smoke-jack!

Sympathetic Reader! the BRAIN is the

very CORK of humanity! placed in the *neck* of the bottle to preserve the finer spirits— Beware, then, of your CORK-SCREWS!—for when some accursed CORK-SCREW, villainously vermicular, twists its spongy nature to the right and to the left, the CORK CRACKS—and the BOTTLE is spoilt! Alas, my Uncle!

CHAPTER IX.

Il me choisit pour l'aider A PENSER ;
Trois mois entiers ensemble nous pensames
Lumes beaucoup, et rien n'imaginames.

Le pauvre Diable de VOLTAIRE.

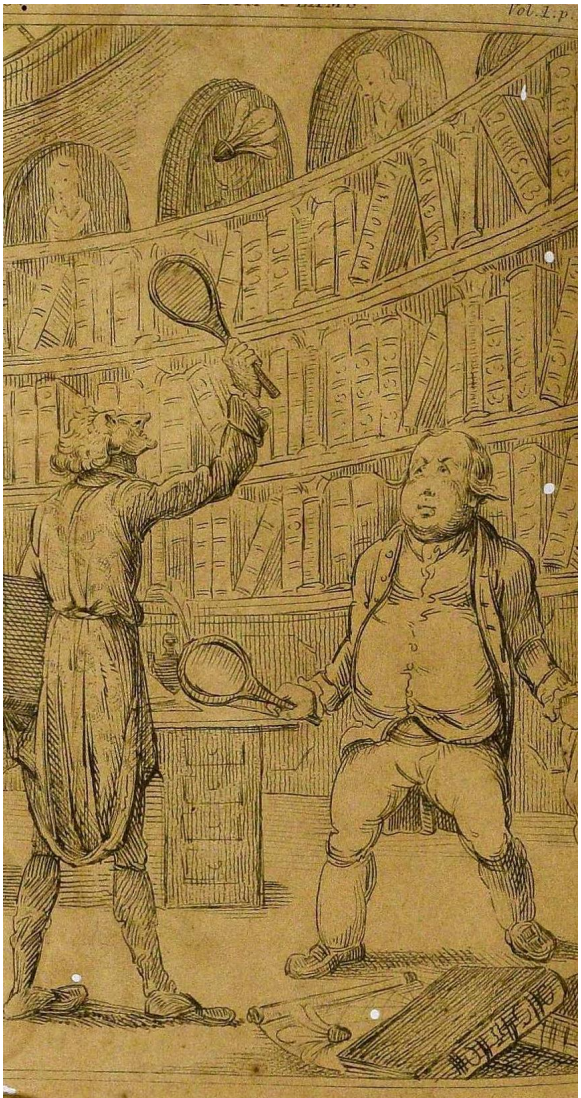
MY UNCLE HIRES A SWEDISH PHILO TO DE-
PHLEGMATISE HIMSELF—CROSS ACCIDENTS
OF AN EXPERIMENTALIST—JACOB'S CON-
TRIVANCES TO CONVERT THE SWEDE INTO
AN *INK-HORN*—TERRIBLE EFFECTS OF A *FIT*
OF THINKING ON MY UNCLE—HOW *BOOKS*
ARE *MADE UP*—THE *INK-HORN* CHANGED INTO
A *MAKE-WEIGHT*—PROGRESSIVE STATE OF AU-
THORSHIP!

ARISTOTLE, both in his *Ethics* and his *Po-
litics*, affirms that the bow must be sometimes
unbent, for, kept in a continued state of ten-

sion, it will at length become so *dry* that it must *crack* !

My Uncle pretended he wanted some clever fellow to charge and discharge his electrical machines, work his air-pump, and perform those experiments which promised to turn out either dirty * or dangerous ; and, no doubt, to stand by him, and swear, if necessary, that he observed in any experiment my Uncle undertook, whatever my Uncle

* Such as analyzing *pulvis stercoreus*, from which the Swede extracted a number of things, my Uncle never expected to find—for, besides *animal matter*, *mould*, and *vitriolic salts*, we had also the pleasure of finding calcareous earth, quartz, and iron. But we lost 17 parts of the 100 in this analysis. We were not greatly offended by the smell, in the warmth of the operation ; and, on the whole, the chemists would have deemed it a beautiful analysis.



fancied he himself saw—but the truth was, Jacob wished for somebody to *dephlegmatise* himself, as the Spaniards phrase it—and occasionally in his LIBRARY—to play at battle-dore and shuttlecock with him, which, to all intent and purpose, is a *metaphysical game*!

My Uncle's LIBRARY was well adapted for this purpose; it was a circular apartment, and the light entered from the dome! for Contour had convinced him that there was but one proper method of admitting light into an apartment; it should always *descend*, and not come sideways; precisely the very one which is hardly ever used!

But this, however, was only the ostensible, he had a concealed motive! I conjectured this from his peremptory refusal of

my services—for, patting me on my head, more in sorrow than in malice, he declared that all our family were much alike! Yet I confess I thought that any one of us was competent to go a butterfly-hunting, a botany-ditching, and a frog-fishing.

He wrote to Professor CAMPER to be curious and critical in his selection among his *heads of students*. Of three hundred head, he picked him out a Swede, by name HERMAN SWARTENZACH.—The Swede bore also one of the criteria of genius which LAVATER notices very impressively—it consists in “the *returning angle* which is formed by the junction of the NOSE with the upper LIP.” *Sam Chiffney*, the author of *Genius Genuine**,

* Sam, the Prince's Jockey, in this literary age, caught the sweet madness, and fills a stall in the great stable of

insists this is also a good mark by which to judge of a *horse*!

SWARTENZACH turned out a poor industrious devil, but had gradually won the affections of my Uncle by a hundred mischances which had befallen him in the course of a year, and one of natural philosophy. He had lost one side of a fine head of red hair by inflammable air, and deafened one of his fine ears by a fulmination of my Uncle's incombustible gunpowder; for my Uncle had a humane notion, that if gunpowder could be made so as to *stun a man*, it might answer where gunpowder is necessary

modern literature. He published a very small book, entitled, "Genius Genuine"—an *author-jockey*! He published his thin volume at five guineas!—but after a few weeks, he condescendingly offered it for one! I wish *jockey-authors* would act with the same candour.

to *frighten*, but not *kill*, a man or a woman outright, as in riots at markets about the price of butter, or in streets about the mob breaking a few windows. But what particularly endeared him to Jacob, was his attempt to shew the rationale of *sinking* and *swimming*! My Uncle was vexed that man (as a certain Philo terms it) was *impotent in water*! In an age like the present, why should we not swim like a fish? It seems that man has too much *specific gravity*! To counteract this *specific gravity*, and overpersuaded by my Uncle, Swartenzach undertook a *sub-marine discovery*; but in attempting to blow up a boat, he had only blown himself into it! It was, indeed, rather a fortunate than a glorious experiment.

To make the Swede more useful, my

Uncle hit on a new plan—and converted him into an INK-HORN!

HANDEL, during the night, had numberless fine fancies; but he was so fat, so easy, and so rich, that he would not have rolled his honest woollack to the other side, were he sure by that exertion to have stormed Salisbury Plain with a divine chorus*. So he imported a *German* for an *ink-horn*! and cried out, ever and anon, Schmidt! Schmidt! *a new taut! a new taut!* For this was our Swede employed, but to no purpose, which was my Uncle's fault, but not the ink-horn's.

* Handel once heard that a gentleman had said that his oratorios should be performed on Salisbury Plain, the chorusses being so very loud. He smiled at the idea, and confessed that the theatres then in London were too small for them.

SEWARD'S *Anecdotes*.

Alas! it was the misfortune of my Uncle, that whenever he was seized by what is called A FIT of *thinking*, it occasioned him a sense of fullness, redness in the face and eyes, and often provoked vomiting *.

* How lamentable and alarming is this description! yet this FIT was not peculiar to our hero. TISSOT paints this melancholy situation of *literary men!*—“Whoever has *thought deeply* ONCE in his life, has experienced this state; and there is no *man of letters* who has not frequently issued from his closet with a violent head-ache, and a burning in that part, which arises from the state of exhaustion and violent heat, in which the *marrow of the brain* is then found.”

TISSOT *on the Health of Literary Men*, p. 145.

One would imagine that all TISSOT's patients had HEADS as small as our hero's—indeed, living among the German *eruditi*, he notices the circumstance of a man, “only ONCE in his life, thinking deeply,” as a thing that might possibly have occurred at the Universities of Jena and Gottingen.

BOBTAIL.

My Uncle converted the *ink-horn* into a *make-weight*!

I have to inform the literary republic, not the governors, but the governed; the readers, not the authors—that the LITERATURE OF THE ROW is—a TRADE! It admits of *co-partnerships* and *contracts*, and a bankrupt in any other trade is generally a grand *capitalist* in THE ROW!

For bankrupts write when ruin'd shops are shut,
As maggots crawl from out a perish'd nut.

YOUNG.

Those who are accustomed to the MAKING-UP of BOOKS*, and to the vending of

* The author begs leave to add, that he by no means would express any contempt for *any book-makers* what-

chandlery, well know that it is necessary to use MAKE-WEIGHTS ! that is, small things thrown in to make up weight. True it is, that literary ware is now made by MEASURE ; ere our writers degenerate to the *scale*, they begin with the *yard* ! The bookseller bargains with his writer for so many sheets of matter ; the cheaper the better ! but, provoking ! it usually happens in works contracted for in this manner, that what was originally *sold* by MEASURE, comes at length to be *bought* by WEIGHT !

ever, not even for any sage who makes up CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE ! Here he does not mean the *dryers, folders, stitchers, and boarders* of the sheets —not, however, that he would treat them with *inferior respect* to the *authors* themselves ; he has long been sensible that their *industry* and *genius* are at least *equal*, if not at times *superior*, to THE OTHER BOOK-MAKERS !

My Uncle knew that *Enchiridions*—as well for their *morality* as for their *size*—were by no means to the taste of THE ROW! There they value a book as the Dutchman his cheese, by its magnitude; or as ADAM SMITH would, by the *time* and *labour* consumed in the *manufactory*. Epigrammatists would be ill paid!

To make up his books, my Uncle resolved the Swede should work at the make-weights. To my Uncle's plain second cloth Swartenzach would sew on an embroidered piece of *translation*, or weave in a fine remnant of *transcription*. Then with an impudent face of a *title*, strutting with a bellying *index*, A NEW BOOK looked out of the bookseller's window with a tempting and jolly appearance!

The great Lord BACON invented a term to describe all the vain conceits, the deep fallacies, and delusive images of our errors and fancies—he calls these the IDOLS of the MIND, which he attempts to classify; to check their seductive power over their worshippers; and insists on their being utterly and solemnly renounced.

He has not particularly dwelt on *literary idolatry*; on that sweet fallacy, that sublime conceit, that many-coloured delusion, which converts, to the worshipping eye of an AUTHOR, his BOOK into an IDOL!

But—alas!—my Uncle was unlucky in all his literary concerns! Most provincial men of letters have long felt a painful conviction that no man is a prophet in his own country—

or in his own house!—Even MONTAIGNE has made this curious literary confession — “ In my country of Gascony they look upon it as a drollery, a mere joke, to see me in print ! The farther off I am read from my own home, the better I am esteemed ! I am fain to purchase printers in Guienne, elsewhere they purchase me.”—

COUNTRY AUTHORS, therefore, spurning at the petty critics in their native towns, look forwards to LONDON and POSTERITY—what else will repay them for all the sweat they suffer through the hot summer, and the cold in the sharp winter ; for their abstinence from meat, and for their watching in the night * !”

* The following lamentation of literary tortures is not a little particular and curious :

“ I have drawn this out of Greeke throughe the helpe of my friends, & afterwards out of Latin into our vulgare tongue by the travaile of my hands. Let al men judge what I have suffred in drawing it out of Greeke into Latin, out of the Latin into the vulgar, & out of a plaine vulgar, into a swete & pleasant style. For that banket is not counted sumptuous, unlesse there be both pleasaunt meates, & savory sauces. To cal sentences to mind, to place the words, to examine languages, to connect syllables: what swette I have suffred in the hote summer; what bytter cold in the sharpe wynter, what abstinence from meates when I desired to eate, what watching in the night when I would have slept, what cares I have suffred in steed of rest that I might have enjoyed: let other prove, if me they wyl not credite.”

GUEVARA's *Dial. of Princes.*

CHAPTER X.

There should be some restraint of law against foolish and impertinent SCRIBBLERS, as well as against vagabonds and idle persons: if there was, indeed, both I and a hundred others would be banished the kingdom. I do not speak this in jest; scribbling seems to be a sign of a disordered and licentious age.

MONTAIGNE'S *Essays*, B. iii, C. ix.

THE BOOKSELLER'S CHAIRS! — THE LITERARY
SEXTONS! — MORTUARY ACKNOWLEDG-
MENTS!

MY Uncle's publisher had several grey-haired customers, who regularly filled the chairs in his shop, and who did nothing but buy new books, for the pleasure of inventing

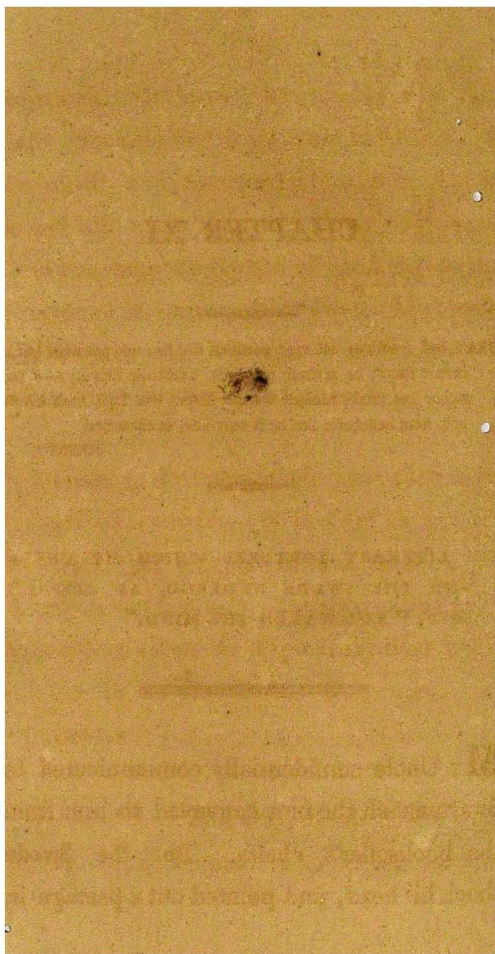
new terms of critical abuse. It appeared that all the taste and erudition of these three kingdoms were thrust into this bookseller's shop—not on his shelves—all there was supposed spurious!—but in the chairs! Lean Aristotles, fat Quintilians, and venerable Horaces, mumbled their malice, and prosed their pettishness—till dinner-time! As soon as an author lie cold in the earth he began to be liked among them; they were the Sextons of Literature, never caring for any one till he was buried! I never heard a contemporary author's name mentioned with a nod of approbation, but I was certain it was a *mortuary acknowledgment* *!

My Uncle, unhappily for his quiet, was

* An acknowledgment, according to the custom of some counties, made to the vicar on the death of a parishioner.

curiously anxious to have the opinion of *his bookseller's chairs* ! They, it seems, agreed, that my Uncle could *write*—but not *think* !

This hint nearly occasioned the death of my Uncle, owing to the violent exertions which he gave himself on the occasion. Are these not too interesting to *literary men*, not fully, and very particularly to relate ?



CHAPTER XI.

GRAY had a notion, not very peculiar, that he could not write but at certain times, or at happy moments; a fantastic foppery!—The author that thinks himself weather-bound will find, with a little help from hellebore, that he is only idle, or exhausted.

JOHNSON.

THE LITERARY TORTURES WHICH MY UNCLE AND THE SWEDE UNDERGO, AS *CACO-NOUS* SAID, "TO AWAKEN THE MIND."

MY Uncle confidentially communicated to Swartenzach the hint conveyed to him from the bookseller's chairs. But the Swede shook his head, and pointed out a passage in

Rousseau, where that singular genius declares that *thinking* is an unnatural state of the mind; and Swartenzach added, that it heated him more than my Uncle's furnace! He was content to remain all his life a sturdy assertor of incontrovertible facts. My Uncle marvelled at the *vis inertiae* of such a head—it was more *inertiae* than Newton's!

However, during a whole year they tried a hundred contrivances in *l'art de penser!* the most they reached to was to form *one idea between them both*—but then perpetually squabbling about its originality, they could not get on as friendly as BEAUMONT and FLETCHER!

In vain they laid their heads in the palm of their hand, leaning on an upright folio, as

Mr. HAYLEY is represented—or laid their fore-finger erect on their cheek, as Miss SEWARD is exhibited—or, resting their arms on their knees, made the tips of their outstretched fingers touch each other, bending their heads downwards, which is much in the manner of the QUAKERS—a mode which does not seem productive of many ideas among them; or they would lie down on the floor flat on their bellies, as CUJAS did*; or keep their eyes *shut*, without winking, as CARDAN and CAMPANELLA did in prison,

† Two things are remarkable of CUJAS (says his philosophic biographer) first that he studied, stretched at his full length on a carpet with his books around.—Secondly that his perspiration gave out a most agreeable scent, which he said sometimes to his friends (confidential ones probably) he had in common with Alexander the Great! Biography has formerly been written in this instructive manner.

when they wanted to *see* what was passing in the streets *.

* CARDAN in his own life relates strange things of himself. He says that whenever he pleased he could transport himself out of his senses in a kind of ecstasy, and view, whenever he pleased, what he desired. CAMPANELLA who perhaps was a degree less mad than CARDAN, relates things of himself not less extravagant. One is astonished at the great BURKE seriously citing so anomalous a being, as an authority of human nature. It seems CAMPANELLA, when he had a mind to penetrate into the inclinations of those he had to deal with, composed his *face*, his *gestures*, and his *whole body*, as nearly as he could, to the exact similitude of the person he intended to examine; and then carefully observed what *turn of mind* he seemed to acquire by *the change*! It is a little ludicrous to conceive what a punch, a harlequin, a tragic and a comic actor, must this great *posture-master* of a philosopher have been, who, adds our informant, “*by these means could enter into the dispositions and thoughts of any person!*”

At length my Uncle obliged the Swede to sit with his belly uncovered, firmly fixing his eyes on his navel—as the QUIETISTS did, and as I hear the METHODISTS are doing, whenever they would be so abstracted as to “absorb themselves in silent, spiritual, inexpressible sweetness.”

Then they closed their window-shutters in the day-time, as MALLEBRANCHE did when writing his “Research after Truth,” that his senses might not be disturbed, and occasion any absence of mind*. Nay, they even smoked and metaphysicked it by

* “He was very assiduous in meditation, and he employed certain *precautions for this purpose*, such as *shutting his windows*. His amusements were, however, those of a child,” &c.

FONTENELLE's *Eloge of Mallebranche*.

candle-light, as HOBBS did; twelve pipes to twelve pages *!

When they proposed to write, one first read a great deal to the other; but still it was only adding *a duplicate to the library*; the one writing nothing but what the other had read.

Then they tried when they composed, first to *walk* leisurely up and down the room, hum a tune, and behave decorously, but what they afterwards wrote *sitting* was coldly done, and amounted to nothing. However, when they recollected that a great genius

* “ Soon after dinner, Hobbes retired to his study, and had his candle, with *ten or twelve pipes* laid by him; then he fell to *smoking, thinking, and writing.*”

Bishop KENNET'S *Memoirs of the Family of Cavendish.*

has been compared to a lion lashing his tail to provoke himself to rage, or to a chariot wheel wrought into a blaze by its own motion, they stamped about the room, put themselves in the most extravagant attitudes, imagined a crowded audience listening to them, and *wrote off standing*—their composition, then indeed, seemed to have a certain degree of warmth, but at the same time it was so confused, and the periods so perplexed, that the corrections cost more trouble than the whole was worth*.

* These contrivances of LITERARY MEN to create ideas, are analogous to those which have been practised by ARTISTS, which seem not a little ludicrous. Da Vinci advises an artist to inflame his imagination with picturesque ideas, by looking on an old & dirty stained wall, where he will find many a fine landscape. Gainsborough frequently formed a landscape on his table with the fragments of stones, herbs for trees, and a piece of looking-glass for his water. Another artist designed

Then did my Uncle imagine that their barrenness of genius might be attributed to the *weather*, or the *season*—and patiently did they wait till Autumn; that cool season so favourable to THOMSON, and, as MILTON thought, to himself.

Something, perhaps, too, in the *scenery*! and had they composed in the style of YOUNG's Night Thoughts, they would have had a room lamp-lighted with an empty scull on the table! as the poet himself had! Some great metaphysicians opine, that in the wildness and grandeur of nature for instance on a *Welsh mountain* or a *Highland*

his rocks after lumps of charcoal, which he broke into fragments of picturesque rudeness. These were all bad practices, and which usually appear in the productions of those artists who substitute such objects for their realities.

loch, will be found the *luckiest spot* in these three kingdoms, to educate a Welch *Sir William Jones*, or a young Scotch *Ossian*. Some writers conceive that any where but at *home* they might be great geniuses ; but the misfortune is, if they change place they cannot get rid of themselves !

At length my Uncle swore — that the Swede slept through the night.

He spoke to CACO-NOUS on the subject. This great man had long been intent “ to banish from man the *phenomenon of SLEEP* ” —but as he still persisted to WRITE, that was surely not the way to *keep people awake* !

My Uncle knew that the learned lady, who translated EPICURETUS took every night to bed with her—a large Dutch clock ! The

alarum called her up at three in the morning, to conjugate Greek verbs, and fret her beautiful eyes over her Lexicon—Jacob, convinced that the Swede was liable to *sleep off* the night, instead of the Dutch clock adopted a similar contrivance of ARISTOTLE'S—it was to hold a brass ball in his hand over a brass bason, so that the Swede could never catch a wink without letting fall a thunderbolt!—But this plan made the Swede go on more drowsily! Indeed he convinced my Uncle that not ARISTOTLE himself, nor even the fair Greek with her Dutch clock, could have borne it—for DIOGENES LAERTIUS (in whom my Uncle had in truth picked up this rusty brass ball and bason) says, that when ARISTOTLE found himself hipped, as lean as a rutting stag, and as frightful as a mandrake, by these mad vigils of his—he took a drop of something comfortable! He applied to

his breast a leathern bag of warm perfumed oil! My Uncle thought that a smart physic might have been as well; as DRYDEN, for a great effort in tragedy, was always cupped and physicked.

Not one of these contrivances availed! Alas! my Uncle's brain was not to be kept steadily for five minutes—'twas instantaneously thrown into jeopardy! He could never *think and write together*, and he gave many judicious reasons of the difficulty of doing this—

He declared that the very instrument of thinking, the PEN, was its greatest obstacle. To *write* was a mechanical operation, that *diverts* the course of a man's *thoughts*. The attention was more drawn to handling the pen and paper, than to the more important

concern of deep thinking. He would often lose himself in calculating the number of motions made by the hand and fingers! How many curves, and points, and angular terminations! The most beautiful *writers*,—for instance your writing-masters! are no *thinkers* at all! Your great scrawlers are evidently the men of genius; with them writing is boxing the pen; the more rapid their thoughts, the less intelligible they usually are! When a man dashes, and blots, and flourishes, he must have a fervid soul. I defy any man to be a deep thinker and a fine writer*.

* “Persons of superior understanding seldom write a fine hand.”—Lavater, Vol. III. p. 48.

Again. “Of all the motions of the hand and fingers, the most diversified are those which we employ in *writing*; the least word communicated to paper, how many parts, how many curves does it not contain!”—P. 254.

How often, indeed, my Uncle in a heat flew to his library table, grasping a thought and a pen, but hardly had he set the latter on paper, than he was seized with the frigidity of the mercury he had himself frozen : either the feather of the pen was tickling at his nose, or the nib scrawled with a soft noise in his ear, or the paper was unquiet, or his fingers were at work, and their rapidity so astonished him that the thought never got embodied in his manuscript.

However, my Uncle did most woefully puzzle LAVATER with his HAND-WRITING ! He got CACO-NOUS to compose his letter addressed to the Physiognomist,—it was a prodigy of deep thinking—but as my Uncle *wrote it*—the prophet of Zurich was confounded between the THOUGHTS—and the HAND-WRITING — and he has lamentably

blundered in endeavouring to account how a *goose-head* like my Uncle's, can soar in metaphysics like an *eagle-head* as Caco-nous's*.—

* LAVATER has no doubt, that HAND-WRITING is founded on the real difference of *moral character*; that the *present disposition* of mind has an influence on the *writing*, and that a man *forms his letters* very differently when treating a *disagreeable* subject, and amusing himself with an *agreeable* correspondence. He has made the following nice distinctions in hand-writing.

The *substance* and *body* of the letters.

Their *form* and their manner of *rounding*.

Their *height* and *length*.

Their *position*.

Their *connection*.

The *interval* which separates them.

The *interval* between the lines.

Whether these last are *straight* or *awry*.

The *fairness* of the writing.

Its *lightness* or *heaviness*.

All that I blame Lavater for is, that he did not immediately detect the imposition my Uncle played on him!

CHAPTER XII.

“ It is inconceivable how any one should so easily forget how much he exposes himself, what a spectacle he exhibits, by his *manner of dressing* !”

LAVATER *on* DRESS, Vol. III. p. 263.

WHY DID ERASMUS COVER HIS HEAD ?

AND YOU THINK THE QUESTION A TRIFLING ONE? POOR LAVATER PLAYED AT IT A LONG WHILE, AND THEN THREW UP HIS CARDS AS A LOST GAME !

TAKE his words—“ Erasmus is always represented with his head covered. Could he be under the apprehension that his FORE-HEAD was not sufficiently *open*, sufficiently

noble, sufficiently *bold* to be displayed? Did he conceal it from *modesty*? or did he not possess the *physiognomical tact* sufficiently to be sensible that this part of the face is essential to the portrait? Finally, was it from *habit*, or from reasons of *health*, or, perhaps, because his friend Holbein chose rather to *paint him* in that *familiar attitude*? To no one of these questions am I qualified to give an answer*.”

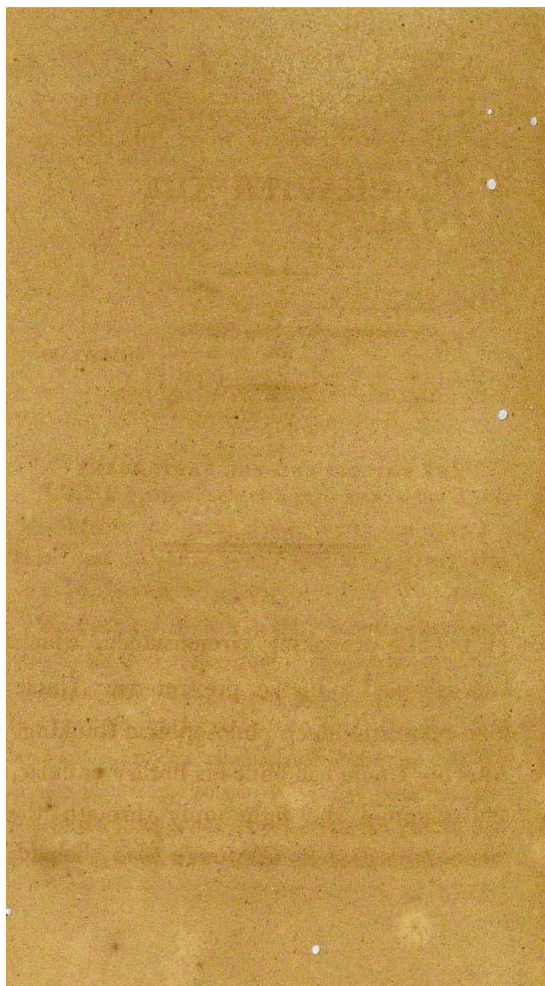
It is a grave matter—and must we leave the whole affair in all this miserable indecision? Do you think, however, that ERASMUS, with that lively pasticcio soul of his, ever gave a thought to one of these “*physiognomical tacts*?” I believe he was much

* Lavater, Vol. III. Part ii. page 382. Hunter's edition.

more intent on the cut of his pen than the cut of his cap.

• In respect to my Uncle, I can tell the world why he covered his forehead—and, indeed, if I could not have done it, I would not, like LAVATER, have made such a consternation about it!

• But this is not the time and place !



CHAPTER XIII.

They sit
O'ercanopied with luscious eglantine.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE TAILORS AND THE EARTHQUAKE !

A LITTLE provoking circumstance, which I am ashamed to notice, prevented my Uncle from exercising deep philosophical thinking. After my Uncle had built his library circular, and admitted the light only through the dome, according to Contour's plan, behold,

he discovered that he could not see sideways—nature was shut out—the picturesque was invisible! so he broke through the wall, and made one handsome window. He had not long enjoyed this handsome window, when, lo! Contour discovered near it an old shed!! Whenever he looked on it, he fumed! Had it been a *dunghill* it would not have wanted *picturesqueness**—but the shed

* This is a polysyllable of a yard long!—but I wish Mr. PRICE, the maker of this violin, had given it a richer tone. My own word *Philoism* is a pretty kind of kit, and excels in euphony.

Mr. PRICE declares a *dunghill* forms a picturesque object—not from its *smell*, but its *roughness* and variety of *parts*. Mr. GILPIN, on the same principle, prefers a *rough cart-horse*, or a *beggarly ass*, to a *sleek Arabian*.—Smooth-coated animals cannot produce (he says) a picturesque effect.—Nay, they push their system further, and prefer an *old woman's* wrinkled face to a *young woman's*! They allow that a palace may

he declared, did not “*harmonize* in the composition,” and, in a word, was bad for “*keeping!*”

My Uncle, to silence the monotony of the querulous artist, sweetly curtailed it with syringas, lilacs, and laburnums—but behold! as soon as they

“Burst forth in blossomed fragrance,”

MASON,

—My indignation rises! I lay down my burning pen to cool.

After all the cost and care my Uncle had bestowed on this delicious plantation, to

be a beautiful piece of architecture, but it is only picturesque when in *ruins*. I tremble for this *levelling principle* of our connoisseurs!

screen the old shed, it was all in favour of the latter!—he had made, provoking! a summer-house of the shed!

My tender-eared Uncle was eternally complaining that he found no end to all those kinds of small noises which play on the finely-organized ears of a literary man—like a storm of wind on an Æolian harp. To tease my Uncle's soul, and to torture Contour's, did Wilmot put into the head of a humourist of a tailor to lodge his grotesque crew in it—to call himself a pastoral tailor; to stitch and cabbage among lilacs and laburnums, and turn this romantic retreat into a real *hell* *.

* **HELL**, a tailor's repository for his stolen goods. When they purloin cloth, and are taxed with their knavery, they equivocally swear, that if they have taken any, they wish they may find it in **HELL**!

*Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar
Tongue.*

Heavens! what a life we all led! Instigated by Wilmot—the tailors were all at my Uncle!

He civilly offered to buy them and their shed off—to make fire-wood—for aught he cared of them and their shed. But they were the happiest family of tailors under the sun, and swore they would never remove from a bower so *embroidered* with flowers, and so *bespangled* with blossoms—while a pair of breeches had a hole in the village!

Was this a situation any wise tolerable for a votary to ZIMMERMAN?

One of the Reviewers had just given a dry wipe to Jacob, twitting my honoured Uncle!—He was standing at his window, with the bitter relish of that monthly junket in his

mouth, and in that kind of humour when an author is at once querulous and quarrelsome—as quiet as a barrel of gunpowder ready for explosion!

The spark fell! The tailors placed, like a flower-pot at their window, a monstrous fool's cap of parti-coloured shreds, all hung with bells—Hoisting it to their halloos, the peal, sonorously swelling in the wind, blew a tintamar in my Uncle's ears!

He swore that nothing less than an *earthquake* should do for them!

Although I know that a mortified author would not scruple to work his critic, upwards or downwards, by *tornado* or *earthquake*—still I grieved that a gentleman of such sedate dispositions should exclaim,

“ Were there as many *snips* as these have *threads*,
My great revenge has stomach for them all !”

FROM SHAKSPEARE.

I was highly alarmed, for I knew my Uncle was in earnest ; I knew too what a perilous affair it is to tantalize a modern chemist ! He can empty a pint bottle of lightning ; dart an electrical shock miles across a river ; but what I never suspected, (till the vindictive genius of my Uncle shewed it to us,) —he can *raise an earthquake !*

On the succeeding morning I saw the tailors assemble on their board ; catching my Uncle’s eye, up flew they to their game, hoisting the many-coloured cap !—miserable wretches ! to hoist no more !

Suddenly the earth was convulsed ; it be-

came hot, cracked, and yawned. The shrieking tailors leapt upon their board, and dropt their measures from their hands! The sulphureous vapours curled; the miniature volcano raged; the workshop tottered; I looked, the tailors were not there!—however, they had only run away*! I thought he had

* This memorable *earthquake* only cost my Uncle a *trifle*!—Mr. LEMERY was the first of modern chemists who *invented an EARTHQUAKE*, by a *little iron pot* with iron filings, water, and sulphur; in about eight or nine hours the earth swelled, &c.

Chemical Essays, Vol. I. p. 185.

We learn further, that only a *ladleful* of this ignited mass can be made to descend like a *shower of red-hot ashes*, resembling the eruptions of *Mount Vesuvius*!—Heaven defend us from picking quarrels with any of these gentlemen, who can make an *EARTHQUAKE* in a *little iron pot*, and drop down a *VOLCANIC SHOWER* from a *ladle*!

They can do even far more terrific things!—they can rain down liquid fire, destroy a whole army, and kindle

made shreds of them all.—On the whole, I was pleased to find a *chemist's earthquake* is a thing terrific only in its name!

the whole atmosphere, and all this with only—a couple of quarts of turpentine, with strong acid of nitre!

Hear how the learned author of “*Chemical Essays*” threatens! “There are substances in nature, from a combination of which it is possible to destroy a ship, or a citadel, or an army, by a shower of liquid fire spontaneously lighted in the air!” &c. &c. Luckily for men such as myself, (who having lived so much in the laboratory of my Uncle, am easily frightened out of my wits,) the essayist gives some little comfort and consolation. It seems that the “knowledge of the *possibility*” of effecting such a destruction, is a very different matter from the “knowledge of *its practicability*.” Still, however, there is reason to be alarmed at the *progress* CHEMISTRY is making in the world; for the same author again conjectures, that “future ages may, perhaps, invent as many different ways of making these substances unite in the air, so as to fall down in *drops of fire!*”

Chemical Essays, Vol. I. p. 538.

I console myself that I cannot possibly live out the

present century, when all this dæmonry will probably be daily practised—then too will “the age of universal emancipation” take place! O CACO-NOUS, allowing thy prediction to be verified, that then “a PLOUGH shall be turned out into a field, and perform its office without the *need of superintendance!*” what will avail this *nice workmanship* of thy *metaphysical plough!* The flourishing age of *modern chemistry* will afford a far more interesting view of things; for then will the Philos take an airing in a *whirlwind*; cogitate in the bowels of an *earthquake*, and warm themselves by a *volcano!*

CHAPTER XIV.

Your visit has only served to remind me that MAN, however amused and occupied in his closet, was not made *to live alone*.

GIBBON'S *Works*, p. 265.

Shall I be forced to die in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole!

SWIFT'S *Letters*.

ZIMMERMAN ON SOLITUDE HIGHLY EXTOLLED—
OF THE REAL ADVANTAGES DERIVED FROM
SOLITUDE — MY UNCLE'S INVENTION OF A
PORTABLE PHILOSOPHICAL SOLITUDE —
HOW SWARTENZACH ATTACKS MY UNCLE'S
COMMON-PLACE BOOK !

ALTHOUGH the earthquake engendered by my Uncle's wrath and science had dispersed his inveterate tailors, still did this ardent stu-

dent not enjoy that perfect solitude which ZIMMERMAN so prodigally eulogises. I am sensible one may compose fine panegyrics, and still understand the whole as a complete joke. ERASMUS composed one on *Folly*, but was no fool; SALLENGRE on *Drunkenness*, but was a gentleman whom his readers thought much too sober; and lately one DU GUERLE, in praise of *Wigs*, but never wear one! Our verbose Aulic counsellor and court physician has turned some thoughtless heads to the enjoyment of a hermitage, but he was no hermit! he liked a party, provided they cajoled him concerning his love of solitude; and after a hearty supper and his best joke, would return home—to put an end to that serious one contained in four ponderous German tomes—on Solitude!

My Uncle continued the unhappy victim

of his *eyes* and *ears*! Just when he got comfortably into a philosophical system, some fantastic object danced before his eyes, and the whole system broke into laughter!—or some echo winded along the labyrinth of his ear, till in its delicate nervous film it went off like an air-gun, and the system dissolved in the breeze!

One day my Uncle said to the Swede—I have made an important discovery. SOLITUDE has been the cry and the catch-word, through all ages, of literary men. ZIMMERMAN maddens me! Our authors perpetually declaim in praise of solitude, but scarcely ever rent a handsomer Tusculum than a sashed window at a third floor in a small Paradise-row house. Poor men! the Nation, whom THE ROW so much enlightens, ought to build a great solitude for them all.

DICK has succeeded! — observed the Swede.

As for DICK's Duck-island, it may be a solitude for the versemen—but not for us prosers. They can write nothing on nothing! But I and my library are one homogeneous body. I have long considered myself as an *appendix* to a book. I never open one but I could add to it.

An appendix! exclaimed the Swede.

My Uncle, balancing in his ear the tone of the Swede's interjection, and not liking it— Yes, Sir, fiercely said he, an *appendix*!—and few *book-collectors* are more than *title-pages*!

Now — my Uncle continued — I have thought, that while the vulgar have their

portable water-closets, why should the literary man, whose wants are so urgent, be without a *portable solitude*? I have actually contrived a thing which will serve him in all times and places!

My Uncle exultingly held up something, which having clapt on his head, extinguished him—HERE IS SOLITUDE!

It was a long triple-quilted CAP, which came down an inch over his eyes, and quite covered his ears, in which part it was stuffed with great care.

This, said he, is

A PHILOSOPHICAL CAP!

Furnished with this, the LITERATI need no more weary us with perpetual querulousness,

that they cannot retreat into solitude—or travel three hundred miles to find a sequestered spot, which may be found in Holborn. With this CAP, Sir, they may lose the *entire use of their ears and eyes*, the desirable object people seek in profound solitude! As soon as I clap this philosophical cap on my head, I instantly lose *the use of my senses*, which costs some people a great deal of time and trouble to do.

May I ask you—interrupted the Swede, with a smile at the invention and a sneer at the inventor—what authorities you have to prove that people *think best in the dark?*

My Uncle scrambled into his commonplace book, and looked like an ostrich among her gigantic eggs—and under the article *Toga*, counted out quotations from

Athenæus, Aristophanes, Plutarch, Plato, Eschines, Hesychius, and Spence, all telling that philosophers, in their profound meditations, *covered their heads with their cloaks**—a fact, he cried out, proving that they found the benefit of losing the use of their ears and their eyes in deep thinking—the boast of my philosophical cap!

This tremendous erudition vexed Swarzenzach—he thought his query had put my Uncle to a stand-still—so he once more renewed his attack to confound my Uncle and his common-place book.

* One of those Scavans, who possess more literary wealth than judgment how to expend it, in examining an ancient piece of sculpture, where a man is represented partly muffled, quotes all these writers to prove, that the attitude expressed meditation. He must have had a microscopic eye to have detected these minute passages in these voluminous writers!

Can you prove, in the same learned manner, whether philosophers ever sneezed under their cloaks ?

My Uncle half-closed his eyes, weighed down by his ideas—that's one of those things for which we cannot readily find an authority—but 'tis ungenerous to push your adversary so close to the wall! I wish you had a little more knowledge and a little less curiosity; otherwise, Sir, you will so confound my thinking faculties, that you will actually *neutralise* them*!

* CERVANTES banter this curious erudition—which seems akin to that of the Scotch Professor who read *Virgil* for the sake of his *ancient geography*!

The passage in CERVANTES is a morsel of humorous criticism.

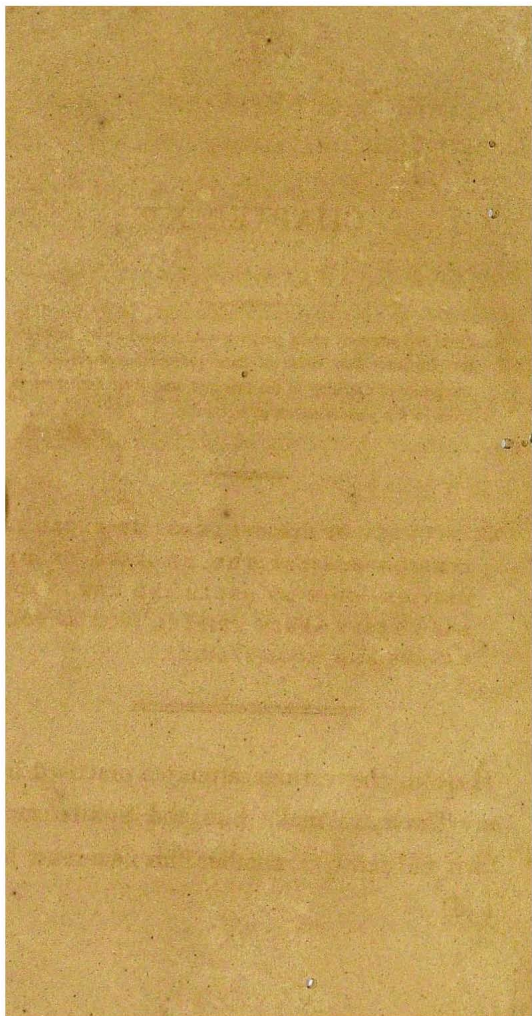
“ Polydore Virgil, Sir, (said the student) has forgot to tell us who was the first man that was troubled with a

catarrh, and who was the first that was fluxed for the French disease. Now, Sir, I immediately resolve it, and confirm my assertion by the testimony of at least twenty-four authentic writers, by which quotations alone you may guess, Sir, at *what pains* I have been *to instruct and benefit the public*.

Tell me, Sir, (said Sancho to the student,) tell me, Sir, so may God lend a helping hand to the printing of your books, who was the first man *who scratched his head*?

“Thou hast said more than thou art aware of, (said Don Quixote,) for some people there are who fatigue themselves in *learning and investigating that*, which when learned and investigated, is *not worth a farthing* either to the *memory* or the *understanding*!”

Another monster of erudition was the uncle of GIL BLAS, who with successful learning proved, by quoting his authorities, that when boys were whipped at Athens—they cried!



CHAPTER XV.

Roast beef and potatoes, and a pudding ?—the usual heavy aliment of the English! The cause of their phlegmatic character, their incapacity of excelling in the fine arts, and their numerous suicides in the gloomy month of November.

KARAMSIN.

A DISCOVERY OF *HERDER'S* LEADS MY UNCLE TO INVEIGH AGAINST THE DISGRACE OF DIGESTION—HOW MY UNCLE AND THE SWEDE GREW TESTY ABOUT TRIFLES, SUCH AS VOLCANOES AND MOON-STONES!

AMONG the various attempts practised by my Uncle, to make him and Swartenzach turn out *thinkers*, another flim-flam must be told!

The world have been informed ere now, how national characters are formed, in a considerable degree, by their *food* and *diet**, and how we Britons are calumniated for our passion for beef, though I do not think we eat more than our neighbours.

Swartenzach still remaining quiet with that stupendous head—my Uncle rated him one day, in the language of his friend Camper, about “the position of his jaws.” He declared that his ideas were choked in his fat—over-eating oneself may be called a dry kind of drunkenness. You are always labouring under the disgrace of digestion!

* The subject once generally engaged, and still engages the attention of some Philos. In Martinus Scriblerus the chapter on “the Suction and Nutrition” of the Hero is a fine ridicule on this theory.

The disgrace !—exclaimed the Swede.

Yes, Sir, the entire act humiliates MAN ! Nature is a bungling mechanist ! and has made her pieces of mechanism in a manner we should be ashamed of at the Society of Arts in the Adelphi ! She has subjected us to such a mixture of the masticated nutriment with the gastric juices ! The profound HERDER has effected a grand discovery ! He says, “ Proud man ! cast thine eyes back on the first necessitous situation of thy fellow-creatures ; thou bearest it still about thee. Thou art AN ALIMENTARY CANAL ! like thine inferior brethren the brutes ! ” Sublime HERDER * !

* The English admirers of HERDER have been pleasantly gratified by a gigantic quarto, deliciously printed in the smallest breviare type !—This quarto was my Uncle’s lounging-book at breakfast ; glittering with

The Swede was vexed at HERDER, for he had a suspicion of the lengths my Uncle might carry his system to.

So you and HERDER think, you could make between you a cleaner kind of man? Would you both (he pettishly asked) have had Nature created us *without a stomach*?

You have hit on it! (quickly rejoined my Uncle) We would have made a man with a head, a pair of arms and legs, but have entirely omitted the *stomach* and *belly*! Then should we have escaped from the innumerable wants and crimes which originate merely from

fine metaphors and extravagant speculations, in the course of every page he took a slice of French roll and butter, and relishing it, thought he was relishing the quarto. As for my part, it made my head turn to look at the titles of his chapters!

them!—Then consider what *sinks* we carry about us!

It seems to me, replied the Swede, that the nicest of us all may perform his digestions, and not be ashamed of them.

How can you say so, Mr. Swartenzach? replied my Uncle somewhat peevishly—We eat, drink, and sleep before others, but run into bye corners and concealed places to perform our digestions*. Have we not a hun-

* The JEWS, whom some would not suspect, are, however, excessively modest in their *evacuations*; and the RABBINS have delivered many circumstances to be observed concerning the *place*, the *manner*, and the *posture*, and how they are to order themselves in this solemn act of nature. They did it without the camp, when they had a camp, and carried a paddle on their swords, and with that they digged a hole, and afterwards did cover it quietly with great civility and mo-

dred contrivances against accusations of indecency and filthiness? Does not the very *naming* of certain excrements of the body, or their egestion, or the parts employed, beget a loathing? insomuch that a philosopher cannot treat philosophically any of these subjects before the fastidious. Did not poor RAY spoil the second edition of his Proverbs by his cleanliness *?

desty, and piety, chaunting a psalm before it. I wish at Edinburgh they were half as civil or as clean.

From MY UNCLE'S Common-place Book.

* This anecdote requires unfolding. When RAY published his Proverbs, he was accused of great indecency and filthiness in giving many obscene ones, which otherwise had more wit and humour than those of a cleaner nature. In his second edition he hit upon an expedient, which he imagined might conciliate the fastidious, and still preserve his favourite dirty proverbs. Take his words. "I have endeavoured now *to lap up* such *dirty things* in CLEAN LINEN, by putting

Be convinced, Swartenzach, we are nothing but AN ALIMENTARY CANAL—if you eat much of one thing, you become a part of that thing; and in time, I have no doubt, the very thing itself! I knew an alderman, who devoured so many turtles, that at length he was nick-named a lively young turtle; imitating one in his gait, perpetually shaking his hands as they do their fins, and was put to bed, always sprawling on his back, as turtles are usually laid to keep them quiet.—Observe the effects of diet in CONTOUR—does he not, to wing his fancy into Hell, sup on raw pork and hard eggs, and get indigestible dreams and horrid phantasma, to paint his

only the *initial letters* for the *uncleanly words*, so that I hope they will not turn the stomach of the most nauseous!" But these *initials* with their *dashes* make the work more formidable than ever.

BOBTAIL.

monkey fairies, his mad hobgoblins, and that strange fellow with the strut and stride, his Satan?

All this curious reasoning (observed Swartzach pettishly) will end in putting me on *short allowance*!

By *Heavens!* exclaimed my Uncle, 'tis not that I envy the variety of your appetite, but with such a head, not to have one hypothesis!—I often fancy that I lose in a giblet-pye a system of metaphysics—in a goose, an account of some non-descript—in a sirloin, some foundation for a theory of the earth—in a bottle of port, your unfinished invention of a diving machine; and I am afraid that in your long naps after dinner, your observations on the winter sleep of animals and plants will end in nothing!

My Uncle, deeming solid eating as anti-philosophical, this system went nearly to produce a rupture. The Swedish spirit of honest Swartenzach would particularly break out whenever Jacob jeered him concerning *volcanic eruptions*, by which the Swede accounted for the creation itself! More than once, snapping his pipe and his argument, he was for giving up his twenty pounds a year—in favour of a new conflagration of Mount Vesuvius! These two Philos bickered about trifles, and once did not speak to one another for a whole week, respecting whether a great stone that fell in Yorkshire fell from the Moon: my Uncle long held out for the Moon, but the Swede persisted it was a Yorkshire stone!

After all, the Swede was the only being

really attached to my Uncle in our town—
except a baboon whom for many years Jacob
had been secretly educating like a christi-
tian!

END OF VOL. I.

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Monthly Review, October 1804, p. 218.

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