
ACCOUNT
OF THE
Life and Writings
OF
DR. JOHN MOORE.

AMONGST the numerous horde of writers of the last degenerate century, who have attacked religion by their sarcasms; morality, by their profligacy; and civil society, by their levelling principles—we feel an inexpressible satisfaction in presenting to the notice of our readers, an author who was a friend to religion and morality, a supporter of rational liberty, and an inveterate enemy to the excesses of unrestrained licentiousness.

What a pleasing and useful occupation would it be for us to unravel, and delineate, the whole tenor of a life consecrated to the relief and instruction of human nature; to present Dr. Moore, as a tender husband, an affectionate father, and a benevolent physician, and to offer him to his countrymen as a pattern of the highest excellence. But not having had the happiness of an intimate acquaintance with him, our picture can be but an imperfect sketch of his character: we shall therefore content ourselves with mentioning the principal circumstances which relate to his life and writings; for we will leave to some of his respectable and affectionate relatives, or bosom-friends, the heartfelt pleasure of recording the anecdotic details of his life; and by this means completely gratifying the public curiosity, which the present notice will perhaps contribute to increase.

Dr. John Moore was the son of a clergyman, a native of Scotland * : having lost his father, when only five years old, he was left to the care of his mother † : a lady distinguished for the strength of her understanding, and eminent for her piety, and benevolence of heart ;—sentiments which she early infused in the mind of her only child. After the necessary preparation of a grammar-school, young Mr. Moore being destined for the profession of medicine, removed with his mother to Glasgow, was matriculated at the University, and placed under the care of an eminent practitioner. He was at an early period, (in the seventeenth year of his age) thrown, as it were, upon the world : and having obtained a sufficient knowledge of the practice of physic, he left his native country, and passed over to the continent under the protection of the Duke of Argyle, Lieutenant-colonel of a regiment of foot, which embarked for Flanders to serve under his Royal Highness William Duke of Cumberland ‡. At Maestrich, Flushing, and Breda, the subject of these memoirs attended the military hospitals there in quality of mate, and soon enjoyed much practice §. On the conclusion of the peace he returned to England. Having arrived in London, with the advantage of two years constant practice, Dr. Moore then thought proper to enter more deeply into the theory of medicine, and to avail himself of all the knowledge that could be obtained by attending lectures in the British capital. At that period the French metropolis enjoyed and deserved the reputation of being the best

* He was born in 1730, at Stirling, the ancient residence of the Scottish kings. His father, the Rev. Charles Moore, was one of the ministers of that town, and was greatly esteemed for the purity of his manners, as well as for the amiableness of his disposition.

† She was a native of Glasgow, and the daughter of John Anderson Esq.

‡ After having extinguished a domestic rebellion in Scotland by his gallant behaviour, and very meritorious conduct at the battle of Colloden, his Royal Highness had repaired to the continent in order to combat our foreign enemies, and, in 1747, commanded the allied army in Flanders.

§ His patients were very numerous in consequence of the unfortunate battle of Lafieldt ; and he derived much instruction and information from the scenes of slaughter and calamity attendant on a sanguinary campaign.

school in Europe; Dr. Moore, therefore, set out for Paris, and at his arrival, having paid his respects to the British ambassador, he was recognised and protected by his Excellency*, who appointed him surgeon to his household. After two years residence in Paris, during which he carefully attended the British ambassador's family, and walked the hospitals of that capital, Dr. Moore having been invited by his former tutor†, who was not insensible to the assiduity and improvements of his pupil, to enter into partnership with him, he left Paris, and returned to Glasgow, where he practised as a physician, till he had attained his fortieth year. He then attended with the most anxious care through the whole progress of that lingering disease, a consumption, the bane of British youth, a young nobleman, James George, Duke of Hamilton, distinguished by brilliant personal advantages, and high endowments of mind; but he died in the fifteenth year of his age‡. This circumstance led, and recommended him to a more intimate connection with that noble family,

* Lord Albemarle, who had known him in Flanders, and who while he acted in the capacity of a General under the Duke of Cumberland, was also Colonel of the Coldstream, of which Mr. M. had been surgeon's mate.

† Dr. Gordon. This custom of partnership is very common in North Britain, and necessarily results from the extensiveness of a practice, which, among other branches of medical science, embraces that of midwifery.

‡ How much Dr. Moore was attached to this extraordinary young nobleman, may be collected from a note which is to be found in his *Medical Sketches*. After having recorded, as he had done on his tomb in the burying place of Hamilton, the surprising endowments of his patient; and after having stated the remarkable nature of a consumption which baffled all the efforts of medicine, he adds, with much genuine feeling: "These particulars, no doubt, are foreign to the purpose of my work, and will perhaps be criticised as improper. Let them. At the distance

by whom he was chosen to accompany his brother, Douglas, Duke of Hamilton, in his travels, who was of a very sickly constitution. But before we consider him as a *traveller*, our readers, perhaps, will be glad to know the merit of the subject of this memoir as a physician. He was not one of those important practitioners, who are positive in their prescriptions, who never doubt, who understand the nature of every disease, and who have high and enthusiastic notions of the powers of medicine, and of their infallible sagacity in the application of these powers. He cannot also be ranked among those cunning, unprincipled and interested practitioners, who impose upon the weakness and credulity of the persons who employ them : *—men of superficial knowledge, of a considerable degree of shrewdness, and such a portion of impudence, as sets them above embarrassment even when their ignorance and fraud are made manifest :—men who study the foibles of mankind—fatten on the fears, hopes, and caprices of the rich valetudinarian ; and squeeze the last lin-

“ of sixteen years, I have never yet, without some such impriety, been able to mention this amiable young man.

“ By me, so heaven will have it, always mourn’d
 “ And always honour’d.”——

* Such kind of quackery some people seem to invite, and they cannot be fully convinced of their physician’s skill and attention without it. “ In a certain city of the continent,” says Dr. Moore, “ I happened to call upon a lady, who on account of a pain and slight swelling in her ancle had consulted a well-known physician, who also is accused by his brethren of much charlatanical parade in his practice, and commands the admiration of his patients. He had just left her when I entered. She told me he had ordered a poultice of bread and milk to be applied to the part, and then giving her watch to her maid, she desired her to take particular care that the poultice should be boiled exactly *four minutes and a half*, for such were the express orders of Monsieur le Docteur.—On my expressing my surprize at the minuteness of such orders,

gering shilling out of the feeble hand of the poor.—Such were not the principles of Dr. Moore.—Is it, then, surprising, that with more diffident modesty on the efficacy of his profession, and more benevolent generosity than are usually to be met with, he did not amass a large fortune in an honourable calling, which has enriched so many of its votaries? But his literary pursuits, perhaps, rendered him averse from engaging in the hurry, bustle, intrigue, and subservience, which attend a London physician.—Nevertheless, if he has been outstript in the career of riches by men of less sagacity and experience, and of far inferior talents and abilities, it may be proper to surmise, that by his literary writings, he has enjoyed more rational pleasure, though less pecuniary advantage, than those sons of care and labour, the practitioners of the metropolis, obtain from an *hard spring* and a *sickly autumn*. Although he had passed much of his life in Scotland, or on the continent, yet, no sooner had he returned from his travels, and settled in London with his family *, than he was consulted and esteemed by his friends, and a numerous public, as a judicious and prudent physician; as one who considers himself an assistant to nature:—leaves her, when her power seems sufficient to perform her own cure, and assists her, when too feeble, by every means in his power. Indeed, in a medical work † which

she exclaimed, “ Mon Dieu! quelle-precision! Il calcule comme un ange!”

Is it by ridiculing such puerilities, that Dr. Moore is supposed to have given some offence to a few narrow-minded men? or is it by the disclosure of certain *arcana*, which they wish for the sake of their interest to conceal, and therefore consider it as high-treason to reveal?

* In the year 1778.

† *Medical Sketches*, published in 1785, and dedicated with much delicacy to the respectable W. Lock, Esq. They were

he published a few years after his return from the continent, he shewed himself deserving of an extensive practice; and proved, by this masterly performance, which was very favourably received, that he had kept always in view his entrance into the chamber of his patient, even while he was surveying the beauties of nature in the most delightful parts of Europe. But, during his travels, Dr. Moore did not confine his admiration to inanimate nature alone; he conversed much with men, and minutely observed their manners, passions, and religious and political prejudices. With a mind full of penetration and sagacity, he was happily placed in such a situation as to become one of the most instructive and entertaining writers of travels; for it must be acknowledged, that if the noble pupil*, being of a very delicate constitution, was happy in the choice of such a tutor, who had an extensive and experimental knowledge of medicine, and was also much acquainted with the continent; the medical professor was fortunate in accompanying a handsome youth, deeply versed in antiquity, with a taste for classical learning, and of the most amiable and engaging manners. Unlike those upstarts of fortune, whose pride is equal to their ignorance, who think themselves degraded by intimacy, and whose repulsive airs, perpetually

written for a near relation of him who had the health of a considerable detachment entrusted to his care at a very early period of life. As to the matter, this work is to be regarded as a compilation, yet it frequently states and contrasts the different notions of various writers on the same subject, with much force. The Doctor's physic is also interspersed with pleasantries and anecdotes which cannot fail to render it palatable to the generality of readers; for whom it appears to have been written, as much study seems to have been used to divest it of all technical terms and to render it intelligible to every capacity.

* Douglas Hamilton, born July 25, 1756. He married Miss Barrell, now Lady Exeter, in 1788. Her grace obtained a divorce from him in 1794; and he himself died in 1800. He spent,

remind their travelling companions of the distance which chance has put between them: unlike such characters, the youth in question, though of the first rank, lived with his Doctor and friend, in a state of the most familiar intimacy. Being greatly distinguished, and kindly countenanced by his pupil, Dr. Moore accompanied the duke in the highest circles, and mixed with the best society of all the capitals of Europe. Let it be nevertheless, recorded to his praise, that his mind, naturally active and inquisitive, did not disdain to observe the most obscure classes of society; and he often visited the middle ranks of life, amongst whom, in most countries is the surest abode of real education, true philosophy, and heart-felt enjoyment. His two works of travels*, contain, not like the production of many modern travellers, mere descriptions of places, or common and tedious historical dissertations on the various governments, but more rare and difficult observations on the arts, commerce, and antiquities of the various countries which he visited; and (which is a merit almost peculiar to himself) faithful pictures of most of the eminent personages of the last century, on the continent; they also contain discriminating sketches of the national character of most of the inhabitants of Europe; interspersed with amusing and lively narratives, written in a charming and easy stile, and with an happy vein of pleasantry and irony. The last journal of his

accompanied by Dr. Moore, a period of no less than five years abroad, during which period they visited France, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany.

* The first is entitled, *A View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany*, in two vols. octavo. It was published in 1779, and has passed through nine editions. He afterwards published a continuation of the same work in two additional volumes, entitled, *A View of Society and Manners in Italy*.

travels * through France, at the critical and eventful period of the revolution, which, in ordinary writers, would have exhibited little more than the occurrences detailed in old newspapers, gives us the reflections of his own enlightened mind. It is a connected series of unexampled events, terminating in one dreadful catastrophe. This journal will be advantageously distinguished amongst contemporary memoirs, and employed by some future historians of France, as a fair and candid narrative of the public transactions of that country. The incidents of the wickedness, and follies of men, are coupled with acute observations, and alternately interspersed with the pathetic, and enlivened by the humorous.

Having read the great book of life with attention and profit, and his mind being stored with useful knowledge, and elegant

* Entitled, *A Journal during a Residence in France, from the beginning of August to the middle of December, 1792; to which is added, an Account of the most remarkable events that happened at Paris, from that time to the death of the late king of France; published in 1794, with this appropriate epigraph: Opus opimum casibus, atrox, præliis, discors seditionibus, ipsa etiam pace sævum.* —Tacit. The Doctor accompanied Lord Lauderdale, whose health did not permit him to press forward with rapidity. They reached Dover in the beginning of August 1792, and sailed on the 4th for Calais. After his arrival in Paris, the Doctor frequently visited the assembly. He was awoke about two o'clock of the morning of the 10th of August, by the ringing of the tocsin, and alarmed at ten by the firing of the cannon: events that led to the overthrow of the monarchy. It was his fate also to witness the murders, the crimes, and the barbarities of September 1792, when the atrocious machinations of ruffians, led by designing enthusiasts, deluged Paris with innocent blood. The times being very critical, and rendering a residence in that capital highly disagreeable, the Doctor and his friends thought proper to leave it. The most commendable trait of Dr. Moore's journal is that spirit of discrimination, which, while it arraigns and abominates the atrocities of wicked demagogues, and their execrable instruments, still compassionates the nation at large.

literature, it may naturally be expected that Dr. Moore attained a high degree of reputation as a novelist, after having been distinguished as a true, and sagacious painter of foreign manners. His novels * are very different from those wonderful romances of the present day, and particularly those which we have imported from Germany. They are not distinguished by singularity and inconsistency in their characters, by deep evolutions of events, by rapid conversions of fortune, or by scenes of complicated distress, and of unexpected deliverance. Dr. Moore, being endowed with more than an ordinary insight into human nature, and capable of describing its intricacies with discernment, has employed much of the machinery of ordinary incidents, and presented them with many pleasantries, and strokes of humour. His object in describing our domestic manners was always to correct and reform them. In his first romance, *Zeluco*, † he seems to have wished to inculcate this important moral,

* He has published three novels—*Zeluco*, we believe in 1787; in 1790, *Edward, or various Views of Human Nature, taken from life and manners, chiefly in England*; and in 1800, *Mordaunt, being Sketches of Life, Characters, and Manners in various Countries; including the Memoirs of a French Lady of Quality, in two vols. 8vo.*

† This Romance abounds with many interesting events. Its chief tendency is directed towards the education of youth. It fully evinces the fatal effects resulting from uncontrolled passion on the part of a darling son, and unconditional compliance on that of a fond mother. It relates the life and adventures of the only son of a noble and wealthy family in Sicily. While drawing the character and sufferings of his hero, his external magnificence and internal misery, the author considers himself employed in tracing “the windings of vice, and delineating the disgusting features of villainy.” This story is calculated rather to affect the reader, than warn him by example. For it is to be hoped, that a character so atrocious as that of *Zeluco* never existed in life, and is only to be met with in the pages of a

the inevitable misery of vice, resulting from those inward pangs of sorrow, remorse, and terror, which a vicious conduct never fails to produce, and from which the most hardened villain, in the midst of the greatest worldly prosperity, is not exempt. In his second novel, *Edward*, † he has rendered truly interesting, on account of her good sense, and unbounded benevolence of heart, a lady who had neither beauty nor accomplishments to recommend her; and excited our most lively interest in favour of his hero, who, in many trying situations, displays invariably an amiable and manly mind.—Dr. Moore's romances do not resemble the modern ones, which have little merit, but that of exciting curiosity, and are thrown aside as soon as the reader's curiosity is gratified. The story, or fable, of his performances must be considered merely as a canvas on which this skilful observer of life and manners delineates, with an exquisite touch, and high colouring, such moral pictures as are likely to excite the attention of his age and country. The last romance he published is chiefly of this nature.* We must then consider him

novel. Many other characters are introduced, and accurately described: as well as many maxims of morality, illustrated by observations sometimes new, and always ingenious, solid, and striking.

† *Edward* is a foundling, like *Tom Jones*, originally brought up in a workhouse, whom chance places under the protection of a lady. By a natural series of events, he is finally brought to the discovery of his respectable and wealthy connections, and marries a beautiful and accomplished heiress, of whom his widowed mother is the guardian, and who in his humbler fortune had given him the preference to suitors, highly recommended by rank, fortune, and merit.

* *Mr. Mount. Sketches of life, characters and manners, in various countries; including the Memoirs of a French Lady of quality*—3 vols. 8vo. Published in the year 1800. The story of this novel is, unlike his former productions, given in a series of letters, from the hero of the work to his friend colonel Son-

rather as a moralist than as a novel-writer—as a sagacious moralist, Dr. Moore has humorously delineated, and ridiculed those weaknesses so common in the world; the affected apathy of the fashionable, the repulsive vanity of titled fools, and the cold insensibility of grandeur—as a benevolent moralist, he has eloquently and warmly pleaded the cause of suffering humanity; and declared himself a foe to the slavery that prevails in our colonies; but, far different from those blind enthusiasts, who in a neighbouring country, have called themselves the friends of the blacks, he has only implored for them protecting laws, and wisely advised not their sudden but their gradual emancipation—as an enlightened moralist, he always had in view in his various productions the inculcation of this moral;—that uprightness, integrity, and somewhat of an independent spirit, lead with more certainty, even to worldly prosperity, than hypocrisy, fraud and servility; that independently therefore, of what will *most assuredly* take place in a future state, no person of a cultivated understanding, and thorough good sense will choose the three latter lines of conduct for his guide. Unprincipled or fanatic men have attempted to palliate or justify all the crimes which the French revolution has produced, and which have deluged with blood not only France but most of the countries of Europe—but, although like a liberal-minded Englishman, Dr. Moore first rejoiced at the destruction of despotism in France, in the hope that a fair and rational system of freedom would ultimately be established in a country so rich in genius and so fertile in fancy, yet he soon bitterly inveighed against those scenes of injustice, horror and barbarity, that were acted in France, scenes which have disgraced the name of

mers. In these are contained a variety of anecdotes and circumstances which occurred to him in different parts of Europe. All the characters of this novel are extremely well depicted; and this is by far the best of the author's romantic publications.

freedom and revolted the heart of humanity. He may have been accused of partiality towards the French, he may have been suspected of a bias for democracy; for in these times of political convulsion, prejudices operate with unusual acrimony: but the brain of idiotism alone, could surmise, and the tongue of malevolence propagate the report, that he who had so just a sense of the blessings of a free government, nourished the wish to see altered that well poised fabric of freedom, freedom, which was raised by the wisdom and cemented by the blood of virtuous Britons, and thus perhaps to occasion the fall of the altar and of the throne—with what acute feeling and affecting expressions has he not lamented the misfortunes of the family of Bourbon, and the cruel fate of the dignified MARIE ANTOINETTE: “Philosophy,” such are his words, “may demonstrate that in a far inferior walk of life, a woman who loses her husband and her children, ought to command our sympathy in an equal degree—when the voice of humanity has repeated all this, what does answer the human heart, faithful to its first impressions; it takes a stronger interest in the distresses of a Queen.—”—It is from men born with similar sentiments, that good monarchs may expect the most unshaken attachment to their persons: because their loyalty is noble and rational—while these servile courtiers who adopt all their prejudices and abet all their caprices, at the least appearance of their tottering authority soon turn their bitterest enemies and become the most turbulent demagogues. Could the man who has traced the following energetic lines be suspected of a wish to see his native land under the guidance of ferocious republican counsels.—“The most shocking crimes,” says the humane and virtuous subject of these memoirs, when recording the massacres committed around him in the month of September, 1792; “the most shocking crimes are at this moment perpetrating at the prison of the Abbaye—a thing unequalled in the records of wickedness!—They call them *the People*—but they deserve

* no name by which any thing which has the least relation to human nature can be signified—a set of monsters are massacring all the prisoners.—They have been at this shocking work during several hours!—It is now past twelve, and the bloody carnage still goes on—what apology can be offered for this violation of justice, humanity, and public faith? A prison ought to be the most sacred of all asylums: Its violation is impiety: How came the citizens of this populous metropolis to remain passive spectators of so dreadful an outrage? I abhor writing any more about them. Wretches!” With a soul endowed with such virtuous and delicate sensibility, Dr. Moore could not but fulfil with the most scrupulous exactness all the relative duties of life, an humane physician, a steady friend, an affectionate parent: the Doctor in the bosom of his family whose welfare he always had in view, and who have by their merit and affection rewarded his parental solicitude, enjoyed all the pleasures in which husband and father can participate; and he paid with resignation his debt to nature after a lingering illness, leaving the example of a life of integrity; and sons heirs of his virtues and talents, who will, like him, consecrate them to the welfare of their native country.

Dr. Moore died at Richmond, on the 21st. of January, 1802, in the 71st. year of his age.*

* He married Miss Simpson, the daughter of a professor in divinity in the university of Glasgow. By this lady he has had a daughter and five sons. The daughter is unmarried.—The sons are an ornament to their country in their various professions—John has attained the rank of Major General. Few officers have seen more service. He is of a modest unassuming character, humane, of scrupulous integrity, and more solicitous to deserve praise than to receive it. He is esteemed by his brother officers, beloved by his soldiers; and has eminently displayed in Corsica, as well as in Egypt a cool intrepidity, and an ardent zeal for the service.—James is a surgeon of great skill and ability in London, and an author as well as his father, having

published two professional pamphlets.—Graham who entered early into the navy, is now post captain—he gave a proof of his bravery, when on board the *Melampus* of thirty-six guns, he engaged and took the *Ambuscade* of forty, in October 1798, it being one of the squadron destined to invade Ireland.—Francis is the gentleman, who was lately employed in a diplomatic situation, and who has returned from the continent.—Charles, a young man of the most promising talents, and the most agreeable manners, after having entered a few years since, the honourable Society of Lincoln's-Inn, as a student of law, has been lately called to the bar.
