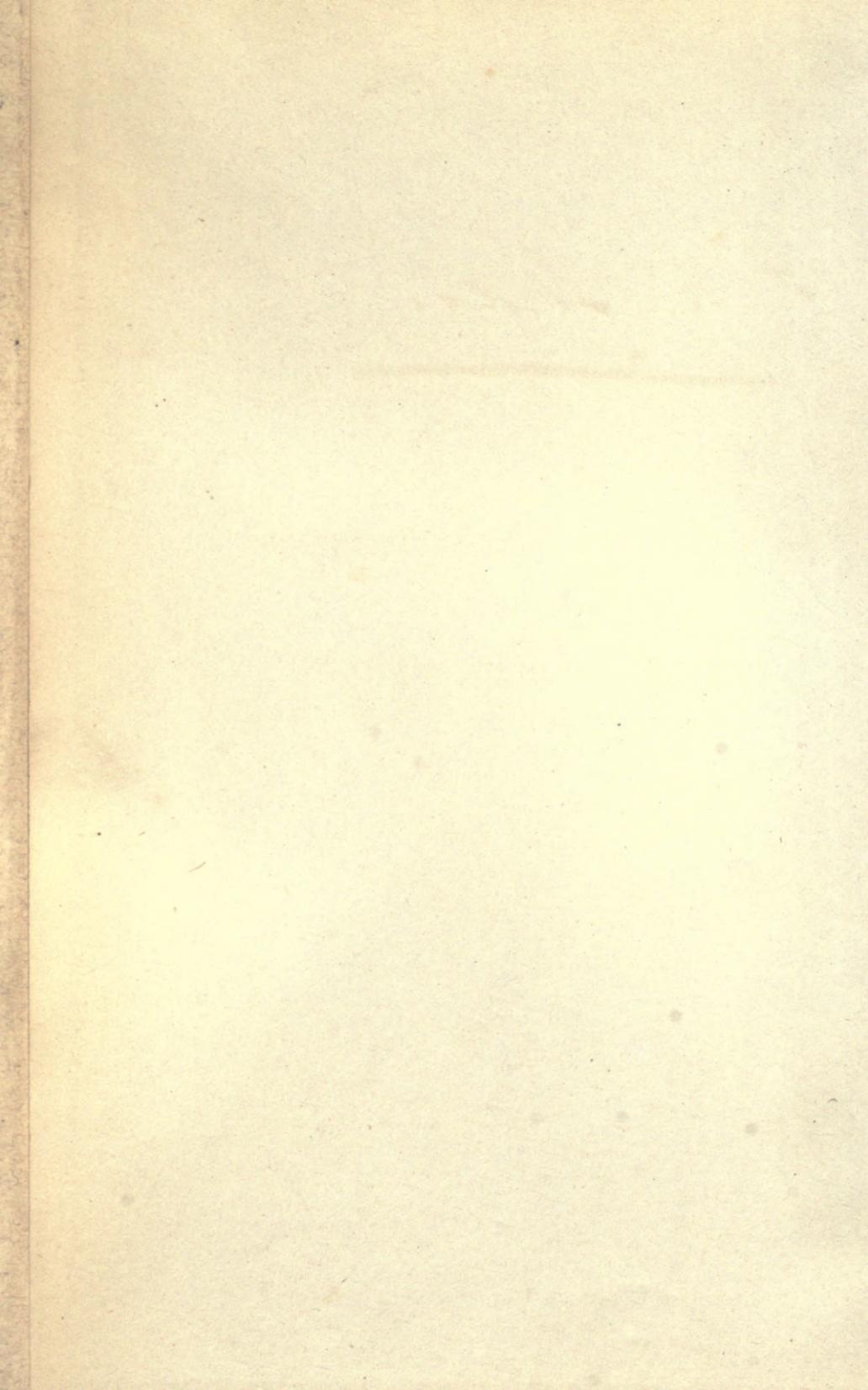




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THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF THE LATE

SAMUEL HIBBERT WARE.

M.D., F.R.S.E., ETC.

In the joke of drinking "The King" over
the water - quoted in Starland's

Collectanea - Chesham Soc. p 227. Vol 68

" For this anecdote I am indebted to (says Dr
Hibbert-Ware) to the late Rev. Joshua
Brookes, chaplain of the Collegiate Church
Manchester. (The point of the ~~fact~~ story
lies in the fact, which Dr Hibbert-Ware
has omitted, that George the Second was
himself at the time on the Continent.)



THE
LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF THE LATE

SAMUEL HIBBERT WARE

M.D., F.R.S.E., ETC.

SECRETARY AND VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY OF SCOTTISH ANTIQUARIES;
AUTHOR OF THE 'HISTORY OF THE FOUNDATIONS OF MANCHESTER,
'THE PHILOSOPHY OF APPARITIONS,' ETC.

BY

MRS. HIBBERT WARE

AUTHOR OF 'LIFE'S SEVEN AGES,' 'THE KING OF BATH,' 'THE WATER TOWER,' ETC.

*See also
Exhibition
2/10*

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PREFACE.

THE compiler of this Memoir was induced to undertake the collection and arrangement of the correspondence of the late Dr. Samuel Hibbert Ware, in the hope that it might be found of interest to the readers of the *History of the Foundations of Manchester* and other Works written by him. She moreover hopes that these pages may not be without interest for some residents in Edinburgh, where Dr. Hibbert Ware passed many pleasant years of his life.

To enable her to complete the work she had undertaken, the letters which have been printed were placed in her hands by her husband, who is the eldest son of Dr. Hibbert Ware, and who has also supplied her with many incidents and anecdotes, he being almost the sole survivor of those with whom his late father was intimate.

With what success she has performed her work she leaves her indulgent readers to judge; but she must observe that her efforts have been greatly

stimulated by the encouragement to undertake it which she received from C. W. Sutton, Esq., Chief Librarian of the Manchester Free Library, and from J. E. Bailey, Esq., F.S.A., of Stretford, the editor of the *Palatine Note-Book*, in which work appeared a short time since an outline of the Life of Dr. Hibbert Ware.

It is scarcely likely that any of the writers in this Memoir are now alive, as they were all of middle-age when Dr. Hibbert Ware died.

MARY CLEMENTINA HIBBERT WARE.

10th April 1882.

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PART I.
MANCHESTER.

CHAPTER I.

Titus Hibbert—The Scots in Manchester in 1745.

THE Hibberts were one of the old Manchester mercantile families of the last century who acquired a considerable fortune in that town, which even at that date was rapidly rising to its present importance.

Titus Hibbert, the founder of the firm "Titus Hibbert and Son," and the grandfather of the subject of our memoir, belonged to the family of the Hibberts of Werneth and Marple in Cheshire, the manor of which latter place was held by them in the seventeenth century. From a copy of the *Herald's Visitation* in the Harleian MS., 2161, book 257 *g*, and 274 *a*, in the British Museum, it appears that the family had been settled at Marple in the time of Edward IV. The late Dr. Hibbert Ware conceived that they had migrated from a more southern county when the kingdom was convulsed with the Wars of the Roses; and he was also of opinion that the Hibberts of Birtles, Godly, Hyde, and the neighbourhood were sprung from the same stock.

Mr. Earwaker, in his excellent *History of East Cheshire*, vol. ii. p. 55, gives the armorial bearings (sanctioned by Randal Holmes) and a pedigree of the Hibberts of Marple, whom he considers to have occupied the position of yeomen or smaller gentry.

For some time before the year 1736, when he was not more than eighteen or nineteen years of age, Titus Hibbert had kept journals or memorandum books, partly written in shorthand, an art at that time taught by Mr. Byrom and Mr. Aulay Macaulay of St. Ann's Square to ladies as well as gentlemen. When scarce twenty years old his mind seems to have taken a peculiar, we might term it an eccentric, bent, as regards literature, for amongst his books was a large folio tome, in which he had written his name—"Titus Hibbert *ejus liber*, 23d September 1736." The nature of this book may be judged of by its title, *Physiologia, or a Fabrick of Science Natural, upon the Hypothesis of Atoms*, by Walter Charleton, Physician to the late Charles, Monarch of Great Britain. London: Printed by Thomas Newcomb for Thomas Heath, and sold at his shop in Russel Street, 1654.

His reading, in fact, seems to have been desultory, for he had acquired a considerable acquaintance with the general and also with the political literature of the day, as is evidenced by the extracts and notes he was in the habit of making from such works as Wollaston's *Religion of Nature*, *The Independent Whig*, John Seller's *Atlas Cælestis*, Law's *Appeal*, *Chaucer*, Blackstone's *Commentaries*, Kennet's *Roman Antiquities*, etc.

In the troublous year of 1745 a ludicrous incident occurred to Titus Hibbert, which was told to the late Dr. Hibbert Ware by his father, and which we will here give, relating the circumstance in the manner in which it most probably occurred, when the army of Prince Charles was entering Manchester.

“Hout, sirs, ye hae a braw pair o’ shoon on!” Thus exclaimed a stalwart, kilted Highlander, with a round bossed target slung on his shoulder, and armed to the teeth, his drawn claymore in his right hand, his dirk and pistols in his belt, while a white cockade was conspicuously attached to his broad, flat blue bonnet.

“Hout, sirs, ye hae a braw pair o’ shoon on!” So saying, the warlike Celt halted abruptly before a small group of wondering spectators, and, as he spoke, cast a hasty downward glance, first at his own mud-bespattered, travel-worn, tattered, untanned leather brogues, and then surveyed, with earnest covetous eyes, the clean, trim, neat shoes adorned with large steel buckles, of a somewhat smartly dressed individual amongst the little group. This individual was Titus Hibbert, then a young man about seven and twenty years of age, slim of figure, and rather above the middle height, with a pleasant, good-tempered expression of countenance, bright eyes, and brown hair tied with a black ribbon into a queue behind.

Clad in their picturesque plaids of varied colours, green, purple, red, and bright scarlet, fastened round their waists by leather belts, and so arranged as to make vest and kilt in one piece, the army of Prince

Charles was nevertheless a ragged, bare-footed army, their shoes and brogues being almost worn off their feet. What wonder, then, that they should help themselves to the shoes of others when they could, as it is recorded that they did, on more occasions than one!

“Hout, sirs, ye hae a braw pair o’ shoon on!” says the hardy mountaineer for the third time; then, possessing as he did the vaguest possible notions of *meum et tuum*, quick as lightning, and to the amazement of Mr. Hibbert, he whips off the “braw shoon” of the latter, amidst the laughter of both friends and foes, politely handing to the plundered Southerner his own mud-bespattered, tattered brogues.

This hardy unscrupulous Highlander might have been a clansman of the Murrays, led to fight for the cause of his legitimate sovereign by the gallant and intrepid Lord George Murray, always the first to rush, claymore in hand, into the midst of the enemy, and whose exhortation ever was, “I don’t ask you to go forward, my lads, but only to follow me;”¹ or the unscrupulous Celt might have been a Stewart of the Clan Appin. Who can say? Be that, however, as it may, unexpected and improbable things continually happen in this world, and that the grandson of that same plundered Titus Hibbert should, nearly a century afterwards, marry the great niece of that same Lord George Murray was improbable; and equally improbable was it that the writer of these pages should now be the wife of the great-grandson of the Manchester gentleman, so unceremoniously

¹ O’Collaghan’s *History of the Irish Brigade*, p. 381.

unshod by the hardy Celt, who, if a Stewart, might perhaps have been a collateral ancestor of her own, for her great-grandfather, Dugald Stewart, a nephew of Appin, was one of the leaders of the clan at the battle of Prestonpans, where he lost a leg, having been the first officer who was wounded.¹

It may be here remarked that it was generally the policy of the Highland chiefs, when the issue of an undertaking, like that of 1745, was doubtful, not to risk the forfeiture of their estates by personally taking part in it, but to permit the clan to go forth, led by some lack-land younger brother, nephew, or cousin.

After the suppression of the insurrection of 1745, the town of Manchester, says Dr. Hibbert, in his *History of the Foundations*, vol. ii. p. 94, fell into a state of the greatest agitation; commercial pursuits were, in a great measure, suspended, and poverty and distress prevailed on all sides. Indeed, the whole kingdom and Europe also were suffering under the miseries of a long and bloody war, nor did the signing, a few years afterwards, of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle ease the people of England of the heavy burden of taxation laid on them, and bring back good trade and prosperity to Manchester.

Nevertheless, in spite of long and expensive wars, in which the English had little interest, and which were embarked in chiefly to protect the German

¹ In John Marchant's *History of the Present Rebellion* (1745), p. 108, the circumstance of an officer having had his leg shot off is referred to.

dominions of King George, and in spite of heavy taxation and all that could cause depression and stagnation of trade, and in spite of the high price of corn and provisions, which often occasioned riots, as the "Shude Hill fight" in 1756, the trade of Manchester, writes Dr. Aikin in his *Country round Manchester*, page 184, published in 1795, was greatly pushed, during the forty years from 1730 to 1770, by the practice of merchants sending out riders with patterns in their bags (hence called "bagsmen") to distant towns; and, with its increased prosperity, foreigners were induced to reside in Manchester, which began to assume the style and manners of one of the commercial capitals of Europe.

With trade prospering, renewed activity was displayed amongst the merchants of Manchester, and before the year 1760 Titus Hibbert, as energetic as any of his commercial brethren, had established himself on a firm basis, and we find him located in St. Ann's Square, then one of the best parts of the town.

But the St. Ann's Square of that day differed much from the St. Ann's Square of to-day. At that time there were two rows of plane-trees planted along each side of the square, in front of the houses. The late Dr. Hibbert Ware often spoke of these trees as reminiscences of his boyhood; and he would relate how St. Ann's Square was then a favourite lounge of the beaux or *pretty fellows*, as they were styled, of the day; and how, when one day looking out of the play-room window, at the top of his father's house, he saw two officers quarrel and draw their swords

upon each other, and one of them wound or "pink" the other, as the doctor expressed it, before they could be separated.

Fashionable, however, as St. Ann's Square was, we learn from a writer in the *Manchester Guardian*, a few years back, that a cattle fair had been held in it for many centuries, and that, long after the stately houses in the square had been turned into shops, this fair continued to be held on every 1st of October, till it became so intolerable a nuisance from the bellowing of cattle and the squeaking of unquiet pigs, that it was removed to Shude Hill and Campfield. But if the St. Ann's Square of the last century was so unlike the St. Ann's Square of 1882, so indeed was Manchester generally, and it may not be out of place here to quote a few words respecting Samuel Hibbert Ware's native town from the description of it by Marchant, the historian of the Rebellion, who wrote in 1746 :—"Manchester," he writes, "stands near the conflux of the Irk with the Irwell, and is so much improved in this and the last century above its neighbours, that though it is not a corporation, nor sends members to Parliament; yet, as an inland town, it has perhaps the best trade of any in these north parts, and surpasses all the towns hereabouts in buildings and number of people, and its spacious market-place and college. . . . The fustian manufactures, called Manchester cottons, for which it has been famous for almost one hundred and fifty years, have been very much improved of late by some inventions of dyeing and printing, which, with the great

variety of other manufactures, known by the name of *Manchester Goods*, as ticking, tapes, filleting, and linen cloth, enrich not only the town but the whole parish, and render the people industrious. As the Hague in Holland," continues that writer, "is deservedly called the most magnificent village in Europe, Manchester, with equal propriety, may be styled the greatest mere village in England, for 'tis not so much as a town, strictly speaking, the highest magistrate being a constable or headborough; yet it is more populous than York, Norwich, or most cities in England, and as big as two or three of the lesser ones put together."

Strangely altered, indeed, is Manchester during these past hundred years, in size, in appearance, in customs, and we can as little imagine St. Ann's Square, shaded with the leafy foliage of the rows of plane-trees, as we can imagine the clergy walking about the town in their cassocks and gowns, or the opulent merchant dining at one, and returning to his warehouse, which was usually at the back of his dwelling, about two o'clock, or his wife having tea-parties, often before five, and the good man himself coming home again to a heavy substantial supper, after the business of the day was over.

CHAPTER II.

Sylvanus Hibbert—His pamphlet on the "State after Death."

TITUS had a brother Sylvanus, and we may observe that these two unusual Christian names were family names in different branches of the Hibberts, and occur in the Stockport parish registers as early as the seventeenth century. As before noticed in the beginning of the last chapter, Titus Hibbert's mind appeared to have taken, when a very young man, a somewhat peculiar bent, as far as regards literature; the same might be said of Sylvanus Hibbert, with this essential difference however, that the former did not let literature interfere with his worldly prospects, while the latter, neglecting other avocations, plunged into the reading of metaphysical works so far beyond his depth, and became so "mazed" in the consideration of the qualities of *mind* and *matter*, *motion* and *space*, and the *immaterial*, that he had in a great degree to lean upon his brother for things *material*.

Between the years 1764 and 1776, when he died, Sylvanus Hibbert wrote many letters to his brother on metaphysical subjects, which that brother, with a lamentable want of reverence, styled "Sylvanus's conceits," and which the late Dr. Hibbert Ware col-

lected together, writing at the same time, the following memorandum on the "conceits" and their author:—

"Sylvanus Hibbert was deeply read in most of the metaphysical works of the time, and if, like many metaphysicians, he was wrong in his *point du départ*, he showed no less tact than the best of them, so far as relates to the strict logical manner in which he drew out his principles to their ultimate consequences. To the peace of mind, however, of Sylvanus Hibbert, in his latter days, these consequences, such as they were, were very annoying, as he was sadly afraid of his remains, after his death, being consigned to their parent Earth, wishing, on the contrary, that they should be honoured with a funeral pile, after the manner of the ancients. Ridiculous as these '*conceits*' are, in the first blush of them, they flowed very naturally from the principles with which he set out relative to *mind* and *matter*."

Here we must remark that one *conceit*, at least, or *craze* we should rather call it, would have found supporters in the present day. Sylvanus Hibbert, as an apostle of cremation, lived too soon; he should have lived in these days.

Not content, however, with holding within his own breast these *conceits*, as his brother termed them, Sylvanus wished to publish them to the world through the medium of the press, as the subjoined, quaint, and original letters of the would-be author show:—

ASHTON, 7ber 8th, 1764.

DEAR BROTHER—With my acknowledgment for all favours conferred, I adjoin this further request, that you would expose these my inducements, which I confess are most singular, to the fittest judge of any your acquaintance, in order to encourage or dissuade their publication. You will see they are designed for

the Authors of the *Monthly Review*, and if you and your friends think proper that they be sent, direct them on the sheet they are included in, we having not at present any Review with proper directions. I send the postage by the bearer ; but once more, let me entreat you to post it off, or to send what objections occur, for this, with me, is the prevailing motive.—From your most affectionate brother,

SYLVANUS HIBBERT.

To Mr. TITUS HIBBERT,
St. Ann's Square, Manchester.

In another letter, dated 6th June 1767, the puzzled metaphysician writes to his brother :—

“I've put down some animadversions on your quære, ‘What can give life and motion to matter?’”

After the lapse of a few years, however, the metaphysical *conceits* of Sylvanus Hibbert took the shape of a pamphlet, entitled, “*A Brief Inquiry into the State after Death*, as touching the certainty thereof, and whether we shall exist in a material or immaterial substance, and whether the Scripture doctrine of a future state is supported by the light of reason : *Flesh and blood cannot enjoy the Kingdom of Heaven*, 1 Cor. 15. Manchester : Printed for the Author, 1771. Price Sixpence.”

A copy of this pamphlet, with a copper-plate engraving of the likeness of Sylvanus Hibbert, which the late Dr. Hibbert Ware, however, affirmed was an exaggerated caricature, as he had heard his older relations say, is in the Manchester Free Library.

Sylvanus Hibbert died in January 1776, but there is no record of his having had a funeral pile, in spite

of the pathetic appeal with which his pamphlet thus closes :—

“Bury me not, for Heaven's sake,
In hopes that I must rise,
If that's the object of my wish,
Why not now mount the skies?”

CHAPTER III.

Another "Conceit"—Perpetual Motion.

POOR Sylvanus being now consigned to mother earth, and not burnt, alas! as he wished to be, his brother Titus might reasonably have hoped to be henceforth at peace on the subject of *matter* and *motion*. The hope, however, if he entertained it, was destined to disappointment, for only three years later, a fresh enthusiast in the cause of motion addressed himself to the merchant.

As the subject has something in common with the "conceits" of Sylvanus, we need scarcely apologise for anticipating the date of our narrative by a few years, and inserting here the following curious letters:—

Mossley, 10th August '79.

SIR—Relying upon your good nature and generous behaviour towards me, I take the liberty to desire your opinion upon a particular concern. You would do me a very great service to send me a line, directed to me at Mossley, informing me what would be my most advisable course in my present circumstances and situation.

I believe that from my acquaintance with the mathematics I have discovered a new principle in mechanics, whereby a machine may be constructed so as to retain within itself a constant part of any force which shall at once be applied

to it, and will generate as much motion as will work mills, pumps, or other engines, such as are commonly wrought by water, wind, steam, etc. I have considered it mathematically, and also have made such experiments as I believed necessary to corroborate my theory, insomuch that it now only remains to have the machine made. I am not capacitated to get a model made upon my own bottom; therefore a few friends have promised to subscribe towards a complete model being made, upon condition that their money be returned if the machine answer. But now, sir, if the machine do answer, I am still at a loss which way to proceed to make my best advantage of it, and your opinion in this particular is what would greatly oblige.—Sir, your very humble servant,

JOSEPH WILLAN.

N.B.—My machine is what commonly bears the name of perpetual motion.

P.S.—The reason I suppose why such machines as I propose have not long since been made is because a great number of the learned have been discouraged from inquiry by building all their arguments upon the known properties of the mechanic power, and fancying that the properties already known were all the properties that belonged to them; a great many great men, whose writings I have read, have argued in this manner. I am vastly pestered with a number of men in my neighbourhood who have read the assertions of great men without having *thought* themselves whether *some* of the arguments of their favourite authors were not hasty.

J. W.

My most respectful compliments to your son.

I have read in the newspaper and in the *London Review* that the late Dr. Henrick had discovered some such machine as that which I propose, but not knowing whether it was anything more than a swell (*sic*) of the doctor, and nothing of the kind having appeared in the world, I have as great hopes of the success of my machine, as if I were the first inventor, whether I be or not, because I have not had the least assistance from any person.

J. W.

Mr. T. HIBBERT, Yarn Merchant.
St. Ann's Square, Manchester.

What reply Titus Hibbert made to Mr. Joseph Willan does not appear; but the next letter from the latter, dated the 12th of February 1780, begins:—

DEAR SIR—Your favour of August last I received, and think myself particularly honoured by the good advice it contains. I should have wrote sooner to you upon the subject of my machine, but some doubts having arisen in my mind concerning its success, I was not willing to be at any expense until I had cleared every objection that offered. I have long known that the impossibility of a mechanical self-motion has never been proved, though all the means whereby it has hitherto been attempted to be done have either been mathematically demonstrated to be insufficient, or they have failed in practice.

Then the writer goes on to say, that he is firmly persuaded that he has discovered a machine which will answer as a principle for working engines, and will find a constant supply of power from the joint of gravity and lateral ethereal tension.

The machine (the writer continues) is not yet begun to be made, though a few of my neighbours have proffered to enter into a subscription towards putting it to the test, and have favoured me with their names to the enclosed proposal, which I take the liberty to present you with, requesting that you would show it to such gentlemen of your acquaintance as you believe to be friends to the Arts.

Your account of Mr. Clare's machine for raising the Banker's Box was quite a riddle to me. I understood it not, till Mr. Hardy informed me how it was, from your description of it to him.—I am, dear sir, your most obliged very humble servant,

JOSEPH WILLAN.

A postscript, as long as the letter, is appended, arguing the possibility of perpetual motion, and maintaining that the impossibility of such a movement is not a perfect axiom.

To this letter Mr. Titus Hibbert appears to have replied by sending his subscription, through the before-mentioned Mr. Hardy, intimating, at the same time, that he had "no opinion of the proposed machine ever succeeding."

This intimation called forth, after the presentation of thanks, a long letter closely written on three sides of foolscap, wherein Mr. Willan stoutly maintains his point, citing Mr. Emmerson, an able mechanic and writer, and after calling to his aid many mathematical axioms, he concludes:—

"If my limits here would permit I would give an universal refutation of any arguments that could possibly be advanced against a mechanical self-movement, by demonstrating the possibility of it. And if you can believe that I am able to know what a mathematical demonstration is, you must know that I need to ask no person's opinion to satisfy myself whether I be right or not. I therefore again desire that you would give yourself the trouble to get me a few subscriptions to my proposal, or I shall be obliged (through my fixed resolution made by my instructions) to publish the whole and throw away every hope of benefit to myself. Were you to show this letter along with my other papers, it might, perhaps, serve to convince that I am not misled for want of being acquainted with the principles of mechanics. I am desirous of having the papers returned as soon as possible, that I may the sooner get my mind exonerated of mechanical self-motion.—I am, dear sir, your obliged very humble servant,

JOSEPH WILLAN."

CHAPTER IV.

A Dantzic commercial traveller's notes on Manchester customers—
Merchants and depositors of money.

MORE than a century ago an important trade in linen yarn was carried on in Manchester. Titus Hibbert imported from Ireland and from Hamburg, Bremen, Dantzic, and other parts of Germany. He was a "foreign merchant," and as such, *Diis carus ipsis*, as Horace told us two thousand years ago; and to whom even that aristocratic Tory, Edward Chamberlain, allows a *certain* position in society, when he writes "that amongst the Commons of England, in the next place" (that is, after the yeomen having lands of their own to a good value, and living upon husbandry), "are reckoned tradesmen, among whom merchants of foreign traffic have, for their great benefit to the public, and for their great endowments and generous living, been of best repute in England."—Chamberlain's *State of England*, Part I. p. 319. London, 1687.

Among the papers of the late Dr. Hibbert Ware were found some stray leaves, which had evidently been the private memoranda of a commercial traveller for a Dantzic house. On these leaves he

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had jotted down his business remarks on the different mercantile houses in Manchester, on whom he had called. We here annex a few extracts, which may amuse our mercantile readers:—

"Titus Hibbert imports sometimes yarns and linen, is a canny old gentⁿ, and may come to order.

"Jebb and Twyford import yarn, but nothing from Dantzic.

"Thomas Stott had already given his order for yarn, and if found reason to change, would do ~~soon~~. *some [they]*.

"Daniel Whitaker, large dealer in yarn, sometimes (*in [some]*) may come to order.

"Robert Grimshaw, a considerable manufacturer, sometimes imports, and may come to import.

"William Rigby, yarn, do import, but not a great deal. *again*

"De Ponthieu and Co. no more, Henry does business *in* London.

"Robt. and Nath. Hyde will continue—do a good deal in yarn.

"Hamilton orders from *M. he being* a relation of theirs, but may come to give us orders.

"Josiah Birch and Sons, yarn, called thrice, but could not find him, talked the needful with his clerk.

"John Hill, jun. *ask.* yarn and timber, an active bustling man, very proper for recommending our house—Marriot and Hill. } X

"Joshua Marriott, yarn and linen—was gone to Germany.

"Edward and Willm. Borron, in the Bolton velvets.

"Thomas Chadwick, yarn, outrageous about his loss by Thorne—stirred up, I found, by P—, and finding him so, I did not call on Mr. Battersby,—both import considerably.

"Nathaniel and John Philips *John Philips & Co.*—good obliging people, don't deal in yarn, but ready to render services, and may be of use by recommending.

"Charles Ford does pretty largely in yarn, and may come to order.

"John Poole and Son deal in yarn, and will in all probability give you an order next year.

“J. and J. Beever import little yarn at present, but may.

“John Taylor may import yarn, and promises to give order.

“John and James Entwisle, the greatest yarn importers this year, and if order the next will probably give you a good share of it—but *N.B.*

“William Hardman, the greatest dealer in ashes; may perhaps come to order some.

“John Potter, yarns—very particular, talked of that affair, so nothing to be expected from him.

“James Touchett, yarn—said he dealt with Elliot’s, so nothing to be expected.

“Thos. Johnstone, yarn—said he only did in Irish yarn.

“Robt. Hibbert and Co., yarn, but none from Dantzic—gave them our firm, may perhaps (. . . illegible).

“James Clegg, yarn, mostly Irish.

“Thos. Tipping, Irish yarn, little in foreign, did not see him.”

In 1771 the first bank, pure and simple, was established in Manchester, as we are told by Mr. Leo H. Grindon in his interesting book on Manchester Banks, namely the “Manchester Bank,” the partners in which were Mr. Edward Byrom, Mr. William Allen, the son of a Manchester merchant, Mr. Roger Sedgwick, the son of a physician, and Mr. Edward Place; but contemporaneous with the “Manchester Bank” was the house of John Jones and Company, tea merchants, of 104 Market Street Lane, which, after its removal to King Street, became of world-wide celebrity as the firm of “Jones, Loyd, and Company.”

At that early time, however, one department of banking—namely, the depositing of money for safe custody—was not entirely confined to the bankers. The merchants of Manchester were then in the habit

of receiving sums of various amounts from private individuals, for which they gave, by way of security, their notes or bonds, paying interest thereon at the rate of five per cent. These depositors were generally single ladies, professional gentlemen, private gentlemen, or the smaller tradesmen, residents in Manchester or in the neighbourhood. It is unnecessary to observe that the merchant receiving these deposits employed them in his trade, doubtless as much to his own advantage as that of the depositors. When the sums deposited were repaid by the merchant, his bonds, notes, or other securities, were given back to him. Of such there were several among the papers of Dr. Hibbert Ware.

We here select a few names from a cash-book, dating from 1773, of Titus Hibbert and Son, of depositors of sums, varying in amount from £10 to upwards of £1000; for instance—

Mrs. Mary Williamson, £10; Mrs. Sarah Potts, £50; Mrs. Isabel Eastham, £153; Mrs. Susanna Catterall, £225; Mrs. Elizabeth Percival (a relative of Dr. Percival), £590; Mr. John Moulton, £900; Mrs. Margaret Moulson, £600; Mrs. Mary Guildford, £30; Miss Isabel Cash, £20; Mrs. Ann Bayley, £811; Mr. John Slacke (of Slack Hall, near Chapel le Frith), £850; Mr. Thomas Marriott, £1212; Miss Matty Hatfield, £1340; Thomas Percival, Esq., £650; and several other depositors.

CHAPTER V.

Death of Titus Hibbert's wife—The Presbyterian Chapel
in Cross Street.

“22D FEBRUARY: Paid Mr. Mottershead for funeral discourse, £1:1s.” We simply quote this extract from the private account-book of Titus Hibbert for the year 1770, as showing the custom then prevalent of feeing the clergyman for preaching a special funeral sermon on the death of a relative. By the decease of his wife, a daughter of Mr. Thomas Heywood, probably of Prestwich, and an ancestor of the late Mr. Thomas Heywood, surgeon, Titus Hibbert was left a widower with two children; the elder, his son Samuel, then about twenty years of age, was the father of the subject of our present memoir; the younger was a little girl, Hannah, barely eight years old.

Mr. Titus Hibbert's wife was buried in the burial-yard of the Presbyterian Chapel in Cross Street, of which he was a steady supporter.

It appears from an interesting little work, *The Rise of Nonconformity in Manchester*, by Mr. Richard Wade, lately published, that the Rev. Joseph Mottershead, who was the minister of that chapel for fifty-

four years, had succeeded to Mr. Birch on the death of the latter in 1717.

The Mosleys, the Lords of the Manor of Manchester, were great patrons of the Presbyterian Chapel; but they equally supported the Established Church, for Lady Bland, the heiress of Sir Edward Mosley, laid the foundation stone of St. Ann's Church, which was opened in 1712, the members of which were of the Low Church section. It is unnecessary to say that the congregations of St. Ann's and of St. Plungeon's, as the chapel in Cross Street was nicknamed by many, were Whigs and Hanoverians.

It has been thought by some, says Mr. Wade, that the place bore that name of St. Plungeon's, because the ducking-stool (for scolds) was plunged in the pool, in the croft called Poolfold, hard by; but it is more probable that it was so called because it belonged to a family named Plungeon; for in the list of eight hundred inhabitants of Manchester, who were ordered to take the oath of allegiance a few years before, there is the name "W. Plungeon."

During the long ministry of Mr. Mottershead at the Cross Street Chapel, continues Mr. Wade, a great change of doctrine took place among the congregation, and a similar change occurred about the same period in most other English places of Presbyterian worship. Many of the eminent Presbyterian ministers went from Calvinism into Arminianism. This change went on gradually, but steadily, during the whole of the last century, and it was frequently the case that persons professing Trinitarian, Arian, and even Unitarian

views, were members of the same congregation, and, where there were two ministers, as at the Cross Street Chapel, one was generally more advanced in heterodoxy than the other.

About the year 1780, however, several of the members of the Cross Street Chapel seceded, because Unitarianism was not sufficiently strongly preached, and they erected another chapel in Mosley Street, then quite a new street.

The Hibberts adhered to the old chapel.

CHAPTER VI.

Cost of living one hundred years ago.

As the cost of living one hundred years ago may interest the housekeeping part of the inhabitants of Manchester of the present day, we may perhaps not be deemed tedious if we devote this chapter to such items as house-rent, taxes, articles of clothing, and consumption, and so forth, which we have selected from the old account-book kept by Titus Hibbert, when, on the death of his wife, he became his own housekeeper.

The almost precise minuteness with which he entered down every item of his yearly expenditure shows that, though engaged in important commercial transactions, he was not above attending to the more trifling details of home expenses. But whatever he did he did thoroughly, and no man was more fully aware than he of the necessity of keeping a watchful eye on house-accounts as well as the mercantile ledger.

As for the mercantile affairs of Titus Hibbert, he conducted them with probity and integrity, his invariable maxim being, "Honesty is the best policy;" "a rule," says an old writer, "to be observed by all men, but absolutely necessary for those engaged in

commerce, since they are more easily betrayed, unawares, into a breach of this rule, and more apt to palliate their sin, unless they are ever on their guard." But Titus Hibbert knew well, as we have just said, that not only must a man, to be successful, keep a watch over the management of his business concerns, but that the economy of his household must also be carefully supervised; and his account-book shows how closely he adhered to this principle.

The selection of various items we have made from this book will, we think, show exactly the prices of ordinary things a century ago, as compared with those of to-day.

We will commence with house and warehouse, rent and taxes, and class other payments under different heads, giving items under each.

The rents paid in 1770 will, we do not doubt, astonish tenants of 1882. However, it cannot but be gratifying to them to see how greatly Manchester has prospered in the course of one hundred years!

The house occupied by Titus Hibbert, and afterwards by his son, was that which ultimately came to be tenanted by Mr. Micah Furniss, jeweller. It stood at the corner of St. Ann's Square and St. Ann's Street until the year 1850, when it was taken down, to widen that street. The shop now occupied by Mr. James Furniss, jeweller, stands upon part of the site of the old house. It appears from Titus Hibbert's account-book that for this dwelling-house he paid £20 a year, in 1770, to Lady Houghton. The rent of the warehouse, at the back, in St. Ann's Street,

which was held under Mr. Dawson, was £55. Since that period, hardly more than a hundred years, the rents of those premises have increased fifteen-fold!

The house next to that of Titus Hibbert, and which still exists in its original state, and is now in the occupation of Messrs. Coulbourn and Hulme, was leased, on the 11th of November 1771, to Aulay Macaulay, the tea-dealer, for twenty years, at a rent of £38.

Close to and facing one side of Titus Hibbert's house stood St. Ann's Church, the tower of which was, in his time, adorned with a cupola. This cupola, being deemed not very firm and steady, was taken down in the year 1779 and replaced by a steeple. In Titus Hibbert's account-book, in that year, we find an entry:—"24th May, paid subscription to St. Ann's Steeple, £2:2s." This steeple (according to a MS. note of the late Dr. Hibbert Ware) was built in a spiral-like form, somewhat resembling St. Mary's; but this new steeple was considered so unsafe, particularly during a "merry peal," that the inhabitants who lived adjacent to the church fled whenever the bells began to ring.

Later on, when the trembling steeple was a thing of the past, Dr. Hibbert Ware remembered that, when a boy, a colony of rooks was located on the top of the church tower, and that he and his brothers, particularly his brother William, a mischievous lad, were wont to shoot at them with a cross-bow from the window of their play-room at the top of the house; luckily, however, for the cawing colony, the

height of the tower must have placed them out of the reach of these incipient sportsmen, who, however, if they failed to disturb the rooks, disturbed the peace of mind of "Madam Bailey," a stately lady who lived on the opposite side of the square, where now stands Heywood's Bank, and who, whenever she happened to spy the young rogues in this diversion, would straightway cross over to Mrs. Hibbert and report what was going on above, out of her sight.

A very stately lady, indeed, was this "Madam Bailey;" and she seems to have made a startling and enduring impression on the mind of the youthful Sam Hibbert, for in long after years, whenever he happened to encounter a stiff or severe-looking old lady, he would style her "a Madam Bailey."

To come now to the taxes, etc., in 1770. The rates and taxes for Titus Hibbert's dwelling-house, which was rated at £15! were paid half-yearly; these were:—Poor-rate, 6s.; highway-rate, 7s.; window-tax, 17s; house-tax, 3s. 9d.; lamp-tax, 4s.; and the letter-carrier 1s. a quarter. We do not find in the account-book any rate for police, and it is not until 1782 that we find any entry of this sort. In that year we read: 17th December—Paid Mr. Billinge subscription towards a night watch, £1 : 1s.; and again, 7th January 1783, paid Mr. Philips for a watch on the east side of St. Ann's Square, £1 : 1s.

There was one tax rather obnoxious in the eyes of the Presbyterian, for we find entered, Paid Easter dues, "so called," 9½d.! Other taxes were doubtless also obnoxious in the eyes of the British tax-payers

generally, such as a tax of £5 per cent on all salaries of public officers above £100, a house-tax, and 6d. upon every window above fifteen.

The gifts, or we may call them *voluntary* taxes, were trifling, being the Christmas boxes, always willingly paid; gifts to the old quay men, 1s.; lamp-lighter, 3d.; letter-carrier, 6d.; porters, 2s., etc. etc.

The prices of the ordinary articles of daily consumption were as follows:—

Butcher's meat in 1770—Paid Peter Low for 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. of beef, 3s. 3d.; a leg of mutton, 10 lbs., 3s. 9d.; a leg of lamb (in June), 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., 2s. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of veal (in August), 3s. 3d.; calves' feet, 2d.; a tongue, 1s. 6d.

Bread—2 dozen of flour, 3s. 10d.; a loaf, 6d., also 5d. (but no weight is named); and manchets, *i.e.* small loaves of very fine flour, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

Fish—Salmon (in July), 2 lbs., 1s. Salmon, Dr. Aikin tells us, page 205, was brought in plenty from the Mersey and the Ribble, chiefly the latter.

Vegetables—Manchester, says the same author, was supplied with early potatoes, carrots, pease, and beans, from the sandy soil of Bowdon Downs. In the account-book of Titus Hibbert there is an entry of the payment of 2s. 6d. for half a load of potatoes in the year 1770. We are told that, not very many years prior to that period, these roots were cultivated only in the garden, and were considered a sort of luxury, and that they had not then been generally planted by farmers as a field crop.

A ham weighing 27 lbs. cost 6s. 9d.

Poultry—For three chickens (in July) 1s. 6d. was paid; for two fowls, 2s.; for two ducks (in June), 1s. 6d.; six pigeons cost 2s.

A cheese of 13½ lbs., from Mr. Joule, cost 3s. 11d.; for butter, 9d, and 8d. per lb. were paid.

Groceries—Congo tea; bought of Aulay Macaulay, cost 8s. per lb.; hyson, 12s.; souchong, 9s.; ¼ lb. of coffee, 1s. 6d.; and ½ lb. coffee, 3s. In sugar we find the following items:—Paid for 41 lbs. of loaf sugar, £1:3:11; for 8½ lbs. of *blue* sugar, 6s. (was this sugar wrapped in blue paper?); brown sugar was 5d. per lb.; sago, 1s. 6d. per lb.; 3 lbs. of rice cost 8d.; Seville oranges and lemons were 1d. each; and for 3 lbs. of mould candles, six in the lb., 2s. 1d. were paid; and ¼ lb. of green wax taper cost 1s. 3d.

Fuel—A load of coals of eighteen baskets to the load cost 9s. 9d.; there is also in the account-book the following entry of a cheap (?) load: “Paid a lying fellow for a bad load of coals, 8s. 8d”!

Wine and spirits—Dr. Aikin says that in Manchester, in the year 1720, home-made wines made a part in all feasts, and that when London or Bristol dealers came down to settle their accounts such wine was brought. This custom may have survived longer than 1720, for in Titus Hibbert’s account-book we find the items:—Two gallons of currant wine, 17s.; and ten gallons of cider, 11s. 8d.; Mr. John Hadfield, Mr. Partington, and Mr. Samuel Mather, appear to have been the leading wine and spirit dealers in Manchester about the year 1770. £6 was paid to the latter for one-eighth of a pipe of wine. There is

also an item: Paid Mr. Armstrong for three gallons of red port, "*so called*," £1 : 1s. ! (at that time a white port wine was also drunk); and paid H. Mather for $\frac{1}{4}$ of a pipe of red port wine, £8 : 5s. ; also paid Mr. Armstrong for two gallons cognac brandy, £1 : 8s. ; two gallons of rum cost 19s. The measures of barrels of malt liquor not being stated, the price, compared with that of the present time cannot be estimated.

Wages—About 1770 a cook's wages were £5 a year, and a sweep for sweeping a chimney, 6d. ! and a few years later a day gardener was paid 1s. 8d. a day.

Physician's fees—In 1770 Dr. Kay received the usual one guinea, and a few years afterwards, Dr. Percival the same; but the ordinary medical attendant was an apothecary.

Ladies' attire—In the year 1778-9 Titus Hibbert's little daughter was then grown up to a young lady about the age of seventeen or eighteen, and we will pick out the prices of a few articles of clothing—7 yards of blue silk, £2 : 5s. ; making a silk slip, 5s. ; green shoes, 4s. ; 3 yards of crimson broadcloth at 19s. 6d., £2 : 18 : 6 ; 6 yards of sky silk for a petticoat, 18s. ; $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of printed cotton at 3s., 19s. ; paid Walker for 5 yards of printed calico, 10s. 10d. ; paid for making a rochet, 2s. 3d. It was about the year 1773 that the manufacture of calicoes was introduced. At the risk of tiring our readers we continue to select further items: Two lawn handkerchiefs cost 5s. 3d. ; 6 yards of printed muslin, £1 : 11 : 6 ; for $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of muslin at 8s., 9s. 6d. ; paid for $10\frac{1}{2}$ yards

of black lace, 16s. ; and for $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards white lace at 3s. 8d., 11s. 3d. ; a cap, 15s. ; another cap, 8s. 6d. ; paid for a straw hat, 3s. 6d. ; another hat, 10s. 6d. ; a chip hat, 2s. ; a riding hat, 16s. And *à propos*, there occurs in the account-book an entry : Paid John Whip (the saddler) for a pillion, £2:13:6. Probably at the time this entry was made (1777) riding exercise had been recommended to Miss Hannah Hibbert, who was not strong. She would most likely ride on the pillion behind her brother ; but it was by no means unusual for ladies to ride in this manner behind any male relative, or even a man-servant, the lady steadying herself by taking hold of his belt.

It may here, however, be mentioned, that riding was an accomplishment that was taught in Manchester at this period. In 1775 Mr. Deans, late riding-master of the Earl of Pembroke's dragoons, announces, in a newspaper of the time, that he will instruct ladies and gentlemen in the necessary principles of horsemanship in the new riding school in the town : Terms, one guinea entrance, and one guinea a month for twelve lessons, horses being found by Mr. Deans, who also intimates that proper hours are set aside for the accommodation of ladies.

Paid Mrs. Hooley for stays, £1:1s. ; and paid for a wire hoop, 3s.!!!

On this last interesting article of attire, a writer in the *London Magazine* for 1776, p. 605, tells us that lovely creatures have begun to transfer their attention from their fronts and faces to their backs, and that 'tis not for the prettiest face, but for the

most expansive dress behind, that the ladies now contend; and that every woman of fashion now supplies herself with a cork roundabout, which she conceals in the folds of her upper garment.

But to proceed with our subject. The price of a pair of silk mittens was 3s. : a pair of shoes, 3s. 4d. ; and a pair of red shoes, 5s. 6d. ; two tiffany handkerchiefs, 4s. 6d. ; the prices of stockings were as follows—a pair of silk ribbed stockings, 8s. ; thread stockings, 3s. 4d. ; and two pairs of cotton stockings, 6s. 2d. ; toed-clog pattens, 4s. 6d.

Paid barber for cutting hair, 1s. ; at another time, 6d.

Miss Hannah Hibbert wore her own hair, unpowdered, even when grown up, as her portrait shows ; but, as there were fashionable ladies in Manchester, it may be amusing to read the card of a certain Mr. Johnson, addressed to them in the local newspapers of the 30th July 1765.

He announces himself as a hairdresser and cutter from Bath, and that he dresses in the highest taste in the English or French fashion ; likewise that he makes and sells ladies *têtes*, not distinguishable from their own hair, whereby a lady may dress herself in five minutes as completely as the best dresser in London can in two hours ; and after notifying that he has on sale cosmetics and balsam ointments for strengthening and colouring the hair, the industrious barber tells the ladies that he will dress their hair to keep its form for six weeks!!! and that he is to be heard of at Mr. Benyon's at the bottom of Sugar Lane

(wherever that may be) in Manchester. Are we to suppose that fine ladies slept with their hair dressed in form?

Male attire — We select from Titus Hibbert's account-book some articles of men's clothing and the prices: Paid Samuel Birch for $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of broad-cloth, £2:6:9; for $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of velveret for two pairs of breeches, 17s. Velverets, the Manchester annalists tell us, first appeared in 1763, and velvetreens a few years afterwards. These goods were highly esteemed, not only over England, but in Europe, and were called "Manchesters." But to go on with the extracts: Paid for silk for two pairs of breeches, £1; knee buckles, 4s. 6d.; silk and linen for a waistcoat piece, 5s.; cashmere for a waistcoat, 10s.

It appears to have been customary for persons to buy their own cloth in 1770; but later on, in 1788, two suits of clothes and the cloth cost £11:4s. Messrs. Wright and Preston were tailors in Manchester as early as 1770.

Miss Sandford charged 3s. for making a shirt with ruffles, and for $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards for a shirt the price was 13s.; the price of making a plain shirt was 2s. Irish cloth for shirts was 2s. a yard, and at 4s. a yard it was used for cravats; silk gloves, 3s.

Titus Hibbert, as appears from his portrait, wore what was called a full-bottomed wig, powdered white. His wigs cost £1:1s. and £1:11:6, and seem to have been renewed about every couple of years. A wig box cost 1s. 6d. Dr. Aikin, in his *Country round Manchester*, says that the price of a *wedding*

periwig, at the beginning of that century, was £2 : 10s.

A hat cost 13s. About the year 1775 the hats manufactured in Manchester were, says Dr. Aikin, wrought by the felt-makers from fine Spanish goat's hair or wool from Germany, or the Levant, commonly called camel's hair, and were inferior in workmanship to none in the kingdom.

The prices of shoes and stockings were as follows :—Paid for shoes, 6s. 6d. ; for shoe buckles (steel), 13s. 6d. Paid Mr. Fowler for two pairs of silk stockings, £1 : 10s. ; silk gloves, 3s. ; a pair of worsted stockings, 5s. ; a pair of thread stockings, 6s. ; a pair of white ribbed cotton hose, 5s. ; a pair of brown thread knit hose, 4s. 6d.

There are also entries of prices of an article of general use now in wet weather, but which had not then been many years introduced into England—Paid Mr. James Watson for an umbrella, £1 : 10s. ; and later, paid 5s. for a silk cover ; and for making two umbrellas, £1. These items occur in 1779.

Before the introduction of umbrellas by Jonas Hanway, the well-known traveller and philanthropist, oil-cloth covers or hoods were worn by females to protect their bonnets from the rain. The first umbrellas were large and cumbersome, with heavy sticks and handles, and with strong brass rings to keep them close. They were not often seen in country towns and villages.

Articles of furniture are passed over by us, because the prices paid for them depend on the tastes, luxuri-

ous or otherwise, of the purchasers ; but the value of silver in 1770 may be seen from the following entry :—24th September, silver tankard, 24 oz. 9 pwt., £7 : 5 : 6.

Education—In 1770 Titus Hibbert's little girl was, at her mother's death, about eight years old, when she was placed under the tuition of a lady in Manchester of the name of Heywood, with whom she continued to remain a few years. We find entries in the account-book from the year 1770 : Paid Miss Heywood 7s. 6d. for Hannah's quarter ; paid Mr. George Kellett for eighteen weeks' dancing and ball, £1 : 17s. ; paid Mr. Whittaker for two quarters' writing, 13s. 6d. ; and Mr. Kershaw was paid £9 for a spinet. A spinet was a small sort of harpsichord. The spinet had risen in price since the beginning of the century, for Dr. Aikin, in his *Country round Manchester*, writes, that at that time the price of one was £5 : 3s.

An educated lady of the time of our great-grandmothers would hardly pass the ordeal of a competitive examination of our days. We read in *Humphrey Clinker* that it was deemed enough for even a fashionable lady to write, spell, smatter a little French, dance, and play on the harpsichord.

No surprise need be excited by the low prices which, as we have just seen, were charged in a Manchester day-school for a girl's education in those far-off days ; for in an advertisement in the *Manchester Mercury* of 1768, Mr. Grimshaw of the Academy at Leeds notified that he had taken a large

house in one of the best localities, furnished with every convenience, where young gentlemen might be genteelly boarded: if under ten years of age they would be instructed in English and the classics, with penmanship and accounts, at fifteen guineas a year; and if from ten to fifteen years of age, they might be instructed in English, the classics, penmanship, arithmetic, mathematics, both speculative and practical, with necessary books, for seventeen guineas; if any of the modern languages, the whole £19:5s. Washing was included; but drawing, dancing, and music were extras. Able masters were employed.

There were two or three dancing-masters in Manchester in the year 1770, who advertised themselves in the Manchester newspapers of the day. In 1769 a Mr. Arnold Fisher, from the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden, London, begs leave to acquaint the public that he proposes to open a school in St. Ann's Square in May next, where all young ladies and gentlemen in the town and neighbourhood may expect to meet with the politest treatment, and be taught in the most genteel and best manner.

Continuing to glance over the pages of Titus Hibbert's account-book, they show us what periodical publications he was in the habit of reading. In 1770 there is an entry: Paid Henry Whittaker a year's subscription to his paper, 6s.; and paid for the *London Evening Post* for quarter of a year, 13s. 6d.; for the *Royal Calendar*, 2s.; and the *London Directory* of 1774, 1s.; and paid £1:1:6 to Mr. Haslingden, a year's subscription for the *Parliamentary Register*.

This periodical appears to have come out in numbers, as there is in the account-book an entry of 1s. for a lost number.

As akin to education and literature, we may extract from the account-book a payment in 1773 of 6s. for a year's subscription to the circulating library. The Manchester Circulating Library in King Street had been first instituted in 1756; but in 1770 a subscription library for promoting general knowledge had been opened. Payments for lectures may also be classed under the above heading, so on the 28th April 1778 we see an entry—Paid Peter Clare for a ticket for lectures on electricity, etc., 10s. 6d. This Peter Clare was doubtless the father of Friend Peter Clare, who afterwards also lectured on electricity, and concerning whom we shall hereafter relate an anecdote in connection with his experiments in that science. On the 18th November 1782 is an entry of payment of 6s. for three tickets for Mr. Heron's lecture on heads (phrenology?); and on the 21st September 1783 there is a payment of 4s. 6d. for tickets for Mr. Walker's lecture on astronomy for himself and Miss Hannah Hibbert.

Under the head of amusements, we jot down the following entries in the account-book:—

March 1st (1770)—Paid Mr. Whiteley for play tickets, 6s.; these play tickets occur so frequently, more especially at Christmas time, as to indicate that Titus Hibbert, Presbyterian though he was, did not, like his Scottish co-religionists, consider the theatre to be the *temple of the father of lies*. The late Mr.

John Harland says that in 1761, and later, the theatre was then held in the riding school in Salford, near Blackfriar Street, and the prices of admission were 2s. and 1s., that companies from Drury Lane and Covent Garden possessed the theatre during the summer months (the Chetham Society Publications, vol. lxxii. p. 57).

In 1775 a new theatre in Spring Gardens was erected and placed under the management of Mattocks and Younger, and entitled the Theatre Royal. Timperley and other Manchester annalists tell us that on the 29th of January 1777 John Philip Kemble made his first appearance in Manchester.

But to return to expenditures. In 1772, and afterwards, occur such items as, "chair to the concert," 6d.; "chair from the concert," 1s. Before 1775 the concerts must have been held elsewhere than in the large room which was about that time erected in Fountain Street, and which could hold upwards of 1000 persons. Chroniclers tell us that in that room there was a spacious orchestra for the performers, who were generally amateurs assisted by some professional musicians.

Flute-playing was much in vogue in the gentlemen's concert.

Titus Hibbert appears to have made use of sedan chairs to convey him to concerts, etc. Dr. Aikin, in his *Country round Manchester*, tells us that in 1750 there was a stand of hackney coaches in St. Ann's Square, but that these vehicles having been found less convenient for some purposes than sedan chairs,

the latter took the place of them. A sedan chair *in the town* cost 2s. As regards hackney coaches, the first entries of payments in Titus Hibbert's account-book are in 1793 and 1794—October 9th, paid for a *stand* coach, 1s. 6d.; and 28th April, paid for a *stand* coach, 3s. 8d. But chaises were always in readiness at the Bull's Head Inn in the Market Place, then the chief inn in the town. A chaise to Ardwick Green cost 2s. 6d.

Besides the theatre and concerts, the good people of Manchester were entertained with flower shows even a hundred years ago. We read in Prescott's *Manchester Journal* of the 14th of August 1773 an advertisement of a show of flowers addressed "to all gentlemen florists."

In 1776 a pack of playing cards cost 1s. 2d. In truth, we fear that the Presbyterian Titus Hibbert indulged in other unsaintly amusements besides cards, plays, and concerts, for we meet with an entry in his accounts in 1782, 12th July:—A chaise to the races, 6s.!

But there is one other amusement which we must not omit to mention, which, though barbarous, was considered passably genteel at the period of which we are writing—cock-fighting! Such advertisements as the following, illustrated with two cocks about to engage, are of common occurrence in the local papers of 1770:—

A main of cocks will be fought at the new cock-pit, top of Deansgate, Manchester, on Monday the 23d, Tuesday the 24th, and Wednesday the 25th,

instant, March, between the gentlemen of Lancashire and Yorkshire, for two guineas the battle and twelve guineas the main. The cocks to be in the pit each day at eleven in the forenoon, and half-past three in the afternoon. To be fought in metal heels.

HENRY BALL,
MATTHEW DICKY, } *Feeders.*

Plays! horse-racing! cards! and cock-fighting! What wonder that John Wesley, when, in July 1787, this celebrated field preacher visited Manchester, as we are told in vol. ii. p. 169 of the *Collectanea*, published by the Chetham Society, predicted that in 1836 would come—THE END OF THE WORLD!

CHAPTER VII.

“Titus Hibbert and Son”—The Duke of Bridgewater’s canal-boats—Stage-coaches or “flying-machines.”

ABOUT the year 1771-2 Titus Hibbert took his son into partnership, and henceforth traded as the firm of “Titus Hibbert and Son.”

Young Samuel Hibbert commenced his commercial life by making a journey to Chester to attend the fair, where Irish yarns and linens were offered for sale. His letter to his father, dated Chester, October 12th, 1772, begins, according to the custom of the time, “Hond. Father,” and ends, “Hond. Father, Your Dutiful Son.” These expressions sound to our nineteenth century ears rather stilted and quaint, but yet, do we not run a little too far into the contrary extreme, and is not the lack of respect towards “the governor,” often too plainly shown by the youth of to-day, both in their words and actions?

In this letter Samuel Hibbert speaks of having made the journey from Warrington to Frodsham on foot with two friends, and “viewing the Duke of Bridgewater’s famous works at Runcorn;” and then he proceeds to say that the weather becoming indifferent and the roads being bad, they hired a chaise

to Chester, which they found very crowded in consequence of the fair.

Samuel Hibbert, wishing, like many other young men, to combine business and pleasure, made a part of his journey by way of the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, which had not then been long opened.

At the time of which we are writing, the Castle Field at Manchester and the Quay were, as Mr. Harland tells us in his *Manchester Collectanea*, the resort of genteel strangers at stated times, to take the benefit of the passage boats on the canal, or the Irwell, as pleasure or business invited them. These boats went to Altrincham, Warrington, Runcorn, Liverpool, Chester. The "Duke's barges" went from Manchester to Altrincham in two hours.

We can well imagine how agreeable and easy must have been the motion of the canal-boat, gliding smoothly through the water, as compared with the jolting and rumbling of the stage-coach, with the additional misery of the inside passengers, in hot weather, when sitting closely packed together.

The king's highways! and turnpike roads! one might expect that the roads should have been tolerably good, for so far back as about the year 1748 toll-gates had been established in different parts of England, exacting a toll from travellers with horses and carriages, in order to defray the cost of repairs; but so bad was their state that in many places they were cut up with ruts from one to two feet deep, into which, by way of repairing them, were tumbled heaps of loose stones, that had the effect of saving the axle-

trees from breaking, it is true, but of almost dislocating the joints of the unfortunate travellers. The highwaymen, or "gentlemen of the road," says that caustic Frenchman, the Abbé Le Blanc, in his letters from England, are almost the only surveyors, and the Government lets them exercise their jurisdiction upon passengers almost without molestation. In no other country in the world, says this satirical French writer, is the public good so much talked of and private interest so much pursued.

Small wonder was it that with roads in the condition represented, coaches should have taken so long to accomplish even short distances.

A few advertisements from Manchester papers of the day will better illustrate the tediousness of coach travelling in the times of our grandfathers and grandmothers; nor in the good old coaching days were accidents at all unfrequent, to say nothing of the chances of being stopped by the Abbé Le Blanc's "highway surveyors."

In the *Manchester Mercury* of 1761 we read that a "flying-machine" travels from London to Manchester in three days! setting out from Mr. Radford's, the Royal Oak Inn, in Market Street Lane, and lies at the George Inn in Derby the first night, the Angel in Northampton the second night, and at the Swan with Two Necks, Lad Lane, London, the third night. Each inside passenger is to pay £2:5s., and to be allowed 14 lbs. weight of luggage, all above that is charged 3d. per lb.; outside passengers and children on the lap to pay half price. The journey

will be performed (God willing) by Mr. Samuel Glanville. Places are to be taken, and parcels are taken in at the Royal Oak Inn in Manchester, and at the Swan with Two Necks in London.

Twenty years later, in 1781, we find travelling to London so far improved that passengers were only two days on the way. "A new, elegant, and commodious London post-coach" is advertised in the papers of the day to set out from the Royal Oak Inn, Market Street Lane, every Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday morning at four o'clock! to breakfast at Buxton at nine, to dine at Derby at half-past two, to stop at Leicester at half-past eight, sup and sleep there, and set off again at four the next morning; breakfast at Northampton at nine o'clock, dine at Dunstable at half-past two, and arrive at the Bull and Mouth Inn in London in the evening. The inside fare was £2:2s., and each passenger might have a servant on the outside at half-price. "Short passengers" 3d. per mile inside and 1½d. outside.

And now we will close our extracts respecting the stage or "flying coaches," as they called them, with one more, showing, as we have said, that accidents were not unfrequent.

In the *London Magazine* of 1770, p. 486, we read—"that it were greatly to be wished that stage-coaches were put under some regulations as to the number of persons and quantity of luggage carried by them. Thirty-four persons were in and about the Hertford coach this day (Sunday, 2d September), which broke down by one of the braces giving way.

One of the outside passengers, a fellmonger from the Borough, was killed upon the spot; a woman had both her legs broken, another had one leg broken, and very few of the passengers, either inside or out, but were severely bruised."

There were, about the middle of the last century, as we learn from the Directories, stage-coaches running between Manchester and the neighbouring towns, but either the days or the hours of their starting, or some other reasons, seem to have prevented their being much used: be that as it may, there is no entry in the account-book of Titus Hibbert of any stage-coach fares; but from 1770 forwards there are very many entries of payments for chaises: as in 1770, chaises to Oldham, 8s.; and in same year chaise to Stockport, 11s. 6d.; horse-hire to Ashton, 4s.; chaise to Ashton, 6s.; a chaise to Ringley, 6s., and turnpike, 1s.; and in 1776 the fare by the pleasure-boat to Lymm was 2s. 8d., and 2s. 6d. back to Manchester; chaise to Blackburn, 18s.; to Bury, 9s., and driver and turnpike, 2s. 8d.; a chaise to Bullock Smithy, 14s.; and to the Spout House at Marple, 14s., and so forth.

As we have remarked at the beginning of this chapter, Samuel Hibbert made his first entry into commercial life by a journey to Chester, during which he contrived to combine business with pleasure, so we find him, when visiting Drogheda for the purpose of attending the market there for linen yarns, taking advantage of a little leisure to ride in the stage-coach to Newry to see, as he writes to "Honored father," a little more of the country.

CHAPTER VIII.

Nuisances and obstructions in the streets of Manchester—Subscription for making improvements, and names of subscribers.

AMONGST all the busy crowds that now throng the streets of Manchester, but few individuals, probably, as they jostle their fellow-pedestrians in its broad, handsome thoroughfares, ever cast a backward glance into the past state of their old city; and yet, to go no farther back than a hundred years, what marvellous changes have been wrought in this great manufacturing town! Stately public buildings, such as the New Town Hall and the Exchange, had not yet been called into being, and in lieu of such fine thoroughfares as Market Street, Portland Street, Mosley Street, Oxford Road, etc., the Manchester man of the last century had to traverse, in order to reach his home or his warehouse, a network of tortuous narrow streets, where not only manifold inconveniences beset his path, but absolute danger from various causes.

To take only Market Street, or Market Street Lane, as it was then called, we have but to glance at the lithographic views of Old Manchester, published in 1825 by Mr. James, to see how narrow was that busy street, hardly, indeed, half the width it now is;

what a total disregard to uniformity or regularity was shown in the quaint old houses, some brick-built, many with plastered walls, crossed and recrossed with massive black timbers, and with overhanging gable ends, that almost excluded any view of the narrow strip of sky overhead. There was no Exchange Street then, and a passage, called the "Dark Entry," wide enough only for one carriage, was the sole thoroughfare from the Market Place to the fashionable St. Ann's Square.

Such being the state of one of the main streets of Manchester, and of others to which we have not referred, it is not surprising that the notice should have been issued to which Mr. C. W. Bradley alludes in his Memorials of St. Ann's Church. "In 1771," he writes, "a notice was issued to the effect that, With the approbation and concurrence of the magistrates, we the boroughreves and constables request the shopkeepers and innholders of this town who have not already taken down their signs to do the same as soon as possible, and place them against the walls of their houses, as they have been long and justly complained of as nuisances. They obstruct the free passage of the air, annoy the passengers in wet weather, darken the streets, all which inconveniences will be remedied by a compliance with our request, and be manifestly productive both of elegance and utility. —THOMAS SCOTT, BENJAMIN BOWER, JOHN BELL."

The state of the streets in Manchester was not likely to be better than that of the streets of the metropolis itself, where the very same nuisances, and

indeed much worse prevailed, as we may read in the petition to Parliament of the Commissioners of Sewers and Paving, set forth in the *London Magazine* for 1766, p. 504.

The streets of Manchester certainly stood in need of improvement, and accordingly a meeting was held by the merchants and others, at the Bull's Head Tavern, in order to consider the subject.

It appears from a document, headed "Manchester, 2d March 1775," and printed on a large sheet of paper by J. Harrop, opposite the Exchange, that previously to that year there had been considerable discussion and no little disagreement as to the improvements to be made in the town.

The first paragraph of this document begins—"We whose names are hereunto subscribed being desirous of restoring the peace and harmony of the town, and willing to join in any general approved mode of raising money in order to render some of the narrow streets and passages more commodious, do hereby severally agree that we will, within three months from the date hereof, pay the several sums of money set opposite to our respective names, into the hands of such person or persons, as a majority, in value of the subscribers of £20 or upwards, shall appoint, after the subscription shall be filled for the purposes hereafter mentioned."

These purposes were stated to be—The buying of property in Old Millgate and St. Mary's Gate, to widen those thoroughfares, and also property between the Exchange [namely, the Old Exchange, which then

stood where the large lamp in the Market Place now stands) and St. Ann's Square, in order to widen the passage to the latter. Six valuers were to be named by the subscribers and six by owners, whose property was to be taken; and in case there should be owners unwilling or incapacitated to sell, then application was to be made to Parliament. Mr. John Chippendale, the secretary of the subscribers, certified, on the 25th of July following, that the sum total subscribed was £10,771 : 3 : 6. The names of the subscribers, of whom there are upwards of 600, are ranged alphabetically. Amongst them we notice out of this large number a few: as Mr. Holland Ackers, who gives £60; Messrs. Allen, Sedgewick, and Company, the bankers, £100; Mr. Joseph Armstrong, £5; Lady Assheton, £50; Messrs. James and Robert Ashworth, £10; John Astley, Esq., of Duckinfield, £150; Roger Aytoun, Esq., £100; Mr. Joseph Baron, £10; Messrs. Thomas and William Barrow, £40; Thomas B. Bayley, Esq., F.R.S., £100; Messrs. John and Jonathan Beever, £10; Michael Bentley, Esq., £10; Thomas Birch, Esq., of Ardwick, £50; Messrs. Edward and William Borron, £21; Mr. William Blackmore, £110; James Burchall, M.D., £20; James Bradshaw, Esq., £10; Mr. William Bullock, £31 : 10s.; Messrs. John Bury and Sons, £21; Mrs. Byrom and Miss Byrom, £60; John Chadwick, Esq., of Healey, £10; Mr. Peter Clare, £1; Messrs. John and Ashworth Clegg, £20; Samuel Clowes, Esq., £100; the Earl of Derby, £105; Mr. Edward E. Deacon, £5; Mr. James Darbyshire, £1; Samuel Egerton, Esq., Talton Park, £105;

Messrs. J. and J. Entwisle, £50; the Rev. Charles Ethelstone, £20; Mr. Charles Ford, £100; Messrs. Ford and Rawlinson, £42; Mordecai Green, Esq., £50; Messrs. George and John Grimshaw, Andenshaw, £20; Mr. Samuel Goodier, £5; Mr. William Hanson, £5; Mr. R. E. Hall, £21; Mr. Samuel Hall, £10; Mr. William Hardman, £20; Mr. John Hardman, King Street, £10; Messrs. Harrison and Houghton, £80; Mr. Dyonesius Hargreaves, £2; Mr. Samuel Harrison, £2:2s.; Mr. Joseph Harrop, £21; Mr. Thomas Hatfield, £20; Mr. Thomas Henry, £5; Mr. John Hadfield, £21; James Heywood, Esq., London, £100; Mr. John Heywood, £5; Messrs. Robert and Samuel Hibbert, £60; Messrs. Titus Hibbert and Son, £10:10s.; Mr. William Hill, St. Mary's Gate, £1; James Hilton, Esq., of Pennington, £40; Mr. Robert Hindley, £10; Messrs. Robert and Nathan Hyde, £60; Messrs. John Jones and Sons, £21; Mr. William Jordan, £10; Samuel Kay, M.D., £20; Messrs. Leaf and Walker, £10; Messrs. Leigh and Darwell, £20; Mr. John Leigh, £5; Mr. Joshua Lingard, £5; Mr. Aulay Macaulay, £5; Peter Mainwaring, M.D., £20; Messrs. John Markland and Sons, £100; Mr. Joshua Marriott, £50; Mr. Nathaniel Milne, £10; Francis Mosley, Esq., £21; Messrs. R. Naylor and Company, £20; Mr. John Olivant, £5; Messrs. Aaron Orme and Sons, £20; Thomas Percival, M.D., £20; Messrs. Thomas Philips and Company, £60; Messrs. Nathaniel and Faulkner Philips, £60; Mr. Matthew Pickford, £10; Messrs. James, Thomas, and Benjamin Potter, £50; Mr. William Rigby, £100; the Earl of

Stamford, £100 ; Roger Sedgewick, M.B., £100 ; Mr. John Shaw, £10 ; Mr. Thomas Syddall, £5 ; Mr. John Taylor, Alport Town, £5 : 5s. ; Mr. Charles Taylor, £5 ; Mr. Joseph Tipping, £21 ; Mr. Thomas Tipping, £100 ; Humphrey Trafford, Esq., £100 ; Mr. James Touchet, £20 ; Mr. C. White, F.R.S., £31 ; Mr. John Whipp, £5 ; Mr. Benjamin Luke Winter, £21 ; Rev. Dr. Wray, £10 ; Caril Worsley, Esq., £105 ; Messrs. Worsley and Worthington, £21.

Many of the Manchester streets, which are now only business streets, and Deansgate, which, until within the last few years, was decidedly a very low neighbourhood, then contained the residences of the gentry, and even of titled ladies, as well as the leading merchants.

Lady Duckinfield lived at No. 8 King Street, and Lady Sempill in Deansgate ; Lady Assheton in Brown Street, and Dr. Deacon, surgeon, in St. Mary's Gate ; the Misses Byrom in Quay Street, and the Rev. Charles Ethelstone in Deansgate ; Mr. John Hardman, fustian manufacturer, in Deansgate ; Miss Touchet in Brazenose Street, and Mr. James Touchet, check manufacturer, in Pall Mall ; Charles White, surgeon, lived in Market Street Lane, and Ottiwell Wood, fustian manufacturer, in High Street.

The name of Ottiwell Wood suggests an anecdote which is told either of that gentleman or of his son, of the same name, who afterwards went to Liverpool. He was fond of sporting, and having got leave from a friend to shoot over his estate, went out one day with dog and gun. By accident he unwittingly strayed on

to the land of an adjoining proprietor. Very soon a gamekeeper confronted him and demanded his name. "Certainly," replied Mr. Ottiwell Wood, and "I will spell it for you too;" and he began—"O-double-t-i-w-e-double-l W-double-o-d!" Any one spelling this in a quick tone, as did Mr. Wood, may easily picture to himself the perplexity of the honest gamekeeper.

CHAPTER IX.

Miss Sally Ware—Robert Ware, Esq., of Dublin—The Lancashire Militia—Tim Bobbin and Miss Ware.

DEAR SALLY—Having an opportunity by Mrs. Kyniston, I write to acquaint you I rec^d. yours, and shall be happy to have the pleasure of seeing you whenever it suits your conveniency, and that I am very much surprised never to receive a letter from your father since he left us here. Pray let me hear from you soon, and say if your mother has gone to visit the camp.

I have no time at present to say more, than that I am, with great sincerity, your respectful friend,

ELIZA BICKERSTAFF.

Preston, Monday evening, 10 o'clock,
To Miss Ware.

We have given this hasty note as an introduction of Miss Ware, to whom this present chapter chiefly relates. Our readers will perceive that she was addressed by her friend as "Dear Sally." Those were the days when Peggy and Betty and Molly and Sally were the names most in vogue amongst the fair sex, and Jack and Tom and Ned and Dick amongst the gentlemen; "*mais nous avons changé tout cela,*" and nowadays Edith and Maud and Blanche and Percy and Ernest and Herbert and Reginald, and such grand names, have pretty well relegated the plain old familiar ones into the shades of oblivion.

For ourselves, we must plead a liking for the latter, which have to our mind something honest and frank and cheery and, in short, English in their very sound. But perhaps we are too conservative in this our idea in these days of progress.

And now having introduced Miss Sally Ware by name, we will say something further about her. She was the only daughter, by his first marriage, of an Irish gentleman, then a lieutenant in the Grenadier company of the Royal Lancashire Militia, and the paymaster of the regiment. The headquarters of this corps, which at that time consisted of only one regiment, were generally at Manchester, often at Liverpool, and also at Preston. In the latter town Miss Sally's father had doubtless made the friendship of the Bickerstaffs, a friendship which lasted many years, and only ended with the deaths of the parties. To judge from a portrait taken in her youth, Miss Ware was an intelligent-looking and pretty girl, with fine hazel eyes and a lively expression of countenance, and the comeliness of her face and the neatness of her figure are perceptible, spite of the unbecoming fashion of her head-dress, trussed and turned up into a lofty pile, or her wide expansive hoop. Her hair was dark brown, for she used no powder. We will now shortly relate how it came to pass that Miss Ware's father had left Ireland and entered the Lancashire Militia.

It appears from the rent-roll of the City of Dublin, which is given in Harris's History of that City, published in 1766, page 485, that before that year

Robert Ware, Esq., had a house in Castle Street. Some short time before then he had lost his wife, who left him an only child; and to make his situation worse, he had spent the whole or nearly the whole of his fortune. In this predicament he determined upon entering the army, and in order to be free to act according to his inclination, he confided his daughter Sarah, then a little girl about nine years old, to the care of his mother, Mrs. Margaret Ware, *née* Fitzgerald, of a Catholic family of that name, located near a town called Street, in Westmeath.

The costly and sanguinary Seven Years' War, between England and her German allies against the French, was then being carried on, and Mr. Pitt, deeming that an expedition against the coast of France would oblige the French to weaken their army in Westphalia, in order to defend their own seaboard, and thus enable Prince Ferdinand to strike some decisive blow, decided upon sending a naval and military force to reduce Belleisle. Accordingly, an armament, consisting of ten ships of the line, under the command of Commodore Keppel, and about ten thousand land forces, commanded by General Hodgson, sailed from Spithead on the 29th of March 1761. A body of gentlemen volunteers, along with whom was Robert Ware, joined this force. The ships anchored before Belleisle on the 7th of April. A successful landing was made on the island, and the siege of Palais, its capital, was commenced with vigour, and its garrison, commanded by the brave Chevalier de St. Croix, made a gallant defence. The besiegers opened

numerous trenches, and the besieged made a succession of well-concerted sallies, in which the English lost a great number of men. It was in one of these sallies that Robert Ware was severely wounded. The obstinacy of the enemy only stimulated the ardour of the British troops, and at last they carried Palais by assault, and entered the streets, pell-mell, with the flying French. The latter having retired to the fortress, a place of extraordinary strength, held it for some days, when the gallant St. Croix, seeing no prospect of relief from his own friends, capitulated on the 7th of June.

This victory was purchased with the lives of two thousand British soldiers; and though the object with which the expedition was undertaken had failed utterly in its ultimate aim, the taking of Belleisle was celebrated by the English populace with bonfires, illuminations, and every expression of tumultuous joy, and, says Mr. Cormick in his continuation of Smollett, contributed no little to their military pride, which found vent in doggrel songs, composed by starving poets on the happy occasion; one of which the late Dr. Hibbert Ware sometimes hummed, and began thus:—

“ At the siege of Belleisle,
I was there all the while,” etc:

The wound of Robert Ware had been received whilst endeavouring to save an officer in the trenches, when the French were making one of their desperate sallies. It was very severe, and in a part of the leg that disabled him for a long time from active service.

The name of the officer whom he saved was Burgoyne, a connection of Lord Derby. Instead of returning to Ireland when the campaign was over, this circumstance, doubtless, introduced Robert Ware to the Royal Lancashire Militia, of which Lord Derby was the Colonel. Not being connected with Lancashire by birth, and not having the property qualification in the county required by the Militia Act of 1757, Robert Ware could not have held a higher commission than that of lieutenant, but his situation as paymaster of the regiment entitled him by courtesy to rank as a captain. According to the Act just mentioned, each officer of militia was required to possess a landed property qualification in proportion to his rank—a lieutenant-colonel or major was to have land worth £300 a year, a captain £200 a year, a lieutenant £100 a year, an ensign £50; and one-half of the qualification was to consist of land within the county (*Gentleman's Mag.*, 1757).

It may not be uninteresting to some of our Lancashire readers if we subjoin a list drawn out by Paymaster Ware of the officers of the Royal Lancashire Militia. The regiment was 800 strong, rank and file, as required by the Act, and its officers were—

Colonel Lord Derby.

Lieut.-Colonel Chadwick.

Major Cross.

Captains—Shaw, Walker, Buckley, Hill, Williamson, Hampson, Machell.

Captain-Lieutenant King.

Lieutenants—Stainton, Hawkridge, Drinkwater, Ogden, Winstanley, Scott, Lithrop, Aspinall, Ware, Dodgson, Duke.

Ensigns — Jordan, Parkinson, Scott, Whitaker, Fowler, Moss.

Mate Gell (does *Mate* mean Assistant Surgeon?).

Lieutenant Robert Ware, Paymaster.

In 1779 the following additional names occur in the Paymaster's list:—Ensign Seddon, Captain Holt, Ensign Pickmore, Captain Kenyon.

Not very long after he had entered the militia, Robert Ware found favour in the eyes of a Derbyshire lady. The Lancashire Militia then, as in after years, when it consisted of several regiments, was as fine a body of men as any corps in the kingdom, so we can believe that it was the man himself, still in the prime of life, tall, well-built, and good-looking, and not his red coat, that made an impression on the lady's heart. To our mind, indeed, nothing could look more formal and less attractive than the military uniform of that day. The gallant son of Mars had his hair plastered and powdered and tied up behind in a queue or pig-tail; he wore a three-cornered cocked hat, adorned with a black cockade, styled by the Jacobites the Hanoverian cockade to distinguish it from the white cockade of Prince Charlie; and if a grenadier, his tall figure was made to look still taller by a lofty sugar-loaf-shaped hairy cap, like those with which Hogarth's picture of the march through Finchley has familiarised us; a long skirted red coat, the skirts of which being hooked back, exposed the blue facings of the regiment

to view ; whilst a pair of leather breeches and long black gaiters completed the costume.

As we have remarked, we believe that it was not this stiff formal uniform but the wearer of it that found favour in the lady's eyes ; for, besides being good-looking, Robert Ware was of a gay and somewhat rollicking disposition. But to do him some justice, we must add that, notwithstanding all this, he was fonder of books than might have been expected, and he possessed a small but well-selected library, consisting of such works as Sir James Ware's *History and Antiquities of Ireland* (Harris's edition, 1766), Howell's *History of the World*, Cowley's *Works*, Camden's *Britannia*, Josephus's *Antiquities*, Rapin's *England*, Swift's *Works*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and some few other books of the same class.

But it is time we should name the lady whom Robert Ware led to the altar to become his second wife ; she was a daughter of Mr. John Slacke of Slack Hall, near Chapel le Frith. This family, we may observe, is now represented by the Rev. William Barnes-Slacke, to whom Thomas Slacke, Esq., M.D. and J.P., who succeeded to the estate on the death of his elder brother, devised it in tail male, and failing such issue, to the eldest son of his friend Dr. Samuel Hibbert Ware.

In the year 1763 Mrs. Ware presented her husband with a little girl, whom he named Margaret after his mother ; and a few years after the birth of little Peggy, as she was always called, Robert Ware sent for his eldest daughter Sally from Ireland.

Two daughters and a wife now constituted his "heavy baggage," to use an ungallant expression of the gentlemen of the sword, when the regiment was ordered to move from place to place; but Robert Ware always had a fixed home for his family, either at Liverpool, Preston, or Manchester, chiefly the latter town. They were also frequent visitors at Slack Hall.

When Miss Sarah Ware left her native country to join her father's family in Lancashire, she was almost grown up to womanhood; but brought up as she had been by an old lady, in a remote part of Westmeath, it is not surprising that she was somewhat unsophisticated, of which the following little episode is a proof.

She had been invited to a dinner party, to which had also been asked the author of the dialogue between "Tummus o' William's o' Margit o' Roaph's and Meary o' Dicks o' Tummy's o' Peggy's," we mean Mr. John Collier, *alias* "Tim Bobbin." In the course of the dinner, a gentleman sitting next to Miss Ware, not knowing that she had just come from the Green Isle, and thinking that every one present had heard of Tim Bobbin, said to her in an undertone, as he glanced towards the opposite side of the table, "That gentleman is the celebrated Tim Bobbin." It was the fashion then, and a very annoying fashion it was, especially for young and bashful people, for everybody to drink everybody's health. This drinking each other's healths, writes the caustic Abbé le Blanc, is only an excuse to drink hard, and men invented this piece of politeness to palliate the vice of getting drunk and thus gratify their own taste for wine; and at the same

time force others to conform to it; and so it happens that the more drunken a man is, the more polite he is. The healths not only of all present, continues the Abbé, but the healths of absent persons, are proposed by all present, and all are obliged to drink to them under pain of being considered very unpolite. Young gentlemen toast their mistresses, merchants their correspondents, and parsons their bishops, or success to the Protestant succession, and confusion to the Pope and the Pretender.

All the company at dinner were now politely drinking each other's health, and conformably to the custom, Miss Sally Ware, bashful and half-frightened, as we can easily imagine, began the round of health drinking. Making a bow to one and then to another, with "Your good health, Mrs. A. Your good health, Mr. B. Your good health, Miss C.," she then bowed to the old gentleman on the other side of the table, saying with admirable innocence, "Mr. Tim Bobbin, your good health." The laugh was general, and unsophisticated Miss Sally, unconscious of having said anything absurd, blushed scarlet up to the very roots of her hair, and felt as if she could like to sink into the earth.

Our Lancashire readers know who Mr. John Collier *alias* "Tim Bobbin" was; so, for those who do not belong to the county, we will merely say that he was born in 1708, and according to Dr. Aikin, at a village near Warrington, of which his father was curate. Tim, says that author, was a *good* companion and loved company, and company loved the droll

humour of Tim. He often spent hours with persons of good fortune in the neighbourhood of Milnrow, where he lived. The hautboy and flute were Tim's favourite musical instruments. His poetry consisted chiefly of humorous rhymes, which vastly amused his friends; and his droll and clever caricatures are well known in Lancashire. A Manchester gentleman, named Kershaw, lent him an old edition of Chaucer of 1561, with which he was so delighted, that he penned in it, in beautiful black-letter characters, some lines in imitation of our ancient poets. This old volume was given by Mr. Kershaw to Titus Hibbert, and is still in the possession of that gentleman's family.

CHAPTER X.

The American War of Independence—Manchester Petitions, etc.—John Wesley's "Calm Address"—Replies to it—A Debating Society in Manchester—Mr. George Duckworth.

WHEN George III. succeeded to the throne of his grandfather in the year 1760 he succeeded also to a war on the Continent, which had lasted seven years, burdening England with a debt of more than one hundred and forty millions. Out of this disastrous war sprang the disputes which at last separated the States of America from the mother country; for the Minister, in laying taxes for the supplies, determined that, as a great part of the expenses caused by that war had been incurred by the protection afforded to the American colonies against the French, it was but just that they should contribute to their payment. An Act was therefore passed for levying a stamp-duty in America, the same as in England.

The Americans were indignant; they remonstrated, but without effect; they took up arms, and by the year 1776 hostilities had spread all over America.

The kingdom was divided into two parties on the American question, each of whom were highly excited,

indeed almost violent in the advocacy of the side they had espoused ; and addresses were sent up from every county and large town to the king, the Tories advocating severity and coercion, whilst the Whigs, fearing lest, if they remained silent, it might be imputed to them that they were consenting to the opinions of the opposite party, presented counter-addresses. Accordingly, the Lancashire petition was initiated, which prays His Majesty "to exert his royal influence for the restoration of peace between Great Britain and the American colonies by such means as may put a stop to the dreadful and destructive consequences of a most unnatural civil war." The petition bears for its title—"The Humble Address and Petition of the Gentlemen, Clergy, Traders, and Freeholders of the County Palatine of Lancaster," and was presented to the king on the 18th of December 1775 by the Right Hon. Lord George Cavendish, Lord Richard Cavendish, and Sir Michael Le Fleming, Bart. It had the signatures of upwards of four thousand persons in different towns and districts of Lancashire, and after having been presented to the king it was printed by Mr. C. Wheeler of Hunter Lane, with the names of the signatories.

We here transcribe names from the Manchester list :—

Robert Hibbert, Robert Hamilton ; Nathaniel Philips ; Thomas Percival, M.D. ; William Stopford, B.A. ; Robert Kenyon ; John Philips ; Samuel Hibbert ; John Withington ; Thomas Philips ; Isaac Moss jun. ; Joseph Atkinson ; James Naylor ; Joseph

Barrett; Joseph Heywood; Samuel Hibbert jun.; Samuel Kay, M.D.; Samuel Kenyon; Richard Naylor; Daniel Gaskell; William Rawlinson; Benjamin Gaskell, Clifton Hall; Titus Hibbert, St. Ann's Square; Moses Hatfield; Samuel Mather; Samuel Hardman; Samuel Hibbert, St. Ann's Square; John Kershaw; J. C. Perzoldt; Richard Taylor jun.; John Taylor; Samuel Withington; William Lyon; Thomas Ashton; Thomas Withington; Daniel Whittaker; Peter Poulet; John Howarth; Isaac Ford; William Mayor; John Venables; John Lawrence; Aubrey Oakley; Thomas Eccles; Joseph Lawrence; John Hardman; Joseph Clarke; Thomas Davenport; John Warren; Samuel Burgess; John Swift; Robert Warren; William Garnett, clerk; John Lord; George Massey; Richard Gregson; Robert Holt; Matthew Kirk; Richard Hardman; James Clegg; Thomas Hatfield; John Mangnall; James Heywood; Edward Siddall; Richard Taylor of Ardwick; John Green; Thomas Nuttall; Joseph Bealey; Jer. Valentine; Thomas Ogden; Joseph Stopford; John Radcliffe; Thomas Carril Worsley of Platt; Archibald Bell; William Hardy; John Pilkington; John Grimshaw; John Hobson; William Ashton; Isaac Lees; Samuel Hatfield; John Wylde; James Chadwick; George Webster; Charles Wood; John Hampson; John Shawcross; John Hayhurst; John Ogden; John Gartside; Peter Wright; Peter Gee; Richard Walkden; Robert Grimshaw of Gorton; John Kenworthy; Robert Massey; Edward Hilton; James Royds; John Pendlebury; Thomas Kersley; Thomas Walpole; William Darkin; John

Lever; Bold Cooke; William Falkner; James Ward; Wm. Wilkes Blackmore; Miles Dixon; Daniel Byers; John Goodwin; Thos. Stringer; John Weatherhead; John Rigby; James Barratt; John Oldham; David Tomlinson; Thomas Birch; Thomas Bradshaw; John Hulme; William Aldred; Samuel Dearden; John Siddall; Joseph Brierley; James Hague; George Barlow; Thos. Crichlow; Ralph Simister; John Chorley; Dan. Greenwood; Joshua Oldham; John Rudd; George Catlow; Thomas Worthington; Solomon Bancroft; Richard Beddes; William Harrison; Ottiwell Wood; John Travis; Matthew Rylance; Rev. Timothy Priestley; John Boulthea; Benjamin Whitelegg; Henry Barrow; George Hibbert; James Marshall; William Edge; John Thornelly; John Leatherbarrow; James Longworth; Thomas Fielding; John Holland; Samuel Mann; William Darrand; John Heywood; Rev. James Matthews; Edmund Buckley; John Partington; Aaron Orme; Allwood Gilbert; Rev. Robert Gore; Rev. John Sudd Fermer of Monton; Jo. Edensor; Rev. Joseph Lawton Siddal of Chorley; Edmund Chadwick; Samuel Goodier; Edward Booth; Thomas Barton; John Hartley; William Ramsbotham; Daniel Shelmerdine; Rev. Ralph Harrison; Benjamin Aspinall; James Lodge of Castleton Hall.

In this time of public excitement the Rev. John Wesley issued his noted pamphlet, espousing the part of the Government, which called forth a torrent of replies from the opposite party. The pamphlet was entitled, *A Calm Address to our American*

Colonies, by John Wesley, M.A., with the following motto :—

“*Ne, pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella,
Nec patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires.*”—VIRGIL.

This address began—Brethren and countrymen, the grand question which is now debated (and with warmth enough on both sides) is this, Has the English Parliament power to tax the American colonies? To this pamphlet, which answered the question propounded in the affirmative, there were *Constitutional Answers to John Wesley, Replies to Vindications of the Calm Address, Second Answers to John Wesley*, and not a few very scurrilous pamphlets, as might be expected; as, for instance, one published by M. Lewes of Paternoster Row, entitled, “An Old Fox tarr’d and feather’d, occasioned by what is called Mr. John Wesley’s *Calm Address* to the American people,” by an Hanoverian. On its title-page an old fox is represented in gown and bands, and the author begins thus:—“Whereunto shall I liken Mr. John Wesley, and with what shall I compare him? I will liken him unto a low and puny TADPOLE in divinity, which proudly seeks to disembowel an high and mighty WHALE in politics. For it came to pass, some months since, that Dr. Samuel Johnson set forth an EIGHTEEN-PENNY pamphlet, entitled, *Taxation no Tyranny*. And some days ago a Methodist Weathercock saluted the public with a TWOPENNY paper (extracted by whole paragraphs together from the aforesaid doctor), ycleped, *A Calm Address to the American Colonies.*”

Nor was the Sister Isle behind England in con-

tributing her share of abuse of the *Calm Address*. A pamphlet made its appearance, bearing the title, "A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing; or, An old Jesuit Unmasked: containing an account of the wonderful apparition of Father Petre's ghost, in the form of the Rev. John Wesley, with some conjectures concerning the secret causes that moved him to appear at this very critical juncture." The author assumes the name of *Patrick Bull, Esqre.*, and charges 1s. 6d. a dozen, or 10s. a hundred, for his lucubrations.

Titus Hibbert also took a part in the controversy raised by the publication of Wesley's *Calm Address*. Incited by his zeal for the liberty of the subject, which he considered infringed by the attempt of the English Parliament to tax the colonies against their consent, he plunged into print.

The following is a rough draft of a letter addressed by him to "the authors of the *Monthly Review*:"—

MANCHESTER, *November 29, 1775.*

GENTLEMEN—Inclosed I send you a small publication which made its appearance here agreeable to its date.

The author of it never published anything before, nor ever intended to appear in print, but seeing such inconsistencies, such unconstitutional principles, and such falsities wrote and published by aged gravity, and swallowed by the credulity of almost every age, and no one in these parts standing forth to stem the torrent of such corrupt and prevailing principles, he was excited to the work by a love to his king, his country, and our happy constitution, mixt with real concern for the weakness of many, and an honest indignation at the wickedness of some. Mr. Wesley's *Calm Address* has been circulated through many counties: in these parts gratis, one impression at the expense of the Corpora-

tion of Liverpool, I am informed, and another impression free to the public at another town in this county. The inclosed publication sells here at a penny to promote its circulation: if it gains your approbation the author will flatter himself it is not without some merit; but whatever may be its merit, the author cannot be divested of the merit of meaning well.—Gentlemen, your very humble servant,

A LOVER OF TRUTH AND THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

To this quaint epistle the following reply was received:—

MIDDLE TEMPLE, *January 25, 1776.*

SIR—I should have thanked you sooner for the pamphlet and the letter with which you favoured me, but that I was out of town. The eagerness and assiduity with which the arbitrary and unconstitutional doctrines of Mr. Wesley, miserably as they are maintained by him, have been received and propagated, is a melancholy proof how much of the Tory Jacobitical leaven still remains in the kingdom. Happily for America, happily for the rights and liberties of this country and of mankind, there is not enough of it beyond the Atlantic to taint the constitutional principles of the smallest villages through the whole Continent. I have put your very sensible strictures into a hand where I am promised they shall be communicated to the public. Indeed the old political profligate has been already so much exposed, that perhaps compassion may succeed to punishment urged to severity.

I am happy that the appeals meet with approbation. If they, in any degree, promote the cause of truth and liberty, they will entirely answer the intentions with which they were written. There is another entitled a Speech, intended to have been delivered in support of the petition from the General Congress, which contains more information relative to the grievances and proceedings which have occasioned this most ruinous war. I shall always be happy in being favoured with any occasion of promoting the public cause.—I am, sir, your most obedt. servant,

ARTHUR LEE.

To Titus Hibbert Esq.,
Manchester.

The pamphlet published by Mr. Titus Hibbert, and referred to in the foregoing correspondence, is not in the possession of the editor of this memoir; but she has seen a rough MS. draft of a paper of his, entitled, "Letter to the Rev. John Wesley, occasioned by his *Calm Address to the American Colonies.*" This letter is signed, "A Lover of Truth and the British Constitution," and fills twelve large sheets of draft paper, closely written.

But neither the suffering nor general distress caused by a disastrous war, nor a more than usual severe winter, very much like three winters we have recently had, appear to have interfered with public amusements and enjoyment.

"I had an exceeding good journey to Huntingdon," wrote Mr. Robert Holland of Burton-on-Trent to his cousin John Slack jun. of Slack Hall, on the 15th of February 1776, "and was greatly entertained with the music at Hinchbrooks; Gardini led the band, which consisted of upwards of seventy performers, vocal and instrumental. There were several oratorios and concerts performed, besides which a great number of catches, glees, etc. I went to Cambridge and called upon a gentleman that showed me all the university. I was agreeably detained by the snow at a gentleman's house eight or nine days. Brother Jack was at York when I heard from him last; he was upon his journey that snowy Sunday, and had he not been very stout, he must have perished in the snow. He got to a gentleman's house, who entertained him very hospitably, and a gentleman along with him, whom he found upon the road, and who, without his assistance, must have perished inevitably.—I am, with our united best wishes and respects, your affectionate

"ROBERT HOLLAND."

Love affairs also went on as if happiness prevailed,

and there were neither distress nor misery in the country nor cruel wars, civil and foreign; for about this time the young merchant, Samuel Hibbert, had succumbed to the usual fate of mankind—he had fallen in love with Miss Sally Ware! In his case, however, the course of true love, as in many other cases, was not altogether smooth. The father of the young lady was of that party who wished to coerce the American patriots by force of arms, and he was very violent in his politics, while the Hibberts, on the other hand, were zealous supporters of peaceful measures. Thus it happened, that though Samuel Hibbert continued to pay his addresses to Miss Sally, their union did not take place until after her father's death.

There was at this time a debating society in Manchester, and among its members there were John Slack jun., Samuel Hibbert, and George Duckworth, a lawyer, who, it may be observed, rose to great eminence in his profession, and was the founder of a firm of solicitors of very high standing in Manchester. In after years one of his sons was made a Master in Chancery, and his daughter married Judge Coltman.

This worthy lawyer, who, on account of the skill he showed in his profession, was called "The Legal Star of the North," appears to have had little sympathy for those suffering from the tender passion; at all events, he evinced slight compassion for his friend Sam Hibbert, as we may see from the following letter to John Slack jun.—

MANCHESTER, 6th Decr. 1776.

DEAR SIR—I gave your questions to Mr. Hibbert yesterday, but I suppose, through some unexpected disappointment in love, he was in too low spirits to attend a meeting of the Committee. He says they have several questions upon the carpet, and he thinks they will not admit any other till Christmas. There was a very poor debate last night, the nature of the question not admitting of a better. The next night's question is, "Are the pleasures of the understanding superior to those of the imagination?" And I expect a very good debate upon it. Mr. Ware is gone to Knowsley to-day to see Lord Derby. Please to make my best compliments to your father and mother, whose recovery I ardently wish for.—I am, dear friend, your most obedient humble servant,

GEORGE DUCKWORTH.

N.B.—I had forgot to tell you that Mr. Hibbert thought two or three of your questions had been debated.

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. John Holt of Walton—Canal-boat travelling.

IN that very interesting and useful volume, the *List of Lancashire Authors*, edited by Mr. Charles William Satton, Chief Librarian of the Manchester Free Library, and published for the Manchester Literary Club in 1876, Mr. John Holt is recorded as born at Hattersley, near Mottram, in Longendale, in 1744, and as having died on the 21st of March 1801, at Walton, near Liverpool, where he had lived for about fifty years. In this list of Lancashire authors it is stated that Mr. John Holt was the author of *Lancashire Agriculture*, 1795, and other works. The writer of these pages has been told by a friend, that about the year 1832 he saw a copy of Mr. Holt's work on agriculture, and that, to the best of his recollection, it is a large octavo volume, and has an engraved full-length portrait of the author, as he sits reading in his easy-chair.

One of the other works of which Mr. John Holt was also the author is in three volumes, small octavo, and is entitled, *Characters of the Kings and Queens of England, selected from several Histories, with Observations and Reflections chiefly adapted to common*

life, with Notes Historical. This work, published by Messrs. Robinson, Paternoster Row, London, 1786, was intended chiefly for youth, and the notes appended by the author to illustrate the manners and habits of common life, trade inventions, etc., at different periods of English history, show a great amount of industry and research.

An intimate friendship appears to have existed between this gentleman and Mr. Titus Hibbert and his son Samuel, and particularly with the latter, who was near his own age, and with whom he frequently made pedestrian tours.

A couple of Mr. John Holt's letters may interest the reader, especially one in which he describes a journey in a passenger boat on the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, which, as we have observed in a former chapter, was then a new mode of travelling.

Where blanks occur in the letters, the part has been torn or rubbed away.

Decr. 10th, 1777.

DEAR SIR—Last night after I had just laid my head upon the pillow, a proper time for meditation, you know, a journey to somewhere or other next summer popped into my head. Ay, and I will ride in my one-horse chaise with my new horse too (for I have just bought one). I hugged myself some time how nice that would be, till in popt *No*, I will not ride but walk, by way of novelty. What signifies whether I go ten or twenty miles per day. I can see the world more perfectly too; I can stop to talk with this one, chatter with that—mark how their provincial dialect alters in a certain given space; in short, I can see the world as it is, for I will call at every house as I go along—when I am tired or want to make a push, why, I will hire a chaise then, and not till then. I was quite exulting in this

reverie till, pop! starts a thought—how is the luggage to be carried, my lad? I immediately turned that objection out of doors by saying, I will have some sturdy chubby little lad to trudge after me with my shirts, etc., upon his back. Oh, that will do to a minute, says I. Ay, but will it not be better to have somebody for company, to talk, converse with, somebody to observe to and with? Some one to whom I can say, How enchanting the spot! How beautiful that landscape! Why yes, it will be better, and the lad will carry both our (*torn away*). I thought now I had quite completed . . . to be altered for the better—when . . . whispered in my ear, unreasonable . . . to load a fellow-creature with it . . . while you are enjoying, regaling and . . . at your ease . . . under the weight of a bundle of cloaths. Fie! and oh, fie for shame! how can ye? To pacify this troublesome and impertinent intruder, I proposed the servant should have a horse with a portmanteau for our cloaths, and that he should ride and take care of our cloaths, and that we would trudge on foot and gratify our eyes. To this no objection being made, I quietly composed myself to sleep.

In the morning, as soon as I had dressed myself, I took pen, ink, and paper, and scribbled the above, so that you have it piping hot and after one night's digestion upon the brain. In the summer, I propose a journey, but have not yet fixed where, in company with somebody, I do not yet know whom, and the plan of travelling I have not yet agreed what. You and I have sometimes talked of going together, but have only talked. Pray let me know whether you intend to make an excursion, and if you do, when? whither? and how? And if it will suit both parties, we will strike hands and go together. My paper admits no more, therefore adieu,

J. HOLT.

The one-horse chaise which Mr. Holt mentions in this letter was probably a very homely conveyance for country use, seeing that between the years 1770 and 1780 there were even in Manchester only three privates carriages kept, and of these two belonged to medical gentlemen, and the other to Madam Massey

(see Manchester *Collectanea*, vol. ii. page 183, of the Chetham Society's Publications). What a contrast to the style of the present day!

Writing from his residence at Walton, on the 23d July 1778, Mr. John Holt, after thanking Mr. Samuel Hibbert for civilities received during his visit at Manchester, describes his journey home by the Bridge-water canal, as follows:—

My journey in the boat as far as Altringham was very disagreeable—not owing to the mode of travelling, as I experienced afterwards, but to a crowded boat, for after we had unshipped about half our cargo at the before-mentioned place, satisfaction and comfort almost instantaneously sat upon the countenance of every passenger. We had an opportunity of going aloft or staying below, as fancy suited, and sitting perfectly at our ease. The good women and others who had provided for that purpose, drew out of their pockets gooseberry pies, cold tongue, cold beef, etc., and I was a partaker of their bounty; in short, we became one family, and chatted, laughed, and sang the remainder of our passage. I changed my former opinion, and was quite in love with this new mode of travelling.

By-the-by, your postmistress in Manchester ought to be chastised for a breach of duty; she had never put my letter in the bag, which your father saw me pay for, so had neither dinner or chaise provided for me at Warrington. I got a conveyance in one of the Liverpool stages, alone with a Quaker. Whether it was owing to his gloomy looks and paucity of words, for he seldom exceeded *Ay* or *No*, or some other cause, I know not, but I came home with a violent headache.

News from America that our Commissioners are quarrelling *inter se*, and that the Congress refuse to hearken to their terms. A pretty pickle we are in, to be sure. Human events are so intricate, so unaccountable to every one but Him who can see all things, that I have left forming conjectures, and leave the disposal to that Being who knows what must be.—Adieu, Sir,

J. HOLT.

CHAPTER XII.

An Extravagancy ; or, London, and "the Young Man from the Country."

WE have already mentioned that the course of true love betwixt Mr. Samuel Hibbert and Miss Sally Ware did not run quite smooth, and that the obstacle was probably a mutual coolness on the part of their respective sires, caused by the wide difference in their political opinions.

Nevertheless, the love affair of the young people continued to progress, slowly indeed, as we may well imagine the gentleman thought, for he was an ardent lover, yet he solaced his feelings by frequently penning lengthy epistles, one of which we style an "Extravagancy," to his charmer, who was visiting her friend, Mrs. Bickerstaff, at Preston. But before we set forth his "Extravagancy," we will notice one or two of Mrs. Bickerstaff's letters, as they afford a fair specimen of the somewhat quaint style of expression at that now distant date: as for instance, "you was," instead of "you were;" "I desire," instead of "I wish;" thus, in her letter inviting her "dear Sally" to Preston, she writes:—"I sent you this day fortnight, by one of your newsmen (not Harrops), a piece of satin, which

I desire Miss Hornby would make into an Italian nightgown. I should be glad to have it returned as soon as possible—and at the same time the bracelets, which you promised to get for me.” And the writer continues: “I should be still more obliged to you if you could favour me with your company at Preston for a couple of months. I am so confident of your father’s friendship that I need not say anything more in order to prevail over him to bring you with him the next pay day, than that I am certain he will oblige me if it lies in his power. I must desire an answer to this last request, that I may have a room well aired for your occupation.”

In the month of May Samuel Hibbert’s father had sent him up to London to attend to some business connected with the firm; but this did not cause the young gentleman to neglect his correspondence with Miss Sally. We fear, however, that the same thing cannot be said as regards his correspondence with his “honoured father,” for not only were some of the letters of the latter left unanswered, but when answered, the letters of Mr. Samuel appear to have contained sundry blunders which his “honoured father,” like a precise man of business as he was, quickly detected, and commented upon somewhat testily. For instance, in reply to one of his son’s letters, the old merchant wrote as follows:—

The ship *Ann*, Mr. Scott, from Bremen, is arrived, and no insurance made on her, as well as the *Richard*, Captain Mobb, from the same place. This morning, May 10, received yours of 6th inst., I think should have been dated 7th. I hope you have

recd. my *three* letters, though I can remember the contents of them. . . . My best respects and wishes attend you and Mr. Hadfield. Yarn at Derry has got up again to 2/ and higher ; it was once at 22d. At Dublin and Sligo and Drogheda I believe it continues low. Young Mr. Fanhurst of Wigan is dead, insolvent, and owes to Mr. J. B of our town 1100, Mr. T. C. 1000, W. R. 700 or 800, Mr. Potter and Mr. Hodson a good sum to each. This is what I hear. Give my respectful compliments to such as know and inquire after me.—Yours most affectionately, T. H.

To Mr. SAMUEL HIBBERT,

With Mr. Em. Phil. Bize,

Merchant,

In London.

But we must beg the indulgence of our readers for this digression from the heading of our chapter ; and we now subjoin a letter from Mr. Samuel Hibbert to his fair enslaver ; but since the writer expressly disclaims its being a love letter, we may at any rate call it an “ Extravagancy,” whether we consider it as giving the experience of a “ young man from the country ” in London, in the last century, or as inflicting almost endless reading on the lady.

He begins his letter rather formally, “ Dear Miss Ware ; ” but his genuine love letters began in the following quaint style of his times, namely, “ Dear Miss,” while they ended, “ Dear Miss, your affectionate lover,” or “ Your faithful lover,” or “ Your sincere lover and friend,” or “ Your constant lover.”

LONDON, *May 20th*, 1778.

DEAR MISS WARE—Amidst all the hurry and bustle of London, in my hours of retirement, I do not forget my friends at Manchester, and may I be allowed to rank you amongst that number. Pray excuse my freedom in sending this ; it's not a

love letter I am going to write ; there is no occasion for writing upon that subject. Conversation is a better method of carrying that on when it can be had—to tell you the truth, I had a mind to write something of a description of London, and know no way more agreeable than to send it to you. As to the curiosities of London, which travellers in general go to see, you may know enough of them by others, and much more than I could pretend to say in a letter. I shall only notice a few occurrences in my travels that struck me particularly, and express them in my own manner.

After rattling on from stage to stage, out of one chaise and into another, for two days and one night, I got safe here. What excited my curiosity upon the road much was remarking how much forwarder the spring was, as I approached nearer London, than with us ; and when I arrived here I was surprised to find the fields in such vernal bloom, and the fruit-trees all in blossom. This had something of the effect upon me as if I had slept for two or three weeks together at Manchester, and upon my waking taken a walk towards Castlefield, supposing it to be at this time of the year. And now I have been here near three weeks, and have almost tired myself with being so continually on the wing, for half our time is taken up with rambling from one place of curiosity to another in a place of such large extent as this. But London itself has not satisfied me. I have been to Blackheath, to see his Majesty review his troops ; to Woolwich, to see him review the artillery ; to the place where the poor convicts work, upon the banks of the Thames ; then to Greenwich, famous for a very fine hospital, and a most delightful situation, and back to London. This was one day's work. It was something curious to see his Majesty scramble up a steep hill, as he did part of the way, with the help of his hands, while experiments were about making with the cannon. The Prince of Wales and Prince Frederick were there, and very fine youths they are. The second son has a most pleasing countenance indeed. A gentleman was so kind as to send his servant to go along with me as a guide, and it was comical enough to see the respect they paid me at the inn upon that account, . . . and how many apologies they made

that they had nothing fit for me to eat. Well, thought I, how the world is governed by mere outside pomp and show! Another day I took a ramble to Richmond Hill, a place famous for affording one of the finest prospects in England, then to the palace of Hampton Court. These rambles and others afforded me more pleasure than anything I saw in London, except, indeed, one thing, which is the greatest of all entertainments to me, though perhaps my taste may differ from most other people's—the thing I mean is, hearing the debates in the Houses of Parliament; this curiosity I have lately had opportunities of gratifying fully. I have been six times in the House of Commons and twice in the House of Lords, and often heard strong debates upon subjects of importance to the nation; once from four o'clock in the afternoon till half-past one in the morning, with very little intermission. This was a feast for the mind, indeed, but as to the body, it rather suffered for it, as I could get nothing but bread and water for my supper when I came back. Was not I a great rake for staying out so late? How do you think I durst venture in . . . rascally place as London? Why, I got a coach as soon as I cou'd, and was very glad to shut myself up in it, I can assure you, having no . . . then,—but before I could get in such a flock of girls, or whatever else you please to call them, crying out, Let me ride with you; pray let me get in. O London! a sad place—all extravagance and dissipation; mummery, compliments, and foppery. One evening I went with a friend to Ranelagh, and there I expected fine entertainment, but it did not answer those expectations. There were, indeed, a most brilliant assembly in the Rotunda there, but when you have seen the company and the room, you have seen all. They kept walking round and round and round again, in slow and solemn procession, just as if it had been to a funeral. There is music, indeed, but the burring noise they keep up, and the rustling of their silk gowns, prevent one from hearing anything; and in this way they spend the evening and part of the morning too, as I did for once. But I had enough of that. I have been at each of the two theatres. There I had some better entertainment, but tho' the performances are finer than we have, I cannot say they afford me

as much pleasure as seeing a play at Manchester, especially if I have agreeable company. Last Sunday I was at the Chapel Royal, when service was performed, which lasted from twelve till two o'clock, and the King and Queen were present, and the chapel was filled as full of company as any auction-room, except the seats where the Royal family and some of the grandees are. It seemed a little odd to see the aisle, which, in other places, you know, is only for the poorer sort, filled with ladies with high head-dresses and gentlemen all bepowdered, and all crowded together without distinction; but what inconveniences cannot be submitted to when a king is present! The number of fine voices in this place is very pleasing, and they gave us plenty of music, indeed, but a very short sermon, tho' a good one. The Sunday before I went to Hackney, just to hear Dr. Price preach, one of the great political champions in favour of the Americans. I then took a ramble to the Royal Palace of Kensington, where there is a beautiful park. The curiosities in the Tower and in Westminster Abbey are also well worth seeing, and also the prospect from the top of St. Paul's, where you see London all at one view. Indeed, the prospect there is so great that it gives you the idea of a whole country built over more properly than that of a town. There are many people from Manchester in this part of the world, but in such a place as this a person knows not where to find any one if he gets out of sight. I think there is hardly a place in the world better calculated than London for spending money in; the amazing number of rich shops, finely decorated at the windows, present a temptation to the eye continually to those who are curious and have their pockets well lined. In short, luxury and grandeur appear in their full extent; and I may say also, in the outskirts of London they have beggary too. I have seen Mr. Scott's daughter, but not the son-in-law. I dined at their house one day. Vauxhall is to be opened to-morrow night, and there I expect to see a paradise, by the description I have had of it—I mean with respect to the fine gardens only, not with respect to the innocence of the sons and daughters of Adam who frequent it. But not to dwell upon things I have not seen, I shall only just mention another curiosity I have seen, and that

is the British Museum ; but only think what a confusion of ideas a man wou'd have in looking over the whole in two hours, which, if he must view in such a manner as a person of curiosity would wish, it wou'd take up a fortnight very well. It is too much for the mind, one thing puts out another, and so you have but a confused idea of all. Indeed, the whole of London seems confusion, and will appear so, I think, to any one the first time he sees it ; and, therefore, if this letter be a confused one you must excuse it, and regard it only as a further token of esteem from,
—Madam, your sincere well-wisher and humble servant,

SAMUEL HIBBERT.

I thought proper to direct this to Mrs. Ware, to whom give my respects.

CHAPTER XIII.

Death of Paymaster Robert Ware—Ladies travelling by stage-coaches
—An expected marriage—An unexpected marriage.

“SUNDAY s'night, as Robert Ware, Esqre., Lieutenant and Paymaster of the Royal Lancashire Militia, was bathing in the sea at Tynemouth, he was seized with an apoplectic fit and expired immediately. On Wednesday morning at eight o'clock his remains were interred in St. Nicholas' Church with military honours. The street was lined by the regiment from his lodging in the Close to the Church. He was a gentleman much respected by the officers and beloved by the privates.”

The above paragraph appeared in the *Chester Chronicle* of July 30, 1779.

The Lancashire Militia was at that time quartered at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and here the sad event occurred which deprived Miss Sally Ware of her surviving parent.

In company with two other officers, Robert Ware had ridden from Newcastle to Tynemouth, a distance of some few miles to enjoy the luxury of bathing in the sea, on a hot July day. Possibly, the gentlemen may have ridden hard, and Paymaster Ware may have been both tired and heated; however that might be, he was struck with apoplexy so soon as he had entered the water, and the seizure was at once fatal.

His remains were interred in a gentleman's vault in the church of St. Nicholas with military honours, as stated in the *Chester Chronicle*.

Miss Peggy Ware, Robert Ware's youngest daughter, then about sixteen years old, was at a boarding-school near London at the time of her father's death, and we will give a letter, written by Mr. Samul Hibbert when she was about to visit her friends in the north at Christmas time, and afterwards return to London, as it in some degree illustrates the care and trouble ladies had to take, as well as the inconveniences they had to suffer, when travelling by stage-coach, in the last century.

It was not considered safe at that time for ladies to travel by that mode of conveyance unless escorted by some male friend or acquaintance; so it would not unfrequently happen that a lady might have to wait several weeks before she could meet with a gentleman travelling in the same direction. The late Dr. Hibbert Ware remembered this state of things existing in his youthful days.

"DEAR MISS," wrote Mr. Sam Hibbert from Manchester on Jan. 2, 1780, to his charmer,—“I have just had the pleasure of hearing by Mr. Slack's letter to Mrs. Ware, that you got safe to Burton. She hopes her daughter Peggy will be with you before this comes to hand. This morning she had a letter from Mr. Duckworth, informing her that Peggy intended to have set off last Thursday, but as there was no other passenger in the coach, Mrs. Brown thinks it would not be so safe to let her go alone, as they travel so much in the night; she had also a letter from Peggy on Friday last, and it seems, by her letter and Mr. Duckworth's, that she has a great mind to see her mother

and grandfather at Slack Hall or here. Mr. Duckworth says the additional expense of going back to London is only thirteen shillings more than going from Burton, besides, she would have a better chance of returning with some acquaintance from Manchester than from Burton, and that this consideration, he thinks, ought to have some weight."

Many love letters were, of course, at this time passing between Mr. Hibbert and his future bride. We do not hesitate to give an extract from another, as it makes mention of a Manchester name that has since acquired very great celebrity, we mean Quincey or De Quincey, as the distinguished author of the *Opium Eater* wrote it.

Writing from Manchester on the 28th of January 1780, Mr. Samuel Hibbert, after saying all that a man in his position might be expected to say, proceeds as follows :—

I have little more news for you. Yesterday, Mr. Quincey of this town was married to my friend and acquaintance, Miss Goodyear, after about a week's courtship. She has managed the affair very snugly, tho' I think not so prudently, for her relations knew nothing of the matter till all was over.—I remain, dear Miss, your assured friend and lover,

SAM. HIBBERT.

To Miss Ware,
at The Rev^d. Mr. Holland's,
Burton-upon-Trent.

As we shall soon see, Mr. Samuel Hibbert was to find out before long, and much to his surprise, that other people, as well as the lady he writes of, could manage "the affair very snugly."

Before concluding our mention of Mr. Hibbert's courtship, it may not be considered out of place by any of our female readers, inasmuch as it touches

upon courtship; if we here insert an extract from a letter which tends to show us a sort of game played on St. Valentine's day by our great-grandmothers, to whom the penny post was unknown, or such an overloaded animal as the postman of 1882, staggering along under sacks of Valentines on each 14th of February.

“On the 12th instant,” wrote Miss Holland from Burton, on the 24th of February 1780, to her friend Sally Ware, then at Mr. Slack's, “we drank tea with Miss Cottons' in the evening, and were very merry drawing Valentines, and wished very much for your company. We made Sally your substitute and she drew Mr. Hibbert. Miss Hannah Cotton drew the handsome Scotchman. The night we were at the George, to hear Sig. Rossinole, a gentleman fell very much in love with you, and made the utmost enquiry after you. Miss Cotton's maid told him you was engaged, or he certainly would have paid you a visit. I can't prevail on Sally to tell me who the gentleman was.”

There is an end to all things in this world, and so probably thought Jacob when his seven years' courtship was drawing to a close. By a deed, of a nature very interesting to ladies about to enter the married state, bearing date the 27th of May 1780, in which John Slack junior, gentleman, and William Dawson of Manchester, gentleman, were named the trustees, a small estate at Hale - Barns Green, Altrincham, purchased by Paymaster Ware, was settled on his daughter, Miss Sally, and the next morning Mr. Samuel Hibbert was rewarded for his long courtship by being at length made a happy man.

The wedding cake, however, had scarcely been eaten, when Mr. Sam found out that his “honoured

father" understood, quite as well as his friend Miss Goodyear, now Mrs. Quincey, how to keep both his courtship and "the affair very snugly."

Writing to his wife's friend Miss Holland of Burton, on the 2d of September 1780, Mr. Sam Hibbert says :—

DEAR MISS—When I wrote to you informing you of my marriage, I little expected that my next letter to you would inform you of another marriage in our family, but thus it is, such a thing has taken place. About a fortnight after you left this town, my father gave me notice of his intentions, and last Monday he was married to Miss France.

His father's second nuptials were evidently not quite pleasing to Mr. Samuel, but as the lady, formerly governess to Miss Hannah Hibbert, was of the mature age of fifty, Mr. Titus Hibbert being bent, we must suppose, upon marrying again could hardly have made a more suitable match.

To the credit of all parties, this unlooked-for event made no change in the affectionate relations existing between the father and son, the simple difference being the removing of the young couple into a house of their own, instead of living with Titus Hibbert in St. Ann's Square, as had been previously arranged.

Samuel Hibbert took a house in Brazenose Street.

CHAPTER XIV.

Scarborough—Manchester gossip.

IN the summer of 1781 Mrs. Samuel Hibbert not being very well, her husband had taken her to Scarborough, and we will now give extracts from two of his letters; one showing the length of time it then required to travel from Hull, by the diligence to Manchester, a hundred years ago, and the other containing a little gossip about Manchester.

Mr. Samuel Hibbert was very methodical, not only in his business correspondence, but also when writing to private and intimate friends, for in both cases he equally made rough drafts of his letters. Writing to his sister, Miss Hannah Hibbert, from Hull, on the 15th of August 1781, he says:—

“I have taken places in the diligence for Monday morning, and hope to be at Manchester on Tuesday evening, if all be well. My wife wishes much to be at home now, being still but poorly. I can give you a curiosity—the bellman of Scarborough going about offering four guineas to any one who wou’d part with two good sound fore-teeth!!! There were a very great number of smart, genteel people, both old and young, at Scarborough, and some old that would be young, as you may judge from the above. There are many fine walks about this town, particularly by the side of the Humber—the new dock and the garrison. Here we

saw a number of French and Dutch prisoners in the prison-yard. In these might well be observed the genius and disposition of the two countries—the French were all in action of some sort, volatile and sprightly; the Dutchmen, some squatted down on the ground, others walking in sober thoughtfulness, two or three with pipes in their mouths.”

We were then at war, not only with the Americans, the French, and the Spaniards, but the Dutch also had ranged themselves on the side of our enemies, and as a natural consequence, the high prices of provisions kept pace with the heavy taxation, and the distress in the kingdom became greater every day, and trade more depressed.

Before quitting this letter, we must offer an observation on the Scarborough bellman's cry for two “good sound teeth.” If, as Mr. Hibbert alleged, there were old people that would be young, they had, even at that date, every opportunity of gratifying their wish in Manchester, so far as the teeth were concerned, for, in Prescott's *Manchester Journal* of the 25th of August 1773, we read an advertisement in which Mr. Wolfenden announces to the fashionable world of Manchester that he performs all operations on the teeth, and fixes in artificial teeth with the enamel on every tooth. A few years later, however, this dentist appears to have been eclipsed by a Frenchman; for we read in the same journal, at the date 30th September 1780, that M. Anthony Chevenez from Paris, a pupil of the famous M. Moulton, dentist to His Most Christian Majesty, respectfully thanks the ladies and gentlemen of Manchester for their past favours,

and flatters himself that they being already convinced of his abilities will continue to honour him. His terms, he goes on to say, are as follows: For cleaning the teeth, 5s. ; when they are very black and tartarised, so as not to be cleaned at one sitting, then 5s. for each sitting; for drawing a tooth, 5s. ; for drawing a stump, half-a-guinea; for making and setting in an artificial tooth, one guinea; then the artist tells the public that he makes teeth even, and stops them, and that he makes artificial palates, and artificial teeth, which will answer the purpose of real ones.

To return from this digression, though not quite inappropriate; the other letter of Mr. Samuel Hibbert, which we have referred to, makes mention of one or two inhabitants of Manchester, better known afterwards:—

“DEAR MISS,” he writes on the 31st of March, 1782, to Miss Holland of Burton,—“I must again desire you to accept of my writing instead of Mrs. Hibbert’s. She is still averse to writing letters, and puts the task on me. She is pretty well in health, considering it is so near April.

“Mr. Marsland, as we hear, still pays his addresses to Miss Harrison, but we cannot at present guess what they will make of it, or how far advanced the courtship is; we suppose there may have been obstacles thrown in the way, which, like those in our political negotiations, may have retarded the adjusting of the preliminaries.

“Poor Miss Duckworth went off sooner than was expected—her mother was much affected by her death. Mr. Duckworth has now taken a house in Princes Street, next door to Mr. Kirkham’s, and proposes to go into it very soon. This day we had the pleasure of hearing your cousin Bayley preach at our Chapel for the first time, and in my opinion his sermon fully justified the good opinion his own congregation have formed of

him. The attention of the town is now taken up with the suit betwixt the Lord of the Manor, and the proprietors of the New Market, it being expected to come on at Lancaster this week, and a number of people are going there to give evidence."

Mr. Marsland, to whom Samuel Hibbert alludes in this letter, was a merchant of good position. He afterwards built a country house in Chorlton Row, then quite a rural district. This house, we believe, still stands, and is situate at the corner of Grosvenor Square, and the Stretford Road, and after the family had parted with it was used as a Lyceum. When the Marslands lived in it, it was surrounded by a garden; there was no All Saints Church there then, nor any neighbouring houses. Mr. Marsland's sons, John, Samuel, and Henry, carried on business in Manchester, during the earlier part of this century. The Miss Harrison whom that gentleman courted was of the family of the Rev. Ralph Harrison, one of the ministers of Cross Street Presbyterian Chapel. Of this family also was the mother of the late William Harrison Ainsworth, the well-known novelist.

The house in Princes Street, which Mr. Duckworth is mentioned in the foregoing letter as having taken, stood until lately on the site of a portion of the present Albert Square. In it the firm of Duckworth and Chippendall, afterwards Duckworth and Denison, carried on business in the early part of this century.

CHAPTER XV.

The birth of Samuel Hibbert, the subject of this memoir.

“SAMUEL, their son, born Sunday, April 21st, 1782, three-quarters past one, afternoon.”

Such was the entry penned by Mr. Samuel Hibbert on the fly-leaf of the old black leather-bound family Bible, as he sat in the parlour of his house in Brazenose Street on the afternoon of the day which witnessed the birth of the subject of this memoir.

The birth of the first-born is usually welcomed by father and mother with feelings of intense and novel happiness. The very name of parent, assumed for the first time, has so tender and sacred a sound! Other children may come and be welcomed and be loved, but still the joy of the mother or the pride of the father, when the infant cry of their first-born is heard, can never be realised again.

A not uneventful life lay stretched out before the child born to Samuel Hibbert, on the day that we have recorded, in the old city of Manchester. To this, his native town, he was ever attached, and in the years to come, of all his literary works, the history of *The Foundations of Manchester*, we may truly

say, was the one in which he took the deepest and most earnest interest.

He knew every nook and corner of the old city, and every spot in and around it was familiar to him, many of them dear to his heart from tender memories and associations.

When at a distance from Manchester nothing, however slight, connected with it failed to interest him, and the evening of his life saw him settled once more in the vicinity of Manchester.

CHAPTER XVI.

The importation of linen yarn—The Prussian Government make inquiries of Manchester merchants concerning it—Chamber of Commerce.

BEFORE the end of the year 1782 a hope of better times began to dawn on the nation. France and Spain, as weary of the war as England, were equally desirous of peace, and in November the independence of America was fully recognised at Paris by the British Government, and treaties of peace between England, France, and Spain were signed in the January following.

Merchants and traders looked forward now to a revival of trade, and with all their old activity and energy, Titus Hibbert and Son hailed the advent of a brighter era in mercantile affairs.

Towards the latter end of 1782 the Prussian Government had instructed its consuls, or some other officials, who represented it in England, to make inquiries respecting the importation and use of linen yarns, and Mr. Titus Hibbert, as one of the leading merchants and importers of yarns from abroad, was applied to for information on the subject.

A rough draft of his reply to the different ques-

tions put to him has been preserved amongst his private papers, and thinking it may be of some interest to Manchester mercantile men, even of the present day, we copy it.

If there had been a Chamber of Commerce at that time in Manchester the Prussian Government would probably have applied there for the information sought for; but a Manchester chronicler, we think Butterworth, says that the Chamber of Commerce was established first in 1820, yet, without disputing this assertion, we must observe that in Titus Hibbert's account-book, to which we have before referred, the following entry occurs in the year 1787:—"29th Octr., Paid E. Whamsley subscription to Chamber of Commerce, £1 : 1s."

We now proceed with the reply of Titus Hibbert to the Prussian queries:—

MANCHESTER, *Jany.* 6, 1783.

SIR—I am honoured by yours of the 29th Decr., and am sorry that it is not in my power to answer your queries in a manner so satisfactory as I really wish to do; however, I judge it better to give you the best information in my power, without waiting to collect more particular information, which would be a work of time and pains.

In answer to your first query—The greatest quantity of foreign yarn is imported from Hamburg and Bremen, Dantzic and Königsberg, and the greatest part of it, by far, is manufactured at Manchester and by the manufacturers, who live in the country and lesser towns, near enough to come weekly to Manchester, which they do, to buy yarn and cotton and sell goods; the rest at Blackburn, Preston, Wigan, Walton, Nottingham, etc.

2d. I never knew of any yarn imported from France, and

very little from any foreign ports, except those above mentioned. Yarn imported pays no duty in England, nor at the places it is imported from: it has come free of duty since 1756; (*illegible*) is flaxen yarn. In Germany and Poland there is yarn made from hemp, which is liable to 1d. per pound duty in England, but little or none is imported.

3d, The quality of the yarn rules the price both of Irish and foreign; and when the quality of the different sorts is very near equal, so is the price. *Note.*—We import no sort of yarn which is sold by weight, but Irish head yarn; all other sorts are such as reel and count, and sold by the bundle. Dishonest practices and reforms have taken place, as in Ireland; at foot you shall have the reel and count of the different sorts most in use.

4th, At Manchester we use every grist of spangle yarn, from 4 to 15 lbs. in the bundle, though not much of 4 lb.; and of head yarn every grist from 12s. to 40s. per head, and some very small matter may be finer; and coarser Irish spangle yarn from $4\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 15 lb. in the bundle is very much in demand here; we cannot certainly tell which weight is most in demand, for some years more of one sort is wanted, and other years more of another sort, as the demands for different manufactures increase or decrease. Of Hamburg yarn we import from 2 lbs. to 12 lb. in the bundle, which bundle is about equal to $11\frac{1}{2}$ hanks of Irish spangle yarn; and the yarn we get from Dantzic and Königsberg, which is called Ermland yarn, taking its name from the bishoprick of Ermland, where it is much made; a good deal of it runs heavier than any spangle yarn we get from Ireland; a bundle of this is about equal to $4\frac{1}{4}$ spangle of Irish, and runs in weight from 8 lb. to 38 lb. per bundle, but the great demand is from 10 lb. to 18 lb. per bundle. This sort and Hamburg yarn, from 8 to 12 lb., are very much used for the manufacture of sheeting in this town and county, and Irish yarn but very little; the heavy spangle, it is not good enough, and head yarn is too dear.

5th, It is impossible to answer your 5th query; the gentlemen in Ireland who buy for exportation could do this if they were all willing, but in order to give you all the satisfaction in our

power we subjoin an account of our importations and consignments for last year: in our view, but one thing is to be considered, that our import of head yarn and Drogheda spangle is much less in proportion than some of our neighbours.

6th, Nor is it in our power to inform you of the proportions of the different sorts of yarn used in this town and county, etc., but there is very much used of both Irish and foreign; but we are of opinion the value of the Irish is greater, if not the weight; but English yarn and Scotch yarn are very little used here. Irish head yarn from 6d. to 11d. per lb. is the best yarn made; for the smallware makers, the middling and fine head yarn is the best for bed ticks, and warp for furniture checks. Irish web yarn and 3 crown Hamburg from 2 to 4½ lb. are nearly equal in goodness, and are the best for fine fustians, but heavy 3 crown Hamburg yarn from 5 to 8, or 9 lb. per bundle, is the best for the coarser sorts of fustian. Irish web yarn is best for the Blackburn manufacture; Drogheda yarn the second best; Sligo the third. *Note.*—Fine Hamburg yarn and Bremen yarn can be substituted very well in printing goods, and are so, when the price is not too high. Great quantities of Derry tow yarn and Ermland are made into checks and other goods for exportation, etc.—not that such is best for checks, but the makers of these goods cannot afford to buy the best sorts of yarn. So the fine Sligo yarn is much used for weft for African goods, and by the handkerchief makers, partly because it is more length for the money than web and Drogheda yarns.

We apprehend there is very little foreign flax imported into England. There are linens made in Somersetshire, in Cumberland, and in some parts of Yorkshire, and we believe the flax is grown in said counties, but this is a matter we know very little about.

CHAPTER XVII.

“The Manchester Regiment,” or 72d—The fustian-tax—Old Blackpool
—Ardwick Green.

“IN no town has opulence been more honourably and respectably enjoyed than in Manchester; and upon all occasions, public and private, it is but justice to say that the purses of Manchester have been open to the calls of charity and patriotism.”

Thus writes Dr. Aikin, in his *Country round Manchester*; and among the entries of payments to different charities in the account-book of Titus Hibbert we find that on the 6th of September 1783 he “paid Mr. Parker, at Mr. Allen’s bank, £1 : 1s., his subscription for the relief of the widows and children of the soldiers who fell in defending Gibraltar.”

“The Manchester Regiment,” or 72d, had been raised to fight against the Americans, but it escaped taking part in this unnatural war by being sent to Gibraltar, to aid in the defence of that fortress against the Spaniards. Here these gallant Manchester men acquitted themselves so bravely as to reflect the greatest honour on their native town. At the close of the war they returned to England and were disbanded.

Though the Manchester merchants and tradesmen

subscribed cheerfully towards relieving the widows and children of the soldiers who had fallen at Gibraltar, they were by no means so well disposed to pay the bill of costs for the war, when it came in; and the tax on fustian, in particular, caused such great consternation that numbers of petitions from the town and neighbourhood were sent up to Government against it, and also a deputation, consisting of Messrs. Walker and Richardson. These gentlemen were so successful that they obtained a repeal of the tax, and after their return to Manchester they were each presented with a silver cup, and honoured with a splendid procession and bands of music.

In Titus Hibbert's account-book we find the following entries of payments towards collections, which were soon after made in reference to this affair; one of which is notable, as it mentions a "Chamber of Manufacturers:"—

14th December 1785—Paid Thos. Walker and John Heywood donation towards the charges of repealing the tax on fustians, £2 : 2s. Paid same a subscription towards supporting the Chamber of Manufacturers, £1 : 1s.

1786, 13th May—Paid Mr. James Barton a gratuity for Mr. Walker and Mr. Richardson, for assiduity in procuring a repeal of the fustian-tax, £2 : 2s.

The Mr. Thomas Walker just mentioned was a gentleman living in South Parade; but there was a John Walker, a fustian and smallware manufacturer, in Water Street, Salford, probably a relation of the former. Mr. James Barton was most likely connected

with Richard, George, and Henry Barton, fustian manufacturers, in Market Street Lane.

Titus Hibbert had now more cause for deep anxiety than the fustian-tax, odious as it was: his only daughter Hannah, who he had fondly believed would soothe his declining years, had fallen into very ill health. Early in September 1785 he had sent her, along with her stepmother, to Blackpool, for the benefit of the sea air.

As Blackpool has ever been a favourite watering-place of Manchester people, it may not be without interest to have some notion of what it was like, when Baldwin, of Paternoster Row, published a description of that place in 1789, which, he says, was then only rising into existence, and quite in its infancy, and too insignificant to be noticed by the gay or invalids at a distance. It derived, that writer tells us, its chief support from Lancashire, and especially Manchester. In August the company were most numerous, then amounting to about four hundred; but in October no one was to be seen. At that time there were only about fifty scattered houses to the extent of a mile along the beach, and none of the superior houses for the reception of company seemed to have been more than seven years old. A gentleman who had regularly visited Blackpool since 1770 declared to Mr. Baldwin that when he first knew the place, the little white cottage, at the *lane end*, which became the news-house in 1788, was the only one of public resort. Even in this latter year there was no place of worship in Blackpool, nor was any service performed in any of

the rooms, nor was there to be seen, the author assures us, "one Methodist preacher roaring against a wall!"

Yet the infant Blackpool afforded pleasure and gratification to visitors. It was health-giving, and had fine sands for walks or rides; there was a parade too for the company to promenade along; it was a pretty grass walk on the verge of the sea, about 6 yards wide and 200 long, with an alcove at one end and a vile pit at the other.

The chief inns or boarding-houses in 1788 were those of Bailey, Forshaw, Hull, and Hudson, and of these Bailey's was by far the most fashionable. But, continues the author of the guide book, the same spirit prevailed in young Blackpool as in other watering-places; no visitor of a superior house must know the visitor of an inferior one, and, indeed, the company in one house must not know the company in another; he of Bailey's will scarcely recognise him of Forshaw's, and she of Hull's does not know her of Hudson's. *She is not of our house*, says the lady of Bailey's, with a toss of her head.

In taking the healthful and invigorating dip in the briny, certain rules were rigorously enforced. A bell rang at the time of bathing as a signal for the ladies. Some used machines drawn by one horse, a few travelled from their apartments in their "water-dresses," but the majority clothed in the boxes which stood on the beach for their use. If a gentleman was then seen on the parade, he was made to pay for his imprudent intrusion the forfeit of a bottle of wine. As soon as the ladies had retired, the bell rang again

for the gentlemen, who acted the second part in this marine drama.

It appears from this guide book that the highest price our grandfathers and grandmothers then paid for boarding, which included lodging, was 3s. 4d. a day, exclusive of liquors—namely, for dinner and supper, 1s. each; for tea and breakfast, 8d. each. A lower fare was 2s. 6d. for eating, the party finding his or her tea, coffee, sugar, and liquors. A third fare was 1s. 6d. a day.

People who were well-to-do, and wished to save time, travelled in post-chaises; but for those who went to Blackpool by the stage-coach, we are informed by the Manchester papers of 1781, that there was a conveyance called "The Manchester and Blackpool Diligence," from the Royal Oak, in the Market Place, every morning at six o'clock, which arrived at the Red Lion Inn, in Preston, at noon; met the Lancaster, Penrith, and Carlisle Diligence, and went to Forshaw's, at Blackpool. Fare to Blackpool, 15s. "The journey performed by Pickford & Co., *D. V.*"

Miss Hannah Hibbert returned from Blackpool, but the sea breezes had not restored her former health, and consequently Mr. Titus Hibbert decided upon removing from Manchester, in order to secure for his beloved daughter a purer air than that of the town. He selected Ardwick Green, then quite a country place, separated from the town by green fields, the road even to which was so bad that we find in his account-book an entry of payment, on the 12th of April 1787—"Subscription for improving road to

Ardwick, £2 : 2s. ;” and on the 30th, “a further subscription of £2 : 2s.”

In this rural village he bought a house and garden ; for rural it still was, though we read in Prescott's *Manchester Journal*, so far back as 1st May 1773, an advertisement of a Mr. Jones, attorney-at-law, stating that any part of a croft, situate at Bank Top, would be sold for building upon.

In December 1785 Mr. Titus Hibbert removed with his family to his new residence, but his daughter's disease had made too great progress for change of air to be of any avail, and she died in the following January, at the early age of twenty-three.

Abbé le Blanc, in his *Letters from England* inveighing against undertakers and costly funerals, says drily, that “it is satisfactory to die in England, for there you are certain to have a fine funeral after death, if you are let starve before that event.”

This remark is true enough, for the levying of *black mail* by the undertakers had spread from London into the country, if we may judge from sundry items in the bill for Miss Hibbert's funeral, such as—

“Pd. Mr. Meanley, for 42 hatbands and 72 pair of gloves, £34 : 14 : 3.”

As Titus Hibbert had gone to Ardwick Green solely on account of his daughter's health, after her death there was no inducement for him to remain there, and he accordingly let his house in the following year and returned to Manchester, not, however, to St. Ann's Square, but to a house in King Street, which he occupied until his death, in the year 1795 ; for he

would not disturb his son and daughter-in-law, who had removed into the old house in the square, with their fast-increasing family, little Sam by that time having three brothers, Titus, Robert, and William.

Little Sam meanwhile was growing apace, and possibly developing that love for books which distinguished him in after-life, for on the 19th of April 1786 his grandfather enters down amongst his private accounts, "A book for little Samuel, 1s." His first book most likely, and intended as a birthday gift, on the 21st of that month.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The first school—Holland Watson—A journey to Dublin
a century ago.

SAMUEL HIBBERT, the subject of our Memoir, commenced his education at Mr. Littlewood's academy at Ardwick Green, where he was placed as a boarder, when about six or seven years of age.

To his school life we shall make some reference presently, but the boy's earliest recollections were his visits, during the holidays, to Slack Hall, where his aunt, Miss Peggy Ware, who was very good to him, chiefly resided.

Miss Peggy was now grown to womanhood, and was very accomplished.

Of her musical talents her little nephew retained the liveliest remembrance. Even in his boyhood he was exceedingly fond of music, an art which he esteemed so highly that in his early manhood we shall find him writing and reading to a learned society an able and masterly essay upon it. He had, indeed, that true love of music which seems to characterise the sons and daughters of Manchester, and which has made them so liberally patronise musical genius.

To the last years of his life, he would still speak

with pleasure of that reminiscence of his boyhood, when he used to sit and listen, entranced, to the sweet notes his aunt drew from her harpsichord.

As amiable as she was gifted, Miss Peggy Ware's life was destined not to be a long one. In 1790 she married Mr. Holland Watson, attorney-at-law at Stockport, a gentleman of the family of the Hollands of Rhodes, as we read in vol. cix. p. 103, of the Chetham Society's Publications, and a man of considerable antiquarian acquirements. Only seven weeks, however, had elapsed since her marriage, when the young bride was stricken by the hand of death. In the obituary of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1790, vol. lx. part 1, there is a notice of her death, probably written by her husband, from which we make a brief extract:—

“The nuptial tie had scarcely existed, when it was dissolved, and that for ever. On Sunday, June 13th, her body was deposited near that very altar where, but seven weeks before, she had pledged herself in wedlock, with flattering, but delusive hopes.”

Mrs. Holland Watson was buried in the Rector of Stockport's vault, in the church of that town.

Mr. Littlewood's academy, to which we have already alluded, ranked high amongst the educational establishments of Manchester; the classics were taught by able masters, and French by a refugee nobleman, a native of that unhappy country, then in the most violent throes of one of the bloodiest revolutions the world has ever seen.

In the month of May 1793 we find young Samuel

removed temporarily, along with his brother Titus, from the school. The cause we gather from two letters written by Mr. Hibbert, one to the principal, the other to an usher, against whom his cause of complaint lay.

As some of his remarks seem very pertinent, and may interest parents, we subjoin a few. In his letter to the Rev. Mr. C——, the usher, he writes:—

“If you had studied human nature as well as the classics, you would have been convinced of the impropriety of frequently exposing a child to the scorn and derision of his schoolfellows, and in particular, of delegating your authority of correction to boys (a power which is but itself a delegated one). Such conduct,” continues the writer, “has a tendency to blunt all the finer feelings of nature, and harden, either against ridicule or proper reproof, or even correction, if that were necessary; and when the sense of shame is extinguished, honour and virtue have lost their best shield and supporter.”

In his letter to the principal, Mr. Samuel Hibbert complains, “the Rev. Mr. C—— struck Samuel in such a manner yesterday as I myself durst not have done.”

The mercantile transactions of Mr. Hibbert having called him to Ireland, it may be amusing to give an account of one of his journeys to that country, *viâ* Liverpool, for travelling was then somewhat different to what it now is. Writing to Mrs. Hibbert from Dublin, after first expressing his great regret that he had ever allowed himself to be persuaded to make the journey *viâ* Liverpool, he proceeds:—

“After the fine prospect of embarking, what a sickly Sunday

we had! when I saw it was about seven o'clock, how did I long for daylight on Monday, when we might put into some safe harbour! This being accomplished, we had a sail of some length from the ship to the shore, but that was in smooth water. I left Christopher in the vessel, our luggage and tea-store being also in it, and landed about one o'clock on Monday, and walked about half-a-mile to the town of Beaumaris. All the cabin passengers were with us at the inn, for I do not know whether there is above one in the town fit for gentlemen; and there were also a few others belonging to a vessel from Parkgate, who had put in several days before; so in order to make sure of the best lodging I could get, I went to bed early, before any of the company, imagining that much ceremony would not be used by some of them, as I believe they were rather short of beds; when lo! before midnight, the passengers in the town were roused by beat of drum to go to the vessel. I got up and went a little way, when there came messengers with contrary orders, that the captain would not sail that night. The next morning, about twelve, we set off to the vessel again. Monday afternoon we made some way, as the sea phrase is, and spent it upon deck, and sailed along the Welsh coast, much nearer to it than I was before. Monday night and part of Tuesday, we had bad weather and sometimes rather hard gales and too much of the westerly in them. Wednesday morning we had a view of the Irish coast, but think how distressing to us, who had been so long at sea, and young sailors, to remain a day and night so near the shore without being able to reach it! About noon that day, when we were pretty near the Bay of Dublin, there came on a violent storm, which upon the first appearance induced the captain to alter his intended course and steer for the Skerries, as the wind was against us entirely for Dublin, but the storm increased to such a degree as to render it unsafe to attempt anything but keeping out at sea, which, as the wind was, was easy to do. So we kept out during the violence of the gale, with the sails tied fast about the masts. The storm happily did not last long so violent, and we then stood again for the bay, by a different course from the usual one, and at night got round the Hill of

Howth into the bay, so as that we might rest ourselves in security, though the wind being still against us, we could not get to a landing place until Thursday morning, which was at the lighthouse. From there we walked two miles, got breakfast, and took a coach to Dublin."

CHAPTER XIX.

Young Sam Hibbert and the poacher—Manchester New College—
State education.

THE late Dr. Hibbert Ware sometimes spoke of the school of a Mr. Hathersedge at Ardwick, which he had been sent to, but there are no written papers to show this; however, after the obnoxious usher, the Rev. Mr. C——, had left the academy of Mr. Littlewood, young Sam Hibbert and his brother returned there again. The former generally spent a part of his holidays at Slack Hall—the old Slack Hall which is marked in Dr. Aikin's map in his *Country round Manchester*. Here a characteristic which distinguished him in after life began already to make itself apparent. We allude to the ease with which he could accommodate himself to any society into which he might chance to be thrown, his readiness to receive information from any person, no matter who, and upon any and every subject, whether important or trivial, and his good memory, which made him in after life an ever-welcome guest, for his conversation was replete with anecdotes, and scarce a topic could come under discussion upon which he could not furnish some interesting information. As a boy young

Samuel was thought rather odd in his tastes, and even at that tender age he was called by his schoolfellows "Old Sam," and certainly, his earliest acquaintance at Slack Hall, one "Owd Jack," a man half weaver and half poacher, might have warranted their conclusion that Old Sam was rather odd.

One day Owd Jack, when loitering about probably to mark some spot where game might be trapped, came upon Master Samuel, as he was then styled, sitting under a tree by the side of a brook reading. Some sort of free masonry there might have been between the two, a consciousness perhaps in each, of the innate humour and originality possessed by the other; at any rate, there and then they struck up an acquaintance, which was cemented by the poacher telling the boy a story, garnished with plenty of fun, and the boy in return reading to the man some passages from his book. The poacher, a shrewd fellow, was so enchanted with the wonderful matter therein contained, that a bargain was made to the effect, that Master Samuel should come every day to the same spot, and read a chapter from the book, and that the poacher should, in return, relate one of his stories, of which he possessed an inexhaustible fund.

Now it may be asked what was the book that could thus interest Owd Jack, a weaver and poacher? It was none other than honest John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, a copy of which young Samuel had found in the library at Slack Hall. The marvellous nature of the relation was doubtless increased by the earnest and thrilling manner in which the boy would

read it, for from his earliest childhood he was a good reader, and the various inflections of his voice added point and strength to what he read.

Young Samuel when grown to manhood would often laugh over his hours with Owd Jack, and tell how, when reading some exciting passage, he would steal a glance at his companion to watch the changes in his countenance, varying with Christian's fortunes, now exultant, now depressed and overcast, according to the good or evil plight of the hero of John Bunyan's allegory.

It would have been a good subject for an artist to paint the rough old poacher and the intelligent-looking boy, sitting side by side, earnestly turning over the pages of the volume, the former listening with deep attention to every word that was uttered by his young companion, and the latter earnestly attentive also to the subject he was reading, but with a rather waggish expression on his face.

But of all his recollections of the weaver poacher, none furnished Sam Hibbert with more amusement than the following little episode, which in after life he would sometimes tell of with much relish.

A body of Methodists had established themselves at Chapel-le-Frith, and besides preaching in season and out of season, they were much given, especially on days of jubilee, to the singing of hymns every verse culminating in stentorian Hallelujahs. Owd Jack had never before heard a Hallelujah chorus sung, so these Methodist Hallelujahs, it would appear, made a powerful impression upon him, and being, like

many of the peasantry of the northern counties, possessed of an ear for music, he caught the air of the Methodist song but not the exact word Hallelujah. It so happened that once when Master Sam had gone as usual to invite the weaver to an hour's converse with the Pilgrim, he heard the shuttle going at a furious rate, and Owd Jack humming very energetically but very correctly one of the Methodist psalm-tunes, and shouting out the chorus most lustily. The transformation, however, which the word Hallelujah had undergone called forth such an outburst of mirth from the young school lad, that he laughed till his sides ached, whilst the weaver, all unconscious of the eaves-dropper, cast his shuttle from right to left, and from left to right, accompanying its movements with the hum of the tune, and at every throw shouting in tones, as stentorian as those of the Methodists, "Harry long legs! Harry long legs!"

After young Sam had been two or three years at the Ardwick Green School, his father removed him, but he did not send him to any

. . . *magni*

Quo pueri magnis e centurionibus orti

were sent, such as Harrow, Westminster, etc., but, like the father of the Roman poet, he sent him to a less aristocratic seminary, one in his own town, namely the Manchester Academy, of which the Rev. Dr. Barnes, one of the ministers at Cross Street Chapel, was president.

This seminary had changed its name from the Manchester Academy to that of the Manchester New

College. From the reports of the progress of the pupils, sent to their respective parents or guardians periodically, it appears that the following were amongst the various subjects taught there, for which there were different professors:—Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Logic, Mental Philosophy, History, Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, Laws and Constitution of England, Composition, Elocution, Commerce, Geography, Use of the Globes, Grammar, Writing, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, and the Higher Mathematics, also Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, in which branch Mr., afterwards the celebrated Dr. John, Dalton was a professor; and along with other sciences, Theology was taught.

The total amount of the fees for the academical session, which commenced the first week in September and closed in June, amounted to fifteen guineas. French, Italian, writing, drawing, and accounts, were extras.

The proficiency and conduct of the student were indicated in the periodical reports by a scale of figures, from 0 to 20, the 0 being supposed to stand for the lowest and the 20 for the highest degree of merit.

We subjoin a report of young Sam Hibbert's progress in the year 1797:—

Latin, 15—is satisfactory.

French and Italian, 16—very satisfactory.

Composition, 18—very satisfactory.

Moral Philosophy, 17—very satisfactory.

Elocution, 17—very satisfactory.

Geography, 15—satisfactory.

Use of the Globes, 16—very satisfactory.

English Grammar, 15—satisfactory.

Arithmetic and Book-keeping, 16—very satisfactory.

Geometry, 16—very satisfactory.

Mechanics, 13—commendable.

Electricity, 16—very satisfactory.

Magnetism, 15—satisfactory.

Sam Hibbert became a ripe classical scholar, and his translations of one or two of the plays of Terence are very creditable; he was also an enthusiastic admirer of Homer, as he himself testifies by the following lines written in his copy of the Iliad:—

“Read Homer once, and you will read no more,
For all books else appear so mean and poor.
Read Homer o'er again, the more you read,
Homer will be the only book you need.”

Among his fellow-students at that time were Edward Percival, M.D., and John Ashton Yates, M.P. for Carlow county. About this time also there was another student, who afterwards attained great celebrity, young Mortier, the future Marshal Mortier of the French Empire (Chetham's Society's Publications, vol. 72, page 239). Mortier, who was the son of a French merchant at Lyons, left the College in 1793, in consequence of war having broken out between England and the French Republic, after the execution of Louis XVI. He was subsequently, for his military exploits, created Duke de Treviso, and in July 1835 he was killed by Fieschi's infernal machine.

The Manchester Academy or New College had succeeded to the Warrington Academy, on the decline of the latter in the year 1786, when spacious premises

in Mosley Street were taken for the purposes of the Institution.

The names of the first promoters of the Manchester Academy were—J. Bayley; R. Bayley; Josiah Birch; John Birch; D. Campbell; John Clegg; A. Clegg; William Crane; J. Crie; G. Duckworth; R. Evans; Rob. Grimshaw; Will. Hanson; S. Hardman; Will. Hassel; Thomas Hatfield; Josh. Heywood; Titus Hibbert; Sam. Hibbert, St. Ann's Square; Sam. Hibbert, King Street; Sam. Jones, Will. Jones (the bankers); Will. Kenyon; R. Kirkham; H. Mather; Henry Norris; Thos. Percival, M.D.; John Phillips; John Pilkington; John Potter; James Potter; Rich. Potter; Thos. Potter; Tho. Radford; Will. Rigby; Sam. Robinson; Will. Robinson; Tho. Robinson; R. Robinson; Jane Sempill (*née* Bayley); Sam. Taylor; James Touchett; J. Withington; Henry Marsland and Sons of Stockport; John Brocklehurst of Macclesfield; Samuel Crompton of Derby; and Josiah Wedgewood of Etruria.

Among the gentlemen placed on the first committee was Titus Hibbert.

An extract from a sermon preached, on the 26th April 1786, by Andrew Kippis, D.D., F.R.S., etc., at the Old Jewry, London, on occasion of the project of an academy like that of Manchester, may be of interest, as showing the change which, in the course of a century, the opinions of the Dissenters have undergone as regards State Education.

One question, says Dr. Kippis, is, Whether the State ought to interfere in the business of education.

After referring to the system in Sparta, the preacher goes on to say:—But whatever advantage might, in certain cases, be supposed to flow from the interposition of Governments in directing the principles and the modes in which children should be educated, the experiment is, in general, too hazardous to be trusted in the hands of such mistaken and interested persons as the rulers of public communities usually are. It is a prerogative that would be perverted to the ends of selfishness and ambition, and become the engine of injustice, oppression, and tyranny. The interference of the Legislature in the affair of education, even if conducted with some degree of caution and prudence, would be little adapted to the manners of modern times in most of the nations of Europe, and still less suited to the situation of things in this free country. A grand, an insuperable objection is, that it would deprive parents of one of their dearest rights. . . . I am sure that the hearts of the fathers and mothers who hear me vibrate to this sentiment, and testify how cruel they would think it, to have their offspring wrested out of their hands, and committed to public teachers whose principles and views might be totally opposite to their own. And yet, while I feel how severe and dangerous it would be for the State so to interpose in the business of education as to rob the parent of the exercise of his own will in the instruction of his children, I am deeply sensible how insufficient many fathers and mothers are to this great work. I am deeply sensible that their ignorance, their folly, their weakness, and their wickedness are

the sources of innumerable ills to their progeny. The preacher concludes this part of his sermon, expressing the wish that parents may become as virtuous as possible, that they may not stand charged with the ignorance, the iniquity, and the misery of their offspring.

Such were the sentiments, a hundred years ago, of the dissenting body, as regards the interference of the State in education. Whether, in setting aside these sentiments for those of an opposite nature, they have acted wisely, the rising generation will show, sooner or later.

CHAPTER XX.

Peter Clare—Electricity and the dogs—Some names of Manchester families.

WHEN young Samuel Hibbert's college course was terminated, had he acceded to his father's wish he would at once have taken a seat in the counting-house and entered upon mercantile life; but though possessing in an eminent degree some qualities which would have fitted him for a man of business, his tastes were entirely opposed to commerce, and his father, ever a kind and indulgent parent, would not force his inclinations; so for a while young Samuel devoted himself to various pursuits, and we shall see him by turns chemist, poet, and volunteer.

It was probably whilst a student at the Manchester College that he first became imbued with a love of chemistry, from attending John Dalton's lectures and witnessing his experiments.

The seat of the neophyte's chemical labours, his laboratory in fact, was a room at the top of his father's house, which he deemed—though, alas! fallaciously as it proved—sacred from intrusion; and hither he transported crucibles, pipes, and retorts, acids, alkalies, and chemicals of various kinds.

Here, shut up alone, he spent many hours of the day, absorbed in his beloved experiments. Many a time the olfactory organs of every inmate of the establishment were distressed by the noxious odours which, issuing from his chamber, descended even from above, and permeated the whole house.

Mr. Hibbert, being mostly in his warehouse, did not suffer from the nuisance, so Sam's mother and the servants were the chief complainants. One luckless day, at last, when a particularly vile smell had poisoned the atmosphere of the paternal dwelling, Mrs. Hibbert decided upon putting an end to the infliction. Accordingly, taking advantage of the going out of her delinquent son, she made her way with all haste upstairs, with a servant, to the laboratory, and there and then cleared off all his apparatus and chemicals, bidding the servant throw them into the midden!

In after years, when alluding to this raid of his mother, he would say, with an air half comical, half reproachful, "She was very hard upon me."

Another science, however, also engrossed his attention, in the pursuit of which he perhaps solaced himself for the defeat he had received in the cause of chemistry—we refer to electricity; his proficiency in this branch of study having been mentioned, as we have seen, in the College report, as very satisfactory. His pursuit of this science brought about an intimacy with Friend Peter Clare, a well-known electrician in Manchester, and the son of a man equally learned in the same branch. His father, who bore the same Christian name, lived in Deansgate, and, as

we have before mentioned, read a course of lectures on electricity in the old concert-room. Peter Clare junior afterwards assisted his father in giving lectures. A description of this distinguished native of their town, given by one who knew him well, may not be uninteresting to the citizens of Manchester of the present day. He was about the middle height, and a little inclined to be stout. His features were very regular, indeed almost handsome, and enlivened with a pleasant, agreeable smile. He dressed very neatly, a broad-brimmed hat and a brown suit of clothes, the coat having a plain stand-up collar, such as Quakers formerly wore, knee-breeches, and gray worsted stockings.

Born in 1781, Peter Clare junior was just one year older than Samuel Hibbert, and the acquaintance, first brought about by a pursuit of the same branch of science, ripened into an enduring and firm friendship. Ardently devoted to the study of electricity, young Peter Clare had constructed a battery, the strength of which he was often anxious to test. Bipedes were not always willing to be the subjects of his experiments, so the electrician was compelled to have recourse to quadrupeds. Accordingly, he lured with bits of meat the dogs of the neighbourhood into his house, in order to operate upon them. In the course of time, however, the philosopher became better known than liked by our canine friends, and when narrating his experiences to Sam Hibbert, Friend Peter Clare would say, with a quiet smile: "Thou see'st, Friend Hibbert, that when I give a dog the galvanic shock, I am

obliged to throw wide open every door and window ; for he bounds straight forward, and if he should take the direction of my windows he would smash them. But," continued Friend Peter, looking very archly, "I am beginning to fall short of patients, for all the dogs hereabouts know me now, and whenever they have to pass my house they cross to the other side of the street."

Before bidding adieu to the last century we will quote from the *Manchester Guardian* of the 1st of June 1850 the names of some among the leading families of Manchester. "In 1799," wrote the correspondent of that paper, "there were several rich families long resident in the town:—The Byroms, Bayleys, Barrows, Barrons, Bradocks, Heywoods, Hydes, Hibberts, Hamiltons, Johnsons, Jones, Marklands, Marriots, Norrises, Philipses, Percivals, Rawlinsons, Robinsons, Rigbys, Thackereys, Tippings, Touchets, Walkers, etc."

CHAPTER XXI.

A passport from Ireland to England—Buxton—Sam Hibbert's poetry—Practical jokes—The volunteers—The peace of Amiens.

MR. HIBBERT having occasion again to go to Dublin (indeed his avocations very often called him to Ireland), took along with him, as a treat, his second son Titus, and in the meanwhile young Sam paid a visit to that fashionable watering-place, Buxton.

But before accompanying the latter thither, we will make a short extract from a letter, written by Mr. Hibbert from Conway, on the 1st of August 1800, when on his way home from Dublin, which tells us of a novel inconvenience to which travellers between England and Ireland had then to submit—a result probably of the insurrection.

"I meant to have left Dublin two days sooner," wrote Mr. Hibbert to his wife, "but I staid one day longer, principally to oblige Titus, who had not sufficiently gratified his curiosity, and the next day my thoughts were so engaged with settling our accounts and taking the necessary care about other things, that I forgot a passport in due time, which was a new thing to me, and we could not go without."

It was the height of the season when Samuel Hibbert repaired to Buxton, and we shall give an extract from a letter to his mother, showing that on

the verge of manhood the old propensity of making queer acquaintances was still strong within him. Writing on the 22d September, he says :—

“We have here Mr. Ackers and his lady. There is one young gentleman whom I like very well—he is much respected here—indeed, I have been very careful whom I have got acquainted with since I was at Bootle last year. A person is soon known here whether he can pay his way or not, as bills of expenses are sent in every week. I have been introduced to several ladies at the other hotels when I was at the assemblies. We dine at 4 o'clock, and I sit down with no small degree of appetite, especially after a ride in the country.”

Mr. Ackers, who is mentioned in the preceding letter, was of the firm of George Ackers and Son, silk and linen manufacturers in Manchester.

Probably when attending the assemblies at the fashionable Buxton hotels, Sam Hibbert dressed like other gentlemen; but hereafter we shall see him so negligent in his attire, except when courting, that his mother chid him and his brother jeered him. Carelessness in dress was one of his foibles.

Although absorbed in the study of chemistry and electricity, as we have before observed, Samuel Hibbert found time also for versification. He was about eighteen years of age when he began to pen sonnets and elegies, dramatic poems and ghostly ballads, after Monk Lewis. In course of time some of his poetic effusions found their way into print, as, for instance, in 1801, when “Wulfhard and Hestretha,” a ballad of the last-mentioned kind, appeared in the *European Magazine* of 16th April, and a “Love Elegy” in the *Monthly Magazine*; but the publication of any of his

productions does not vouch for their merit, since everyone knows that verses, good (and these but rare), bad, and indifferent, make their way into magazines, provided only that the author has a friend on their staff.

Of his poetry we will give one specimen, and that merely to show what a Whig of 1801 thought of the Russians, who at that time were either friends or foes to England, just as it suited their own interests. The following extract is from some lines entitled "The Russian Emperor :"—

"Of emperors and kings, of great men, great and small,
 There is no one so great as the Emperor Paul.
 Cries the Emperor, 'My prowess no foe can withstand,
 I'll extend my dominions o'er sea and o'er land,
 I'll join the Allies, and the French give a wiper,—
 By-the-by, I'll take care some one else pays the piper,'" etc.

In thus indulging in versification and dabbling in sciences, Sam Hibbert's father laid no check upon him, knowing well that much of his time was really given to hard study, for he was even then laying the foundations of the fund of learning which he exhibited in after life.

Ardent student as he was, Samuel Hibbert was, however, anything but a recluse, for he mingled freely in society ; and it may be observed here that, even as late as in the early part of this century, practical jokes, such as would not now be tolerated, were then practised ; nay, even royal personages, the "first gentleman (?) in Europe," as one was called, did not hesitate to set the example. Accordingly, we need

not be surprised if Sam Hibbert, like others, was sometimes the victim of a practical joke.

The following incident has been narrated to us :— At an evening party a game, in which a young lady and gentleman were to figure as king and queen, was to be played. Sam Hibbert was elected king, and a Miss H——, in after years the mother of a late celebrated novelist, was to be his queen. The young couple first walked a stately minuet ; that done, the monarch conducted his fair partner to the thrones prepared for them, and gallantly seated her in her place, and took possession of his own throne, next to hers. But lo ! the royal body suddenly disappeared, and nothing but a pair of legs were seen elevated in the air, while a loud splash was heard. The king's throne consisted of a large tub of water covered with a cloth.

But practical joking was not restricted to private life, and the young bloods of that day cared little upon whom, or in what places, they perpetrated their frolics.

The late Mr. Proctor, in his *History of the Streets of Manchester*, informs us that one James Robinson was the first to cry and retail Chelsea buns in the town. Now, as these dainties were sold hot, we do not doubt that they were the articles referred to in the following episode, told by the late Dr. Hibbert Ware. Some young sparks had taken umbrage at the denunciations thundered forth by a Methodist preacher against playhouses and races, and, bent upon taking their revenge, they one day got hold

of an old blind woman who was in the habit of crying "hot Chelsea buns" in the streets. Having paid her well, they told her that they would lead her to a place where she would find plenty of customers as soon as ever she cried out her buns. Accordingly, they took her to the doors of the chapel of the obnoxious preacher, where a week-day service was being held, and led her up the aisle. The minister was in the act of thumping his cushions, and with loud anathemas devoting all sinners to the flames of hell, when suddenly there rose high above his voice that of the blind retailer of Chelsea buns, shouting, as she walked leisurely up the middle of the chapel, "All hot! all hot! Piping hot! piping hot!"

About the year 1801 Samuel Hibbert became inspired with the military enthusiasm, which stirred the hearts of Britons of all classes in the kingdom, and led to the formation of numerous volunteer regiments to repel the threatened invasions of the French. Accordingly, we find from the following settled account that he had joined the 2d Manchester and Salford Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Sylvester. We give this account, as it both shows that a clothing committee supplied the officers' uniforms, and, of course, debited them with the amount; and also what articles this committee considered requisite for a volunteer officer at that time:—

Sword belt,	£0 17 0
Sword,	3 6 0
Sash,	2 14 5

Regimental coat	}	£9 13 0
White waistcoat and smalls		
One pair blue pantaloons		
1 Epaulette		2 15 0
1 Pair shirt corners		0 10 6
1 Sword knot		1 11 6
1 Gorget		0 8 6
1 Breastplate		1 3 0
1 Hat, rosette, cockade		2 14 0
1 Pair dress boots		2 4 0
1 „ undress ditto		2 4 0
1 Feather		0 14 0
1 Common sword knot		0 9 0
1 Stock and clasp		0 2 0
		<hr/>
		<u>£31 6 3</u>

The war carried on by England with the French Republic had now lasted eight or nine years; and the French having been somewhat humbled by the victories of Nelson on the Nile and Abercrombie in Egypt, peace was at last concluded by the Treaty of Amiens, and great were the rejoicings all over the kingdom, and especially in Manchester, where trade had suffered so much.

The following letter, written to Mrs. Hibbert by a friend in London, will show how this wished-for peace was celebrated in the Guildhall, on Lord Mayor's Day, in the year of grace 1801:—

LONDON, 11 *Jany.* 1802.

DEAR MADAM—I should have wrote to you long ago to thank you for your kind attention in procuring me the Whitworth medicine—but thought that it would have done good, which, as is the case with most quackery, it did not. I wished much for your company here on the 9th of November, that you

might have accompanied Mr. Sawyer and myself to the Lord Mayor's dinner at the Guildhall, as I think you would have been a few hours greatly entertained. The hall where we dined was illuminated, in the most splendid manner, with variegated lamps, forming different devices, and interspersed with beautiful transparent paintings, emblematic of the Peace: one, I think the finest I ever saw—the four quarters of the world presenting presents to Britain. About six hundred persons sat down to tables covered with every delicacy of the season. But prior to this is the ceremony of the drawing-room, which is similar to that of St. James's. A platform is raised at the upper end of the room, on which is placed a state chair, gilt and covered with crimson velvet, on which the Lady Mayoress sits to receive the company who are presented. She is always in a full Court dress: her's was white satin, the petticoat richly embroidered in stripes of gold, and spangled; her head-dress was a white crape turban, with a bandeau of diamonds and three large ostrich feathers in front. I was very fortunate in procuring an excellent situation for seeing, being only the fourth person from her ladyship. Amongst the distinguished persons in the circle were the Duke of Portland, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Wood, Sir William Hamilton, Lord Nelson, the Turkish Ambassador, Mr. and Mrs. Otto, who all partook of the dinner. The evening concluded, as usual, with a ball, which was opened about ten o'clock, when four minuets were danced, country dances then commenced, when we left very well entertained.—Your obedient humble servant,

M. SAWYER.

The Whitworth medicine, or quackery, to which Mrs. Sawyer alludes at the commencement of her letter was a composition of the "Whitworth doctors," who were well known in Manchester and the neighbourhood as late as the first half of this century. Their name was Taylor, and the surviving partner lived in Oldfield Lane, in Manchester, and was popularly called "T' Owdfield Lane Doctor." Whether or not

his medicines were quackeries, there is no doubt that what was called his "Redbottle" was held, far and wide, in Lancashire, in high repute for curing sprains, bruises, and suchlike accidents. Notwithstanding Mr. Taylor's great wealth, his daughters, so it was said, would personally sell this bottle to any customer coming to the surgery. But "T' Owdfield Lane Doctor's" pre-eminence was in setting broken bones, and even people in good position would employ him in this branch of surgery. It was also said of him that when bleeding patients he would operate on several at once, causing them to sit in a row in his surgery, and then proceeding to bleed one after another, and when the last had been operated on, begin again with the first to bind up their arms; and if even one should faint, then he or she would have to lie until his or her turn came. His favourite patients, however, were animals, especially dogs, and to attend to these he would let any human patient wait.

There is some account of the "Whitworth doctor" in the *Palatine Note-Book*.

CHAPTER XXII.

Sam Hibbert and his brother Titus separate—Act of Union, strong feeling against in Ireland—War—Recruiting in Manchester—Cowdroy—Jimmy Watson—Joseph Aston.

NOVEMBER of the year 1802 saw the first real separation between Samuel Hibbert and his brother Titus, his companion from infancy. At home, and at school, they had always been together, from boyhood upwards, till each was verging on manhood, and then it was that they drifted apart, Titus going up to London to study for the Bar, and Samuel remaining in Manchester.

In 1799 the former had been articled to Messrs. Duckworth and Chippendall, then one of the leading firms of attorneys in Manchester. We may notice here the expenses of articling a pupil at that time, with a firm of high standing, as compared with what it is now. The premium paid by Mr. Hibbert for the apprenticeship of his son, for five years, was £210, whilst the duty to Government was only £11!!

Mr. George Duckworth, the old friend of the family, had always treated Titus Hibbert with great consideration and kindness, but differences having arisen between the latter and Mr. Edward Chippendall,

and these differences becoming greater as time went on, Mr. Hibbert determined, at the end of three years, with the full concurrence of Mr. Duckworth, on removing his son to London; this determination having been strengthened also by the youth's wish to study for the Bar.

Before his son's departure to London, Mr. Hibbert took him with him again as his companion to Dublin.

Though England was now at peace with all the world, Ireland was still a thorn in her side. The Act of Union, passed in January 1800, was to take effect from January 1801, but there was a bitter feeling against it in Ireland, as we may see from the following extract of a letter from Titus Hibbert to his mother, dated Dublin, 16th August 1804:—

“We went in a jingle to-day to Rocktown and dined there. I must not forget to tell you that we had a Member of Parliament (I think his name is James) with us. He talked very violently against the Union, and amongst other things said that he had formerly gone to England with a great deal of pleasure; but now he could scarce bear to behold an Englishman's face. He said too, that every Englishman was a tyrant by nature. He is of opinion that before long the whole nation will rise up against the Union, and that the Irish Parliament will sit in Ireland again shortly.”

Soon after the return of Mr. Hibbert and his son from Dublin, the latter started for London by the stage-coach. A brief reference to a letter written to his mother on his arrival will show the railway traveller of to-day what inconveniences and discomforts the stage-coach traveller in the early part of the present century was destined to endure:—

"We had a very pleasant journey as far as Leicester, where we changed coaches, and got wedged, six of us, into a coach that would scarcely hold four. We had such poor horses, we were obliged to get out, in the middle of the night, to walk to ease them a little."

When Titus Hibbert arrived in London, he found his friend Mr. George Duckworth there, and the latter then lost no time in taking him to the celebrated conveyancer Mr. Charles Butler, who, being a Catholic, practised under the Bar. An extract from a letter of Titus Hibbert to his father, dated 8th November 1802, shows the terms upon which this eminent lawyer accepted pupils:—

"I went with Mr. Duckworth this morning to Mr. Butler, under whom he means to place me. He will give Mr. D—— an answer to-morrow, whether he has a vacancy. His terms are £100 per annum the two first years. I can stay with him afterwards without any further fee. I went to see Midas at Drury Lane; the scenery in it exceeds any I ever saw. Kelly was Apollo. He played as ill as ever."

In another letter Titus Hibbert says:—

"Mr. Butler is almost the only conveyancer in town who takes any pains to give his pupils instruction, besides what they may receive from his business."

In December the young law student took a violent cold, the precursor of an illness which soon terminated fatally. From this time till his death, in the following month, he received unremitting kindness and attention from Mr. Lewis Loyd the banker, with whose house Mr. Hibbert banked, and who was also a personal friend. That gentleman took great

pains to find lodgings for the invalid in a purer air. He writes to Titus Hibbert :—

LOTHBURY, 28th Dec. 1802.

DEAR SIR—I received the enclosed note, late last night, respecting the lodgings on Clapham Common. You will see they cannot be had before the 5th of January. If the doctor and you think it desirable not to wait so long, I will, with pleasure, inquire for you in some other quarter.

I hope to be able to give you a call in the course of the day.—I remain, dear sir, yours very sincerely, LEWIS LOYD.

T. Hibbert, Esq.,

44 Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane.

The invalid had, on the recommendation of Mr. Thomas, his medical adviser, been removed into the Brompton district, from whence he wrote, on the 1st of January 1803, to his mother, who was in a state of great anxiety about him :—

DEAR MOTHER—In my last letter I informed you Mr. Loyd had written about a place in the country. I received a letter from him saying that it would be some days before it would be disengaged. Mr. Thomas had heard of a place where he had had some patients before, and on the same day I received Mr. Loyd's note he removed me to it. I have been here ever since. It is at Michael's Place, Brompton, opposite Kensington House. The air is very good, and I think I have found much benefit from it. There is a captain also in this house, who is here for his health. Mr. Loyd intends coming to see me, and Mr. Bentley will call to-morrow. My hand is so weak I cannot write better.

Only a few days later, on the 12th of the month, the writer had ceased to exist. His end was so sudden that his two brothers, who had hurried up from Manchester so soon as his illness had been de-

clared serious, only arrived the day after his decease. Thus the farewell which had passed between Samuel Hibbert and the brother who had been his constant companion for so many years, was destined to be a final parting, and on earth they met no more. Samuel, however, always cherished the memory of his early playmate with tender and undying affection, and often alluded to him in after life.

The Peace of Amiens, which only a few months ago had brought such joy to all hearts in England, and nowhere more than in Manchester, had now become a thing of the past, and the sword had to be drawn again, and the unhappy people had once more to execrate dire war,

*“Hic matres, miseræque nurus, hic chara sororum
Pectora mœrentum, puerique parentibus orbi
Dirum execrantur bellum.”—ÆN., ii. v. 215.*

And once more did Buonaparte menace England with invasion, whilst the French armies overran Italy and Spain, and General Mortier, the whilom alumnus of the Manchester New College, took possession of Hanover.

A general enrolment had been immediately passed by the British Parliament, but this was hardly necessary, for nearly all the male population spontaneously came forward to enrol themselves. Manchester was not behind the rest of the country in patriotism, and several volunteer corps were raised, whilst recruiting for the regulars went on merrily and briskly, for there had been bad harvests and bad trade. As many as from a hundred to a hundred and fifty recruits were

sent out monthly from Manchester, to the different regiments, says Mr. Harland in his *Manchester Collectanea*.

The public-houses of the town were thronged. In one, might be heard some strapping young fellow bawling out at the pitch of his voice, as Sergeant Crimp patted his shoulders and winked at Sergeant Kite,

“How happy the soldier who lives on his pay,
And spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a day ;
He fears neither justices, warrants, nor bums,
But pays all his debts with the roll of the drums ;”

whilst in another tap-room a noisy set of young lads, who had just taken the shilling, shouted themselves hoarse, as they joined in the chorus of a song of bygone days, now only to be met with in some old penny *Garland* :—

“Ye hearts of oak of Manchester,
Come listen to my song,
To the marine corps in this town,
The praise of it belong.

Chorus.—“This corps, so tight, is the delight
Of lasses neat and clean,
No girl that’s wise will e’er despise
A Manchester marine.

“The gentlemen of Manchester
Five hundred men to raise,
And more to prove their loyalty,
Six guineas bounty pays.

“They wear cockades of pink and blue
For to adorn their head,
And dress their men in uniform
Of handsome white and red.

“A band of music sweetly plays,
 Before them in their round,
 While every heart is cheer'd to hear
 Its captivating sound.

* * * *

“The Manchester marines are men
 That's loyal, free, and bold,
 And does declare they'll nobly die,
 Before they'll be controul'd.

“To fight the proud insulting French
 They valiantly will go,
 And in defence of Britons' rights,
 Much courage they will show.

“When France is taught to know her own,
 If fortune spare our lives,
 To Manchester we will return
 To our sweethearts and wives.

* * * *

“Their bells will ring and music play,
 While Britons drink and sing,
 God bless the Manchester marines
 And save great George our King.”

Before the recruits were sent off to Chatham, to join their respective regiments, they were marched through the streets of Manchester, with cockades and ribbons, blue, white, and red, streaming from their hats, whilst the band, drums, and fifes played the tune of the old song “Farewell, Manchester.”

The sergeants headed them, strutting boldly on, with loaves of good bread on the points of their swords, indicating that in His Majesty's service no man need starve. Large bounties, moreover, were given to each recruit, amounting often to ten or

fifteen guineas. These processions usually formed in St. Ann's Square.

When speaking of these times in after years, the late Dr. Hibbert Ware used to say, that he had often seen these processions of half-starving fellows, tempted by the loaves of bread on the points of the sergeants' swords, but that sometimes, and perhaps too often, Sergeant Kite would enlist a man without his consent. Dr. Hibbert remembered seeing one day a poor fellow brought before the magistrates to be sworn as an enlisted soldier. The man protested that he had never enlisted, that he had been deceived. Sergeant Kite swore that he had enlisted the man, that he had given him the shilling, which had been accepted. The case was clear—the man was a soldier and must go. "Well," said the poor fellow, addressing the magistrate, "if I mun be a sodgier, I mun, but please your worship, tell me if the shilling the sergeant gave me be a good un?" "Let me see it," said the magistrate. The man handed him a shilling, which his worship took and looked at, but before he could pronounce as to the genuineness of the coin, the recruit exclaimed, "You are enlisted, sir; you have taken the shilling." "What do you mean, fellow?" exclaimed the indignant magistrate. "That is just the way he served me, sir," retorted the recruit.

Inflamed as much with military ardour as any of his fellow-townsmen, Sam Hibbert was again most punctual at parade and drill, assiduously practised the duck-step, and assisted with zeal at every martial exercise. But though in him the enthusiasm of

youth lent somewhat of a charm to all the pomp and circumstance of "roaring war," his more prudent and matter-of-fact sire groaned over the heavy taxes; and well he might, for in some old tax receipts of that period we find that Mr. Hibbert paid a poor rate at the rate of 6s. in the pound, and another at 3s. in the pound for paying the bounties to balloted men to serve in the militia and army of reserve; and in addition to the house tax and window taxes, he paid £5:5s. for a two-wheeled carriage, £3:1s. for male servants, for a horse £2:8s., for a dog 11s., and (it looks like a grim joke) to crown all, there was a duty of ten per cent laid on the whole assessment! that is to say, the Government laid a tax on the gross amount of the very taxes which the poor Briton had to pay!

Having now attained the age of twenty-one, Samuel Hibbert began to cultivate manly acquaintances, but the intimacies he formed seemed already to foreshadow his future pursuits, and the sort of friends whom those pursuits would gather around him. Literary men and wits, journalists and actors, were his chief acquaintance, and with these he passed many pleasant hours; nor did his father object to his son bringing his friends to his table, for he was a man of a kind and hospitable nature. The most noted perhaps, at this time, of Sam Hibbert's acquaintance were, Mr. William Cowdroy, the editor of the *Manchester Gazette*; Mr. James Watson, familiarly called Jimmy Watson or Doctor Watson; and Mr. Joseph Aston, a literary man and poet, who after-

wards edited the *Exchange Herald*. We can hardly give a better delineation of Mr. Cowdroy than by quoting from a newspaper, in which appeared an obituary notice of him:—"His convivial talents," says the writer, "were perhaps without parallel. The board was festive with the unceasing exertion of his raillery, wit, and humour."

Doctor Hibbert Ware used to tell how on one occasion Cowdroy, criticising the amateur actors of a play performed for the benefit of the Infirmary, and which was by no means a first-rate specimen of acting, after strongly recommending the object for which the play had been got up, concluded by writing, "Of the actors we have little more to say, than that charity covereth a multitude of sins."

Jimmy Watson was a frequent contributor to Cowdroy's *Gazette*, which often teemed with his wit; he was of a very social disposition, and of convivial habits, an instance of which we can give the reader on the authority of the late Mr. Joseph Jordan, surgeon.

Jimmy Watson and Cowdroy had been spending the evening with Sam Hibbert in St. Ann's Square, and all of them had been very merry. When it was time to separate it poured with rain, and the two visitors asked for the loan of an umbrella. Amongst those articles on the stand in the lobby were one or two without any covers, which Mrs. Hibbert had placed there in order to send to the umbrella-maker the next morning. Sam Hibbert laid hold of one and handed it to his friends. Having put it up they

proceeded with as steady a pace as, in their elevated state, they could walk, towards Mr. Cowdroy's house; but when they arrived there they were quite wet through! and no wonder, for the umbrella which Sam, either in a fit of absence of mind—a failing of his—or more probably in a state of exhilaration, had given them, was one of those destined by his mother to go to the umbrella-maker to be covered anew.

Poor Jimmy Watson's fate was a sad one. Many years after, when Dr. Hibbert Ware was settled in Edinburgh, he received a letter from the late Mr. Thomas Golland, dated June 27th, 1820, saying that Dr. Watson had drowned himself at Cheadle on the previous Saturday, but had not yet been found; that he had pulled off his coat, hat, and cravat, and that his stick, with a letter, had been found by the side of the river.

We will now say a few words of the last of the three wits whom we have mentioned—Mr. Joseph Aston. He was on intimate terms with many literary men, and with all the noted play-actors in Manchester, the distinguished Mr. Charles Young amongst the number. In 1809 Mr. Aston published a poem of considerable merit, entitled, “An Heroic Epistle from the Quadruple Obelisk in the Market Place to the New Exchange, to which are added Notes, etc.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Manchester Theatre—Riley the actor—Sam Hibbert marries.

As a young man, and indeed throughout his life, Samuel Hibbert was a great admirer of the drama. He was what might be termed a playgoer, and in his early manhood numbered many members of the dramatic profession amongst his personal friends.

In 1803 the Manchester theatre came under the management of Messrs. Ward and Young, the latter of whom afterwards became so celebrated. While these gentlemen were at the helm the Manchester theatre could boast of a constellation of talent which no other provincial house could show. John Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Miss Farren, afterwards Countess of Derby, adorned the Manchester stage, together with other celebrities, as Mesdames Powell, Taylor, Glover, and Moreton, the Misses Cornely and Daniels; Bannister also, and the so-called "Itinerant" Riley, figured on its boards. With many of these sons and daughters of Thespis, Samuel Hibbert jun. was very intimate, and he occasionally wrote prologues, which were spoken on the stage and afterwards made their appearance in print in Cowdroy's *Gazette* and other papers.

In the *Monthly Mirror*, in the early part of this century, a notice appears of some lines written by him:—"On Wednesday the 22d ult.," writes the *Mirror*, "a young lady, only eighteen years of age, of the name of Clarke, the daughter of Mr. Cowdroy, proprietor of the *Manchester Gazette*, made her first appearance in any theatre on our boards, in the arduous character of *Euphrasia*, in Murphy's tragedy of the *Grecian Daughter*. Her reception on her *entrée* was highly flattering, and at the close of the first act she received nine distinct rounds of applause. She walked the stage with an ease and elegance that would have done credit to the most experienced veteran; she possesses a fine figure, a most expressive countenance. Among the company (theatrical) at present are Messrs. Meggett, Barrymore, our acting manager, Melvin, Harley, Barnes, Atkinson, Mrs. Glover, and Miss Taylor.

The following lines, written by Sam Hibbert jun., Esq., of this town, were forcibly delivered by Mr. Barrymore.

We shall only give so many lines of this prologue as claim the indulgence of the audience for the young lady:—

* * * *

"She who is doomed this night to fall or rise,
Whose apprehensions are—beyond disguise,
The fiat craves of her own gen'rous town
Her first endeavours to condemn or crown!

* * * *

Ah! think, ye fair, what fears the heart confound,
On your first entrance to life's giddy round;

When fashion's glittering ball-room strikes the eye,
What palpitations rise, ye know not why!
What then must be our heroine's first advance
To meet your awful, scrutinising glance,
And, by the dazzling lamps' exposing glow,
Her judges view,—in formidable show!

Let your indulgent smiles her prospect cheer,
And chase the gloomy phantoms rais'd by Fear;
Whilst Liberality's benignant flame
May light the toilsome road that leads to Fame."

Sam's friends amongst the actors were, as we have said, welcomed at his father's board; but his mother did not altogether approve of his intimacy with the actresses; the good lady was, in fact, afraid lest her son should fall in love.

Whether there were any grounds for such fears or not, her youngest son George, a boy of about twelve years of age, with all a lad's sharpness, perceived them, and took a mischievous delight in increasing them. Many a time would he, in a spirit of playful mischief, run to his mother and, with a laugh, exclaim—"Mamma, I have just seen Sam with Miss ——, and they are walking towards the Oxford Road." The poor lady would sit in a state of the greatest possible alarm until she saw Sam return safe home. But if she could have dived into his soul she would, for the most part, have been quite at ease, for his attentions were not confined to one fair Thespian only, but to many; nor indeed was love, as his mother feared, the theme of their earnest talk, but matters theatrical.

In after years, when little George had become a

lieutenant-colonel in the army and Sam an old man, the two brothers would laugh over the mischievous tricks the former had played off.

Another theatrical friend of Samuel Hibbert was the "Itinerant" Riley. He was a very jovial man, though blunt spoken, and not very refined in the practical jokes which he occasionally played off. He was full of humour, an inimitable comic actor, and his features and limbs were as comical as his acting.

The late Dr. Hibbert Ware would occasionally relate the following episode which occurred at one of the hotels at Harrogate, where he happened to be staying while Riley was there. It was the custom at the hotels then that the wine drunk by the ladies should be ticketed with their respective names, so that each might know her own bottle when it was again brought on at dinner time. Riley had been at the Green Dragon for a week or more, and had seen these ticketed bottles appear daily. At last, one day after dinner, when the ladies had retired, as usual, and their wine had been removed to the sideboard, Riley, who had silently watched the operation, burst out with an exclamation of impatience,—“D—n that wine of those old tabbies! Day after day have I seen those cursed bottles come on to the table! Sip, sip, sip! I swear that at this rate the wine will never be done! Waiter! bring me all that wine!” The waiter grinned, and did as he was bid, and Riley deliberately finished one bottle after another. The next day at dinner, at which of course the actor did not put in an appearance, the amazement, mingled with indigna-

tion, of the plundered ladies may be imagined when, in answer to each request, "Waiter, bring me my wine," the man, assuming a grave look, replied, with a bow, "Mr. Riley has drunk it, ma'am."

Samuel Hibbert, as we have before remarked, did not in general pay much attention to his dress, except on certain interesting occasions. One of these occasions occurred soon after the young gentleman had attained his majority, when his more than ordinary scrupulous attention to the outward man did not escape his mother's penetrating glance. She perceived that Sam was smitten by the charms of a certain young lady whom she numbered amongst her own acquaintance; so far, the mother's fears lest her son should fall in love with an actress were now allayed. But before proceeding farther we will try to picture to ourselves Sam Hibbert as a beau of the year 1803.

He was tall, being six feet high, and it may easily be imagined that the inelegant costume of the period, tight-fitting as it was, would cause him to appear literally all legs and wings. A close-fitting coat, fashioned with a high collar, remarkably short waist and remarkably long swallow tails, reaching almost to the calves of the legs, adorned the beau; the waistcoat was also made so ridiculously short that it might have been intended for a boy of eight years of age; whilst the short waist of the coat and the tight-fitting nether garments, consisting either of knee-breeches or pantaloons, gave the wearer all the appearance of a long-legged crane. The feet were encased either in shoes, if the person wore breeches, or in Hessian boots,

with huge black tassels dangling in front, if he wore pantaloons. The chin was almost buried in rolls of muslin cravats, tied like towels round the neck, a fashion introduced by the Prince of Wales to conceal the swellings in his glands, and frills adorned the shirt breast, whilst the hair, cut short and frizzed, was dressed in the Parisian fashion, *à la Brutus*, according to the revived coiffure of Rome, which the French had adopted in their admiration of that Republic.

If our young spark, thus attired, thought himself irresistible in the eyes of the fair sex, his thoughts differed little from those of most other young sparks; nor did his fate differ from that of many of them.

Mistaking, as more than he have done, friendship and esteem evinced towards him for a more tender feeling, he one day made a proffer of his hand and heart (for fortune he had none) to the young lady we have alluded to—a real Lancashire witch—a certain Miss Harrison. To his astonishment, and doubtless to his chagrin also, the lady declined his offer with thanks, to use the words of our friends the publishers, giving a reason all-powerful with her—difference of religion, she being of a Catholic family and a Catholic, and he a Protestant.

Many long years afterwards, when both Sam Hibbert and Miss Harrison were in the vale of years, she a widow and the mother of a grown-up family, and he the father of one, Captain Edward Jones, a friend of both the lady and the gentleman, wanted to take him to pay a visit to the dulcinea of his youth, but the veteran man of science, with some little romantic

feeling, declined, saying gallantly, "I do not want the impression I still have of her as a beautiful girl to be effaced."

But misplaced affections did not break Samuel's heart, who, doubtless thinking that there were as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, quickly fell over head and ears in love with a young lady he had seen at an assembly at Bury.

Many a time and oft was Sam, now gaily-attired in Brunswick cord breeches and top-boots, seen riding a good roadster to the little town of Bury.

"Bury," says Martin, in his *Natural History of England*, vol. ii. p. 262, published in 1763, "is a small town pleasantly situate on the river Irwell, and, though small, yet is one of the neatest in the country, to which nature and art, industry and trade, have admirably contributed." The Bury of 1800 differed little from the Bury just described.

On the 23d of July 1803 Samuel Hibbert was married at the parish church of Bury to Miss Sarah Crompton, a handsome girl of the age of eighteen. The lady was the youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Crompton, of Bridge Hall, Bury, a paper manufacturer.

Mr. and Mrs. Hibbert would have preferred that their son should have waited till he was older, for he was not yet two-and-twenty, whilst Miss Sarah Crompton was little more than a child; however, as Sam was very deeply in love, they would not withhold their consent, and Mr. Hibbert made his son a suitable allowance. The young couple first settled in Quay Street, removing afterwards to No. 42 Princess Street.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Liverpool, sea-bathing at—Chorlton Row in 1805—William Hibbert and the 40th Regiment—Review at Ardwick Green by the Duke of Gloucester—Arthur Thistlewood.

As late as the early part of this century Liverpool was resorted to sometimes by the inhabitants of Manchester for the benefit of sea-bathing, and two of Mr. Hibbert's sons had been sent there to dip in the briny, or, we should say, brackish water.

Young William Hibbert, writing to his mother from that place on the 18th of July 1800, says:—

“After bathing we generally take a walk up the sea-shore, for the benefit of the sea air. I paid the bathing man one guinea for Tommy to bathe the half year; we could not subscribe for a quarter, as it was not mentioned in the rules.”

Thomas was then decidedly consumptive, and William had a tendency to that disease, consequently the sea air (?) of Liverpool was expected to be of service to them. But even a few years later, Liverpool was still a bathing-place, for in the October of 1804 Mrs. Hibbert wrote to her son William, who had just joined the 40th Regiment:—

“Last Friday your father went down to Liverpool with your brother Thomas, who is gone for the benefit of bathing; and if

they can get comfortable lodgings along the shore, I intend going for a week or ten days, to brace myself up against the Manchester smoke for the winter, as we have given up all thoughts of going to live in the country this year."

In a few months Thomas Hibbert died. The following bill for some music lessons will both show the charges made at that time for such instruction, and that Mr. Hibbert could hardly have asked his medical adviser whether such lung exercise as playing on the flute were good for consumptive patients:—

"Augt. 7th to 4th Decr. 1804.

"To instructing Mr. Thos. Hibbert, 13 lessons on the flute, at 10 lessons for 1 guinea;

"March 17th to Augt. 25th—Instructing Mr. William Hibbert, 7 lessons, 14/6. Settled, W. HUGHES."

Mrs. Hibbert's health was also at times indifferent, for she was much troubled with asthma, and the air of Manchester rather disagreed with her. Since the year 1789 the town had been gradually becoming more smoky, for in that year the first steam-engine for spinning cotton had been erected, and the improvements made by Watt, and the various mechanical inventions, had contributed to extend manufactures. The smoke (though trifling compared with that of to-day) decided Mr. Hibbert to move into the country.

What his wife, in the year 1804, called the country will give no little surprise to the inhabitants of Manchester in the year 1882. The country she then spoke of is now built over by Clarendon Street. As early as 1796 Mr. Hibbert had purchased land upon which to build a house and lay out a garden. This he did, and he removed to it about the year 1805.

In 1804 there were in Oxford Road only two houses between St. Peter's Church and the Rochdale Canal; several of the churches were in the midst of gardens or waste ground; see the Chetham Society's *Manchester Collectanea*, vol. ii. p. 156.

The nearest house to Mr. Hibbert's, which was called Clarendon House, was probably that of Mr. De Quincey's father. And as late as 1812 Samuel Hibbert, when in the militia, writing to his mother from Haddington, where his regiment was stationed, and wishing to give her some idea of the size of the barrack-yard, tells her that it was nearly as big as the field before her house! Adjoining Mr. Hibbert's garden there was a large pond filled with little fish, and round the pond stood good-sized trees—willows and poplars. There are those yet living who can remember hay-making in the fields in the vicinity. The antique, picturesque, half-timbered Garret Hall stood at the time of which we are writing in the midst of green meadows. Garret Road was then a rural lane, lined on either side with hawthorn hedges. All these pleasant fields are now covered with mills, belching forth volumes of black smoke, and cottage property.

We have intimated that William Hibbert was in the 40th Regiment. He was the third brother of Sam Hibbert; but if the latter had given his mother some little uneasiness lest he should fall in love with a play-actress, William gave her more, but in a different way. When the war broke out again in 1803, the volunteering and enlisting had made an impression on his youthful soul, for he was then about seventeen; so a

soldier he would be. His father said no ; and at last the lad ran off to Liverpool, intending to enlist there, when Mr. Hibbert, seeing that it was useless to resist any longer the youth's inclination, wrote to his friend Dr. Charles Taylor, Chief Secretary of the Society of Arts, in London, who had considerable army interest, requesting that gentleman to arrange for the purchase of a commission. Dr. Taylor soon replied that he had settled with General Spencer, that on payment of the sum of £400, then the regulation price, William Hibbert should have an ensigncy in the 40th, "a regiment," observed Dr. Taylor, "which is one of the most eligible, both in point of officers and men, of any in the English service." So William was thus launched in life.

The end of this young officer was a melancholy one ; and as Sam Hibbert at one time meditated stepping into his place in the 40th, we will introduce some letters showing the brief career of William Hibbert, which also give a little insight into military life at that time.

Those who make the army their profession, wrote Thomas Reide, Esq., in his *Treatise on the Duty of Infantry Officers*, published in 1795, ought, in addition to the education commonly given, to understand the French, German, Spanish, and Italian languages, with such a knowledge of mathematics as is requisite for the study of fortification and tactics ; likewise riding, fencing, and drawing, the latter being absolutely necessary to execute plans, charts, etc.

William Hibbert had received a liberal education,

but doubtless it fell short of the before-mentioned requisites ; nevertheless he was fairly " up in " mathematics, and moreover possessed an accomplishment which made him a general favourite with his brother officers—he was an excellent player on the German flute. The late Dr. Hibbert Ware was wont to say, that when his brother played a solo at the Gentleman's Concert Hall, in Fountain Street, he so riveted the attention of the audience that a pin might be heard drop in the room.

The young officer joined the 40th at Hastings, in the summer of 1804, under what then appeared to be very good auspices ; and Dr. Charles Taylor, when writing soon afterwards to Mr. Hibbert, said :—

" I do not think he could have been better placed than in his present regiment, which is unusually well spoken of. During my residence at Hastings I had the opportunity and introduced him to General Spencer and the colonels of his regiment, and to friends who will give him the best advice, whenever necessary. Colonel Brown has promised to pay particular attention to his conduct. General Spencer and Colonel Brown are excellent officers, and have seen much service, and keep the regiment in excellent discipline."

Grand military reviews were at this time frequent in different parts of the kingdom. At Hastings the Duke of York reviewed upwards of 2000 Hanoverian troops and two English regiments ; whilst at Manchester the Duke of Gloucester and Prince William held a review, on a large scale, of the military in that neighbourhood.

Mrs. Hibbert, writing to her son William on the

8th of October 1804, relates as follows of this review :—

“Last Friday but one we had a very bustling day here, with all the different corps in the town and neighbourhood of Manchester, who were reviewed by the Duke of Gloucester and his son Prince William. It was a fine sight to see such a number of good-looking men in their different uniforms, with the addition of their being particularly neat. It was very fortunately a fine day for them. The place of review was on Ardwick Green. All the volunteers were drawn up on each side of the Green, and the Duke, with his son, rode round on the inside, and then stopped at Mr. Gould’s gates, while all the men passed them twice, the first in slow time, the second in a quick march. I hear he was much pleased with them, and thought their commanders merited great commendation for their good order and discipline. I hear Colonel Ackers’ regiment is very much offended with Colonel Hanson for taking the right side on the day of the review, and on that account have said will give in their resignation.”

In the summer of 1805 Ensign William Hibbert was detached to Frome with a recruiting party, and when writing from that place to his mother, relating to her his duties, he makes allusion to an individual with whose wife the family were on intimate terms, and who afterwards became so notorious :—

“Your intelligence of poor Mrs. Thistlewood’s death,” wrote William Hibbert, “surprised me very much. I apprehend Mr. Thistlewood, who, I suppose, has not played his cards ill during her life, will be well provided for. I should think he will go again into the army. I always suspected he had a hankering after it.”

Arthur Thistlewood had been a lieutenant in the army. He married a Miss W——, of Manchester, whose name we leave in blank, lest any of the lady’s family may yet be living. She was one of two sisters,

both intimate friends of Mrs. Hibbert. They were ladies of considerable fortune. There is a letter of Lieutenant Thistlewood addressed to Mr. Hibbert; but such was the fear, even at so recent a period as 1819, of domiciliary visits from Government officers that the body of the letter was cut away, and only the signature of Thistlewood left.

It is not necessary to make any further mention of this individual, as every one knows all about the Cato Street plot, and what was the fate of the leader of the conspirators—Lieutenant Arthur Thistlewood.

CHAPTER XXV.

Samuel Hibbert elected a Member of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, and of the Society of Arts, etc., in London—The Peninsular War.

By a document, dated April 26, 1805, under the seal of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, and signed by the President, Vice-Presidents, and Secretaries, Mr. Samuel Hibbert junior was made an ordinary member. The signatures written at the foot of the document are those of C. White, Thos. Henry, J. D. Bardsley, Edward Holme, John Hull, John Dalton.

Our readers will now perceive that Samuel Hibbert had entered upon his scientific and literary career; nevertheless, he did not renounce his love of the drama, for we find him in the same year offering to Mr. Broughton, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre, a play in three acts, called *The Romance of the Apennines*; and his wife's friend Miss Mary Robson of Ouseburn, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the authoress of *Aunt Mary's Tales* and other children's books, wrote to her:—"We have got Sam's old friend Huddart here at present. He seems very well liked. I have not seen him yet, for I have not felt much theatrical

curiosity this season, though I believe we have a pretty good company with our new manager M'Cready."

We may here take the opportunity of saying a few words concerning some of the members of the Manchester Literary Society, who were contemporaries of Samuel Hibbert.

Mr. Charles White was a very eminent surgeon in Manchester.

Thomas Henry, F.R.S., was the father of Dr. William Henry, a well-known writer on chemistry.

Dr. Edward Holme was a physician of repute, and afterwards the first President of the Chetham Society.

Dr. John Hull was also a physician of extensive practice, and the author of a good work on botany.

John Dalton, one of Manchester's sons of science, afterwards earned a world-wide celebrity for his chemical and philosophic researches. He was a member of the Society of Friends.

Mr. James Ainsworth was an eminent surgeon in Manchester, and the father of the present Dr. Ralph Faucitt Ainsworth of Higher Broughton, well known for his skill in botany and the culture of hothouse plants. The brother of the former gentleman, Mr. Thomas Ainsworth, was a solicitor, and the father of the late Harrison Ainsworth. Messrs. James and Thomas Ainsworth and their brother Captain John Ainsworth, of the 1st Lancashires, were the sons of a Mr. Jeremiah Ainsworth of Manchester, a very distinguished mathematician.

Mr. George Duckworth was one of the leading solicitors in Manchester.

Mr. Joseph Hanson was the Colonel of the Manchester Rifles. In May 1807 he contested the election of members of Parliament for Preston with Mr. Samuel Horrocks. Sam Hibbert junior actively assisted the former gentleman, and wrote some electioneering squibs on the occasion. Colonel Hanson was afterwards fined and imprisoned for using what, in those arbitrary times, was considered seditious language. He was the son of Mr. William Hanson, a leading merchant of Manchester, and grandson of the Rev. Mr. Hanson, the Presbyterian minister of Gorton Chapel.

Mr. Benjamin Heywood the banker was afterwards created a baronet.

Mr. Robert Peel and Mr. Robert Peel junior are too well known to require further notice. Peel, Yates, and Co. were calico-printers, and had a place in St. Ann's Square.

Mr. George Philips, M.P., was afterwards made a baronet.

Mr. Robert Philips was a member of the great mercantile house of Philips of Manchester.

Peter Clare, a member of the Society of Friends, distinguished for his experiments in electricity.

These and several others were the literary men whose friendship and acquaintance Samuel Hibbert cultivated.

In the month following his election as a member of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society

Samuel Hibbert received an intimation from Dr. Charles Taylor that he had been elected a member of the Society for the encouragement of Arts, etc., in London.

Samuel Hibbert some time afterwards read a long and able paper on the "Early Importance and Influence of Music and Poetry," the rough draft of which now lies before the author of this work. Indeed, he was well calculated to write on this subject, for though, unlike his brothers, he did not play on any instrument, he well understood the notes of music, and was a good singer.

Meanwhile, considering that Ensign William Hibbert was serving on detachment, a service so injurious to young officers, his career was passably satisfactory, if we exclude the infliction by him on his father of that bane of all fathers, a son's tailor's bills. Mr. Hibbert's suspicions of some such troubles had been roused, and intending to ferret out personally the amount of his son's debts, he paid the young spark an unexpected visit at his quarters, the result of which, however, appears not to have been very satisfactory, for on the 3d of October the perturbed father writes from Plymouth to his wife:—

"MY DEAR—I arrived here last night at eight o'clock, and left William at Frome. He has debts to pay to an amount I had no conception of, considering what he has had sent him. I understood he was short, but had no idea of the amount, until about a quarter of an hour before I set off, though I had asked for an account long before. I had no alternative but to give him a bill on Jones, Loyd, and Co. for £140, for which he could get cash at Frome. It is a pity he was separated from his regiment, so inexperienced as he is."

On the 21st of October 1805 the great victory of Trafalgar had inflicted a death blow on the combined fleets of France and Spain; nevertheless the war between England and those countries was carried vigorously on. Still, the intercourse between Spain and England was not altogether intercepted, for we find young students coming from the former country into Lancashire, to be educated at the College of Stonyhurst, which, even at that early date of its existence, had acquired celebrity.

“At the next Midsummer vacation,” writes from Bangor, on the 5th of April 1806, Mrs. Bickerstaff, the old Preston friend of Mrs. Hibbert and her late father, “we expect to see two young Spaniards from Stonyhurst College in Lancashire, grandsons of my dear late Mr. Crook’s brother, who are sent here for the advantage of an English education. Their father we were personally acquainted with when at Preston fourteen years ago, and we now keep a correspondence with him, but owing to the war it hath been much interrupted, as also from the sad calamities they have suffered in that ill-fated country.”

The father of the two young Spaniards, who was a nephew of Mrs. Bickerstaff, had settled in Spain. That lady had left Preston to reside near one of her daughters, who had married Mr. Warren, the Dean of Bangor.

Though the British Navy had been victorious at sea, fortune was unfavourable on land; and the attack made by General Whitelock, in 1806, on Buenos Ayres was a failure. He was considered to have misconducted the affair, and was cashiered on his return home.

The first battalion of the 40th had been engaged, and had sustained considerable loss. On the 29th of April 1807 William Hibbert, then a lieutenant, wrote to his mother from Kinsale, to which place he had been detached :—

“I should have performed my promise sooner, but I am so tormented by a set of vagabond soldiers, to whom I am sent to make fine speeches to induce them to volunteer into our regiment, that I can scarcely sit down to anything. Colonel Kemmis gave me hopes, when he left headquarters, of coming to Manchester, and if no fleet should sail to South America soon, I may still be with you ; but I think, from what I hear, I shall be sent out with the first batch. You must have seen by the papers what a great loss our regiment has sustained. The greatest part of my brother officers who fell were very fine young men, with whom I had always been on habits of intimacy. The officers of the second battalion all wore black crape on their arms for their loss.”

Alluding to the affair at Monte Video, Mrs. Bickerstaff writes to Mrs. Hibbert on the 11th of May :—

“I am glad to find your son William evinces the spirit of a good soldier. I have no doubt but he will soon be promoted and join the first battalion who have so distinguished themselves at Monte Video. The death of Major Dalrymple is very much regretted. His mother is the widow of Lieut.-Colonel Dalrymple, and sister to Mrs. Fletcher of Preston, an old acquaintance of mine. She has several children, and lives at Bath.”

In the early part of the summer of 1808 the headquarters of the 40th Regiment were ordered to Dublin, a change highly gratifying to the officers after their long sojourn in Hastings and the neighbourhood—so

long indeed, that people began jocularly to call the regiment the "Sussex Rangers" and the "Hastings Guards."

Buonaparte had now sent General Junot with an army into Portugal, and having compelled the King of Spain to abdicate, the Spaniards formed a junta and solicited the aid of England, and the British Government had decided to send an army into Spain under Sir Arthur Wellesley. But so secret were the intentions of Government kept that even when the following letter was written, the regiment did not know where it was going to:—

"We are this day all ordered on board," writes William Hibbert to his mother, from the Cove of Cork, on July the 6th, 1808. "One of the staff officers informed me that the General will be in Cove to-night, and that he believes we will sail to-morrow evening. I have purchased a cot and bedding, complete (for the voyage). I have also added to my stock of shirts, by procuring about nine cotton ones, which I got made for 10s. each. For night watches, guards, and I suppose very often for my bed, I have a very thick large warm cloak, which is almost indispensable. Two additional regiments, the 36th and 45th, have this day embarked, and some dragoons are expected. It is rather remarkable that nearly all the regiments who were in South America are again embarked, and that the staff officers appointed were nearly all at Monte Video and Buenos Ayres. This looks as if we were going there again."

Lieutenant William Hibbert had been in indifferent health for the last few months, but this circumstance did not prevent him starting on his first campaign. He wrote to his father from on

board the Thames transport, at sea, on July 15th, 1808:—

We sailed from Cove on Tuesday last, to me and many others very unexpectedly. The number of transports that left the harbour was about eighty, under convoy of the *Donegal*, 74 guns; *Resistance*, 38; and *Crocodile*, 22. The following regiments were embarked:—the 5th foot, 9th, 36th, 38th, 40th, 45th, 71st, 91st, and 95th (riflemen), besides two companies of artillery, a detachment of the 20th Light Dragoons, horse-ships, victuallers, etc. etc. It was very fine to see so large a fleet leaving the harbour together.

18th, Monday.

Sir Arthur Wellesley parted with the fleet on the 16th, and proceeded in the *Crocodile* to Cadiz, for what purpose we are not acquainted.

Thursday, July 21st.

This evening I resume my pen. A few hours ago the signal was made by the Commodore, that land was discovered, and we now all see it very plain. We shall double Cape Finisterre this evening, and in all probability, if the present wind continues, we may be off Lisbon to-morrow morning. We were yesterday spoke to by the *Resistance*, who informed us that two strange sail, a privateer brig and a schooner, had dodged the fleet during the night, and cautioned us to keep close to the Commodore.

Saturday, July 23d.

We have since yesterday morning been constantly keeping near the Spanish coast, and are about five miles from the shore. I have now better intelligence than I have as yet been able to procure. We are at length anchored off a small town on the Portuguese coast, near Cape Mondego. Sir Arthur Wellesley rejoined the fleet about two days ago, but is now gone on to Lisbon, I presume to learn the situation of the country and the French army. General Junot, who commands the French, is hemmed in in Lisbon, after a severe action with the Portuguese.

MONDEGO BAY, *Sunday, July 31st.*

We remain still at anchor here. General Wellesley has rejoined the fleet. Various reports are circulating, but we do not know what to believe. Provisions have been cooked for the men and every arrangement has been made for landing, which, it was thought, will take place to-day, but as yet I see no signs of it. Several of our officers have been on shore, and describe the inhabitants as very poor. The French have impoverished every part of the country in which they have obtained a footing. I have this morning received the agreeable information that the *Lively* is sailing for England this day with despatches, which gives me the opportunity of sending this. Our letters are to be on board in about an hour's time.—Your affectionate son,

WM. HIBBERT.

To Mr. Hibbert,
St. Ann's Square, Manchester.

The following letter from William Hibbert to his father gives some account of Sir Arthur Wellesley's two first engagements with the French at Roleia and Vimiera :—

CAMP AT VIMEDOS (I believe),
Monday, August 22d, 1808.

DEAR FATHER—I embrace with the greatest satisfaction this opportunity of assuring you of my perfect safety, after such a Sabbath day as I have never yet spent, and perhaps may never again. I believe on the 3d instant our first halt was at a village, about 15 miles from the bay, where we were encamped for a few days, and then commencing our march up the country, as harassing and fatiguing as perhaps ever troops encountered. To give you some idea of campaigning—our first day's march was begun in the heat of the day and continued till after midnight. We then took a little rest, and before daylight were again on the move; so that out of the twenty-four hours, only three were allowed for the troops to procure a little sleep. The country has been reduced to a state of the greatest wretchedness, owing to the depredations of the French. The greatest scarcity prevails,

provisions are hard to be procured, and the most extravagant prices paid. The excesses these wretches have committed are too shocking to be related here. We continued our march till the 16th, the enemy retreating before us, when we were informed they intended to make a stand in a very strong position they had taken up. On the morning of the 17th we attacked them with our light troops, supported by a few battalions, and after a very smart action of three hours they were driven from their position with considerable loss. I am sorry to add that our loss was also great, particularly in officers. After the French had retreated, we passed over the field of battle. You can have no conception of anything more horrid; but I shall pass this over, and come to the engagement of yesterday, which terminated greatly to the honour of the British arms and in a most signal defeat of the enemy. The 40th was on a hill on the left, opposite a French column, which were advancing on us from an opposite hill, covered by their riflemen, who were in front in the valley engaged with some of our light troops. Before our regiment commenced firing, I had a narrow escape. The men were seated on the ground to rest themselves, and whilst I was standing watching the light troops engaged, and conversing with another officer, we were marked by the riflemen, on the hill opposite, and fired at by several at the same time. One bullet unluckily passed through my brother officer's thigh. I escaped without injury, though several balls struck the ground within a foot of me. The regiment immediately after advanced, and after some smart firing, charged the enemy, who did not wait to receive it, but chose to trust rather to *legs* than *arms*. The French were commanded by Junot, who brought into the field, I am told, 16,000 men. We had, however, I believe, an equal number to oppose them. After the action, it fell to my lot to command a party to drag home the waggons taken from the French. I did not reach the camp till after dark, and then quite exhausted with hunger and fatigue, not having eaten scarcely anything for twenty-four hours. I have been a good deal plagued with a dysentery since I landed, but it has now nearly left me, but very much weakened from its effects. Our regiment has

suffered very little considering the fire we were exposed to. My best love to my mother and brothers, and remember me kindly to the Bentleys, Kirkmans, and all my friends in Manchester.—
Your affectionate son, WILLM. HIBBERT.

P.S.—I hope to be in Lisbon soon. Dick Crompton is here, I saw him. Excuse incorrectness.

We cannot omit inserting here a few verses of the well-known poet, Thomas Campbell, which bear reference to Vimiera :—

“In charges with the bayonet
We lead our bold compeers ;
But Frenchmen like to stay not
For the British Grenadiers.

“Once boldly at Vimiera,
They hoped to play their parts,
And sing fal lira, lira,
To cheer their drooping hearts.¹

“But English, Scotch, and Paddy-whacks,
We gave three hearty cheers,
And the French soon turn'd their backs
To the British Grenadiers.”

On the day after the battle of Vimiera, Sir Hew Dalrymple arrived and took the command of the British army, but instead of following up the successes, he agreed to a convention with Junot, allowing the French to evacuate Portugal unmolested. The English Government was highly displeased with this measure, and the people composed and circulated lampoons and squibs, not very complimentary to Sir

¹ At Vimiera, the French ranks advanced singing ; the British only cheered with the dreaded British hurrah.

Hew and Sir Harry Burrard, another General associated with him, such as :—

“ Sir Arthur and Sir Harry,
Sir Harry and Sir Hew,
Cock-a-doodle, cock-a-doodle,
Cock-a-doodle, doo !

“ Sir Arthur was a brave man,
But, as for t'other two,
Cock-a-doodle, cock-a-doodle,
Cock-a-doodle, doo !”

CHAPTER XXVI.

Samuel Hibbert's pamphlet on Commercial Credit—Manchester
Local Militia.

FROM a note dated the 19th of September 1806, we find that Samuel Hibbert junior had taken a house at Ardwick Green, and we find also among his papers a receipt for 19s. for half a year's pew-rent in the Ardwick Chapel of Ease. Having been brought up a Presbyterian, we must suppose that he attended the Established Church in complaisance to his wife.

If young Sam Hibbert did not now practically join his father in commerce, in theory at least he gave his attention to it, for it was the subject of his first attempt at authorship. In 1808 he wrote a small octavo pamphlet, of fifty-four pages, entitled "Remarks on the Facility of obtaining Commercial Credit, and an Exposure of the various deceptions by which Credit is procured." This pamphlet came anonymously before the public of Manchester, to whom the author dedicates it, and was published by W. Cowdroy, *Gazette* Office, and by H. D. Symonds, Paternoster Row, London. The author says that the facility with which credit then was, and for many years had been

obtained was a subject of complaint in the commercial world, and tended to the encouragement of every unsubstantial rash adventurer, and was the cause of the most alarming frauds; from which he maintains that the conclusion might be drawn, that nothing in our markets can be cheaper than credit. He then proceeds to narrate the deceptions practised by *men of straw*.

Whilst William Hibbert was engaged in the stern and earnest duties of a real soldier, his brother Samuel was playing the part of one in the volunteer corps of his native town. There are two commissions signed by Lord Derby within a few days' date of each other (a circumstance we cannot explain). The first is dated the 7th of September 1808, and appoints Samuel Hibbert, gentleman, to be a lieutenant in the second regiment of Manchester and Salford Volunteers, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel John Sylvester; and the second is dated the 24th day of the same month, whereby Samuel Hibbert is appointed a lieutenant in the first regiment of Manchester Local Militia, whereof John Sylvester is also Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The sick soldier—Dick Crompton and Marshal Mortier—Manchester gossip—Samuel Hibbert thinks of entering the Army—The Duke of York and scandals on the sale of commissions.

SINCE receiving his letter after the battle of Vimiera, William Hibbert's parents had not heard from him for several weeks; but their anxiety was not so great as it otherwise would have been, since they were well aware of the difficulty of transmitting any letters from the seat of war. But a letter from Mrs. Bickerstaff, dated Bangor the 16th October, caused both alarm and grief.

“Never till this day,” wrote that lady to Mrs. Hibbert, “was I to hear one word of your dear son William, Captain Hoyland (40th) not having received any letters from his wife since he sailed from Cork; but in his last, dated the 12th of Sept., he informs her that poor William was left behind, 12 miles from Lisbon, and had not then arrived. I have never received a line from Miss Chadwick, and beg you will let me know where she is to be found, that I may write to her. Should she be returned to her lodging, pray acquaint her of my surprise at never receiving an answer to my letter, addressed to her at Mavysin, Ridware, in August.”

Going back to the preceding month, we shall see how the fatigue of the campaign, even at its first outset, obliged the young soldier, already weakened

by illness before he entered on the campaign, to remain behind in Lisbon, in the hope of recruiting his health—a hope, alas! not destined to be realised. Having with difficulty succeeded in making his way to that capital, he wrote to the Quartermaster-General, Lieutenant-Colonel Murray, on the 28th of September, for a billet for himself and a servant.

The following letter to his mother will give our readers a vivid idea of the hardships and the sort of lodging which some British officers had to endure when campaigning :—

LISBON, 21 Nov. 1808.

DEAR MOTHER— . . . Many officers have had billets on the inhabitants, and received much attention in their houses. From my bad state of health I was entitled to one, which, after much trouble, I obtained, but found the house so objectionable in every respect that I could not for a moment think of residing in it. I got another afterwards in a large old house belonging to a Doctor of Laws, who fitted up two apartments for me in a sort of lodge belonging to the building, which had not been inhabited for some time. In this place I remained in purgatory for two or three days, literally swarming with bugs. The bedstead and walls behind an old paper, which had apparently been on for ten years, were so thickly inhabited by these gentry that I was not only bitten till I was half mad, but nearly poisoned with the smell. It is no small mortification to me to be left behind the regiment ; and, to add to my uneasiness, I am told that unless I intend to sacrifice myself, I must not again attempt to engage in any active service. I hope Mr. Bentley's family are all well ; when you see Mr. Bentley tell him that I find a campaign the finest place imaginable for illustrating his doctrine of the nerves.—My dear mother, your affectionate son,

WILLIAM HIBBERT.

The Bentley family alluded to in this letter is

that of Michael Bentley, Esq., J.P. He left, among other children, two daughters, one of whom married the Rev. Thomas Ainsworth of Hartford, Cheshire, a cousin of the novelist, and the other resided, in the earlier half of this century, at Ardwick Green, and died at a ripe age, unmarried.

The next letter that the sick soldier wrote home was to his brother Samuel. It may interest Lancashire readers from its mention of a well-known Lancashire man of that time, Dick Crompton. This gentleman had been a captain in the 1st Royal Lancashire Militia, and had afterwards volunteered into the 29th of the line. Though of a good family, he prided himself on speaking in a broad dialect :—

LISBON, 28th Nov. 1808.

DEAR SAM— . . . You would scarcely believe it, but during the whole of the late campaign no persons in the army, except those in high command, had the least idea of what was going on. As an instance of it, one morning whilst we were on the march, and when I believe the greater part of the army thought the enemy were not within 30 or 40 miles of them, we were suddenly halted and commanded to load. In about half an hour afterwards we saw a body of 4 or 5000 French retreating as quick as possible ; and they had so little time to get off that they were obliged to leave a considerable part of their baggage and ammunition behind them. I see Dick Crompton now and then. He complains heavily of not hearing from *them folks*. Yesterday, he called upon me, a little to my surprise, in a staff uniform, —though it had before been intimated to me that he was to have the appointment, which is now confirmed, of Town Adjutant of Lisbon. I tell him they had better have made him *Town Crier* !

I live a solitary life, and meet with so few persons that I

can speak to, that I am almost in danger of forgetting my own language, and am quite lost for want of books. By this packet I also write to my mother. Till yesterday, have been scarcely able to sit up. I am afraid this winter will prove a hard trial for me.—Believe me your affectionate brother,

WILLM. HIBBERT.

We extract the following anecdote, given by the late Mr. John Harland in the Chetham Society's Publications, vol. lxxii. p. 239, as it relates to Crompton, who is mentioned in the preceding letter, and Marshal Mortier, who, it will be remembered, had been a student at the New Manchester College when Sam Hibbert was there. An English officer named Wild, of the 29th Regiment, had been taken prisoner and sent up the country; when he arrived at headquarters the Marshal invited the officers of the escort to dinner, and told them to bring their English prisoner with them. After dinner Marshal Mortier requested the officers to leave their prisoner alone with him, when, to Wild's surprise, he addressed him in good English: "Well, and where do you come from?" "From beyond Rochdale, in Lancashire, sir." "Well, and how is Dick Crompton?"

Letters from Lisbon had miscarried, and Mr. and Mrs. Hibbert were again filled with fresh fears and anxiety, not knowing whether their beloved son were still living. In this state of painful uncertainty they appear to have applied to Messrs. Winter, wine merchants in Manchester, to ask their Lisbon correspondents to make inquiries concerning him. Accordingly, those gentlemen, after having instituted a careful

search in that city, wrote to Messrs. Winter, on the 10th of January 1809, that they had succeeded in finding Lieutenant William Hibbert ; that he had told them that he was astonished that his friends had never received his letters, which had been regularly put in the Army Post Office.

William Hibbert's state having now become so critical as to compel him seriously to think of selling his commission, his brother Sam, who had then no family, and whose wishes now inclined him strongly to a military life, entertained thoughts of taking it, as we see by the following letter of Mr. Hibbert, which also contains some Manchester gossip :—

MANCHESTER, *Jany.* 14, 1809.

DEAR WILLIAM—It was only on Tuesday last that your mother and I were relieved, in some measure, from that anxious and uncomfortable state of suspense we have been in about you for a long time, and particularly so since we got the hopeless account of you that Captain Hoyland sent, without one word from yourself since your account of the battle of Vimiera, and one to your mother and one to Samuel. I also wrote to you that Samuel would be glad to have your commission, if you wish to quit the army ; he has been some time back thinking of going into the Lancashire Militia, but is waiting to hear further from you before he fixes. The state of the commercial world in this country is a very gloomy one ; our intercourse with almost all nations cut off, and many poor actually starving. With respect to myself, my rents are decreased much, and some places unlet, and no trade to signify, as yarn cannot be got ; and if it could be got there would be no great demand. Now for news. Mr. Wilkinson, partner to Mr. Barrett, is going to be married to the daughter of the late Dr. Eason, with a fortune, it is said, of £10,000. They are to live in Barrett House, and he is to take country lodgings ; Mrs. B. is gone to live with a relation behind

London, and the piano is gone after her. Mr. Robert Cunliffe is also going to be married to Miss Potter, the Widow Potter's daughter, and £10,000; he has taken the house in Princess Street, late Mrs. Kirkman's, and has taken the house late Miss Worsley's for offices, which has been new fronted and enlarged. Last week Miss Kirkman was married to Mr. William Loyd, of London, who is in trade there, and is brother to the banker. It promises to be a very agreeable match, and is with the perfect approbation of all parties. They set off for London immediately. Mr. James Marsland also is said to be on the point of marriage. His fair intended is Miss Bourne from Lincolnshire, related to the family of Mathers in this town; great connections it is said she has, and a handsome fortune. The relations on each side are all pleased with the match. We hear, too, that they are not for setting out in the world too high, but on a prudent and economical plan.—Your affectionate father,

SAMUEL HIBBERT.

The worthy merchant, in alluding to all these richly-endowed brides, probably covertly expressed his disappointment that his sons had not mated themselves so fortunately; but *Intolerabilius nihil est quam fœmina dives*, says the satirical Juvenal,—and perhaps he was not far wrong.

The late Dr. Eason Wilkinson was a grandson of the Wilkinson mentioned in the preceding letter; and the Miss Potter who married Mr. Robert Cunliffe was probably of the family of Richard Potter, a wealthy check manufacturer, and a resident of Manchester very many years before Sir Thomas Potter, its first Mayor, came to it.

The Kirkmans were a family of good position in the town. In the first half of this century Mr. John Kirkman, a manufacturer, resided in Mosley Street,

a little below the well-known Dan Grant's house. One of his sons, John Kirkman, practised as a surgeon. The latter, when a young man studying at the Edinburgh University, was called the "handsome Englishman." The second wife of Mr. John Kirkman senior was a Miss Fielding, a sister of one of the Old Church clergy.

On a dark and stormy night in the middle of January, William Hibbert, as we find from a letter written by Mr. Lucas, one of the kind Lisbon merchants who had interested themselves so warmly about him, bade adieu to Portugal and also to his military life. It was a trying night for him to be exposed to wet and cold in his weak state, and Mr. Lucas considerately lent him a boat-cloak to save him from the inclemencies of the weather. On his arrival at Plymouth, the invalid writes to his father from the Navy Post Office Inn, on the 26th of January :—

"It gives me great concern to say that the change affects me so much, I fear I shall not be able to perform the journey by myself, as I am now obliged to have a person sleeping in the room with me. I have such a complication of complaints at present that I am at times half distracted. I trust my mother will not think of exposing herself to the severities of the season; one of my brothers will do everything for me I could wish. Captain Ainsworth's son has just called on me."

But Mr. and Mrs. Hibbert, although it was then the depth of winter and she not very strong, went themselves to bring to his home their sick son.

"Your mother and I arrived safe here last night at ten o'clock," wrote Mr. Hibbert to his son Samuel, "and found your brother

William as comfortable as we could expect. As to his health, he is certainly in a very bad way. Your mother bore the journey very well, and is much happier that she is here. You may let George know the contents of this letter."

The invalid soldier was taken to Manchester by easy stages; and, there being no hopes of his ever serving in the army again, Mr. Hibbert wrote to the old friend, Dr. Charles Taylor, who had been so instrumental in procuring the commission for the young man, for advice as to the disposal of it. The following letter from that gentleman will show the vile jobbery that was at that time being practised in high quarters. Replying to Mr. Hibbert, Dr. Charles Taylor writes, on the 2d of February:—

"I have received the memorial which you sent, and which you thought should be laid before the Duke of York. I have perused it attentively, but am much afraid it will not, in its present state, answer the purpose you wish for, as, if the Duke thought your son very dangerously ill, it would be his interest not to allow him to sell out at all, but probably occasion his refusal, on a supposition that the commission would fall into his hands for nothing, and that he could make money by it. I have therefore taken the liberty of altering the memorial in such a manner as I think would best answer your interest. I think it would be best to get permission for your son William to sell out before any steps are taken for a commission for your son Samuel."

Not very long after the date of this letter the attention of the kingdom was greatly excited by an accusation brought against the Duke of York, as Commander-in-Chief, for having permitted Mrs. Mary Ann Clarke, his mistress, to traffic in commissions, and

to receive money for obtaining the promotion of officers, and also for having participated in the profits of this nefarious trade. A long investigation took place, from which the public supposed, that if the Duke did not actually share in the profits, he at least connived at the practice. However, he was acquitted of the charges, but he immediately afterwards resigned his command.

* * * * *

Towards the close of the month of February a funeral procession left Clarendon House, and proceeding at a slow pace along the Oxford Road, the hearse drew up before the old Presbyterian Chapel in Cross Street. After awhile the chief mourners were driven home again ; but they left all that remained of William Hibbert resting, at last, in his lonely grave. The gallant 40th were fighting the French in the Peninsula, so the parting volley, so dear to the heart of a soldier, was not fired over their dead comrade. But he was not forgotten : his former commanding officer, then General George Browne, wrote to the afflicted father testifying how highly William Hibbert had been esteemed by his brother officers, and how deeply his loss would be deplored by them :—

EXETER, *March 8, 1809.*

SIR—I received this morning the very afflicting account of my poor young friend's death, your son ; I can most fully enter into your feelings on this melancholy event—his tranquil, even disposition and amiability of manners, first attracted my attention, and soon gained him the affection of his brother officers, by whom I am persuaded his loss will be deeply deplored. In

respect to the disposal of his commission, I conceive there cannot be any doubt of its being effected. It is fortunate the resignation has been sent into the Commander-in-Chief's office. I would recommend you not, at present, to say anything relative to his decease, but to let the matter remain quiet until you are informed officially of the resignation having had acceptance. Should you, however, not soon hear upon that score, you may write to the agents, Messrs. Collier, Park Place, St. James's, and request to be informed whether the Commander-in-Chief means to nominate to the vacancy occasioned by the *resignation* of Lieutenant Hibbert, or whether you are to search for a purchaser yourself. This will produce an answer definitive, and should he (the Duke) name, it will be better, the money will at once be lodged in the agents' hands, and all further trouble cease. It would have been an agreeable circumstance to me to have thanked you for the civility of your letter upon any other occasion than the present distressing one, and sincerely wishing you fortitude, I have to remain, most faithfully, your obedient humble servant,

GEO. BROWNE.

To Saml. Hibbert, Esq.,
Manchester.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Samuel Hibbert in the 1st Royal Lancashire Militia—Manchester gossip—French prison near Bristol—The marches in South Wales.

AFTER the death of his brother William, Samuel Hibbert applied to the Duke of York for a commission in a regiment on foreign service, but while in London on this business he heard of an opening in another quarter, more eligible, namely, a vacancy in the 1st Royal Lancashire Regiment of Militia, whereupon, in a letter dated London, 24th April 1809, he wrote to his father :—

“Just when I despaired of answering your letter satisfactorily with respect to the views on which I came, a circumstance occurred which causes me to write with some degree of pleasure. When I thought of taking William’s commission some objections occurred which were not quite grateful to me. Circumstances might occur that might render my absence from the kingdom of the greatest inconvenience, connected as I am with you. While I was plagued with these ideas something turned out more congenial to my feelings, nothing more than the vacancy of a lieutenancy in the Lancashire Militia. I called this morning upon Colonel Stanley, who happened fortunately to be in London. He received me with the greatest civility, and I found he had not disposed of it. He told me he should require strict recommendations, and particularly stated his anxiety that no officers

admitted into his service should be addicted to inebriety. Upon my mentioning that I had served with Colonel Sylvester, he informed me that he should esteem a recommendation from that gentleman as sufficient. I have written to Colonel Sylvester: my letter to him is franked by Colonel Stanley."

A certificate from Colonel Sylvester of the 1st Manchester Local Militia testifying to Samuel Hibbert's "regular and most exemplary conduct during a period of five years—that he had ever partaken of his (the colonel's) confidence and esteem" was deemed satisfactory, and on the strength of this certificate Samuel Hibbert received a commission from the Earl of Derby, dated the 27th of May 1809, to be a lieutenant in the first battalion of the Royal Lancashire Militia.

He joined the regiment in Bristol, where it was then quartered, and was put in the grenadier company.

Though now away from Manchester, he did not cease to take an interest in the doings of his literary and theatrical friends there; nor did they neglect him.

"DEAR HIBBERT," wrote Jemmy Watson from Manchester on October the 10th,—“a gentleman who lives about four miles from town has commissioned me to procure, if possible, a share in the Brown Street Library. Recollecting you to have one, I am induced to inquire if you have any inclination to part with it. It cannot at present be of the smallest service to your ——. Very little has been going on here of consequence since you left us. Tommy Ward, I think, is after the theatre. I am told he has made an offer to manage for the proprietors, which is more probable than that he should have offered any sum on his own account. Bellamy has been singing at a benefit concert here,

and was received with rapturous applause. Braham has been here with Miss Feron at two concerts in the theatre for Hughes. The amount of both houses about £550. What d'ye think of that? Bradbury is getting on rapidly at his amphitheatre—full houses every night. *O tempora! O mores!* Poor Shakespeare! Poor Macready! Creswell the attorney, I am told, bought a share the other day, which, when Madin heard of, he said it was a pity, but the proprietors could keep themselves a little more . . . Aston has started a new paper, entitled the *Exchange Herald*. He says he has much better prospects than before. I wish it may prove so, but I fear four Saturday's papers will not answer. I will send you one, if you wish it, as a specimen. Write to me again, for I shall be very glad to hear from you.—
Yours sincerely,
JAMES WATSON.

P.S.—Cowdroy has been in London since, previously to the opening of the house that Jack built, with Mrs. Clarke.”

Another admirer of the drama, and also a friend of Cowdroy and Watson, writing from Oxford on the 28th October, says:—

DEAR HIBBERT—I had the pleasure of receiving yours by Mr. Pedley. Pray tell Mr. Davies, if you still remain friends, that I have missed his journeys through Oxford very much, and Dr. Watson, that we wish here he would give us more of his puns in Cowdroy, seeing that his friends' dulness now and then requires it, and that they serve every purpose of a regular bulletin, in proving to his acquaintance abroad that he is quite at home yet in all his old habits and qualifications. Compliments to Mrs. Hibbert.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

JOHN JENKINSON.

P.S.—What will become of the play-mongers, to speak Watsonically, in town now? The fate of the drama has long been a burning shame, and accordingly we see it is at last burnt out. During a recent rehearsal of the “Arabian Nights Entertainments,” the story of the Sleeper awakened seemed to me full

of dramatic stuff of most promising texture: look at it, and tell me what you think of it when I see you in Manchester. I think some improvements of the story for that purpose have occurred to me, and if you have a mind to build upon such a foundation, you shall be very welcome to them. But I am forgetting you have taken to better things—things which ages have made venerable and moisture made mouldy.

Samuel Hibbert had now made himself quite at home in his regiment, and his wife also found the society in it very agreeable.

As the officers then serving in the 1st Lancashires were nearly all from the county, a list of them may not be without some interest. These were:—

Colonel—Thomas Stanley.

Lieutenant-Colonels—John Plumbe, L. Rawsthorne.

Major—Edm. W. Rigby.

Captains—John Byron, Joseph Bradley, John Ainsworth, Tho. Crewe, Edw. Jones, P. Fryer Parke, James Hamer, John Stuart, James Hilton, James Royds.

Lieutenants—John Lindsay, George Oliver, John Taylor, Will. Pollard, Sam. Arrowsmith, William Latham, Sam. Hibbert, Simon Farrar, John Gilbert, ——— Higginson.

Ensigns—Jos. Jordan, S.M., W. Ford.

Adj.—G. W. Wilkinson, J. Broderick, R. Hawkins.

Quartermaster—J. Nicholson.

Surgeon—T. Stephenson.

Agents—Robinson and Co.

We will here mention briefly a few of these officers

of whom Samuel Hibbert more frequently spoke or with whom he was on intimate terms.

Colonel Thomas Stanley was a relative of the Earl of Derby, and being a Member of Parliament, was often absent from the regiment.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Plumbe, resided at Tong Hall; he was afterwards Plumbe-Tempest.

Lieutenant-Colonel L. Rawsthorne, was of Penwortham Hall, near Preston.

Major Edm. W. Rigby belonged to an old mercantile family of Manchester.

Captain John Byron was a near relation of the noble poet. Captain John Ainsworth was the father of William Francis Ainsworth, Ph.D., the well-known Eastern traveller, and uncle to the late William Harrison Ainsworth the novelist. Captain Thomas Crewe was a relative of Lord Crewe. Captain Edward Jones was a younger son of Charles Jones, Esq. of Caton, near Lancaster, of an old Lancashire Catholic family, in whom became vested, in 1815, the ancient baronies of Scrope of Bolton and Tiptoft (Burke's *Extinct and Dormant Peerage* for 1831, p. 493). Captain F. Parke was, we believe, a brother of Judge Parke. Captain James Hilton was of Pennington. Captain James Royds was of the banker's family in Rochdale, he afterwards lived at Hartford in Cheshire. When following the hounds, if perchance they ran across Hale Barns, he would rein in at the house of Dr. Hibbert Ware, and eat a mouthful of bread and cheese and drink a stirrup cup.

Lieutenant John Taylor was of a Manchester

family. Lieut. William Latham, afterwards Captain, was of an old Lancashire Catholic family, located near Poulton in the Fylde.

Ensign Joseph Jordan (S.M.), surgeon's mate, a gentleman whose family had been long settled in Manchester. After retiring from the Militia, he established himself in practice as a surgeon in that town, where he rose to eminence in his profession. Mr. Jordan was the first founder of a school of anatomy in Manchester, in which he gave lectures, duly authorised and recognised by the examining authorities of the medical profession.

Surgeon T. Stephenson married a Worcester lady, where he settled and practised his profession.

With Captain Edward Jones, Lieutenant William Latham, and the young surgeon Joseph Jordan, the friendship contracted by Samuel Hibbert might be said to have been lifelong. Captain Jones, though not a Manchester man, made that city a place of his frequent residence.

The 1st Lancashires held always a very high position in regard to its discipline; and in another respect also it stood high, for its Colonel and first Lieutenant-Colonel greatly encouraged education amongst the men and their children, it having been made one of the standing orders of the regiment that a school should be established, wherein reading, writing, and arithmetic should be taught for four hours a day, to those who wished to learn; but it will be observed, that those officers had the good common sense not to stray beyond the bounds of the three R's

in the education they wished to impart. The weekly amount of school-pence was proportioned to the rank of the scholar; sergeants paid 6d., corporals, 4d., privates, 3d., and children, 2d., each; out of which were paid the master, a sergeant, and his assistant, a corporal.

Samuel Hibbert had taken considerable interest in this school, for, even after he had left the regiment in 1813, we find the adjutant writing to him from Dalkeith:—

“I am happy to inform you that the regimental school both here and at Pennycuick is going on very well. The master is at Dalkeith, and his assistant at Esk Mills, both of whom are extremely attentive; and many of the non-commissioned officers and young soldiers regularly attend.”

As many of Samuel Hibbert's letters, written while he was in the 1st Lancashire Militia, give some insight not only into his own life, but also into life in a militia regiment during those stirring times, we may not perhaps weary the reader by selecting pretty freely from them such as we think the most interesting, either giving them in their entirety, or culling extracts.

The following descriptions of a French prison will, we feel assured, not be unacceptable:—

62 QUEEN SQUARE, BRISTOL,

Sept. 6, 1809.

MY DEAR MOTHER—I have scarcely a moment idle time. Captain and Mrs. Ainsworth behaved to us with particular civility and attention. We went to his house a few nights ago, to a party at cards, to meet a select party of the officers, consisting

of Colonel Rawsthorne, Captain and Mrs. Hamer, and two surgeons. Very little wine was drunk. I'll assure you this is no drinking regiment. You would be almost surprised if I were to inform you of the many stories I hear of Colonel Stanley's aversion to drinking. He himself takes nothing but water. From all that I learn of Colonel Stanley, he is a truly exemplary and good man. The duty of guards is not generally reckoned a very pleasant concern, but as regards that of Stapleton French prison I think as most of our officers do. About every ten days we take our turns to that place, four miles off. We dine at a farm-house, and there get a most excellent dinner and breakfast. You have scarcely an idea what a curious place the French prison is. You might suppose, for instance, only that you see no females about you, and that the high walls, guarded by sentinels, help to remove the delusion of this scene, that you were in a town in France. None but officers on guard are admitted in the prison. Here there are manufactories of different sorts going on: articles in straw prepared for hats and bonnets, toys of all descriptions making for sale, slippers, laces, etc. etc. As 4000 Frenchmen must have many wants, and where industry is so much encouraged, many must be richer than others, here are Frenchmen of all occupations. In one place is a shoemaker at work, at another place a tailor; and the people are crying, in their own language, fruit, vegetables, and milk to sell, at all hours of the day. There are plenty of amusements. The prisoners can boast of billiard-tables they have made themselves. They have many good bands of music, with which they parade in procession night and morning. They are, to be sure, most sadly addicted to gambling, and they have many resources to encourage them in it—games that I never before saw in England—riding on wooden horses, for instance, on a large merry-go-round, as in Salford fair, and shooting at a mark as they go swiftly round.—Your affect. son,

SAMUEL HIBBERT.

BRISTOL, *Oct.* 21, 1809.

MY DEAR MOTHER—About a fortnight ago, I spent a little time at the French prison at Stapleton. The day I happened to

be on guard I was with no less a personage than the Governor of Vigo. He is a French general who has been frequently mentioned in the public papers, charged, I apprehend falsely, with great cruelties towards the Spaniards, and who was obliged to capitulate to the English, when they approached that city. For some slight irregularity in this country, he was charged with breaking his parole, in consequence of which he was sent to this prison. About two hundred men from the French regiments under his command had just preceded him to Stapleton prison, under escort. Upon the governor's arrival at the place, and upon his being introduced to the prisoners, he met with a reception he did not expect. Some hundreds, I may almost say thousands, of prisoners surrounded him with evident marks of exasperation. They charged him with traitorously delivering up his men at the surrender of Vigo. The general took refuge in one of the public coffee-houses or huts, and it was with difficulty he was rescued. He was immediately separated from the prisoners, and he lost no time in convincing them that their suspicions were ill founded, and that he had behaved towards his countrymen with perfect honour. Having thus paved his way for a more favourable reception, he again ventured in the public prison among many of the soldiers who had fought under him. I was so fortunate as to be there at the time. The fullest band of music the French prisoners could furnish escorted him to one of the huts, where all the French officers assembled to receive him. I was just coming past the hut at the time, not knowing the cause of such a crowd as I saw. Upon learning it was the governor, I immediately set off, not wishing to insult such a man by staring at him, like a show in a John Bull like manner. But just as I was turning my back on the hut, out comes the general, dressed in the most rich and splendid uniform I ever saw, and in the most polite manner addressed me in French, and begged I would honour them with my company in the coffee-room, or rather hut. Many of the French officers who were there were dressed in their uniforms. None of them could speak English, and I thanked my memory that I was able to converse with them. You must have often heard of the elegance of the French manners, and you

really, had you been present, would have been gratified with an instance of them.

My ready consent in sitting down in their company, the respect which I made it my study to show towards these unfortunate officers, and when they invited me to partake of the only liquor the prison rules afforded them—namely, small beer—the readiness with which, I freely own, I drank their healths, and the wishes I expressed that they might obtain their liberty, were far from being lost upon them, in their demeanour, and the thanks which they gave me during my short continuance in their company. The governor having stayed about an hour at the hut, walked round the prison, preceded by the band of music and his aide-de-camp, in his suite, and, as I suppose is the manner of his country, with his hat under his arm. Even in a French prison such parades and such forms seemed indispensable.

There will be a captain's commission vacant in the regiment very soon ; I am at present at a loss whether or not to apply for it, for I should not like to be refused on my application. Colonel Stanley is, however, coming in the course of a few days, and I shall then better know the ground on which I tread. It is not much a matter of ambition to me, as there are several lieutenants in the regiment of both consequence and property, but they cannot have companies from not belonging to the county of Lancaster.

I have always forgot to mention a circumstance that will no doubt amuse you. Would you imagine that there are some of our officers, and particularly two of the captains, as mad after old castles, old abbeys, and old crosses, as myself? There is scarcely a morning that there is not some party made to visit something that is curious in the neighbourhood, but I do think that at this time I have explored all the country round about.—
Your affectionate son,

SAMUEL HIBBERT.

The reader will perceive from the close of the above letter that Samuel Hibbert's love of archæology had already developed itself. Among the officers to whom he refers were Lieutenant Latham and Cap-

tain Jones, both accomplished draughtsmen, and with the latter of whom his wanderings in search of antiquarian remains were continued until within the last few years of his life.

In the following month of November Lieutenant Hibbert was detached from headquarters and ordered into Wales, where he found full scope for his favourite pursuit. The detachment, under the command of Captain Crewe, marched 145 miles, from Bristol. Writing to his mother from Milford Haven, on the 25th of the same month, he gives her an account of prices in the market at that time, and of a singular sort of fuel then burnt in South Wales.

“I arrived here yesterday,” he says, “after a march of ten days from the time I set out from Bristol. The day after I last wrote to you I arrived at Haverfordwest, which was a very short distance from Milford Haven. Upon our arrival here we found there was an assembly that night. There was a very full room, with most fashionable company, with many of whom I soon got acquainted. I had not been long in the room before Lady Kensington, mother of Lord Kensington, the member of Parliament for the county of Carmarthen, came up to me, and she very politely offered to introduce me to a partner to dance with me. Having on a full regimental dress, and not a proper dress for a dance, as far as pumps and silk stockings went, I was obliged to decline. Captain Crewe went with me to the ball, and we spent a very pleasant evening. The day following we went to Milford Haven, and I had just dined when who should appear by the coach but my wife! She had sailed from Bristol with a fair wind, when unfortunately it changed, and drove them, after much beating about, into the bay of Cardiff. Captain Jones, who was much indisposed, then preferring to take the coach to Milford rather than be detained for probably some days further, persuaded Mrs. Hibbert to take the same step, which has proved

most preferable, the winds having been contrary ever since. To-day was the market at Milford, for provisions. We bought a leg of mutton at $5\frac{1}{2}$ d. a pound, and our beef we are to have at the same price. We bought a goose and giblets for 3/, and to-day we dine off a rabbit for which we gave only 6d., and most excellent it was. Capital oysters are only 1/ a hundred. Malt liquor is about twice as dear as in Bristol, where it was remarkably cheap, that is 4d. a quart; here it is the same price as in Manchester. English coals are also very dear, and are esteemed as a luxury; Welsh coals are cheap. I can scarcely describe what curious fires we have in South Wales; the coal is a sort of slack, but much smaller than what is called slack in Lancashire; it is called culm. This culm, in order to make a fire, is mixed and well kneaded with a sort of wet clay. After lighting a few sticks, the composition of coal and clay is formed by the servant into small round balls and placed at the top of the faggots. When these balls become ignited they yield a strong and steady heat, until they are burnt nearly out; no more sticks are needed to be put on the fire, but more clay and coal, in this form, are repeated. You must think it curious to see a woman come with a coal-box full of this black paste into a room, and roll it with her hands in this manner before she lays it on the fire. They appear like so many potatoes roasting, and I heard some of our soldiers laughing at one of them burning his fingers by taking a roll from the fire."

In another letter to his father, on the 15th of December, on much the same subject, he says:—

"I like this place very well. Fish is so plentiful that I have often wished you were here. Salmon is to be had at 5d. a pound, and other sorts, such as flat fish, in the same proportion. I have often wished I could send you some oysters, which are the most delicious I ever tasted, at 1/ per hundred. There is a sort rather smaller, but not smaller than the generality of London oysters, from 4d. to 6d. per hundred. They use them in large quantities to pickle, and very good they are. If they will not be unacceptable, I will contrive to send a few jars of them, the first oppor-

tunity, by some vessel that sails to Liverpool. You may tell my mother they are pickled here in salt water, in which they are boiled, and to this a quantity of spice is added; to this, of course, vinegar when you eat them. We have scarcely anything to do in the regiment; and as it is one of the finest sporting countries to be found, and as I have all my books here, I can employ my time very well with my gun and with reading. Tell my mother I wish I was nearer Manchester, I would have sent for a minced pie for Christmas Day; I must, however, get one made, but you may depend upon it I shall long to have a cut into one of my mother's making."

At this time Samuel Hibbert was constantly making pedestrian tours with one or other of his brother officers. He writes to his mother, in January 1810:—

"I have just now returned from a journey I took on foot to Fishguard, where the French landed a few years ago. I had then an introduction from Lord Dynevor to a Mr. Fenton, a counsellor in that neighbourhood, and a gentleman of great literary abilities, who is now employed in writing a history of Pembroke. To my great regret, he had just gone to England. From thence I went to Newport and Cardigan, and I had a fine rummage amongst the old castles and abbeys with which the country abounds. I am going in a few days on a visit to St. David's. On this expedition Captain Jones of our regiment will be with me, whose great amusement is sketching anything relating to antiquities, such as old abbeys, monuments, etc. etc."

It was whilst making this tour that the gentlemen experienced an example of the characteristic inquisitiveness of the lower class of the Welsh.

The two officers were deeply interested in the contemplation of the grand old crumbling pile of Carnarvon Castle, when they were accosted by a respectably-dressed man, evidently not a gentleman,

however. "Where have you come from? Where are you going to? What have you come here for? Why are you looking at the castle?" inquired the man, with the greatest volubility, whilst the jeering replies of Captain Jones incited him to put still more impertinent questions; as, for instance, What were their occupations? Were they married? Were they brothers? etc. The captain then began sketching arches and doorways and buttresses, whilst his friend took various minute measurements with his tape, and groped his way into some dark subterranean recess or aperture, or clambered up a flight of steep, narrow, winding stone stairs. The Welshman was thoroughly mystified, and now, go where they would, the steps of the two officers were dogged by the inquisitive fellow. There was no shaking the man off, he would not take the broadest hints, and his looks began to express not merely curiosity but a certain degree of suspicion. The two gentlemen felt irritated. Samuel Hibbert seemed specially the object of the Welshman's attention, possibly because his apparel—for neither he nor Captain Jones wore their regimentals—did not, in Taffy's eyes, vouch for his respectability.

The two officers now adjourned to an inn to take some refreshment. Here, of course, they expected to escape further persecution; but what was their indignation when, before they were fairly seated in the parlour, the inquisitive Welshman once more made his appearance, and coolly sat down beside them! Captain Jones was about to address this pertinacious tormentor in no very measured terms, but Lieutenant

Hibbert stopped him, whispering, "I'll get rid of him;" and then forthwith assuming a mysterious and cunning look, he bent his face towards the Welshman, and shading his mouth with his hand, as if to prevent the sound of his words reaching any other ear, said, in a low, deliberate whisper, "Would you like to buy a few silk handkerchiefs or a keg of brandy?" With a look of virtuous indignation, Taffy started to his feet, and hurriedly left the room, exclaiming, "I thought you were a couple of d——d rascally smugglers!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

Worcester—Captain Byron and the Hottentot Venus—Nottingham—
York Races—Sam Hibbert charged with poisoning a racer.

IN the autumn of 1810, the regiment being then quartered at Worcester, Samuel Hibbert's first child, a son, was born—a happy event to both parents, who having been childless for some years, had almost given up the hope of offspring.

The boy was named after his great grandfather, the genial old merchant who had first fixed his abode in Manchester.

The following Christmas Lieutenant Hibbert obtained leave of absence, and travelled with his wife and child to London, where they were joined by the senior Mrs. Hibbert, her youngest son George, and their friend Miss Ainsworth, aunt of the late novelist.

Time passed pleasantly in London, and Lieutenant Hibbert was in hopes of getting his leave extended when, unexpectedly, he received, by the command of Colonel Plumbe, a notification from Lieutenant Latham, the acting Adjutant, that it could not be extended beyond the 24th of March. Along with this official communication came a private epistle from

Latham respecting a remarkably, fat, sable beauty, who at that time excited much attention :—

WORCESTER, *March 3, 1811.*

DEAR HIBBERT—I hope you will not forget to enquire the price of a grenadier's cap. I understand from Byron, you and he went to see the Hottentot Venus. Byron told me that she was remarkably flexible. Grimshaw, Farrar, and Jackson are made Lieutenants. Everything nearly as when you left. We have had some very pleasant private dances, and numbers of 4d. per head parties. Remember me to Mrs. Hibbert.—Yours most truly,

WILL LATHAM.

Mrs. Hibbert senior was probably not disappointed that her son's leave of absence from the regiment could not be extended, for the air of London had begun to disagree with her. But the purity of the air of that now densely populated and smoky district, Clarendon Street, is a phenomenon that a resident of the Manchester of to-day can hardly realise. Nevertheless, Mr. Hibbert writes to his wife in March 1811, and speaks of the air about his house as pure compared with that of London.

MY DEAR—I received yours of the 14th to-day. As you have fixed to come in the mail on Wednesday, I shall take care to send Charles with a coach on Thursday night. I suppose you know the mail gets here about midnight generally, or perhaps later. I was afraid the city air would not agree with you, and am not displeased that you look forward, with pleasure, to breathing the air of Clarendon again. My foot has been better and worse since I wrote, but never very bad. This morning I walked to town, and it's one of my better days.—Your affect. husband,

SAML. HIBBERT.

Mrs. Hibbert,

Dr. Taylor, 19 John Street, Adelphi, London.

In a postscript to a preceding letter, Mr. Hibbert had informed his wife that the ducks were making fresh nests at the pond near the house! Ponds, ducks, and green fields in the year 1811, where now is Clarendon Street!

In the spring of this year the 1st Lancashires, having marched from Worcester, were quartered at Nottingham, which was then disturbed by riots.

After remaining in that town for a few weeks, the regiment was moved to Hull. Soon after its arrival, Samuel Hibbert was sent with a detachment under his command to York.

The following letter shows how he could accommodate himself to all sorts of company, as we have before remarked:—

YORK, *May 12th*, 1811.

MY DEAR MOTHER—You will perhaps be surprised to hear that, instead of being at Hull, I am stationed at York for the summer. I had not been in Hull a week when I was ordered to this city, so suddenly that I had not even time to write you a few lines to let you know. It fell to my turn for a detachment, and here I am sent, without any other officers accompanying me, to command a party of thirty for the purpose of escorting deserters through the county. I forgot to tell you that at Bulwell, near Nottingham, where I was stationed, I had company at my house, introduced to me by a magistrate, Mr. Elliot, that you could little expect. These were no others than Messrs. Revetts and Atkins, two of the most celebrated of the Bow Street officers! I'll assure you I found them very pleasant company. They were three days at my lodgings, and I had occasion to assist them with the soldiers under my command. Mr. Elliot afterwards invited me to one of the most elegant dinners I ever sat down to. We had the most expensive French wines, besides foreign wines, that you can think of. Champagne and

old hock flew about the table like small beer. Late in the evening I was fixed to a most gambling round-table with some ladies. I began to be rather alarmed for my money; however, I came off, to my unlooked-for satisfaction, with winning about a guinea. There were none of our officers present at the party but Colonel Plumbe. My wife and child would have been here before now, only for the request of Mr. Jordan, our surgeon, who wished them to stay that he might more satisfactorily say how the child received the inoculation. Give my love to all at home.

—Your affect. son, SAML. HIBBERT.

We have alluded on more than one occasion to the carelessness which the nascent antiquarian showed as to dress. His mother writes him a lecture on that failing as follows:—

CLARENDON, *June 26, 1811.*

MY DEAREST SAMUEL—I think you are much better off at York than being at Hull. The child will have better air, and you more time to read, or amuse yourself in your *own* way. Tomorrow I shall send a parcel to you by the York coach, to be left at the office till called for. Enclosed are two coats, three pair of small clothes, and one waistcoat, for your servant man; and likewise for yourself, a full suit of clothes, *unmade*. It is my present to you, with your father's approbation. I hope the colours will please you. There is a beautiful blue coat, gray pantaloons, with two buff waistcoats. I beg you will get them made *well* and *soon*, as I have heard you do not dress quite so well as your situation requires as a military man. I hope you will buy a new hat to wear with them, and that my dear son will pay *a little more* attention to his appearance in dress; for taking care, and having them well brushed, and keeping yourself clean and neat, will not make the difference of £5 to you at the year's end. Robert is gone to the Isle of Man with Mr. James Ainsworth for a sail. We have little or no news here, but trade very bad and nothing to be done with any one at present. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson have been here from Nottingham, along with their daughter, a very fine sensible girl. They slept at the

Star Inn, and dined with us twice. They have gone to Harrogate in a very handsome carriage they bought here.—Your ever affectionate mother,

SARAH HIBBERT.

The Mrs. Thompson alluded to in the preceding letter had been a Miss Worsley of Manchester, a rich heiress. She was married to a Mr. Thompson, who resided near Nottingham.

The carelessness which young Sam Hibbert had ever evinced in dress also drew upon him somewhat caustic remarks from his brother Robert, then a young Cambridge student, from whom he had asked for any cast-off clothes for his man. The letter of Robert Hibbert also illustrates the spirit of many young men of the period, who, like the French, admired the Roman Republic, and adopted such words of fraternity as *thou*, *thee*, and so forth, in their conversation.

“MY BROTHER,” writes Robert, on the 22d of July, 1811,—“It will be Wednesday when you shall receive a good bundle of old clothes, etc. I have got an old hat or two, if your servant is in want of one. I should think they were better than the one thou wert accustomed to wear. In Liverpool I saw Kemble play Richard and Penruddock. The latter was a fine piece of acting, but he is no more worthy of being compared to Cooke in Richard than I to Hercules. I suppose by this time thou art profoundly in the classics. What art thou reading particularly? I have not lately dipped into them. I find much wholesome food in French literature. Remember me very affectionately to thy wife, not forgetting Nip.—Thy undutiful brother,

ROBERT HIBBERT.

Immediately after receiving his mother's letter Sam Hibbert wrote :—

‘I have bought, as you requested, a new hat; indeed, I wanted one. Our regiment is dispersed—with the exception of the party under my command—all along the sea-coast. We have two parties for the purpose of protecting the coast from smugglers.’

On the 27th of July Lieutenant Hibbert wrote to his mother with an account of an elegant dinner he had been invited to at the Archbishop’s palace, which was somewhat singular, from the fact of the clergymen present dining in their gowns:—

“I sent you a letter mentioning my having received the parcel, etc. If I had known you were so anxious about my appearing so very smart, I would have contrived to have gratified you. I like York very much. The men under my command have set off this morning for Easingwold, to remain there, according to the custom of the army, during the Assizes, which commence next week. On Thursday I went with two of the recruiting officers quartered here to a splendid dinner given by the Archbishop of York, in his palace at Bishopthorpe, a few miles off. He notices the military very much. We dined a very large party, consisting chiefly of the clergy, all dressed out in their robes and gowns on the occasion; with these there were also a number of ladies of the first fashion about York. The Archbishop behaved to us with remarkable attention, and I received much civility from his sons; indeed, I do not recollect for some time spending a pleasanter day. The dinner was served up in most excellent style; and I have not before seen a greater profusion of silver plate, which almost weighed down the table. I particularly noticed the wine-coolers, which were very massy and numerous; indeed, there was not during the dinner any bottle of wine without a cooler. We sat down about forty or fifty. In the middle of the table range, from top to bottom, appeared a sort of framewood, raised a little higher than the table, ornamented and painted with various devices, on which were a very great number of flowers beautifully arranged in jars. I suspected the design might have been taken from the Prince of

Wales's table. This was never removed ; but when the table-cloths were taken away, which were made to fit each side of this sort of platform, there appeared beneath other white table-cloths, so that it almost seemed, when the dessert dishes came on, as if the dinner was not removed. I cannot tell you the particulars of the dinner, which was most elegantly and richly set out. The varieties of wine were great ; and before the first cloth was drawn we were liberally served with Champagne, Burgundy, and Cape wines. So much for Episcopal splendour !”

The York races were now soon to come on, and some of the 1st Lancashire officers were meditating a descent upon the old city. Lieutenant Hibbert had been commissioned to send to headquarters, at Hull, Pick's *Racing Calendar*, and to inquire for the third volume of the *Turf Register* for his friend Captain Wilkinson. A few days afterwards that gentleman, when again writing to the Lieutenant, alludes to an incident which happened to the latter when he was sent with his men away from York during the Assize week, and which, as it afforded considerable amusement to the officers of the 1st Lancashires, we will here narrate :—

“ I am sorry to hear of your late confinement,” wrote Captain Wilkinson ; “ but I have not as yet heard if the reward advertised—namely, 500 guineas—has been paid for your being taken up for poisoning the horse !!!!! Compliments to Mrs. Hibbert.”

The episode of the horse-poisoning was as follows. When Lieutenant Hibbert was stationed at Easingwold during the Assizes, he left his men under the command of a sergeant ; and donning his old velvet shooting jacket, corduroy breeches, leather gaiters, and battered hat, set off on an antiquarian and geo-

logical ramble through Yorkshire. In course of time he found himself at Doncaster, where there were some celebrated racers that were to run at the York races. Ever desirous of acquiring information upon any subject, he loitered about the stables and made various inquiries respecting the horses that were to run. The next morning the favourite that had been backed to a very large amount, was found to have been poisoned! Who could have perpetrated this villanous act? Who but the shabbily dressed vagabond stranger who had been loitering about the stables the previous night; and besides, he was found to be lodging in a very second-rate inn. Circumstances thus all pointed towards him as the guilty party who had contrived to "get at," to use a stable phrase, the great favourite and poison him, for which deed he was doubtless to be well paid by some rascally blacklegs. The supposed culprit was accordingly arrested and taken before the nearest magistrate; and, his protestations of innocence and that he was an officer in the 1st Lancashires being laughed at, he was sent to prison. He was, however, permitted to send to the headquarters of his regiment at Hull for some officer to come and identify him. As this could not be done in less time than a couple of days, the unfortunate Lieutenant had to remain in durance until the arrival of the officer sent for, when he was discharged without a stain upon his character! as the saying is

CHAPTER XXX.

Berwick-upon-Tweed—Complaint of dirt of the town—A martinet general—The route to Haddington is sent.

EARLY in the month of November 1811 the 1st Lancashires received orders to march from Hull into Scotland, but, owing to some oversight, the route had not been sent to Lieutenant Hibbert; so that, instead of marching along with the regiment, he and his men were obliged to follow alone. His wife and child proceeded in a chaise, and he directed her to halt at Durham and there remain for a week to rest themselves. The weather was very rough and stormy, and the journey disagreeable and fatiguing.

After a weary, toilsome march of several days, he arrived at Berwick with his men on the 21st of November. To his great satisfaction, he learnt that General Lord Cathcart had intimated to the regiment that, in consequence of its long march, it should remain in Berwick for the winter; whereupon the Lieutenant and his wife took lodgings in one of the best parts of the town, near the fortifications. Here they expected to be comfortably settled. We shall see, from the letter he wrote home, what opinion a few days' experience caused him to form of the accommodations and people of the Border town:—

BERWICK-ON-TWEED, *Decr. 10th, 1811.*

MY DEAR MOTHER—Since I have been here I have been very much plagued with lodgings, owing to the filthiness of these Scotch Borderers, as the natives here call themselves. All the ideas that you might have had of the dirtiness of the Scotch, I do believe, must come far short of the reality of it. I left my lodgings only this day, to avoid the horrors of a Scotch kitchen. The accounts I could give you would make you surprised, and wonder that we could even eat, though our existence depends on eating. Leave a joint of meat in the larder after it has been roasted: it will, the next day, come up gnawed by the pilfering teeth of these rascally servants of the North, or torn by their dirty fingers, enough to make you sick at the very heart. The servants in this place uniformly live on much worse fare than their masters and mistresses, and as they often dine on a scanty portion of bread, carefully weighed out to them, and a dried herring, or some thin broth, you need not marvel that these hungry wretches should ravenously attack such a dainty as a plain joint must be to them. I have often thought how indignant a Manchester housekeeper must be to see the vile treatment these servants meet with—he who thinks it necessary for the happiness of his domestic dependants that they should in every respect live as well as himself! Yet it must appear to an attentive observer that the treatment of Manchester servants and that of Scotch servants is alike equally productive of bad moral consequences. While one species of treatment induces the half-starved wretches to the temptation of stealing and habitual deceit to gratify their appetite, the other makes the servant saucy, imperious, and dissipated, disposed even to change situations with their masters; and when they leave their places, and undertake housekeeping for themselves, unable to conform to more limited means of gratifying their appetites, which eventually leads them to beggary and ruin. I have never seen servants more injured than in Scotland and Manchester; elsewhere they are taught to live as becomes their situation, with sparing moderation, and the moral effect of this treatment must be good.

Never again do I intend to mingle with a Scotch family, at least to partake with it in the use of a kitchen. I do not know how I can decently resume my description of it, which, as far as I have seen in this town, in my search after lodgings, may be briefly said to display a settled gloom of undisturbed filth and smoke. I lodged in the best-looking house in Berwick, and really, not to disguise the fact, the family used the very kitchen for *locus commodii*, as a *magnum dolium* that my servant found witnessed; nay, so enraged was the person with whom I lodged, at my leaving her house, that she told me I was a disgrace to my regiment for going to a *forica* that I found by chance in the garden. Such strangers are they to common decency! I have now found one of the most comfortable dwelling-houses I ever was in, that I have engaged to myself, ready furnished for only 16s. per week, which is almost as cheap to me as barracks would be, and far more convenient. My house consists of a complete kitchen and back kitchen, two parlours, and two bedrooms. It is also well situated, being close to the river, where there is an excellent circulation of fresh air. I have never known the child to look better than he does now—this intensely cold climate is of service to him; and indeed I inure him to it, for he is out of doors almost the whole day.

The climate of this place is, indeed, rigorous in the extreme; so exposed is the situation of Berwick and unsheltered by any plantations. Short as our morning parades are, they are most severely felt; the muskets have occasionally dropped from some of the soldiers' hands, so benumbed were they with cold. The freezing of a single night will make the ice fit for skating. The Earl of Rosslyn lately reviewed the regiment, and so well did we happen to perform that day, that he told us we should not be long before we were honoured with being near the head general of the North, Lord Cathcart, who is in Edinburgh.—Your affectionate son,

SAMUEL HIBBERT.

About this time George, a youth of nineteen, the youngest brother of Lieutenant Hibbert, had shown an inclination for the army, which had annoyed his

father considerably, for the latter writes to his son Samuel:—

“I trust I shall hear no more of George’s predilection for the army. He has been at the Misses Hollands about ten days, who are now removed to near Liverpool.”

But little wonder if Mr. Hibbert’s sons showed a predilection for the army; the times were warlike, and they had inherited from their mother Hibernian blood!

At this period of his life Samuel Hibbert was imbued with all the “John Bull” prejudices against the Scotch—prejudices which had been intensified ever since the peace of 1763, when, during the ministry of Lord Bute, a heavy duty had been laid upon cider. The exasperation of the English, particularly in the western and southern counties, was at that time so great that riots and riotous processions were of frequent occurrence. Effigies of Lord Bute, dressed in a Scotch plaid and bonnet, and jack-boots, and adorned with a star, were paraded about, whilst apples draped in crape were exhibited or hung in strings round the necks of asses; see the *Lancashire Magazine* for 1763.

Imbued, as we have said, with anti-Scotch sentiments, we shall find Lieutenant Hibbert now making bitter reflections on a martinet general, whose roughness and severity he attributes to the fact of his being a Scotchman, as if there were no such individuals as martinets south of the Tweed!

But the prejudiced English lieutenant afterwards changed his opinion most thoroughly of the Scotch,

when his residence amongst them made him personally and intimately acquainted with the people.

The following letter describing the martinet general to his friend Will Latham, who was on leave of absence, is copied from a rough draft of it; and it may be here observed, that Sam Hibbert, like his father, was very methodical, and frequently made drafts of his letters, even of those written to friends. The letters written by him to his parents fell into his possession after their deaths, and were preserved by him:—

BERWICK, *Feby.* 3d, 1812.

MY DEAR LATHAM—This is the first opportunity I have had of answering your last letter; when it arrived I happened to be exploring the county for a few days with Jones, and since then we have been very much engaged in the preparation for General Durham's inspection, which, as far as relates to the clothing of the regiment, has just taken place. No part of the officer's duty is now dispensed with: every one has now to be present at morning and evening parades. On Tuesday last General Durham visited us. I can scarcely inform you how his first appearance surprised us, and particularly *myself*, so little were we prepared to meet a general so opposite, in his expectations of a regiment, from the generals of the southern districts. I have had the command of the grenadiers for a *fortnight*, since Parke left us, and you may, if you please, fancy me prepared to meet this general. In he bolts whilst we were formed in the barrack-yard. With a scowling look, as if he would eat us up without salt, he bids me call out the names of the front rank. This I did, as well as my surprise would allow me, till I came to two recruits, whose names I did not know. Upon which, he flew into a rage, told me I ought to be ashamed of myself, etc. etc. It was in vain that Major Rigby assured him, as well as myself, that I had not been in the grenadiers above a month, for nearly a year and a half. The answer was, that he, the general, could get off the names

and individually know a company before the next day. He then took a man out of the company, and asked me how much he owed. This I knew nothing of, and for this, he again blew me up. I was then questioned if I personally paid my company, which fortunately, the last 24th, I did—what the men's shoes cost, and a multitude of other minute questions. The sergeants were next examined about points of duty, and equally with me got a large measure of *goose*. He then went to the other companies; Ralph got ill off, being the next to be examined; the afternoon was confounded cold, and starved out the general's patience, so that he dismissed the others with much fewer interrogatories, and with abusing the men's clothing, etc. Now that you may not be equally surprised with myself at the general's manner, when next he visits us, which will be in April as supposed, I shall inform you what we ought to be prepared for. The general remains about three days with the regiment before he makes up his confidential report to the commander-in-chief. He enquires minutely whether every captain or commander of a company knows the interior economy of it; his enquiries will extend to the price of every article sold to the men, the provisions for messing, etc. etc. He will personally see if the lieutenant of two years' standing is capable of commanding a company, and if the captain of two years' standing can command a regiment, by ordering him to take the command of it, and putting it through certain manœuvres.—Yours truly,

SAML. HIBBERT.

Lieut. Latham,
Poulton, Lancashire.

Samuel Hibbert stated bare matter of fact when, writing to his friend Will Latham about General Durham's visit, he said, as we have just read, "His appearance surprised us, and particularly myself." The martinet, eyeing Lieutenant Hibbert sternly, as if he would intimate to him, "Mind what you are about now," ordered him to take the command of the

regiment, and put it through certain manœuvres which he specified. For awhile all went well, and Sam Hibbert got the men very creditably through various movements, but at last, whether from nervousness or forgetfulness, or from both causes combined, he called out a word of command which got the men into two lines confronting each other. In this position, they stood staring and expecting the next word of command, and here Sam Hibbert was compelled to leave them, being now utterly at fault. As for General Durham, he became purple in the face, and the excited manner in which he addressed Lieutenant Hibbert was certainly not calculated to relieve that unlucky officer's confusion :—"Hell and the devil! What's he giving us now? Blood and wounds! It's a country dance! By Heaven! he's going to give us a country dance!"

This episode tended to increase the lieutenant's prejudices against Scotland, for on the 15th of February he writes to his mother :—

"I am particularly engaged, having the command of the grenadier company without any assistance. Scotland is not much relished by us, and we give many anxious looks towards the south. Scotland as a country has been much overrated, and from the following circumstances, in which a Scotchman has a partial advantage over a South Briton :—the knowledge of reading and writing is more generally diffused among the lower classes, but to this national distinction of the people may be added so wretched a want of common cleanliness, of common decency, such vile servility, meanness, and such low tricks, as to render this cried-up country a century behind the English in national consequence. The Scotch regiments are so low in regard to officers and men, that the generals who visit us treat us with

the same roughness as they do their own countrymen. I must now remove my dwelling-place in consequence of a notice having arrived to prepare the regiment for a march to Haddington. We expect to leave Berwick the latter end of this week or the beginning of next. At present we have a deal of travelling; how far this will suit me when I have an addition to my family will be a future question. I shall always think with pleasure of the day I entered this regiment, whether I shall be, at a future period, obliged to quit it or not in consequence of the increase of my family. I am sorry I cannot gratify your wish of having my little boy with you, and sending him to a school in the neighbourhood. To this I have only one and rather a strong objection. Since your time and my father's—I mean when your thoughts were employed in bringing us up—the system of education is much changed, having, in fact, to keep pace with the gradual improvements of the age we live in. The true system of education is, in fact, only beginning to be known. Your next letter had better be directed to me at Haddington."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Haddington—Sam Hibbert adopts the Spartan bringing-up of children—Shabby inns—A duel stopped—Sam Hibbert's youngest brother George enters the 1st Lancashires—Dick Crompton again—Vaccination—Tour in the Highlands.

AT the close of February 1812 the 1st Lancashires was settled in its new quarters at Haddington, and Lieutenant Hibbert had taken lodgings in the town. These, however, he soon quitted, and in a letter to his mother, dated 6th March, after commenting at length on the dirt of the apartments, which had caused him to remove into barracks, he goes on to say:—

“If barracks are not altogether so convenient as lodgings, they have, at least, the recommendation of cleanliness. Nothing can certainly be more pleasant than the situation of the barracks here. They are upon the brow of a hill, with an excellent prospect before them of the Scotch mountains; they are neither more nor less than wooden huts, and each hut consists of two roomy and airy apartments, with a good kitchen; there is also a porch at the outside, which same deserves the name of a lobby! One of these huts we have got to ourselves. The other inducement for my coming into barracks was on account of the health of the child, there being such a deal of ground for him to play or walk in. The barrack-yard may be said to enclose a piece of ground about as large as the field opposite your house at Clarendon. Berwick agreed with the boy well, although there was at that time a great fatality amongst the children, owing to the

severity of the climate, which I am assured is the coldest in Scotland. Major Rigby's children have suffered very much, and one of them now lies dangerously ill in that town, and is not expected to recover. Our boy, indeed, did not entirely escape, though I guarded against the effects of sudden extremes of heat and cold by very early inuring him to the weather, and taking every occasion to keep him out of doors, let the day be ever so cold. However, two or three days before we left he was seized with an inflammation of the lungs, and the moment I saw it, by his difficulty of breathing, I lost no time in getting to him the first surgeon of the regiment I happened to see, which was young Jordan, whom you saw in London, and to his promptness our child is indebted, I may truly say, for his life. I contemplate this spring a long ramble I intend to make in the Highlands. I expect you and my father to pay me a visit in the course of the summer. In a few days we are dining with General Lord Cathcart, and very probably I shall attend one of the assemblies at Edinburgh."

It would be hard to say what Lieutenant Hibbert really meant, when he wrote to his mother, that his strongest reason for not letting her have his little boy was that the system of education was only beginning to be known; but it would seem as if the Lieutenant's mode had been within an ace of making an end of the child, to judge from the foregoing letter.

The study of the ancient classics, which Samuel Hibbert assiduously kept up, even while with the regiment, had instilled into him great admiration of the Spartan hardening process, so, almost before his little boy was one year old, he put that system in practice. We have seen by his letter what the consequences were at Berwick of sending his child out in *all weathers*, but he does not seem to have taken warning, for while at Haddington he let him run

about the barrack-yard bareheaded till his hair was bleached; barelegged and barefoot, till even his bachelor friends, Jones and Latham, remonstrated, but in vain. Fortunately in this case there were no evil results. But in after years Lieutenant Hibbert changed his opinions entirely as to this system of training, at which he himself then laughed, and would tell how Dr. Barclay of Edinburgh replied to an advocate of the hardening system, who had been instancing in support of his argument the sturdy Highlanders:—"Very true; but you forget how many of them die under the process; it is only the very strong who survive it."

Not long after having been settled at Haddington, Lieutenant Hibbert wrote to his father for his plate. The old gentleman, bearing in mind his son's severe reflections on the Scotch, replied by a letter, which reads very like a satirical rebuke:—

"I remember a time," writes Mr. Hibbert, "in the more early part of this reign, when the English people were not so Scotch-ridden as you now think them to be—the great partialities shown to Scotchmen at the English court on political accounts rendered them generally unpopular and very obnoxious to many in England. I observe you wish you had your plate with you—only to make a show!—can this be your real motive? for I never supposed you were much fond of show, except a little in books. Now I mention books; pray have you read a new book called *Bibliomania*? if you have not, it's worth your notice. But to return to the plate, can you want it to gratify a little vanity in making a show among a people you seem so much to despise? or will a show of this sort command greater respect from your brother officers? However this be, your plate is all safe at Clarendon, and will be forthcoming at any proper oppor-

tunity that you may wish for it ; but I think there might be some risk in sending it to Scotland, and, perhaps, even after it got there, if I may infer that from what you say of the manners of the people."

But notwithstanding his father's sarcastic letter, Lieutenant Hibbert continues his invectives against Scotland, his animadversions being directed even at Auld Reekie itself, a city which he soon afterwards began to like so well that he fixed his residence in it for many years ! But we give the following extract from a letter written to his father on the 8th of April, relative to Scotch inns, as it leads us to narrate an episode arising out of another peculiar failing of his—a love of shabby inns :—

"Let me here remind you," he writes, "of the extortion practised upon strangers at the inns, which our officers have felt the effects of to their cost ; a guinea for one dinner, consisting of a very moderate fare and a small quantity of wine, has been paid. When I was at Edinburgh I found out a tavern, unfrequented by strangers, and here the charges were extremely moderate, for Scotsmen will not spend their own money idly."

We do not suppose that the Lieutenant ever related to his father the episode to which we have alluded, and which we give on the authority of the late Mr. Joseph Jordan, then an officer in the regiment. We shall probably not be far wrong in presuming that the inn in question was by no means a first-class establishment.

It happened, however, that Major Rigby saw the Lieutenant come out of it, and the latter, conscience stricken, was not over well pleased at having been caught. At first the Major bantered him, and made

some sarcastic jests, which the Lieutenant laughed at, but, on the wrong side of his mouth, if we may use a vulgar saying. Jesting words, however, led to more serious words, and more serious words led to high words, for the Lieutenant felt nettled, and, at last, high words led to a challenge. The seconds, to whom the parties had confided their honour! tried to patch up the affair, but in vain, for the principals were too exasperated, and roundly refused to listen to any proposals of explaining or apologising; so a meeting was arranged for the next morning. When on the ground, the seconds, sensibly thinking it very silly that two men should try to blow each other's brains out, only on account of a paltry inn, again interposed to mediate, this time with success, for probably the two bellicose officers had cooled with the morning air, and had begun to take the same rational view of the affair as their seconds. Accordingly they were reconciled, but as they shook hands, Major Rigby, laughing outright, could not refrain from saying, "Well, but Hibbert, you can't deny, after all, that it was a d——d shabby inn."

On April 15th, 1812, Lieutenant Samuel Hibbert's second son, William, was born in the barracks at Haddington, and Mr. Hibbert, in writing his congratulations, takes the opportunity of referring again to his son George's military bias:—

"I cannot get over the strong objections I have to George's going into the regular army, but if he could get into your regiment, he would be very glad of it, and I would not object, as judging it, considering all circumstances, for the best."

George Hibbert being determined to embrace a military life, and his brother Samuel seeing that opposition would be fruitless, relates his own experience of a regiment, as a school for young men, in a letter to his father:—

“If George is in any way inclined to habits of extravagance, it is only proper that he should know that they will be of not the least service to him in a regiment, were he possessed of the most ample means to gratify them. Before entering he must make up his mind to reduce his wants and inclinations to a much smaller compass than is allowed in any other station of life; and, with this view, a military life has frequently afforded the best school for a young man, and has shown him the absurdity of thinking that the comforts of life cannot be obtained without paying excessively for them. I have often remarked that military characters retire into private stations rather addicted to parsimony than otherwise.”

We have a vague notion, however, that Sam Hibbert strongly suspected that his young brother George was absurd enough to think that the comforts of life could not be obtained without paying excessively for them; but we would ask, how many older heads have thought the same, from the time that Juvenal wrote—*magis illa juvant quæ pluris emuntur?* George's father had often had to groan over a long bill from Scarr and Co., the fashionable tailors in St. Ann's Square, and so too had many other fathers, and among them the punning Parson Ethelstone. Scarr and Co. had sent the reverend gentleman a bill incurred by his son, of which the provoked father complained bitterly to an old friend. The latter being a *bachelor* (not a very discreet choice on the part of

the parson), only laughed, saying at the same time, "Young men will be young men." The parson looked very grave, as in solemn tones he exclaimed—"He jests at *scars* that never felt a wound."

Writing to his mother, who had at last overcome her opposition to her youngest son's inclinations for the army, Sam Hibbert consoles her, saying:—

"The army is not the bad school for youth that it has been represented, though there are, certainly, many temptations to be found in it, but perhaps not more than in civil life. When George has set off I will contrive to meet him in Edinburgh, where he will get better equipped in regimentals, etc., than elsewhere. He must be sure to bring some music with him, as some of our officers are possessed with a musical mania, and they are anticipating some fiddling when he comes; and as a young lad must amuse himself, he may indulge this musical taste of his, although I do not myself like to spend my time amidst crotchets and semiquavers. Tell George to look if my father has such a set of books as Withering's *Botany*, which I beg he will bring with him for me if they can be spared. Ask my father if he can spare his microscope, and if he can, to lend it me, and get it well packed. On Monday next I set out for the Western Isles with Captain Jones, and purpose returning, at the latest, on the 10th of June."

It appears from the following letter of George Hibbert to his brother Sam, that Dick Crompton, the friend of Marshal Mortier, the whilom student of the Manchester New College whom we have before spoken of, had got a good military appointment:—

MANCHESTER, *June 12th*, 1812.

DEAR SAM—I suppose you know that I have had another certificate of qualification sent me by Captain Wilkinson. Captain Crompton, who is just returned from Lisbon, directed me how

to fill it up,—he should know how, as he was in the 1st Lancashires. Captain Crompton is going to the Isle of France as aide-de-camp to General ——, I forget his name. He says he shall get near £1000 a year by it. I shall write to you again before I join.”

George Hibbert joined the 1st Lancashires in the month of July, and was placed in Captain Jones’s company.

When writing to his father, on the 9th of September, that he thought George would make a very good officer, Samuel Hibbert takes occasion to give his opinion on vaccination, which was then in its infancy, and had just been applied to his youngest little boy :—

“William has just been vaccinated, and he has done very well, although not a few have tried to persuade me against this modern practice and to induce me to adopt the old plan. I am myself fully persuaded of the efficiency of vaccination, and no prejudice of mine shall, by the adoption of the old inoculation, contribute to protract the existence of such a curse on mankind as the smallpox.”

Lieutenant Hibbert had now obtained another leave of absence for a few weeks, and he writes to his father :—

“I set off for the Highlands on foot ; if possible I shall get to the Orkneys, at any rate, as far north as I can. It is a most dreary country to go through, with most miserable accommodation for travellers ; but I have wrought up my mind to meet the difficulties that may occur. By the time this letter reaches you I shall be at or near Inverness and the field of Culloden. I intend returning by way of Aberdeen.”

One or two entries in his Diary remind us of the

bargain of the Vicar of Wakefield's son Moses. We here give the extracts :—

“Edinburgh.—Arrived at 10 minutes past 9 on 10th Sept. 1812.

“Crossgates.—Met with a man of the name of Sinclair—went to his house—bargained for a miserable pony—miserable accommodation—paid £2 : 15s. for it.

“Kinross, 11th Sept.—Pony old and done, could scarce move a step—offered it for sale—nobody would bid anything but a butcher, who offered 17s. 6d. for it—took it to a village two miles hence—sold him to a dealer for 20s., saddle, bridle, whip included, even as I had my bargain.

“Overtook a sailor on the way and walked with him to Perth.

“Kirk of Auchtergaven.—Obliged to rest in a miserable house, and had as miserable a bed for the sum of 3d.”

On his arrival again at Haddington, on the 8th of October, Sam Hibbert wrote to his mother :—

“I had a very pleasant excursion of no less than 800 miles, upwards of 700 of which I walked. The accommodations were worse than anything you could imagine ; but such was the force of habit that I believe that I began at last to be almost insensible to Scotch dirt and wretchedness.”

He still persevered in the Spartan training of his children, for he writes :—

“The boys show the very picture of health, they are playing on the green in the barrack-yard all day long, and I can send them out in the open air every hour without dressing them as in a town. I am beginning to inure Titus very early to the hardships of life. He romps about, very seldom with either hat on his head or shoes to his feet, and he is very glad at night to come, ill tired, and sleep upon a straw mattress. I have him fed on water-porridge and potatoes.”

The sight of these two little semi-savages must

certainly have astonished Lieutenant Hibbert's brother officers, at least the wives of such of them as were married ; but another *idea* of the Lieutenant must have surprised them just as much. Most military men would think a wife and two children and their nurse "heavy baggage" enough to move about with ; but not so Sam Hibbert, if we may judge from the following extract from one of his letters :—

"I am now employed in packing up a large box of books which I mean sending to Manchester, as I have more than I can conveniently carry about. Having, since I came into the regiment, had occasion to purchase many books, my library that I travel with becomes too bulky."

But, with all his odd ways, he was ever a special favourite with his brother officers ; he was a good companion, and his fund of anecdote (partly, perhaps, acquired from the old poacher at Slack Hall) was inexhaustible. The late Mr. Jordan was wont to say, that whenever it was understood that Hibbert would dine at mess, the table was sure to be crowded and the room became one continued scene of merriment.

In November the 1st Lancashires received orders to march to Dalkeith to guard the French prisoners in that town.

Lieutenant Hibbert had spent the Christmas and New Year of 1812-13 with his parents at Clarendon House, and though his mother had been ailing, still her state was not such as to cause alarm, as for some years she had been troubled with asthma so soon as winter set in. Thus no shadow of apprehension crossed the mind of her son when bidding her

farewell that this would be their last parting on earth. Such, however, it was, and he had scarce arrived in Dalkeith when he received the afflicting intelligence of the death of one who had ever been an affectionate and devoted mother. She had succumbed to an attack of inflammation of the chest, on Sunday, the 24th of January.

This sad event caused a change in all his plans. He at once decided upon soon leaving the Militia, and as the regiment was then on the point of moving to Dalkeith, he lost no time in sending for his wife and family from Scotland, it being the wish of Mr. Hibbert that his daughter-in-law should keep house for him.

Lieutenant Hibbert had not been long at home before he perceived that his father's declining health had rendered him totally unfit to attend to business; and moreover he had received hints from one or two friends, that it would be well if he were to look a little closely into the mercantile transactions of the house. This was enough to rouse him to bestir himself, for he had already some uneasiness at seeing how unbounded and uncontrolled was the confidence which his father placed in his head clerk. So, without ceremony, he installed himself in the counting-house, investigated all the books and correspondence with as much skill and acuteness as if he had been brought up to a mercantile life. It was not long before he discovered that the confidential clerk had been giving credit for goods to a very ruinous amount to friends of his own—men of straw; and that if that system were carried on his father's name would eventually

appear in the *Gazette*. He laid all that he had discovered before his father, and having induced him to retire altogether from business, wound up the affairs of the house of "Titus Hibbert and Son."

The investigation and management of this most complicated and troublesome piece of business showed clearly, that had Lieutenant Hibbert entered upon a mercantile life, he would have succeeded as well in that state as he afterwards did in the pursuit of science.

About this time his brother George resigned his commission in the 1st Lancashires, in order to enter the regulars. His inclination had always been for a military life; but he was his mother's favourite son, and she having been strongly averse to his entering the army, he had yielded to her wishes. He was gazetted to the 40th on the 25th of February 1813.

Thus George Hibbert was now entering on the stern realities of a soldier's life, whilst the military career of his brother Samuel was about to close.

"The death of your mother gave us great concern," writes Dr. Charles Taylor, the old friend of the family, from London, on the 3d of April, "and I suppose you have now given up all thoughts of military matters. I know you cannot be idle, and am therefore a little puzzled to know what objects occupy your attention."

We shall soon see what the objects were which were to occupy the attention of Samuel Hibbert junior.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Mr. Joseph Jordan, surgeon—Samuel Hibbert studies medicine in Edinburgh—George Hibbert at Toulouse—at Ghent—The Duke of Wellington and the 40th Regiment—Waterloo—Death of Mr. Samuel Hibbert senior.

DEAR HIBBERT—Don't be astonished [writes Lieutenant Hibbert's intimate friend, Captain Edward Jones, from Lancaster, on the 20th of May 1813]—

“Some say the devil's dead! the devil's dead!
 Some say the devil's dead! and buried on a Sunday!
 Some say he's rose again! rose again!
 Some say he's rose again, and 'peared to Mrs. Grundy!
 Some say the Pope is ——”

but there has been such a deal said of him lately that I shall say nothing about him, or any of them for the present; therefore, leaving the devil (*seniores priores*), the Pope, and Mrs. Grundy to a future discussion—what do you say to our proposed pedestrian tour in Cambria? If you are in the same mind and sound in body as when we last met and parted, I suppose you will agree with me that the sooner we set off the better. Suppose we meet on the 28th of this month at Chester. Unless I hear from you to the contrary, I shall take it for granted this plan is agreed upon.

My best wishes to Jordan; that is to say, May pestilence, plague, and rich pockets, along with lingering long diarrhoeas, and every other profitable disease, afflict the patients of Manchester! How can he have my best wishes without my wishing all this? I have been staying a week with Colonel Rawsthorne, but I defer saying what I have been doing until we meet.

If I can find Paddy O'Donnell's letter to the Huddersfield petitioners, I will send it—it will amuse you. He writes in passion.

Remember me to Mr. Hibbert and your better half, and believe me your most Catholic

EDWD. JONES.

ON PARTICULAR SERVICE,

To Lieutenant Hibbert,

1st Regiment Royal Lancashire Militia,

Manchester.

Mr. Joseph Jordan, who is alluded to in the foregoing jocular letter, had just begun in Manchester that career of a medical practitioner which continued for many long years, as we have before said, and terminated with his death, at the ripe age of eighty-six.

Lieutenant Hibbert had not yet sent in the formal resignation of his commission in the 1st Lancashires, but he still resided with his father, having obtained a long leave of absence from the regiment.

Dr. Charles Taylor was right when, in his letter of the 3d of April, he wrote, "I know you cannot be idle." We shall now see what objects were to occupy his attention. Feeling that, with an increasing family, he ought not to lean on his father for their support, he determined to prepare himself for the practice of medicine, and most probably his native town would have been the scene of his labours. With this object in view, Samuel Hibbert matriculated at the University of Edinburgh, on the 13th of October 1813, where, as soon as the winter session had commenced, he began to attend the lectures of several eminent professors, as those of Dr. Alexander Monro, for anatomy; Dr. Rutherford, for botany; Professor

Jameson, for natural history ; Dr. James Gregory, for practice of medicine ; Dr. Hope, for chemistry ; Dr. John Barclay, for comparative anatomy ; Dr. Thomas Brown, for moral philosophy ; Drs. Home, Duncan, Henry Dewar, and others.

Although Samuel Hibbert had now commenced taking this decisive step towards a change of life, he could not cease to feel the greatest interest in his old regiment, and his brother officers, especially such as were his companions when making antiquarian tours, kept him *au fait* of what was going on in it.

“ I am fully persuaded,” writes Will Latham, from Penny-cuick, on the 5th of November 1813, “ you will learn with regret when I state the *thorn*, the very *thorn*, under which old Thomas the Rymer issued forth his predictions was, the last winter, blown up by a severe gale of wind. I was informed of the circumstance in marching from Melrose to Lauder. Report says, in the regiment, that we are not to see you again ; however, I hope it is not true, as I can really say I shall feel sorry should you leave us, as I have flattered myself we should have some few more pedestrian expeditions together. I told Byron some time ago I intended writing to you, and he begged me to remind you of your promise of the ballad. Old Byron is red-hot for castle hunting in the Peninsula, and wishes to get old Cockey Hamer [Captain Hamer] to accompany him. What will the Duchess say ? We have at length commenced wearing the greys [pantaloons, with Hessian boots, as in the line], and we find them much more agreeable than the whites, though we dress in whites for dinner. Colonel Plumbe is in command here at present. We are to be reviewed on Monday morning by M-General Sir J. Dalrymple. The Hants and Carnarvon are at Haddington, the South Hants at Dunbar, and the Lincoln at Berwick.”

About the end of January 1814 the 1st Lancshires received orders to embark for Ireland, and all

absentees having been commanded to appear at headquarters, Lieutenant Hibbert sent in his resignation, and on taking leave of this fine regiment, in which he contracted so many friendships and passed so many happy years, we will here record a song which had long been traditionary with the men, and which they were in the habit of singing, especially when they came into any town or place to which it might be applicable. Perhaps this song may now have passed out of memory, but Dr. Hibbert Ware had made a note of it, and when in a merry mood would himself sometimes sing it. We here give it in his own words and with his remarks:—

“There’s Manchester for peddlars all on a market day,
 And Liverpool for jolly tars, and so they sail away.
 Then hey! for little Lancaster for taking in free strangers,
 When they get within the castle walls, adieu to all free rangers.
 Then hey! for little Pilling, it stands upon a moss;
 And Goosnar and Garstang do honour to the cross.”

The Doctor would comment upon this last stanza, saying that these two localities were even more staunchly Catholic than any other parts of Lancashire, which had ever been noted for its adherence to the old religion.

But to proceed with the song:

“Here’s hey! for little Preston, it stands so very fair,
 It’s ordered by the sheriff and govern’d by the mayor.
 And hey! for little Clifton, there’s ne’er such another,
 It’s houses all on one side and barns on the other.
 Then hey! for little Poulton, Poulton in the Fylde,
 There’s ne’er a lad in Poulton . . .”

We stop short here to give the comment on this last stanza, which Dr. Hibbert Ware was wont to make, and which was to the following effect:—That the Fylde was so ill drained, and malaria and other febrile diseases so prevalent, that its population was thin in the extreme. But he also laughingly observed that the verse was so obnoxious to men from that part of the country, that when singing it they changed the word *lad* into *lass*.

Though he had now retired from the 1st Lancashires, the ex-lieutenant did not yet hang up his sword, for there is among his papers a commission from Lord Derby, dated the 15th of March 1814, addressed to Samuel Hibbert of Manchester, Esquire, appointing him to be a captain in the Manchester regiment of Local Militia.

It would appear, from the certificate filled by him, that the same property qualification to hold a captain's commission in the Manchester Local Militia was required, either in the officer himself or in his father, as in the county militia.

His time was now divided between study and regimental duties.

The war in the Peninsula had been carried on briskly since 1808, and by the spring of 1814 Lord Wellington had driven the French before him out of Spain. Reinforcements, however, were from time to time sent out to supply the places of the killed and wounded, and it now came to be the turn of Ensign George Hibbert to go. Like any other officer, George wanted money, and on this occasion he wrote to his

brother Sam a letter, which, probably, he deemed irresistible, and doubtless it did work on the paternal heart, as the writer had meant it to do :—

“DEAR SAM,” wrote the young ensign from Dublin on the 17th of January 1814,—“I have received the order to march on Tuesday the 25th to Cork, there to embark for the first battalion in France. My dear Sam, I must beg that you will do the best you can for me with my father. What I should wish for is, one year’s allowance in advance, as it would be a difficult thing to get money out in France. Perhaps it may be the last sum of money I shall ever require, therefore I hope he will not refuse it.”

The next letter written by George Hibbert was after the battle of Toulouse, from the camp at Bordeaux, on the 13th of June, complaining of not having heard from his friends :—

“The last letter I received from home,” he says, “was the one to Cork, in which you enclosed me the note. I wrote to my father a few days after the battle of Toulouse, where I joined the battalion, after a long march from the north of Spain. I should not have written now, only that we are ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to march to Poliac (?), about three leagues from here, for embarkation. The order is for Cork, but it is said we are merely going there to equip for America.”

Lord Wellington had shortly before this battle beaten Marshal Soult at Tarbes, and the Marshal, after a rapid forced march, gained Toulouse, a country familiar to him, from his being a native of the place, and where he could consequently select his ground for a battle.

In the hard-fought engagement which ensued, the victorious English lost four generals and more than four thousand men and officers—a useless shedding

of blood after all, observes Sir William Napier, in his *History of the Peninsular War*, for before the fight had even begun, the Emperor Napoleon had abdicated the throne of France, which Louis XVIII., who had been residing in England, forthwith took possession of.

The great Napoleon departed, as every one knows, to Elba, the island intended by the Allied Powers of Europe to be the place of his perpetual banishment; and the long war with France was now over. But England did not yet enjoy the blessing of peace, for she was still at war with the United States of America.

In the month of October 1814 the 40th was sent out to America to join the army under Sir E. Pakenham, but they arrived just after that general had attacked New Orleans, and had been repulsed with considerable loss.

It would appear that the 40th were ignorant of what had happened at New Orleans, for George Hibbert, writing to his brother Samuel from the *Ajax* transport, off that place, on the 17th of January 1815, says:—

“ We arrived here, after a good voyage from Jamaica of about a fortnight, on Monday last. Our regiment was put on board the boats which were to take us to the army, and had got near to the landing-place, which is about sixty miles from here, when we were ordered back, and to get to our respective transports as fast as possible. The long boats of the fleet were ordered up to the army this morning, to bring them down to their ships. We do not know where we are to be sent to. Provisions are very scarce; we have little more than the *King's Own* to eat. A little fresh meat would be a very great treat.”

Samuel Hibbert had now fairly entered the field of literature, and amongst his first attempts was a little volume relating to the Knights of the Round Table, Tarquin and Manchester. Upon this subject the following letters passed between himself and Mr. Goldsmide, to whom he had written as follows:—

“SIR—The enclosed little volume is one of the very few copies that I published a few years ago, to illustrate a part of the history of the most renowned of the Knights of the Round Table, Sir Lancelot du Lac. It was with a view to rescue from entire forgetfulness the local interest which the real or imaginary contest of this personage with Tarquin had long afforded the town of Manchester. Should it prove of the least aid in elucidating any part of the chivalry of the Round Table, the object of my thus offering it to your notice will be fully answered.”

To the above communication Mr. Goldsmide replied:—

UPPER MONTAGUE STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE,
LONDON, 23 October 1814.

SIR—Allow me to offer you my best acknowledgments for the copy you were kind enough to send me of the ancient ballad of Tarquin. Everything illustrative of the deeds of Sir Lancelot du Lac cannot fail to be both useful and interesting to me, as the editor of the *Morte d'Arthur*.—I have the honour to remain your much obliged and obedient servant,

JOHN LOUIS GOLDSMIDE.

Saml. Hibbert junr., Esqre., Clarendon,
Manchester.

In addition to his other occupations, Samuel Hibbert attended assiduously the meetings of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society. By a printed notice, issued by its secretaries, Messrs. J. A. Ransome and William Johns, on the 9th of

January 1815, it was announced to the members "that the next meeting of the Society would be held on Friday evening, the 13th instant, when a paper by Samuel Hibbert, Esq., will be read—'The Manorial Antiquities of Ashton-under-Line, as collected from an ancient MS.'" This paper was the predecessor of one afterwards read before and published in the *Transactions of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries*, under the title of "The History and Customs of a Manor in the North of England." It was also printed in Edinburgh for private circulation, and was his first topographical and archæological publication; and, as we shall hereafter see, was considered by Sir Walter Scott to be of great interest.

We may here notice that the Mr. J. A. Ransome, one of the secretaries of the Manchester Literary Society, just mentioned, was a leading surgeon in that town, and one of the medical officers of its Infirmary. He was the grandfather of the present Dr. Ransome of Bowden.

All Europe was now suddenly and rudely awakened out of its shortlived repose and respite from war by alarming rumours and vague fears.

*Mistaque cum veris, passim commenta vagantur
Millia rumorum: confusaque verba volutant.*

OVID, B. 12, v. 53.

AMBLESIDE, March 28th, 1815.

DEAR HIBBERT—Wonders never cease! I suppose Richard is himself again now he is once more on the throne of France. We must hang up our banners on the outer wall—the cry is still they come—and again rub up our rusty armour and repair

to the field. May Providence forbid I should any longer rusticate in this useless manner; any regiment for me. I should certainly be more happy if I were once more in the service of my country. Pollard, myself, and some more gentlemen walked over to Hawkshead on Monday last, which is Rigby's place of residence. We saw the gallant major. I don't doubt but he is very sorry, like myself, at having left the Lancashires, now these new and astonishing events have again taken place. I understand the militia is to be immediately called out. Messrs. Will Crompton, Healis, and other volunteer heroes will be requested to join their respective regiments immediately. Tell Jordan I have not forgot our many rambles.—Dear Hibbert, yours faithfully,
J. TAYLOR.

This letter was from Captain John Taylor, late of the 1st Lancashires.

“Wonders never cease,” as Captain Taylor wrote, and similar utterances were on every lip at that time; for suddenly, like the echo of a thunder-clap, the exclamation, *Napoleon has invaded France*, reverberated throughout Europe. The banished Emperor had landed at Cannes with about 600 men, and as he advanced towards the capital soldiers flocked to him from all quarters. On the 20th of March he entered Paris, from which Louis XVIII. had shortly before fled.

The Allied Powers of Europe collected an army and directed their movements towards Belgium. Napoleon also, having rapidly assembled his forces, advanced towards the same quarter.

These momentous events frustrated the plan which Samuel Hibbert had formed of spending the summer on the Continent. His brother George meanwhile had just returned from the *Havannah*, the transport

which had brought the 40th, lying then at anchor off Portsmouth waiting for orders whither to sail.

Samuel Hibbert himself, disappointed of his visit to the Continent, had repaired to Edinburgh, to continue his medical studies.

The following letter, written from Flanders, gives some details of what was then taking place :—

GHENT, FLANDERS, *June 1st, 1815.*

MY DEAR FATHER—I wrote to you from Portsmouth Harbour, which letter I presume you have received. We did not disembark there, but proceeded the day after to Ostend, where we arrived after a voyage of about thirty-six hours. We disembarked the day after, and the whole of the regiment was immediately put into large boats and conveyed up the canal to this place. We were landed and sent about six miles off to a small village, on the road to Brussels, called Zeerberghem (?), but, owing to the regiment wanting refitting with clothing, etc., we were marched back to this place, where we are likely to remain a fortnight. I never saw a more delightful country. This town is one of the best I ever saw ; and the country is now like a large garden. I never in all my life met with so much hospitality as from the inhabitants. On Sunday last I witnessed as grand a sight as possibly there can be—a procession of the Host. It was owing to some great holiday amongst the Catholics which had been suppressed by Buonaparte, and was revived, for the first time, that day. I afterwards went to the Mass, and was within a foot of Louis the 18th and the Duchesse d'Angoulême. He is quite an old, worn-out man ; she is very interesting. As you or my brother Sam often have some little excursion in the summer, I think one of you could not have a pleasanter than to cross over from Dover to Ostend, and come and see me here ; if not here, we shall not be far off—either at Brussels or the neighbourhood. Lord Wellington's army itself will be worth coming to see.

Since writing this letter I have been induced to unseal it, to inform you of the arrival of the Duke of Wellington in this town,

and of the flattering observation he made of our regiment. He spoke to the officer of the guard of the king's palace (Lieutenant Anthony) in a familiar manner, saying, "I am very happy to have the old 40th with me again;" and turning about to the Duke de Grammont, observed to him that the 40th was one of his favourite regiments. I hope all my old friends the Kirkmans and Bentleys are well; remember me to them, and to the Marshlands. I suppose the garden begins to look very well. Let me know whether you received any letters of mine whilst in America. I never wish to go again to the part of America we left; we were most miserably off. The country is one complete swamp. When we first landed we had nothing but what we could carry on our backs, and neither tents or horses. We, however, secured ourselves against the weather by building little huts with the branches of trees, or rearing up a blanket and sleeping under, like so many gipsies. The latter part of the time our provisions fell very short, being entirely supplied by the ships, and we were put on half allowance of rations. Fortunately I brought out a quantity of tea and sugar from Ireland. There were no inhabitants except a few Indians in that part, therefore there was nothing to be bought. What the island chiefly abounded in were enormous large alligators; a great number of them were caught. One I saw shot measured seven feet in length. There is no news here; all is as yet quiet. They say Buonaparte is making great preparations at Paris by fortifying the town. Let me know what my little niece is called. There are packets from Dover to Ostend three or four times a week.—Your affectionate son,

GEORGE HIBBERT.

Ere many days had elapsed, George Hibbert experienced that all was not quiet.

"DEAR SAM," writes Mrs. Hibbert to her husband, then in Edinburgh,— "The late news, I suppose, you must know, which I think is most dreadful—so many officers cut up in the 42d and 79th; I really tremble for George, as I suppose the 40th will soon be called for. Poor Jordan was, and still is, seriously ill. I cannot learn his disease; I send every day. He has been now

confined to his bed three weeks. Brigham attends him.—Your affectionate wife,
SARAH HIBBERT."

Mr. William Brigham, mentioned in this letter, was a well-known surgeon in Manchester. His widow, who resided at Lymm, in Cheshire, after his death, was shot (accidentally, it was then thought) by her son-in-law, a French adventurer.

CAMP BEFORE PARIS, *July 2d*, 1815.

DEAR BROTHER—I have written to you so often without receiving a letter from you that I am now tired of writing. I am now quite well, and not a bit the worse for the fatigues we have gone through. We had a great many of the regiment killed and wounded on the 18th; but the newspapers will give you a better account than I can. I can only say it was as bloody a scene as ever I wish to see again. I crossed the field two days after the action; you could not walk three yards without crossing over a body, even though the country people had been employed to bury them the intervening time. We have had incessant and very long marches since the battle. My love to all at home. I am one of the unfortunates that lost their baggage.—Your affect. brother,
GEORGE HIBBERT.

P.S.—We have just had the intelligence that Paris has surrendered. Repeated huzzas in the camp seem to confirm the news. The firing in front also has ceased, which was very heavy, which seems to confirm the report.

The 40th, in their haste to be on the field, had to leave all their baggage.

On the evening of the 18th of June the sun of Napoleon set, never to rise again. Nearly 20,000 Frenchmen lay dead on the blood-stained plains of Waterloo; but the victory was dearly purchased by the British, for 13,000 of their brave troops, including

eleven generals and 600 officers, wounded or killed, were lying alongside their gallant foes.

MANCHESTER, *July 4th*, 1815.

DEAR SAM—Don't delay a moment ; I fear your poor father is gone.—Your affectionate wife, SARAH HIBBERT.

Saml. Hibbert, Esq.,
College, Edinburgh.

There may be read in the obituary for 1815 in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. 85, part 1:—

“ At Manchester, aged 67, Samuel Hibbert, Esq.”

PART II.
EDINBURGH.
CHAPTER XXXIII.

Samuel Hibbert removes to Edinburgh—Graduates—Goes to Shetland
—Discovers chromate of iron—Professor Jameson considers the
discovery important.

IN October 1815 Samuel Hibbert quitted Manchester with his wife and their three young children, and repaired to Edinburgh, where he took up his residence, and where he remained, as we shall see, for many years. A great change indeed must his sentiments have undergone since those days when he wrote to his mother lengthy diatribes against the Scotch; but his John Bull prejudices had melted away, he had begun to like the land of cakes, and soon he formed many friendships amongst the inhabitants of Auld Reekie.

The first house he took was in Merchant Street, not far from the University, where he was still attending lectures, in order to qualify him to take a doctor's degree.

Ever since the days of Allan Ramsay, poet, periwig-maker, and bookseller, the bookseller's shop had been

the rendezvous, the gossiping-place, and the lounge of the *literati* of Edinburgh; accordingly Samuel Hibbert was a frequent visitor at that storehouse of rare and valuable books, Mr. Laing's shop on the South Bridge. He was also often to be found at Maclachlan and Stewart's, opposite the College. Then he would look in at Constable's in the High Street, where generally some of the fraternity of *feelosofairs* were gossiping.

In the *Caledonian Mercury* of the 2d of August 1817 appeared a list of the names of several gentlemen on whom the degree of Doctor of Medicine had been conferred by the University of Edinburgh. Among them was "Samuel Hibbert, Dissertation, *De Vita humana.*"

Dr. Hibbert had dedicated his Thesis to his late father's old friend, Dr. John Mitchell, who had been for upwards of thirty years a resident of Manchester. This gentleman in acknowledging the Thesis, writes to the newly-capped doctor:—

"I received your favour and Thesis *De humana Vita*, for which I return you my thanks. Some more worthy character might have occupied your dedication, but since you have made choice of me, I cannot complain—my complaint must be against myself, when I compare myself with your eulogium. I have read the Thesis with much pleasure, and can join with Dr. Home in considering it *preclarum industriæ et acuminis exemplum*, and far surpassing any expectation that I could have indulged from the short space which has intervened from the commencement of your medical studies; but *labor omnia vincit*. I think it is a presage of your future advancement in the study of physiology and pathology."

We will here take the opportunity of saying a few words about Dr. John Mitchell.

In 1788 he lived in Lever Street in Manchester, afterwards at Mile End, near Stockport. He was a very learned man, a Greek and Hebrew scholar. He wrote a small octavo pamphlet of 211 pages, entitled "The First Part of the New Exposition of the Revelation of the Apostle John, containing the Sealed-book Prophecy, or the eleven first chapters, by J. M., M.D." It was printed at Stockport by J. Clark, Little Underbank, and published by Longman and Ree, Paternoster Row, London, 1800.

In this pamphlet, a copy of which is possessed by J. E. Bailey, Esq., F.S.A., the learned editor of the *Palatine Notes*, Dr. Mitchell professes to show that all the stirring events that have happened from the decadence of the Roman Empire to the French Revolution, in his own day, are specially foretold in the Apocalypse. The work, ingenious as it is, proves that a learned man can write strange rhapsodies.

Dr. Mitchell was an advanced advocate of the freedom of the press, and he was one of those who signed a circular address, issued about the year 1795, entitled "Appeal to the Inhabitants of Manchester and its Neighbourhood." The intention of the appeal was to arouse opposition to two "Convention Bills" for limiting the liberty of the press, and depriving the people of the right to meet for discussion. The Liberal party who entertained these views, as to the rights of the press, were then styled "Jacobins."

Amongst other signatures occur those of many

men of influence in Manchester, as George Lloyd, George Philips, William Rigby, Joseph Hanson, Robert Norris, Robert Philips, Samuel Greg, Samuel Marsland, George Duckworth.

Dr. John Mitchell was a firm believer in the near approach of the millennium, and had written on the subject. Dr. Hibbert, when residing at Clarendon House, was influenced so far by his old friend, that he too became convinced that the latter days were near. His faith was, however, put to a crucial test by Mr. Joseph Jordan :—

“ You believe that the millennium is within two or three years ? Tell me candidly.”

“ Certainly I do.”

“ And then will come the thousand years' reign of the saints upon earth ?”

“ Certainly.”

“ All things will be held in common by all men—there will be no such word as property—and that within the next two years ?”

“ Most certainly.”

“ Then, Hibbert, I will give you, at this moment, five years' purchase for all your property.”

The offer was not accepted, it is needless to say.

Soon after Dr. Hibbert had taken his degree, he was invited to a dinner party at Dr. Barclay's, in Argyle Square, one of the professors at the University. Several other young medical gentlemen were present, and after dinner a discussion arose on the principle of Life and its nature, to which, perhaps,

his Latin theme *De Vita humana* may have given rise. The talk had proceeded for a considerable time, and doubtless a deal of learned nonsense had been spoken by each and every of the young sons of Æsculapius, when at last, Dr. Barclay's patience becoming exhausted, he put an end to the discussion in a summary but unexpected way. When all was noise and talk and clamour, a loud howl was suddenly heard to proceed from under the table. Every one became silent on the instant. Dr. Barclay looked down at his limping dog, which continued to howl, and waving his hand towards the animal said, "Hold thy noise, hold thy noise, thou knowest as much about it as they do."

The Doctor had trod on the toes of his spaniel, as it lay under the table at his feet.

"Sick of grinding," to use his own words, and as a relief from the hard studies he had gone through, in order to qualify him to graduate, Dr. Hibbert set out for the Shetland Islands as soon as he had been "capped." When in the militia, he had paid considerable attention not only to botany, but to mineralogy and geology, and in these remote islands he thought to find fresh fields wherein to prosecute the study of this latter science, and also to enjoy a wild and strange scenery, and indulge in pedestrian rambles as of yore.

Travelling to these remote isles, the *Ultima Thule*, perhaps, of the Romans, was not the easy matter in the early part of this century that now it is. The voyage, made in a sailing vessel, was long and tedious,

and even in the summer time accompanied with some risk. The violence of the tides and the tempestuous seas deprived the inhabitants of Shetland, in the last and early part of this century, of all foreign correspondence, from the month of October until April or sometimes May.

Eagles and falcons inhabited the hills and bold sea precipices, while razor-bills, shear-waters, and large brown skua-gulls, with hooked talons, like the talons of an eagle, kept the stormy seas.

Scarcely a tree was to be seen in these dreary islands at that period; the cottages or hovels of the peasantry were thinly scattered over the country, but sometimes the wanderer might be surprised to find a modern house, with a small garden laid out with gravel walks.

Eggs and milk were occasionally to be got, and tea rarely, which was boiled in an earthen tea-pot over a peat fire.

It was in the autumn of 1817 that Dr. Hibbert first visited these wild islands, sailing in a smack from Leith to Lerwick. His sole companion was a favourite little white terrier bitch, rejoicing in the pastoral name of "Silvia," which, as familiarity often breeds contempt, had in her case been degraded into the name of "Silly." The dog had belonged to Dr. Hibbert's mother. She was a useful and a faithful little dog, for her master would often leave her for hours together, to guard his geologising coat and his collections of minerals, while he made distant excursions; and woe betide the inquisitive islander who

would seek to investigate the garment on which she lay.

In this, his first visit to the Shetland Islands, he made a discovery, the importance of which he did not fully realise till he had consulted Professor Jameson ; but with respect to this discovery we will copy, verbatim, a memorandum in Dr. Hibbert's handwriting found amongst his papers:—

“In my voyage to the distant extremity of the British Isles, in the autumn of 1817, I first, to my astonishment, met with this substance (chromate of iron) in large scattered masses in the vicinity of Belta Sound. Although the day on which I met with it was exceedingly stormy, yet, as a vessel was in the harbour waiting for the weather to clear in which I was to return to Leith, I spared no pains in endeavouring, during the inclemency of the weather, to prosecute the search. The vessel sailed the next morning, and as the season was late, and being in the isles stormy, I was obliged, reluctantly, to quit my search. On arriving in Edinburgh, the specimens were shown to Professor Jameson, with the mistrust, however, that the substance might have been seen before by naturalists, or, if seen, that its commercial quality might not have recommended it to use. This gentleman, however, undeceived me in both respects, for though he stated that he was aware of its presence in the serpentine of Unst, and that he had seen it in the form of small grains dispersed throughout the rock, and even in small veins, he gave to the result of my labour all the importance of a discovery. Through the medium of this gentleman it was first announced to the public, immediately afterwards, in Monson's *Journal*. In the next place, Professor Jameson showed me specimens of the chromate of iron from North America, which that of Shetland appeared even to surpass.”

In the year 1813 Robert Jameson, Professor of Natural History and Lecturer on Mineralogy in the

University of Edinburgh, had published a work in two volumes, small quarto, entitled, *Mineralogical Travels through the Hebrides, Orkney, and Shetland, etc.* The Professor had visited Unst and other islands of Shetland where the chromate abounded, but did not allude to it in this work.

We will here relate a little anecdote to illustrate the simplicity of the Shetlanders in the early part of this century. The summer of the year in which Dr. Hibbert visited these islands had been very wet and gloomy, as had also been the preceding one, and the Doctor, remarking upon it, and regretting the injury to the crops, the Shetlanders apologised for the unseasonable weather, saying, "The puir sun has had nae rest for these twa years, for those gentlemen frae the south hae been pointing at her wi' their lang sticks every day, and hoo culd she be expected to come oot and shine?" The fact was, that some scientific gentlemen had been engaged looking at the spots on the face of the sun through their telescopes, which operation the simple Shetlanders considered to be wantonly and mischievously tormenting that beneficent luminary!

During this short visit to Shetland Dr. Hibbert had made the acquaintance of the family of the Edmondstons, from whom he then received many civilities. Immediately on his return home to Edinburgh, he had a letter from Dr. Arthur Edmondston, who appears to have estimated highly his geological information. Writing from Lerwick on the 20th of October 1817, that gentleman says:—

“I rejoice to think that your excursion here is likely to give you so much satisfaction. By-the-by, if I have the pleasure of seeing you here again, I hope, by your information, to render my topographical and geological chapters more accurate and recondite.”

Dr. Arthur Edmondston was the author of a work in two volumes, octavo, entitled, *A View of the Zetland Islands*, published in 1809 by Hurst and Co., London, and by John Ballantine, Edinburgh. In this work he devotes about fifteen pages to the geology of those islands, but makes no mention of the chromate of iron.

Dr. Hibbert now became associated with the *literati* of Edinburgh, and, possessing an independent fortune, he gave up any intentions he may have formed of practising his profession, in order to devote himself entirely to science and literature.

On the 20th of December 1817 he received a notice from the secretary of the Wernerian Natural History Society, informing him that he had been elected a resident member.

This society had been formed in 1808, and took its name from the distinguished mineralogist Werner, of Freyberg, in Germany, and its objects were to promote the study of Natural History. Professor Jameson was its president, and Mr. Patrick Neill, an eminent printer and distinguished naturalist in Edinburgh, its secretary.

So important was the discovery of chromate of iron considered that Professor Jameson inserted the following notice in the *Annals of Philosophy*, vol. ii.

p. 71, for January 1818:—“Dr. Hibbert, who lately visited the Shetland Islands with a view of determining their geognostic structure and relations, found, in the island of Unst, considerable masses of that valuable substance, the chromate of iron.”

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Shetland chromate of iron and London manufacturers—Dr. Hibbert makes a second journey to Shetland—His rambles—The appearance of the country.

CHROMATE of iron was extensively used in various manufactures, and had been imported from America at considerable expense, consequently the discovery of its existence in the British Isles excited no little interest in all parts of the kingdom.

Professor Jameson received the following letter on the subject from Dr. Bollmann of London, which he handed to Dr. Hibbert to reply to:—

LONDON, *Jany. 6th*, 1818.

SIR—I perceive in the last number of Dr. Thompson's *Magazine* that Dr. Hibbert has lately discovered chromate of iron in considerable masses in the island of Unst, and Mr. A. Aikin informs me that the intelligence had been received from you.

Having begun some time ago to set on foot the manufacture in a large way (from chromate of iron imported from abroad) of several articles, such as the chromate of lead, the oxide of chrome, etc. etc., I feel desirous to ascertain whether I could, in future, obtain a supply of that mineral from the place mentioned, how I ought to proceed for that purpose, and what would probably be the terms?—I am, with great respect, sir, your obedient servant,

E. BOLLMANN.

Please to direct to Dr. Bollmann,
16 Buckingham Street, Adelphi.

To this letter it appears, from a note of Dr. Hibbert's, that he replied to the following effect:— That he could not add anything more to the communication Dr. Bollmann had referred to, until he had made a second voyage to the islands, for the purpose of completing a mineralogical survey that had only been interrupted last autumn by the lateness of the season, and that he purposed returning to Shetland as soon as the weather would permit, and that the result of his observations would then be laid before the public.

The discovery was afterwards mentioned in Blackwood's *Magazine* for July 1818.

Dr. Hibbert, partly at the persuasion of Professor Jameson, having made up his mind to undertake a second journey to Shetland, broke up his house in Merchant Street. Mrs. Hibbert and the three children travelled to Bury to reside with her mother, whilst her husband prosecuted his researches. On Monday the 6th of April he sailed from Leith for Lerwick in the packet *Coldstream*.

On his arrival at Lerwick he received a sincere welcome from the Shetland heritors or proprietors, and Sir Arthur Nicholson ordered his steward to furnish the Doctor with a boat, or guide, or whatever might help to facilitate his investigations.

So soon as ever he set foot in Lerwick he began his rambles—rambles so extended and to such lonely and unfrequented spots, that his Shetland friends were often in utter ignorance as to his whereabouts, at times, when they wanted to communicate with him.

Wild indeed was the country which he traversed, and rough, if hospitable, his fare and his accommodation. Sometimes he would be quite alone, and at another time following a Shetland lad who acted as his guide when scrambling over a blighted wilderness of mountain-bog, knee-deep almost in slush and wet moss, whilst a cold north-east wind, sweeping from the low black-looking hills, mourned dolefully over the moor, and dark lowering clouds threatened to deluge them with water.

His mode of locomotion was either on foot or by boat. Like other travellers, he might have availed himself of the wild pony, or sheltie, as this little animal was called, but for the following reason he did not. These ponies ran wild, and whoever could catch one might mount and ride if he had a rope with him to serve for a rein. The rough, shaggy little animals were not more than thirty-two or thirty-three inches high, yet they were powerful and able to carry a full-grown man easily; but Dr. Hibbert could not avail himself of this mode of travelling, for, his legs being long, his feet would scrape the ground, and the fatigue of holding them up would have been greater than the fatigue of walking.

It may here be observed that when he visited the Shetland Islands they were totally destitute of roads, and all inland travelling was either on foot or on the shelties. His excursions extended over bleak and uninhabited hills where he would often have to struggle forwards under a deluge of rain—such rain and wind as is only to be encountered in Shetland—

not encountered, for the traveller feels more inclined to lie flat on the ground, and let wind and rain pelt and blow their worst on his devoted back.

At other times his walk would extend along a dreary, solitary line of coast, broken only here and there by grotesque and fantastic forms of immense granite rocks, or by the appearance of some ancient and now deserted burg; no sound in this trackless waste striking the ear of the lonely traveller, as, like the priest Chryses in the *Iliad*, he walks silently along the shore of the far-sounding sea, save the shrill triumphant cry of the gull, which, in its hovering flight, darts suddenly down upon the surface of the water and captures a sillock, and no living creatures meeting his eye save seals basking in the sun, or lazy black cormorants dozing on some low rock. But the vicinity of a human habitation would at length be indicated by the appearance of the dwarfish wild sheep of the country rambling on an adjacent hill—curious little animals were these sheep, not much bigger than full-grown hares; in colour, some gray, others black, dun-brown, white, or streaked and speckled with a combination of various tints and shades. In spring and summer these tiny animals feed on cotton grass and other plants, but in winter they instinctively descend to the sea-coast, there to get a meal of the marine plants left by the ebbing of the tide.

The traveller's excursions by water were not more pleasant than those by land, and were often perilous. In crossing the voes—narrow islets of the sea—he

encountered great risks, for in the confined openings between high rocks the current of the tide ran so strong as to cause the billows to foam and boil with uncommon impetuosity, through which the reeling boat had to be guided with infinite skill by the hardy boatmen. Picturesque-looking fellows were these boatmen, dressed in long pointed caps of bright variegated colours, their sheepskin coats, which descended to their knees, overlapped their woollen breeches like a kilt, and were met by wide boots of neat-skin.

But let us see what would be Dr. Hibbert's accommodation and fare when, hungry, tired, and often wet to the skin, he sought shelter for the night in some Shetlander's cottage. Picking his way carefully in the dusk, lest he should tumble into a peat-hole, he would open the crazy door of the tenement and enter a large room filled with a dense smoke, where at first he could see nothing, but he would hear a confused babel of hens clucking, ducks cackling, pigs grunting, and children squalling. The stranger would, however, be made welcome by the hospitable inmates, and the best of what they had set before him—sillocks and codfish, not oversweet, for the Shetlanders prefer eating it when in a putrefying state, bread made of oats and bear, and a coarse sort of cheese, and a drink called bland, made from buttermilk over which hot water had been poured, and which had been allowed to ferment. Having partaken of his host's hospitality, the traveller would retire to rest, lying down in his clothes, dry or wet, on a bed of heather or straw, but

not always sleeping, for swarms of fleas might lay an interdict upon sleep.

Dr. Hibbert was a strong powerful man, but hardships such as these, to which, in the pursuit of science, he had frequently exposed himself, not in Shetland only but in other parts, during his youth and mature manhood, added to his long and fatiguing walks, loaded as he was with the weight of the minerals which he carried in the capacious leather pockets of his coat, told on his constitution, so that he felt their bad effects in the evening of his life.

“ I thank you very much for your kind attention in sending me my dog and my shirt,” wrote Dr. Hibbert to Dr. Arthur Edmondston, with whom he had been staying. The former, in an absent mood, to which he was subject, had set off on his rambles forgetting that useful article of dress and his faithful little terrier dog, and the latter gentleman could, as he said, “ find no trace of his wanderings ” for several days, “ and was at a loss to think upon what parallel ” his property would find him.

The shirt was, doubtless, useful, for we suspect that the only other one he had was on his back ; but the greeting between the master and the little dog was very affectionate and most demonstrative on the part of the latter.

The following letter from Mr. Thomas Edmondston shows the light in which that gentleman then viewed the benefit conferred on the Shetland proprietors by Dr. Hibbert's discovery of the chromate of iron. The italics which the reader will notice in this letter,

except the word "chromate" italicised by Mr. Thomas Edmondston himself, are those of the compiler of this memoir, made in consequence of a singular and astonishing assertion and claim of that gentleman at a later period. For the same reason parts of other letters written by him have also been printed in italics :—

BUNESS, *June 24th*, 1818.

DEAR SIR—I received your kind note, and was glad to know you had got so well on. Your investigation of the rocks in this quarter having turned so much to your satisfaction, *and, from your information, so much to my own, I have since your departure been surveying all the rocks in my neighbourhood, and have discovered, directly below my own house, on my private property, an immense quantity of loose stones exactly similar to those at Hagdale,* and, on more minute examination, two veins running about southward and north-west, and *in the same place a perfect quarry of the chromate.* It is principally situated under the banks, and surrounded with serpentine. The description is as near to the truth as I can make it, but I am writing with the certainty of a mineralogist, *you gave me the conceit as far as the chromate is concerned.* But a variety of specimens are herewith sent, and you will judge for yourself and, at the same time, have the goodness *to give me your opinion, to which I will adhere.* If I am correct in the quality of the mineral, would you think it proper to mention to the professor (Jameson) that *this private property was the principal place where the chromate was to be found?* As far as my judgment goes, it is certainly the most promising, at least the greatest quantity is in one place. I hope you will excuse me for this suggestion, which you will adopt or not as you think proper. *How vexed I have been that this discovery was not made when you were here or in the island.* I would certainly have taken the liberty of requesting you to have returned here in that case.

I am so anxious to make this known to you that I have sent

my servant, Peter, to you with different specimens. These few crude ideas, hurriedly written, must be seen by no eye but your own, and as no person knows the object of his (Peter's) journey but yourself and me, the matter will be perfectly secret. I trust you will find it convenient to write me your sentiments fully by the bearer. I think I have now sufficiently troubled you, and if any queries strike you hereafter, I shall endeavour to answer them, and, with sincere esteem, I subscribe myself, my dear sir, yours very truly,

THOS. EDMONDSTON.

To Dr. Hibbert.

P.S.—I have made considerable collections from the mountains, but will suspend my operations till I hear from you.

Dr. Hibbert had sent several specimens of the chromate of iron to Professor Jameson, who pronounced the ore to be as good as that of America, and replying to his letter informed him that his discovery should be made public, the Professor wrote as follows :—

DEAR SIR—I have just received your specimen, and am happy to find the appearance so very favourable. The ore is excellent, fully as good as that from North America, which supplies the European market. I shall see that your important discovery is made known to the world. It gives me much pleasure to find you have prolonged your stay in Shetland, as the arrangement will enable you to acquire a distinct conception of the mineralogy of that interesting country. I leave Edinburgh the 1st August, but shall hope to have the pleasure of meeting with you, as you say it is your intention to reach there by the end of July.—With best wishes to my Shetland friends, I remain, my dear sir, yours very faithfully,

R. JAMESON.

Care of Mr. Robt. Handyside, Leith,

Dr. Hibbert, care of Dr. A. Edmondston, Lerwick.

In the following letter from Mr. Thomas Edmond-

ston, it will be seen how highly that gentleman estimated the discovery, and with what anxiety he looked forward to the pecuniary consequences of it:—

BUNESS, August 6th, 1818.

MY DEAR SIR—I with much pleasure received your kind and esteemed favour of the 29th ult., communicating to me Professor Jameson's opinion of the specimens of chromate of iron sent by you to him. It is certainly as flattering as can be wished for, and promises fair to be a beneficial concern. Whatever the result may be, *we are all particularly indebted to you, not only for the discovery of the mineral, for my own part, I consider myself bound in gratitude for the friendship and zeal you have shown for my interest.* At same time, be assured I required no interested motive to heighten the esteem and regard I felt for you, and which, I trust, is mutual and will be lasting. *The discovery will, I hope, do credit to your mineralogical talents. Many professing that science had trod the same ground long before you had the opportunity of doing so, but without the same knowledge of the subject. This, to an ardent mind like yours, must be highly gratifying.*

I feel extremely happy at the prospect of seeing you here before you leave the country. I have not made any communication on the subject of the chromate to the other proprietors; it will do better when you come, particularly as I have at your friendly suggestion been making small collections as specimens of this mineral, besides, I consider it would be fully as well that some applications from the other side of the water would first make their appearance; but we will arrange matters when you come.—Believe me always, my dear sir, very truly yours,

THOS. EDMONDSTON.

P.S.—I am imposing much on your kindness, but should like to know whether the Professor says anything regarding the value of the chromate of iron.

To Dr. Hibbert,
Care of Dr. A. Edmondston, Lerwick.

Whilst Dr. Hibbert was prosecuting with such ardour and indomitable perseverance his researches in Shetland, his wife was each day becoming more uneasy at his prolonged absence and her own enforced sojourn at Bury. Her visit to her mother was to have lasted two months, but these two months had already swelled into nearly four, yet there were no signs of her husband's return, and Mrs. Crompton being both old and infirm, Mrs. Hibbert felt that her young children were necessarily a source of inconvenience, though she strove to lessen the annoyance by sending them to a day school. Early in July, however, Mrs. Crompton died, a circumstance which increased her daughter's desire to leave the house. Her idea seems to have been, that whilst her husband was benefiting others by his laborious researches, his own family was neglected.

"MY DEAR SAM," she wrote, towards the end of July, after complaining of his prolonged absence,—“I have been thinking that your modesty being so very great, you would consider yourself sufficiently repaid for *this business*, if they only complimented you with a *medal*. But mind this, *I* shall not be so easily satisfied. Tell Professor Jameson that I should be apt to melt it down. I beg you will not bring here your mineralogical dress and the trunk, for fear of *lively company*. Well, well, I will be quite content if Government will settle £100 a year on you.”

The stormy season in Shetland being now close at hand Dr. Hibbert, having tarried nearly six months in the islands, became anxious to return to Leith, and on the 25th of September he received a note from his friend Mr. W. Spence, then at Lerwick, as follows :—

“There is a man-of-war brig at present in the harbour, and which I understand is bound for Leith. If you are very anxious to be off, it is a most eligible opportunity, as our traders are generally loaded with fish and oil at this season, and therefore by no means comfortable passage vessels.”

Accordingly, in this ship, the *Nimrod*, he received by the courtesy of the captain a passage to Leith, to which port he had previously shipped from Lerwick about sixty packages of minerals, which, to his great annoyance, were, on their arrival at their destination, all unpacked, and the minerals tumbled about by the custom-house officers, in order to put on them an *ad valorem* duty! thus almost destroying the labour of six months spent in Shetland.

On the 16th of October he set out for Bury, to bring back his wife and family to Edinburgh, where he had taken a house in St. John Street.

His arduous labours having been finished, one of his hospitable Shetland friends, Mr. Arthur Cheyne of Hillswick, writing on the 12th November 1818 to congratulate him, says:—

“I am happy to find that you have terminated your labours in this country. I suspect you have had many a tired day and many a scanty meal during your peregrinations, but these privations will give a high relish to plenty. I am sorry to hear that the officers at Leith stopped some of your minerals; it would be vexing if they should overturn them. My father unites with John and me in presenting our best wishes for your health and happiness.”

Many were the letters Dr. Hibbert now received from the heritors of Shetland, inquiring if specimens of minerals, which they at the same time forwarded to him, were the much-prized chromate of iron.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The 1st Lancashires again—Captains Jones and Marryat and Squire Waterton at Rome—Captain Scoresby and young surgeons—Dr. Hibbert contributes to the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*—The Hermit of Roeness Hill.

IF, whilst absorbed in the pursuit of science, Dr. Hibbert had apparently forgotten his old friends of the 1st Lancashires, they had not forgotten him. In the winter of 1819 he received a letter from Will Latham, telling him of the doings of his late brother officers after the regiment had been disbanded:—

POULTON LE FYLDE, *Feb.* 24th, 1819.

DEAR HIBBERT—I take leave, in the first place, to preface my letter with congratulating you on your promotion to Doctor of Medicine, etc. I can assure you I have for a considerable time been desirous of writing to my old friend and brother of the Grenade, but hitherto, from the circumstance of not being in possession of your address, I have been prevented. In the course of the last year I observed in some of the public papers you had been engaged in a mineralogical survey of the Shetland Isles; from this I conclude you yet pursue your excellent taste for that most pleasing and interesting study. I should have felt great pleasure in accompanying you to the Shetlands. Being in Wigan about three weeks ago, I dined with a gentleman, who had just returned from Rome, and who, by-the-by, had lodged under the same roof with our old friend Jones, who is reaping a

rich harvest amongst the paintings. You would, no doubt, hear of the death of poor Rigby; he died at Lancaster; he left his house at Keanground, near Hawkshead, to be nearer medical advice. In 1816 the Old Lancashires embarked at Dublin for Liverpool, and thence marched to Lancaster, where we were finally disembodied on the 9th March following. We concluded our military services with much jollification. On the 1st of June next I break ground again in Wales. A friend of mine accompanies me on foot, and should you be in the neighbourhood, it would afford me great pleasure to enlist you. I understand Taylor is hanging out in Manchester; his uncle is dead, and he is possessed of what he had been anxiously looking for. Stewart I saw a short time ago, and old Hamer lives in Liverpool, and is generally to be found at the Athenæum perusing the news. Loftus is also in Liverpool, *à la* dandy; I generally see him when I go there. Oliver is in Paris; I do not think he is turned dandy. Will Pollard has quitted his abode at Ambleside, and has returned to the Isle of Man; he lives in the neighbourhood of Kirk Bride. Old Byron is at Nottingham, much as usual, reading papers all day long. Smith is turned farmer; he has taken Cragg Hall from Mr. Warswick (?) of Lancaster, he pays £400 per annum. Poor old Nicholson is in Lancaster, much as usual. Colonel Plumbe has left Tong, and his family have been living at Sidmouth a considerable time. And now, dear Hibbert, if you come into this neighbourhood, you shall be most heartily welcome. Dr. Winstanley has been here for a considerable time, and has had some practice during the Blackpool season. I hope Mrs. Hibbert and your young family are all well, and believe me, dear Hibbert, yours most truly,

WILL LATHAM.

P.S.—I hear Parke has been purchasing an estate. Jordan is doing very well in Manchester. I saw Stephenson and his wife when passing through Worcester. I made more than seventy sketches while I was in the Isle of Man.

As Captain Edward Jones was a most intimate friend of Dr. Hibbert, we will here narrate an amusing

episode or two which occurred during the visit to Rome referred to in the preceding letter.

Captain Jones was a remarkably skilful draughtsman. He and Captain Marryat, the novelist, and Linton, the celebrated landscape painter, with one or two other gentlemen, were supping together. Captain Marryat had obtained, or was endeavouring to obtain, a ship that was to cruise off the coast of Africa, and the gentlemen were joking with him as to the preferment he might win by visiting the king of Timbuctoo. "Come, Marryat," said Captain Jones, "stand up, and let me take your head off. Now, put on your most winning smile whilst his sable Majesty offers you one of his daughters!"

Captain Marryat rose from his seat and put himself in position, whilst Captain Jones sketched him—in full naval uniform, cocked hat in one hand, the other hand placed over his heart, as he bows and smiles admiringly to the sable beauties, all but naked, one of whom his Majesty, seated on a large stone, appears to be specially recommending to the novelist on account of her superior plumpness. In the background are officers of marines and sailors ogling at and admiring the sable princesses, who are guarded by a line of naked savages, armed with spears surmounted by human heads. The caricature is entitled "Puzzled which to choose," and was published in London; and it may be averred that for the skill with which it is designed, it might well pass for one of the celebrated H. B.'s. The likeness of Captain Marryat, which is in profile, is considered by some very good.

During this same visit to Rome Captain Jones met his old friend and fellow-collegian at Stonyhurst, the well-known naturalist and author, Charles Waterton, the squire of Walton Hall, in Yorkshire. In the third edition of his *Essays* (1839), which is illustrated by a sketch of Walton Hall from the pencil of Captain Jones, the squire writes as follows at p. 71 :—

“In the winter of 1817-18 I was in Italy with my friend Captain Alexander of the Navy. During our stay in the Eternal City I fell in with my old friend and school-fellow, Captain Jones. Many a tree we had climbed together in the last century ; and as our nerves were in excellent trim, we mounted to the top of St. Peter’s, ascended the cross, and then climbed thirteen feet higher, when we reached the point of the conductor, and left our gloves on it. After this we visited the castle of St. Angelo, and contrived to get on to the head of the guardian angel, where we stood on one leg.”

In after years Captain Edward Jones was a frequent visitor at Walton Hall, where he employed his leisure time in painting in oils the squire’s stuffed animals. The portrait of the “Nondescript,” which embellishes one of the volumes of Waterton’s *Essays on Natural History*, is from the Captain’s pencil, who also painted the squire himself sitting astride an alligator.

Walton Hall, the ancestral seat of the Watertons for many centuries, embosomed in wood and surrounded by water, once the peaceful retreat of all kinds of wild-fowl, has now passed away to a stranger. The views of the old hall which illustrate two of the volumes of the *Essays* were also sketched by Captain Jones.

"DEAR SIR," wrote Professor Jameson to Dr. Hibbert, dating his letter only "Wednesday,"—"Mr. Scoresby has promised to dine with me to-morrow. If you are not otherwise engaged, I beg you will meet us at five o'clock."

Scoresby, commonly styled Captain Scoresby, was a character in his way—rather a rough one, certainly. He was the captain of a North Sea whaler; and whenever he proceeded on an expedition the Professor commissioned him to bring home specimens of natural history. Being an intelligent man, spite of his roughness, he always willingly complied with these requests. But the captain being in want of young surgeons to attend to cases of sickness when making his voyages, Professor Jameson usually procured one from among those young students to whom the pay was an object. Every season did the captain regularly apply for a son of *Æsculapius*, till the Professor, wondering why not one of these gentlemen would ever make a second voyage, asked the reason: "Confound him!" replied a young surgeon, "he makes us shave him."

Dr. Hibbert was now a frequent contributor to the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, conducted by Dr. (afterwards Sir David) Brewster and Professor Jameson. In volume I. of that periodical, for the year 1819, at p. 171, there is a notice from his pen concerning one David Gilbert Tate, a lad born deaf and blind, whom the Doctor had seen in 1818 in the island of Fetlar, in Shetland; the lad was then twenty-five years of age, and his case excited much interest with scientific men in Edinburgh.

And at p. 296 of the same volume there is another paper, a Sketch of the Distribution of Rocks in Shetland, and a minute description of the geology of the Fitful Head.

In reference to this last paper, Professor Jameson writes :—" The benefit you will confer on mineralogy, and the reputation you must acquire, will fully recompense you for all that you call loss of time."

During his last visit to Shetland Dr. Hibbert made his first acquaintance with a gentleman with whom he soon afterwards contracted a lasting and firm friendship ; but we will give his account in his own words of their first meeting :—

"Setting out from Busta on the morning of a fine day in July, accompanied by a boy as a guide, and a horse to carry specimens of fossils, I coast along the west side of Salon Voe (?) till about seven o'clock in the evening, when I was compelled, by a very heavy shower of rain, to seek shelter in a neighbouring house. I found that the owner of it, having been caught in the same shower as I was, had gone to bed indisposed, but his sister offered to accommodate me with such lodging as the dwelling afforded for the night, which I found it convenient to accept. In the morning the master of the house appeared, but from the contemptuous terms in which he mentioned the Wernerian system, and his sarcastic remarks on German philosophy, and geology in particular, I had no reason to expect much from his hospitality. Nevertheless I accepted his offer of a passage in his boat to a gentleman's residence some miles farther north, where I intended to go, as it gave me an opportunity of observing the strata and taking specimens of the rocks along which we rowed. He was going a fishing expedition on the lochs on Roeness-hill ; and, on seeing the wild barren aspect of the place where he intended to land, I determined to accompany him. After landing and advancing something more than two miles into the

interior, we reached the loch where he intended to fish. He now informed me that, by proceeding N.W. two or three miles farther, I would reach the western ocean; and, as by doing so I would in one day obtain a geological section of the mainland of Shetland from east to west, I determined to do it. As this wild, barren, and trackless wilderness is subject to be suddenly enveloped in the densest fogs, my companion, whose name I did not at that time know, but whom I shall henceforth designate as the Hermit of Roeness-hill, advised me to set my course by the compass, and, in the event of fog coming on, with the assistance of that instrument I might find the boat where I left him, and where he would wait for me till late in the evening. After partaking with the Hermit of a sort of *déjeuner à la fourchette*, washed down by some Cape Madeira, I set off with my compass in one hand and a hammer in the other over a surface the most uneven, irregular, and difficult to travel on that can be conceived, consisting of gneiss, granite, schistus, . . . hornblende, and dwilblende, all in a state tending to decomposition, and slightly covered with moss and alpine plants, which, concealing the fissures and crevices, rendered the passage dangerous to the legs and limbs of the traveller. When I lost sight of the loch and the Hermit, I found myself in the midst of a barren trackless desert, surrounded by a vast extent of rocks, or rather moss and rocks, lochs, rocks, and the sky completing the objects of the scene. Light wreaths of mist, moving gently over this waste and intercepting the rays of the sun, gave a little variety of light and shade to this picture of sterility. The deepest silence prevailed, except when interrupted by the plaintive note of the golden plover or the shrill cry of the curlew, whose haunts I had invaded. At last the hollow sound of the waves breaking on the banks of Roeness-hill struck on my ear, and soon after I found myself on the top of the banks, where a scene grandly sublime, beyond description, broke on my sight. The coast on each side extended from Slenness (?), Uyez (?), a distance of ten or twelve miles of stupendous rocks, worn into a thousand different fantastic forms by the action of the restless sea, insulated rocks appeared, covered with innumerable flocks of sea-fowls, who breed

and reside there part of the year on them, and at their base were hollow caverns, worn by the waves, inhabited by seals and otters. In front a semicircle of the horizon presented that most sublime object the Atlantic Ocean rolling its majestic billows, uninterrupted by any land, from the American continent, till they broke with tremendous roar some hundred feet below me, shaking by their force the solid rock on the top of which I stood. After enjoying this scene for some time, and making some geological remarks and taking specimens, I retraced my steps to the loch of Roer Water and the Hermit, whom I found waiting for me. Seated at a granite table on the banks of the loch I partook of his simple repast, which we finished with punch made with the limpid water of the lake, boiled by means of spirits of wine in an apparatus which he had brought from Vienna, and used when travelling in Germany and Italy. Roer Water is a lake of singular form, something more than two miles in circumference, studded with holms or islets, and well stocked with trout. On one of the holms the osprey or sea-eagle has long had her nest. The Hermit procured one of its young eaglets some years ago, and sent it to a gentleman at York. On the other islets gulls and ducks breed. The loch is contained in a basin of red granite, which reflects the rays of the sun through its pellucid water. The sun shone bright, the weather was fine, and the smooth surface of the loch reflected every object near it. Sky, rocks, and heath limited the horizon; no marks of the operations of tyrant man appeared. Peace, freedom, and tranquillity seemed to pervade the scene. The Hermit and I became gradually better pleased with each other, and spent a very agreeable hour or two in this lone and tranquil retreat. It seemed extraordinary that I should find here any rational human being; and I certainly did not expect to meet on such a desolate situation, remote from all cultivated and elegant social life, a man who had visited the tropical climates, and had not only mixed in the polished societies of Great Britain, but had spent some years in travelling on the Continent, and had enjoyed the elegant pleasures of most of the principal capitals of Europe. That such a man, who had spent great part of his time in the finest climates and most delightful

and interesting countries in the world, should be driven by dire necessity to terminate his days in the vile climate of Thule, is matter of regret to his friends, and, as he says, is sufficient punishment for all his moral peccadilloes. When I asked the reason of his sarcastic remarks in the morning, he said that having just returned, after some years' absence, to his native country, he had heard nothing of me or my pursuits, but supposed I was some conceited coxcomb from the College of Edinburgh, who, having relinquished the plough and the flail for some time to attend the sessions of the College, and having been dubbed a doctor, had come abroad—as he had seen many others do—with a very slight smattering of languages and science, and an immense stock of impudence and self-conceit, completely ignorant of the world and the manners and sentiments of a gentleman, never having been admitted into such society except at the classes; and thus qualified, and on the ground of his M.D., assuming superiority and presuming to dictate to his superiors in knowledge and real gentlemen. I returned with the Hermit to his boat, and he landed me at the gentleman's house, where I wished to go—parting, I believe, mutually pleased with each other.”

BARDISTER (SHETLAND), *September 10th, 1819.*

MY DEAR SIR—Upwards of a month has elapsed since I sent by the Lerwick packet a parcel to you, containing Gifford's *History of Zetland*, three pamphlets, and a poem in one volume, and two memorials. Of Gifford's History I have to observe that, being published from a copy surreptitiously obtained, and made by an illiterate person, it is full of grammatical errors and false spellings, particularly the names of places. Those publications being out of print, I shall be glad to have them after you have used them; but I do not wish them to be sent till I point out the mode of conveyance, as I shall consider myself extremely unfortunate if obliged to remain long in my present exile from society. I delivered your letter and the account of Tate (the deaf and blind Shetland lad), to Dr. Edmondston, who did not seem well pleased at their contents. Mr. A. Cheyne was present, and can tell you what he said, which, I think, will make you smile. I

have received and perused the book which you sent me, for which accept my best thanks. Walton's mode of fishing is little applicable to this country, there being in it only one or two of the species of fish he describes. But of the truth of his moral reflections on fishing I am well convinced, having many years ago experienced the tranquillising effects of that peaceful and innocent amusement among the wild and bleak mountains of my native country. Since my last arrival here I have been daily either riding, sailing, fishing with hand line, or angling and lunched one day on the banks of Roer Water, off the same granite table which you and I sat at the day that you made the geological section of Shetland, not without agreeable recollection of the circumstance. It is a curious fact that, in the course of many years spent in multifarious pursuits in the West Indies, and in almost every country in Europe, the most agreeable and interesting acquaintances I have made, and the most beneficial connections I have formed have been purely accidental.

I beg you will present my best compliments to Mrs. Hibbert, sincerely wishing the complete restoration of her health; and with kind compliments to your little ones, I am, with great regard and respect, my dear sir, your affectionate and obliged servant,

WILL HENDERSON.

If you have Laing's copy of the *Orcades of Torffæus* I shall purchase it from you when you have done with it, at the price marked in the catalogue.

William Henderson, Esq., of Bardister, or the Hermit of Roeness, as Dr. Hibbert styled him, spoke truly when he said, in the preceding letter, that the most agreeable and interesting acquaintances he had formed throughout his life had been purely accidental. This was the case in his meeting with Dr. Hibbert, and their friendship was of no common kind. Whenever Mr. Henderson visited Edinburgh, which was not unfrequently the case, he never failed to call on

his friend the Doctor once every week, and even oftener, sure of a hearty welcome and a kindly reception, not only from the latter but from Mrs. Hibbert also, though that lady in truth looked with some little distrust—only a little, certainly—upon him; and when speaking of him generally styled him “the old sinner.”

As a reason for her seeming severity we must inform the reader that Mr. Henderson had, in his younger days, kept a diary of his travels, and, mingling with the copious and interesting information which it contained as to distant countries, there were in this diary certain paragraphs alluding to his gaieties. This little volume he had lent to Dr. Hibbert, and it had fallen into the hands of his wife, who, not altogether approving of it, dubbed, as we have said, the writer “the old sinner.” Nevertheless, she always received him kindly; indeed, he was a general favourite in the house, particularly with the children, though the boys did not altogether approve of one lesson he tried to inculcate upon them, namely, that they should always give place to their sister and comply with her wishes, and that her sex demanded this sacrifice on their part. “*Place aux Dames*” was his motto, for he was a most polite and polished gentleman.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Phrenology—The High School—Dr. Hibbert receives a gold medal from the Society of Arts for his discovery of the chromate of iron in Shetland—The native hydrate of magnesia discovered by him in Shetland—Sir Walter Scott elected President of the Royal Society.

PHRENOLOGY was about this time attracting great notice in Edinburgh, and indeed all over the country. Dr. Hibbert was no believer in the system, and had read a paper expressing his opinions before the Medical Society, which elicited from that eminent supporter of that science, George Combe, the following letter:—

EDINBURGH, 5th Feby. 1820.

DEAR SIR—As I left the Medical Society last night before the termination of the debate, and had not an opportunity of seeing you after it, I beg leave now to express to you the pleasure I derived from your essay, and the gratification and instruction afforded me by the whole proceedings of the evening.

The candid and liberal terms in which you spoke of the supporters of the system, from whom you were obliged to differ in opinion, were such as to be above my praise; and I only regretted that you had not had the advantage of personal experience on the subject, for then you and I would have differed less in our conclusions. But the opposition of such persons as you, who to so much application unite so much acuteness and right feeling, will probably do the doctrines more good in the

end, by leading to a rigid investigation of their merits, than the too ready acquiescence of less philosophical disciples.

Allow me to express also my sense of the handsome terms in which you alluded to my publication, for which I am deeply indebted to your goodness.

There is one fact which I could have wished stated to the Society, but it was too personal to allow me to do it myself, and I mention it here solely for your information. Bidder, the Devonshire boy, was brought to me, along with two others of the same age, and I was desired to pick out the great calculator, if I could, by his head. I said at once that one had very little of that organ of numbers, another a considerable portion, and a third a great deal—pointing to the individuals at the same time. The gentleman who introduced the three immediately said that the last was Bidder, the second a boy whom he had picked out of a writing school, as eminent for arithmetic, and the first was his own son, who had shown no particular talent for numbers. I had never seen any of them before. The gentleman who brought them was Mr. Moir, surgeon, of this city, and there were three other gentlemen present. Bidder lives in my neighbourhood, and you may see him any day. His development is a strong confirmation of phrenology.—I am, dear sir, yours, with sincere esteem,

GEORGE COMBE.

To Dr. Hibbert, Hill Place.

In May 1820 Dr. Hibbert had removed from Hill Place to Argyle Square, in order to be nearer the High School, where he had placed his eldest boy. The younger one was sent there the next year.

The number of the scholars at the High School was about 800, and each of the five classes, which were in separate rooms, numbered about 150 boys.

As might be expected, where the fees were so low as 10s. a quarter, with 1s. for the janitor, or keeper of the gates—who, by the way, on receiving his fee

presented each boy with two Parliament cakes—there was a great mixture of ranks among the scholars. The sons of men with titles and large estates, of gentlemen and of professional men, might be seen sitting alongside the sons of little shopkeepers from the low precincts of the Cowgate. Unlike the present system of education, in England, at least—where in some schools the classics are all but ignored, and the pupils are crammed with a smattering of a score of 'ologies—the ancient classics only were taught at the High School; for the Scottish merchant and even the small shopkeeper then wished his son to have a liberal education, knowing, possibly, that Latin and Greek were the best foundations on which to build the structure of future acquirements, whatever might be the boy's position in the world.

The holidays at the Edinburgh High School were not then so unreasonably long as they now are, at least in England; probably the canny Scot would not quietly submit, not only to the mortification of seeing his sons idling for many weeks together, two or three times in the year, and forgetting all that they had learnt, but also to be mulcted, to use the mildest term, by schoolmasters. The High School vacation began on the 1st of August and lasted one month. At Christmas there was about a week's vacation, and another during the week, called "the Preachings," which occurred about the same time of the year as our Whitsuntide. Such was formerly the Old High School in Infirmary Street.

Although much of Dr. Hibbert's time was now

occupied with his literary pursuits in Edinburgh, and with the *literati* of the Modern Athens, yet he still kept up his correspondence with his old scientific friends in Manchester, and the interest he had ever felt in the Literary and Philosophical Society of his native town never waned:—

“DEAR SIR,” wrote Dr. William Henry from Manchester on the 20th of March 1820,—“the box of minerals you were kind enough to send me arrived safely. Our Society has gone on rather languidly this winter. Mr. Dalton proceeds slowly in printing another volume of his system, having, as he goes on, to work out the facts which are to support his general reasonings. His last subject of experiments was that of metallic alloys, respecting which he has deduced from his own analysis, and those recorded by others, some valuable confirmations of his atomic theory, for all those alloys which are marked with peculiar properties, sufficiently distinctly to be considered as chemical compounds, turn out to have their components either (*illegible*) in atomic proportion, or so nearly so, that a small allowance for inaccuracies in the experiments would bring them within the general law.”

In April 1820 Dr. Hibbert received from Arthur Aikin, Esq., secretary to the Society of Arts in London, a letter dated the 20th of that month, informing him that the Society had voted him the gold Iris medal in testimony of the importance, both in a scientific and a commercial point of view, which they attached to his discovery of chromate of iron in Shetland, and that he would have due notice to attend and receive the reward from the hands of the President, His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex.

Having received notice, he sailed from Leith to London in the smack *Superb*, taking with him his

eldest little boy. On the appointed day father and son repaired to the Argyle Rooms, where the ceremony of the presentation of the rewards to the different persons entitled to them, was carried out before a large assembly of ladies and gentlemen. If the boy was filled with admiration at the royal duke and this concourse of fine ladies and gentlemen, he admired no less his father, whom, for once, at all events, he saw handsomely dressed in knee-breeches, silk stockings, and so forth.

On his way home the Doctor visited Manchester, where he spent a few days,—as his brother, Lieutenant George Hibbert, was there with the 40th regiment,—after which he set out for Liverpool, where he took his passage by the *James Watt* steamboat, plying between that port and Greenock. Sailing by a steamer was then a novelty to many, and the weather being very fine, an awning was spread over the deck, and the passengers sat down to a good dinner, a band of music playing during the time of the repast.

On his return to Edinburgh he found a letter from his old friend Will Latham, dated from Westwood House, near Wigan, June the 2d.

“Whenever you have any duplicate specimens of minerals or pebbles,” wrote Latham, “that you do not know what to do with, I hope you will remember your old friend and brother grenadier, Latham. They are establishing a very good museum at Stonyhurst, and I wish to obtain some to present them with. I shall return from here to Poulton in the course of next week. If all be well, I think my friend Walmesley and I shall make another trip into Wales after we are dismissed from drill at Lancaster. I heard from one of the Miss Burys that Jordan

was in Paris, and the report is, that he is to be spliced on his return.—Believe me ever, my dear Hibbert, yours most truly,

“WILL LATHAM.”

Westwood House, from which Captain Latham dates his letter, and where he was then visiting, was the seat of the old Lancashire Catholic family of the Walmesleys; and Stonyhurst College, for whose museum that gentleman asks contributions of minerals, was the successor in England of the Jesuit College of St. Omer, founded by Father Robert Persons in 1592, but migrating from town to town, in France and the Low Countries, as persecution or war compelled it, until at last, in 1794, the French Revolution drove it to seek shelter in England, when Mr. Weld, a former pupil, presented it with the old mansion of the Shireburns at Stonyhurst, in Lancashire. The Order of Jesus, for centuries occupied in the education of youth, have raised this college from small beginnings, until it is now pre-eminent among the Catholic colleges, not only for the superior education it affords, but for the magnificence of its buildings and the number of its students.

Besides the chromate of iron, Dr. Hibbert had also discovered in Shetland another valuable mineral, which he believed to be the native hydrate of magnesia, but in order that he might feel quite assured of this fact he laid a specimen before his friend Dr. Brewster, who favoured him with the following opinion:—

COATES CRESCENT, *Nov.* 24, 1820.

MY DEAR SIR—I have been engaged two hours in the

examination of the substance from Unst, and I have much pleasure in informing you that it is the native hydrate of magnesia. I have examined it also chemically, and the result completely confirms the preceding opinion. It dissolves entirely in muriatic acid, etc.—I am, my dear sir, ever most truly yours,

D. BREWSTER.

Dr. Hibbert, Argyle Square.

Immediately after this communication there appeared two notices in the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal* of the 29th of November 1820: the first of these notices related to the "Great Unknown," and the one following it to the native hydrate of magnesia.

"Our illustrious countryman, Sir Walter Scott, Bart., was, upon the resignation of Sir James Hall, unanimously elected President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh at the fullest meeting of that learned body that ever assembled."

"It is understood that Dr. Hibbert has discovered in Shetland that rare and interesting mineral, the native hydrate of magnesia, which had been found only at Hoboken, in New Jersey. The specimens brought to Edinburgh were, by several mineralogists, mistaken for white talc, but Dr. Hibbert, being persuaded that it differed materially in the nature of its ingredients from common talc, submitted it to Dr. Brewster, who ascertained, by an optical analysis, that it was the native hydrate of magnesia, and confirmed this result by a chemical examination of it."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Dr. Hibbert made a member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and of the Scottish Antiquarian Society—Sir Walter Scott's *Pirate* and Shetland—Mr. Thomas Edmondston and the discovery of chromate of iron—Dr. Hibbert's account of the discovery—His work on Shetland is published—Professor Jameson's opinion of it.

TOWARDS the latter end of the preceding year, Dr. Hibbert, as we infer from the following invitation, issued by the President, had been elected a member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh :—

The President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh requests the honour of Dr. Hibbert's company, from eight o'clock to eleven, on Monday the 13th January.

NORTH CASTLE STREET,
1st *January* 1821.

On the 8th of that month Dr. Brewster read before the Royal Society a paper entitled "An Account of the Native Hydrate of Magnesia, discovered by Dr. Hibbert in Shetland," which the latter had the gratification to hear.

The Native Hydrate of Magnesia, said Dr. Brewster, was first discovered and ranked as a separate mineral by the late Dr. Bruce of New York.

It was found only at Hoboken, in New Jersey. The Doctor then proceeded to say :—

“ In this state of our information respecting native magnesia, Dr. Hibbert, who has distinguished himself by his excellent mineralogical survey of Shetland, and augmented our national resources by the discovery of chromate of iron in large quantities, put into my hands a mineral from Shetland, which had been considered by mineralogists as *White Talc*, but which, he was persuaded, differed materially in the nature of its ingredients from that substance. In consequence of being familiar with the Hoboken magnesia, I considered the Shetland specimen as the same mineral, and I put this opinion beyond a doubt, by establishing the identity of their optical qualities, and also by a chemical examination of the two substances.

“ Dr. Hibbert found this substance in 1817, at Swina Ness in Unst, one of the Shetland Isles.”

On the 26th of January, Mr. Smellie, the secretary of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, notified to Dr. Hibbert that at a meeting, held on the 27th ultimo, he had been unanimously elected a member of the Society.

This election brought him into closer correspondence with the Scottish Antiquaries of that time; and as his friendship, which had already commenced, with Mr., afterwards Dr. David, Laing, became very intimate in after years, and their zeal for antiquarian researches was equally ardent, while the former gentleman distinguished himself especially by the able manner in which he edited *Ancient Scottish Poetry*, we do not hesitate to insert one of the first letters which passed between them on this subject.

DEAR SIR—If you observe *Honymoon* in the index to Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, might I request the favour of a sight of the

volume for an hour? I wish only to ascertain how long it has been used, as it has been given, I think improperly, as the title of a poem of the sixteenth century.—Your obliged servant,

DAVID LAING.

Dr. Hibbert.

In addition to antiquarian pursuits, Dr. Hibbert appears to have been occupied either as a contributor to, or otherwise connected with, Constable's *Scottish Gazetteer*, for Mr. Patrick Neill, the printer, wrote as follows:—

“DEAR SIR—Mr. Constable has asked me to glance over the enclosed, but as you are in the midst of the subject, I will be glad if you will also do so, and introduce the chromate of iron as valuable, if not also the hydrate of magnesia as rare. Your doing so will greatly oblige Messrs. Constable and Co., who did not apply at once for fear of appearing too troublesome to you. It is for the *Scottish Gazetteer*.”

But the almost all-engrossing work in which he was now engaged was his book on the Shetland Islands. His Shetland friend, Mr. William Henderson of Bardister, had now come to Scotland and had taken lodgings at Leith, which he always preferred to Edinburgh, and feeling a very great interest in the forthcoming work, he was almost a daily visitor at the house of the doctor, whom he furnished with much valuable information. Mr. Henderson's letters show how anxious he was for its appearance:—

49 CONSTITUTION STREET, LEITH,
16th April 1821.

MY DEAR SIR—Ever since I saw you last, I have been confined to my bed by a severe cold. What part of Shetland have you got to? I am afraid the Hermit of Roeness-hill

(observe my spelling) will be dead before his memoirs are written, as I always thought would be the case.—I remain, my dear sir,
yours sincerely,

WILLIAM HENDERSON.

Dr. Hibbert, Argyle Square.

P.S.—The Hermit of Roeness-hill has been confined to his bed these ten days past; when found by you, he may be truly described as one, *qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes*, and who, having indulged the delusive blandishments of hope and felt the bitter pangs of disappointment, after enjoying all the delights of refined and elegant society, is destined to close his eventful life in solitude, wretchedness, and misery, on the bleak and barren rock, where he first breathed vital air, exclaiming with the Wise Man, that all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

This will be delivered to you by my nephew. He says Thos. Edmondston has got fifty merks of land out of Andrew Scott in the quarter where the chromate of iron is found, for £200 less than he was offered by Mr. Mouat.

Whilst the book on the Shetland Isles was, in preparation for publication, Dr. Hibbert received a confidential intimation from his printer, that a new novel by the "Great Unknown," the scenery of which was in Shetland, was then passing through the press. This novel was the *Pirate*.

The printer's letter is as follows:—

EDINBURGH, *June 2d*, 1821.

SIR—The proofs came safe to hand, and herewith you will receive other two sheets. We have had all our types blocked up in the *Philosophical Journal* for the last ten days, but have now got them relieved, and will be able to get all your MS. set up immediately.

I have accidentally had a sight of the three first sheets, being all that is yet printed of the *Pirate*, a new novel by the author of *Waverley*. The country presented to view is Shetland, and

the places first mentioned are Sumburgh Head and the Roost of S——. The hero is an unknown stranger landed at Lerwick from a Dutch vessel, nobody knows from whence, but dreaded by the natives "lest he should turn out another Pate Stewart" and take up his abode in the Castle of Sumburgh.

As it may be supposed from these making mention of "*Scathold, Lispunds, Wattle, Hawhen, and Hagalef,*" that the author intends to give a description of the country, the manners of its inhabitants, it may, perhaps, be of advantage to you to know that such a work is going on, before entirely finishing your own, and it is with that view I have taken the liberty to trouble you with this hasty note.

I have only to request that you will not hint to Mr. Constable, or any person, that you have got such information, as it is a rule to keep these novels, while in the press, as secret as possible, owing to certain circumstances that occurred previous to the publication of *Rob Roy*.—Yours truly,
W. FRAZER.

Dr. Hibbert received this letter when in Manchester, whither he had been called on important business relating to his property; but soon afterwards he received another lengthy and very characteristic epistle from his friend, the old "Hermit of Roeness," giving him a foretaste of what might be the sensations of an unseasoned author under the infliction of criticism. Books are usually cut up after they have come into the world; our author's was cut up before that event, and by his friends too. With reason might he have exclaimed, "Heaven save me from my friends!" The letter runs as follows:—

49 CONSTITUTION STREET, LEITH.

16th July 1821.

MY DEAR SIR—Rochefoucault has perhaps too truly attributed all our actions to the principle of self-interest; and, in

the liberties I have taken in requesting you to write some account of Shetland, I plead guilty to that motive, as I naturally wish to see in print some rational description of the barren rock on which I had the misfortune to be born; and of all the strangers who have visited it with that view, I know none so well qualified to do it as yourself, not merely by your scientific acquirements, but by your extensive observation and experience of the manners, customs, and general habits of the different classes of society in Great Britain, operating on a liberal and discriminating mind, imbued by nature with the finest feelings of humanity and general philanthropy.

My friends are urging me to send them copies of your book, and Mrs. Hibbert not being able to tell me when it would appear, she advised me to apply to Mr. P. Neill for information. I accordingly called on Mr. Neill, and, as an acquaintance of yours, requested to know when I could have a copy of it. To this he replied, that he did not think it would be published before November, as it was to be abridged, the prints new engraved, and a new arrangement made with the bookseller, and also that you must inevitably be in this country. I expressed a wish to know what part of it was to be abridged, and a supposition that it must be the geological, adding that geology was nothing but a *German humbug*, although mineralogy is a most useful science. He seemed hurt at this remark, and said that the geological was the only part worth printing. I did not know till afterwards, when Mrs. Hibbert informed me, that he is a geologist, had studied in Germany, and written a book on the subject, so I suppose I must not show my face again at his office.

It gives me pleasure to inform you that Mrs. Hibbert seems to be in better health than when you left her. I generally pay my respects to her once a week. She laughs at my political remarks and sarcasms, which she calls scandal; and the Queen's claims and the approaching coronation afford an ample field for discussion. The late mild weather has enabled her to go out a few times, but she seems impatient for your return. She is what I call a fine creature, and such as Sterne would have liked to lead round the world with him. I advise her to go to France

and Italy with you, and to take me as your cicerone, but she says she would not trust you in my company. If you return to this country by way of Liverpool, I wish you would call on my nephew, Gilbert Henderson. You will find him, not a superficial, pedantic, conceited, coxcombical *élève* of a Scotch college, but a modest, unassuming, well-informed and learned Fellow of an English University. You know there is nothing Scotch about me, except some of the noble blood of the Murrays and Sinclairs, which, if I could, I would expel from my veins.

I have had two severe attacks of fever. I am at present weak, but tolerably free from pain.—My dear sir, yours sincerely,
WILLIAM HENDERSON.

Mrs. Hibbert had now fallen into a very bad state of health, and the general illumination which was to take place in honour of the king's coronation was, in her husband's absence, a source of great anxiety to her; for it was feared that disturbances might happen on that occasion, since the king was to be crowned alone without the queen, whom he had suspected of immoral conduct; while the people, generally, were loud in protestations of their belief in her innocence, and were greatly excited. Detained at this time much against his will in Manchester, and evidently suffering all the doubts and fears of an incipient author on the eve of the publication of his first book, on which he was hard at work, Dr. Hibbert wrote on the 17th of July 1821, to his wife:—

MY DEAR SARAH—I am very sorry I am not with you in Edinburgh on account of the coronation. . . .

Your letter has given me much satisfaction since you are better. . . . The troublesomeness of this book on Shetland has been so great. . . . I am, however, drawing very near indeed to a close, and never again will I embark in such an undertaking.

I do not want to see you till I have finished it, for never do I look again to be so chained as I have been. It is a loss of time that *never, never* will be repaired. It would have been better to have let people run away with discoveries and everything, sooner than have written it. It is such a trouble to me that I cannot bear to offend you with the sight of the book until it is finished. Make some excuse to Mr. Henderson for my not replying to him. Really, I want (between ourselves) not to say anything about the book till it is finished. My delay is not uncommon. Many persons have, like myself, embarked in a work, and instead of finishing it in five or six months, as they thought, it has lasted them years. With my love to my little children, whom I will not again neglect for *any books* of my writing, believe me, yours ever affectionately,

S. HIBBERT.

In order not to delay the progress of his work on the Shetland Isles, he had, as we have intimated, carried with him the necessary papers and books, and Mr. Thomas Golland, who managed his property in Manchester, seeing how frequently he wanted to consult with him, kindly invited him to his house, where he gave him a separate room wherein to write. We have before observed that the Doctor was what is termed an "absent man." One day he had been working very hard, quite uninterruptedly except at meal times,—for literary men, like all other men, must eat,—and, when supper-time arrived, he was called down. Mr. Golland's family were already seated round the table, when he walked into the room and took the seat left vacant for him. Mrs. Golland helped him to what he liked, and his plate was placed before him; but, instead of taking up his knife and fork, he sat gazing wistfully at the smoking visnds. Mr. and Mrs. Golland looked wondering at him for a

few moments: at last Mr. Golland said, "Doctor, won't you put down those books and papers, and take your supper?" The spell that bound him was at once broken! He had come down from his room with a lot of books and papers under one arm, and thus encumbered had sat down to supper, but so absorbed in his work was he that he could not tell what prevented him handling his knife and fork.

Mrs. Hibbert having had another very severe attack of illness, her husband returned home about the end of July. He now employed himself assiduously in finishing his book; nevertheless, he could always spare an hour or two to receive the visits of his friend Mr. Henderson, from whom, as we have before said, he obtained much useful information. Sometimes, however, as will be seen from the following letter, the old gentleman would decline telling all he knew. That letter also affords some insight into Mr. Henderson's early life.

LEITH, 1st October 1821.

MY DEAR SIR—When I declined giving you information this morning respecting the law and practice in the cases of wrecks in Shetland, it was not for want of knowledge of the subject, but because if you were to publish facts of late cases as practised in Shetland, it might involve you in very serious consequences, since *truth*, according to the dictum now held to be law by my relative the great Lord Mansfield, is held to be a libel.

My first outset in life was as clerk to the deceased William Balfour of Trenaby, who was factor for Sir Lawrence Dundas over the Earldom of Orkney and Lordship of Shetland, Vice-Admiral Deputy of the same, Sheriff-Substitute of Shetland, and Collector of Customs at Lerwick. I was clerk of the Earldom

and Lordship, and clerk of the Court of Admiralty. In the latter capacity I often acted, when a very young man, as Admiral-Substitute, and held Courts in Orkney for settling wrecks and taking recognitions of theft and other malpractices, Mr. Balfour being too old and infirm to travel to places where wrecks happened. He was a man of great natural endowments, improved by a regular education in the laws of his country, and his practice and decisions were just and honourable. But after his time, men of a very different description held the office. In Orkney, a fellow of the name of Watson imprisoned the master of a ship wrecked on the coast for attempting to save the wreck of his own vessel, for which Lord Dundas, his constituent, paid a very handsome sum. In Shetland, the Admiral was an old smuggler, and knew as much of the laws of the country as he did of Greek. When power is right, such a man seldom forgets his own interest, and in some cases well known, he appropriated everything saved, when there was no claimant, to himself, and never paid any salvage. Yet being such, he was reckoned a very honest man.—Ever yours most sincerely,

WILLM. HENDERSON.

Thomas Edmondston of Shetland had begun at this time to show the cloven foot, and the reader will now understand why certain passages in his former letters have been printed in italics:—

“MY DEAR SIR,” wrote Mr. Henderson on the 11th of December 1821 — “In my way from Edinburgh I met L. Edmondston, who asked if you would see him. I said that at present you saw no person, not even Dr. Brewster. He then asked me if I would deliver a message from him, which I said I would. He said it was only to repeat the message from his brother Thomas, which he delivered last year, namely, that if you claimed the merit of discovering the bed of chromate of iron *near his house*, he would publish a contradictory statement, with your letter or letters, acknowledging that he had discovered it. Now it is very possible that he might have discovered *that* and

many other beds of that mineral *after you* had taught him the characteristic marks of it. The passage in your book which I saw this morning is directly contrary to Edmondston's statement. L. Edmondston said you seemed offended at him when he mentioned the subject to you last year, but that he is only a messenger, and not blamable for anything his brother may say or do. *He says if you would let him, he thinks he could suggest a mode of mentioning it in your book, which would be agreeable to all parties.*"

Dr. Hibbert wrote on the back of this letter a memorandum, as follows:—

"Mr. Edmondston had no conception what the chromate of iron was before I showed it to him, and he even laughed at the notion that I had found something of value. He discovered nothing relative to it, except asking my advice what a peculiar substance was at his door, which I gave in favour of being . . . (illegible) chromate of iron. He has repaid my disinterested labour, in his favour, with ingratitude."

The dangerous illness of his wife at this time was the reason why Dr. Hibbert would see no one except Mr. Henderson. However, contrary to expectation, she rallied, one might say almost miraculously, and continued to improve for some months.

As we have just alluded to the extraordinary claim put forward by Mr. Thomas Edmondston, this seems to us a proper place to give Dr. Hibbert's own account of his discovery of the chromate of iron.

At p. 363 of his description of the Shetland Islands, he writes:—

"I was indeed first led, in the year 1817, to a search after this metal by observing innumerable fragments of it strewed about the hill, which must have been loosened by the disintegration of the rock in which they were contained. They were

chiefly found in a direction due west from Hagdale, as far as the hill of Crucifield. One of these weighed 1 cwt. 20 lbs. ; but I saw a mass which must have been considerably larger, since it was immovable from its site without a great effort. West from Hagdale were several imbedded masses of the chromate of iron. In several places the chromate occurs in the form of numerous thin, ramifying veins, from two to three inches in breadth, but occasionally increasing to the breadth of five or six inches. Within, perhaps, a hundred yards of the house of Bunes, a very considerable mass is found, the extent of which is not apparent, since it is on one side concealed by the sea and on the other by the deep soil of a meadow. It can be traced three feet in breadth and fifteen feet in length, but its magnitude must be much greater than this. Some of the chromate of iron that is found in a loose state on the hills is perfectly unmixed with talc, and does not appear to be formed into distinct grains, but is massive."

Dr. Hibbert, speaking of the two journeys he had made to the Shetland Islands, continues :—

"Of the great sacrifice of my time incurred in these journeys, as well as their expense, I would say nothing: the handsome testimonial of approbation that I have received from the Society in London for the Encouragement of Arts and Commerce leaves me nothing on this score to regret; and if the result of my labours should in any way conduce to the resources of Shetland, or to the knowledge of the natural history of this remote province, I would wish for nothing more than that it should be considered as one of the effects arising from the encouragement given to the study of Mineralogy in the University of Edinburgh."

To the above extract is appended the following note :—

"When the intelligence of my discovery of the chromate of iron had arrived in Shetland, after my first visit to that country, there were few landed proprietors who could persuade themselves that it was of the least importance, so often had they been deceived by visitors, who had come over, impressing them with false

notions of the value of mines and minerals. To Mr. Edmondston of Bunes, however, I successfully addressed myself, and spent some days in pointing out to this gentleman and his servants the character of the ore, which was strewed over the hills in astonishing abundance; for, owing to the resemblance it bore to a kind of diallage, or hornblende, it was repeatedly mistaken for this substance. Accordingly, in following up these instructions, he perceived for the first time that a valuable bed of this ore awaited the operations of the miner within scarcely more than 100 yards of his own door."

The book on which its author had expended so much toil and labour came out with the opening of the year 1822 in the form of a large quarto, entitled, "A Description of the Shetland Islands, comprising an Account of their Geology, Scenery, Antiquities, and Superstitions; with a Geological Map, Plates, etc." It was published by Archibald Constable and Co., Edinburgh; and Hurst, Robinson, and Co., London, 1822. The motto "*Dispecta est et Thule,*" *Tacitus*, appears under this title.

Dr. Hibbert had at first intended publishing only a purely mineralogical description of the islands, but he complied afterwards with a recommendation to extend his plan, by including a popular account of the scenery and manners of the country, and a particular notice of its antiquities. Accordingly, a view is given in the work of the manners and state of a country which, as the author says, "did not a little (*i.e.* in 1817) resemble what the most improved districts of England and Scotland must have been many centuries ago."

Before publishing his book, he had read an abstract

of that part of it which relates to the distribution of the rocks of Shetland to the Wernerian Natural History Society, to whom he dedicated it.

We will here insert an extract or two from notices of the work which appeared upwards of thirty years ago in the *Manchester Guardian* :—

“The work commences with a preliminary essay on stratification ; which is followed by an Itinerary through the Isles of Shetland, in four *Itinera*, or journeys, each *Iter* having copious notes appended. The appendix contains additional miscellaneous notes, with notes on the various illustrative plates ; a notice of the ancient music of Shetland, with specimens in notation ; a geological map of Shetland, indices, etc. The high authority it has always possessed may be inferred from the fact that it has often been cited in the Scottish Courts of law as the best authority on the customs and usages of Shetland. Amongst other curious antiquarian topics investigated is that singular Udal system, which was derived from Scandinavia, and which gradually gave way before the later feudalisation of these islands. The rude agriculture is faithfully described, and a popular view given of the fisheries. Another prominent antiquarian department of the work is that relating to the superstitions of Shetland, some of which, the author observes, indicate a much nearer approach to the original pagan tenets of the Scandinavians than can be found in several districts of Norway itself. Some idea may be formed of the Doctor’s geological labours from the following paragraph in the preface to this work :—

“The geology of Shetland cost me great pains to draw up ; my labour was also much impeded by the wretched charts of these islands that have been published, so that I was obliged, with the aid of nothing more than a pocket compass, to climb almost every point of high land in the country, in order to obtain a new draught fit for my purpose. The map, therefore, that is now produced appears so totally different to any that has ever been before engraved as to have every claim to the title of a new survey.

That it contains many imperfections is to be expected, but I believe they do not affect it in the least in a geological point of view."

In the preface to his book Dr. Hibbert acknowledges particularly the assistance he had received from Dr. Brewster, during the progress of the volume, in identifying minerals from their external character alone, the nature of which he himself would have been unable to discover without a chemical analysis, and which the optical researches that gentleman was then pursuing enabled him to do. The author also acknowledges his obligations to Mr. David Laing for the loan of several rare works for the purpose of reference; and particularly to William Henderson, Esq.; and he also says that he has no slight mention to make of the encouragement that he met with from Professor Jameson, who, in constantly stimulating his pupils to persevere in investigating the Mineralogy of Scotland, showed in all such instances a zeal well calculated to prove the national utility of the science.

The numerous plates in the book were from slight sketches made by himself; from which Mr. Parry, then a young artist of Manchester, afterwards made more elaborate drawings.

In concluding his preface, Dr. Hibbert observes that, while his work was in the press, a new novel by the "Great Unknown" had been commenced, with the intimation that the scene was laid in Shetland. For this reason especially, he (Dr. Hibbert) regretted that his work would appear contemporaneous with the *PIRATE*; for, in adverting to the scenery and manners of the country, he could not but feel sensible that

comparisons disadvantageous to himself would be provoked when the novel of "the greatest of all modern masters of description" should appear.

The book having been dedicated to the Wernerian Society, of which Professor Jameson was President, we here insert that gentleman's acknowledgment of it:—

MY DEAR SIR—I beg you will accept my warmest thanks for the valuable present of your interesting and important work on the Shetland Islands. I have read the whole carefully, and many parts repeatedly, and cannot help expressing my astonishment at the vast store of information it contains, and the ingenuity and sagacity displayed on subjects where many have failed.—Believe me to remain, ever very faithfully yours,

ROBERT JAMESON.

24 Royal Circus, May 6th, 1822.

P.S.—A review of your work has just appeared in the *New Edinburgh Quarterly Review*. It is done in a bad spirit. The author, I believe, thinks he is not known, which is absurd.

To Dr. Hibbert, Argyle Square.

The description of the Shetland Islands had afterwards become known on the Continent, for we find it entered in the *Manual du Libraire*, etc., par Jacq. C. Brunet, published at Paris, by Silvestre, 1831. It is also mentioned in the same work as having been in the well-known catalogue of the library of George Hibbert, Esq., No. 3918.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A copy of the work on Shetland is sent to the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society—Opinion of Shetlanders on the work—Death of Mrs. Hibbert—George IV. visits Edinburgh—The boy born without forearms—An account of the Manor of Ashton-under-Line—Sir Walter Scott's opinion of it.

WITHIN a few days of the publication of his work on Shetland, Dr. Hibbert forwarded a copy of it to Dr. William Henry for presentation to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester. During all his years of absence from his native town he kept up a constant intercourse with his friends there; and whatever concerned Manchester or related to her prosperity or welfare was always grateful to him. Filled with recollections of past times pleasantly spent there, he wrote to Dr. Henry on the 16th of January 1822 :—

DEAR SIR—I shall esteem it as a particular favour if you will present to the Literary and Philosophical Society my volume on the Shetland Islands, which I hope they will do me the honour to accept, as an acknowledgment of the grateful recollection I entertain of the many hours that, in former years, I enjoyed, with so much instruction to myself, while attending the meetings of an Institution, the objects of which, when viewed in connection with the science that ought to direct the commercial spirit of so important a town as Manchester, cannot be too highly rated.

To this letter the following complimentary reply was made by Dr. Henry :—

DEAR SIR—I availed myself of the very first opportunity of laying before our Literary and Philosophical Society your acceptable present. You are entitled also to the praise of great disinterestedness in proclaiming to the public a discovery, which, had it fallen to the lot of some others, would have been made a source of private emolument. I earnestly hope that you will receive from the public that meed of honourable distinction to which the diligent and successful devotion of so much time and talent fairly entitle you.

When you see Professor Jameson, be so good as to present to him my kindest remembrances, and believe me, my dear sir, very sincerely and faithfully yours,

WILLM. HENRY.

P.S.—Mr. Allen has published proposals for a print of Mr. Dalton ; will you have the goodness to request permission from Mr. Constable to let a copy hang in his shop, and to get another placed in some desirable situation ?

Dr. Hibbert's work met with a specially flattering reception from the gentry of the Shetlands. The following letter is one of the many complimentary communications which he received.

GARDIE HOUSE, SHETLAND,
20th February 1822.

DEAR SIR—I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of telling you how much I have been delighted with the perusal of your work on Shetland. Every one here capable of judging has the same opinion of your book that I have. My father, who is an excellent judge, and well versed in the lore of the Middle Ages, has been exceedingly delighted with it ; so much so that I allege it has cured him of a fit of the gout ! I wish the "Great Unknown" had seen the description of Shetland before he wrote

the *Pirate*.—I have the honour to be, dear sir, your most obedient
and obliged servant,

W. MOUAT.

To Dr. Hibbert,

Care of Messrs. Constable and Co.,

Publishers,

High Street,

Edinburgh.

One criticism, however, from a Shetland gentleman will perhaps amuse the reader. Mr. Robert Hunter of Lunna in writing to the author said that there was nothing bad in the book except the word "Shetland;" for the educated Shetlanders, as the critic went on to observe, did not admire the word Shetland, which they thought sounded "fishy," and they preferred the name "Zetland."

On a bleak morning in April a hearse and a couple of mourning coaches wound their way at a slow pace through the narrow passage leading from Brown Square into Candlemaker Row, down that thoroughfare, across the Grassmarket, and along the road that skirts the base of the precipitous rock, over which the Castle frowns in its massive grandeur, till they reached the front gate of St. John's Episcopal Chapel, in the Lothian Road. Here the funeral procession halted; for here was to be the last resting-place of Sarah Hibbert, the amiable and affectionate woman whom Dr. Hibbert had led a bride to the altar whilst still in her girlhood, and who had been a devoted wife and the tenderest and most affectionate of mothers. Her patience and resignation during the long months of her wearying and painful illness had touched the

hearts of all around her. Towards the end, a change for the better had suddenly taken place; and Dr. Hibbert, himself deceived, encouraged the fond though delusive hope that his wife might yet be spared to him; but this change was like the expiring flash of a lamp, shooting up into momentary brilliancy, to be quenched the next instant in utter darkness. The summons came suddenly at night, and before the spring morning dawned the soul had passed away to its Creator.

Dr. Hibbert followed his wife to the grave, accompanied by his two boys, aged respectively ten and eleven. The coffin, when taken from the hearse, was carried to the chapel burial-ground and let silently down into the grave; and then the mourners took their last sorrowful look, and returned to the home made desolate by death. This was the Presbyterian mode of burial in Scotland; but the burial service, according to the form of the Church of England, of which the deceased was a member, had been read over the coffin before its removal from the house which had once been her home.

In the following month the widower left Argyle Square, and took a house in Wharton Place,—a pleasant locality, opposite to which stood that picturesque and beautiful building, Heriot's Hospital, founded by the "Jingling Geordie" of the *Fortunes of Nigel*. Fronting Heriot's Hospital was Watson's Hospital, a large, plain stone building, placed in the centre of a broad, grassy space; the former Institution for the maintenance and education of the orphan sons of

decayed tradesmen, and the latter for the sons of decayed merchants. The Heriot boys at that time wore a uniform, consisting of a brown, short-tailed jacket with large brass buttons, a stiff leather skull-cap, and corduroy trousers; whilst the Watson uniform only differed in this, that the short-tailed jacket was green instead of brown. Between the lads of these two hospitals there existed an hereditary feud, and frequent were the fights,—or “bickers,” as they were called,—of these hostile parties; and as there were no “Bobbies” then, the combatants had so much their own way in the neighbourhood of the Hospitals, that it was dangerous for passers-by to go into any thoroughfare where the fight was taking place.

Sometimes the Watsons would drive the Heriots within their own gates in the Vennel, and besiege them there; whilst at others, the Heriots would be victorious, and the Watsons would be forced to beat a retreat down Wharton Lane, and take refuge within their own domain. Broken and cut heads were frequent; for sticks, brickbats, and stones were freely used on both sides. Gentlemen's sons took sides with the Watson boys, as being more aristocratic, whilst the allies of the Heriot lads were the “blackguards,” so called, of the not far distant Grassmarket, West Port, and Potterrow.

Dr. Hibbert's two sons, of course, took part in these frays. William, the younger of the two, showed all the fire of an incipient warrior, and he had an additional advantage which would have won for him the applause of Mr. Charles Reed, for he was *ambi-*

dexter; and so highly was his skill in hitting his mark with either hand acknowledged by his companions, that they bestowed on him the cognomen of "Cawry paw," whatever that word may mean.

But to turn from these puerile matters, Robert Hibbert, a brother of the Doctor, was now residing in the Isle of Man,—a circumstance which, as the reader will ere long see, had an influence on the future state of life of the latter. Mr. Robert Hibbert, after leaving Cambridge, had married, and given up all idea of the Bar; for, like most men who are fond of literary pursuits, he did not willingly take to the restraint of a profession. He seems to have felt considerable interest in the peculiar law courts of the island, and believing that this subject would also be worth the attention of his brother, sent him a book, along with a paper containing an account of the meetings of the courts of the Tynwald:—

"MY DEAR SAM," he wrote on the 12th of July 1822,—“I take the opportunity of sending you, by a gentleman going to Glasgow,—and to be forwarded from thence per coach,—Mill's Laws of the Isle of Man, which you will oblige me by accepting. You will also receive a newspaper containing an account of the proceedings of the annual Tynwald Courts, over which the Duke of Atholl, as Governor, presides. I was present, and had afterwards the honour, as the saying is, of being one of the select who partook of his beef and drank of his wine. Before we left Manchester I took my wife and Emma to see little Sarah. We were very much pleased with her.”

This communication, which Dr. Hibbert had received from his brother, was considered by him to

be of great importance, as we learn from the following letter :—

“I thank you very truly for the valuable present I received from you. More interesting documents I have not perused, and nothing could have given me greater satisfaction than to have seen the revival of the ancient open court of Tynwald. The book and papers had not been in my house two days when they were observed by Mr. Peterson, the Sheriff-Substitute of Orkney who is preparing for the press a number of law documents relative to the ancient Scandinavian government of that country ; and who, when noticing many traits of resemblance, as might indeed have been expected, in the legislation of the Isle of Man, prevailed upon me to lend him all the documents that I received from you, so that I have not yet had time to fully discuss them.”

The account which Robert Hibbert had sent his brother of the Tynwald courts had perhaps suggested to the latter to read before the Antiquarian Society a paper entitled “Memoir of the Tings of Orkney and Shetland.” This memoir was afterwards printed in vol. iii., part 1, of the Transactions of the Society for 1823, and contains one hundred and seven pages, large quarto. In the Memoir, which is illustrated by several woodcuts of erect stone circles, earth circles, and so forth,—Dr. Hibbert traces and explains the origin of the Scandinavian *Thing* or *Ting*, or court of justice, from the times of the *Vikings*, before the introduction of Christianity ; and he explains that the *Ting* was either held on the site, or was made an appendage, of the *hof* or temple, which was dedicated to the rites of the Edda. After making mention of the several judicial tests,—as the ordeal, combat, or others,—that were practised in the *Tings*, the author says, that

in the course of time, a *Ting* became not only a judicial but a legislative assembly, summoned to enact laws and make provisions for the general weal; and that when a field was selected near the temple, as it always was, it acquired the name of the *Thing-völlr*, now corrupted into *Ting-wall*, many of which existed in Iceland, Shetland, the Isle of Man, and various parts of Scotland, and wherever, indeed, the Northmen had intruded,—even in the north-west of England, as the hundred of Wirrall, in Cheshire. The *Tings* were usually surrounded by a fence, consisting either of stone circles or a ditch; or they were marked out by shallow furrows, within which loose stones were thrown, until they had reached about two feet above the ground. The fence which encircled the ground where the *Ting* of the Isle of Man was held, consisted of turves.

But the Memoir is far too lengthy to give even a bare outline of its contents.

The visit of George IV. to Edinburgh induced Dr. Hibbert to invite his brother Robert and his family to stay with him for a few days. The invitation was accepted, and Mr. Henderson, then lodging at Leith, kindly undertook to secure good places for his friends in Wharton Place, from whence they might witness the royal landing; and on the 11th of August that gentleman wrote to Dr. Hibbert:—

“All the pier is most substantially seated with four or six rows . . . Scaffoldings are erected in Bernard Street and Constitution Street, and two triumphal arches, surmounted by imperial

crowns, a ship and an anchor, and other devices. On the triumphal arch, near the pier, is inscribed, 'Scotland hails with joy her King.'"

His Majesty, as we learn from the *Edinburgh Observer* of the 19th of August, lodged at Dalkeith Castle, holding his court at Holyrood House, the ancient palace of the Stewarts.

A few days after his entry into the metropolis of the north, the king held a grand levee at Holyrood. About the throne were the Duke of Montrose, the Marquis of Conyngham, Lord Melville, Lord George Beresford, Lord Graves, Sir Edmund Nagle, Lord Charles Bentinck, Mr. Peel, Mr. Butler, and others. In the hall there was a great array of dukes, marquesses, barons, honourables, and right honourables, chieftains and lairds, civil and military officers, who had to enter the presence chamber, and to pass one by one before the Majesty of Great Britain and Ireland, and make his bow and his exit,—an awful ceremony that was over, however, in a trice.

Amongst the gentlemen who passed through this ordeal was Dr. Hibbert, who was presented, along with Dr. Abercrombie, by the Earl of Elgin.

The Doctor's little son had been struck by his father's unusually fine appearance, as we have said, when he received the gold medal, for discovering the chromate of iron, from the hands of the Duke of Sussex; but the sight of his father in a full court dress of solemn black—knee-breeches, silk stockings, buckles on his knees and shoes, a black silk bag hanging from the nape of his neck, and a long rapier

at his side—produced a lasting effect on his youthful imagination. In speaking of the ceremony afterwards, Dr. Hibbert would often observe, with a laugh, that the hand which royalty presented to the Scottish lieges to kiss was, in size and shape, like a shoulder of small Highland mutton.

Chivalrous and romantic as are the Highland chieftains and gentry, we cannot but fancy that, when they crowded into the spacious halls of their ancient kings to tender their homage to a monarch having only a mere driblet of British blood in his veins, his obese form (arrayed in a full suit of the Royal Stuart tartan) and his unintellectual countenance must have contrasted unfavourably, in their minds, with the picture handed down to posterity of the chivalrous, fair-haired prince,—handsome in form and feature, and of a truly royal presence,—who only seventy years before had for a few brief hours sojourned within those very halls. Surely more than one sigh must have been silently breathed to the memory of bonnie Prince Charlie.

Princes Street,—which at the hour of four had ever been on ordinary days the favourite lounge of dandies, officers, lawyers, young doctors, and the fair sex, all bent upon admiring themselves and each other,—was now more than usually crowded with people, some loitering about, others hurrying, all expecting, at some time or other, to feast their eyes on the royal dandy of sixty. Amongst these loyal gentlemen, not the least conspicuous were sprinklings of the Royal Edinburgh Archers, equipped like so

many Robin Hoods; celtic chiefs, kilted, and armed with dirk and claymore, their heads adorned with blue bonnets, out of which stuck the eagle's feather, that mark of rank. Even the black-coated, reverend minister of the kirk had caught the loyal enthusiasm, and mingled with the motley crowd. And last, but not least, might be seen the "Great Unknown," his tall figure towering above ordinary sized mortals (as the Ettrick Shepherd tells us), whilst, with a long and short leg, he limped quickly along, holding aloft his head, mirth and good humour appearing in his bright grey eyes, the observed of all observers,—

"Pulchrum est digito monstrari et dicier. Hic est!"

Certainly, the king could not complain of any want of loyal enthusiasm in the reception accorded to him by his Scottish subjects, for he was greeted everywhere in Auld Reekie with shouts of joy. Exuberant loyalty, indeed, blazed forth in every part of the city. All the tailor's and silk-mercier's shop-windows were filled with court dresses, cocked hats, small swords, tartans, ostrich feathers, tortoise-shell combs, silks, satins, diamonds, and jewellery. But to turn to a subject more grave.

In the September of this year Dr. Hibbert went to Manchester; and whilst here he received from his eldest son, whom he had left to keep house in Edinburgh, the melancholy and important intelligence of the death of a companion of his Shetland travels. The letter written, boy-like, consists of little more than the following paragraph:—

“I am sorry to inform you that Silly died on the 2d of October ; she was buried at the top of the garden.”

We may smile, perhaps, at the manner in which the intelligence was communicated, as though it had related to the death of a human being, and yet this poor dumb beast, with her wonderful sagacity, her affectionate nature, and her unbounded devotion to her master, was probably of far more aid and comfort to him in his lonely wanderings than many a human guide ; hence we need not wonder at the meed of sorrow accorded by Dr. Hibbert to the memory of his little white terrier when he heard of her death. He would often tell how, after having left her for hours to keep watch and ward over his coat and his minerals, gladness would sparkle in her eyes, when at last she saw him approach ; how she would bark, whirl round him, and spring upon him, when he cried out, “ Poor Sill, poor Sill,” as if his presence only were her greatest happiness in life ; and with what looks of thankfulness she would take her meal of sillocks, which she was so fond of, as they sat side by side in some solitary hut.

During this visit to Manchester he took occasion to go to the small estate he possessed at Hale Barns, near Altrincham, in order to look over some improvements he had ordered to be made. When walking one day through the hamlet, he halted to see the boys of the school there at play. One amongst them immediately caught his eye. He was about twelve years of age, a fine, stout, healthy-looking lad, apparently of a lively and cheerful temper, and full of good

nature. But these were not the qualities that attracted his attention. The lad was playing at marbles, and so skilfully and with such precision did he play, that he beat all his companions. It will excite the reader's surprise to learn that this adroit player had no hands and no forearms! His name was Mark Yarwood, and he was the son of poor but respectable parents.

This boy's peculiar case induced Dr. Hibbert to investigate narrowly all the circumstances relating to him, and narrate them in detail in a paper which he read to the Wernerian Society of Edinburgh, and which was afterwards printed in their Transactions. The paper is entitled, "The Natural Expedients resorted to by Mark Yarwood, a Cheshire Boy, to supply the Want he has sustained from Birth, of his Forearms and Hands."

Some minutiae respecting this boy, whom we will not call unfortunate,—for he was of a most happy disposition, and was often heard to say with pride, "I do not care for having no hands, I can do without them,"—may not be without interest to the reader.

On each of the *ossa humeri*, wrote Dr. Hibbert, there were prominences which bore a faint resemblance, in their appearance and situation, to those of the external condyles, whence two prolongations, one at the end of each arm, might be observed, which were slightly bent inwards; neither of them, however, was much more than an inch in length, while that of the left limb was perhaps about a quarter of an inch longer than the one which terminated the right *os*

humeri. As the bones of those prolongations felt as if they were bifid at their extremities, they might probably have been each considered as the scanty rudiments, or even relics, of an *ulna* and *radius*; while their firm and immovable junction with the *ossa humeri* might have been interpreted as the result of a process of ankylosis; but Dr. Hibbert further remarked that there was not the least indication that a joint ever existed, nor were there any signs of demarcation between the *ossa humeri* and the short processes which formed their respective terminations. The length of the right arm was $7\frac{7}{8}$ inches, and the length of the left arm was $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The two small projections at the termination of the arms, by enabling the stumps to come into close junction, served, in some degree, as organs of prehension. At the abrupt termination of the prolongations of the stumps there were the same curved or waving configurations which distinguish the apices of fingers, so that the boy was gifted with as much sensibility and accuracy of touch as if he had had fingers.

We will now narrate some instances of the use Mark Yarwood could make of his stumps; and first, the loss of arms did not render him defenceless—he could wield the stumps with activity, and hit a severe blow, as his school-fellows well knew. When he played at marbles,—and he had the reputation of being the best player in the school,—he took up the marble, and, with a conjunct motion of the muscles of the arms, seldom failed to hit the mark he aimed at. His ingenuity was ever on the alert in forming

devices to do things which, in others, required the aid of fingers. If he wanted to thread a needle, he delicately pressed it between his stumps, lifted it up and stuck its point into the felt of a hat, so as to fix it steadily; then he took the thread between the extremities of his stumps, rubbed it with them to make it taper to a point, and then easily insinuated it into the small eye of the needle.

On some occasions, however, he had to avail himself of the service of other organs of the body. To tie a common bow, for instance, every organ connected with the mouth was required—lips, teeth, tongue. He would fix one extremity of the string, with which the knot was to be tied, between his teeth, and, by guidance and gentle pressure, that flexible member, the tongue; was made to perform the functions of a finger; then he would take one of the two extremities of the string with his stumps and pull the two ends of the string in opposite directions, while a synchronous and corresponding motion of the head and *ossa humeri* enabled him quickly to form a knot.

In some operations the boy's chin was an organ of no small importance. If he wanted to stir the fire, he would press the poker between his stumps at about a middle distance from the end of it; then he would press the head of it under his chin, when he would easily insert the point of the poker between the bars of the grate, and, his stumps acting as a moving power, he would stir the fire with as much agility as any one possessed of both hands could do.

Mark Yarwood fed himself much on the same

principle: he passed the handle of his spoon a little way up between his arm and coat-sleeve, pressed it downwards with his left stump, and then plunged the spoon into the trencher and raised the food to his mouth.

On other occasions the boy would call in the aid of his knees, closing them upon such substances as were larger than the teeth could secure; and when with his *ossa humeri* he could not reach his feet, he enlisted the toes to do duty for the missing fingers. For instance, when Mark had to put on a stocking, before he could put in one foot he was obliged to open its orifice by means of the other, and then he drew on the stocking with his teeth. Fertile, however, as he was in expedients, he was not quite independent of the help of others; for, in dressing himself, he could never button his clothes.

With regard to education, Mark Yarwood could read, but, what was more surprising, he could write, which he had learned to do at the school of Hale Barns. The manner in which he performed that act was as follows: the paper was fixed to the table by a small weight, the lad then took up the pen with his teeth, which he lodged, in a proper position, on the soft integuments of the right stump, where he kept it by the pressure of the left one; then, by a conjoined motion of both arms, but more particularly by the guidance of the left arm, he drew the pen easily along the paper, and wrote a surprisingly good hand. Not only could he write, however, but he could also mend a pen. The mode in which he performed pen-making

was as follows: he placed the quill between his knees, the barrel upwards, then, with a knife held between his stumps, he cut off the end of the quill, and, forcing the blade between the barrel, made the slit; next, he cut away portions from each side of the quill until a point was formed; then, lastly, he placed the pen upon a flat surface of some hard substance, and snipped off the point.

The late Mr. John Crampton of Hale Barns took great interest in the boy, and gave Dr. Hibbert much information about him.

When Mark Yarwood had grown to manhood, he officiated, as we have been told, as clerk at Ringway Chapel-of-Ease; and in course of time became a benedict, spite of his stumps, and died several years ago.

This same year, 1822, Dr. Hibbert published, for private circulation, a thin quarto volume, entitled, *Illustrations of the Customs of a Manor in the North of England during the 15th Century, with occasional remarks on their resemblance to the incidents of ancient Scottish Tenures.*

This dissertation had been read as a paper to the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, and was printed in their Transactions of 1822. The essay illustrates the state of manorial tenures in the north of England during the fifteenth century, and shows that many of the earlier feudal customs are very similar to those which formerly existed in Scotland,—relics of which may be traced in the tenures of the present day.

In the lord of the manor's book of Customs of Ashton is an ordinance settling the degree of preced-

ence to be observed among the wives and daughters of the tenants at will on the forms or seats in the parish church. As was the case until comparatively recent times in the Highlands, the lord had absolute power of life and death, and had strong dungeons and a "gallows field." This paper gives a curious picture of society in the fifteenth century, and on Dr. Hibbert presenting a copy of that essay and another tract to Sir Walter Scott he received the following acknowledgment from that illustrious novelist:—

SIR—I beg your acceptance of my best thanks for your curious antiquarian tracts, and for the pleasure I have received from perusing the procedure against the Shetland witch, which displays an ignorant and brutal degree of prejudice and superstition, unmatched even in the annals of witch-burning. The illustration of the Customs of a Manor are also highly interesting. I have an ancient MS. (of the fifteenth century) relating to a family called Hottol (?), who possessed some valuable lands in Cheshire, if I remember aright. I think you will have pleasure in seeing and examining it, and when I come to town in May I will be happy to communicate it to you. It is now in the hands of Mr. Thomas Thomson. — I am, sir, your obliged humble servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

Abbotsford, Thursday.

To Dr. Hibbert, care of Mr. D. Laing.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Edinburgh breakfast parties — W. C. Trevelyan — Dr. Richardson, Franklin's companion — Sale of the chromate of iron — Thomas Edmondston and the chromate of iron — Dr. Hibbert is made a Secretary of the Antiquarian Society — Publication of the work on Apparitions.

At the date at which we have now arrived Dr. Hibbert's time ceased to be solely engrossed by his literary avocations, and we find him devoting some few hours of the day to lighter pursuits, and willingly entering into gay society. Probably his lonely state as a widower had been the cause of the numerous cards of invitation to breakfasts, dinners, and suppers which poured in upon him. Breakfast seems to have been a favourite meal, especially amongst literary men, to which to invite their friends; at least if we may judge from the number of invitations which he received.

His evenings were often, as in the days of his youth, spent at the theatre; with this difference, however, that now he usually was one of a gay party of friends, and played the part of escort to some lady. In short, he was never allowed to feel lonely, and, doubtless, the tender hearts of his female acquaint-

ances were brimful of pity for the widower and his three motherless little children.

Another great change had also come over him in these days : he who had been so slovenly and careless about his dress in years gone by, as to draw down a reproof from his mother, and the saucy insinuation from his brother Robert that his servant wore the better hat of the two, was now gaily and fashionably dressed—so fashionably, that his boys admired his attire and wondered at the great change. A beau—or dandy, as the term then was—he certainly must have looked, as he sallied forth in an olive surtout and crimson velvet stock, a drab waistcoat (padded at the breast, and buttoned up to the throat with gilt buttons) called a Prussian waistcoat, and trousers, either of blue or drab colour, hollowed out at the instep to fit his Wellington boots, and fastened down under them by chains such as the horse-soldiers then wore. In an evening he dressed in better taste ; for he confined himself to a sober black suit, tights, shoes, and silk stockings. It is not recorded of him that he ever sported the then fashionable blue dresscoat with gilt buttons.—We say dressed in better taste, because he never looked well save in black ; for he had no taste whatever in the choice or assortment of colours.

Of course, parties had to be given in return for all these invitations, and many of the well-known literary men of the Modern Athens were to be seen at Dr. Hibbert's table. William Francis Ainsworth, Ph.D., the Eastern traveller, in a letter written not long ago to the editor of this memoir, says, that when a young

student at the Edinburgh University, Dr. Hibbert showed him very kind attentions, and often invited him to his house ; and that he remembered dining in company with Jeffrey, Wilson (the Christopher North of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*), Robert Kay Greville, LL.D., a distinguished botanist, and many others. At that time Charles Darwin was a fellow-student of Dr. William Francis Ainsworth, and they often made little natural history tours together. Not long afterwards, the latter gentleman became one of the editors of the *Edinburgh Journal of Natural and Geographical Science*.

The breakfast parties in Edinburgh must have been very pleasant and convivial reunions. At the party to which, as we see from the following note, Dr. Hibbert was asked by Dr. Greville, he made his first acquaintance with Mr. Trevelyan, who, after his father's death, became Sir Walter Calverley Trevelyan—an acquaintance that ripened into a life-long friendship :—

“DEAR SIR,” wrote Dr. Greville—“I met with my friend Dr. Richardson, Captain Franklin's companion, to-night at Professor Jameson's, and he breakfasts with me to-morrow at nine o'clock ; if you can come in and join our party, you will also meet Mr. Trevelyan.”

Mr. Thomas Edmondston, to whom we have frequently adverted, appears at this time to have been profiting nicely by Dr. Hibbert's discovery of the chromate of iron ; for, in a letter dated 8th of March 1823, Mr. William Henderson writes from Leith to the Doctor :—

“Captain Simpson has bought ten tons of chromate of iron from Thomas Edmondston, but its destination is kept a profound secret. One consignment was lost in the *Coldstream*, but he has sent several others.”

We are now approaching the time when Dr. Hibbert published his second important work, namely, his *Philosophy of Apparitions*, a work which quickly passed through two editions, and has been frequently referred to both by scientific writers and authors of light literature. Amongst the latter we may mention the great master of fiction, Sir Walter Scott, in his *Demonology and Witchcraft*; Bulwer Lytton, in his *Strange Story*; and Samuel Warren, in his *Diary of a Late Physician*.

The origin of this work on Apparitions may be traced to the following circumstance. The Doctor had himself been subject for some short time to very troublesome spectral illusions, probably occasioned by his hard work and close study when bringing out his book on the Shetland Isles. He afterwards embodied his reflections on these illusions in a series of papers which he read before the Royal Society.

These papers attracted considerable notice at the time.

The *Edinburgh Literary Gazette* for 1823, in reviewing a work entitled *Ghost Stories*, collected with a particular view to counteract the vulgar belief in ghosts, etc. [8vo. Ackerman, 101 Strand, London: 1823], writes, after referring to the irony of the author:—

“It is much easier, however, to ridicule the belief in ghosts than to convince persons that spirits never revisit the earth. Indeed, there are some cases with which we are acquainted that will baffle the metaphysical powers of every disciple of Locke to account for. The first story (*in the work reviewed*) is one which was related by Sir Walter Scott in his capacity of President to the Royal Society on the night wherein Dr. Hibbert read one of his interesting papers on spectres, as reported in No. 6 of this *Gazette*. ‘There were some stories,’ said the learned President, ‘so well authenticated, that it was impossible for any mind open to conviction to disbelieve them.’”

It was during the reading of these papers on spectres by Dr. Hibbert at the Royal Society that Sir Walter Scott jestingly asked him if he intended to favour the members with any specimens or illustrations.

But to return to the reviewer of the *Edinburgh Literary Gazette*, who appears to coincide in the opinions of Sir Walter Scott:—

“We could narrate numerous instances of this nature firmly believed by the witnesses, who are men of strong mind and entirely free from all superstitious dread; but we shall keep our stores in reserve till we have an opportunity of perusing Dr. Hibbert’s forthcoming publication.”

The work on Apparitions appears, in the first instance, to have been placed in the hands of the publisher of the book on Shetland, Mr. Archibald Constable:—

“DEAR SIR,” wrote that gentleman on the 28th of April 1823,—“I return you the two first sheets of your work on Apparitions, which will be interesting and curious; but still, the sale must be very limited. We shall print 500 copies, pay all expenses of paper, advertising, etc., and divide the profits

equally with you. Further editions to be on the same terms, should such be called for, as to which I am not sanguine."

Probably some difference may have occurred between the author and Mr. Constable, as nothing more concerning the publication of the work is to be found among the letters of the former, and the book appeared from the shop of another publisher.

In the month of June of this year Dr. Hibbert bade farewell to his old Shetland friend Mr. William Henderson, who was then about to sail from Leith for Lerwick, to take up his residence on "the vile rock where he first drew breath," as he termed the island on which he was born.

As soon as Mr. Henderson had arrived at the place of his self-styled banishment, he wrote one of his characteristic letters (dated 28th of June 1823), and at the same time, informed his friend that Mr. Thomas Edmondston persisted in making his extraordinary claim to the discovery of the chromate of iron:—

"In the old-fashioned school in which I was educated," says Mr. Henderson, "and among the old-fashioned people with whom I was brought up, it was reckoned dishonourable, and highly derogatory from the character of a gentleman, to break a promise or an appointment, however trifling the occasion might be; and from long habit I have seldom, if ever, been guilty of a breach of this old-fashioned rule, now generally gone into desuetude. I therefore, agreeable to my promise, informed you by letter of the *Fidelity's* not sailing on Saturday last, and she did not depart till Monday at 2 o'clock P.M. Her accommodations are excellent, but upwards of thirty passengers completely filled the cabins and state-room. An English clergyman and myself occupied the latter. The weather was fine; but on approaching the vile climate of 'Thule' we encountered showers

of hail and torrents of rain. You have described me truly as a person who had moved in the polished society of the principal capitals of Europe. Of course I must have been accustomed not only to the conveniences, but even to some of the luxuries of life. It is therefore easier to conceive than to express the sensations produced in such a person by a climate and mode of living too severe for any one not formed with the coarse organs, and endowed with the obtuse feelings, of a Shetland fisherman. I enclose a letter from my nephew George, by which you will see that your friend Mr. Thomas Edmondston adheres to his claim of having discovered the chromate of iron in Unst. I shall expect a few lines from you by the first opportunity, with a copy of your essay on ghosts and hobgoblins. If it do not come soon, it is probable that this climate will have made a ghost of, my dear sir, yours most sincerely,

“WILLIAM HENDERSON.”

We insert the following letter from a Shetland gentleman, as showing what the general opinion was as to who was the real discoverer of the chromate of iron in Shetland, apologising for having anticipated, by a few months, the date of the letter in placing it here :—

H.M. SHIP *Britannia*,
DEVONPORT, 5th March 1824.

DEAR SIR—Since I joined this ship I have inquired respecting mineralogical specimens, and find that a considerable variety may be procured in Plymouth and in Devonport. Sir Alexander Cochrane, the Commander-in-Chief at this port, whose flag is now flying in this ship . . . was in Shetland many years since, and understanding that I was a native of it, he put many questions to me respecting its geology. In the course of conversation I mentioned your discovery of the chromate of iron, and he expressed a desire to obtain some of it and of the other minerals which you collected there. I accordingly promised to write to you on the subject, and I request that you would do me the favour to send whatever you can spare, addressed to Admiral

the Honourable Sir Alexander Inglis Cochrane, G.C.B., Commander-in-Chief at Plymouth.—Yours very truly,

JAMES SCOTT.

Dr. Hibbert, Wharton Place,
Edinburgh.

Dr. Hibbert was now about to lose, for many long years, one much dearer to him than even his old friend William Henderson. In the spring of 1823 the 40th regiment received sudden orders to embark in detachments and sail with convicts to Van Diemen's Land. Captain George Hibbert, with his company, left the shores of England on the 11th of August, and so hurried was his departure that he had not even time to bid farewell to his brother.

Towards the end of this year the latter was elected one of the secretaries of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, an office which he filled for several years. He had previously received a very flattering invitation from his friend Dr. Brewster to undertake it. That gentleman wrote to him in the following terms:—

Sunday.

MY DEAR SIR—I called upon you to-day to ask if you would accept the office of one of the secretaries of the Antiquarian Society, in case we shall have one of these offices to fill. Mr. Kinnear remains in office, but we are most anxious, and particularly Mr. Kinnear, to have as an associate a man of talents and of real antiquarian knowledge. The meeting of the Council is convened to consider of this, and I therefore beg that you will let me know your sentiments. The impulse which the Antiquarian Society will receive from its splendid accommodation in the new buildings will give it a new character in Edinburgh.—I am, my dear sir, ever most faithfully yours,

DAVID BREWSTER.

Dr. Hibbert, 7 Wharton Place.

From the intimate relations subsisting between Doctor Brewster and Doctor Hibbert, the former often sent him his papers for perusal. In the case of the paper on the Eye, the philosopher wrote to his friend as follows :—

Sunday.

MY DEAR SIR—As I am going to print my paper on the Eye, you would oblige me if you could let me have it by the bearer.—I am, my dear sir, yours truly,

DAVID BREWSTER.

Early in the year 1824 the book on Apparitions was published. It is entitled, "*Sketches of the Philosophy of Apparitions; or an attempt to trace such illusions to their physical causes.*" By Samuel Hibbert, M.D., F.R.S.E., Secretary to the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, etc.

—I' the name of truth
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show?—MACBETH.

[Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd, and G. and W. Whittaker, London, 1824.]

The book is embellished by two wood engravings from drawings,—very skilfully executed by the author's old friend, Captain Edward Jones,—of two of the set of curious old oak panels in Hulme Hall (now demolished), near Manchester. One of these engravings represents a "philosophic devil," as the author styled him, leering and grinning, with a sceptre in one hand, while with the fore finger of the other hand he gives emphasis to his argument; the other engrav-

ing depicts a human figure grasping the opened jaws of two intertwined monsters.

The following extract from the author's preface will give the reader some insight into the scope of the book :—

“In the first place, a general view is given of the particular morbid affections with which the production of phantasms is often connected. Apparitions are likewise considered as nothing more than ideas, or the recollected images of the mind, which have been rendered more vivid than actual impressions. In a second part of this work my object has been to point out that, in well authenticated ghost stories of a supposed supernatural character, the ideas which are rendered so unduly intense as to induce spectral illusions, may be traced to such fantastical objects of prior belief as are incorporated in the various systems of superstition, which for ages have possessed the minds of the vulgar. In the succeeding and far most considerable part of this treatise the research is of a novel kind. Since apparitions are ideas equalling or exceeding in vividness actual impressions, there ought to be some important and definite laws of the mind which have given rise to this undue degree of vividness. It is chiefly, therefore, for the purpose of explaining such laws, that this classification is written. The last object was, to have established that all the subordinate incidents connected with phantasms might be explained on the following general principle: that in every undue excitement of our feelings (as, for instance, when ideas become more vivid than actual impressions), the operations of the intellectual faculty of the mind sustain corresponding modifications, by which the efforts of the judgment are rendered proportionally incorrect. The illustrations which appear in the course of this work are not more numerous than the treatise requires; my object being, not only to render the principle that I have inculcated as intelligible as possible, but to direct the attention of the reader less to the vulgar absurdities which are blended with ghost stories, than to the important philosophical inferences that are frequently to be deduced from them. The

subject of apparitions has indeed for centuries occupied the attention of the learned, but seldom without reference to superstitious speculations. It is time, however, that these illusions should be viewed in a perfectly different light ; for, if the conclusions to which I have arrived be correct, they are calculated, more than almost every other class of mental phenomena, to throw considerable light upon certain important laws connected with the physiology of the human mind."

The general scope of the *Philosophy of Apparitions* may be gathered from the following amusing dialogue from the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* :—

"*North*.—By the way, James, that Ode to the Devil of yours makes me ask you, if you have seen Dr. Hibbert's book on Apparitions ?

"*Shepherd*.—Ghosts ? No. Is't gude ?

"*North*.—Excellent. The Doctor first gives a general view of the particular morbid affections with which the production of phantoms is often connected.

"*Shepherd*.—What—the blude and stomach ?

"*North*.—Just so, James. Apparitions are likewise considered by him as nothing more than ideas, or the recollected images of the mind, which have been rendered more vivid than actual impressions.

"*Shepherd*.—Does the Doctor daur to say that there are nae real ghosts ? If sae, he needna come out to Ettrick. I've heard that failosophers say there is nae satisfactory evidence of the existence of flesh-and-blude men,—but o' the existence o' ghosts and fairies I never heard before that the proof was counted defective. I've seen scores o' them, baith drunk and sober.

"*North*.—Well, Hogg *versus* Hibbert. Sam very ingeniously points out that, in well authenticated ghost stories, of a supposed supernatural character, the ideas which are rendered so unduly intense as to induce spectral illusions may be traced to such fantastic agents of prior belief, as are incorporated in the various

systems of superstition, which for ages possessed the minds of the vulgar.

“*Shepherd.*—There may be some sense in that after a’. What mair does the Doctor say?

“*North.*—Why, James, my friend Hibbert is something of a metaphysician, although he puts his faith too slavishly on some peculiar dogmas of the late Dr. Brown.

“*Shepherd.*—Metafeesics are ae thing, and poetry anither; but Dr. Brown was a desperate bad poet, Mr. North, and it would tak some trouble to convince me that he knew muckle about human nature, either the quick or the dead.

“*North.*—James, you are mistaken. However, my friend Hibbert well observes that, since apparitions are ideas equalling or exceeding in vividness actual impressions, there ought to be some important and definite laws of the mind which have given rise to this undue degree of violence. These he undertakes to explain, and he does so—with the qualification I mention—ingeniously and even satisfactorily.

“*Shepherd.*—That’s a’ thegither aboon my capacity. What would become o’ the Doctor’s theory, if he had ever sleepit a nicht, three in a bed, wi’ twa ghosts, as I have done? They were baith o’ them a confounded deal mair vivid than ony by-gone actual impressions, or sensations, or ideas, or ony ither words o’ that outlandish lingua. Can an idea nip a man’s thees black and blue, and rug out a handfu’ o’ hair out o’ the head o’ him! Naither Dr. Brown nor Dr. Hibbert will gar me believe onything sae unwiselike.

“*North.*—The last object, James, of the Doctor’s ingenious dissertation was to have established this: that all the subordinate incidents connected with phantoms might be explained on the following general principle;—that in every undue excitement of our feelings (as, for instance, when ideas become more vivid than impressions), the operations of the intellectual faculty of the mind sustain corresponding modifications, by which the efforts of the judgment are rendered proportionably incorrect.

“*Shepherd.*—And does Dr. Hibbert make that weel out?

“*North.*—No. He very truly and prudently observes that

an object of this nature cannot be attempted but in connection with *almost all the phenomena of the human mind*. To pursue the inquiry, therefore, any farther, would be to make a dissertation on apparitions the absurd vehicle of a regular system of metaphysics.

“*Shepherd*.—That would be maist ridiculous, indeed. Neither could the Doctor, honest man, hope to accomplish such a task before he was an apparition himself.”

It might have been some satisfaction to the worthy Ettrick Shepherd could he have known, what there are some little grounds for suspecting, that though the Doctor could write so philosophically against the belief in apparitions, he was himself not entirely proof against superstition,—for instance, he never liked to see a winding-sheet on a candle point towards him; and he occasionally showed other similar little weaknesses, which, perhaps, he had inherited from his mother, who, he used to say, “was terribly superstitious.”

An amusing incident occurred to him not long after the publication of this last work, whilst traveling in the mail from Manchester to Edinburgh. The sole inside passenger, besides himself, was a lady, with whom he soon engaged in conversation. Amongst other topics, when they neared Edinburgh, the discourse chanced to turn on the work on Apparitions; the lady, of course unaware who was her fellow-traveler, rated the author soundly in a flow of feminine eloquence for his disbelief in ghosts, asserting, at the same time, her firm impression that he was no better than an infidel.

The Doctor, in reply, told her with great com-

posure, that he had himself read the book very carefully; and he explained the parts to which she had objected, so much to her satisfaction, that she modified her opinion of the author materially, and was so well pleased with the explanations her fellow-traveller had given of the work, that when they parted, on the coach arriving at Edinburgh, she asked the favour of his name.

We can imagine the quiet smile on the face of the much abused author, and the unbounded confusion and astonishment of the lady, when he replied—
“ Dr. Hibbert, ma’am.”

CHAPTER XL.

Royal Institution, Manchester—Old carved oak panels at Hulme Hall—Geological lectures in Manchester—Vitrified Forts in Scotland—Constable and “cheap literature”—Professor Buckland—Dr. Hibbert elected a member of the Geological Society of London—The *Edinburgh Journal of Science*.

IN 1824 the plan of a Royal Institution in Manchester had been settled for the promotion of literature, science, etc., and a site for the building had been bought in Mosley Street. Dr. Hibbert had, a short time previously, suggested to the trustees of the Institution to purchase the very curious old carved oak panels at Hulme Hall, near Manchester, and Mr. George Frederick Bury, their solicitor, wrote to him in the following terms; but we will first premise that the “Duke Bradshaw” in his letter was the agent of the Duke of Bridgewater, and was probably so styled from the fact of his being as great a man as his master:—

“DEAR SIR,” wrote Mr. Bury, on the 10th of March,—“I have delayed answering your very kind note, in the expectation of hearing that the purchase you recommended had been made. I gave some hope to Mr. G. W. Wood, who with Mr. Gilbert Winter and several other gentlemen is now in London on public business connected with the town. Hulme Hall belongs to the Duke of Bridgewater’s trustees, and as the business I alluded

to in London will lead to much intercourse with 'Duke Bradshaw,' it was thought a good opportunity of obtaining these valuables for the institution. The committee, to whom I communicated the contents of your note, were much gratified that you should have thought of them."

As Hulme Hall was so fine a specimen of a half-timbered mansion of the fifteenth century, we do not hesitate to give some account of it, taken from rough MS. notes found among the papers of the late Dr. Hibbert Ware, and which Mr. J. E. Bailey, F.S.A., editor of that interesting periodical the *Palatine Note-Book*, arranged and published therein. The hall, which stood on a low, rocky, and somewhat abrupt sandstone cliff on the banks of the Irwell, about two miles from Manchester, presented an array of picturesque, irregular buildings. One of its gable ends contained oriel windows, with a projecting story above. In the entrance porch there was a staircase of large dimensions and massy appearance, made of oak, which age had turned to a dark-brown or black colour. This mansion belonged to the Prestwiches, afterwards baronets, one of the most ancient families of Lancashire, who, in the reign of the unfortunate Charles, joined the Royal standard and lost much of their property. Impoverished in their fortunes, the Prestwiches were compelled to sell their estates in the reign of William III., of which the Mosleys, descendants of a wealthy London merchant, became the purchasers. The estate eventually came into the possession of the late Duke of Bridgewater, by whom the fine old pile of buildings, so long an ornament to

the county, was subdivided into thirty or forty distinct habitations for poor families, and eventually razed to the ground.

The discovery of the curious old oak panels, to which allusion was made by Mr. Bury in the foregoing letter, is thus mentioned in the MS. notes of Dr. Hibbert Ware :—

“One of these tenements, formed from some of the best apartments, was let out for country lodgings. In visiting a gentleman who occupied them two years ago, I discovered to my surprise, on the panels of the room, a profusion of wooden carvings evidently executed by the hand of a master. As I was obliged to leave this part of the country soon afterwards, I requested an antiquarian friend (Captain Jones) to delineate for me one of the carvings, which represented the costume of an English bagpiper—a character certainly contemporaneous with, if not anterior in date to, the Scottish bagpiper. Captain Jones has since transmitted other drawings of the sculptures, which in his name I now offer to the Society (of Scottish Antiquaries). Most of the figures on the panels represent the domestic fools of the sixteenth century. One of the state-rooms in Hulme Hall is full of them, as is indicated by their peculiar dress. The next subject of the carvings relates to the ancient Mystery Plays of Britain, as is to be inferred from the figures of the devil, and one which we may presume to represent Adam and Eve. There is again, in one compartment of the room, the figures of wrestlers.”

These notes were fragments of a paper on the “English Bagpiper,” which Dr. Hibbert read to the Society of Scottish Antiquaries.

When he showed the spirited drawings made by Captain Edward Jones of these panels to Sir Walter Scott, the great novelist was struck with admiration of them, and pronounced the sculptures to be German productions, conceiving them to possess a merit be-

yond the power of English artists of the fifteenth or sixteenth century.

On the demolition of Hulme Hall, these panels, numbering about forty, were transferred to Worsley Hall, the property of the Duke of Bridgewater.

We may here notice, *en passant*, that the writer of the last letter,—Mr. George Frederick Bury,—was a son of Mr. John Bury, an eminent timber merchant in Salford in the last century, and a cousin of Mr. Joseph Jordan. Mr. G. F. Bury was unfortunately killed by the overturning of the mail-coach to London, about the year 1828.

Notwithstanding his multifarious literary engagements in Edinburgh, Dr. Hibbert had never forgotten the town of his nativity, nor its Literary and Philosophical Society, where he had in his younger days passed so many pleasant hours. In the spring of this year, 1824, at the invitation of the Society, he delivered a course of lectures on geology, illustrated by the exhibition of a large collection of minerals and fossils, made by himself. These lectures originated from a paper, "On some Fossil Bones lately found near Whitby," which had been communicated by him in 1823 to the Society. Probably it was when the 1st Lancashires were quartered in Yorkshire that he had visited Whitby.

But about this time, or very soon afterwards, a matter of much deeper interest than geology began to occupy his thoughts; and we will therefore here insert a gossiping letter from the wife of his brother, Robert Hibbert, containing the first mention of

a lady who will soon frequently appear in this memoir:—

“MY DEAR BROTHER,” wrote Mrs. Robert from Douglas in the Isle of Man on the 7th of April 1824,—“We have had an extremely gay winter—regular balls and plays twice a month, exclusive of private fancy dress balls, and a very splendid public one, held in the rooms at Dixon’s Hotel. It went off with great spirit, many of the characters changing their costumes several times in the course of the evening, which was concluded by an elegant supper. The party was numerous and very select. Six stewards were appointed, who were responsible for the persons to whom they gave the tickets. In theatricals Robert is *quite a star*, I assure you, and brings down thunders of applause. As *Sir Robert Bramble* he was most excellent. The Duke of Atholl declared he had frequently seen it played in London by the best actors, but decidedly not better than by Mr. Hibbert. To say that Robert is a star amongst an indifferent set of performers would be nothing; but they are really many of them very superior, and as a body I should think it impossible to find a better set of gentlemen amateur performers. The theatre is to be kept open all summer, so I trust you will have an opportunity of judging for yourself. A lady,—a particular friend of Dr. M’Culloch’s, and a friend and favourite of ours,—a very clever woman, has just been reading your work on Shetland, which she borrowed from us, and is quite delighted with it. She has studied geology, and found much information on that head in your book, and was particularly interested in the history of the Udallers. The lady I speak of, my dear brother, is a widow! Give my kind love to the children, to whom Emma also begs I will give hers.”

Gifted with the most versatile talent, Robert Hibbert was a fine singer as well as actor, and in the latter capacity, his impersonations of old gentlemen,—such as Robert Bramble, Sir George Thunder, Sir Abel Handy, and others,—would not have disgraced a

London stage. Dr. Hibbert always averred that his gay scapegrace brother, who was a clever mimic, took his own father as his model for old gentlemen.

Among his archæological contributions to the Antiquarian Society were papers on the theories relating to Vitrified Forts—a question of great difficulty, and one on which the most conflicting opinions were held.

Sir George Mackenzie of Coul was also greatly interested in these forts, upon which he had written some very learned disquisitions. The baronet and the Doctor had made excursions together in different parts of the Highlands to investigate these remains.

Writing to the latter on the 19th of April 1824, Sir George says:—

“I hasten to thank you for your kind attention in sending me a copy of your work on Apparitions. I can never think of your visit here without lamenting its shortness; but I hope you will again appear in these regions and challenge me to go a campaign to Duncreich (?) with pick and spade. That you are more and more puzzled about the origin of the vitrified forts does not surprise me; but the want of tradition respecting them is not wonderful when we consider that on the west coast of the country there are distinct remains of an iron foundry.—My family join in offering you their best compliments, and I am, dear sir, faithfully yours,

G. MACKENZIE.

P. S.—I hope you got the vitrified specimen, with the charcoal in it, which was sent to Dr. Brewster's care.”

Replying to Sir George, Dr. Hibbert writes:—

“It was certainly my intention to have published a work on Vitrified Forts, having seen now about twelve or fourteen of them; it is probable I may defer it till next summer. There are

no antiquities that are involved in greater mystery in regard to their origin, or the exploration of which is attended with greater difficulties. I, however, think I have got a clue regarding them, and a friend of mine in the Highlands is pursuing an examination suggested by me."

It was in one of his rambles in search of these forts that the leather pockets of the Doctor's geologising coat burst from the weight of stones put in them. Coming one day to a small village, he sought out a tailor, whom he found in the person of a worthy Quaker. The good man took the coat, subjected the pockets to a lengthy examination, shook his head, and pondered with an air of great gravity for a few moments; and finally riveting his eyes, with looks full of doubt and unmistakable suspicion, on the Doctor's battered hat and mud-bespattered clothes, he said, with an air of pitying reproof: "Friend, I will mend thee thy coat, but I fear these pockets are for no good."

The shabby clothes and battered hat of Dr. Hibbert had once been the cause of his being taken for a smuggler, afterwards for a horse-poisoner, and on this occasion we see him more than suspected of being a poacher.

Since early spring he had been in Manchester, reading the course of geological lectures to which we before alluded. Absorbed as he then was in scientific pursuits, and also in a pursuit of a more interesting nature, which had commenced when on a visit to his brother Robert, he seems to have concerned himself little with the details of everyday life; but his son,

child as he was, whom he had left in Edinburgh, understood the want of money, and was compelled to make this want known to his oblivious father.

It is often the case that the author or man of science becomes so engrossed in his literary labours that, almost unconsciously, he leaves house and family to take care of themselves. Fortunately for the little Hibberts, they had a constant and watchful friend in Mr. David Laing, who seldom let a day pass without calling to see how they were getting on during the many months of their father's absence.

Poor old Mr. Henderson had once been equally mindful of the little ones on the like occasions; but now, though he had again returned from "the vile rock on which he first drew breath" to Scotland, he was too ill to leave his apartments in Leith.

We insert the little boy's pathetic appeal for money, and also a still more pathetic appeal, on behalf of himself and his sister, for apparel, which it appears they were not so regardless of as their father was.

"DEAR FATHER," wrote the boy to his oblivious parent,—“I have put off writing to you, expecting a letter every day. But now I feel obliged to write, as we have no money these ten days. If you would be so kind as to send us a few pounds.

“Dear father, I write to let you know that I am surprised that you have never wrote to us; but I will excuse you, as I hear you are so much engaged, as Miss Ainsworth has just called and told us she has come from your lectures. Dear father, if you will be so kind as write me a few lines to let me know if I may have a pair of nankeen trousers and a striped waistcoat and blue coat; if not, any colour you please.—And Sarah wishes to know

also, if she may have a silk spencer, and a silk crown to her Leghorn bonnet, as she looks very shabby in her beaver hat on Sunday, as all the girls are well dressed in our church, and also Miss Ainsworth sits in the seat with us. Be so good as tell William that Seggo was lost, and came back last week with a collar round his neck."

To his great sorrow, whilst in Manchester, Dr. Hibbert received the following notification of the death of his old friend, the hermit of Roeness-hill:—

LEITH, 14th July 1824.

SIR—The favour of your company is requested to attend the funeral of my uncle, William Henderson of Bardister, from his lodgings at Mr. Humbles', head of Broad Wynd, to the place of interment, South Leith Churchyard, at two o'clock on Saturday forenoon next.—I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

ROBERT R. HENDERSON.

The reader may perhaps remember that poor old Mr. Henderson, in one of his last letters to his friend Dr. Hibbert, said, "In the old-fashioned school in which I was educated, and among the old-fashioned people with whom I was brought up, it was reckoned dishonourable, and highly derogatory from the character of a gentleman, to break a promise or an appointment." Nevertheless, the punctilious old gentleman did break his promise at last!

In one of the discussions between the two friends on the subject of apparitions, Mr. William Henderson, who was probably a true believer, solemnly promised to appear to the Doctor after death! Now, Mr. Henderson had always been in the habit of paying almost daily visits to his friend, walking all the way from Leith, which was distant a mile and a half. As

this was a somewhat tiring walk for him, he always halted to rest at the house of an old lady who lived half way between Leith and Edinburgh. One day Dr. Hibbert had been to see Mr. Henderson, who was then very ill, and on his way back he also called on this old lady; and, when speaking of their sick friend, casually mentioned the promise the latter had made to put in an appearance after his death. "Oh, the Lord be gude unto us!" exclaimed the old lady, in the greatest consternation. "What could you hae been thinking of, Doctor, to make sic an agreement as that? You ken he has always called on me on his way to your house. O Lord! his ghaist will be sure to come to me first!"

Mr. Archibald Constable, the enterprising bookseller and publisher, then of the High Street in Edinburgh, was the first to project "cheap literature," and carry it out on a large scale. The idea was quite his own, and his object was to supply a want of the age, and give to those who could not afford to buy books as they were originally published, the same works in his small but moderate-priced little volumes. We allude to the series of works called *Constable's Miscellany*, which made its appearance soon after this time. The following work, to which Dr. Greville alludes, was much of the same class, but whether it ever came into existence we are not aware. That gentleman writes to Dr. Hibbert:—

EDINBURGH, *July 18th, 1824.*

MY DEAR SIR—Since you left Edinburgh I have engaged with Constable to edit a sort of elementary encyclopædia, to be

completed in 4 volumes, 8vo, of 600 pages each. We meant to make a peculiarly handsome book, and such a one as may be freely perused by females as well as males. It is not to be a *young* book, and not a very deep book. Important subjects are to be treated in as popular a manner as they will admit of. Sir Walter Scott and Jeffrey have already promised to write for it, and so has Miss Edgeworth. Fyfe is engaged for the chemical department, our friend Neill for articles in his own line. Now, my dear friend, you must have perceived whither I am tending; to come to the point at once, I consider your name of the highest importance, because you are a moral as well as a scientific writer, and have made a noise in the world—in a different manner to the drummer in the old story! There are various articles which you would do better than any one I know, and for which I should stand highly indebted—such as Antiquities—Apparitions—Cairns—Castles—Celts—Curfew—Dance—Divination—Dreams—Feudal System—Vitrified Forts—Grants—Goths . . . Animal Magnetism—Sleep-Walkers—Rocking-Stones—Superstition—Witchcraft. Many of these must be short articles, and the whole, from the nature of the work, treated so much in outline, as it were, that it would give you, whom I know to be at home in most of them, little trouble. Would you oblige me by taking the thing into consideration?

Our friend Brewster, you will perceive, has got the weaker side in Court about the journal. This has not sold well, but I suspect the sale will increase of the *Philosophical Journal*.—I remain, my dear sir, ever yours with regard,

ROBT. KAY GREVILLE.

To Dr. Hibbert,
At Mr. Golland's,
Manchester.

During the summer of this year Dr. Hibbert was frequently travelling between Manchester and the Isle of Man, professedly to see his brother Robert. We will, however, only remark that at that time he was, more than was ordinarily his wont, particular about

his attire. Was this out of deference to the feelings of his brother, who, as the reader may remember, had once told him that his man wore a better hat than he?

It may surprise the cheap-trippers to that island nowadays to learn that visitors were obliged to obtain a permit. This document ran as follows:—

“Permit the bearer hereof, Mr. Hibbert, to pass for England upon his lawful occasions, without lett, stop, or hindrance, he behaving himself as behoves all liege people, and departing this isle within one month from the date hereof.

“Given at Castle Rushen, this 19th day of September,
C. SMELT.”

On his return to Edinburgh in the month of October, the Doctor received a letter from Mr. George Anderson of Inverness, the friend in the Highlands to whom he had alluded in his letter to Sir George Mackenzie on Vitrified Forts, and who had given him much valuable assistance in searching for them, particularly in the neighbourhood of Inverness.

“DEAR SIR,” wrote the young Highlander on the 15th October 1824,—“Dr. Macculloch’s new book I presume you have of course seen, and I need only say that his severity has roused the wrath of all Highlanders who have seen it, but though the lash is sharp at present, I have no doubt his strictures will produce as much good as those of Dr. Johnson. One particular you may perceive from the public prints, that Sir George Mackenzie is already in a flame in defence of his views on Vitrified Forts, which the Doctor used very unceremoniously, and this is perhaps the very point which we all wish to obtain, as it will have the effect of again bringing the subject under discussion. Macculloch is dreadfully severe against the supporters of all the theories which have yet been started on this subject, and if he

has frightened the Antiquaries from the field, he has, at least, the merit of declaring that the solution of the question entirely rests with the Geologists and Chemists.—I trust the boys and Miss Sarah are quite well. I hope they have not forgotten the Highlander, who used to intrude on them with so little ceremony. With every wish for their prosperity, and for your own health and happiness, I remain, my dear sir, with the greatest respect, yours very affectionately.”

Mr. George Anderson, the writer of the preceding letter, some years afterwards, along with his brother Peter, published a very valuable guide to the Highlands, in which Dr. Hibbert had, up to the time of its coming out, felt very great interest. The work bears the following title:—“Guide to the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, including Orkney and Zetland; Descriptive of their Scenery, Statistics, Antiquities, and Natural History, by George Anderson, General Secretary to the Northern Institution for the Promotion of Science and Literature; and Peter Anderson, Secretary to the Inverness Society for the Education of the Poor in the Highlands.” It was published by John Murray, London, 1834.

The authors, in their preface, return their grateful acknowledgments to their scientific friends, and particularly to Drs. Hibbert and Hooker, and Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., and the Rev. George Gordon of Birnie.

Dr. Macculloch's book, *The Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland*, in four volumes, published in 1824, to which Mr. George Anderson refers, had, indeed, roused the wrath of all Highlanders to such a pitch that Dr. Hibbert often laughingly said the insulted

Celts swore that if the offender should ever show his face in the country again, they would toss him in a blanket!

Dr. Macculloch must surely have been at times very much troubled with indigestion whilst in the Highlands, for nothing seems to have pleased him; and his condemnations are so wholesale as to cause us either to attribute his sweeping criticisms to a temper soured by dyspepsia, or to a determination, right or wrong, to find fault with everything and every one, and to abuse those who had lavished their hospitality upon him.

Dr. Hibbert was now occupied again in his scientific and literary pursuits.

In the month of December of this year he was elected a member of the Geological Society of London. But during his very long visit to Manchester in the previous summer he had not been idle, for he had been carefully investigating the geological structure in the neighbourhood of that town; and, as the result of his labours, he contributed an article "On the Dispersion of Stony Fragments remote from their Native Beds, as displayed in a Stratum of Loam, near Manchester," which was printed in volume ii. of Dr. Brewster's *Edinburgh Journal of Science*. This stratum or deposit of loam, wrote Dr. Hibbert, was found near Strangeways Hall, and shelved from north to south, being interrupted by the cliffs of red sandstone at the confluence of the rivers Irk and Irwell, and was deserving of notice from the fact, that while the rocks there consist of newer red sandstone or red

marl, many of the fragments of rock in the loam belonged to the primitive or transition class of formation,—as granite, trap, greenstone,—and he thought that an overwhelming force of water had transported them from the places whence they were originally detached. The above article had been read at the Royal Society.

De la Beche in his *Geological Manual*, 1831, p. 162, treating on erratic blocks and a transporting power by water, observes that Dr. Hibbert had found fragments of rocks in Shetland, which must have travelled twelve miles.

At the same meeting of the Royal Society, at which the foregoing paper on the dispersion of stony fragments was read, Dr. Brewster read a paper on “Certain new phenomena of vision which seem to confirm Dr. Hibbert’s theory of mental spectrum.”

In vol. i., for 1824, of that journal the latter contributed an article on “The passage of Basalt into Granite.” Mr. Henry De la Beche, in the chapter on Unstratified Rocks, in his *Geological Manual*, p. 471, after observing that these rocks so pass into one another, that distinctions are not easily established between them, remarks in a note, that Dr. Hibbert notices the passage of granite into one of those compounds, namely basalt, in this case formed of an intimate mixture of hornblende with a small proportion of felspar, as taking place in the Shetland Islands. In the same volume i. of the *Journal of Science*, Dr. Hibbert contributed a short memoir, entitled, “Remarks suggested by the resemblance which certain ancient stone axes, found in Orkney and Shetland,

bear to those which have been found near the Humber." He had brought two or three of these weapons from Shetland, and he considered that they had long been improperly described under the name of *Celts*.

He thought that the stone axes were either Scandinavian or Saxon implements of war, and that the expression *stone axes* was originally *staimbart*,—a compound of *stein*, a stone, and *barte*, an axe,—and that different kinds of them had been found also in England, near the Humber, in Lincolnshire and in Warwickshire, while one is described by Whittaker in his *History of Manchester*.

CHAPTER XLI.

Dr. Hibbert's second marriage—Vitrified Forts—He becomes one of the editors of the *Medical Journal*—Antiquarian Society dinners—Sir Walter Scott and the black-jack—The fossil elk—Concretions at Alderley Edge—Second edition of the book on Apparitions—Phrenology and Sir George Mackenzie and Sir William Hamilton.

“AT Douglas, Isle of Man, on the 8th instant, Samuel Hibbert, Esq., M.D., of Edinburgh, to Mrs. Scott, daughter of the late Lord Henry Murray and niece of the Duke of Atholl.”

The above announcement appeared in the *Edinburgh Independent*, the *Manchester Advertiser*, and *Manchester Guardian* in the month of January 1825.

Immediately after their marriage Dr. and Mrs. Hibbert proceeded to England, and after a few days' sojourn in Manchester went on to Edinburgh.

So soon as they had become fairly settled at home, the Doctor resumed his literary labours with, if possible, greater zest than before; for he found in Mrs. Hibbert a zealous participator and invaluable assistant in his toils.

A letter from one of his Shetland friends had been awaiting his arrival, on the all-important subject of chromate of iron; for the Shetlanders still continued

to apply to him, whom they ever considered as a benefactor to their country, for information.

“DEAR SIR,” wrote Mr. W. Spence from Lerwick on the 2d of January 1825,—“ I intend to try on a small scale the manufacture of some of the salts of chrome ; and as an acquaintance I take the liberty of requesting of you, to whom this country is already so much indebted, any information you possess on the following points :—

“Will crude nitre (?) answer in forming the chromate of potass ? Does the chromate of iron require to be very finely pounded, and free from all earthy matters ? What are the most approved proportions for employing the nitre (?) and chromate of iron, in order not to waste too much of the latter ?

“ I have already experimented on chromate of iron, and might in time ascertain the best mode of performing all the operations ; but I would rather take the short road, if possible.”

On the 10th of March of this year Dr. Hibbert was elected an ordinary member of the Caledonian and Horticultural Society ; and on the following day Mr. George Anderson wrote from Inverness to ask him if he would become an ordinary member of the Northern Scientific and Literary Institution, which had just been inaugurated, and many of whose members took so lively an interest in the question of the Vitrified Forts.

Vitrified Forts still continued to excite the interest of Scottish antiquaries, and on the 28th of March 1825 Dr. Hibbert read before the Antiquarian Society a paper entitled “ Observations on the Theories which have been proposed to explain the Vitrified Forts of Scotland.” In this paper, which was printed in the Transactions of the Society, the author defines a

Vitrified Fort to be "an area of ground, often of a round or elliptical form, and evidently selected for some natural defence possessed by it, which is further protected by one or more enclosing ramparts formed by stones; these stones showing, to a greater or less extent, marks of vitrification, by which they are connected together." The question was, How the vitrification was induced, naturally or artificially? But on this subject it might then be said, as perhaps it may yet, *Quot homines, tot sententiæ*. He himself was inclined to the opinion of those who affirm that the vitrification of the forts might have been the result of beacon-fires or signal-fires, when wood, with which Scotland in ancient times abounded, would be piled up to a great extent in them and fired, thus causing the fusion of such stones as were fusible in their nature; and he gives a drawing from Olaus Magnus (*Historia de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*), published at Rome, 1555, illustrating the chapter *De ignibus montanis tempore hostili*.

In the month of May following, as we learn from a note which we give of Mr. Walter Calverley Trevelyan, Dr. Hibbert had proposed that gentleman as member of the Antiquarian Society:—

"I shall have great pleasure," he wrote, "in breakfasting with you to-morrow. I have to thank you for the honour you have done me in proposing me as a member of the Antiquarian Society, and the Society in electing me. In Sir James Ware's *History of Ireland*, vol. ii. p. 168, etc., you will find a curious disquisition on the fossil elk of that country."

Towards the close of the summer, business relative

to his property in Manchester called him to London, and Mrs. Hibbert took the opportunity to visit an uncle in Cheshire; consequently the Doctor's young family,—which had now been increased by Mrs. Hibbert's children by her first husband, William Scott, Esq., Receiver-General of the Customs in the Isle of Man,—were again left to keep house; but another friend now volunteered to look after them. This friend was Dr. Milligan, a well-known literary man in Edinburgh, and a bachelor, like the late Mr. William Henderson and Mr. David Laing,—who, being without family ties of their own, had hitherto performed that friendly office. Dr. Milligan, however, took this occasion of enlisting Dr. Hibbert as one of the editors of a new journal:—

“MY DEAR SIR,” he wrote on the 9th August 1825,—“Yesterday I went to your house and saw all the little ones, who mustered round the table; they are all in good health, spirits, and humour with each other, so Mrs. Hibbert, to whom I beg my best respects, may rest easy respecting them, and if you do not return soon I shall repeat the *visite domiciliaire*. This next is for myself, my good friend; you must know that a proposal for a new Journal of Medicine and Science, embracing all its subsidiary departments, has been secretly balloting, for nearly a twelvemonth, amongst certain persons in Edinburgh,—the first proposer being Dr. Knox. After a good deal of trouble, a bookseller (Maclachlan and Stewart) was at last found to be willing to undertake the whole risk of the work, and to divide the profits with the editors, two in number, share and share alike. In short, Knox and myself were destined to this office, but the Doctor has taken fright at this new addition to his winter's labours, and so might I if I chose; but the booksellers are still urgent that I should go on if I can get an efficient partner to the concern, and I thought of you as one to whom

such an engagement might dispose of an idle hour to advantage, and who had already entertained ideas somewhat similar. The thing may be fairly computed to put from one to two hundred pounds a year into each of our pockets. Should you think this then an eligible offer, it would merely be necessary to insert your name in place of Dr. Knox's. You will oblige me by giving the thing your serious consideration in as short a time as possible. The first number must be out by January 1st, 1826."

On the return to Edinburgh of Dr. and Mrs. Hibbert, we find him again partaking of the breakfasts of the *litterati* of the Modern Athens.

"MY DEAR SIR," wrote Dr. R. K. Greville to him,—“On Wednesday Monsieur Adolphe Brogniart and M. Coquebart, *Membre de l'Institute*, etc., breakfast with me at nine o'clock. Will you meet them? Brogniart is the man who is about to publish the work on fossil vegetables, and has a beautiful collection of drawings with him. He cannot speak English, so you must rub up your French.”

But the dinners of the Antiquarian Society must have been specially attractive, if we may judge from a letter of Mr. George Dunbar, the Professor of Greek in the University, although Dr. Hibbert appears to have been somewhat remiss in his duties as secretary.

“DEAR SIR—I have not yet got the notice of the Antiquarian dinner,” complained James Skene, Esq. of Rubislaw; “I hope that the others have been sent, as, I fear, if delayed longer we shall lose the company of our best members. When I mentioned it to Lord Meadowbank and Sir Walter Scott, they were both about to have engaged themselves for that day, which I hope I was in time to prevent.”

That these antiquarian dinners were things not to be lost, the learned Professor of Greek testifies as we have just mentioned.

“Your Antiquarian Society—I believe you are a member of it”—wrote the Professor to Mr. Patrick Neill of Canonmills, in a letter which that gentleman jocularly handed to the secretary, “is making such a figure, in the annals of *dining* at least, that I have some thoughts of offering myself as a candidate, and of applying to yourself and Dr. Jamieson to recommend me; but, first of all, let me know your terms of admission and annual payments, as I am a member of so many societies that a new one may be a heavy tax.”

The Dr. Jamieson here mentioned must not be confused with Professor Jameson. The former gentleman was an eminent antiquary and author of a valuable Gaelic dictionary.

It was during a visit to Poulton Lancylin in Cheshire, the seat of Joseph Green, Esq., a maternal uncle of Mrs. Hibbert, that the Doctor saw an old black leather drinking-jack, in shape somewhat like a large bedroom-ewer, and about eighteen inches high. He admired this dilapidated piece of antiquity so much that it was given to him, and on his return to Edinburgh he got it repaired. He afterwards showed it to Sir Walter Scott, whose delight at handling the old leathern drinking-vessel was, as Dr. Hibbert was wont to say, almost unbounded, and the feelings of the great novelist found effervescence in clarion tones—he recited there and then all the snatches of Border ballads and ancient minstrelsy which he could recall in his richly-stored memory, and which contained

descriptions of, or allusions to, "the bonnie black-jack."

Towards the end of this year Dr. Hibbert was occupied in removing to a house he had bought, No. 13 Manor Place, yet he found time to make some contributions to Brewster's *Journal of Science*.

Previous to his second marriage, the remains of a fossil elk of immense size in the Isle of Man had been found. This interested him so greatly that he had at once communicated with his friend Professor Buckland of Oxford, the eminent geologist, from whom he received the following letter on the subject. The paper in Brewster's *Journal* to which the Professor alluded is that which we now proceed to notice :—

"MY DEAR SIR," wrote that gentleman from Oxford, on the 3d of January 1825,—“ Allow me to return you my best thanks for your obliging kindness in transmitting to me by the hands of Mr. Scott some specimens of the marl which accompanies the bones of the elk in the Isle of Man. I am glad to find the conclusion you have arrived at is so decided and satisfactory ; and have reason to think it will be quite in unison with a similar exposition of the history of the Irish elk, and the *strata* in which it is embedded, that has just been sent to the Royal Society in London by Mr. Leaver (?), and which I have quoted by anticipation in the conclusion of my reply to Dr. Fleming in April last. You do not say in your note to me whether the elk bones occur in the peat as well as in the shale marl beneath it ; but I fully expect it will be so, and look with much interest to the appearance of your paper in Brewster's *Journal*.

“ Have you heard anything further of the chalk flint pebbles in the Shetland Islands ? Are we never to have the pleasure of seeing you in Oxford or in London ? Believe me, it would be a great gratification to me.”

In volume iii. of Brewster's *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, Dr. Hibbert contributed a paper entitled, "Account of the circumstances connected with the discovery of the Fossil Elk of the Isle of Man, which prove that the animal is not antediluvial, as many naturalists and antiquaries have supposed." These circumstances were the geological structure of the places where the remains were found, which was in a marshy piece of ground filled with shale marl, not far from the Tynwald Hill and the Peel River. Relics of elks have also been found in Ireland; but, so far from the animal being antediluvian, Dr. Hibbert was inclined to think that, comparatively, it has not been long extinct.

In the same volume he contributed another article as an appendix to the preceding one, entitled "Notice of the remains of an animal resembling the Scandinavian Elk, recently discovered in the Isle of Man, with suggestions on the importance of distinguishing this animal from the Fossil Irish Elk." He remarked that the relics of the Irish elk were also found very frequently in shale marl, showing that the animal usually frequented marshy grounds, and that Whittaker, in his *History of Manchester*, mentioned the remains of the elk having been dug up in the low country near Preston. The animal had gigantic antlers.

Although we are anticipating three or four years, we will here, while on the subject of the elk, refer to other papers contributed by Dr. Hibbert. In volume ii., new series, of Brewster's *Journal of Science*, there is an article entitled, "Additional contributions re-

specting the *Cervus euryceros*, or Fossil Elk of Ireland." In this paper he gave a condensed view of what was known relative to the history of that animal as a very late inhabitant of the wilds and morasses of the temperate regions of Europe, showing that it was the contemporary of such extinct animals of Europe as the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hyena, the hippopotamus, and several others; and that the *Cervus euryceros*, or fossil elk of Ireland, actually lived in the wilds of Prussia so late as the year 1550, when Sebastian Munster wrote his *Cosmography*. The animal was about the size of a small horse, and had immensely large and wide extending antlers.

His last communication on this subject—a very short one—is in volume v., new series, of the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, and is entitled, "On the question of the existence of the Reindeer during the twelfth century in Caithness;" and in it he quotes a learned Icelander—Jonas Jonœus—that the reindeer and the red deer existed at the same time in the north of the Caledonian Highlands, and that Ronald and Harold, two Yarls of Orkney, hunted them there in 1159.

The preceding papers on the elk had been read before the Society of Antiquaries.

On the 5th of December 1825 Dr. Hibbert read a paper before the Royal Society of Edinburgh "On some remarkable concretions which are found in the sandstone of Kerridge in Cheshire." This paper subsequently appeared in Dr. Brewster's *Journal of Science*, vol. v. The rock of Kerridge, where these

concretions occur, is close to Alderley Edge, so well known at Manchester. When the block of stone in which a concretion lies was split by the workmen, one part or slab would show a round hollow in the form of a basin, while the other slab would exhibit the segment of a solid sphere of sandstone projecting from its surface, and exactly fitting the basin-shaped hollow of the other slab. As the peasants about Alderley considered the hill to be *spell-bound*, they named these concretions *witch-knots*; and Dr. Hibbert, believing that their origin was puzzling to account for, questioned whether it might not be more prudent to allow the peasantry to keep their theory than for him to offer any speculations of his own.

An extensive knowledge of geology, combined with the important discovery of chromate of iron in Shetland, induced the Council of the Society of Arts in Scotland, for the Encouragement of Useful Arts, in their Report for 1825, to recommend that Dr. Hibbert be appointed to conduct that department which embraced all those natural productions of Scotland which were applicable to the useful arts. The mountains of Scotland, said the Report, contain many hidden treasures which no systematic attempt had been made to explore; and this truth could not be more appropriately illustrated than by mentioning Dr. Hibbert's discovery of masses of chromate of iron in Shetland—a scarce and valuable ore which Europe formerly imported from North America, and which was then an article of active traffic between Shetland and the most distant countries of Europe.

Several Scottish noblemen and gentlemen were the presidents of this Society.

Dr. Brewster was its director in 1825, and Dr. Hibbert one of its secretaries; whilst Sir Walter Scott was one of its extraordinary councillors.

Amongst the members were the Dukes of Atholl, Argyll, Hamilton, Gordon, Buccleuch, Lords Elgin, Aberdeen, Tweeddale, Queensbury, Kinnoul, Sir Henry Jardine, Sir John Sinclair, and many others known as influential or scientific men.

Shortly after the report of this Society just referred to, Macdonald, the chieftain of Glengarry, believing that he had discovered on his estates mines that might be utilised—especially in the Lancashire manufacturing districts—applied to Dr. Hibbert for information on that head. The Doctor, knowing no one who could better direct Glengarry how to proceed in this matter than his friend Dr. William Henry of Manchester, told the chieftain that he would give him a letter of introduction to that gentleman. He had no sooner made this offer than he became puzzled how to word the introduction. If he were simply to name the bearer of the letter as “Macdonald,” or as “Glengarry,” as he was always styled, might not Dr. Henry, an Englishman, and perhaps not well versed in Highland customs, address the chieftain as *Mr.* Macdonald, or, worse still, as *Mr.* Glengarry? If such a thing were to occur, only imagine the Highlander's dismay! However, Dr. Hibbert remembered that Glengarry was the colonel of a regiment, and so he styled him.

MY DEAR SIR—Allow me to introduce to you Colonel Macdonald of Glengarry. This gentleman has discovered on his estate in the Highlands very extensive beds of iron ore, specimens of which, I understand from him, yield nearly 45 per cent of metal. He is very anxious to make the discovery known to the manufacturing districts which are most concerned with smelting iron. I am unacquainted with those of Lancashire and the adjoining counties ; but for any information you may render Glengarry in the object he has in view, I shall feel most particularly grateful.

Mrs. Hibbert joins me in kind regards to yourself and Mrs. Henry.—I remain, my dear sir, very truly yours,

S. HIBBERT.

To Dr. Henry, Manchester.

The second edition of the work on Apparitions came out in 1825, and amongst his papers Dr. Hibbert left a draft of a letter, which he must have written to some friend, in reference to certain adverse criticisms. The letter runs thus :—

“By some it has been as much lauded as it has been decried by others. Dr. Brewster, in relation to some optical phenomena to which I alluded in my work, has now taken up the subject, and informs me that he is convinced my view is correct. So say many of my scientific friends. The Rev. Andrew Thompson, the editor of the *Christian Instructor*, says I have written a dangerous book ; and he absolutely, in this spirit, advocates the existence of ghosts. But carefully as I thought I had prevented my arguments from interfering in the smallest degree with theological views, it is impossible to please some of these intolerant Christians, who falsely arrogate to themselves the name of Evangelical.”

But Dr. Hibbert had little right to complain if his theories were thus attacked, for scientific and literary men are naturally aggressive ; and it appears from

the following letter that he, too, had not even spared his good friend Sir George Mackenzie of Coul, a zealous phrenologist:—

“MY DEAR SIR,” wrote the worthy Baronet to him on the 13th of March 1826,—“I beg that you will have the goodness to prevent the billets of the Antiquarian Society being sent down. I have not heard of anything since I left Edinburgh except Sir William Hamilton’s attack upon phrenology, of which more will be heard in due time. I know you like a cut at us, as you made one in your essay on Apparitions; but our knives will prove as sharp as yours. I hope Mrs. Hibbert is well. Lady Mackenzie and one of my daughters are in Edinburgh.”

CHAPTER XLII.

A journalistic squabble—Constable the bookseller fails—Mr. Thomas Agnew and the *History of the Foundations of Manchester*—The second edition of the *Philosophy of Apparitions*—An apparition in Earl Grey's family—The Antiquarian Society and Dr. Hibbert.

SCARCELY had Dr. Hibbert entered upon the duties of the editorship of the *Medical Journal* than he began to tire of the cares and responsibilities which he found that he had brought upon himself; so while he was absent in London he left his good lady to do for him what many other ladies do for their lords—get him out of the scrape:—

“MY DEAR HUSBAND,” wrote Mrs. Hibbert on the 3d of April 1826,—“I have just had Stewart (of the firm Maclachlan and Stewart) here, and I pronounce him a gentleman, and a man of honour; but he is a Highlander, I believe, and I never gave them up! From my commencement, you may imagine what I am going to say. There can be no objection to your quitting the Journal (*i.e.* the *Medical Journal*) in October. Mr. Stewart is very sorry you have been so poorly. About your leaving the editorship before that time, he could not give a positive answer; but they (Maclachlan and Stewart) intended to see Dr. Milligan, and to write to you themselves, as soon as possible. This was all before I said a word of your being anxious to serve them. I was so much pleased that I told him I knew you would always be anxious to do everything in your power for the Journal,

although your health would not suffer you to continue in the editorship."

The skirmishes of authors and editors, especially if scientific men, are often amusing. We illustrate this from the following letter to Dr. Hibbert, who doubtless thanked his stars that he had now nothing to do with the *Medical Journal*:—

WHARTON PLACE, June 6, 1826.

MY DEAR SIR—You must not be surprised if you see a very sharp letter addressed by me to the editors of the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, but you know me well enough to be aware that I have only one of those editors in view, though formality required my communication to be directed in the plural number. The fact is, Dr. Milligan is carrying things with so high a hand, that he will ruin the Journal if he does not change his mode of conducting business. He has all the *fortiter in re* and none of the *suaviter in modo*. He told me, yesterday, in the plainest terms, that the botanical department is of little or no importance, and the article sent in for the forthcoming number *not worth three farthings!* Now some hot-headed simpleton would have knocked him down for such a speech, at any rate the publishers cannot be astonished if they lose some contributors.

I have not the least objection to assist the Journal by occasional contributions, but cannot think of contributing a *department*, where Dr. Milligan tells me he may sometimes perhaps exclude botany altogether. I could not, under such circumstances, manage a department with credit to myself, and I hope I do not esteem myself too highly when I regard myself as somewhat above everyday journal scribblers.

In the forthcoming number Dr. Milligan has excluded the notices of our periodical British botanical works, which I intended for the use principally of foreigners, and there is no journal of any kind which gives this information. I will venture to say he (Dr. Milligan) will get no respectable person to undertake a

department if he expects him to write so much, and then throws away three-fourths of the MS.

Had you been sole editor there would never have been a word of dispute—but Dr. Milligan is *toto cælo*, another man.—I am, my dear friend, very faithfully yours,
R. K. GREVILLE.

Dr. Hibbert, 13 Manor Place, Edinburgh.

In the month of April 1826 the well-known bookseller Mr. Archibald Constable failed,—a most disastrous catastrophe for the Great Unknown. To a trifling extent, Dr. Hibbert was also a sufferer, as among his papers is a claim on the bankrupt's estate for half the profits of the sale of the work on the Shetland Islands.

But to diverge from such serious matters to one more homely, and which affects all our lady readers, if we should have any. The following extract from a letter of Mrs. Hibbert at this time will not fail, we think, to surprise them in these days of servants' high wages. We have seen that about fifty years before a cook's wages were £5, more or less. She writes:—
“I have been inquiring about a servant. The one I have heard of most likely to suit has lived at Cromarty with English people, Captain and Mrs. Mason. She asks 9 guineas, finding her own tea and sugar!!! She was hired as chamber-maid.” Nine guineas was considered very high wages in Edinburgh at that time.

In this year we find the first allusion to the *History of the Foundations of Manchester* in connection with Dr. Hibbert. Among his papers is the following letter from Mr. Thomas Agnew:—

MANCHESTER, *April 23, 1826.*

SIR—As I have had the principal part of the views of the College and Collegiate Church finished some time, I am very anxious to have the work completed, and shall be very obliged to you to inform me when you will have the manuscript complete. Immediately after you were so kind as to undertake the completion of the manuscript, I proceeded with the engraving department, with the utmost expedition, not sparing expense; and as a specimen, I herewith send you a proof of the portrait of Chetham. As I have expended a very considerable sum of money in the work, I hope you will excuse the anxiety that I have for its completion.—I am, sir, very respectfully, your most obedt. servant,

THOMAS AGNEW.

To Samuel Hibbert, Esq.,
Edinburgh.

Dr. Hibbert did not overlook this, one of his most important works, and moreover a labour of love; for he never forgot that Manchester was his native town. But he had engagements on his hands then which he could not lay on one side.

In the month of May, this year, Mrs. Hibbert presented her good lord with a son, upon which event she received a congratulatory letter from a relative in Brussels, which, as it contains some amusing gossip, especially concerning a well-known character of the time, we give.

“I beg you will accept my warmest congratulations on the birth of your son. We have been so gay all winter, and Brussels is now so quiet, that one can scarcely imagine it the same place. It would amuse you very much to be here for a short time: it seems an assembly of all nations—Russians, Spaniards, Germans, English, French, Swiss, Italians, Dutch, and Belgians. But it would be rather puzzling, sometimes, to guess to what

country a person belonged, before he opened his mouth ; for instance, I always represent a Spaniard to myself as tall, dark, thin, etc. etc., and the only Spanish duke I know is a fat, shortish, heavy-looking, reddish-haired, light eye-browed, gray-eyed personage, and the Dutchmen of my acquaintance are tall and slight, and elegant looking. All these, you know, may be only exceptions. The Belgians are, in general, a fat, unhealthy-looking, heavy race—I mean the noblesse, and no wonder, for they sit over their stoves and eat such quantities of grease in their food, and take so little exercise, that I don't know what else they could expect. Captain D—— and a party returned from a tour through Holland last week. All agreed that they never wish to go again, as when you had seen one town you had seen all ; but I don't know whether these were their genuine sentiments, or if it were only meant to lull asleep the curiosity of their ladies, who all talked of making a tour some time or other ; and now they are quite satisfied, or will be, with the one town that is to represent all. The persons here, in winter, who would have delighted you most were Lord and Lady Cochrane ; but before you read another word, you must disbelieve every syllable that was ever said against him, and believe that he is the bravest and most injured person in the world, or I shall tell you no more. And now that you have had time to do all this, I shall speak of her ladyship, who is quite a heroine, and has passed through all the dangers you ever dreamed of and twice as many more, has stood by her husband in engagements, been on the point of assassination several times and much more than I can tell you now. She is only twenty-seven, very pretty, with black hair, curling in natural ringlets over her shoulders, and so animated and spirited that she is quite delightful. Her children are just as extraordinary. Only fancy the eldest, when he was only three and a half—it was in South America, and his father went to fight—escaping from his nurse and persuading the sailors to take him in the last boat to his papa ; when the first thing poor Lady Cochrane, who was quite distracted, saw of him, was sitting on the sailor's head in the boat, waving his little hat, and shouting *Vive la patrie !* and she never saw him again for thirteen months,

during which he was in all the engagements with his father. My dear, I have just seen such a baby! just the age of yours, rolled round and round just like a mummy. I took it in my arms and it felt exactly like a piece of wood, and I was very glad to get rid of it again. It is an old Flemish fashion to swaddle the poor little things in this way, and there are more dwarfs and cripples about Brussels than I ever saw anywhere—whether in consequence of this practice or not a wiser person than I must determine.”

Ten years had now nearly elapsed since the discovery of the chromate of iron; and though it may cause our Memoir to be very disconnected, it is in consequence of the singular claim set up by Mr. Thomas Edmondston,—to which we have already alluded,—that we insert the following letter to Dr. Hibbert at this time, one only of several to the same effect, which tend to show the opinions Shetlanders themselves still held upon that subject:—

GARDIE HOUSE (SHETLAND),
22d August 1826.

DEAR SIR—I know not whether your attention in sending me copies of the report of the Society of Arts entitles me to inflict a letter upon you in return; but I cannot lose the opportunity of keeping myself in the remembrance of one for whom I have so great respect, and who has done so much for this place.

I put the report in circulation, immediately after I received it, in those quarters where I conceived the premiums applicable to Shetland most likely to be looked after, and I have no doubt they will do some good among the Regents bank cod fisheries.

The deep sea herring fishing does not seem to thrive here; but the herring fishing in boats has, within these two or three years, taken root here, and is extending very rapidly, and I have no doubt will soon become a very important branch of industry amongst us.

You will be glad to hear that *your child*, the chromate of

iron, is advancing towards maturity. Last year the demand was considerable, and the price fair. The commercial distresses have been much against us in what has passed off this year, but a more permanent cause of depreciation exists in the mineral getting into a great number of hands, who neither can nor will act in concert.

We have had several mineralogical visitors this autumn, but I do not hear that they have added anything to your discoveries. Mrs. Mouat joins in making best compliments.—I remain, dear sir, yours very truly,

W. MOUAT.

The second edition of the *Philosophy of Apparitions*, which was now in full circulation, excited even more general interest than the first, and the author received many letters containing accounts of *genuine* apparitions, with requests that he would explain them. Amongst them was one forwarded to him by Sir John Hay.

MY DEAR SIR—I have just received the enclosed from Lady Morton, which I lose no time in forwarding, as I believe it contains some account of an apparition that may interest you.—Yours faithfully,

J. HAY.

16 Athol Crescent,
Tuesday evening.

The letter which Sir John Hay enclosed runs as follows :—

“Lady Morton presents her compliments to Dr. Hibbert, and begs his permission to send him an account of an apparition, which, from its appearing to several persons, is of a different character from most of those mentioned in Dr. Hibbert’s theory of apparitions. The family of Earl Grey have been for many years visited, before the death of any of the members, by the appearance of a head, resembling a woman with light hair and a very melancholy countenance. Lord and Lady Grey and her

daughters all see it. It does not appear to them all at once, but is seen by them in different parts of the house. It appeared to them in the Government House at Plymouth last summer, a short time before the death of one of their sons, and has been seen again within the last three weeks. They have seen it in their house in London, and their residence in Northumberland, and now in Devonshire. If Dr. Hibbert can satisfactorily explain so many persons seeing this head, it might be of great use to the family, who are made very unhappy by it."

The editor of this Memoir believes that she has made out fairly accurately the reply to Lady Morton of the author of the *Philosophy of Apparitions*, from the very interlined, rough draft of it found amongst his private letters, although the many corrections and obliterations rendered the deciphering of it a work of considerable labour. As the two examples from Mr. Travers's work, to which Dr. Hibbert refers, are not specified in the rough draft of his letter, he probably copied them on a separate sheet of paper and sent them to Lady Morton. The reply was as follows:—

MADAM—I feel myself much honoured by your ladyship's communication. If I profess myself at present incompetent to explain the supposed supernatural appearance upon which my opinion is asked, it is not from any diffidence in my own theory on the subject of apparitions, but from a want of knowledge of several of the circumstances connected with the production of the vision. But this is no unusual omission. It is one of the principles which I have ever kept in view,—that spectral illusions, or most authentic ghost stories that are related, are for the most part devoid of the important particulars which are calculated to lead to a true explanation of them. Your ladyship is aware that in many of the old families, both in Britain and on the Continent, forewarnings occur before the death of any relative by a sort of domestic evil genius or (*illegible*) of the house. As I

have, therefore, laid it down as a principle that, in corporeal indisposition of various kinds, spectral illusions are likely to occur, it is by no means improbable that where the superstition prevails the object of the illusion would, to the mental imagery, be connected with the family legend. The vision, therefore, in Lord Grey's family would, I think, if very rigidly scrutinised, admit of this explanation. It must be also considered, in certain individuals, owing to some particular habit of body or constitution, a very slight (*illegible*) will induce the illusion. I was intimately acquainted with a lady, who, by nothing more than intensely thinking of a person, could conjure him before her eyes with all the colouring of reality. Now, if she had been a person of a superstitious turn of mind, the faculty would have caused her much distress; but she treats it merely as the effect of corporeal indisposition,—thus completely discarding the faculty which, in less reflective minds, would so inevitably have existed. The chief difficulty, however, appears to be in the spectre being seen by more than one member of a family; yet this is not without a parallel. In authenticated accounts, given several years ago, of the second sight of Scottish families (?), it frequently appeared that the faculty was in many families common to each member of it, and was even hereditary; this, if true, would almost hint to some (*illegible*) constitutions upon which the illusion depends. The erroneous impression that there is some supernatural appearance, is sufficient of itself to excite a state of mind that would greatly dispose the mind to be under the influence of spectral illusions, and corporeal indisposition combined with the same, all the circumstances are present upon which a spectral illusion of the kind would depend.

After these remarks I need say nothing of the forewarning of the head being perfectly incompatible with the moral government which the Deity exercises in the world. It is not intended that in this life a supernatural prescience of future events should be extended to any individual whatever, much less to a whole family.

Sir Walter Scott has informed me that he recently saw the figure before him of the late Lord Byron, which appeared in as

vivid colours as when he lived; and if he had not been aware of the illusion of such appearances, the phantom would have excited in his mind the greatest alarm.

I have lastly to observe that a superstition of the kind which subsists in Lord Grey's family is capable of doing the greatest mischief, and that the only way to make a forewarning of death infallible is to *believe* in its infallibility. I shall quote for your ladyship two examples of this truth, which I have collected from a medical work (by Mr. Travers) published a few months ago. After remarking that the fear of death operates (*here the sentence is left unfinished, and the paragraph at the end of the letter seems to refer to it*), but independently of an attempt at this explanation, I think that when there exists a firm-rooted opinion in any house, probably fostered from the very hearsay, that a supernatural forewarning always occurs before a family death, the state of mind which is liable to be excited during the illness of a relative, when the apprehension of death subsists, will greatly predispose the mind to be under the influence of a spectral illusion, derived from the subject of the family legend, and if corporeal indisposition co-operate with this cause (and it is not necessary that this indisposition should be very great), all the circumstances operate to the production of a phantom of the kind at present. I shall be much gratified if my remarks on this subject prove in any way (*illegible*) satisfactory to your ladyship.

(*Here follows the paragraph referred to in the body of the letter*)—
These cases will, I think, show that a superstition like that which prevails in Lord Grey's family is not without the power of producing very serious consequences.

The Scottish Antiquarian Society was one in which Dr. Hibbert had ever felt the deepest interest, and well might he do so, for it ranked high as a literary institution. Noble lords of celebrity and strangers of high position, even from rude and remote Russia, were desirous of being acquainted with it. Besides, its dinners, composed of well cooked national dishes,

to say nothing of the accompaniment of Scottish songs and Scottish airs, were things to be desired, as the learned Professor of Greek in the University intimated. The two following letters will vouch for what we have said :—

“DEAR SIR—It is only on my return from London,” wrote Lord Elgin to Dr. Hibbert, on the 28th of November 1826, “whither your letter of the 11th instant had been sent after me, that I am apprised of the annual dinner of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries being to take place on Wednesday, and that you do me the honour to propose that I should take the chair on the occasion. It is very much my wish to obey this summons, and I do not despair of having it in my power. But if this arrangement for me still holds, I must accept it under the proviso that I may be disappointed ; so that you would have (*illegible*) this casualty, which I shall do all in my power to prevent.”

“MY DEAR SIR,” wrote Mr. Auriol Hay on behalf of the Russian,—“Will you oblige by sending, if you have them, two copies of the printed notice of our next meeting of the Antiquaries, that I may send them with your signature of admission to two very classical strangers, one Mr. Vladimir Dairdoff, a young Russian, of a good family, who is attached to the Imperial embassy at our court ; and the other, Mr. Augustus Colyer, his private tutor, a Catholic gentleman of a very scholarlike cast—both resident in this place at present. The young Russian, who is about twenty, gained considerable honour at the College of Edinburgh this year. His family,—of which he is, I believe, the heir and representative—is known to my old college friend, Sir James Riddell, when at Moscow. I have met Messrs. Dairdoff and Colyer frequently, and lately at the Riddells’, and within these three days at Sir John Hay’s, when Mr. D—— having shown much interest in antiquarian matters, I suggested the nomination of him as a corresponding member of our Oldbucks,’ with which he expressed himself flattered ; and Sir John, who is, I therefore conclude, a member, desired to add his name with mine to the

nomination. Will you therefore be so obliging as to include Mr. V. Dairdoff in the list of nominations of corresponding members, and let him, in addition to the two *Hays*, have the advantage of another *H.* by the signature of your name in the young foreigner's favour."

CHAPTER XLIII.

Dr. Hibbert goes to the Continent to make Geological Researches—*History of the Foundations of Manchester*—Returns to Manchester to give a course of lectures on Geology.

UNDER the title GEOLOGY, at p. 191, of the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, vol. vii., for 1827, the editor announces :—

“*Dr. Hibbert's System of Geology*—Dr. Hibbert is in considerable forwardness in the *System of Geology* which he has been for many years preparing for publication. It is intended to contain a succinct view of the History of the Earth, with a geological arrangement of the various mineral substances which each description of rock contains, and a particular account of the organic remains which have been discovered in the various strata. A considerable portion of the work is dedicated to an inquiry into the changes which are still going on to alter the surface of the globe. Dr. Hibbert, preparatory to the completion of his work, is visiting the Continent with the view of satisfying himself on some important questions connected with the subject of rocks of igneous formation. For this purpose he is undertaking a personal examination of several of the most noted volcanic districts of Europe.”

Early in the spring of 1827 he commenced making preparations to carry out the intention of visiting the Continent,—intimated in the foregoing announce-

ment in the *Journal of Science*,—and accordingly he notified to the Antiquarian Society that he would be under the necessity of resigning his office of Secretary, as his absence might extend to two or three years.

His resignation was acknowledged in the following letter, in terms that must have been highly gratifying to himself :—

ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY HALL, EDINBURGH,
29th May 1827.

MY DEAR SIR — Although I address you in my wonted familiar terms, I must, in the first place, assure you that the purport of my letter is official ; but the subject of it, I am happy to add, is as honourable to yourself as it has been most amply merited.

After the ordinary business of the evening had been discussed at the meeting of our Scottish Antiquaries yesterday, the Curator, Mr. Skene, rose, and in the handsomest terms voted an expression of the Society's most grateful acknowledgment of your long and valuable services as their chief Secretary, but that their expression of thanks should be accompanied by that of the Society's general and unfeigned regret at your projected residence for some time upon the Continent having obliged you to resign your functions as an office-bearer among them, and the vote was further to express an earnest hope that your return to Scotland at no distant period might again enable the Society to reap all the advantages that cannot fail to be the result of your zeal and skill in the cause of our science.

This motion was eagerly seconded by myself, and having been put from the Chair (filled by Mr. Innes of Stow), was carried unanimously ; upon which, I was entrusted, as your humble successor *ad interim*, to perform the office which I now do, in very imperfect terms, but with an assurance that no one will be more happy to welcome you back to our northern region, than yours,
my dear sir, most sincerely,

W. AURIOL HAY.

Towards the latter end of May, Dr. Hibbert took a passage for himself and his family and two servants, ten souls, all told! in the good schooner ——, sailing between Leith and Rotterdam. But we must not omit to mention the luggage, which consisted of seventeen cases,—the major part of these being filled with books! Long years ago, the Doctor, when a young Grenadier officer in the 1st Lancashire Militia, had been wont to carry with him a “library of books,”—to use his father’s words,—whenever the regiment changed its quarters, and it would seem as if the force of old habits still prevailed; but circumstances were not now the same as formerly, for then he had a fatigue party of his men to help him to pack. However, books he was now under the necessity of taking with him; and in addition to those on geology, which the object of his journey compelled him to take, he found himself obliged to carry with him books of reference to assist him in continuing his work on the *Foundations of Manchester*, as well as all his MS.; for he was exceedingly anxious to complete the work,—being well aware of the very great expense the publisher was incurring, as may be seen from the following letter which he had received from the latter a short time previous to his leaving for the Continent:—

“SIR—I received the proof sheet,” wrote Mr. Thomas Agnew on the 10th of April 1827, “and should have written by return, but waited for a manuscript which Mr. Heywood (the banker) was anxious to send you, and which I herewith enclose, along with a number of Britton’s *Architectural Antiquities*. I think that the size of the page is too large; it had better be the size

of Britton's, as it is a similar kind of work. I cannot exactly state how many pages each number should consist of. I presume the work will not extend beyond six numbers, and I intend to give at least four plates in each number. I wish you to arrange the quantity of letterpress, and I think of publishing each part at 10s. 6d., and 18s. for imperial proofs ; but it will be impossible to fix the price accurately until you have decided on the quantity of matter. The paper I have ordered to be sent from London, and as the copperplates must be printed in London, I think it will be best to send the letterpress to London, and be made up there ; in fact, I will be there to superintend the making up of the first part. I shall with great pleasure accept your kind offer of writing a prospectus, and shall be much obliged to you to do so as soon as possible, and send it here to be printed, stating at the same time, if you please, how many pages you wish each part to contain, and I then can calculate the expense. I believe, amongst the papers you have, you will find a prospectus issued by Ford, also a list of the subscribers. If you have the list of subscribers I will trouble you to send it me. I intend to give in the work several portraits connected with the church and college, also the curious monumental inscriptions, as well as prints from all the interior and exterior parts worthy of notice."

On a fine June afternoon, early in the month, one of the two or three steamers, which at this date plied up and down the Rhine, stopped before the water-gate of the old town of Andernach and hailed a couple of boats. These boats were for the reception,—the one of Dr. Hibbert and his family, and the other of the luggage. On the deck of the steamer stood the Doctor himself, watching with anxiety the transfer of his heavy cases from the hold of the vessel on to the deck preparatory to their being consigned to the boat. Mrs. Hibbert, standing a few paces from the mouth of the hold, pocket-book and pencil in hand,

was jotting down each box as it slowly made its appearance, in order to ascertain that none were missing. All had gone well so far; sixteen packages had been accounted for, and the seventeenth and last, —a very large one,—was being hauled up, and it swung ominously to and fro in its slow ascent. Dr. Hibbert watched it with nervous and anxious eyes; for it was one of those containing books, and we all know how a scholar prizes his books. It is all safe! The men are about to lay hold of it, when suddenly, without a second's warning, the rope snapped, and, with an awful crash, suggestive of the bottom of the vessel itself being knocked out, down went the unlucky case into the hold! Dr. Hibbert's consternation and anger were so great that, at first, he gasped for breath,—he could not speak; and, when the power of speech did return, he forgot for a moment the nationality of the men he was addressing, and poured forth his wrath in good round English, till, recollection coming to his aid in some degree, he mingled scraps of French with the English threats. Small wonder that the thought of his beloved books strewn the bottom of the hold should enrage him.

“I'll write to the Consul, you rascals! *J'écrierai*, I'll write of you, you rascals! *J'écrierai*, of you! *J'écrierai*.”

The rascals meanwhile,—stolid German sailors,—understood none of his reproaches; only this they knew, that he was terribly angry, for he shook his fist at them; but one of the men descended into the hold and again secured the precious box to the crane,

and, to the intense relief of its agitated owner, it was hauled up intact, and at length deposited safely on the deck. Whilst this scene was being enacted, the three graceless youths of the party,—Dr. Hibbert's two sons and Mrs. Hibbert's eldest son Henry,—stood in the background enjoying the fun. But the Doctor's annoyances were not yet at an end. On landing, the cargo of luggage was transferred to a waggon and the party directed their steps to the inn. William Hibbert, a lad of fifteen, pushed forward in front, and was the first to enter the hostelry and to be politely saluted by mine host. This was no sooner seen by Dr. Hibbert, who had not yet recovered from his late state of angry excitement, than, addressing the other young people, he said, in aggrieved tones: "Look at that confounded puppy William, strutting into the inn! My stars! the man will think I am an English Milor! A fine bill his poor father will have to pay for this!"

Arrived at the hotel, a comfortable dinner refreshed all the party, and, after it was over, the Doctor, who was weary with travelling, stretched himself on a sofa, expecting to get a quiet nap. But the fates were in every way against him that day, for in the room below some officers belonging to a regiment quartered in the town were celebrating the birthday of the King of Prussia; and no sooner had the tired traveller closed his eyes than loud shouts of *Vivat! vivat! Pröst der König!* accompanied by the clinking and the jingling of glasses, caused him to start up; while, to add to his further annoyance, every

now and then an officer, mistaking the room, would throw open the door, enter, and make his exit with a hasty *Pardonnez-moi*.

Having ascertained the next day that there was part of a chateau at Leutersdorf, a village on the other side of the river, to be let, Dr. Hibbert engaged the place for the summer. There, many happy days were spent by the gay and light-hearted juniors of the party at least; and long years afterwards, the sole survivor of them would tell of hours spent fishing for carp and barbel in the broad Rhine, which flowed gently under the garden wall; of the festive gatherings, and songs of the quaintly-clad vine-dressers; of rambles in the vineyards on the lofty hills overhanging Leutersdorf; and of many other amusements enjoyed in that quaint old German village.

The town of Andernach lay in the vicinity of the volcanic district of the Rhine, which Dr. Hibbert wished to explore. The old chateau in which he had taken up his abode was picturesque; its rear was overshadowed by lofty hills, whose sides were planted with vines; while its garden, in front, extended to the river,—which washed the garden-walls. Here there was a summer-house, in which he would sometimes write or sit, watching the boys fish. Within the chateau the rooms were large and airy, well fitted for study or repose on a hot summer's day; where no sound would reach the ear save the rustling of the leaves of the trees. There he worked assiduously at the history of the foundations of his native town, endeared to him by so many recollections of the past.

When relaxing a little from his labours, and looking out of the window of the chateau, he could see the broad Rhine flowing gently past, and, on its opposite banks, the ancient walled town of Andernach, with its tall round towers and lofty double-steepled church, flanked on one side by a range of rocky, densely-wooded heights that overhung the river.

The boys were sent daily across it to Andernach to one of the priests of the church, who had been recommended by the owner of the chateau, in order to learn German and to keep up their Latin,—in which language, in fact, they were forced to speak as well as they could, for they knew nothing of French or German, and the worthy priest nothing of English.

August had set in before Dr. Hibbert had finished his labours on the *History of the Foundations of Manchester*, and they had indeed been severe. On one occasion when, to change the scene, he had repaired to the summer-house in the garden, wearied out of all patience by the perusal of a MS. sent to him by Mr. Agnew, and quite unable to connect in any way the links of the genealogies of some persons who had been associated with the old Collegiate Church of Manchester, in a fit of impatience he tossed the MS. over the garden-wall into the river, exclaiming: "There, my fine fellows, you may trace your descent down the Rhine!"

Having now completed a large portion of the Manchester book, he was able to take some rest and devote his time to other pursuits; and, accordingly, he and Mrs. Hibbert left their young family to keep

house alone in the chateau, whilst they rambled over the volcanic district at some distance from Andernach, and even as far as the boundaries of France.

Mrs. Hibbert had, on more than one occasion, reminded her husband that she could "rough it," and in these wanderings she proved that she had made no vain boast; for few ladies ever voluntarily underwent more hardships and privations than did she in the pursuit of science—now toiling up pathless and rugged precipitous heights or scrambling down rocky hillsides; often drenched by a heavy shower, and then exposed to a broiling sun; and many a time, after a fatiguing ramble of many miles, having no other refreshment than a little coarse bread and water diluted with brandy. As to an inn, even *shabby inns* were luxuries not always to be met with, and the two geologising wanderers were often forced to take such shelter for the night as any cottage or, it might be, even charcoal-burner's hut, afforded, and sleep in their clothes, dry or wet. Their custom during these wanderings was to let their small portmanteau of clothes wait for them at the town or village nearest to the parts they were exploring.

Never, certainly, had a man a more patient or contented companion, or one with more indomitable courage in persevering under the greatest difficulties; yet Mrs. Hibbert, though tall, was of slight make. During these expeditions her talent for sketching was of the greatest service.

At length, when autumn was approaching, they returned to their family at the chateau in order to

proceed on their journey. Dr. Hibbert now hired a boat (like our own canal passenger boats) and proceeded with his family up the rivers Rhine and Maine to Hanau, halting only for the night at such towns as he chose.

After a few days the travellers arrived at their destination.

Before leaving Edinburgh Dr. Hibbert had received from Mr. George Frederick Bury of Manchester a communication which caused him to return to England that autumn. This letter, dated 18th of January, was as follows :—

DEAR SIR—The Committee of the Royal Manchester Institution met this morning and proposed a resolution offering you £150 for a course of lectures on Geology, to be delivered in the autumn. The course to be not less than twelve lectures, and those to be delivered weekly. I trust you will accede to the terms of the Committee, and I venture to say to you, in confidence, that no higher sum has been offered to any lecturer."

This proposal had been accepted. Accordingly,—after having seen his wife, as he thought, comfortably settled in lodgings in Hanau, and having placed their sons as parlour boarders at an academy there and the two girls temporarily at a boarding-school,—the Doctor set out for England, to fulfil his engagement, whither, however, he did not arrive without encountering divers adventures.

Travelling in those days, not more than fifty years ago, was not the easy matter that it is now, and the diary, as we may call the long letter which he wrote to his wife, may not be uninteresting to the railway tourists of the present year, 1882 :—

On board the *Princess Charlotte* packet from Helvoetsluys to Harwich, *Thursday, 13th Sept.*, half-past nine o'clock A.M.

MY DEAREST WIFE—I write this according to your wish, to put in the office at Harwich. I am at present very well, which you will think wonderful after the many crosses I have had on the road ; but I will endeavour to throw my narrative into the shape of a journal.

Friday.—An acknowledged day of *bad omen* for setting out on a journey. I set out from Hanau to Frankfort in a track-shuyt.

Saturday morning.—Entered the boat at Frankfort. The boat crowded to suffocation with people returning to Mayence from the fair, and very unpleasant. Our baggage sadly tumbled together. Arrived at Mayence about six o'clock. Spent two hours at the Bureau of the Cologne steamboat in repacking my minerals, etc. etc. Went to the “Trois Courounes,” a very good house, and very moderate.

Sunday, September 9th.—Wakened at four o'clock in the morning, and went to the steamboat—company being as numerous as from Frankfort to Mayence. At six o'clock in the morning set off,—passage most unpleasant from the crowd,—dined about 100 in the cabin. Scraped an acquaintance with a very pleasant man, Mr. Howard, R.A., who is visiting Germany and Flanders to see the collections of paintings and to take views. The steamboat from Cologne to Rotterdam does not set off from the former place until two o'clock in the afternoon, on Monday. At six in the evening arrived at Cologne ; attempted to proceed to Brussels by the Diligence, and thence to Ostend or Antwerp, but the quantity of luggage (boxes of books, minerals, etc.) objected to. Am sorry, as this appears the only way by which I can arrive in time in England. Am obliged to stay at Cologne. Had a good supper and went to bed.

Monday, September 10th.—Rose at eight o'clock, had breakfast, and strolled into the Cathedral, where I stayed a couple of hours. Saw a museum of antiquities and paintings, tolerably good. Went to the bureau of the steamboat at twelve o'clock, spent two hours in packing up my minerals into less compass. Went on

board the steam-packet at two o'clock. The company not numerous, and passage pleasant. Arrived at half-past five at Dusseldorf. Very hungry and thirsty from not dining, and discussed, at a good inn, a whole partridge (stump and rump), some ham, and a bottle of excellent vin d'Ahr, passed off as French wine. Went with Mr. Howard about the town,—the handsomest town on the Rhine which I have seen,—fine laid out gardens and grounds in the suburbs.

Tuesday, September 11th.—Five o'clock, went on board the steamboat—company not numerous (a day of disasters). About noon, stopped at Loebied, a town on the Holland frontiers. Two officers of the customs came on board. Began immediately to very rudely unpack the minerals—allowed them to go. Broke open my two boxes of books—insisted they were merchandise—and ordered them on shore to be weighed, to pay a duty. Captain of the steamboat rudely sanctioning them, and insisting on the two boxes going on shore, for that he would not wait till they were weighed. Uncertain whether to wait another day to proceed with my books or not. But the time is advanced; and my non-arrival in England might be attended with worse consequences than the loss of the whole, or part, of my books. Make a rescue with difficulty of my manuscript lecture (the Geological Lectures for the Royal Institution of Manchester) and the manuscript *History of the Foundations of Manchester*, and now proceed, deprived of the books, etc., which should assist me in my lectures; and consequently much annoyed, and in a state of irritation. Am told that the Captain's conduct, in not waiting for me, was unusual and unjustifiable, and that the conduct of the custom-house officers was equally so. The books are promised to be returned by another steamboat, in two days, and a passenger very kindly gives me the name of a mercantile house in Rotterdam, to whom the boxes may be addressed, and who will forward them for me to London; but am in doubt what care will be taken of them in Loebied. The Captain rudely attempted to justify his conduct, by making a vociferous appeal to the passengers, whether he ought to detain his vessel for the sake of one passenger. I am silent; but the passengers decide in my

favour. After dinner, set about writing a letter of complaint against the custom-house officers to the Director-General of the Customs at the Hague. Between half-past nine and ten o'clock, arrived at Rotterdam, and went to the house nearest the quay, the Bath Hotel. Learnt that no steamboat, or any other kind of boat, proceeds from Rotterdam until the Saturday; but that a sloop, which carries the mail, sails in the morning at ten o'clock from Helvoetsluys to Harwich. No alternative but to attempt reaching Helvoetsluys in time for that vessel, though urged against it, from the uncertainty, by the master of the hotel. But find I have no choice left—finish, therefore, a hasty supper. No bank open at ten o'clock at night, therefore exchange my Prussian dollars for £15, of British money, to much loss. Order a voiture to be ready in two hours, and without going to rest, set about writing a letter, representing the detention of my boxes, to the Rotterdam merchants, with directions to forward them to Messrs. Pickford of London, the great carriers of England, who will then transport them for me to Manchester. Wrote also a letter of complaint to the agents of the steamboat, against the Captain, and threatening that I would take the most efficient measures against the steamboat to recover any loss my property might sustain, in consequence of the Captain refusing to wait at Loebied, which I was assured he was legally bound to do. I also gave notice that the conduct of the Captain of the steam vessel would be exposed in the English newspapers, by the apology I should be obliged to make for the want of those materials which were to assist me in my lectures. What effect this will have I know not, but I think I can do nothing more to regain my property.

Wednesday, September 12th.—At two o'clock in the morning finished writing my letters; the voiture,—a mere gig with two horses,—at this time announced to be ready, and I set off to Helvoetsluys—pay for it a most exorbitant sum, as it has to cross over four ferries, the three last being arms of the sea. Find, to my annoyance, that the coachman is in a state of intoxication. The fabric of the coach seems most alarmingly loose; however, we pass the two first ferries and proceed along one third of our

journey in safety. The voiture has now to make a very small bend in the road, the vehicle slips down a declivity of a few inches only from the road, and the whole upsets! My leg is entangled in the body of the carriage, and I am thrown flat on my face. I retain sufficient presence of mind to tell the coachman (who had got on his legs before me, and fortunately had in descending drawn back the reins, so as to stop the horses) not to attempt to move the carriage and the horses, but to keep all quiet till I had disengaged myself. The truth was, that having been upset on sandy ground, I found that by working my leg about, assisted with my hands, I could procure a furrow wide enough in the sand to extricate it. I most providentially succeeded, with no other effect than a bruise on the calf of my leg, which soon after swelled greatly, but has begun to subside. A young, stout lad now came up, and replaced our luggage in the vehicle. Am now determined to walk, and persist in this for a mile or two. The sun now breaks out; the fellow is a little recovering from his intoxication; and the fear of being too late induces me again to try the voiture. This I do, but have to constantly keep an eye on the man and to check him, for the obstinate rogue will not allow me to drive the two horses myself. We pass a third ferry; the drunken coachman misses his way, is too surly to inquire, and drives four or five miles out of his road. He is then set right, and I find we have been making a circuit of a small island! We now arrive at a fourth ferry. I request the man at the inn to carefully examine the state of the coach springs, the vehicle still moving so unsteadily as to render every small rut dangerous in the extreme. We found that one spring had been neglected, and that its slack state had been the cause of our danger, which the coachman's drunkenness, on our setting out, had not allowed him to see. The rascal is still engaged swallowing drams! We proceed,—the vehicle is now safer,—but from missing the way, the horses are fairly exhausted. It is now ten o'clock, the time the packet should start, and we are still nearly a league from Helvoetsluys—we arrive there at eleven o'clock. The packet, to my joy, has not sailed; it is waiting for the post-bag to arrive. The post-bag is half an hour too late. I

have just time to put my letter in the post-office addressed to the Inspector-General of the Customs at the Hague, to get my luggage into the boat, and to sail to the vessel, which is clear of the harbour. The post-bag in a few minutes arrives, and we are clear of the coast, and now for old England. I put myself in the cabin, much exhausted, and the Captain, at half-past eleven, prepares for me a comfortable breakfast. I am soon after sick, for there is a great sea, which our little excellent sloop works through finely. I am soon asleep. About five o'clock in the afternoon, the steward wakened me out of a deep slumber to get a cup of tea ; it does me good, but I am soon asleep again.

Thursday, September 13th.—Waked about eight o'clock in the morning, after a most refreshing and almost uninterrupted sleep of sixteen hours. I have little feeling for the loss of my books, as it is all absorbed in thanks to my good and heavenly Father, who has so signally preserved me from imminent peril to reserve me yet for, I hope, many blessings ; but no blessings do I account so great as those which are connected with my domestic ties, and to know that my dear wife and children are happy. Old England is in sight, and I hope to announce to you my safe arrival at last, at Harwich.

Four o'clock, I am arrived at Harwich,—a bruise on my leg and shoulder, not worth speaking of: I am quite well.—Ever yours, my dear Charlotte,

S. HIBBERT.

Mrs. Hibbert.

Chez. M. Rödiger, Hanau.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Lectures on Geology at Manchester—Article on Shetland in the *Encyclopædia* (Brewster's)—Dr. Hibbert returns to Hanau—Geologises at Claremont in France—Rome—Naples—Returns to England—An Antiquarian Society dinner.

AFTER all his adventures, Dr. Hibbert arrived safely in Manchester; but if he had met with disasters on his journey, his wife, comfortably as he thought he had settled her, had not been wholly without her share of trouble and vexation; for she had been on the point of being turned out, not only from her lodgings, but from the town itself, as we shall learn.

“MY DEAR HUSBAND,” she wrote from Hanau on the 17th of September,—“Henry has got an account of Andernach in Latin, sent to him for you, from his master, *le prêtre*. I like that gentleman, in spite of his being a Roman Catholic. I inquired to-day if the man had ever come back for the money he said I was to pay for permission to remain here; they said he had, and that if not paid, I must leave the town before night. My host said we would see about that, as I had spoken to Mr. Leisler, and he must go to him and show that it was a proper charge. I have not heard from Mr. Leisler, but suppose that it is paid. Old England for me after all, and with all its taxes. We at least know what they are, which is more than the inhabitants of this town seem to do. Madam Joss (an English lady) mentioned being obliged to pay what Madame Shöbler, a German lady,

never heard of! I think in this, as well as in other things on the Continent, the poor English pay for all."

Naturally, after so much annoyance, Mrs. Hibbert was anxious for her husband's return; and on the 27th of September she wrote:—

"Let me know at what time you suppose your lectures will be completed at Manchester. I am really growing thin instead of fattening upon my quiet life. I must, I suppose, wander through the woods and over the mountains, and be stinted to brown bread and butter with a little brandt-wine and water for my dinner, as we sometimes were, to cause me to become fat. The time hangs heavily in your absence. Do you think a fortnight will suffice for your business in Edinburgh?"

Dr. Hibbert had commenced his lectures on geology for the Royal Manchester Institution, on the 24th September, at the Mechanics' Institute in Cooper Street.

He had now also the pleasure of renewing his acquaintance with his old Manchester friends,—Dr. Henry, Mr. Thomas Heywood the banker, George William Wood the first member for South Lancashire after the passing of the Reform Bill, Mr. George Philips, afterwards Sir George, and many other leading men in the town. But his friends in Edinburgh did not forget him or his promises, or let him forget the latter; for he had entered into engagements which, in truth, he had not had time to fulfil; Dr. Brewster put in his claim, or rather complaint of his friend's neglect. Writing from Allerly, by Melrose, on the 9th of December, he says:—

"I have been thrown in the greatest distress by the want of

your article on Shetland, which you promised to send me from Rotterdam in the month of June. The *Encyclopædia* has been lately at a stand, and I have been exposed to the constant persecution of the proprietor. I beg now earnestly that you will send it to me in your first packet of proofs to Mr. Stark, even if it is only in the state in which I saw it in May.

“In a letter which I have just received from Dr. Charles Hartman of Bluhenberg (?), who is now publishing Dr. Turner's Chemistry, and also my Mineralogy in German, the following passage concerns you—‘It is my intention to translate Dr. Hibbert's System of Geology, for a series of works on the physical sciences. I beg you will tell me in your next letter when the system of Dr. Hibbert will be published.’”

But he never published the System of Geology alluded to in the foregoing letter; other occupations and private family affairs, which could not be set on one side prevented him; however, he brought out a shorter work on extinct volcanoes, soon after his return to Edinburgh.

Private affairs connected with his property, and arrangements to be made with Mr. Agnew respecting *The Foundations in Manchester*, detained Dr. Hibbert in England, long after he had finished his lectures, and caused him to write a lengthy and somewhat original letter to his wife, which gives some little insight into his character, inasmuch as it shows how earnestly he devoted himself to his scientific and literary labours, yet how at times his inward peace of mind was disturbed by the thought that he was neglecting his family. In such moments his excitable temperament always led him to exaggerate any shortcomings of that sort. He had formerly written much in the same strain to his first wife, when pub-

lishing his work on Shetland, and had made equally strong resolves :—

“MY DEAR WIFE,” he wrote on the 28th of December 1827, from Manchester,—“I always write to you like some criminal who has committed an offence. To be ever here! I have really, for these three months, undergone such a trial as I do not think I ever experienced in my life. But *something* was to be done; affairs could not go on as they have done,—so many literary engagements, independently of oppressing one in every way, have long interfered with every duty I owe to you and to my family,—and how could they be properly remedied without some strenuous exertion of no common kind? *This has been done.* I have laboured more than ever I did in my life, and, thank God, I am on the very moment of having succeeded. I have brought you to this, to have allowed you to remain in charge of a family in a foreign land! I never can forgive myself. May I live to reward your patience and to be a comfort to you, with leisure to devote the greatest part of my time for the future to the care of my family. I now intend to have entire new changes in the management of my house, for *now* I can devote my time to it. You know it is now the wishing time of Christmas; let me then wish that you may have, for the future, a husband less inattentive to the duties of his house, or, in other words, having no *literary* engagements on his hands to cause him (certainly with reluctance) to neglect them—and so, my dear wife, a happy Christmas to you and all our dear bairns.

“My life in Manchester has been simply this,—first, my lectures, which was severe work to get up, so many minerals to pack and unpack; but this was got over, and so much to the satisfaction, as I think, of my hearers, that I have been asked, over and over, to repeat them. My good friend Mr. Philips, the member of Parliament (now about to be made a baronet), has been most kind to me. When the lectures were finished, I began taking leave of all my friends in Manchester, who believe that I am off, and secluded myself in my lodgings, when I only get out about nightfall, for fear of being seen. The Manchester book,—my second task,—is finished as far as I have anything to do with

it. I ought perhaps to except that, having written a part of the work showing that there was a most foul conspiracy against your ancestor Dr. Murray, the warden of Manchester, in Charles the First's time, by which he was calumniated and deprived of his office, I shall certainly correct these few pages myself and see that they go to press; well,—so far for Manchester. The third task I had to do was to alter my paper on the Tings, adapting it to the additions *you* made. This work I did with far greater pleasure, because at every line I had to refer to your writing. But you will scarcely believe me when I tell you it was a far harder task than that of the Manchester book. It is indeed the hardest paper I ever wrote. But I have completed it to my satisfaction. My fourth task, and last, was annoying. The *Encyclopædia* of Dr. Brewster was quite stopped for my article on Shetland. I have been more than a week at it. This will be done to-morrow, and sent off to Edinburgh. It is a task of no little difficulty to reduce my book (the *History of Shetland*) to the limit of an article for this work. All my literary debts are now, I trust, on the instant of being paid. I have paid my creditors twenty shillings in the pound, and I *will not get into debt again!* I now dare not tell you when I set off, I have disappointed you so often; but do exercise some forgiveness, I have been punished for my imprudence. With regard to our future destination, I think passing the Alps is impossible, though a foreigner lately laughed at me for doubting that I could. I think either Heidelberg or Paris would suit us best. I hear much of the former place; either would be instructive to me, for now I shall think of nothing during my leisure but preparing my work on geology. I have already been applied to, to allow it, as soon as published, to be translated into German. There is a great notion to appoint a lecturer on geology in London; but I believe I am most stoutly opposed. I do not expect much good luck, and do not build yourself on it. I have *reason* (?) to believe Dr. Henry, who constantly attended my lectures, is very strenuous to have me appointed, and that he is secretly assisting me very much. But I do not *expect* it, for I must tell you I am opposed might and main. If I get in, it will be through my *Whig* friends. Dr.

Henry has just found me out in my lodgings, and has complimented me for my lectures and in getting rid of my engagements. I am now getting all the articles you wish for,—lead pencils, etc. I have nothing to add, except that I hope you will be a good German scholar, for I shall want your assistance in German.—With love to all the bairns, ever, my dear wife, yours affectionately,
S. HIBBERT.”

After writing the foregoing letter a slight attack of fever still further delayed him in Manchester, and it was not till February 1828 that he returned to Hanau. Whilst there he received intelligence that his brother Robert had died in the Isle of Man.

Dr. and Mrs. Hibbert remained in Hanau a few weeks, and then started on their tour, leaving their sons to pursue their studies in that town, and taking their two daughters with them. Their first halting-place was Treves. Here they left the girls to keep house with the two English servants, whilst they were geologising amongst the mountains near Roskeskyll, and again revisited the volcanic district of the Rhine. From time to time they sent off consignments of minerals by a messenger to the young ladies at Treves.

After two months' sojourn in that old city, the family left it and took up their abode at Clermont, in Auvergne, in the department of Pui de Dome. Here Dr. and Mrs. Hibbert again left their daughters to keep house, whilst they traversed on foot the wild volcanic districts of those parts, often under a broiling summer sun, at times enjoying the comforts of good lodging and good meals, but as frequently “roughing it”—he walking with his capacious coat pockets laden,

as usual, with specimens of minerals which, when a good collection had been made, were sent, as before, to their daughters.

At the end of July they went for a week to the mountains of Auvergne. Though geologising, Dr. Hibbert was still engaged on the *History of the Manchester Foundations*, and from time to time forwarded MS. and corrected proof-sheets to Mr. Agnew, whom he informed that he should proceed very gradually from Clermont to the south of France.

Some of the results of his researches in the south of France appeared in Brewster's *Journal*, and will be hereafter alluded to.

At length, leaving the south of France, the scene of their geological labours and arduous mountain rambles, the Doctor and his family crossed the Alps and journeyed into Italy, in the month of October, to see all the wonders of the Eternal City,

"mirari beatæ,
Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ,"

and there to spend some months. He remained in Rome until after Easter, and witnessed all the ceremonies of the Holy Week—the procession on Palm Sunday, the *Tenebræ*, and, on Easter Day the Papal benediction, given to the thousands of people, many of whom were pilgrims from distances, congregated in the great square below St. Peter's.

During his stay in Rome Dr. Hibbert met his old friend and former brother officer, Captain Edward Jones, and he also made the acquaintance of that

gentleman's brother, Mr. Michael Jones, and of Mr. Joseph Tempest of Yorkshire, and other English Catholics then in Rome. To Captain Jones he was also indebted for introductions to many of the clergy in the city, and thus he obtained an insight of several of the institutions, etc., to which he might otherwise have failed to obtain admission. He had also an introduction to the Rev. Mr. Gradwell, the President of the English College.

Captain Jones was a frequent visitor at Dr. Hibbert's lodging, at 32 Piazza di Spagna, and being like our former acquaintance, "the hermit of Roeness," especially courteous in his manners to ladies, he was a great favourite with the two girls, who frequently accompanied him when sketching; on these occasions he would also draw for them the different costumes of the people, such as the pilgrims with their slouched hats, crimson or black gowns, and white tippets and scallop shells.

Having witnessed the ceremonies of Holy Week, the family left Rome for Naples, where Dr. Hibbert intended staying some weeks in order that he might make a critical survey of Vesuvius; he also visited other volcanic districts of Italy. Then returning homewards by Leghorn and through the Tyrol, after calling at Hanau, the family arrived in England after an absence of nearly three years.

In an Edinburgh paper, at the close of the year 1829, containing an account of the last meeting of the Antiquarian Society, we are told "that, in the evening, the Society, with several distinguished guests,

dined at Gibb's Royal Hotel, when an elegant entertainment, comprising many excellent antiquarian Scotch dishes, was served up in a very superior manner. Gilbert Innes, Esq., of Stow, was chairman. Among the company were observed Sir George Mackenzie, Bart. ; Sir Robert Dundas ; Sir Demetrio Valsamachi, a Greek nobleman, and Secretary to the Legislative Assembly of the Ionian Islands ; and Samuel Hibbert, Esq., M.D., etc.

“Among the healths proposed was that of Dr. Hibbert, in proposing which a hope was expressed that he would be prevailed upon to resume the office of secretary, which he had formerly held with so much credit to himself and benefit to the Society.”

As in the feasts of the Homeric heroes, intellectual amusement was not wanting to heighten the hilarity of the Scottish Oldbucks,

οὐδέ τι θυμὸς ἐδέετο δαιτὸς εἴσης,

and several national songs and glees were sung by them, and the chairman favoured the company by singing in excellent style the favourite old song, “Tak' your auld cloak about ye.”

CHAPTER XLV.

History of the Foundations of Manchester—Sale of chromate of iron—Fossil bones, etc., in the south of France—Sir Walter Scott's *Demonology*—Royal Commission to report on the Universities of Scotland—Dr. Hibbert's spectral illusion at Dr. Brewster's—Tour in the Highlands and Shetland.

SETTLED again in Edinburgh after his long sojourn abroad, Dr. Hibbert soon became immersed in literary labours of various kinds, and one of the first subjects which engaged his attention was the *History of the Foundations of Manchester*, regarding which Mr. Agnew wrote to him on the 26th of January 1830 :—

DEAR SIR—You will herewith receive a copy of one of Warden Stratford's letters, sent me by Mr. Entwisle. He has also sent me an excellent original portrait of the Warden, which I intend to engrave. I am also in hopes of getting an original portrait of Peploe. I am determined not to spare any expense with the embellishments. I have again to express my very great sorrow at the amazing trouble which you have had, and I am at a loss how to repay you. I hope the most troublesome part is now over, and that when the work is before the public it may meet with the encouragement which it deserves. If it had not been for your kindness, we certainly could not have proceeded with it.

It was no sooner known that Dr. Hibbert was again in Edinburgh than his Shetland friends addressed him on the subject of chromate of iron :—

"MY DEAR SIR," wrote Mr. Thomas Gifford, from Hillswick, in Shetland, on the 27th of January 1830,—“I much dread that by this time you will have forgotten me altogether; but from your uniform politeness to Zetlanders, I take the liberty of addressing a few lines to you on the subject of chromate of iron, on which score this country is already so much indebted to you.

“As you predicted, chromate has been found in quantity in the Ness of Hillswick and elsewhere in Nathmann (?). I have now to solicit your influence to enable me to dispose of some of it, which I trust you will assist me in doing, by interesting some of your Manchester acquaintances in my behalf. Messrs. Mouat and Edmondston have in time past kept the market to themselves, and are still determined so to do if possible.—I remain, my dear sir, yours very faithfully,
THOS. GIFFORD.”

But we think that the Doctor was too much occupied in Edinburgh to give his time to the finding of a market for the chromate.

Mr. Thomas Heywood of Swinton, near Manchester, had sent him a copy of a curious old ballad which, as we see from the following correspondence, had been submitted to Sir Walter Scott. The letter of Dr. Hibbert to Sir Walter Scott is here copied from a rough draft of it:—

DEAR SIR WALTER—As I know that, like myself, you have no objection to admit old ballads in your library, I beg to send you, in the name of an antiquarian friend of mine, Mr. Heywood (of Swinton, Manchester), “The most pleasant Song of Lady Bessy,” a few copies of which he had printed for private distribution.

It is my intention, when I have leisure, to draw up an account of the origin of our European castles, for which the rude structures of the Shetland Vikings afford most excellent examples.

Dr. Hibbert had communicated to Mr. Heywood

the opinion of Sir Walter Scott on the old ballad, and that gentleman wrote to Dr. Hibbert on 27th March 1830 as follows :—

MY DEAR SIR—I am much obliged by your kind letter and for the trouble you have taken respecting the Antiquarian Society. I feel much gratified by being thought worthy of such association, and will one day endeavour to do something which may at least show I am not unforgetful of the distinction conferred.

You do not tell me the reason which led Sir Walter Scott to think that the ballad of the “Lady Bessy” is by the author of “Flodden Field;” that author, if I remember right, was never discovered, at least he is not mentioned by name in the editions of Benson and ——. He was a retainer of the Stanleys, and I think it is conjectured, from Sir Edward Stanley’s pedantic orations in the ballad, that he was a schoolmaster.

I have never seen Agnew touching Heyrick’s discourse, but I keep the MS., and in truth it is just now binding. I will pay him, when I see him, the cost of transcribing.

I think the *Collegiate Church History* is liked by the Warden, etc., and you are voted sufficiently orthodox, which I know you will think a suspicious compliment.

Roby has issued a prospectus of a second series of *Lancashire Traditions*, to be dedicated to Lord Stanley. The last were very bad.”

We have said in the last chapter that we would notice some of the results of Dr. Hibbert’s geological wanderings on the Continent.

In volume ii., new series, of Brewster’s *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, M. Bertrand de Doué, an eminent French geologist, and also a member of the London Geological Society, contributed a “Memoir on the fossil bones of *St. Privat d’Allier*, in the province of Velay, France, and upon the basaltic district in which they

have been discovered." This geologist, along with another eminent *savant*, M. Dêribier, concluded, from the age of the ground in which the bones were found, that they belonged to those mammalia which had formed a part of that third succession of terrestrial animals, the remains of which are dispersed in ancient alluvial soils. The animals in question had been buried in the basaltic lava, volcanic cinders, *scoriæ*, and tufa of volcanic eruptions. Baron Cuvier, to whom many of the bones had been sent, pronounced them to be those of the rhinoceros of Italy, the hyena of the caverns, and certain species of *Cervi*, one of which was of very considerable magnitude.

These remains had been discovered by Dr. Hibbert in his wanderings, or, we ought perhaps to say, by Mrs. Hibbert. The following narrative of the finding of them is given in the before-mentioned Journal:—

“In an excursion from the Cantal to Le Puy en Velay, they crossed the granitic mountains of La Margeride, and took the unfrequented route, little known to geologists, of Monistrol d’Allier and St. Privat. At the latter place Mrs. Hibbert drew her husband’s attention to some small specks of a whitish substance interspersed in a bed of volcanic tufa and cinders, conceiving it at first to be fossil wood, similar to what she had often assisted him in discovering in the volcanic district of the Lower Rhine. But upon an examination of this substance, Dr. Hibbert found it, to his surprise, to be osseous instead of ligneous matter. His hammer, as well as the pickaxe of a labourer from an adjoining house, were therefore called into requisition, and several fragments of bones were exposed to view in a section which was replete with instruction. It was evident that the animals whose remains were thus found had lived during a period when the deposition took place of the tufa and *scoriæ* in

which they were imbedded, and that whatever might have been the cause which had induced the inhumation, the bones had been afterwards covered over by renewed torrents of basaltic lava. Hence a sort of geological date was given to the existence of these animals, as well as to the volcanoes with which they were contemporaneous. The extraction, however, of the fossil bones he found to be a laborious undertaking, as they lay immediately under the superimposed mass of columnar basalt already mentioned, which it was not easy to undermine. Contenting himself, therefore, with bringing away a few interesting specimens, among which was a part of the *os femur* of an animal of some magnitude, and a portion of bone attached to a piece of slaggy basalt, to which it had adhered while in a fluid state, he was only intent (particularly as he was obliged to immediately cross the Alps of Italy) that the further search after the animals thus entombed should be entrusted to some individual residing in this country, who, from the local advantages which he would possess, was the best enabled to prosecute with effect an investigation which was calculated to throw no inconsiderable light upon certain obscure questions that continue to interest geologists. Accordingly, the name of a scientific gentleman, well known for his zeal in this department of science, instantly suggested itself to his mind.

“To M. Bertrand Roux, therefore (now M. Bertrand de Doué), the very able illustrator of the geology of the Velay, he addressed himself, and not in vain, as the following memoir sufficiently attests.”

M. de Doué, before describing in the memoir just referred to the locality in which the bones were found, compliments the discoverer of them in the following terms :—

“Dr. Hibbert, with that disinterestedness which characterises the true friend of science, described to me the place where he had found them, and engaged me to visit them, by assuring me that there was still a rich harvest to be hoped for.”

As we have already seen, he had been equally disinterested when he had discovered the valuable ore of chromate of iron in Shetland.

In the next volume of Brewster's *Journal of Science* Dr. Hibbert contributed a paper, entitled, "Inquiry into the circumstances under which the remains of some fossil animals were accumulated in the volcanic soil of the Velay, in France." In this paper he mentions another discovery by M. Felix Robert, an eminent naturalist of Le Puy, of the fossil remains of animals of the *Bos* genus, and of the *Cervi* of a larger size, which were found near a basaltic *plateau* in the north of Polignac, the accumulations of which he considered to be difficult to explain, except in connection with a more general geological history of the Velay, and this he gives in his paper. It appears from his remarks that the lowest exposed rocks of that district consisted of granite, associated in some places with such primary rocks as gneiss or mica slate, the granite near Le Puy being surmounted by secondary *strata*, and that long after this deposit the valleys became a series of lakes, flowing the one into the other, along the course of the Loire, of which the basin of Le Puy was the most elevated. The effect of this was a tertiary calcareous deposit; and that the forests and marshes of the Velay, like other parts of France, had long been peopled with various races of animals when commotions of the earth and volcanoes, tremendous in their nature, burst forth, ejecting basalt and trachytic felspar; and that successive torrents of lava, *scoriæ*, and tufa had

coated the preceding calcareous state of the earth ; and that the remains of many large animals that had been discovered appeared to have been in an intermediary state of these convulsions ; but that in the Velay no bones of the human race were mingled with those of other animals. Dr. Hibbert also offered other hypotheses as to the cause of these bones of animals being found congregated where they were.

Writing on this subject in his *Manual of Geology* (1831), p. 245, Mr. Henry de la Beche says that Dr. Hibbert considers that the lower supercretaceous rocks of the Velay were deposited in fresh-water lakes, entombing the remains of the Palæotherium and Anthracotherium of terrestrial and fresh-water shells, and of vegetables which then existed ; such deposit being of continuance, as shown by its depth, namely, about 450 feet ; that this deposit ceased, and the land became covered with forests of a marshy growth and animals.

Another result of Dr. Hibbert's geological labours on the Continent was his *History of the Extinct Volcanoes of the Basin of the Rhine*, to which we shall allude shortly.

In the last mentioned volume of the *Journal of Science* he also contributed an article, entitled, "Remarks on a natural rocking-stone of granite, surmounted by an ancient cross, illustrative of the early Gaulish customs observed in the village of Loubeyrat, in the province of Auvergne, in France." From this article we gather that the author entertained the

opinion that rocking-stones were the products of every country where loose, detached rocks of a particular structure have been subject to concentric disintegration, induced by atmospheric causes; that, from the peculiarity of their shapes, they became objects of rock-worship by the ancient Celts and Teutons; that the missionaries who first preached Christianity to the Pagans, with great prudence did not abruptly destroy these idols, but gradually weaned the natives to the Christian religion, and let their ancient stone idols be surmounted with a cross, as in Auvergne.

Sir Henry Jardine having submitted to the inspection of the Scottish Antiquarian Society a rod of gold, about fifteen inches long, which had been found when ploughing a field near Inverness, Dr. Hibbert read a paper, in which he conjectured that rods of this sort were used for making payments, and that on every such occasion a piece of it was cut off to be given to the person to whom a payment was made.

In the month of May this year the first sheets of Sir Walter Scott's *Demonology* had been sent to the press, a work which the writer of the following letter observed would be of great interest:—

CASTLE STREET,
Friday Evening, 28th May 1830.

MY DEAR SIR—I have been so extremely busy since I had the pleasure of hearing your paper read at the late meeting of the Antiquaries that I have not had leisure until now to look out for and select my notes and extracts as to the ordeal or superstition of *touching a murdered corpse* as a test of guilt. I am told the German authors abound with this superstition. I have

somewhere in the classics met with mention of the bleeding of a corpse in presence of the murderer. Ovid, I think, gives traces of this. I observe most honourable mention made of you in Sir Walter's treatise on Demonology, the first sheet of which I have read in proof. It seems to promise much interest.—Believe me always, yours faithfully,

ROBT. PITCAIRN.

Dr. Hibbert, 13 Manor Place.

In the spring of 1830, the Royal Commissioners, who had been appointed to visit and report upon the Universities of Scotland, requested Dr. Hibbert, along with other scientific men, to give his opinion respecting the museum attached to the Edinburgh University. This he did at full length, and made several suggestions, premising, however, that a museum of Natural History could not be of much use without being of easy access, and for this purpose its doors must be thrown open to the public gratuitously, or at a very moderate rate, as on the Continent. He concluded his observations, saying that before the present spacious rooms had been built for the museum of the Edinburgh University, he had been in the habit of presenting it with various objects of Natural History, which he thought might be useful to the student; but when he saw that the doors were closed against the naturalist except on terms which few could afford to pay, he had ceased to contribute in any degree to an institution which was injurious to science, in proportion as it intercepted from free inspection specimens intended to be useful to naturalists, and thus defeated the disinterested views of donors. This, the Doctor said, was his own feeling, and he knew that he did not stand in that respect solitary.

William Francis Ainsworth, Esq., Ph.D., who at that time was one of the editors of the *Edinburgh Journal of Natural History and Geography*, was also one of those examined respecting this museum.

The answers to questions put, and the suggestions of the gentlemen examined, are to be found in the Blue Books.

The *History of the Foundations in Manchester* was now published, and appears to have given satisfaction. Mr. Thomas Heywood of Swinton Lodge, writing on the 14th of June, says:—

MY DEAR SIR—I have lately read with close attention your book on the Collegiate Church. I confess I have been greatly pleased. It may contain all the mistakes you described, but it surpassed out of sight all preceding accounts, and is a very valuable addition to Lancashire history. I observe that Sir Walter Scott is about to publish an essay upon Witchcraft. This subject has many charms to us Lancastrians. There is a mistake in Sir Walter Scott's notice of Pott's tract (*Somers' Tracts*, vol. iii. p. 95), by which he seeks to connect the proceedings against the witches in Lancashire in 1612 with those instituted in 1633. Thank you for your promise of a diploma from your Antiquarian Society. I value very much this and every other mark of your kindness. Pray remember me most kindly to Mrs. Hibbert, and believe me, yours truly,

THOS. HEYWOOD.

The title of the work on which Dr. Hibbert had been so long engaged, and upon which he had spent so much labour—labour he never regretted, seeing that it was for the town of his birth—was the *History of the Foundations in Manchester of Christ's College, Chetham's Hospital, and the Free Grammar School*.

The work, which was comprised in three large quarto volumes, was published at Manchester by Thomas Agnew and Joseph Zanetti, and was illustrated by numerous and very fine engravings, made at a great expense.

Its scope may be gathered from the preface of the publishers in the first volume. In it they say that they have undertaken to perpetuate the names of founders and benefactors; to enumerate their useful labours; to specify their munificent grants; and to describe the internal regulations which have been established for the government of the institutions to which they have contributed. . . . That to complete this labour they have been indebted to several literary gentlemen.

Dr. Hibbert, to whom had fallen the lot of writing the greater and most arduous portion of the work, says in his preface to the same volume:—

“When I undertook to superintend these volumes, I was led to suppose that the late Mr. Greswell, who, I understood, many years ago had spent much time in collecting materials for a work like this, had left few sources of information unvisited; and that, in order to give the public the benefit of them, little more was necessary except to arrange them in a due methodical order, and to add to the narrative thus formed any explanatory or connecting links which it might demand. With this expectation I undertook an office which, under different prospects, no inducement whatever could have tempted me to accept.”

The author of the History then goes on to say:—

“I found that this gentleman (the late Mr. Greswell), for whose memory I entertain every respect, had in a manner done little more than commence his labours, the design having been

evidently frustrated by his lamented decease ; and that a wide field of information subsisted, of which no Lancashire historian had yet availed himself."

After a few other remarks, and acknowledging the great share of information he had derived from the extensive collection of books relative to Manchester in the library of Mr. Heywood of Swinton Lodge, Dr. Hibbert concludes as follows :—

"The ecclesiastical information,—much of which is collected from very rare and almost inaccessible documents,—will, I believe, be found to be for the first time published ; nor can it be perused by the most hasty reader without his conviction that the College of Manchester gave the impulse to all the ecclesiastical events which took place in Lancashire from the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth down to the commotion of the year 1745. Many facts are also related, particularly during the great civil wars of England, which not only reflect a great light upon the general history of Lancashire, but are calculated to explain many obscure points in the ecclesiastical annals of the kingdom at large. These I have assiduously collected, and have endeavoured to record with impartiality and fidelity."

Mr. Thomas Heywood, writing from Swinton Lodge on the 2d of November, thus again expresses himself on the *History of the Foundations of Manchester* :—

"Your last number of the 'Collegiate Church' pleased me very much. I hear Hunter, who is particularly skilled in Presbyterian history, praises it highly. There is nothing about the execution or the reputation of this work which should make you so fastidious. It is esteemed by those who know anything about the matter, and must be a standard work.

"I am just setting out, in about a fortnight, to Bath for the winter. I have sent to Bath your book on Apparitions and Sir Walter Scott's *Demonology* (I am glad to see the use Sir W.

made of your labours, and the estimation in which he holds them), also a dozen tracts on the Lancashire witches, Glanville, Webster, Hutchison, etc.

“Sir Walter does not understand our Lancashire ladies; he has only seen a portion of their history. I think the witches,—those who obtained supernatural power by a compact with the devil,—were the creation of the Calvinists. The obsession was imagined to render the dispossession necessary. This mode of demonology must be separated from necromancy, sorcery, magicians, and then it will be found to have risen and fallen with the Presbyterians. Nothing that I can find under Popery can be identified with witchcraft. The priests have done impudent things enough in their day in the way of miracles and wonders, but never anything half so tragical, or half so absurd, as what occurred at Lancaster when the Puritans were omnipotent in the Palatine.”

Mr. Edward Baines, of the *Leeds Mercury*, had recently commenced the publication, in monthly numbers, of his valuable *History of Lancashire*; and feeling a special interest in whatever related to his native county, Dr. Hibbert had offered contributions to that gentleman, from whom he himself had also received valuable information for the *History of the Foundations* in Manchester.

Writing on the 1st of January 1831, to acknowledge that offer, the author of the County History says:—

“I feel honoured and obliged by your polite letters. That my topographical sketch of Lancashire has afforded you any information and assistance in your labours, is matter of gratification to me. Your very interesting work on the Collegiate Church of Manchester, which I possess, as far as it has advanced, will amply repay any services that you may have derived from my book. Your treatise on the *Customs of the Manor of Ashton*,

a copy of which you have been so obliging as to present me with, I shall remember when that parish comes again under my notice, and I shall enter somewhat more fully into the particulars of their customs, now that I have more room for enlargement.

“As soon as it suits your convenience I shall be most truly happy to receive the papers you are so obliging as to offer, and any suggestions you may be pleased to give on my present undertaking.”

We record the following letter of Dr. Brewster to Dr. Hibbert, as it affords an opportunity of relating an amusing incident which happened to the author of the *Philosophy of Apparitions* when visiting at that gentleman's house at Allerley, and which the latter afterwards told to Dr. Hibbert's eldest daughter:—

ALLERLEY, Feb. 22, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR—I have just finished the chapter on spectral apparitions for my volume on Natural Magic. The theory of them that I have given includes your general principle, but goes much further. If Mrs. Hibbert could make a capital drawing of you in your drawers, with your ceiling illuminated with the blaze of your nightcap, I could make a very good apparition out of it. Mrs. Brewster joins me in best compliments to you and Mrs. Hibbert. Ever most truly yours,
D. BREWSTER.

Dr. Hibbert, as we have just said, had been on a visit to his friend at Allerley, and doubtless (after supper perhaps) they had been discussing spectral illusions and Dr. Brewster's volume on Natural Magic. At any rate, the brain of the author of the *Philosophy of Apparitions* must have been occupied with some such subject; for when, in the seclusion of his bedchamber, he had blown out his candle, and was walking in the darkness across the room towards his

bed, lo ! he saw what appeared to be a bright ray, or star, moving to and fro over his head on the ceiling. The startled philosopher rubbed his eyes, shut them, opened them again, still the light over his head was there. "What can it be?" he asked himself. "I see it as plain as can be," he exclaimed; "something must be the matter with my optical nerve." However, this explanation did not pacify him, for the light was still there, and even brighter than at first. He felt certain that the vision must be some illusion—some spectral illusion; and beginning to feel very uneasy, he at last determined to go to Dr. Brewster's room, and tell his friend what had occurred.

The latter had not yet got into bed.

"Brewster! Dr. Brewster! Dr. Brewster!" exclaimed the agitated philosopher as he knocked at the bedroom door of his host, who immediately opened it; "Something very strange has happened to me! I am under the influence of a most unaccountable spectral illusion!"

The two philosophers stood on the staircase landing, staring at each other; one of them, at any rate, be it observed, in his night-shirt and barefoot!

"Spectral illusion!" cried out Dr. Brewster, snatching the night-cap off the head of the disbeliever in ghosts. "Bless my life! your cap is on fire!"

And so, indeed, it was.

The matter-of-fact part of the case was this: gentlemen at that time wore at night a very unsightly cotton head-gear, from the apex of which dangled a long tuft of the same combustible material, and Dr.

Hibbert, in one of his absent moods, had leant too closely over his candle to blow it out before getting into bed, and so the cotton had caught fire.

In this year he contributed several articles to the new series of Brewster's *Journal of Science*.

In vol. iv. an article from his pen appeared "On the direction of the diluvial wave in the Shetland Islands, which, in sweeping over the less elevated parts of the British islands, had dispersed an immense mass of clay and boulders far from their native beds;" and at p. 276 of the same volume there is an article entitled "History of the Brown Coal Formation of the Lower Rheinland." In this article of twenty-four pages, after premising that no tertiary deposit in Europe is perhaps so difficult to explain in its various relations as the brown coal formation, every writer on it having differed in opinion from his predecessor (*Quot homines tot sententiæ*, as in the case of the Vitrified Forts), he apologises for entering upon the subject which he proposes to treat in connection with the general geology of the district, with the view of recording its earliest manifestation. Then he sketches the geological history of the Lower Rhine previous to the formation of the brown coal deposit, which is found on both sides of the river, from the neighbourhood of Coblenz to that of Cologne, the fundamental rocks on which it is placed being argillaceous and graywacke schist,—the latter containing, in some places, organic remains.

He next makes suggestions as to the age and manner of the formation of the brown coal beds, and in describing their mineralogical character, avails

himself of the account given by Professor Leonhardt of Heidelberg, who divides brown coal into pitch coal or jet, common brown coal, bituminous wood or fibrous brown coal, moor coal, earthy brown coal, and alum earth. The Doctor then proceeds to describe the nature of each sort of coal as follows:—The *pitch coal* appeared only in small layers in the brown coal: the *common brown coal* was the predominating species, and appeared in beds of great thickness and extent, chiefly distinguished by the form of wood being only in part recognisable, by the texture being fibrous, and being blackish-brown; it burned with a tolerably pure flame: the *bituminous wood* or *fibrous brown coal* marked the first degree of change from an organic to an inorganic substance; it was of a blackish-brown colour, showing distinct fibres of wood: the *moor coal* was considered as a decomposed brown coal without any ligneous structure, and its character was a composition of reeds and swampy plants: the *earthy brown coal* was only a more decomposed brown coal than the moor coal, and was a sort of bituminous substance composed of destroyed vegetables, such as leaves, swampy plants, etc.; it occurred in beds of great thickness, and it was remarkable for containing the remains of trunks of trees, *Cervi*, and other animals: the *alum earth* was only a clay rich in alum, through which bituminous matter was diffused; that which Dr. Hibbert examined at Altwied was of a bluish or a brownish colour.

In June this year Dr. and Mrs. Hibbert undertook a very extensive and prolonged tour through the

Highlands, and even as far as the remote Thule. Their object was to examine, not only the vitrified forts, but the sculptured stones, crosses, and suchlike which abound in the North of Scotland. In this journey Mrs. Hibbert's skill as an artist was called into requisition.

They went by Inverness, making their way to John o' Groat's House, and thence to the Orkney and Shetland Isles. The same fatigues and hardships and privations, as had on former occasions been undergone by Dr. Hibbert, were now again encountered; but on this occasion a lady suffered along with him. Nor were these hardships unaccompanied with danger; for, when they had to traverse voes or sea-lochs, the tides were so rapid, and gusts of wind so violent and sudden, as to threaten the boat with swamping, and sometimes half-fill it with water. They succeeded, however, in the object of their tour, for they examined several vitrified forts, and Mrs. Hibbert filled her portfolio with sketches of sculptured stones.

The late David Laing, LL.D., alluding to these sketches in an obituary notice of his friend Dr. Hibbert, in the *Edinburgh Scotsman*, calls them "a series of elaborate and beautiful drawings of the sculptured stones and runic inscriptions that exist in Forfarshire, Ross-shire, and other parts."

As a result of this tour, he conceived that he had visited remains of forts which appeared to confirm his theory, in a former paper, that their vitrification was due to their having been the sites of beacon-fires; and in December 1831 he read to the Society of Anti-

quaries a memoir (printed in their Transactions), entitled, "Notice of the Discovery of very extensive Vitrified Remains at Elsness in the Island of Sanday, Orkney." After observing that he preferred the name "vitrified sites" to that of "vitrified forts," and remarking upon the old Scandinavian customs of beacon-fires to warn against the approach of an enemy, he describes Elsness as having been the stronghold of a Scandinavian chief, and as being studded over with *beacon cairns*, of which there were at least twenty—many of them exhibiting testimony of a vitrification quite as intense as in any vitrified fort in Scotland. The stony fragments of which these cairns were composed had been gathered on the beach, and many of them were of an argillaceous schist, deriving their fusibility from the felspar, or rather the alkali, they contained. These sites were called Ward or Vord hills. The objection that Orkney was not sufficiently wooded to afford sufficient materials for large fires, Dr. Hibbert meets by suggesting that heather and suchlike combustibles might have been used to light them. After carefully examining Elsness, he visited several others of the *wart* or *ward* hills of Orkney, but, with the exception of one, the cairns upon them only showed discolouration by fire.

To this paper are annexed sketches by Mrs. Hibbert of Elsness, of the Hill of Noth and the fort on its top.

But leaving vitrified forts, cairns, and beacon-fires, we will close this chapter with a subject of more interest to such of our readers as may be ladies—an

account of the dress of a bride fifty years ago. On the return of Dr. and Mrs. Hibbert from their long tour, the latter found awaiting her, a letter from a near relative in Cheltenham, describing a very different scene—a wedding.

“I suppose your young ladies,” says the writer, “will ask, What did the bride wear? She had on a white silk (what they call *gros de Tyre*) dress, pelerine of the same, trimmed with blonde lace, and a large, square blonde veil thrown over her head. She afterwards changed her dress for travelling, and put on a drab silk pelisse and pink silk bonnet. They took their departure about eleven o'clock to London. The bridesmaids wore worked Scotch muslins from Mrs. Brown, Perth, pearl white silk bonnets, with lily of the valley instead of orange flower. The bride had also one of the same, which she did not wear. The most of the things came from London.”

CHAPTER XLVI.

Dr. Hibbert made a Vice-President of the Antiquarian Society—The *History of the Extinct Volcanoes*—Is elected a member of the Geological Society of France—Of the Society of Antiquaries at Copenhagen—Discovers the freshwater limestone formation of Burdie House, Edinburgh—M. Agassiz—Charles Lyell—Professor Buckland—Dr. Knox and Burke and Hare.

DR. HIBBERT did not again resume the office of secretary to the Antiquarian Society, as it had been wished he should do, but in 1831-32, he was one of its Vice-Presidents; and, as we may see from the following correspondence, was interesting himself in the ancient stone circles and cairns:—

THE GRANGE HOUSE,
28th March 1832.

MY DEAR SIR—Would you like to insert any note in that page of my *Floods* which describes the cairns and circles at Clava? I am now preparing to send to Mr. Murray of Albemarle Street a corrected copy of the book with a few trifling additions to it, to put it in his power to insert them, if he pleases, in the new edition he proposes to bring out in the Family Library. If you are pleased to make any communications to me, you may do it in the form of a short letter, or in any other way you think proper.—Believe me, dear sir, yours very faithfully,

THOS. DICK LAUDER.

Dr. Hibbert,
13 Manor Place.

To this note Dr. Hibbert replied :—

DEAR SIR THOMAS—In reply to the note with which you have honoured me, I enclose my sentiments regarding the origin of the cairn of Clava, first brought into notice by your most interesting volume. The great attention which Mrs. Campbell has displayed in the opening of the largest of the cairns, to preserve unimpaired its internal character, ought to meet the acknowledgments of every antiquary.

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder was then preparing for publication another edition of a work which contained a most graphic account of the then recent great floods of Morayshire, and being desirous of adding a description of a cairn in that locality, which had excited great attention, he had addressed the foregoing letter to Dr. Hibbert. The “sentiments” of the latter regarding these cairns, and to which he refers in his reply to Sir Thomas, are probably embodied in the book of the latter gentleman. But Dr. Hibbert's old friends, Messrs. George and Peter Anderson of Inverness, in their valuable *Guide to the Highlands* (referred to in a former chapter) give a minute account of the cairn in question, which may interest our readers.

After mentioning some stone circles, these authors proceed to say :—

“The most remarkable of these antiquities in the plain of Clava are three great cairns, consisting of loose stones piled up, —in one of them, to the height of fifteen feet,—and having rings of upright stones, hemming in and supporting their bases ; another circle of large masses of sandstone (ten or twelve stones

in each), at the distance of several paces from the inner structure, is attached to each cairn. The principal one has been lately opened by a lady who resides in the neighbourhood (Mrs. Campbell), and it displayed beneath the exterior pile a circular chamber, about five yards in diameter, lined at the base with a ring of fourteen large stones in an upright position, and surmounted by courses of uncemented masonry, the stones of which incline inwards, and overlap one another so as to meet at the top in a rude dome. This apartment has an entrance looking towards the south, with a passage two feet wide, and flanked by great stones, conducting from it, through the body of the cairn, to the exterior circumference. Eighteen inches below the floor of the cell were discovered two small earthen vases or urns of the coarsest workmanship, but containing calcined bones."

The Messrs. Anderson then observe that they understand from a learned archæologist that the structure of this cairn demonstrates it to be of Scandinavian workmanship, and that its discovery is illustrative of many customs and rites described in the ancient northern Sagas.

In volume vi. of Brewster's *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, new series, Dr. Hibbert contributed in the early part of this year a long article, entitled, "The Volcanic Basin of Rieden in the Lower Rheinland." The basin of Rieden, he says, is on the left bank of the Rhine, between Coblenz and Andernach, and about three miles west of the Lake of Laach; and he further says, that the limits of the valley of Rieden are most irregular, and exhibit on all sides bold declivities, and abrupt and unsurmountable precipices; and that, standing on the eminence of Ganschalls, a multitude of insulated cones, towering peaks,

and deep and narrow ravines, the whole clothed with almost impassable thickets, may be seen. He then briefly sums up the history of the basin of Rieden as follows:—*first*, it had been originally a volcanic crater; *secondly*, the seat of trachytic eruptions; *thirdly*, it had been filled with a tufaceous mud; *fourthly*, this mud had overflowed into adjacent valleys and lakes; and *fifthly*, the basin of Rieden had been the seat of later basaltic eruptions.

Then he treats in detail of the origin of the crater of Rieden; of its trachytic rocks; of the tufaceous deposit accumulated within the basin; of the several overflows of tufaceous mud or *moya* from the volcanic caldron of Rieden,—a slight sketchy map of the tertiary geography of the basin being given; the eruptions of early basalt which took place around the basin; concluding with general remarks on mud volcanoes, suggested by the phenomena of the basin of Rieden.

The foregoing article was followed in a few months by the publication of a book, the chief result of Dr. Hibbert's Continental journey, namely, *The History of the Extinct Volcanoes of the Basin of Neuwied on the Lower Rhine*, in an octavo volume, illustrated with upwards of twenty maps and views, and brought out by Messrs. W. and D. Laing of Edinburgh, and Treutell, Würtz and Richter of London, 1832.

The work is dedicated to a distinguished foreigner whose friendship Dr. Hibbert first made in Germany—

M. von Leonhard, Professor in the University of Heidelberg.

The author, as we have narrated in a former chapter, had travelled down the whole of the volcanic district of the Basin of Neuwied on foot accompanied by Mrs. Hibbert, who shared with him all the fatigues and discomforts of this arduous undertaking.

The greatest difficulty, he writes, which the visitor of this country had to experience, arose from the want of correct geological charts,—to remedy which no resource was left but to attempt a survey of the country himself. This cost him, with no other instrument than a pocket compass, exceeding labour—a labour which must have reminded him of his survey of the Shetland Isles long years ago. On this last occasion, however, his trouble was materially lessened by the companion of his wanderings; for the pains taken by Mrs. Hibbert to construct, from observations made by him, the geological map in the frontispiece of his volume was, as the Doctor observed, a formidable task which ladies in general do not impose upon themselves. To her also was he indebted for the whole of the geological sketches and views interspersed throughout the book. There can be little doubt but that these sketchy views are very accurate, as the author of this Memoir has been assured by one who has visited the beautiful neighbourhood of Laach, that he can readily recognise the scene from Mrs. Hibbert's sketch.

The work commences with some general observations on the extinct volcanoes of the basin of Neuwied;

and glances at the history of the slate mountains of Rheinland and the different convulsions which occurred there; the marine basin from Mayence to Basle; the fissured channel of the Lower Rhine between Bingen and the basin of Neuwied; the upper freshwater basin of Neuwied; and the lower freshwater basin of Cologne. Dr. Hibbert then treats of one of the first volcanic eruptions which took place in the vicinity of the valley of Neuwied, that of Laach, near Andernach—a more beautiful and romantic spot than the Lake of Laach (Laachersee) cannot well be conceived, and one well deserving of a visit from the lover of the picturesque—a deep lake in a crater-formed cavity, of a diameter of about a mile and a half, surrounded by abrupt rocks, in places well wooded, and the ruins of a fine old abbey reflected in the blue waters. His work then proceeds to treat of other craters now at rest, as at Rieden, Brühl, Fusel, Hahnenbach, Nurburg, Boos, etc.; the deposits of brown coal in the lower lake of Cologne; the long interval of immunity from volcanic eruptions enjoyed by the basin of Neuwied; lava-fields at Mayence, Mennig, and other localities; the formation of different crater-lakes, like that of Laach; the saline springs and gaseous exhalations in many parts of the valley of Brühl; the diluvial current, and the distant transportation of boulders and gravel, and the consequent overwhelming of forests and the destruction of many animals; the eruptions, the accumulations, and dispersions of pumice in many localities; and lastly, the changes effected upon the surface of the rocks and

soil of the basin of Neuwied by shocks of earthquakes, meteorological changes, etc., and those effected by the successive inhabitants of the human race.

The highly interesting volcanic district of which he treats is situated in the Prussian Province of the Lower Rhine, forming a depression or basin, which is bounded on the north by the hills, whence proceed the waters of the Brühl; and on the south by those which give rise to the Nette, each of these streams joining the Rhine, the former near the valley of Brühl, and the latter about three miles to the south of the ancient city of Andernach. The extent of the district may be about twenty-four miles from east to west, and six or ten miles from north to south.

The book had sold well; for Dr. Hibbert, writing to his printer, Mr. John Stark, of the Assembly Close, Edinburgh, says, in reference to it:—

“Messrs. Treutell and Würz inform me that they had not ten copies of my book in hand, and that it had sold remarkably well. Could you be so obliging as to acquaint Mr. David Laing of the circumstance, and to request him to procure some copies to be forthwith made up in boards, exactly like the last?”

Soon after the publication of this work he had sent a copy of it to the Prince of Wied, the ruler of the principality of Neuwied, and a literary man. We anticipate dates by giving his reply now, which had been delayed a long time owing to the Prince having been on his travels. Upon his return he politely acknowledged the book in the following letter, written

in remarkably good English, the only peculiarity being that he addressed the author as Dr. Hibbert, *Esq.* :—

NEUWIED, 1st September 1834.

SIR—I beg most gratefully to acknowledge the receipt of your very interesting work on the Extinct Volcanoes of the Basin of Neuwied, which you had the goodness to send me, and which was handed to me after my return from America, a few days ago. I shall read it with that interest which a subject of such high scientific research naturally inspires, and request you will accept my best thanks for the favour you so kindly bestow upon me. Should you ever return to this country, I hope for the pleasure of your nearer acquaintance. In the meantime, I remain, sir, your very obliged and most obedient,

MAX, Prince of Wied.

Dr. Samuel Hibbert, Esq.,
Manor Place, Edinburgh.

At the close of the year 1832, the two indefatigable ramblers in the cause of science had planned a journey to Denmark and Norway in order to examine the Scandinavian sculptured stones and cairns of those countries, and had even got introductions to the *literati* there, and proceeded as far as Paris. Here, however, their project was put an end to by Mrs. Hibbert rather unexpectedly presenting her good lord with a daughter!

After this event they only wintered in the French capital, where Dr. Hibbert cultivated the acquaintance of its *savants*, Elie de Beaumont, Adolph Brogniart, M. A. Boué, and others, which resulted in his being elected a member of the Geological Society of France. He had also made himself known to the antiquaries of that city. Having sent them his *brochure* on Vitriified

Forts, its receipt was acknowledged in the following flattering terms :—

PARIS, 27th Feb. 1833.

SIR—I have laid before the Society your memoir on the Vitrified Forts, which you were good enough yourself to submit to the Society at their meeting. The Society has instructed me to express to you their thanks for this interesting work, which they will lose no time in examining. I must, moreover, inform you that they would have very great pleasure in seeing you present at their meetings, which take place on the 9th, 19th, and 29th of every month. The next meeting is exceptional, and will take place on Thursday next, the 28th.—I have the honour to be, with most profound consideration, your very humble servant, The Assistant Secretary of the Society,

C. N. ALLON.

Monsieur Le Docteur Hibbert.

Whilst Dr. Hibbert was in Paris a vacancy had occurred in the chair of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, and the two chief candidates for it were Sir David (late Dr.) Brewster and Mr. James Forbes. It may here be observed as a by-the-by that the widow of the latter gentleman afterwards married Major Yelverton, which circumstance gave rise to a *cause célèbre*.

In this contest for the professorship Dr. Hibbert gave his support to his old friend Sir David. The election was decided, however, in the manner such contests had usually been decided,—by the Town Council; the favourite of the stronger political party won the day, and Mr. Forbes was elected. The latter gentleman, however, notwithstanding his knowledge that Dr. Hibbert had supported his adversary,

wrote to him in very generous terms in reference to their difference of opinion :—

GREENHILL, EDINBURGH, 22d Feb. 1833.

MY DEAR SIR—I was much gratified by your kind attention in thinking of writing to me in anticipation of my election, which has now taken place. I thank you heartily for your honest statement of your opinion; and, although I certainly differ from you in thinking our friend Sir David Brewster was well adapted by nature and habits for the duties of a Chair which demands such arduous exertion and which he had in Professor Playfair's time declined, I feel the more convinced of the sincerity of the good wishes which you express in my favour. I have commenced writing my lectures, which must be my apology for writing this short letter. Can you tell me of Dr. and Mrs. Somerville, who are said to be in Paris? Pray do me the favour of presenting my regards to Mrs. Hibbert, and accept my congratulations upon the recent addition to your family.

—Ever most sincerely yours, JAMES FORBES.

P.S.—I must just add an acknowledgment of the immense benefit and great delight I experienced in making your book (on the Extinct Volcanoes) my *vade mecum* on the Rhine last summer. My visit to the Lake of Laach was not long; but I was enabled by its guidance to see all that most interested me.

On the 17th of March Dr. and Mrs. Hibbert had returned from Paris to Edinburgh.

In addition to the honour conferred upon him in France, the Doctor was now gratified by receiving another mark of distinction from foreign *savants*, in the shape of a diploma written in English and Danish, dated the 31st July 1833, and signed by Magnus and Rafn on behalf of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries at Copenhagen, stating that in testimony of their respect for his literary merits, and in considera-

tion of the zeal he had displayed in matters relating to the ancient literature and the antiquities of the north of Europe, they had unanimously elected him one of its ordinary members.

A few weeks later Dr. Hibbert made a very important geological discovery. When investigating the limestone quarry at Burdiehouse, near Edinburgh, one of the workmen brought him a piece of limestone enclosing a tooth two inches and a quarter in length, and in the most beautiful state of preservation, and possessing an enamel of a nut-brown colour, shining with all the brilliancy of perfect freshness. Reflections on the nature of this tooth and on other fossil remains, such as scales and so forth, led him to the conclusion that the limestone at Burdiehouse was a freshwater formation belonging to the Carboniferous group of rocks, the existence of which had before then even been doubted. This discovery caused considerable excitement and interest in the geological world. M. Agassiz, a distinguished foreigner who had been visiting England, came to Edinburgh about this time. He took considerable interest in the fossil remains of Burdiehouse, and was frequently a visitor at Dr. Hibbert's. In his *Rapport sur les poissons fossiles découverts en Angleterre*, Neuchatel, 1835, speaking of the Burdiehouse discoveries by Dr. Hibbert, at pp. 24, 27, and 28, he says: "Mais le genre le plus remarquable de cetté localité est sans contredit le *Megalichthys Hibberti*." This monster possessed teeth at least 2 inches long. And referring to Burdiehouse, M. Agassiz writes: "Les collections d'Edin-

burg, m'out offert des nouveautés bien extraordinaires, provenant surtout des carrières de Burdiehouse, qui sont devenues un terrain classique pour la géologie." And Charles Lyell, in his *Elements of Geology*, published by Murray in 1838, p. 425, in his chapter on the Carboniferous group, observes that in the Edinburgh coalfield of Burdiehouse, small fishes, mollusca, and cypris very similar to those in Shropshire and Staffordshire, had been found by Dr. Hibbert.

But to return from this slight digression, though not foreign to the subject: very soon after he had made the discovery of the freshwater limestone at Burdiehouse, a meeting of the Wernerian Society of Natural History was held on the 14th of December, chiefly in order to discuss the subject of the fossil remains found at Burdiehouse. On this occasion two of its members, Lord Greenock and Dr. Hibbert, respectively showed their teeth! to the satisfaction, it is to be hoped, of Professor Jameson, the President, and all the other scientific members; but, at all events, according to their expectation, inasmuch as the programme of the meeting had stated—

"That a fossil tooth, found in the Red Sandstone by Lord Greenock, would be exhibited, and observations made on it.

"Also that a fossil tooth, found by Dr. Hibbert in the freshwater limestone of Burdiehouse, would be exhibited, and observations made on it."

At a meeting of the Royal Society, held a short time afterwards, an incident occurred and a pun was perpetrated at the expense of the Doctor and his much-prized fossil tooth, which was doubtless occa-

sioned by the following letter, written to him by one of its members, Mr. H. Maire Witham, a zealous geologist, and the representative of the Withams of Lartington, in the county of Durham, a Catholic family of repute :—

“MY DEAR SIR,” wrote Mr. Witham from No. 9 King Street, —“as I feel confident that the tooth being deposited with other remains in the museum of the Royal Society, may be a great means of ensuring this phenomenon publicity and notoriety in after times, I beg to say, that as far as I have any claim upon your generosity, I leave it entirely to your better judgment. I shall hope, ere many months are over, other remains may be found to satisfy all parties, as, from the number of coprolites, there must have been many monsters. I trust Mrs. Hibbert will soon be able to get out.”

At the meeting of the Royal Society just alluded to the Burdiehouse fossil tooth was exhibited and learnedly descanted upon; and the members being exceedingly anxious that the Society should possess it, used all their persuasive powers to induce Dr. Hibbert to surrender his much-prized tooth. No sooner, however, had they succeeded in obtaining the object of their wishes, than one waggish member exclaimed: “We have extracted the Doctor’s big tooth at last, but it was a tough job!”

Whilst Dr. Hibbert’s attention was so much engrossed by the Burdiehouse limestone, and he was writing and reading papers on the subject to the Royal Society, he received a note from a Shetland friend, Henry Cheyne, which called forth pleasing memories of geological labours in a different field, in his youth.

"DEAR SIR," wrote that gentleman on the 30th of December,—"at a meeting of gentlemen, natives of Orkney and Shetland, who propose dining together to-morrow, I am requested respectfully to convey to you the earnest expression of their hope that you would do them the honour of attending the party, which has solely for its object the fostering of friendly feelings towards a district, upon a part of which you have conferred such signal benefits—benefits which it must be as pleasing for yourself to reflect upon, as I trust they will be ever gratefully remembered by those who were the objects of them.

"The dinner takes place at Gibb's Hotel, Princes Street, to-morrow at half-past four. Dr. Traill in the chair."

Burdiehouse, with its wealth of fossil remains,—animal and vegetable,—had for many weeks been a sort of pleasure-ground for the geologists of Edinburgh; while, from those who lived at a distance, Dr. Hibbert received letters full of inquiries respecting the discoveries, almost daily. He had himself been active all winter in his investigations of that interesting quarry, and had read two papers on the subject to the Royal Society, copies of which he had also sent to the Geological Society of France.

From the secretary of this last Society he received the following pleasing reply:—

SOCIÉTÉ GÉOLOGIQUE DE FRANCE,
Paris, 8th March 1834.

DEAR SIR—Your letter was received with enthusiasm, and also some details from Mr. Robinson. Your section will form a woodcut in the bulletin. It is a fine and important discovery.

The Society meet at Strasburg on the 1st of September, and from there we all go to Stuttgart to the German Congress, on the 20th September. It will be a crowd of various (obliterated),—I remain, dear sir, yours most truly,
W. BOUÉ.

Amongst the letters which Dr. Hibbert received from different quarters, respecting the discoveries in the Burdiehouse quarries, was the following from his old friend Professor Buckland of Oxford, and also another, which we give, from a gentleman then eminent as a geologist,—Mr. Charles, afterwards Sir Charles, Lyell:—

“MY DEAR SIR,” wrote Professor Buckland, on the 10th of April, 1834,—“I am anxious to return you my best thanks for your very interesting communication, enclosed in your kind letter of the 3d ult. A more complete case has, I think, never been made out than that of the Fresh-water limestone of Burdiehouse, beneath the limestone of mariose origin, as presented in your section sketched in the printed *Proceedings* of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

“Your discovery of gigantic reptiles also in strata of the era of the coal formation is decidedly a new point in geology, which harmonises well with the existence of such abundant coprolites in the ironstone nodules of the adjacent shale.

“The large tooth sketched in your letter most resembles one of the largest plesiosauri of the secondary formations; the smaller tooth seems more crocodiliari, and the discovery of scales also tends towards the latter family.

“I shall be most anxious to receive the report of your further progress in these discoveries, to record the full extent of them in my chapter on reptiles, in my Bridgewater essay, which will now be soon going to the press, and which I hope will be published before I visit Edinburgh, at the meeting of the British Association in September next. I look forward to a grand treat in visiting, under your guidance, the spots which have now become classic ground in geology in consequence of your researches, and hope you will be preparing measures to give some field-lectures to the geological section, on ground so interesting, both for many of the most early, as well as the most recent discoveries in geological science.—Believe me to remain, your much obliged and most obedient servant,

WM. BUCKLAND.”

Sir Charles Lyell writes as follows:—

16 HART STREET, BLOOMSBURY,
LONDON, 17th April 1834.

DEAR SIR—I am reprinting my book on Geology, in order that my publisher may have it before I leave England, on a tour to Sweden. Dr. Buckland told me yesterday that you had sent him something in print about your discovery of a plesiosaurus in the Edinburgh coalfield. I should like to allude to it when speaking of the coal, as it is a discovery of great theoretical interest. I must send the last chapters of my third volume to press in about six days, so you would much oblige me by an early reply. I have seen much of the *löss*, since I saw you, both in the Neuwied district and in Würtemberg and in Bavaria, and you will see that I have greatly modified my views, especially in so far as I now agree with you that some violent eruption occurred during and since the period of the deposit of *löss*. The day after to-morrow, Mr. Phillips of York, who, on my resignation last summer, was appointed Professor of Geology at King's College, throws off in an introductory lecture on Geology. I found lecturing interfere with my plan of travelling, writing, and original investigation, which I am determined to follow up with freedom. I shall be in Sweden by end of May and be prepared, at the meeting at Edinburgh, to recant my notions about the change of level in Scandinavia, should I see reason for so doing.—
Believe me, most truly yours,
CHAS. LYELL

Dr. Hibbert,
13 Manor Place, Edinburgh.

We have observed that Dr. Hibbert received frequent visits from scientific men interested in the fossil remains continually being discovered at Burdiehouse; and amongst these was a gentleman, an object of so much dread and dislike to the servants, that they rebelled so strongly against opening the door for him when he left the house that the Doctor had to perform

that office for his visitor himself. We must here state who this visitor was, and why he was so dreaded.

The University had been long the boast of Edinburgh, not only as a school of philosophy but of medicine ; yet the bright star of the celebrated Monro School of Anatomy had become somewhat dimmed, or rather it was eclipsed, by that distinguished anatomist, Dr. Robert Knox, who had formed a class for anatomical lectures in Surgeons' Square at the back of the old High School.

Four or five years previously, a series of tragedies, unprecedented in the annals of crime, had been enacted in that city. The victims were vagrants and stray waifs, whom nobody knew ; still vague rumours traversed the town, and people were disturbed by an undefinable dread of they knew not what. At last a crazed, harmless man, called "Daft Jamie," well known to every one, was suddenly missed. His body was afterwards recognised by some of the students of Dr. Knox's school, as it lay on the dissecting-table ; inquiries were made, and it was discovered that he had been suffocated. The murderers were found to be the notorious Burke and Hare, who were both arrested. Hare turned King's evidence, and many of the crimes perpetrated were disclosed, and Burke was hung. Popular indignation was strongly roused against Dr. Knox, whom the lower classes believed to have wilfully shut his eyes to the suspicious appearance of the corpses brought to his rooms.

Towards the end of April 1834 Dr. Hibbert and

his eldest son set out for London, where the presence of the former was required to settle some legal affairs. Desiring to geologise along the east coast, he caused the luggage to be forwarded to York; and father and son proceeded to walk—now and then availing themselves of a stage-coach, and halting for the night at some town. On reaching Hull, they journeyed to London by steamer. Arrived at the metropolis, Dr. Hibbert left his son on board the vessel whilst he went in search of a lodging; and having found one, they drove to it. The coach drew up at its door; and, while surprise was depicted on the son's face, that of the father assumed a half comical, half sheepish look. But if the outside of the inn excited surprise, the inside did so in a still greater degree. The two travellers followed their luggage to their bedroom, groping their way up a dark, narrow staircase to the very top of the house, and, a door being thrown open, they entered a double-bedded room. The chamber was uncarpeted,—a decided advantage under the circumstances,—and once on a time had been coloured; it was, as we have said, quite at the top of the inn,—a garret in fact, with only the roof as a covering; looking up, a large hole gave a view of the blue sky! The paternal countenance again assumed the half comical, half sheepish look, as his son said to him, "It is to be hoped that it will not rain to-night!" Dr. Hibbert, it will be seen, even yet retained his old predilection for shabby inns. However, the next morning they moved into really respectable lodgings.

During his stay in London the Doctor saw several

of his scientific friends and acquaintances when doubtless the Burdiehouse quarry and the fossil monsters it contained were learnedly discussed; and, amongst others, he saw the eminent geologist, the late Sir Charles Lyell; but alas! it will be seen that the souls of *savants*, like the souls of ordinary mortals, are not too exalted to be exempt from being moved by disputes, squabbles, and petty jealousies! as the following letter, written by Dr. Hibbert to his wife in the high-flown, vigorous, and very energetic terms he usually employed when excited, either by things vexatious or things pleasurable, will show:—

LONDON, *May 10th*, 1834.

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE—I had only just time on Saturday last, before the post set off, to write you a few lines. I am very anxious, as you say, to get rid of all societies, and I now begin to doubt whether I shall be at the British Association of Science at Edinburgh or not, or whether I shall cut it. Lyell had the assurance, yesterday, to send me a proof sheet of a new work of his coming out, in which, after stating that I had found saurian remains in the coal (*illegible*) which had induced him to change his opinion, he adds, that some years ago Dr. Fleming had shown him remains also, which he attributed to reptiles. I saw Lyell soon after, and I told him if that passage appeared in his work, I would certainly draw up an *exposé* of the whole circumstances connected with these geologists, who, so far from attributing these remains to reptiles, had attributed the remains to *fish*; that Dr. Fleming stood committed, in *Chambers's Journal*, for naming such remains fish, and that I believed he still maintained that they were fish. I added that I could not be trifled with if any such passage in his work appeared; and that I was *pugnaciously* inclined; and that I would not sit down, as I had done, with such liberties which were taken with me. Lyell added that perhaps he might have been mistaken in Fleming attributing them to reptiles; that

he had a letter on the subject; and that he would hunt it out. Upon this, after I had shown him some specimens, at which he professed to state his great surprise, we parted. You now see what confounded rascals *savants* are. I believe Jameson, Fleming, and others will force me to give them a dressing at last; and if they do, I will lay on to *some effect*. I shall set off from here on Wednesday next for the neighbourhood of Manchester, and I hope soon to see you. I shall visit the British Museum to see if there are any bones like the mysterious ones at Burdiehouse.—Yours ever,

S. HIBBERT.

Whilst he was in London Dr. Hibbert had received an invitation from Professor Buckland to pay a visit to Oxford, in order that they might discuss the fresh-water limestone of Burdiehouse. This invitation he accepted, and on the 11th of May he took his place in the stage-coach to Oxford. On the 16th he wrote from that great seat of learning to Mrs Hibbert, with an account of his visit to the distinguished Oxonian geologist.

“I set off for Oxford,” he says, “and upon arriving there I wrote to Professor Buckland that I could only spend about half an hour with him; but he detained me a whole day, and nothing can exceed the civility I received from him and Mrs. Buckland. If I had not so many cares, and were not such a distance from home, nothing would have prevented it from being one of the pleasantest days I ever spent in my life. He took me to see all the rocks he had described near Oxford, and in the evening I went with him to the Ashmolean Society, and I had invitations enough from some of the leading men there to serve me for some days. I never met with a more cordial reception in my life. They had a world of questions to ask me about crocodiles and apparitions.

“With regard to the relics, all the persons to whom they have been submitted were perfectly astonished with them.

“The *mysterious long bones*, curiously figured, belong, as I think,

to some very large fish; they most resemble the 'Dorsal bony ray of a large Silure,' which I saw preserved in the College of Surgeons in London. It was pointed out to me by Mr. Cliff.

"Pray amuse yourself by ferreting out the account of the Silure.

"I hope to be in two days near Manchester."

CHAPTER XLVII.

The British Association meet at Edinburgh—Professor Buckland adds the name *Hibberti* to the saurian animals discovered at Burdiehouse—Dr. Buckland and nomenclature of fossil saurian fish discovered at Burdiehouse.

ON his return to Edinburgh, Dr. Hibbert learned with great pleasure that his brother, Captain George Hibbert, had landed in England after many years' absence. The latter had prepared his friends to expect him, having written from Bombay on the 21st of January 1834 to his niece Miss Sarah Hibbert; and as the letter gives some notion of the sufferings which a want of water may entail upon a crowd of passengers during a long voyage in a sailing ship in former times, we here insert an extract from it:—

“I have taken my passage for England on board the *Victory*, which leaves here on the 1st of February, having obtained two years' leave of absence for Europe; so I trust, God willing, to be once more in my native country, in about four months from the time of departure. You, of course, heard of our disastrous voyage from Van Diemen's Land to this country, in which we suffered very greatly from want of water. Our distress amounted to such a degree that we were obliged to dispense with breakfast altogether, and all cooking where fresh water was requisite; and to keep off thirst in the day time, were under the necessity of having a small pebble stone in the mouth, by which means

saliva was produced, which in some measure alleviated our sufferings. A number of the soldiers died in consequence of the deprivation. The happiest Christmas day I ever spent was on this voyage, owing to a heavy fall of rain which took place the night before; and you would have been a little amused could you have seen us,—commanding officer, officers, and soldiers, all having mustered every utensil we could find, collecting the water as it fell from the rigging. This afforded us means to have a good Christmas dinner, but the water so procured never kept long, therefore we were soon driven to our old resources, so that at last it was determined that the ship should be run on the island of Minuacoy (?) and if we escaped with our lives, await there the chance of Pattimars to carry us to the mainland of India. Fortunately we were not driven to this last resource, as the wind changed, and we were enabled to reach Quilon. The first article I purchased out of a canoe that came alongside the ship was a calabash of water. In about a fortnight afterwards we reached Bombay. I look forward with the utmost pleasure at once more seeing my dear and only brother. Tell him I received his last book; and I looked into it with pleasure, though too learned for my understanding. I send this by the despatch *overland*, which will of course reach you sooner than by sea."

After Captain Hibbert had sojourned at his brother's house in Edinburgh for a short time, he proceeded to make a tour through the Highlands, and then visit his old friends in Manchester.

In the summer of 1834 Edinburgh was crowded with distinguished strangers—men of science and literature, not only from different parts of the United Kingdom, but from the Continent; for, in the month of September, there was to be held a meeting of the British Association. The members of the Royal Society were especially occupied in the entertainment of their guests, and Burdiehouse was a show-ground

for them. We may here name a few among the distinguished members of the Society at that time :—Sir David Brewster, Lord Greenock, Sir Benjamin Brodie, John William Lubbock, Sir Thomas Brisbane, Dr. Greville, the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinston, Sir Henry Jardine, Dr. W. P. Alison, Viscount Arbuthnot, Sir Charles Babbage, Sir Charles Bell, Francis Chantrey, Esq., Dr. Christison, Professor Forbes, Captain Basil Hall, R.N., Sir William Hamilton, Bart., Dr. Home, Professor Jameson, Dr. Robert Knox, Dr. D. Lardner, Sir George Mackenzie, Bart., Lord Meadowbank, Lord Napier, Sir John Sinclair, Bart., Henry Witham, Esq., etc.

After the meeting of the Association had been held, and the fossil treasures of Burdiehouse had been minutely inspected and discussed, Dr. Hibbert received a letter from Professor Buckland, dated Oxford the 28th of October, to allay certain scruples his friend had entertained against a proposal to christen one of the Burdiehouse fossil monsters after him.

“Although I admire the delicacy which prompts you,” wrote the Professor, “to act as you have done with respect to the nomenclature of your newly-discovered animals, I cannot but feel that it is justly due to you to record the part you have taken in their development. I think you are quite right in wishing to confirm the generic name *Megalichthys* to the gigantic fish of the Whitby liar, and I shall propose to Agassiz to assign the generic name *Hibberti* and specific *Edinensis* to the great creature whose teeth you were the first to submit to public notice.”

At various meetings of the Royal Society, namely, on the 2d of December 1833, the 17th of February,

the 21st of April, and the 1st of December 1834, Dr. Hibbert had read papers on "The Fossils of the Fresh-water Limestone of Burdiehouse," which were printed in the *Transactions* of the Society, vol. xiii. All these papers he afterwards connected in a single Memoir, printed for private circulation, and illustrated by many plates; a view of old Burdiehouse quarry, its fossil plants, lesser fish, sauroid remains, large fossil teeth, part of the jawbone and round scales of the *Megalichthys*, scales of the *Megalichthys* and dorsal rays of the *Gyracanthus*, and specimens of the *Eurypterus*, mostly all engraved from very correct drawings by Mrs. Hibbert, with the exception of two or three by other members of his family.

The Memoir is divided into two parts and a supplement. The first part treats of the fresh-water limestone of Burdiehouse in reference to the vegetable and animal remains which it encloses. The second part treats of the geological relations of that limestone; and in the supplement, Dr. Hibbert notices certain other fresh-water limestones in the vicinity of Edinburgh. He observed that before the appearance of his Memoir no geological description had ever been published of a fresh-water limestone belonging to the Carboniferous group of rocks—the existence of which had been even doubted; and that the limestone of Burdiehouse contained no *marine* remains whatever; whilst the plants it enclosed were developed in the greatest abundance, and in a most beautiful state of preservation. *Entomostoaca*, analogous to the recent tenants of fresh-water marshes, abounded in the lime-

stone, and in it were also enclosed numerous small fishes; but the deposit was most remarkable for the monsters which it contained—immense sauroid fish, forming the first connecting-link between saurian and finny tribes, the existence of which during the Carboniferous epoch was a new and important fact in geology. Other extraordinary fish were considered as approaching to the *Cestracion* of New Holland. These details formed the first part of his Memoir.

In the second part of it he investigated the geological relations of the limestone of Burdiehouse, the system of strata among which the calcareous deposit of Burdiehouse had been formed; and he concluded with a summary of the evidence relative to the origin of the limestone of that place, in which that fresh-water deposit was compared with the estuarian limestone of Ashford, in Derbyshire, and with the pelagic limestone of other localities.

In the supplement he briefly noticed some few other limestones in the vicinity of Edinburgh, and also gave an outline of one of the most unique deposits in Great Britain, namely, that of Kirkton, near Bathgate, which indicated a deposit from thermal waters coeval with the Carboniferous epoch.

Professor Buckland, in a note to his *Bridgewater Treatise*, afterwards published in 1836, vol. i., p. 276, refers to this Memoir, and observes that scales like those discovered by Dr. Hibbert had recently been found in the coal formation of Newcastle-on-Tyne; also specimens of heads of two similar fishes, and part of a body covered with scales, from the coalfield near

Leeds ; and that Sir Philip Grey Egerton had lately discovered scales of the *Megalichthys*, teeth, and coprolites, in the coal formation of Silverdale, near Newcastle-under-Lyne.

The vegetable fossil remains discovered at Burdiehouse also excited much attention amongst scientific men, and Professor John Lindley of London, who had been examining the specimens, wrote to Dr. Hibbert on the 8th of November telling him that he should be furnished with any information he might wish for respecting the fossil plants found at Burdiehouse, and that drawings of them were being prepared at Newcastle-upon-Tyne by Mr. William Hutton, who shortly afterwards wrote himself to the Doctor that the whole of the July number of his *Flora* should be devoted to the Burdiehouse fossils he had sent him.

In the course of the summer of 1834, William, Dr. Hibbert's second son, returned home from Canada. The young gentleman had not been idle during his residence in the colony ; for, being a very accomplished draughtsman, he had filled his portfolio with sketches. His father wished him to enter the medical profession ; but the son's inclinations were in favour of the army, so a compromise was made between them—the latter consenting to finish his medical studies, and the former promising to use his interest to obtain for him a surgeon's commission in the army. So William Hibbert began to prosecute his studies with great ardour at the Universities of Glasgow and of Edinburgh, and to all appearances a bright career seemed to open out before him.

In the month of November of this year Mrs. Hibbert presented her good lord with another son.

The Burdiehouse fossil animals seem to have afforded no small amusement to her friends ; for one of them, writing to congratulate her on the happy event just mentioned, says :—

“My correspondent does not mention whether the young *Hibberti* has got a large head and conical tail. I beg you will enlighten me on the subject.”

Another friend writes :—

“I am desired by the Duchess to return her best thanks to Dr. Hibbert for the book he sent her, and many thanks from Elizabeth for the minerals, which are a great addition to her museum. She immediately began to study the book, and I imparted to her the meaning of *coprolites*, which amused us much. We laughed so much at breakfast when I read your paragraphs, that the Duchess and Mungo Murray begged to know the cause, and I had to explain the whole matter to them ; but as you say ladies and gentlemen talk of *such matters coolly* in the Modern Athens, why should not we in Dunkeld ? It is too bad that other people should run off with the specimens of the quarry. Are such things considered public property ? The short and the long of it is, that Jameson is jealous of Dr. Hibbert having made the discovery, and still more annoyed that he differs from his theory of salt water. I am happy to hear you are so well satisfied with the account of William Hibbert ; we all took such a fancy to him in that short visit we had from him. What part of England are you going to, and when do you really set out ?”

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Dr. Hibbert leaves Edinburgh—Mrs. Hibbert dies at Harrogate—He settles in York.

AT the end of the year 1834 Dr. and Mrs. Hibbert had been preparing for their final departure from Edinburgh—a step which must, however, have been a painful one for him, since in leaving that city he left a circle of valued scientific and literary friends in whom he had for many years found congenial spirits. But cogent reasons had necessitated this step, and among them the desirability that he should not be at so great a distance from his property; while another reason, and one perhaps more serious, was a necessity for retrenchment in his expenses for his many journeys on the Continent and in Scotland when pursuing his scientific researches, and necessary visits to England had been a constant drain on his purse.

Mrs. Hibbert's strength, too, had been greatly on the decline since the birth of her last child, and her husband was most anxious to find a place of retirement and rest where this companion of his geological and antiquarian rambles should recruit, as he fondly hoped, her shattered health; accordingly, in the early

spring of 1835, they took as a temporary resting-place a cottage in Harrogate.

If the Doctor had deeply regretted leaving his Edinburgh friends, they on their side reciprocated the regret, which was kindly expressed by one of them—Lord Greenock—when thanking him for his book on Burdiehouse.

“MY DEAR SIR,” wrote that nobleman on the 5th of February 1835—“I have never experienced more gratification from any circumstance than that which I received from your kindness in sending me a copy of your very interesting paper on the Fresh-water Limestone of Burdiehouse, as I shall ever regard it as a proof of your friendship and esteem, which I have always been most desirous to possess. And while in common with every well-wisher to the advancement of geology in Scotland I have to regret your removal from Edinburgh, I shall always continue to feel the greatest interest in the future welfare and prosperity of yourself and family ; and it will at all times give me the greatest pleasure to learn that you are enjoying health and opportunity to prosecute fresh discoveries in that branch of science which already owes so much to your talents and exertions.—With best compliments to Mrs. Hibbert, believe me, my dear sir, most truly yours,
GREENOCK.”

Though in the midst of the bustle and fatigue of a removal, and the packing up of a large library and collection of minerals, Dr. Hibbert did not overlook his promise to his son William ; and before leaving Edinburgh he wrote to Sir James M'Grigor, the Chief of the Medical Department of the Army, begging that he would do him the favour to place on his list of candidates for surgeoncies in the army the name of William Hibbert. Sir James made the following kind

reply to the application—a fatal application, as it proved in the future, for the young candidate :—

LONDON, 22d April 1835.

DEAR SIR—In acknowledging the receipt of your letter of the 11th instant, I beg to assure you that every attention in my power shall be paid to your son.

Although I have not the pleasure to be personally known to you, I am not a stranger to your name, which stands high in the scientific world, and the son of Dr. Hibbert has a claim on me, or any one who might happen to fill the office which I have the honour to hold. On receiving back the paper from your son, which I sent to him through Dr. Grant, and ascertaining that he possesses the qualifications required, I will immediately place his name on the list of candidates for the Medical Department of the Army.

That list is a very long one ; and from the number on it, and the length of time many have been there, I dare not promise your son a prospect of a speedy appointment, but he may rely on my not forgetting him and whose son he is.—Believe me, dear sir, very truly yours,

JAMES M'GRIGOR.

Notwithstanding the great number of candidates on Sir James M'Grigor's list, William Hibbert had not to wait very long for a commission ; but in those days favouritism and interest flourished bravely in high places. Our competitive examinations are good in their way, and secure in some degree the appointment of qualified young men to public offices ; but they will never do away with favouritism and interest as long as human feelings are what they ever have been, whatever some pure souls may think on the subject.

Soon after his arrival at Harrogate Dr. Hibbert wrote to thank Sir James M'Grigor, and to intimate

the nature of the studies he would direct his son to pursue.

HARROGATE, 6th May 1835.

DEAR SIR JAMES—The very kind letter which you did me the honour to transmit through Dr. Badenoch I received when I was on the point of setting off for Harrogate, where I remain for some time on account of the ill-health of some of the members of my family. I have also warned my son against manifesting any undue impatience, which in youth is perhaps excusable ; I only wish him to completely fulfil your object, which is so properly directed towards securing a good quality of medical officers for the army. Accordingly, I shall take care that the interval between the period when you were so kind as to place my son's name on the list of candidates and the period when he may be called upon for service, be closely occupied in extending his scientific pursuits, not only in military surgery but in natural history and natural philosophy. I have no wish but that he should do credit to my own intentions to render him worthy of His Majesty's Service.—I have the honour to be, dear Sir James, with the greatest esteem, your very obliged and faithful servant,

S. HIBBERT.

We will insert two or three letters containing paternal lectures, as they will give some insight into Dr. Hibbert's mode of expressing himself, which was at times a little high-flown and grandiloquent, as we have before observed. On one occasion he wrote to his son William, when impressing economy upon him :—“ As living in Edinburgh will cost much money, you must be content with the humble fare and the mean condition which some farmer's house in the country affords.” We can imagine with what a grimace such an intimation would be received by a young dandy !

But Dr. Hibbert's sons knew well that his ex-

aggerated expressions were only so many "winged words," to which he himself attached no real meaning; for as soon as he had cooled down, his purse was ever freely opened to them.

The following letter shows how anxious he was for their welfare, both spiritual and temporal:—

HARROGATE, *May 30th*, 1835.

MY DEAR WILLIAM—You may of course stay in your present lodgings, but would not a small way out of town be better for your health? I have now some reliance on your steadiness, and be assured I have not received a greater delight for some time than in the very honourable testimonials which you have brought with you from London.

I pray for your continued happiness, and I beg that you will constantly attend to the moral state of your mind and disposition, and never fail to commend yourself and your worldly interests to the superintendence of a kind Providence, who ever, amidst your sins and errors, has watched over you, and will continue to bless you if you fear and obey Him.

Let me have regularly, at the expiration of the week, your expenses, and I shall be able soon to calculate the weekly allowance which I shall be enabled to make you. You will then be put to your own resources to make the allowance answer,—a discipline which you ought to be subject to.—Your affectionate father,

S. HIBBERT.

Mr. Willm. Hibbert,
207 Buchanan Street,
Glasgow.

The Doctor was in expectation of soon seeing his brother, Captain George Hibbert, who, in a gossiping letter announcing his intended visit to Harrogate, related an instance of the very good memory, for names at least, of the King:—

"I attended the levee on the 16th of May," wrote George Hibbert, "presented by Sir James Kemp. The King asked me if I was related to the Hibberts of Jamaica."

Probably when William IV. was a midshipman he had been stationed at Jamaica, and along with other officers had been at some entertainments given by the Hibberts, who were a branch of the Manchester merchants of that name.

William Hibbert had evidently been showing at this time some signs of impatience respecting his army commission, and in consequence he received the following paternal lecture, which the young man had carefully preserved along with many other letters from his father:—

"I cannot understand what your letter is driving at," wrote the Doctor, on the 5th of July, "it seems so strange an one, and as is usual with you, exhibits no fixed principle of conduct or prudence which is satisfactory. After reading your letter to both Sarah and your mother, we are all of us at a loss what to make of it. We think you mean to tell us you are tired of Glasgow, and that you wish for a change of situation! Should that be the case, I should indeed despair of you. After the object of your visit to Glasgow is finished, I will give you leave to be as restless as you like about your situation, for I shall be restless also myself if the necessity of continuing any means for your future support should arise. Why did you not graduate the year that young Stark did? Answer that, and blush for ever for your foolish, wicked conduct.

"I do expect that while you are at Glasgow you will study all the books recommended to you by the Army Board. I also expect that you will complete your studies on the eye and the philosophy of the human mind; your botany must also be attended to. Your botany and comparative anatomy must be kept up, as the greatest recommendations for you in the army. With

regard to mineralogy, it forms a part of chemistry, and you *ought* to have known it, especially considering the great advantages, which you despised at the time, to be obtained from my private collections—advantages which will never be afforded you again. With regard to geology, it will also be expected that you should know something of the science, especially considering it is a science now so generally cultivated, and considering the connection in which you stand to me. But I believe you never thought of geology, except in reference to some very unnatural attempts at ridicule, of which your own father was the unnatural object. If so fortunate a circumstance had happened that you had known geology, my recommendation might possibly have obtained for you even some public appointment abroad, as young Ainsworth has obtained on that very score. Your uncle is coming to Harrogate in a day or two, to spend a week or so; he is along with Miss Ainsworth and Mrs. James Ainsworth's daughter.

“It is possible that for the sake of economy I may settle in York, where I am less known than in Lancashire, and where I may of course live more according to my own wish, as far as manner goes.—Very affectionately yours, S. HIBBERT.”

The “public appointment abroad,” to which Dr. Hibbert alludes in this letter, was the Euphrates Expedition, under the late General Chesney, to which William Francis Ainsworth, Ph.D., whom we have before had occasion to mention in this *Memoir*, had been appointed surgeon and geologist. During this expedition, Mr. Ainsworth made several excursions into Syria and Persia, and he returned to England by Kurdistan, searching for coal strata; and the results of his wanderings were his valuable and interesting works, *Assyria, Babylonia, and Chaldea; Travels in Asia Minor*; and *Travels in the Track of the Ten Thousand Greeks*.

To return to Dr. Hibbert's letter to his son, we must here say a few words in extenuation of William Hibbert's delinquencies. Though possessed of talents and abilities of no mean order, he had certainly been idle when at the Edinburgh University; still we must not take in their literal sense the words in the foregoing letter, "you never thought of geology, except in reference to some very unnatural attempts at ridicule, of which your own father was the unnatural object." Probably William Hibbert did not hold geology in the same high estimation as did his father; and at that time older heads were not very partial to the science—then in its infancy. Be that as it may, the "unnatural attempts at ridicule" of which Dr. Hibbert complained, but at which he had heartily laughed when it first came to his ears, was this: William Hibbert was an accomplished mimic, and, being a handsome likeness of his father, it is not surprising that he could reproduce the paternal face with all its peculiarities (for he had some); and when his father urged upon him the necessity of studying geology, the young scapegrace obeyed the injunction in his own fashion, and donning the paternal geologising jacket, and supplying himself with a few minerals and a hammer, he proceeded to give a lecture to his brothers and sisters and some young lady visitors, chipping the minerals, and making use of all the hard geological words he could command, at the same time twisting his face so as to reproduce that of his sire.

The time was now fast approaching when Dr.

Hibbert would be called on to endure a very great affliction,—the loss of a wife endeared to him not only by ties of the deepest affection, but by a striking similarity of tastes and inclinations. Unwilling as he ever was to foresee illness in those he loved, he failed to perceive the slow but gradual decay of his wife's strength. She too may have fostered this delusion on his part; for knowing how nervously depressed he would be if he thought anything serious ailed her, she tried to keep him in ignorance as to her state of health, till at length, on the 6th of July, she fairly broke down, prostrated by a nervous fever. The shock was more severe to her husband since it was unlooked for by him.

The next three weeks were weeks of cruel anxiety and sorrow; there were fluctuations of hope and again of fear, as we glean from the Doctor's memoranda, till the evening of the 1st of August, when he was called suddenly to his wife's room. He found that a change had taken place, and that she was getting cold. Warm stimulants were offered and taken, but the debility was far too great to be relieved, and she expired tranquilly, but so suddenly, that he indulged himself for awhile in the illusion that vitality was suspended, under some form of hysteria, rather than that it was terminated.

“Where the tree falls, there let it lie.” So said the bereaved husband when deciding where he should lay the remains of his departed wife, and he buried her in a vault near the altar, in the church at Knaresborough, the only persons present at the funeral being

Dr. Hibbert and two of his sons, and a son of Mrs. Hibbert by her first marriage, William Douglas Scott, now Major Scott, late 51st.

The blow, when it fell, was stunning ; but sustained as he was by a deep feeling of religion, Dr. Hibbert submitted with resignation to the will of God. Yet, to the latest days of his life, he did not forget this great affliction.

CHAPTER XLIX.

York—Mr. Joseph Jordan elected Surgeon to the Manchester Infirmary—The Lancaster Cross and Baines's *History of Lancashire*—Review of the *Foundations of Manchester* in the *Gentleman's Magazine*—Professor Buckland's *Bridgewater Treatise*—The Overland Route to India.

AFTER the funeral, Dr. Hibbert,—with his eldest daughter Miss Sarah Hibbert, and his three young children, one of them a baby,—set out for York; for the poignancy of the great grief which afflicted him was too intense to allow of his remaining where he had sustained so grievous a loss.

Perhaps the greatest solace he received in this hour of affliction was the affectionate sympathy of his deceased wife's relatives. His only surviving brother George strove also, with words of brotherly affection, to soften his great sorrow.

"I regret to find," he wrote from London, "that your health is not as it should be, though I cannot wonder at it when I think of the sore affliction you have been visited with. Do, my dear brother, strive against it, for the sake of your young family. How thankful you ought to be that you are blessed with such a daughter as Sarah, for without her you would have been helpless indeed."

Miss Hibbert was at this time about twenty-one

years of age. Before dismissing the name of the second Mrs. Hibbert from our pages we should wish to pay a slight tribute to her memory. Though possessed of a superior intellect, which she had improved by study, she was ever most unassuming and retiring in society, and never made a display of her knowledge.

Those nearly related to her by ties of blood judged highly of her merits; but for a more impartial estimate of her character we turn to a letter written to Dr. Hibbert on the 15th of August by a more distant connection of the deceased lady, yet one who knew her intimately;

Most sincerely do Lady Strathallan and I sympathise and condole with you. A more amiable and excellent person never existed, which, at her period of life, renders her loss more deplorable,—especially for those dear little ones; and we can only hope they may inherit a share of their mother's spirit, and partake of those attainments for which she was so distinguished. It will always afford Lady Strathallan and myself great pleasure to hear of your and their welfare; and with my affectionate regards and kind wishes, in which Lady Strathallan and our daughter unite, believe me always, my dear sir, very faithfully yours,

STRATHALLAN.

In the trying rôle of stepmother, Mrs. Hibbert showed a tenderness of heart, tact, and judgment rarely to be met with in those who fill that invidious post. The writer of this Memoir has been informed, by one who lived under the same roof with her for years, that though he never knew her to have the slightest altercation with her husband,—with whom she generally coincided on every point,—yet, whenever

Dr. Hibbert had occasion to blame or punish any of his children by his former marriage, she never took part with him, but rather did her best to screen them. The epithets of the ancient poets, *dura noverca* and *sæva noverca*, could certainly not have been applied to her.

Being now settled in York, Dr. Hibbert had the pleasure of meeting there a very old friend of his family, Mrs. Howard, formerly a Miss Baron, a member of an old Manchester Presbyterian family, and niece of the late Lieutenant-General Waller, a descendant of the celebrated Sir William Waller, the poet and Parliamentary-General. Mrs. Howard was the wife of Charles Howard, Esq., of Melbourne, near York,—the eminent agriculturist whose son, the late Dr. Richard Baron Howard, was physician to the Manchester Workhouse, and the author of an able pamphlet entitled, “An Inquiry into the Morbid Effects of Deficiency of Food, chiefly with reference to their occurrence amongst the Destitute Poor.”

Perhaps it was a happy incident that business connected with the purchase of a majority in the 40th for his brother George called the Doctor to Manchester at this time, since his mind was thereby distracted from constant reflection on the painful loss he had sustained.

Many dear and valued old friends also resided in Manchester, whose society cheered and soothed him; but, unfortunately, asthma had already begun to distress him at intervals, and, finding the smoke of his

native town prejudicial, he made it a rule always to sleep at the Angel Inn, in the village of Stretford. During this visit he arranged with his bankers (Messrs. Jones, Lloyd, and Co.) on behalf of his brother, for advancing the regulation price of the majority we have alluded to,—£1400, along with £400 above that price to be paid to the retiring officer. The affection of the two brothers for each other was always great, and on this occasion George Hibbert only expressed the feelings that ever actuated him when he wrote, on the 27th of October :—

Your affectionate letter reached me this morning, and I hasten to inform you that I have got the official document from Lord Fitzroy Somerset, directing me to lodge the money in the agent's hands,—it being Lord Hill's intention to recommend me for promotion. I accordingly put myself into an omnibus for the city, with yours and Lord Fitzroy's letters in my pocket, showed them to Mr. Lewis Lloyd, who was complimentary enough to say that, independent of your letter, the name would be sufficient, and that the money would be in Cox's hands to-morrow morning. Thank you kindly, my dear brother, for the interest you take in me ; and that you may be fully restored to the enjoyment of health and happiness is the prayer of your affectionate brother,

GEORGE HIBBERT.

Whilst in Manchester, Dr. Hibbert met with Mr. Samuel Gaskell, a fellow-student and friend of his son William, from whom he learned that the health of the latter was not quite satisfactory ; and this gives an opportunity of showing how the worthy Doctor had modified his opinions since those old days at Berwick and Haddington, when he held such Spartan-like views as to the training of children, and advo-

cated and adopted a rigid, hardening process. Writing to his son William, Dr. Hibbert says :—

“If you have the opportunity of attending Dr. Christison’s lectures, it will be a very great pity not to avail yourself of it, for I think he is one of the ablest professors in Edinburgh College. By-the-by, Mr. Samuel Gaskell, of the Manchester Infirmary, who is truly anxious for your welfare, tells me that your health, in his opinion, is but delicate, and he censures you for your light clothing. I wish you to buy two ready-made woollen shirts, which will be for the present a sufficient supply, one being at the wash while the other is worn. Wear one next the skin ; also get, but for the winter only, a doeskin waistcoat, which you may wear over the flannel, taking the doeskin waistcoat off when you go to bed. Also, supply yourself with good woollen drawers. You have been shamefully neglectful in protection for the lower extremities.”

No sooner had the Doctor returned to York than he received a letter, dated the 12th of December 1835, from his old friend Mr. Jordan, which had the effect of recalling him to Manchester in a few weeks—a beneficial circumstance, in so far as it tended to occupy his mind.

“You will be sorry to hear of the sudden death of Mr. Whatton,” wrote Mr. Jordan. “I write to ask your interest, as I propose to offer myself as surgeon. Could you write to some of your friends ? I need not say that you being known to support me would much strengthen my interest.”

The death of Mr. Whatton had made a vacancy among the surgeons of the Manchester Infirmary, and several candidates were in the field.

The election was a hotly contested one, and Dr. Hibbert gave Mr. Jordan all the support in his power,

by writing to the many influential friends he had in Manchester and the neighbourhood.

On the important day which decided the victory in favour of Mr. Jordan, two old friends, whilom brother officers—in the 1st Lancashires—of the newly-elected surgeon, were seated with him in his dining-room, congratulating him on his success. These two old officers were Dr. Hibbert and Captain Edward Jones.

Elated with victory, Mr. Jordan exclaimed in exultant tones, "I have now reached the height of my ambition; I will retire from practice, enjoy mine ease, and keep my carriage; my dear Doctor, pray tell me what motto I shall take for my coat of arms."

"PERGE, PERGE," replied the Doctor, pronouncing the letter *e* rather like *u*, so as to give the word somewhat of the sound of *purge*; and then he added laughingly, "Go on, my dear fellow, go on, and get higher still;" for well he knew that it was not in the nature of his friend Jordan ever to be idle and give up practice.

It may be noticed here that Mr. Joseph Jordan died only a few years ago, at the great age of eighty-six, having acquired a very large fortune with strict integrity and credit to himself; for he practised his profession not only with skill but as a gentleman and a man of honour, never stooping to such acts as pouring in unnecessary visits to his patients and so forth. The same might be said of other eminent Manchester practitioners of his time,—as Ainsworth, Brigham, Ransome, Thorpe, Turner, Wilson, and many more.

Towards the close of the year 1835 and the begin-

ning of 1836, literary transactions connected with Lancashire occupied some of Dr. Hibbert's time. He had felt much interest in the important and valuable *History of Lancashire* which Edward Baines, Esq., M.P., was then bringing to a close, and on the 21st of December 1835 that gentleman wrote from Leeds:—

“You have greatly increased the load of obligation that you have before conferred upon me, by sending me the drawings of the ancient cross with the Runic inscription, and by your provident care in writing to Copenhagen to obtain the sentiments of Professor Magnusson upon this interesting piece of antiquity. When the paper on the antiquarian transactions of Copenhagen arrives, I shall be happy to be allowed the use of it for my Lancashire History. When I have used the drawing and tracings they shall be returned to you.”

Unfortunately, the interpretation given by Professor Magnusson of the Runic inscription on the ancient cross to which Mr. Baines alludes, came too late for him to make use of. The learned Dane had entrusted his paper on the subject to Mr. Macdougall, Curator of one of the Royal Libraries of Copenhagen, who was unfortunately drowned in the autumn of 1835 by the upsetting of a boat, in consequence of which accident Dr. Hibbert did not receive the explanation of the Runic characters for upwards of a year.

Drawings of the cross and casts of the inscription had been made by Captain Edward Jones, and these appear in volume iv. of Baines's *History of Lancashire*. This interesting piece of antiquity is upwards of three feet in height, and is covered with entangled scrolls, in relief,—the usual characteristics of Runic crosses.

Below these ornamental carvings is the inscription which has exercised the skill of Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian scholars to interpret.

The cross had been dug up in the churchyard of St. Mary's at Lancaster by the sexton, some time about the year 1807, and lay for a considerable time neglected, when it disappeared. It was said that it had been sold by the gravedigger for 5s. to some one at Kendal. However, it was in a private museum at that town when Dr. Hibbert went to see it in the year 1834. After the death of the owner of this museum, it was sold along with other objects of curiosity, and was bought for Dr. Holme of Manchester by a friend; but what became of it after the death of that gentleman in 1847 the editor is not able to say.

We shall write further of this cross in another chapter.

The other literary transaction relative to Lancashire which engaged Dr. Hibbert's attention for a short time was a review of the *History of the Foundations in Manchester*, in the oldest and then one of the most influential magazines in England—the *Gentleman's*. Of this work the reviewer says:—

“This is a very elaborate and excellent work, combining the utmost minuteness of detail necessary in local histories, and accuracy in extent of research, with a history of events of general importance, and linking them to the important occurrences of history, while many very interesting biographical notices are interspersed throughout. The work is founded on the collection of the Rev. G. Greswell, schoolmaster of the Chetham Institution, who was for several years employed in collecting materials for the *History of Manchester*; but as his materials were found to

be too imperfect to publish, Dr. Hibbert of Edinburgh undertook the task of remodelling them. No trouble or expense seems to have been spared by the publishers in making their work both copious and exact. The typography is handsome, and the plates well executed. The chief share of the work is undoubtedly Dr. Hibbert's, and the library of Mr. Heywood of Swinton Lodge was the ample repository of his richest materials. Those relating to the events of Manchester during the grand rebellion are of the greatest interest; indeed, the annals of the Presbyterian Church of Manchester will form a curious part of the general history of these times in all future accounts. To those interested by connection of family or proximity of residence with Manchester, it will be a storehouse of information, and as we have said, to the general history of our country it has brought its accession of materials."

William Hibbert had received a *private* letter, dated the 8th of January 1836, written by Sir James M'Grigor himself, requiring him to attend in London for examination, previously to being recommended for a commission in the army.

"On coming to London," wrote Sir James, "you must bring with you all your diplomas, certificates of attendance on classes, etc. etc., and further, certificates of moral character. One of the certificates of moral character must be by a clergyman. You will observe that a married gentleman is inadmissible into the service, and that if you marry within two years after you are gazetted your commission will be cancelled. As the son of Dr. Hibbert, you may be assured I shall not fail to call you up for examination at as early a period as I can."

William Hibbert's conduct had never been such as to preclude him from obtaining the required certificate, which was given him by a Presbyterian minister who had been a private tutor in the family, and which, moreover, shows how careful Dr. Hibbert had been

in the education of his sons. The Rev. Mr. Whyte wrote on the 3d of February 1836 :—

I have much pleasure in stating that I have been intimately acquainted with Mr. William Hibbert for the last fifteen years. During the first five of these I had the honour to be classical tutor in Dr. Hibbert's family. The next two years were spent in Continental schools, and from the period of Mr. William Hibbert's return, when he commenced his medical studies, to the present, I have had constant occasion to remark his exemplary moral character. Unlike many who turn to the study of medicine as a profitable speculation, and without the pre-requisite acquirements, Mr. W. Hibbert has from boyhood been trained to all the habits and associations of a liberally-educated naturalist. No pains or expense have been spared to render him an accomplished scholar, and it affords me much pleasure to remark that he has industriously availed himself of his father's liberality.

WILLIAM WHYTE, *Preacher*,
George Watson's Hospital, Edinburgh.

William Hibbert was, in truth, as Mr. Whyte said, an accomplished scholar, for he had been well drilled in the ancient classics, both at Macclesfield Grammar School, at the High School of Edinburgh, and at the University there ; and as soon as he had determined to enter the medical service in the army his father impressed upon him the necessity of "rubbing up" his Latin and Greek, Sir James M'Grigor having been anxious to secure officers not only possessing the necessary medical qualifications but the education of gentlemen. Another qualification which William Hibbert possessed, and which was of the greatest advantage to him, was his skill as a draughtsman, and being, as we have before observed, *ambidexter*, he could draw and paint with either hand ; nay, in so

remarkable a degree did he possess this gift that he could perform with both hands at the same time, and his drawing-master, Mr. Dick of Edinburgh, was wont, on more than one occasion, to introduce some gentleman into his class-room to see young Hibbert execute his drawing.

The latter had passed his examination creditably, and his father, congratulating him, wrote as follows:—

“I am rejoiced beyond measure, as Sarah was also, to hear that you had passed so creditably. You now feel the rewards of honest zeal and industry in the cause of science and of that profession which you yourself elected, and I trust that by a continuance in well-doing still greater rewards and honours will await you.”

The young surgeon was soon sent to Fort Pitt to do duty on the medical staff of the army until he should be appointed to a regiment.

Dr. Hibbert, who had been at this time again absent from home, had nearly met with an accident. We will give his own account of it to his son William, which, as usual, is written in rather exaggerated terms:—

“I came home yesterday. I was in a coach passing near Rochdale, being an inside passenger. The coach upset near Littleboro by the loss of the linchpin, whereby two of the outside passengers were seriously injured. One of them had a compound fracture of the leg, and the other sustained two deep cuts across the forehead, so as to lay bare the cranium. Unfortunately for me, the latter gentleman rode on the outside in order to please the proprietors of the coach, who endeavoured in the foulest manner to swindle me out of the inside place I had taken the day before, and to induce me to ride outside,—a design which I, of course, resisted; and to make the result still more

painful to me, it proved that the sufferer was the son of an old respected acquaintance of mine, the Rev. Mr. Turner of Newcastle. I saw Mr. Turner's son to his residence in Halifax, and placed him under the superintendence of his wife. A Dr. Moulson of Halifax writes to me that he is doing as favourably as can be expected. You here see how thankful I ought to be to Providence for my narrow escape."

William Hibbert having thus successfully passed his examination before the Army Medical Board, his father urged him on to the further prosecution of his studies.

"There is an exceeding complaint in many quarters," wrote Dr. Hibbert on the 26th of January, "that young men are not educated for the army who understand natural history so well as to avail themselves of the situations in which they are thrown in distant quarters of the globe, to render valuable contributions to science, and the Government has been very often solicitous to find out such young naturalists, and to give them a lucrative employment in the expeditions they send out. This is a hint for yourself."

But the Doctor did not, on the occasion of his son going to Fort Pitt, omit giving him a lecture on economy, couched in his usual energetic phraseology.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM," he wrote on the 27th of February,— "Your accounts, as you remark, are tremendously heavy. Send me an account of the articles of the hosier's bill—£8 : 12 : 3— at which I am puzzled. Does it also include shirts? for shirts are not usually furnished by the hosiers. I wish you to be supplied with clothes, but, at the same time, I wish to see how the money has been spent. I am not sorry that you do not possess such a *fribblery*, contemptible toy as the watch which you had at Harrogate, but I trust you have not sold it. With regard to a watch, a good silver one, or, at the best, a good silver-gilt one, ought to be your greatest ambition, as far as a watch is concerned. Now I must caution you to be very careful

regarding your appointments, in not ordering a superfluous number of them from regimental tailors and furnishers, whom I have always found to mislead young *raw* officers, and to sponge them properly. When you are quite settled, I will make you some regular allowance in addition to your pay. What is meant by 8/6 for medicines? Are you unwell? Let me hear all about it.—Ever affectionately yours,
S. HIBBERT."

Major George Hibbert now bade farewell to his brother and his friends in England, in order to return to his regiment, the 40th, at Bombay. It was not till after the lapse of many years, and after George Hibbert had gone through all the fatigues and dangers of a sharp campaign, that the two brothers again clasped each other's hands. He travelled by the overland route to India, then lately established and arranged by that great benefactor to Europe, the late Lieutenant Waghorn.

While William Hibbert was on the medical staff at Fort Pitt, the Museum of Natural History at Chatham was placed in his charge, and he was directed to catalogue the specimens therein by Dr. Davy, brother of the celebrated Sir Humphrey, one of the staff-officers. The young surgeon attended strictly to the orders of his superior, by whom he was favourably noticed. But though thus employed in a manner not uncongenial to his tastes, he was becoming impatient to be appointed to a regiment, and his father admonished him in characteristic letters.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM," wrote the Doctor on the 8th of April,—"I am no less sorry on your account than my own to find you are still ungazetted; but this is only the first of a series of trials and disappointments that await you in the line of profes-

sion which you have chosen for yourself, and under your present circumstances I can give no advice but—PATIENCE—PATIENCE—PATIENCE.

“Any fretfulness which you exhibit will not advance your object a single hour. Indeed, you will act more prudently by letting the delay have no effect whatever on your proceedings; and if a very unreasonable time elapse without your being gazetted, I will interfere about the matter. But I trust you will not be many days ungazetted, particularly as your delay may be occasioned by the very numerous changes going on at this time of the year in all the regiments of the line, and independent of the occasional changes in various regiments,—which have been rather unusual, as I find from the gazettes.

“In the meantime continue at the mess, and let your zeal in arranging the museum of comparative anatomy at Chatham be undiminished, as it may recommend you to some particular service—more than you are aware of.

“I will, in about another week, send you another remittance.—Yours affectionately,
S. HIBBERT.”

In another letter of admonition, dated the 24th of April, the Doctor writes :—

DEAR WILLIAM—Tell Dr. Davy how much obliged I am for his attention to you. And now with regard to yourself, I presume that Fisher will furnish your regimental appointments, but in this business I do not need to caution you to be as economical as possible. I have seen many young officers, on their first promotion, launch out and buy many useless things of which they have afterwards repented. I will pay your bill in fitting you out, and I flatter myself you will not by any useless purchases abuse this privilege. If you order anything from Fisher, you will endeavour previously to ascertain the cost of it, or thereabouts, and get him to send me in his bill. Tell me what pay you receive. I shall make your allowance in addition to it as much as I can afford.

And now with regard to your future operations : If possible, I will meet you in Scotland about July, as I am anxious that

you should assist me in making some drawings for me in the Highlands, of certain monumental inscriptions, which must be done under my inspection, and you may then possibly (if your leave does not expire sooner) have time to return to York with me. With regard to your staff appointment, I am pleased with it, as it brings you under the immediate notice of influential persons, and I equally hope that you will not be removed from Chatham until you have had time completely to arrange the museum there, of comparative anatomy, and I do desire you to bend your whole thoughts to it, as nothing will serve to recommend you better should any scientific expedition, such as that of the Euphrates, etc. etc., be ever again meditated. Dr. Davy, in his valuable researches in Ceylon and elsewhere, is a model to you. And now my best hopes and prayers are, that you will continue your studies with the greatest earnestness, and that you will study all departments of zoology with care, and even turn your attention in some little degree to *mineralogy*, in the knowledge of which you are deficient, as well as to *geology*, of which you know nothing whatever. If you see me either in Yorkshire or Scotland, I will give you some few practical lessons in geology, which may at a future time be of service to you. I hope to hear from you soon.—Very affectionately yours, S. HIBBERT.

A paragraph in this letter shows how greatly Dr. Hibbert missed the dear companion of his former wanderings, of whose pencil he had been wont to make use; for, skilful draughtsman as William Hibbert was, his father could only have availed himself occasionally, and for a very short time, of his services in making archæological sketches for him.

In the month of May this year (1836), the Doctor was gratified by the appearance of the *Bridgewater Treatise* of his friend, Professor Buckland; but his pleasure on this occasion had one great alloy,—she who for a number of years had sympathised with and

shared all his scientific labours, was no longer there to enjoy it with him.

The work we have just alluded to is entitled, "Geology and Mineralogy considered with reference to Natural Theology, by the Rev. William Buckland, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, and Reader in Geology and Mineralogy in the University of Oxford." The Professor, in volume i. p. 275, speaks of the discoveries at Burdiehouse as follows:—

"Plate xxvii., Figures 11, 12, 13, 14, represent teeth of the largest sauroid fishes yet discovered, equalling in size the teeth of the largest crocodiles; they occur in the lower region of the coal formation near Edinburgh, and are referred by M. Agassiz to a new genus, *Megalichthys*. Plate xxvii., Figures 9 and 4, are fragments of jaws containing many smaller teeth of the same kind. The external form of all these teeth is nearly conical, and within them is a conical cavity like that within the teeth of many saurians; their base is fluted like the base of the teeth of the *Ichthyosaurus*. Their prodigious size shows the magnitude which fishes of this family attained at a period so early as that of the coal formation; their structure coincides entirely with that of the teeth of the living *Lepidosteus osseus*. Plate xxvii., Figures 1, 2, 3."

Professor Buckland appends a note to the above passage as follows:—

"We owe the discovery of these very curious teeth and much valuable information on the geology of the neighbourhood of Edinburgh to the zeal and discernment of Dr. Hibbert, in the spring of 1834. The limestone in which these fishes occur lies near the bottom of the coal formation, and is loaded with Coprolites, derived apparently from predaceous fishes. It is abundantly charged also with ferns and other plants of the coal formation, and with the crustaceous remains of Cyprus,—a genus known only as an inhabitant of fresh water. These

circumstances and the absence of corals and encrinites, and of all species of marine shells, render it probable that this deposit was formed in a fresh-water lake, or estuary. It has been recognised in various and distant places at the bottom of the carboniferous strata near Edinburgh."

In the plate before referred to the great sauroid fish is styled *Holoptychus Hibberti*.

After Major Hibbert's arrival in India, he sent home a detailed account of his overland journey, which being at that time anything but the easy overland route of the year 1882, it may not be uninteresting to cull a few extracts from his letter. On the 30th of April he and his fellow-traveller, Captain Leslie of the Bombay Artillery, arrived at Alexandria from Malta, sailed on the canal part of the way to Grand Cairo in a boat swarming with rats, fleas, and all sorts of disgusting vermin. On the 1st of May they changed boats on the Nile. On the 3d they landed, and having mounted donkeys, rode to Cairo. There they rested a night and then started on dromedaries for Suez, across the desert, travelling by night on account of the heat, and resting in the daytime; and owing to some mismanagement of the agent, they fell short of water and provisions, and were wretchedly bad housed in bad tents. On the 6th of May the travellers arrived at Suez, where they embarked on board the *Hugh Lindsay* steamer and sailed down the Red Sea, and anchored at Jedda on the 11th. Here the passengers landed, and an Arab agent prepared for them an Arab dinner,—one dish being a sheep cooked whole and stuffed with all sorts of things, no one knew what.

On the 1st of June the steamer arrived at Bombay. Among the passengers was the Rev. Mr. Wolff, the then well-known missionary, who parted at Jedda, where he assumed the Abyssinian dress before proceeding to Massava.

Although living in retirement at York, Dr. Hibbert did not shut himself up in his study like some melancholy recluse; for he considered that his daughter was young, and that it was requisite that she should see something of the outer world; so we find him accompanying her to dinner and evening parties, to the concerts at the De Grey Rooms, and accepting invitations to the Mansion House balls. But generally Miss Hibbert spent her evenings with her father, reading or studying, after she had seen to household affairs and the wants of the children,—thus endeavouring, as much as possible, to alleviate the great bereavement he had sustained. But the charge was a heavy one, and so indeed it was considered to be by a near relative of the late Mrs. Hibbert, who kindly wrote:—

“I fear you have much more to do and think of than is good for you. Those precious children are a great care and anxiety for one so young as yourself; but I hope that you are taking all the care you can of your health. I am sure that your father will enforce your doing so.”

CHAPTER L.

Antiquarian Tour in Ireland—William Hibbert travels overland to India—His sketches—Mahometan superstition—Sore eyes among the poor in Upper Egypt—Continuation of the *History of the Foundations of Manchester*.

FOR a long time past had Dr. Hibbert contemplated making an antiquarian tour in Ireland, in which his late wife, had she lived, would have accompanied him. His old friend Captain Edward Jones, aware of this, and thinking that the change of scene would be beneficial to him, now persuaded him to put his intention into execution, and proffered the services of his pencil. Accordingly, on the 6th of July 1836, they took their passage in the steamer from Liverpool to Dublin.

Having settled themselves for a few days in the Irish capital, Mr. George Petrie, the distinguished author of the *History of the Round Towers of Ireland*, called on Dr. Hibbert, and the two tourists visited several other literary men to whom the Doctor was known.

Writing from Dublin on the 9th of July, to his son William, he says :—

“ I was most exceedingly glad to receive an extract from the

Report of the State of the Military Museum at Chatham. This is information that gives me a pleasure of the greatest kind, and I trust that you will continue to let me have such favourable accounts of you.

“I am now on an antiquarian tour through Ireland. I never was received with so much kindness in my life as by the good people of Dublin, particularly by those to whom I was known by my literary labours. The rich antiquarian museum of the Trinity College was open to me, and the librarian, Mr. Todd, spent some hours with me. The same also did the Dean of St. Patrick's, in showing me his antiquities, as well as Mr. Petrie, a famous antiquarian, who accompanied me in my visits to the neighbourhood.

“I was with Sir William Betham, the Ulster King-at-Arms, to inquire after the almost lost family of the great antiquary of Ireland, Sir James Ware. Sir William proved to me that I was the representative in blood of my grandfather, who appears in Harris's *History of Dublin*, as ‘Robert Ware, Esq., of Castle Street,’ but who, upon spending his fortune, died as Lieutenant and Paymaster in the Royal Lancashire Militia. As such he entered me officially in his account of the pedigree of Sir James Ware, and he required from me the names of all my children.

“My health is very indifferent; exertion fatigues me and reduces me to a state of imbecility (*sic*). I am indeed very weak, but I hope to mend before I return.”

After spending a few days in Dublin, the two tourists travelled through different parts of Ireland, Captain Jones assiduously sketching round-towers, crosses, cromlechs, cairns, and such like, and obtaining information, respecting objects they wished to see, from neighbouring priests,—with whom the Captain, as a Catholic, fraternised, and whose tea and whisky punch and hospitality they both were happy to partake of.

Having wandered through a great part of the country for several weeks, they again returned to

Dublin. Whilst there Mr. Petrie looked minutely over Captain Jones' collection of sketches, and borrowed some of them in which he was particularly interested, to copy; that gentleman also gave them an introduction to Major Sirr, who possessed many valuable Irish antiquities, specimens of minerals and paintings.

We may here narrate an incident which occurred during a visit to Major Sirr. Dr. Hibbert observing the portrait of a very handsome young man, was so much struck with it, that he asked the Major who it was. "It is Lord Edward Fitzgerald," calmly replied the latter. The Doctor felt instantly much disconcerted and annoyed at having asked such a question, knowing that Major Sirr had arrested that chivalrous young nobleman, who died soon afterwards of the wounds he had received in the struggle; but the Major himself appeared to be very unconcerned.

During his father's absence in Ireland William Hibbert had been gazetted in the month of September, as assistant-surgeon in the 2d Queen's Royals, then stationed in the Bombay Presidency, and had received an unexpected order to join the regiment immediately, so he had to leave the country without seeing his father.

Wishing to go to India overland, he passed through France to Marseilles, sketching all the way. From that city he took his passage in a steamer to one of the Italian ports. It may interest the tourist of this day to know something of the tariff of fares, etc., of travelling by steamboat in the Mediterranean, in 1836.

There was then, according to the printed notice of A. and C. Bazin, of Marseilles, a steam navigation between that port and Genoa, Leghorn, Civita-Vecchia, Naples, and Malta, by means of two French steam packets, fitted up with English steam-engines of 140 horse-power each. The departures from Marseilles took place three times in the month. The tariff of fares was as follows:—from Marseilles to Malta, £12; to Genoa, £3 : 10s.; to Leghorn, £5; Civita-Vecchia, £6 : 10s.; Naples, £8 : 10s.; from Genoa to Naples the fare was £6 : 8s.; and from Leghorn to Civita-Vecchia, £2 : 12s. Refreshments and wines, as the notice informs the public, might be had on board on reasonable terms.

William Hibbert, whilst travelling through Italy, filled his portfolio with sketches of remarkable places, and of the costumes of the people; he also jotted down in his memorandum book copious notes of his travels. From Italy he passed over to Malta, and thence to Egypt. In this latter country he made numerous, well-executed sketches of the pyramids, and also of the inhabitants, military and civil, in their different costumes. From Grand Cairo he wrote, on the 21st of January 1837, to his oldest brother:—

“As I am just on the point of starting for Upper Egypt, which is rather an uncivilised place—there being, I suppose, no consuls or anything in the shape of a post-office,—I have taken the opportunity afforded by travellers here of shipping you something in the shape of a letter. I have been rather unfortunate since starting, as, owing to cholera at Naples, I arrived too late at Malta to join Lord Brudenell's party, and on arriving here I found they were already on the road to Bombay; consequently I

have changed the route, and instead of going to Suez by the steamer (which, by the way, is too dear for my purse), I shall stick myself as comfortably as possible in a small Nile boat, and get those lazy Arabs to pull me up as far as they like, trusting to Providence for the rest. My present idea, however, is this : I shall be able to cross the desert easily at Thebes or (*illegible*) to Cossine, and there charter a vessel to Mocha, whence, in about two or three weeks, there will be plenty of return vessels starting for Bombay.

“As for my sketches, my father and sister may choose any of the places I have been in,—Italy, Malta, Sicily or Egypt,—and I shall find an opportunity of forwarding them when I arrive at Bombay.”

William Hibbert crossed the desert mounted on a camel, followed by an Arab guide on another camel loaded with his luggage, and thus they travelled to the Red Sea,—a journey fraught with peril at that time, for the traveller might have been murdered by roving Arabs or others on that vast desert without a single clue left which could have led to the discovery of his fate. In the Red Sea, he took shipping in one of the Hon. East India Company's armed steamers for Bombay. The cabin passage in them was 800 rupees. These vessels were commanded and officered by commissioned officers of the Indian Navy, and navigated under martial law, to which all passengers were amenable. Passengers took their meals at the public table,—breakfast at half-past eight, dinner at three, and tea at sunset,—and they might invite any of the officers of the ship to dinner, paying the stated fee of six rupees.

After arriving in India, William Hibbert sent a parcel of his sketches to York, and at the same time wrote to his sister :—

"You must excuse the quality of some of the sketches, as many were hastily taken on the spot, on account of the superstition of the Arabs and Turks, who consider that you are going to bewitch them, and what is more serious, sketching interferes with their religion, Mahomet not being partial to pictures."

But in his overland journey he did not confine himself to his favourite occupation with his pencil, for he kept his eyes open to matters that touched upon his profession. Writing of Upper Egypt to a medical friend, soon after his arrival in Bombay, he says :—

"One of the chief diseases of it appears to me to be sore eyes, of which I think I do not exaggerate when I say that about every third person of the lower classes had lost one of these valuable organs, which the filth, smoke, close atmosphere in their houses, and cold nights might easily occasion."

Following the advice given him by Dr. Davy, the young army surgeon not only took notes of facts presented to him on his travels overland to India, and also in that country, but he kept a regular journal, which he illustrated with pencil, pen and ink, and water-colour drawings, done in a sketchy style, and which even professional artists have praised, particularly the drawings of fish, snakes, caterpillars, and other objects of natural history.

He had also sent a paper to Sir James M'Grigor, with some observations on the natural history of the parts he had passed through, as appears from the following reply written some time afterwards by that gentleman :—

LONDON, 27th October 1837.

MY DEAR SIR—Along with your letter I had the pleasure of receiving the paper you enclosed, and immediately handed

the botanical part to Professor Lindley and the others to Professor Jameson, and I rejoice to observe that you have been employing your time so creditably to yourself and for the advancement of science. Any objects of natural history you may send home for the museum we shall always be thankful for.

I have noted your name in the list of candidates for cavalry, but you must not expect a very early appointment.—Believe me, my dear sir, sincerely yours,

J. M'GRIGOR.

Dr. William Hibbert,
2d Queen's, Bombay.

Thus it appears that William Hibbert had taken the advice given to him both by his superiors and by his father, who had sent him the following message through Miss Hibbert :—

“Are you learning the Hindostanee language? My father says the geology of India excites attention more than that of any other part of the globe, chiefly on account of the coal-fields and the organic remains.”

We have given these details respecting this young medical officer, as they, to some extent, show what were Dr. Hibbert's sentiments on the education and necessary acquirements of a medical man—besides, they will further show how deeply he must have afterwards felt the frustration of all the hopes he had entertained of a bright career for his son.

As soon as the latter had landed at Bombay, he received a letter from his uncle, Major Hibbert, containing advice how to conduct himself in his regiment, which was rendered more impressive by a cheque for 300 rupees. As the advice comes from an old soldier, it may be worth extracting :—

“I have a word of advice about your regiment—don't call them the 2d, or you will mortally offend—always ‘the Queen's.’ When you join, don't be too hasty in selecting your more immediate companions. There are some very gentlemanly young fellows, and some, as they say in Italy, *cosi, cosi*. However, be civil to all, attentive to your duty, obedient to your superiors, *strict* in conformity to all orders, and you'll do. You used to be a little argumentative. *Pardonnez moi*, don't be so on points of discipline. I shall write to you again, but don't be afraid that I shall always plague you with advice. I have one thing to say to you about a house or bungalow: if you can get one to suit your finances, I would recommend you to buy one for *yourself*, but if you double up with another officer,—that is, buy half a house,—be careful whom you select as your chum. It is generally the custom, in this country, to pay for your house by instalments, unless you have the *ready*. One more piece of advice—don't get into debt. You ought to be able to save money. I hope you did not neglect to report yourself to the different officers in Bombay. Don't forget to pay your respects to Sir Robert Grant. When you leave, report your departure to the same officers.”

Officers in the King's regiments received at this time double pay when serving in India, which authorised Major Hibbert to tell his nephew that he might save money. Every officer had to buy a house or bungalow, which, when the regiment changed its quarters, was sold to an officer of the succeeding regiment.

But leaving William Hibbert in India, we now go back for a few weeks and return to Dr. Hibbert. The *History of the Foundations of Manchester* again began to engage his attention, and indeed continued to do so, from time to time, until his death. Mr Thomas Agnew, wishing to have this history still more complete, solicited the co-operation of Dr. Hibbert;

and the Rev. Daniel Cecil Wray, of the Collegiate Church, taking a very lively interest in the subject, wrote to him :—

STRANGWAYS, 2d January 1837.

MY DEAR SIR—Are you likely to be in Manchester soon ? I have obtained leave of our collegiate body to have the collegiate and Lichfield document out of the college chest for a short time, that you may copy it. It is very long and closely written, but no doubt you will make it out. I called at Mr. Jordan's on Saturday, but his young man, who came to the door, could not say when you were likely to be here ; so I thought it best to write at once.—I remain, yours truly, D. C. WRAY.

Dr. Hibbert not being able to visit Manchester, the Rev. D. C. Wray wrote again to him on the 12th of January, informing him that he had obtained permission from the Warden and Fellows to send him the Lichfield document, thinking that he would copy it better at leisure, and at his own residence. Among Dr. Hibbert's papers, there is a rough draft of his reply to the Rev. D. C. Wray, as follows :—

“In the anxious wish I have to make the Collegiate Church of Manchester as correct as popular, particularly in reference to existing documents, pray accept of my most grateful acknowledgments for your continued interest in the same cause, and on my behalf. Be assured also, that so deeply do I consider this fresh proof of the privilege now so handsomely accorded by the Warden and Fellows, that I should consider myself as failing, both in duty and respect towards them, if I did not take the strictest precautions which may be considered expedient to obviate the slightest possibility of any contingency which might affect the security of deeds of such importance. With regard to the time of my visiting Manchester, it is not a question with me on the score of leisure but of health. Mr. Jordan and many of my

friends have for some years been familiar with the fact that the smoke incidental to most large trading places immediately inflicts upon me, during the cold months of winter,—when smoky vapours hang over the town,—an asthma of the most severe kind.”

From the above letter, and from other correspondence, it will now be seen that Dr. Hibbert had once more engaged himself in literary labour,—a field, indeed, in which he toiled to the last with unflagging zeal and ardour, and to which he had now added Ireland.

“MY DEAR SIR,” wrote Sir William Betham on the 10th of January 1837,—“The steeples, as far as I can judge from the plate in your very interesting and valuable work (on the Shetland Isles), are undoubtedly of the same character as our Round Towers. Petrie’s essay is a long time on hand and hangs fire sadly. He is of very delicate health, and, I fear much, not of long continuance with us. This essay is very interesting and ably done; but I confess I am not yet satisfied with his conclusions as settling the question. I shall communicate to him your note.”

The above letter was the commencement of a long correspondence, chiefly on Scandinavian and Etruscan archæology, and on the Pelasgi and Phœnicians, who, according to Sir William Betham, were colonists of Ireland in ancient times.

CHAPTER LI.

Dr. Hibbert adds the name of Ware to his patronymic—His recommendation of Mr. David Laing to the post of Librarian to the Signet Library—Rafn's *Antiquitates Americanae*.

AMONG Dr. Hibbert's papers there occurs a draft of an unfinished letter, dated April 13, 1837, to the following effect:—

“Having recently changed my patronymic of Hibbert for the name of Ware, agreeably to the wish of my late mother, who was the only surviving child of Robert Ware, Esq., of Dublin, the direct lineal descendant of Sir James Ware, the Historian of Ireland.”

The editor of this Memoir has been informed, by one who had conversed with Dr. Hibbert on the subject, that his mother had been ever desirous that the name of her family should not be lost, and that, on the birth of each of her sons, the name of Ware should be added to his Christian name; but that her husband objected, on principle, to a child having more than two names.

Be that as it may, we read in the *Dublin Gazette* of Tuesday, April the 4th, 1837:—

The king has been graciously pleased by warrant under his Royal Signet and sign manual, bearing date at St. James's, the

8th day of March 1837, to give and grant to Samuel Hibbert, Esq., M.D., eldest son of Samuel Hibbert, Esq., by Sarah, daughter, and eventual sole heiress of Robert Ware, Esq., who was only son of James Ware, Esq., only surviving son of James Ware, Esq., Auditor-General of Ireland, eldest son of Sir James Ware, Knight, also Auditor-General of Ireland, his royal license and authority, that he and his issue may take the name and arms of Ware, in compliance with the desire expressed by the said Sarah Hibbert, *alias* Ware, his mother, deceased, provided that such, His Majesty's royal declaration and concession be first recorded and the arms duly exemplified in the office of Ulster King-at-Arms, which has been done accordingly,

W. BETHAM, Ulster.

Henceforth the subject of this Memoir will be known as Dr. Samuel Hibbert Ware.

A vacancy being now about to occur in the office of Librarian to the Library of the Writers to the Signet of Edinburgh, in consequence of the appointment of Professor Napier as one of the principal clerks of Session, Mr. David Laing became a candidate, and wrote to his old friend Dr. Hibbert, to solicit his interest in his behalf. Any one more qualified than Mr. Laing there could not be. In his business as a bookseller, he had been all his life conversant with books; he had been secretary of the Bannatyne Club since its first foundation, and had edited several of its publications; while, in the year 1820, when there was a vacancy of a similar situation in the Advocates' Library, he had been advised by several literary friends to apply for it, and had been supported by Sir Walter Scott and other members of the Society of Advocates.

On the occasion of the present vacancy, Mr. David Laing had applied to many gentlemen distinguished in the literary world for testimonials of his qualifications for the office, and amongst others, to William Tennant, Professor of Oriental languages in the University of St. Andrews; James Chalmers, Esq., London; Dr. Dibdin; Sir Henry Ellis of the British Museum; Dr. Jamieson, the author of the Scottish dictionary; Sir William Hamilton; J. C. Lockhart, LL.D.; Sir Frederick Madden, British Museum; and Professor Napier.

Dr. Hibbert Ware wrote as follows, on the 18th of April 1837; and we here give the letter in full, as it, in a manner, is a sketch of the literary labours of a gentleman who, in his time, was one of the most learned archæologists of Edinburgh. The Modern Athens may long be proud of the late David Laing, LL.D.

“Most cheerfully,” wrote the Doctor, “do I reply to your requisition. I consider that your pretensions to the office which you seek, as Librarian to the Society of Writers to His Majesty’s Signet, are of no common kind. To these qualifications I speak from a long and intimate acquaintance with them, which dates from the time when, in first consulting you upon certain departments of ancient Scottish literature, I remember but too well how agreeably surprised I was to find an individual so familiar as you appeared to be with the valuable manuscripts of your country which still subsist, and with the history of your national press, from its very dawn or oldest state. Nor was I less gratified with the simple and unostentatious liberality with which your knowledge was communicated.

“These were the first impressions which I entertained regarding you, and, during the course of my very long residence in

Edinburgh, ample opportunities have been afforded me of seeing them confirmed. Your extensive and correct bibliographical information has been acknowledged by authors whose past labours are deservedly recorded in the brightest pages of the literary history of Scotland; and in making this assertion, I need only refer to the friendly intercourse which you have so long maintained with illustrious *savants*, such as Mr. George Chalmers, Dr. Jamieson, and Sir Walter Scott.

“But your peculiar and favourite researches have even extended beyond the limits of Scottish authorship,—you have made bibliographical tours in France, Holland, Germany, and Scandinavia; and various testimonials, honourable to your talents and industry, have been incidentally published by learned foreigners.

“Nor ought your claim to be overlooked on the score of the valuable services which you have rendered to the public scientific institutions of your country. I lament, for your sake, the absence of Mr. Drummond Hay, Consul of Algiers, whose name is still held in grateful remembrance as the very learned secretary of the Antiquarian Society, and who, together with myself,—his predecessor in the same office,—had the means of knowing how actively interested you were in the cause of archæology. The same zeal has again been manifested in another quarter—your exertions as secretary of the Bannatyne Club, have been most assiduous and unremitting; and in this office you have given material assistance to the editing of manuscripts or scarce publications of the utmost value to the Scottish historian, which might otherwise have long mouldered in the recesses of private or even of public libraries. And lastly, as the faithful editor and biographer of Dunbar,—justly designated by critics the CHAUCER OF SCOTLAND, yet till of late years comparatively unknown and neglected,—you have earned for yourself a meed of national gratitude, which, in addition to former obligations rendered to Scottish literature, constitute an appeal so forcible as will not, I trust, be made in your native city in vain.

“In short, I consider that your education and habits are those of a zealous and well-informed bibliographér, which, independently of other intellectual acquirements, particularly recommend you

to the duties and responsibilities incidental to the guardianship of so important a National Library as that of the Society of Writers to His Majesty's Signet."

The late Sir Philip de Malpas Grey Egerton, President of the Geological Society of London, having discovered fossil remains in fresh-water limestone in the coal formations in Staffordshire similar to those at Burdiehouse, Dr. Hibbert Ware, as a member of the same Society, sent him a copy of his work on the limestone of the latter place, and that distinguished geologist, writing in reply, on the 12th of February 1838, says:—

"I lose no time in writing to thank you sincerely for your most interesting Memoir on Burdiehouse, which I received yesterday. Your discoveries in that district have interested me very much, and have induced me to examine our coalfields in search of similar remains. I find *Megalichthys* (*here occur in the letter three or four more tremendous names which are quite illegible*), common to our coal-fields of North Staffordshire, South Lancashire, North Wales, Dudley, and Anglesea, and some of the species apparently identical with some of the Burdiehouse specimens. I have now a large collection from these localities, containing many rare and highly interesting objects, which I am in hopes to submit to Agassiz before long.

"I have just completed a catalogue of the fossil fishes in Dr. Cole's (?) and my own collection, of which I will forward you a copy the first opportunity.—Believe me, yours very truly."

The death of this venerable geologist is recorded in the *Athenæum* of the 9th of April 1881.

Although Dr. Hibbert Ware had now left Scotland with the intention of making his residence in England, he could not give up his intercourse with his friends in the north, and he regularly spent his winters in

Edinburgh; nor did they, on the other hand, forget him, for this year he was gratified by receiving from the Orkney Natural History Society a testimonial intimating to him that, in consideration of "his eminence in science and valuable work on the Shetland Islands," they had unanimously elected him an honorary member of the Association; while the different learned Societies in Edinburgh to which he belonged were desirous that he should continue to contribute papers as formerly. Professor James Forbes, writing to him on the 2d of May 1838, says:—

"I shall always look back with gratitude to your personal kindness at a time when I wanted advice, and required support and encouragement more than I do at present.

"I trust that we shall soon have palpable evidence, in the shape of communications to the Royal Society, of your active return to your old pursuits, in which you have earned such just fame.

"I mean to prosecute the subject of hot springs, and publish at some future time a second paper, similar to the first, which shall include most of the commonly known hot springs of Europe."

This year also Dr. Hibbert Ware received from his Danish friend Rafn, the learned secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of Copenhagen, a copy of the very valuable and erudite work of the latter, entitled, *Antiquitates Americanæ*, along with a letter from the author, from which we make the following interesting extract, showing how he had laboured over it:—

"It is now brought to a close," wrote the learned Dane, "after seven years being expended. The uncommon faintness of the MS. in particular was such as to require much time, and occasion great straining of the eyes. That you will take up the

work with feelings of some expectation is what I can easily imagine, and it will give me no small satisfaction if your expectations shall be in some measure realised."

The highly satisfactory accounts respecting William Hibbert which, from time to time, came from India were among the greatest gratifications which Dr. Hibbert Ware had. The young surgeon, taking his father's advice, had applied himself assiduously to the performance of his medical duties, and had given great satisfaction to his superior officers. This is evidenced by the following extract taken from a medical despatch, dated 24th of April 1838 :—

"Dr. Hunter," it is written in the despatch, "must be further pleased to communicate to Dr. William Hibbert the high opinion the Deputy Inspector-General entertains of that officer's zeal and attention to his duties, which the Deputy Inspector-General will not fail to bring under the notice of the Director-General."

This satisfactory account of William Hibbert was a great consolation to his father, who had not yet recovered from the affliction the death of his wife had given him.

CHAPTER LII.

Accident to the Governor of Goa—William Hibbert sent there—
Embarks with the "Army of the Indus"—March along the banks
of that river.

WE closed the last chapter in noticing that one of the greatest gratifications received by Dr. Hibbert Ware was from the continued good reports sent from India of his son William. We will therefore now give a few details of the career of that young medical officer, whom his father had educated most carefully, according to his own notions of the education essential for a medical man, though he himself had never practised his profession; and then we will narrate how the fond hopes held by Dr. Hibbert Ware of his son's success in life were unexpectedly frustrated in a heartrending manner.

Many must be the leisure hours which a medical officer of a regiment, even when on foreign service, has, unless there should be an extraordinary amount of sickness. Such leisure hours, however, William Hibbert did not spend in idleness, for he employed much of his time with his pencil. Not only did he execute many highly-finished sketches in water-colours of Indian scenery, temples, costumes, and games of

the Hindoos, dancing snakes, etc., but he also illustrated, by these sketches, regimental "life in India" in its various phases, representing his brother-officers at dinner, at balls, at smoking parties, on guard, and even at their toilette. In none of the sketches, however,—though many of them were caricatures,—was there a single trace of ill-nature, or anything calculated to cause pain; mirth and amusement would at once have been excited in the breasts of the originals of the likenesses. These sketches were full of humour, and the young medical officer was a frequent guest at the private tables and parties of General Salter, and Colonel Baumgardt of the Queen's, and others,—on which occasions his portfolio was always called for.

That the likenesses are very faithful is almost evident from the fact that, throughout the series of drawings, each face is recognisable at a glance in all the varied scenes that are represented; and the following note from the Colonel's lady corroborates this supposition:—

7th May 1838.

MY DEAR MR. HIBBERT—Thank you very much for the pleasure you have afforded us by the sight of your drawings just received. You have indeed been happy in the likenesses, as you will think when I tell you that we discovered at the first glance for whom the figures were intended. I will, if you please, keep them until the Colonel returns, as I am sure he will enjoy seeing them.—Believe me, very truly yours,

MARIA BAUMGARDT.

The young surgeon's talents were not limited to the pencil only; for, like his uncles, he was very fond

of music ; he was a fine player on the flute, and took an active part on the Band Committee of his regiment, —often arranging the music.

“My horses behaved so ill at the band,” writes the same lady, “the evening I went to hear the air 'you kindly took the trouble to have arranged, that I could not remain. I fear they have not a taste for music.”

We fear, however, that William Hibbert had been boasting too much to his uncle of the musical proficiency of the band of the Queen's Royals, for he received from that officer the following caustic reply :—

“Thank you for your *kind* commiseration, but we have a very good band-master, as well as a very good band ; and, from what I have heard of Her Majesty's 2d or Queen's Royals' band when in Bombay, I have my doubts whether that of the *ould* 40th is not the better of the two.”

From the middle of June in this year, as the *Bombay Gazette* informs us, the Portuguese Province of Goa had been exposed to revolution. The object of the revolutionary movement was to depose the Governor, and appoint the former Provisional Government. The plot had been preparing since the Governor, the Baron de Sebroy's, had met with a serious accident, which it was thought might prove fatal.

He had received a fall from his buggy which had resulted in dislocation and fracture of the arm. The hurt had been made worse by the very unskilful treatment of his surgeons, who, quarrelling amongst themselves, left the patient for some days without any medical assistance. After a delay of nearly two months from the occurrence of the accident, the

Governor, finding himself getting worse, at the urgent request of his friends despatched a messenger to General Salter in the Bombay Presidency, begging him to let him have an English surgeon.

William Hibbert was known to have studied the Portuguese language, and to have been very desirous of visiting Goa; so he received the following note from the Major of his regiment, and another letter from a superior medical officer:—

MY DEAR HIBBERT—The Governor of Goa has broken his arm, and has written to General Salter to have a medical man sent from this to set it for him. Would a trip in that direction suit your wishes?—Believe me, yours sincerely,

J. CARRUTHERS.

“MY DEAR DR. HIBBERT,” wrote Surgeon G. A. Stuart—“I somehow understood you had a liking for Goa, and knew the Portuguese language; I thought, therefore, that you might be disposed to lend your assistance to His Excellency.

“I spoke, therefore, to the General of the possibility of your being willing, and he highly approved of my writing to propose the thing to you, saying that, on learning whether you were disposed to go, he would immediately put you in orders for it. I shall be glad to hear from you in reply at your convenience.”

William Hibbert arrived at Goa on the 8th of August, and immediately entered upon his duties. “Notwithstanding, however,” wrote the editor of the *Bombay Gazette*, “the most unremitting attention on the part of that gentleman, owing to the unskilful manner in which the fracture was treated previously to his being called in, it appears that, unless amputation be resorted to, the life of the patient will be

imminently in danger ;” but the Governor refused to have the limb amputated.

During his leisure time at Goa, William Hibbert made many water-colour sketches, executed with skill and taste, of Goa harbour and scenery, and an elaborate drawing of the richly-ornamented altar of St. Francis Xavier, the apostle of the Indies, together with portraits in water-colour of several ladies in the Governor's suite—some in walking costume, others in *deshabille* enjoying a cigarette—and of officers and soldiers in uniform.

After he had been a few weeks at Goa, rumours of war began to pervade the northern parts of India, concerning which he received early intimation from his friend Captain Keith of the Queen's.

“MY DEAR HIBBERT,” wrote that officer from Belgaum, on the 30th of August,—“We have great rumours of war. The 37th of Madras Infantry are on the march to relieve the 22d N.I., and all letters for our 41st are detained at the post-office in Belgaum until their arrival to relieve us ; but where we are to go nobody seems to know. You ought to receive this early on the 16th. All friends send their salaams. Let us know how the poor Governor gets on.”

From another brother officer William Hibbert also received a letter dated the 9th of September :—

MY DEAR HIBBERT—Paper just come in ; give you a short summary of the news. That the Persians were repulsed and entirely defeated by the Herat garrison is confirmed. The Russian envoy and a battalion of Russians were cut to pieces, and Kaan Ram, the chief of Herat, it is expected, will be in possession of Kandahar and Cabul before our forces can prevent him, and then there will be the devil to pay. There is a general

order in the paper for a further increase, of the Bengal regiments of the line, of one havildar and ten men per company. 20,000 men are to be sent to Cabul. Sir John Keane is to command—Sir Henry Fane having declined. We have received an order not to discharge any more men. We are well, except Edwards, who is slightly indisposed and coming into camp, and occupies Keith's house! for a month or so. Keith is with Simmons; Jephson goes to-day to the Ghaut. Poor Toby is sick, but getting better. I have no time to give you any more, as I am late for post.—Yours truly,

T. WINGATE.

My best regards to Governor and family.

On the 16th September the same officer again writes:—

MY DEAR HIBBERT—I suppose you received extract from *Bombay Gazette* of the 12th September. The news of the total defeat of the Persian army is confirmed by accounts received from Mr. M'Neil, who states that a Russian officer attached to the Russian embassy was killed at one of the gates of the fort. Mr. M'Neil is off to England as fast as he can travel. 'Tis now believed that we shall have a war with Russia. Only 5000 of our troops will be pushed on into Kandahar and Cabul to assist in reseating Shah Soojah upon the Guddee. Where the Queen's go is not certain; 61st and 58th are ordered from Ceylon to Bombay. Poor Toby (a dog) departed this life on the 13th, his inside decayed from age. He was buried on your side of the garden. Keith desires me to send his salaam. We have light infantry drill every morning now. I am making a few sketches. Sparke has just come into my tent, and broke the looking-glass, upset the oil-tumbler light, and pulled Tony out of bed, and was otherwise riotously inclined.

It is unlucky, and forebodes mishap, to break a looking-glass—such is the popular superstition. Poor Sparke! his fate, as will be seen later on, was a terrible one.

On the 23d of September 1838, William Hibbert was recalled from Goa to join his regiment, which was to form part of the force that was to move towards the Indus ; and on the 7th of October he wrote to his sister at York :—

“ We are all here in light marching order, having received an intimation to be ready at a moment's notice to embark for field service either in Persia or up the Indus. We expect to start on the 13th instant, leaving the coast in steamers. Thank all for their kind inquiries as to my health ; the climate agrees with me admirably, and the country I am as much or even more pleased with than ever. The special duty I was sent upon was to attend the Governor of Goa. The Deputy-Inspector and Sir John Keane have requested his case, and intend sending it to Sir James M'Grigor with a view to my benefit. The Governor also was exceedingly grateful. He presented me with a handsome horse, a pair of silver candlesticks, etc. etc., besides entertaining me ; and I can assure you I left them with great reluctance, notwithstanding the antipathy to Portuguese ladies, whom I found most agreeable. We had constantly balls, amateur performances, etc. etc., and indeed I never spent a pleasanter six weeks. I fear the poor Governor must sink soon, as he is determined to die with his arm on. I have got one language—namely, Portuguese—which I flatter myself I am perfectly master of ; and I am much delighted with it. I also intend studying Persian, which I have commenced already.

“ We have just received letters saying we are to start on the 15th. I am all ready—two bullock trunks, a hammock, canteen, cattle, and a couple of good riding horses. Excuse haste.—Believe me, my dear Sarah, your affectionate brother,

“ WILLM. HIBBERT.”

As far back as the year 1836, the opening of the river Indus to British commerce, and facilitating its extension in Central Asia, had been the especial desire

of the Anglo-Indian Government, and, to endeavour to effect that object, Captain Burnes had been deputed in 1836 to Dost Mahomed Khan, the chief of Cabul.

About the same time a Persian army had, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the British envoy in Persia, laid siege to Herat, and a conviction began to prevail in India that Dost Mahommed favoured Persian designs on that stronghold, and that the Persians were thought to be expecting a Russian reserve, that Dost Mahommed entertained unfriendly sentiments towards British interests, and consequently that, so long as Afghanistan was under his government, peace with that country would be precarious. It had also been ascertained that some Russian officers had made their appearance in Cabul; and it was concluded that this was with the object of intriguing to create disturbances in India, and embarrass, if not undermine, British power in that country.

Dost Mahommed was a usurper, and had driven from the throne of his ancestors Shah Soojah, a prince who had ever been well disposed to be friendly with the English, and who now resided within British territories.

Taking all these circumstances into consideration, and with a view to the pacification of a country torn by internal dissensions, but especially in order to re-establish on the throne of his forefathers a prince well disposed to an Anglo-Indian alliance, it had been decided that Afghanistan was to be invaded by a British force.

To carry out this design two armies were to be

assembled—one in the province of Bombay, and the other in that of Bengal, each under their respective Generals. The Bombay corps was under Lieutenant-General Sir John Keane, and was to proceed by sea to the mouth of the Indus, and, after landing, fight its way to Cabul. This division of the invading army was styled “the army of the Indus,” which embarked at Bombay on the 21st of November 1838; the Queen's, in which regiment was William Hibbert, was in that division.

H.M. 40th Regiment was to march from Deesa to the Cutch country, and then go by sea to Kurachee, which was to be captured.

On the 27th of the month the transports with the Bombay division arrived at the Kujamry mouth of the Indus; and, as the vessels anchored, the regimental drums beat for sunset—the first roll of British drums ever heard on that mighty stream,

“*Quæ caret ora cruore nostro?*”—HOR., Ode 1, Book II.

On the 30th, General Willshire formed his camp on the hostile shore, where the army was detained until the 24th of December, the Ameers having hindered the supply of camels and boats; but through the energy of Captain Outram the difficulty was overcome, and the British began their march towards Kandahar along the banks of the broad, sluggish Indus.

CHAPTER LIII.

“—— *improvisa lethi*
Vis rapuit rapietque gentes.”

HORACE, Ode 13, Book II.

“DREADFUL DEATH OF THREE OFFICERS.—The sad intelligence has been communicated to us by a take-letter correspondent, in an extract from a letter from Scinde, of the death of three officers of the ‘Queen’s.’ At the time the letter was written it was not known in what manner Lieutenant Sparks, Lieutenant Nixon, and Dr. Hibbert had met their melancholy fate; and, as it was suspected that they had fallen by the hands of a dastardly enemy who was known to be hovering about the camp, we can well imagine that a strong feeling pervaded their brothers-in-arms. We find, however, that the three unfortunate individuals perished in an awful way, while shooting in a ‘Shikar Gaith,’ or game preserve, where they were suddenly overwhelmed by flames. The accident has been thus reported to us: A jungle had caught fire, and it being anticipated that the flames would force numbers of wild animals from their coverts, the officers of the ‘Queen’s’ posted themselves in a tree, and, as they supposed, a secure position with reference to the wind, waiting for the escape of deer, etc., when the wind suddenly changing, the trees and jungle surrounding the officers took fire, and precluded all escape.”—*The Times*, Saturday, April 20, 1839.

The above paragraph Dr. Hibbert Ware cut out of the newspaper, and pasted on a sheet of black-edged letter-paper, writing under it:—

“This was the first intimation I received of my dear son’s death.—S. II. W.”

What a shock that awful piece of intelligence was to him, and how deep and severe his grief, words can scarcely tell. Yet, even in the first harrowing moments of anguish, the resignation of the true Christian, and the submission with which he bowed to the decrees of Providence, were plainly manifest.

Writing on the instant to his eldest son, the afflicted father says:—

“My anguish is only alleviated by a firm conviction in the goodness of our heavenly Father.”

And, in a longer letter, he says:—

“I will not describe to you what we suffer here.

“Thanks to Providence that my dear lad died in a proper state of mind and in an honourable career, which promised much for his own happiness and the advancement of science. Many pleasing hopes which I had cherished have taken their departure with him.

“But we are under the superintendence of a most beneficent and kind Deity, whose afflictions are intended for our instruction and amendment. This world is only a preparatory school for a better state, and I have no doubt whatever that the bereavement, however painful and almost insupportable it is to bear, has to the Good Being, who overrules all events, a purpose in view which is ever salutary. Let us then bear the affliction with submission.

“Sarah had yesterday (which was my birthday) finished a letter to her uncle at Deesa, and to-day I have added a short note, merely telling him that the news had reached us.”

Dr. Hibbert Ware received many letters of condolence from his scientific friends in Edinburgh, expressing sentiments similar to his own, of resignation to God’s will, and showing their firm belief in His

direct interposition in human affairs—*suaviter fortiterque disponens omnia*. How different were the religious opinions of the *savants* of those days to those held by the *savants* of our time—the *Evolutionists* and other professors *insanientis sapientiæ*, to borrow the words of the Roman poet!

The first detailed information which Dr. Hibbert Ware received of the fatal event was contained in a letter written to him by a lady whose brother was one of the unfortunate officers who had also perished, and in which were enclosed extracts of letters from India, written by officers of the regiment.

“Scattered through the country are sundry forests with thick jungle, called Shirkar Ghars, where large game is preserved for the amusement of the Ameers; only these, of course, we were prohibited from entering, but one of them happening to be in the immediate vicinity of our present camping-ground, the Ameer it is supposed, jealous of interference, caused it to be fired in different places. On the morning of the 31st of January three officers of the Queen’s Royals went out with their guns, and were seen to enter the jungle. In the evening of the same day considerable apprehensions were entertained that they had been captured or cut to pieces by the enemy, but when the next morning they were still absent from parade, I, being myself on the sick-list, immediately despatched two intelligent natives, with promise of a good reward for their recovery; and in the afternoon, the circumstance being made known to the Commander-in-Chief, a troop of light cavalry under a European officer was also sent in quest of them. About six my scouts returned without any information. Two hours after, while we were sitting at tea, a soldier came to the tent-door crying out they had been found. We were in the act of springing from our chairs to give a loud huzza, when the next sentence took us aback and curdled the blood in our veins: ‘Their bodies are lying at the quarter-guard of the light cavalry,

burnt to death.' It was too horribly true. There they lay, three blackened, distorted corpses, their clothes burnt off, and only to be recognised by their stature and the rings they wore on their fingers. After a minute's examination, it became the general opinion that their death was purely accidental. They had lost themselves in the mazes of the burning forest, to find an outlet from which would be difficult at the best of times, and it is only to be hoped that suffocation took place, or at least that their pangs were speedily terminated by the blowing up of their powder-horns. Their names were Sparks and Nixon,—the latter a connection of mine,—both lieutenants in the flank companies, and Hibbert, our assistant-surgeon. I loved them all as brothers. They were buried in one grave last Thursday, with military honours, with the exception of the last volley, so dear to the soldiers' feelings, but a tribute which the custom of war could not permit our paying then in the vicinity of the enemy. No sight could possibly be more affecting than that funeral procession, as it wound its toilsome way to the sad periods of the "Dead March"—coffinless, wrapt in their flannel shrouds, covered with the military trappings which but two days before they had worn in all the pride of health. The site of their grave is on the summit of a hill overlooking an extensive, sterile plain, through which the Indus pours its sluggish waters. Dr. Hibbert was an elegant and highly talented young man, a naturalist, botanist, and first-rate draughtsman. You may easily suppose so heartrending a calamity elicited the deepest feeling from all classes. As an instance, I send you a copy of some verses—not the only ones—which were found appended to the rough cairn of stones built over the grave. They are supposed to be the composition of a private soldier of the regiment.

"REQUIESCANT IN PACE.

Dirge.

Mourn for the brave not slain in battle's hour,
When fiercely fighting 'gainst a tyrant's power,
But in the mighty flame's devouring womb
They found an early, agonising tomb.

Turn, traveller, pilgrim, whatsoe'er thy state,
 Read this, and learn their melancholy fate,
 That neither beauty, wit, nor worth could save
 My countrymen from this untimely grave.

Destined for nobler deeds, each manly grace
 Of mind or person found in them its place ;
 Sudden the fiery deluge spreads around,
 And sweeps their corpses blackening to the ground.

Mourn for our youths, the fair, the wise, the brave,
 Bring cypress leaves, not laurels, to their grave ;
 Weep, Britons, soldiers, weep your comrades dead,
 Till grief is dry, and all your tears are shed.

(Signed) LEICESTERSHIRE, Queen's Royals.

These verses may be thought rude and unskilfully framed, yet they show that even as far back as 1839, before the schoolmaster "was abroad," the noble British soldier was not unfrequently as refined in his feelings as he was gallant in the field ; and yet, scarce two years since, we have read of a low-minded restaurant-keeper refusing to serve a non-commissioned officer because he had presumed to come into the eating-house clad in the Queen's uniform !

But another officer, writing to a friend in England on the 30th of April, says:—"The account of this affair looks very suspicious, and throws a doubt upon the melancholy event being so entirely accidental as it first appeared."

The soldiery were firm in their belief that the officers had been watched by the enemy entering the jungle, and that it had been treacherously fired.

Dr. Richard Hartley Kennedy, Chief of the

Medical Staff of the Bombay Division of the Army, after relating the tragical event in his *Narrative of the Campaign in Scinde and Cabul in 1838-9*, published by Bentley, much to the same effect as in the private letters referred to, says:—

“Dr. Hibbert was a young man of great acquirements and great industry; and the service, by this most unhappy occurrence, was deprived of a very valuable medical officer. His taste and skill as a draughtsman were very remarkable, and his promised assistance would have given a value to these pages which they cannot now possess.”

A sketch of the cairn erected by the soldiers of the Queen's Royals over the grave of the three unfortunate officers, and of the surrounding country, with the Indus in the distance, and the towns of Jerruk and Hyderabad, was made by Captain Wingate of that regiment, and sent to Dr. Hibbert.

Thus died William Hibbert in the prime of early manhood, at the age of twenty-six years and nine months,—cut off at the beginning of what might reasonably have been expected to be a brilliant career.

As a memorial of his son, Dr. Hibbert Ware caused a large earthen mound or *tumulus* to be raised and sodded over in the garden of his house at Hale Barns, near Altringham, which he designated “William's Cairn.”

In the course of three or four months after the death of William Hibbert, all his sketches and water-colour drawings arrived from India. Looking over these was a source of deep affliction to his father and sister. The least scrap of paper on which he had

scribbled or drawn a few lines was scrupulously sent home from the regiment. The sketches bore dates, almost to the day of his death, and consisted of views of different spots taken during the march along the Indus, costumes of the native Beloochees and Scindians, some armed to the teeth, and in gay attire.

All these sketches, along with others that had been sent home by William Hibbert before entering upon this fatal campaign, were bound up by his father's direction into volumes, and they illustrate in a manner all he had seen from the time he had first set out from England, in the autumn of 1836, on his overland journey, to the last day of his career.

The year 1839 was destined to be a year of affliction and trial to Dr. Hibbert Ware. In the early part of June he had taken his eldest daughter Sarah to Whitby for a month, with the hope of re-establishing her health, which, always delicate, had been much shaken by the news of her brother's untimely end. The sea-breezes of Whitby, to which a line of railway had recently been opened as far as Pickering, appeared to have been of great benefit to her. The improvement, however, was but illusory, and the alarming symptoms, which had before appeared, now recurred again in a more aggravated form, and, within a few weeks after her return home, Dr. Hibbert Ware wrote to his eldest son as follows:—

“ Sarah's otherwise delicate state of health was shaken to the very foundation when the news of poor William's tragical death arrived. I have this moment seen Dr. Simpson, who has taken

a very minute view of the case. He will not quite despair, and he has ordered the stimulating food to be even increased."

A week had scarcely elapsed when an attached friend and connection wrote to him the following melancholy lines:—"All seems a dream—but what a dream to you!"

Dr. Hibbert Ware's eldest daughter had breathed her last on the 22d of August, at the early age of twenty-five; and, as in the case of his late wife, he was unprepared for the shock, until death had set its unmistakable stamp upon her face. He never could see, or else he tried to put afar off the thought of a fatal termination to any illness, when the sufferer was one near and dear to him. Months before her death, others had been aware of his daughter's failing health when he was blind to it, and often was the remark made: "'Tis strange he does not see it; she is not long for this world;" but no one liked to alarm him.

CHAPTER LIV.

Kurachee, Ghuznee, and Cabul taken—Mr. Thomas Edmondston's curious claim to the discovery of chromate of iron.

MISS HIBBERT WARE was buried near the altar in the Parish Church of Knaresborough, her father saying : " She shall lie in the same vault with my dear wife." And fitting it was that this should be so ; for, from the day of the death of her stepmother in 1835, Sarah Hibbert had acted towards the three young children the part of a mother.

Lady Henry Murray and Miss Murray, writing with the most kind sympathy for his loss, requested Dr. Hibbert to let them have his little girl,—then seven years of age. To their loving care she was sent soon after the funeral, and by them she was carefully brought up and educated.

The two boys, the older aged twelve, remained with their father.

In order to have the benefit of a change of scene, Dr. Hibbert Ware visited Edinburgh towards the end of autumn, and there he remained for some weeks in the enjoyment of the society of his old literary friends ; and on his return home sought to distract his thoughts in the company of his books.

The letters he received from his brother afforded him but little consolation. Major Hibbert was then at Kurachee, which had been captured in the month of March, a most enervating locality, where the thermometer stood at one time at $117\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ in the shade, and where cholera was rife. This fell disease had carried off the colonel of the regiment, to the command of which Major Hibbert had succeeded. Ghuznee and Cabul had been stormed and taken by the Bombay division of the army, in which affair William Hibbert's regiment, the Queen's, had brilliantly distinguished themselves, and the campaign was now considered at an end.

Writing on the 14th of February 1840, Major Hibbert says:—

MY DEAR BROTHER—Since my last letter, poor William's regiment, the Queen's, has arrived, and I am happy to inform you that I have now in my possession a small box containing some books, papers, a few drawings, and some specimens of minerals, which I shall forward, the first opportunity, to my agent in Bombay, to be shipped without delay to England. It is most gratifying to hear the terms with which William is spoken of by every one in the regiment. His high professional abilities gained the confidence, and his character the esteem, of all ranks. It is my intention, if possible, to visit Jerruk, for the purpose of seeing the cairn. We are hourly expecting the hero of Ghuznee here, Sir John Kean, on his return to Bombay. Now that my poor dear Sarah is gone, I must look to you, my dear brother, for accounts of the family.

When time had somewhat alleviated the grief of Dr. Hibbert Ware, and the fine weather of spring had set in, Captain Edward Jones, who was then visiting his friends, the Fairfaxes of Gilling, induced him to

make different short antiquarian tours in Yorkshire. This gave a very salutary diversion to his thoughts, and tended greatly to improve his health, which had suffered seriously under his late afflictions—so seriously, indeed, that his hair, which, before the death of his son William, had been only slightly streaked with gray, had become quite white.

He now began also to take the interest, at least to some degree, which he had formerly been wont to feel in the literary and scientific transactions going on in Edinburgh. His friend Mr. John (afterwards Sir John) Robinson, who had been for many years secretary to the Royal Society, kept him acquainted with all that was doing. He told him that M. Agassiz, the great naturalist, had returned from a tour in Ireland, and was on his way to visit Sir Philip de Malpas Grey Egerton; that Dr. Buckland and Mr. Murchison had just left Edinburgh, and that the former was to pay a visit to Sir Robert Peel; that M. Agassiz had infected Dr. Buckland with a new glacial theory, which was certainly supported in many situations by the discovery of fossil and scratched (?) stones in great variety; and that his (Dr. Hibbert's) old acquaintance Maclaren, of the *Scotsman*, had accompanied Dr. Buckland in all his explorations, and had become converted to the doctrine of the latter, after stoutly opposing it at first.

A circumstance now occurred which, though it caused Dr. Hibbert Ware some annoyance and vexation of spirit, was perhaps also beneficial to him in another way, since it served to occupy his mind

to the exclusion, partially at least, of his past sorrows.

Soon after the discovery of the chromate, his old friend William Henderson, "the hermit of Roeness," informed him—as the reader may remember—that Mr. Thomas Edmondston had occasionally intimated that he was the discoverer of that mineral. Now, though Dr. Hibbert Ware had treated this claim with contempt, he nevertheless carefully preserved all the letters of that gentleman, as well as those of his brother, Dr. Arthur Edmondston, and of Professor Jameson. Both of the two last-named gentlemen had, as we have before mentioned, written descriptions of the Shetland Isles, and though they had treated of their mineralogy in their works, yet they had made no mention of chromate of iron.

These and the subsequent remarks are necessary before we proceed to notice the following singular correspondence on the subject.

In the Shetland Islands there are tracts of land called scatholds, which are waste or common lands, over which the neighbouring heritors enjoy certain rights, proportioned to the value of their estates, such as our freeholders have over commons in England. These scatholds were strewn over with fragments of chromate of greater or less size, in which the neighbouring proprietors claimed, as of right, to possess shares. In order that each proprietor might have his just share, and no more, a trustee was appointed to superintend the division. It appears that Mr. Thomas Edmondston had been accused of receiving more than

his share of the scathold chromate, and to refute this charge he published a letter, addressed to the chromate proprietors of the scatholds of Ballista and Haroldswick, dated Bunes, October 22, 1839.

Dr. Hibbert's attention was drawn to this letter by his Shetland friend, Mr. George Spence, and, when asking that gentleman for a copy of it, he wrote, at the same time, to the following effect:—

“Many years ago I was strongly advised by my friends to carefully preserve all the correspondence connected with my discovery of the chromate of iron in Shetland, with a view to the publication of the same; and notwithstanding the many provocations I have received, sufficient to justify such an exposure, it is still doubtful if this correspondence would ever have been made public (at least during my own lifetime), unless demanded by some more open and direct proceeding on the part of Mr. Edmondston.

“After receiving your communication, I consider that my reasons for suppressing the correspondence, which arose chiefly from my habitual and extreme dislike to public controversy, now no longer exist.

“Pray oblige me, therefore, by forwarding to me, at your earliest convenience, a copy of Mr. Edmondston's letter, to which your communication refers. Pray accept the earnest assurance of my regard for my former Shetland friends, which time (for I am now in the evening of life) has not diminished.”

Dr. Hibbert Ware had caused all the correspondence between himself, Mr. Edmondston, and Professor Jameson, on the subject of the discovery of the chromate of iron, to be fair copied and bound in a volume, intending, if necessitated so to do, to publish the same, or, in case any direct claim adverse to his discovery should, after his death, be openly set up by

Mr. Edmondston, to leave materials in the hands of his representatives to refute such adverse claim.

Mr. George Spence forwarded Mr. Edmondston's published letter, and along with it his own published reply to that gentleman (from both of which we propose to give extracts); and he wrote at the same time to Dr. Hibbert Ware as follows:—

HAMMAR, 15th October 1840.

MY DEAR SIR—I am happy in having had it in my power to testify publicly a sense of the substantial obligation I and others of my countrymen are under to you; and I have further the pleasure of assuring you of the continued respect and kindly feeling with which many remember your visits to these islands.

Agreeably to your request, I enclose Mr. Edmondston's letter to the heritors of Ballista, etc. You will see in it that he has attempted to do you justice,—though tardy, and to serve a present purpose. In 1823 the first vein of chromate was opened on the common, a little south from Hagdale and in a north-west direction from that place, to the top of Crucifield. Several veins have been since discovered and wrought; so that above 3000 tons of chromate have been exported from them. The whole of this business was conducted by a trustee, chosen by the proprietors of the common. Mr. W. Mouat was the first trustee, and at his death in 1835 he was succeeded in this trust by his nephew, Mr. W. Cameron Mouat, who died about eighteen months ago. When a new trustee was proposed, Mr. Edmondston objected to the appointment as unnecessary; the other proprietors, seeing how fatal it would be to their interests if each came separately into the market with his chromate, appointed your friend Dr. Spence trustee, with liberty to give off to Mr. Edmondston his proportion at the pit mouth. In the course of this dispute Mr. Edmondston had reason to suspect that some, much interested in the chromate, intended to demand the value of the ore which, shortly after its discovery, it was alleged he had collected from the common; and it is this which

produced the letter I now send you, in which there are several pieces of information never heard of before.

As regards myself, I have to complain of sundry remarks in this letter, but chiefly that I concealed the finding of the quarry of Hagdale, with an intention to appropriate a large quantity of chromate taken out of it; this is an allegation invented, and equally unfounded as it is unprovoked.

One remark in my letter to Mr. Edmondston will need explanation. The last leaf of his letter is evidently an afterthought, and fixed to the original with gum. In this letter was an attack on Messrs. Hay and Ogilvie, commissioners for the Earl of Zetland, which was shown to them before publication: upon this Messrs. H. and O. informed Mr. Edmondston that he would be both exposed and prosecuted if he persisted in publishing what he had printed regarding them. This letter, therefore, was submitted to the operation of the scissors, and another leaf substituted.—I remain, my dear sir, yours with sincere esteem,

G. SPENCE.

We will now give the extracts from the published letters of Mr. Thomas Edmondston and Mr. George Spence, to which we have already referred:—

GENTLEMEN—As the chromate of iron has recently been the subject of much discussion, and as my relation to it, in its more early periods of discovery and sale, appears to have been misunderstood, I judge it expedient to acquaint you with the following facts, believing myself competent to throw some light on this *mysterious* (the italics are Mr. Edmondston's) subject; and, as far as my knowledge extends, I shall not only state the part I have myself acted, but also the course which has been pursued by others.

In 1817 Dr. Hibbert came to this country on a geological and mineralogical tour, and I, as well as many others, had the pleasure of becoming intimately acquainted with him during his stay. In 1818 he again returned to prosecute the same inquiries. He came to my house early in the summer of that year, and it

was not till then that he communicated to any one, as far as I know, that he had discovered the mineral, chromate of iron, the former season. I believe I was the first chromate proprietor who went out with him in search of this mineral; but very soon thereafter he told me he had communicated his discovery to Thomas Mouat, Esq., and to his nephew William Mouat, Esq., then on a visit to Belmont, and to Mr. Spence of Hammar. We found many surface specimens, and the Doctor said there must be some mines or quarries of it, that it was of much value, and that he would endeavour to find this *treasure in quantity* (the italics are Mr. Edmondston's). He remained about a fortnight at this time, making diligent search for it in quantity, but without success, after which he set out on his tour to Northmavine. I began to reflect deeply on what he had told me about the value of the mineral, and thought with him, that when specimens were to be found above ground there might be quarries below it; and I therefore searched through the hills for some time, with as little success as the Doctor had experienced.

It then occurred to me to look carefully on my private property, in which I was fortunate enough to discover, early, a vein of it; and having extracted some of the ore, I packed off specimens, and sent them by an express to Dr. Hibbert, who was then at Mossbank. The Doctor, who had not till then seen a specimen fresh from the quarry, instantly addressed the specimens to Professor Jameson for his opinion, and despatched my messenger with them to Lerwick to overtake a vessel on the eve of sailing for Leith. These specimens reached the vessel, and I received a letter from Dr. Hibbert, of date the 29th July 1818, from Valla, wherein he says:—"I have this moment received a letter from Professor Jameson, in answer to the communications sent him, and the specimens of chromate of iron, as they were first found on the common land of Hagdale and Crucifield, and, secondly, by yourself on your own private property; and the answer from the Professor is so flattering that, at the moment I received it, I summoned an express to Lerwick to make the communication to you; but whatever gratification you may receive, it cannot be superior to my own in thus considering myself as

the medium of making a suitable return for a hospitality—which is the more to be admired, as it looked for no recompense beyond its own immediate and peculiar satisfaction.” Professor Jameson’s letter to me is as follows:—“I have just received your specimens, and am happy to find the appearance so very favourable. The ore is excellent, fully as good as that from North America, and will supply the European market. I will see that your important discovery is made known to the world, etc. etc. I hope soon to be enabled to congratulate you in person as the principal individual most likely to be interested in the discovery.”

These circumstances prove the facts that I discovered the chromate of iron on my private property a few days after the Doctor left Unst, after his first visit this year; and further, that Professor Jameson made no distinction between the specimens from the scathold and those from my own property. He says, without qualification, that “the ore is excellent.” On receiving such favourable intelligence regarding my chromate, I quarried several tons of it, and about a month after receipt of Dr. Hibbert’s letter, he came the second time that season to Bunes, and was both surprised and delighted to witness the first mine of chromate he had ever seen in his life, or that ever had been seen in Great Britain.

During his stay in the island at that time, which lasted some weeks, he looked around in every direction with the view of discovering the chromate in quantity, but was never able to find anything but surface specimens. Be it remembered that Dr. Hibbert was, at that period, equally a stranger with myself to the commercial value of the one kind of ore or the other.

Here Mr. Edmondston recounts how he had endeavoured to introduce Shetland chromate into the market, from which it would appear that in 1820 a ton of the ore fetched £15; and then he continues to write:—

“Professor Jameson, more than twenty years previous to Dr. Hibbert’s visit to Shetland, had made a geological tour of the

Shetland Islands, and had discovered chromate, as a mineralogical curiosity, in Unst, and pointed out its geognostic relations. Had our predecessors been *awake* (the italics are Mr. Edmondston's), they might not have left it to us to have discovered the chromate, or reap the benefit arising therefrom. They did not disturb themselves by any such inquiries, and the chromate of iron remained neglected and unheeded. Dr. Hibbert, after this long lapse of years, found it in greater quantity, and did everything in his power to rouse the proprietors of the ore to attend to their own interests. Yet no one but myself paid any attention to his friendly warning; as it will appear hereafter that I was between three and four years doing everything in my power to discover it in quantity, and introduce it into market, before any other individual thought it *worth while* (*sic*) to look after it, and not until I was supposed to be making money by it."

After complaining that his exertions ought to have induced his brother-proprietors to thank him for benefiting them as well as himself, instead of accusing him of having pocketed £7000 value of scathold chromate! he proceeds:—

"Chromate of iron has now been long known, and the benefits it has conferred have been generally and sensibly felt; and I do claim the merit of having first discovered it in such quantity as to be beneficial in a commercial point of view. Different bodies of men commonly entertain different modes of feeling and acting. The Society of Arts saw proper to reward Dr. Hibbert with a gold medal for his discovery of the chromate of iron in the island of Unst, though he only found it as interesting to arts and sciences and not in commercial value; and it did seem to me that we, the chromate proprietors, who were to reap the substantial benefit from the discoveries which ensued, should present the Doctor with some testimonial of our respect and gratitude for having pointed out the path by which we were now likely, by our own exertions, to advance our interests and improve our condition. Accordingly, at a meeting held at the

schoolhouse at Unst in 1823, for subscribing the minute appointing Mr. Mouat trustee, I made a proposal to this effect. Mr. Mouat opposed my proposition, and, as no one else seconded it, it fell to the ground. I would still be ready, if the other proprietors will unite with me,—and it is not now too late, after we have experienced the benefits that have resulted from his geological labours in this country,—to present Dr. Hibbert with some memorial of our gratitude and esteem.”

Against this paragraph of the letter, Dr. Hibbert Ware has written the following sarcastic note :—

Absurdity !

To render a man a service voluntarily and expect him to be grateful for it.

We cannot refrain from remarking upon Mr. Edmondston's extraordinary statement that Professor Jameson, twenty years previous to Dr. Hibbert's visit to the Shetland Islands, had discovered chromate as a mineralogical curiosity in Unst ; and we would ask, if such were the case, how it came to pass that the Professor neither mentioned it in his book nor alluded to it in the letter he wrote to Dr. Hibbert ? after the latter had sent him specimens of the ore, and in which he says :—“ I will see that your important discovery is made known to the world.”

To the foregoing letter or statements of Mr. Thomas Edmondston, Mr. George Spence published a reply, dated Hammar, 28th of May, 1840, from which we make such extracts as relate to Dr. Hibbert. After confuting Mr. Edmondston's defence of himself, Mr. G. Spence proceeds as follows :—

“ But though our opinions must differ on this subject, yet there can be only one opinion as to Dr. Hibbert. To him the

chromate proprietors owe much, even all they have profited by this valuable discovery, and it is to be regretted that any cause should have hindered them from uniting to give the Doctor a substantial proof of those feelings of respect and gratitude which are so justly his due. But if union in this laudable measure could not be obtained, I cannot see why that should have prevented any individual who profited largely by the discovery from, at the same time, doing justice to his own feelings and to Dr. Hibbert's merits. Whatever might have been the sentiments of the great chromate proprietors on the subject, this I know, that had any of them made a motion for a testimonial being presented to Dr. Hibbert, that motion would have been not only seconded but carried by the lesser proprietors. Had such motion been made at any meeting of heritors while I was present, it could not have escaped my recollection ; for it would have tended to disprove the ridiculous report, so very common, of your having said that not Dr. Hibbert but you were the person to whom the Society of Arts ought to have awarded their gold medal ; and it was also said that, so far was the assumption carried, that a friend of yours in Edinburgh 'set the Doctor dumb' when his pretensions to the medal were discussed."

The foregoing letters are the last documents we find amongst the papers of the late Dr. Hibbert Ware regarding the discovery of chromate of iron in Shetland. It is, however, certain that he never sought for any "substantial proof" from the chromate proprietors of their "gratitude," nor did he ever say that he expected one.

CHAPTER LV.

Major Hibbert in Afghanistan—The Lancaster Runic cross and Mr. Kemble's explanation—Dr. Hibbert is elected a member of the Irish Archæological Society—Appendix to the *History of the Foundations of Manchester*—Sir William Hamilton.

AFTER the fall of Ghuznee, Afghanistan had been considered to have been reduced to a state of quiet, and Lord Kean's army had been sent back to India; and so Dr. Hibbert Ware had been free from any anxiety on his brother's account. But in December of 1840 he received a letter from Kurachee, dated September the 24th, which somewhat disquieted him:—

“Things are again assuming a warlike aspect in Scinde. Already have I been ordered to send a wing of the regiment to Surkur on the Indus, and I follow with my headquarters about the 10th or 15th of next month. A force is now assembling there, I presume, for the purpose of putting down the Belochees, who are in large bodies in the hills, and also of retaking Kelat. The higher authorities are certainly considered the best judges of what is proper; but it strikes me that their judgment was not of the best, after the trouble and expense of taking such a fortress as Kelat, to leave it only garrisoned by a lieutenant and thirty Sepoys. I have entrusted the box with poor William's drawings to Captain Naylor, our paymaster, who is going home on leave. God bless you, my dear brother, and may you enjoy health and happiness.”

During the spring, Major Hibbert wrote more reassuring letters. In the first, dated 14th January 1841, from the camp at Shirkarpore, in Upper Scinde, he says that the country was in a state of tranquillity ; that it was believed that the British force was to be broken up and distributed in different parts ; and that the destination of the 40th was said to be Quetta, —a town considerably beyond the Bolan Pass.

We pass over the account he gives, in a letter dated the 27th of January, of a fatiguing march to that Pass,—across a desert of 36 miles, short of water, when the days were hot, but the thermometer down to 29° at night,—to his letter of the 31st, in which he mentions an afflicting sort of disease to which the soldiers were exposed :—

“ Our detachments at Dadur, the entrance to the Bolan Pass, are suffering much from a horrid complaint called Scinde boils,—but improperly so, for they are severe ulcers which eat deep into the flesh. Three of the officers arrived in the camp from thence to-day, perfect cripples, and are sent on sick certificate to Kura-chee, in the hope that the sea air and bathing may be serviceable to them. The sores are frightful. Seventy or eighty men, and some officers, will be obliged to be carried in doolies—a rough kind of palanquin attached to every hospital for the sick—and on camels.”

Early in the next month, February, Colonel Wilson, who had been sent with a force to Kujjuck to enforce payment of tribute, having been repulsed and himself mortally wounded, the 40th was ordered to march against that place, distant about forty-two miles. Major Hibbert gives a graphic description of the heavy rains of that country.

“At 5 o'clock P.M. we struck tents, and started for Kujjuck, bivouacked in the fields about 11 o'clock, intending to halt for about an hour; but, in consequence of a heavy fall of rain and the darkness of the night, were obliged to remain till daylight. A more uncomfortable night could not be. The ground was up to the knees in mud and water, so that the men could not lie down, and the officers had only the alternative of sitting on their horses. I tried the latter, and, quite wet to the skin, was constantly in danger of tumbling off, from sleep. I therefore dismounted into the mud and got a sound sleep, standing with my head resting on my arms doubled on the saddle. The rain continued all the march to Kujjuck, which we reached on the 23d (February), about 9 A.M. We then found that the town had been deserted and was in our possession. I don't expect my share of prize money will overburden me. We are to leave here, as soon as the weather permits,—for we are literally stuck in the mud,—for Meetrie, thence to Dadur, and go through the Bolan Pass, about the 15th of March, on to Kandahar. It is now raining in torrents, so we have every chance of being again stuck in the mud. I might now sing *Ye Gentlemen of England*.”

These reassuring accounts of the pacification of Afghanistan inspired Dr. Hibbert Ware with the hope of again ere long seeing his much-loved brother in England after so many years' absence, and he was now able to give all his thoughts, undisturbed by any anxiety about what might be taking place in the far East, to his literary labours, with all the delight of former years.

His old friend Captain Edward Jones, who was then on a visit at the house of George Weld, Esq., of Leagrim, wrote to him on the 24th of February 1841, in order to call his attention to the Runic cross, which we have before mentioned:—

“I do not like to leave a post,” wrote the captain “to inform

you how the antiquaries are proceeding about the Lancaster cross. You will perceive by the enclosed letter that they are getting nearer to the right meaning, and I think, with my brother Michael, you should write a paper soon on the subject, and let our Copenhagen friends have the merit that is due to them."

The enclosed letter which has just been referred to was from Michael Jones, Esq., and we make the following extract from it:—

33 MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE,
22d February 1841.

DEAR EDWARD—I presume you will remain at Leagrim with the other gentry this week. I am a little mortified to read in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for this month that, during my absence from town in January, some person has anticipated me in applying to Mr. John M. Kemble for the interpretation of the Lancaster Runic inscription. I copy the extract from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for February, p. 188. "Society of Antiquaries, 14 January 1841.—John M. Kemble, Esq., communicated an explanation of the Runic inscription upon a stone cross in the churchyard of St. Mary's, Lancaster, and now in the Vicar's house, which was engraved in Whittaker's *Richmondshire*, vol. ii., p. 230, and more correctly, as well as more recently, in Baines' *History of Lancashire*, but differently and erroneously explained in both."

Mr. Michael Jones then proceeds to give the Runic characters, which Mr. Kemble considered Anglo-Saxon, and translated as follows:—

Orate pro Cynibaldo Cuthberhti.

But on the 6th of May following, Captain Jones again wrote to Dr. Hibbert Ware on the same subject:—

"Did T—— tell you," he inquires, "what a botch Kemble has made in publishing a wrong drawing of the Lancaster cross?"

To-morrow my brother Michael and myself mean to go to the library, and copy from the *Archæologia* the paper he has written upon it, and I will send it to you, as I understand it will be some time before the *Archæologia* is sent out to the subscribers."

But it was some considerable time before Dr. Hibbert Ware wrote the paper on this relic which his friend Michael Jones wished him to do; for now he was occupied not only with Irish archæology, but with the *History of the Foundations of Manchester*.

On the 10th of July he was elected a member of the Irish Archæological Society; while the following rough draft of a letter, written by him to Mr. Thomas Agnew, shows what steps he was taking with regard to the *Foundations of Manchester*:—

"A little time ago, Mr. Wray mentioned that you were disposed to publish an appendix to the *History of the Foundations of Manchester* upon an economical scale. This project is highly advisable, in order to include the additional documents, to which access has been lately given, and without which the work is not perfect. I do not conceive that anything more is necessary than a very few sheets and three or four woodcuts, so as to sell for about six or seven shillings. I should think there could be no doubt that all, or most, of the subscribers of the work would feel it incumbent upon them to purchase the appendix. In this point of view, I do not think you would run any risk of loss. I need not add that you are welcome to my gratuitous services on the occasion."

In the autumn of this year, Dr. Hibbert Ware again visited Edinburgh, where he had the pleasure of meeting many of his literary friends. On this occasion he was accompanied by his two younger sons, whom he wished to introduce to their relatives at Dunkeld and elsewhere. From all his old acquaint-

ance he received the kindest and most friendly attention. His next-door neighbour, when he had lived in Manor Place, Sir William Hamilton, was one of the foremost in proffering his hospitality. Distinguished as that gentleman was by his literary and philosophical works, he was not above a thoughtful consideration for children, whose enjoyments he kindly studied. There was to be a display of fireworks in the immediate neighbourhood of Manor Place, and Sir William, writing on the occasion to the Doctor, says :—

“ Your best plan, it strikes me, will be for your whole party to drink tea here at seven ; then to see the fire-works, which are not far off ; and finally to return here to supper. Should this arrangement, however, chance to be inconvenient to you, would you and your boys breakfast here on Monday at ten ?—Believe me, my dear sir, ever truly yours,
W. HAMILTON.”

This year closed with further very satisfactory news from Major Hibbert, who, writing from Quetta on the 5th of October, where the 40th Regiment was then encamped, informed his brother that they had accomplished their march through the Bolan Pass without difficulty, and had remained at Quetta since the 2d of April.

Shah Soojah, the protégé of the Indian Government, was seated on the throne of his ancestors ; Cabul appeared to be contented ; and Russian intrigues and Persian encroachments had been checked.

Afghanistan was divided into two military commands,—one, the headquarters of which were at Cabul, was put under General Elphinstone ; and the

other, whose headquarters were at Kandahar, was under Sir William Nott, whom the 40th was ordered to join.

“Altogether,” observed a Bombay paper of the day, “there seems to be good reason to suppose that Afghanistan will soon be tranquilised, and that the refractory chieftains, being convinced of the futility of opposition, will cheerfully submit to the influence of their legitimate monarch.”

CHAPTER LVI.

Afghanistan—Letter from Major Hibbert at Kandahar—Dr. Hibbert Ware placed on the Committee of the British Association for inquiring into the different races of man—His collection of skulls, etc., and the New Zealander—His third marriage.

EARLY in the spring of 1842 Dr. Hibbert Ware, having had occasion to visit Manchester on his journey home, took a cold which terminated in a very severe attack of bronchitis, and it was not till the warm, balmy days of summer had fairly set in that his health became quite re-established. While he lay ill, he was distressed with the most anxious fears for the safety of his brother George. "Poor man, I know not whether he be alive or dead at this moment," he wrote to his eldest son in London, who was then keeping his terms at the Temple; for rumours of dire disasters,—many knew hardly what,—in Afghanistan were at that time causing many a heart in England to ache for those near and dear to them in that distant land,—

“——*it Fama per urbes ;*

Fama, malum quo non aliud velocius ullum ;

Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.”—ÆN., 4, v. 173.

As Major George Hibbert, like his brother, was a native of Manchester, and was equally attached to the

place of his birth, it may not be out of place, perhaps, to narrate a few of the stirring incidents in which he took part, in that wild, distracted, far-off land, which still, at this day, interests so much the British public.

Most desponding accounts from India had arrived in England. It was reported that all Afghanistan was in a state of insurrection, and that a general and well organised plan of operations for the expulsion of the English, had been laid, in which it was suspected that Shah Soojah himself, the English protégé, had acquiesced. Many-tongued rumour spread all sorts of dreadful reports, and men's minds became more dark because these reports were vague. Then it began to be circulated that General Elphinstone and the British army in Cabul had capitulated, and that Sir William M'Naughton had agreed to evacuate Afghanistan, on condition that the army should be allowed to withdraw in peace. As time went on, the dire news arrived of the murder of Sir William M'Naughton; of the disastrous retreat from Cabul; of General Elphinstone's capture, and the frightful slaughter of his disheartened troops, half-perishing with the cold of a most inclement winter, as they wound their toilsome way through the Coord Cabul Pass; of the treachery of Akbar Khan, who, having enticed the English General and his chief officers to confer with him, made them prisoners, and so left their army without leaders.

Along with this detail of disastrous news came a letter from Major Hibbert, which reassured his brother so far as to satisfy him that, in the month of

January at least, the major was safe and well at Kandahar. The letter, written on a small scrap of paper, in order that the messenger might conceal it, ran as follows:—

KANDAHAR, *January 30th, 1842.*

MY DEAR BROTHER—This *may* reach you, but it is doubtful, for we are surrounded by enemies. Things look bad, and I think we have plenty on our hands. The force went out from here on the 12th of January, about six or eight miles off, under General Nott, myself commanding the 40th. We met the enemy on the river Urghandante, which we crossed, and after a bit of a fight drove them off with, I believe, a considerable loss of killed on their side, but few on ours. The balls were flying at one time about us pretty thickly, much to the annoyance of my horse, making him more fidgety than pleasant. One ball struck my sword, leaving its mark as a memento. I am quite as well pleased it was not the owner of the weapon. Gloomy news from Cabul. Report says Sir William M'Naughton is killed. This is a delightful climate at present, but extremely cold. I am in excellent health. Give my kindest love to my nephews and niece, and my kind remembrances to all my other friends in Manchester. I have added a codicil to my will, which I carry with me,—a copy of which I will send you the first safe opportunity. God bless you, my dear brother.—Your affectionate brother,

GEORGE HIBBERT.

After the insurrection had broken out in the winter of 1841-2, the force of General Nott in Kandahar was placed in a complete state of blockade, and all communication cut off on every side, and Sufter Jhung—a son of Shah Soojah—having joined a Ghilzie chief, was advancing with a large army against the city. General Nott had determined to meet them on the 12th of January, and this brought on the “bit of a fight” of which Major Hibbert wrote in his last letter.

Captain Bladen Neill of the 40th, in his book, entitled, *Recollections of Four Years' Service in the East*, thus describes the fight :—

“A force consisting of Blood's Artillery, the Shah's Horse, H.M. 40th under Major Hibbert, and about five other native regiments, advanced to the Urghandante Valley, a spot dotted with picturesque villages and luxuriant orchards, where, on the other side of the river of that name, were to be seen the Afghan force drawn up, their gay and floating banners presenting a very imposing appearance. The British army forded the stream, and the infantry columns advanced slowly and steadily to the enemy's position, who welcomed them with a heavy fire. But when the formidable thin red line, with bayonets fixed, was brought to the charge, and the British hurrah struck upon the astonished ears of the Afghans, they wavered, fell back, and at last broke and fled in complete disorder across the plain. The commander of the hostile army had been seen riding about, enveloped in a shroud, thereby expressing to his followers his determination to die in the field rather than yield. He did not die in the field—he fled.”

But, quitting these scenes of anarchy and bloodshed, let us return to the peaceful old cathedral town, the once capital of the north of England.

For some considerable time past Dr. Hibbert Ware had devoted much attention to a study, having for its subject the different varieties of the human race ; and the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which was to meet at York in the course of the summer, sent him, through their secretary, a notification, dated the 10th of July 1842, that he had been appointed one of the committee, consisting of Dr. Hodgkin, Dr. Prichard, Professor Owen, Mr. J. E. Gray, Dr. Lancaster, Mr. A. Strickland, Mr. C. C.

Babington, framed for the purpose of pursuing information with regard to the races of man ; and, alluding thereto, Sir William Betham,—who had just published his learned work, “Etruria-Celtica—Etruscan Literature and Antiquities Investigated, or the Language of that Ancient and Illustrious People Compared and Identified with the Ibero-Celtic, and both shown to be Phœnician,” 2 vols. 8vo (and was in dread, as he said, of a “good roasting from the critics”)—wrote to Dr. Hibbert Ware on the 19th of August :—

“I am very glad that the subject of the varieties of the human race is in your hands. The Etruscan people were a mixed race, as all commercial nations must be. You will find fine specimens of intellectual skulls and countenances in Micalis’ book of plates to his last work on the Ancient People of Italy. I hope you will examine those plates.”

Sir William Betham’s statement that a commercial people are a mixed race suggests a remark we might offer upon other assertions that we have heard made,—namely, that the English are a “Teutonic race,” etc. With all respect for the Germans, we beg leave to deny this fact. The aborigines of Britain were Celts ; then the Romans garrisoned the island for some centuries, and doubtless there was during all that time some mixture of the blood of the two peoples ; then came the Saxons and then the Danes, who respectively occupied the kingdom, and who, it is far more likely, mixed with the conquered Britons than drove them all into Wales ; and lastly, the Normans, in far greater numbers than the other invaders, possessed themselves of England ; so that it may

be asserted of the true-born Englishman that he is of a *peculiar* race, of a hodge-podge of races, and no Teuton.

Dr. Hibbert Ware possessed some fine drawings of heads of different nations, and not the least valued of these were some excellent portraits in water-colour, taken by his late son William Hibbert, of natives of different castes in India, and also of Scinde.

These portraits had been promised by the Doctor to the Ethnological Society in London, and were accordingly after his death forwarded, along with his MS. notes on that subject, to Dr. King.

But the ardent ethnologist was not satisfied merely with drawings: he wished to have something real,—real skulls in fact; and as excavations were then being made at Clifford's Tower, in York, an opportunity was afforded him to gratify this desire. In the days of Richard I. there was a cruel persecution of the Jews, and the miserable wretches sought shelter in that tower; but, feeling insecure, they slaughtered each other rather than fall into the hands of their foes, and were buried where they died. After the lapse of ages their remains were dug up when the excavations just mentioned were made, and our ethnologist possessed himself of several skulls; but he had even asked his brother to procure him one or two Afghan skulls! and the latter, when writing to his nephew, says:—

“By-the-by, tell your father that I have got the head of an Afghan for him,—one that was killed in the fight on the Urghandante; Dr. M'Andrew prepared the skull for me, with some

others. Perhaps I can get the Doctor to give me two for him."

Although we are anticipating a year or more, we will here relate an episode connected with ethnology which took place when Dr. Hibbert was residing at his house at Hale Barns.

A New Zealander had come to the village, and was exhibiting himself at the Bull's Head Inn, in full native costume, dancing his war-dance, and singing his war-whoop. Here was an opportunity for our ethnologist to handle a real living Maori cranium! and he accordingly sent for the man to come to him. On his arrival the Maori showed his feet, arms, and legs,—all, as well as his entire body, beautifully tattooed, like his face, with figures of animals, birds, plants, etc. Dr. Hibbert Ware first proceeded to handle the man's skull, which he did very critically; then he passed his fingers through his hair, smiling as he muttered to himself, "It is certainly black, but it is fine and wavy." Then he examined with a magnifying-glass the colour of the skin between the tattoo marks, and smiled again as he said in a low key, "Florid." The Maori, we must observe, appeared not to be able to speak or understand much English. Next, the man's fingers, which were rather long and tapering, were scrutinised; and then the Doctor moved away to a short distance, so as to be able to take a general survey of his visitor, and after a few seconds' silence he said, in a muttered tone, "A fine specimen of a Caucasian head." Then, looking fixedly at the man, he exclaimed abruptly, "I'll tell you what, my

good fellow, you are no New Zealander!" The would-be Maori was so taken off his guard that, with an unmistakable brogue, he confessed to the impeachment, owning that he was an Irishman, and that when a boy he had been wrecked off New Zealand; that a chief, instead of eating him, had adopted him as his son, and, after causing him to be tattooed, had married him to his daughter; and that after the death of his wife he had escaped to England, where he had been exhibiting himself; "and I hope," concluded the Hiberno-New Zealander, "that you will not spoil my living."

"No, no," replied Dr. Hibbert Ware, laughing, "you are a capital good make-up, and you will do as well as a real Maori; and I'll come and see you perform at the Bull's Head."

In the month of August 1842, Dr. Hibbert Ware surprised his friends by entering into the state of matrimony for the third time. The lady he made choice of was Miss Elizabeth Lefroy, the eldest daughter of Captain Anthony Lefroy, a brother of the Lord Chief-Justice of Ireland. But if nearly all the Doctor's friends were taken by surprise at the announcement of this event, it was not so with his eldest son, who had heard divers rumours when in Manchester. At first he pooh-poohed them as the idle gossip of a cathedral town, for he could not believe that another marriage was within the range of probability; but ere long, when, on receiving a letter from his father desiring him to call at Scarr and Petty's in St. Ann's Square and order a black dress-coat for

him, he read the lines, "and tell them to be sure and make it fashionable, for you know they shove us old boys off with anything," he became aware that, for once at least, gossip had not lied.

This direction to his tailors was only the re-enacting, on the part of the Doctor, of episodes of his younger days—namely, when courting, to bloom into a full-blown dandy from being ordinarily careless in dress.

CHAPTER LVII.

Kandahar—General Nott's march to Cabul—The return of Nott and Pollock to India.

WHILE Dr. Hibbert Ware was occupied with the study of ethnology and the races of man, and entering into the matrimonial state, his brother, Major Hibbert, was one of the actors in the startling events that were taking place in Afghanistan.

During the whole of the dire winter of 1841-2 the garrison of Kandahar had been kept in constant alarm, day and night, by threatened attacks of the enemy; but nothing could daunt the courage of General Nott.

In the month of May General England's small force had succeeded in making its way to that city, and with it came the Rev. Mr. Allen, who, as he relates in his published *Diary*, went by invitation to the mess of H.M. 40th Regiment. "I had heard much," says that gentleman, "of the estimation in which they were held, at every station where they had been, for their social virtues; and no one who has read anything of the exploits of the British army will need to be told of their gallantry in the field."

Whosoever has seen the names, worked on the colours of that fine old regiment, of the many engage-

ments in which it took a part, could little doubt that it had well earned the glorious soubriquets by which it was known—"The ould and bould;" "the old Excels" (XL.); "the fighting 40th." But alas! for this gallant old corps—a favourite regiment of the Iron Duke—it too has just died of Childers; and the number that knew it once, and of which it was wont to be so proud, now knows it no more.

Long had General Nott been urging on the Government the necessity of advancing a British force on Cabul; and at last the advance was sanctioned, "when he marched forward with his exulting little Kandahar army to strike the grand blow for the honour of dear Old England."

On the 9th of August they broke ground, able to look back with pride and satisfaction on their occupation of Kandahar in the unfortunate winter of 1841-2, during which they had maintained the honour of British arms under the most trying difficulties and privations.

On the march to Cabul, General Nott halted to destroy the fort of Goaine, whilst Shumshoodeen Shah, in great force, was on the ridge of the surrounding hills. At length his army advanced into the plain, beating their tom-toms and uttering the most discordant yells. The British infantry advanced in line to where the enemy were in position, and the irresistible British charge of the bayonet quickly decided the fate of the Afghan army: they wavered, turned, and fled.

The victors then captured Ghuznee, the scene of the sufferings of our imprisoned officers and soldiers,

and avenged our past disasters by blowing up the fort and carrying off into India that invaluable treasure of the Moslem—the celebrated sandal-wood gates of Somnauth, the memorials of the ascendancy in India of the great Sultan Mahomed, eight hundred years ago.

On the 17th of September General Nott reached Cabul, where he was joined by the force under General Pollock; and here also came the “hero of Jelalabad,” Sir Robert Sale, and most of the European prisoners, whom the enemy had now set at liberty—the male captives dressed in the costume of the country, the loose, flowing, picturesque drapery of the East.

All the grand objects of the advance of the British forces had now been achieved: the armies of Nott and Pollock had met in triumph at Cabul, and the prisoners had been recovered.

When the first snows of winter were beginning to appear on the distant mountains, towards the middle of October, the British forces commenced their homeward march, General Pollock’s division taking the lead, and the Kandahar division following the day after.

It was a dismal and harrowing march, as Captain Neill, in his *Four Years’ Service in the East*, which we have before made use of, tells us; for scarce had the armies quitted Cabul before they were saddened by seeing the vestiges of the disasters of General Elphinstone’s ill-fated force. On either side of the road still lay numerous skeletons, and mingled with them tattered fragments of clothes, gloves, socks, Sepoys’ hair-combs, and broken china.

On entering the narrow passes, whose craggy and fantastic rocks towered perpendicularly to so enormous a height on both sides as almost to exclude the light of the sun, the cold became so intense that most of the officers had to dismount and walk to keep themselves warm, whilst the narrow thoroughfares were literally strewn with the horrid remains of men—skeletons many of them could hardly be called, for the frozen features were hideously perfect. Mingling with the human corpses were those of camels, horses, and beasts of burden. In some places the slain lay in heaps, showing where they had made a gallant but ineffectual stand; in other places they were to be seen crowded in the caves and crevices, whither they had fled from one sure death, there to meet another even more dreadful—lingering starvation. Added to these sad relics of a past disaster were the putrefying corpses of stragglers of Pollock's advanced division, who had been cut off by the foe, while vultures and crows soared heavily overhead watching the prey.

The painful feelings connected with the march through this scene of death were further harrowed by the fact of its being almost impossible, from the narrowness of the way, to avoid driving the heavy guns over the sad remains of slaughtered comrades—the wheels of which, as they rolled along, gave forth a harsh agonising sound. Here a horse and his rider lay side by side; and at another spot were to be seen men clasped in each other's arms, just as when they had died, crowding together for warmth.

At one place where the pass was almost closed in

by rocks projecting from either side, the way was literally choked with corpses of men, horses, and camels, indicating that the fierce Afghans crowning the heights had there poured a tremendous volley amongst them.

During this terrible march the booming of guns in the distance, and the sharp rattle of musketry in front and in rear, would ever and anon tell that the advanced and rear guards of the force were engaged with the enemy. At one time the latter guard was so hard pressed that Major Hibbert was sent with a wing of H.M. 40th and two companies of H.M. 41st to check the enemy. With a loud cheer the men ascended the hill in front, from whence the foe was making his attack, and cleared it.

On the road the troops came up to the dreadfully mangled body of an unfortunate straggler from Pollock's force, who lay with his throat cut. The poor fellow's faithful dog sat watching by his side, snapping at and resisting every one who attempted to come near the body of his dead master.

That long, dreary march was not, however, altogether confined within dark, rugged, narrow passes; sometimes the scene would be diversified, and the little armies would encamp in a hilly country, extremely picturesque.

At Ingdullock another most mournful sight harrowed the feelings of Pollock's and Nott's gallant troops; for near that place was a round fort, the memorable spot where the last desperate stand had been made by the remnants of the ill-fated 44th and

the other European troops, as the heaps of dead bodies lying all about sadly testified.

It was here also that General Elphinstone and his chief officers were treacherously made prisoners.

Onwards through the narrow, rocky gorge of the Kyber Pass, with its lofty overhanging rocks, marched the divisions of Pollock and Nott towards Ali Musjid, perched high on a hill. Scarcely had the last of the advancing armies passed the spot when a concussion was felt, a tremendous explosion succeeded, and high in the air, amidst clouds of dust and smoke and flames, were hurled the defences of that strong fort; and thus, in the sight of the Afghan foe, were our slaughtered countrymen avenged.

At last all the formidable passes were cleared, and the two armies entered triumphantly into British territory, where they were welcomed by the Governor-General, Lord Ellenborough, and a brilliant staff, with a salute of batteries.

Among the officers honourably mentioned in the despatches of General Nott, occurred more than once the name of "Major Hibbert, commanding Her Majesty's 40th Regiment."

Rewards, well earned, were given to both officers and men, and Major Hibbert was promoted to the vacant Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the old 40th, and, along with all the other officers, received the Afghan medal of "Victoria Vindex."

Having now obtained leave of absence to visit England soon after his arrival, he was honoured with the following letter from the Duke of Wellington:—

HORSE GUARDS, 31st December 1842.

SIR—I have the satisfaction to acquaint you that the Secretary of State has, upon my recommendation, submitted to the Queen your appointment to be Companion of the most honourable Military Order of the Bath, of which Her Majesty has been most graciously pleased to approve.—I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

WELLINGTON.

Lt.-Colonel George Hibbert,
40th Foot.

CHAPTER LVIII.

The Runic cross of Lancaster and Professor Finn Magnusson of Copenhagen—The Chetham Society founded—Dr. Hibbert Ware's *Memorials of Lancashire in 1715*.

WHEN Lieutenant-Colonel Hibbert first landed in England, his brother and Mrs. Hibbert Ware were in Edinburgh, where they intended to spend the winter, and thither he proceeded to see them. As was to be expected in the case of two brothers so much attached, each was overjoyed at clasping the hand of the other.

Immediately after his marriage Dr. Hibbert Ware had broken up his house in York, with the intention of settling at his estate,—Hale Barns, in Cheshire,—in order to be near Manchester; but he proposed to continue spending his winters in Edinburgh.

The Runic cross of Lancaster, of which we have written in former chapters, again engaged his attention at this time, and at a meeting of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, held on the 27th of March 1843, he laid before them a communication of Professor Finn Magnusson, the distinguished Danish antiquary, explanatory of the Runic inscription on it. The Memoir of Dr. Hibbert Ware was accompanied by the accurate drawings of Captain Edward Jones, and casts

taken of the Runes. After briefly recounting the history of the finding of the cross, to the effect we have before given, and lamenting that it should for many years have been thrust into "the dusty corner of a showman's museum" at Kendal, where he had seen it in 1834, and further lamenting the accident that had prevented Professor Magnusson's interpretation coming to him in time to enable him to have it recorded in Mr. Baines' valuable *History of Lancashire*, the Doctor proceeds to narrate the different interpretations that had been given to the Runic characters,—namely, those of William Humber, Esq., of Birmingham, an Anglo-Saxon scholar; of Dr. Whittaker in his *Richmondshire*, of John Mitchell Kemble, Esq., which we have given in a former page; and that of Professor Magnusson of Copenhagen. But on the comparative merits of all the different interpretations Dr. Hibbert Ware did not profess himself competent to give an opinion, except that the question of preference evidently lay between the interpretation of the Danish antiquary and that of Mr. Kemble.

From the following letter, written by Professor Magnusson to Dr. Hibbert a few years ago, the learned Dane's opinion will be seen:—

COPENHAGEN, 13th July 1836.

MY DEAR SIR—When I read English I understand it tolerably well as a mere Autodidactos, but to write I am never wont, and therefore I most intimately beg that you will please to excuse the many grammatical faults in which these few lines (and perhaps some others which I might write you hereafter) without doubt will abound. I cannot describe the deep sorrow I just felt as I read an article of your letter to Professor Rafn,

and to have perceived that you are fully unacquainted with the lamentable death of our brave and learned friend Mr. Macdougall, which happened at Largs, in Scotland, in the course of October 1835, by setting off from the shore for a steam packet, when, by a most unlucky case, the boat was overturned by a hard gale. This dreary accident was shortly described in the *Times*—"He left an amiable widow and four or more small children. What tidings for them!" As our late friend had landed in Hull, and from thence was gone to Scotland, I suppose that he, as he proposed, had rendered you a visite, and consequently had delivered to you my new interpretation of the Runic inscription on a stone cross from Lancaster, which I had sent to him from Roskeld (where I lived the last winter), with a Danish letter of 1st October, wherein I desired that he, on my behalf, would pay you my due thanks for your kind letters of 28th of May and 28th of June 1835, with an authentic drawing, and three such different casts of the Lancaster Runic inscription. As I yet understand that this has not could be effected, I now shortly repeat the said interpretation.

The letters of the inscription are true Anglo-Saxon, and especially Northumbrian Runes (as described in my disquisition on the obelisk at Ruthwell in our . . . report, which I hope you soon will receive). I read them now thus [here the Professor copies the Runic characters on the cross]. The true meaning of the whole inscription will thus literally be:—*Oremus nancisi (obtinere) quietem Cunibaldum (bene) notum castri (civitatis) incolam (civem aut præfectum.)*

Both the form of the letters and the ornamental style of the monument seem to indicate that its erection must be ascribed to the eighth or ninth (if not already to the seventh) century.

I ever remain, with due regard and esteem, my dear sir, your most obedient and humble servant, FINN MAGNUSSON.

As an ancient relic found in Lancashire, Dr. Hibbert Ware had therefore more particularly interested himself about this Runic cross; but, in truth, whilst he lived in the retirement and quiet of his

house in Cheshire, he occupied himself almost exclusively with the archæology and history connected with his native county.

At the request of Mr. Leigh Richmond, the agent of Lord Stamford, he sent that gentleman a copy of his treatise on the *Customs of the Manor of Ashton-under-Lyne* to deposit in his Lordship's manorhouse in that town, until a public library should be formed there.

About this time, namely, in the spring of 1843, a number of gentlemen in Manchester had determined to form themselves into a society, to be called the Chetham Society, the object of which was to publish scarce remains, historical and literary, connected with the counties of Lancaster and Chester; and at one of the first meetings of its provisional committee, William Fleming, M.D., the honorary secretary, was directed to write to Dr. Hibbert Ware and invite him to become one of the council.

Of course he accepted this honour with pleasure.

Of all the fourteen members of this first council none are now living except one, an old friend of Dr. Hibbert Ware—we allude to the present president of the Chetham Society, the learned James Crossley, Esq., F.S.A. This gentleman, who, in his youth, had been a frequent contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, has edited for the Society works of a most interesting nature, namely, *Pott's Discovery of Witches*, *The Diary and Correspondence of John Worthington*, etc.

This Society has, since its first formation, issued 109 volumes.

The continuation of, or appendix to, the *History of the Foundations of Manchester* also began seriously to occupy the attention of Dr. Hibbert Ware, and on the 5th of September 1843 the Rev. Canon Wray wrote to him :—

“MY DEAR SIR—I have now the keys of our Chapter-house chest, and if it be convenient for you to meet me in the Chapter-house at twelve o'clock, I will let you have some of the old deeds.—I remain, yours faithfully,

C. D. WRAY.

The deeds were, of course, made use of before the Doctor left Hale Barns to spend the winter in Edinburgh.

When in the Modern Athens again, we find him busily occupied with his former literary friends; taking tea with Professor Forbes, where he met the former competitor of that gentleman for a chair in the University, Sir David Brewster; and on another occasion, writing a letter of some length to the treasurer of the Antiquarian Society, containing various suggestions relative to its then present state and future prosperity, which was read at a subsequent meeting, held on the 13th of May 1844, by that officer, who stated that the suggestions were of great importance.

Soon after his appointment to be one of the council of the Chetham Society, Dr. Hibbert Ware had been called upon to edit a curious collection of original and scarce documents relative to Lancashire and the Insurrection of 1715, in favour of the exiled House of Stuart; and on his return to Hale Barns in the

summer of 1844, he commenced arranging his materials for the work. Probably the following letter to him from the Rev. Canon Raines may have had some relation to it:—

MILNROW PARSONAGE, ROCHDALE,
July 15th, 1844.

DEAR SIR—I enclose the extracts from Mr. W. Stout's journal, which was lent to me by Mrs. Butler of Kirkland. I consulted with Mr. Parkinson respecting the publication of it by our Society, assuming that my good friend Mrs. Butler would not be opposed to such a step. I shall take an opportunity of informing Mr. Beever of your present engagements, and I am sure he will be glad to hear of the letters to which you allude, if he has not yet seen them. He has in his possession the original speeches (I have copies) delivered by Townley, Chadwick, Deacon, etc., in 1745; and although copious extracts are to be found in print, I am not aware that the whole of the speeches have been published. Much valuable local information respecting this turbulent era remains to be collected, and I should be sorry if your generation should pass away without its being done.—Believe me, with much regard, your faithful, humble servant,

F. R. RAINES.

The Mr. Beever mentioned in the preceding letter is Mr. James F. Beever, now retired from practice, but formerly the head of an eminent firm of solicitors in Manchester, which we believe is now represented by Messrs. Taylor, Kirkman, and Collet.

During the winter of 1844-5, when in Edinburgh, Dr. Hibbert Ware worked assiduously at the *Memoirs of Lancashire of 1715*, which work the Council of the Chetham Society in their Annual Report announce as follows:—

“The Journal of Peter Clarke, relating to the Insurrection, begun in Scotland and concluded at Preston, Lancashire, Nov.

14, 1715, now first published from an original manuscript, and edited, with an introduction and notes, and an appendix of supplementary papers by Samuel Hibbert Ware, M.D., F.R.S.E., etc."

The Report then continues :—

"The Rebellion of 1715, edited by Dr. Hibbert Ware, will, the Council feel assured, be hailed by the members as an important addition to the history of a period not as well known as its interest deserves, and with respect to which the materials are rather scanty, so far at least as Lancashire is concerned. The name of the editor will be a sufficient guarantee that nothing will be wanting in the shape of illustration which can add to the value of the materials he has collected. Dr. Hibbert Ware also, with a liberality which entitles him to be considered as a benefactor to the Society, announced his intention, some time ago, of presenting to the members a publication to be printed at his own expense, to form part of the series of its works, 'An Essay on the State of Parties in Lancashire in 1715,' and accordingly, 'The State of Parties,' which the members are to consider as Dr. Hibbert Ware's free and liberal contribution, will, in all probability, be included in the second volume of the Society for the past year."

While in Edinburgh, hard at work on the *Memorials of Lancashire*, he took a severe cold, which was followed by so serious an attack of bronchitis (to which he was subject), that Dr. Alison gave little hope of his recovery; and even, after he had, contrary to all expectation, baffled the disease, his medical adviser warned his friends that any future attack, however slight, might probably be fatal.

In the spring of 1845, the *Memorials of Lancashire of 1715* was issued by the Chëtham Society to its members.

The work commences with introductory chapters on Whig and Tory distinctions at that period; then treats of Lancashire during the Rebellion, and the events of Church and State which preceded and accompanied it, Jacobite plots, etc.,—to which several chapters are devoted. In the next part there is an account of the march of the Highland army from Scotland until they reach Penrith,—the junction with them of the unfortunate Lord Derwentwater and many of the Catholic aristocracy; then follows the curious narrative of Peter Clarke, who, in his *Diary*, gives details of the march from Penrith to Preston and of the “Preston Fight,” all which Dr. Hibbert links together and annotates upon,—concluding his work with several chapters on the Lancashire events, trials, executions, and so forth, which followed the surrender of the insurgents at Preston, together with remarks upon the state of parties in Lancashire subsequent to 1715. A copious index completes the work.

In the preface Dr. Hibbert Ware acknowledged that he could not avoid sometimes treading upon rather delicate ground in order to explain the party views and principles of Whigs, Tories, and High Churchmen; but he disclaimed any object imbued with party spirit,—his aim only being to furnish a guide explanatory of the strange events recorded in the historical collections (Peter Clarke’s Journal) he was preparing for publication for the first time, from an original manuscript then in the possession of David Laing, Esq., of Edinburgh.

Although the author was obliged to tread upon

“rather delicate” ground, he gave offence to neither Whigs nor Tories, while Catholic readers declared that he had done full justice to their party. Many years after the publication of this work, Mr. O’Callaghan in a note at p. 394 of his comprehensive and interesting *History of the Irish Brigades in France*, says: “I have derived much useful light on English Jacobite politics, contributed to the publications of the Chetham Society by the learned and liberal Dr. Samuel Hibbert Ware.”

After having sufficiently recovered from his late severe illness to be able to travel, he returned to Hale Barns, where he remained for the rest of his life, almost in seclusion; for he saw few friends except those of his early days, Captain Edward Jones and Mr. Joseph Jordan; but Mr. John Harland of the *Manchester Guardian* newspaper usually visited him each Saturday afternoon, and discussed with him the appendix to the *History of the Foundations of Manchester*, which he had then begun to write. The Doctor in so doing, we may observe, paid but little regard to the advice of Mr. Fraser, the printer of Edinburgh, who wrote:—“We are truly glad to learn you are again enjoying good health; long may it be so; you should keep out of the *devils’* hands for at least one winter.”

From his old friend David Laing he received a very pleasing letter, dated the 14th of October, complimenting him on the *Memorials of Lancashire*.

“MY DEAR SIR,” wrote that gentleman,—“The copies of your Rebellion volume were delivered a few days ago, and I am

quite pleased with the appropriation of the second copy I stipulated for. I had no notion you had taken so much pains in dovetailing those unconnected materials, but the result is a volume of no small importance in Lancashire history. The copy for the library will be duly presented at the first meeting of the Society. I am not aware of any unpublished documents concerning the Earl of Derwentwater. I made a kind of flying visit to the north and availed myself of your directions. I took the steamer to Lerwick. Now one result of my peregrinations was to suggest to you the propriety or expediency of republishing your Zetland or Shetland volume in a somewhat abridged and cheap form, leaving out a good deal of the scientific details found in the volume. When you come to Edinburgh I hope also some plan might be devised for bringing out the late Mrs. Hibbert's drawings of the sculptured stones."

An equally gratifying letter was received from Mr. George Petrie, the learned author of the "History of the Round Towers in Ireland and the Ecclesiastical Architecture of that country anterior to the Norman Invasion." That gentleman writes as follows:—

21 GREAT CHARLES STREET, DUBLIN,
30th Nov. 1845.

MY DEAR SIR—I beg most earnestly to obtain your pardon for not sooner replying to your kind letter of the 6th October, and which I deferred doing from day to day, in the expectation that I should receive your work, *Memorials of the Rebellion*, and that I might be enabled to inform you that I had presented it to the Royal Irish Academy. It only reached me, however, a few days since, and consequently I had no opportunity of complying with your wish till last night, when the warmest thanks of the Academy were voted to you by acclamation, and with expressions of respect and esteem which, if you had heard them, could hardly fail of affording you gratification.

Permit me also to return my warmest thanks for the kind terms of approbation which you have been pleased to bestow

upon my work on the Round Towers, and to assure you that among the many similar expressions of opinion, which I have been so fortunate as to receive, there are none that I more highly value than yours.

Should you ever feel an inclination to revisit Dublin, this inclination may be strengthened by a consideration of the pleasure which our museum would afford you, and I can also promise you a cordial welcome from many friends, amongst whom none will be more delighted to see you than my family; and I am, my dear sir, yours very faithfully,

GEORGE PETRIE.

On the recommendation of his friend W. C. Trevelyan, Dr. Hibbert Ware presented a copy of the *Lancashire Memorials of 1715* to the Philosophical Society of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Hale Barns, where Dr. Hibbert Ware now permanently resided,—for he never again visited Edinburgh, which was too cold,—was a very different spot to the Hale Barns of to-day. At that time it was a secluded hamlet, consisting of a mere handful of cottages; and the Hale Road then, and still called the Long Lane, was really a long lane,—so ill paved and so narrow, even until recent times, that one cart could scarcely pass another without drawing to one side, and almost into the hedge-backing; whilst these backings were so high, and fringed with such lofty trees, that towards the dusk of evening the wayfarer was enveloped almost in darkness. The tiny hamlet of Hale Barns and its immediate surroundings formed, however, a pretty bit of English landscape; there were fine trees growing about the Green,—a wide, open grassy space,—while drooping willows overshadowed Partington Pool, a large pond at the entrance of Dr.

Hibbert Ware's property. On the adjoining estate of John Leigh, Esq., there grew several handsome Spanish chestnuts fronting the Green. But there was one building which had ever made Hale Barns dear to the Doctor, and from which the hamlet partly derived its name, and that was the old Tithe Barn, which stood on the ground at the back of the "Bull's Head" inn. From a MS. memorandum of his we learn that the date of this structure was lost in the obscurity of bygone ages, and that in the thirteenth century a moiety of the Manor of Bowdon, to which Hale belongs, had been gifted to the Benedictine Priory of Birkenhead, and that after the Reformation it had become vested in Lord Stamford and the See of Chester. The old Tithe Barn was 90 feet long and 18 feet wide; its interior was formed by massive oak timber arches, supported and secured by transverse beams and principals, also of solid oak. The height of the arches was 17 feet 8 inches from the ground, and the spaces between the timber frame-work, which formed the outer walls, were wattled and filled with mud. Seen in the dusk, the interior of this barn had the semblance of an old Gothic edifice.

Drawings of this venerable structure are still extant, Dr. Hibbert Ware's second wife and Captain Edward Jones having taken several different views of it. The historian of Cheshire, Dr. Ormerod, to whom these drawings had been shown, wrote from Sedbury Park, on July the 4th, 1844, as follows:—

"Accept my thanks for the very interesting drawing of Hale Barns. It is a good specimen of the old style of timber build-

ing 'on crooks,' of which some ancient instances occur in Cheshire."

"My stars! They are pulling down the old barn!" exclaimed Dr. Hibbert Ware, as he hurried into the house one morning, in a fever of archæological excitement, "The Vandals! The Huns! The Goths!" These were the mildest epithets the enraged antiquary applied to no less personages than my lord the Right Honourable the Earl of Stamford and our sovereign lady the Queen's bishop of Chester. Truly, had he lived a few generations ago, he would have rendered himself liable to an action of *scandalum magnatum*, nor would his love for antiquities have been special matter sufficient to justify his words.

"It would perhaps be a most difficult matter," wrote the exasperated antiquary in his MS. notes, "to assign a rational motive for this deplorable demolition, for we might have expected a prevalence of better taste and feeling." Some of the oak timbers were taken to Dunham, other parts were destined to complete the outbuildings and pigsties of the village tailor, or other purposes! "but it were to consider too curiously the base uses to which the ancient structure raised by the Prior of Birkenhead may be destined," wrote Dr. Hibbert Ware.

Such was the end of the venerable Tithe Barn in which the monks of old had been wont to collect their tithes.

But there was another piece of antiquity, or supposed antiquity, at Hale Barns which Dr. Hibbert

was wont to speak of, though apparently in jest, and this was upon his own estate. Among the fields there were two, called the Great and the Little Wall fields, containing together eleven statute acres. Their shape was oblong, and they were then elevated, in a singular manner, about two feet above the adjoining fields, though now one side of one of them has been made level with the land next it. "There was a Roman road near here, and I have little doubt," the antiquary would say with a laugh, though we think that he more than half believed in what he asserted, "that the Wall field was the site of a Roman camp. There is no vestige of a wall near, and I suspect that the word 'Wall' is a corruption of the Latin *vallum*!"

Hale Barns, forty years ago, might have been justly designated as a place "quite out of the world." The peasantry, without education and grown up in ignorance, were plunged in the usual courses of rural dissipation and vice. Drinking, poaching, gambling, and fighting were their normal state.

Dr. Hibbert Ware, being quite alive to this deplorable condition of his humbler neighbours, strove to remove it by promoting a better system of education. Accordingly he caused to be printed and distributed, "A Memorial, relative to the present state of education at Hale, near Altringham, addressed to the landed proprietors and others who have an interest in this township."

In this Memorial he had set forth, amongst other matters, that in the township there was no other foundation for the maintenance of a school but a

small dwelling-house and schoolroom, provided very many years ago by the members of the old Presbyterian Chapel at Hale Barns, vested in trustees, who appeared ever "to have considerably left the choice of the master to the township at large, aware that the emoluments must be derived from individuals differing from each other in religious opinions."

But owing to the inadequacy of the support which the school afforded for a master, it languished, and Dr. Hibbert Ware proposed to remedy this state of things by an energetic effort of all individuals of property and influence, to secure the appointment and provide for the support of an efficient master; and, after advising the establishment of a small village-library, he concludes by saying that moral training "cannot, however, be deemed complete without going hand in hand with RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION, for which reason, as well as for other considerations which have been stated, a schoolmaster from one of the normal schools lately organised is to be desired."

Copies of this Memorial had been sent by the Doctor to different friends whom he knew to be interested in the education of the poor. We insert here the opinions of Sir Walter Calverley Trevelyan and Canon Parkinson, which are certainly not in accord with the so-styled advanced ideas on education of to-day.

ATHENÆUM, PALL MALL, 18th December 1845.

MY DEAR SIR—Your interesting letter of the 13th has been forwarded to me from Nettlecomb. I am very glad that you are exerting yourself for the improvement of the education in

your district. There is no doubt it is one of the greatest desiderata at present in most parts of the country. You will find the Reports of the Committee of the Privy Council on Education most useful. They furnish, in their books, plans and directions for schools of all sizes. What has hitherto been most neglected in education,—but which is of the greatest importance, and without which all that has hitherto commonly been dignified with the title of education is worthless,—is moral and religious training. This has not been attempted in schools, but has been left to those who, unfortunately, too often want it as much as the poor children themselves.—Believe me, ever yours most truly,

W. C. TREVELYAN.

And Canon Parkinson writes from Broughton Cliffe, on January 9th, 1846 :—

MY DEAR SIR—Should you be in the neighbourhood on the 19th February, when the Chetham Society dine with me at five, I hope you will join us and take a well-aired bed with me. Many thanks also for your admirable address on the state of education at Hale. May it produce the fruits you wish and it deserves.—

Very faithfully yours,

R. PARKINSON.

But uneducated and uncultivated as the peasantry of Hale Barns at that time were, they were withal good-natured and obliging, and grateful for any little kind acts done to them, and in return would do any service for “t’ owd master,” as they styled Dr. Hibbert Ware, and he and they were ever on the most friendly terms.

Thus time passed quietly, and the recluse enjoyed undisturbed leisure, in his country retreat to prosecute the, to him, pleasing labour of writing the appendix of the *History of the Foundations of Manchester*. His health was now tolerably good, and no event had happened in his family other than an

agreeable one,—namely, the marriage in January 1846 of his niece, the only daughter of his deceased brother Robert. The gentleman she married was Alexander Abercrombie Nelson, Esq. of the 40th regiment, now Major-General Nelson, C.B., who, when serving with that regiment in the Afghan war, had gained the marked approbation of General Nott for the efficiency with which he had performed the duties of Commissary-General of the troops at Kandahar. Their eldest son, lately deceased, held a captain's commission in the old XL's, and their surviving son is now a captain in the 5th Dragoon Guards.

CHAPTER LIX.

THE IRISH EXILE.

*“Nos patriæ fines, et dulcia linquimus arva ;
Nos patriam fugimus.”*

Ecloga 1, VIRG.

A FRIEND had forwarded to Dr. Hibbert Ware a *Times* newspaper of the 27th of March 1846, in which, under the head of “The Irish Abroad,” was a Memoir of a first cousin of his mother. The article begins :—

“Died at Tours in the Department of *Indre et Loire*, France, on Thursday, the 5th March 1846, Hugh Ware, *colonel en retraite*, in the 74th year of his age. Colonel Ware was born near Rathcoffy, in the county of Kildare, Ireland. His family was English in its origin, being that of the celebrated historian, Sir James Ware. The vicinity of his residence to Carton, the seat of the Leinster family, and consequently within the fascinating sphere of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, added to the spirit of liberalism and disaffection so prevalent in Ireland, in the years 1796-7- and 8, accounts for the entrance of Hugh Ware, then an animated, resolute, and active young man, into the conspiracy of the *United Irishmen*, and for his subsequently taking an active part in the rebellion. His military qualities were even then evident, and led to his being specially appointed by Lord Edward Fitzgerald to command the men of a large district of Kildare.”

Dr. Hibbert Ware’s mother as a girl had often visited at the house of her uncle, Hugh Ware’s father,

at Kilcock, when Hugh must have been a mere child ; and as she never returned to Ireland after her marriage in 1780, she could have known little of her young cousin. Be that as it may, after the rebellion had been subdued, many of the rebel chiefs and others were executed, and many were banished for life ; among the latter was Hugh Ware, who having been confined in Kilmainham jail until the Peace of Amiens in 1802, was then released, when he passed over into France, and took service under the banners of the Republic, a step so much resented by Mrs. Hibbert, that, whenever his name was mentioned, she would say, sharply : " Don't speak of him, he is a bad man." This was perhaps a prejudice, but a pardonable one in a mother, who then had a son in the British army, fighting against that Republic.

Miles Byrne, *chef de bataillon* in France, in his *Memoirs d'un Exilé Irlandais*, published in Paris in 1864, makes frequent mention of Hugh Ware ; and from that work we have culled a few episodes of his military career. Miles Byrne gives two lists of the chiefs of the rebels,—one containing the names of the Protestant, and the other those of the Catholic leaders ; among the latter is that of Hugh Ware ; for the oldest branch of Sir James Ware's family, of which he was a cadet, had become Catholic early in the last century.

Cruelly misgoverned as Ireland had been for generations past, Hugh Ware, as an educated man and a Catholic, should have reflected that his church had never sanctioned rebellion ; he should have known

her teaching : "By me princes reign, and the law-givers decree just things," as saith the Most High ; and that "He that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God."

On his arrival in France he received a commission in the Irish Legion. Here he found his cousins, the Perrotts, and several friends,—Miles Byrne, Fitzgerald of New Park, Aylmer of Painstown, William Sheridan, Edmund St. Leger, and Fitzhenry, and many other exiles besides.

This Legion, like its predecessor, the Irish Brigade, was composed exclusively of exiles from the Green Isle. The uniform was green. Besides the Eagle-bearer, who ranked as an officer, there was the Standard-bearer, carrying a green colour, on which was inscribed in golden letters, on one side, *The Independence of Ireland*, while on the reverse was depicted a Harp without a crown. Whenever the regiment marched through a town, its band struck up the national tune of *St. Patrick's day in the morning*.

Miles Byrne relates the following incident of Ware's courage when the Legion was in Spain. At the siege of Astorga, having claimed from Junot the right, as captain of the grenadiers, to be the first to mount the breach, the general replied, smiling : "Captain, have I not the right to prescribe the manner of attack ? be patient and your turn will come." After Ware had withdrawn, Junot turning to General Solignac, said : "We are not accustomed to have many such demands as this. Who is that bold handsome officer ?"

After serving two years with distinction in Spain, the Irish battalion joined the Grand Army in Germany. It was present at the battles of Lowenberg and Goldberg, in July 1813, where Napoleon commanded in person. Hugh Ware was promoted on the field to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and, with other officers, received from the hands of the Emperor the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

When Napoleon abdicated, the Legion lay in garrison at Montreuil-sur-Mer.

On the return of Napoleon from Elba, in the spring of 1815, Hugh Ware was promoted to the rank of full Colonel.

With the fall of the Emperor, after Waterloo, also expired the Irish Legion, which was then disbanded, and its officers were allowed to retire on half pay.

The Legion had served with distinction for twelve years, without any interruption, in Spain, Portugal, Germany, and Holland.

Hugh Ware retired to Tours, there to pass the rest of his life. Miles Byrne relates many instances of his courage and other good qualities, and sums up his character as follows: He was a well-educated gentleman, an ardent admirer of country scenery and a skilful judge of architecture; moreover, he was well read in history. It was a great advantage, writes that author in vol. ii. at p. 398 of his *Memoirs*, to have him as the companion of a march; for he would willingly stop to view castles and like edifices on the way, and impart information regarding their antiquity and celebrity. Indeed, the years he had passed

in prison in Dublin were not altogether thrown away; for, as he read much and possessed an excellent memory, he greatly occupied himself in studying military tactics, which was of singular advantage to him in after life. He was handsome in person and well made; in height he was more than six feet, and was strong and active in proportion. None could excel him in equitation, a valuable talent for a field officer.

His friend, Miles Byrne, writes thus of his last moments:—

“He felt but one regret—one only on his deathbed—that he could not die in his native land. All honour to the ashes of the warrior,” continues his panegyrist, “I have spoken often of him in my account of the campaigns of the Irish in the service of France, but I have far from narrated all that I might have said of him, *car il était le plus brave des braves.*”

Whilst the *Times* correspondent, to whom we have alluded at the beginning of this chapter, thus speaks of him:—

“In a word, Colonel Hugh Ware was one of those who contributed most, of late years, to sustain on the Continent the claims of his countrymen to respect, by indomitable courage, unshrinking constancy, high principle, and undeviating good conduct,—‘looking like an old nobleman,’ as an humble friend described him.”

CHAPTER LX.

The *Foundations of Manchester* — Mr. John Harland — Colonel Hibbert's death.

FOR a few months past the health of Dr. Hibbert Ware had been failing, so as to prevent him attending the meetings and dinners of the Chetham Society; and feeling some delicacy as to whether he ought not to resign in favour of some more active member, his office on the Council, he hinted his inclination to Canon Raines. That gentleman, in a letter dated 14th July 1847, after first replying to other subjects of the Doctor's communication, writes:—

“Your observations about resigning your office of Councillor on the score of not attending the meetings met with no response here, and I trust you will long continue to be connected with the Council. Your high literary character and distinguished reputation in connection with all the institutions of Manchester indicate you as peculiarly qualified for the position which you so worthily occupy.—With every good wish, I remain, my dear Doctor, very faithfully yours,
F. R. RAINES.”

By taking ordinary care, however, and making frequent visits to Blackpool, a watering-place he favoured on account of early associations, he kept himself tolerably well. At Blackpool, he loved to

recall the memory of days long past, spent there as a boy, with his mother, at Bailey's Hotel, and the sensations he had felt when walking along the shore of the "far sounding sea." But if he was now no longer able to encounter the good dinners of the Chetham Society, yet, renovated by the bracing sea-breezes, he could visit Manchester three or four times a week during the summer, and act the parts of architect, clerk of the works, and manager of the joint property in St. Ann's Square of himself, his brother George, and his niece, Mrs. Nelson, which had fallen so much out of repair as almost to require rebuilding. In this work he was ably assisted by his agent, Mr. Thomas Orme, now the well-known billiard-table maker, who, in truth, was more an attached friend than an agent.

We may be excused for recording here a pun he perpetrated when engaged in the building operations—perhaps it was an unfeeling pun; however, he atoned for it by giving its object relief. Observing a brick-setter holding a handkerchief to his eye, he asked him what was the matter. The man replied that he had got a bit of brick in his eye. "Oh, then, put a bit of mortar to it and you will have a wall-eye," replied the Doctor.

During the progress of these repairs he travelled by the omnibus between Altringham and Manchester; on these occasions, before taking his place for the latter town, he would often call at the shop of Mr. Brown, the hairdresser, to be shaved. We have before observed that Dr. Hibbert was a very absent

man, so it happened that one day when seated in the omnibus, which had just started, a loud cry of Stop! stop! was heard, and Mr. Brown came up, breathless almost, and asked if any gentleman had taken Mr. Holland's stock. All denied it, as did the Doctor too; but Mrs. Hibbert Ware observing that his neck looked rather more bulky than usual, denounced the culprit! In a fit of absence of mind, he had, after the shaving was over, buckled on Mr. Holland's stock, and then his own over it.

This failing of the Doctor was well known to some of the dealers in scarce books in Manchester. When engaged in the building operations we have just been alluding to, he would refresh himself by a visit to the shop of Mrs. Mellor, the bookseller in St. Ann's Street, where he would pore over her books. If, on some occasions, she saw him particularly interested in one, she would ask him if she should lay it aside for him, when he would reply, "Yes, yes,"—a mode of reply often made by him when he was half-conscious of some one speaking to him, but in reality did not know what was said. Mrs. Mellor, who had been twice or thrice taken in by this vague "Yes, yes,"—for she had found that he did not really want the book that had been set aside,—learnt to attack him more closely, and in reply to his oblivious ejaculation, would say, "'Yes, yes!' your 'Yes, yes' won't do for me, Doctor; do you really want the book?"

Although his time was now so much occupied during the day in these building and repairing operations, he indefatigably employed himself in the

evenings, generally until the small hours of the night, writing and preparing for publication the appendix to the *History of the Foundations of Manchester*, whilst on the Saturdays, when he always stayed at home, Mr. John Harland would, as we have before said, almost regularly come to Hale Barns to take tea with him, and discuss the forthcoming work.

“ You would probably see in a recent number of the *Guardian*,” wrote that gentleman on the 25th of September 1847, “ a paragraph briefly alluding to your present labours. So long as I was cognisant of those labours only from our (to me) agreeable private intercourse, I preserved silence respecting your supplement ; but I wrote that paragraph purely from information given me by Mr. Agnew, who also told me that Sir Oswald Mosley was engaged in writing a history of his family. I hope, therefore, you will acquit me of having, in the slightest degree, violated the tacit confidence of private intercourse, in telling the public that they might expect something good from you ere long.”

Before the end of this year, Dr. Hibbert Ware was visited with a very great and a very unexpected affliction : this was the death in London, from a low fever, of his much-loved and last surviving brother, Colonel George Hibbert, who breathed his last on the 12th of November, at the age of fifty-six, at the house of an old friend in London, with whom he was on a visit, namely, John Taylor, Esq., of Hyde Park Corner, the son of Dr. Charles Taylor, whom we have before mentioned in the earlier part of this Memoir.

The family burying-place had been in the graveyard of the old Presbyterian Chapel in Cross Street, in Manchester, and it had ever been Colonel Hibbert's expressed wish that if he should happen to die in

England his remains should be laid alongside those of his mother, to whom he had ever been most tenderly attached. But the necessity for widening the street had caused the town authorities to infringe on the Chapel yard, and the fear lest further Town's Improvements might yet encroach upon the family graves, induced Dr. Hibbert Ware and his brother to remove the remains of their deceased relatives to a vault at Ardwick Green. Therein George Hibbert was laid alongside the remains of his dearly-loved mother.

Dr. Hibbert Ware had intended that the funeral should be private; but an order had been received from the Duke of Wellington that, in consideration of the rank and military standing in the army, and the services of Lieutenant-Colonel Hibbert, all the honours of war should be rendered to his remains by the garrison of Manchester.

It was a curious coincidence that the regiment of the line then quartered in Manchester was the gallant 36th, which had entered triumphantly into Cabul along with the 40th.

After the farewell volley had been fired over the dead soldier's grave, and the sound of the last roll of the drum had died away, there stood among the mourners, looking down into the vault, a white-headed old gentleman, who sighed a sigh of regret as he read on the coffin-plate the name of him whom he was wont jestingly to call his "sub." Captain Edward Jones remembered, as if it were but recently, the time when George Hibbert served as a young ensign in his company in the 1st Lancashires.

Colonel Hibbert's dog, which had been pupped in the Bolan Pass, had been sent to Dr. Hibbert Ware, and in the course of two or three weeks the baggage, consisting of two large black military chests, followed. The dog recognised them at once, showing great delight, expecting his master's return, nor would he quit the room in which they were placed for several days. Yet there are some scientific (?) savages who would not scruple to practise *vivisection* on these faithful and affectionate friends of man.

It had been the wish of Colonel Hibbert that his youngest nephew, George, should "take the shilling," and in this wish Dr. Hibbert Ware concurred. Accordingly the latter, soon after his brother's death, applied to the Duke of Wellington to place the name of his son, then a boy of fourteen years, on the list of candidates for commissions in the army. "His Grace," wrote Lord Fitzroy Somerset, on the 16th of December 1847, "will have much pleasure in noting your youngest son for a commission without purchase, and will be glad to have the means of providing for him, after he shall have attained the prescribed age."

As regards the young lad, it may here be shortly noticed that he received an ensign's commission in the 97th, that he afterwards served with his regiment in the Crimean War from the 5th of November 1854 until after the capture of Sebastopol, and that he was severely wounded, and was promoted to a captaincy without purchase. He married Maria Julia, a daughter of the late Rev. William Goodenough Bayly, D.C.L., of Medhurst, retired from the army, and died a few years ago, leaving a widow and family.

CHAPTER LXI.

The Collegiate Chapter of Manchester and the Churchwardens—
Publication of the Appendix or Supplement to the *History of the
Foundations of Manchester.*

DR. HIBBERT WARE had now outlived all his brothers, and the unlooked-for and untimely death of the youngest and best-loved of them, whom he had ever been wont to care for as if he were a son, gave him a considerable shock. He now began to contemplate his own demise, which he seemed to feel could not be far distant, for he would often say, though with the greatest calmness and resignation, "There are several things yet I want to do to put my house in order before I am called hence."

Of temporal things he had to do, the most important one was the completion of the Supplement of the History of the Foundations of his native town, the second part of which, namely, "Notes and Additions to the History of the Wardens," was then only in the state of a collection of unarranged MS. extracts. He was aware that when he should come to notice such of the Wardens as had lived in the stirring times of 1715 and 1745, the family papers of Lancashire Catholics would afford much valuable information

concerning those periods, and the fairness with which he had detailed, in his *Memorials of Lancashire in 1715*, the part then acted by the Catholics, tended to give them confidence in him as an author.

Captain Edward Jones had told him that there were many family papers relating to 1715 in the possession of Miss Dalton, of Thurnham Hall, whose ancestor, John Dalton, Esquire, had taken part in the insurrection, and that that lady was very anxious that he should examine them.

Writing to Dr. Hibbert Ware on the 12th of January 1848, Captain Jones, after conveying to his friend an invitation from Miss Dalton to Thurnham, goes on to detail some information about the Townleys, as follows:—

“When my brother Michael was last in Manchester I requested of him, as he was going on a visit to Townley, to inquire of the family if they had any papers in their possession relative to the years 1715 and 1745, but it appears to have slipped his memory. I will copy part of his letter in answer to mine:—‘I regret I did not receive your letter while I was at Townley, asking me to make inquiries of Mr. Townley about any papers relating to the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, in which his ancestor Colonel Francis Townley was engaged, taken prisoner at Carlisle in 1746, and hanged. His head was stuck on Temple Bar a considerable time, which the family contrived to remove, and is now carefully preserved in a marble vase. His elder brother, Richard Townley, who married a sister of Lord Widrington, was persuaded to join with him in the rebellion, and was arraigned for treason and confined in prison, from which he was released. The late Mr. Townley told me that he had managed to bribe the jury, and pointed out to me a considerable plantation of oaks, now about 100 years old, which replaces the ancient oaks, cut down to raise the money to fee the worthy jurymen—perhaps the judge. Lord

Widrington's estates of Blankney Hall, in Lincolnshire, were confiscated and bought by a Mr. Chaplin, a London merchant, ancestor of the present occupier of that estate. I will write to Mr. Townley for information.

"Hoping your next letter will be soon, and favourable respecting the invalids, most truly yours,
EDWD. JONES."

In the February following Captain Edward Jones wrote from Claughton Hall:—

"For the last week past I have been domesticated in the hospitable mansion of my friend Mr. Brockholes, and I find my quarters so comfortable that I propose staying a week longer. I was glad to find from your letter that there is at last a chance of your visiting the Lady of Thurnham. I have heard from my brother Michael. As he seems to take great interest in the History of the Rebellion of 1715, I have no doubt he is at this moment endeavouring to obtain information from Mr. Townley. I will copy you an extract from the last letter I received from him, dated Tichburn Park, 1st February:—'On my return early next week to London, I will write to Mr. Townley for any information he may give about his ancestors engaging in the rebellion of 1715. I well remember his late father telling me that the jury were bribed, and that a forest of old oaks were cut down to raise the money. I will recommend Mr. Townley to become a member of the Chetham Society.'"

In another letter, on the same subject, dated the 26th of February, Captain Jones says:—

"I have received a letter from my brother. The last time he saw Mr. Townley he gave a different version respecting the trial of his ancestors, Richard and Francis Townley, but I will copy the letter:—'Yesterday I saw Mr. Charles Townley, who told me that his father assured him that Richard Townley, imprisoned in 1715, did actually cut down the oak wood, and did, with its produce, bribe the GAOLER, who connived at his escape on receiving the money; but that Mr. Townley, on being at liberty, reflecting that he must ever be an outcast and liable to

recapture, surrendered himself to prison, and that the obstinacy of one juryman, in persisting to vote his innocence, induced ultimately a verdict of not guilty. The gaoler kept the money.”

During the winter and spring months of 1848 Dr. Hibbert Ware had been busy correcting the proofs of the first portion of the Appendix to the *History of the Foundations*, which was now on the eve of being published, and he had sent a copy of his address and the preface to Canon Wray for his consideration, who replied as follows:—

CLUB-ROOM, MANCHESTER,
10th April 1848.

MY DEAR SIR—I have scarcely had time to look at your letter, preface, etc. As you know the position we are in with respect to a *certain party*, I should wish much to see you before your preface is published. I think there is an observation of yours which might injure our Collegiate Chapter, and this I am sure you would not intentionally do. Will you be in Manchester any day this week? I should like to meet you if convenient at Messrs. Sowers'; but send me a line first. I have such a pen I can hardly write.—In haste, yours faithfully, C. D. WRAY.

A brief explanation of the Canon's words, “a certain party,” in the above letter, will not be out of place here.

Whilst Dr. Hibbert Ware's Supplement was actually in the press and nearly ready for publication, an event occurred in connection with the Collegiate Church which occasioned much angry discussion in Manchester. The Rev. Richard Parkinson, D.D., one of the canons, had been appointed by Lord Lonsdale Principal of St. Bees' College in Cumberland. The acceptance of this appointment by him, which would necessitate non-residence, raised the question whether

or not the *cure of souls* was attached to the office of the Warden and Fellows of the Collegiate Church—a question which was discussed with great zeal, if not bitterness, by two parties: those who maintained that the canon was only acting within his rights, and those who asserted that he could not lawfully leave his residence in Manchester.

Dr. Hibbert Ware had resolved that he would identify himself with neither party in this dispute, and he always carefully abstained from expressing any opinion on its merits.

The expected publication of the Supplement to the *Foundations* was now the subject of conversation, especially in literary circles, in Manchester. From his friend the Rev. Canon Raines the Doctor received the following complimentary letter:—

MILNROW PARSONAGE, ROCHDALE,
June 2d, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR—I have looked with much anxiety for the appearance of your Appendix to the *History of the Manchester Foundations*, and I have heard in two or three quarters that you have obtained a large body of fresh materials, and have thus enriched and elucidated your subject. It is, indeed, deeply interesting to have been the first to have discovered the origin of the Parish Church being collegiated, and I doubt not this portion of your work will excite much attention with a variety of readers. That you will avoid giving offence to the ecclesiastical authorities I have little doubt, although the interests of truth and candid historical investigation will not be sacrificed by you.

I trust your health is better, and that Providence will long spare you to your family.—With great respect, faithfully yours,

F. R. RAINES.

Dr. Hibbert Ware, Hale Barns,
Altringham.

Mr. Thomas Agnew had arranged to bring out the work on the 1st of July. Its title was *The Ancient Parish Church of Manchester and why it was Collegiated*.

Accordingly, the volume appeared on that day, while the dispute between the two parties in Manchester was at its height; and Dr. Hibbert Ware having sent a copy of the volume to Canon Wray, that gentleman wrote as follows:—

ABERYSTWITH, 28 MARINE PARADE,
19th July 1848.

MY DEAR SIR—Your letter of the 8th instant was delivered to me only yesterday, having been forwarded with some others. I beg particularly to thank you for your kindness in sending me a copy of your last work. I have no doubt that its publication will be highly interesting to the investigators of the history of ancient Mancunium, though I fear some may endeavour to turn the records of our Collegiate Church, which now appear in your work, to our injury and even our destruction. But I think they will find themselves mistaken, and that all judges of ecclesiastical foundations will pronounce the College of Manchester to stand on as legal and firm a foundation as the College of Christ Church, Oxford; Trinity College, Cambridge; or even the Bishopric of Chester. I am perfectly satisfied you would not wish to shake the foundations of our Church, and the explanations which you mention having published in the newspapers prove that fact; though, having been from home some time, I have not seen them.

When I am next at Oldfield I will endeavour to see you at Hale Barns. With compliments to Mrs. Hibbert Ware, believe me, yours faithfully,

C. D. WRAY.

Dr. Hibbert Ware, Hale Barns.

In his preface to the first division of his Supplement or Appendix, Dr. Hibbert Ware says:—

“Of the first contributors to the *History of the Foundations of Manchester* I am now the only survivor; experiencing the infirmities of age, yet still trusting that I shall be enabled to further illustrate the ecclesiastical history of my native town, now advanced to the rank of an episcopal see and city, by the completion of a fourth and supplementary volume. This will comprise two great divisions, the first of which is now presented to the public under the title, *The Ancient Parish Church of Manchester, and why it was Collegiated*. The second great division will contain notes and additions to the History of the Wardens of the Manchester College, being intended to supply the deficiencies of the former volumes, and ending with the formation of the bishopric. The histories also of the two other foundations of Manchester will be continued down to the present period.”

Then, after alluding slightly to the unhappy dispute prevailing between the Collegiate Chapter and the other party in Manchester, he goes on to say that the documents of the Chapter-house, edited, translated, and commented on by him, had been entrusted to his inspection long before those disputes had commenced; and that, in any comments passed upon them, he did not identify himself with any party whatsoever.

The author further observes that the causes which led to the publication of this fourth or supplementary volume were as follows: the aid afforded by the Rev. Canon Wray, to whom the volume was dedicated, and who, with the consent of the Dean and Chapter, had laid all the collegiate charters before him; and secondly, the permission given to him by the Rev. Canon Parkinson to copy collections which he had made from other sources, and the facilities for frequent reference to the Chapter-house muniment chest afforded to the author by that gentleman.

The study of these hitherto inedited documents, observed Dr. Hibbert Ware, acquainted him with the fact that the motives which gave rise to the col-legiating of the old parish church by Thomas La Warre, eighth Baron of Manchester, early in the fifteenth century, were twofold—the great increase of the population of Manchester, and the abuses of patronage. This discovery the author considered to be of so great interest that, mistrusting his own capability of appreciating its value, he submitted some of the extracts made from the charters to the judgment of his friend, Sir Walter Calverley Trevelyan,—a gentleman possessing a most profound knowledge of the history of the English Church,—who at once gave it as his opinion that high historical importance ought to be attached to the facts disclosed by the documents.

Besides the obligations the author lay under to the Rev. Canon Wray and the Rev. Canon Parkinson, he acknowledges those he owed to the Rev. Canon Raines; George Ormerod, Esq., the historian of Cheshire; John Harland, Esq., one of the editors of the *Manchester Guardian*; and his old and valued antiquarian friend and former brother officer, Captain Edward Jones.

As indicating the importance attached to the dispute between Canon Parkinson and his supporters on the one side, and the Churchwardens and their party on the other, pamphlets from the following writers had appeared immediately before the publication of the Supplement:—Hunter Gordon, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn; Thomas Turner, Esq., barrister-at-law;

Mr. Sergeant Wheeler, a gentleman of a family long settled in Manchester.

The second part, however, of the fourth volume or Appendix, namely, "Notes and Additions to the History of the Wardens of Manchester College," was destined never to see the light, for the author died with his pen in his hand, so to say. In dismissing from our pages the *History of the Foundations*, upon which, on and off, Dr. Hibbert Ware had laboured for more than thirty years, we may here observe that a few years after the author's death Mr. Thomas Agnew called at Hale Barns upon his eldest son, whom he informed that Mr. John Harland would undertake the arranging and editing of the unpublished MS. Mr. Agnew's proposition was acceded to, and all the papers were sent to him; but the death of Mr. Harland having occurred, and then that of Mr. Agnew himself, nothing has ever been heard of the mass of MS.

CHAPTER LXII.

“ — *civis et manes et fabula fiet,
Vive memor lethi : fugit hora.*”

PERSII SATIRÆ, 5, 152.

To us also, kind reader, the words of the poet from whom we have quoted, for the head of this our last chapter, point. In a short time our bodies will be dust, our souls far hence, and our lives, perchance, may furnish matter for a tale to be told of us by those we leave behind.

After the publication of the Appendix to the *Foundations of Manchester*, his last and favourite work, Dr. Hibbert Ware's health began to decline rapidly. A few days before Christmas he took a cold — only a slight cold ; an attack of bronchitis accompanied it. This, too, was so slight that he was not confined to bed, or even to his bedroom. He was attended by Mr. James Stephens of Manchester, the nephew of his old friend Mr. Jordan. On the night of the 28th of December the patient grew rapidly worse, though the fatal termination of the disease was not even then expected so soon. The next morning, between nine and ten o'clock, he asked Mrs. Hibbert Ware to pull up the window blind, and on her telling

him that it was up, and that it was quite daylight, he quietly said : " Then I know what is coming."

The words had scarcely passed his lips when he fell into a stupor, from which he never recovered.

The old year had all but died out when the spirit of the scholar passed peacefully and quietly away to appear before its merciful Judge. He breathed his last at two o'clock in the afternoon, on the 30th of December 1848, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

The musicians and carol singers had ranged themselves under his bedroom window, as had been their wont, on the eve of New-Year's Day, singing their song of welcome to the coming year ; but on being told that the ear which had once listened to them with so much pleasure could hear them no more, they went sorrowing away.

His remains were laid in the family vault at the Ardwick Cemetery, alongside those of his mother and his youngest brother George. As he was being borne to the grave, his two former brother officers, Captain Edward Jones and Mr. Joseph Jordan, and his old friends, Mr. James Ainsworth and Friend Peter Clare, supported the pall that covered his coffin.

Dr. Hibbert Ware's features were large but regular, and his face, though not handsome, had a rather pleasing expression ; his hair was of a darkish brown, his nose straight, and his under lip projected somewhat, while in his blue gray eyes there was often an expression of humour indicating how heartily he could enjoy a comical remark or a comical scene. He was a strong-made muscular man, spare and tall, being six

feet high, though a slight stoop of his shoulders, which several years' drill in the 1st Lancashires had not cured, took somewhat from his height. His constitution was originally sound, so there is no human reason why he should not have passed the threescore-years-and-ten of the Psalmist; but that he did not is not surprising, when we reflect upon the hard life he had led in his youth and manhood when making long antiquarian and geological expeditions, enduring fatigue and all sorts of hardships, and frequently exposed to all the vicissitudes of the weather; but perhaps what told heavier than all this on his constitution, strong though it was, was the habit he had, when in his study, of sitting close to a large fire,—so close sometimes as almost to scorch his shins,—and then suddenly exposing himself to the weather.

As we have remarked in the course of this Memoir, he was what is termed an "absent man," and when spoken to whilst in an absent mood, his invariable reply to the person addressing him would be, "Yes, yes," or "Well, well," without knowing what he was saying. But, absent man though he was, he possessed the qualities of order and method in a high degree; he had portfolios for every distinct subject of his literary labours, and he had caused to be bound in volumes all his family and other letters, arranged according to dates,—an exactness on his part which has rendered the compiling of this Memoir comparatively easy for the Editor.

When conversing on scientific subjects he was modest, even to bashfulness, in displaying his know-

ledge, but withal he was ever ready to impart to younger men the information he possessed.

He was a man of deep religious feeling, and in all his trials and troubles ever bowed with resignation to the will of the Almighty. Though he attended the Established Church he was undoubtedly much inclined towards the old Presbyterianism of his fathers; yet he was a most liberal Protestant, and a consistent one too, for he always maintained that each man had the right to choose his own religion, and he acted up to his principles, for Catholics were among his oldest and most esteemed friends.

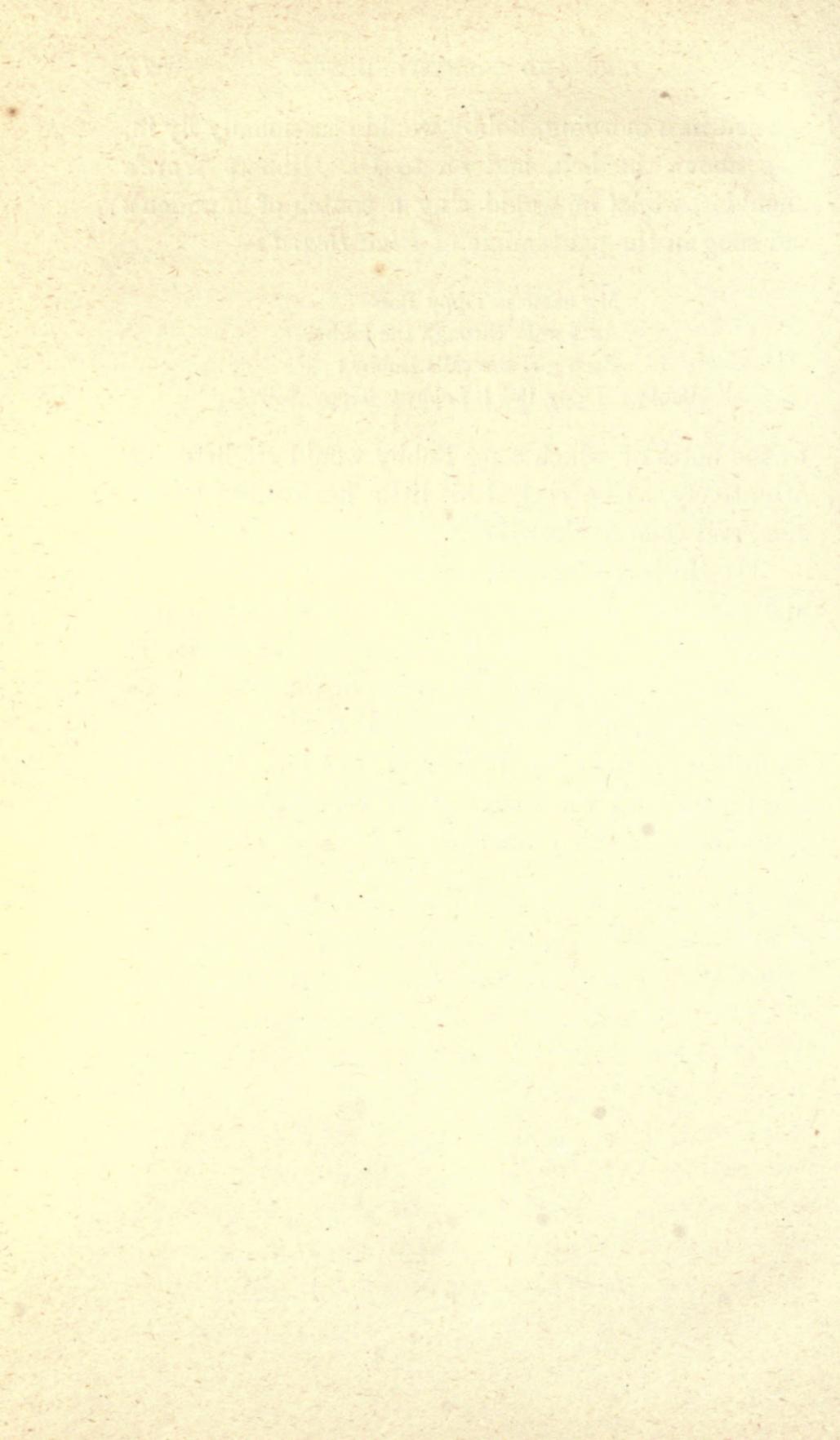
In disposition he was excitable, and at times subject to what are popularly called fits of "the blues;" nevertheless a very kind-hearted man, no better proof of which can be given than his fondness for animals, for, from his early youth to the day of his death, he ever had some favourite dog. And during the last four or five years of his life he had cultivated a friendship with another favourite,—a very little one, it is true—a robin. The bird had flown for shelter into the house one bitter cold day in a very severe winter, and, having been fed, continued to pay daily visits; and at length he became so confident and familiar that at dinner time he would hop about the table and peck from any dish or plate he liked, while at night, in severe weather, he would sleep, perched on some picture frame, in the room. At the call of "Bobby" he would fly to the window from the farther end of the field. So tame, indeed, had the bird become, that, when in fine weather the window of the bedroom was

opened in a morning, Bobby would occasionally fly in, hop about the bed, and on to Dr. Hibbert Ware's shoulder, whilst he would sing a snatch of Munden's old song in the pantomime of *Blue Beard* :—

“ My name is Tippy Bob—
As I walk through the lobby,
Each girl she calls Bobby !
Bobby ! Tippy Bob ! Bobby ! Tippy Bob ! ”

to the notes of which song Bobby would sit listening attentively, as he cocked his little head—first to one side, and then to the other.

Dr. Hibbert Ware left a widow,—his third wife,—and two sons and a daughter ; his eldest son, a barrister, being by his first wife, married the writer of this Memoir, the youngest daughter of the late Duncan Stewart, Esq., author of a *Practical Arabic Grammar*, published in 1841 by Parker of London. The two other sons and the daughter of the subject of this Memoir died a few years ago.



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