

CHAPTER VI.

HIS PERSONALITY, HABITS, AND CHARACTER, PATRIOTIC AND SOCIAL—HIS
MEDICAL CONTEMPORARIES AND CLERICAL FRIENDS—THE MUSIC OF
NATURE—MEDICAL ZEAL—MAGISTERIAL LABOURS—HIS DEATH.

DR. HEYSHAM was one of the most handsome men of the Border City. He was tall, and well-proportioned in every way, and his gait was that of a man of business and energy. His dress was no less conspicuous than his person. He wore a blue coat, with bright buttons, a light-coloured vest, buff or nankeen breeches, and large top-boots. When he was a young man the fashion was to have very long hair, and such was the profusion of his brown locks in early life that they almost reached his knees. As the mode changed, the hair was drawn up and combed backwards in a curious way. After a time the wig came into vogue, with its white powder and horrid "pig-tail." The latter, or queue, he wore in full proportion till 1820, and then adopted a somewhat modified form, which he continued till the day of his death. He lived long enough to see all the styles of artificiality done away with, and the natural hair restored to man,

who had, in this and other directions, been so long the victim of fashion and absurdity.

In a water-coloured drawing of Heysham, taken in early manhood, you see a fine open countenance marked by intelligence and earnestness, regular features, blue eyes, full-sized nose and chin, and a mouth as graceful in outline as any woman's. The artist, wishing to make the accessories of the portrait subservient to the sentiment of the man, placed Heysham by a table, upon which stood a falcon of his own shooting, and in his hand a flower, as illustrative of the doctor's botanical and zoological studies.

The lithographed portrait on the frontispiece of this volume is taken from a miniature of Dr. Heysham in his sixty-sixth year, and acknowledged to be a perfect likeness. A bust was also made of him in his seventy-second year, by the famed sculptor, Musgrave Lewthwaite Watson. Both works show a lofty, broad, and finely-proportioned head, with comparatively small occipital region. The ear is well lobed, the nose aquiline and notable. The mouth and chin show no alteration from their pristine regularity and character even at the age of seventy-two years.

Dr. Heysham professed a strong *physique*, and was capable of great and long-continued exertions. He was an early riser, and almost invariably the first person to survey from the west walls of the city the picturesque views of the Vale of Cauda, and to

judge of the weather indications from the grey dawn. He was often abroad for three hours before breakfast, botanising, or, it may be said, naturalising, as nothing in animated nature escaped his attention. He was one of the hard-headed philosophic sort of men, and strongly-stomached, like his friend Dr. Paley, the eminent divine; but the doctor of divinity was not a match for the doctor of medicine in the hours of alcoholic enjoyment. Heysham used to say that he had no illness through life, and that his stomach was a pleasure and delight to him, so that probably he endorsed neighbour Paley's oft-expressed opinion of the stomach being "a lazy organ, and always better of something to do." He never had toothache, and never used tooth-powder; but washed his mouth daily with warm water. His teeth were rather dark-coloured, with the exception of one, said to be a canine tooth, that he got very late in life, and which shone like a pearl in the midst of the "old set."

His mode of living was somewhat peculiar. He rose at five o'clock, and drank a large tumbler of cold water fresh drawn from the well. Woe betide his maid if she attempted to impose the previous night's supply of water upon his palate! He then walked out to enjoy "the incense-breathing morn" by the river side, and onwards to Kingmoor, where he had a farm. He breakfasted between nine and ten o'clock. A bowl containing a quart of the morning's new milk, with its cream, a second bowl, con-

taining two raw eggs, and a jug of boiling water, formed the breakfast display. He poured the boiling water on the eggs, stirred them well together, and swallowed them; the milk followed, and the breakfast was speedily over. He took no bread to his morning's meal, unless he had a supply of Westmoreland oat-cake, which he was in the habit of spreading with butter thicker than the cake itself, and adding a great quantity of salt to it. He dined at two o'clock *en famille*, and made a good hearty meal, and drank a few glasses of wine. He had no tea, excepting once a year at a lady friend's house. His supper at nine o'clock, which he took alone, was a heavy meal of animal food—beefsteaks, game, or welsh rabbits, etc. Occasionally he would eat half-a-pound of nuts; but whatever he took in the way of solids a "stiff glass of rum-punch" followed. No Carlisle citizen went to bed with so good a "night-cap" as the doctor's rum-punch. He was as fond of sweetmeats as any schoolboy to the last day of his life. He snuffed immoderately, as his frilled shirt testified but too strongly to all men.

He was naturally reserved in manner, and this trait was the more noted by his family at home, when they knew that his feelings were acute and his affections warm for his children. Like the *paterfamilias* of that day, he was rigid and exacting of the performance of school and domestic duties, and did his best to cultivate the home virtues. When he threw off his reserve, and

entered upon the discussion of natural history, his talk was animated; and his description, whether of birds or scenery, or the narrative of his excursions in search of his favourite pursuits, was deeply engrossing to his hearers. In his public relations he was far from being retired, for there he showed earnestness of purpose, and no small share of determined will in upholding what he believed to be the right. He took an active part in all matters affecting the social, commercial, and political life of Carlisle.

Though busy in his medical capacity, and for long the chief physician or rather medical practitioner of the city, he entered with practical zest upon the business concerns affecting the city's welfare. In some departments of Carlisle commerce he was not only a willing coadjutor, but an active leader. He established a cotton-spinning mill about 1800, and directed, for a time at least, an iron foundry; in various ways he endeavoured to promote the spirit of enterprise, as well among the denizens of Carlisle as among the richer families in the neighbourhood. He had an eye for business and money-making, and lost no opportunity of advancing his material interests.

When Dr. Heysham settled in Carlisle, the political interests of the borough were being usurped by the Tory Lowthers, to whose sleeves he seems unhesitatingly to have attached himself. The bait was tempting; all the magisterial and other appointments in Cumberland were very much in the hands of the Low-

thers, and these "baubles of office," the perquisites of political subserviency to so many "Shallows" and "Slenders" in Cumberland (alas! of such Justices "the cry is still they come!") influenced the decision of men seeking place and public distinction. His partisanship was pretty well evidenced in 1816, when he and the Rev. Dr. Lowry permitted a felon to come out of Carlisle Jail to give his vote in favour of a Lowther candidate against the renowned Whig, John Christian Curwen. Towards his latter days, Dr. Heysham, contrary to the wonted rule affecting change of political opinion, leant towards the Spencer and Russell party in the State, and the last vote he gave at a Carlisle election was in favour of the Reform candidates.

His patriotic feeling was keen, and oft assumed a highly demonstrative form, especially during the war with France. When news of import were expected, no one manifested more eagerness to know the tide of affairs than Heysham, whose impatience led him to mount his pony, and to ride three or four miles on the South road, to meet the London mail, which he stopped; and on getting his information returned in full gallop to the city. Brimful of news, he sought the mayor's house, and thundered most lustily with the knocker, so as to make his Worship alive to the situation of the hour. One of his gallops up Botchergate was ominously looked upon as a hasty retreat to the city, and drew crowds of citizens after him, curious to

know if Bonaparte had crossed Barrock Fell, and if Carlisle was to surrender without a blow. He was the first to announce the proclamation of peace in 1814, and this he did in a manner to be heard by the men and women of "Merrie Carlisle." "Peace, peace, glorious peace!" he cried along his route through the southern suburb, whilst he kept urging his pony to its utmost speed to reach the Town Hall and the mayor's residence. He was deeply affected by national events. Disasters, and loss of human life on the battle-fields of Europe, caused him to shed tears; on the other hand, peace and British prestige made him as buoyant and enthusiastically joyous as the liveliest youth. He was dining with his friends the Mounseys of Castletown when the news of Waterloo arrived. He read aloud the whole story of the victory to the assembled guests, and as he read he cried and sobbed throughout.

Dr. Heysham greatly treasured the company of his friends, and seldom failed in his loquacity to give currency to his opinions, if not to impress them upon the social circles of Carlisle. Medical men naturally possess advantages in society; their education, if worthy of their calling, should fit them for the discussion of special as well as general subjects of conversational interest; they mix with all ranks and gradations of men, and thereby possess the opportunity of knowing the feelings and wishes of a local community; and should they be gifted with tolerable judgment and

facility of talk, they are capable of exercising a toward and pleasant influence among their neighbours. Heysham ranked with the intellectual folk, and these formed but a small party in the Carlisle district. He was a frequent guest at the deanery and prebendal houses within the precincts of the Abbey, when these institutions were presided over by men of notable excellence, like Dean Percy, the Prebendaries Law, and Archdeacon Paley. Nor was he less esteemed by the neighbouring squirearchy, the first Sir James Graham, Bart. of Netherby, and his more noted son, the Statesman of Victoria's reign, the excellent Henry Howard of Corby Castle, the Loshes of Woodside, and other county families. Now, the doctor liked a good dinner, and its grateful accompaniments of good wine, and both were most liberally served to the visitors of Corby Castle and Woodside. In his professional rounds he did not lose sight of the hospitality of his friends and the well-furnished mahogany.

Of his medical contemporaries in Carlisle, mention need only be made of Dr. Thomas Blamire, an esteemed practitioner and high Tory, who, in his latter days, filled the civic chair no less than six times; Dr. Robert Harrington, an eccentric gentleman, who wrote a curious book on chemistry, in which the "phlogiston," if not the alchemy, of the past was made to play a part in the settlement of new and doubtful doctrines; and Sir Joseph Dacre Appleby Gilpin, an army-surgeon, whose valuable services in

America and the West Indies had obtained him the distinction of knighthood, and who returned to his native city in 1806, to enjoy his honours and the high esteem of his fellow citizens, who named him four times to the mayoralty. His knowledge of the world, his medical experience, courteous disposition, and urbanity, made Sir Joseph a great acquisition to Carlisle. Four such medical worthies as Blamire, Harrington, Gilpin, and Heysham, could hardly be met with in a provincial town. All of them died at an advanced age, and close upon each other; Sir Joseph Gilpin in his ninetieth year, and Heysham in his eighty-first year, died within a few months of each other.

The cultivation of letters, of poesy, general history, and archæology, was pretty nearly confined to the cathedral precincts, with the notable exception of Miss Susanna Blamire, of the Oaks and Thackwood, who spent several winters in Carlisle, and died (1795) within its walls. Reared under happy circumstances, she early displayed a poetic faculty, a love of music, and a greater love of fun. Her poesy has become historical, as it fairly merited; and with her name has been appropriately attached the ennobling epithet of the "Muse of Cumberland." She was as bright as Nature in her summer mood, and as bonny as the bonniest of Cumbria's fair daughters. So sunny and kind and graceful a person should have bloomed under more favourable skies; in her position, however, she was ever joyful, and not less the cause of

pleasant mirth to others. Her songs, "What ails this heart of mine?" "And ye shall walk in silk attire," and numerous effusions of local interest, will live for ever in the ballad literature of the North Country.

Edmund Law held rule at Rose Castle as Bishop of Carlisle from 1767 to 1787. Eminent in theology and metaphysics, the biographer of John Locke, with whose philosophic principles he was deeply imbued, and the attached friend of Archdeacon Paley, Bishop Law will ever hold a worthy place in English history. He was succeeded by Dr. John Douglas, a Scotchman, who discoursed on "Miracles," and had a reputation in the literary world of Dr. Samuel Johnson and his contemporaries. In the year 1778, that marked Heysham's settling in Carlisle, Thomas Percy, the son of a small grocer at Bridgenorth, who had proved himself a scholar of high repute in peculiar paths of historic lore, was made Dean of Carlisle. The author of *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, and other works of undoubted interest, was on pleasant terms with Heysham till he was appointed to the see of Dromore. It was fortunate, nay, highly opportune, for the doctor to become a denizen of Carlisle on the advent of Dean Percy, and to secure the friendship and co-operation of so influential a divine in his schemes of medical philanthropy for the benefit of the poor and the general welfare of the inhabitants at large. He was more aided by Isaac Milner, who was brought up as a Leeds weaver,

and worked at his loom with a copy of *Tacitus* at his side, who, from the humble rank of sizar, rose to the presidency of his College, after attaining the proud position of senior wrangler and *Incomparabilis* at Cambridge. He succeeded Jeffrey Ekins at the Deanery of Carlisle. Dean Milner discharged his social duties with fitting grace, and his clerical labours with dignity and power. Holding prebendal stalls at this time were John and George Law, the sons of Bishop Law, who also shone as scholars, philanthropists, and preachers. Greater than these just named, and greater than all men in his own line of thought, and not improbably of his epoch, was William Paley, who, as prebendary, archdeacon, and chancellor, was closely related to Carlisle from 1780 till 1795. Joseph Dacre Carlyle, the son of a Carlisle physician, succeeded Dr. Paley. Eminent as an Arabic scholar, and among the first of oriental travellers, he explored the valuable libraries of Mount Athos, and other book-treasures of the East, and meritoriously earned a high name among men of letters. Professor Carlyle lived in a retired way, and was looked upon by the illiterate of the city as a kind of "human curiosity," from having been to the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem! The Rev. R. Markham,*

* It was Prebendary Markham who, in 1804, gave orders to get the fine capitals of the Gothic columns in the Cathedral cleaned from plaster and white-wash, which had been accumulating for centuries, so as totally to obscure "the beautiful ornaments which, when freed from the rubbish that surrounded them,

son of the Archbishop of York, and prebendary of Carlisle Cathedral, was also one of Heysham's friends.

Bishop Law and his sons, who afterwards rose to lawn sleeves, Dean Percy, Archdeacon Paley, Dr. Carlyle, and Dean Milner, were all associated with the cathedral interests of Carlisle within the limited period of seventeen years. Such an array of worthy historical names could hardly be found in any single episcopate since the days of the Reformation. Heysham, it may be presumed, prized his good fortune in enjoying the private friendship of men so distinguished; whilst, in his public efforts, to have them as coadjutors was half-way to a successful attainment of his wishes. After the days of Dean Milner there was, more or less, falling off in the city's episcopate. Dean Hodgson was more a Cockney fashionable and courtier, than a divine; and though men of classical repute succeeded him, they took no real part in educational work, they added not a line to history or science, philology or *belles lettres*, and above all, advanced not their own theological interests by that faintest of religious lights, the local sermon, "published by request."

There is reason for believing that Dr. Heysham occasionally aided Dr. Paley in his anatomical and natural history inquiries, upon which to found his *Natural Theology*, a work commenced on discovered some of the finest *alto-relievos* that ever came from the workman's chisel."

the banks of the Cauda at Dalston, and completed at Bishop-Wearmouth. One proof may be instanced, as it is established in the writer's mind beyond all doubt. Paley and Heysham were dining with Prebendary Law in the Abbey, when the conversation fell upon natural history. Heysham spoke of the peculiar arrangement and attachment of the minute portions of the goose's feather. Paley's curiosity was excited, a feather was got, and upon it Heysham demonstrated the facts as they are recorded in the *Natural Theology*, published some years subsequently. Yet Paley, as if forgetful of the source from whence he really obtained it, credits a French writer with the description. This is the more remarkable that he seldom quoted anybody's authority for any of his statements, whilst here he omitted the nice opportunity of doing justice to an old friend and Carlisle associate.

Dr. Heysham got the credit of being *facile princeps*, if not the founder, of a very jovial party, consisting of about a dozen gentlemen, who dined at each other's houses during the winter months; for the laudable purpose, it is presumed, of lessening the dispiriting influence of fogs and gloom, and of driving all dull care away. And if rich viands and strong vintages could fire the "patriotic bosom," Heysham and his select circle must have been among the noblest of Britons. To get up a good appetite, the Jovials dined at three o'clock, then held to be an extremely late hour by the higher classes of Carlisle; they rose from table about ten at night,

during which time "mine host" and each guest put three bottles of strong port below his belt! On rare occasions, such as a victory by Nelson or the dashing Cochrane, the fourth bottle to each man was held to be the right mode of rendering the fact historical! Whether three or four bottles were the order of the day, Dr. Heysham went home to sup off his favourite nuts, and to give the last strong fillip to his stomach by a hearty draught of hot rum punch.*

It may have been that Heysham's companions, the majority of whom were classically educated, wished to imitate the Roman youths who, according to Martial, in drinking the health of their sweethearts, used to quaff as many cups as there were letters in the fair one's name—

"Nævia sex cyathis, septem Justina bibatur,
Quinque Lycas, Lyde quatuor, Ida tribus,
Omnis ab infuso numeratur amica Falerno."

And with short names, *Lyde* and *Ida*, there could be no difficulty in the young Roman proving his gallantry; far otherwise would it be to-day with the Henriettas and Josephines, demanding

* The "three-bottle men" of Carlisle seem to have borrowed their principles from the famous Avicenna, the Arabian physician, who recommended it as an excellent thing for the health to get completely drunk once a month. In Cumberland, within the last twenty-five years, the writer has met with "old hands" at the bottle, who could cite popular authorities in medicine for a regular debauch; and the pious Hannah More has been quoted in support of this mode of doing in preference to regular habits of moderate drinking.

ten or more libations of their loving votaries. But the Roman could not cope with the descendants of the ancient Briton, when you call to mind, that instead of the mild Falernian, our Cumberland toppers quaffed about thirty glasses of strong port at one sitting, and afterwards found their way home, even to a distance in the country. These were not the men to drink small beer. Heysham had no faith in the *Cerevisia tenuis* of his medical cloth; even the *Cerevisia potentior*, "Old October," was of little esteem compared with strong port. What marvellous constitutions these men must have had! All lived to a great age, and enjoyed life to the very last.*

* Upwards of twenty-five years ago the writer of these pages had the benefit of listening to his old friend, Mr. Thomas Mounsey of Carlisle, recounting incidents in the lives and doings of the "*Three-bottle Men*," of which he was a junior member. Among the conspicuous of the symposial brethren worthy of high rank in "the Heysham set" were—

1. Mr. Thomas Ramshay of Naworth, characterised as a "jolly fellow," a shrewd, hard-headed, massive Cumbrian, as ever sat under the shadows of Brampton Moat.

2. The Rev. Samuel Bateman of Newbiggin Hall, originally rector of Hardingstone, in Northamptonshire, but who, on his marriage with the co-heiress of the Aglionby family, forsook Mother Church and became a country squire, and a prominent member of the Carlisle Hunt. Bucolic interests were viewed by him as pillars of the British Constitution, and sports and pastimes as the *beau ideal* of life. He kept dogs for all sorts of game, in Cumberland, and hunted with his pack of beagles to the very last hour, and actually died on the field of his glory. He wore a three-cocked hat, green coat and bright buttons (sometimes hid under a spencer), white shorts, and huge top-boots, and

Dr. Heysham had no ear for music, and could not distinguish "Rule Britannia" from "God save the Queen;" yet he knew the notes of every bird in Cumberland. Thus he seemed to verify that—

"The birds instructed man,
And taught him music ere his art began."

The natural or living notes alone impressed his auditory nerve, or rather the *sensorium*, and these notes could be isolated as well over his shoulder swung the bugle-horn, with its tassels and pendants—the veritable "Parson Samuel" of the good old times!

3. Thomas Benson, a Carlisle gentleman (a steady Whig whose father had been confidential agent of the Duke of Portland), held to be reserved, if not sedate, in general society, but who, being placed under the influence of the normal quantity of "three bottles," found his facial muscles relaxed and his tongue pretty garrulous.

4. William Dacre of Kirkclinton, better known as "Squire Dacre," or "Billy Dacre," was "a jolly old cock" at all times and seasons of life. Springing from the loins, direct or indirect, of the great Dacres of the north, but caring more for strong drinks than noble lineage, he got the credit of being the first at a feast and the last at a fray. He attended all funerals, and pretty generally got drunk at them. On one occasion the mourning neighbours, under Squire Dacre's example, got so oblivious that they reached the place of interment without the coffin! All country funerals in those days, it should be stated, were marked by eating and excessive drinking, and sad stories could be told of the prevailing customs.

5. Joseph Liddell of Moorhouse was a lawyer, and presided over all commissions of bankruptcy in and about Carlisle, whereon he showed the "eyes severe" and the rigid features of judicial wisdom. Among his neighbours he was held to be "cantankerous," but at the symposial gatherings of the district he showed himself fit company for the most convivial of his countrymen.

as remembered, whilst the tones elicited from musical instruments sounded like a jumble. His instance presented an incongruity of no ordinary kind. In common parlance it might be said he was musical to nature, but not to art. He readily discriminated, nay enjoyed and thoroughly remembered, the notes of birds, but could make nothing of the artificial or instrumental sounds. He seemed alive to melody, or the pleasure arising from the succession of simple sounds, as the notes or call of birds; but dull, nay, altogether incomprehensive, to that agreement of component vibrations in simple sounds which constitutes them musical. His case proves that the music in nature is beyond all reduction to the pianoforte. He loved the "chime of earliest birds" as much as Milton's Eve; and no denizen of the crowded throng belonging to pent-up cities, could more fully realise the enjoyment depicted by Virgil of listening whilst

"Small birds with chiming and with chirping changed their song."*

As a medical man, Dr. Heysham is said to have enjoyed a large share of what is called "public confidence," yet he never made more than £400 a-year by practice among the best families. He was hardly the person to become "a fashionable doctor," and

* A lady, long known to the writer, who has gradually become deaf after middle life, and cannot hear the voice of her friends unless it be raised exceedingly high, can nevertheless detect the faintest note of the piano nearly as well as when her hearing was quite perfect.

it is doubtful, as his income tends to show, if his engagements lay much among the middle classes of Carlisle. He did not neglect the advance of his art; he was, in one sense, always a student, ready to take advantage of the new lights brought to bear upon the field of science and discovery. Thus he very early recognised the great import of Dr. Jenner's notable observations, that persons who had become affected by "cowpox" inoculation on the dairy farms in the south, either escaped "smallpox" altogether, or had the disease in a greatly modified form. He proved his trust in this, one of the greatest discoveries ever vouchsafed to the followers of physic, by vaccinating his youngest daughter, Isabella, on the 23d October 1800, when she was scarcely a month old. For a good and obvious purpose he made this fact publicly known in Cumberland, and people listened to his commendations the more eagerly, that the physician had experimented upon his own child, and with entire success. He was the first to introduce vaccination to Carlisle, if not the north-western district of England—at a time, too, when the practice stood in a more or less doubtful position both in London and the provinces. As he joined heartily in the homage paid to Dr. Jenner, so he continued through life to urge the use of vaccination as an almost infallible* preventive of the worst forms of

* In the same year (1800) that Dr. Blamire vaccinated Dr. Heysham's daughter, another child was vaccinated, who, nevertheless, took smallpox in the

smallpox. Lady Mary Montagu had done much, by the introduction of inoculation or natural pox, to lessen the virulence of the disease. Jenner came to sweep it altogether away. And had the opinions expressed in 1869, or thereabouts, by the late Sir J. Y. Simpson, the greatest physician of our day, been acted upon, there is no doubt the disease would have been stamped out from the British Isles, and for ever. In proof of this, look to Ireland, where compulsory vaccination exists; only one death from smallpox is reported as occurring in the whole of that country during the quarter ending June 1870.

The dangers of medical practice were considerable a century ago, especially among a closely-packed urban population: even Carlisle was far from being exempt from such contingencies as the development and spread of jail-fever proved. Ignorant folk would set all natural laws at defiance. When the sick man needed fresh air and cold water, they closed both doors and windows, enveloped him in blankets, and obstinately refused his cry for cooling liquids. Heysham's pathological perception led him to insist on his patients obeying the instincts of nature for cooling hygienic measures—a service of kindness that should

natural way in 1808. This case of smallpox occurring after vaccination was the first failure of protection that had been observed in England; and Dr. Heysham noted the fact in a letter to Dr. Jenner. The "pock-mark" from vaccination on the arm of the boy at the time he was seized with smallpox left no room for cavil on the subject.

have earned for him the gratitude of his fellow-citizens. Most of his contemporaries suffered from attacks of fever caught in the abodes of the dirty poor; but Heysham, who could walk or ride all day, drink his wine at dinner, and punch at bed-time, and sleep with a single sheet of covering upon his person in the cold months, was able to resist the casualties attending his calling, and to pass unscathed to his eightieth year.

Like others of his cloth, he had his medical squabbles, and, like the rest of the busy members of the community, his bothers and legal differences,* all which he met with a determined hand. He founded the Dispensary, and was equally ready to aid his friend, Mr. Robert Mounsey of Castletown, who originated the establishment of a House of Recovery, or Fever-House,† that came to be built on a portion of Heysham's property. He promoted the town's improvements, the paving and lighting of the streets; and formation of the canal connecting Carlisle with the Solway Firth at Bowness. In short, he helped every work calculated to

* His litigation with the Corporation about some property at Kingmoor called forth the powers of a young barrister, who, in the absence of a leading counsel, got Heysham's brief. This was Mr. Law, fourth son of Bishop Law, who sat up all night to master his first case, and won it next day with great éclat. He was at once brought into notice, and, in time, led the Northern Circuit, and became the famous Lord Ellenborough.

† With the extension of the railways to Carlisle, this "House" became untenable, as one for "Recovery of the Sick;" therefore a new Fever Hospital was established at Crozier Lodge, near the Cumberland Infirmary.

benefit the citizens at large. His purchases of land and other business avocations turned out well, and the public companies (excepting the canal) in which he took a leading part, owed something of their success to his energetic support and sagacity.

He had his holidays in naturalising and shooting, and twice a-year his greyhound coursing with "Parson Bateman" of Newbiggin Hall, and Mr. Ramshay on the Naworth Castle property.

Dr. Heysham was a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant of the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland. Though the most active and useful of men in Carlisle, he never occupied its civic chair. His medical contemporaries, Sir Joseph Gilpin and Dr. Blamire, frequently obtained the distinction. As a Tory and friend of the Lowthers, who had the Carlisle corporation of that day in their hands, Heysham might have expected the mayoralty thrust upon him; probably the fact of his having a will of his own, was held objectionable in a court ruled by fogyism and Lowtherism alike. In his magisterial capacity he sat along with the Rev. Dr. Grisdale, and afterwards with the Rev. Dr. Thomas Lowry, at the Globe Inn, Scotch Street, Carlisle, on the market-days, to administer justice to the citizens and offending lieges. There were two rival judicial institutions or boards of magistrates holding court in Carlisle. The mayor, aided or not by an ex-mayor, sat in the Town Hall, and his jurisdiction was probably limited to the city itself. Drs. Heysham, Grisdale, and Lowry,

apparently took cognisance of both town and country interests. The dual system was a bad one for the suitors of justice, inasmuch as it opened two doors to the contentious and brawling citizens, and thereby fostered a great amount of needless litigation. The magistrates and their clerks were of course partial to the continuance of a mode which brought grist to their mills; in other words, filled their pockets at the expense of the poorer lieges. An example of the justices' justice of 1830 may be given. A and B quarrel, and both "will go to law." A gets Dr. Heysham to issue a summons against B, and B does the same by A on the consent of the mayor. The parties, A and B, appear before Heysham and his colleague, sitting in the parlour of a common public-house, thronged with farmers and country bumpkins drinking beer. The writer is describing what he himself saw as a boy. Justices Heysham and Lowry occupied arm-chairs by the side of the fire; Mr. T. C. Heysham officiated as clerk. A table, covered with green baize, stood in the centre of the room, and upon it a good sized blue basin. The litigants attempted to state their grievances, when the clerk, anticipating a long palaver, interrupted them, and explained the nature of the case to the "Ancients" of the court, and then addressed the complainants thus, "Now, A and B, why do you quarrel? you are neighbours, and should not have domestic rows in the street; try and keep the peace, or we'll make you." When a pause occurred, Dr. Heysham uttered

in a loud voice the words, "Pay, pay," meaning the costs of the summoning, and Parson Lowry was nothing loth in emphasizing the pecuniary sentiment of his colleague. A and B, seeing they could make no better of it, fumbled out of their pockets the demands of the court and clerk's fees, and paid them down. As they left the justices' parlour, the old cry of "Pay, pay," mingled in their ears with the sounds of the silver dropped into the blue basin. When the majesty of the law had been maintained, and the business of the day was over, the spoils of the blue basin were divided between the acting officials; then the doctors of divinity and physic called for a glass of brandy-punch, over which they refreshed their jaded minds, and not without some hearty chuckles at the follies of the age, and the weakness of their victims. Heysham afterwards dined off a beefsteak-pie; and in this, as in other matters, he showed his methodical turn by cutting a piece of paper of the exact size he wished the pie to be made, for the guidance of the landlady of the Globe, whose culinary accuracy was tested by both paper and pie being presented together at table.

"The Blue Basin" was the subject of many a joke against Dr. Heysham and his colleague. A very unexpected claimant for part of the contents of the said basin appeared one market-day. A tax-gatherer, who could not, after repeated calls at Crosby, get Dr. Lowry to pay his dues, walked into the justices' sanctuary at Carlisle, and helped himself out of the basin to the

extent of the taxes due him by the clerical defaulter. Both the presiding genii called out lustily against such an unheard-of intrusion upon the sacred domain of one of his Majesty's courts of justice, but the tax-collector held by his dues and the interests of the national Exchequer.

With advancing years, Dr. Heysham, like too many in their senility, got fond of money and the means that enriched. When individuals came before him as a magistrate, to take affidavits as to the validity of documents, and had to pay him a shilling for administering the oath, he used to make sure of the genuineness of the silver coin, by saying to the person, "You swear to the truth of the contents of this paper, and" then pointing to the fee on the table, "that this shilling is good."

His "Seventies" found him a hale old man, with all his faculties intact, but before the approach of the eightieth year his walking powers were visibly enfeebled. A very gradually developed paralysis of the motory actions of the body set in; his gait became shuffling and slow; other parts of his system also betrayed more or less decadence. Still he clung to the sweets of office, and would discharge the duties of his magisterial position to the very last day of his life. He was unable to go to the Globe Inn on Saturday the 22d of March 1834, but, in his own house, Dr. Lowry and he transacted magisterial business. He saw his medical man the same night, supped heartily, and took

two glasses of rum-punch, and seemed tolerably comfortable. Next morning, Sunday, Dr. Heysham was found moribund, and before noon passed away in his eighty-first year.

His remains were interred in the burial-ground of St. Mary's, and in the most private manner. In the new Carlisle cemetery has been erected a small pyramid of granite, upon which are inscribed his birth and death, also that of his wife and their deceased sons and daughters. A few years ago Miss Heysham placed a beautiful memorial window in the eastern termination of one of the side aisles of the cathedral, to commemorate her father's character and virtues. The writer would humbly suggest that the admirable bust of Dr. Heysham, done by Mr. Watson the sculptor, and now in the possession of the Rev. John Heysham, the Vicar of Lazonby, should find a place in the Town Hall, or Courts of Justice of Carlisle, that future generations may see the image of a man who contributed largely to the material interests of the city, and by his Bills of Mortality made Carlisle known to the rest of the civilized world.

CHAPTER VII.

REVIEW OF DR. HEYSHAM'S LABOURS ; THEIR APPLICATION TO LIFE INSURANCE—"THE CARLISLE TABLE" COMPARED WITH "THE ENGLISH TABLES"—ESTIMATE FORMED OF DR. HEYSHAM'S SERVICES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

DR. HEYSHAM was a man of broad and vigorous thought, highly discriminative, and sagacious. He belonged to a class of minds that may be characterised as eliminating and suggestive; his readiness in separating the corn from the chaff, and in clearing the ground for correct deductions, was only equalled by his ability to apply patent data to the elucidation of unknown laws. Zealous and painstaking in the solution of all questions submitted to his notice, and an adept at figures and classification, he was well suited to the numerical methods of inquiry, and to achieve success in a field but little trodden—that of Vital Statistics.

Bills of Mortality had engaged other minds than his both at home and abroad, and previous to his time; but no one in England seems to have bestowed the same care in collecting the facts, and notifying the circumstances that necessarily creep in and modify the construction of all formulas resting on the contingencies of life and death. Slovenliness and incorrectness had attended