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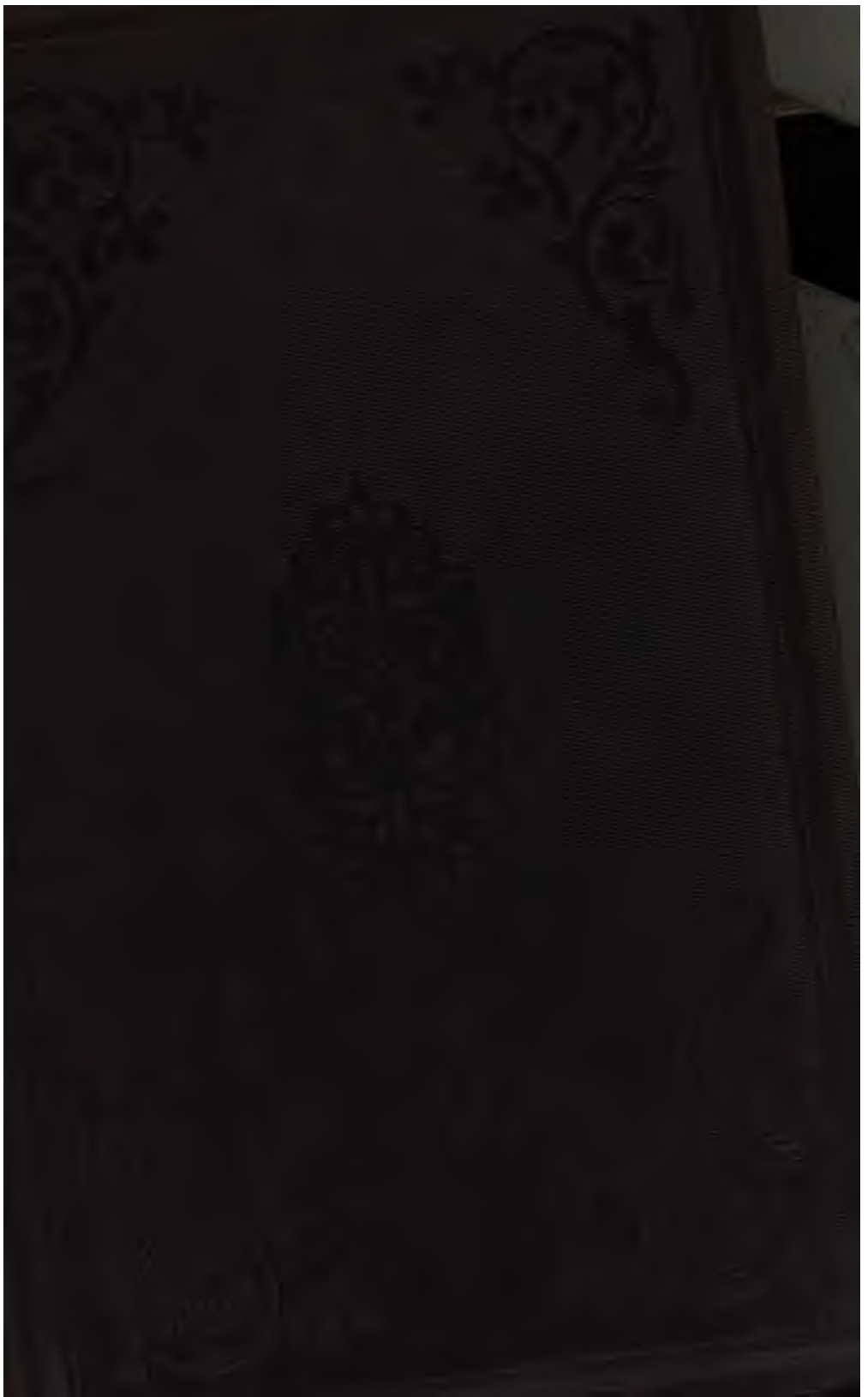
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A COLLECTION
of
Epitaphs
and
Monumental Inscriptions,
in
The most Illustrious Persons
of
All Ages and Countries.

BY SILVESTER TISSINGTON.

—
“IF WE ONLY LOVED OUR FRIENDS AS WELL BEFORE
THEY DIE AS WE DO AFTERWARDS,
WHAT A BEATIFIC WORLD THIS WOULD BE! FOR SOFTENING
THE HEART, AN HOUR'S STROLL IN A GRAVEYARD
IS WORTH ALL THE
SERMONS THAT WERE EVER PREACHED.”
—

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DEDICATION.

TO

THE REV. JOSH. BOSWORTH, D.D., F.R.S., &c.,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED,

WITH THE GREATEST RESPECT

OF

SILVESTER TISSINGTON.

EPITAPHS, ETC.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

P R E F A C E .

“To define an Epitaph,” says Dr. Johnson, “is useless; every one knows that it is *an inscription on a tomb*.” It is from the Greek *ἐπι upon, τάφος a tomb*. “An epitaph, therefore, implies no particular character of writing, but may be composed in verse or prose. It has no rule to restrain or modify it, except this, that it ought not to be longer than common beholders may be expected to have leisure and patience to peruse.”

Epitaphs are often very striking and affecting. In a few sentences, the characters and best qualities of the most renowned are brought vividly before us, and make an impression which is not easily effaced. The compiler of the present work has been exceedingly interested for many years in collecting the memorials of persons whose lives have been the most distinguished in the annals of fame, and thinking his publication might not be uninteresting, he has ventured to consign it to the candour of the public, trusting that it contains nothing which could displease the most susceptible or delicate minds.

The origin of epitaphs, the precise period when first introduced, and by what nation they were first used, are subjects involved in obscurity. They are supposed to be "of the same age with the art of writing." The practise of erecting memorials to the dead, is almost coeval with the existence of the human race. The Pyramids, about which so many different statements have been made, are generally supposed to be the oldest sepulchral monuments, even older than Abraham, erected to transmit to future ages the memory of the princes who built them.

The earliest mention of a monument being erected to the memory of the dead, is recorded in Gen. xxxv, 20, that of Jacob setting a pillar upon Rachel's grave. Six centuries after its erection, mention is made of "Rachel's sepulchre," 1 Sam. x, 2, and though no allusion is made to the pillar, yet it is highly probable that it was then standing, and indicated her resting place. Whether the pillar bore an inscription is not stated, for it has often been disputed whether the ancient Jews inscribed epitaphs on the monuments of their dead; but, be that as it may, it is very certain that inscriptions on remarkable persons, and to commemorate remarkable events, were in use many centuries prior to the Christian era. The most ancient *epitaph* with which we are acquainted, is that which SARDANAPALUS, about 876 B.C., ordered to be engraven on his tomb, which was to be seen at Anchiale, in the time of Alexander, 543 years afterwards, with this inscription upon it:—"Sardanapalus built Anchiale and Tarsus in one day. Go, Passenger, eat, drink, and rejoice, for the rest is nothing."

We read in history, that the Athenians, who fell at the battle of Marathon, 490 B.C., were buried in a mound on the spot, and pillars set up inscribed with their names. This mound or tumulus, according to our British travellers, is 180 feet round, and the elevation 30 feet. Near it, are the remains of two sepulchral monuments, standing in a line with it, to the south: their foundations are of white Pentelican marble; the one sacred to the memory of the Platæans and slaves who fought in this battle, and the other to Miltiades, the Athenian General. The latter is a large square pedestal, formerly supporting a trophy: it measured eighty paces at the base, and thirteen in height; but it appears that the erection of these monuments was *contrary* to the usual custom of the Athenians.

The Amphictyons erected a magnificent monument 480 B.C., at Thermopylæ, in honour of the brave defenders of that celebrated pass, and upon the monument were two inscriptions, one of which was general, and related to all those that died at Thermopylæ, importing that "*the Greeks of Peloponnesus, to the number only of 4,000, had vanquished the Persian army, which consisted of 3,000,000 of men.*" the other related to the Spartans in particular, and is very remarkable for its simplicity. It was composed by the poet Simonides, and is as follows:—"Go, Passenger, and tell at Lacedæmon, that we died here in obedience to her sacred laws." This tumulus, erected as a monument over the bodies of the brave Spartans who were slain in defending this pass, still exists. It is a conical mound of earth, covered with the broken remains of a massive square pedestal, which served as a foundation for some monument. Forty

years afterwards, Pausanias, who gained the victory of Plataea, caused the bones of Leonidas, who fell defending the pass of Thermopylae, to be carried from the latter place to Sparta, and erected a magnificent monument to his memory, near which was likewise another erected to Pausanias.

Gelon, king of Syracuse, who died extremely regretted by his people, about 479 B.C., had a splendid mausoleum erected by the people, without the city, in the place where his wife Demarata had been buried, surrounded with nine towers of surprising height and magnificence. This mausoleum was afterwards demolished by the Carthaginians, and the towers by Agathocles.

The epitaph upon the tomb of Euchidas, a citizen of Plataea, in the temple of Diana, was, "*Here lies Euchidas, who went from hence to Delphi, and returned the same day.*" This Euchidas travelled 1000 stadia, equal to 125 English miles, to Delphi, to fetch sacred fire to offer a sacrifice on an altar, which they were about to erect to *Jupiter the Deliverer*. He returned to Plataea before the setting of the sun, saluted his fellow citizens, delivered the fire to them, and immediately fell down dead at their feet. This happened about 479 B.C.

The Magnesians erected a monument to the memory of that renowned general and patriot, Themistocles, in the public square, which was still standing in the time of Plutarch, near 600 years afterwards: his tomb is said to have borne an inscription written by Plato, the illustrious philosopher. (See page 23.)

PREFACE.

A building at the site of the ancient *Ecbatana*, formerly the capital of Persia (now *Hamadan*), is shown as the tombs of Esther and Mordecai. The inscriptions upon them only refer as far back as A.M. 4474, yet they are equally as interesting to us as if they had been written at the period of their death; for they corroborate the truth, if such were needed, of that simple and instructive narrative, which not only teaches us that worldly possessions will not satisfy the heart where Divine contentment does not prevail, but also conveys a striking lesson of the instability of all human greatness—nay, of its certain downfall, unless secured by God's blessing. As these inscriptions are worthy of especial notice, we give them in full. *Ferrier*, in his "*Caravan Journeys and Wanderings*," says, "On the dome over these tombs is an inscription of which the following is a translation:—

"On Thursday the 15th of the month Adar, in the year of the creation of the world 4474, the building of this temple over the tombs of Mordecai and Esther was finished by the hands of the two benevolent brothers, Elias and Samuel, sons of the late Ismael of Kachan." These tombs are held in great veneration, and kept in a perfect state of repair by the Jews of Hamadan. They are made of a dark, hard wood, richly carved, and covered with Hebrew inscriptions, still very legible. Sir John Malcolm thus translates another inscription:—"At that time, there was in the palace of Suza, a certain Jew, of the name of Mordecai; he was the son of Jair of Shimei, who was the son of Kish, a Benjamite, for Mordecai the Jew was the second of that name under the King Ahasuerus, a man much

distinguished among the Jews, and enjoying great consideration amongst his own people, anxious for their welfare, and seeking to promote the peace of all Asia."

Sir Robert K. Porter, the distinguished traveller, thus translates the other inscriptions :—

On the sarcophagus of Esther:—"I praise thee O God, that thou hast created me. I know that my sins merit punishment, yet I hope for mercy at thy hands; for, whenever I call upon thee thou art with me: thy holy presence secures me from all evil. My heart is at ease, and my fear of thee increases. My life became at the last, through thy goodness, full of peace. O God, shut not my soul out from thy Divine presence. Those whom thou lovest never feel the torments of hell. Lead me, O merciful Father, to the life of life, that I may be filled with the heavenly fruits of paradise! ESTHER."

On the sarcophagus of Mordecai:—"It is said by David, Preserve me, O God! I am now in thy presence. I have cried at the gate of heaven, that thou art my God; and what goodness I have I received from thee, O Lord! Those whose bodies are now beneath in this earth, when animated by thy mercy were great; and whatever happiness was bestowed upon them in this world, came from thee, O God! Their grief and sufferings were many, but they became happy because they always called upon thy holy name in their afflictions. Thou liftedst me up, and I became powerful. Thine enemies sought to 'destroy me in the early times of my life; but the shadow of thine hand was upon me, and covered me as a tent from their wicked purposes. MORDECAI."

PREFACE.

An Epitaph was inscribed to the warriors who fell at Potidæa, 432 B.C., the original of which, in a mutilated state, is among the Elgin marbles in the British Museum.

The bones of the illustrious warriors who were killed in the battle of Chæronea, 338 B.C., were brought to Athens to be interred, where, on a monument erected to their memories, were engraven the following lines:—

“This earth entombs those victims to the state

Who fell a glorious sacrifice to zeal.

Greece, on the point of wearing tyrant chains,

Did, by their deaths alone, escape the yoke.

This Jupiter decreed : no effort, mortals,

Can save you from the mighty will of fate.

To gods alone belong the attribute

Of being free from crimes, with never-ending joy.”

This battle was a most important one, inasmuch as it decided the fate of Greece for ever. Philip, with no more than 32,000 men, gained a point which Persia, with millions of men, had unsuccessfully attempted three times before. It appears that the Greeks were not ashamed to perpetuate their defeat, the cause of which they did not ascribe to man, but to Divine Providence, who “ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will.”

Plutarch describes a sepulchral monument which was raised by Alexander over the grave of Demaratus. After the king had performed his funeral obsequies, “*The army threw up for him a monument of earth of great extent, and fourscore cubits high.*”

Another epitaph is worthy of our attention, as it

was partly in consequence of the intention to inscribe it, which saved Acarnania, 211 B.C. When the Ætoliens invaded that province, the gallant Acarnanians had sent their wives, children, and old men, who were upwards of threescore, into Epirus; all those who remained, from the age of 15 to 60 years, engaged themselves by a solemn oath never to return unless victorious, and only desired the Epirots to bury, in the same grave, all who should fall in the battle, with the following inscription over them:—"Here lie the Acarnanians, who died fighting for their country, against the violence and injustice of the Ætoliens." Such resolution, however, terrified the Ætoliens, who retired without venturing a battle. Many other monumental inscriptions of great antiquity are given in the pages of the present work, from which we may see that they were viewed by the ancients with more than common attention, and are consequently worthy of our particular regard.

The Phœnicians and Egyptians used stones with hieroglyphical figures engraven upon them. The Lacedæmonians allowed epitaphs to those only who were killed in battle, and to women who devoted themselves to a religious life. The Romans used only a single epithet to commemorate the victories gained by their emperors, as Cæsar *Germanicus*. According to Mr. Knight, the earliest epitaphs of this country were those of the Romans, or Romanized Britons, which usually begin with D.M. (Diis Manibus), followed by the name, office, and age of the deceased, and a conclusion which informed the reader, by whom, and through what means the inscription was raised. Whether the Saxons or the Danes used monumental inscriptions

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among us, has been doubted, but that they were in regular use soon after the Norman Conquest, is indisputable, numerous examples of which exist from that time to the present. Epitaphs have long since become very common, and have thus, in a great measure, defeated the object for which they were originally intended, by inscribing the monuments with exaggerated and offensive compliments which were never merited, nor given during the life-time of the persons whose memories they wish to perpetuate. Praise, for virtues and excellencies never possessed, is culpable imposition on the credulity of strangers; the reading of which, by those who were acquainted with the deceased, is calculated to counteract that solemnity which meditation among the tombs produces. A celebrated author once said, "Some monuments are covered with such extraordinary epitaphs, that if it were possible for the dead person to become acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood 'once a twelvemonth.'" It is said that the *Italian* epitaphs are often more extravagant than those of other countries, as the nation is more given to compliment and hyperbole. In St. George's church, at *Verona*, is a monument erected by the public, to one of their Bishops: the inscription says, that there was between him and his Maker, "*Summa necessitudo, Summa similitudo.*"

Our Christian epitaphs often begin with *Siste viator*, probably in imitation of old Roman inscrip-

tions, that generally addressed themselves to travellers. It was impossible for them to enter the city, or to go out of it, without passing through one of these melancholy roads, which for a great length was nothing else but a street of funeral monuments. The ancient Romans generally buried their dead near the great roads, none but those of a very extraordinary quality being allowed to be interred within the walls of the city.

The Turks usually set up a stone at each end of the grave, on which are inscribed texts of the Alcoran, or some prayer. On that which is placed at the head, a turban is generally carved in relief, which denotes the quality of the deceased, and in some measure corresponds with the inscription of coats of arms on the tombs or gravestones of this country. The ordinary gravestones are held so sacred, that they are never removed on any account, but are preserved with infinitely more care than in most Christian countries.

Armenian tombstones, as well as those in Switzerland, are ornamented with embloms of the trade or calling of him whose ashes repose beneath. Goldsmith found in Westminster Abbey many new monuments raised to the memory of several great men, whose names he forgot, but he remembered that Roubilliac was the statuary who carved them: he says "I could not help smiling, at the two modern epitaphs in particular, one of which praised the deceased for being *descended from an illustrious house*; the other commended the dead, because *he had propped up an old house that was falling*. Alas! alas! cried I, such monuments as

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these confer honour, not upon the great men, but upon little Roubilliac." With regard to the rules to be observed in composing an epitaph, many opinions have been given, but it is well known that they were intended to benefit the reader, and to incite in him an imitation of the virtues and excellencies of the dead; they may also properly be regarded as sources of information, and admonition. Addison says, "When I properly look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies within me,—when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out,—when I see the grief of parents for children, my heart melts with compassion,—and yet, when afterwards I have beheld the tombs of the parents themselves, I see the vanity of grieving for those that we must follow,—when I see kings lying, perhaps, by those who deposed them,—when I consider rivals who are placed side by side, or the great men who divided the world with their contests and disputes, in the same situation, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind,—and finally, when I read the several dates on the tombs of some who died recently, and some who died many ages ago, I consider that great day, when we shall be all cotemporaries, and make our appearance together."

CROMFORD,

December 10th, 1856.

EPITAPHS, ETC.

ERRATA.

For page 57 read 73	For Flitten p. 341 read Flitton
For Oakham p. 87 read Ookham*	For Wexham p. 355 read Wrexham
For accidently p. 101 rd. accidentally	For Elrington p. 361 read Ebrington
For Blakemore p. 172 rd. Blakemere	For Bristol p. 484 read Birstall
For his, line 10 p. 232 rd. this	For Ercol p. 490 read Ercoall
For Bewdly p. 250 read Bewdley	Omit the word "which" in the epi-
For our, line 20 p. 263 rd. her	taph on Miss Burdett, p. 369
For 1632 p. 270 rd. 1628	For Clumleigh p. 470 rd. Chumleigh
For Stow pages 298 and 307 rd Stowe	For Near, line 23 p. 497, read Ne'er

SOVEREIGNS.

SARDANAPALUS, the last king of the Assyrians, who died 820 B.C., surpassed all his predecessors in effeminacy, luxury, and cowardice. He never went out of his palace, but spent all his time among a company of women, dressed and painted like them, and employed like them at the distaff. He placed all his happiness and glory in the possession of immense treasures, in feasting and rioting, and indulging himself in all the most infamous and criminal pleasures. He ordered two verses to be put upon his tomb, which imported, "*that he carried away with him all that he had eaten, and all the pleasures he had enjoyed, but left all the rest behind him.*" "An Epitaph," says Aristotle, "fit for a hog."

After the death of Sardanapalus, a statue was erected to him which represented him in the posture of a dancer, with an inscription upon it, in which he addressed himself to the spectators in these words, "*Eat, drink, and be merry; everything else is nothing:*" an inscription very suitable to the above epitaph he himself had ordered to be put upon his monument.—*Anct. Hist.*

NITOCRIS, the wife of Evil-Merodach, and mother of Belshazzar (Dan. v.), is that queen who raised so many noble edifices in Babylon. She caused her own monument to be placed over one of the most remarkable gates of the city, with an inscription dissuading her successors from touching the treasures laid up in it, without the most urgent and indispensable necessity. The tomb remained closed till the reign of Darius, who, upon breaking it open, instead of those immense treasures he had flattered himself with discovering, found nothing but the following inscription:—" *If thou hadst not an insatiable thirst after money, and a most sordid avaricious soul, thou wouldst never have broken open the monuments of the dead.*"

MAUSOLUS, king of Caria, died about six centuries B.C. Artemisia, his widow, gathered his ashes, and caused the bones to be beaten in a mortar; she mingled some of the powder every day in her drink, till she had drunk it all off; desiring, by that means, to make her own body the sepulchre of her husband. She survived him only two years, and her grief did not end but with her life.—*Ancient History.*

CYRUS, king of Persia, died 529 B.C., and ordered the following inscription to be engraven on his tomb, as an admonition to all men of the approach of death, "O man, whosoever thou art, and whencesoever thou comest, know that thou wilt come to the same condition that I am now in. I am Cyrus, who brought the empire to the Persians. Do not envy me, I beseech thee, this little piece of ground which covereth my body."

DARRUS I., king of Persia, son of Hystaspes, when dying, desired to have the following epitaph engraved

on his tomb:—"Here lies King Darius, who was able to drink many bottles of wine without staggering." He died 485 B.C.

An Extraordinary Phœnician Inscription:—

It was recently announced that the French had obtained possession of a very curious sarcophagus of a king, at Beyrouth, bearing a very extraordinary inscription in Phœnician, and that it was to be forwarded to the Louvre, at Paris. The duke of Luynes has made the following translation of the inscription:—"In the month of Bul, in the fourteenth year of my reign, I, Ezman Azar, king of the Sidonians, son of Tebunad, also king of the Sidonians, son of Amestris, my mother, high-priestess of Esther (Star of Venus), at Babylon, spoke thus.—In the flower of my youth, in the midst of my wives, perfumed and * * * (illegible) I was carried off by death. From the funeral vault in which my bones repose, and which I have built myself, I adjure all dynasties, all generations, and every man, not to violate the asylum of my repose, not to open my coffin, not to place any weight on its lid, not to take any of the offerings there deposited. * * * By the side of me is also the tomb of Amestris, my mother, high-priestess of Æstarte, at Babylon, who caused to be built the Temple of Baal, at Babylon; and also of Elnaca, who made magnificent presents to the temple of Dan. * * * I devote to malediction any dynasty, any generation, or any man, who may violate my tomb, or who may take off the lid of it, or touch the offerings deposited there. May his marriage bed be sterile, may my malediction fall on his family for ever, through all his posterity! May they be extirpated from the earth, and may it not be permitted to him to bury his mother! for I, Ezman Azar, king of the Sidonians, son of Tebunad, king of the Sidonians, son of Amestris, my mother, high-priestess of Esther, at Babylon." * * * The rest of the inscription cannot be made out. — *Newspapers*, 1855.

ON ALEXANDER THE GREAT:—

"Sufficit huic tumulus, cui non sufficeret orbis."

EPITAPHS, ETC.

CHARLEMAGNE died A.D. 814, in his 74th year, and lies buried in the cathedral at Aix-la-chapelle; the spot being marked by a simple inscription on the pavement:—"Carolo Magno."

FASTRADA, the queen of Charlemagne, died A.D. 794, and was buried in a church, now destroyed. A monument to her memory is in Mayence cathedral. The inscription on the stone which covered her remains has been translated literally in the *Illustrated London News*, by a correspondent, and is as follows:—

"Fastradana the pious, called the wife of Charles,
Beloved by Christ, lies under this marble,
In the year seven hundred and ninety-four,
Which words the muse does not permit to include
the number in metre.

O Pius King, whom the Virgin bore,
Altho' she is here turning into ashes,
May her spirit be heir of that country which knows
no sorrow."

In the cathedral church of Magdeburg, is still to be seen the tomb of OTHO THE GREAT, emperor of Germany, who died 972—3, aged 60, with an inscription upon it to the following effect:—

"Beneath this marble tomb a monarch lies,
Whose loss a three-fold share of grief must claim;
Religion's friend—a ruler brave and wise—
His weeping country's highest joy and fame."

Readings in Biography.

On the tomb of HENRY II., at Fontevraud, who died A.D. 1189:—

"Rex Henricus eram, mihi plurima Regna subegi.
Multiplicique modo, Duxque Comesque fui

Cui satis ad votum non essent omnia terræ
 Chinata terra modo, sufficit octo pedum.
 Qui legis hæc, pensa discrimina mortis, et in me
 Humanæ speculum conditionis habe.
 Sufficeret hic Tumulus, cui non sufficeret orbis,
 Res brevis ampla mihi, cui fuit ampla brevis."--*Mirror*.

On KING JOHN, in Worcester Cathedral:—

John died at Newark, Oct. 19, 1216. In his will he directed his body to be buried in the Church of St. Mary and St. Wulstan, in the cathedral of Worcester; over his head being placed a monk's cowl, as a cover for all his sins and a passport to heaven. The effigy of king John sculptured in grey marble, which forms the superstructure of his present tomb, was originally the lid of the stone coffin that contained his remains; and its first position must have been upon the floor of the building within which he was interred. His head is adorned with a crown of state, and supported by two bishops, undoubtedly intended for Oswald and Wulstan. He is represented as wearing a dalmatic of crimson, lined with green, the neck and cuffs edged with gold and jewelled border; his tunic is yellow; he is girt with a belt; on his hands are jewelled gloves, and a ring is on the middle finger of his right hand, which supports a sceptre, while his left grasps a sword. He wears red hose, black shoes, and golden spurs; and his feet rest upon a lion. On July 17th, 1797, the tomb of king John was opened, and the state of the king's relics showed that they had been disturbed, and seemed to favour the conjecture of their having been translated from the lady chapel, in the cathedral, into the choir, most probably about the time of Henry VII., as the altar tomb, on which the coffin lid lies, resembles the monument of prince Arthur in the same church, and brick was much employed in architecture about that period.—The following is given as John's epitaph:—

“Hoc in sarcophago sepelitur Regis imago,
 Qui moriens multum sedavit in orbe tumultum,
 Et cui connexa dum vixit probra manet run, bant

Hunc mala post mortem timor est ne fata sequantur.
 Qui legis hæc metuens dum cernis te mori—
 Discite quid rerum pariat tibi meta dierum.”

From various sources.

Translation of the Latin inscription on the tomb of
 EDWARD I. and his Father, in Westminster Abbey.

“Here lies Edward I., the hammer of the Scottish
 nation:”—

“Death is too doleful which doth join
 The highest state full low:
 Which couplest greatest Things with least,
 And last with first also.

No man hath been in World alive,
 Nor any may there be,
 Which can escape the Dint of Death,
 Needs hence depart must We.

O Noble and Victorious Man,
 Trust not unto thy Strength;
 For all are subject unto Death,
 And all must hence at length.

Most cruel Fate from Worldly Stage
 Hath wrest a worthy Wight,
 For whom all ENGLAND mourned aloud
 To see his doleful Plight.

Edward is Dead, which was adorn'd
 With divers Graces here;
 A King, on fragrant Nardus Height,
 A gracious, Princely Peer.

In Heart, the which was Lybard like,
 Right puissant, void of Fear,
 Most slow to Strife, discreet and wise,
 And gracious every where.

In Arms, a Giant fierce, and fell,
 Attempting famous Facts;
 Most prudent, did subdue the Proud
 By Feat of Martial Acts.

In FLANDERS Fortune gave to him
 By Lot right good Success :
 In WALES he wan, the SCOTTISH Row
 With Arms he did suppress.

This King, without his like alive,
 Did firmly guide his Land,
 And what good Nature could conceive,
 He had it plight at Hand.

He was in Justice and in Peace,
 Excelling : Laws took place,
 Desire to chase all wicked Works,
 Did hold this King's good Grace.

He now doth lie entombed here,
 Which furthered each good Thing ;
 Now naught he is but Dust and Bones,
 Which was a worthy King.

The very Son of God, whom erst
 This King did love right dear,
 Hath given to him Immortal Bliss
 For his good living here.

Whilst liv'd this King, by him all Things
 Were in most goodly Plight :
 Fraud lay hid, great Peace was kept,
 And Honesty had Might."

On CHARLES VII., king of France, surnamed the
 Victorious, and died in 1461 :—

"Jadis fu né en maison triomphant
 Moul't me grieva fortune, jeune enfant,
 Mais trop plus fort pour un temps de mon règne
 Et depuis, Dieu me fit roy si puissant.
 Que je chassay le leopart ravissant ;
 Et si conquis Normandie et Guienne.
 Mais pour monst'rer que gloire terrienne
 Passe légier, la couronne ancienne
 Laisse aujourd'hui, par un doulx désarroy,
 Au propre lieu où je pris nom de roy."

On **MOHAMMED II.**, emperor of Turkey. (By himself.) He reigned 30 years, and died in 1481, aged 51 years, whilst on an expedition against Persia. During his thirty years' reign, he had conquered 12 kingdoms and upwards of 200 cities. On his tomb he ordered the words to be affixed,—“*I would have taken Rhodes and conquered Italy.*”—*Partington's Cyc. of Biog.*

Translation of the Latin inscription on the tomb of **EDWARD V.** and his brother **RICHARD**, duke of York (who were murdered in the tower, A.D. 1483), in Henry the Seventh's chapel, Westminster Abbey :—

“Here lie the reliques of Edward V., King of England, and Richard, Duke of York, who being confined in the Tower of London, and there stifled with pillows, were privately and meanly buried by order of their perfidious Uncle Richard, the Usurper : their bones, long inquired after and wished for, after laying 191 years in the rubbish of the stairs (i.e. those lately leading to the Chapel of the White Tower), were, on the 17th of July, 1674, by undoubted proofs, discovered ; being buried deep in that place. Charles II. pitying their unhappy fate, ordered these unfortunate Princes to be laid amongst the reliques of their predecessors, in the year 1679, and the 30th of his reign.”

EDWARD VI. died July 6th, 1553, in his 16th year, and was buried in Henry Seventh's chapel, Westminster Abbey. An epitaph was written in Latin for him by *Hierome Cardan*, and recited by Henry Holland in his *Herologia Anglica*. It is thus rendered in English :—

“Let the whole world their common loss deplore,
 For Edward dies, and glory is no more.
 He was the good man's hope, youth's brightest flower,
 Joy of the age, and pride of the sovereign power ;
 For him Apollo and Minerva moan
 Their blooming hope, ultimately dead and gone.

{ Whilst these last gifts, the weeping Nine bestow,
Melpomene laments in strains of woe,
And hails thee fleeting to the shades below.”

On MARGARET of Austria. (By herself.)

Margaret was affianced to Charles VIII. of France, but Charles having married Anna, heiress of Brittany, she was sent back to her father's court, and was married to John, infant of Spain, in 1497. On the voyage to Spain a terrible storm threatened the destruction of the ship. In the midst of the danger, while the rest of the company were at their prayers, she is said to have composed her epitaph in the following words :—

“Cy-git Margot, la gente demoiselle,
Deux fois mariée et morte pucelle.”

She arrived in safety, but on the 4th of October, 1497, the infant died. She afterwards married the duke of Savoy, and died A.D. 1530, aged 50 years.—*Cyc. of Biog.*

In the old church of St. Clement, Eastcheap, was the following epitaph on queen ELIZABETH, who died A.D. 1603 :—

“Spain's rod, Rome's ruin,
Netherland's relief,
Heaven's gem, Earth's joy,
World's wonder, Nature's chief,
Britain's blessing, England's splendour,
Religion's nurse, the Faith's defender.”

The tomb of MARY DE MEDICIS, widow of Henry IV., king of France. A writer in *The Mirror* for 1842 says, “On leaving the cathedral of Cologne, something pierced the sole of my boot. I looked downwards, and found that it was a large nail, projecting from the

square of black marble upon which I was walking. After examining the stone, I remembered that Mary de Medicis had desired that her heart should be placed under the pavement of the cathedral of Cologne. Formerly a bronze or brass plate, with an inscription, covered it, but when the French occupied Cologne, some revolutionist, or perhaps a rapacious brazier, seized it, as had been done to many others: for a host of brass nails, projecting from the marble, bespeak depredations of a similar character. Alas, poor Queen! she first saw herself effaced from the heart of Louis XIII., her son, then from the remembrance of Richelieu, her creature, and now she is effaced from the earth."

Monument to GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS:—

Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, was killed at the battle of Lutzen. There are four columns raised over the place where he fell. A frieze, reaching from column to column, bears the following inscription:—

(That in front.)

"Here fell Gustavus Adolphus, on the 6th of November, 1632."

(That on the right side.)

"He fought the battle of the Lord." (Altered from the 1 Sam., xxv, 28.)

(On the hinder side.)

"God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but the spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."

(On the left side.)

"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1 John, v, 4.

The whole structure has a pleasing, and indeed, an imposing effect. It has been raised by subscription throughout Germany, as well as by a liberal pecuniary contribution from the king of Saxony, and the town of Lutzen.

On CHARLES I.:—

"So falls that stately cedar; while it stood
That was the only glory of the wood;

Great Charles, thou earthly god, celestial man,
 Whose life, like others, though it were a span,
 Yet in that span, was comprehended more
 Than earth hath waters, or the ocean shore ;
 Thy heavenly virtues, angels shall rehearse,
 It is a theme too high for human verse :
 He that would know thee right, then let him look
 Upon thy rare—incomparable book,
 And read it o'er ; which if he do,
 He'll find thee *King*, and *Priest*, and *Prophet* too ;
 And sadly see our loss, and, though in vain,
 With fruitless wishes call thee back again.
 Nor shall oblivion sit upon thy hearse,
 Though there were neither monument nor verse.
 Thy suff'rings and thy death let no man name ;
 It was thy *glory*, but the kingdom's *shame*."

For CHARLES II. (By the Earl of Rochester.)

"Here lies our sovereign lord the King,
 Whose word no man relies on,
 Who never said a foolish thing,
 And never did a wise one."*

In the South-east corner of Hammersmith church, near the pulpit, is a monument of black and white marble, eight feet in height, and two in breadth, erected by Sir Nicholas Crispe, in honour of his beloved and unfortunate master, KING CHARLES I., whose bust stands above. Immediately beneath the bust is this inscription :—

"This effigy was
 erected by the special appointment of
 Sir Nicholas Crispe, knight and baronet,
 as a grateful commemoration of that
 glorious martyr, KING CHARLES
 the first, of blessed
 memory."

* For this epitaph Rochester remained some time in disgrace.

Beneath the inscription is an urn: it was placed there by his direction, to remain for ever in humble testimony of that devotion of which it was so long the centre: it contains the old man's heart. "Lay my body," he said, "lay my body in the family vault of St. Mildred, in Bread-street, but let my heart be placed in an urn at my master's feet." The inscription on the pedestal that supports the urn is simple, and runs thus:—

"Within this urn is entombed the heart of Sir Nicholas Crispe,* knight and baronet, a loyal sharer in the sufferings of his late and present Majesty. He first settled in the trade of gold from Guinea, and there built the castle of Cormantine. Died the 26th of February, 1665, aged sixty-seven years."

In the parish church of Landulph, in the eastern extremity of Cornwall, is a small brass tablet fixed against the wall, with the following inscription:—

* He was the founder of Brandenburgh house, and born in 1698: brought up in trade, he increased his wealth by marriage, and being noticed at Court he was knighted, and became one of the farmers of the King's Customs. The times grew stormy; Charles the I., whom Sir Nicholas loved with an affection more than loyal, seeing the troubles of the state, and the distress of his royal master for money, raised him, upon a short notice, the sum of £200,000.

The Parliamentary war commencing, and calamities increasing by sea and land, the brave merchant's cool head and high character, managed a trade which produced his majesty nearly £100,000 a year, besides keeping his ships ready for service.

No brief summary can suffice to represent fairly his princely dignity of character, and his devotion to the cause of the King.

He was trusted with the supplies of arms, and with a knowledge of the most important secrets of the state. In the disguise of a seller of fish, or butter, he frequented the markets to pick up stray intelligence. Failing in one of his designs he boldly threw off the civic gown and assumed the sword at the head of a regiment of horse, raised at his own expense, and became as distinguished a soldier as he had been a merchant; and with the rarest bravery, bore himself through the terrible scenes of the civil war. The Parliament, incensed by his vigorous resistance, and devotion to the King, ordered him from the royal presence; they sold his house in Bond-street, and made him contribute, in conjunction with Lord Culpepper, £6000 a year towards the pension of the Elector Palatine.

The King's cause became hopeless, and Sir Nicholas fled from the country. When in exile, his private misfortunes were turned to public benefits, for he investigated foreign improvements, and turned them to English uses. On his return he again plunged into traffic, and gold poured like water into the channels of his trade.

He improved the art of paper-making, powder-making, and brick-making; gave £700 towards the building of Hammersmith church, besides beautifying the building at his own expense, and his charities to the poor were equal to his bounties in other directions."

“Here lyeth the body of THEODORE PALEOLOGUS, of Pesaro, in Italye, descended from the Imperial lyne of the last Christian Emperor of Greece, being the sonne of Camilio, the sonne of Prosper, the sonne of Theodoro, the sonne of John, the sonne of Thomas; second brother of Constantine Paleologus, the eighth of the name, and last of that lyne that rayned in Constantinople until subdued by the Turks; who married with Mary, the daughter of William Balls, of Hadlye, in Souffolke, gent, and had issue 5 children—Theodoro, John, Ferdinando, Maria, and Dorothy; and departed this life at Clyfton, the 21st of January, 1636.”

Above the inscription are the imperial arms proper of the empire of Greece—an eagle displayed with two heads, the two legs resting upon two gates; the imperial crown over the whole; and between the gates a crescent for difference as second son.—*The Book of Table Talk.*

On the Tomb of JAMES II:—

In his last moments he wished that his heart should be carried to the monks of the Visitation de Chaillot, that his body should be buried in the parish church, without any other ceremony than would be used for a private gentleman; and wished that there should be no inscription on his tomb but these four words—“*Hic jacet Jacobus II.*” He had this so much at heart, that he often mentioned it, and he charged the curé of Saint Germain to ask it, in his behalf, of the king of France. But Louis XIV., judged it more fitting that his body should be carried to Paris, and placed in the church of the English Benedictines; which was accordingly done, and the following inscription was afterwards engraven on his tomb:—

“C'est ici que Jaques second,
Sans ministres et sans maîtresse,
Le matin allait à la messe,
Et le soir allait au sermon.”

From various sources.

ON KING WILLIAM III., of Glorious Memory, who
died March 8, 1701. (By Dr. Isaac Watts.)

“Beneath these honours of a tomb
Greatness in humble ruin lies :
(How earth confines in narrow room
What heroes leave beneath the skies !)

Preserve, O venerable Pile,
Inviolate thy sacred trust,
To thy cold arms thy British Isle,
Weeping, commits her richest dust.

Ye gentlest ministers of Fate,
Attend the monarch as he lies,
And bid the softest Slumbers wait
With silken cords to bind his eyes.

Rest his dear Sword beneath his head :
Round him his faithful Arms shall stand ;
Fix his bright Ensign on his bed,
The guards and honours of our land.

Ye sister Arts of Paint and Verse
Place Albion fainting by his side ;
Her groans arising o'er the hearse,
And Belgia sinking when he died.

High o'er the grave Religion set
In solid gold ; pronounce the ground
Sacred to bar unhallow'd feet,
And plant her guardian Virtues round.

Fair Liberty, in sables dress'd,
Write his lov'd name upon his urn,
' WILLIAM,—the scourge of tyrants past,
And awe of princes yet unborn.'

Sweet Peace, his sacred relics keep,
With olives blooming round his head,
And stretch her wings across the deep
To bless the nations with the shade.

Stand on the pile, immortal Fame,
Broad stars adorn the brightest robe,
Thy thousand voices sound his name
In silver accents round the globe.

Flattery shall faint beneath the sound,
 While hoary Truth inspires the song ;
 Envy grow pale and bite the ground,
 And Slander gnaw his forky tongue.

Night and the Grave remove your gloom ;
 Darkness becomes the vulgar dead ;
 But Glory bids the royal tomb,
 Disdain the horrors of the shade.

Glory, with all her lamps shall burn,
 And watch the warrior's sleeping clay,
 Till the last trumpet rouse his urn
 To aid the triumphs of the day."

On THEODORE ANTHONY I., king of Corsica :—

In the cemetery behind St. Ann's church, London, is interred Theodore, the unfortunate king of Corsica, who, having been compelled to fly his kingdom, was confined for debt in the king's bench, but obtained his release through the interference of Horace Walpole, when he made over the kingdom of Corsica, for the benefit of his creditors. He died Dec. 11th, 1756, and would have been buried as a parish pauper but for the kindness of John Wright, an oilman, who declared that for once he would bear the funeral expenses of a king, which he accordingly did. In 1757, Lord Orford erected a marble monument to his memory, in the above churchyard, with the following inscription upon it :—

“Near this place is interred
 THEODORE,* KING OF CORSICA,
 Who died in this parish, December 11, 1756,
 immediately after leaving the
 King's Bench Prison,
 by the benefit of the act of Insolvency ;
 in consequence of which
 He registered his kingdom of Corsica, for the use of
 his creditors.

* Theodore had a son, known by the name of Colonel Frederic, who, after following his father into England, entered into the army in foreign service ; but he appears to have been disappointed in his hopes of rising

The grave, great teacher ; to a level brings
 Heroes, and beggars, galley slaves, and kings.
 But THEODORE, this moral learn'd ere dead,—
 Fate poured its lesson on his living head ;
 Bestow'd a kingdom, and denied him bread."

Tomb of the QUEEN OF PRUSSIA:—

"This tomb is in the garden of Charlottenburgh, near Berlin : it was not without surprise that I came suddenly, among trees, upon a fair white Doric temple. I might and should have deemed it a mere adornment of the grounds, but the cypress and the willow declared it a habitation of the dead. Upon a sarcophagus of white marble lay a sheet, and the outline of the human form was plainly visible beneath its folds. The person with me reverently turned it back, and displayed the statue of his queen. It is a portrait statue recumbent, said to be a perfect resemblance—not as in death, but when she lived to bless and be blessed. Nothing can be more calm and kind than the expression of the features : the hands are folded on the bosom ; the limbs are sufficiently crossed to show the repose of life. Here the king brings her children annually to offer garlands at her grave." — *Sherer's Notes and Reflections during a ramble in Germany.*

ON QUEEN CAROLINE:—

In queen Caroline's will, she directed that her body should be buried by the side of her father and brother, at Brunswick, and that the following inscription should be engraven on her tombstone:—

or acquiring even a competence, and after sustaining many distresses, without timely relief, put an end to his life by a pistol, near the gate of Westminster Abbey, Feb. 1, 1797. He was a man of gentlemanly manners, and accomplishments, and much regretted by those who knew him intimately. He was interred in the church-yard of St. Ann's, by the side of his father.

“To the memory of Caroline of Brunswick, the
INJURED Queen of England.”*

NAPOLEON'S Tomb, at St. Helena :—

“We caught sight of the tomb at the bottom of the ravine called Sloane's valley, and descending a zigzag path, we quickly reached the spot. About half an acre round the grave is railed in. The tomb itself consists of a square stone, about 10 feet by 7, surrounded with a plain iron railing. Four or five weeping willows, their stems leaning towards the grave, hang their pen- sile branches over it. The willows are decaying fast, and one of them rests upon the sharp spears of the railing, which are buried in its trunk—as though it were committing suicide for very grief. The foliage of the rest is thinned and disfigured by the frequent and almost excusable depredations of visitors.”— *Captain Mundy's Visit.*

Napoleon's remains were brought from St. Helena, in 1840, and placed in the church of the Invalides, at Paris, with the following inscription upon his tomb— which were his own words :—

“Carry back my bones, and lay them on the banks of the Seine, amongst that people whom I loved so well.”

Inscription on the tomb of the DUKE OF REICHSTADT (Napoleon's son), in the church of the Capauchins, Vienna. It is in Latin, and is thus translated :—

“To the Eternal memory of Joseph Charles, Francis, Duke of Reichstadt, Son of Napoleon, Emperor of France, and of Maria Louisa, Arch-Duchess of Austria, born at Paris, March 20, 1811, saluted in his cradle with the title of ‘King of Rome.’ At the flower of his age, gifted with all the accomplishments of mind and

* The ancient inscription over the family vault of the Brunswicks will apply to Queen Caroline with awful force :—“Hic finis invidiæ, persecu- tionis, et querelæ.”—(“Here envy, persecution, and complaining cease.”)

body, remarkable for his fine stature, beauty of countenance, extraordinary grace of speech, and his studies and military labours, he was seized by phthisis. Sad Death snatched him to the dwelling of the Emperors, by the beautiful fountain near Vienna, July 22nd, 1832.*

ON LOUIS PHILIPPE:—

In the vault of a small chapel at Weybridge, in Surrey, are deposited the remains of Louis Philippe. A marble slab in the vault bears the following inscription:—

*“Depositæ jacent sub hoc lapide Donec in Patriam.
Avitos inter cineres Deo adjuvante transferantur
Reliquiæ Ludovici Philippi Primi Francorum Regis
Claromontii in Britannia Defuncti.*

*Die Augusti xxvi. Anno Domini MDCCCL,
Ætatis 76. Requiescat in Pace.”*

ON THE DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR:—

At Isfield was buried the daughter of William the Conqueror, and the wife to the first earl of Warwick. Her monument was removed and is now at Lewes church. The tomb is of black marble, sculptured with foliage, in a fine early style, and bearing around its edge an inscription in Latin, with slight conjectural supplements, in characters which have been verified as Norman, and of the eleventh or early part of the twelfth century; thus translated:—

“GUNDRED, of Ducal race, the ornament of her age,

* A writer in “The Mirror” says, who visited the tomb, “I followed my guide. He opened a side gate, and descending before me, illumined with his lantern the steps of a stair-case that had but little of royalty about it, and was completely dark at its upper end. At length, having descended about sixty steps, we found ourselves in a cave, rather long than large, and on the two sides of which were ranged a great number of bronze tombs of different forms and dimensions. There was the tomb of young Napoleon; upon it I read the inscription, surmounted by a small cross, and graved in the middle of a plate of brass, which forms, so to speak, the cover of the monument.”

a noble bud, brought into the churches of England the balsam of morals.—She was a Martha to the wretched; she was, for piety, a Mary. The part of Martha has died, the mighty part of Mary survives.—O, holy Pancras! Witness of her piety and righteousness.—She made thee her heir; do thou, benign, receive a mother. The hostile dawn of the sixth calend of June broke the alabaster of flesh.”—*The Mirror for 1838.*

The French inscription on the monument of the BLACK PRINCE, in Canterbury Cathedral, and who died in 1376, is thus translated:—

“Whoso thou be that passest by
Where these bones interred lie,
Understand what I shall say
As at this time speak I may.
Such as thou art, sometime was I,
Such as I am—such shalt thou be.
I little thought on the hour of death
So long as I enjoyed breath.
Great riches here I did possess,
Whereof I made great nobleness;
I had gold, silver, wardrobes, and
Great treasures, horses, houses, land.
But now a caitiff poor am I,
Deep in the ground, lo! here I lie;
My beauty great is all quite gone,
My flesh is wasted to the bone;
And if you should see me this day,
I do not think but you would say
That I had never been a man,
So much alter’d now I am.”

History of Kent.

At Fotheringay, in Northamptonshire, was formerly a nunnery, and the only part of it now remaining consists of a lofty nave, two aisles, and a square tower at the west end, surmounted by an octagon tower of later erection. A stone monument, near the communion table, has the following inscription:—

“These monuments of EDWARD, Duke of York, and RICHARD of York, were made in the year of our Lord God, 1573. The sayd Edward was slayne in the battle of Agincourt, in the third yeare of Henry ye V.”

And on a similar monument is this inscription :—

“Richard Plantaganet, Duke of York, nephew to Edward, Duke of York, father to King Edward ye 4th, was slane at Wakefield, In the 37th year of Henry ye 6th, 1450. And lieth buried Here with Cicely his wife.”

On the still-born, male child of the Princess Charlotte, who, with its mother, was buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor (by Johnson Grant) :—

“Here lies th' unhonoured, nameless thing,
That, had it lived, had been a king :
Full moulded by th' Eternal hand,
For breath, for reason, for command ;
Once, by its rank, its form, designed
A monarch,—an immortal mind :
But, with some view man cannot sift,
High Heav'n withdrew the tendered gift,
And with a ban—O ! doubtless, right—
Condemned him ne'er to see the light !

No sceptre filled his tiny hand ;
His robe is but the swaddling band ;
His lowly crown—the wool—wov'n frill ;
His reign 'tis here :—all dark and still.

O ! who can tell in wisdom school'd
'Twere better to have lived and rul'd ;
To feel th' unnumbered anxious cares
That press each brow the crown that wears ;
Suspected hate, and dreaded scorn
That turn each jewel to a thorn ;
While thousands round the footstool bend,
To stand too high to have a friend ;
To know not whom to trust ; to fear
Each proffer'd service insincere ;

To be the statesman's plaything made;
 To be caress'd,—to be betray'd;
 Of each substantial joy bereaved,
 Cajol'd, hail'd, flatter'd, and deceiv'd:
 With faults—expos'd and magnified;
 With virtues—oft, too oft, denied;—
 Perhaps—to injure; to oppress;
 To joy in war; to spread distress;
 To play th' unfeeling tyrant's part;
 To own the selfish, sensual heart;
 The passions all without controul;
 The giv'n—and then the squandered soul!
 O! woe-fraught life! O! blest release!—
 Sleep—still-born infant—sleep in peace.

Perhaps, on holier, happier ground,
 (For who th' Eternal's power shall bound)
 Further than furthest comets run,
 The mother yet may clasp her son,
 And say—' Behold me, King of Heaven!
 ' Me, and the infant thou hast given!
 ' Behold us cast before thy throne
 ' Our brighter crowns :—receive thine own.'

We know not:—but there speeds an hour
 When fades to dust terrestrial power;—
 When many a sceptred mass of clay
 May wish he ne'er had seen the day:—
 When pageantry, and pomp, and pride,
 Are but a garment—laid aside:—
 And but for virtue, every king,—
 Like this,—a mute unhonoured thing."—*Political*

Examiner for 1817.

On the left side of the communion table in Prince Arthur's chapel, in Worcester Cathedral, is the tomb of PRINCE ARTHUR, elder brother to Henry VIII. Round the uppermost verge of his tomb of fine marble, is the following inscription:—

“Here lyeth buried Prince Arthur, the first begotten sonne of the right renowned King Henry the Seaventh, which noble prince departed out of this transitory life,

at the castle of Ludlow, the seaventeenth yeare of his father's reign, and of our Lord God, one thousande five hundred and two."

For the Mausoleum to be erected in Kensall Green Cemetery to the DUKE OF SUSSEX, who died April 21, 1843, aged seventy years:—

"Waiting the resurrection of the just,
 This mausoleum treasures royal dust.
 While other monuments proclaim they show
 Where sleep the ministers of human woe :
 Here one reposes whose more gentle mind,
 Ranked not with the destroyers of mankind.
 He sought not to inscribe his honoured name
 Among the blood-stained votaries of fame,
 But left to them a giddy world's applause,
 To plead the widow's and the orphan's cause ;
 While in the counsels of the state he fought
 For universal liberty of thought.
 'Twas his to cultivate the arts of Peace,
 The sum of human comfort to increase,
 To cheer the mourner and identify
 His glory with refined humanity.

So passed his life among the haunts of men,
 Till he had numbered threescore years and ten,
 Each season but revolving to convince
 The world, a Patriot might be a Prince ;
 And dying his last testament here brings
 His bones, far from the sepulchre of kings ;
 He wished, from principle he could not swerve,
 To sleep in death with those he loved to serve."

NAVAL & MILITARY OFFICERS.

THEMISTOCLES, the renowned general and patriot, and the preserver of Athens at the time of the Persian invasion, died B.C. 465, aged about 65. There are upon his tomb a few lines by Plato, thus translated :—

“ By the sea’s margin, on the watery strand,
Thy monument, THEMISTOCLES, shall stand :
By this directed to thy native shore
The Merchant shall convey his freighted store ;
And when our fleets are summoned to the fight,
Athens shall conquer with thy tomb in sight.”
Cumberland’s Observer.

HANNIBAL, the celebrated Carthaginian general, put an end to his life by poison, at Libyssa, B.C. 182. A tomb, however, has been lately discovered at Malta, with this plain inscription :—

“ HANNIBAL, the son of Hamilcar.”

And if it could be established that there was no other Hannibal, son of Hamilcar, than this celebrated commander, it would overturn the general, or rather

universal opinion, that Hannibal died by a voluntary death at Libyssa.—*Editor's Note in Rollin's Anc. His., printed in 1849.*

SIMILIS, captain of the guards to Adrian, obtained leave to quit the Emperor's service, when he afterwards spent seven years of his life in rural retirement. At his death he ordered the following inscription to be put on his tomb :—

“Here lies SIMILIS, who lived but seven years, though he died at sixty-seven.”

In St. Paul's Cathedral is a monument to Major General DUNDAS. On the monument Britannia is attended by Sensibility ; and the Genius of Britain is crowning the hero with laurel. On the pedestal, Britannia is seen defending Liberty against Fraud and Rebellion. The following is the inscription :—

“Major General THOMAS DUNDAS,
died June 3rd, 1794, aged 44 years ;

The best tribute to whose merit and public services will be found in the following vote of the House of Commons, for the erection of this memorial :

June 5th, 1795. ‘Resolved, *nemine contradicente*, that an humble address be presented to his Majesty, that he will be graciously pleased to give directions that a monument be erected in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, London, to the memory of Major General Dundas, as a testimony of the grateful sense entertained by this House, of the eminent services which he rendered to his country, particularly in the reduction of the French West India Islands.’”

On the pedestal of the statue of SIR THOMAS JONES, in St. Paul's Cathedral, is the following inscription :—

“Statue of the late
Major General SIR JOHN THOMAS JONES, Bart., K.C.B.
Erected
by his surviving Brother Officers of the Royal Engineers,
in testimony
of their sense of his high professional attainments,
and of his important military services.
His honourable career
extended from
A.D. 1797 to A.D. 1843.”

On Captain MATTHEW HENDERSON, a gentleman who
held the patent for his honours immediately from
Almighty God. (By Robert Burns.)

“Stop, passenger! my story’s brief;
And truth I shall relate, man;
I tell na common tale o’ grief
For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurn’d at fortune’s door, man;
A look of pity hither cast,
For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble sodger art,
That passest by this grave, man;
Here moulders here a gallant heart,
For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, man;
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise,
For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at friendship’s sacred ca’
Wad life itself resign, man;
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa’
For Matthew was a kind man.

If thou art staunch without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man;
This was a kinsman o’ thy ain,
For Matthew was a true man.

EPITAPHS, ETC.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
And ne'er guid wine did fear, man ;
This was thy billie, dam, and sire,
For Matthew was a queer man.

If onie whiggish whingin sot,
To blame poor Matthew dare, man ;
May dool and sorrow be his lot,
For Matthew was a rare man."

VAN DUN, Yeoman of the Guard, was buried in St. Margaret's church, Westminster. His monument contains a good bust, and the following inscription :—

"CORNELIUS VAN DUN lieth here, borne at Breda, in Brabant, soldier with King Henry at Turney, Yeoman of the Guard, and Usher to King Henry, King Edward, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth : of honest and virtuous life, a careful man for poor folk, who in the end of this town did build for poor widows twenty houses at his own cost."

Round the figure is inscribed :—

"Obiit anno Dom 1577, buried the 4th of September,
Ætatis suæ 94."

On colonel, the Hon. SIR ROBERT LE POER FRENCH.

"Stranger, of all the friends I knew,
So firm, so tender, and so true,
None ever claim'd the genuine tear
More than the man reposing here.
Though brave in arms—yet braver still
In thwarting a corrupted will ;
Save the true glory of the cross
All other glory sunk as dross ;
His greatest pride—his only plea
Was this—the Saviour died for me."

In a village churchyard near Glasgow, is an epitaph on MAJOR NICHOLLS, 47th Regiment. (By Burns.)

“Ye maggots, feed on Nicholls’ brain,
 For few sic’ feasts ye ha’ gotten,
 And stick your claws in Nicholls’ heart,
 For de’il a bit on’t ’s rotten.”

Admiral BOSCAWEN, was buried in St. Michael’s church, at Penkevel, in Cornwall, where a monument of exquisite workmanship stands erected to his memory, with this inscription :—

Here lies the right honourable
 EDWARD BOSCAWEN,
 Admiral of the blue, general of marines,
 Lord of the Admiralty and one of
 His Majesty’s most honourable privy council.
 His birth, though noble,
 His titles, though illustrious,
 Were but incidental additions to his greatness.
 History
 In more expressible and more indelible
 Characters,
 Will inform latest posterity,
 With what ardent zeal,
 With what successful valour,
 He served his country,
 And taught her enemies
 To dread her naval power.
 In command
 He was equal to every emergency,
 Superior to every difficulty.
 In his high departments, masterly and upright :
 His example formed, while
 His patronage rewarded
 Merit.
 With the highest exertions of military greatness,
 He united the greatest offices of humanity.
 His concern for the interest, and unwearied
 Attention to the health of all under
 His command,
 Softened the necessary exactions of duty,
 And the rigours of his discipline,
 By the care of a guardian, and the tenderness
 of a father.

EPITAPHS, ETC.

Thus beloved and revered,
Amiable in private life, as illustrious in public,
This gallant and profitable servant of his
Country,
When he was beginning to reap the harvest
of his toils and dangers,
In the full meridian of years and glory,
After having been providentially preserved
Through every peril incident to his profession,
Died of a fever,
On the 10th of January, in the year 1761,
And in the 50th of his age,
At Hatchland's Park, in Surrey,
A seat he had just finished, at the expence
of the enemies of his country,
And amidst the groans and tears
of his beloved Cornishmen, was
Here deposited.
His once happy wife inscribes this marble,
An unequal testimony of his worth,
And of her affection."

On General LAWRENCE, memorable for his conquests
in India, and for his clemency to the vanquished. In-
scribed on a monument erected by Sir Robert Park, and
written by Hannah More :—

"Born to command, to conquer, and to spare,
As mercy, mild; yet terrible as war.
Here LAWRENCE rests in death! while living, fame
From Thames to Ganges wafts his honoured name.
To him this frail memorial Friendship rears,
Whose noblest monument's a nation's tears!
Whose deeds on fairer columns stand engraved,
In Provinces preserv'd, and Cities saved."

In St. Paul's Cathedral is a monument to SIR WIL-
LIAM HOSTE. He is represented in full naval uniform.
Underneath his arms is the following :—

“CATTARO LISSA
 Sir William Hoste, Bart., K.C.B., K.M.T.,
 Captain in the Royal Navy.
 Erected by his brother Officers
 and the admirers of his services.”

At Gaieta, in Sicily, on CHARLES DE BOURBON, Constable of France, who died May 6th, 1527, aged 38. Constable BOURBON, the great warrior, and national renegade, bore arms for the Emperor Charles V., of Germany, against the church, as well as against his own countrymen. As he was shot in the act of storming Rome, and died under the Pope's excommunication, he could not be allowed a burial place in consecrated ground. As regard was due to his eminent services, and rank, and dignity, his body could not be abandoned or left in an unhonoured place; the Spaniards, therefore, had recourse to another expedient; they dried the body of the constable like a mummy, and set it up in a recess near the gate of the castle of Gaieta.—Over the recess was a Spanish distich which may thus be rendered into English:—

“France gave me birth, Spain strength and fortune gave,
 Rome my death-wound, and Gaieta a grave.”

A Latin epitaph said in plain prose:—

“Here lies Charles of Bourbon, who, after enlarging the empire, defeating the French, conquering Italy, besieging the Pope, and taking Rome, lost his life in the moment of victory.”—*Home Friend*.

Major General SIR ISAAC BROCK, has a tabular monument in St. Paul's Cathedral. He is represented expiring in the arms of a British soldier, while an Indian is gazing sorrowfully on the scene. The inscription is:—

EPITAPHS, ETC.

“Erected at the public expense,
to the memory of
Major General
SIR ISAAC BROCK,
who gloriously fell
on the 13th of October,
MDCCCXII.,
in resisting an attack on
Queenstown,
in Upper Canada.

On Captain GRENVILLE. (By Lord George Littleton.)

“Ye weeping Muses, Graces, Virtues! tell
If, since your all-accomplished Sidney fell,
You or afflicted Britain e'er deplored
A loss like that these plaintive lays record!
Such spotless honour, such ingenuous truth,
Such ripen'd wisdom in the bloom of youth!
So mild, so gentle, so compos'd a mind,
To such heroic warmth, and courage join'd!
He too, like Sidney, nursed in learning's arms,
For nobler war forsook her softer charms;
Like him possessed of every pleasing art,
The secret wish of every female's heart;
Like him cut off in youthful glory's pride,
He unrepining for his country died.”

FRANCOIS DE MERCY, one of the most distinguished
generals in the thirty years' war, fell on the 3rd of
August, 1645, in the battle of Allersheim, near Nordlin-
gen. He was buried on the field, and a stone was
raised with this inscription:—

“Sta, viator, heroem calcas.”

Rousseau, in his “Emile,” very justly remarks, that
“the simple name of one of his victories would have
been preferable to this inflated sentence, borrowed from
antiquity.”—*Cyc. of Biography.*

Morat, in Switzerland, is celebrated as the scene of the defeat of Charles the Bold, in 1476; and a little chapel, filled with the bones of those who fell, bears this inscription:—

“The army of Charles the Bold, besieging Morat,
left this Monument of its passage.”

In Westminster Abbey, is a monument to LORD AUBREY BEAUCLEEK, who was killed at Boca-chica, in 1740. On the monument are the following lines by Thomson:—

“While Britain boasts her empire o’er the deep,
This marble shall compel the brave to weep;
As men, as Britons, and as soldiers mourn—
'Tis dauntless, loyal, virtuous BEAUCLEEK’S urn.
Sweet were his manners as his soul was great,
And ripe his worth, though immature his fate.
Each tender grace that joy and love inspire,
Living he mingled with his martial fire;
Dying, he bid Britannia’s thunder roar,
And Spain still felt him when he breath’d no more.”

The Lord Aubrey Beauclerk was the youngest son of Charles, Duke of St. Alban’s, by Diana, daughter of Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford. He went early to sea, and was made a commander in 1731. In the year 1740 he was sent upon that memorable expedition to Cartagena, under the command of Admiral Vernon, in his Majesty’s ship the Prince Frederick, which, with three others, was ordered to cannonade the castle of Boca-chica; one of these being obliged to quit her station, the Prince Frederick was exposed not only to the fire from the castle, but to that of Fort St. Joseph, and to two ships that gained the mouth of the harbour; which he sustained for many hours that day, and part of the next with uncommon intrepidity. As he was giving his command upon deck both his legs were shot off, but such was his magnanimity that he would not suffer his wounds to be drest till he had communicated his orders to his first lieutenant, which were to “fight his ship to the last extremity.” Soon after this he gave some directions about his private affairs, and then

resigned his soul with the dignity of a hero and a Christian.

Thus was he taken off in the 31st year of his age, an illustrious commander of superior fortitude and clemency: amiable in his person, steady in his affection, and equalled by few in the social and domestic virtues of politeness, modesty, candour, and benevolence.

In St. Paul's Cathedral is a noble monument (by Flaxman) to earl Howe. The statue represents him with a telescope in his hand, the British Lion reposing by his side; and Britannia, holding her trident, is seated on a pedestal, upon which History is recording the earl's exploits, while Victory, bending forward, places a palm-branch in the lap of Britannia. Near the top of the monument is—

“Gibraltar relieved, October 11th, 1778.
The French fleet defeated,
June the 1st, 1784.”

At the Admiral's feet is this inscription:—

“Erected at the public expense to the memory of
ADMIRAL EARL HOWE,
in testimony of the general sense of his great and
meritorious services, in the course of a long and
distinguished life, and in particular
for the benefit
derived to his country, by the brilliant victory which he
obtained over the French fleet, off Ushant, 1st June, 1794.
He was born 19th March, 1726, and died 5th Aug. 1799,
in his 74th year.”

There is a statue (by Chantrey) in St. Paul's Cathedral, to General GILLESPIE, bearing this inscription:—

“Erected at the public expense,
To the Memory of
Major-General ROBERT ROLLO GILLESPIE,
who fell gloriously,
on the 31st of October, 1814,
while leading the troops to an assault on the fortress of
Halunga, in the kingdom of Nepal.”

At Sweaborg, in Russia.

In the church of Sweaborg is a tombstone with the following inscription :—

“ Here lies Field-Marshal, EARL OF EHRENSWORD, surrounded by his work, the ramparts of Sweaborg ; begun in 1749, under King Frederick, and completed under Gustavus III. Sweaborg, which on one side reaches to the shore, gives her wise sovereigns the dominion of the sea and fleet.”—*Cassell's Family Paper*.

EPAMINONDAS was a Theban general, illustrious for his talents and his virtues. He was sentenced to death as a traitor to his country. On hearing the sentence he calmly expressed a wish that this inscription might be put upon his tomb :—“ Here lies Epaminondas, who suffered death for saving his country.” This keen reproof touched his judges, and he was pardoned. He was killed in battle, B.C. 363.—*Watkins's Biog. Dic.*

The Greek Government have selected a marble block in the Parthenon for the monument of GEORGE WASHINGTON (who died Dec. 14, 1799, aged 67), now being raised in the city named after him. It is to bear this inscription :—

“ To GEORGE WASHINGTON,
The heroic general, the high-minded citizen,
The founder of modern freedom, the land of Solon,
Themistocles, and Pericles, the birthplace
of ancient freedom, dedicates this old marble,
as a sign of reverence and admiration.”
London Journal, 1854.

Inscription to the memory of General WOLFE, slain in the service of his country, at Quebec, in N. America, 1759 :—

“ If nobly fighting in a nation's cause,
And bravely dying to maintain its laws ;

If great exertion, honesty of heart,
 And all the zeal true courage can impart;
 If these can make the laureate hero shine,
 These, WOLFE, were thine—pre-eminently thine.
 Too early lost—yet glory crown'd thy days,
 And fame grows hoarse, unequal to thy praise.
 But, Oh! thy death, illustrious chief, destroys
 The sudden burst of universal joys.
 Our patriot king in pity drops a tear,
 And mourns a conquest that was bought so dear.
 Oh! let the Muse thy fortitude proclaim,
 And on thy tomb thus register thy name:
 Here lies brave WOLFE, who fought on freedom's side,
 Bled for his king, and vanquish'd tho' he died."

General WOLFE fell at Quebec, on the plains of Abraham, September 13th, 1759. A broken column of black marble marks the place where the English commander died. It bears this inscription:—

"Here died WOLFE, victorious."—*The Rev. J. Caughey's Letters.*

General PORLIER, who was hung in Spain, Oct. 3rd, 1815, left orders in his testament that when circumstances should permit, he should be placed in a pantheon, with the following inscription:—

"Here repose the ashes of DON JUAN DIEZ PORLIER, General of the Spanish armies, who was fortunate in what he undertook against the enemies of his country, and died a victim of civil dissensions.

Feeling souls! respect the ashes of an
 unfortunate patriot."

The grave of Major ANDRE, in America (prior to 1821), who was executed as a spy in 1780. On a green eminence, over which hangs the dark and funereal shade of the willow, is the grave of this unfortunate soldier; it is a short distance S.W. of the village. "No urn

nor animated bust," only a few rough and unshapely stones without a word of inscription, and carelessly laid upon a mound of rudely piled earth, are shown to the traveller, as the spot where rest the remains of poor André.—His remains were lately, by a special request from the British Government to the United States, brought to England, and placed among the worthies of Westminster Abbey, where he has a sarcophagus:—Britannia weeping, — bas-relief represents the flag of truce being conveyed to General Washington. Upon it is this inscription:—

" Sacred to the memory
of
Major JOHN ANDRÉ,
who, raised by his merit at an *early* period of life
to the rank of Adjutant General
of the British forces in America,
and employed in an important but hazardous enterprise,
fell a sacrifice to his zeal for his King and Country,
on the 2nd of October, A.D. 1780,
Aged 29 ;
Universally beloved and esteemed by the Army in which
he served, and lamented even by his
FOES,
His Gracious Sovereign, King George III.
has caused this monument
to be erected."

Underneath is inscribed:—

"The remains of Major John André
were, on the 10th of August, 1821, removed from Tappan
By James Buchanan, Esq.,
His Majesty's Consul at New York,
Under instruction from His Royal Highness
The Duke of York,
And, with the permission of the Dean and Chapter,
Finally deposited in a Grave
contiguous to this Monument,
On the 28th of November, 1821."

In St. Paul's Cathedral is a monument (by Rossi) to
the Marquis CORNWALLIS. It consists of a group in

pyramidal form, the apex being the statue of the marquis on a round pedestal; he is robed as a knight of the garter. At the base are several figures personifying the British empire in Europe and India; the third figure on the left is intended to signify the Bagareth, one of the rivers of India; the small one on the right, seated on a fish, and a calabash, is the Ganges. The inscription is :—

“ To the memory of
CHARLES, MARQUIS CORNWALLIS,
 Governor-General of Bengal,
 who died 5th of October, 1805, aged 66, at Ghazeepore,
 in the province of Benares,
 on his progress to assume the command of the army
 in the field:

This monument is erected at the public expense,
 in testimony of his high and distinguished public character,
 his long and eminent public services, both
 as a soldier and a statesman,
 and the unwearied zeal with which his exertions were
 employed in the last moments of his life, to promote
 the interest and honour of his country.”

Tabular monument to Captain MILLER, in St. Paul's Cathedral (by Flaxman). The figure-head of the Theseus, in which the captain died, off the coast of Acre is seen; Britannia and Victory elevate the hero's medallion against a palm-tree, on which are the words—

“ St. Vincent—Nile.”

Round the medallion is inscribed :—

“ To Captain R. WILLET MILLER,
 This monument is raised by his companions in victory.”

In the public burying-ground at Munich, or near the centre, rises conspicuously a lofty obelisk of marble, resting on four large cannon balls, placed on a massive

cubic pedestal of granite. A brass plate on the lower part of the obelisk, bears the following inscription :—

“ L’Armée du Rhin,
Commandée par le Général Moreau :
A la memoire du Général Bastoul,
Blessé à la bataille de Hohenlinden
Le 12 Frimaire.
Mort à Munich le 25 Nivose,
L’an 9 de la Rep. Française.”

The Mirror.

On a mural tablet, in Westminster Abbey, erected to Lieut.-General HENRY WITHERS, who died 1729, is the following epitaph, by Alexander Pope :—

“ HERE, WITHERS, rest ! thou bravest, gentlest mind,
Thy country’s friend, but more of human kind.
Oh ! born to arms ! Oh ! worth in youth approv’d !
Oh ! soft humanity, in age belov’d !
For thee the hardy vet’ran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.
Withers, adieu ! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit, or thy social love !
Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave some ancient virtues to our age :
Nor let us say (those English glories gone)
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.”

On a military officer, in a churchyard near Oxford :—

“ Billed by Death,
I quartered here lay slain,
And when the trumpet sounds
I’ll rise and march again.”

On a sumptuous monument in Westminster Abbey :—

“ To the memory of
SIR CHARLES WAGER, KNT.

Admiral of the white, first commissioner of the
 Admiralty,
 And privy councillor ;
 A man of great natural talents,
 Improved by industry, and long experience ;
 Who bore the highest commands,
 And passed through the greatest employments,
 With credit to himself and honour to his country.
 He was, in his private life,
 Humane, temperate, just and bountiful ;
 In public station,
 Valiant, prudent, wise and honest ;
 Easy of access to all ;
 Steady and resolute in his conduct ;
 So remarkably happy in his presence of mind,
 That no danger ever discomposed him :
 Esteemed and favoured by his king,
 Beloved and honoured by his country ;
 He died, the 24th of May, 1743, aged 79.
 This monument was erected
 By Francis Gashry, Esq.,
 In gratitude to his great patron, A. D. 1747."

In the chapel of the Hospice of the Grand St. Bernard, is a monument to General DESAIX, who was killed in the battle of Marengo, and was buried in that place. It is finished with great taste and elegance. In the centre of the pedestal is a bas-relief representing the general falling from his horse, mortally wounded, into the arms of a soldier. On either side stand a male and a female figure, exquisitely sculptured. The simple and expressive inscription is—

" A DESAIX, mort à la bataille de Marengo."

In St. Paul's Cathedral, on a monument :—

" The Services and Death
 of two valiant and distinguished officers,

ARMY & NAVY OFFICERS.

JAMES ROBERT MOSSE, Captain of the *Monarch*,
and **EDWARD RIOU**, of the *Amazon*,
who fell in the attack upon *Copenhagen*, conducted
by Lord Nelson, 2nd of April, 1801, are commemorated
by this Monument, erected at the national expense.

JAMES ROBERT MOSSE,
was born in 1746 ;
he served as Lieutenant several years, under Lord Howe,
and was promoted to the rank of Post-Captain in 1790.

To **EDWARD RIOU**, who was born in 1762,
an extraordinary occasion was presented in the early
part of his service, to signalize his intrepidity and
presence of mind, which were combined with
the most anxious solicitude for the lives of those
under his command,
and a magnanimous disregard of his own.
When his ship, the *Guardian*, struck upon an island of
ice, in December, 1789, and afforded no prospect but
that of immediate destruction to those on board ;
Lieut. Riou encouraged all who desired to take their
chance of preserving themselves in the boats, to consult
their safety : but judging it contrary to his own duty
to desert the vessel, he neither gave himself up to despair
nor relaxed his exertions ; whereby, after ten weeks of
the most perilous navigation, he succeeded in bringing
his disabled ship into port ; receiving his high reward
of fortitude and perseverance from the Divine Provi-
dence, on whose protection he relied."

In the same Cathedral is a beautiful monument to
SIR WILLIAM PONSONBY. The sculpture represents the
horse falling exhausted to the ground, whilst Sir Wm.,
at the moment of death, is receiving a wreath of laurel
from the hands of Victory. The inscription is :—

“Erected at the public expense to the memory of
Major-General the Hon. **SIR WILLIAM PONSONBY**,
who fell gloriously in the Battle of Waterloo,
on the 18th of June, 1815.

On a Marine Officer, in the churchyard of Barwick-in-Elmet, Yorkshire:—

“Here lies retired from busy scenes
A first Lieutenant of Marines,
Who lately lived in gay content,
On board the brave ship *Diligent*.

Now stripp'd of all his warlike show,
And laid in box of elm below:—
Confin'd in earth, in narrow borders,
He rises not till further orders.”

Inscribed on a monument, erected to Admiral HAWKE, in the parish church of Stoneham, in Hampshire:—

“D. O. M.

This monument is sacred to the memory of
EDWARD HAWKE.
Lord Hawke, baron of Tawton, in the county of York,
Knight of the Bath,
Admiral and commander-in-chief of the fleet;
Vice-admiral of Great Britain, &c. &c.
Who died October 17th, 1781,
Aged 76.

The bravery of his soul was equal to the dangers he
encountered: the cautious intrepidity of his delib-
erations, superior even to the conquest he
obtained; the annals of his life compose
a period of naval glory, unparalleled
in later times, for wherever he
sailed victory attended him:
a prince, unsolicited,
conferred on him
dignities he
disdained
to ask.

On Lieutenant ———

“Is it not sweet to see the western wave,
Bright burning with the rays of setting sun?
Is it not sweet when twilight's come and gone,

And the day's toil is past, to sink at length
 In gentle, peaceful sleep? It is, it is.
 So, stranger, it is sweet for him whose faith
 Rests on the Crucified, to fall asleep in death.
 Faith is the dew that cools the burning brow,
 Dries up the falling tear, composes decently
 The drooping head, and softly turns the gaze
 Unto thy heavenly hill, O Zion!
 Thou who dost gaze, aread my lesson right;
 And when thou enterest on the journey drear,
 Thou shalt be calm anon, as I am calm—
 Thy fetters burst—thy spirit with thy God!"

The Mirror.

The tomb of Marshal BLUCHER, who died 1819 :—

"On my route to the mountains, from Breslau, I took the Kanthe road, to visit the tomb of Blucher, at Kriblowitz. Here, by the side of the road, reposes the old hero, with no other canopy but heaven, and the united foliage of three lindens. In this spot, in 1813, at the advanced age of 71, at the head of the Prussian Landwehr, he completely routed the French under Marshal Macdonald, taking 17,000 prisoners and 100 pieces of cannon."—*Germany and the Germans, by an Englishman resident in Germany.*

At Sutherland, in Leicestershire, on SIR JOSEPH DANVERS, who died A.D. 1753 :—

"When young, I sail'd to India, East and West,
 But aged, in this port must lie at rest."

Captain CLERKE, who succeeded to the command of the two British ships after the death of Captain Cook, and who brought the ships as far as Kantschatka, died there of a consumption which had manifestly commenced before he left England, and of which he had

lingered during the whole continuance of the voyage, a period of more than three years. His very gradual decay had for a long time rendered him a melancholy object to his friends, but the firmness and equanimity with which he bore the slow approaches of death—the constant flow of good spirits which he retained even to the last hour, and a cheerful resignation to the decree of heaven, furnished them with some consolation. He was bred to the navy from his youth, and had been in many engagements. He particularly wished to be buried on land, and agreeably to his request, he was buried in the harbour of St. Peter and St. Paul, Kamtschatka, at the foot of a tree. His escutcheon was prepared and neatly painted by Mr. Webber, with the captain's coat of arms properly emblazoned, and placed in the church of Paratounca. Underneath the escutcheon was the following inscription:—

“Here lies interred at the foot of a tree, near the Ostrog of St. Peter and St. Paul, the body of CHARLES CLERKE, Esquire, Commander of his Britannic Majesty's ships, the *Resolution* and *Discovery*: to which he succeeded on the death of James Cook, Esquire, who was killed by the natives of an island we had discovered in the South Sea, after having explored the coast of America, from 42 deg. 27 min. to 70 deg. 40 min. 57 sec. N., in search of a north-west passage from Europe to the East Indies. The second attempt being made by Captain Clerke, who sailed within some few leagues of Captain Cook, but was blocked up by a solid body of ice, which he found from the American to the Asiatic shore, and almost extended due east and west. He died at sea, on his return to the southward, on the 22nd day of August, 1779, aged 38 years.”—*Captain Cook's Voyages, Folio edition.*

Monument to Colonel CADOGAN, in St. Paul's Cathedral:—

“Colonel Cadogan, when he was disabled in battle, desired some of his soldiers to carry him to an adjoining hill, whence he might witness the issue of the struggle in which he had been engaged. He is depicted in the

sculpture borne along by his men, with his face still towards the enemy; one of the French standards (the eagle) with its bearer, lies trodden underfoot, and another is flying, while the soldiers who support the wounded officer, seeing the French routed, are waving their hats in triumph. The inscription is:—

“Erected at the public expense to the memory of
Colonel the Hon. HENRY CADOGAN,
who fell gloriously in the command of a Brigade,
in the memorable Battle of Vittoria, 21st June, 1813,
when a complete victory was gained over the French
army by the allied forces
under the Marquis of Wellington.
Colonel Cadogan was son of Charles Sloane, Earl Cadogan,
born 28th of February, 1780.”

Inscription on the monument of Captain JOHN COOKE,
in St. Paul's:—

“Erected at the public expense to the memory of
Captain JOHN COOKE, who was killed
Commanding the Bellerophon, in
the battle of Trafalgar,
in the 44th year of his age, and the 30th of his services.”

In St. Paul's is a tabular monument to Major General
Ross, bearing the following inscription:—

“Erected at the public expense to the memory
of Major General ROBERT ROSS,
Who, having undertaken and executed an enterprise
against the city of Washington, the capital of
the United States of America, which was crowned
with complete success, was killed shortly
afterwards while directing a successful attack
upon a superior force, near the city of
Baltimore, on the 12th day of September, 1814.”

In St. Paul's is a monument to SIR PULTENEY MALCOLM, captain of the *Donegal*, under Lord Nelson. A gale of wind made it impossible for him to reach Trafalgar until the victory was won, but he was able then to do great service in rescuing numbers of brave seamen from the waves, as the confusion was subsiding. On the pedestal of the monument is the following inscription :—

“ In memory of
Admiral SIR PULTENEY MALCOLM, G.C.B.
Born at Burnfoot of Esk, Dumfriesshire.
Died at East Lodge, Middlesex, on the 20th of July, 1838,
in his 70th year.
As an officer, distinguished in every rank, by his skill,
zeal, and courage,
Well tried in the battle and the breeze ;
And by a mild, but efficient system of discipline,
Thrice appointed by his sovereign to the command-in-
chief of a British fleet ;
On one occasion co-operating with a French squadron,
which he also had the honour of commanding.
Whilst he supported the honour of the British flag,
he obtained the respect and esteem, not only of our
allies, but of those against whom hostilities were
commenced, or in contemplation,
which by his conciliatory and moderate conduct,
He contributed to terminate or avert.
Active and amiable in all the duties and relations of
private life, whenever his services were not required
at sea, he passed most of his time in his native Eskdale,
where his kindness to all classes, and his
indefatigable endeavours to promote their welfare,
will be as fully appreciated as his public services have
been by other friends, not only of the United Service,
but of every rank and profession of civil life,
by whom this Monument has been erected.”

SIR FRANCIS VERE, the celebrated English commander in the Netherlands, retired into private life a few years before his death, which happened August 28th, 1608, aged 53. He was buried in St. John the Evangelist's

chapel, Westminster Abbey, and the following epitaph was written on him :—

“When VERE sought Death, arm’d with his sword and
 Death was afraid to meet him in the field : [shield,
 But, when his weapons he had laid aside,
 Death, like a coward struck him, and he died.”

English Mag. for 1777.

In St. Paul’s Cathedral :—

“Erected at the public expense to the memory of
 Lieutenant-Colonel SIR WILLIAM MYERS, Bart.,
 who gloriously fell in the battle of Albuera,

May 16th, 1811, aged 27 years.

His illustrious commander, the Duke of Wellington,
 bore this honourable testimony to his services and
 abilities, in a letter to Lady Myers, written from Elvas,

May 20th, 1811 :—

‘It will be some satisfaction to you to know that
 your son fell in the action, in which, if possible, the
 British troops surpassed all their former deeds; and, at
 the head of the Fusilier Brigade, to which a greater
 part of the final success of the day was to be attributed.
 As an officer he had already been highly distinguished,
 and, if Providence had prolonged his life, he promised
 to become one of the brightest ornaments to his profes-
 sion, and an honour to his country.’ ”

SIR CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL was buried at the national
 expense in Westminster Abbey, where a stately monu-
 ment was erected to his memory, consisting of a recum-
 bent figure under a tent, a pedestal on each side; bas-
 relief represents a wreck; underneath is the following
 inscription :—

“SIR CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL, Knight,
 Rear Admiral of Great Britain,
 And Admiral and Commander-in-chief of the fleet,
 The just rewards
 Of his long and faithful services :

He was
 Deservedly beloved of his country;
 And esteemed, though dreaded by the enemy,
 Who had often experienced his conduct and courage:
 Being shipwrecked*
 On the rocks of Scilly,
 In his voyage from Toulon,
 The 22nd of October, 1707, at night,
 In the 57th year of his age.
 His fate was lamented by all,
 But especially the
 Seafaring part of the nation,
 To whom he was
 A generous patron, and a worthy example.
 His body was flung on the shore
 And buried with others in the sands;
 But being soon after taken up,
 Was placed under this Monument,
 Which his royal Mistress has caused to be erected,
 To commemorate
 His steady loyalty, and extraordinary virtues."

Monument to JOHN HAMPDEN, the Patriot, on Chal-
 grove Field, where he lost his life. It consists of a
 large block of Portland stone, sixteen feet high, sur-
 mounted by a ceppo cap, and resting on a massive
 plinth of the same material. On the side of the mon-
 ument and facing Warpsgrove, is his medallion portrait
 in bold relief; on the opposite side are his arms; on the
 third, the names of the subscribers by whom the mon-

* When Sir Cloudesly set out on the expedition in which he lost his life,
 there was a form of prayer composed by the Archbishop of Canterbury
 (Thomas Tenison) for the success of the fleet, in which his grace made use
 of this unlucky expression—"That he begged God to be a rock of defence
 to the fleet," which occasioned the following lines to be made upon the
 monument set up for him in Westminster Abbey, he being cast away in that
 expedition, on the rocks called "The Bishop and his Clerks," and his body
 found a few days afterwards:—

"As Lambeth prayed, such was the dire event,
 Else had we wanted now this Monument;
 That God unto our fleet would be a rock,
 Nor did kind Heaven the fond petition mock.
 To what the Metropolitan said then,
 The Bishop and his Clerks replied 'Amen.'"

ument is raised ; and on the fourth side is the following inscription, from the pen of Lord Nugent :—

“ Here, in this field of Chalgrove, JOHN HAMPDEN, after an able and strenuous, but unsuccessful resistance in Parliament, and before the Judges of the land, to the measures of an arbitrary court, first took arms, assembling the levies of the associated counties of Buckingham and Oxford, in 1642. And here, within a few paces of this spot, he received the wound of which he died, while fighting in defence of the free monarchy and ancient liberties of England, June 18th, 1643. In the two-hundredth year from that day, this stone was raised in reverence to his memory.”—*The Mirror for* 1843.

Inscription on the monument to Captain FAULKNER, in St. Paul's :—

“ This Monument was erected
by the British Parliament
to commemorate the gallant conduct
of Captain ROBERT FAULKNER,
who on the 5th of January, 1795,
in the 32nd year of his age,
and in the moment of victory, was killed on board the
Blanche Frigate, while he was engaging *La Pique*,
a French Frigate, of very superior force.
The circumstances of determined bravery that distinguished this action, which lasted five hours, deserve
to be recorded.

Captain Faulkner, observing the great superiority of the enemy, and having lost most of his mast and rigging, watched an opportunity of the bowsprit of *La Pique* coming athwart the *Blanche*, and with his own hands lashed it to the capstern, and thus converted the whole stern of the *Blanche* into one battery ; but unfortunately, soon after this bold and daring manœuvre,
he was shot through the heart.”

In St. Paul's is a statue of Admiral Lord DUNCAN : he is represented with his boat-cloak or dreadnought around him, his hands grasping his sword, which is laid across him. The pedestal represents in alto-relievo, a sailor, with his wife and child ; indicating the veneration felt for this illustrious man by the humblest seamen and their families. The following is the inscription :—

“ Erected at the public expense to the memory of
 ADAM, Lord Viscount DUNCAN,
 as a testimony of his distinguished eminence
 in the naval service of his country ;
 and as a particular memorial of the
 glorious and important victory
 which he gained over the Dutch fleet,
 on the 11th of October, 1797.
 He died on the 4th Aug., 1804.

In Bombay Cathedral is a monument from the chisel of Mr. Baily, R.A., to the memory of Major ELDRED POTTINGER, C.B., of which the following is the inscription :—

“ This Monument erected by Public Subscription to the memory of Major ELDRED POTTINGER, C.B., of the Bombay Regiment of Artillery, is placed in the cathedral church of Bombay, in token of the admiration and respect in which his character as a soldier, and conduct as a man, are held by his friends in the Presidency.”

“ Major Pottinger's successful defence of Kerat, his gallant bearing, and judicious counsel, throughout the eventful period of the British reverses in Afghanistan, are recorded in the annals of his country, and need no eulogium here. The recollection of those services must add to the regret universally felt, that one whose early career gave such promise of future eminence and distinction, should have found a premature grave. Compelled by long exertion, anxiety, and fatigue in the discharge of his public duties, to seek a change of climate for the recovery of his health, Major Pottinger was returning to England, *via* China, when he was attacked by a malignant fever at Hong Kong, where he died on the 13th of November, 1843, aged 32 years.”—*Illustrated London News*.

In the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, at Paris, on
General Foy:—

“Honneur au General Foy,
Il se repose de ses travaux,
Et ses œuvres le suivent.

Hier quand de ses jours la source fut tarie
La France, en le voyant sur sa couche entendu,
Implorait un accent de cette voix chérie.
Hélas! au cri plaintif jeté par la nature,
C'est la première fois qu'il ne pas répondit.”

Inscription on the monument of SIR THOMAS PICTON,
in St. Paul's:—

“Erected at the public expense
to Lieutenant-General SIR THOMAS PICTON, K.G., C.B.,
who, after distinguishing himself in the victories of
Buzaco, Fuentes de Onor, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz,
Vittoria, the Pyrenees, Orthes, and Toulouse,
terminated his long and glorious military service
in the ever-memorable battle of Waterloo,
to the splendid success of which
his genius and valour eminently contributed,
On the 18th of June, 1815.”

There is also a monument to SIR THOMAS PICTON,
standing at the West end of the town of Carmarthen. The
structure stands about 30 feet high, and is similar to Tra-
jan's pillar at Rome, and is built of black marble. On the
south side is the following inscription:—

“SIR THOMAS PICTON,
Knight Grand Cross of the Military Order of the Bath,
Of the Portuguese Order of the Tower and Swords,
and of other foreign Orders;
Lieutenant-General in the British Army, and
Member of Parliament for the Borough of
Pembroke.
Born at Poyston, in Pembrokeshire, in August,
1758;

Died at Waterloo, on the 18th of June, 1815.
Gloriously fighting for his country, and the
liberties of Europe.

Having honourably fulfilled, in behalf of the
Public, various duties in various climates:
And having achieved the highest military renown
in the Spanish Peninsula.

He thence received the unanimous thanks of
Parliament.

And a Monument erected by the British nation
in St. Paul's Cathedral

Commemorates his death and services.

His grateful countrymen, to perpetuate past and
incite to future exertions.

Have raised this column, under the auspices of
His Majesty King George the Fourth.

To the memory of a hero and a Welshman.

The plan and design of the Monument was given
by our countryman John Nash, Esq., F.R.S.,
Architect to the King.

The ornaments were executed by

E. H. Bailey, Esq. R.A.

And the whole was executed by Mr. Daniel Mainwaring,
of the town of Carmarthen.

In the years 1826 and 1827."

On Captain Cornwall, slain off Toulon in 1743.
(By Lord Lyttleton.)

"Though Britain's genius hung her drooping head,
And mourned her ancient naval glory fled
On that famed day when France, combined with Spain,
Strove for the wide dominion of the main;
Yet, CORNWALL! all with general voice agree
To pay the tribute of applause to thee.
When his bold chief in thickest fight engaged,
Unequal war with Spain's proud leader waged,
With indignation moved, he timely came
To rescue from reproach his country's name;
Success too dearly did his valour crown,
He saved his leader's life, but lost his own."

In the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, on the Tomb of NELSON, there is only inscribed—

“HORATIO VISCOUNT NELSON.”

But in the nave of the Cathedral is a splendid monument (by Flaxman) which cost £6,300. The admiral is depicted arrayed in the robe presented to him by the Sultan; he leans on an anchor, and a rope is coiled at his feet. On one side of the pedestal is the British Lion; on the other, Britannia is pointing two young sailors to the hero, for their imitation. On the pedestal itself there are allegorical representations of the North Sea, the German Ocean, the Nile, and the Mediterranean. On the cornice, the words—“Copenhagen—Nile—Trafalgar.” On the base is this inscription:—

“Erected at the public expense
to the memory of

Vice-Admiral HORATIO, Viscount NELSON, K.B.
to record his splendid and unparalleled achievements
during a life spent in the service of his country,
and terminated in the moment of victory by a glorious
death, in the memorable action off Cape Trafalgar,
on the 21st of October, 1805.

Lord Nelson was born on the 29th of September, 1758.
The Battle of the Nile was fought on the 1st of Aug., 1798.
The Battle of Copenhagen on the 2nd of April, 1801.”

On Lord COLLINGWOOD's tomb in the crypt of St. Paul's, is this brief inscription:—

“CUTHBERT, LORD COLLINGWOOD, died 7th March, 1810.”

In the south transept is a monument erected to his memory. Subjoined is the inscription:—

“Erected at the public expense to the memory of
CUTHBERT, LORD COLLINGWOOD,
Who died in the command of the fleet in the Mediterranean,
on board of the Ville-de-Paris,
VII March, MDCCCX, in LXI year of his age.
Wherever he served he was distinguished for conduct,
skill, and courage; particularly in the action with
the French fleet, June 1st, MDCCXCIV,

EPITAPHS. ETC.

as Captain of the *Barfleur*;
in the action with the Spanish fleet, XIV February,
MDCXCXVII,
as Captain of the *Excellent*;
but most conspicuously in the decisive victory off
Cape Trafalgar, obtained over
the combined fleets of France and Spain,
to which he eminently contributed, as Vice-Admiral
of the Blue, commanding the larboard division,
XXI October, MDCCCV."

Over the door leading to the cloisters in Westminster Abbey, is an elegant monument (by Roubiliac) to the memory of Field Marshal WADE. From the midst of a very curious pedestal, on which is affixed a medal, arises a Doric column of red marble, crowned with an urn; this column is adorned with a trophy composed of his various ensigns of honour, arms, &c., which the figure of *Time*, placed on the left side, appears ready to destroy, but is repulsed by another figure on the right, which represents *Fame*. Several ornaments enrich the base, on which is the following inscription:—

“To the memory of
GEORGE WADE,
Field-marshal of his majesty's forces,
Lieutenant-general of the ordnance,
Colonel of his majesty's third regiment
of dragoon guards,
Governor of Fort-William, Fort-
Augustus, and Fort-George,
And one of his majesty's most
honourable privy-council.
He died 14 March, 1748, aged 75.”

Inscription on the monument of Colonel GORDON, on
the field of Waterloo:—

"Sacred to the memory
 of
 Lieut.-Col. the Hon. SIR ALEX. GORDON,
 Knight, Commander of the most honourable
 Order of the Bath,
 Aide-de-Camp to Field Marshal Duke of
 Wellington,
 and third brother to George, Earl of Aberdeen,
 who in the 29th year of his age,
 terminated a short but glorious career,
 on the 18th of June, 1815,
 whilst executing the orders of the great commander
 in the Battle of Waterloo.
 Distinguished for gallantry and good conduct
 in the field, he was honoured with
 repeated marks of approbation,
 by the illustrious Hero,
 with whom he shared the dangers of every Battle
 in Spain, Portugal, and France,
 and received the most flattering proofs of
 his confidence on many trying occasions.
 His zeal and activity in the service obtained
 the reward of
 Ten Medals,
 and the honourable distinction of the order
 of the Bath.
 He was justly lamented by the Duke of
 Wellington, in his public despatch,
 as an officer of high promise,
 and a serious loss to his country :
 nor less worthy of record were his virtues
 in private life ;
 His unaffected respect for religion ;
 His high sense of honour ;
 His scrupulous integrity ;
 and the more amiable qualities,
 which secured the attachment of his friends
 and the love of his own family.
 In testimony of feelings which no lan-
 guage can relate,
 a disconsolate sister, and five surviving brothers
 have erected this simple monument,
 to the object of their tenderest affections."

EPI TAPHS, ETC.

Inscription on the monument of Major **CARTWRIGHT**, in Finchley Churchyard :—

“ In this place are deposited the remains of **JOHN CARTWRIGHT**, the son of William and Ann Cartwright, Commander in the Royal Navy, and many years Major in the Nottingham Militia. He was the author of various works on legislation; the earliest, most strenuous, and disinterested Reformer of his time; the intrepid advocate for liberty, whose labours for the public good terminated only with his life, on the 23rd of September, 1834; aged 84. Also the remains of his beloved wife, Anne Catherine Cartwright, who died on the 21st of December, 1834.”

D'auvergne-Corret, **THEOPHILUS** of Latour, one of the bravest soldiers mentioned in military history, who fought under Massena, fell at Newbury in 1800. A monument was erected on the spot where he fell, and the inscription upon it was :—

“ Died on the field of honour.”

Partington's Cyc. of Biog.

Monument to Major-Generals **GORE** and **SKERRETT**, in St. Paul's Cathedral. The following is the inscription :—

“ Erected at the public expense to the memory of Major-Generals **ARTHUR GORE**, and **JOHN BYNE SKERRETT**, who fell gloriously, while leading the troops to the assault of the fortress of Bergen-op-Zoom, in the night of the 8th and 9th of March, 1814.”

On the monument to Captain **DUFF**, in St. Paul's, Britannia is represented decorating a sarcophagus, on

which is a medallion of the deceased hero, with laurel ; a sailor, with his flag, is lamenting the loss of his commander. Beneath is inscribed :—

“Erected at the public expense
to the memory of
Captain GEORGE DUFF,
who was killed 21st October,
1805,
commanding the Mars,
in the battle of Trafalgar,
in the 42nd year of his age,
and the 29th of his service.”

On the tabular monument in St. Paul's, erected to Captain HARDINGE, is inscribed :—

“National.
To GEO. N. HARDINGE, Esq.,
Captain of the Fiorenza, 36 guns, 186 men, who attacked
on three successive days La Piedmontaise, 50 guns,
566 men, and fell near Ceylon, in the path to victory,
8th March, 1808, aged 28 years.”

In Saffron Walden church, in Essex, is a monument to the Hon. H. A. NEVILLE, and the Hon. GREY NEVILLE. It consists of an elaborate Gothic sarcophagus ; on the cornice is placed the bear skin cap, sword, and sash of the Hon. H. Aldworth Neville, captain in the grenadier guards ; and on the opposite side, the helmet, sword, and sash of the Hon. Grey Neville, colonel in the 5th dragoon guards ; and above these are placed the flags of the army and the regiment, thus forming a pyramical group. The whole weighs about one ton, with scarcely a speck of colour to be found on it—very unusual in so spacious a monument ; it is nearly nine feet in height, and six feet in width, and projects 18 inches from the wall. This inscription is on the tablet :—

“Sacred to the memory of two gallant young officers, the third and fifth sons of Lord and Lady Braybrooke, who, having accompanied their regiments to the Crimea, were both cut off in the short space of one week, while nobly fighting for their Queen and Country. The Hon. HENRY ALDWORTH NEVILLE, Captain in the Grenadier Guards, after sharing in the glories of the memorable day at Alma, was mortally wounded at the battle of Inkermann, Nov. 5th, 1854, and expired a few hours after ; aged thirty.

“The Hon. GREY NEVILLE, Cornet in the 5th Dragoon Guards, died in the hospital at Scutari, Nov. 11th, 1854, of wounds received in the charge of the heavy cavalry at Balaclava, Oct. 25th, aged twenty-four.”

“In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, and their departure is taken for misery, and their going from us to be utter destruction, but they are in peace.” *Wisdom* iii. 2, 3.—*The Illustrated London News*.

Translation of the Latin epitaph, on the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, who died June, 1722, aged 71, and was buried in Westminster Abbey :—

“Reader, whate’er thy clime, no stranger’s here :
 ’Tis MARLBOROUGH’S dust demands the generous tear,
 Bavaria, Spain, the German, Belgic lord,
 And haughty Gaul, or fear’d him, or adored.
 This narrow urn confines the mighty dead ;
 In this, his country’s pride, and glory’s laid :
 By him, loud Ister, as he rolls, proclaims,
 Freedom restored to Ganges, and the Thames.
 He taught the British Lion where to roar ;
 The German eagle his dread thunder bore.
 In war’s dire chance no sad reverse he found ;
 FORTUNE, the favourite chief for ever crown’d.
 His form here yields to fate ! his fame shall grow,
 When Mosa, or when Ister cease to flow.
 Lo ! kings and bards their ashes round him blend,
 Ambitious once the hero to befriend,
 That on the Gaulish tyrant vengeance hurl’d,
 The soul of Britain, Europe, and the world.”

Inscription on a tablet in Langley church, Derbyshire :—

“The Lieutenant Colonel and Officers of H. M. 75th Regiment, to their late comrade and brother officer, WILLIAM MEYNELL, Senior Lieutenant, who, a volunteer, on leave from his regiment in India, fell gloriously at Giurgevo, on the Danube, the 7th day of July, 1854, aged 28, whilst gallantly leading a party of Turks against the Russians. This tablet is erected as a mark of their affectionate regard and esteem, and of the deep regret they feel at his untimely but glorious fate.”

In Adlington church, near Horwich, is a beautifully executed mural marble monument, inscribed as follows :—

“Erected by the inhabitants of Adlington, and its vicinity, to the memory of ROBERT JOHN BROWNE-CLAYTON, Lieutenant 34th Regiment, only son of Richard and Catherine Browne-Clayton, of Adlington-hall, in this parish, and Carigbyrne, county of Wexford, Ireland, who died on the 12th of July, 1855, of wounds received at the siege of Sebastopol, aged 20 years. At his country's call, and in obedience to the claims of honour and duty, he accompanied his regiment to the Crimea. On landing he was attached to the Light Division. He performed the duties of the siege in the advanced trenches; was twice called to lead, with the officers of his regiment, a storming party—first, at the attack and capture of the Quarries and Rifle Pits, on the 7th of June—the second time, at the memorable assault on the Redan battery, 18th June, when he was mortally wounded. He resigned himself in peace and hope into the hands of his Maker, humbly trusting, through the merits of his Saviour Jesus Christ, to inherit the joys of eternity. May this reminiscence of him prove a consolation to his family and friends; and this tablet to his memory, a proof (if such were needed) that the man who sacrifices private interest to the public welfare will ever live in the affections of a grateful country.”—*The Illustrated London News.*

Inscription for a tomb to the memory of Captain
HERWETSON, of the ship "*Town of Uverston*." (By James
 Montgomery);—

"Weep for a seaman, honest and sincere,
 Not cast away, but brought to anchor here;
 Storms had o'erwhelmed him, but the conscious wave
 Repented, and consigned him to the grave;
 In harbour, safe from shipwreck, now he lies,
 Till time's last signal blazes through the skies;
 Refitted in a moment, then shall he
 Sail from this port, on an eternal sea."

In St. Paul's Cathedral is a tabular monument to
 Major-General **BOWES**. He is represented in the act of
 storming the forts of Salamanca. There is the steep
 breach of a shattered wall, crowded with the enemy,
 and covered with the slain; the general is leading his
 troops on to the charge with fixed bayonets, at his feet
 lies the French standard-bearer, who has fallen; but in
 the very moment of victory he himself receives a mortal
 wound, and sinks into the arms of one of his soldiers.
 The inscription runs thus:—

"Erected at the public expense to the memory of
 Major-General **BERNARD FOORD BOWES**,
 who fell gloriously, on the 27th of June, 1812,
 while leading the troops to the assault of the forts of
 Salamanca."

Inscription on the monument to Captain **BURGES**, in
 St. Paul's:—

"Sacred to the memory of
RICHARD RUNDLE BURGESS, Esquire,
 Commander of His Majesty's Ship the *Ardent*,
 who fell in the 43rd year of his age,
 while bravely supporting the honour
 of the British flag

ARMY & NAVY OFFICERS.

In a daring and successful attempt to break the enemy's
line near Camperdown,
on the 11th of October, 1797.
His skill, coolness, and intrepidity eminently contributed
to a victory,
equally advantageous and glorious to his country.
That grateful country,
by the unanimous act of the Legislature,
enrols his name
high in the list of those heroes,
who under the blessing of Providence
have established and maintained her naval superiority,
and her exalted rank among nations."

EDWARD MONTAGUE, Earl of Sandwich, was killed
by the blowing up of his ship, "the Royal James," in
the second Dutch war, May 28th, 1672, aged 76. His
body was found at sea a fortnight afterwards, and the
king honoured his remains with a public funeral. His
remains were interred in the duke of Albemarle's vault,
on the north side of king Henry the seventh's chapel.
His epitaph:—

"Adorn'd with titles, but from virtue great;
At sea a Neptune, Nestor in the state;
Alike in council, and in fight, renown'd;
In action always, with success still crown'd;
A soldier, sailor, statesman,—Here he lies;
No heart more honest, and no head more wise:
Though brave, yet gentle; though sincere, not rude;
Justice in camps, and truth in courts, pursued.
Living, he rais'd a deathless, spotless name,
And dying, soar'd above the reach of fame.
Reader, if English, stop the falling tear!
Grief should not wait on him who felt no fear:
He wants no pity—could his ashes speak,
These generous sounds would from the marble break,
'Go, serve thy country while God spares thee breath;
Live, as I liv'd, and so deserve my death.'"

Burney's Naval Heroes.

Inscription on Lord St. VINCENT's monument, in St. Paul's :—

“ Erected at the public expense to the memory of
 JOHN, Earl of St. VINCENT,
 as a testimony of his distinguished eminence in the
 naval service of his country,
 and as a particular memorial of the glorious and impor-
 tant victory which he gained over the Spanish fleet,
 off Cape St. Vincent, on the 14th of February, 1797.
 He died on the 13th of March, 1823.”

Monument to the memory of Captain BUTLER, the gallant defender of Silistria, and his two brothers. This mural tablet has been erected in the parish church of Thomastown, county Kilkenny. It consists of a groundwork of black marble, containing a scroll in white marble, bearing this inscription :—

“Sacred to the memory of
 HENRY THOMAS, CHARLES GEORGE,
 and JAMES ARMAR,
 Beloved and Lamented Sons of Lieut.-General the
 Hon. Henry Edward Butler, and Grandsons of
 Henry Thomas, 2nd Earl of Carrick.

HENRY THOMAS BUTLER,
 Captain in the 55th Regiment,
 And Deputy-Assistant Adjutant General,
 Served in the Campaign in China,
 and was killed at the Battle of Inkermann, the 5th Nov.,
 1854, whilst gallantly and nobly performing
 his duty, aged 42 years.

CHARLES GEORGE BUTLER,
 Captain in the 86th Regiment,
 Died of fever, at Bombay, the 17th December, 1854,
 Aged 31 years. He served in Scinde.

JAMES ARMAR BUTLER,
 Captain in the Ceylon Rifle Regiment,
 Served in Caffreland, and died the 21st June, 1854, at
 Silistria, on the Danube, aged 27 years,
 of wounds he received whilst aiding the Turks
 in their memorable and successful defence of that

Fortress. By his prudence, courage, skill, ability,
and intrepid daring, this young Volunteer,
Assisted by his gallant friend and brother officer,
infused into the garrison that spirit of heroic resistance
which led to its triumphant defence;

(The words of Field-Marshal the Lord Raglan,
and of General Viscount Hardinge).

After having defeated the last effort
made by a numerous and powerful Russian army
He was mortally wounded,

And was mournfully followed to the grave by the
Brave men whom he had so often led to victory.

'They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in
their death they were not divided.' II Sam. i. 23.

'He calleth His own sheep by name and leadeth them
out.' John x. 3.

'The righteous hath hope in His death.' Prov xiv. 13."

The Illustrated London News, April 26, 1856.

In Fillingham churchyard, in Lincolnshire, is a highly
decorated Gothic monument, to Major DALTON, with this
inscription :—

"In memory of THOMAS NORCLIFFE DALTON, aged
thirty-five (third son of John Dalton, Esq., of Slensing-
ford Park, Yorkshire, and of Fillingham Castle, Lin-
colnshire), late Senior Major of the 49th.

"Major Dalton served with distinction in India, with
the 61st, during the Punjaub campaign of 1848—49,
taking part in the battles of Sadoolapore, Chillianwallah,
and Goozerat, for which he received a medal and two
clasps. Following up this career of glory in the Crimea,
he fought gallantly at the Alma; and was killed while
heading a charge at Inkermann, Nov. 5th, 1854—
carrying with him the deep regrets of the brave 49th,
and of all who knew him.

"This Monument was erected by the grateful tenantry
of John Dalton, Esq."—*The Illus. Lon. News, 1855.*

In the cemetery of *Pere la Chaise, Paris*, lie buried many of the warriors, the statesmen, the philosophers, and the musicians of France. It was to this cemetery that the body of Marshal Ney was conveyed after his death, and where, sometime after, a splendid monument was erected to his memory, which was visited by multitudes, like the saintly shrines of old, the surrounding spot being always covered with fresh flowers, while garlands adorned the mausoleum, being the tributary offerings of those who came to view the solemn sanctuary of the dead. This enthusiasm was, however, soon followed by a different mode of proceeding; the white marble being incessantly covered over with the most dreadful anathemas and cutting sarcasms against the king and the royal family. In vain were they obliterated, on the ensuing day the marble was found covered afresh, so that in the end, government issued orders that the tomb should be removed, which was accordingly done, nothing now remaining to designate the spot of earth under which moulder the ashes of the "bravest of the brave," but the fond recollection of the sorrowing million. Upon visiting *Pere la Chaise*, ask the first stranger you meet for the tomb of Ney, and he will conduct you to the unadorned spot, being a cenotaph more honourable than all the sculptor's art could produce, — a tomb raised on popular affection, whose epitaph is registered on the bleeding heart. Marshal Ney's last resting-place is thus described:—"It is in an obscure nook of the cemetery; many of the tombs are very large; in general, too, they are very splendid, and the more so from the Italian marble, of which they are commonly composed, retaining its whiteness to the last. There is a magnificent pyramid above *Massena*. The tombs of *Lefevre* and *Killerman* are not unworthy of those who rest beneath them: but there be others of the foster-babes of fame, that sleep without a head-stone. Although I searched diligently myself, and did not spare enquiries, it was long before I could discover the grave of Marshal Ney. The workmen I asked seemed to dislike the task of pointing it out to me, and would only give me general directions in a low and hesitating tone of voice. At length, however, I found it, near to the grave of *Manuel*. All around, the sculptors appeared to have 'exhausted the pomp of woe' in recording the

death of men unknown to glory ; but the long grass and the four dark cypresses alone mark the resting place of 'the bravest of the brave.'"—*From various sources.*

BETHUNE, duke of Sully, the constant companion of Henry IV. of France, died Dec. 22nd, 1641, aged 83, and his duchess caused a statue to be erected over his burying-place, with this inscription :—

“Here lies the body of the most high, most puissant, and most illustrious lord, MAXIMILIAN DE BETHUNE, Marquis of Rosni, who shared in all the fortunes of King Henry the Great, among which was that memorable battle which gave the crown to the victor, where by his valour, he gained the white standard, and took several prisoners of distinction. He was by that great Monarch, in reward of his many virtues and distinguished merit, honoured with the dignities of duke, peer, and marshal of France, with the governments of the Upper and Lower Poitou, with the office of grand master of the ordnance, in which, bearing the thunder of his Jupiter, he took the castle of Montmelian, till then believed impregnable, and many other fortresses of Savoy. He was likewise made superintendent of the finances, which office he discharged singly, with a wise and prudent economy, and continued his faithful services till that unfortunate day when the Cæsar of the French nation lost his life by the hand of a parricide. After the lamented death of that great King, he retired from public affairs, and past the remainder of his life in ease and tranquility.”—*Partington's Cyc. of Biog.*

Inscription on the monument to SIR RALPH ABERCROMBY, in St Paul's Cathedral :—

“Erected at the public expense to the memory of Lieutenant General SIR RALPH ABERCROMBY, K.B. Commander-in-Chief of an Expedition directed against the French in Egypt ; who having surmounted with

consummate ability and valour the obstacles opposed to his landing by local difficulties, and a powerful and well-prepared enemy ; and having successfully established and maintained the successive positions necessary for conducting his further operations, resisted, with signal advantage, a desperate attack of chosen and veteran troops, on the 21st of March, 1801, when he received in the engagement a mortal wound, but remained on the field, guiding by his direction, and animating by his presence, the brave troops under his command, until they had achieved the brilliant and important victory obtained on that memorable day.

The former actions of a life spent in the service of his country, and thus gloriously terminated, were distinguished by the same military skill, and by equal zeal for the public service, particularly during the campaigns in the Netherlands, in 1793 and 94 ; in the West Indies in 1796 and 97 ; and in Holland in 1799 ; in the last of which, the distinguished gallantry and ability with which he effected his landing on the Dutch Coast, established his position in the face of a powerful enemy, and secured the command of the principal fort and arsenal of the Dutch Republic, were acknowledged and honoured by the thanks of both Houses of Parliament.

Sir Ralph Abercromby expired on board the *Foudroyant*, the 28th of March, 1801, in his 66th year.*

SIR JOHN MOORE, has a noble monument in St. Paul's, which cost £4,200. Valour and Victory are represented lowering him into his grave, by entwined laurel, and the Genius of Spain plants her standard over his tomb. Beneath is inscribed :—

* His body was buried under the walls of the castle of St Elmo, near the town of La Valetta, in Malta.

“ Sacred to the memory of
Lieutenant-General SIR JOHN MOORE, K.B.
who was born at Glasgow, 1761.

He fought for his Country
in America, in Corsica, in the West Indies,
in Holland, Egypt, and Spain ;
and on the 16th of January, 1809,
was slain by a cannon ball
at Corunna.”

Monument to Lord RODNEY, in St. Paul's. The group represents History seated, and recording the achievements of the hero, as Fame narrates them, pointing to his statue while she speaks. On the pedestal is written :—

“ Erected at the public expense to the memory of
GEORGE BRYDGES RODNEY, K.B.

Lord Rodney, Vice-Admiral of England,
as a testimony of the gallant and important services
which he rendered to his country in many memorable
engagements, and especially in that of 12th April, 1782,
when a brilliant and decisive victory was obtained
over the French fleet,
and an effectual protection was afforded to the West
Indian Islands, and to the commercial interests of
this Kingdom, in the very crisis of the American war.
Lord Rodney was born in 1718 :—died 24th of May,
1792.”

At Maidstone, in Kent, is a monument to Captain
NOLAN, who fell at Balaclava, bearing the following
inscription :—

“ In memory of
LEWIS EDWARD NOLAN,
Captain in the 15th, or King's Hussars,
And A. D. C. to Major-General Airey,
Quarter-Master General to the Forces
In the Crimea.

He fell at the Head of
The Light Cavalry Brigade
In the Charge at Balaclava,
On the 25th October, 1854,
Aged 36.

General Sir George Berkeley,^g K.C.B.
(On whose Staff he Served in India),
General Airey,

His brother Officers and Friends,
Have erected this Tablet
As a slight Tribute of the Esteem
And affectionate Regard
For the Memory of One
Of the most Gallant, Intelligent,
And Energetic Officers
In Her Majesty's Service."

The Illustrated London News.

In St. Paul's is a monument to Maj.-General HOUGHTON,
who received a mortal wound in the very moment of
victory, and expired on the field. The inscription is:—

"Erected at the public expense, to the memory of
Major-General DANIEL HOUGHTON,
who fell gloriously, 16th May, 1811, at Albuera."

Inscribed on a plain tablet in Westminster Abbey,
erected to SIR PALMES FAIRBONES (by John Dryden):—

"Sacred to the immortal memory of SIR PALMES
FAIRBONES, Knight, Governor of Tangier; in execution
of which command he was mortally wounded by a shot
from the Moors, then besieging the town, in the forty-
sixth year of his age, Oct. 24, 1680.

"Ye sacred Relics! which your marble keep
Here, undisturb'd by wars, in quiet sleep;
Discharge the trust which, when it was below, }
FAIRBONES' undaunted soul did undergo, }
And be the town's Palladium from the foe.

Alive and dead these walls he will defend ;
 Great actions, great examples must attend.
 The Candian siege his early valour knew,
 Where Turkish blood did his young hands imbrue :
 From thence returning with deserved applause,
 Against the Moors his well-flesh'd sword he draws, }
 The same the courage, and the same the cause. }
 His youth and age, his life and death, combine, }
 As in some great and regular design, }
 All of a piece throughout, and all divine. }
 Still nearer Heaven his virtues shone more bright,
 Like rising flames, expanding in their height ; }
 The Martyr's glory crown'd the soldier's fight. }
 More bravely British general never fell,
 Nor general's death was e'er revenged so well ;
 Which his pleased eyes beheld before their close,
 Follow'd by thousand victims of his foes.
 To his lamented loss for time to come,
 His pious widow consecrates this tomb."

In the village church of Carrisbrook, Isle of Wight, there is a small wooden tablet, hanging against one of the pillars, having an allegorical representation and inscription painted on it, which, however fanciful, has the merit of being just to the profession of the person it commemorates. At the top is the figure of a ship with a man sitting on the deck—a crown of glory suspended over his head—"Fides" is written on the sails—"Verbum Dei" on the compass, and "Spes" on the anchor, &c.; and under the ship is the following inscription:—

"Here lieth the body of the Right Worthy Wm. KEELING, Esq., Groom of the Chamber to our Sovereign Lord King James. General for the Hon. East India Adventures. Whither he was thrice by them employed, and dying in this Isle at the age of 42, An. 1619, Sept. 19—hath this remembrance here fixed by his loving and sorrowful wife Ann Keeling—

'Fortie and two years in this vessel fraile
 On the rough seas of life did KEELING saile

A merchant fortunate—a captain bould,
 A courtier gracious, yet, alas! not old.
 Such wealth, experience, honour, and high praise,
 Few winne in twice so many years or days,
 For what the world admired, he deem'd but drosse
 For Christ, without Christ all his gains but losse,
 For him and his love with merrie cheere,
 To the holy land his last course he did steer.
 Faith served for sails, the sacred word card,
 Hope was his Anchor, Glorie his reward,
 And thus with gales of grace by happy venter,
 Through straits of death, heav'n's harbour he did enter."

In St. Paul's is a monument to General ELLIOT, Lord Heathfield, and the inscription upon it is:—

“Erected at the public expense
 to the memory of

General GEO. AUG. ELLIOT, Lord Heathfield, K.B.
 in testimony of the important services which he rendered
 to his country by his brave and gallant defence of
 Gibraltar, of which he was Governor,
 against the combined attack of the French and Spanish
 forces, on the 13th September, 1782.
 He died on the 6th July, 1790.”

In the chapel of Greenwich Hospital is a monument to SIR R. G. KEATS, from the chisel of Chantrey. It is hewn out of a block of marble, about 9 feet in height, surmounted by a bust of the deceased. On one side is sculptured a sword, and on the other a trident; and immediately in front is the following inscription, from the pen of William IV:—

“This marble is erected by
 King William IV.,
 To the memory of
 Admiral SIR RICHARD GOODWIN KEATS, G.C.B.
 Governor of this Hospital,

Who was his Majesty's shipmate and watchmate on
board the Prince George, of 110 guns,
In which the Admiral served as Lieutenant,
And the King as Midshipman,
From June 1779, to November 1781.

In commemorating
This early period of their respective careers, the
King desires also to record his esteem for the
exemplary character of a friend,
And his grateful sense
of the valuable services rendered to his country by a
highly-distinguished and gallant Officer.
Died April 5th, 1834. Aged 77 years."

On Captain WILSON, at Rotherhithe :—

"Captain HENRY WILSON,
Who died 10th day of May, 1810,
Aged 70 years,

Was interred at Coyton, near Axminster, Devonshire.
He commanded the Hon. East India Company's Packet
the Antelope when Shipwrecked on the Pelew Islands,
in the month of August, 1783,

And was wonderfully preserved, together with all
the ship's company, amongst strangers,
in a land unfrequented and unknown.

READER!

Reflect on thy life, and the days that are past, and
thou wilt assuredly see cause to acknowledge that there
is a God that governs the earth and takes notice of the
ways and actions of men, and that thou hast had fre-
quent occasion wherein to declare with the patriarch
Jacob, ' Surely the Lord is in this place with us. '

In Torryburn churchyard, Fifeshire, is part of an
epitaph remaining—a part was very absurdly erased by
the owner of the burying ground, to make way for the
names of some of his kindred. The whole epitaph
formerly ran thus :—

“ At Anchor now, in Death’s dark road,
 Rides honest Captain HILL,
 Who served his King, and feared his God,
 With upright heart and will :
 In social life, sincere and just,
 To vice of no kind given ;
 So that his better part, we trust,
 Hath made the Port of Heaven.”—*Mirror*.

Among some indifferent verses sculptured on the tomb of SIR SYDNEY SMITH, at Pere la Chaise, are the following :—

“ In warlike France, when great Napoleon rose,
 The man who checked his conquests finds repose.”
Rambles about Paris.

On Admiral RICHARD KEMPENFELDT, who was drowned in the Royal George, at Spithead, in 1782 (by Wm. Cowper) :—

“ Toll, toll, for the brave—
 Brave KEMPENFELDT is gone ;
 His last sea-fight is fought,
 His work of glory done.
 His sword was in its sheath,
 His fingers held the pen,
 When Kempenfeldt went down,
 With twice four-hundred men.”

In Bath Abbey church :—

“ Here under lyes all that was mortal of Col. AMBROSE NORRON, worthy and loyal descendant of worthy and loyal ancestors. He served the crowne of England above 40 years, in employments both civil and military; in which he ever acquitted himself faithfully, and as a man of honour. He was exceeding gracefull in person and behaviour; his justice, gentleness, and sweetness of

disposition, were equal to his courage; and he crown'd all his other virtues with a most exemplary piety. He was a branch of the ancient family of the Nortons, of Somersetshire, and cousin-german to Sir George Norton, of Abbot's Leigh, in that county; a house happily renowned in history for the concealment and preservation of King Charles the Second, after the fatal battle at Worcester. The Lady Norton, having been a widow three years, first of Sir George Norton (to whose memory she has erected a marble monument at Abbot's Leigh, of the same form and dimension as this), and since the widow of Col. Ambrose Norton, has, in her great regard to his memory, erected this monument; where he desired his body might be interred, expecting a blessed resurrection. He died in the 77th year of his age, on the 10th day of September, in the 10th year of his Majesty King George, his last Royall Master, Anno. Dom. 1723."—*Britton's Bath Abbey.*

Inscription on the Tomb of Major S. THORPE, K.H.,
in the churchyard of Cheshunt, Hertfordshire:—

“Major SAMUEL THORPE,
Knight of Hanover,
Died 19th December, 1852,
Aged 61 years.

Highly esteemed
By his comrades,
Distinguished by his King
For gallant service.
He counted it his chief honour
To serve in the ranks
of the redeemed,
As a Soldier and servant
Of Jesus Christ.

His end was perfect peace.”

In St. Paul's is a monument to SIR ANDREW HAY.
It depicts the brave officer in the arms of Valour, a

sentinel is seen in an attitude of grief, and in the background is the guard marching its rounds. It bears this inscription :—

“ Erected at the public expense, to the memory of
 Major-General ANDREW HAY,
 He was born in the County of Banff, in Scotland,
 and fell on the 14th of April, in 1814,
 before the fortress of Bayonne, in France,
 in the 52nd year of his age, and the 34th of his services,
 closing a military life marked by
 zeal, prompt decision, and signal intrepidity.”

There is a monument erected in St. Paul's to the memory of Captain WESTCOTT : he is represented falling into the arms of Victory, in the battle of the Nile. The inscription runs thus :—

“ Erected at the public expense,
 to the memory of
 GEORGE BLAGDON WESTCOTT,
 Captain of the Majestic ;
 who after 33 years of meritorious service, fell gloriously
 in the victory obtained over the French fleet, off
 Aboukir, the first day of August, in the year 1798,
 in the forty-sixth year of his age.”

On the monument erected in St. Paul's to Generals CRAUFURD and MACKINNON, a highlander is mourning over their tomb, while Victory crowns their standard with a wreath. The British Lion is represented with his paw upon the fallen Eagle ; and a shield, bearing the arms of Spain, denotes the country where they struggled with the French. It is inscribed :—

“ Erected by the Nation
 to Major-General ROBERT CRAUFURD,
 and Major-General HENRY MACKINNON,
 who fell at Ciudad Rodrigo, Jan. 18th, 1812.”

“In memory of
Lieut. BELLOR,
of the French Navy,
Who lost his life whilst nobly
aiding in the search for
Sir John Franklin,
In the Wellington Channel,
Where he was drowned,
on the 18th of August, 1853.
This Tablet to record the sad event
was erected by a Friend,
A.D. 1854.”

The Illustrated London News.

To Lieutenant BELLOR.—An obelisk of polished Aberdeen granite, has been placed at Greenwich, the quay of our great naval asylum, to the memory of the much-lamented Bellor. The name of “BELLOR” is cut in large letters upon the shaft of the obelisk, so as to be visible from the Thames, and a bronze tablet has been affixed to the opposite side of the pedestal, bearing the following inscription, which may be read by all persons passing along the quay:—

“To the intrepid young
BELLOR
of the French navy,
who in the endeavour to rescue
FRANKLIN,
shared the fate and glory of that
illustrious navigator.
(From his British admirers,)
1853.”

Weekly Times, July, 1856.

Monument in St. Paul's, to Generals PAKENHAM and GIBBS:—

“Erected at the public expense
to the memory of
Major-General the Hon. SIR EDWARD PAKENHAM, K.B.
and of Major-General SAMUEL GIBBS,

who fell gloriously on the 8th of January, 1815,
while leading the troops to an attack
of the enemy's works in front of New Orleans."

At Brighton, on Captain TATTERSELL, (and his wife)
the preserver of the Life of King Charles II. :—

" P. M. S.

Captain NICHOLAS TATTERSELL,
Through whose prudence, valour, and loyalty,
Charles the Second, King of England
(After he had escaped the sword of his merciless rebels,
And his forces received a fatal overthrow
At Worcester, Sep. 3, 1651),
Was faithfully preserved, and conveyed to France ;
Departed this life 26th July, 1674.

Within this marble monument doth lie
Approved faith, Honour, and Loyalty ;
In this cold clay He has now taken up his Station,
Who once preserved the Church, the Crown, and Nation.
When Charles the Great was nothing but a Breath,
This valiant soul stept in 'twixt him and Death :
Usurper's threats, nor tyrant's Rebel frown
Could not affright his duty to the Crown ;
Which glorious act of his for Church and State,
Eight princes in one day did gratulate ;
Professing all to him in Debt to be,
As all the World are to his Memory.
Since Earth could not reward the worth him given
He now receives it from the King of Heaven.
In the same Chest one Jewel more you have,
The Partner of his Virtue, Bed, and Grave."

RICHARD PENDRELL, one of the brothers of Captain
Tattersell, lies buried in the churchyard of St. Giles's-
in-the-Fields, beneath a plain tomb, upon the slab of
which is the following :—

“The Tomb of
RICHARD PENDRELL,
The Preserver of the life of Charles II.

Hold, passenger, here's shrouded in this hearse,
Unparalleled PENDRELL through the universe!
Like when the Eastern star from heaven gave light
To three lost Kings—so he in such dark night,
To Briton's Monarch lost by adverse war,
On earth appear'd a second Eastern star,
A pole—a stem—in her rebellious main,
A Pilot to her Royal Sovereign's name:
Now to triumph in heaven's eternal sphere,
He is advanced for his just steerage here,
Whilst Albion's chronicles with matchless Fame,
Embalm the story of great Pendrell's name!”

In St. Paul's is a tabular monument to General
MACKENZIE and LANGWERTH. It is briefly inscribed:—

“National Monument
To Major-General J. R. MACKENZIE,
and Brigadier-General R. LANGWERTH,
who fell at Talavera, July 26, 1809.”

Monument to the Guards, who fell at Alma and
Inkermann, in Holy Trinity church, Windsor:—

“To the memory of
Those gallant men,
The Officers,
Non-commissioned officers,
And private soldiers
of
The Brigade of Guards,
who fell at
Alma and Inkermann,
And to those,
who, no less brave,
have endured
with unshaken fortitude,
even unto death,

The dangers, severities
and privations
of a Winter campaign
Before Sebastopol,
This Tablet is erected by
The Clergy of this Church,
who, in
more peaceful times,
Ministered among them.
Easter, MDCCCLV.”
The Illustrated London News.

ROBERT BLAKE, one of the most intrepid and successful admirals that have adorned the British Navy, died Aug. 17, 1657, aged 59, and was buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey, at the public expense. After the Restoration, his body was disinterred, on the anniversary of the execution of Charles I., together with those of Cromwell, Ireton, Pym, May the Secretary, and others, and thrown into a pit in St. Margaret's churchyard.

There is a mural tablet erected in Newton Valence church, near Alton, to the memory of Captain LEMPRIERE, inscribed as follows:—

“ In Memory of
AUDLEY LEMPRIERE,
Eldest Son of Rear-Admiral G. O. Lempriere, of Pelham,
in this parish,
And Captain in the 77th Regiment,
Who fell before Sebastopol while gallantly attacking the
Russian Rifle Pits,
On the 19th of April, 1855,
Aged 20 years.
He was present with his Regiment without intermission
From the commencement of the war;
And was engaged in the Battles of Alma and Inkermann,
In the latter of which especially he rendered
important service.

EPITAPHS, ETC.

He enjoyed, in a remarkable degree, the confidence of
those above him in command,
And the esteem and affection of his brother officers and men;
And, from the excellence and amiability of his character,
His loss is deeply lamented by all who knew him."
The Illus. London News.

In St. Paul's is a monument to Major-General LE
MARCHANT, which bears this brief inscription :—

“ Erected at the public expense
to the memory of
Major-General JOHN GASPARD LE MARCHANT,
who gloriously fell in the battle of
Salamanca, July 22nd, 1812.”

In Matlock church, Derbyshire:—

“ To the Memory
of
Captain WILLIAM CUMMING,
of the 83rd British Regiment,
and 9th Portuguese Cacadores,
who
having fought in the battles
of
Oporto, Talavera, Buzaco,
and Fuentes de Onor,
fell in an attack on the French outposts
near Bayonne, Oct. 9th, 1813,
in the 30th year of his age.
This Tablet was erected by his brothers,
in whose esteem and affection he had
that place to which firmness
of mind, and urbanity of
manners, justly entitle
their possessor.”

CHARLES LEE, a Major-General in the American Revolutionary War, died Oct. 2nd, 1782. It was his earnest desire expressed in his will, that he should not be buried in any church or churchyard, or within a mile of any presbyterian or ana-baptist meeting-house; and he assigned as his reason, that, since his residence in America, he had kept so much bad company while living, that he wished to avoid it when dead.

On the tombstone of Colonel GRACE, who died at Guildford, in 1812, was engraven the following inscription, furnished by the widow of the colonel:—

“Gone! but whither? Does he cease?
 Now his body rots away.
 Was his soul a fragile piece
 Of the same but finer clay?
 Where’s the soul? Obtained release;
 That ne’er died, nor ever dies,
 While his body sleeps in peace,
 Far away his spirit flies,
 He’s to God to hear his doom.”

But the Clergyman objected to it, as doubting the immateriality of the soul, and after some delay, the lady, after a return from Ireland, thought the monument not necessary. The stone-mason, however, had completed it, and he brought an action against the widow, and obtained £31 10s. damages, in 1815.

On the Field of Alma is a handsome monument of white stone, bearing the following inscription:—

“During the attack on these heights, 20th September, 1854, her Britannic Majesty’s 23rd Royal Welch Fusiliers lost their commanding officer, Lieut.-Col. H.

EPITAPHS, ETC.

CHESTER; Captains, A. W. WHYF, F. EVANS, J. CONOLLY; Lieutenants, P. RADCLIFFE, SIR W. YOUNG, Bart., J. ANSTRUTHER, and J. BUTLER, all killed on the field; also, Lieut. APPLETHWAITE, mortally wounded, who died 22nd September, 1854. This stone is erected to their Memory."

(On the other side.)

"The regiment also lost Serjeant J. H. JONES; Colour-Serjeants, R. HITCHCOCK, J. F. EDWARDS; 1 drummer, and 40 privates, killed on the field."

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

In the churchyard at Yarmouth :—

“To the memory of ISAAC SMITH, who died March 24th,
1808, and SAMUEL BODGER, who died April 2nd, 1808,
both of the Cambridgeshire Militia.

The tyrant death did early us arrest,
And all the magazines of life possess :
No more the blood its circling course did run,
But in the veins like icicles it hung ;
No more the hearts, now void of quickening heat,
The tuneful march of vital motion beat ;
Stiffness did into every sinew climb,
And a short death crept cold through every limb.”

In St. James's churchyard, Bury St. Edmund's :—

“WILLIAM MIDDLEDITCH,
late Sergeant-Major of the Grenadier Guards,
died Nov. 13, 1834, aged 53 years.

A husband, father, comrade, friend sincere,
A British soldier brave lies buried here.
In Spain, and Flushing, and at Waterloo,
He fought to guard our country from the foe.
His comrades, Britons, who survive him, say,
He acted nobly on that glorious day.”

Highland epitaph :—

“ Here lies ALEXANDER M'PHERSON,
 He was a most superior person :
 He was six feet two, without a shoe,
 And was slew at Waterloo.”

In the Cathedral churchyard of Winchester, to the
 memory of THOMAS FLETCHER :—

“ Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire grenadier,
 Who caught his death by drinking cold small beer.
 Soldiers ! take heed from his untimely fall,
 And when you're hot, drink strong, or none at all.”

The above memorial being decayed, was restored by
 the officers of the garrison, A.D. 1781.—A stone with
 the following inscription was placed by the North Hants
 Militia, 1802, in consequence of the original stone being
 destroyed :—

“ An honest soldier never is forgot,
 Whether he die by musket or by pot.”

In the churchyard of Bremhill, Wiltshire, on an
 old soldier, aged 92 (by the Rev. W. L. Bowles, the
 Poet):—

“ A poor old soldier shall not lie unknown
 Without a verse, and this recording stone.
 'Twas his, in youth, o'er distant lands to stray,
 Danger and death companions of his way.
 Here, in his native village, stealing age
 Clos'd the lone evening of his pilgrimage.
 Speak of the past—of names of high renown,
 Or brave commanders long to dust gone down !
 His look with instant animation glow'd,
 Tho' ninety winters on his head had snow'd.
 His country, while he liv'd, a boon supplied,
 And faith her shield held o'er him when he died.”

Think, Christian, that his spirit lives with God,
 And pluck the wild weeds from the lowly sod,
 Where, dust to dust, beneath the chancel shade,
 Till the last trump, a brave man's bones are laid."

At Woodbridge, Suffolk, on—

"JOSEPH SPALDING, Master and Mariner,
 who departed this life, Sept. 2, 1796, aged 55.
 Embark'd in Life's Tempestuous Sea, we steer
 Amidst threatening Billows—Rocks and Shoals,
 But Christ by faith dispels each wavering fear,
 And safe secures the Anchor of our Souls."

On a Sailor :—

"Here goes honest BEN to the sharks soon a prey,
 Who liv'd like a sailor, good-natured and gay,
 His rigging well fitted, his sides close and tight,
 His bread-room well stow'd, and his mainmast aright.
 Davy Jones, like a pirate built solely for plunder,
 Thus hail'd the poor lad, in a voice harsh as thunder,
 'Drop your peak, my tight fellow, your foresail throw
 For already too long you've remain'd on that tack.' [back,
 Ben heard the dread call, and without more ado,
 His sail flatten'd in, and his bark she broach'd to."

In the churchyard of Saint Mary Key, Ipswich :—

"JOHN WRIGHT, Master Mariner of this Port,
 who died June 24, 1843, aged 50.
 Tho' Boreas' blasts and Neptune's waves,
 Have toss'd me to and fro,
 Yet I at last by God's decree
 Am harbour'd here below.
 While here I at an anchor ride,
 With many of our fleet,
 Yet once again I shall set sail,
 Our Admiral Christ to meet."

Near Bristol :—

“ I went and listed in the Tenth Hussars,
 And galloped with them to the bloody wars.
 ‘ Die for your sovereign—for your country die!’
 To earn such glory feeling rather shy,
 Snug I slipp’d home, but death soon sent me off,
 After a struggle, with the hooping-cough.”

In Sculcoate churchyard, near Hull :—

“ Here lieth the body of PETER
 WILSON, master and mariner, who
 Sail’d round ye World with
 Lord Anson.”

There is an epitaph in an Ipswich churchyard, to the memory of a drummer. It was placed there by the non-commissioned officers and privates, as a tribute of respect to the tambour’s merits and abilities. The epitaph runs :—

“ For kettling, fifing, and drumming, he had no equal.
 What Briton e’er heard his drum, whose heart did not
 beat high for his country’s glory ? But here he lies.

When the last trump shall sound to heaven away,
 May he arise and beat a reveillé.”

In the same cemetery is another monumental inscription to the memory of a bold dragoon, who is termed “ a worthy man,” and then comes the verse :—

“ Reader, in time prepare to follow me,
 As my route was, so thine will surely be,
 The mandate of my God I did obey,
 Kings and Dragoons when call’d must march away.”

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, the discoverer of America, died May, 1506, aged 70, and was, after four times removing, finally taken to Havanna, in the island of Cuba. Ferdinand, king of Spain, ordered a monument to be erected to his memory, with this inscription :—

“ Por Castilla y por Leon,
Neuvo mundo hallo Colon.”
For Castile and Leon,
A new world found Colon.*

On a Sailor :—

“ I’ve weather’d many a stormy sea,
But now life’s arduous service o’er,
I yield my spirit, Lord, to thee,
And hail with joy a happier shore.”

On a Soldier :—

“ Here lies releas’d from trouble, care, and sin,
A soldier, whose chief conquests were WITHIN :
His evil habits were his greatest foes,
And long before his death he conquer’d those.”

* His Spanish name.

UNFORTUNATE PERSONS.

IN St. Lawrence's churchyard, York:—

“To the memory of 4 Sons and 2 Daughters of John and Ann Rigg, city of York. These 6 young persons, the eldest of whom was 19, and the youngest 6 years of age, being with some others on a party of pleasure, on the River Ouse, were drowned, together with one of their young companions, by the upsetting of the boat, August 19th, 1830, within a short distance from their home.

Mark the brief story of a summer's day!

At noon, Youth, Health, and Beauty launch'd away;
 Ere eve, Death wreck'd the bark, and quench'd their
 Their Parents' home was desolate at night; [light,
 Each pass'd alone that gulf no eye can see;
 They met, next moment, in Eternity.
 Friend! kinsman! stranger! dost thou ask me, Where?
 Seek God's right hand; and hope to find them, There.”

To the memory of S—— E——, an intelligent and
 miable boy, who was unfortunately drowned while
 bathing:—

UNFORTUNATE PERSONS.

“Though gentle as a dove, his soul sublime,
For heaven impatient, would not wait for time ;
Ere youth had bloom'd his virtues ripe were seen,
A man in intellect ! a child in mien !
A hallow'd wave from mercy's fount was pour'd,
And, wash'd from clay, to bliss his spirit soar'd.”

On a gravestone in Prince Edward's Island is the following inscription :—

“Here lie the remains of THOMAS LAMB, killed by a great big tree falling upon him, slap bang.”—*Newsprs.*

In Bronlly's churchyard, Breconshire, on a man who was killed by a fall from a waggon load of hay :—

“Man's life's a vapour, and
Full of woes ;
He cuts a caper, and
Down he goes.”

In Wickham-Market churchyard, Suffolk :—

“HARMOND GARRETT, died Dec. 21st, 1818, aged 68.
My sledge and hammer lie reclined,
My bellows too have lost their wind ;
My fire's extinct—my forge decay'd,
My vice is in the dust all laid.
My coal is spent—my iron's gone,
My nails are drove—my work is done.
My life was lost by being Drowned,
Still Christ may please to see me Crowned.”

In Oakham churchyard, Surrey :—

“The Lord saw good—I was lopping off wood,
And down fell from the tree ;
I met with a check, and I broke my neck,
And so death lopp'd off me.”

In a small churchyard near Folkstone is the following :—

“This stone is sacread to the memory of poor old Muster THOMAS BOXER, who was loste in the goud boate Rouver, just coming home with much fishes, 'got near Torbay, in the year of hour Lord 1722.

Prey, goud fishermen stop and drop a tear,
For we have lost his company *here*
And where he's gone we cannot tell,
But we hope far from the wicked Bell.*
The Lord be with him.”

In Wingfield churchyard, Suffolk :—

“Life how
Short.

In Memory of
GEORGE,
Son of
Samuel and Dorothy
CHANDLER,
who died 10th April, 1805,
Aged 3 years.

As in the mead where I had often play'd,
Close by the Pond's gay brink I sportive stray'd,
With guileless thought I stoop'd to pluck a flower,
Nor reck'nd I ought of Death, the chance or power.
Beneath the fatal Pool I sunk my head,
And my fond parents weep me early dead.
But, Parents dear, mourn not your drowned Child,
His tender heart by sin was ne'er beguil'd ;
'Twas God's just will, whence all your joys were given ;
Stop Nature's tears and cease to envy Heaven.
Go, Manly reader ; thy desires control,
Avoid those dangerous lures that drown the Soul.”

* A public house.

UNFORTUNATE PERSONS.

In the churchyard of Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Gloucestershire :—

“Here lie the bones of RICHARD LAWTON,
Whose death, alas! was strangely brought on;
Trying one day his *corns* to *now* off,
The razor slipped, and eut his toe off;
His toe, or rather what it grew too,
An inflammation quickly flew too,
Which took, alas! to mortifying,
And was the cause of Richard's dying.”

In the churchyard of Christ-church, Hampshire :—

“E. N.
At the Ester end of this free-stone
here doeth ly the Letle Bone
of WALTER SPURBER, that fine Boy
that was his Friends only Joy.
He was Drownd at Melhams Bridg,
the 20th of August, 1691.”

In Woodbridge churchyard :—

“Here lieth the Bodie of
BENJAMIN BRINKLEY,
Who though Lustie and
Strong Was one
That by Misfortune Shot
Himself With a Gun
In the 23rd year of his Age;
He departed this Life
To the Grief of his Parents
Spectators and Wife
March the 27th, 1723.”

In a churchyard in Sussex is the following :—

“ In Memory of Captain UNDERWOOD,
who was drowned.

Here lies free from blood and slaughter,
Once Underwood—now Underwater.”

In Prittlewell churchyard, near Southend, Essex :—

“ On ROBERT DODD, Glazier, who died from the
mortification of a wound, occasioned by accidentally
falling amongst broken glass.

Stranger or friend, whose feet shall haply tread,
Above the chambers of the mould'ring dead ;
If youth and modest innocence be thine,
Welcome, fair pilgrim, to th' instructive shrine ;
Think, by no warning was I ta'en away,
Prepare ! prepare ! this might be your last day.”

On an oval stone monument, against the south wall
of St. Mary's church, Beverley, Yorkshire, under two
swords crossed :—

“ Here two young Danish soldiers lie,
The one in quarrel chanc'd to die ;
The other's head, by their own law,
With sword was severed at one blow.
December 23rd, 1689.”

In Wickham-Market churchyard :—

“ CHARLES ELDRED, an excise officer, killed Oct. 18,
1848, aged 21.

An accident his youthful life did end,
No time allowed His soul to recommend
Unto that God who gave him his first breath,
So suddenly his eyes were clos'd in death.”

On a man who choked himself with a bit of new bread :—

“By many folks it hath been said,
The only staff of life is bread.
How could it then stop SIMON’S breath,
And be the occasion of his death?
One little morsel prov’d his last
Which he devour’d in so much haste,
That angry Death in passion swore,
He ne’er should swallow one bit more.”

In the churchyard of St. George’s-in-the-East,
London :—

“Sacred
to the Memory of
MR. TIMOTHY MARR,
aged 24 years.
Also, MRS. CELIA MARR,
aged 24 years.

And their son, TIMOTHY MARR,
aged 3 months.

All of whom were most inhumanly murdered
in their dwelling house,
No. 29, Ratcliff Highway, Dec. 8, 1811.

Stop, Mortal, stop, as you pass by,
And view this grave wherein do lie
A father, mother, and a son,
Whose earthly course was shortly run.
For, lo! all in one fatal hour,
O’ercome were they with ruthless power,
And murdered in a cruel state,
Yea, far too horrid to relate.
They spared not one to tell the tale,
One for the other could not wail;
The other’s fate they never sigh’d,
Loving they liv’d, together died.
Reflect, O Reader, on thy fate,
And turn from sin before too late;
Life is uncertain in this world,
Oft in a moment we are hurl’d
To endless bliss, or endless pain,
So let not sin within you reign.”

In Yarmouth churchyard :—

“To the memory of GEORGE GRIFFITHS, of the Shropshire Militia, who died Feb. 26th, 1807, in consequence of a blow received in a quarrel with his comrade.

Time flies away as nature on its wing,
I in a battle died (not for my King.)
Words with my brother soldier did take place,
Which shameful is, and always bring disgrace.
Think not the worse of him who do remain,
For he as well as I might have been slain.”

In St. Lawrence's church, Isle of Wight, is an epitaph recording the death of a gentleman from the upsetting of his carriage, while on a visit to the island with his daughter, it is as follows :—

“Sacred to the memory of
WILLIAM JONES,
of Kensington Gore ;
Who met his *untimely* death by an accident,
near this spot, on the 26th of August,
1826, in the 91st year
of his age.”

A Highland epitaph :—

“Here lies interr'd a man of might,
His name is MACOM DOWNIE ;
He lost his life one market nicht
By falling off his pownie.”

At Chigwell, in Essex :—

“This disease you ne'er heard tell on,
I died of eating too much melon.
Be careful, then, all ye that feed,—I
Suffered because I was too greedy.”

In the churchyard of Sutton-Coldfield, Warwickshire, lie the remains of MARY ASHFORD, who was brutally murdered after having attended a ball. Over her premature grave a tomb-stone has been erected, on which was engraven the following pathetic inscription, written, it is believed, by the late Dr. Booker, vicar of Dudley:—

“As a warning to female virtue,
And a humble monument to female chastity,
This stone marks the grave
Of MARY ASHFORD;
Who, in the 20th year of her age, having
Incautiously repaired to a scene of amusement
Without proper protection,
Was shamefully ill-used and Murdered,
On the 27th of May, 1817.

Lovely and chaste as in the primrose pale,
Rifled of sweetness by the passing gale:
Mary, the wretch who thee remorseless slew,
Avenging death, which sleeps not, will pursue;
What though the deeds of blood be veil'd in night,
Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?
Fair, blighted flower! the muse that mourns thy doom,
Bears o'er thy murder'd form this warning tomb.”

On BALFOUR, of Burley:—

“Gentle reader, I did request of mine honest friend Peter Proudfoot, travelling merchant, known to many of this land for his faithful and just dealings, as well in muslins and cambrics as in small wares, to procure me, on his next peregrinations to that vicinage, a copy of the Epitaph alluded to. And, according to his report, which I see no ground to discredit, it runneth thus:—

‘Here lyes ane saint to prelates surly,
Being JOHN BALFOUR, sometime of Burley,
Who, stirred up to vengeance take,
For Solemn League and Cov'nant's sake,
Upon the Magus—Moor, in Fife,
Did take James Sharpe the apostate's life;
By Dutchman's hands was hacked and shot,
Then drowned in Clyde near this saam spot.’”
Sir Walter Scott's Works.

On JOHN ADAMS:—

“Here lies JOHN ADAMS, who received a thump,
Right in the forehead from the parish pump,
Which gave him his quietus in the end,
Tho’ many doctors did his case attend.”

On one who was drowned in the Sea :—

“Parents and friends weep not for me,
Tho’ I was drowned in the sea;
It was God’s will it should be so—
Some way or other all must go.”

At Penryn, in Cornwall :—

“Here lies WILLIAM SMITH, and what is
something rarish,
He was born, bred, and hang’d in
this Parish.”

In St. John’s churchyard, Horsleydown, on Captain
—, who was drowned at Gravesend :—

“Friends, cease to grieve that at Gravesend
My life was clos’d with speed,
For when the Saviour shall descend,
’Twill be *graves’ end* indeed.”

The traitor’s epitaph, written about the time of Col.
Despard’s execution (by the Rt. Hon. Geo. Canning) :—

“May this dreary abode be for ever unknown,
For ever by virtue, by pity, untrod;
Unbreathed be his name, and unhonoured his stone;
The foe of his country, his monarch, his God.”

A writer in the *Church and State Gazette*, in 1850, read the following inscription in a village churchyard, "beneath the shadow of a building, wherein one of the holiest and bravest of our Martyrs spoke in eloquent simplicity" :—

"Stop traveller: cast an eye, where this ground I
under lie,
An accident once happened to me, which I hope may
never happen to thee."

In Stanton Harcourt churchyard, Oxfordshire, on two
lovers who were killed by lightning (by Pope) :—

"Near this place lie the bodies of
JOHN HEWET and SARAH DREW,
an industrious young man
and virtuous maiden of this parish ;
Who, being at harvest work
(with several others),
were in one instant killed by lightning,
the last day of July, 1718.

Think not, by rig'rous judgment seiz'd,
A pair so faithful could expire ;
Victims so pure heav'n saw well pleas'd,
And snatched them in celestial fire.
Live well, and fear no sudden fate ;
When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball."*

* John Hewet, was a well-set man of about 25 ; Sarah Drew might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same age. It was that very morning that he had obtained the consent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. John was found with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over her, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead and stiffened in this tender posture. Sarah's left eye-brow was singed, and there appeared a black spot on her breast ; her lover was all over black, but not the least signs of life were found in either.

EPITAPHS, ET.

Inscription upon a tablet in the Abbey wall, at Bury St. Edmund's :—

“ I. H. S.

Here lies interred the Body of
MARY HASELTON,
A young Maiden of this Town,
Born of Roman Catholic Parents,
And virtuously brought up,
Who, being in the act of Prayer,
Repeating her Vespers,
Was instantaneously killed by a flash
of lightning, August, 16, 1785,
Aged 9 years.

Not Siloam's ruinous tower the victims slew
Because above the many sinn'd the few.
Nor here the fated lightning wreak'd its rage,
By Vengeance sent, for crimes matur'd by age ;
For whilst the Thunder's awful voice was heard,
The little suppliant, with its hands uprear'd,
Address'd her God in prayers the Priest had taught,
His mercy crav'd, and his protection sought.
Learn, Reader ! hence that Wisdom to adore
Thou canst not scan ; and fear his boundless Power :
Safe shalt thou be, if thou perform'st his will,
Blest if he spares, and more blest should he kill.”

The *San Diego Herald* publishes the following, written upon a young man who was accidentally shot :—

“ here lies the the body of JEEMS HUMBRICK
who was accidentally shot
on the bank of the pacus river
by a young man
he was accidentally shot with one of the large colt's
revolver with no stopper for the cock to rest on it was
one of the old fashion kind brass mounted and of such is
the kingdom of heaven.”

UNFORTUNATE PERSONS

In Great Yarmouth churchyard, Norfolk :—

“To the Memory of DAVID BARTLEMAN,
Master of the Brig Alexander and Mary,
of North Shields,
who, on the 31st of January, 1731, on
the North Coast,
with only three 3-pounders and ten men and boys,
nobly defended himself
against a cutter carrying eighteen 4-pounders
and upwards of a hundred men.
commanded by the notorious English Pirate, Fall,
and fairly beat him off.
Two hours after, the enemy came down upon him again ;
when, totally disabled,
his mate, Daniel M'Auley, expiring with
the loss of blood,
and himself dangerously wounded,
he was obliged to strike and ransom, and
brought his shatter'd vessel into Yarmouth, with
more than the honours of a conqueror,
and died here in consequence of his wounds,
on the 14th of February following,
in the 25th year of his age.

To commemorate the gallantry of his Son,
the bravery of his faithful Mate,
and at the same time mark the infamy of a
savagè pirate,
his afflicted Father, Alexander Bartleman,
has order'd this stone to be erected over
his honourable grave :—

‘Twas great ; his foe, though strong, was infamous,—
The foe of human kind ;
A manly indignation fired his breast ;
Thank God my son has done his duty.’—*Cato*.

In Horley churchyard, Surrey :—

“Five of us, all and every soul,
Was suffocated by sleeping in a close
room and burning charcoal.”

In Westbury churchyard :—

“The child was drowned that’s buried here,
Dear reader! stop, and drop a tear;
Not for the babe, but for its mother,
Because she is left without another.
To the will of God I must resign,
In heaven I hope my babe to join.”

In a churchyard in Dorchester :—

“FRANK from his Betty snatch’d by Fate
Shows how uncertain is our state.
He smiled at *morn*—at *noon* lay dead,
Flung from a horse that kick’d his head.
But though he’s gone—from tears refrain,
At Judgment he’ll get up again.”

In the cemetery of Coventry, lies ELLEN BRIGHT, the
“Lion Queen,” who was worried by a tiger in Womb-
well’s Menagerie, at Chatham, Jany. 1st, 1850, aged 17.
The following inscription is upon her tombstone :—

“The tenant of this little grave,
Our hope, and joy, and pride,
Was snatched away from our embrace,
In early youth she died.”

On a Woolcomber, who was hanged for sheep
stealing :—

“Beneath this gallows lies TOM KEMP,
Who *liv’d* by wool and *died* by hemp.
The fleece would not suffice the glutton,
But with it he must steal the mutton.
Had he but work’d and liv’d uprighter
He’d ne’er been hung for a sheep-biter.”

UNFORTUNATE PERSONS.

At St. Mary's, Lambeth :—

“ Near this place are the remains of
WILLIAM BACON,
of the Salt Office, London, gent.
Who was killed by thunder and lightning,
at his window, July 12, 1787,
Aged 34 years.

By touch ethereal in a moment slain,
He felt the power of death, but not the pain ;
Swift as the lightning glanced, his spirit flew,
And bade the rough tempestuous world adieu.
Short was his passage to that peaceful shore,
Where storms annoy and dangers threat no more.”

On a Fool, who was shot through the head in a
duel :—

“ Here lies poor TOMMY ; Nature at his end
Thought 'twas but right for once to stand his friend ;
For in the shades below he now can say,
' At least there's something in my head to day.' ”

In Norwich, on JONATHAN LRWES, who died by a fall
from his horse, April 7th, 1704, aged 32 years :—

“ Judge me not, reader, Christ is judge of all,
I fell—stand'st thou ? take warning by my fall ;
Be ready, lest thee sudden death surprise,
And hence two witnesses against thee rise.

From the French. On a man who was hanged in
chains, written by his cousin :—

“ My uncle's son lies here below,
Who rests in peace—when the wind don't blow.”

On a man killed on a railroad track, in America :—

“ Here are deposited the bones
(The flesh being torn off)

of an unknown man,
who, being deaf, blind, and lame,
neglected to obey the customary signals,
and was run over as a punishment
for his contumacy.

The engineer promptly stopped the engine
after it had cut the body in two,
and, with the most exemplary humanity,
conveyed the remains to an adjacent wood-shed,
where all means of resuscitation were tried,
but, alas!

the vital spark had fled.

For the humanity they displayed,
The engineers and signal men were presented by the
Company with a service of plate.”

At Little Stukely, in Huntingdonshire, on the Rev.
J. WATERHOUSE :—

“ Sacred to the memory of the
Rev. JOSHUA WATERHOUSE, B. D.
nearly forty years fellow of Catherine Hall, Cambridge,
Chaplain to his Majesty, Rector of this Parish, and of
Coton, near Cambridge, who was inhumanly murdered
in this Parsonage House, about ten o'clock on the
morning of July 3rd, 1827, Aged eighty-one :

“ Beneath this tomb his mangled body's laid,
Cut, stabb'd, and murdered by Joshua Slade,
His ghastly wounds a horrid sight to see,
And hurl'd at once into eternity.

What faults you've seen in him take care to shun,
And look at home, enough there's to be done ;
Death does not always warning give,
Therefore be careful how you live.”

UNFORTUNATE PERSONS.

In St. Mary's churchyard, York, to the memory of a young maid, who was accidentally drowned, Dec. 24th, 1696. The inscription is said to be written by her lover:—

“Nigh to the river Ouse, in York's fair city,
Unto this pretty maid Death show'd no pity;
As soon as she'd her pail with water fill'd
Came sudden Death, and life like water spill'd.”

In Norwich:—

“Mr. BRYANT LEWIS,
Who was barbarously murdered upon the Heath near
Thetford, Sep. 13, 1698.

Fifteen wide wounds this stone veils from thine eyes,
But reader, hark! their voice doth pierce the skies.
Vengeance, cried Abel's blood, against cursed Cain,
But better things spake Christ when he was slain.
Both, both cries Lewis's 'gainst his barbarous foe,
Blood, Lord, for blood, but save his soul from woe.”
Orchard's Epitaphs.

In Sunbury church, a village on the banks of the Thames:—

“Under this pwe (pew) on the right hand lyeth the
bodey of RICHARD BILLINGSLEY, Gentleman, of the
parish of St. Martin's, Westminster, who was unhappily
drowned on the 15th of September, 1689.”

At All Saints, Hastings:—

“To the memory of GEORGE SIMPSON, master mariner,
of Burlington, Yorkshire, died Aug. 24, 1809, aged 26
years; shot by the enemy near Beechy Head.

I think nothing strange that happens unto all;
My lot to day, to-morrow your's may fall.
I was changed, and in a moment fell,
I had not time to bid my friends farewell.”

Inscription on the monument of the JERMYS, in Wymondham church :—

“Near this spot lie the remains of ISAAC JERMY, of Stanfield Hall, in this parish, Esq., late Recorder of Norwich, who died Nov. 28th, 1848, aged 59.

Also, of ISAAC JERMY JERMY, Esq., his only son, who died Nov. 28th, 1848, aged 27.

Also, of ALBERT, infant son of Isaac Jermy Jermy, who died July 24th, 1848, aged 2 days.”

In St. Paul's Cathedral churchyard is the following inscription on a stone :—

“To the Memory of
 BENJAMIN BROOKSON, Junior, aged 21,
 The eldest Son of Mr. Benjamin Brookson,
 of Dolly's Beef Steak House,
 (Paternoster Row.)
 who was unfortunately drowned near Kew Bridge,
 on the 7th of July, 1816.
 This simple record of his untimely Fate
 was erected by his afflicted Father,
 as a sacred testimony of his
 Paternal Feelings for the loss of his beloved
 and lamented Son.

Reader, beneath this tributary stone
 The ashes of a youthful victim lie,
 Whose early years with virtuous lustre shone,
 Whose Fate recalls the sympathetic sigh.
 He sought, oppress'd by Summer's sultry sun,
 The grateful coolness of the crystal wave ;
 And found where Richmond's rapid currents run,
 On Thames' deceitful shore, a watery grave.
 Confiding in that Providence above
 Which guides the course of man's mysterious doom,
 O'erwhelm'd with grief, a sorrowing Father's love
 Has rais'd this unadorned and simple tomb.”

UNFORTUNATE PERSONS.

In Westminster Abbey is a splendid monument to THOMAS THYNNE, who was shot at the end of the Haymarket, in 1682. It consists of a recumbent figure, with a cherub pointing upwards—bas-relief represents an attack on a carriage: the assassin is in the act of firing into it. The inscription is:—

“THOMAS THYNNE,
of *Long Leats*, in Com, *Wilts*, Esq.
who was barbarously murdered on
Sunday the 12th of February, 1682.”

In the church of Ampthill, in Bedfordshire, is a monument to ROBERT NICHOLLS, of Ampthill Park, governor of Long Island, who being in attendance on the duke of York, was slain on board H.R.H. ship, in 1672. A cannon ball, said to be that which caused his death, is fixed within the pediment. On the mouldings is this inscription:—

“Instrumentum mortis et immortalitatis.”
The instrument of mortality and immortality.

DIVINES.

WILLIAM SANCROFT, archbishop of Canterbury in 1678, was born at Fressingfield, in Suffolk. When James II., as an introduction to popery, issued his declaration for liberty of conscience, Sancroft and six other bishops, remonstrating against the king's declaration, were committed to the tower, when, in a few weeks after they were tried and acquitted; and afterwards refusing to acknowledge the prince and princess of Orange as king and queen, he was deprived of his dignity. He retired to Fressingfield, and died there; he was buried near the chancel of that church, where his tomb is to be seen, with the following inscription upon it, written by himself:—

(On a small square marble tablet at the top.)

“St. Matthew xxiv. 27. For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.”

(At the foot of the tomb.)

“P. M. S.

WILLIAM SANCROFT, born in this Parish, afterwards, by the Providence of God, Archbishop of Canterbury, at last deprived of all which he could not keep with a good conscience, returned hither to end his life where

he began it; and professeth here at the foot of his Tomb, that as naked he came forth, so naked he must return; 'the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, (as the Lord pleases so come things to pass) Blessed be the name of the Lord.'

He died the 24th day of November, in the year of our Lord 1693, and in the 77th year of his age."

On THOMAS WILSON, D.D., bishop of Sodor and Man. A plain monument in the churchyard of Kirk-Michael, Isle of Man, denotes the spot where the mortal remains of this holy man were deposited, surrounded by the ashes of many who, poor perhaps in this world, but rich in faith, were through his means made heirs of the kingdom which God has promised to them that love him. The following is the inscription:—

"Sleeping in Jesus, here lieth the body of

THOMAS WILSON, D.D.

Lord Bishop of this Isle,
who died March the 7th, 1755, aged 93,
and in the fifty-eighth year of his consecration.

This Monument was erected
by his Son, Thomas Wilson, D.D. native of this parish,
who, in obedience to the express commands of his
father, declines giving him the character he so
justly deserved.

Let this Island speak the rest."

SAMUEL RUTTER, D.D. Bishop of Sodor and Man, was buried in St. Germain's, Isle of Man, with the following inscription over his tomb, written by himself:—

"In this house which I have borrowed from my brethren, the worms, lie I, SAMUEL, by divine permission bishop of this Island, in hopes of the resurrection to eternal life.

Stop, reader! behold, and smile at the palace of a bishop who died May 30th, 1653."

Archbishop GRINDAL, desired by his will that he might be buried in the chancel of Croydon church, without pomp. A monument was erected to his memory in Croydon church, and is thus described by Strype :—

“On the south side of the communion table, against the wall, is his effigy in stone, lying at length, raised a pretty height from the ground, his hands in the posture of praying; his eyes have a kind of white in the pupil to denote his blindness. A comely face, a long black beard somewhat forked and somewhat curling, vested in his doctor’s robes.”

The inscription on the monument is in Latin, and to the following effect :—

“EDMUND GRINDAL, Cumberland, Doctor of Divinity, eminent for his learning, prudence, and gravity; remarkable for his constancy, justice, and piety,—beloved by his own countrymen and by foreigners—having returned from exile, which he suffered for the cause of the gospel,—and being raised to the summit of dignity by successive steps of honourable advancement, governed first the church of London, then of York, and lastly of Canterbury. And when no higher place remained on earth to which he could ascend, his free and blessed spirit soared aloft to heaven, having escaped from the bondage of mortality, on the 6th of July, 1583, being the 63rd year of his age. Besides many generous actions which he did in life, he at his death consecrated the chief of his possessions to pious uses. In the parish of St. Bees, in which he was born, he provided for the erection of a grammar-school on a handsome scale, and bestowed upon it a liberal endowment.

He founded a scholarship at Magdalen college, Cambridge, where he first was nourished with the milk of that university. To Christ’s College, where he prosecuted his studies in more mature age, he left an acceptable memorial. He added to the treasury, and to the Library of Pembroke-hall, of which he was once a fellow, and afterwards president, and bequeathed ample stipends to the reader of Greek, one fellow, and two scholars. He enriched Queen’s College, Oxford (where preference is shown to men of Cumberland), with money, books, and a considerable revenue. To the City of Canterbury, the seat of his authority, at the time of his death he gave

100£ towards the employment of poor persons in some honest works, for ever. The rest of his property he devoted to works of benevolence. Thus alike in life and death, he filled an exalted station in the church, in his country, and in the paths of learning."

Beneath the figure of the archbishop, on the monument, are lines which may be thus rendered :—

(On the one side.)

"The Pastor watchful, moderate and just,
Thrice call'd to higher dignity and trust,
Well nigh with sickness, cares, and age opprest
Lo! welcome death translates to peace and rest."

Of the inscription on the other side, the following may be admitted as giving the sense :—

"Here my cold limbs in marble tomb repose,
To times remote my name undying flows,
For while in grateful strains the muses sing,
The classic groves with GRINDAL'S name shall ring."

And on another part of the monument are more Latin verses, of the following purport :—

"GRINDAL, wise, generous, learned, just, and grave,
To bear the cross in time of danger brave,
In brighter days the church's standard bore
Till Christ's sweet summons bade his spirit soar."

In Exeter Cathedral, on the left hand as you enter the choir, under the organ loft, is this inscription :—

"LEOFRICUS, the First Bischoppe of Exceter, lyeth Here."

In another part of Exeter Cathedral is another inscription (less clearly visible, just under the effigy of an old prophet), seemingly copied from this :—

"HENRICUS, the last Bischoppe of Exceter, lyeth Here, and everywhere."

On a tablet in Peterborough Cathedral :—

“SPENCER MADAN, D.D.
 Lord Bishop of Peterborough ;
 Translated from the See of Bristol in 1794,
 Died November the 8th, 1813,
 In the 85th year of his age.

In sacred sleep the pious Bishop lies,
 Say not in Death—a good Man never dies.”

The following inscription is on a mural tablet in Gloucester Cathedral :—

“To the memory of WILLIAM WARBURTON, D.D.,
 for more than 19 years bishop of this See. A prelate
 of the most sublime genius and exquisite learning. Both
 which talents he employed through a long life, in the
 support of what he firmly believed the Christian Reli-
 gion, and of what he esteemed the best establishment
 of it, the Church of England.

He was born at Newark-upon-Trent, Dec. 24, 1698,
 and was consecrated bishop of Gloucester, January 20th,
 1760. Died at his Palace in this City, June 7th, 1779,
 and was buried near this place.”

Inscription on the monument of THOMAS NEWTON,
 bishop of Bristol, in St. Mary-le-bow, Cheapside. He
 died A.D. 1782, aged 79 years :—

“In thee, the fairest bloom of opening youth
 Flourished beneath the guard of Christian truth ;
 That guiding truth to virtue formed thy mind,
 And warmed thy heart to feel for all mankind :
 How sad the change—my widow'd days now prove,
 Thou soul of friendship and of tender love ;
 Yet holy faith one soothing hope supplies,
 That points our future union to the skies.”

On **MARTIN BENSON**, bishop of Gloucester, in the Cathedral :—

“Reader, be admonished by this marble to imitate **MARTIN BENSON**, late bishop of this Diocese. A rational piety raised the views of this excellent man above the world, and formed his whole into a truly christian spirit of resignation. An uncommon warmth of benevolence made it the business and pleasure of his life to go about doing good, by instruction in righteousness, and by works of charity. He watched the flock of Christ as a faithful shepherd, from a sense of his own duty, a disinterested concern for their common welfare: and he maintained the dignity of his authority by the meekness with which he exercised it.

He felt a deep compassion for the vicious, and showed it, even whilst he was exposing the folly and wickedness of vice, with a strength and turn of language peculiar to himself. His reproofs being dictated by friendship, qualified by candour, and delivered with a natural delicacy of manners, were sincere without roughness, and endearing without dissimulation. He was by constitution liable to a depression of spirits, but innocence of heart enlivened his mind and his conversation with a cheerfulness that created a more affectionate regard for his superior worth, by rendering it more familiar and amiable. Under the most acute pain of his last illness he possessed his soul in patience, and with a firm trust in his Redeemer calmly resigned his spirit to the Father of Mercies.”

In St. Paul's Cathedral is a monument (by Chantrey) to **BISHOP HEBER**. He is represented kneeling, with one hand upon his breast, and the other resting upon a Bible; on the pedestal, he is confirming two Indian converts. Below is the following inscription :—

“To the memory of
REGINALD HEBER, D.D., Lord Bishop of Calcutta,
This Monument was erected by those who loved and
admired him.

His character exhibited a rare union
of fervent zeal with universal tolerance,

of brilliant talent with sober judgment,
 and was especially distinguished by Christian humility,
 which no applause could disturb, no success abate.
 He cheerfully resigned prospects of eminence at home,
 in order to become
 the chief Missionary of Christianity in the East;
 and having, in the short space of 3 years,
 visited the greater part of India,
 and conciliated the affections and veneration
 of men of every class of religion,
 he was there summoned to receive the reward of his
 labours, in the 43rd year of his age, 1826.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
 Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb;
 Thy Saviour has passed the portals before thee,
 And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.
 Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
 Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide;
 He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee,
 And Death has no sting, for the Saviour has died."

FRANCIS ATTERBURY, D.D., bishop of Rochester, was
 sentenced in 1723, to perpetual exile for a treasonable
 correspondence, and he died in Paris, Feb. 15, 1731,
 aged 68, his only daughter having expired in his arms
 immediately after her arrival in France to see him. He
 was privately buried in Westminster Abbey, and the
 following epitaph written for him by Pope :—

" SHE.

Yes! we have lived—one pang, and then we part!
 May Heaven, dear Father! now have all thy heart:
 Yet, ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,
 Till you are dust like me.

HE.

Dear Shade! I will:
 Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless ghost!
 O more than fortune, friends, or country lost!
 Is there on earth one care, one wish beside?
 Yes—SAVE MY COUNTRY, HEAV'N!
 He said, and dy'd."

MILES COVERDALE, bishop of Exeter, who produced the first entire translation of the protestant Bible in the English language, died in February, 1568, aged 81, and was buried in the church of St. Bartholomew, by the Royal Exchange. The present church was built by Sir Christopher Wren, in 1679, on the site of the old one; but Stow, in describing the ancient structure, records a certain Latin inscription, which he tells us "is on a fair plated stone, on the ground in the chancel." The following is a translation of the Latin inscription:—

" Epitaph on the Right Reverend Father in God,
MILES COVERDALE, an Octogenarian.

This Tomb which at last offers repose, and a
termination of his labours, holds the
bones of COVERDALE!

Who, as Bishop of Exeter, distinguished himself
by the exemplary probity of his life.

He liv'd to the good old age of eighty-one,
Too long an innocent exile from his native country.

After undergoing a variety of troubles,
He is here received into the friendly bosom
of the grave.

M."

There is no account or appearance of any interment in Lambeth Palace Chapel, except of Archbishop PARKER, who died in 1575, aged 71, and who desired by his will to be buried there. The spot where his body now rests is marked by the following words, cut on a slab immediately in front of the communion rails:—

" Corpus Matthæi Archiepiscopi,
Tandem Hic Quiescit."

Dr. JOSEPH HALL, bishop of Norwich, who died there in 1656, aged 82, he being an enemy to burying in churches, directed that his body should be buried in the churchyard.

In St. Paul's Cathedral is a monument to Bishop MIDDLETON. His lordship is represented as confirming two Hindoos. The inscription is :—

“THOMAS FANSHAW MIDDLETON, D.D.
 First Protestant Bishop in India,
 Consecrated to the See of Calcutta, May 8th, 1814,
 died July 8th, 1822.

This monument was erected by the joint contribution of Members of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.”

REGINALD POLE, archbishop of Canterbury, under Queen Mary, died Nov. 18th, 1558, aged 58, and was interred with great pomp on the north side of Thomas à Becket's chapel in Canterbury Cathedral. Over his grave was erected a tomb, on which were inscribed only these three words, as sufficient to his fame :—

“Depositum Cardinalis POLI.”

The following is inscribed on the tomb of the Rev. Dean DREINCOURT, in the Cathedral church of Armagh :—

“Such was the second DREINCOURT! a name
 Victorious over death—and dear to fame.
 The Christian's praise by different measures won,
 Successive grac'd the father and the son,
 To sacred service, *one* his wealth consigned,
 And *one* the living treasures of his mind.
 'Twere rash to say whose talent did excel,
 Each was so rich, and each improved so well.
 Nor was the charity delay'd till death,
 He chose to *give* what others did bequeath,
 Much tho' he gave, and oft, yet more he meant,
 Had life proportioned to his will been lent;
 But to complete a scheme so well design'd,
 Belongs to her who shar'd his bed and mind:
 Whose pious sorrows thus to future days,
 Transmit his image, and extend his praise.”

In St. Mary's churchyard, Gloucester :—

“JOHN HOOPEE, D.D.
Bishop of
Gloucester and Worcester,
was burnt on this spot,
on Saturday,
February IX, MDLV.
For his steady adherence
to the
Protestant Religion.”

Over the tomb of Pope ADRIAN VI., who died in
1523, was placed his own exclamation :—

“Let a man be never so good, how much depends
on the times in which he is born.”

In the epitaph on the monument of Dr. WM. WYNNE,
in Mold church, in Flintshire, are these words :—

“In conformity to an ancient usage,
From a proper regard to decency,
And a concern for the health
of his fellow creatures,
He was moved to give particular directions
for being buried in the adjoining churchyard
And not in the church.”

Dr. SAMUEL PARR, the learned divine and critic, died
without pain, Jan. 6th, 1825, aged 80. He was buried
in Hatton churchyard, where a monument is erected to
his memory, with the following beautiful quotation from
the Scriptures, selected by himself :—

“What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly,
and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.”

On Dr. THOMAS PARNELL, the divine and poet, who died at Chester, 1717, aged 48 years (by Oliver Goldsmith) :—

“ This tomb inscribed to gentle PARNELL’s name,
May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
What heart but feels his sweetly—moral lay,
That leads to truth through pleasure’s flowery way.
Celestial themes confess’d his tuneful aid ;
And Heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
The transitory breath of fame below :
More lasting rapture from his works shall rise
While converts thank their Poet in the skies.”

On Dr. PLAYFER, Margaret Professor of Divinity, who died about 1607—8 :—

“ Who lives with Death, by Death in Death is lying,
But he who living dies, best lives by dying :
Who life to truth, who death to error gives,
In life may die, by death more surely lives.
My soul in Heaven breathes, in schools my fame,
Then on my tomb write nothing but my name.”

On the Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, of London, who died March 29, 1785, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Mary-le-bone. The lines were written by himself, on the death of one of his friends :—

“ With poverty of spirit blest,
Rest, happy saint in Jesus, rest !
A sinner sav’d, through grace forgiven,
Redeem’d from earth to reign in heaven.
Thy labours of unwearied love,
By thee forgot— are crown’d above ;
Crown’d through the mercy of thy Lord,
With a free, full, immense reward.”

In St. Patrick's Cathedral, and near to the monument of Dean Swift, is a tablet to the memory of his intimate friend and favourite Mrs. JOHNSON (STELLA). The following is the inscription :—

“ Underneath lie interred the
mortal remains
of Mrs. HESTER JOHNSON, better
known to the world by the
name of STELLA, under which
she is celebrated in the
writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift,
Dean of this Cathedral.

She was a person
of extraordinary endowments
and accomplishments in body,
mind, and behaviour; justly
admired and respected by all who knew
her, on account of her
many eminent virtues,
as well as for her great
natural and acquired perfection.
She died January 27th, 1727,
in the 46th year of her age;
and by her will bequeathed
one thousand pounds towards
the support of a chaplain
to the Hospital founded in
this city by Dr. Stephens.”

At Clare, Suffolk :—

“ In the nave of this Church
lie the remains of
The Rev. GEORGE WIGHTMAN, D.D.
who departed this life
on the 3rd of August, 1854.

In affectionate remembrance of one who faithfully
laboured amongst them, first as curate and afterwards
as vicar for 30 years, the parishioners of Clare have
raised this tablet, recording thereon the words he him-
self suggested for his epitaph—

‘ A sinner saved by grace.’ ”

Dean SWIFT was buried in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and by way of monument, a slab of black marble was placed against the wall, on which was engraven the following Latin epitaph, written by himself :—

Hic depositum est corpus
 JONATHAN SWIFT, ST.P.
 Hujus Ecclesiæ Cathedralis
 Decani :
 Ubi sæva indignatio
 Ulterius cor lacerare nequit.
 Abi, viator,
 Et imitare, si poteris,
 Strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicem.
 Obiit anno (1745)
 Mensis (Octobris) die (19)
 Ætatis anno (78).”

On the Rev. Mr. PENROSE, 32 years vicar of St. Glu-
 vias, Cornwall (by Hannah More) :—

“ If social manners, if the gentlest mind,
 If zeal for God, and love for human kind ;
 If all the charities which life endear
 May claim affection, or demand a tear,
 Then over PENROSE's venerable urn
 Domestic love may weep, and friendship mourn.
 The path of duty still, untir'd, he trod,
 He walk'd in safety, for he walk'd with God !
 When past the power of precept and of prayer,
 Yet still his flock remain'd the shepherd's care ;
 Their wants still kindly watchful to supply,
 He taught his best, last lesson, how to die.”

Dr. FULLER, the historian and divine, was very much
 pleased with the conceit of his epitaph, made by a *bon*
 companion :—

“ Here lies FULLER's Earth.”

His epitaph in Westminster Abbey is said to consist of
 those four words only. He died August, 1661, aged
 53 years.

Tomb of HENRY MARTYN, the missionary, who died in Persia A.D. 1812, aged 31 years:—

“On leaving the Greek Church (at Tocat) we proceeded to the Armenian Cemetery, accompanied by an Armenian Priest, whom we had encountered on the way. He was the individual who had performed the last rites of Christian burial over the remains of the devoted missionary Martyn, who died here, on his way back to his native land, far from his fellow-countrymen, surrounded by strangers, and exposed to the brutality of his Tatar, who hurried him on without mercy from stage to stage. The poor Armenians, however, did what they could. They tended his dying pillow, and they consigned his last relics to the dust, accompanied by the solemn, soothing rites of the Christian service. Their simple veneration for him outlasted the tomb, and the hands of the christians of Tocat weed and tend the grave of the stranger from a distant isle. The Armenian priest who accompanied us stood for some moments with his turban off, at the head of the grave, engaged in prayer. As we turned to go away, he remarked, ‘he was a martyr of Jesus Christ; may his soul rest in peace!’ A few wild flowers were growing by his grave; I plucked one of them, and have regarded it ever since as the memorial of a martyr’s resting place.”—*Notes from Nineveh, and Travels in Mesopotamia, Assyria, and Syria (by the Rev. J. P. Fletcher, Philadelphia.)*

In Bristol Cathedral is a monument to Mrs. ELIZABETH DRAPER, the “ELIZA” of Sterne, bearing the following inscription:—

“Sacred
To the Memory
of
Mrs. ELIZABETH DRAPER:
in whom
Genius and Benevolence
were united.
She died August 3rd, 1778, Aged 35.”

On a country clergyman :—

“ Still like his Saviour known by breaking bread,
 The rich he entertain'd, the needy fed ;
 Of humour easy, and of life unblam'd,
 The friend delighted, while the priest reclaim'd :
 The friend, the father, and the husband gone,
 The priest still lives in this recording stone ;
 Where pious eyes may read his praises o'er
 And learn each grace his pulpit taught before.”

The Rev. BERNARD GILPIN was originally a Roman Catholic, but afterwards turned to the Protestant faith. He was presented by Bishop Tunstall to the rectory of Houghton-le-Spring, in Durham, and was afterwards confined by order of Queen Mary, but on his journey to London by accident he broke his leg, and before he could reach London Queen Mary died. He was one of the finest characters of any age ; hospitable and charitable without bounds. He died March, 1583, aged 65, and lies buried in Houghton church. In raised characters is the following inscription :—

“ BERNARD	obit Qua
GILPIN Re	RTO DIE. M
ctor Hv	ARTII. AN
jvs ecclesie	DOM. 1585.”

In the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral is the tomb of Nelson's brother, on which is placed the following inscription, which notes the titles he obtained through his distinguished brother :—

“ To the memory of the Right Honourable and Rev. WILLIAM NELSON, D.D., Baron Nelson of the Nile, Viscount Nelson and Earl Nelson of Trafalgar, and Duke of Bronte in Sicily, who died on the 28th February, 1835, in the 78th year of his age ; and lies buried here in the same vault with his wife, SARAH, Countess of Nelson : near the remains of his only son, Viscount Trafalgar ; and of his illustrious brother, Horatio, Viscount Nelson.”

Inscription on the monument of the Rev. GEORGE SCOTT, who became rector of Kentisbeare, in Devonshire, in 1828, and died there the 9th June, 1830. This epitaph appears on his tomb in the chancel there, and was written by Sir Walter Scott, Bart. :—

“To youth, to age, alike, this Tablet pale
Tells the brief moral of its tragic tale.
Art thou a parent? Reverence this bier,
The parents' fondest hopes lie buried here.
Art thou a youth, prepared in life to start,
With opening talents and a generous heart,
Fair hopes and flattering prospects all thine own?
Lo! here their end—a monumental stone.
But let submission tame each sorrowing thought;
Heaven crown'd its champion ere the fight was fought.”

On the Rev. Mr. HUNTER, who received a degree from the University of Oxford for his work against Lord Bolingbroke's Philosophy (by Hannah More) :—

“Go, happy spirit, seek that blissful land
Where zealous Michael leads the glorious band
Of those who fought for truth; blest spirit, go,
And perfect all the good begun below;
Go hear applauding Saints delighted tell
How vanquished Falsehood at thy bidding fell!
Blest in that heav'n whose paths thy virtue sought;
Blest in that God whose cause thou well hast fought.
O let thy honour'd shade *his* care approve,
Who this memorial rears of filial love:
A son, whose father, living, was his pride;
A son, who mourns that such a father died.”

At Castle Camps, Cambridgeshire, is the following epitaph on a former Rector :—

“Mors mortis morti mortem nise morte dedisset,
Æternæ Vitæ Janua clausa foret.”

The translation is obviously: “Unless the Death of Death (Christ) had given death to Death by his own death, the gate of eternal life had been closed.”

At Hackney :—

“ Sacred to the memory of
The Rev. DAVID GEORGE DAVIS,
of this Parish,

Who departed this life, Jan. 10, 1812, aged 42 years,

After a long affliction, which he bore
With manly fortitude and steady faith.

If dumb too long the drooping mate hath staid,
And left her debt of sacred love unpaid ;
Blame not her silence, readers, but bemoan,
And judge, Oh judge my feelings by your own.
To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine ;
Mine, with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And 'grave with faithful epitaph the stone :
Live here on earth, preparing for the skies,
Then at the last great day together rise,
For God forbids the virtuous soul to die,
Though we awhile may here united lie.”

The celebrated Rev. WILLIAM WHISTON was buried in Lyndon churchyard, in Rutlandshire; on his tomb is the following inscription :—

“ Here lies the body of the Reverend Mr. WILLIAM WHISTON, M.A., some time professor of the Mathematics in the University of Cambridge : who was born Dec. 9th, 1667, and died Aug. 22nd, 1752, in the 85th year of his age.

Endued with an excellent genius, indefatigable in labour and study, he became learned in divinity, ancient history, chronology, philosophy, and mathematics.

Fertile in sentiment, copious in language, skilful to convey instruction, he introduced the Newtonian Philosophy, then buried in the deep recesses of geometry, into public knowledge; and thereby displayed the wonderful works of God.

More desirous to discover His will, he applied himself chiefly to the examination and study of the Holy Scriptures. Resolved to practise it, he sacrificed great worldly advantages, and greater expectations, that he might preserve the testimony of a good conscience.

Firmly persuaded of the truth and importance of revealed religion, he exerted his utmost abilities to enforce the evidence, to explain the doctrine, and to promote the practise of Christianity: worshipping with the most profound submission and adoration, the Supreme Majesty of one God and Father of all, through the intercession and mediation of our Lord Jesus Christ, by the grace and influence of the Holy Spirit, and testifying the sincerity of his profession by the due obedience of an holy life.

Strictly tenacious of his integrity, equally fervent in piety and charity, ardent to promote the glory of God, and the good of mankind; zealous in the pursuit of truth, and practice of virtue, he persevered with faith and patience, steadfast and unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, through many trials and much tribulation, to the end of his course, full of days, and ripe for paradise, in a firm assurance of a joyful resurrection to everlasting life and happiness.

Remember, reader, whoever thou art, if thou canst not attain to the measure of his learning and knowledge; that it is in thy power to equal him in piety, probity, holiness and other Christian graces, and that thou mayest thereby obtain, together with him, through the mercies of God, and merits of Christ, an everlasting crown of glory."

On the Rev. CHRISTOPHER PITT, the poet, at Blandford, in Dorsetshire:—

“ In Memory of
 CHR. PITT, Clerk, M.A.
 very eminent
 for his talents in Poetry:
 and yet more
 For the universal candour of
 his mind, and the primitive
 simplicity of his manners:
 He lived innocent:
 and died beloved,
 Apr. 13, 1748,
 aged 48.”

On **WILLIAM CAREY**, the first missionary at Serampore. William Carey arrived at Serampore with the Rev. John Thomas, January, 1800. He was only a village schoolmaster, but before he left England, he used to read a chapter in the Bible every morning, in six different languages; and for 37 years he laboured at the translation of the Bible, and was the principal means of furnishing many millions of immortal souls with the Bible in their own language. The inscription on his tombstone is simply this, according to his own wish:—

“**WILLIAM CAREY**
Born 17th of August, 1761,
Died 9th of June, 1834.

‘A wretched, poor, and helpless worm
On thy kind arms I fall.’”

The Rev. **JOHN NEWTON**, the friend of the poet Cowper, was rector of St. Mary, Woolnoth, London, 28 years. He died A.D. 1797, aged 72 years, and a tablet in the church has been erected to his memory, bearing the following inscription, written by himself:—

“John **NEWTON**, clerk, once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa, was, by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, preserved, restored, pardoned, and appointed to preach the faith he had long laboured to destroy.”

Dr. JOHN RAINOLDS, the divine, died A. D. 1607, aged 58, and was interred with great solemnity in the chapel of Corpus Christi college, where a monument was erected to his memory by his successor in the presidentship, Dr. Spencer, with the following inscription:—

“*Virtuti sacrum. Jo. Rainolds S
Theol. D, eruditione, pietate, integritate incomparabile,
hujus Coll. Præses, qui obiit, &c. Jo Spencer auditor,
successor, virtutum et sanctitatis admirator HM amoris
erga posuit.*”

On the Rev. Mr. Love, in Bristol Cathedral (by Hannah More):—

“When worthless grandeur fills th’embellished urn,
 No poignant grief attends the sable bier;
 But when distinguish’d excellence we mourn,
 Deep is the sorrow, genuine is the tear.

Stranger! should’st thou approach this awful shrine,
 The merits of the honoured dead to seek;
 The friend, the son, the christian, the divine,
 Let those who knew him, those who lov’d him speak.

O let them in some pause of anguish say,
 What zeal inflamed, what faith enlarged his breast;
 How glad th’unfetter’d spirit wing’d its way
 From earth to heaven, from blessing to be blest!”

The Rev. GEORGE HERBERT, whose *Poems* and *Country Parson* are well known, died of consumption at Bemerton rectory, Wiltshire, A.D. 1635, aged 40, and was buried in Bemerton church. A writer in a periodical in 1854, says—“I entered Bemerton church, I was aware that he was buried near the altar, under a broad flat stone, without any inscription; yet hoped to have the pleasure of seeing the stone that covered the remains of such an example of goodness, and perhaps finding the initials, a date, or some memorial however slight. But great was my disappointment to find the altar raised by a platform of wood, and the pavement entirely concealed. I turned to the clerk, in the hope of finding some lingering tradition, but in vain; he had not even heard the name of Herbert.”

Dr. RICHARD PARR died November, 1691, aged 74, and was buried in Camberwell churchyard, where it is inscribed on his monument, that “he was in preaching constant: in life exemplary: in piety and charity most eminent: a lover of peace and hospitality: and, in fine, a true disciple of Jesus Christ.”

On a monument erected in Epsom church, in Surrey, to the memory of the Rev. JONATHAN BOUCHER, is the following:—

“Near this place are deposited,
 In the hope of a blessed resurrection to eternal life,
 The remains of the Rev. JONATHAN BOUCHER, M. A., F. A. S.
 Nineteen years Vicar of this Parish :
 He was born at Blencogo, in Cumberland, 12th March,
 1738 ; and died 27th April, 1804.
 A faithful steward of the mysteries of God, he ever
 Maintained and enforced, both by his writings and
 Discourses, that form of sound doctrine delivered
 Unto the Saints ; whilst in his opinions and practice
 He exhibited a bright example of Christian Charity.
 Few men possessed a larger store of various knowledge,
 Or greater liberality of communication ;
 And the success with which, in the intervals of more
 Important pursuits, he cultivated English Philological
 Antiquities, will excite the regret of all the learned
 For the event which has left his
 Valuable labours unfinished.
 His loyalty to his King remained unshaken, even when
 The madness of the people raged furiously against him :
 And, for conscience sake, he resigned ease and affluence in
 America, to endure hardships and poverty in his native land ;
 But the Lord gave him twice as much as he had before,
 And blessed his latter end more than his beginning.”

Dr. JOHN JORTIN, a learned divine, and author of many works, died Sep. 5, 1770, and was buried in the new churchyard at Kensington, as he had directed, and had a flat stone laid over him, with this inscription dictated by himself:—

“JOANNES JORTIN
 Mortalis esse desiit,
 Anno Salutis 1770,
 Ætatis 72.”

The Rev. LAURENCE STERNE, M.A., was buried in the new burying ground belonging to the parish of St. George, Hanover Square, where he has a monument raised by two strangers, on which is inscribed the following lines :—

“Near to this Place
Lies the Body of
The Reverend LAURENCE STERNE, A.M.
Died September 13th,* 1768,
Aged 53 years.

Ah ! molliter ossa quiescant.

If a sound Head, warm Heart, and Breast humane,
Unsullied Worth, and Soul without a Stain ;
If Mental Powers could ever justly claim
The well-won Tribute of immortal Fame,
STERNE was *the Man*, who, with gigantic Stride
Mow'd down luxuriant Follies far and wide.
Yet what tho' keenest Knowledge of Mankind,
Unseal'd to him the springs that move the Mind ;
What did it cost him ? Ridicul'd, abus'd,
By Fools insulted, and by Prudes accus'd !
In his, mild Reader, view thy future fate ;
Like him, despise what 'twere a Sin to hate.

This Monumental Stone was erected by two brother masons ; for, though he did not live to be a member of their society, yet, as his all-incomparable performances evidently prove him to have acted by rule and square, they rejoice in this opportunity of perpetuating his high and irreproachable character to after ages.”—*W. & S.*

On the Rev. LAURENCE STERNE (by David Garrick):—

“ Shall pride, a heap of sculptur'd marble raise,
Some worthless unmourn'd titled fool to praise ?
And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn,
Where genius, wit, and humour, sleep with STERNE.”

* He died March 18th.

Another epitaph on STERNE :—

“ How often wrongs our nomenclature,
 How our names differ from our nature
 ’Tis easy to discern :
 Here lies the quintessence of wit,
 For mirth and humour none more fit,
 And yet men call him STERN—E.”

The following is on a brass plate in the chancel of
 Great Billing church, Northamptonshire :—

“ JUSTINIAN BRASSGIRDLE underneath this stone,
 Hath left his pawne of resurrection ;
 Who four and fifty winters did afforde
 This flocke the pasture of God’s heavenly worde,
 And all his lifetime did employ his care
 So to growe rich to make the poore his heyre.
 Being charityes faithful steward, he imparts
 Twelve hundred pounds to nourish Oxford artes ;
 Then if our God to them ope heaven doore,
 That give but drops of water to the poore,
 Sure his wise soul laid up a treasure there,
 That nere shall rust—who now bought heaven so deare ;
 When faith and good workes have so long contended,
 That faith is almost dead, and good workes ended.
 Obijt Octob. 25, 1625.”

The Rev. ROBERT BURTON, a celebrated writer of the
 17th century, and author of the “ Anatomy of Melan-
 choly,” by Democritus, Junior, died 1640, aged 64, and
 was buried at Christ Church, with the following epitaph,
 said to have been his own composition :—

“ Paucis notus, paucioribus ignotus,
 Hic Jacet Democritus Junior ;
 Cui vitam pariter et mortem.
 Dedit MELANCHOLLE.”

DIVINES.

In St. Peter's church, Colchester, Essex, is this memorial to the Rev. SAMUEL CARR, M.A. :—

“Phil. iv. 7, 8. In memory of SAMUEL CARR, M.A. late vicar of this parish, and sometime Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge, who departed this life, June 17, 1854, aged 63. Called in the providence of God to minister in his native town, he held the charge of this parish for 25 years, during which time he faithfully preached the gospel, setting forth Christ as the only refuge for sinners, declaring the whole counsel of God, and showing to all men the gentleness and uncorruptness, gravity and sincerity of the Christian pastor. In grateful and affectionate remembrance of his worth, this monumental stone is erected by his parishioners.”

On a tablet on the outside of the parish church of Brailes, Warwickshire :—



“Pray for the soul of the
Rev. JOHN AUSTIN,
Many years Pastor to the Catholics
of Brailes and neighbourhood.
He died 27th Aug : 1809, aged 68.
R. I. P. ”

In Trowbridge Church, Wiltshire, is a monument (executed by E. H. Baily) to the memory of the Rev. GEORGE CRABBE, the poet. The inscription is :—

“Sacred
To the Memory of
The Revd. G. CRABBE, L.L.B.
who died on the 3rd of Feb., 1832, in the 78th year
of his age, and the 18th of his Services as Rector of
this Parish.
Born in humble life he made himself what he was ;
Breaking through the obscurity of his birth by the force
of his Genius ;

Yet he never ceased to feel for the less fortunate ; entering as his works can testify into the sorrows and wants of the poorest of his Parishioners, and so discharging the duties of a Pastor and a Magistrate as to endear himself to all around him. As a writer he cannot be better described than in the words of a great Poet, his contemporary :

‘Tho’ nature’s sternest painter, yet her best.’

This Monument was erected by some of his affectionate friends and Parishioners.”

The Rev. EDWARD YOUNG, author of the “Night Thoughts,” died at Welwyn, in Herts, April, 1765, aged 83. His epitaph is as follows :—

“ M. S.
 Optimi Parentis
 EDWARDI YOUNG, L.L.D.
 Hujus Ecclesiæ rect.
 Et Elizabethæ
 fæm prænob
 Conjugis ejus amantissimæ,
 Pio et gratissimo animo
 Hoc marmor posuit
 F. Y.
 Filius superstes.”

The Reverend JOHN DE CAMPDEN, Master of the Hospital of the Holy Cross, Canon of Southwell Minster, Rector of Cheriton, and a great benefactor to St. Mary’s College, Winchester. His monument lies in the nave of the splendid and interesting church of this hospital, and is inlaid in a slab of Purbeck marble. It was erected by him during his own lifetime ; and as there is no date upon it, the deep-cut lines and other peculiarities show it to have been erected near the end of the 14th century. A surplice reaches to his feet and has long wide sleeves ; of his cassock only the ends of the sleeves are visible. Between the uplifted hands are held two scrolls with these words :—

“Jesu cum venieris judicare noli me condemnare.”

“Qui plasmasti me miserere mei.”

i.e., “When thou, O Jesus, shalt be come to judge, be unwilling to condemn me.”

“Thou who hast made me have mercy upon me.”

At the foot of the figure is the following legend :

“Hic jacet Johannes de Campden, quondam custos istius Hospitalis ejus animæ propicietor deus.”

The Rev. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES, the poet, was buried in the Cathedral at Salisbury. A tablet in the florid Gothic style bears this inscription :—

“The Rev. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES, M.A., Canon of this Cathedral, many years Rector of Bremhill, in this County, and Rector of Dumbleton, in the County of Gloucester, a Poet, Critic, and Divine, died on the 7th of April, 1850, in the 88th year of his age. His wife, MAGDALENE, daughter of the Rev. Charles Wake, D.D., Rector of Knoyle Magna, in this county, died without issue on the 7th of May, 1844. The remains of both are interred near this tablet, erected by their Kindred as a tribute of respect to departed worth, of which the writings of the Poet afford a more interesting and unimpeachable memorial.”

On the Rev. HUGH MOISES, M.A., the early instructor of Lord Eldon. His monument in St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne, bears an inscription in Latin, by his distinguished pupil, Sir William Scott, of which the following is the translation :—

“Near this spot rests
The Reverend HUGH MOISES, M.A.
Formerly fellow
of St. Peter's College, Cambridge,

Afterwards, for a long series of years
 Master
 Of the Foundation Grammar School in this town,
 And Lecturer on the Divine Word
 In the Church of All Saints, there.
 He was a man of elegant and cultivated mind ;
 Highly accomplished in polite letters,
 And indefatigable and felicitous
 In imparting them :
 Exercising a mild, but firm authority
 In directing the minds of youth :
 Of manners most easy, and not without pleasantry,
 But duly chastened
 To the sanctity of his life and office :
 Anxious, ever most kindly, and often successfully,
 To forward in every way the interests .
 Of all those the course of whose studies
 He had superintended :
 Of the religion, established by his country's institutions,
 A most devout observer,
 And in his sacred discourses,
 A diligent, learned, and eloquent expounder.
 The affectionate veneration
 Of a numerous body of his pupils
 Hath caused the memory of his name
 To be consecrated by this monument,
 With the countenance and auxiliary contribution
 Of the Corporation of Newcastle,
 Who remember with gratitude
 How highly he deserved of all connected with him.
 He died in the year of grace 1806,
 And in the 85th of his age,
 Leaving two sons, Hugh and William."

Twiss's Life of Eldon

The Reverend ROBERT JOHNSON, the founder of the
 free schools and hospitals at Oakham and Uppingham,
 was buried in North Luffenham church, in Rutland-
 shire. The following inscription appears on a brass
 plate fixed on his grave-stone :—

“ROBERT JHONSON, bachelor of Divinitie, a painfull preacher, parson of North Luffenham.

Had a godlie care of religion, and a charitable minde to the poore.

He erected a faire free gramar schoole in Uppingham.

He appointed to each of his schooles, a schoolemaster and an usher.

He erected the hospitalle of Christe in Okeham.

He erected the hospitalle of Christe in Uppingham.

He procured for them a corporation and a mortmaine of fower hundred markes.

Whereby well disposed people maie give unto them as God shall move their hartes.

He bought lands of Queene Elizabeth towards the maintenance of them.

He provided place in eache of the hospitalles for XXIIII poore people.

He recovered, bought, and procured the hospitalle of William Dalby, in Okeham, and caused it to be renewed, established, and confirmed, which before was found to be confiscate and consealed, wherein divers poore people he relieved.

He was also beneficiall to the towne of North Luffenham.

And also to the towne of Stamford, where he was borne of worshipfull parents.

It is the grace of God to give a man a wise harte to lay up his treisure in heaven.

Theis be good fruites and effects of a justifieieng faith, and of a true profession of religion.

And a good example to all others to be benefactors to theise and such like good workes.

That so they may glorify God, and leave a blessed remembrance behinde them, to the comfort and profite of all posteritie.

All the glorie, honor, praise, and thanks, be unto God for ever more, Amen.

Sic luceat lux vestra. ‘Let your light so shine.’”

There is no mention on the brass plate of the time of his death, but the parish register records that he was buried July 24th, 1625.

There is a monument (by Bacon) in Westminster Abbey, to the Rev. WILLIAM MASON, the poet. Poetry is holding a medallion bust of the poet, on which she reclines her head; the pedestal is ornamented with Greek mask and lyre. The inscription was written by Bishop Hurd, and is as follows :—

“ Optimo Viro
GUILIELMO MASON, A.M.
Poetæ
Siquis alius
Culto, casto, pio
Sacrum,
Ob. 7 April, 1797,
Æt. 72.”

Translation :—Sacred to an excellent man, WILLIAM MASON, A.M. A Poet, if any, chaste, cultivated, and pious. He died April the 7th, 1797, Aged 72.

On Mrs. MASON, the wife of the poet, in Bristol Cathedral (by the Rev. Wm. Mason) :—

“ Take, holy earth ! all that my soul holds dear :
Take that best gift which Heaven so lately gave :
To Bristol’s fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form ; she bow’d to taste the wave,
And died : Does youth, does beauty, read the line ?
Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm ?
Speak, dead Maria ! breathe a strain divine ;
Even from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.

Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee ;
Bid them in duty’s sphere as meekly move ;
And if so fair, from vanity as free ;
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love,
Tell them, though ’tis an awful thing to die,
(’Twas even to thee) yet the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids ‘ The pure in heart behold their God.’ ”

When the Rev. JOHN CORTON, one of the early ministers of New England, died, in 1652, one of his friends, a Mr. Woodbridge, wrote the following epitaph, which is supposed to have given rise to the celebrated one written by Dr. Franklin, on himself :—

“ A living breathing bible ; tables where
Both covenants at large engraven were ;
Gospel and law in heart had each its column,
His head an index to the sacred volume.
His very name a title-page : and next
His life a commentary on the text.
Oh, what a monument of glorious worth,
When in a new edition he comes forth
Without errata, we may think he'll be
In leaves and covers of Eternity !”

At Cork, in Ireland, near to the Cathedral, is buried the Rev. R. BOARDMAN. Upon the plain slab which covers his dust is the following :—

“ RICHARD BOARDMAN,
Departed this life October 4th, 1782,
Ætatis 44.

Beneath this stone, the dust of BOARDMAN lies,
His precious soul has soared above the skies ;
With eloquence divine, he preach'd the word
To multitudes, and turned them to the Lord,
His bright example strengthened what he taught,
And devils trembled when for Christ he fought.
With truly Christian Zeal he nations fired,
And all who knew him mourned when he expired.”

SUGER (the abbé), a minister of state, and abbot of St. Dennis, in the 11th century. His reputation stood so high, that after his death it was thought sufficient to write on his tomb :—

“ Cy git l'abbé Suger.”
(Here lies the abbé Suger.) He died in 1152.

In Lincoln Cathedral:—

Here lieth the body of MICHAEL HONEYWOOD, D.D., who was grandchild, and one of the 367 persons that Mary,* the wife of Richard Honeywood, Esq., did see before she died, lawfully descended from her, that is, 16 of her own body, 114 grandchildren, 228 of the third generation, and 9 of the fourth.”

On the Rev. RALPH TYRER, Vicar of Kendal, who died A.D. 1627:—

“London bred me—Westminster fed me,
Cambridge sped me—My sister wed me,
Study taught me—Living sought me,
Learning brought me—Kendal caught me,
Labour press'd me—Sickness distressed me,
Death oppressed me—The Grave possessed me,
God first gave me—Christ did save me,
Earth did crave me—And heaven would have me.”

In Westminster Abbey is a monument to Dr. ISAAC WATTS (by Banks). It consists of a fine bust; underneath, the doctor at his studies. It bears only this inscription:—

“ISAAC WATTS, D.D.
Born July 17, 1674,
Dyed Nov. 25th, 1748.”

On MARTIN LUTHER. The University of Wittenberg directed the following inscription to be put upon Luther's tomb:—

“In this place lies buried the body of MARTIN LUTHER, Doctor of Divinity, who died at Isleben, his birth-place, on the twelfth of the Calends of March, in the year 1546, where he had lived sixty-three years, three months, and ten days.”

* The Lady, Mary Honeywood, mentioned above, died at Markshall, in Essex, in 1620, aged 92 years, and in the 44th of her widowhood.

On Dr. ISAAC WATTS, in Bunhill-Field's burying-ground :—

“To real merit due, this humble song,
 WATTS (now no more) to thee be sacred long.
 Sweet were thy numbers, as thy soul was great ;
 In virtue rich, with piety replete :
 In vain, to thee vice sounds her soft alarms,
 In vain she spreads her gay alluring charms :
 Thy steady zeal the wily foe o'erthrew,
 And gave her veil'd deformity to view.
 For thee our youths enlarg'd their op'ning views,
 Learn'd heav'nly truths, and reason's proper use :
 With vary'd beauties grac'd, thy tuneful lyre,
 To charm, deter, correct, improve, inspire ;
 From tort'ring fears the soul depress'd to free,
 E'en *David's* strains receiv'd new charms from thee.
 In haste to aid, but in resentment slow,
 An ardent friend, and quick forgiving foe :
 Oh ! may thy soul ! now loos'd from mortal clay,
 Wing its swift flight to realms of endless day ;
 There all its glories, all its joys improve,
 In scenes of perfect purity and love.”

In Bala churchyard, Merionethshire :—

“Sacred to the Memory of EVAN LLOYD, A.M., Clerk
 of this Parish. Born May 2, 1734 ; Died Jan. 26,
 1776 : aged 42.

Oh ! pleasing poet, friend for ever dear,
 Thy memory claims the tribute of a tear :
 In thee was join'd whate'er mankind admire,
 Keen wit, strong sense, the poet's, patriot's fire.
 Tempered with gentleness, such gifts were thine,
 Such gifts with heart-felt anguish we resign.”

In Lichfield Cathedral, at the back of the splendid
 monument by Chantrey, is a plain monument, in black
 marble, to the memory of the Rev. WILLIAM ROBINSON,
 the departed parent of the reposing innocents, bearing
 the following inscription :—

“The Reverend
 WILLIAM ROBINSON, B.C.L.
 Prebendary of this Cathedral,
 Rector of Swinnerton, and Stoke on Trent,
 A pious and excellent man ;
 An able and successful Minister
 In the Church of Christ ;
 Departed this Life, March 21, 1812,
 Aged 35.
 He married Ellen Jane
 Daughter of the very Reverend
 Dr. Woodhouse, Dean of this Cathedral ;
 Who, with two Infant Daughters,
 Ellen Jane and Marianne
 Survived him.”

Close to this monument is the beautiful and affecting piece of statuary, which was allowed by Canova, when in England, to be the masterpiece of modern Europe. It is by F. Chantrey, Esq., R.A., and is to the memory of the two daughters of the Rev. Wm. Robinson, who met with premature deaths. It represents the two little girls lying on a couch in each others arms, asleep. There is an exquisite feeling of life in the figures, equal to the finest productions of the ancient masters of the art; and the indentions on the pillows of the couch, are elasticity itself. In a late critique on this ornament to our country, it is truly said to be “the beauty of pure nature viewed by the eye, and transferred to marble by the hand of refined art.” The figures repose on the representation of a mattress, with a pillow at the head, supported on a plain monument—the whole cut from a block of fine white marble. On the entablature of the monument is the following inscription:—

“Sacred to the memory of
 ELLEN JANE AND MARIANNE,
 Only children
 Of the late Rev. Wm. ROBINSON
 And Ellen Jane his Wife.
 Their Affectionate Mother,
 In fond Remembrance of their ‘Heaven-loved Innocence,’

Consigns their Resemblances to this Sanctuary,
 In humble Gratitude
 For the glorious assurance that
 ‘Of such is the Kingdom of God.’”

On Dr. ROWLAND TAYLOR, vicar of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, who suffered martyrdom in the reign of queen Mary. On a small tablet of brass, affixed to a pillar in Hadleigh church, is the following inscription in old English letters:—

“ ‘Gloria in Altissimis Deo.’

Of ROWLAND TAYLOR's fame I shewe
 An Excellent Devine
 And Docter of the Civell Law
 A Preacher rare and fyne.
 King Henry and King Edward's dayes
 Preacher and Parson here,
 That gave to God continuall prayse
 And kept his flocke in feare.
 And for the truth condemned to dye
 He was in fiery flame
 When he received patientlie
 The torment of the same.
 And thoughte he suffered to the ende
 Which made the standers by
 Rejoice in God to see their friende
 And Pastor so to dye.
 O Tayllor were thy mightye fame
 Uprightly here enroulde
 Thy deeds deserve that thy goode name
 Were ciphered here in gold.

Obiit Anno Dmn. 1555.”

At the place of his execution was erected a stone with the following inscription:—

“ Anno 1555.
 Dr. Taylor for defending what was God
 In this place shed his Blod.”

This was the only monumental stone prior to 1819, and was encircled by a rude iron railing, when several individuals undertook to erect a monument by subscription, which was completed and placed upon the same spot, in 1819, and the martyr's stone lies at the base of the newly erected monument. The following lines are inscribed upon the new monument, and were written by Dr. Drake, M.D., of Hadleigh :—

“Mark this rude stone where TAYLOR dauntless stood,
 Where Zeal infuriate drank the Martyr's blood.
 Hadleigh! That day how many a tearful eye
 Saw thy lov'd Pastor dragg'd a Victim by;
 Still scattering gifts and blessings as he past;
 To the Blind Pair, his farewell alms were cast;
 His clinging Flock e'en here around him pray'd
 “As thou hast aided us—be God thine Aid.”
 Nor taunts, nor bribes of mitred rank, nor stake,
 Nor blows, nor flames, his heart of firmness shake.
 Serene—his folded hands, his upward eyes,
 Like Holy Stephen's seek the opening Skies;
 There fixed in rapture, his prophetic sight
 Views Truth dawn clear on England's Bigot night.
 Triumphant Saint!—He bow'd and kiss'd the rod,
 And soar'd on Seraph wings to meet his God.”

Inscribed on a stone in the burying-ground, City Road :—

“To the Memory of
 The venerable JOHN WESLEY, A.M.
Late Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.
 This great light arose,
 By the singular providence of God,
 To enlighten these nations,
 And to revive, enforce, and defend
 The pure apostolical doctrine and practice of
 The primitive church,
 Which he continued to defend, both by his
 Labours and his writings,
 For more than half a century ;

And who, to his inexpressible joy,
 Not only beheld their influence extending,
 And their efficacy witnessed,
 In the hearts and lives of many thousands,
 As well in the *western world* as in these kingdoms,
 But also, far above all human power or expectation,
 Lived to see provision made by the singular
 Grace of God,
 For their continuance and establishment,
 To the joy of the future generations.
 Reader, if thou art constrained to bless the instrument,
 Give God the Glory.
 After having languished a few days,
 He at length finished
 His course and life together,
 Gloriously triumphing over death,
 March 2nd, Anno Domini 1791,
 In the 88th year of his age."

In Lincoln Cathedral, on the Rev. WILLIAM COLE,
 who died 1600:—

"Reader, behold the pious pattern here,
 Of true devotion and of holy fear:
 He sought God's glory, and the church's good,
 Idle idol worship firmly he withstood.
 Yet died in peace, whose body here doth lie,
 In expectation of eternity,
 And when the latter trump of heaven shall blow,
 COLE now *rak'd up in ashes* then shall *glow*."

INFANTS AND CHILDREN.

On an infant :—

“ Liv'd to wake each tender passion,
 And delightful hopes inspire ;
 Died to try our resignation,
 And direct our wishes higher.

Rest, sweet babe ! in gentle slumbers,
 Till the resurrection morn ;
 Then arise, to join the numbers,
 That its triumphs shall adorn.

Though (thy presence so endearing)
 We thy absence now deplore ;
 At the Saviour's bright appearing,
 We shall meet to part no more.

Thus to thee, O Lord ! submitting,
 We the tender pledge resign,
 And our mercies ne'er forgetting,
 Own that all we have is thine.”

On an infant :—

“ Thou lovely babe, Christ is thy rest,
 Thy Saviour called thee to be blest.
 Thou favour'd child, thy toils are o'er,
 Thy soul's with Christ to part no more.”

On an infant, copied from a tombstone, in the churchyard of a village in Shropshire :—

“ Here sweetly sleep awhile, blest babe ; thy sun
 In haste hath set, thy race of suffering done :
 A stranger to thy great Creator’s name—
 Unknown to thee thy glorious Saviour’s fame.
 Nor faith, nor hope, nor love, nor other grace
 Within thy infant bosom held their place.
 No power hadst thou to shed one contrite tear,
 One duteous act perform, or lisp one prayer.
 But not in vain thy life ! Thou hast not sown,
 Yet the rich harvest reapest as thy own :
 Thou hast not fought, but thou hast won the prize,
 Hast never borne the cross, yet gain’d the skies.
 E’en guilt was thine, as Adam’s guilty race ;
 Yet such the Father’s love—the Saviour’s grace,
 That Father’s love hath turned thy night to day,
 That Saviour’s blood hath wash’d thy guilt away ;
 Cloth’d in his robe of righteousness divine,
 Peace, pardon, life, and endless joys are thine. ”

On a monument in Willesden churchyard, near the Harrow road, Middlesex. This inscription contains such natural, moral and pathetic sentiments, expressing so strong a parental affection, and at the same time such a pious resignation to the will of Heaven, under one of the most affecting of human calamities, the loss of children, that it cannot fail to be acceptable to the reader :—

“ WILLIAM ROBINSON, aged 2,
 And
 SALLY ROBINSON, aged 4,
 Children of
 William Robinson of the Inner Temple, London, Gt.
 And Anne, his wife,
 Anno Dom. 1750,
 Fled from scenes of guilt and misery,
 Without partaking of them ;
 And their bodies sleep in this monument,

EPITAPHS, ETC.

United by mutual tenderness.
Their sympathizing souls, impatient
of a separation,
And eager to rejoin their kindred angels,
With a smile took leave of their
weeping parents here,
And together ascended to their im-
mortal Sire above,
To sit at his right hand,
To be cherished in his paternal bosom,
To enjoy ineffable happiness,
And part no more ;
These reflections inspired by heaven,
Have taught their otherwise inconsol-
able parents to dry up their tears,
And yield a perfect resignation to the
divine will,
Insomuch that they congratulate the
dear deceased
on their timely departure,
And mourn only for the living."

In the middle of the uppermost part of the tombstone is placed an urn, with a flame ascending ; on one side whereof the boy stands, with a scroll in one hand, containing this motto, "In celo Quies" : on the other, the girl with a like scroll, with this motto, "Angeli sumus" : both habited like angels, with wings at their backs.—*The Grand Magazine of Magazines, for 1750.*

In Wortham churchyard, Suffolk, by the Rev. R. Cobbold :—

"To the memory of a first grandchild,
MARION EDITH COBBOLD, Jan. 15, 1851.

She liv'd a treasure dearly prized,
In Jesus' name she was baptized.
When Jesus shall to judgment come
We all shall find our heavenly home."

In the churchyard of Western-Underwood, in Bucks, the following lines are written on a gravestone, placed over the grave of JAMES and HARRIET SWANNELL, who died on the same day. James aged 7, and Harriet aged 2 years:—

“ ‘ I take these little lambs’—said he,
 ‘ And lay them on my breast :
 Protection they shall find in me,
 In me be ever blest.
 Death can the bonds of life unclose
 But not dissolve my love :
 Millions of infant souls compose
 The family above.’ ”

On one who died Sep. 23rd, 1833, aged 22 months:—

“ Fair flower : O, Dear, no sooner came
 Thy early days in beauteous bloom,
 But death did crop the tender bud,
 And laid thee in the mournful tomb.”

On two infants (from Montgomery’s grave):—

“ The storm that sweeps the wintry sky
 No more disturbs their deep repose
 Than summer evening’s latest sigh
 That shuts the rose.”

In Pancras churchyard:—

“ Here innocence and beauty lie, whose breath
 Was snatch’d by early, not untimely death.
 Hence she did go, just as she did begin,
 Sorrow to know, before she knew to sin.
 Death, that does sin and sorrow thus prevent,
 Is the next blessing to a life well spent.”

On a child :—

“Short, yet how pleasing was her visit here,
She’s now remov’d to grace a nobler sphere ;
Cease then frail nature to lament in vain,
Reason forbids, to wish her back again.”

“On an onely and much lamentede childe :—

Noe wonder that his moder wepte
No wonder that she sighede,
He never drewe from her eyne a tear,
Till the daie on whiche hee dyed.”

In the cemetery of Pere lá Chaise, on the tomb of a child 28 months old :—

“My Father, weep not ; Go, console my mother.
Tell her that I am soaring to the mansions of the blessed.
Comfort her in her sorrow ; listen to my entreaty.
In the bosom of the Lord I await you both.”

How different is this from the above. This is a fatalist lamenting the loss of his child :—

“Beloved parents, who lov’d me so dearly,
Be comforted, it was my destiny.”

There is also, in the same cemetery, a low wooden railing, some three feet square, within which was placed a box, with glass doors, containing the dolls, teacups, little basket, ball, and toy-watch, of a little girl three years old. It bore the following inscription :—

“She lived as long as roses live—the space of a morning.”—*Rambles about Paris.*

In the cemetery de Vaugirard, in Paris, is a grave marked by a plain stone, which contains the ashes of a son of Madame de LAVALETTE, who was born Sep. 17th, 1815, and died Nov. 13th following. Those who recollect that this courageous woman was visited with the bereavement at the moment when she meditated the project of exposing her own life to save her husband's, will not read the following inscription without interest :—

“ Il a été
Frappé par le malheur,
Dans le sein de sa tendre mère.”

In St. Edmund's churchyard, Salisbury, in memory of 3 children of JOSEPH & ARABELLA MATON, who all died in their infancy, 1770 :—

“ Innocence Embellishes Divinely Compleat
To Prescience Coegent Now Sublimely Great
To the Benign, Perfecting, Vivifying State.

2

So Heavenly Guardian Occupy the Skies
The Pre-existent God, Omnipotent, Allwise
He can Surpassingly Immortalize thy Theme,
And Permanent thy Soul Celestial Supreme.

3

When Gracious Refulgence, bids the Grave Resign
The Creator's Nursing Protection be Thine
Thus each Perspiring Æther will Joyfully Rise
Transcendently Good, Supereminently Wise.”

In Camberwell churchyard, on 2 children :—

“ Their ashes and this little dust
Their father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
Their long and dreary sleep.”

A mother who had lost an infant, received much consolation from the following epitaph on 4 infants, written by the late Rev. R. Robinson, of Cambridge:—

“Bold infidelity, turn pale and die;
 Beneath this stone four hapless infants lie;
 Say, are they lost or saved?
 If death's by sin, they sinned, for they lie here;
 If heaven's by works, in heaven they can't appear:
 Ah! reason how depraved!
 Revere the sacred page, in it the knot's untied,
 They died for Adam sinn'd, they live for Jesus died.”

In Brandeston churchyard, Suffolk:—

“SOPHIA OLIVE PICKERING died March 25, 1816.

Lov'd infant, on this hill you rest
 Till rising higher to be blest.
 Oh! angel sweet—thy spirit's flown,
 Invited to thy Maker's throne.
 Escap'd the bitter ills below,
 Secure from pain and mortal woe,
 Thy gentle soul celestial lives;—
 In seraph strain now grateful gives
 Eternal praise to God on high,
 Who rules alike the earth and sky;
 Remov'd from keen affliction's rod,
 Thy bidding place the breast of God.

This Tablet her Father erects to her dear Memory.”

In Swallowfield churchyard (Swallowfield is in three counties, viz., Berks, Wilts, and Hants):—

“Here lies a fair blossom mould'ring to dust,
 Ascending to heaven, to dwell with the just.”

Notes and Queries, March 31, 1855.

In Bremhill churchyard, on a dutiful daughter, who died 2 years after her father, but in the same week of the year, and was buried in the same grave (by the Rev. W. L. Bowles) :—

“ ‘ Oh, Mother, I will rise and pray,’
 With feeble voice she cried,
 ‘ For this, dear Mother, is the day
 On which poor father died.’
 Faintly she spoke—she knelt—she pray’d,
 Her eyes with weeping dim,—
 And ere seven days had pass’d, was laid
 In the same grave with him.
 Oh ! when all worlds, before their God,
 In trembling hope shall stand,
 She shall awake from the same sod,
 And smile at his right hand.”

On an infant :—

“ Here lies a spotless child—profane one smile
 For him—but for yourself let sorrow flow,
 For had he liv’d he might have been as vile,
 He might have been as profligate as you.”

In Hove churchyard, near Brighton :—

“ Yes ; thou art fled, and saints a welcome sing,
 Thine angel spirit soar’d on angel wing ;
 Our blind affection might have asked thy stay ;
 The voice of God hath call’d his child away.
 Like Samuel, early in the temple found,
 Sweet Rose of Sharon, plant of heavenly ground.
 Oh ! more than Samuel bless’d, to thee was given,
 The God he served on earth, to serve in heaven.”

On a child :—

“ As some fair flower, that, hid in leafy green,
 Imbibes the dew of heaven and blooms unseen ;
 Till fragrance strange unto the passer by
 Reveal the secret of its birth-place nigh ;
 So Catherine liv'd and sought the Lord alone,
 Her griefs peculiar, and her joys unknown.
 A change divine soon met the wondering eye,
 And told the employment of her privacy.
 Fain would we long have gazed—but God remov'd
 To holier, happier scenes the child he lov'd.”

At Newington, in Surrey :—

“ **MATILDA BOWEN** died 12th July, 1799, aged 5 years
 and 8 months.

Here rests in peace the body of a child,
 Who was in temper lovely, meek, and mild,
 In whom her parents greatly did delight,
 And she was precious in the Saviour's sight.
 As Death approached, she anxious was to fly
 To Jesus' breast, to dwell with him on high :
 With outstretch'd arms, her father she addressed,
 ‘ What is't o'clock ? ’ she said with lab'ring breast,
 ‘ Take me, take me, that I may be at rest, ’
 These were the last sweet words that she expressed.
 The Saviour heard, and caught her to the skies,
 And now she chaunts his praises in eternal joys.”

On a child, in a churchyard in Berkshire :—

“ What, is the lovely shadow fled ?
 Yet stop those falling tears ;
She from a thousand pangs is freed,
You from ten thousand fears.”

In the chancel of Stanford Church, Nottinghamshire:—

“ Here lies the body of Mr. FFRANCIS, the son of
Mr. FFRANCIS THWAITES, Rector of Stanford, and of ANN
his Wife, who dyed the 4th September, in the 2nd year
of his age, 1700 :

As careful nurses
To their bed doe lay,
Their children which too
Long would wantons play ;
So to prevent all my
Ivening crimes,
Nature, my nurse, laid
Me to bed betimes.”

Notes and Queries, March 10, 1855.

On an infant (by Wm. Cowper):—

“ Bewail not much my parents ! me, the prey
Of ruthless odes, and sepulchred here,
An infant, in my fifth scarce finished year.
He found all sportive, innocent, and gay,
Your young CALLIMACHUS ; and if I knew
Not many joys, my griefs were also few.”

In Wickham-Market churchyard, Suffolk :—

“ SARAH CULLAM died May 3rd, 1805, aged 6 years.

And now the lamp of life will burn no more,
Her pitying neighbour does her loss deplore.
Her parents' pride, now mourning o'er her bier,
In fond regret they shed the heart-felt tear.
They feel the loss yet own the chast'ning rod,
And yield in grief their Daughter to her God.”

At Cheltenham, on a child who died at the age of
three weeks :—

“ It is so soon that I am done for,
I Wonder what I was begun for.”

At Hackney, on MIRA HODGKINS, who died Oct. 3, 1803, aged 9 years :—

“Dearer than daughter, paralleled by few,
 In sweetness, patience, suffering,—adieu!
 Adieu! my MIRA, till that day more blest,
 When, if deserving, I with thee shall rest.
 Come, then thy sire will cry in joyful strain,—
 Oh! come to my paternal arms again.”

In Wirksworth churchyard, Derbyshire :—

“RICHARD FAIRWEATHER EATON, son of James and Elizabeth Eaton, died Nov. 30th, 1850, aged 7 years and 10 months.

Step soft, ye youth; on hallow'd ground ye tread,
 And not disturb the mansions of the dead.
 A youth lies here seclus'd in peaceful dust,
 Whose steps were virtue, and his actions just.
 By all esteem'd! yea, and by all approved,
 He died lamented, as he liv'd beloved.”

On an infant (by Coleridge) :—

“Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
 Death came with friendly care,
 The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
 And bade it blossom there.”

At Laxfield, Suffolk, on a boy aged 10 years :—

“Sweet innocency's form lies here
 Lamented by its parents dear.
 They hope again in endless joy
 To meet again their lovely boy.”

In Ashbourne church, Derbyshire, is a monument of superlative interest (from the chisel of Banks) to the memory of the only daughter of Sir Brook Boothby. The figure of this beautiful child, executed in the most exquisite style, and in the purest statuary marble, is represented lying on her side, reposing as it were on a mattress, placed on a suitable pedestal, with the following inscription round it, in four different languages—English, Latin, Italian, and French :—

“I was not in safety, neither had I rest, and the trouble came.”

To PENELOPE,

Only child of Sir Brook Boothby, and Dame Susannah Boothby.

Born April 11th, 1785, died March 13th, 1791.

‘She was in form and intellect most exquisite. The unfortunate parents ventured their all in this frail bark, and the wreck was total.’”

Adams's Gem of the Peak.

In Bexhill churchyard, on a child aged three years :—

“I lay me down to rest me,
And pray to God to bless me,
And if I sleep and never wake
I pray to God my soul to take
This night for evermore.”

In the Broadway churchyard, Westminster, on three children, who all died very early, the eldest being three years old :—

“Three children, not dead, but sleeping lies,
With Christ they live above the skies.
Wash'd in his blood, and for their dress,
Christ's glorious robe of righteousness,
In which they shine more bright by far
Than sun, or moon, or glorious star ;
In Paradise they wing their way,
Blooming in one eternal day.”

On a child (from the German of Mathisson) :—

“The vernal grass and flowrets wave,
 In evening's breath, where o'er thy grave
 Weeps sorrow wan and faded :
 Oh ! ne'er till death hath set us free
 From earth, can thy sweet image be
 By dim oblivion shaded.

Thou'rt blest, tho' short thy opening bloom :
 From worldly joys, from pride, from gloom,
 From sense delusive parted :
 THOU sleep'st in peace : in care and strife
 WE wav'ring tread the maze of life
 Too rarely tranquil-hearted.”

The Dublin University Magazine.

In Ely Cathedral churchyard :—

“MARIA SCOTT died April, 1836, aged 7.
 The cup of life just with her lips she prest,
 Found the taste bitter, and declin'd the rest.
 Averse : then turning from the face of day,
 She softly sighed her little soul away.”

On an infant :—

“Since God to take my child thought fit,
 I'll be content to part with it ;
 Because I know his heavenly grace
 Will fit it for a better place.”

YOUNG PERSONS.

In Otley churchyard, Suffolk :—

“EMMA KIRBY died Dec. 1846, aged 23.

Dear sleeping form ! could but thy lips unseal
 The hidden cause, the mystery reveal
 Why Husband, Parents, Babe, are left to mourn
 For one so loved, so early from them torn !
 But faith, with soothing voice, cries ‘ Peace be still,
 And bow submissive, ‘Tis thy Father’s will.’
 The happy spirit has ascended high,
 Its rest to find, its God to glorify ;
 And e’en the captive dust waits to be free,
 For ’tis the germ of immortality.”

In St. Mary-at-Stoke churchyard, Ipswich :—

“JOHN MULLEY died April, 1815, aged 19.

Death like an ever-flowing Stream
 Sweeps us away—our Life’s a Dream,
 An Evening Tale—a Morning Flower,
 Cut down and wither’d in an hour.”

In Bakewell churchyard, Derbyshire :—

“Here for a time this heavenly plant fairly grew up and
 thrived,
 Diffused its sweetness all around, and all in sweetness
 lived.
 But envious frosts and furious storms so long so fiercely
 chide,
 This tender plant at length bow’d down its bruised head
 and died.”

In Bremhill churchyard, on a young woman who died of consumption (by the Rev. W. L. Bowles):—

“Our Pastor placed this humble stone : beneath
Lies one more victim of untimely death :
Stranger, approach and read—it tells the tale
Of silent duty in life's lowly vale,
Of one, her aged parents' only care.
Never beheld without a parent's prayer !

Her, pale consumption smote in youth's fair bloom ;
How wept the few who follow'd to the tomb,
Her mother most, and husband, for she left
An infant and a husband both bereft ;
He, as it smiles, that infant shall behold,
And weep the more for *Her* who here lies cold.”

On twin sisters :—

“Fair marble, tell to future days,
That here two virgin sisters lie :
Whose life employ'd each tongue in praise,
Whose death gave tears to every eye.
In stature, beauty, years, and fame,
Together as they grew, they shone ;
So much alike, so much the same,
That death mistook them both for one.”

At Northampton :—

“Here lies the corpse of SUSAN LEE,
Who died of heartfelt pain,
Because she loved a faithless *he*
Who loved not her again.”

In Morwenstow churchyard, on a child :—

“Those whom God loves die young !
They see no evil days ;
No falsehood taints their tongue,
No wickedness their ways.

Baptized, and so made sure
To win their blest abode,
What shall we pray for more?
They die, and are with God."

In Cretingham churchyard, Suffolk :—

" Sacred
to the memory of
WILLIAM FULCHER JUBY,
who died November 12, 1849,
aged 4 years.

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
In pity for my little child,
Thou hast called him away
To dwell with thee in endless day.

*Presented by his Grandfather,
Robert Fulcher."*

In St. Margaret's churchyard, Ipswich :—

"JAMES ANDREWS died March 18th, 1806.

Beneath this stone here lies entomb'd
A blossom cropt just as it bloom'd.
At 16 years his fate he met,
His sun did in the morning set.
So soon these earthly things decay,
Fine flowers soonest fade away."

On a young woman, named ANN BACON (written by herself) :—

"Reader! whilst 'heart and flesh fail,'
I desire that the marble which shall cover my remains
be inscribed not as a memorial to myself,
but of the free grace and mercy of my

EPITAPHS, ETC.

Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,
by which alone
I was brought to a knowledge of divine truth,
Preserved from the evil of this world,
And can now say,
Not any thing has failed of what the Lord promised.
If thou, reader, art a seeker of the kingdom of heaven,
Receive for thine encouragement this dying tribute
From thy Sister, in the name of the Redeemer,
ANN BACON."

In Matlock churchyard, Derbyshire :—

"To the memory of HANNAH LUDLAM, aged 20 years.
On earth thou wast a parent's care
And joy and hope with thee were given;
But now it is a parent's prayer,
To meet thee at the gate of heaven."

On the Honourable ROBERT DIGBY and his Sister
MARY, buried in 1726, in Sherborne church, Dorset-
shire, and inscribed on a monument in that church,
erected by their father, and written by Alexander
Pope :—

"Go : fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth :
Compos'd in suff'rings, and in joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretension great :
Just of thy word, in every thought sincere,
Who knew no wish, but what the world might hear :
Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind :
Go live ! for heaven's eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy moral to divine.
And thou blest Maid ! attendant on his doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,

Not parted long, and now to part no more !
 Go then, where only bliss sincere is known !
 Go, where to love and to enjoy are one !
 Yet, take these tears, Mortality's relief,
 And till we share your joys, forgive our grief :
 These little rites, a stone, a verse receive ;
 'Tis all a father, all a friend can give !"

On Miss ELIZA MORE, aged 14 :—

"Here lies one who never lied before,
 And one who will never lie *Mors*,
 To which there need no *mors* be said,
 Than *Mors* the pity she is dead,
 For when alive she charm'd us *Mors*
 Than all the *Mores* just gone before."*

On a young woman :—

"Weep not, dear mother ; weep not, I am blest ;
 But must leave heaven should I return to thee,
 For I am where the weary are at rest,
 The wicked cease from troubling. Come to me."

In Wimbledon churchyard, Surrey, on a young woman :—

"In life's sweet opening dawn, she sought her God ;
 And the gay path of youth with caution trod :
 In bloom of beauty, humbly turn'd aside
 The incense, flattery offered to her pride.
 Her front with blushing modesty she bound ;
 And on her lips the law of truth was found :
 Fond to oblige, too gentle to offend ;

* Her two sisters dying some months before.

On EDMUND, duke of Buckingham, who died A.D. 1735, in the 19th year of his age (by Pope) :—

“If modest youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
 And every opening virtue blooming round,
 Could save a parent's justest pride from Fate,
 Or add one patriot to a sinking state ;
 This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear,
 Or sadly told, how many hopes lie here !
 The living virtue now had shone approv'd,
 The Senate heard him, and his country lov'd.
 Ye softer honours, and less noisy fame,
 Attend the shade of gentle БУСКИНГЕМ :
 In whom a race for courage fam'd and art,
 Ends in the milder merit of the heart ;
 And chiefs or sages long to Britain given
 Pays the last tribute of a saint to heaven.”

On the tombstone of a youth :—

“Is happiness thy aim or death thy fear,
 Learn how the paths of glory may be trod,
 From that lamented youth who slumbers here,
 Who gave the flower of his day to God.”

On a young man, aged 23. This young man chose the following lines for his own epitaph six weeks before he died ; he had them printed up over the chimney piece in his bed-room, and would often read them with great feeling, seriousness, and gratitude :—

“Farewell, but not for ever.

In youth's gay prime, for earthly joys I sought,
 But heaven and my immortal soul forgot.
 In riper days, affliction's smarting rod,
 By Grace divine taught me to know my God.
 The change I bless'd with my expiring breath,
 Ascribing life to that which caused my death :
 Farewell, vain world ! my soul exult and sing
 ‘ Grave ! where's thy victory now ? Death, where's
 thy sting ? ’ ”

On Miss THICKNESS, placed by Mr. Thickness on the grave of his daughter, who lies buried in his garden, at St. Catherine's Hermitage, near Bath. At the lady's head is a beautiful monument with the following inscription :—

“What tho' no sacred earth afford thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb;
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast :
Here shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
Here the first roses of the year shall blow,
While angels with their silver wings o'er shade
The ground now sacred by thy relics made.”

(At the lady's feet.)

“Reader! if *Youth* should sparkle in thine eye—
If on thy cheek the flower of beauty blows,
Here shed the tear, and heave the pensive sigh
Where Beauty, Youth, and Innocence repose.
Doth *Wit* adorn thy mind :—doth science pour
Its ripen'd bounties on thy vernal year?
Behold where Death has cropp'd the plenteous store,
And heave the sigh, and shed the pensive tear.
Does *Music's* dulcet notes dwell on thy tongue,
And do thy fingers sweep the sounding lyre?
Behold! where low she lies who sweetly sung,
The melting strains, a cherub might inspire.
Of *Youth*, of *Beauty*—then, be vain no more—
Of *Music's* power— of *Wit* and *Learning's* prize,
For while you read, those charms may all be o'er,
And ask to share the grave where ANNA lies.”

Lady's Magazine, 1812.

On an only son :—

“Away with the sigh and the tear,
Though he's gone and for ever away;
For he ne'er caus'd a sigh to us here,
He ne'er from his God went astray.”

On a young Greek, buried in Tottenham church-yard:—

“Far from his native Greece, the mortal part
Of CONSTANTINE SOTIRIS here was laid.
Almost ere childhood melted into youth,
Bold, wild, and free, the little Suliote came
To England’s shores, a student:—and his soul
All knowledge, save of ill, with eager joy
Received. But chiefly, with a spirit’s thirst
He drank the waters of immortal life.
Meek, holy, calm, the little Suliote died,
His last breath murmured, in his country’s tongue,
The name of ‘Mother.’—’Twas a father’s death
(Sad tidings told him in this foreign land)
First bade him droop:—no hand of relative
Closed his sad eyes; yet left he here
True friends, whom his sweet gentleness had found,
And one of these inscribes this humble stone.

Obiit Aprilis 17—1827,
Circiter ætatis 13.”

In Aldborough churchyard:—

“ROBERT HARVEY died in a decline Dec., 1823,
aged 16.

Here lies consign’d to nature dust, a youth
Of purest manners and unblemished truth;
Who knew no vice, no wayward courses run;
His friends’ delight—his parents’ duteous Son;
Pious, sincere, in all his works approv’d;
But, ah! too early from our hopes remov’d.”

In Sudbury Church, Derbyshire, is a neat mural monument, raised in commemoration of CATHERINE, daughter of the late Lord VERNON, who died at the age of 25, bearing this inscription, written by William Whitehead, poet-laureate:—

“Mild as the opening morn’s serenest ray,
 Mild as the close of Summer’s softest day :
 Her form, her virtues (form’d alike to please
 With artless charms and unassuming ease)
 On every breast their mingling influence stole,
 And in sweet union breath’d one beauteous whole.
 This fair example to the world was lent
 As the short lesson of a life well spent :
 Alas ! too short !—but bounteous Heaven best knows
 When to reclaim the blessings it bestows.”

In Bideford churchyard, Devonshire :—

“The wedding day appointed was,
 And wedding clothes provided,
 But when the day arrived did
 She sicken’d, and she die did.”

In Brandeston churchyard, Suffolk :—

“Taught in my early youth to dread
 ‘The grave as little as my bed,’
 Alike in life or death my trust
 I made my pillow down or dust.”

At Lutterworth, on GEORGE WHITE, who died 1712 :—

“Behold and see what God has done,
 Here lies his father’s only son,
 A man—but words are wanting to say what,
 Say all that’s just and good, and he was that.”

In Rishangles churchyard, Suffolk :—

“SUSANNAH CANHAM died Jan. 1855, aged 15 years.
 He wept that we might weep,
 Each sin demands a tear ;
 In Heaven alone no sin is found,
 And there’s no weeping there.”

On a young woman :—

“Stay, Christian, stay; let not thy haste profane
This humble stone, that tells thee life is vain.
Here beauty lies, in mould’ring ruins lost,
A blossom nipt by death’s untimely frost,
Unwarn’d, yet unsurprized : found on her guard,
Like a wise virgin, waiting for her Lord.”

On a youth of seventeen :—

“A youth of real worth lies buried here,
Who had but just attain’d his 17th year,
Yet in that time such wisdom had he shown,
That death mistook 17 for 71.”

In Burgate churchyard, Suffolk :—

“ELIZA COOK, died June 4th, 1825, aged 15.
Ah! why so soon, just as the flower appears,
Strays the brief blossom from the vale of tears,
Death view’d the treasure to the desert given,
Claim’d the fair flower, and planted it in Heaven.”

At Leir, Leicestershire :—

“This youngest son, whom we did early prize,
Soonest was taken from our eyes;
EDWARD MASON, his years were few,
His age was twenty-two.”

On a young man :—

“Mourn not, this hopeful youth so soon is dead,
But know, he trebles favours on his head,
Who, for a morning’s work, gives equal pay
With those who have endured the heat o’th day.”

In Woodbridge churchyard :—

“In Memory of
WILLIAM LAURENCE,*
who died 4th August, 1827,
Aged 24.

Insidious Death! when his strong hand *arrests*,
No *composition* sets the *pris'ner free*,
Eternity's *inexorable* chain
Fast binds, and *vengeance* claims the *full arrears*.
‘But now I pay thee with eternity.’—*Young*.

On ANN ROWELL :—

“In Memory of
ANN, the daughter of
Thomas and Mary ROWELL,
who departed this life
Aged 14 years.

In early life, she wisely sought her God,
And with submission bore his chastening rod;
Taught by his Spirit, she his truths rever'd,
While faith in Christ her dying moments cheer'd.
Thus blest with grace, which heaven alone could give,
She learnt to die, ere thousands learn to live.”

In Thornham churchyard, Suffolk, on HARRIETT and
MARY HUNT :—

“HARRIETT died July 22nd, 1807, in the 20th year
of her age.

SARAH died December 2nd, 1791, aged 2 years.

Ripe for Heaven their souls ascending flew,
And early bade this sinful world adieu:
Short was their stay, but, Oh! how long their rest,
In the eternal mansions of the blest.”

* This young man died in prison, where he was confined for debt.

On one who died at the age of 25 :—

“If drugs and physic could but save
Us mortals from the dreary grave,
’Tis known that I took full enough
Of the Apothecary’s stuff,
To have prolong’d life’s busy feast
To a full century at least ;
But spite of all the doctor’s skill,
Of daily draught and nightly pill,
Reader, as sure as you’re alive,
I was sent here at twenty-five.”

In the churchyard of Woodhurst, about two miles from St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire, are the graves of two lovers, named JOHN HILL, and SARAH ROYSTON, who both died of consumption. He died in 1792, in the 20th year of his age. She died in 1793, in the 23rd year of her age. The inscription on the tomb of JOHN HILL is :—

“A youth is laid beneath this stone :
Death nipp’d the bud, the blossom’s gone.
Be still each parent’s sighing heart,
Time is but short that we shall part,
When we again in glory meet
’Twill turn past bitters all to sweet.”

The Inscription on the stone of SARAH ROYSTON, consists of those four lines, beginning “A pale consumption,” and which are to be found on half a dozen stones in most churchyards.

On a young man :—

“Reader !
If thou art faithful, diligent, and young,
If much esteem’d respected friends among,
If life’s fair scenes thy fond attention gain,
If business urge thee, pleasure call in vain,

Ere the dread fiat summon'd them away.
 Like some fair flower, who native charms adorn,
 And give fresh verdure to the verdant morn,
 Blooms for a while, till cold inclement skies,
 Nips the fair plant, it sickens, droops, and dies.”

On a young gentleman, who died for love :—
 “Free from this dream of life, this maze of care,
 Here rests the lover and the friend sincere ;
 Alive respected, loved by all but *one*,
 To him the same as though belov'd by none.
 This dearer one by cruel slander strove
 To wrong his fame, as she had wrong'd his love.
 From her, unkind reproaches wounded more
 Than all the giddy turns of chance before.
 Those arrows piercing in a well-known part,
 Fresh wounds inflicted on a breaking heart.
 Death saw what love, his faithful slave, had done,
 And kindly finished what the boy begun.”

On Mr. W. F. of Radcliffe :—
 “Had Heaven been pleased thy wish'd for life to spare,
 (Thy friends' delight, thy father's chiefest care)
 Fair was the prospect, from such sense refin'd
 Thy life for future good was sure design'd :
 But that wise Power, whose secrets none can tell,
 Saw fit to take thee hence with him to dwell.
 Leaving us to mourn thy much-lamented flight,
 Yet think with thee ‘Whatever *is*, is *right*.’”*

In Kenton churchyard, Suffolk :—
 “ANN WHITEN died March 31, 1733, aged 26.
 Stay, Reader, Stay and Shed a Teare,
 & think on me who now lye here ;
 & while you read the State of me
 think on ye Glass that Run for thee.”

* A line frequently used by the deceased.

On the Hon. SIMON HARCOURT, only son of the Lord Chancellor Harcourt, who died A.D. 1720, and inscribed on a monument in Stanton Harcourt church, in Oxfordshire (written by Alexander Pope):—

“To this sad shrine, whoe’er thou art, draw near,
 Here lies the friend most lov’d—the Son most dear!
 Who ne’er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
 Or gave his father grief but when he died.
 How vain is Reason, Eloquence how weak!
 If *Pope* must tell what HARCOURT cannot speak,
 Oh, let thy once-lov’d friend inscribe thy stone,
 And, with a father’s sorrows, mix his own.”

On a young man :—

“Underneath this stone—lies a youth
 Renown’d for probity and truth,
 Sober he was, wise, temperate;
 Contented with a small estate,
 Which no foul av’rice did increase,
 Nor wanton luxury make less.
 While yet but young, his father died,
 And left him to a happy guide:
 Not Lemuel’s mother with more care
 Did counsel or instruct her heir;
 Or teach with more success her son
 The vices of the time to shun.
 And he just gratitude did show,
 To one who had obliged him so:
 Nothing too much for her he thought,
 By whom he was so bred and taught;
 So early made that path to tread,
 Which did his youth to honour lead.
 His short life did a pattern give,
 How neighbours, husbands, sons should live.
 Approv’d by all, and lov’d so well,
 Though young, like fruit that’s ripe, he fell.”

In Stepney churchyard, Middlesex :—

“Here THOMAS SAFFIN lies interr’d, Ah, why?
 Born in New England, did in London die;

Was the third son of right, begot upon
 His mother Martha, by his favour'd John ;
 Much favour'd by his Prince he 'gan to be,
 But nipt by death at the age of twenty-three.
 Fatal to him was that we small-pox name,
 By which his mother and two brethren came
 Also to breathe their last, nine years before,
 And now have left their father to deplore
 The loss of all his children, with his wife,
 Who, was the joy and comfort of his life.

Deceased June the 18th, 1687.*

On a beloved daughter of the Rev. L. Sterne:—
 “ Columns and labour'd urns but vainly shew,
 An idle scene of decorated woe ;
 The sweet companion and the friend sincere,
 Need no mechanic help to force the tear ;
 For heart-felt numbers never meant to shine,
 'Twill flow eternal o'er a hearse like thine ;
 'Twill flow whilst gentle goodness has one friend,
 Or kindred tempers have a tear to lend.”

In Worlingworth church:—

“ *Memoriæ Sacrum*

ELIZABETH, the Only Child of John and Hester CORDY,
 of Woodbridge (late of this Parish), who
 on the 6th December, 1824, was suddenly snatched away
 by Death, in the eleventh Year of her age.

“ As the sweet flower that scents the morn
 But withers in the rising day :
 Thus lovely was our cherub's dawn :
 Thus swiftly fled her life away.

This, the blest theme that cheers our voice,
 The grave is not our darling's prison,
 The stone that cover'd all our joys
 Is roll'd away,——and ‘ she is risen.’ ”

* Saffin's tomb was restored by his countrymen in 1750.

On a young person :—

“ We all shall like a fleeting shadow pass,
 We all shall melt away, like thawing snow,
 We all shall wither, like the new mow'd grass,
 We all like froth, shall into vapours go.”

In Bath Abbey church :—

“ Sacred to the memory of WILLIAM CLEMENTS, Esq.
 a youth distinguished by the sweetness of his manners,
 and the excellence of his heart. Generous, humane,
 affectionate, his life was a source of happiness to others;
 his death, it is hoped, was the commencement of his own.

Look down, blest soul, and from the realms above
 Accept this last sad tribute of our love :
 The last—ev'n now our sorrows we resign,
 And lose our feelings to rejoice in thine.”

On a youth :—

“ Blest with love of truth and learning,
 Lib'ral heart, and noble aim ;
 Here, behold a youth returning
 To the dust from whence all came.
 Vice by him was much detested,
 Virtue was his chief delight ;
 Hence when death the youth arrested,
 Heavenly prospects cheer'd his sight.
 Rich in grace, and gifts so ample,
 Candidates for heavenly joy ;
 You may learn by his example,
 How to live, and how to die.”

In St. Giles-in-the-Field's churchyard, London :—

“ MARY QUINLIVAN died Nov. 11th, 1818, aged 23.
 21 years a Maid,
 16 months a Wife,
 4 days a Mother,
 And then ended life.”

EPITAPHS, ETC.

In Clapton churchyard, on a female, aged 15, who died in childbed:—

“Fourteen years I was a maid,
Twelve months I was a wife,
One day I was a mother,
And so I end my life.”

At Newington, in Surrey, on a female, aged 21, who died in childbed:—

“MARY ANN KINGSLEY, died April 3, 1810, aged
21 years.

Relentless death! and could no effort save,
Grace, beauty, virtue, from an early grave?
And did our infant cherub but appear,
To guide its parent to the celestial sphere,
And teach my dotting heart so soon to know
The husband's and the father's keenest woe?
But cease my murmurs; Faith discovers skies,
Where truth and loveliness immortal rise,
And where no pain nor sickness can destroy
The cherub's bliss, the angel's spotless joy.”

In Blakemore churchyard, Herefordshire:—

26 years I lived single,
5 a married life:
Long time I was afflicted,
And then I lost my life.”

On the MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER, the wife of John, marquis of Winchester, and mother of George, first duke of Bolton. She died in childbed of a second son, in the 23rd year of her age (written by John Milton):—

"This rich marble doth inter
 The honour'd wife of WINCHESTER,
 A Viscount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
 Besides what her virtues fair
 Added to her noble birth,
 More than she could own from earth.
 Summers three times eight, save one,
 She had told, alas! too soon,
 After so short time of breath,
 To house with darkness, and with death.
 Yet had the number of her days
 Been as complete as was her praise,
 Nature and Fate had had no strife
 In giving limit to her life.

Her high birth, and her graces sweet
 Quickly found a lover meet ;
 The virgin quire for her request
 The god that sits at marriage feast ;
 He at their invoking came
 But with a scarce well-lighted flame,
 And in his garland, as he stood,
 Ye might discern a cypress bud.
 Once had the early matrons run
 To greet her of a lovely son,
 And now with second hope she goes,
 And calls Lucina to her throes ;
 But whether by mischance or blame,
 Atropos for Lucina came,
 And with remorseless cruelty,
 Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree :
 The hapless babe, before his birth,
 Had burial, yet not laid in earth ;
 And the languish'd mother's womb
 Was not long a living tomb.

So have I seen some slender slip,
 Sav'd with care from winter's nip ;
 The pride of her carnation train
 Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,
 Who only thought to crop the flower
 New shot up from vernal shower ;
 But the fair blossom hangs the head
 Side-ways as on a dying bed.
 And those pearls of dew she wears,
 Prove to be presaging tears,

Which the sad morn had let fall
On her hast'ning funeral.

Gentle Lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet, ever have ;
After this thy travail sore
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,
That to give the world increase
Shorten'd hast thy own life's lease.
Here, besides the sorrowing,
That thy noble house doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon ;
And some flowers, and some bays,
For thy hearse, to strew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy virtuous name ;
Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sitt'st in glory
Next her, much like to thee in story.
That fair Syruin shepherdess,
Who, after years of barrenness,
That highly favoured Joseph bore
To him that serv'd for her before,
And at her next birth much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity.
Far within the bosom bright
Of blazing Majesty and Light :
There with thee, new welcome Saint,
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
No Marchioness, but now a Queen."

In Chelsea church is a monument with a Latin epitaph, the translation of which is as follows:—

"In an adjoining vault lies ANNE, only daughter of Edward CHAMBERLAYNE, Docter of Laws, born in London the 20th January, 1667 : who, having long declined marriage, and aspiring to great achievements unusual to her sex and age. On the 30th of June, 1690, on board a fire-ship, in man's clothing, as a second Pallas, chaste and fearless, fought valiantly six hours against the

French, under the command of her brother. Snatch'd, alas! how soon by sudden death, unhonoured by a progeny, like herself, worthy to rule the main! Returned from the engagement, and after some months married to John Spragg, Esq. with whom she lived most amiably happy. At length, in childbed of a daughter, she encountered death, 30th October, 1691.

This monument for a Consort most virtuous and dearly beloved, was erected by her husband."

On a monument in Rauceby church :—

"Near this place are interred the Wives of Richard JESSOP, viz:—ALICE, on Sept. 27, 1716, aged 25, and JOANNA, on Aug. 31, 1720, aged 29.

How soon ye objects of my love
By death were snatcht from me ;
Two loving matrons they did prove,
No better could there be.
One child the first left to my care,
The other left me three.

JOANNA was beyond compare,
A Phenix rare was she :
Heaven thought her sure too good to stay
A longer time on earth,
In childbed therefore as she lay,
To God resign'd her breath."

On a tombstone in the burying-ground of Church Crettow, in Shropshire, is this epitaph :—

"On a Thursday she was born,
On a Thursday made a bride,
On a Thursday put to bed,
On a Thursday broke her leg, and
On a Thursday died."

At Bramfield, Suffolk :—

“Between the remains of her brother Edward
 And of her husband Arthur,
 Here lies the body of BRIDGETT APPLEWHAITE,
 Once Bridgett Nelson.
 After the fatigues of a married life
 Borne by her with incredible patience
 For four years and three quarters, bating 3 weeks,
 And after the enjoyment of the glorious freedom
 Of an easy and unblemished widowhood
 For four years and upwards,
 She resolved to run the risk of a second marriage bed,
 But death forbad the banns :—
 And having with an apoplectick dart
 (The same instrument with which he had formerly
 Dispatched her mother,)
 Touched the most vital part of her brain,
 She must have fallen directly to the ground,
 (as one thunder-struck)
 If she had not been caught and supported
 by her intended husband,
 of which invisible bruise
 After a struggle for above sixty hours
 With that grand enemy and life
 (But the certain and merciful friend to old age)
 In terrible convulsions, plaintive groans,
 or stupifying sleep,
 Without recovery of her speech or senses,
 She died on 12th day of Sept., in the year
 of our Lord 1737,
 And of her own age 44.”

FRIENDS.

On a friend (by Lord Byron, 1803) :—

“ Oh ! Friend ! for ever loved, for ever dear,
 What fruitless tears have bath'd thy crystal bier,
 What sighs re-echo'd to thy parting breath,
 Whilst thou was struggling in the pangs of death.
 Could tears retard the tyrant in his course:
 Could sighs avert his dart's relentless force ;
 Could youth and virtue claim a short delay,
 Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey ;
 Thou still hadst lived to bless my aching sight,
 Thy comrade's honour, and thy friend's delight.
 If yet, thy gentle spirit hover nigh
 The spot, where now thy mouldering ashes lie,
 Here wilt thou read, recorded on my heart,
 A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.
 No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
 But living statues there are seen to weep ;
 Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,
 Affliction's self deploras thy youthful doom.
 What though thy sire lament his falling line,
 A father's sorrows cannot equal mine !
 Though none like thee his dying hour will cheer,
 Yet other offspring soothe his anguish here :
 But who with me shall hold thy former place ?
 Thine image, what new friendship can efface ?
 Ah ! none : a father's tears will cease to flow,
 Time will assuage an infant brother's woe ;
 To all, save one, is consolation known,
 While solitary friendship sighs alone.”

On a friend (by Robert Burns) :—

“ An honest man here lies at rest
 As e'er God with his image blest ;

The friend of man, the friend of truth :
 The friend of age—and guide of youth ;
 Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
 Few heads with knowledge so inform'd :
 If there's another world, he lives in bliss ;
 If there is none, he made the most of this."

Inscription on a cenotaph in a garden, erected to a deceased friend (by Hannah More):—

"Ye lib'ral shades who rev'rence Friendship's name,
 Who boast her blessings, and who feel her flame ;
 Oh ! if from early youth one friend you've lov'd,
 Whom warm affection chose, and taste approv'd ;
 If you have known what anguish rends the heart,
 When such, so known, so lov'd, for ever part ;
 Approach ! For you the Mourner rears this stone,
 To soothe your sorrows, and record his own."

LAWYERS.

Inscription on the tomb of a lawyer, in St. Pancras churchyard, Middlesex. There is a flat stone, which some years since lay even with the ground, but was, about 1815, raised on a few tiers of bricks (to prevent obliteration by footsteps), by order of the churchwardens : the situation of the tomb is not far from the east corner of the church, a little beyond a lofty tomb with a monument. I saw it in 1817, and took a copy as under :—

"This stone is inscribed to the Memory of Mr. THOMAS ABBOTT, of Swaffham, in the county of Norfolk,

attorney-at-law, who died lamented by his friends, (enemies he had none) after a painful and tedious illness, which he bore with patience, resignation, and fortitude becoming a man. Departed this life August the 16th, Anno Domini 1762, aged 48.

Here lieth one believe it if you can,
 Who, though an attorney was an honest man,
 The gates of heaven for him shall open wide,
 But will be shut 'gainst all the tribe beside."
Correspondent to the Mirror, 1829.

ON JOHN SHAW :—

"Here lies JOHN SHAW
 Attorney-at-law,
 And when he died
 The Devil cried
 Give us your paw
 John Shaw,
 Attorney-at-Law."—*Moore's Memoirs.*

On a tablet placed outside of Wirksworth church :—

"Near this place lies the body of
 PHILIP SHALL CROSS,
 Once an eminent quill-driver to the attorneys
 in this town, he died the 17th November, 1787, aged 67.
 Viewing Philip in a moral light, the most prominent and
 remarkable features in his Character were his real and
 invincible attachment to dogs and cats, and his un-
 bounded benevolence towards them, as well as towards
 his fellow creatures.

TO THE CRITIC.

Seek not to shun the devious path PHIL trode,
 Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 In modest sculpture let this tombstone tell,
 That much esteemed he lived, and much regretted fell."

In Castleton church, Derbyshire. On MICAH HALL, gent, attorney-at-law, who left an inscription to be put on his monument, remarkable for its rude, unfeeling, and independent nature. It exists in Latin, and is thus translated :—

“What I was you know not—
 What I am you know not—
 Whither I am gone you know not—
 Go about your business.”—*Gem of the Peak.*

In Elmsett church, Suffolk :—

“Here lyeth the Body of EDWARD SHERLAND, of Grayes Inn, Esquire, descended from the ancient family of the Sherlands, in the Isle of Sheppy, in Kent, who lived his whole life a single man, and dyed in this parish the 13th of May, 1609.

“Tombs have no use, unlesse it be to shewe
 The due respecte which friend to friend doth owe.
 ’Tis not a Mausolean Monument
 Or hireling epitaph that can prevent
 The flux of fame: A painted sepulchre
 Is but a rotten trustlesse treasurer,
 A *fair Gate* built to oblivion.
 But he whose life, whose ever(ie) action,
 Like well-wrought stones and pyramides erect
 A monument to honour and respect,
 As this man did, he needs no other herse,
 Yet hath but due, having both tombe and verse !”

On an attorney at law :—

“A tender husband, and a friend sincere,
 Consign’d to earth, implores the silent tear;
 Learn’d in the laws, he never warp’d their sense,
 To shelter vice, or injure innocence;
 But firm to truth, by no mean interest mov’d,

PHYSICIANS.

To all dispens'd that justice which he lov'd ;
Virtue oppress'd he taught her rights to know,
And guilt detected, fear'd the coming blow ;
Thus humbly useful, and without offence,
He fill'd the circle mark'd by Providence ;
In age completing what his youth began,
' The noblest work of God, an Honest Man. ' ”

At St. Bartholomew, London :—

“ Here lies WILLIAM SHAW,
An attorney at-law ;
If he is not blest,
What will become of all the rest ?

PHYSICIANS.

On Sir THOMAS BROWNE, M.D., author of “*Religio Medici*,” in the church of St. Peter Mancroft, Norwich :—

“ M. S.
Hic situs est THOMAS BROWNE, M.D.
Et Miles.
Anno 1605, Londini natus ;
Generosa familia apud Upton
In agro Cestriensi oriundus.
Schola primum Wintoniensi, postea
In Coll. Pembr.
Apud Oxonienses bonis literis
Haud leviter imbutus ;
In urbe hac Nordovicensi medicinam
Arte egregia, et felici successu professus ;

Scriptis quibus tituli, RELIGIO MEDICI
 Et PSEUDODOXIA EPIDEMICA, aliisque
 Per orbem notissimus.
 Vir prudentissimus, integerrimus, doctissimus ;
 Obiit Octob. 19. 1682.
 Pie posuit mœstissima conjux
 Da. Doroth. Br.

Near the foot of this pillar
 Lies Sir THOMAS BROWNE, Knt. and doctor in physic,
 Author of Religio Medici, and other learned books,
 Who practised physic in this city 46 years,
 And died Oct. 1682, in the 77th year of his age.
 In memory of whom
 Dame Dorothy Browne, who had been his affectionate
 Wife 47 years, caused this monument to be
 Erected."

On the Rev. Sir JAMES STONHOUSE, Bart. M.D., who
 died at Bristol Hotwells, Dec. 8th, 1795, in his 80th
 year (by Hannah More) :—

"Here rests awhile, in happier climes to shine,
 The Orator, Physician, and Divine :
 'Twas his, like Luke, the double task to fill,
 To heal the nat'ral and the moral ill.

You whose awaken'd hearts his labours bless'd,
 Where every touch by every grace was dress'd ;
 O let your lives evince, that still you feel
 The effective influence of his fervent zeal.

One spirit rescued from eternal woe,
 Were nobler fame than marble can bestow ;
 That lasting monument will mock decay,
 And stand triumphant at the final day."

On Mrs. SARAH STONHOUSE, second wife of the Rev.
 Sir James Stonhouse, Bart. (by Hannah More) :—

"Come, Resignation ! wipe the human tear
 Domestic anguish drops o'er virtue's bier ;

PHYSICIANS.

Bid selfish sorrow hush the fond complaint,
Nor, from the God she lov'd, detain the saint.
Truth, meekness, patience, honour'd shade! were thine;
And holy hope and charity divine :
Tho' these thy forfeit being could not save,
Thy faith subdued the terrors of the grave.
Oh ! if thy *living* excellence could teach,
Death has a loftier emphasis of speech :
Let death thy strongest lesson then impart,
And write, *prepare to die*, on every heart."

In Hendon churchyard, on TOM CROSFIELD, M.D.,
(written by himself) :—

" In Memory of
ROBERT THOMAS CROSFIELD, M.D.
Who died 8th Nov. 1802,
Aged 44 years.

Beneath this stone TOM CROSFIELD lies,
Who cares not now who laughs or cries ;
He laughed when sober, and when mellow,
Was a *harum scarum* heedless fellow.
He gave to none design'd offence,
So '*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*'"

At Chelsea, on Sir HANS SLOANE, the eminent Naturalist and Physician :—

" To the Memory of
SIR HANS SLOANE, Bart.
President of the Royal Society, and the
College of Physicians,
Who in the year of our Lord 1753,
the 92nd year of his age,
Without the least pain of body, and with a
conscious serenity of mind,
ended a virtuous and beneficent life.

This Monument was erected by his two daughters
Elizabeth Cadogan, and Sarah Stanley."

On Dr. STAFFORD, the late physician :—

“Take heed, O good Traveller, and do not tread hard,
For here lies Dr. STAFFORD, O in this churchyard.”

On BOYLE GODFREY, chemist and doctor of medicine :—

“Here lieth to digest, *macerate* and *amalgamate* with
clay, in *bilaea arena, stratum super stratum*.

The *residuum, terra demansis, and caput mortuum*
of BOYLE GODFREY, Chemist
and Doctor of Medicine.

A man, who in this earthly *laboratory*, pursued all the
various processes to obtain *argentum vite*, or the art of
getting, rather than *making* gold. *Alchemist* like, all
his *labour* and *projection*, as *Mercury* in the *fire*, *evapo-*
rated in *fume*. When he *disilled* to his first *principles*,
he departed as pure as the last *drop* of an *alembick*, for
riches are not poured on adepts of this world.

Though fond of news, he carefully avoided the *fer-*
mentation, effervescence and *desecipation* of this life.
Full seventy years his *exalted essence* was *hermetically*
sealed in its *terrene mattress*. But the *radical moisture*
being exhausted, the *elixir vite* spent, and exsiccated to
a cuticle, he could not suspend longer in his vehicle,
but precipitated *gradatum, per campanum* to its original
dust. May that light brighter, that *Bolognian phospho-*
rus, preserve him from the *athanor, empyreuma*, and
reverberatory *furnace* of the other world, deplete him
from the *feces*, and *scoria* of this, highly rectify and
volatilize his ethereal spirit, place him over the helm of
the retort of this globe, place him in a proper recipient,
or *crystalline orb*, among the elect of the flowers of Benja-
min : never to be *saturated*, till the general *resuscitation*,
deflagration, calcination, and sublimation of all things.”

Opposite to the monument of Sir Ralph Abercromby,
in St. Paul's Cathedral, is a statue of Dr. BABINGTON,
in his professional robes, with the inscription :—

PHYSICIANS.

“ WILLIAM BABINGTON, M.D., F.R.S.,
Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians,
born May 21st, 1756, died April 29th, 1833.

Eminently distinguished for science ;
beloved for the simplicity of his manners,
and the benevolence of his heart ;
respected for his inflexible integrity, and his pure
and unaffected piety.

In all relations of his professional life
he was sagacious, candid, diligent and humane,
firm in purpose, gentle in execution ;
justly confident in his own judgment ;
yet generously open to the opinion of others ;
liberal and indulgent to his brethren,
but ever mindful of his duty to the public.

To record the admiration of so rare a union of intellectual
excellence and moral worth, and to extend to future
generations the salutary influence which his living
example can no longer diffuse,
this monument has been erected by the public
subscription of his contemporaries,
A.D. 1837.”

Dr. JOHN CAIUS, the eminent English physician, and
from whom Caius college takes its name, died July 29th,
1573, aged 62, and was buried in the college chapel,
with the following short epitaph :—

“ FUI CAIUS. Vivit post funera virtus.”

In Merton college, Oxford, on THOMAS WEST, M.D.,
who died 17th August, 1738, aged 70 :—

“ Without a pang translated straight to Heaven,
And scarcely feeling when the stroke was given ;
As if, well skill'd in every lenient art,
Thyself hadst smooth'd Destruction's painful dart ;
Didst thou discover where this transient span

Was ended, where immortal life began ?
 But soon the wondrous change thou shalt perceive,
 No longer call'd the wretched to relieve,
 Thy science useless, and thy worth approv'd,
 Shall tell thee that from earth thou art removed."

Inscription on the monument at Musselburgh (on the right bank of the Esk), to Dr. MOIR, the celebrated "Delta" of Blackwood's Magazine :—

" In Memory of DAVID MAOBETH MOIR,
 Beloved as a Man ; Honoured as a Citizen ; Esteemed
 as a Physician ; and celebrated as a Poet.
 Born 5th January, 1798. Died 6th July, 1851."

This statue is the work of Mr. Ritchie ; the figure is in an erect posture, and represents the poet perusing a scroll ; the costume is a flowing robe. The pedestal is a plain square pillar, exhibiting near the top the letter "Delta," the *nom de plume* of the poet, encircled by a wreath. At the base is the above inscription.

On PETER PERKINS, at a village in Hampshire :—

" Here *lays* Mr. PETER PERKINS :
 He was a man without guile
 And an apothecary without *ostentation*."

On MRS. MARY CLARKE, wife of Dr. Clarke, physician at Epsom, died April 27th, 1757, and is buried in the church at Beckenham, Kent (by Thomas Gray, the poet) :—

" Lo ! where this silent marble weeps,
 A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps ;
 A heart within whose sacred cell
 The peaceful virtues loved to dwell :

Affection warm and faith sincere
 And soft humanity were there.
 In agony, in death resigned,
 She felt the wounds she left behind.
 Her infant image here below,
 Sits smiling on a father's wo,
 Whom what awaits while yet he strays
 Along the lonely vale of days?
 A pang, to secret sorrow dear,
 A sigh, an unavailing tear,
 Till time shall every grief remove
 With life, with memory, and with love.”

At St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London :—

“ Sacred
 To the Memory of JOHN IRVING, Esq.
 of Sligo, Ireland,
 Surgeon to his Majesty's Forces,
 Who died on the 22nd of April, 1810,
 Aged 33 years ;
 A victim, like thousands of our
 Gallant Countrymen,
 To the fatal consequences of the
 Unfortunate Expedition to the Schelt,
 Commanded by John, Earl of Chatham.”

In St. Paul's Cathedral is a monument erected to the
 memory of that eminent and amiable surgeon, Sir
 ASTLEY COOPER.* It bears an inscription as follows :—

“ SIR ASTLEY PASTON COOPER, Bart.,
 K.C.H., F.R.S., D.C.L.,
 Member of the National Institute of France.
 Serjeant Surgeon to their late Majesties

* He was interred by his own desire beneath the chapel of Guy's Hospital.

EPITAPHS, ETC.

George IV. William IV.
to her present Majesty Queen Victoria,
and for a period of 42 years
Surgeon to Guy's Hospital.
Born 1768, Died 1842.

Animated by a fervent attachment
to the science and practice of his profession,
It was the study of his life to augment and exemplify
the resources of Surgery,
and by a most assiduous, benevolent, and successful
application of his time and talents
to this noble department of the healing art,
not his country alone, but the world,
became indebted to his exertions
and familiar with his Fame.

As a Memorial of his excellence and their admiration,
his contemporaries and pupils
have erected this Monument to perpetuate
his name and his example."

EDWARD JENNER, M.D., died Jan. 26, 1823, aged 74,
and the following is inscribed upon his tomb, at Berke-
ley, in Gloucestershire :—

"Within this tomb hath found a resting place,
The great Physician of the human race,—
Immortal JENNER! whose gigantic mind
Brought life and health to more than half mankind.
Let rescued infancy his worth proclaim,
And lisp out blessings on his honour'd name ;
And radiant beauty drop one grateful tear,
For beauty's truest friend lies buried here."

Dr. CALEB HILLIER PARRY was buried in the Abbey
Church at Bath. A marble slab is laid over the place of
his interment, by his widow and children, inscribed as
follows :—

PHYSICIANS.

“ Underneath
Are deposited the remains of
CALEB HILLIER PARRY, M.D., F.R.S., &c.
Who, after a painful and complicated illness
Of nearly six years,
Which he bore with exemplary resignation,
Quitted this mortal scene, March 9, 1822,
Aged 66 years.

The esteem of his professional brethren
Has, on a monument in the Choir of this Church,
Recorded some of his virtues;
The love and regret of his Widow and
Six surviving Children
Place this Stone to his Memory.

Thou silent Door of our sepulchral sleep !
Sickness and pain, debility and woes,
All the dire train of ills Existence knows,
Thou shuttest out for ever ! Why then weep
This fixed tranquility, so long so deep,
For a dear { Husband's } faded form, where rose
 { Father's }
No energy enlivening health bestows,
Through many a tedious year that used to creep
In languid deprivation, while the Flame
Of Intellect; resplendent once confessed,
Dark and more dark each passing day became !
Now that angelic lights the Soul invest,
Calm let us yield to thee a joyless Frame,
Thou Silent Door of everlasting Rest !”

In St. John the Baptist Church, Savoy, London, is a handsome monument (by Watson) erected in 1846, to the memory of Dr. CAMERON, the last person who was executed on account of the Rebellion of 1745, with the following inscription engraved upon it:—

“To the Memory of Dr. ARCHIBALD CAMERON, whose remains after his Execution were deposited in the Vault beneath.

This Monument with the Gracious Permission of
Her Majesty the Queen Victoria
is erected by his Great-Grandson, A.D. 1846.
One hundred years after the battle of Culloden.

To soothe the Sufferer then was all thy thought,
Whate'er the banner under which he fought.
Thy hand would staunch the blood of him who bled,
Were it for Brunswick, or for Stuart shed."

In York Minster :—

"To the Memory of JOHN DEALTRY, M.D.
Whose skill in his profession was only equalled
By the humanity of his practice;
Elizabeth his afflicted widow dedicates this Monument.
He died March 25th, 1773, aged 65.

Here o'er the tomb where DEALTRY's ashes sleep,
See health in emblematic anguish weep;
She drops her faded wreath, 'No more,' she cries,
'Let languid mortals, with beseeching eyes
'Implore my feeble aid :—it failed to save
'My own and nature's guardian from the grave.'"

At Enfield, in Middlesex, on JOHN ABERNETHY, the
celebrated surgeon :—

"H. S. E.
JOHANNES ABERNETHY, R.S.S.
Regii chirurgorum Collegii quondam præses,
Qui ingenio, probitate, benignitate,
Eximie præditus,
Artem Medicam per annos plurimos,
Summa cum diligentia, solertia, felicitate,
Colvit, Exercuit, docuit, auxit,
Et, scriptis hoc marmore perennioribus,
Posteritati Tradidit.
Morbo demum gravissimo confectus,
Cujus angores haud aliter domandos.

PAINTERS.

Pio et Constanti animo subegit,
Conjugi, liberis, amicis, discipulis,
Humano Generi, cui tantopere succurrerat,
Flebilis,
Aprilis die 20, A.D. 1831. Æt. suæ 67.
Placide in Christo obdormivit."

PAINTERS.

WILLIAM HOGARTH, the celebrated painter, died Oct. 26, 1764, aged 66, and was buried in Chiswick churchyard. On his monument there, which is ornamented with a mask, a laurel wreath, a palette, pencils, and a book inscribed "Analysis of Beauty," are the following lines written (by David Garrick) :—

"Farewell great painter of mankind,
Who reached the noblest point of art,
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And, thro' the eye, correct the heart.
If genius fire thee, reader, stay,
If nature move thee, drop a tear ;
If neither touch thee, pass away,
For HOGARTH'S honoured dust lies here."

For WILLIAM HOGARTH (by Dr. Johnson) :—

"The hand of him here torpid lies,
That drew th' essential form of grace :
Here closed in death th' attentive eyes,
That saw the manners in the face."

In St. Paul's churchyard, London, is buried JAMES WORDSDALE, the painter and dramatic writer, a pupil of Sir Godfrey Kneller's, who died in 1767. He carried Pope's letters to Curll; and was buried in the churchyard, with an inscription of his own composing:—

“Eager to get, but not to keep the pelf—
A friend to all mankind, except himself.”

Sir GODFREY KNELLER died 1723, aged 75 years, and was buried at Twickenham,* where the only mention of his name is on a stone let into the churchyard wall, and is as follows:—

“1585 Superficial feet of ground was granted to this Parish, by his Grace Charles, Duke of Somerset, for the enlargement of this churchyard, 1713. Sir Godfrey Kneller and Thomas Vernon being Churchwardens.”

There is a splendid monument to his memory (by Rysbrack) in Westminster Abbey. It consists of a bust under a canopy, cupid holding the medallion profile of a lady. Beneath is this inscription (written by Pope):—

“KNELLER! by Heaven, and not a master taught,
Whose Art was Nature, and whose Picture thought;
Now for two ages having snatch'd from Fate
Whate'er was beautiful, or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with princes' honours, poets' lays,
Due to his merit and brave thirst of praise.
Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.”

* “Sir Godfrey sent to me just before he died. He began by telling me he was now convinced he could not live, and fell into a passion of tears. I said I hoped he might, but that if not he knew it was the will of God. He answered, ‘No, no, no, it is the Evil Spirit.’ The next word he said was this: ‘By God, I will not be buried in Westminster.’ I asked him why? He answered, ‘They do bury fools there.’ Then he said to me, ‘My good friend, where will you be buried?’ I said, ‘Wherever I drop: very likely Twitnam.’ He replied, ‘So will I:’ then proceeded to desire I would write his epitaph which I promised him.”—Pope to Lord Strafford.

Inscription over the remains of **TITIAN**. Beneath a plain sepulchral stone, in the church of Santa Maria de Frari, at Venice, rest the ashes of **TITIAN**, the prince of the Venetian school of painters; he died in 1576, aged 99 :—

“Qvi Giace il gran **TIZIANO** de vecelli
Emulator de Zeusi e degli Apelli.”

ANTHONY VANDYCK, the celebrated painter, died Dec. 9, 1641, aged 43, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. The following is his epitaph (written by A. Cowley, the poet) :—

“His pieces so with their live objects strive
That both or pictures seem, or both alive ;
Nature, herself amazed, does doubting stand
Which is her own, and which the Painter's hand.”

On **QUINTIN MATSYS**, the blacksmith of Antwerp:—
“When in his 20th year he became enamoured of a young woman, the daughter of a painter, whose father had made a vow that none but a painter should marry his daughter.—He instantly resolved to abandon the hammer for the brush, and applied himself with so much assiduity that he soon produced pictures which gave promise of high excellence. He gained for his reward the fair hand for which he sighed, and rose to a high rank in his profession. He died in 1529.” On a Monument erected, a century afterwards, to his memory, in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, at Antwerp, the inscription thus records the singular story of his life :—

“All conquering love had made an Apelles
of a blacksmith.”

In St. Paul's Cathedral is a statue (by Flaxman) of **Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS**, in his robes of office, as a doctor of laws, holding his lectures in his right hand, his left resting on a pedestal, exhibiting a head of Michael Angelo. The inscription is in Latin, and is thus translated :—

“To JOSHUA REYNOLDS,
 Prince of the Painters of his age,
 and in the splendour and harmony of his colouring,
 bringing forth in turn the varieties of light and shade,
 scarcely second to any of the ancient Masters:
 who, while invested with the highest glories of his art,
 became yet more honourable by suavity of manners,
 and urbanity of life;
 who found his art languishing and decaying over the earth,
 and revived it by the force of his admirable example,
 illustrated it by rules exquisitely framed
 and delivered it to the hands of posterity corrected and
 polished.

The friends and guardians of his fame
 placed this statue, in the year of salvation, 1813.

He was born July 16, 1723;
 Died, February 23, 1792.”

The body of RAPHAEL, a sublime painter, who died
 1520, aged 37, was consigned with great pomp to the
 church of Sta Maria Rotonda, at Rome, which was
 formerly the Pantheon, where his bones still rest, with
 the exception of his skull, which was afterwards placed
 in the academy of St. Luke. His tomb is indicated by
 his bust (executed by Naldini, and placed there by
 Carlo Maratti), and by the following epitaph (by Car-
 dinal Bembo):—

“Ille hic est RAPHAEL, timuit quo Sospite vinci
 Rerum magna parens, et moriente mori.”

EDWARD BIRD, R.A., painter to the princess Charlotte,
 was buried in the cloisters of Bristol Cathedral, where
 there is a flat stone with the following inscription upon
 it:—

“Beneath this Stone
 are deposited the remains
 of EDWARD BIRD, Esq. R.A.
 who departed this life
 November 2nd, 1819, Aged 45.

PAINTERS.

And of **MARTHA** his widow,
Who died May 25th, 1846,
Aged 66.

Their Children caused this stone to be placed as a
tribute of affection
To the Memory of
Their Beloved Parents."

In Hampton church :—

"Here lyeth the body of **HUNTINGDON SHAW**, of
Nottingham, who died at Hampton Court, on the 20th
of October, 1710. He was an artist in his way. He
designed and executed the ornamental ironwork at
Hampton Court Palace."

"Sir **DAVID WILKIE**, the celebrated painter, was at
Alexandria, in April, 1841, where he commenced a
portrait of Mehemet Ali. He embarked for England,
May 21, was taken ill on the voyage, and died June 1st,
1841, off Gibraltar. In the evening of the same day
his body was committed to the deep."

On **WILLIAM WOOLLETT**, the celebrated engraver :—

"Engrav'd by genius on the human heart
WOOLLETT thy works shall stand without a stain ;
And though the great original is gone
The first impression ever shall remain."

ACTORS.

DAVID GARRICK was buried in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, under a large blue marble flag stone, which bears the following inscription in gold letters:—

“ DAVID GARRICK,
Born 20th February, 1716,
Died 20th January, 1779.

EVA MARIA GARRICK,
Born 29th February, 1724,
Died 16th October, 1822.”

Some years after his death, a monument was erected to his memory, at the expense of Mr. Albany Wallis, It consists of a full length figure, leaning forward, and throwing aside a curtain, which discovers a medallion of Shakspeare. Tragedy and Comedy are seated beneath. The monument bears this inscription:—

“ To the Memory of
DAVID GARRICK,
Who died in the year 1779,
at the age of 63.

To paint fair Nature, by divine command,
Her magic pencil in his glowing hand,
A Shakspeare rose—then, to expand his fame,
Wide o'er this 'breathing world' a GARRICK came.
Though sunk in death the forms the Poet drew,
The Actor's genius bade them breathe anew ;
Though, like the bard himself, in night they lay,
Immortal GARRICK call'd them back to day :
And till eternity, with power sublime,
Shall mark the mortal hour of hoary Time,
Shakspeare and Garrick like twin stars shall shine,
And earth irradiate with a beam divine.—*Pratt.*

This Monument, the Tribute of a Friend,
was erected in 1797.”

ACTORS.

Inscription on the monument of DAVID GARRICK, in
Litchfield Cathedral :—

“ Eva Maria,
Relict of DAVID GARRICK, Esq.
Caused this Monument to be erected
To the memory of her beloved husband,
Who died the 20th of *January*, 1779, aged 63 years.
He had not only the amiable qualities of private life,
But such astonishing Dramatic talents,
As too well verified the observation of his friend :
‘ His death eclipsed the gaiety of nations,
And impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure.’ ”

On SAMUEL FOOTE, the comedian, who died in 1777,
aged about 55, and was buried in Westminster
Abbey :—

“ Here lies one FOOTE, whose death may thousands save,
For death has now one Foote within the grave.”

On Mr. DEATH, the actor :—

“ Death levels all, both high and low
Without regard to stations ;
Yet why complain
If *we* are slain ?
For here lies one, at least, to show
He kills his own relations.”

Inscription in the cemetery at St. Cloud, in France,
over the remains of Mrs. JORDAN. William IV., at his
accession, ordered Chantrey to prepare a statue to be
placed over her remains :—

Memoriæ Sacrum
 DOROTHEÆ JORDAN,
 Quæ per multos annos Londini,
 Inque aliis Britanniæ urbibus,
 Scenam egregiè ornavit,
 Lepore comico, vocis suavitate,
 Puellarum hilarium alteriusque sexus
 Moribus habitu imitandis nulla secunda :
 Ad exercendam eamque
 Dum feliciter versata est artem,
 Ut res egenorum adversas sublevarit
 Nemo promptior,
 Evitâ exiit 3° nonas Julii, 1816,
 Annos nata 50 ;
 Mementote, Lugete.”

Mrs. Jordan's Life.

On JOHN PALMER, an eminent English Actor. Palmer's last engagement was at Liverpool. On 2nd August, 1790, he appeared in the character of "The Stranger," and in the 3rd Act, the hand of death arrested his progress, and he instantly fell upon his back, heaved a convulsive sigh, and expired without a groan. He was 48 years old. A stone was placed at the head of the grave with the following lines inscribed, which were *the last words he uttered, in the character of "the Stranger"*:—

“ Oh ! God ! God !
 There is *another* and a *better* world !”

The following is the inscription on Mrs. PRITCHARD's monument, put up in 1772, at the east end of Westminster Abbey, next to Shakspeare, and opposite to Handel's monument :—

“ To the memory of Mrs. PRITCHARD,
 This Tablet is here placed by a voluntary subscription
 of those who admired and esteemed her.

ACTORS.

She retired from the stage of which she had long been the Ornament, in the Month of April, 1768; and Dyed at Bath in the Month of August following, in the 57th year of her age.

Her comic vein had every charm to please,
'Twas Nature's dictates breath'd with Nature's ease,
E'en when the powers sustain'd the tragic load,
Full, clear, and just, the harmonious accents flow'd;
And the big passions of her feeling heart
Burst freely forth, and sham'd the mimic art.
Oft, on the scene, with colours not her own,
She painted vice, and taught us what to shun;
One virtuous track her real life pursued,
That nobler part was uniformly good.
Each duty there to such perfection wrought,
That, if the precepts fail'd, the example taught."

W. Whitehead, P.L.

On DOMINIQUE, harlequin of the Italian comedy (by John Baptiste Santeuil):—

“Castigat ridendo Mores.”

On WILLIAM POWELL, of Covent Garden Theatre, inscribed on a monument in Bristol Cathedral:—

“WILLIAM POWELL,
One of the Patentees
of the
Theatre Royal, Covent Garden,
died the 3rd of July, 1769,
Aged 33 years.

His Widow caused this Monument
to be erected
as well to perpetuate
his Memory
as her own irretrievable loss,
the best of Husbands, Fathers, Friends.

Bristol! to worth and genius ever just,
 To thee our POWELL's dear remains we trust,
 Soft as the Stream thy sacred Springs impart,
 The milk of human kindness warm'd his heart.
 That heart which every tender feeling knew,
 The soil where pity, love, and friendship grew.
 Oh let a faithful friend, with grief sincere,
 Inscribe his tomb, and drop the heart-felt tear.
 Here rest his praise, here sound his noblest fame,
 All else a bubble, or an empty name."
G. Colman.

"In the year 1811, this monument was repaired and beautified by the direction of Ann Martindale, youngest daughter of the deceased William Powell, from the great duty, respect, and veneration in which she holds the memory of her departed Father."

Another epitaph on WILLIAM POWELL :—

"Whoe'er thou art that tread'st this awful dome,
 Oh! pass not heedless by this sacred tomb;
 Wit, art, and grace, the pleasure of the age,
 The pride and sorrow of the British stage,
 (Read this—and reading drop the tender tear)
 All lie interr'd with gentle POWELL here."

On JOHN HIPPSLEY, the actor, who died at Bristol,
 1748 :—

"Here lies JOHN HIPPSLEY, a lad in truth,
 Who oft in jest, died in his youth;
 Preferr'd from candle snuffing art,
 He with applause play'd many a part:
 The Collier first advanced him higher;
 Next Gomez, plagu'd with wife and friar;
 Fam'd in Flewellin, Pistol's Hector;
 Then was of playhouses projector,

And author too, and wrote a farce ;
 But there, all say he show'd an ass.
 If acting well a soul will save,
 He sure a place in Heav'n will have :
 And yet to speak the truth, I ween,
 As great a scrub as e'er was seen."

At Lee, in Kent, is buried WILLIAM PARSONS, Esq.,
 the celebrated actor, with the following inscription on
 his tomb :—

" WILLIAM PARSONS died Feb. 1795, aged 59.
 Here PARSONS lies!—oft on life's busy stage,
 With Nature, reader, hast thou seen him vie ;
 He science knew—knew manners, knew the age,
 Respected knew to live—lamented die."

Mrs. SHERIDAN, the first wife of Richard Brinsley
 Sheridan, died in 1792, at Bristol Hotwells, of a deep
 decline, and was interred in Wells Cathedral, where
 there is a Latin inscription to her memory (written by
 Dr. Harrington), of which the following is the trans-
 lation :—

"Sure every beauty, every grace
 Which other females share,
 Adorn'd thy mind, thy voice, thy face,
 Thou fairest of the fair !
 Amidst the general distress,
 O let a friend his grief express !
 Mourn, mourn your loss, ye mortals, mourn—
 Rejoice, ye Heavenly quire !
 To your embraces see return
 A sister, with her social lyre ;
 ELIZA now resumes her seat,
 And makes your harmony complete."

Mrs. Jordan's Life.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN died July, 1816, aged 65, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, near Addison's statue, with Garrick's monument on the right wall, Mrs. Oldfield's on the left, and Goldsmith's opposite. Cumberland is also near him. He has a plain black stone placed over him by the friendship of Mr. Peter Moore.

Mrs. MARY ROBINSON was born Nov. 27, 1750. Her father was very rich, but, when she was 9 years old, he embarked all his property to establish a whale fishery on the coast of Labrador, which failed. While her father was in America, she married Mr. Robinson, then a student of the law; a short time after their marriage, he was imprisoned for debt, where he remained for fifteen months: when he was released they had nothing to take to, he being prevented practising as an attorney, not having completed the articles of his clerkship. In this dilemma, she turned her thoughts to the stage, which she tried with very much proficiency, eliciting great praise from Mr. Garrick, Mr. Sheridan, and others. In this capacity she remained for two seasons, and won universal admiration, by the uncommon beauty of her person, and the grace and elegance of her actions and manners. In this capacity she attracted the notice of the prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), and after several letters they had an interview, which led to many more interviews. He told her to leave her situation, and promised to give her 20,000*l* the day he came of age. But a short time before he came of age, she received a letter from him, informing her *they must meet no more*. She wrote to him several times, but received no answer. After this he invited her to his birth-night ball, and he took much notice of her, but that was the last time. Her debts were now nearly 7,000*l*; she at length applied to Mr. Fox, and showed him the letter of the prince's promise, and Mr. Fox settled an annuity of 500*l*. a year on her, as equivalent to the prince's promise. She now turned her attention to poetry, and wrote several good pieces—"The Haunted Beach," "The Maniac," &c. &c. At last a consumption carried her off on the 26th December, 1800. She was buried in the churchyard of Old

Windsor, and a simple monument, on which is engraven the following, serves as a memorial to her genius, her beauty, and her misfortunes :—

“ Of Beauty’s Isle, her daughters must declare
 She who sleeps here was fairest of the fair ;
 But, ah ! while Nature to her favourite smil’d,
 And Genius claim’d her share in Beauty’s child :
 E’en as they wove a garland for her brow,
 Sorrow prepared a willowy wreath of woe ;
 Mix’d lurid nightshade with the buds of May ;
 And twin’d her darkest cypress with the bay :
 In mildew tears steep’d every opening flower,
 Prey’d on the sweets, and gave the canker power.
 Yet, Oh ! may Pity’s angel, from the grave
 This early victim of misfortune save :
 And as she springs to everlasting morn,
 May Glory’s fadeless crown her soul adorn.”

Abridged from Universal Biography.

On SHUTER, the actor :—

“ Alas ! poor NED !
 He’s now in bed,
 Who seldom was before ;
 The revel rout,
 The midnight shout,
 Shall never know him more.
 Entomb’d in clay
 Here let him lay,
 And silence every jest ;
 For life’s poor play
 Has past away,
 And here he sleeps in rest.”

Mrs. CLIVE, or KITTY CLIVE, the fascinating actress, after long being an ornament to the stage, retired to “ *Little Strawberry Hill*,” an elegant cottage facing the Thames, on the western extremity of the parish of Twickenham, where for many years she “drank the

pleasures of rural life." Her neighbour, Horace Walpole, as well as many other persons of rank and eminence, was attracted by her wit and drollery. The following inscription was written by Dr. Woolcot, for an urn to the memory of Mrs. CLIVE, which is placed in the garden :—

"Ye smiles and jests, still hover round ;
This is Mirth's consecrated ground :
Here liv'd the laughter loving dame,
A matchless actress, CLIVE her name.
The comic muse with her retired,
And shed a tear when she expired."

Mrs. CLIVE was buried at Twickenham, where there is a tablet with the following inscription, (written by Miss Pope) :—

"Sacred to the memory of Mrs. CATHERINE CLIVE,
Who died December the 7th, 1785, aged 75 years.

"CLIVE's blameless life this Tablet shall proclaim,
Her moral virtues, and her well earn'd fame.
In Comic scenes, the stage she often trod,
'Nor sought the Critic's praise, nor fear'd his rod,'
In real life was equal praise her due,
Open to pity and to friendship true ;
In wit still pleasing, as in converse free
From aught that could afflict humanity :
Her generous heart to all her friends was known,
And e'en the stranger's sorrows were her own.
Content with fame, e'en affluence she wav'd
To share with others what by toil she sav'd ;
And nobly bounteous from her slender store
She bade two dear relations not be poor.
Such deeds on life's short scenes true glory shed,
And heavenly plaudits hail the virtuous dead."

Louis XIV., king of France, was presented with an epitaph by an indifferent poet, on the celebrated actor Molière, who died Feb. 17, 1673. "I would to God" said he "that Molière had brought me yours."

ACTORS.

CHARLES MATTHEWS, the comedian, was interred in a vault, situate in the western vestibule of St. Andrew's church, Plymouth, where a stone slab announces with admirable simplicity :—

“CHARLES MATTHEWS, Comedian, born 28th June, 1776; died 28th June, 1835.”

Comœdia lugit, scena est deserta.”

“ALAS! POOR YORICK!”

On the stone which covers the remains of QUIN, in the Abbey church, Bath :—

“Here lies the body of
Mr. JAMES QUIN.

The scene is chang'd—I am no more,
Death's the last act—now all is o'er.”

Inscription on the monument of QUIN, in Bath Abbey church :—

“That tongue which set the table in a roar,
And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more;
Clos'd are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
Which spake, before the tongue, what Shakespear writ;
Cold is that hand which, living, was stretch'd forth,
At friendship's call, to succour modest worth.
Here lies JAMES QUIN!—Deign, reader, to be taught,
Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
In Nature's happiest mould however cast,
'To this complexion thou must come at last.'”

D. Garrick.

Ob. MDCCLXVI. Ætatis, LXXIII.

On Mr. HAVARD, Comedian (by David Garrick) :—

“ An honest man’s the noblest work of God ! ”

“ HAVARD from sorrow rests beneath this stone :
 An honest man,—belov’d as soon as known ;
 Howe’er defective in the mimic art,
 In real life he justly play’d his part !
 The noblest character he acted well,
 And heaven applauded—when the curtain fell.”

In St. Paul’s, Covent Garden, London :—

“ Here lies the body of
 Mr. JOHN EDWIN, Comedian,
 Who departed this life October 31, 1790, aged 42 years.
 Each social meed which honours human kind,
 The dust beneath this frail memorial bore ;
 If pride of excellence uplift thy mind,
 Subdue thy weakness, and be vain no more.
 A nation’s mirth was subject to his art,
 Ere icy death had smote this child of glee ;
 And care resum’d his empire o’er the heart,
 When heaven issued EDWIN should not be.”

This stone was erected by Mr. Redhead, as a tribute
 of friendship to the memory of the deceased.

On JOE MILLER, in St. Clement Danes burying
 ground :—

“ Here lie the remains of
 Honest JOE MILLER,
 Who was a tender husband,
 A sincere friend,
 A facetious companion,
 And an excellent comedian.
 He departed this life the 15th day of August, 1738,
 Aged 54 years.

ACTORS.

If humour, wit, and honesty, could save
The humourous, witty, honest, from the grave,
The grave had not so soon this tenant found,
Whom honesty, wit, and humour crown'd.

Or could esteem and love preserve our breath,
And guard us longer from the stroke of death ;
The stroke of death on him had later fell,
Whom all mankind esteem'd and lov'd so well."

On JOHN BEARD, late of Covent Garden theatre, who died Feb. 5th, 1791, aged 75 years (by Dr. Cousins):—

"Satire, be dumb ! nor dream the scenic art
Must spoil the morals and corrupt the heart.

Here lies JOHN BEARD :

Confess with pensive pause,

His modesty was great as our applause.

Whence had that voice such magic to controul ?

'Twas but the echo of a well-tun'd soul :

Through life, his morals and his music ran

In symphony, and spoke the virtuous man.

Go, gentle harmonist, our hopes approve,

To meet and hear thy sacred songs above ;

When taught by thee, the stage of life well trod,

We rise to raptures round the throne of God.."

MUSICAL PROFESSORS.

JEAN BAPTISTE LULLI, who was made professor of the royal academy of music, by Louis XIV. rose from obscurity. He hurt his foot severely in beating time to a Te Deum performed on the recovery of his majesty from a severe illness—mortification ensued ; as he lay

on his death bed, he composed a hymn—"Sinner, thou must die," and sang it with a faint and tremulous voice. He died A.D. 1687, aged 53 years. His widow erected a magnificent monument to his memory in the church of Petits Pères, where he wished to be interred. Sauteuil composed his epitaph in six Latin verses, the substance of which, translated, is as follows:—

"Oh Death! we knew that thou wert blind, but in striking LULLI, thou hast taught us that thou art deaf also."—*Chambers*.

On the Abbey wall at Bury St. Edmund's:—

"HARRIOT HAGUE, Professor of Music, in the University of Cambridge, died Feb. 6, 1816, aged 23.

"Too short, too fleeting seem'd the Strain
Still as we listen'd to thy Lyre;
Now, HARRIOT, thee We mourn in vain
Born thus to charm, and to expire.

But Temper sweet, but duteous Love,
And Piety to thee were given;
Go, seek thy blissful Seat above,
And join the immortal Song of Heaven."

On CLAUDIUS PHILLIPS, at Wolverhampton. On a stone in a porch at the southern entrance of the collegiate church, is the following epitaph:—

"Near this place lies CLAUDIUS PHILLIPS, whose absolute *contempt of riches*, and inimitable *performances on the violin*, made him the admiration of all who knew him. He was born in Wales, made the tour of Europe, and after the experience of both kinds of fortune died in 1733."

MUSICIANS.

For CLAUDIUS PHILLIPS (by Dr. Johnson*) :—

“PHILLIPS ! whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty power, and hapless love,
Rest here, distress'd by poverty no more,
Find here that calm thou gav'st so oft before ;
Sleep undisturbed within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.”

WILLIAM LAWES, the musical composer, entered the royalist army, held the rank of captain, and was killed by the roundheads at the siege of Chester in 1645. The following punning epitaph was written for him :—

“Concord is conquer'd ! In his urn there lies,
The Master of great Music's mysteries :
And in it is a riddle, like the cause,
WILL LAWES was slain by men whose WILLS were LAWS.”

Beloe's Anecdotes.

GREGORIO ALLEGRI, a celebrated musician, was born at Rome, died in 1652, and was buried in the chapel of Santo Filippo Neri, in the Chiesa Nova, at Rome. This is now the common place of interment for the singers of the pontifical chapel, and at the suggestion of Allegri, a Latin inscription was placed on the door of the mausoleum. It may be thus translated :—

“The Pontifical Singers,
Anxious that those
Whom harmony united in Life
Should not be separated in Death,
Wished this as their burial place.”

* “These lines are among Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies ; they are nevertheless recognised as Johnson's in a memorandum of his handwriting, and were probably written at her request.”—JOHNSON'S WORKS.

In Westminster Abbey, on a Roman tablet, is this inscription :—

“ Here lyes HENRY PURCELL, Esq., who left this life, and is gone to that blessed place where only his harmony can be excelled.* He died 21st day of November, 1695, in the 37th year of his age.”

On that once celebrated British minstrel CHARLES INCLEDON, Esq., in imitation of Gray's epitaph :—

“ Here rests from song, and bacchanalian mirth,
 A wag to music, glee, and song well known ;
 Apollo frown'd *not* on his humble birth,
 And rosy Bacchus mark'd him for his own.
 True to *that* God, sincere as to his *lass*,
 The god an ample recompense did send ;—
 He gave the minstrel *all* he had—a glass ;
 'Twas all he wish'd—'twas dearer than a *friend*.
 But of his *failings* here no more disclose,
 He had his *virtues*, let them *step* between
 And say ‘ Poor Charley ! sleep in soft repose,
 Till *Nature's* God shall change the gloomy scene.’ ”

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, the celebrated musical composer, was buried in Westminster Abbey. Over the place of his interment is a monument executed by Roubilliac, representing him at full length in an erect posture, with a music paper in his hand, inscribed

“ I know that my Redeemer liveth,”

with the notes to which those words are so admirably set in his “ Messiah.” The inscription beneath is :—

“ GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, Esq.
 Born February 23, 1684,
 Died April 14, 1759.”

* This epitaph so pleased the widow of a celebrated pyrotechnician, that she adopted it for her husband, and wrote accordingly, that “ He was gone to that BLESSED place where only his FIREWORKS could be excelled.”

On an assistant musician, in Llanflantwthyl churchyard, in Wales :—

“Under this stone lies MEREDITH MORGAN,
 Who blew the bellows of our church organ;
 Tobacco he hated, to smoke most unwilling,
 Yet never so pleased as when pipes he was filling;
 No reflection on him for rude speech could be cast,
 Tho’ he gave our old Organist many a blast.
 No puffer was he,
 Tho’ a capital blower;
 He could fill double G,
 And now lies a note lower.”

On LITTLE STEPHEN, a noted fiddler in Suffolk :—

“STEPHEN and Time
 Are both now even ;
 Stephen beat Time
 Now Time beats Stephen.”

SERVANTS BY THEIR EMPLOYERS.

The cloisters in St. George’s college, Windsor, are entered from the lower ward by an archway leading to the tomb-house. On the left as you enter, is a tablet with the following inscription (from the pen of George III.) :—

“King George III.
 Caused to be interred
 Near this place, the body of
 MARY GASKOIN,

EPITAPHS, ETC.

Servant to the late Princess Amelia :
and this Tablet to be erected
In testimony of
His grateful sense of
The faithful service
and attachment of
An amiable young woman
To his beloved daughter,
Whom she survived only three months.
She died the 19th of February, 1811,
Aged 31 years."

In the beautiful cemetery of Rose Bank, Scotland, is a handsome monument of Aberdeen granite, bearing the following inscription in letters of gold :—

" Sacred to the memory of Miss IDA BANANOMI, the faithful and highly esteemed dresser of Queen Victoria, who departed this life Oct. 15, 1854, in the thirty-seventh year of her age, beloved and respected by all who knew her. This stone has been placed by Queen Victoria as a mark of her regard."

In Alnwick churchyard, Northumberland, on MARY ATKINSON, whose parents perished in the snow (written by the Duchess of Northumberland) :—

" Sacred
To the Memory of
MARY ATKINSON,
Born August 12th, 1822. Died July 6th, 1842.

Where she has sported as a child
There is she laid to rest ;
As the tired infant finds repose
Upon its Mother's Breast.
No Sculptor's Art proclaims her rank,
Or tells from whence she came ;

Her honours were a blameless life,
 Her wreath a spotless Name.
 Go, Labourer, Go! and sow thy seed,
 And till the barren ground;
 That when the harvest Lord shall come,
 Thou may'st like her be found."

At Kirkmichael, in the Isle of Man, close by the last resting place of the sainted Bishop Wilson, is the headstone of his faithful servant, bearing the following inscription :—

"JOHN REDDYARD died at Bishops court,
 April 21st, 1738, aged 47, whose master hath here given this testimony of his integrity, that in twenty years' service he never found cause to charge him with eye-service, fraud, or injustice."

In Twickenham churchyard is an inscription on a tombstone to the memory of the old woman who nursed Alexander Pope, the poet, with the following inscription engraven upon it :—

"To the Memory
 of
 MARY BEACH,
 Who died November 5th, 1725, aged 78.
 Alexander Pope, whom she nursed in his Infancy and
 whom she affectionately attended for
 Twenty-eight years,
 In gratitude for such a faithful old Servant,
 Erected this Stone."*

It was to this epitaph that Lady Wortley Montague alluded (when she quarrelled with Pope) in the following sarcastic lines :—

"No wonder our poet's so stout, and so strong,
 Since he lugg'd, and he tugg'd at the bubby so long."

In St. Mary's church, Warwick, on a tablet of white marble, is the following inscription :—

“If a faithful discharge of duty,
 And the most honest, diligent, and attached conduct
 For a long course of years,
 Ever claimed the expression of gratitude,
 It is due to the memory of JOHN BAYLEY :
 Who departed this life on the 15th day of September,
 1792, aged 65 years ;
 And lies interred near this place.
 As a memorial of his regard
 For an excellent servant, and a worthy man,
 Whose loss he much laments ;
 This stone was erected
 By George, Earl of Warwick,
 1793.”

Dean Swift had a servant well-known to all his friends by the name of SAUNDERS ; an appellation given him by the Dean. He was remarkably kind to him during a course of several years spent in his service : but more particularly throughout a long illness under which he laboured for many months before he died. He had him buried in the south aisle of his cathedral, where he erected a monument to him in a small piece of statuary marble, with this inscription :—

“Here lieth the Body of
 ALEXANDER MAGEE, Servant to Doctor
 Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's.
 His grateful Master caused this Monument to be
 erected in Memory of his Discretion, Fidelity,
 and Diligence in that humble Station.
Ob Mar 24, 1721, Ætat 29.”
Sheridan's Life of Swift.

In Easton churchyard, Suffolk :—

“In Memory of
 JOHN OWEN
 Who died March 20th, 1821,
 In the 63rd year of his age.

He lived in this Parish
 During the term of 24 years
 An honest and diligent Servant
 To the Earl of Rochford.

His Master found him faithful whilst on Earth,
 And placed this stone in justice to his worth."

In Trevethin churchyard, Monmouthshire, is a monument, bearing the following inscription (from the pen of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, on a faithful servant of his father's):—

"To the Memory of
 Mr. THOMAS COOKE,
 Agent of the iron-works
 To John Hanbury, Esq.
 of Pontypool;
 Who died, August 1st,
 1739: aged 66 years.

With most religious truth it may be said,
 Beneath this stone an honest man lies dead.
 Vice he abhorr'd, in virtue's path he trod;
 Just to his Master, humble to his God:
 Useful he lived, and void of all offence;
 By nature sensible, well bred by sense.
 His master's int'rest was his constant end:
 (The faithful'st servant and the truest friend.)
 For him his heart and hand were always join'd;
 And love with duty strictly was combin'd.
 Together through this vale of life they pass'd:
 And in this church together sleep at last;
 For when the master's fatal hour was come,
 The servant sigh'd, and follow'd to the tomb.
 And when at the last day he shall appear,
 Thus shall his Saviour speak and scatter fear:
 'Well done, thou faithful servant, good and just,
 Receive thy well deserv'd reward of trust;
 Come where no time can happiness destroy,
 Into the fulness of thy Master's Joy.'"

In South Audley street chapel, Grosvenor-square, is the following inscription on a stone (by Wm. Gifford, Esq.):—

“Here lies the body
of ANN DAVIES,
for more than twenty years
Servant to William Gifford.
She died Feb. 6th, 1815,
in the forty-third year of her age,
of a tedious and painful malady,
which she bore
with exemplary patience and resignation.
Her deeply afflicted Master
erected this stone to her memory,
as a faithful testimony
of her uncommon worth,
and of his perpetual gratitude,
respect and affection,
for her long and meritorious services.

Though here unknown, dear ANN, thy ashes rest,
Still lives thy memory in one grateful breast,
That traced thy course through many a painful year,
And marked thy humble hope, thy pious fear.
O! when this frame, which yet, while life remained,
Thy duteous love, with trembling hand, sustained,
Dissolves (as soon it must) may that Bless'd Pow'r
Who beam'd on thine, illumine my parting hour!
So shall I greet thee, where no ills annoy,
And what was sown in grief, is reap'd in joy;
Where worth, obscured below, bursts into day,
And those are paid, whom earth could never pay.”

From a tombstone in a churchyard in Warwickshire:—

“Here lieth the body of JOSEPH BATTE, confidential servant to George Birch, Esq., of Hampstead Hall. His grateful friend and master caused this inscription to be written in memory of his discretion, fidelity, diligence, and continence. He died (a bachelor) aged 84, having lived 44 years in the same family.”

SERVANTS.

From a tombstone in Eltham churchyard :—

“ Here lie the remains of Mr. JAMES TAPPY, who departed this life on the 8th of September, 1818, aged 84, after a faithful service of 60 years in one family ; by each individual of which he lived respected, and died lamented by the sole survivor.”*

In Boreham churchyard, in Essex, is a stone raised by the Honourable Elizabeth Olmius, to the memory of ANN GARDNER, who died at New Hall, after a faithful service of 40 years, with the following inscription upon it (by Charlotte Smith) :—

“ Whate’er of praise, and of regret attend
The grateful servant, and the humble friend,
Where strict integrity and worth unite
To raise the lowly in their Maker’s sight,
Are hers ; whose faithful service, long approved
Wept by the mistress whom through life she loved,
Here ends her earthly task ; in joyful trust
To share the eternal triumph of the just.”

In the churchyard of Croydon, Surrey :—

“ In Memory of URSULA SWINBOURN,
Who after fulfilling her duty,
In that station of life which her Creator had allotted her ;
And by her faithful and affectionate conduct,
In a series of thirty-five years,

* “ Few monuments, even of the illustrious, have given me the glow about the heart that I felt while copying this honest epitaph in the churchyard of Eltham. I sympathized with this ‘ sole survivor ’ of a family mourning over the grave of the faithful follower of his race, who had been, no doubt, a living memento of times and friends that had passed away ; and in considering this record of long and devoted service, I called to mind the touching speech of OLD ADAM, in AS YOU LIKE IT, when tottering after the youthful son of his ancient master :—

Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp, with love and loyalty.”

Bracebridge Hall, by Washington Irving.

Rendering herself respected and beloved,
 And her loss sincerely regretted
 By the family she lived with ;
 Departed this life the 5th of January 1781 : aged 55.

READER !

Let not her station in life
 Prevent thy regarding her example ;
 But remember,
 According to the number of talents given
 Will the increase be expected."

In St. Saviour's church, Southwark, among the ancient monuments, is one to JOHN TREHEARNE, gentleman porter to King James I. It consists of a niche formed of two square columns, and a Corinthian entablature, surmounted by a death's head, within which are two demi-statues of Trehearne and his wife, bearing a black marble tablet inscribed with the subjoined tribute, perhaps penned by his royal master :—

"Had Kings a power to lend their subjects breath,
 TREHEARNE, thou should'st not now be cast down by Death ;
 Thy royal Master still would keep thee then,
 But length of days are beyond the reach of men.
 Nor wealth, nor strength, nor great men's love can ease
 The wound Death's arrows make, for thou hadst these.
 In thy King's Court good place to thee is given,
 Whence thou shalt go to the King's Court in Heaven."

The following epitaph was written by Philip Melancthon, the reformer, and friend of Luther, upon his servant, who had lived in his house nearly 34 years. He died in 1553 :—

"Here at a distance from his native land
 Came faithful JOHN, at Philip's first command ;
 Companion of his exile, doubly dear,
 Who in a servant found a friend sincere.—

And more than friend, a man of faith and prayer,
 A constant soother of his master's care;—
 Here to the worms his lifeless body's given,
 But his immortal soul sees God in heaven."

In Camerton churchyard, a village in the neighbourhood of Bath :—

"This stone is erected to the memory of THOMAS DILLY, by his (sorrowing) mistress, Anne Jarrett, of Camerton House ; in whose family he lived for the space of twenty-nine years, being by them all as much respected during life, as he was regretted at the period of his quitting it, which happened on the 7th day of June, An Dom. 1830, in the fifty-first year of his age.

Hath not the Judge of all men said
 That faithful service is repaid
 To those, who use the talents given
 With care on earth, by bliss in heaven ?
 Hope then we may that he who lies
 Beneath this tomb will greet the skies ;
 Since he was true unto his trust,
 And in his several callings just ;
 As son, as father, husband, friend,
 And *Christian* where all duties blend ;
 Relying on this sacred word,
 He waits the welcome of his Lord ;
 'Well done—life's service duly paid,
 Enter on joys which never fade!'"

In Chelmsford church is a marble tablet, with the following inscription :—

"To the memory of SUSAN COOK, a faithfully attached servant for 35 years, in the family of Mr. J. Golding, of this Parish, who died March 5th, 1826, aged 81 years. This Tablet of regard is inscribed by the members of the family, whom she nursed in their infancy, to record their grateful sense of her worth, and to testify that however humble may be the station assigned by Providence, diligence and integrity render their possession in *life respected*, and in *death lamented*."

At Highgate cemetery :—

“ Sacred to the memory of Mrs. SARAH BARNABY, who died September, 1847, aged 65. By those over whose earliest infancy she watched, and to whom, during a period of twenty-six years, she remained the constant and devoted friend, this Monument is erected in grateful remembrance of a beloved and faithful nurse.”

In Stonleigh church, Warwickshire :—

“ To the memory of HUMPHREY How, porter to the Rt. Honble. Lord Leigh, ob 6 Feb. An D 1688 Ætat 63.

Here lies a faithful Friend unto the Poore,
Who dealt large Almes out of His Lordship's Store,
Weep not poor People tho' ye Servant's dead,
The Lord himselfe will Give you dayly bread.
If Market's Rise, Raile Not A Gainst there Rates
The Price is still ye same at Stonleigh Gates.”

In the churchyard of King's Swinford, Staffordshire, is a plain stone (erected by Joseph Scott, Esq.) in memory of ELIZABETH HARRISON, who had been a faithful servant for 30 years, bearing the following inscription :—

“ While flattering praises from oblivion save,
The rich, and splendour decorates the grave,
Let this plain stone, O HARRISON, proclaim
Thy humble fortune and thy honest fame.
In work unwearied, labour knew no end—
In all things faithful, everywhere a friend ;
Herself forgot, she toil'd with generous zeal ;
And knew no interest but her master's weal.
Midst the rude storms that shook his ev'ning day
No wealth could bribe her, and no power dismay ;
Her patrons' love she dwelt on e'en in death,
And dying, blest them with her latest breath.

SERVANTS.

She departed this life June 19, 1797. Aged 50 years.

Farewell, thou best of servants—may the tear
That sorrow trickled o'er thy parting bier,
Prove to thy happy shade our fond regard,
And all thy virtues find their full reward."

On a tablet in Westminster Abbey :—

"With diligence and trust most exemplary,
Did WILLIAM LAWRENCE serve a Prebendary ;
And for his Paines now past, before not lost,
Gain'd this Remembrance at his Master's cost.

O read these Lines againe : you seldome find
A Servant faithfull, and a Master kind.

Short-Hand he wrote : his Floure in prime did fade,
And hasty Death Short Hand of him hath made,
Well couth he Nu'bers, and well mesur'd Land ;
Thus doth he now that Ground where on you stand
Wherein he lyes so Geometricall :

Art maketh some, but thus will Nature all.

Obijt Decem 28, 1621. *Ætatis suæ 29.*"

GOOD WIVES.

On a tombstone in Kingsbury churchyard :—

"Ah ! here doth lie bereav'd of life
ANCHORET HORSEY, a frugal wife.
Religious, her name doth signify
And so was she in all sincerity.
1719 the 9th September

EPITAPHS, ETC.

Her soul unto God she did meekly surrender.
At 74 was enclos'd in the earth,
And great was the sorrow caus'd by her Death.
Of dust was I made—on dust I fed
Dust was my tent—and dust is my bed.”

In Gloucester Cathedral :—

“ Stay traveller, and learn from me how vain are the hopes, how fluctuating the joys of mankind. Here lies, alas ! my CATHERINE lies, the choicest and the best of wives : so modest, so chaste, so pious, that nothing could surpass it. If youth, beauty, if the endowments of body or mind, be fit subjects of lamentation, grief here must be unbounded. William PEMBRUGE placed this marble in memory of a most beloved wife, who died June 15th 1690, aged 26 years.”

Also, in the same Cathedral :—

“ To the virtuous memory of ANNE, the most entirely loving, and beloved wife of John HILTON, Clerk, Usher of the College School, who died February 26, 169 $\frac{1}{2}$, aged 30.

Meek was her temper, modest was her life,
A chaste and humble virgin, loyal wife.
Her manners graceful, pregnant was her wit,
Her nature amiable, her behaviour sweet.
Her soul adorned with dovelike innocence.
To gain a heavenly mansion hasted hence,
And bid surviving walkers o'er her grave,
Love the world less, and strive their souls to save.”

In Hove churchyard, near Brighton, Sussex, is the following inscription on a marble slab :—

“ Sacred to the beloved Memory of
MARGARET
Wife of Charles BADHAM, M.D. F.R.S.

In her, not any virtue was wanting which conduces to the perfection of the female character, nor any grace that can recommend, adorn, and endear it; the bounty of nature had added to the most impressive beauty, all that is excellent in mind, and all that is engaging in manners.

Undismayed by the rapid approach of a disease full of suffering, she calmly witnessed from her chamber in the adjacent cottage the signs of an advancing summer, of which, even her own delightful buoyancy of temper forbade her to expect the end: the green corn changed under her eye; she witnessed the decay of the last rose at her window; yet did no momentary expression of impatience disturb that serene disposition, for which, though life had many sources of endearment, death could be no object of alarm. With the courage which piety and innocence inspire, she awaited the will of God; and on the first day of harvest, at the hour when the doubtful light of morning summoned the reapers to the field, her sufferings were gently terminated, and her meek spirit had arrived at the assured mansions of eternal rest; leaving to her afflicted husband the most hopeless of human griefs, together with six children of her love to witness, rather than share it."

An inscription for a monument to be erected by a *Gentleman to the Memory of his Lady* (by James Beattie, L.L.D.): —

“Farewell, my best beloved; whose heavenly mind
Genius with virtue, strength with softness join'd;
Devotion, undebased by pride or art,
With meek simplicity, and joy of heart.
Though sprightly, gentle; though polite, sincere;
And only of thyself a judge severe;
Unblamed, unequalled in each sphere of life,
The tenderest Daughter, Sister, Parent, Wife,
In thee, their Patroness, th' afflicted lost;
Thy friends, their pattern, ornament and boast;
And I—but ah, can words my loss declare,
Or paint th' extremes of transport and despair!
O Thou, beyond what verse or speech can tell,
My guide, my friend, my best beloved, farewell!”

On a beloved wife :—

“A tender plant, borne from the fostering gales
That breathe on Avon’s margin, droop’d and died.
Yet time shall be, sweet plant, a gale divine
Shall thee restore. And thou in health and youth
By the pure streams of peace shall ever live,
And flourish in the Paradise of God.”

At Eltham, in Kent :—

“My wife lies here beneath,
Alas! from me she’s flown,
She was so good that Death
Would have her for his own.”

At Great Yarmouth :—

“To the memory of MARY, wife of Thomas BMMANT,
who died September 6th, 1821, aged seventy six years.

Here lies an honest woman ; to say more is unneces-
sary—less would be ungrateful.”

On a good wife (written by her husband) :—

“Here lies my poor wife, much lamented,
She’s happy and I’m contented.”

At Lewesham, in Kent, on the south wall of the
church, is the following inscription :—

“ELIZABETH, wife of Major General HAMILTON, who
was married near forty-seven years, and never did one
thing to displease her husband.”

In St. Peter's church, near Margate, in Kent:—

“ Sacred
 To the Memory
 of
 ANNABELLA BUNBURY,
 daughter of
 Sir William Bunbury, Bart.
 and wife of
 George BOSCAWEN, Esq.
 born February the 14th, 1746,
 obit September 4th, 1818.

There was a time when Beauty's brightest bloom
 Adorned the slumberer in yon darksome tomb—
 When numbers, emulous her fame to share,
 In secret sighed, and wished themselves as fair :
 And numbers more, when wakened to survey
 The dawn of retribution's certain day—
 When all her works of mercy, done below,
 And deeds beneficent, the world shall know,
 When worth like hers is fully understood,
 May wish too late they had but been as good.”

In Westminster Abbey:—

“ GRACE SCOTT died in 1644.
 He that will give my GRACE but what is Hers,
 Must say her Death has not
 Made only her dear SCOTT,
 But Virtue, Worth, and Sweetness Widowers.”

On Lady WHITMORE (by John Dryden):—

“ Fair, kind, and true, a treasure each, alone,
 A wife, a mistress, and a friend, in one,
 Rest in this tomb, raised at thy husband's cost,
 Here sadly summing what he had and lost.

Come, Virgins! ere in equal bands ye join,
 Come first and offer at her sacred shrine;
 Pray but for half the virtues of this wife,
 Compound for all the rest with longer life,
 And wish your vows, like hers, may be return'd,
 So loved when living, and when dead so mourn'd."

In St. Peter's churchyard, Ipswich:—

"ELIZABETH WOBBY, died Dec., 1854, aged 53.

If e'er perfection was in woman found,
 In her who sleeps beneath, it did abound.
 In every duty strict she pass'd through life,
 As friend, companion, and beloved wife.
 To all endearing, and by all ador'd,
 As she respected liv'd, she died deplor'd."

From the Wesleyan chapel, Wakefield:—

"Her manners mild, her temper such:
 Her language good, and not too much."

In St. Margaret's churchyard, Ipswich:—

"Sacred to the memory of
 JANE, the second wife of
 Samuel FOREMAN,
 who died
 October 21, 1839,
 aged 46.

Here lies interred beneath this dreary grave
 A worthy woman, but she was no slave;
 As good a wife as ever need to be,
 Conducting things with much propriety.
 Step-mother too 'tis known she was quite well,
 And in that place but few did her excel.
 She did whate'er she could for her poor friends,
 And never thought the least for an amends."

GOOD WIVES.

In Otley church, on HELEN, wife of Thomas, Lord FAIRFAX :—

“Here Leah’s fruitfulness, here Rachel’s beauty,
Here lyeth Rebecca’s faith, here Sarah’s duty.”

In Brandeston churchyard, Suffolk :—

“ELEANOR, the wife of Elisha BOON, died Nov. 8th,
1848, aged 59.

Virtuous—courteous—meek and lowly,
Wise and prudent—just and holy,
Free from malice—free from pride,
A sudden change, and thus she died.”

In a village in Suffolk is to be found a curious epitaph to the memory of Mrs. GREENWOOD, the wife of a Doctor of Divinity, and purports to have been written by her devoted spouse :—

“Here lies the fairest GREENWOOD in our town,
By Death—by very cruel Death cut down :
Her virtue, and her moderation, were such,
That she ought to have been married to a Judge.
But she put up with *me*
A poor Doctor of Divinity.”

On a good wife :—

“The Dame that takes her rest within this tomb,
Had Rachel’s face, and Leah’s fruitful womb,
Abigail’s wisdom, Lydia’s faithful heart,
Martha’s just care, and Mary’s better part.”

In Fressingfield churchyard, Suffolk :—

“ JANE COCK died 1835, aged 52.
Dear JANE! how few thy excellence transcend
In three most honour'd names, Wife, Mother, Friend.
Now may'st thou glory in thy Saviour's sight,
Whose word was here thy Guide and thy Delight.”

Lady LITTLETON died in 1746, aged 28, and her remains were interred at Over Arley, in Worcestershire : a monument was erected to her memory in the church at Hagley, which bears the following inscription (written by her husband, Lord George Lyttleton) :—

“ Made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
Though meek, magnanimous; though witty, wise;
Polite, as all her life in courts had been,
Yet good, as she the world had never seen;
The noble fire of an exalted mind
With gentlest female tenderness combined.
Her speech was the melodious voice of Love;
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove,
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;
Her form each beauty of her mind expres'd;
Her mind was virtue by the Graces dress'd.

(The following inscription is cut on the side of the monument) :—

This unadorned stone was placed here
By the particular desire and express
Directions of the Right Honourable
George, Lord Lyttleton,
Who died August 22, 1773, aged 64.”

In St. Helen's churchyard, Ipswich :—

“ ELIZABETH HERRIOTT died October 25, 1813,
aged 32 years.
Adieu! my ELIZA, the last struggle's o'er,
And thy pure soul hath wing'd its rapturous flight
On Seraph's pinions to that blissful shore
Where reigns pure pleasures permanent delight.”

In Worlingworth church is a flat stone, partly covered by a pew, the date is 1622, and bears the following inscription :—

“ Her rest gives me a restless life,
Because she was a virtuous wife,
But yet I rest in hope to see,
That daye of Christ, and then see thee.”

In Bedingsfield churchyard, Suffolk :—

“ MARY WILLIAMS, died April, 1820, aged 78.
Adieu ! blest woman, partner of my life,
A tender mother, and a faithful wife.
From scandal free, most ready to commend,
Most loath to hurt, most proud to be a friend.
Her partner's comfort, and his life's relief,
Once his chief joy, but now his greatest grief.
Her God has call'd her, where she's sure to have,
Blessings more solid, than herself once gave.”

In Saxted churchyard, Suffolk, on CHARLOTTE MEADOWS, died March, 1833, aged 33 :—

“ Meek was her temper, virtuous was her life,
A tender mother, and a loving wife,
Alas ! she's gone, dear object of our love,
T'increase the number of the saints above.
Her sufferings Lord, to thee alone were known,
Thou knew her grief, and claim'd her for thine own.”

In St. Mary-le-Tower churchyard, Suffolk :—

“ REBECCA BRANSBY died January, 1811, aged 46.
Just Heaven rewards the virtuous and sincere,
The faithful friend, and mother, wife most dear.
Above, thy shade, REBECCA, now does rest,

No pains torment thy frame, no cares thy breast.
 If conscious of this rather world of strife,
 As thou enjoy'st the realms of happier life,
 Surviving relatives thy spirit view
 Who long to bid like thee this world adieu,
 Direct their steps in paths the just have trod,
 To join thy soul in presence of thy God."

On a good wife :—

"Encomiums *is* but flattery, she was a good wife
 and pray God bless her soul."

In Tenby church, on JANE, the wife of Thomas
 GRIFFITH, mariner :—

"When faithful friends descend into the dust,
 Grief's but a debt, and sorrows are but just.
 Such cause had he to weep, who freely pays
 This last sad tribute of his love and praise :
 Who mourns the best of wives, and best of friends,
 Where with affection, diligence was join'd ;
 Mourns, but not murmurs ; sighs, but not despairs ;
 Feels as a Man, but as a Christian bears."

In Kensington churchyard :—

"Here are deposited the remains of Mrs. ANN FLOYER,
 the beloved wife of Mr. Richard Floyer, of Thistle
 Grove, in this parish, died on Thursday the 8th of
 May, 1823.

God hath chosen her as a pattern for the other Angels."

Inscription, placed by Curran, on the tomb of his
 mother :—

"Here lies the body of SARAH CURRAN ; she was
 marked by many years, many virtues, few failings, no
 crimes. This frail memorial was placed here by a son
 whom she loved."

Mrs. COWPER, the mother of the poet, has a monument in the chancel of Berkhamstead church, erected by her husband, and the lines upon it were written by her niece, the late Lady Walsingham :—

“Here lies, in early years, bereft of life,
The best of mothers, and the kindest wife,
Who neither knew nor practis'd any art,
Secure in all she wish'd—her husband's heart.
Her love to him still prevalent in death,
Pray'd Heaven to bless him with her latest breath.

Still was she studious never to offend,
And glad of an occasion to commend :
With ease would pardon injuries receiv'd,
Nor e'er was cheerful when another griev'd ;
Despising state, with her own lot content
Enjoy'd the comforts of a life well spent ;
Resign'd when Heaven demanded back her breath,
Her mind heroic 'midst the pangs of death.

Whoe'er thou art that dost this tomb draw near,
O stay awhile, and shed a friendly tear ;
These lines, though weak, are as herself sincere.” }
}

In St. Margaret's church, Ipswich, on a tablet which bears the date of 1634, after a short Latin inscription are these lines :—

“If helpful hands do cheerful minds express,
If good report of goodness be the dress,
First wife, then widow, she was worthy known
To give to both a pattern of her own.

To us her guests her house did seem to say,
This world is but your Inn upon the way,
Wherein a little breath on use ye borrow,
Lo ! here ye are to day—and gone to-morrow.
Your time is short—your course soon overpast,
The fleetest grey-hound runs not half so fast.”

In Hambleden parish church, Buckinghamshire, is a handsome alabaster monument to Sir COPE DOYLEY, who died 1633, and his wife MARTHA, who died in 1618, and ten children: underneath that of the lady is inscribed* :—

“Would’st thou, reader! draw to life
 The perfect copy of a wife,
 Read on; and then from shame redeem
 That lost but honourable name.
His was once in spirit a Jael,
 Rebecca in grace, in heart an Abigail:
 In works a Dorcas, to the Church a Hannah,
 And to her spouse Susanna;
 Prudently simple, providently wary;
 To the world a Martha, to heaven a Mary.
 (Beneath the figure of the knight)

Aske not of me who’s buried here!
 Goe ask the commons, ask the shire;
 Goe ask the church, they’ll tell you who,
 As well as blubber’d eyes can do.
 Goe ask the heralds, ask the poor,
 Thine eares shall hear enough to ask no more.
 Then, if thine eyes bedew this sacred urne,
 Each drop into a pearl will turn,
 T’adorn his tomb; or if thou canst not vent,
 Thou bring’st more marble to his monument.”

In Bath Abbey church :—

“In memory of REBECCA LEYBORNE,
 Interred at the foot of this pillar.
 Born *June* the 4th, 1698.
 Deceased *February* 18, 1756.

A wife more than twenty-three years to *Robert Leyborne*, D.D.

(Rector of the Churches of St. Dunstan, Stepney,
 and of St. Ann’s, Middlesex, near London;
 and Principal of Alban-Hall, in Oxford,)

* “Supposed to be written by Francis Quarles, as she was an elder sister of the Poet.”—*ATHENÆUM MAG.*, 1866.

GOOD WIVES.

Who never saw her once ruffled with anger,
Or heard her utter even a peevish word ;
Whether pain'd, or injur'd, the same good woman,
In whose mouth, as in whose character,
Was no contradiction :
Resign'd, gentle, courteous, affable ;
Without passion, though not without sense,
She took offence as little as she gave it ;
She never was, or made an enemy ;
To servants mild ; to relations kind ;
To the poor a friend ; to the stranger hospitable ;
Always caring how to please her husband,
Yet not less attentive to the one thing needful.
How few will be able to equal,
What all should endeavour to imitate !”

In Bath Abbey church :—

“ ELIZABETH HONEYWOOD,
Died Feb. 9, 1812.

Mild, patient, pious, charitable, just,
Go rest in peace beside thy husband's dust.
Whilst all to whom thy memory is dear,
Bend o'er thine ashes with a silent tear.
A few short years these pensive lines they trace,
Then follow to Earth's common resting-place ;
Blest, if, like thee, to the last hour approv'd,
They live as blameless as they die belov'd.”

W. L. Bowles.

In Bath Abbey church :—

“To the deare memory of the right vertuous and
worthy lady, JANE, Lady WALLER, sole daughter and
heir to Sir Richard Reynell, wife to Sir Wm. Waller,
Knight.

Sole issue of a matchless paire,
Both of their state and vertues heyre ;
In graces great, in stature small,
As full of spirit as voyd of gall :

Cheerfully brave, bounteously close,
 Holy without vain-glorious shows;
 Happy, and yet from envy free,
 Learn'd without pride, witty, yet wise—
 Reader, this riddle read with mee,
 Here the good Lady WALLER lyes.”

Britton's Bath Abbey.

On the wife of Aaron HILL, Esq., who died 1731 :—

“ Enough, cold stone !—Suffice her long lov'd name :
 Words are too weak to pay her virtue's claim.—
 Temples, and tombs, and tongues shall waste away ;
 And pow'rs vain pomp in mould'ring dust decay ;
 But e'er mankind a wife more perfect see,
 Eternity, O time ! shall bury thee.”

In Westminster Abbey, on a plain slab, is the following inscription :—

“ Mrs. MARY HOPE died June 25th, 1767, aged 25 years.

Though low in earth her beauteous form decay'd,
 My faithful Wife, my lov'd MARIA's laid,
 In sad remembrance the afflicted raise
 No pompous Tomb, inscribed with venal praise.
 To Statesmen—Warriors, and to Kings belong
 The trophied Sculpture and the Poet's Song.
 And these the proud, expiring, often claim,
 Their wealth bequeathing to record their name.
 But humble Virtue, stealing to the Dust
 Heeds not our Lays or Monumental Bust.
 To name her virtues ill befit my grief,
 What was my bliss can give me no relief ;
 A husband mourns—the rest let friendship tell,
 Fame spread her worth—a Husband knew it well.”

In the church of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields :—

“ MATTY WOLFF died 11th May, 1828.

God's will is done—the husband is alone,
 And his young orphans mourn their Mother gone.
 Her virtues—tell them not upon the tomb,
 They lov'd the shade of her once happy home.
 There, still in memory's fond dream, survives
 The best of Mothers, and the best of Wives.
 And there, through sorrow's desolating storm,
 A gentle voice is heard—a voice without a form,
 ' Oh weep not—nor arraign high Heaven's decree,
 I cannot—it is past—return to thee ;
 And thou must tarry—thou our babes must rear
 In love to man, and in God's holy fear.
 Must teach their little lips with thine to pray,
 And guide their steps along the narrow way,
 So may we meet—renew'd—redeem'd—forgiven,—
 No Wanderer lost—a Family in Heaven.' ”

In Walbach churchyard was formerly a monument
 which bore this epitaph :—

“ During three years of marriage
 MARGARET SALOME, wife of G. STOUBER,
 Minister of this Parish,
 Found at the Ban de la Roche, in the simplicity
 of a peaceable and useful life,
 The delight of her benevolent heart ; and in her
 first confinement,
 The grave of her youth and beauty,
 She died, August 9, 1764, aged 20 years.
 Near this spot
 Her husband has sown for immortality all that was
 mortal ; uncertain whether he is more sensible
 of the grief of having lost,
 Or the glory of having possessed her.”

BAD WIVES.

On a bad wife :—

“ Here rests my spouse, no pair through life,
So equal liv'd as we did ;
Alike we shared perpetual strife,
Nor knew I rest till she did.”

On Mr. James's wife, whose maiden name was Wild :—

“ Entombed here lies my dearest dame,
I woo'd her *wild* and made her *tame*,
So here she lies without bed or blanket,
Dead as a door nail, God be thanked.”

In Hadleigh church, Suffolk :—

“ To free me from domestic strife
Death call'd at my house, but he spoke with my wife.
SUSAN, wife of David PATTISON, lies buried here.

Oct. 19, 1706.

Stop, reader, and if not in a hurry, shed a tear.”

“ Here lies my wife,
Poor MOLLY, let her lie ;
She finds repose at last,
And *so do I.*”

BAD WIVES.

On a scold (from the French) :—

“Here lies my wife ; and heaven knows,
Not less for *mine* than *her* repose.”

Another (from the French) :—

“Here lies my wife,
A fact that must tell,
For her repose——
And for mine as well.”

“Here lies, thank God, a woman, who
Quarrell'd and storm'd her whole life through ;
Tread gently o'er her mouldering form,
Or else you'll rouse another storm.”

“Beneath lies my wife,
Whose death is my life.”

In Horsleydown church, Cumberland :—

“Here lie the bodies
Of THOMAS BOND, and MARY his wife.
She was temperate chaste, and charitable ;
BUT,
she was proud, peevish, and passionate.
She was an affectionate wife, and a tender mother ;
BUT,
her husband and child, whom she loved,
seldom saw her countenance without a disgusting frown,
whilst she received visitors, whom she despised,
with an endearing smile.

EPITAPHS, ETC.

Her behaviour was discreet towards strangers ;
BUT,
imprudent in her family.
Abroad, her conduct was influenced by good breeding ;
BUT,
at home, by ill temper.

She was a professed enemy to flattery,
And was seldom known to praise or commend ;

BUT,
The talents in which she principally
excelled,
were difference of opinion, and discover-
ing flaws and imperfections.

She was an admirable economist,
and without prodigality,
dispensed plenty to every person in her family ;

BUT,
would sacrifice their eyes to a farthing candle.

She sometimes made her husband happy
with her good qualities ;

BUT,
much more frequently miserable with
her many failings ;
insomuch, that in thirty years cohabita-
tion, he often lamented,
that, maugre all her virtues,
he had not, in the whole, enjoyed two
years of matrimonial comfort.

AT LENGTH,
finding she had lost the affection of her
husband, as well as the regard of her neighbours,
family disputes having been divulged by servants,
she died of vexation, July 20, 1768,
aged 48 years.

Her worn-out husband survived her four
months and two days,
and departed this life, Nov. 28th, 1768,
in the 54th year of his age.

William Bond, brother to the deceased,
erected this stone,
as a *weekly monitor* to the surviving
wives of this parish,

that they may avoid the infamy
of having their *memories* handed down to
posterity
with a patch-work character.”

In South Petherwin churchyard, in Cornwall :—

“Beneath this stone lies HUMPHREY and JOAN,
Who together rest in peace,
Living indeed
They disagreed,
But now all quarrels cease.”

“Here lies THOMAS—and his Wife
Who led a pretty jarring life,
But all is ended—do you see,
He holds his tongue—and so does she.”

On a scold :—

“How apt are men to lye ! how dare they say,
When life is gone, all learning fleets away ?
Since this glad grave holds CHLOE fair and young,
Who where she is, first learnt to hold her tongue.”

LOVING COUPLES.

At Dunstan, in Norfolk :—

“ Here lies a noble pair, who were in name,
In heart and mind and sentiments the same :
The arithmetic rule then can't be true,
For one and one did never here make two.”

In Rotherham churchyard :—

“ We joined was in mutual love,
And so we did remain,
Till parted was by God above,
In hopes to meet again.”

In Ashbourne church, Derbyshire, is the following inscription :—

“ To the Memory of Sir BROOK BOOTHBY, Bart.
and Dame PHEBE his wife, he died 1789, and she 1788.

“ Here, blameless pair, with mild affections blest,
Belov'd, respected, much lamented, rest.
Life's shelter'd vale secure in peace ye trod,
Your practice, virtue; your reliance, God.
Long days, long loves, indulgent Heaven bestow'd
And sweet content to gild your calm abode :
Friends, who through life their faith unalter'd kept ;
Children, who lov'd, who honoured, and who wept.
Heroes, and kings, life's little pageant o'er,
Might wish their trophied marbles were no more.”

LOVING COUPLES.

In Worlingworth churchyard, Suffolk :—

“ WILLIAM LING died Aug. 15th, 1827, aged 26 years.
SARAH LING died May 22nd, 1828, aged 24 years.

If truth and innocence deserve a tear,
Stop, gentle passenger, and drop it here :
Here sweetly sleeps a pair snatch'd soon from life,
A pattern fair for man, for maid, for wife.
May weeping friends, that shall approach this grave
Those virtues imitate—tears could not save.”

In Wickham Market churchyard :—

“ JAMES CHURCHYARD died March 5, 1851, aged 60.
SOPHIA CHURCHYARD, his wife, died June 27, 1851,
aged 59.

In this cold bed, here consummated are,
The second nuptials of a happy pair,
Whom envious death once parted, but in vain,
For now himself hath made them one again
Here wedded in the grave ; and 'tis but just
That they that were one flesh, should be one dust.”

At Hackney, on a loving pair, named *LOSTRE*; he died
Nov., 1811, aged 85 years :—

“ These were a pair too scarce in modern life—
A husband fond, an ever faithful wife :
Together four and fifty years they trod
The path of rectitude that leads to God ;
Almost together down they sank to rest,
And rise to life immortal with the blest.”

The following inscription is copied from a churchyard
in Essex :—

“ Here lies the man RICHARD
And MARY his wife :
Their surname was PRITCHARD,
They liv'd without strife.

And the reason was plain,
 They abounded in riches ;
 They had no care or pain,
 And the wife wore the breeches."

Athenæum.

On sauntering JACK and idle JOAN (by Matthew Prior):—

"Interr'd beneath this marble stone
 Lie sauntering JACK and idle JOAN.
 While rolling threescore years and one
 Did round this globe their courses run :
 If human things went ill or well,
 If changing empires rose or fell,
 The morning past, the evening came,
 And found this couple still the same.
 They walk'd, and ate, good folks ; what then ?
 Why, then they walk'd and ate again.
 They soundly slept the night away,
 They did just nothing all the day ;
 And having buried children four,
 Would not take pains to try for more.
 Nor sister either had, nor brother ;
 They seem'd just tally'd for each other.
 Their moral and economy
 Most perfectly they made agree ;
 Each virtue kept its proper bound,
 Nor trespass'd on the other's ground.
 Nor fame, nor censure they regarded ;
 They neither punish'd nor rewarded.
 He cared not what the footman did ;
 Her maids she neither prais'd nor chid ;
 So every servant took his course,
 And bad at first they all grew worse.
 Slothful disorder fill'd his stable,
 And sluttish plenty deck'd her table.
 Their Beer was strong ; their wine was Port ;
 Their meal was large ; their grace was short.
 They gave the poor the remnant meat,
 Just when it grew not fit to eat.
 They paid the church and parish rate,
 And took, but read not the receipt ;

LOVING COUPLES.

For which they claim'd their Sunday's due,
Of slumbering in an upper pew.

No man's defects sought they to know,
So never made themselves a foe :
No man's good deeds did they commend,
So never rais'd themselves a friend.
Nor cherish'd they relations poor ;
That might decrease their present store :
Nor barn nor house did they repair ;
That might oblige their future heir.

They neither added nor confounded ;
They neither wanted, nor abounded.
Each Christmas they accounts did clear,
And wound their bottom round the year.
Nor smile nor tear did they employ
At news of public grief or joy.
When bells were rung, and bonfires made,
If ask'd, they ne'er denied their aid :
Their jug was to the ringers carried,
Whoever either died or married :
Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was deposed or crown'd.

Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise,
They would not learn, nor could advise :
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were :
Nor wish'd, nor cared, nor laugh'd nor cried ;
And so they lived, and so they died."

In Rushden church, Northamptonshire, is a finely sculptured marble monument to the memory of ROBERT PEMBERTON, Esq., and his lady :—

"She died 30th July in the yeare of grace 1608.
he — 18th April - - - - - 1609.

What man and wife were, or may after be,
Onnto the other, (even such two were we ;))
Full forty years we husband were and wife,
All which faire time we lived without a strife ;
And on our deathbeds it was hardly geste,
Which had to other greater love exprest :
I kind and loving to her, to me thus
She tender-hearted, myld, and vertuous ;

We had eight children to augment our joyes,—
 For her four daughters, and for me four boyes ;
 By God's grace we soe evenly were payrd,
 As that in sexes equally we shar'd :
 Not a year after that to heaven she went,
 But *me* my Maker thether to *her* sent."

In Saint Michael's churchyard, Norwich, on JOHN BAKER and PRISCILLA his wife, and 10 of their children who died in their infancy :—

" He died February 10th, 1827.

She first deceased, he for a little tried
 To live without her——liked it not—and died."

In the parish church of Colmworth, Bedfordshire, is a very magnificent monument, erected in 1641, by Lady Dyer, in memory of her deceased husband, Sir WM. DYER, Knight, upon which are inscribed the following lines :—

" My dearest dust, could not thy hasty day
 Afford thy drowsy patience leave to stay
 One hour longer, so that we might either
 Have sat up or gone to bed together ?
 But since thy finished labour hath possessed
 Thy weary limbs with early rest,
 Enjoy it sweetly and thy widow bride
 Shall soon repose her by thy slumbering side ;
 Whose business now is only to prepare
 My nightly dress, and call to prayer.
 Mine eyes wax heavy, and the day grows old ;—
 The dew falls thick ; my blood grows cold.—
 Draw, draw the closed curtains, and make room,
 My dear, my dearest dust, I come, I come !"

Monument in the parish church of Benson, Oxfordshire :—

“M. S.

To the pious memory

Of RALPH QUELICHE and his wife

who slept } together in 1 { bed by the space of 40 years.
now sleepe } grave till Ct. shall awaken them.

He } fell asleepe Ano Dmi { 1629 } being aged { 63 } years.
She } 1619 } { 59 }

For the fruit of their { labours } they left { the new Inn twice built at yr. own chard.
{ bodies } { one only son and two daughters. }

Their son being liberally bred in ye University of Oxon,
Thought himself bound to erect this small monument

of { their } piety towards { God
{ his } { them }

Ano Dmi 16—.”

On STEPHEN and MARY his wife :—

“Here lies honest STEPHEN with MARY his bride,
 Who merrily lived, and cheerfully died ; [able,
 They laughed and they loved, and drank while they were
 But now they are forced to knock under the table.
 This marble which formerly served them to drink on,
 Now covers their bodies—a sad thing to think on,
 That do what one can to moisten our clay,
 ’Twill one day be ashes, and moulder away.”

In Chatham churchyard a man had buried two wives ;
 after stating the name and age of the first, he added :—

“The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away,
 blessed be the name of the Lord.”

(In a few years his second wife died : and following
 her name and age, is) :—

“ I called upon the Lord, and he heard me, and
 delivered me out of all my troubles.”

In Bremhill churchyard, Wiltshire, on an old man
 and his wife (by the Rev. W. L. Bowles, the poet, vicar
 of Bremhill) :—

“ My Father—my poor Mother—both are gone—
 And o’er your cold remains I place this stone.
 In memory of your virtues. May it tell
 How *long one* parent lived ; * and *both* how well.
 And of my Mother A memorial be,
 Of all I owe in this sad world to thee :
 How poor, alas ! this tribute to thy love
 Whose *best* and *brightest* Record is above.”

* The father lived to be 87.

By a widow, on her husband :—

“Thou wast too good to live on earth with me,
And I not good enough to die with thee.”

On Sir ARTHUR HESILRIGE, Bart., and his 2 wives. In the chancel of Noseley church, Leicestershire, is a tombstone of black and white marble, with the effigies of three persons—a man in armour, and two women. On the pedestal are the figures of twelve persons kneeling, the children of Sir Arthur Hesilrige, by his two wives, as described in the following inscription :—

“Here lyes Sir ARTHUR HESILRIGE, Baronet, who enjoyed his portion of this life in ye time of greatest civill troubles yt ever this nation had. He was a lover of liberty, and faithful to his country. He delighted in sober company ; and departed this life 7th of January, in England’s peaceable year Anno. Dom. 1660.

Here lyes Dame FRANCES HESILRIGE, daughter of Thomas Elmes, of Lilford, in ye county of Northampton, Esq. She was charitable, prudent, virtuous, and a loving wife. Sir Arthur Hesilrige had by her 2 sons and 2 daughters. She dyed in the year 1632.—

Here lyes Dame DOROTHEA HESILRIGE, sister to Robert Greevil, Lord Brooke, and Baron of Beauchamps Court. God gave to her true and great wisdome, and a large and just heart : she did much good in her generation. Sir Arthur Hesilrige had by her three sons and five daughters. She left this life ye 28 of January, 1650.”—*Cooke’s Topography of Leicestershire.*

In a churchyard near Newmarket, are buried by the side of each other, the two wives of Tom SEXTON, who had placed on the tombstone of one of them this epitaph :—

“Here lies the body of SARAH SEXTON,
She was a good soul, and never vex’d one ;
But I can’t say as much of her at the next stone.”

On a loving couple, in the churchyard of Great Glemham, Suffolk :—

“Entomb'd in earth, beneath this humble shrine,
Lies all that's mortal, nothing that's divine.
Virtue's pursuits, were all their gen'rous ends,
The best of parents, and the best of friends.
Like corn they're sown upon the dreary plain,
Which lives to die, and dies to live again.”

At Loch Rausa :—

“Here lies DONALD and his Wife,
JANET MAC-FEE,
Aged 40 hee
Aged 30 shee.”

In the churchyard of Great Yarmouth :—

“HENRY GEORGE died May 15th, 1849, aged 24.
Here,—in awful stillness of the tomb,
Rests a loved husband who perish'd in his bloom.
Belov'd and mourn'd, no art could save :—
The will of Heaven appoints this early grave.
Ah! dear Husband, could my pen reveal
Your worth, your virtues, and the loss I feel.
But words are vain, my heart alone can bear
The lov'd impression of your image there.”

In the churchyard of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, London, on the tomb of Mrs. SUSANNAH BARLY and her husband :—

“Hope, stranger! hope——though the heart breaks,
Still let us hope.——”

LOVING COUPLES.

In St. Mary's churchyard, Bury St. Edmunds, on
ELIZABETH and THOMAS NEAVE, and five of their chil-
dren :—

“ Earth walks on earth, like glittering gold,
Earth says to earth—we are but mould,
Earth builds on earth—Castles and towers,
Earth says to earth, all shall be ours.*

Their ends were full of
Peaceful tranquility in
the hopes of a joyful
Resurrection.”

In East Grinstead churchyard, Sussex :—

“ In Memory of RUSSELL HALL
And MARY his Wife.
He died March 25, 1816,
Aged 79 years.
She died August 22, 1809,
Aged 58 years.

The Ritual stone thy children lay
O'er thy respected dust,
Only proclaims the mournful day
When we our parents lost.

To copy thee in life we'll strive,
And when we that resign,
May some good-natured friend survive
To lay our bones by thine.”

In St. Nicholas churchyard, Ipswich :—

“ WM. PORTER died October, 1834, aged 62.
Wife, children, friends, will drop affliction's tear,
And bless his memory that resteth here :
The husband, father, friend, sincere was he,
In deed and word, he was what these should be.

* There is a similar one in Melrose Abbey, on JAMES RAMSAY, said to be
the Architect who planned the Abbey. The date is 1751.

Such was his private and his public life—
 Was mild, but firm ; was just, but free from strife.
 He's gone to happier realms ; we bow content
 Tho' such domestic loss we must lament.
 Death wing'd the shaft, behold the victim slain,
 He felt the blow a blessing ; we, a pain."

Also, in the above churchyard :—

" GEORGE GROOM died August 29, 1849, aged 27.

Prepare thee, partner of my joys and woes
 To follow and partake of my repose.
 As thou hast shar'd my gladness and my gloom,
 So must thou share with me the silent tomb.

I yet shall rise, and wing my way with thee,
 Through the bright realms of immortality :—
 And say, when I before my God appear,
 'The woman that thou gavest me is here.' "

In Bewdly churchyard, Worcestershire :—

" Low beneath the greensward, oh !
 Lies the wife of Thomas Rowæ ;
 Her body's here, her soul's in heaven,
 17 hundred 67."

In Bakewell church, Derbyshire, at the west end, on
 a table monument, this inscription occurs :—

" An old man and his two wives occupy this tomb,
 where, undisturbed by the jealous cares of life, they
 sleep together lovingly (so says the inscription which
 covers nearly one side of the tomb).

Know, posterity, that on the 8th of April, in the year
 of grace, 1757, the rambling remains of the above said

LOVING COUPLES.

JOHN DALE, were, in the 86th year of his pilgrimage,
laid upon his two wives.—

This thing in life might cause some jealousy,
Here all three sleep together lovingly,
Here SARAH's chiding JOHN no longer hears,
And old JOHN's rambling, SARAH no more fears :
A period's come to all their toilsome lives,
The good man's quiet——still are both his wives.”

In a small churchyard, near Folkstone, in Kent :—

“To the memory of my four wives, who all died
within the space of ten years, but more *pertickler* to the
last Mrs. SALLY HORNE, who has left me and four dear
children ; she was a good, *sober*, and *clean soul*, and may
i soon go to her. A.D. 1732.

Dear wives, if you and i shall all go to heaven,
The Lord be blest, for then we shall be even.

William Joy Horne, Carpenter.”

In Crich churchyard, Derbyshire, on Mrs. WHEAT-
CROFT:—

“Behold where she a saint doth lie
From all affliction freed,
She liv'd an heavenly life below
An Israelite indeed.”

In America: the following epitaph, copied from a
tombstone in the village of Fulton, Oswego county,
United States, is a curiosity, and shows the progress of
the age in which we live :—

“In Memory of the Earthly House or Tabernacle of
SARAH A. which fell September 6th, 1847, which had
been standing 37 years and 5 months. Her Psychology,

was the wife of Henry C. Hibbard, and daughter of Thomas and Mary Foster. John xi. v. 26. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this? Yes, SARAH lives."

In Matlock churchyard, Derbyshire :—

"To the memory of SARAH, wife of George SMITH, who departed this life Oct. 25, 1831, in the 57th year of her age.

Short was her time in single life,
Six times seven years she was a wife.
 Death did but little warning give,
 Her faith was such, she died to live."

In Old St. Paul's Cathedral, on WILLIAM LAMBE and his three wives. The following inscription was found upon a monument fixed to a pillar in Old St. Paul's, and is taken from a MS of the 17th century :—

"WILLIAM LAMBE, so sometime was my name,
 Who whiles alive did runne my mortal race,
 Serving a Prince of most immortal fame,
 Henry the Eighth, who of his princely grace,
 In his Chapell allowed me a place.
 By whose favoure, from Gentleman to Esquire,
 I was preferred, with worship for my hire.
 With wives three I did joyne in Wedlock's band,
 Which all, alive, true Lovers were to me,
 JOAN, ALICE, and JOAN; for so they came to hand,
 What needeth prayse regarding their degree;
 In wively truth none stedfast more could be,
 Who, though in Earth, death's force did once dissever,
 Heaven yet, I trust, shall join us all together.
 O Lambe of God, which sinne did take away,
 And as a Lambe, was offered up for sinne,
 Where I, (poore Lambe) went from thy flock astray,
 Yet thou, good Lord, vouchsafe thy Lambe to winne
 Home to thy folde, and hold thy Lambe therein ;

LOVING COUPLES.

That, at the day, when Lambes and Goats shall sever,
Of thy choice Lambes, Lambe may be one for ever.

(At the foot of the monument was the following couplet) :

I pray you all that receive bread and pence,
To say the Lord's prayer before you goe hence."

TIM BOBBIN's grave. It is not generally known that the following is inscribed on the stone covering TIM BOBBIN's grave in the parish churchyard at Rochdale, in Lancashire :—

" Here lies JOHN and with him MARY,
Cheek by jowl and never vary ;
No wonder they so well agree,
TIM wants no punch, and MOLL no tea."

Notes and Queries, March 10, 1855.

At Newington, in Surrey :—

" ANN ROSCOE died 31st August, 1802, aged 40.
She mourn'd the absence of her husband dear,
She sigh'd, and pin'd, and shed the silent tear,
That nought could save her health's decay,
While her fond partner was so far away ;
Tho' fame oftentimes proclaim'd the warrior's name,
Yet his long absence still increas'd her pain ;
And the wish'd day he hail'd his native shore,
Was the sad day his consort was no more."

In Westbury churchyard :—

" I'll visit oft this dark abode
And drop a tear upon the sod
Where now her wearied limbs are blest
With sweet repose and sacred rest.

Yes! to my heart this dust is dear,
 To know my mother moulders here.
 Doom'd to drink deep the stream which flows
 To all, and shunn'd by none in vain,
 God pitied all thy future woes
 And took thee back again."

At Newington, in Surrey :—

"SUSANNAH ROBINSON, died Aug. 27, 1799, aged 53.

Weep not for me, my husband dear,
 For I am gone to rest ;
 The Lord thought fit me to afflict
 With a cancer in my breast.

I many months did torture bear
 With fortitude and pain ;
 My Doctor tried his best of skill :
 And though it proved in vain,

Farewell, my dear ! pray dont you fear,
 The Lord he will you bless :
 I hope to meet you once again,
 In happiness and bliss."

At Cheltenham, on a woman and her three daughters :—

"Here lie I and my three daughters,
 All from drinking the Cheltenham waters.
 While if we had kept to the Epsom salts,
 We should not now be in these here vaults."

Inscription on Mrs. FITZGERALD's tablet, in B———
 church :—

"By the free mercy of God in Christ Jesus, she was
 called out of nature's darkness into the true knowledge
 of the Saviour, as her Atonement, Sanctifier, and Ex-
 ample. (Col 1. 13 ; 1 Cor 1. 13.)

From the year 1828, when her conversion began, (John 3. 3) to the time of her departure, her path shone more and more brightly (Prov 4. 10) as Jesus the Sun of Righteousness arose in his glory upon her soul. (Mal 4. 2.) It was, however, during a wasting consumption of two years and three months duration, that the Holy Spirit was seen perfecting the work which he had begun (Phil 1. 6), living in frequent communion with her heavenly Father, through his Son (1 John 1. 3) and searching his Scriptures with daily earnestness, (John 5. 39) her deportment became serene, exalted, heavenly. (Phil 2. 20.) The character of her piety was deep and modest; it was less in word than in deed. (1 John 3. 18.) She esteemed herself lowest in the kingdom of Christ. (Ephes 3. 8.) She said 'I go into heaven as a penitent sinner, with the dying thief.'—Meek devotion sat even in her countenance; pervaded her whole conduct, and stole on her heart by its gentle influence. (1 Peter 3. 24) She was truly a lamb in the Redeemer's flock: 'Gathered in his arm, carried in his bosom.' (Is 40. 11.) During the last winter of her earthly pilgrimage, we beheld her gradually adorned with Christ's image, and prepared for his more immediate presence; 'clothed with fine linen, clean and white; which is the righteousness of saints.' (Rev 19. 7).

The things of this world sank into insignificance, while she gazed on her God, crucified for sinners, and panted to depart and be with Christ. (Phil 1. 23) It pleased God to give her such foretastes of coming blessedness as few enjoy. A week before her departure, heaven seemed open to her; like Stephen, she 'saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God.' (Acts 7. 55.) Triumphant gloriously in her beloved Saviour, she said, 'Surely this cannot be death! Jesus is with me in the dark valley; he has blotted out all my sins as a thick cloud. Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly.' (1 Cor 15. 35. Ps 23. 4; Is 43. 25; Rev 22. 20.) Her last words were these 'I shall now fall asleep in Jesus; and under me are the everlasting arms, and over me his banner is love.' (1 Thes 4. 15: Deut 33. 27;)

Reader! would you die her death, you must live her life. To her to live was Christ. (Phil 1. 21.)"

Inscription on a monument in one of the old parish churches, Sculcoates, near Hull :—

“ In a vault

Behind this stone, lies the body of Mrs. JANE DELAMOTTE, who departed this life, January the tenth, 1761.

She was a poor sinner, but not wicked ;
ungodly, but not unrighteous ;

without holiness proceeding from good works ;
and departed in the faith of the Catholic Church,
in full assurance of eternal happiness,

by the agony and bloody sweat,
by the cross and passion, by the precious death and burial,
by the glorious resurrection and ascension, of our
Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.”

In Westminster Abbey is a monument to lady CATHERINE WALPOLE, who died in 1736. It bears this inscription :—

“To the memory of CATHERINE, Lady WALPOLE, eldest daughter of John Shorter, Esq. of Rybrook, in Kent, and first wife of Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford.

Horace, her youngest son, consecrates this monument. She had beauty and wit, without vice or vanity, and cultivated the arts without affectation. She was devout, without bigotry to any sect ; and was without prejudice to any party, though the wife of a Minister, whose power she esteemed but when she could employ it to benefit the miserable, or to reward the meritorious. She loved a private life, though born to shine in public ; and was an ornament to courts, untainted by them.”

In the churchyard of Christ church, Hants :—

“JAMES WELSHMAN departed this life June 21st, 1714, Who lived to be a Joyful Father of Seven Sons and Four Daughters by his wife Elizabeth.

The better part of me is gone—
My sun is set, my turtle flown.”

In the cemetery of Pere la Chaise are two tombstones standing together, which emit two hands, that join affectionately. One tombstone records the husband's death,—the other the names of the surviving wife : on the husband's stone is written :—

“ I await my wife.”

Another French epitaph, written by a surviving love :—

“ Hast thou found the Heaven
That I have lost ?”

Epitaph :—

“ Freed from this maze, this dream of life,
Interr'd here lies a mother and a wife.
With Christ her Lord, she now enjoys above,
The fruits of patience, faith, and heavenly love.”

On MIRA :—

“ Here MIRA lies, though no stone marks the place
With long detail of her illustrious race ;
No venal bard, in elegiack rhymes,
Records her virtue to succeeding times.
Yet she shall live, when fun'ral trophies fade,
And the pale bust stands mould'ring in the shade ;
Secur'd by friendship, blazon'd on each heart,
Her name, like Myrrh, will fragraney impart !
Virtue and nature lent her every charm
That could the judgment please, or passions warm ;
Death, tho' a tyrant, sigh'd to give the blow,
And own'd perfection was no more below.”

"I visited Greenwood cemetery a few days ago, and found many new monuments, one of which interested me particularly, from the cheerful simplicity of its Epitaph—The body of a mother and child rested beneath the marble, and on it was inscribed the words :—

'Is it well with thee? Is it well with the child?
And she answered, It is well. 2 Kings iv. 26.'

This gives pleasant indication of real faith in immortality: like the Moravians who never inscribe on their tombs the day when a man was born, and when he died, but simply 'the day he came hither, and the day he went home.' Why christians should have chosen a skull and cross-bones for their emblem of death, seems incomprehensible. The Greeks, notwithstanding their shadowy faith in a future existence, represented death as a gentle and beautiful youth: sometimes as a sleeping winged child, with an inverted torch resting on a wreath of flowers."—*Mrs. Child's Letters from New York.*

In Worlingworth churchyard, Suffolk :—

"MARY LING died Oct. 10th, 1833, aged 59.

Mercy good Lord, is all we can desire,
Amazing is thy greatness and thy power.
Rejoice ye Angels in his bright abode,
Yonder's the throne of your Eternal God.
Linger not my soul about this mortal clay,
Indulge no vain desire thyself to stay.
No real blessing can this world afford;
Go claim the realms of bliss: rest near thy God.

The above Acrostic was composed
by the Deceased."

On a woman in Silton churchyard, Devonshire :—

"Here lies a *piece of Christ*,
A star in dust.
A vein in gold - - - a china dish,
That must
Be used in Heaven when God
Shall feast the just."

In Newington churchyard, and in St. Mary's church-yard, Lambeth:—

“God takes the good, too good to stay ;
The bad he leaves, too bad to take away.”

On Mrs. LITTLE, inscribed on a monument in Redcliffe church, Bristol (by Hannah More):—

“O could this verse her fair example spread,
And teach the living while it prais'd the dead !
Then, Reader, should it speak her hope divine,
Not to record her faith, but strengthen thine;
Then should her every virtue stand confest,
Till every virtue kindl'd in thy breast.
But if thou slight the monitory strain,
And she has liv'd, to thee, at least, in vain ;
Yet let her death an awful lesson give,
The dying Christian speaks to all that live.
Enough for her that here her ashes rest,
Till God's own plaudit shall her worth attest.”

On Mrs. BLANDFORD (by Hannah More):—

“Meek shade, farewell ! go seek that quiet shore
Where sin shall vex, and sorrow wound no more ;
Thy lowly worth obtains that final bliss,
Which pride disdains to seek, and wit may miss,
That path thou'st found, which science cannot teach,
But faith and goodness never fail to reach ;
Then share the joy the words of life impart,
The Vision promis'd to the pure in heart.”

On Mrs. MARGARET PASTON, of Burningham, in Norfolk (by John Dryden):—

“So fair, so young, so innocent, so sweet,
So ripe a judgment, and so rare a wit,
Require at least an age in one to meet. } ”

In her they met; but long they could not stay,
 'Twas gold too fine to mix without allay.
 Heaven's image was in her so well express'd,
 Her very sight upbraided all the rest;
 Too justly ravish'd from an age like this,
 Now she is gone, the world is of a piece."

MARY SIDNEY, afterwards the amiable and accomplished countess of Pembroke, and sister of Sir Philip Sidney, died Sep. 25, 1621, at an advanced age, and was buried in the vaults of the Pembrokes' in the Cathedral church of Salisbury; and though no monument to her memory has ever been erected on the spot, she has been honoured with an epitaph by Ben Jonson,* perhaps better known than any other which has graced the annals of the dead, and which cannot fail to perpetuate in colours durable as the language in which it is written, her beauty, virtue, and mental endowments:—

"Underneath this sable hearse
 Lies the subject of all verse:
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother—
 Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
 Fair, and learned, good as she,
 Time shall throw his dart at thee."

In St. Saviour's church, London. A large tomb, under a gilded arch, bears the figures of RICHARD HUMBLE, alderman of London, and his two wives. On the face of the tomb is inscribed a version of the beautiful lines "on Man's Mortality," written by Simon Wastell, (a native of Westmoreland, born about 1552, a student of Oxford, and master of the free school of Northampton,) but commonly attributed to Francis Quarles:—

* In the Spectator for March 26, 1712, it is said "this epitaph was written by an uncertain author," but we have many times seen it attributed to Ben Jonson.

“ Like to the damask rose you see,
 Or to the blossom on the tree,
 Or like the dainty flower of May,
 Or like the morning of the day,
 Or like the sun, or like the shade,
 Or like the gourd which Jonas had ;
 Even so is man, whose thread is spun,
 Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
 The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
 The flower fades, the morning hasteth ;
 The sun sets, the shadow flies,
 The gourd consumes, and man he dies.”

“ Here Lieth

The Right Honourable Lady GRISELL BALLIE,
 wife of George Ballie, of Jerviswood, Esq.
 eldest daughter

of the Right Honourable Patrick, Earl of Marchmont ;
 a pattern to her sex, and an honour to her country.
 She excelled in the character of a daughter, a wife, a
 mother.

While an Infant,
 at the hazard of her own, she preserved her father's life,
 who, under the rigorous prosecution of arbitrary power,
 sought refuge in the close confinement of a tomb,
 where he was nightly supplied with necessaries, conveyed
 by her, with a caution far above her years,
 a courage almost above her sex ;
 a real instance of the so much celebrated Roman charity.

She was a shining example of conjugal affection,
 that knew no dissension, felt no decline,
 during almost a fifty year's union ;
 the dissolution of which she survived from duty, not
 from choice.

Her conduct as a parent
 was amiable, exemplary, successful,
 to a degree which will not be expressed,
 without mixing the praises of the dead with those of
 the living, who desire that all praise, but of her,
 should be silent.

At different times she managed the affairs of her father,
her husband, her family, her relations, with
unwearied application, with happy economy,
as distant from avarice as from prodigality.

Christian piety, love of her country,
zeal for her friends, compassion for her enemies,
cheerfulness of spirit, pleasantness of conversation,
dignity of mind,
good breeding, good humour, good sense,
were the daily ornaments of an useful life,
protracted by Providence to an uncommon length,
for the benefit of all who fell within the sphere of her
beneficence.

Full of years and of good works,
she died on the 6th day of December, 1746,
near the end of her 81st year,
and was buried on her birth-day, the 25th of that month."

In Darley churchyard, Derbyshire :—

"Sacred
To the Memory of
JOHN LITTLEWOOD,
Coach Proprietor, late of Kew,
in the County of Surrey,
who departed this life on the
23rd of September, 1840,
aged 41 years.

Blow soft ye winds, ye wintry snows
Fly lightly o'er this tomb.
Here rests my love in calm repose
Till nature's general doom :
Oh, yet a little, then I too shall come,
And join my partner in this silent tomb ;
This only spot of all the world is mine,
And soon my dust, sweet saint, shall mix with thine ;
Here we shall lie in silence, free from care,
Till Jesus bids us meet him in the air."

On Mrs. CORBET, in St. Margaret's church, West-
minster. Mrs. CORBET died of a cancer in her breast,

and was buried in the above church, in which is the following inscription to her memory (written by A. Pope) :—

“ Here rests a woman, good without pretence,
 Blest with plain reason, and with sober sense :
 No conquests she, but o'er herself desired,
 No arts essay'd, but not to be admired.
 Passion and pride, were to her soul unknown,
 Convinc'd that virtue only is our own.
 So unaffected, so composed a mind ;
 So firm, yet soft ; so strong, yet so refined :
 Heav'n, as its purest gold, by torture, tried,
 The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died.”

In Bonsall churchyard, Derbyshire :—

“ To the memory of MARY, the wife of James WHITE,
 of Matlock Bath, who died July 18th, 1851, aged 51 years.

‘ Let nothing keep you back from coming to Christ.’*

Her Faith and Patience, Love and Zeal,
 Should make her memory dear ;
 O Lord, do thou our prayers fulfil
 She offered for us here.”

At Westerham, Kent :—

“ When at the judgment seat at the last day I shall stand,
 With my two innocent sons——one in each hand.”

In Henbury churchyard :—

“ A husband kind, and father dear,
 Is freed from pain and worldly care,

* These words, we believe, were the last she ever uttered.

His body moulders 'neath this sod,
 His spirit hopes to meet his God,
 In that blest place, where, with delight
 He'll join in praises day and night.
 And with his kindred spirits sing
 Glory to the Eternal King."

Epitaph :—

"To the Memory of Father, Mother, and I,
 Who all of us died in one year ;
 Father lies at Salisbury,
 And Mother and I *lies* here."

In St. Margaret's churchyard, Ipswich :—

"My dear husband is gone, and soon I shall go,
 To sleep in his arms with Jesus also."

POETS AND AUTHORS.*

SHAKESPEARE'S monument at Stratford-upon-Avon.—
 WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE lies buried in the chancel of the
 parish church. The place is solemn and sepulchral; tall
 elms wave before the pointed windows; and the Avon,
 which runs at a short distance from the walls, keeps up
 a low perpetual murmur. A flat stone marks the spot
 where the bard is buried; there are four lines inscribed
 on it, said to have been written by himself, and which
 have in them something very awful; they are as fol-
 low :—

* Epitaphs on several "Divines" will be found under this heading.

“Good Frend, for Jesus SAKE forbearo
To digg T-E dust EnclōAsed HERE.
Blest be T-E man YT spares TEs stones
And curst be he YT moves my bones.”

Just over the grave, in a niche of the wall, is a bust of SHAKSPEARE, put up shortly after his death, and considered as a resemblance. He is represented under an arch, in a sitting posture, a cushion spread before him, with a pen in his right hand, and his left rested on a scroll of paper: the following Latin distich is engraven under the cushion:—

“Judicio Pylum, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus mœret Olympus habet.”

There are also the following lines on his monument:—

“Stay, passenger, why dost thou go so fast?
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath placed
Within this monument; SHAKSPEARE, with whom
Quick nature died; whose name doth deck the tomb
Far more than cost; since all that he hath writ
Leaves living art but page to serve his wit.

Obiit Ano. Dni 1616.
Æt 53. die 23 Apri.”

SHAKSPEARE'S monument in Westminster Abbey.—In 1740, a very noble and beautiful monument was raised at the public expense in Westminster Abbey, an ample contribution for this purpose being made upon acting his tragedy of *Julius Caesar*, April 28th, 1738. The monument stands near the south door of the Abbey. The poet is represented at full length, in the dress of his time, leaning a little on his right arm, which is supported by a pedestal decorated with the crowned heads of Henry V., Richard II., and Queen Elizabeth. At the bottom of the pedestal hangs a scroll inscribed with the following beautiful passage from “The Tempest,” his left hand pointing to it:—

“The cloud capp'd towers—the gorgeous palaces—
The solemn temples—the great globe itself,—
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like the baselless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind.”

Immediately over the poet's head, in a recess of a square niche, which forms the back-ground, and is surmounted by an angular pediment, supported on brackets, is the following inscription in metal figures, on a small tablet of rich marble :—

“GULIELMO SHAKSPEARE
Anno post mortem CXXIV
Amor Publicus Posuit.”

Epitaph on SHAKSPEARE, written by John Milton in 1630, when Milton was in his 22nd year :—

“What neede my SHAKSPEARE for his honoured Bones,
The Labour of an Age, in piled Stones?
Or that his hallow'd Reliques should be hid
Under a starr-y pointing Pyramid?
Deare Sonne of Memory, great Heire of Fame,
What need'st thou such dull Witnesse of thy name?
Thou, in our Wonder and Astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long Monument!
For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring Art
Thy easie Numbers flow, and that each Heart,
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued Booke,
Those Delphicke Lines, such deep Impression tooke:
Then, thou, our Fancy of herselfe bereaving,
Dost make us Marble with too much conceiving:
And, so sepulcher'd, in such Pomp dost lie,
That Kings for such a Tombe would wish to die.”

The wife of SHAKSPEARE is buried at Stratford, between the grave of her husband and the north wall. The inscription, engraved on a brass plate fixed to the stone, is as follows :—

“Heere lyeth interred the bodye
of ANNE, wife of
Mr. William SHAKSPEARE, who
Departed this life the 6th
Day of August, 1623, being of the
age of 67 years.

Ubera, tv mater, tv lac vitamq dedisti,
Væ mihi ; protanto mvnere saxa dabo :

Qvam mallem, amoueat lapidem bonvs angel ore,
 Exeat vt christi corpvs, imago tva
 Sed nil vota valent, venias cito christe, resurget,
 Clavsā licet tvmvlo mater, et astra petet."

JOHN FOX, the Martyrologist, was buried in the church of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, where a monument was erected to his memory, with a Latin inscription, thus translated :—

"JOHN FOX,
 The faithful martyrologian of our *English* Church;
 A most discreet searcher into the antiquities of histories;
 A most stiff bulwark and fighter for the evangelical truth;
 Which hath revived the martyrs as so many
 Phoenixes from the dust of oblivion;
 Died the 18th of April, 1587,
 in the 70th year of his age.
 To whose pious memory
 This Monument is erected by his lamenting son,
Samuel Fox."

In the churchyard of St. John's, Newcastle-on-Tyne, is a tombstone erected to the memory of the poet CUNNINGHAM, with this inscription :—

"Here lie the remains of JOHN CUNNINGHAM.
 Of his excellence as a Pastoral Poet,
 His works will remain a Monument for Ages
 After this temporary Tribute of Esteem is in Dust forgotten.
 He died in Newcastle, Sept. 18, 1773, aged 44.
 Also of his Friend and Associate, ROBERT CARR, Printer.
 He died June 4, 1783, aged 45.
 (At the foot of the grave is the following)
 He gathered the Essence of Simplicity
 And Raing'd it in Pastoral Verse."

JAMES THOMSON, the author of "The Seasons," &c., was buried in Richmond church, where, at the west end

of the north aisle, is a brass tablet which contains the following :—

“In the earth below this Tablet
 are the remains of
 JAMES THOMSON,
 Author of the beautiful poems, entitled
The Seasons, Castle of Indolence, &c. &c.
 Who died at Richmond on the 27th day of *August*,
 and was buried here on the 29th, old style, 1748.

The *Earl of Buchan*, unwilling that so good a man
 and sweet a poet should be without a memorial,
 has denoted the place of his interment
 for the satisfaction of his admirers
 in the year of our Lord 1792.

Father of light and life : Thou good Supreme !
 O teach me what is good : teach me *Thyself* !
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
 From every low pursuit ! and feed my soul
 With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure ;
 Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss.”—*Winter*.

Monument to JAMES THOMSON, in Westminster
 Abbey :—

On May 11th, 1762, a monument in the above place
 was opened, erected to the memory of THOMSON. It is
 situated between Shakspeare's and Rowe's. There is a
 figure of THOMSON sitting, who leans his left arm
 on a pedestal, and holds a book with the cap of liberty
 in his right hand. Upon the pedestal is carved a bas-
 relief of “the Seasons,” to which a boy points, offering
 him a laurel crown as the reward of his genius. At the
 feet of the figure is the tragic mask and ancient harp.
 The whole is supported by a projecting pedestal ; and
 on a panel is the following inscription :—

“JAMES THOMSON,
 Ætatis 48. Obiit 27 August, 1748.

Tutor'd by thee, sweet poetry exalts
 Her voice to ages ; and informs the page
 With music, image, sentiment, and thoughts
 Never to die :—

This Monument was erected in 1762.”

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, the father of English poetry, has an ancient altar-tomb, with a gothic canopy, in Westminster Abbey ; the inscription, in Latin, is very nearly obliterated. It is thus translated :—

“ Of English bards, who sung the sweetest strains,
 Old GEOFFREY CHAUCER now this tomb contains :
 For his death's date if reader thou should'st call,
 Look but beneath, and, it will tell thee all.

25th October, 1400.

N. Brigham placed these in the name of the Muses, at his own expense, 1556.

(And on a brass ledge, no longer here, were the following lines) :—

If who I was you ask, Fame shall declare ;
 If Fame denies, since frail all glories are,
 These stones shall speak, inscribed with pious care.”

EDMUND SPENSER, author of “ the Færie Queen,” has a plain tablet, in Westminster Abbey, bearing this inscription :—

“ Here lyes (expecting the second comminge of our Saviour Christ Jesus) the body of EDMUND SPENSER, the Prince of Poets in his tyme, whose Divine spirrit needs noe other witness than the works which he left behinde him. He was born in London in the yeare 1553, and died in the yeare 1598.

Restored by private subscription, 1778.” *

* The Countess of Dorset, 20 years after his death, erected a monument to his memory, and inscribed upon it that short but beautiful inscription, which the Poet Mason transferred in 1778 from Purbeck stone to statuary marble, and which remains an exact imitation of the original.

MICHAEL DRAYTON, poet-laureate in 1662, died in 1631, and in the Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, is a bust of the poet, over a slab of white marble, erected by the countess of Dorset, who set up Spenser's monument. It bears the following inscription :—

“MICHAEL DRAYTON, Esq., a memorable poet of his age, exchanged his laurel for a crown of glory, *Anno*, 1631.

Do, pious marble, let thy readers know
 What they, and what their children, owe
 To DRAYTON's name, whose sacred dust
 We recommend unto thy trust.
 Protect his memory, and preserve his story,
 Remain a lasting monument of his glory.
 And when thy ruins shall disclaim
 To be the treasurer of his name,
 His name, that cannot fade, shall be
 An everlasting monument to thee.” *

The tomb of JOHN GOWER, the poet, in St. Saviour's church, Southwark, London.

“The first of our authors,” according to Dr. Johnson, “who may be said to have written English,” and the contemporary and friend of Chaucer. This tomb is among the most interesting monuments of this country. It consists of a canopy of three ogee arches; within the canopy four corbells support a fan roof; and on the wall at the back, under the arches, *were* painted three female figures wearing coronets, with scrolls and supercriptions—now obliterated. The first was named *Charity*, with a couplet in black letters upon a scroll, in old French,—translated as follows :—

“In thee, who art the Son of God the Father,
 Be he saved, that lies under this stone !”

* In the *Lives of Sacred Poets*, in the reigns of James and Charles the First, by R. A. Willmott, Esq. he says :—“In the folio edition of Drayton's works, 1748, these verses are attributed to Ben Jonson, but they are here given to Francis Quarles, upon the authority of his intimate friend, Marshall, the ‘stone-cutter of Fetter Lane,’ who erected the monument, and told Aubrey that Quarles was the author.”

The second named *Mercy*, with the couplet:—

“O good Jesu show thy mercy
To the soul whose body lies here.”

The third named *Pity*, and the couplet:—

“For thy pity, Jesu have regard,
And put this soul in safe keeping.”

Beneath the figures was a Latin epitaph, thus translated:—

“His shield henceforth is useless grown,
To pay death’s tribute slain;
His soul’s with joyous freedom flown,
Where spotless spirits reign.”

Upon an altar tomb, beneath the canopy, is the recumbent effigy of “The Father of English Poetry.” The head rests upon three volumes, representing his writings, being inscribed with the respective titles—“*Vox Clamantis*,”—“*Speculum Meditantis*,”—and “*Confessio Amantis*.” On the leger of the tomb is a Latin inscription, translated as follows:—

“Here lies JOHN GOWER, Esq., a celebrated English poet, also a benefactor to this sacred edifice, in the time of Edward III.—and Richard II.”

Translation of the Latin inscription on the monument in Westminster Abbey to ABRAHAM COWLEY; he died in July, 1667; in his 49th year:—

“Near this place lies ABRAHAM COWLEY, the Pindar, Horace, and Virgil of England, and the delight, ornament, and admiration of his age:—

While, sacred bard, far worlds thy works proclaim,
And you survive in an immortal fame,
Here may you, blessed in pleasing quiet, lie;
To guard thy urn may hoary Faith stand by;
And all thy fav’rite tuneful Nine repair
To watch thy dust with a perpetual care.
Sacred for ever may this place be made,
And may no desp’rate hand presume t’ invade,
With touch unhallow’d, this religious room,

Or dare affront thy venerable tomb :
 Unmov'd and undisturb'd, till Time shall end,
 May Cowley's dust this marble shrine defend.

So wishes, and desires that wish may be sacred to
 posterity, George, Duke of Buckingham, who erected
 this monument to that incomparable man."

Epitaph on Mr. COWLEY (written by himself). The following is a translation of that excellent epitaph, wherein, with a kind of grave and philosophic humour, he very beautifully speaks of himself (withdrawn from the world and dead to all its interests) as of a man really deceased :—

"The LIVING AUTHOR's Epitaph.

From life's superfluous cares enlarg'd,
 His debt of human toil discharg'd,
 Here COWLEY lies, beneath this shed,
 To ev'ry worldly interest *dead* :
 With decent poverty content ;
 His hours of ease not idly spent ;
 To fortune's goods a foe profess'd,
 And hating wealth, by all caress'd.
 'Tis sure he's *dead* ; for lo ! how small
 A spot of earth is now his ALL !
 O ! wish that earth may lightly lay,
 And ev'ry care be far away !
 Bring flowers, the short liv'd roses bring,
 To *life deceased* fit offering !
 And sweets around the poet strow,
 Whilst yet with life his ashes glow."

Spectator.

ROBERT DODSLEY, a poet and dramatic writer, died of the gout, at the house of his friend Mr. Spence, at Durham ; he was buried in the Cathedral church-yard at that place, where an altar tomb is erected to his memory, with the following inscription composed by his friend, Mr. Spence :—

“ If you have any respect
 For uncommon Industry and Merit,
 Regard this place ;
 In which are interred the Remains
 of
 MR. ROBERT DODSLEY ;
 Who, as an author raised himself
 Much above what could have been expected
 From one in his Rank of Life,
 And without a learned Education :
 And who, as a man, was scarcely
 Exceeded by any, in Integrity of Heart,
 And Purity of Manners and Conversation.
 He left this life for a better,
 September 23rd, 1764, in the 61 Year of his Age.”

SAMUEL BUTLER, the author of “ Hudibras,” died 1680, and Mr. Longueville, having unsuccessfully solicited a subscription for his interment in Westminster Abbey, buried him, at his own cost, in the churchyard of St. Paul’s, Covent Garden, in an unmarked grave ; but about 40 years afterwards, Mr. Barber, a printer, mayor of London, and a friend to Butler’s principles, bestowed on him a monument in Westminster Abbey. It appears in Latin, and is thus translated :—

“ Sacred to the memory of SAMUEL BUTLER, who was born at Strensham, in Worcestershire, 1612, and died at London, 1680 ; a man of extraordinary learning, wit, and integrity : peculiarly happy in his writings,—not so in the encouragement of them. The curious inventor of a kind of satire amongst us, by which he plucked the mask from pious hypocrisy, and plentifully exposed the villiany of rebels. The first and last of writers in his way. Lest he, who (when alive) was destitute of all things, should (when dead) want likewise a monument, John Barber, citizen of London, hath taken care, by placing this stone over him, 1721.”

Epitaph on BUTLER’s monument, *perhaps* by Pope, who showed his contempt for Barber, who raised Butler’s monument :—

“Respect to Dryden, Sheffield justly paid ;
 And noble Villers honour'd Cowley's shade :
 But whence this Barber ? that a name so mean
 Should, joined with Butler's, on a tomb be seen ;
 This pyramid would better far proclaim
 To future ages humbler Settle's* name :
 Poet and patron then had been well pair'd—
 The city printer, and the city bard.”

NICHOLAS ROWE, poet-laureate and dramatist, died December 6th, 1718, aged 44, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the aisle where many of our English poets are interred, over against Chaucer. He has a monument in the Abbey, on which is represented the genius of poetry seated, holding a book, and leaning in a mournful attitude on a pedestal, on which is placed a bust. The monument was erected by his wife (sculptured by Rysbrack), and the epitaph written by Pope :—

“Thy reliques, ROWE, to this sad shrine we trust,
 And near thy Shakspeare place thy honour'd bust.
 Oh ! next him skilled to draw the tender tear ;
 For never heart felt passion more sincere ;
 To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,
 For never Briton more disdained a slave.
 Peace to thy gentle shade and endless rest ;
 Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest ;
 And blest, that timely from our scene remov'd,
 Thy soul enjoys that liberty it lov'd.”

“To these, so mourn'd in death, so lov'd in life,
 The childless parent and the widow'd wife,
 With tears inscribes this monumental stone,
 That holds their ashes and expects her own.”

* Settle was poet to the city of London. His office was to compose yearly panegyrics upon the Lord Mayor, and verses to be spoken in the pageants. The employment of city poet ceased at his death.

Intended for NICHOLAS ROWE (by Pope). It is necessary to give the epitaph originally intended for Rowe's monument, as upon the hint expressed in the third line, Dryden's monument was erected, by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham :—

“Thy reliques, ROWE, to this fair urn we trust,
 And sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust :
 Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
 To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
 Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
 Bless'd in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
 One grateful woman to thy name supplies,
 What a whole thankless land to his denies.”

The third line, as before stated, caused the Duke of Buckingham to erect a tomb for Dryden ; for which was originally intended this epitaph :—

“This Sheffield rais'd. The sacred dust below
 Was Dryden once: the rest who does not know?”

Which the author since changed into the plain inscription now upon it :—

“J. DRYDEN

Natus Aug. 9th, 1631. Mortuus Maii 1, 1701.
 Johannes Sheffield, Dux Buckinghamiensis posuit.”

The tomb of HENRY FIELDING, the novelist, at Lisbon, in Portugal, who died in 1754, aged 47 years :—

“Sad and strange it seems that not a foot of English ground should have been vouchsafed to cover his remains ; and strange, also, that after his body was committed to the grave, the first attempt to pay a tribute to his memory, and to mark his last resting place with a fitting memorial, proceeded from a foreigner ! The Chevalier de Meyrionnet, French Consul at Lisbon, wrote an epitaph on Fielding soon after his death, in the French language, and proposed at his own expense to erect a monument to him. Such a proposal from a foreigner naturally excited a spirit of emulation amongst the numerous countrymen of the novelist residing at

Lisbon. A monument was accordingly placed at the cost of the English factory, over the spot where all that was mortal of the author of so many imperishable creations, has long since crumbled into dust. This tomb having fallen into decay, was replaced in 1830 by a more appropriate memorial, which bears the following inscription :—

“Henricus Fielding; luget Britannia gremio non datum fore natum.”—*Lawrence's Life of Fielding.*

JOHN MILTON, the poet, died Nov. 8th, 1674, aged 66 years, and was buried in the chancel of St. Giles's church, Cripplegate. There is a monument (by Rysbrack) erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, bearing the following inscription :—

“In the year of our Lord Christ,
One thousand seven hundred, thirty and seven,
THIS BUST
of the Author of “Paradise Lost,”
was placed here by William Benson, Esquire,
one of the two Auditors of the Imprest
to His Majesty King George the Second :
formerly
Surveyor-General of the Work
to His Majesty King George the First.
RYSBRACK
was the Statuary who cut it.”

In St. Giles's, Cripplegate :—

“JOHN MILTON, author of Paradise Lost, Born Dec., 1608, Died Nov. 1674. His father, John Milton, died March, 1646. They were both interred in this church. Samuel Whitbread, Posuit, 1793.”

On Dr. WALKER.—Dr. Walker wrote a work on the English Particles, which obtained for him the short and pithy epitaph—

“Here lie WALKER's Particles.”

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, the poet, died Feb. 11th, 1763, aged 49, and was buried in the churchyard of Hales Owen, Shropshire. A pillar is erected to his memory within the church, on which is the following :—

“ Whoe'er thou art, with reverence tread,
 These sacred mansions of the dead.
 Not that the monumental bust
 Or sumptuous tomb here guards the dust !
 Of rich, or great (let wealth, rank, birth,
 Sleep undistinguish'd in the earth) ;—
 This simple urn records a name
 That shines with more exalted fame.
 Reader ! if genius, taste refin'd,
 A native elegance of mind :
 If virtue, science, manly sense,
 If wit that never gave offence ;
 The clearest head, the tend'rest heart,
 In thy esteem e'er claim'd a part ;
 Ah ! smite thy breast, and drop a tear
 For know, thy SHENSTONE'S dust lies here.”

At the Leasowes, where the poet Shenstone lived, is an ornamental urn, inscribed to Miss DOLMAN (a beautiful and amiable relation of Mr. Shenstone's, who died of the small-pox, about 21 years of age), in the following words on one side, and is thus translated :—

“ Sacred to the memory of
 a most amiable kinswoman.
 Ah ! MARIA !
 most elegant of nymphs !
 snatch'd from us
 in thy bloom of beauty,
 ah ! farewell :
 How much inferior
 is the living conversation
 of others
 to the bare remembrance
 of thee ! ”

JOHN GAY, the poet, died Dec. 4th, 1732, aged 44, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument, bearing the following inscription, is erected :—

“Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once; but now I know it.

GAY,

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man; simplicity a child:
With native humour tempering virtue's rage:
Form'd to delight at once, and lash the age:
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end.
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here lies Gay.*”

A. Pope.

“Here lye the ashes of JOHN GAY,

The warmest friend, the gentlest companion, the most benevolent man; who maintained Independency in low circumstances of Fortune; Integrity, in the midst of a corrupt age; and that equal serenity of mind which conscious goodness alone can give, through the whole course of his life. Favourite of the Muses, He was led by them to every Elegant Art, Refined in Taste, and fraught with Graces all his own. In various kinds of Poetry, Superior to many, Inferior to none. His works continue to inspire what his example taught, Contempt of Folly, however adorned; Detestation of Vice, however dignified; Reverence for virtue, however disgraced.

Charles and Catherine, Duke and Duchess of Queensbury, who loved this excellent person living, and regret him dead, have caused this monument to be erected to his memory.”

Another on GAY, the poet (by Pope):—

“Well then! poor GAY lies under ground,
So there's an end of honest Jack:
So little justice here he found,
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.”

THOMAS HEARNE, the antiquary, died June 10, 1735, aged 57, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Peter's in the East, Oxford. He directed that upon his tombstone * these two passages from Holy Writ, should be engraved :—

“Remember the days of old. Consider the years of many generations ; ask thy father, and he will show thee ; thy elders, and they will tell thee. Deu. xxxii. 7.”

“For enquire, I pray thee, of the former age, and prepare thyself to the search of their fathers : For we are but of yesterday, and know nothing, because our days upon earth are a shadow. Shall not they teach thee, and tell thee, and utter words out of their heart? Job viii. 8-10.”

Dr. KATERFELTO, the conjuror, died at an Inn at Bedale, in Yorkshire, when on his travels with his black cat. He was buried in the church there, nearly facing the altar rails ; and over his remains is a stone with this inscription :—

“Here Lye the Remains
of Dr. KATERFELTO,
Philosopher,
Who died November 15th, 1799,
Aged 56 years.”

THOMAS DAY, author of “Sandford and Merton,” lost his life by a fall from his horse, as he was riding from his house in Surrey, to his mother's at Bear Hill, in the parish of Wargrave, Berkshire. He was buried in the church at Wargrave, and on a handsome monument is inscribed this epitaph :—

“In Memory of THOMAS DAY, Esq. who died September 23rd, 1789, aged 41 years, after having promoted by the energy of his writings, and encouraged by the uniformity of his example, the unremitting exercise of every public and private virtue.

* His stone was repaired in 1754, by Dr. Rawlinson.

Beyond the reach of time or fortune's power :
 Remain, cold stone, remain, and mark the hour
 When all the noblest gifts which Heaven e'er gave,
 Were centred in a dark, untimely grave.
 Oh ! taught on reason's boldest wings to rise,
 And catch each glimmering of the opening skies :
 Oh ! gentle bosom : oh, unsullied mind !
 Oh, friend to truth, to virtue, to mankind :
 Thy dear remains we trust to this sad shrine,
 Secure to feel no second loss like thine." *

WILLIAM COWPER, the poet, was buried in East Dereham church, Norfolk. On a monument erected by Lady Hesketh, who was his administratrix, are the following lines (by Hayley) :—

“ In Memory of
 WILLIAM COWPER, Esq.
 Born in Hertfordshire, 1731,
 Buried in this Church, 1800.

Ye who with warmth the public triumph feel
 Of Talents, dignified by sacred zeal,
 Here, to devotion's bard devoutly just,
 Pay your fond tribute due to COWPER's dust.
 England, exulting in his spotless fame,
 Ranks with her dearest sons his favourite name.
 Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise
 So clear a title to affection's praise.
 His highest honours to the heart belong ;
 His virtues form'd the magic of his song.”

Inscription upon the monument of Lady HESKETH
 (mentioned above), in Bristol Cathedral :—

* These verses were written by himself on some other occasion, and placed here by his Widow, who thought them peculiarly applicable to his character.

“ Sacred
 To the memory of
 Dame HARRIOT, relict of Sir Thomas Hesketh,
 of Rufford, in the county of Lancaster, Baronet,
 who departed this life on the 15th day of Jan., 1807,
 in the 72nd year of her age.
 Her virtues endeared her to all who knew her,
 And her Benevolence and Piety were too well known
 to require Eulogium.
 She was the near relative, and valued friend
 of our great Moral Poet, Cowper.
 And was as much distinguished by the cultivation of her
 mind and the Elegance of her Manners
 as by the Beneficence of her Heart.
 In affectionate Respect to her Memory,
 This Tablet was erected by her Great Nephew,
 Sir Thomas Dalrymple Hesketh, Baronet.”

In Dereham church, Norfolk :—

“ In Memory of MARY,
 (Widow of the Rev. Morley UNWIN, and mother of the
 Rev. William Cawthorne Unwin), born at Ely, 1724.
 Buried in this Church, 1796.
 Trusting in God, with all her heart and mind,
 This woman proved magnanimously kind;
 Endur'd affliction's desolating hail,
 And watch'd a *poet* thro' misfortune's vale.
 Her spotless dust, angelic guards, defend!
 It is the dust of UNWIN, Cowper's friend!
 That single title in itself is fame,
 For all who read *his* verse, revere *her* name.”

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, the poet, died, aged 51, and
 was buried at Wotton, near Henley-in-Arden, Warwick-
 shire; the following is on his tomb :—

“ H. S. E.
 GULIELMUS SOMERVILLE, ARM.
 Obiit 17th July, 1742.

EPITAPHS, ETC.

Si quid in me Boni compertum habeas imitare.
Si quid mali totis viribus evita Christo confide.
Et scias te quoque fragilem Egse et mortalem."

GEORGE WITHERS, the poet, died May 2nd, 1667, aged 79, and was buried between the east door and south end of the church, belonging to the Savoy Hospital in the Strand. Part of the inscription, written by himself is as follows :—

"Beside the issue of my brain
I had six children, whereof twain
Did live, when we divided were."

Lives of Sacred Poets.

DAVID HUME, the celebrated historian and philosopher, lies buried in the Calton Hill, Edinburgh, in a circular tomb. The following *jeu-d'esprit* has been written upon it :—

"Within this circular idea,
Call'd vulgarly—a tomb,
The ideas and impressions lie
That constituted HUME.

He died Aug. 25, 1776, aged 65 years."

The grave of CHARLES CHURCHILL, the poet, in St. Martin's churchyard, Dover. "The burial place, though but recently disused, had the most melancholy appearance of desertion. Heaps of broken crockery and other refuse from the adjoining houses lay at one end. Scarcely a daisy would in spring look up to the sky from that mould, and now not a robin was there to chant a requiem for the departed summer. The graves were wet with the late rains, but neither rain nor sunshine brought greenness to the sods, for there was little grass in that dreary

churchyard. We wandered on amid the gloom, searching for the spot where the last remains of the poet CHARLES CHURCHILL found their last resting place in 1764. It was long ere we could discover the lowly grave; but at length an old headstone, green with slimy moss, was found, bearing the Poet's name and time of decease, with the epitaph from his own poem of '*The Candidate*':—

' 1764.

Here lie the remains
of the celebrated
C. CHURCHILL.

Life to the last enjoyed
Here CHURCHILL lies.

Candidate.'

One could have wished, certainly, that that life and its enjoyments had been more in accordance with the dictates of virtue and religion; for it was impossible to look without sorrow on these last memorials of a man of genius. But neglected as was the poet's grave now, it had not been so always; there had been an interval when the last resting place of genius had been honoured, and when the poet's own wish had in part been fulfilled:—

' Let one poor sprig of bay around my head
Bloom whilst I live, and point me out as dead;
Let it—may Heaven indulgent grant my prayer!
Be planted on my grave nor wither there:
And when on travel bound, some rhyming guest
Roams through the churchyard while his dinner's drest,
Let it hold out this comment to his eyes,
' Life to the last enjoyed, here CHURCHILL lies. '

Between 30 and 40 years since, a bay was planted and for some time carefully tended on the spot. A pilot from the neighbouring town of Deal, named Mowll planted it there. Few who looked on the weather-beaten exterior of the brave sailor, would have guessed that he should have been the only one to fulfil a poet's wish; but the brave are often the gentle too, and he who had many times dared the raging ocean, had a thought of pity for neglected genius. Honoured be his name for this touching expression of sympathy! But

the bay tree did not thrive on the grave; evergreens are said not to flourish well on the soils of Dover: and the sheep browsed on its young leaves, and thoughtless persons broke away its shoots: and all the care of the planter could not save it. Those who looked upon it, tell how it always seemed drooping. Long since it disappeared altogether, and when we stooped to the grave to gather a blade of grass to carry off as a remembrance of CHURCHILL, nothing was there but a small nettle; and no raised sod marked a tomb, for the ground was trodden to a perfect level.—Lord Byron, while his dinner was preparing at a neighbouring Inn, in 1816, literally fulfilled the Poet's wish by visiting his grave.”
Abridged from a Journal, 1854.

In Eton College chapel, the stone covering the grave of Sir HENRY WOTTON, who died Dec., 1639, aged 71, preserves the following remarkable inscription, which is thus translated into English:—

“Here lies the first author of this sentence,
 ‘May an itching for dispute be the scab (or tetter) of
 the Church.’
 Seek his name elsewhere.” *

BEN JONSON died 1637, aged 63, and was buried in the north aisle of Westminster Abbey. Over his grave is cut in a stone about 14 in. square, this inscription:—

“O Rare BEN JONSON.” †

* Another writer says he ordered this sentence to be inscribed on his tomb,—“The itch of disputation will prove the scab of the church.”

† Aubrey says, that it “was done at the charge of Jack Young, afterwards knighted, who walking there when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteen-pence to cut it.”

He has a monument in Poet's Corner, consisting of a bust, with the buttons on the wrong side of his coat; * beneath are masks of Comedy and Tragedy; underneath the bust is the inscription —

“O Rare BEN JONSON.”

“Woodstock, near Kilkenny, in Ireland, was the last residence of the author of ‘Psyche’ (Mrs. TIGHE). Her grave is one of many in the churchyard of the village. The river runs smoothly by; the ruins of an ancient abbey, that have been partially converted into a church, reverently throw their mantle of tender shadow over it.”—*Tales by the O'Hara Family.*

PHILIP MASSINGER, the dramatic poet, died March, 1640, aged 56. JOHN FLETCHER, died 1625, aged 49, and FRANCIS BEAUMONT, 1615, aged 29; and were buried, the two former in the churchyard of St. Saviour, Southwark, and the latter at the entrance of St. Benedict's chapel, Westminster Abbey, without any inscription.

ELIJAH FENTON, the poet, who assisted Pope in the translation of the “Odyssey,” died 1730, aged 47, and was buried in Easthampstead church, in Berkshire, where a monument appears to his memory; the inscription was written by Pope, and is as follows:—

-
- Which occasioned the following lines (by the Rev. Samuel Wesley):—
- “O rare BEN JONSON.—What a TURN-COAT grown:
 Thou ne'er wert such, till thou wert clad in stone.
 When time thy COAT, thy only COAT impairs
 Thou'lt find a patron in a hundred years.
 Then let not this mistake disturb thy sprite,
 Another age shall set thy BUTTONS right.”

“This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
 May truly say—‘Here lies an honest man.’
 A Poet bless’d beyond the Poet’s fate,
 Whom heaven kept sacred from the proud and great:
 Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
 Content with science in the vale of peace.
 Calmly he look’d on either life, and here
 Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
 From Nature’s temp’rate feast rose satisfied,
 Thank’d Heaven that he had lived, and that he dy’d.”

JOHN SHEFFIELD, duke of Buckinghamshire, died Feb. 24, 1720—1, and was buried under a sumptuous monument, in Westminster Abbey, erected by his widow. Their effigies may be seen in the Abbey, in a half-raised posture. A figure of *Time* is holding several busts in relieve, being portraits of their Graces’ children. The following is on the tomb:—

“I lived doubtful not dissolute,
 I die unresolved not unresigned.
 Ignorance and error are incident to human nature.
 I trust in an Almighty and all-good God,
 Thou King of Kings have mercy upon me.

(Underneath):—

For my King often : for my country ever.”

WILLIAM FALCONER, author of “The Shipwreck,” a “Nautical Dictionary,” and some minor poems, was lost in the “Aurora Frigate” during the outward voyage to India, after leaving the Cape of Good Hope, in the winter of 1769, aged about 39.

In Kensall Green cemetery, is a monument erected to the memory of THOMAS HOOD. It consists of a bronze bust, elevated on a lofty pedestal of polished red granite; in front of the bust, wreaths in bronze, formed of the

laurel, the myrtle, and the immortelle; and on a slab beneath, that well-known line of the poet, which he desired should be used as his epitaph:—

“He sang the song of the shirt.”

Upon the front of the pedestal is carved this inscription:—

“In Memory of THOMAS HOOD, born 23rd of May, 1798, died 3rd May, 1845. Erected by public subscription.”

At the base of the pedestal, a lyre and comic mask, in bronze, are thrown together, suggesting the mingled character of Hood's writings: on the sides of the pedestal are bronze medallions, illustrating the poems of “The Bridge of Sighs,” and “The Dream of Eugene Aram.”

MACGILLIVRAY.—“No cenotaph, no marble urn, no chiselled bust, no fulsome epitaph in letters of gold, mark his remains; but a slight heave of the turf, in a quiet churchyard, beside the banks of the Don, overgrown with grass and wild flowers, which in life he so frequently described, tells the inquisitive stranger that the ashes of the author of ‘British Birds, Indigenous and Migratory,’ repose there.”—*James Harley.*

WILLIAM HUTTON, author of “The Histories of Derby and Birmingham,” and many other works, and one of the most remarkable characters this country ever produced, died and was buried at Aston, near Birmingham, by the side of his wife; with these simple inscriptions placed over their tomb:—

“Here lyeth the Body of
SARAH, Wife of William HUTTON,
Who died, Jan. 23rd, 1796,
aged 65.

Also,
WILLIAM HUTTON, who died
Sep. 20th, 1815,
aged 92 years.”

In Westminster Abbey is a half-length figure, with dramatic devices of WILLIAM CONGREVE, the dramatist, inscribed as follows :—

“ Mr. WILLIAM CONGREVE,

Dyed Jan. 19, 1728, aged 56, and was buried near this place : to whose most valiant Memory this Monument is sett up by Henrietta, Dutchess of Marlborough, as a mark how dearly she remembered the happiness and honour she enjoyed in the sincere Friendshipp of so worthy and Honest a Man. Whose Virtue, Candour, and Witt gained him the love and Esteem of the present Age, and whose writings will be the admiration of the Future.”

GEORGE STEPNEY, the poet, died 1707, aged 44, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where there is a monument to his memory, consisting of a sarcophagus, with bust on pedestal, angels weeping, and family arms. The monument contains a long inscription in Latin, which may be seen in “ *Johnson’s Life of Stepney.*”

On Dr. THOMAS SHERIDAN, who died A.D. 1738, aged 54 :—

“ Beneath this marble stone here lies
 Poor TOM, more merry much than wise ;
 Who only liv’d for two great ends,
 To spend his cash and lose his friends ;
 His darling wife, of him bereft,
 Is only griev’d there’s nothing left.”

BERNARD BARTON, the sweet poet of Woodbridge, lies buried in an humble and unmarked grave, in the burying-ground belonging to the Quakers, at the above place.

CLARA REEVE, authoress of "The Old English Baron" and many other works, died Dec., 1803, aged 78, and was buried in St. Stephen's churchyard, Ipswich, near to the grave of her friend the Rev. Mr. Derby, whose tomb has a Latin inscription, now almost obliterated; but all trace of the exact burying place of CLARA REEVE has long since disappeared.

APHRA BEHN, the authoress of 17 plays, besides poems, tales, love-letters, and translations both in prose and verse, died in 1689, and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, where this inscription appeared on her gravestone:—

"Here lies a proof that wit can never be
Defence enough against mortality."

Inscription on the stone over the grave of the Rev. JAMES HERVEY, the popular author of "Meditations," &c., in the churchyard of Weston-Favell, Northamptonshire:—

"Here lie the Remains
of the Rev. JAMES HERVEY, M.A.
late Rector of this Parish,
that very pious man
And much admired Author,
Who died Dec. 25th, 1758,
In the 45th year of his age.

Reader, expect no more to make him known,
Vain the fond elegy and figur'd stone;
A name more lasting shall his writings give,
There view displayed his heavenly soul, and live."

EDMUND WALLER, the poet, and nephew of the great Hampden, was buried in Beaconsfield churchyard, where there is a monument erected to his memory, containing a long inscription in Latin on each of the four sides. That on the east side is thus translated:—

EPITAPHS, ETC.

“EDMUND WALLER, to whom this marble is sacred, was a native of Colcheshill, and a student at Cambridge, his father was Robert; his mother of the Hampden family, he was born the 30th of March, 1605. His first wife was Anne, only daughter and heiress of Edward Banks. Twice made a father by his first wife, and 13 times by his second, whom he survived 8 years; he died the 21st of October, 1687.”

THOMAS TICKELL, an English poet, died in 1740, aged 54; and the following is inscribed on a monument at Gasnevin, in Ireland (by Dr. Clancy):—

“Read TICKELL’s name, and gently tread the clay
Where lie his sole remains that could decay:
Then pensive sigh, and through fair science trace
His mind, adorn’d with every pleasing grace,—
Worth, such as *Rome* would have confess’d her own;
Wit, such as *Athens* would have proudly shown.
Substance to thought, and weight to fancy join’d;
A judgment perfect, and a taste refin’d.
Admired by *Gay*, by *Addison* belov’d;
Esteemed by *Swift*, by *Pope* himself approv’d;
His spirit, rais’d by that sublime he knew,
Hence to the seat of bright perfection flew;
Leaving, to sorrowful *Cletilda* here,
A mournful heart, and never ceasing tear.”

The tomb of THOMAS PAINE, the infidel, who died June 8th, 1809, aged 72:—

“Not far from New Rochelle, is the property which the government of the United States, presented to TOM PAINE after his return to the United States, subsequent to the French Revolution. We frequently passed his tomb on the road-side, inclosed within a bit of circular stone wall. The surface of the interior looks very much as if Mr. Cobbett had actually carried off Mr. Paine’s bones; for it is in an uneven and disordered state, though now producing very beautiful wild flowers. It happens strangely that, on the part of the high-road immediately opposite to this burying-ground, there is a Methodist meeting-house.”—*Abridged from Stuart’s N. America.*

WILLIAM COLLINS, the poet, died in 1756, aged 36, and was buried in St. Andrew's, Chichester. Dr. Johnson says in his "Lives of the Poets," that while COLLINS *studied to live*, he felt no evil but poverty; and that he no sooner *lived to study*, than his life was assailed by more dreadful calamities, disease and insanity. The following is inscribed on a monument (by Flaxman) erected to his memory in Chichester Cathedral, and written by Mr. Hayley:—

"Ye who the merits of the dead revere,
 Who hold misfortune sacred, genius dear,
 Regard this tomb, where COLLINS' hapless name!
 Solicits kindness with a double claim.
 Though nature gave him, and though science taught
 The fire of fancy, and the reach of thought;
 Severely doom'd to penury's extreme,
 He pass'd in maddening pains life's feverish dream;
 While rays of genius only serv'd to show
 The thickening horror, and exalt his woe.
 Ye walls that echoed to his frantic moan,
 Guard the due record of this grateful stone.
 Strangers to him, enamour'd of his lays,
 This fond memorial to his talents raise;
 For this the ashes of a bard require,
 Who touch'd the tenderest notes of Pity's lyre,
 Who join'd pure faith to strong poetic powers,
 Who, in reviving reason's lucid hours,
 Sought on one book* his troubled mind to rest,
 And rightly deem'd the book of God the best."

On a Grecian tablet of white marble, in the chancel of Hucknall church, is the following inscription to the memory of Lord BYRON:—

"In the vault beneath
 Where many of his ancestors and his mother are buried,
 Lie the remains of

* The English Testament. Dr. Johnson visited him, and found him with it. "I have but one book" said Collins, "but that is the best."

GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON,
 Lord BYRON of Rochdale,
 In the County of Lancaster :
 The Author of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.'
 He was born in London, on the
 22nd of January, 1788 ;
 He died at Missolonghi, in Western Greece,
 On the 19th of April, 1824,
 Engaged in the glorious attempt to restore that
 country to her ancient freedom and renown.
 His sister, the Honourable
 Augusta Mary Leigh,
 Placed this Tablet to his Memory."

My epitaph. Made when ill, in 1810 (by Lord Byron):—

"Youth, Nature, and relenting Jove,
 To keep my lamp IN, strongly strove ;
 But Romanelli was so stout,
 He beat all three—and BLEW it OUT."
 •

"Lord BYRON's wishes respecting his epitaph.—In Lord Byron's will, drawn up in 1811, he directed that 'no inscription, save his name and age, should be written on his Tomb ;' and in 1819, he wrote thus to Mr. Murray, 'Some of the Epitaphs at the Certosa Cemetery, at Ferrara, pleased me more than the more splendid monuments at Bologna, for instance,—

'MARTINI LUIGI
 Implora pace.'

Can any thing be more full of pathos? I hope whoever may survive me, will see those two words, and no more put over me."—*Byron's Life, by Moore, Jeffrey, Scott, &c.*

On the monument of RICHARD, the second Lord BYRON, who lies buried in the chancel of Hucknall-Torkard church, Nottinghamshire, is the following inscription:—

“Beneath, in a vault, is interred the body of RICHARD, Lord BYRON, who, with the rest of his family, being seven brothers, faithfully served King Charles the First, in the civil wars, who suffered much for their loyalty, and lost all their present fortunes; yet it pleased God so to bless the humble endeavours of the said RICHARD, Lord BYRON, that he re-purchased part of their ancient inheritance, which he left to his posterity, with a laudable memory for his great piety and charity.”

The grave of CHATTERTON, the poet, who died by poison, Aug., 1770, in his 18th year.—A correspondent of the “*Bristol Mercury*,” whose friend visited Shoe Lane Workhouse to ascertain, if possible, the precise spot that covers the remains of this our much-lamented bard, gives the following as the result:—

“I have paid a visit to Shoe-Lane Workhouse: but all endeavours to trace which had been the resting-place of that unfortunate and ill-treated youth, would be useless. A stone in the wall informs you, that in Anno Domini 18— the bones of all the inmates of that burying-ground were collected, and thrown into one huge grave, which is in the centre of the ground. There, therefore, moulder his bones, undistinguishable from the many.”

Inscription on the monument of JOHN LOCKE, the celebrated philosopher, at Stow, Buckinghamshire:—

“JOHN LOCKE,
 Who best of all philosophers
 Understood the power of the human mind;
 The nature, end, and bound of civil government;
 And with equal courage and sagacity, refuted
 the slavish system of usurp'd authority
 over the rights, the consciences,
 or the reason of mankind.
 Born 1632, and died 1704.”

In the Abbey church, Bath, Somersetshire :—

“ In this City lived and died SARAH, second daughter of General Henry FIELDING ; by his first wife, daughter of Judge Gould.

Whose writings will be known
As incentives to virtue and honour to her sex,
When this marble shall be dust.
She was born MDCCLXIV, and died April,
MDCCLXVIII.

Her unaffected manners, candid mind,
Her heart benevolent and soul resign'd,
Were more her praise than all she knew or thought,
Though ATHENS' wisdom to her sex she taught.

The Rev. Dr. Hoadley, *her Friend, for the honour of the Dead, and emulation of the Living, inscribes this deficient Memorial of her virtues and accomplishments.*”

Copied from the preface of the Eton Greek Grammar, prepared for the press by WM. BOSWORTH, of Queen's College, Cambridge (who died June 19, 1825, aged 25 years), and published by his brother the Rev. Dr. Bosworth, F.R.S., 1826 :—

“ A constant attention to the expansion of the mental powers, and an anxious care to provide for the physical wants, from early years, naturally add to a brotherly, a paternal feeling. Those who have been placed in a similar position, will scarcely blame the introduction of the following lines, composed by a pupil of the editor's (The Rev. Dr. Bosworth) lamented Brother, and now engraved on his monument, in Etwall Churchyard, Derbyshire :—

‘ Taste, virtue, talent, industry, combined,
At once ennobled, and adorned his mind ;
And though, with tender care, a brother's hand
Had caused the buds of genius to expand ;
Though Heaven its dews and genial warmth supplied,
The tree, alas ! scarce blossom'd ere it died.
But not for ever !—Faith ev'n now can see
Its branches flourish in Eternity.’ ”

MATTHEW PRIOR died at Wimpole, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He left £500 for a monument to be erected to his memory in the Abbey, which was accordingly done; it consists of a bust resting on a sarcophagus, supported by Thalia and History; at the top are two infants. On the monument is a long inscription in Latin, giving a detail of the principal events of his life, which is thus translated:—

“ Whilst he was planning a history of his own times, a slow fever put an end to his life, Sep. 18, 1721, in the 57th year of his age. The accomplished person who is here interred, was Secretary to King William and Queen Mary, at the Congress of the Confederates held at the Hague, 1690, to the British Embassy at the peace of Ryswick, 1697, to that of France the year following, and likewise the same year, in 1698, in Ireland. In 1700 he was appointed a commissioner of Trade and Plantations, and in 1711, of the Customs. In 1711 he was sent by Queen Anne (of glorious memory) as Plenipotentiary to Louis 14th, King of France, for confirming that Peace which still continues, and of which all good men wish the continuation. MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq., whose learning, wit, and humanity, did him more honour than all the posts which he filled with so much applause. His natural inclination to learning received its polish in the school near this Abbey: the superior sciences he studied, with distinguished success, at St. John’s College, in Cambridge; and these advantages were completed by the conversation of eminent persons. With such a genius and education, he persevered in cultivating the Muses; and after the seriousness of politics, used to relax his mind in the amenities of polite literature. Happy in all kinds of Poetry, in tales unequalled; and these were rather easy entertainments than laboured compositions. This appeared more conspicuous to his acquaintance, from his facility, copiousness, and elegance in conversation, which was neither stiff or forced; but all seemed to flow from an exuberant natural source; which has left it a question, whether he was a better poet or companion.”

“ For my own Monument (by Matthew Prior):—
As doctors give physic by way of prevention,
MATT, alive and in health, of his tombstone took care;

For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
May haply be never fulfilled by his heir.

Then take MATT's word for it, the sculptor is paid :
That the figure is fine * pray believe your own eye,
Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.

Yet counting as far as fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are ;
High hopes he conceived, and he smother'd great fears,
In a life partly colour'd, half pleasure, half care.

Not to business a drudge, not to faction a slave,
He strove to make interest and freedom agree ;
In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, lord, how merry was he.

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust ;
And whirl'd in the round as the wheel turn'd about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust.

His verse little polish'd, though mighty sincere,
Sets neither his titles nor merits to view ;
It says that his relics collected lie here,
And no mortal yet knows if this may be true.

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway,
So MATT may be kill'd and his bones never found ;
False witness at court, and fierce tempests at sea,
So MATT may yet chance to be hang'd or be drown'd.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
To Fate we must yield, and the thing is the same ;
And if passing thou giv'st him a smile or a tear,
He cares not—yet pr'ythee be kind to his fame."

For my own tombstone (by Matthew Prior.)—Dean
Atterbury refused to have this inscribed on his monu-
ment :—

"To me 'twas given to die ; to thee 'tis given
To live : alas ! one moment sets us even.
Mark ! how impartial is the will of Heaven."

* Alluding to the busto, carved by the famous Coriveaux, at Paris, on his monument in Westminster Abbey.

Extempore epitaph (by Matt Prior):—

“Nobles and Heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was MATTHEW PRIOR,
The son of Adam and of Eve,
Can Stuart or Nassau claim higher”? *

It is supposed Prior borrowed the *extempore epitaph* from a very ancient one inscribed on a tombstone in Scotland, to JOHNIE CARNAGIE:—

“JOHNIE CARNAGIE lyes here,
Descended of Adam and Eve
If any can gang higher
He willingly gives him leave.”

On HENRY KIRKE WHITE, the poet:—

“Inscription
By William Smyth, Esq.
Professor of Modern History, Cambridge,
On a Monumental Tablet,
With a Medallion by Chantrey,
Erected in All Saints’ Church, Cambridge,
at the expense of Francis Bott, Esq.
Of Boston, United States.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE
Born March 21st, 1785; Died October 10th, 1806.

Warm with fond hope, and learning’s sacred flame
To Granta’s bowers the youthful Poet came;
Unconquer’d powers, th’immortal mind display’d,
But worn with anxious thought the frame decay’d:
Pale o’er his lamp, and in his cell retir’d,

* The publication of which produced the following epigram:—

“Hold, hold, friend Matthew, by your leave,
Your epitaph is somewhat odd;
Stuart and you are sons of Eve
But Nassau is—a son of God.”

The Martyr student faded and expir'd.
 O Genius, Taste, and Piety sincere,
 Too early lost, midst duties too severe ;
 Foremost to mourn was generous *Southey* seen,
 He told the tale, and show'd what *WHITE had been*,
 Nor told in vain—far o'er the Atlantic wave,
 A Wanderer came and sought the Poet's grave,
 On yon low stone he saw his lonely name,
 And raised this fond memorial to his fame.

W. S."

A literary epitaph.—A literary gentleman, lately deceased, ordered the following short, but emphatic epitaph to be engraven on his tombstone :—

“FINIS.”

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was buried in St. Mary's church, Inner Temple. A monument is erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, with a Latin inscription (by Dr. Johnson), of which the following is a translation :—

“By the love of his associates,
 The fidelity of his friends
 And the veneration of his readers,
 This monument is raised
 To the Memory of
 OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
 A poet, a natural philosopher, and an historian.
 Who left no species of writing untouched by
 his pen ;
 Nor touched any that he did not adorn ;
 Whether smiles or tears were to be excited,
 He was a powerful yet gentle master
 Over the affections ;
 Of a genius at once sublime, lively, and
 equal to every subject ;
 In expression at once lofty, elegant, and graceful.
 He was born in the kingdom of Ireland,

At a place called Pallas, in the parish of Forney,
 And county of Longford
 29th November, 1731.*
 Educated at Dublin,
 and died in London
 4th April, 1774."

ISAAC WALTON, the celebrated author of the "Complete Angler," &c., died, aged 93, and was buried in Winchester Cathedral, where, upon the stone that covers his body, is inscribed the following:—

"Here resteth the body of Mr. ISAAC WALTON, who died the 15th Dec., 1683.

Alas! he's gone before,
 Gone to return no more.
 Our panting breasts aspire
 After their aged sire,
 Whose well-spent life did last
 Full ninety years and past,
 But now he hath begun
 That which will ne'er be done;
 Crowned in th'eternal bliss
 We wish our souls with his.

Votis modestis sic florunt liberi."

On a tablet in the Lady chapel of Worcester Cathedral is the following inscription, on ANNE, the wife of Izaak WALTON:—

"Here lyeth buried, soe much as could die, of ANNE, wife of Izaak WALTON, who was a woman of remarkable prudence, and of the primitive piety: her great and general knowledge, being adorned with soe much true humility, and blest with soe much Christian meeknesse, as made her worthy of a more memorable monument.

* Johnson had been misinformed in these particulars; it has since been ascertained that he was born at Elphin, in the county of Roscommon, Nov. 29th, 1728.

She died (alas, that she is dead!) the 17th of April, 1662, aged 52.

Study to be like her."

The last days of ROBERT FERGUSSON, the poet, were passed in a madhouse. He was buried in Canongate churchyard, where a monument is erected to his memory. It consists of a simple stone, placed perpendicularly. On one side of it is inscribed:—

"By special grant of the managers to Robert Burns, who erected this stone, this burial place is to remain for ever sacred to the memory of ROBERT FERGUSSON."

On the other side is the following inscription (by Robert Burns):—

"Here Lies

ROBERT FERGUSSON, Poet,

Born September 5th, 1751. Died 16th October, 1774.

No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,

'No storied urn nor animated bust.'

This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way

To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust."

Over the monument of FERGUSSON has been placed a tribute to BURNS himself, with this inscription:—

"To the memory of ROBERT BURNS, the Ayrshire bard.

O, ROBBIE BURNS! the man, the brither!—

And art thou gone, and gone for ever?

And hast thou cross'd that unknown river

Life's dreary bound?

Like thee, where shall we find another,

The world around?

Go to your sculptur'd tombs ye great,

In a' the tinsel trash of state!

But by the honest turf I'll wait,

Thou man of worth!

And weep the sweetest poet's fate

E'er lived on earth."

On Robert Burns' father (by the poet) :—

“O, ye, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
 Draw near with pious reverence and attend :
 Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
 The tender father and the generous friend ;
 The pitying heart that felt for human woe,
 The dauntless heart that feared no human pride ;
 The friend of man, to vice alone a foe ;
 ' For ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side.' ” *

On the good JOHN EVELYN, Esq.—John Evelyn was born in 1620; he was the author of several works on “Forest Trees,” “Gardening,” &c., and a very pious man. When Peter the Great of Russia came to Deptford, to study the art of ship-building, he hired Evelyn's house, and made it his court and palace. In 1695 he (Evelyn) laid the foundation stone of Greenwich Hospital. He died on the 27th of February, 1706, in full hope of a glorious resurrection, through faith in Jesus Christ, and was buried at Wotton; on his monument, after a brief sketch of his life, are these words :—

“Living in an age of extraordinary
 events and revolutions, he learnt
 (as himself asserted) this Truth,
 which pursuant to his intention
 is here declared,—
 That all is vanity which is not honest,
 and that there is no solid wisdom,
 but in real piety.”

Mrs. EVELYN's remains were deposited near those of her husband in the family dormitory, adjoining Wotton church, in Surrey. A white marble tablet records her character, by the following inscription :—

* Goldsmith.

“MARY EVELYN, the best daughter, wife, and mother; the most accomplished of women, beloved, esteemed, admired, and regretted by all who knew her, is deposited in this stone coffin, according to her own desire, as near as could be to her dear husband, John Evelyn, with whom she lived almost three-score years, and survived not quite three, dying at London, the 9th of Feb., 1708-9, in the 74th year of her age.”

JOHN GABRIEL STEDMAN, the author of the interesting “Narrative of an Expedition against the Revolted Negroes of Surinam,” died at Tiverton, in 1797, aged 52. He was buried at Bickley, in Devonshire, with this epitaph (written by himself) over his tomb:—

“This STEDMAN leaves to you,
‘As you’d be done by, do;’
The rest, *memento mori*
Here ends poor Stedman’s story.”

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, the poet, died July 25th, 1834, aged 61, and was interred in the new church, at Highgate; in which place an excellent marble tablet has been placed to his memory. Shortly before his death he composed the following epitaph for himself:—

“Stop, Christian passer-by; stop, child of God,
And read, with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he;—
O, lift a prayer in thought for S. T. C. !
That he who many a year with toil of breath,
Found death in life,—may here find life in death !
Mercy for praise,—to be forgiven, for fame
He asked, and hoped through Christ. Do thou the same.’”

Monument to THOMAS CROFTON CROKER, Esq., F.S.A.
—Kirby Wharf church, near Tadcaster, in Yorkshire,
stands at the corner of Grimston Park, and is the place
of family worship of Lord Londesborough. The monu-

ment is placed on the wall, exactly opposite his lordship's pew ; it is chaste and simple in design, its only ornament being a palm branch :—

“ In Memory of
 THOMAS CROFTON CROKER, Esq.,
 The amiable and accomplished
 Author of the ‘ Fairy Legends of Ireland,’
 And other works,
 Literary and Antiquarian,
 This Tablet is erected by his Friend
 Lord Londesborough.
 1855.”

Epitaph designed for a monument, in Lichfield cathedral, at the burial-place of Miss SEWARD, a talented English authoress, who died at the Episcopal Palace, at Lichfield, in 1809, aged 62 (by Sir Walter Scott) :—

“ Amid these aisles, where once his precepts showed
 The Heavenward pathway which in life he trod,
 This simple tablet marks a Father's bier,
 And those he lov'd in life, in death are near ;
 For him, for them, a Daughter bade it rise,
 Memorial of domestic charities.
 Still would'st thou know why o'er the marble spread,
 In female grace the willow droops her head ;
 Why on her branches, silent and unstrung,
 The minstrel harp is emblematic hung ;
 What poet's voice is smothered here in dust
 Till waked to join the chorus of the just,—
 Lo ! one brief line an answer sad supplies,
 Honour'd, belov'd, and mourn'd, here SEWARD lies !
 Her worth, her warmth of heart, let friendship say,—
 Go seek her genius in her living lay.”

On Miss HANNAH MORE and her four sisters, at Wrington, Somersetshire :—

EPITAPHS, ETC.

“ Sacred
To the Memory of
HANNAH MORE;
She was born in the Parish of Stapleton, near Bristol,
A.D., 1745;
And died at Clifton, September 7th, A.D., 1833.

Endowed with great intellectual powers,
And Early Distinguished by the Success
of her Literary Labours,
She entered the world under circumstances
Tending to fix Her affections on its vanities;
But, Instructed in the School of Christ
To Form a just Estimate of the real end of Human
Existence, She Chose the Better Part,
And Consecrated Her Time and Talents
To the Glory of God and the Good of Her Fellow
Creatures, in a Life of Practical Piety,
And Diffusive Beneficence.

Her Numerous Writings in Support of Religion & Order,
At a Crisis when both were Rudely Assailed,
Were equally Edifying To Readers of all Classes,
At Once Delighting The Wise
And Instructing the Ignorant and Simple.

In the eighty-ninth year of Her Age,
Beloved By Her Friends, And Venerated by the Public,
She Closed Her Career of Usefulness
In Humble Reliance On the Mercies of God,
Through Faith in the Merits of Her Redeemer.

Her Mortal Remains are Deposited in a Vault in This
Churchyard, which also Contains those of Her Four
Sisters, Who Resided with Her, at Barley Wood, in this
Parish, Her Favourite Abode, And who Actively
Co-operated in Her unwearied Acts of
Christian Benevolence.

MARY MORE died 18th April, 1813, Aged 75 years.
ELIZABETH MORE died 16th June, 1816, Aged 76 years.
SARAH MORE died 17th May, 1817, Aged 74 years.
MARTHA MORE died 16th Sept., 1819, Aged 60 years.

This Monument is Erected out of a Subscription
 For a Public Memorial to Hannah More,
 Of which the Greater Part is Devoted to the Erection of
 A School in the Populous And Destitute Out Parish
 Of St. Philip and Jacob, Bristol.
 To the Better Endowment of whose District Church
 She Bequeathed the Residue of Her Property."

ON RALPH BROOKE, the antiquarian, in Reculver church. In the choir of the church is an epitaph to RALPH BROOKE, an English antiquarian. He became York-herald, and having discovered several errors in Camden's *Britannica*, he politely sent them to him in a letter, but the other treating him rather rudely for his kindness, he published them. The following is the epitaph:—

"Here under, quit of worldly miseries,
 RALPH BROOKE, Esquire, late Yorke-herald lies,
 Fifteenth of October he was last alive,
 One thousande sixe hundred twenty five :
 Seventy-three yeares bore he fortune's harmes,
 And forty-five an officer of armes :
 He married Thomasin, daughter of Michael Cob, of Kent,
 Sergiant of armes, by whom two daughters he was lent ;
 Surviving Mary, William Dicken's wife,
 Thomasin, John Ectons ; happy be their life."

JOHN WICKLIFFE, the morning star of the Reformation, died in 1384, and was buried in Lutterworth church, in Leicestershire, but after he had slept peacefully in his grave for 44 years, his bones were disinterred, publicly burnt, and the ashes thrown into the neighbouring river, Swift.

Inscription on the monument of ELY BATES, the well known author of "Rural Philosophy" and other works of a religious and moral tendency, in Bath Abbey church:—

" Ask not who ended here his span ;
 His name, reproach, and praise, was Man !
 Did no great deeds adorn his course,
 No deeds to swell the poet's verse ?
 To courts and camps alike unknown,
 To senates, or the bustling town :
 Retirement claim'd him for her own. }
 Warn'd by Heaven's kind though secret voice,
 His steps, averse from pomp and noise,
 In peaceful solitude he bent,
 On contemplation still intent.
 Each topic drew his active mind,
 Nor least the world he left behind.
 Oft he survey'd its busy stage :
 Mark'd the great actors of the age,
 After a fretful hour's debate,
 Passing to their eternal state.
 Thus, while he view'd the fleeting train,
 Life appear'd sacred all, and vain :
 ' Sacred how high, and vain how low,
 He knew not here—but died to know ! '

The above lines are said to have been found in his own handwriting, after his decease, in 1814."—*Britton's Bath Abbey.*

THOMAS CLARKSON, immortalized in the noble lines of Wordsworth, and one of the most distinguished of the labourers for the abolition of Negro Slavery, died and was buried at Playford, near Ipswich. The inscription on his tomb is simply—

" THOMAS CLARKSON,
 Born, March twenty-eight,
 1760,
 Died September twenty-six,
 1846."

On Sir WALTER RALEIGH, who was beheaded, aged 66 years. At the extremity of one of the side aisles in St. Margaret's church, Westminster, is a tablet with the following inscription :—

“ Within the walls of this church was deposited the body of Sir WALTER RALEIGH, Kt., on the day he was beheaded in the old Palace Yard, Westminster, Oct. 18, A.D. 1618.

Reader, should you reflect on his errors,
Remember his many virtues
And that he was a mortal.” *

The following epitaph is said to have been written by Sir WALTER RALEIGH, the night before his execution :—

“ Ev’n such is time which takes on trust,
Our youth and joys, and all we have
And pays us but with age and dust ;
Which in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days ;
And from which earth, and grave and dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust.”

On Sir WALTER RALEIGH, at Stow, Bucks :—

“ A valiant soldier, and an able statesman,
Who, endeavouring to rouse the spirit of his master,
For the honour of his country,
Against the ambition of *Spain* ;
Fell a sacrifice to the influence of that court,
Whose arms he had vanquished,
And whose designs he opposed.”

NED PURDON, the translator of Voltaire’s *Henriade*, was educated at Trinity college, Dublin : but having wasted his patrimony, he enlisted as a foot-soldier.

* His head was preserved in a case by his widow, who survived him 29 years, and after his death, by his son Carew, with whom it is said to have been buried at West Horsley, in Surrey.

Growing tired of that employment, he obtained his discharge, and became a scribbler in the newspapers. The following is his epitaph (written by Oliver Goldsmith) :—

“ Here lies poor NED PURDON, from misery freed,
 Who long was a bookseller’s hack ;
 He led such a damnable life in this world,
 I don’t think he’ll wish to come back.”

WILLIAM CAMDEN, the celebrated antiquarian, was buried in Westminster Abbey, and the inscription on his monument is translated thus :—

“ Here lies, in certain hope of a resurrection in *Christ*,
 WILLIAM CAMDEN,
 By Queen *Elizabeth* created *Clarenceux*, king at arms.
 An indefatigable, judicious, and impartial researcher
 Into the British antiquities.
 In whom, variety of learning, vivacity of parts,
 And the most candid simplicity, were united.
 He died on the 9th of November, 1623,
 In the 73rd* year of his age.”

Sir JOSEPH BANKS, the eminent botanist, who accompanied Captain Cook in his first voyage round the world, died June 19th, 1820, aged 77 years, and was buried in a vault towards the east end of Heston church, in Middlesex, but at the time we write (Sep., 1856) no monument or even tablet of any kind has been erected to his memory, and we have been most respectfully informed that Sir Joseph himself wished no monument to be erected.

JANE AUSTEN, the authoress of six novels, lies buried in Winchester Cathedral, with this inscription on the tomb :—

* It is by a mistake 74 on his monument.

“In Memory of JANE AUSTEN,

Youngest daughter of the late Rev. Geo. Austen, formerly Rector of Steventon, in this county. She departed this life on the 18th July, 1817, aged 41, after a long illness supported with patience and the hopes of a christian; the benevolence of her heart, the sweetness of her temper, and the extraordinary endowments of her mind, obtained the regard of all who knew her, and the warmest love of her intimate connections.

Their grief is in proportion to their affections, they know their loss to be irreparable, but in the deepest affliction they are consoled, by a firm though humble hope, that her charity, devotion, faith, and purity, have rendered her soul acceptable in the sight of her Redeemer.”

Inscription upon the monument of ALEXANDER POPE, at Twickenham:—

“ALEXANDRO POPE,
Gulielmus Episcopus Glocestriensis
Amicitiae Causa Fac Cur 1761.
Poeta Loquitur.

For one who would not be buried in Westminster Abbey.

Heroes and Kings your distance keep,
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flattered folks like you,
Let Horace blush and Virgil too.”

Another epitaph by Pope, on himself:—

“Under this marble, or under this sill,
Or under this turf, or e'en what they will;
Whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,
Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er cared, and still cares not a pin
What they said, or may say of the mortal within:
But who, living and dying, serene, still and free,
Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be.”

EPITAPHS, ETC.

Alexander Pope erected a column to the memory of his mother, which bore the following beautiful and affecting inscription:—

“Teach me like thee to think; and give, oh give,
That harder, happier task, *like thee to live.*”

Ah! EDITHA!
Parentum Optima!
Mulierum Amantissima!
Vale!”

A punning epitaph.—CECIL CLAY, the counsellor of Chesterfield, caused this whimsical allusion, or pun upon his name to be put upon his gravestone; two cyphers of “C. C.” and underneath—

“Sum quod fui.”—(I am what I was.)

The tomb of the poet Gray's mother and aunt.—In Stoke churchyard, on a plain slab covering their tomb, is the following epitaph (written by Thomas Gray):—

“In the vault beneath
are deposited,
in hope of a joyful resurrection,
The remains of
MARY ANTROBUS;
she died unmarried,
Nov. 5, 1749, aged 66.
In the same pious confidence
Beside her friend and sister,
Here sleep the remains of
DOROTHY GRAY,
Widow: the careful, tender mother
of Many children; ONE of whom alone
Had the misfortune to survive her.
She died Marth 11, 1753,
aged sixty-seven.”

GRAY is buried in this tomb, but it bears no mention of his name. Mr. Penn has caused a neat monument to be erected in his grounds near the church, to the memory of GRAY: it was raised in 1799—twenty-eight years after the poet's death. The monument is composed of stone, and consists of a large sarcophagus, supported on a square pedestal, with inscriptions on each side. Three of them are selected from the "Ode to Eton College" and the "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard;" the fourth is as follows:—

" This Monument, in honour of
 THOMAS GRAY,
 Was erected A.D. 1799,
 Among the scenery
 Celebrated by that great Lyric and
 Elegiac Poet.
 He died in 1771,
 And lies unnoticed in the adjoining churchyard;
 Under the Tombstone
 On which he piously and pathetically
 Recorded the interment
 Of his Aunt and lamented Mother."

GRAY has also a monument in Westminster Abbey, erected at the joint expense of Dr. Brown, Richard Stonehewer, auditor of the exchequer, and the Rev. Wm. Mason. It consists of a medallion profile, which the Lyric Muse is holding, on which is inscribed the name, "THOMAS GRAY;" the inscription was written by the Rev. William Mason, and is as follows:—

" Died July 30, 1771, aged 54.
 No more the Grecian muse unrivall'd reigns;
 To *Britain* let the nations homage pay:
 She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
 A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of GRAY."

In the churchyard of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, London, is a monument erected to GEORGE CHAPMAN, the earliest English translator of Homer. It bears this inscription:—

EPITAPHS, ETC.

“GEORGIUS CHAPMAN,
Poeta
MDCXX,
Ignatius Jones
Architectus Regius
Ob honorem
Bonarum literarum
Familiari
Suo hoc mon,
D. S. P. F. C.”

WILLIAM MAGINN, I.L.D., died August 20th, 1842, aged 48, and was buried in the churchyard of Walton-on-the-Thames. The following epitaph was written for him by Mr. Lockhart :—

“Here, early to bed, lies kind WILLIAM MAGINN,
Who, with genius, wit, learning, Life's trophies to win,
Had neither great Lord nor rich cit of his kin,
Nor discretion to set himself up as to tin ;
So his portion soon spent (like the poor heir of Lynn)
He turn'd author, ere yet there was beard on his chin—
And, whoever was out, or whoever was in,
For your Tories his fine Irish brains he would spin,
Who received prose and rhyme with a promising grin—
‘Go ahead, you queer fish, and more power to your fin,’
But to save from starvation stirred never a pin.
Light for long washis heart, though his breeches were thin,
Else his acting for certain, was equal to Quin ;
But at last he was beat, and sought help of the bin
(All the same to the Doctor from claret to gin),
Which led swiftly to gaol, and consumption therein.
It was much, when the bones rattled loose in the skin,
He got leave to die here—out of Babylon's din.
Barring drink and the girls, I no'er heard of a sin :—
Many worse, better few, than bright, broken MAGINN.”

The following epitaph was written upon JOHN TAYLOR,
the water-poet, who died in 1654, aged 74 years :—

“Here lies the Water-poet, honest JOHN,
Who rowed on the streams of Helicon;
Where having many rocks and dangers past,
He, at the haven of heaven arrived at last.”

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, the poet, died April 23rd, 1850, aged 80, and was buried in the churchyard of Grasmere. Shortly after his death, a subscription was commenced for placing his statue in Westminster Abbey. The statue has been ably executed by Mr. Thrupp; it represents the thoughtful poet seated; the only accessories being, the flowers of which he loved to sing. The statue stands in the baptistry, and the following lines on baptism, from the poet's “Ecclesiastical Sonnets” are placed near it, as appropriate to the site:—

“Blest be the Church, that watching o'er the needs
Of infancy, provides a timely shower,
Whose virtue changes to a Christian flower.
A growth from sinful Nature's bed of weeds!
Fitliest beneath the sacred roof proceeds
The ministration: while parental love
Looks on, and grace descendeth from above.
As the high service pledges now, now pleads,
There should vain thoughts outspread their wings and fly
To meet the coming hours of festal mirth,
The tombs which hear and answer that brief cry,
The infant's notice of his second birth,
Recall the wandering soul to sympathy
With what man hopes from Heaven, yet fears from Earth.”

“The final resting place of the great CHRISTOPHER NORTH, who died in 1854, is in a very fine and prominent situation of the most picturesque of our modern cemeteries. It exactly faces the tomb of Francis Jeffrey; so that, slightly to alter the words of Sir Walter Scott, with reference to the tombs of Pitt and Fox—

‘Drop upon Jeffrey's tomb the tear—
‘Twill trickle to his rival's bier.’”

North British Mail.

On the monument of JOSEPH CAVE, the father of Edward Cave, the originator of "The Gentleman's Magazine." JOSEPH CAVE was buried in St. James's church, Clerkenwell, without an epitaph, and the following is an inscription at Rugby, in Warwickshire, from the pen of Dr. Hawkesworth:—

“Near this place lies
The body of
JOSEPH CAVE,
Late of this Parish:
Who departed this life Nov. 18th, 1747,
Aged 79 years.

He was placed by Providence in an humble station,
But
Industry abundantly supplied the wants of Nature,
And
Temperance blest him with
Content and Wealth.

As he was an affectionate Father,
He was made happy in the decline of life
By the deserved eminence of his eldest Son,
EDWARD CAVE,
Who without interest, fortune or connection,
By the native force of his own genius,
Assisted only by a classical education,
Which he received at the Grammar-school
Of this Town,
Planned, executed, and established
A literary work, called
The
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,
Whereby he acquired an ample fortune,
The whole of which he devoted to his family.

Here also lies
The body of WILLIAM CAVE,
Second Son of the said Joseph Cave.
Who died, May 2nd, 1757; aged 62 years;
And who, having survived his eldest brother,
Edward Cave,
Inherited from him a competent estate;
And, in gratitude to his benefactor,
Ordered this monument to perpetuate his memory.

He lived a patriarch in his numerous race,
 And show'd in charity a Christian's grace :
 Whate'er a friend or parent feels he knew ;
 His hand was open, and his heart was true ;
 In what he gain'd and gave, he taught mankind,
 A grateful always is a generous mind.
 Here rest his clay, his soul must ever rest,
 Who bless'd when living, dying must be blest."

Translation of the Latin epitaph on JACOB TONSON :—

" The rolling course of life, being finished,
 This is the end of JACOB TONSON ;
 A man of eminence in his profession :
 Who, as Accoucheur to the Muses,
 Ushered into Life
 The happy productions of Genius.
 Mourn! ye choir of writers, and break your tuneful reeds,
 He, your assistant, is no more :
 But this last inscription is engraven
 On this first page of mortality,
 Lest, being committed to the press of the grave,
 The Editor himself should be without a title.

Here lies a Bookseller
 (The leaves of life having gone to decay)
 Waiting for a New Edition
 Much increased and amended."—*Mirror*.

Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, was buried in Westminster Abbey, near the foot of Shakspeare's monument, and close to the late Mr. Garrick, agreeable to his own request, a large blue flagstone was placed over his grave, with this inscription :—

" SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.
 Obiit XIII die Decembris,
 Anno Domini
 MDCCLXXXIV.
 Ætatis suæ LXXV."

There is a statue erected to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral (by Bacon). The Dr. is represented with a scroll in his hands, and in the attitude of profound thought. The following inscription on the pedestal was written by Dr. Parr :—

“ A P n
X

SAMUELI JOHNSON,
Grammatico. et. critico.
Scriptorum. anglicorum. litterate. perito
Poetæ. luminibus. sententiarum
et. ponderibus. verborum. admirabili
magistro. virtutis. gravissimo
homini. optimo. et. singularis. exempli
qui. vixit. ann. LXXV. mens. II. dieb. XIII.
decessit. idib. decembr. ann. Christ. clo. 1000. LXXXIII
sepult. in œd. sanct. Petr. Westmonasteriens
XIII. kal. Januar. ann. Christ clo. 1000. LXXXIV.
amici. et. sodales. litterarii
pecunia. conlata
H. M. Faciund, Curaver.”

On another side of the monument :—

“ Faciebat Johannes Bacon. Sculptor. Ann. Christ.
M.DCC.LXXXV.”

Epitaph on Dr. JOHNSON (by Wm. Cowper) :—

“ Here JOHNSON lies—a sage by all allow'd,
Whom to have bred may well make England proud,
Whose prose was eloquence, by wisdom taught,
The graceful vehicle of virtuous thought,
Whose verse may claim—grave, masculine and strong,
Superior praise to the mere poet's song ;
Who many a noble gift from heaven possessed,
And faith, at last, alone worth all the rest.
O man immortal by a double prize,
By fame on earth—by glory in the skies ! ”

Epitaph on Dr. JOHNSON (by Soame Jenyns, Esq.) :—

“ Here lies poor JOHNSON !—Reader, have a care,
Tread lightly, lest you rouse a slumbering bear.
Religious, moral, generous, and humane
He was—but self-sufficient, rude, and vain :
Ill bred, and overbearing in dispute.
A scholar, and a Christian—yet a brute.
Would you know all his wisdom and his folly,
His actions—sayings—mirth, and melancholy,
Boswell and Thrale—retailers of his wit,
Will tell you how he wrote—and talk’d—and cough’d—
[and spit.”

The churchwardens of St. Clement Danes, having satisfactorily ascertained that a seat in the pew numbered 18, in the north gallery of that church, was regularly occupied for many years by Dr. JOHNSON, have caused a neat brass tablet recording the fact to be affixed in a conspicuous position to the pillar against which the Doctor must often have reclined. The inscription on the tablet is from the pen of Dr. Croly, rector of St. Stephen’s, Walbrook, and is as follows :—

“ In this pew, and beside this altar, for many years attended divine service, the celebrated Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, the philosopher, the poet, the great lexicographer, the profound moralist, and chief writer of his time. Born 1709; died 1784. In the remembrance and honour of noble faculties, nobly employed, some inhabitants of the parish of St. Clement Danes have placed this slight memorial, A.D. 1851.”

At West Wycombe, Bucks., on the heart of P. WHITEHEAD, the poet and satirist :—

“ PAUL WHITEHEAD, Esq., of Twickenham,
Died December 20, 1774, aged 64.

Unhallow'd hands, this Urn forbear :
 No gems, nor orient spoil,
 Lies here conceal'd,—but, what's more rare,
 A heart that knew no guile."

In Westminster Abbey. CHARLES DENIS DE ST. FVREMOND; was of a noble family in *Normandy*; and, betaking himself very early to a military life, served with so much courage and honour, under Marshal *Turenne*, the Prince of *Conde*, and other Captains, that he was gradually promoted to the rank of a Major-General. Upon leaving his country, he went to *Holland*, from whence *Charles* the Second invited him into *England*. He was no less a physiologist than humourist, and a most elegant writer, both in verse and prose, in the *French* language; which he considerably polished and enriched. Several Kings of *England* honoured him with their favours: he was the delight of the nobility, and the esteem of all persons. After a life of above 90 years, he died the 9th of September, 1703. To this celebrated personage, who may be justly ranked among the best writers of his time, his friends have erected this monument."

JOHN WEEVER, the antiquary, died in the year 1632, aged 56, and was buried in St. James's, Clerkenwell, where there is a monument erected to his memory, at the cost of John Skillicorn, Esq., his executor. The inscription concludes thus:—

"Lancashire gave me breath,
 And Cambridge education,
 Middlesex gave me death,
 And this church my humation,
 And Christ to me hath given,
 A place with him in heaven."

The Tomb of GILBERT WHITE, the naturalist, at Selborne. He died June 20, 1793, in his 73rd year :—

“ From the place where WHITE drew his first breath, and where, with short and unfrequent interruptions, he spent a long and happy life, a few paces brought us to his grave. He lies undistinguished in the village churchyard. There are, on the south side of the chancel, five lowly tenements of the dead, the fifth from the chancel is that of GILBERT WHITE; his grave is, like his life, lowly and peaceful. I was glad that he was laid here; nor could I help thinking that the grass was more green, and the moss more richly verdant on that grave. He lies tranquilly in the lap of his mother earth; and even in death, within the influence of that nature, he living loved so well. He lies nobly—the world is his tomb, the heavens his canopy, the dew of evening scatters with diamonds the spot where his ashes repose, his requiem is chanted by the warbling choristers of spring, and starry lamps that never die illumine his sepulchre.”—*Blackwood's Mag. for Sep.*, 1840.

The tombs of JOHN KEATS and PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. JOHN KEATS, the poet, died at Rome, in his 24th year, of a consumption, completely worn out and exhausted, longing for release. A little before he died, he said respecting his epitaph (if any were put over him) that he wished it to be written—

“ *Here lies one whose name was writ in water,*”

so little thought he, of the more than promise he had given, of the fine and lasting things he had added to the stock of English Poetry.—Shelley says in his preface to ‘Adonais,’ an elegy on the Death of John Keats: ‘John Keats died at Rome, of a consumption, and was buried in the Cemetery of the Protestants in that city. The cemetery is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. *It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.*’

Reader ! carry these accents in your ear, and accompany us to Leghorn. A few months only have elapsed. Shelley is on the shore. Keats no longer lives, but you will see that Shelley had not forgotten him. He sets sail for the gulf of Lerici, where he has his temporary home ; he never reaches it. A body is washed ashore at Via Reggio. If the features are not to be recognised, there can be no doubt of the man who carries in his bosom the volume containing '*Lamia and Hyperion.*' It is Shelley. His body is burned by Lord Byron, but the remains are carried—whither? you will know by the description.—'*The cemetery is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.*' There lies poor SHELLEY, KEATS and he—the mourner and the mourned, almost touch."

Inscription on the tomb of ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, the poet, in Campton churchyard, Bedfordshire :—

" Here lie
The remains of
ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.
He was born at Honington,
in Suffolk,
December III. MDCCLXVI,
And died at Shefford,
August XIX. MDCCCXXIII.

Let his wild native woodnotes tell
the rest.

This stone was erected at the expense of Henry Kaye Bonney, D.D., late Archdeacon of Bedford, who also composed the inscription."

In Westminster Abbey is a fine full-length statue of THOMAS CAMPBELL, the poet ; on the pedestal is the following inscription :—

“THOMAS CAMPBELL,
Born July 27th, 1777.
Died June 15th, 1844.

This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark ;
Yet, think not, sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark !
No ! it shall live again and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death !”

T. Campbell.

ROBERT SOUTHY, poet-laureate, died March 21st, 1843, aged 69, and was buried in Crossthwaite church, near Keswick, on whose tomb is the following inscription (by William Wordsworth) :—

“Ye vales and hills, whose beauty hither drew
The Poet's steps, and fix'd him here ; on you
His eyes have closed ; and ye loved book, no more
Shall SOUTHY feed upon your precious lore,
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown
Adding immortal labours of his own.—
Whether he traced historic truth with zeal,
For the state's guidance, or the church's weal,
Or fancy disciplined by curious art
Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
Or judgments sanctioned in the patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.
Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings meet in holier rest.
His joys—his griefs—have vanished like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top ; but he to Heaven was vowed,
Through a life long and pure, and steadfast faith
Calm'd in his soul the fear of change and death.”

In Westminster Abbey is a bust of SOUTHEY, and on a tablet underneath is this inscription :—

“ROBERT SOUTHEY,
Born 1774. Died 1843.”

SAMUEL ROGERS, the poet, author of “Pleasures of Memory,” &c., died Dec. 18, 1855, aged 93 years, and was buried in Hornsey churchyard. In the “Illustrated Times” for Aug. 2, 1856, appeared the following letter, signed—“Trois Etoiles” :—

“July 29, 1856. The pleasant article in the ‘Edinburgh Review,’ upon ROGERS, induced me to go this morning to see his burial-place at Hornsey; so I went by the 10 a.m. train to that prettiest village near London, not so much, perhaps, for a pilgrimage as for a day’s ‘loafing.’ But no where could I find his tomb; so at last I applied to an old man who was weeding the churchyard paths, and asked him if he knew whether Mr. Rogers was buried there? ‘Oh yes, sir, sure-ly! I knew Mr. Rogers well, and my daughter was servant to him.’ Thinking that I was about to obtain a portrait of Samuel Rogers as seen from the scullery, I said, by way of a feeler, that Mr. Rogers was a very old man. ‘Not so werry old, sir,’ said my guide, ‘Mr. Rogers wasn’t so werry old, sir, HIM AS DRUV THE ‘BUS.’ Some of those who have writhed under the sting of Rogers’s tongue, would be rather pleased that the grave of him who wrote the ‘Pleasures of Memory’ should so soon as this have to pay the penalty of oblivion.”

THOMAS GARDINER, the historian of Southwold and Dunwich, lies buried, with his two wives, HONOR and VIRTUE, in Southwold churchyard, Suffolk. The inscription on his grave-stone is as follows :—

“Between HONOR and VIRTUE, here doth lie
The remains of Old Antiquity.”

The Rev. JOHN GREGORY PIKE, the popular author of the "Persuasives to Early Piety," and many other works relating to personal religion and practical godliness, died very suddenly at Derby: his daughter entered his study, and found him sitting in his chair, pen in hand, with his forehead on his desk, senseless and lifeless. The inhabitants of Derby are about to erect a marble tablet to his memory, in the baptist chapel, St. Mary's gate, upon which it is intended to inscribe the following:—

"To the Memory of the
REV. JOHN GREGORY PIKE,

Forty-four years Pastor of this Church; founder, and till his decease, the devoted Secretary of the General Baptist Missionary Society, and Author of various excellent Writings, chiefly designed to promote Early Piety, which have been rendered a blessing to multitudes; this Monument is erected as a record of the affection, veneration, and regret of his ever grateful flock. He was a man of Eminent piety and untiring zeal. The Cross of Christ was the foundation of his hope, the object of his glorying, and the grand theme of his ministry. After a life consecrated to the furtherance of the Gospel 'He was not for God took him.'

He was born April 6th, 1784,
and died suddenly, September 4th, 1854."

Lord Byron's translation of the epitaph on VIRGIL and TIBULLUS (by Domitius Marsus):—

"He, who sublime in epic numbers roll'd,
And he who struck the softer lyre of love,
By death's* unequal hand alike controll'd,
Fit comrades in Elysian regions move."

* The hand of death is said to be unjust, or unequal, as Virgil was considerably older than Tibullus at the time of his death. Virgil died b.c. 19, aged 51, and Tibullus b.c. 17, aged about 29.

VIRGIL, the prince of Latin poets, died at Brundisium with the greatest tranquility; and his remains were interred, according to his wish, on the Via Puteolana, at the second mile-stone from Naples, where his monument is still shown, with the following inscription, said to have been dictated by him on his death bed :—

“Mantua me genuit : Calabri rapuere; tenet nunc
Parthenope : cecini Pascua, Rura, Duces.”

ANACREON, a Greek lyric poet, was born about 560 B.C., and lost his life by being choked by a grape-stone, while drinking. The following lines were paraphrased for his tomb (by Thomas Moore, the poet) :—

“O stranger, if Anacreon’s shell
Has ever taught thy heart to swell
With passion’s throb, or pleasure’s sigh,
In pity turn, as wandering nigh,
And drop thy goblet’s richest tear
In exquisite libation here.”

Inscription to the memory of DEMOSTHENES, the orator. —DEMOSTHENES was born B.C. 377, and died B.C. 317. Antipater, Alexander’s successor, ordered all the orators to be delivered up to him, when DEMOSTHENES fled, and to prevent his falling into the hands of a tyrant, he swallowed poison, which he always carried about him, and which soon produced its effect. The Athenians, soon after his death, erected a statue of brass to his memory, as a testimonial of their gratitude and esteem; and at the foot of the statue they engraved this inscription, which was couched in two elegiac verses :—

“DEMOSTHENES, if thy power had been equal to thy
wisdom, the Macedonian Mars would never have
triumphed over Greece.”

On the philosopher **PLATO**.—The illustrious philosopher **PLATO**, died B.C. 48, aged 81; he was sumptuously buried by the Athenians, and on his tomb they inscribed the following epitaph :—

“ Pæon and **PLATO** from Apollo sprung,
The body’s saviour this, and that the soul’s.”

EPICETUS, an ancient stoic philosopher, who lived in the time of Nero, had the following inscription on his tomb :—

“ **EPICETUS**, who lies here, was a slave and a cripple, poor as the beggar in the proverb, and the favourite of Heaven.”

ÆSCHYLUS, the tragic poet, flourished about 500 years B.C., and died at Gela (aged 68), we are told, of a fracture of his skull, caused by an eagle letting fall a tortoise on his head. The manner of his death is said to have been predicted by an oracle, which had foretold that he should die by something from the heavens. He had the honour of a magnificent funeral from the Sicilians, who buried him near the river Gela, and on his tomb was inscribed the following epitaph :—

“ **ÆSCHYLUS**, Euphorion’s son, whom Athens bore,
Lies here interred, on Gela’s fruitful shore.
The plains of Marathon his worth record,
And piles of Medes that fell beneath his sword.”

PLUTARCH, a learned Greek writer, died A.D. 150, aged 90. Among the many eulogiums bestowed on him, this epigram deserves to be noticed, which is supposed to be inscribed on a statue erected by the Romans to his memory :—

“CHÆRONEAN PLUTARCH, to thy deathless praise
Does martial Rome this grateful statue raise :
Because both Greece and she thy fame hath shared,
Their heroes written, and their lives compared.
But thou thyself could'st never write thy own ;
Their lives have parallels ; but *thine* has none.”

—

• OVID, an elegant Latin poet, died A.D. 17, aged 59, and in the tenth year of his banishment, at Tamos, a city of Pontus, upon the Euxine sea, near the mouths of the Danube. He had desired, in case he died in the country of the Getæ, that his ashes might be carried to Rome, in order that he might not continue an exile after his death, and that the following epitaph might be inscribed on his tomb :—

“Here NASO lies, who sung of soft desire,
Victim of too much wit, and too much fire.
Say, who have lov'd, whene'er you pass these stones,
Light lie the earth on hapless NASO's bones.”

—

EURIPIDES, the celebrated Grecian tragic poet, lost his life in a shocking manner, B.C. 406, aged 74, he was walking in a wood, in a pensive manner, when he was attacked by the king's hounds, and torn to pieces : he was buried at Pella, where Archelaus, king of Macedon, honoured him with a sumptuous funeral, and afterwards with a splendid monument, with this inscription :—

“Thy memory, O EURIPIDES, will never perish.”

But the inscription on the cenotaph at Athens, was still more honourable :—

“All Greece is the monument of EURIPIDES ;
The Macedonian earth covers only his bones.”

—

TITUS LIVY, the Roman historian, died A.D. 17, aged about 70. A monument was erected to him in the temple of Juno, where was afterwards founded the

monastery of St. Justina. There, in 1413, was discovered a Latin epitaph to LIVY, the translation of which is as follows :—

“The bones of TITUS LIVIUS, of Patavium, a man worthy to be approved by all mankind ; by whose almost invincible pen the acts and exploits of the invincible Romans were written.”

POLYBIUS, a Greek historian, died, in consequence of a fall from his horse, B.C. 121, aged 82. The people of Achaia erected statues to him, one of which had this inscription :—

“To the Memory of POLYBIUS, whose counsel, had it been followed, would have saved Achaia, and who consoled it in its adversity.”

MONUMENT to CHARLES THEODORE KÖRNER, the German poet, and his sister. They lie buried at the village of Wobbelin, in Mecklenburgh, under a beautiful oak, in a recess of which he had frequently deposited verses, composed by him while campaigning in its vicinity. The monument erected to his memory is of cast iron, and the upper part is wrought into a lyre and sword, a favourite emblem of KÖRNER'S, from which one of his works had been entitled. Over the gate of the cemetery is engraved one of his own lines :—

“Vergiss die treuen Tödten nicht.”
(Forget not the faithful dead.)

On the front of the monument is the following inscription in German, which is here translated :—

“CHARLES THEODORE KÖRNER was here consigned to the earth by his comrades in arms, with reverence and love.”

On the opposite side :—

“CHARLES THEODORE KÆRNER, born at Dresden, the 23rd of September, 1791, devoted himself first to mining, next to poetry, finally to warfare, for the deliverance of Germany. To this vocation he consecrated sword and lyre, and sacrificed to it the fairest joys and hopes of happy youth. While Lieutenant and adjutant in Lütrow's free corps, he was suddenly killed by a hostile ball, on the 26th of August, 1813, in an engagement which took place between Schwerin and Gadebush.”

On the right :—

“Fatherland! for thee will we die, as thy mighty words command. Our beloved may inherit what we have redeemed with our blood. Grow, thou liberty of the German Oaks—grow up above our corse.”

Th. Kærner.

On the left :—

“Hail to the Minstrel—if he only achieve for himself with the sword a sepulchre in a land of freedom.”

On a tombstone laid horizontally upon the grave of the poet's sister, who died of grief for his loss, in the second year after he was killed, the following epitaph is cut :—

“Among the survivors of Theodore Kærner, his sympathizing sister, EMMA SOPHIA LOUISA was the first that followed him. She was born at Dresden, the 19th of April, 1788. By character, genius, and talents, she adorned the days of her friends, and gladdened all that approached her. She mourned her beloved brother as became a German maid: but while she elevated her soul to him, her body became gradually enfeebled. A nervous fever terminated her earthly existence at Dresden, the 15th May, 1815.

This spot was due to her as a place of rest.”

From Mrs. Hemans's Records of Woman, and the Rev. Mr. Downes's Letters from the Continent.

BERNARDO TASSO, a distinguished epic and lyric poet, died in 1569, aged 76. His remains were interred at Mantua, under a handsome monument, erected by the duke, with this inscription :—

“OSSA BERNARDI TASSI.”

Torquato, his son, afterwards removed them to Ferrara.

TORQUATO TASSO, an illustrious Italian poet, died in April, 1595, aged 51, and was buried in the church of St. Onofrio, with a plain slab over his tomb, which bears this inscription :—

“TORQUATI TASSI
Ossa hic jacent.

Hoc, ne nescius esset hospes,
Fratres hujus ecclesiæ posuerunt.”

Lettres sur l'Italie.

ON SAMSOE, a celebrated dramatic writer, of Denmark.—SAMSOE'S best production was the play of *Dyveke*, produced a few days after his death. Such was the enthusiasm it excited, that the following epitaph was proposed to be inscribed on his tomb, in the public cemetery of Copenhagen :—

“Here lies SAMSOE ;
He wrote *Dyveke* and died.”

ON PETER ARETINE, the “scourge of princes.”—In ARETINE'S *Life*, by M. Boispréaux, he says—“Aretine died in a very singular manner. Hearing the story told of a trick one of his sisters had played her galant, he burst into such a fit of laughter, that falling from his seat, he beat out his brains.” This happened in 1557, and in the 65th year of his age. He was buried in St. Luke's church, Venice, and an epitaph was written in Latin for his tomb (by Maynard), and is thus translated in an old *Paris Advertiser* :—

“Time, the destroyer, hath, under these stones,
Mingled with dust old Aretine’s bones,
Who, when in life, with his infamous pen,
Stain’d all that was noble and great among men;
Darkened the memory of princes, whose story
Would have thrown on their graves an aureole of glory;
And if, on the Eternal, h’has no blasphemy thrown,
It is only because he was to him unknown.”

JOHN PICUS, earl of Mirandola, a celebrated Italian genius, died 1494, aged 31. The following epitaph was inscribed on his tomb :—

“Hic situs est PICUS Mirandola, cætera norunt
Et Tagus et Ganges, forsan et Antipodes.”

FRANCIS PETRARCH, a celebrated Italian scholar, died at Arqua, in Italy, in 1374, aged 70 years; the following epitaph was engraven on his tombstone :—

“This stone doth cover the cold bones of FRANCIS PETRARCH :
Thou Virgin Mother take his soul ; thou Christ pardon
grant,
Now weary of the Earth, he rests in Heaven’s Arke.”

A writer says, “We went to see PETRARCH’s tomb, which is honourable without being ostentatious : a plain stone sarcophagus, resting on four pillars, and surmounted by a bust ; suited to the quiet of his life, his home, and his resting place.” The best description of PETRARCH’s tomb is given in the following lines by Lord Byron :—

“There is a tomb in Arqua ; rear’d in air,
Pillar’d in their sarcophagus, repose
The bones of Laura’s lover ; here repair
Many familiar with his well-sung woes,
The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
To raise a language, and his land reclaim
From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes ;
Watering the tree which bears his lady’s name,
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died ;
 The mountain-village where his latter days
 Went down the vale of years ; and 'tis their pride—
 An honest pride—and let it be their praise,
 To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
 His mansion and his sepulchre ; both plain
 And venerably simple, such as raise
 A feeling more accordant with his strain,
 Than if a pyramid form'd his monumental fame."

ROUSSEAU's tomb—prior to 1791.—The author of "Emile" died in 1778, aged 66, and was buried at Ermonville, about thirty miles from Paris, and one only from Clermont. It is difficult to suppress a sense of deep emotion, as you land on the diminutive island of poplars, which rises in the middle of the lake. These beautiful trees ; the noble yet simple monument which they almost conceal by their shade ; that beautiful turf which covers the whole island ; those gentle rippling waves which wash its circumference, all tend to render this spot the asylum of melancholy and meditation.—It is there was buried J. J. ROUSSEAU, who having arrived at Ermonville, the 20th of May, 1778, died there, suddenly, the 2nd July following. A piece of rock is still shown, on which the philosopher often came to sit down during the last days of his life. Opposite the principal inn of the place stands a humble cottage, on the door of which may be read these words—"The Emperor Joseph 2nd dined in this house on the 24th of July, 1784."

The remains of ROUSSEAU were translated in 1791, with great pomp, to the church of St. Genevieve (then the Pantheon), and on the sarcophagus containing his ashes, were the words :—

" Ici repose l'homme de la nature et de la verité." *

* In the garden of Nuneham Courtney, the seat of the Earl of Harcourt, is a bust of Rousseau, inscribed as follows :—

" Say is thy honest heart to Virtue warm ?
 Can genius animate thy feeling breast ?
 Approach, behold this venerable form,
 'Tis Rousseau ; let thy bosom speak the rest."

PAUL SCARRON, a celebrated comic writer, whose life abounds with curious features, died at Paris in 1660, aged 50 years. In his epitaph, made by himself, he desires in a mixture of the comic and pathetic, that "the passengers would not awaken poor SCARRON from the first good sleep he had ever enjoyed."

The tomb of Dr. FRANKLIN and his wife.—"On the 12th of December we made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Franklin—dear old Franklin! It consists of a large marble slab, laid flat on the ground, with nothing carved upon it but these words:—

‘ BENJAMIN and DEBORAH	}	FRANKLIN, 1790.’
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He lies buried in an obscure corner of an obscure burying-ground, where his bones lie indiscriminately along with those of ordinary mortals. After all,—his literary works, scientific fame, and his undoubted patriotism, form his best epitaph."—*Captain Basil Hall's Travels in North America.*

Humorous epitaph, by Dr. FRANKLIN on himself—written many years before his death, which took place April 17th, 1790, aged 84 years:—

“ The Body of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
Printer,
Like the cover of an old Book,
Its contents torn out,
And stript of its Lettering and Gilding
Lies here, food for worms;
Yet the work itself shall not be lost,
For it will (as he believed) appear once more
In a new and more beautiful edition
Corrected and amended, by
The Author.”

On the tomb of Dr. Franklin's father and mother, at Boston.—*In the Autobiography of Dr. Franklin*, is the following :—“ My mother was possessed of an excellent constitution. She suckled all her ten children, and I never heard either her, or my father complain of any other disorder than that of which they died: my father at the age of 87, and my mother at 85. They are buried together at Boston, where, a few years ago, I placed a Marble over their grave, with this Inscription :—

‘ Here lie

JOSIAH FRANKLIN, and ABIAH his wife : They lived together with reciprocal affection for fifty-nine years, and without private fortune, without lucrative employment, by assiduous labour and honest industry, decently supported a numerous family, and educated with success, thirteen children, and seven grand-children. Let this example, reader, encourage thee, diligently to discharge the duties of thy calling and rely on the support of
DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

He was pious and prudent,
She discreet and virtuous.

Their youngest son, from a sentiment of filial
duty, consecrates this stone
to their memory.’ ”

On the virtuous SAON (translated from the Greek) :—

“ Beneath this tomb, in sacred sleep,
The virtuous SAON lies :
Ye passengers, forbear to weep—
A good man never dies.”

ANTHONY ARNAULD, a celebrated French writer, died in 1694, aged 82. His heart was, according to his express desire, taken to Port Royal to be interred, Racine went to assist at the ceremony, and it was on this occasion that the celebrated epitaph was written on ARNAULD (by Racine), which is thus translated :—

“Hated by some, by others loved,
Esteem'd by all mankind.
Fitter with patriarchs to have moved,
Than in our age perverse and blind.

ARNAULD in death is now laid low,
Mortals had ne'er a guard more starch,
Error more formidable foe,
Or firmer friend our holy church.”

The French Classical Drama.

On RACINE, an eminent French poet, who died in 1699, aged 60 years (by Boileau):—

“O toi qui que tu sois, que la piété attire en ce saint lieu, plains dans un si excellent homme la triste destinée de tous les mortels; et quelque grande idée que puisse te donner de lui sa réputation, souviens-toi que ce sont des prières, et non pas de vains éloges qu'il te demande.”

On LOUIS DE CAMOENS, the Virgil of Portugal, who died at Lisbon, 1579, aged 55. The following was placed over his tomb, in St. Anne's church:—

“Here lies LOUIS DE CAMOENS, Prince of the Poets of his time. He lived poor and miserable and died such.
Anno Domini, 1579.”

Inscription on the tomb of DANTE, the celebrated Italian poet. He died Sep., 1321, aged 56, and was buried in the church of the Minorites, Ravenna, and his original monument bears the following inscription:—

“S. V. F.

Jura monarchiæ superos flegetonta lacusque.
Lustrando cecini voluerunt fata quousque:
Sed quia pars cessit melioribus hospita castris
Actoremque suum petiit felicior astris
Hic claudor DANTES patris exterris, ab oris
Quem genuit parvi Florentia mater amoris.”

When the French Royal Academy of Literature refused to elect ALEXIS PIRON, a French dramatist, a member, he wrote himself the following epitaph :—

“Cy gît PIRON, qui ne fut rien,
Pas même Academicien.”

Translated :—

“PIRON lies here. What was he pray?
Nothing; not even an R. A.”

He died 1773, aged 84 years.

LEONARD ARETIN, one of the ablest men of eloquence and science in the 15th century, died in 1443, aged 74, at Florence, where there is a marble monument erected to him, in the church of the Holy Cross, with an inscription to the following purport :—

“ Since the death of LEONARD, history is in mourning; eloquence is become mute; the Greeks and Latin muses cannot forbear shedding tears.”

Epitaph composed by QUINTUS ENNIUS, a Latin poet, for his own tomb. He died B.C. 167, aged 70 :—

“Nemo me deceat lacrumis, nec funera, fletu
Faxit. Cur? volito vivu per ora virum.”

PERSONS REMARKABLE FOR LONGEVITY.

At Bolton, in Yorkshire, is buried HENRY JENKINS, the contemporary of Old Parr. A handsome pyramid marks his grave, and in the church is erected a monument to his memory, with this inscription (written by Dr. Thomas Chapman):—

“Blush not, marble,
 To rescue from oblivion
 The Memory of
 HENRY JENKINS.
 A person obscure in birth,
 But of a life truly memorable: For
 He was enriched
 With the goods of nature,
 If not of fortune,
 And happy
 In the duration,
 If not variety
 Of his enjoyments; and
 Tho’ the partial world
 Despised and disregarded
 His low and humble state,
 The equal eye of Providence
 Beheld and blessed it
 With a Patriarch’s health and length of days;
 To teach mistaken man
 These blessings are entailed on Temperance,
 A life of labour, and a mind at ease.
 He lived to the amazing age of 169.
 Was interred here, December, 1670,
 And had this justice done to his memory, 1743.”

INSTANCES OF LONGEVITY.

On a brass tablet in Willaston chapel, Shropshire :—

“The Old, Old, very Old Man
THOMAS PARR,*
was born at the Glyn,
within This Chapelry of Great Willaston,
and Parish of Alberbury,
in the County of Salop,
In the year of our Lord 1483.
He lived in the Reigns of Ten Kings
and Queens of England (viz) K. EDW. 4.
K. EDWD. 5. K. RICH. 3. K. HEN. 7TH.
K. HEN. 8TH. EDWD. 6TH. Q. MARY. Q. ELIZ. K.
JAMES 1ST. and K. CHARLES 1ST., died the 13,
and was buried in Westminster Abbey
on the 15th of November, 1635,
Aged 152 Years and 9 Months.”

The inscription in Westminster Abbey is very similar
to the above.

On a Cornish beggar, named BRAWNE :—

“Here BRAWNE, the quondam beggar lies,
Who counted by his tale,
Some six-score winters and above,
Such virtue is in ale.
Ale was his meat, his drink, his cloth,
Ale did his death reprieve :
And could he still have drunk his ale
He had been still alive.”

At Leigh, in Essex :—

“Here lies the body of MARY ELLIS, daughter of
Thomas Ellis, and LYDIA his wife, of this parish. She

* Taylor, the Water Poet, thus describes Old Parr in the following lines :—

“From head to heel, his body had all over,
A quick-set, thick-set, natural hairy cover.”

was a virgin of virtuous character, and most promising hopes. She died on the 3rd of June, 1609, aged one hundred and nineteen."

On MARGARET SCOTT, who died at Dalkeith, in Scotland, February 9th, 1738, aged 125 :—

"Stop, passenger, until my life you've read,
 The *living* may get knowledge by the *dead*.
Five times five years I lived a virgin life ;
Ten times five years I was a virtuous wife ;
Ten times five years I lived a widow chaste,
 Now, tired of this mortal life, I rest.
 I from my cradle to my grave have seen
Eight mighty Kings of Scotland, and a *Queen* ;
Four times five years the *commonwealth* I saw ;
Ten times the subjects rose against the *law*.
Twice did I see old *Prelacy* pulled down,
 And *twice* the *cloak* was humbled by the *gown*.
 An end of *Stuart's race* I saw ; nay, more,
 I saw my *country* sold for *English ore*.
 Such *desolations* in my time have been,
 I have an end of all perfection seen."

At Soham churchyard, in Cambridgeshire :—

"Anno Domini, 1641,
 Ætatis suæ 125.

Here lies Docter WARD, whom
 You knew well before ;
 He was kind to his neighbour,
 Good to the poor."—*Mirror*.

On WILLIAM HISELAND, at Chelsca, aged 112 :—

"Here rests WILLIAM HISELAND,
 a veteran, if ever soldier was :

INSTANCES OF LONGEVITY.

Who merited well a pension,
 If long service be a merit,
 Having served upwards of the days of man.
 Ancient, but not superannuated ;
 Engaged in a series of wars,
 Civil as well as foreign,
 yet not maimed or worn by either.—
 His complexion was fresh and florid ;
 His health hale and hearty ;
 His memory exact and ready.
 In Stature
 He excelled the military size ;
 In Strength
 He surpassed the prime of youth ;
 And
 What renders his age
 Still more patriarchal,
 When above an hundred years old,
 He took unto him a wife.
 Read ! fellow soldiers, and reflect
 That there is a spiritual warfare
 As well as a warfare temporal.
 Born VI of August, 1620, } Aged 112."
 Died, VII of February, 1732, }

The following records are collected from among the
 epitaphs in Chelsea college burying-ground :—

"THOMAS AZBEY, - - died 1737 - aged 112
 Captain LAURENCE - - died 1765 - aged 95
 ROBERT CUMMING - - died 1767 - aged 116
 PETER DOWLING - - died 1768 - aged 102
 A Soldier who had fought
 at the Battle of the
 Boyne - - - - died 1772 - aged 111
 PETER BENNET, of Tyne-
 mouth - - - - died 1773 - aged 107."

In Matlock church, Derbyshire, is the following
 inscription :—

“Near this place was interred the Remains of ADAM WOLLEY, of Allen Hill, in this Parish, and of GRACE his Wife; he was born in the year 1558, married at the parish Church of Darley, 1st day of October, 1581, and after continuing in wedlock with his said wife for the long period of 76 years, died in the month of August, 1657, in the 100th year of his age. She was born in the year 1559, and died in the month of July, 1669, aged 110, and for the purpose of Recording so extraordinary, but well-authenticated an instance of longevity and long continuance in the state of wedlock, their great, great, great grandson, Adam Wolley, of this parish, Gentleman, caused this memorial to be erected in the year 1824.”

In Tickhill churchyard, Yorkshire :—

“This stone is sacred

To the Memory of

ELIZA SHAW,

Who died Nov. 10th, 1820,

Aged 118 years.

She lived in six reigns, and enjoyed excellent health until a few hours previous to her death.”

Inscription on a stone in the Cathedral churchyard of Peterborough :—

“In memory of ANN ASKEW, Widow, who died

October—1783. Aged 107 years.

She survived her husband William Askew (who lies buried near this spot) 52 years.”

In the churchyard at Fulham :—

“Under this stone are deposited the remains of

NATHANIEL RENCH,

late of this Parish, Gardener,

INSTANCES OF LONGEVITY.

who departed this life, Jan. 18, 1783,
Aged 101 years.”

In Peterborough Cathedral :—

“ R. SCARLETT, died July 2nd, 1594, Aged 98.

You see Old SCARLETT's picture stand on high,
But at your feet, there doth his body lie.
His gravestone doth his age and death time show,
His office by these tokens you may know.
Second to none for strength and sturdy limb,
A scare-babe mighty voice with visage grim.
He had interr'd two Queens* within this place,
And this town's householders in his life's space
Twice over;—but at length his own turn came,
What he for others did, for him the same
Was done : no doubt his soul doth live for aye
In Heaven : tho' here his body's clad in clay.”

In Flitten church, Bedfordshire :—

“ To the Memory of THOMAS HILL, who was Receiver-
General to the Earl of Kent, and died 26th of May,
1601, aged 101.

Aske how he lived, and you shall know his ende ;
He died a saint to God, to poore a friende.
These lines, men know, do truly of him story,
Whom God hath called, and seated now in glory.”

Inscription on a stone in Longnor churchyard, Staf-
fordshire :—

“ In memory of WILLIAM BILLINGS, who was born
in a Corn Field, at Fairfield head, in this Parish, in the

* Catherine, of Arragon, the first wife of Henry VIII. and Mary, Queen
of Scots, after she was beheaded at Fotheringay.

EPITAPHS, ETC.

year 1679 :—at the age of 23 years he enlisted into his Majesty's service, under Sir George Rook, and was at the taking of the Fortress of Gibraltar, in 1704. He afterwards served under the Duke of Marlbro', at the ever memorable Battle of the Ramillies, fought on the 23rd of May, 1706, where he was wounded by a musket shot in the thigh : afterwards he returned to his native country, and with manly courage defended his Sovereign's Rights at the Rebellion in 1715, and 1745. He died within the space of 150 yards of where he was born, and was interred here the 30th of January, 1791, aged 112 years.

Billeted by Death, I quarter'd here remain,
When the Trumpet sounds, I'll rise and march again."

A few remarkable instances of longevity :—

LOUISA TRUXO, a negress, died at Tucumen, S. America - - - - -	1780 - aged 175
REBECCA FURY, a negress, died in Jamacia - - - - -	1827 - aged 140
MARCUS APONICUS, died at Rimini TITUS FULLONIUS, died at Bonoria	- aged 150 - aged 150
MARY YATES, died in Shropshire	1776 - aged 128
GALEN, died at Pergamus - -	271 - aged 140
JAMES BOWLES, died at Killing- worth - - - - -	1656 - aged 152
FRANCIS COUSIST, died in York- shire - - - - -	1768 - aged 150
EVAN WILLIAMS, died in Carmar- thenshire - - - - -	1782 - aged 145
Col. T. WINSLOW, died in Ireland	1766 - aged 144
C. J. DRAKENBURG, died in Norway	1770 - aged 146
Countess of ECCLESTON, died in Ireland - - - - -	1691 - aged 143
A. GOLDSMITH, died in France -	1776 - aged 140

At Bromley, in Kent :—

"Near this place lies the body of ELIZABETH MONK,

INSTANCES OF LONGEVITY.

who departed this life the 27th day of *August*, 1758, aged 101. She was the widow of *James Monk*, late of this parish, *Blacksmith*, her second husband, to whom she had been a wife near fifty years, by whom she had no children, and of the issue of her first marriage none lived to the second. But *Virtue* would not suffer her to be childless: an *Infant*, to whom and to whose father and mother she had been nurse (such is the uncertainty of temporal prosperity), became dependent on Strangers for the necessaries of life.

To him she afforded the protection of a mother. This parental charity was returned with filial affection, And she was supported in the feebleness of age By him whom she had cherished in the helplessness of infancy.

Let it be remembered

That there is no situation in which industry will not obtain power to be liberal, nor any character in which liberality will not confer *Honour*. She had long been prepared by a simple and unaffected piety for that awful moment, which, however delayed, is universally sure.

How few are allowed an equal time of probation!
How many by their lives appear to presume upon more!
To preserve the memory of this person,
But yet more to perpetuate the lesson of her life,
This stone was erected by voluntary contribution."

In Battersea church, on a brass plate:—

"*HUGH MORGAN*, late of Battersea, Esq.,
*Sleepeth here in peace: Whom men did late admire for
worthful parts.—To Queen Elizabeth he was chief
'pothecary, till her death.*

And in his science as he did excel,
In her high favour he did always dwell.
To God religious, to all men kind,
Frank to the poor, rich in content of mind.
These were his virtues, in these dyed he,
When he had liv'd an 100 years and 3."

By a Latin plate it appears that he died Sep. 13, A.D. 1613.

On a very old man :—

“ Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
 But fell like Autumn fruit that mellowed long
 Even wondered at because he dropt no sooner ;
 Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore years,
 Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more,
 Till, like a clock, worn out with beating time,
 The wheels of weary life at last stood still.”

Nat. Lee.

In Mellis churchyard, Suffolk, WM. HURN, died
 March, 1813, aged 90 :—

“ Reader, if God should give thee length of days,
 Devote the blessing to the Giver's praise.
 If short the span, yet keep the heavenly road,
 That life is long enough which pleases God.”

In St. Michael's churchyard, Lichfield, an ancient
 tombstone was lately discovered, which had been buried
 in the earth a great number of years. Upon it are
 deeply cut the following inscriptions :—

“ Here lyes the Body
 of WILLIAM CLARKE,
 who was Clarke of this
 Church 51 years, and buried
 March 25th, 1525, aged 96.

Here lyes the Body
 of WILLIAM CLARKE
 Clarke of this Church 71
 years, who died Septem. 26,
 1562, and aged 86.

The father lived in the reigns of six different kings,
 viz. Henry 6th, Edwards the 4th and 5th, Richard 3rd,
 and Henrys 7th and 8th. The Son in seven reigns from
 Edward the 4th to Mary the 1st.”—*Morning Chronicle*,
Oct., 1822.

ON STEPHEN RUMBOLD, at Brightwell, Oxon. :—

“Born Feb., 1582.

He lived one hundred and five,

Sanguine and strong ;

An hundred to five

You live not so long.

Dy'd March 4, 1687.”

PARENTS OF MANY CHILDREN.

At Aberconway, in Carnarvonshire, in Wales :—

“Here lies the body of NICHOLAS HOOKER, of Conway, gent., who was the one-and-fortieth child of William Hooker, Esq., by Alice his wife, and the father of twenty-seven children.

He died on the 20th of March, 1637.”

ON WILLIAM RICH, the father of 40 children :—

“Beneath this stone, in sound repose
Lies WILLIAM RICH, of Lydeard Close ;
Eight wives he had, yet none survive,
And likewise children eight times five ;
From whom an issue vast did pour—
Of great grand-children five times four,
Rich born, rich bred, but fate adverse,
His wealth and fortune did reverse ;
He lived and died extremely poor,
July the tenth, aged ninety-four.”

In St. Paul's churchyard, Bedford.—An old gravestone, in the above churchyard, has lately been renovated; it bears the following inscription:—

“Here lies interred the body of PATIENCE, the wife of Shadrack JOHNSON; by her he had twelve sons and twelve daughters; she died in childbed, the 6th day of June, 1717, aged 38 years.—

Shadrach! Shadrach!
The Lord granted unto thee
PATIENCE,
Who laboured long and *patiently*
In her vocation;
But her *patience* being exhausted
She departed in the midst of her labour
Ætat 38.
May she rest from her labours!”

In the churchyard of Eyrie, Aberdeenshire:—

“Erected to the memory of ALEXANDER GRAY, some time farmer in Mill of Burns, who died in the 96th year of his age, having had thirty-two legitimate children by two wives.”

In the old burying-ground of Dundee:—

“Here I lie
EPIITIE PYE
My twenty bairnies—my gudeman and I.”

At Wolstanton, on ANN JENNINGS:—

“Some have children—some have none—
Here lies the Mother of twenty-one.”

In Bremhill churchyard, Wilts.—On the father of a large family (by Rev. W. L. Bowles) :—

“How quiet is the bed of death,
 Where the departing Christian lies,
 While angels watch his parting breath,
 And wait to close his weary eyes.
 Children, who mark this lowly spot,
 With eyes perhaps with weeping dim!
 Here lies your Father! pray to God,
 That you may live and die like him.”

ON Mrs. REBECCA CREAMER, mother of 10 children:—

“Farewell, my husband and children dear,
 I am not dead but sleeping here,
 In hope to wear the crown of Heaven,
 And there to meet my dear eleven.”

In St. Martin's church, Leicester :—

“Here lieth the body of JOHN HEYRICK, of this parish, who departed this life the second of April, 1589, being about the age of seventy-six years. He did Marry Mary, the daughter of John Bond, of Warden, in the County of Warwick, Esq. He lived with the said Mary, in one house, full fifty-two years, and in all that time never buried man, woman, nor child, though they were sometimes twenty in household. He had issue by the said Mary, five sons and seven daughters. The said John was Mayor of the town in 1559, and again anno 1572. The said Mary lived to ninety-seven years, and departed the 8th of December, 1611. She did see, before her departure, of her children, and children's children, and their children, to the number of 142.”

In the churchyard of Monksoham, Suffolk :—

“JOHN BRUNNING died Jany. 21, 1817, aged 50.

Farewell, Dear Wife, Farewell,
 For me no Sorrow make,
 My Thirteen Children love
 For their Dear Father's sake."

Inscription on the monument of Sir THOMAS CHALCONER, the father of 21 children, in Chiswick church :—

"Here lyeth the bodey of Sir THOMAS CHALCONER, who was Knighted in the warres of France, by King Henry the Fourth, an. 1591, and after Governor in the Minority, and Chamberlayne to the late Prince of famous memorey, Henrey, Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall and Earle of Chester. He married to his first wife, Elizabeth, daughter of William Fleetwood, Sergeant at Law to Queen Elizabeth, and Recorder of London, by whom he had yssue, Thomas deceased; Arthur deceased; James; Elizabeth deceased; William; Edward; Thomas; Henry deceased; Arthur deceased; James; Elizabeth deceased; Mary, wife of Sir Edward Fisher, Knight; Elizabeth; and Dorothey; and died 22nd of June, an. 1603, aged 3 yeares; and to his second wife he married, Jude, the daughter of William Blunt, of London, Esquier, by whom he had also yssue, Henrey; Charles; Fredericke; and Arthure; Anne; Katherine; and Frances; and she deceased the 30th day of June, an. 1615, aged 36 yeares; and the afore-sayd Sir Thomas Chalconer died the 18th day of Nov., 1615, being of the adge of 51 yeares.

An. Dom. 1721. In grateful remembrance of his honourable ancestor, this monument was repaired at the charge of Edward Chalconer, of Gisbrough, in com. Ebor, Esq."

Numerous Families of Children.—In the genealogical history of Tuscany, written by Gamarini, mention is made of a nobleman, of Sienna, named Pichi, who by three wives had had 150 children; and that, being sent

ambassador to the pope and the emperor, he had 48 of his sons in his retinue.—On a monument in the churchyard of St. Innocent, at Paris, erected to a woman who died 88 years of age, it is recorded that she might have seen 288 children directly issued from her. But children here evidently includes grand-children, &c., &c.—The faithful mother of the Dalburg family saw her offspring of the sixth generation; as recorded in the following distich :—

“ Mater (1), ait natæ (2) dic natæ (3)
 filia natam (4), Ut moneat, natæ (5) plangere filiulam (6):”
 That is, “The mother (1), says to her daughter (2),
 daughter, go tell your daughter (3), to advise her
 daughter (4), to chastise her daughter’s (5) little
 daughter (6).”

BAD ORTHOGRAPHY, &c.

In a small churchyard, near Folkstone, in Kent :—

“ Here lyeth the bones of MARY ROGERS, who left
 this world A.D. 1692; she was a goode mother, wifee,
 and daughterr.

All goud people, as you pass
 Pray *reed* my hour glass;
 After sweets and bitters it’s down,
 And I have left your pretty town
 Remember soon you must prepare to fly
 From all your friends and come to *high*”

In Sculcoate churchyard, near Hull :—

“ In Memory of

JANE the wife of George WILLINGTON
Who departed this life the 25th of
September 1813 aged 38 years.

moarn not for me i'm dead and gon
my loving husband gods will be done
but on my children pity take
and love them for their mother's sake."

In the churchyard of Christ church, Hampshire :—

" Hark, hark, I hears a voice,
The Lord made sweet babes for his one choice,
And when His will and pleasure is
There bodies he turns to dust
There souls to raise with Christ on high."

Mog., 1855.

In Mottram churchyard, Cheshire :—

" Zounds, Death ! what hast thou done ?
Why, thou hast taken Brother JOHN—
And laid un under ground
Father had rather ha paid five pound."

There is a monument near the baptismal font of St.
Andrew's church, Plymouth, with the following inscrip-
tion :—

" Here lies the body of JAMES VERNON, Esq., only
surviving son of Admiral Vernon: died 23rd July, 1753."

In Michaelchurch churchyard, Herefordshire :—

“JOHN PROSSER is my name, and England is my nation,
Bowchurch *is* my dwelling place, & Christ is my salvation.
Now I am dead, and in my grave, and all my bones are rotten
As you pass by *remember* me, when I am quite *forgotten*.”

In Plumstead churchyard, Kent (near Woolwich), is
an epitaph to the memory of JAMES DARLING, who died
23rd of July, 1812, aged 10 years.

“Weep not for me, my parents *Deer*
There is not witness wanted here
The hammer of death was *Give* to me
For eating the *Cherris* off the tree
Next morning death was to me so sweet
My *Blised* Jesus for to meet
He did ease me of my pain
And i *did* *Join* his holy train
The *Cruil* one his death can't shun
For he *Most* go when his glass is run.
The *Horrows* of death is sure to meet
And take his *Trail* at the Judgment seat.”

In Yarmouth churchyard :—

“To the memory of R. SCORRE, who died September
23, 1824, aged fifty-two years.

Blised are the *dads* who *did* in the Lord.”

At Westerham, in Kent :—

“Cheerful in death I close mine eyes.
Into thy arms, my God, I flies.”

In St. Mary-at-Elm churchyard, Ipswich, on a child
who was born 1850, and died 1852 :—

"Sweet Babe Fair Well
The Loss is Ours
For you Are Gone to Rest,
The Shepard has But
Call'd His Own
to Fold you in his Breast."

In the old churchyard of Belturbet, Ireland :—

"Here lies JOHN HIGLEY, whose father and mother were drowned on their passage from America. Had they both lived, they would have been buried here."

In Tottenham churchyard, to the memory of Mrs. DEBORAH WHITE, who died on the 25th July, 1805, at the age of 40.

"Sorrow and pain is worn me quite !
And : death is welcome at my sight,
The life i led : was only a dream ?
And every earthly thing was mean,
My husband due ! not weep at me,
And you the blessed one shall see."

On General TULLY :—

"Here lies General TULLY,
Aged one hundred and five years fully
Nine of his wives beside him doth lie,
And also the others, when they die."

On a beautiful stone, in a village churchyard, near Eye, in Suffolk :—

“ Sacred
To the Memory of
HENRY
LAMB
who died
May 15 : 1852
In His 91st year.
I will lay me down in *piece* and sleep : &c.”

In St. Philip’s churchyard, Birmingham :—
“ O cruel Death ! how could you be so unkind,
To take him before—and leave me behind.
You should have taken both of us, if either
Which would have been more pleasing to the *survivor*.”

On a gravestone in Staverton churchyard :—

“ Here lieth the body of BETTY BOWDEN,
Who would live longer but she couldn*
Sorrow and grief made her decay,
Till her bad leg card † her away.”

In Monkwearmouth churchyard, Durham :—

“ In memory of SARAH WILLOCK wife of John Willock,
Who died August 15th 1825 aged 48 years.
She was, But Reason For Bids me to Sa what,
But think what a women should Be, and She was that.”

In Waddingham churchyard :—

“ In love we liv’d, in peace did part,
All tho’ it cot us to the Heart,

* Could not. † Carried.

EPITAPHS, ETC.

O dear——what thoughts w^he two had
To get for our 12 children Bread :
Lord ! send her health them to mentain :—
I hope to meet my love again.”

At Ilton, in Somersetshire :—

“ If love and care could me prevent,
I had not thus so early *went*.”

In Sculcoate's churchyard, Yorkshire :—

“ In memory of JOHN WEST.
Also 2 *Childer* who died *Infants*.”

In a churchyard, in Ireland, is this epitaph :—

“ *Here lie* two children dear,
One buried in England, the other here.”

At Chiswick :—

“ J. L. H. born December 19. 1802.
Died January 8. 1802.”

PARISH CLERKS AND SEXTONS.

In Crayford churchyard, Kent :—

“Here lieth the body of PETER ISNEL (30 years clerk of this parish). He lived respected as a pious and a mirthful man, and died on his way to church, to assist at a wedding, on the 31st day of March, 1811, aged 70 years. The inhabitants of Crayford have raised this stone to his cheerful memory, and as a tribute to his long and faithful service.

The life of this *clerk* was just three-score and ten,
 Nearly half of which time he had sung out *Amen*.
 In his youth he was married, like other young men,
 But his wife died one day, so he chanted *Amen*.
 A *second* he took—she departed—what then?
 He married and buried a third with *Amen*;
 Thus his joys and his sorrows were *treble*, but then
 His voice was deep *bass*, so he sung out *Amen*;
 On the *horn* he could blow as well as most men,
 So his *horn* was exalted in blowing *Amen*.
 But he lost all his *wind* after threescore and ten,
 And now with *three wives*, he waits till again,
 The trumpet shall rouse him to sing out *Amen*.”

On a country sexton, in Wexham churchyard :—

“Here lies Old HARE, worn out with care,
 Who whilom toll'd the bell;
 Could dig a grave, or set a stave,
 And say ‘Amen’ full well.

For sacred song, he'd Sternhold's tongue,
 And Hopkin's eke also;
 With cough and hem, he stood by them
 As far as lungs would go.

Many a feast for worms he drest,
 Himself then wanting bread,
 But, lo! he's gone with skin and bone
 To starve 'em now he's dead.

Here take his spade—and use his trade,
 Since he is out of breath:
 Cover the bones of him who once
 Wrought journey-work for death."

In Bakewell churchyard, Derbyshire.— Mr. ROWE filled the office of parish clerk, of Bakewell, and if the gravestone flatters not, "with great ability." It tells us in humble prose, that "the natural powers of his voice, in clearness, strength, and sweetness, were altogether unequalled," a commendation which is reiterated in verse on the stone of his son, in the same churchyard, and who succeeded him in the office of parish clerk. It is inscribed as follows:—

"To the memory of PHILIP ROE, Parish Clerk of Bakewell, who departed this life on the 12th September, 1815.

The vocal powers here let us mark,
 Of PHILIP our late parish clerk.
 In church one never heard a layman
 With clearer voice say 'Amen.'
 Who now with hallelujah sound
 Like him can make the roofs rebound?
 The choir lament his choral tones,
 The town so soon here laid his bones.
 Sleep undisturbed within thy peaceful shrine,
 Till angels wake thee with such notes as thine."

In St. Mary's churchyard, Bury St. Edmunds:—

“ * * * * *
many years gravedigger in this town
after which important office of
stowing the human frame for its
last hopeful voyage
departed this life,
Dec. 21, 1821,
aged 63 years.”

In Selby churchyard, Yorkshire:—

“Here lies the body of poor FRANK ROWE,
Parish Clerk and grave-stone cutter;
And this is writ to let you know,
What FRANK for others used to do
Is now for FRANK done by another.”

In St. Clement's churchyard, Ipswich:—

“JOHN PLANTEN, late Clerk of this Parish, died May
19, 1809, aged 33.

Christ's Death's the ground of every Christian's hope,
Though Atheists hiss and scornful Deists sneer.
Ah! Mortals, mock not—soon the veil shall drop—
An awful vast eternity is near—
That dreadful hour of retribution fear.”

On WILLIAM NOTT, shoemaker of Bedlam, near Lud-
low, Salop; clerk and standing overseer of the parish:—

“He was NOTT born of womankind:
And so it may be said,
Altho' within this grave he lies
We know he is NOTT dead.”

No one possessed a better sole, (soul)
 When death gave him a call :
 He to the *last* was firm and strong,
 And calm gave up his *awl*. (all)

To church he regularly went
 Upon the sabbath-day :
 It was his duty so to do
 As Clerk, and Norr to pray.

His character as overseer
 For charity we find
 To those who badly were distrest
 He was Norr very kind.

Foolish or mad he never was
 And yet it strange appears
 He lived a very quiet life
 In *Bedlam* forty years.

Peace to his shade! now he is gone,
 There's no one living can
 But tell the truth, and say that he
 Was Norr an honest man.

Then underneath this silent sod
 We'll let him now remain,
 For sure and confident are we
 He WILL NORR rise again."

In the Cathedral churchyard of Peterborough :—

" Here lyeth interred the body of
 JOHN LOVING (he was Sexton of St. John Baptist
 Church), who died on the 11 Day of June, 1781,
 aged 66 years.

Oft have I view'd this gloomy place
 Which claims the Relics of the human race,
 And read on the insculptured stone
 ' Here lye the Body of '—But now my own
 Dissolves to native dust, and as you see
 Another here hath done the same by me."

DRUNKARDS.

On the clerk of a country parish :—

“Here lies within this tomb so calm,
Old GILES : pray sound his knell ;
Who thought no song was like a psalm,
No music like a bell.”

In Weston churchyard, Cheshire, on a parish clerk :—

“Here lies entomb'd within this vault so dark,
A tailor, cloth-drawer, soldier, and a clerk.
Death snatch'd him hence, and also from him took
His needle, thimble, sword, and prayer book ;
He could no longer work, nor fight, what then ?
He left the world, and faintly cried—‘*Amen.*’ ”

DRUNKARDS.

On a drunken cobbler :—

“Enclosed within this narrow stall,
Lies one who was a friend to *awl* ;
He saved bad *souls* from getting worse,
But — his own without remorse,
And tho' a drunken life he pass'd,
Yet sav'd *his soul*, by *mending at the last.*”

On a carrier who died intoxicated (by Lord Byron,
1810) :—

“JOHN ADAMS lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
 A *carrier* who *carried* his can to his mouth well.
 He *carried* so much, and he *carried* so fast,
 He could *carry* no more, so was *carried* at last.
 For the liquor he drank, being too much for one,
 He could not *carry off*—so he’s now *carri-on*.”

On an epicure :—

“At length, my friend, the feast of life is o’er,
 I’ve eat enough, and I can drink no more,
 My night is come, I’ve spent a jovial day,
 ’Tis time to part,—but, ah ! what is to pay?”

On an ignorant, drunken sot :—

“Five letters his life and his death will express,
 He scarce knew A B C, and he died of X S.”

On a tippling lady :—

“Her clay beneath this marble lies,
 Whose soul we trust ascends the skies,
 She doubtless, for her *taste* and *merits*,
 Is happy—in the world of *spirits*.”

On JOHN DOVE, inn-keeper of Mauchline (by Robert Burns) :—

“Here lies Johnny Pidgeon,
 What was his religion
 Whae’er desire to ken,
 To some other warl
 Maun follow the carl,
 For here Johnny Pidgeon had nane !

DRUNKARDS.

Strong ale was ablution—
Small beer persecution,
A dram was his *momento mori* ;
But a full flowing bowl
Was the saving his soul,
And Port was celestial glory."

On a gravestone in the churchyard of Great Wolford:—

"Here old JOHN RANDALL lies,
Who, counting from his tale,
Lived three-score years and ten,
Such virtue was in ale.
Ale was his meat,
Ale was his drink,
Ale did his heart revive.—
And if he could have drunk his ale
He still had been alive.

He died January 5,
1699.

This epitaph was ordered to be put here by Major Thomas Keyts, of this place, a younger son of the Keats of Elrington, and was a person well known for his good humour and hospitality, and was well beloved in his country."—*Notes and Queries*.

On a drunkard:—

"Weep not for him, the warmest tear that's shed,
Falls unavailing o'er th' unconscious dead ;
Take the advice these friendly lines would give—
Live not to drink, but only drink to live."

On a gin drinker:—

"Half burnt alive, beneath this dunghill lies
A wretch whose memory the sage despise.

Her brain all tumult ; ragged her attire ;
The sport of boys when wallowing in the mire.
Life did to her like a wild tempest seem ;
And Death, as sinking to a horrid dream.

Hence learn, ye brutes, who reel in human shape,
To you superior is the grinning ape :
For nature's wise impulses he'll pursue,
Whilst each dread start of frenzy governs you."

MISERS.

On an old miser :—

"Here lies Father SPARGES,
Who died to save charges."

On a miser :—

"Reader, beware, immoderate love of pelf!
Here lies the worst of thieves—who robb'd himself."

On a miser :—

"Here lies Old Father GRYPE,
Who never cried 'Jam satis.'
'Twould wake him did he know,
You read his tombstone—gratis."

On a miser :—

"A wealthy merchant died, his body was dissected,

No symptom of disease was any where detected,
 Until they reach'd the heart, which to find they were
 unable,
 But in its place they found, a Compound Interest Table."

JOHN COMBE, of usurious memory, told Shakspeare, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to outlive him; and since he could not know what might be said of him when dead, he desired it might be done immediately; upon which Shakspeare gave him these lines:—

"Ten in the hundred lies here ingraved,
 'Tis an hundred to ten his soul is not saved:
 If any man ask, who lies in this tomb?
 Oh! oh! quoth the Devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe."

Shakspeare survived him nearly 2 years, and in the church of Stratford, close by the tomb of Shakspeare, is a full-length effigy of John Coomb, cut in alabaster, with a gown on, and the following inscription:—

"Here lyeth interred the Body of JOHN COOMB, Esq.; who dy'd the 10th of July, 1614, who bequeathed several Annual Charities to the Parish of Stratford, and £100 to be lent to fifteen poor Tradesmen from three years to three years, Changing the Parties every third Year, at the rate of fifty Shillings per Annum, The Increase to be distributed to the Almes-poare there."

On a miser:—

"Here lies one who for medicines would not give
 A little gold, and so his life he lost;
 I fancy now he'd wish again to live,
 Could he but guess how much his funeral cost."

EPITAPHS, ETC.

On a liar :—

“ Good passenger, one does *lie* here
Who living, did *lie* everywhere.”

On a notorious liar :—

“ I always *lied*, and *lied* till Death,
But now I *lie* for want of breath.”

On an inveterate liar :—

“ Of WILLIAM KNOX this truth may say,
And there is no denying,
That here till he was forced to lay
He never gave up lying.”

“ Under this stone
Lies MISTER BONE ;
He *lying* lived, and *lying* died,
For dying or living, he always lied.”

MAIDENS AND LADIES.

On a Gallant Lady.—By the Honorable Mrs. Monk,
daughter of Lord Molesworth, and a celebrated poetess.
She died in 1715 :—

“ O'er this marble drop a tear,
Here lies fair ROSALIND.
All mankind were pleased with her,
And she with all mankind.”

Jones's Biog. Dic.

On an old maid (by Wm. Cowper, the poet) :—

“ For threescore years, this life CLEORA led,
At morn she rose, at night she went to bed.”

On an old maid, who dropped 10 years of her age :—

“ A stiff-starch'd virgin of unblemish'd fame,
And spotless virtue, BRIDGET COLE by name ;
At length the death of all the righteous dies,
Aged just four and fifty—' *Here she Lies.*' ”

On a lady, famed for her caprice (by Robert Burns) :—

“ Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
 What once was a butterfly, gay in life’s beam ;
 Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
 Want only of goodness denied her esteem.”

On an old Lady, in Hendon churchyard, Middlesex:—

“ Reader ! she rambled all this desert through
 In search of happiness : nor found repose
 Till she had reached the borders of the waste :
 Full many a flower that blossom’d in her path
 She stopt to gather ; and the fruit she pluck’d
 That hung from many a tempting bough : all but
 The Rose of Sharon and the Tree of Life.
 This flung its fragrance to the gale, and spread
 Its blushing beauties ; that its healing leaves
 Displayed, and fruit immortal—all in vain.
 She neither tasted, nor admired ; and found
 All that she chose and tasted, fair—but false ;
 The flowers no sooner gathered, than they faded ;
 The fruits enchanting, dust and bitterness ;
 And all the world a wilderness of care.
 Wearied, dispirited, and at the close
 Of this eventful course, she sought the plant
 Which long her heedless haste o’erlooked : and prov’d
 Its sovereign virtues : underneath its shade
 Outstretched, drew from her wounded feet the thorns,
 Breath’d the last sigh—shed the last tear—
 And here the aged pilgrim rests in trembling hope.”

On IRISH NELL, of Wapping.—A heroine of some
 celebrity, distinguished by the name of IRISH NELL,
 died some time ago, in Well-court, Wapping. Her
 house had long been a friendly asylum for travellers of
 every description. The inhabitants of the frozen regions,
 and the negro from the sultry climes of Ethiopia, often
 sought refuge under her roof. Jews, Turks, Christians,
 and Pagans, received the same welcome. Their accom-
 modation was liberal, on reasonable terms ; and, unlike

many who keep lodging-houses for the reception of foreigners, she never practised imposition. In her will she requested to be buried in her best clothes, and left £5 as an indemnity to the parish, in case the penalty should be enacted of them, for suffering her to be interred in linen. The remains of poor Nell were interred in Stepney burial-ground, in the presence of a number of mourners. The following epitaph was written for her head-stone:—

“Flashy NELL, of Old Wapping, lies under this clay,
In a new gown and petticoat, deck'd out quite gay.
Death called at her lodgings—she put on her best,
And he took her away to his dwelling of rest.”

Epitaph on a tomb, in Old Pancras churchyard. It is 100 years old, and refers to a lady who died at the age of 23:—

“Go, spotless honour and unsullied truth ;
Go, smiling innocence and blooming youth ;
Go, female sweetness, joined with manly sense ;
Go, winning wit that never gave offence ;
Go, soft humanity that blest the poore ;
Go, saint-eyed patience from affliction's door ;
Go, modesty that never wore a frown ;
Go, virtue, and receive thy heavenly crown.
Not from a stranger came this heartfelt verse, [hearse.”
The friend inscribed thy tomb, whose tear bedew'd thy

On a lady:—

“Here lies a lady, who, if not belied,
Took wise St. Paul's advice, and all things tried :
Nor stopt she here ; but followed through the rest,
And always stuck the longest to the best.”

In Membury church, near Axminster, in Devonshire, against the eastern wall, is an elegant mural monument,

consisting of the bust of a young female, surrounded by flowers, very well sculptured in white marble; beneath it is a tablet with this inscription:—

“FRANCES, daughter of Robert FRY, of Tarty, Esq., by Frances, his wife, dyed 18th March, 1718, æt suæ 17, who, disconsolate for her loss, erected this monument to her dear memory:

Stop, passenger! and view ye mournful shrine
Which holds ye reliques of a form divine.
O! she was all perfection, heavenly fair,
And chaste and innocent as vestals are,
Her wit, her humour, and her youth conspired
To warm the soul, and all who saw admired.
But, ah! how soon was all this heaven of charms
Rifled by Death, and withered in his arms;
Too soon for us, but not for her too soon,
For now upon ye wings of angels flown
Her native skies, she's by her God carest,
And keeps the eternal sabbath of ye blest.
Learn hence, believers (good reader), to be wise,
This trifling world and all its joys despise;
With each high virtue let thy bosom swell,
And live like her, yt you may dye so well.”

In the chancel floor of the above church, is a stone bearing the following inscription:—

“In memory of Mrs. ELLINOUE FRY, youngest daughter of Wm. Fry, of Tarty, Esq., who dyed August 27, A.D. 1705, aged 83.—

Who, whilst she lived a virgin pure
Desired her dust might rest secure,
With grave beneath this stone, before
The last trump sounded times no more.”

On a young lady (by Hannah More):—

“Go, peaceful shade! exchange for sin and care
The glorious palm which patient suff'ers wear!
Go, take the meed victorious meekness gains,

Go, wear the crown triumphant faith obtains.
 Those silent graces which the good conceal,
 The day of dread disclosure shall reveal ;
 Then shall thy mild, retiring virtues rise,
 And God, both judge and witness, give the prize.”

“ Sleep on, fair maid, fulfil thy Maker’s will,
 Arise, unchang’d, and be an angel still.”

An epitaph for a virgin :—

“ Here a solemn fast we keepe,
 While all beauty lies asleepe ;
 Husht be all things ! no noyse here
But the toning of a tear ;
 Or a sigh of such as bring
 Cowslips for her covering.”
Robert Herrick.

On a fair maid in South Wales, lately erected :—

“ The village maidens to her grave shall bring
 The fragrant garland each returning spring ;
 Selected sweets ! an emblem of the maid
 Who underneath this hallow’d turf is laid.”

On Miss BURDETT.—In the chancel of Ramsbury church is a monument to the memory of Miss ELEANORA BURDETT, who died Nov. 27, 1797, aged 26 years; and the following inscription which was written by her brother, Sir Francis Burdett :—

“ Not formal duty prompts these mournful lays ;
 No painted shew of grief these lines impart ;
 No cold, unfeeling, stale, insipid praise ;
 But sorrow, flowing from the o’erfraught heart.

No need hast thou of monumental verse,
 Lamented maid ! to prove thy worth was high ;
 The widow's tear bedews thy modest hearse ;
 Thy name is honoured with the poor man's sigh !
 The sons of want, with unavailing woe,
 To Heaven their eyes in anguish must uprear,
 A thousand blessings on thy name bestow,
 Hang o'er thy grave, and drop the silent tear.
 ' Alas ! ' they cry, ' that feeling heart is cold,
 That lib'ral hand which gave to all relief,
 That tongue whose sweetness never can be told,
 Which charmed our ears, and soothed our sharpest grief.'
 If thou canst look, bright angel, from above,
 As to thy God thou bend'st th' adoring knee,
 Accept the tribute of a brother's love,
 And in thy orisons remember me."

On a young maiden, who died of consumption, aged
 21 years:—

" Death's icy hand in life's fair morn,
 Untimely chilled the purple tide ;
 When, like a rosebud rudely torn,
 She droop'd—she linger'd, and she died."

On the monument of MARY FRAMPTON, who died at
 Bath, 1698, aged 21 years (by John Dryden):—

" Below this marble monument is laid
 All that Heaven wants of this celestial maid ;
 Preserve, O sacred Tomb, thy trust consign'd ;
 The mould was made on purpose for the mind,
 And she would lose, if at the latter day,
 One atom could be mixed with other clay.
 Such were the features of her heavenly face,
 Her limbs were form'd with such harmonious grace,
 So faultless was the frame, as if the whole
 Had been an emanation of the soul,

Which her own inward symmetry reveal'd ;
 And like a picture shone in glass anneal'd,
 Or like the sun eclipsed, with shaded light,
 Too piercing, else, to be sustain'd by sight ;
 Each thought was visible that roll'd within,
 As through a crystal case the figur'd hours are seen ;
 And Heaven did this transparent veil provide,
 Because she had no guilty thought to hide.
 All-white, a virgin saint, she sought the skies ;
 For marriage, though it sullies not, it dies.
 High though her wit, yet humble was her mind, }
 As if she could not, or ye would not, find }
 How much her worth transcended all her kind. }
 Yet she had learned so much of heaven below,
 That when arrived, she scarce had more to know,
 But only to refresh the former hint,
 And read her Maker in a fairer print.
 So pious, as she had no time to spare
 For human thoughts, but was confined to prayer.
 Yet in such charities she passed the day,
 'Twas wondrous how she found an hour to pray.
 A soul so calm, it knows not ebbs or flows,
 Which passion could but curl, not discompose.
 A female softness, with a manly mind ; }
 A daughter duteous, and a sister kind ; }
 In sickness patient, and in death resigned." }

In Toddington church, Beds., is a magnificent monument in memory of Lady MARIA WENTWORTH, who died at the early age of 18, in the year 1632. The inscription is:—

“ And here the precious dust is laid,
 Whose puerile tempered clay was made
 So fine, that it the guest betrayed.
 Else the soul grew so fast within,
 It broke the outward shell of sin,
 And so was hatch'd a cherubim.
 In height it soar'd to God above ;
 In depth it did to knowledge move ;
 And spread in breadth to general love.

Before a pious duty shin'd
 To parents; courtesy behind;
 On either side an equal minde.
 Good to the poor, to kindred dear,
 To servants kind, to friendship clear—
 To nothing but herself severe.
 So, though a virgin, yet a bride,
 To every grace she justified
 A chaste polygamy, and died."

On a maid :—

"This little vault, this narrow room,
 Of love and beauty is the tomb;
 The dawning beam that 'gan to clear
 Our clouded sky, lies darkened here;
 For ever set to us by death
 So to inflame the world beneath.
 'Twas but a bud, yet did contain
 More sweetness than shall spring again;
 A budding star that might have grown
 Into a sun, when it had blown:
 This hopeful beauty did create
 New life in love's declining state:
 But now his empire ends, and we
 From fire and wounding darts are free:
 His brand, his bow, let no man fear,
 The flames, the arrow, all lie here."

On Miss STANLEY (by Jas. Thomson) :—

"Here, STANLEY, rest, escap'd this mortal strife,
 Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.
 Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties stain,
 And sternly try thee with a year of pain:
 No more sweet patience, feigning oft relief,
 Lights thy sick eye, to cheat a parent's grief:
 With tender art, to save her anxious groan,
 No more thy bosom presses down its own:

Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliss sincere,
Ours be the lenient, not unpleasing tear !

O born to bloom, then sink beneath the storm ;
To show us Virtue in her fairest form ;
To show us artless Reason's moral reign,
What boastful Science arrogates in vain ;
The obedient passions knowing each their part ;
Calm light the head, and harmony the heart !

Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey,
When a few suns have roll'd their cares away,
Tir'd with vain life, will close the willing eye :
'Tis the great birth-right of mankind *to die*.
Blest be the bark ! that wafts us to the shore,
Where death-divided friends shall part no more :
To join thee there, here with thy dust repose,
Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows."

On lady ANN, a famous fortune-teller in Westminster,
who died 1750 :—

"Here lies the corpse of Lady ANN,
Blame her who list, and praise who can ;
Tho' skill'd in deep astrology,
She could not read her destiny.
In her observe each creature's lot,
And mend thy manners Master Scott.
Sure as thou didst her coffin make,
So death, thy doom shall undertake."

On ELIZABETH L. H. (by Ben Jonson) :—

"Would'st thou hear what man can say
In a little ? reader, stay.
Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die :
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than could live.
If, at all, she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.

One name was ELIZABETH,
 Th' other let it sleep in death ;
 Fitter, where it died, to tell,
 Than that it liv'd at all. Farewell !”

On a lady :—

“ Good sense and good fortune this lady possess'd,
 But how she employed them, her day book shews best,
Forty shillings a year she bestowed on the poor.
 But on superfluity *forty* times more.”

On a lady :—

“ The purest soul that e'er was sent
 Into a clayie element
 Inform'd this dust ; but the weak mold
 Could the great guest no longer hold :
 The substance was too pure, the flame
 Too glorious that thither came.
 Ten thousand Cupids brought along,
 As grace on each wing that did throng
 For place there, till they all opprest
 The seat in which they ought to rest.
 Thus the fair model broke, for want
 Of room to lodge the inhabitant.”

JUDGES, STATESMEN, &c.

Sir MATTHEW HALE was buried in the churchyard
 of Alderley, in Gloucestershire. He desired by his will
 that his funeral should be private—conducted without

pomp—and that a marble stone should be laid on his grave, inscribed only with his name; meaning, probably, without the praises which so often encumber such memorials; for the following inscription was written by himself (it is in Latin, and is thus translated):—

“Here is buried the body of **MATTHEW HALE**, Knight, only son of Robert Hale, and Joan his wife; who was born in this parish of Alderley, on the first day of November, in the year of our Lord 1609: and died in the same place, on the 25th of December, 1676, in the 67th year of his age.”—*Hone's Life of Hale*.

Monument to the duke and duchess of Newcastle, in Westminster Abbey. The duke died 1676, and the duchess in 1673. In their robes of state, they rest side by side on a marble slab, supported by pedestals. The monument bears this inscription:—

“Here lies the loyal Duke of Newcastle, and his Duchess, his second wife, by whom he had no issue. Her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest sister to Lord Lucas, of Colchester; a noble family, for all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous. This Duchess was a wise, witty, and learned lady, which her many books will testify. She was a most virtuous and a loving and careful wife, and was with her lord all the time of his banishment and miseries, and when he came home never parted from him in his solitary retirement.”

In Graveney church, near Feversham, in Kent, is a Latin epitaph, on Judge **MARTYN**, of which the following is a translation:—

“S. M.

JOHN MARTYN, one of the judges of the king's bench, during the reign of Henry VI, died 1469.

Stay, traveller, and here incline thine eye,
Where 'neath this stone my mortal reliques lie :

In *me*, behold the image of thy late.
 And weeping, *own* life : short and transient date.
 Unthought, unthought, unawakened death appears
 And blights the promise of extended years.
 Once cloth'd in state, my *unique* pronounc'd the law,
 Now in my *own* with reverential awe
 Before the dread tribunal must I stand,
 And, trembling, plead, at God's most high command :
 So shall the judge be judged : thus pass away
 Light, law, and life, the beauties of a day.
 In cold oblivion sleeps my honour'd fame,
 And wastes the tomb records my boasted name.
 How awful is this change ! yet when from crime
 My soul is purified, when with ring time
 Sinks in eternity, this mould'ring frame,
 Cloth'd with celestial light, may humbly claim
 Amid thy saints to stand, thy mercies own.
 And bow the knee of worship at thy throne."

SIR WILLIAM WALWORTH, the lord mayor of London in the reign of Richard II., was formerly a fishmonger. The following is a transcript of the epitaph placed over his tomb in St. Michael's church, Crooked lane :—

"Here under lyeth a man of fame,
 WILLIAM WALWORTH, called by name ;
 Fishmonger he was, in *life* time here,
 And twice Lord Mayor, as in books appear :
 Who with courage, stout and manly might,
 Slew Wat Tyler, in King Richard's sight ;
 For which act done, and true intent,
 The King made him Knight *incontinent*,
 And gave him arms as here you see,
 To declare his fact and chivalry ;
 He left this life, the year of our Lord
 Thirteen hundred, fourscore, three and odd."

HENRY MARTEN, the regicide and friend of Cromwell, spent more than 20 years in confinement in Chepstow castle, in Monmouthshire, and died there, and was

buried in Chepstow church, with the following epitaph on a monument, written by himself:—

“ Here
 September the 9th, in the year of our
 Lord, 1680,
 Was buried a true Englishman,
 Who in Berkshire was well known,
 To love his country's freedom 'bove his own,
 But living immured full twenty year,
 Had time to write, as doth appear
 His epitaph.

H ere or elsewhere (all's one, to you, to me),
 E arth, air, or water, gripes my ghostless dust.
 N one knows how soon to be by fire sett free.
 R eader, if you are often tryed, rule with trust
 Y ou'll gladly do and suffer what you must.

M y life was spent with serving you, and you,
 A nd death's my pay (it seems) and welcome too;
 R evenge destroying but itself, while I
 T o birds of prey leave my old cage, and fly,
 E xamples preach to th'eye, care then (mine says)
 N ot how you end, but how you spend your days.

HENRY MARTEN.”

On the earl of Leicester.—ROBERT DUDLEY, Queen Elizabeth's Earl of Leicester, died September 4th, 1588, aged 57 years. It had been suspected he died of poison, and that his lady served him as he is said to have served others; but a passage in “Drummond's Conversations” goes far to prove that it was unintentional. “The Earl of Leicester gave a bottle of liquor to his lady, which he willed her to use in any faintness: which she, after his return from court, not knowing it was poison, gave him, and so he died.” In the Hawthornden MSS. is the following epitaph “of the Earl of Leicester,” probably communicated to Drummond by Ben Jonson:—

“ Here lies a valiant warrior
 Who never drew a sword;
 Here lies a noble courtier,
 Who never kept his word;

Here lies the Earl of Leister
 Who governed the estates,
 Whom the earth could never living love,
 And the just heaven now hates."

From various sources.

The resting-place of OLIVER CROMWELL :—

"OLIVER CROMWELL quitted his farming, and undertook a Hercules' labour and life-long wrestle. His wages, as I understand, were, burial under the gallows-tree, near Tyburn turnpike, with his head on the gable of Westminster Hall; and two centuries now of mixed cursing and ridicule from all manner of men. His dust lies under the Edgeware road, near Tyburn turnpike at this hour. We believe there is no Tyburn turnpike now, but the bones of OLIVER rest beneath the milestone on the park-side of the way, which serves as the Lord Protector's Tombstone."—*Carlyle's Past & Present.*

Inscription on the tomb of the Right Honourable SPENCER PERCIVAL, in St. Luke's church, Charlton, in Kent :—

"Near this place are the mortal remains of the Right Hon. SPENCER PERCIVAL, First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, who died the 11th of May, 1812, in the Commons House of Parliament, in the 50th year of his age. His noblest epitaph is the regret of his Sovereign and his country—his most splendid monument the glory of England, by his counsels maintained, exalted, amplified. But the hand of an assassin not only broke asunder the brilliant chains of duty which bind the statesman to his native land, and made a void in the high and eloquent councils of the nation: it severed ties more tender and delicate, those of conjugal and parental affection, and turned a home of peace and love into a house of mourning and desolation."

Monument to the Rt. Hon. SPENCER PERCIVAL, in Westminster Abbey.—The monument consists of an effigy of the unfortunate minister, with a statue of power, indicated by the faces, weeping over him, and figures of Truth and Temperance, the one distinguished by a bridle and the other by a mirror, erect at his feet. Along the back-ground runs an animated scene in basso-relievo, descriptive of the lobby of the House of Commons, at the moment of his fall. On the base of the monument is this inscription :—

“In Memory of the Rt. Hon. SPENCER PERCIVAL, Chancellor of the Exchequer. First Lord of the Treasury. This monument was erected by the Prince regent and Parliament, to record their deep sense of his public and private virtues; and to mark the natural abhorrence of the act by which he fell.
Born 1st November, 1762. Assassinated within the walls of the House of Commons, 11th May, 1812.”

In Everton Church, Huntingdonshire.—In the above church is the following inscription on a monument :—

“To the Memory of Sir HUMPHREY WINCHE, alias de la Winche, Knt., who, in the 4th year of King James A. D. 1606, was sent by him to serve in Ireland, as chief baron and counsellor of state for that kingdom : from whence re-called, he served his Majesty as one of his Justices of his court of Common Pleas, &c., until an apoplexy seized on him in his robes, the 4th day of February, 1624, in the 71st year of his age, whereof, about 24 hours after, he died in Chancery Lane, London; whose corpse imbalmed was buried here below.”

At East Mousley :—

“Here lyeth ANTHONIE STANDEN, Gentn., third son of Edmund Standen, Esq., which Anthonie was cup-bearer to the King of Scotland, sometyme Lord Dudley,

father to King James, now of England, and also sworne servant to his Majestie, who, after much experience in the various states of humane things, marrying, bequeathed himself to a private and quiet life, where, notwithstanding evermore endeavouring (although with his own cost) to make peace between those that were all debate, promoting the poor man's cause often with his own expense, and full of other pious workes, departed this lyfe the X of Marche, 1611, in the 71st year of his age."

ROBERT BOYLE, earl of Cork, and Lord High Treasurer of Ireland, in 1631 (which office was made hereditary in his family), died in 1643, aged 78, and caused this motto to be engraven on his tomb :—

"God's Providence is my inheritance."

In the church of Walton-on-Thames, Surrey.—Near the altar on a mahogany tablet, are placed certain engravings representing the effigies of the defunct and his family. The effigies alluded to represent Selwyn and his wife, 6 daughters, and 5 sons, all full length figures, and engraved with great force and spirit. At the top is a spirited representation of the manner of Selwyn's death. He is seated on a stag, and has plunged a dagger into its neck, having undertaken, either in the way of wager or a trial of skill, so to destroy the animal, but, as tradition says, he met his death in the attempt; the stag having, at the moment he was struck, thrown back its head, and killed Selwyn by a blow of its horns. The epitaph, in old English characters, is as follows :—

"Here lyeth ye bodye of JOHN SELWYN, Gentn., keeper of her Majestie's parke of Otelande, under the Right Honourable Charles Howarde, Lord Admyral of Englande, his good lorde and master, who had issue by Susan, his wyfe, V sonnes and VI daughters, all living at his death, and departed out of this worlde the XXII day of March, A. D. 1587."

Inscription on the monument of Sir JAMES FULLERTON and his Lady, in Westminster Abbey :—

“ Here lie the remains of Sir J. FULLERTON, Kt., 1st Gent. of the Bed-chamber to King Chas. I (prince and king). A generous rewarder of virtue, a severe reprover of all vice, a profest renouncer of all vanity. He was a firm pillar to the commonwealth, a faithful patron to the Catholic Church, a fair pattern to the British court. He lived to the welfare of his country, to the honour of his prince, to the glory of his God. He died *fuller* of faith than of fear, *fuller* of resolution than of pains, *fuller* of honour than of days.”

On Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL, one of the principal Secretaries of State to King William 3rd, who, having resigned his place, died in retirement at Easthampstead, in Berkshire, in 1716 (by A. Pope) :—

“ A pleasing form ; a firm, yet cautious mind ;
 Sincere, tho' prudent ; constant, yet resigned ;
 Honour unchang'd, a principle profest,
 Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest ;
 An honest courtier, yet a patriot too ;
 Just to his prince, and to his country true ;
 Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
 A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth ;
 A gen'rous faith, from superstition free ;
 A love of peace, and hate of tyranny ;
 Such this man was, who now, from earth remov'd,
 At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.”

In Kimbolton church, Huntingdonshire, on a costly monument to the memory of HENRY, 1st Earl of Manchester, are his effigies and the following inscription :—

“ Here lyeth Sir HENRY MONTAGUE, Kt., Lord Kimbolton, Viscount Mandeville, Earl of Manchester, who in his younger years professed the common law, was

EPIITAPHS, ETC.

chosen Recorder of London, and afterwards made the King's Serjeant-at-law, thence Chief Justice of England, then Lord President of the King's most Honble. Privy Counsell, and dyed Lord Privy Seale."

He died Nov., 1642.

JOHN WILKES was buried in Grosvenor chapel, South Audley street, where he directed a tablet with this inscription to be raised :—

"The remains of JOHN WILKES, a friend to liberty."

This was accordingly done, with this underneath—

Born at London, Oct. 7th, 1727, O.S.

Died in this Parish Dec. 26, 1797, - -

On the monument of the Marquis of Winchester (by John Dryden) :—

"He who in impious times undaunted stood,
And midst rebellion durst be just and good,
Whose arms asserted, and whose sufferings more
Confirm'd the cause for which he fought before,
Rests here, rewarded by a heavenly prince,
For what his earthly could not recompense.
Pray, Reader! that such times no more appear;
Or, if they happen, learn true honour here.
Ask of this age's faith and loyalty,
Which, to preserve them, Heaven confin'd in thee;
Few subjects could a king like thine deserve,
And fewer such a king so well could serve.
Bless'd king! bless'd subject! whose exalted state
By sufferings rose, and gave the law to Fate.
Such souls are rare, but mighty patterns given
To earth, and meant for ornaments to heaven."

On the blood-thirsty ROBESPIERRE.—In an epitaph, of which the following couplet may serve as a translation, his life was represented as incompatible with the existence of the human race :—

“Here lies ROBESPIERRE—let no tear be shed,
Reader! if he had lived, thou had’st been dead.”

The only memorial of the death of VILLIERS, duke of Buckingham, remaining at Kirby Moorside (where he died in obscurity and distress), is an entry in an old register of burials, which runs thus:—

“1687, April 17th, GEORGE VILLUS, Lord dook of bookingham.”—*Ellis's Correspondence*.

On General LUDLOW (one of the members of the high court of justice which passed sentence on king Charles I), at Vevay, in Switzerland:—

“Stop and behold! Here lies EDMUND LUDLOW, an Englishman, of the county of *Wilts*, son of *Henry Ludlow*, Knight and Member of Parliament, as he also was; honourable by descent, but more so by his own virtue; by religion a protestant, and eminent for piety; In the 23rd year of his age, he was made Colonel of a Regiment, and soon after Lieut.-Gen. of the Army. In that post, he helped to reduce Ireland; intrepid and careless of life in battle, in victory merciful and humane. A defender of his country's liberty; and a warm opposer of arbitrary power; for which cause, banished from his country 32 years, though worthy a better fortune, he took refuge in Switzerland, and dying there, in the 73rd year of his age, regretted by his friends, flew to the eternal seats of joy. His most beloved, courageous, and most sorrowful consort, as well in misfortune as in matrimony, *Mrs. Elizabeth de Thomas*, who, moved by greatness of mind, and the force of conjugal affection, constantly followed him in his exile till his death, consecrated this monument in perpetual memory of her true and sincere affection to her deceased husband, in the year of our Lord, 1693.”

In the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, on DANIEL PULTENEY, the famous opposer of Sir Robert Walpole, in Parliament. His eloquence and sarcasm were so severe that Sir Robert said, that "he dreaded that man's tongue more than another man's sword":—

"Reader! if thou art a Briton, behold this tomb with reverence and regret: here lie the remains of DANIEL PULTENEY, the kindest relation, the truest friend, the warmest Patriot, the worthiest man: he exercised virtue in this age sufficient to have distinguished him even in the best. Sagacious by nature, industrious by habit, inquisitive with art, he gained a complete knowledge of the state of *Britain*, foreign and domestic; in most, the backward fruits of tedious experience; in him, the early acquisition of undissipated youth. He served the court several years: abroad, in the auspicious reign of *Queen Anne*: at home, in the reign of that excellent prince, *George I.* He served his country always; at court independent, in the senate unbiassed: at every age and in every station, *this* was the bent of his generous soul, *this* was the business of his laborious life. Public men and public things, he judged by one constant standard, the true interest of *Britain*: he made no other distinction of party; he abhorred all other. Gentle, humane, disinterested, beneficent, he created no enemies on his own account: firm, determined, inflexible, he feared none he could create in the cause of *Britain*.

Reader! in this misfortune of thy country, lament thy own. For know, the loss of so much private worth, is a public calamity. Born 1682, died 1764."

EDMUND BURKE, the orator, in his early days, and while speaking with enthusiasm of the solemn glories of Westminster Abbey, declared that he would rather sleep "in the southern corner of a little country churchyard" than in the tomb of the Capulets; that his dust might mingle with the ashes of his kindred. "The family burying-ground" he said, "had something in it peculiarly soothing and dear." He lies buried in Beaconsfield churchyard, Bucks, in the same grave with his

widow, his only son, and his brother. On a tablet in Beaconsfield church is the following inscription:—

“ Near this place
lies interred
all that was mortal of the
Right Honourable EDMUND BURKE,
who died on the 9th July, 1797,
aged 68 years.

In the same grave are deposited
the remains of
his only son, RICHARD BURKE, Esq.
Representative in Parliament,
for the Borough of Malton,
who died 2nd August, 1794,
aged 35.

Of his Brother, RICHARD BURKE, Esq.
Barrister at Law, and
Recorder of the City of Bristol,
who died the 4th February, 1794 ;
and of his Widow
JANE MARY BURKE,
who died on the 2nd April,
1812, aged 78.” *

At Pewsey, in Wiltshire:—

“ Here lies the body of the Lady O’LOONEY, great niece of Burke, commonly called the Sublime. She was bland, passionate, and deeply religious; also, she painted in Water-Colours, and sent several pictures to the Exhibition. She was first cousin to Lady Jones,—and of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

* Mr. Burke, by the provisions of his will, required that his funeral should be as simple as possible; adding, that there had been in his lifetime, “too much of noise and compliment.” Mr. Fox proposed that the body of his ancient friend should be buried with public honours in Westminster Abbey, but the express wishes of Burke were not to be violated. His monument is in his works, which will be coeval with the literature of his country, and of which Sheridan finely said “They will be read and admired when all of us are gone, and most of us forgotten.”

Monument to WILLIAM PITT, earl of Chatham, who died A.D. 1778, aged 70 years. In Westminster Abbey, on a pedestal in a recess, is the earl standing erect, in the act of speaking; on a sarcophagus are figures of Prudence and Fortitude; at the base, Neptune resting on a Dolphin; on the other side, Peace holding a globe; under which are the fruits of the earth. The monument is by Bacon, and was erected by Government, at a cost of £6,000. On the pedestal is the following inscription:—

“ Erected by the King and Parliament
As a Testimony to
The Virtue and ability
of
WILLIAM PITT, Earl of Chatham.
During whose Administration
Divine Providence
Exalted Great Britain
To an height of Prosperity and Glory
Unknown to any former age.”

Monument to the Rt. Hon. WILLIAM PITT, in Westminster Abbey.—He died Jany. 23, 1806, in his 47th year. This celebrated statesman is represented robed as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the act of addressing the House; while History, personified as a female sketching his portrait, is seated on one side; and Anarchy, personified as a man, naked and bound with chains, on the other. The monument is by Westmacott, and cost the Government £6,300. It bears only the inscription of his name.

• FOR WILLIAM PITT (by Lord Byron, Jan., 1820):—

“ With death doom'd to grapple,
Beneath this cold slab, he
Who lied in the Chapel
Now lies in the Abbey.”

In Westminster Abbey is a figure, life-size, of the marquis of Londonderry. On the pedestal is this inscription :—

“This statue is erected to the Memory of
ROBERT, second Marquis of Londonderry, and Viscount
Castlereagh, K. G.

Born A.D. 1769; died A.D. August 12th, 1822.
History will record the success and splendour of his public career during a period of unexampled difficulty in the annals of Europe, in which he successfully filled the highest offices under the crown; and Ireland will never forget the statesman of the Legislative Union.

This Tribute to the best of Brothers and Friends, is placed in Westminster Abbey, by Charles William Vane, third Marquis of Londonderry.”

In Helmingham church, Suffolk.—In the above church is a splendid monument to the memory of the TOLLEMACHE family. It bears date 1615. On the monument are four figures kneeling. Underneath the top figure is this inscription :—

“Here with his Fathers sleep Sir LIONEL,
Knight, Baronet, all honours worthy well;
So well the acts of all his Life exprest
His Elders virtues, and excelled their best.
His Prudent Bearing in his Public place,
Suffolk's High Sheriff twice, in sixteen years' space.

His zeal to God, and towards ill Severity.
His Temperance, his Justice, his Sincerity.
His Native Mildness towards Great and Small.
His faith, his Love to Friends, Wife, Children all,
In Life and death, made him Beloved and Dear,
To God, and Men, Happy in Heaven and Here.

Happy in Soul and Body, Goods and Hame,
Happy in Wedlock with a Noble Dame.
Lord Crumwell's Daughter, happy in his Heir
Whose Spring of Virtues Sprouts so Young, so Fair,
Whose Dear Affection to his Founder's debtor
Built them this Tomb, but in his Heart a better.”

Underneath the second figure :—

“Baptized LIONEL TOLLEMACHE my name,
 Since Norman's Conquest of unsoiled Fame
 Shows my descent from ancestors of worth,
 And that my Life might not belie my birth
 Their virtues' track with heedful steps I trod,
 Rightful to Men, Religious towards God.

Train'd in the Law I gain'd the Bar and Bench
 Not bent to kindle Strife, but rather Quench.
 Gentle to Clients, in my Counsels just
 With Norfolk's great Duke in no little Trust.
 Sir Joyce his heir was my fair Faithful wife,
 Bently my Seat, and Seventy Years my Life.”

Underneath the third figure :—

“Heir of my Father's Name, Sir Name and Seat,
 Lands, Goods, and Goodness towards Small and Great.
 By Heaven's dear Blessing on my Best Endeavour,
 In his Fair Footsteps did I well persevere :
 Amongst the Best, above the most admired,
 For all the Parts my Race and Place required.

High Sheriff of Suffolk once, of Norfolk twice,
 For both approved Right, Gentle, Just, and Wise :
 Frank House, Frank Heart, Free of my Purse & Port,
 Both Lov'd and Loving towards every Sort,
 Lord Wentworth's daughter was my Lovely Pheer,
 And Fourscore, Six less, liv'd I Pilgrim here.”

Underneath the fourth figure :—

“My Stile and State (lest any Question should)
 My Sire and Grandsire have already told,
 My Fame and Fortune not unlike to theirs,
 My Life as fair as Human Frailty bears,
 My Zeal to God, my Love to ev'ry Good
 My Saviour knows, his Saints have understood.

My many Virtues, Moral and Divine,
 My Lib'ral Hand, my Loving Heart to mine.
 My Piety, my Pity, Pains and Care

My Neighbours, Tenants, Servants, yet declare;
 My gentle Bride Sir Ambrose Jermyn bred,
 My years lack fire of half my Grandsire's thread."

On another monument in Helmingham church:—

"Here Resteth the body of Sir LIONEL TOLLEMACHE,
 Knight and Baronet, who died September 6th, 1640,
 being the 49th year of his age.

Wise tears turn hither here's a stone
 Would not be left to weep alone.

It is a marble of much trust
 And mourns for more than modern dust.

A man not made for moderate things
 Served and pleased two mighty Kings.

His person did all praise combine
 Honour and virtue, life and line.

Wisdom and wealth, fortune and merit
 Ample power and ample spirit.

Both church and state, both rich and poor
 Both peace and War, both Sea and Shore.

All reconciled there in one Sorrow
 Mutual tears did lend and borrow.

Join wth. a grief, so great, so just,
 Learn well to weigh so worthy dust.

Lament his death, or go, and find
 Store of such Lives left still behind."

On THOMAS GUY, founder of Guy's hospital.—The
 monumental group is of white marble, and stands against
 the wall facing the visitor as he enters the hospital
 chapel. It was executed by the late Mr. Bacon, in 1779,
 and is said to have cost £1,000. Mr. GUY is represented
 in his livery gown, holding out one hand to raise a poor
 invalid lying on the earth, and pointing with the other
 to a distressed object, who is being carried on a litter

the wards; the hospital being in the back ground.
On the pedestal is this inscription:—

“Underneath are deposited the remains of
THOMAS GUY,
Citizen of London, Member of Parliament,
and the sole founder of this Hos-
pital in his life-time.

It is peculiar to this beneficent man to have
persevered, during a long course of pros-
perity and industry, in pouring forth
to the wants of others, all that
he had earned by labour, or
withheld from self-
indulgence.

Warm with philanthropy, and exalted by
charity, his mind expanded to those
noble affections which grow but
too rarely from the most
elevated pursuits.

After administering with extensive bounty
to the claims of consanguinity, he esta-
blished this asylum for that stage
of languor and disease to which
the charity of others had not
reached; he provided a re-
treat, for hopeless in-
sanity, and rivalled
the endowments
of kings.

He died the 27th of December, 1724, in the
80th year of his age.”

On Sir HENRY LEE, at Quarendon, Bucks.—On a
black marble tablet, fixed against the wall at the upper
end of the chancel of St. Peter's chapel, is this inscrip-
tion:—

“1611, *Memoriæ Sacrum.*

Sir HENRY LEE, Knight of the most noble Order of the
Garter, son of Sir Anthony Lee, and Dame Margaret
his wife, daughter of Sir Henry Wiat, Counsellor to the

two kings of famous memory, Henries the Seventh and Eighth. He was born in Kent, under the care of his uncle, Sir Henry Wiat, of Arlington Castle, and was bred in the court of Henry VIII. He was employed in services in Scotland, under Queen Mary, at whose death he travelled in France, Holland, and Germany, and returned to England a finished traveller. In 1573, he was employed by Elizabeth, in Scotland, and was present at the siege of Edinburgh: he was appointed by his royal mistress, Lieutenant of the Royal Manor of Woodstock, and to the office of the royal armoury; he received at her majesty's hands, the noblest order of the Garter; he built four goodly mansions; revived the ruins of *this* chapel, and having served five succeeding princes, 'with a body bent to earth, and a mind erected to heaven' he died, aged 80."

Near this is a magnificent altar monument, with the figure of the knight, Sir HENRY LEE, in complete armour. Over it is the following inscription:—

"Fide et constantia—Vixit Deo, patriæ, et amicis annos.
Fide et constantia—Christo spiritum, carnem sepulchro
commendari.

Fide et constantia—Scio, credo, expecto mortuum resurrectionem."

Which in English may be thus rendered—

"In faith and constancy—He lived to God, to his native
country, and to his friends,—years.

In faith and constancy—I have commended my soul to
Christ, and my body to the grave.

In faith and constancy—I know, I believe, I expect
* the resurrection of the dead."

On a black marble beneath are the following lines:—

"If fortune's store or nature's wealth commend
They both unto his virtues praise did lend;
The wars abroad with honour he did pass;
In courtly josts his Sovereign's knight he was,
Six princes he did serve, and in the fright
And change of state, did keep himself upright;
With faith untaught, spotless and clear his fame,
So pure that envy could not wrong the same;

All but his virtue now (so vain is breath),
Turn'd dust, lie here in the cold arms of death.
Thus fortune's gifts and gentle favours fly,
When virtue conquers death and destiny."

Inscription on the monument erected to the memory of CHARLES, Earl of Dorset, who died January, 1705-6, in Withyam church, Sussex (by A. Pope):—

"DORSET, the grace of Courts, the Muses' pride.
Patron of Arts, and judge of Nature, dy'd.
The scourge of Pride, though sanctify'd or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state:
Yet soft his nature, though severe his lay,
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
Bless'd Satirist! who touch'd the mean so true,
As show'd, Vice had his hate, and pity too.
Bless'd Courtier! who could king or country please,
Yet sacred keep his friendships, and his ease.
Bless'd Peer! his great forefathers' ev'ry grace,
Reflecting, and reflected in his race;
While other BUCKHURSTS, other DORSETS shine,
And patriots still, or poets deck the line."

Sir FULKE GREVILLE, afterwards Lord Brooke, and chancellor of the exchequer in 1615, was stabbed mortally in the back by an old serving man, Sep. 30, 1628, aged 74, and was buried in St. Mary's church, Warwick, under a monument which he had himself erected, with this inscription:—

"FULKE GREVILLE, servant to Queen Elizabeth, counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney.
Trophæum Peccati."

At Kendal, in Westmoreland (written by Dr. Watson, bishop of Landaff):—

"In Memory of Sir JOHN WILSON, Knt. One of his Majesty's Justices of the Court of Common Pleas.
Born at the Howe in Applethwaite, 6th of August,

1741. Died at Kendal, 18th of October, 1793.

He did not owe his Promotion to the weight of Great Connections, which he never courted; nor to the influence of political parties, which he never joined: but to his Professional Merit, and the unsolicited Patronage of the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who, in recommending to his Majesty so profound a Lawyer, and so good a Man, realized the hopes and expectations of the whole Bar, gratified the general wishes of the Country, and did honour to his own Discernment and Integrity."

The Earl of Strafford, after he was beheaded, was buried at Wentworth-woodhouse. At the east end of that church, his son erected a monument to his memory, with his statue kneeling, and under it, on a black marble, this inscription in gold letters:—

“THOMAS WENTWORTH,
Earl of Strafford, Viscount Wentworth, Baron Wentworth of Wentworth-woodhouse, Newmarch, Oversley, and Raby, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland,
Lord President of the north of England;
and knight of the most noble order of the garter.
His birth was upon Good Friday,
The 13th of *April*, 1593,
His death upon the 12th of *May*, 1641;
His soul through the mercy of God lives in eternal bliss,
And his memory will never die in these kingdoms.”

On JAMES CRAGGS, Esq., secretary of state, inscribed on a monument in Westminster Abbey (by Pope), partly written in Latin, and is thus translated:—

“JAMES CRAGGS,
Privy counsellor and secretary of state
To the King of Great Britain,
Equally esteemed and beloved by Prince and people,
As indifferent to titles as he was above envy:
His years were few, alas! too few for such a man:

Dying in the 35th year of his age,
On February 14th, 1720.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd by the Muse he lov'd."

William? In St. Edmund's chapel, Westminster Abbey, on Lord
JOHN RUSSELL (who was beheaded in 1683, and whose
father the Earl of Bedford, offered £100,000 for a
pardon) :—

"To the memory of
JOHN, LORD RUSSELL,
(Son and heir to *Francis* Earl of *Bedford*,)
And his son FRANCIS,
By *Elizabeth* daughter of *Sir Anthony Cook*,
And widow of *Sir Thomas Hoby*, Knight.

Right noble twice, by virtue and by birth,
Of heaven lov'd, and honour'd on the earth :
His country's hope, his kindred's chief delight,
My husband dear, more than this world's light,
Death hath me reft. But I from death will take
His memory, to whom this tombe I make.

JOHN was his name (ah was! wretch, must I say)
LORD RUSSELL once, now my tear thirsty clay."*

On a lofty monument, with recumbent figures, in
Westminster Abbey, to the memory of Sir JOHN and
Lady PUCKERING, who died in 1598, is this inscription :—

* Five years after his execution, when James II. was in his distresses, he addressed himself to the Earl of Bedford, thus :—"My Lord, you are an honest man, have great credit, and can do me signal service."—"Ah Sir," replied the earl, "I am old and feeble: I can do you but little service; but I once had a son that could have assisted you; but he is no more."—The king was so affected with his reply, that he could not speak for some minutes.

“The public care and laws engaged my breast ;
To live was toilsome, but to die is rest.
Wealth, maces, guards, crowns, titles, things that fade,
The prey of Time and sable Death are made.

Virtue inspires men.

His wife this statue rears to her beloved spouse,
The test of constancy and marriage vows.

I trust I shall see the Lord in the Land of the living.”

In Hampton church :—

“Here lyeth the body of EDUARDE PIGEON, Esquire, yeoman of the Jewel House to King Henry VIII., and by whose special command he attended him at Boloigne, and continued in that office under King Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, who made him also clerk of her robes and wardrobes.

NICHOLAS PIGEON, sonne of the said Edwarde, succeeded his father in both of the said offices, and, after he had faithfully served Elizabeth and James above forty years, he departed this life the 1st March, 1619, was buried near unto his father, and left issue Hugh Pigeon and Alice.”

“THOMAS JEFFERSON, president of the United States, died July 4, 1826, aged 83. He is buried in the grounds near his own house. A simple inscription, which was found among his papers after his death, recording him as ‘The Author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the statue of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia,’ is placed on his tomb. The fact of his having been President of the United States is not mentioned.”—*Knight's Cyc.*

On Lord BOLINGBROKE.—On the north side of Battersea church, Surrey, is a monument erected to the memory of Lord Viscount BOLINGBROKE (who died Dec., 1751, aged 73 years) bearing this inscription :—

EPITAPHS, ETC.

“ Here lies
HENRY ST. JOHN :
In the reign of Queen Anne,
Secretary of war : secretary of state,
and Visct. BOLINGBROKE :
In the days of K. George I. and K. George II.
Something more and better.
His attachment to Queen Anne
Exposed him to a long and severe persecution,
He bore it with firmness of mind.
He passed the latter part of his life at home,
The enemy of no national party :
The friend of no faction.
Distinguished under the cloud of proscription,
Which had not been entirely taken off,
By Zeal to maintain the liberty
And to restore the antient prosperity
Of Great Britain.”

On Viscountess BOLINGBROKE :—

“ In the same Vault
Are interred the remains of
MARIA CLARA—des Champs de Marsilli
Marchioness of Vilette, Viscountess Bolingbroke.
Born of a noble family,
Bred in the court of Louis XIV.,
She reflected a lustre on the former
By the superior accomplishments of her mind ;
She was an ornament to the latter
By the amiable dignity and grace of her behaviour.
She lived
The honour of her own sex,
The delight and admiration of ours.
She died
An object of imitation to both,
With all the firmness that reason,
With all the resignation that religion
can inspire.”*

* She was his second wife ; his first wife and he could not agree, so they soon parted ; she died in 1718. In 1720 he married his second wife, which, to the last, was a union of great happiness and strong affection on both sides.

In Lee church, Kent, is a handsome tomb of marble and alabaster, to the memory of NICHOLAS ANSLEY, Esq., who died in 1593 ; inscribed as follows :—

“ When the Quene Elizabeth full five years had rain’d,
Then NICHOLAS ANSLEY, whos corps lyes here interred,
At fyve and twenty yeres of age was entertayned
Into her servis, where well himself he carried
In eche man’s love, till fifty and eight years ould,
Being Sergant of the Seller, death him contrould.”

On Sir THOMAS STANLEY, according to Sir Wm. Dugdale, by Shakspeare :—

“ Aske who lies here, but do not weepe,
He is not dead, he doth but sleepe !
This stony register is for his bones,
His fame is more perpetual than these stones.
And his own goodness with himself being gone
Shall live when earthly monument is none.
Not monumental stone preserves our fame,
Nor skye aspiring pyramids our name,
The memory of him for whom this stands
Shall outlive marble, and defacing hands !
When *all* to *Time’s* consumption shall be given,
STANLEY, for whom this *stands*, shall *stand* in Heaven.”

In St. Paul’s Cathedral, is a noble statue of Sir WILLIAM JONES (by Bacon). This accomplished philosopher, historian, poet, and scholar, is represented in a studious attitude, his arm resting on the Institutes of Menu. Against the pedestal, Study and Geniuses are unveiling oriental science ; the inscription is :—

“ To the Memory
of Sir WILLIAM JONES, Knight,
one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature,
at Fort William, in Bengal :

EPIGRAMS. ETC.

This Statue was erected
by the Honourable East India Company,
in testimony
of their grateful sense of his public services,
their admiration of his genius and learning,
and their respect for his character and virtues.
He died in Bengal, on the 27th of April, 1794, aged 47."

Sir WILLIAM JONES, judge of the Supreme Court of Bengal, wrote the following epitaph for himself:—

" Here was deposited
The mortal part of a man
who feared God but not Death,
and maintained independence
but sought not riches,
who thought none below him
but the base and unjust ;
None above him but the wise and virtuous :
who loved his parents, kindred, and friends,
and country,
And having devoted his life to their service
and the improvement of his mind,
resigned it calmly,
giving glory to his Creator,
wishing peace on earth,
and good-will to his fellow-creatures,
on the day of
In the year of our blessed Redeemer"

Inscribed to the memory of CHARLES, late Duke of Richmond, who died 1750 :—

" What bounds can limit now the falling tear
When honest souls no greater loss can fear ?
What power of courage can we now invoke,
Or how sustain the unexpected stroke ?
For fortitude in vain we now implore,
RICHMOND is dead,—and greatness is no more.

Assist, Melpomene, this artless lay,
 Enrich the tribute which I mourning pay :
 So shall my verse, by thine inspiring aid,
 In worthy strains address his sacred shade.
 Heavens ! what misjudging errors rack my brain ?
 Ev'n thy assistance, goddess, all is vain :
 Where's worth like his throughout rich nature's store ?
 RICHMOND is dead,—and worth is now no more.

Lo ! uncorrupted faith, and truth sincere,
 Drop on his silent tomb an honest tear ;
 See ! steady virtue too, stands sorrowing by,
 And views his relics with a gushing eye ;
 Whose sighs her own approaching fall deplore,
 RICHMOND is dead,—and virtue is no more.

Let every generous Briton grace his bier,
 Each pay an honest, tributary tear ;
 Then mournfully exclaim, in grief sincere,
 ' The Patriot,—husband,—father,—friend—is here.' ”

In Westminster Abbey is a fine monument to CHARLES JAMES FOX, the statesman. It consists of a recumbent statue supported by Liberty ; Peace at his feet, and a negro kneeling with clasped hands. The monument simply bears the statesman's name.

Inscription on a tablet in Chertsey church, Surrey :—

“ To the
 Memory of the Best of Husbands and
 The most excellent of Men,
 CHARLES JAMES FOX,
 who died Sep. 13th, 1806,
 And is buried in Westminster Abbey.
 His most affectionate Wife *
 Places this Tablet.

* The church register of Wyton, in Huntingdonshire, preserves the following :—“ CHARLES JAMES FOX, of the parish of Chertsey, in the county of Surrey, bachelor, and Elizabeth Blanc, of this parish, were married in this church, by licence, this 28th day of September, in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-five, by me, J. Perry, rector.”

EPITAPHS, ETC.

A patriot's even course he steered,
'Mid faction's wildest storms unmoved.
By all who marked his mind—revered,
By all who knew his heart—beloved.”

Mrs. Fox, wife of Charles James Fox, is buried in Chertsey churehyard, with the following inscription on her tomb :—

“ELIZABETH BRIDGET FOX,
Died 8th July, 1842,
Aged 92 years.”

In Kingston chapel is a monument to Lord ELDON, with a medallion beneath, by Sir Francis Chantrey. The inscription is :—

“The Right Honourable Sir JOHN SCOTT,
EARL OF ELDON,
Born at Newcastle-on-Tyne, June 4th, 1751.
Died in London January 13th, 1838, in the 87th year
of his age.

In 1766, Mr. JOHN SCOTT entered at University College, Oxford, of which he became a Fellow in 1767. Having married, November 19th, 1772, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Aubone Surtees, Esquire, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, he entered in 1773, as a Student in the Middle Temple, was called to the Bar in 1776, and was called within the Bar by a patent of precedence in 1783. In 1787 Mr. SCOTT was made Chancellor of the Bishopruck and County Palatine of Durham. In 1788 he was knighted and appointed Solicitor-General, and in 1793 was appointed Attorney-General. After having sat in four Parliaments, as a member of the House of Commons, he was created a Peer, July 18th, 1799, by the title of Baron Eldon, of Eldon, in the County Palatine of Durham, and on the following day was appointed Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. On the 14th of April, 1801, Lord Eldon was appointed Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain; he resigned that office Feb. 7, 1806, but was re-appointed April 1st, 1807, and continued to

hold the Great Seal until April 30th, 1827, being altogether a period of nearly 25 years. On the 7th of July, 1821, he was created Earl of Eldon, in the County Palatine of Durham, and Viscount Encombe, of Encombe, in the County of Dorset. Lord Eldon was the youngest brother of the Right Honourable Sir William Scott, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty, &c., who was created Baron Stowell, July 17th, 1821, and who died Jan. 28th, 1836, in the 91st year of his age. The office of Steward of the University of Oxford, was held by Lord Eldon from 1801 until his decease.

To his Beloved and Honoured Memory
This Tablet is dedicated by his Grandson and successor,
John, the Second Earl of Eldon."

Lord Eldon erected in 1834 a mural tablet in Kingston chapel, to the memory of his lady and his sons. The tablet is inscribed as underneath :—

“ Sacred to the Memory of
ELIZABETH, Countess of Eldon,
The Eldest Daughter of the late Aubone Surtees, Esq.
Of Newcastle on Tyne :
She died the 28th of June, 1831, nearly 77 years of age.
Her Remains were first deposited
In the ancient chapel of this place,
And afterwards removed to a family tomb
Built on ground belonging to the Earl of Eldon,
Situate on the North Side of the Chapel Yard,
Such ground being duly consecrated
By the Lord Bishop of Bristol.
This Tablet is placed here by an affectionate Husband
To the Memory of a Wife
To whom he was most devotedly attached,
And with whom he lived in Marriage
Nearly fifty-nine years.
It pleased God deeply to afflict him
By ordaining that he should survive Her.
In the Same Tomb
Are also deposited by the side of his Mother,
At his own earnest request
Made to his Father in his last illness,
The remains of their second and much beloved Son
The Hon. WILLIAM HENRY JOHN SCOTT,
Who died on the 6th day of July, 1832,

In the 37th year of his age.
 He was in several Parliaments
 A Member of the House of Commons.
 The Hon. JOHN SCOTT, M. P.,
 The eldest Son of the above named first Lord and Lady
 Eldon. Died on the 24th day of December, 1805,
 In the 31st year of his age,
 Universally esteemed and lamented,
 And to the Inconsolable grief of his afflicted Parents.
 His Remains, according to a desire that he had expressed,
 Were interred at Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire.
 He left an only son, John,
 Now commonly styled Viscount Encombe,
 By his wife Henrietta Elizabeth, Daughter of
 Sir Matthew White Ridley, Bart., of Blagden,
 In the County of Northumberland.”

Inscription on the monument of the Hon. JOHN SCOTT,
 in Cheshunt churchyard, Hertfordshire (written by his
 uncle, Sir William Scott):—

“To the Memory of the Honourable JOHN SCOTT,
 (Eldest Son of John Baron Eldon)
 Who at the age of thirty-one years was removed by death
 From the hopes and affections of his family and friends,
 To all of whom he was eminently endeared,
 By the purity of his moral and religious principles,
 By the integrity of his public conduct,
 By the grace of a highly cultivated understanding,
 And
 By a peculiar sweetness of disposition and manners.
 This last painful testimony of regard is dedicated
 By his disconsolate Father
 And
 By his afflicted Widow,
 (Henrietta Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Matthew White
 Ridley, Baronet)
 With whom he had been happily united for the space of
 little more than one year,
 And
 By whom he has left an only Son,
 Born about three weeks before his own decease,
 Which took place on the 24th of December, 1805.”

Lord Stowell, the brother of Lord Eldon, was buried in Sonning church, near Reading; and the wall above the grave bears a monument, placed there by his son-in-law, Lord Sidmouth, with the following inscription :—

“ Sacred
 To the Memory of
 The Right Honourable
 WILLIAM Scott, Baron Stowell,
 of Stowell, in the County of Gloucester,
 D. C. L., F. R. S.
 Born October 28th, 1745,
 Died January 28th, 1836.
 He was one of his Majesty’s
 Most Honourable Privy Council :
 Many years Judge of
 The High Court of Admiralty, in England,
 Chancellor of the Diocese of London ;
 And one of
 The Representatives in Parliament
 For the University of Oxford,
 From the year 1796 to the year 1821,
 When he was raised to the Peerage.
 This eminent Person
 Was universally and most justly regarded
 As one of
 The principal ornaments of the country
 And age in which he lived.
 In him were combined
 All the talents and acquirements
 Of a profound and accomplished scholar ;
 All the qualities of a wise and upright judge ;
 Together with an ardent attachment
 To the civil and ecclesiastical institutions
 Of his country,
 Of which institutions he was
 The firm and uncompromising supporter,
 Throughout his long and
 Exemplary Life.”

Mr. Scott, the father of Lords Eldon and Stowell, was buried at All Saints’, Newcastle. Lord Eldon dedicated

EPITAPHS, ETC.

a tablet to his memory in the mother church of St. Nicholas, with the following unostentatious inscription :—

“In Memory of
Mr. WILLIAM SCOTT,
Freeman and hoastman of this town,
Who was buried at All Saints' Church
November, 1776.
He left to his family a rich inheritance, in the
example of a life of industry unremitting,
Of probity unsullied, and of piety
most pure and sincere.
This Tablet is placed here by one of his
affectionate Sons.”

Eldon's Life, by Twiss.

Inscription on a monument in Westminster Abbey, to
the Rt. Hon. GEORGE CANNING :—

“GEORGE CANNING,
Born 11th April, 1770. Died 8th August, 1827.
Endowed with a rare combination of talents,
an eminent statesman,
an accomplished scholar,
an orator surpassed by none.
He united
The most brilliant and lofty qualities of the mind
with the warmest affections of the heart.
Raised by his own merit,
He successively filled important offices in the State,
and finally became first Minister of the Crown.
In the full enjoyment of his Sovereign's favour,
and of the confidence of the people,
He was prematurely cut off
when pursuing a wise and enlarged course
of policy,
Which had for its object the prosperity and greatness
of his own country,
while it comprehended the welfare
and commanded the admiration
of foreign nations.

This Monument is erected
By his Friends and Countrymen."

By the Rt. Hon. George Canning, on his Son:—

“GEORGE CHARLES CANNING,
Eldest Son of

The Right Honourable George Canning
And Joan Scott, his Wife;

Born April 25, 1801. Died March 31, 1820.

Though short thy span, God's unimpeach'd decrees,
Which made that shorten'd span one long disease,
Yet, merciful in chastening, gave thee scope
For mild redeeming virtues, faith and hope;
Meek resignation; pious charity:
And, since this world was not the world for thee,
Far from thy path remov'd, with partial care,
Strife, glory, gain, and pleasure's flowery snare,
Bade earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,
And fix'd on heaven thine unverted eye.

Oh! mark'd from birth, and nurtured for the skies;
In youth, with more than learning's wisdom, wise;
As sainted martyrs, patient to endure!
Simple as unwean'd infancy and pure!
Pure from all stain (save that of human clay,
Which Christ's atoning blood hath wash'd away!)
By mortal sufferings now no more oppress'd,
Mount, sinless spirit, to thy destin'd rest!
While I—reversed our nature's kindlier doom—
Pour forth a father's sorrows on thy tomb."

On a tablet in Westminster Abbey is this inscription
to the memory of the Rt. Hon. CHARLES BULLER:—

“Here, amidst the memorials of maturer greatness,
this tribute of private affection and public honour,
records the talents, virtues, and early death of the
Right Hon. CHARLES BULLER; who, as an independent

member of Parliament, and in the discharge of important offices of state, united the deepest human sympathies with wide and philosophic views of government and mankind, and pursued the noblest political and social objects, above party spirit and without an enemy. His character was distinguished by sincerity and resolution, his mind by vivacity and clearness of comprehension—while the vigour of expression and singular wit, that made him eminent in debate and delightful in society, were tempered by a most gentle and generous disposition, earnest in friendship and benevolent to all. The British Colonies will not forget the statesman who so well appreciated their desires and their destinies; and his country in recalling what he was, deploras the vanished hope of all he might have become. He was born August — 1806. He died November 29th, 1848.”

In Winchester Cathedral :—

“ A Union of two Brothers

From Avington. The Clark's family were grandfather, father, and son, successively Clerks of the Privy Seal. William, the grandfather, had but two sons, both Thomas; their wives, both Amys, their heirs both Henrys; and the heirs of Henry, both Thomas; both their wives inheritrixes, both had two sons and one daughter, and both their daughters issueless: both of Oxford; both of the temple; both officers to Queen Elizabeth, and our noble King James: both Justices of the Peace: both agree in arms, the one a knight, the other a captain.

Si Queras Avingtonium Petas
Cancellarium Impensis.

Thomas Clarke, of Hide, 1622.

On the first Sir ROBERT and Lady PEEL. In Drayton church, Staffordshire, on the white wall, is a plain but massive slab of white marble, which bears the following inscription :—

“ In a Vault
Beneath this Church
Are deposited the remains of
Sir ROBERT PEEL, Bart.,
Of Drayton Manor;
And of ELLEN, Lady PEEL, his wife,
Daughter of William Yates, Esq.,
Of Bury, Lancashire.
Sir ROBERT PEEL
Was born 25th April, 1750,
And died 3rd May, 1830 ;
Lady PEEL
Was born 5th May, 1766,
And died 28th December, 1803.
Their Children have raised this Monument to the Memory
of their beloved parents as a token of their
affection and gratitude.”

Memorial of Sir ROBERT PEEL, the statesman. A handsome monumental tablet has lately been erected by the sons of the late Sir ROBERT, in the parish church of Drayton; it is of statuary marble and Roche Abbey stone, elaborately carved in the Tudor style. The height of the monument from the floor of the church to the apex of the finial of the canopy is 19 ft. 6 in. : and the extreme width of the base is 6 ft. 4 in. : it has an inscription table of statuary marble, and the letters are incised and gilt :—

“ In Memory of
The Rt. Hon. Sir ROBERT PEEL, Bart.,
to whom the People
have raised Monuments
in many places.
His Children
Erect this in the place
where his body
has been buried.
He was born, Feb., 1788,
and died 2nd July, 1850.”

In Longford church, Derbyshire, is a beautiful monument to **THOMAS WILLIAM COKE**, Earl of Leicester. Upon the base a plain slab is fixed, bearing the following inscription :—

“ To the revered memory of

THOMAS WILLIAM COKE, Earl of Leicester,
Born May 6, 1754. Died at Longford, June 30th, 1842.
His public conduct as representative for fifty-seven years, of the County of Norfolk, was conspicuous for its decision, disinterested zeal, and unimpeachable integrity. Pre-eminent, no less for his generosity as a landlord, than for his skill and enterprise as an agriculturist, he secured the deep affection of an attached and prosperous tenantry : while by his exertion and influence, he extended in a most remarkable degree the cultivation and rural improvements of the country. In his domestic relations, he was most affectionate, kind, and hospitable. His charity was munificent without ostentation, and his piety simple, and unaffected, but warm and sincere.

This Monument is erected by persons of various classes and opinions connected with the county, as some record of an example so excellent and instructive.”

Monument to the Earl of Beauchamp. In the parish church of St. Marylebone, New Road, is a very interesting memorial to the memory of the late Earl of Beauchamp, placed there by his widow. The tablet consists of a bas-relief, which has been executed in Italy, and is a fine work of art. The urn bears in Greek—

“ He is not dead, but sleepeth.”

Above are the arms of the Earl and Countess (his second wife) in their proper colours ; the whole surmounted by a white marble cross. The inscription is :—

“ Sacred to the Memory of **JOHN REGINALD PINDAR**, third Earl of Beauchamp, of Madresfield Court, Viscount Elmly and Baron of Powyke, county of Worcester, where he was beloved and respected for thirty years as a landlord and neighbour, as well as a consistent politician. He was endowed with rare common sense, and superior

abilities for business. He attained great knowledge in agriculture, in the pursuits of which he took pleasure. He was remarkable for the constancy of his attachment to the friends of his youth, and he never forgot a kindness. He bequeathed £60,000 for the erection and endowment of alms-houses, at Newland, Worcestershire, for the benefit of the agricultural poor. The last act of his life was to rebuild, at his sole expense, the church at Madresfield. He died January 2nd, 1853, aged sixty-nine years, after a long illness borne with exemplary resignation, placidity, and gentleness. His widow, Catherine, Countess of Beauchamp (third daughter of the Baroness Braye) received his last sigh and mourned his loss. She erects this monument as a tribute of affection to his memory.

Jesu Mercy! 'I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.' St. John c. 11. v. 25."

On a tablet in the church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, London:—

"In Memory of
The Right Honourable
Sir NICHOLAS CONNORHAM TINDAL, Kt. D.C L.
For 17 years
Lord Chief Justice
of the Court of Common Pleas,
and a resident in this Parish.
He was born at Chelmsford, 12th December, 1776,
And died at Folkestone, 6th July, 1846."

In the crown court at Stafford, is a mural monument to Justice TALFOURD, placed against the wall between the two galleries. The bust is of life size. The base of the monumental tablet in which the bust is placed bears the following:—

EPITAPHS, ETC.

“ On the Judgment seat of this Court,
While addressing the grand jury,
On March XIII., MDCCCLIV.

Died

Sir THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, Knt., D.C.L.,
One of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas,
An accomplished Orator, Lawyer, and Poet.

The members of the Oxford Circuit
Erected this Memorial
Of their Regard and Admiration
For their former Leader, Companion, and Friend.”

On WILLIAM COBBETT, in Farnham churchyard, Surrey. Over the slab which has recently covered the grave of COBBETT, in the above churchyard, a tomb has just been erected (by Milnes). It is made of Roche Abbey stone, and stands near the porch of the church, is of solid workmanship, oblong in form, and in the plainest old English architectural style. On one panel the inscription copied from the slab is:—

“ WILLIAM COBBETT, son of George and Anne Cobbett, born in the parish of Farnham, 9th of March, 1762: Enlisted into the 54th Regiment of foot in 1784, of which regiment he became Sergeant-Major in 1785, and obtained his discharge in 1791. In 1794 he became a political writer. In 1832 was returned to Parliament for the Borough of Oldham, and represented it till his death, which took place at Normandy Farm, in the adjoining parish of Ash, on the 18th of June, 1835.”

On the opposite panel:—

“ ANNE COBBETT, daughter of Thomas and Anne Reid, and Wife of William Cobbett: born at Chatham 28th of March, 1774. Married at Woolwich 5th of February, 1792. Died in London 19th of July, 1848.”

Monument to Mr. JOSEPH HUME, M.P. This memorial, which is of massive granite, and simple in its form,

is placed in the cemetery at Kensal Green. The inscription on the top of the stone covering is:—

“Sacred to the memory of JOSEPH HUME, Esq., member of Parliament for nearly forty years. Born at Montrose, June 22nd, 1777; died at Somerton, Norfolk, Feb. 20th, 1855, in the 79th year of his age.”

Below:—

“Keep innocency, and take heed unto the thing that is right, for that shall bring a man peace at the last.”—
Psalm xxxvii., v. 38.”

ARCHITECTS AND SCULPTORS.

On Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN, in St. Paul's Cathedral. Over the entrance to the choir in St. Paul's is a monument erected to his memory (placed there by Mylne, the architect of Blackfriars' Bridge), with an inscription in Latin, thus translated:—

“Underneath is buried Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN,
The builder of this Church and City,
Who lived about ninety years,
not to himself, but to the public good.
Reader! if thou seekest his monument,
look around.

He died, Feb. 25, 1723, in the 91st year of his age.”

In the vaults below, where he is buried, a plain slab bears this inscription:—

“Here lieth
Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN, Kt.,
The Builder of this Cathedral Church of St. Paul,
who died in the year of our Lord, 1723,
and of his age 91.”

EPITAPHS, ETC.

Near him lie the remains of his sister, Mrs. HOLDEN, and of his only daughter, JANE, who was distinguished both as an architect and a musician; she has a picturesque monument there; near WREN, lie the ashes of the following great English painters, whose graves are covered by flat incised stone:—Sir Joshua Reynolds, James Barry, John Opie, Benjamin West, Henry Fuseli, and Sir Thomas Lawrence; as well as the architects of Waterloo and Blackfriars' Bridges—Robert Mylne, and John Rennie.

In Tabernacle chapel, Tottenham Court road, is a monument to JOHN BACON, the sculptor, who died August 4th, 1799, aged 59, on which is engraved the following (written by himself):—

“What I was as an artist
seemed to me of some importance
while I lived :
but what I really was as a believer in Christ Jesus,
is the only thing of importance to me now.”

In Wollaton church is a monument erected to SMITHSON, the architect of Nottingham castle and Wollaton hall, with the following inscription:—

“Here lyeth ye body of Mr. ROBERT SMITHSON, Gent. Architecter and Surveyer unto the most worthy House of Wollaton, with diverse others of great account. He lived in ye faith of Christ 79 years, and then departed this life ye XVth of October, Anno Dm. 1614.”

On Mr. NIGHTINGALE, architect:—

“As the birds were the first of the architect kind,
And are still better builders than men,
What wonders may spring from a NIGHTINGALE's mind
When St. Paul's was produced by a WREN.”

In the Cathedral church of Salisbury :—

“ In Memory of
 THOMAS GLOVER, Architect,
 who, having erected many
 Stately, curious, and artful
 edifices for others, himself is
 here lodged under this single
 stone, in full expectation
 however of a building with
 God, eternal in the Heavens.
 Ob. Dec. 2, } A.D. 1707,
 } Ætat 68.”

On a plain square tablet, in Westminster Abbey, is the following inscription :—

“ In Memory of THOMAS BANKS, Esq., R.A., sculptor, whose superior abilities in the profession added a lustre to the arts of his country, and whose character as a man reflected honour on human nature. His earthly remains were deposited by his desire, on the north side of the churchyard of Paddington. His spirit is with God. He died Feb. 2, 1805, aged 70 years.”

Sir FRANCIS CHANTREY, the sculptor, died Nov. 25, 1841, aged 69 years, and was buried in a vault constructed by himself, in his native parish of Norton, in Derbyshire. At this place a monument has lately been raised, consisting of an obelisk 21 ft. 10 in. high, in one block, 3 ft. square at the base, and 1 ft. 6½-in. square at the top. The base is three feet high, and weighs upwards of 9 tons. The foundation is a solid square of masonry, 25 tons of stone having been used in the construction. The material of the shaft and steps is grey granite, fine axed, from the quarries of Cornwall. The design (a plain shaft on 3 steps) was furnished by Mr. Philip Hardwick, R.A. The only inscription is the word—

“ CHANTREY”

in incised square letters, cut after the manner of the ancient hieroglyphics.”

Sir JOHN VANBRUGH, the architect and dramatist, died March 26th, 1726, aged 60 years. He built Blenheim house, the towers of which have a heavy appearance, like most of that architect's performances, which caused the following epitaph to be written on him, by Dr. Evans :—

“ Under this stone, reader, survey
 Dead Sir JOHN VANBRUGH's house of clay.
 Lie heavy on him, earth! for he
 Laid many heavy loads on thee.”

ASTRONOMERS.

NICHOLAS COPERNICUS, the great astronomer, died June, 1543, aged 70, and Count Sierakowski erected a monument to his memory, in St. Anne's church at Cracow, with this inscription taken from the Bible :—

“ Sta, Sol, ne moveare.”

ARCHIMEDES, the most celebrated of Greek geometers, was killed by some soldiers as he was deeply engaged in solving a geometrical problem, B.C. 212 years : at his own request during his life, a sphere inscribed in a

cylinder was engraven on his tomb, in memory of his discovery that the solid content of a sphere is exactly two-thirds of the circumscribing cylinder. By this method Cicero afterwards discovered his tomb, with an inscription upon it.

GODFREY WILLIAM LEIBNITZ, the learned mathematician and philosopher, died November, 1716, aged 69, and his monument, constructed in the form of a temple, bears the simple inscription:—

“The Bones of LEIBNITZ.”

On a profligate mathematician, at Manchester:—

“Here lies JOHN HILL, a man of skill,
His age was five times ten:
He ne'er did good, nor ever would,
Had he liv'd as long again.”

Monument to Sir ISAAC NEWTON, in Westminster Abbey. Newton is represented in a recumbent posture, his right arm leaning on four folios, entitled *Divinity—Chronology—Optics—* and *Phil. Prin. Math.*, and pointing to a scroll supported by two cherubs. Immediately above him, projecting from behind a pyramid of black marble, is a large globe on which is delineated the course of the comet in 1680, with the signs, constellations, and planets. On the globe sits the figure of Astronomy in a contemplative attitude, with her book closed. Underneath the figure of NEWTON is a curious bas-relief, emblematic of his various discoveries. The monument is by Rysbrack, and the inscription is Latin, which is thus translated:—

“H. S. E.

Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

By a spirit almost divine, he solved, on principles
of his own,

the motion and figure of the planets, the paths of the comets, and the ebbing and flowing of the sea; he discovered the dissimilarity of the rays of light, and the properties of colours from thence arising, which none but himself had ever thought of. He was a diligent, wise, and faithful interpreter of nature, antiquity, and the Holy Scriptures; by his philosophy he maintained the dignity of the Supreme Being, and by the purity of his life, the simplicity of the gospel. How much reason mortals have to pride themselves in the existence of so great an ornament to the human race. He was born Dec. 25, 1642, and died March 20, 1726."

Intended for Sir ISAAC NEWTON, by Alexander Pope:—

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said—'Let Newton be'—and all was light."

When the house of Sir ISAAC NEWTON was repaired, in 1798, a tablet of white marble was put up by Mr. Turner in the room where Sir ISAAC was born, with the following inscription:—

"Sir ISAAC NEWTON, son of John Newton, Lord of the Manor of Woolsthorpe, was born in this room on the 25th of December, 1642.

Nature and Nature's laws, &c."

Dr. HALLEY, the second astronomer royal (who succeeded Flamsteed) was buried in the churchyard of Lee, Kent, with the following inscription:—

"Sub hoc Marmore
Placide requiescit, cum uxore carissima
EDMUNDUS HALLEIUS, L.L.D.
Astronomorum sui sæculi facile princeps,

ASTRONOMERS.

Ut vero scias, Lector
 qualis quantusque virille fuit
 Scripta ejus multifaria lege,
 Quibus omnes fere artes et scientias
 Illustravit, ornavit, amplificavit,
 Æquum est Igitur,
 Ut, quem cives sui vivum
 Tantopere coluere
 Memoriam ejus posteritas
 Grata veneretur.
 Natus } est A. C. { MDCLVI.
 Mortuus } { MDCCXLIII.
 Hoc saxum optimis parentibus
 Sacrarunt duæ filiæ pientissimæ
 Anno C. MDCCXLII.”

“ Here is also interred Mrs. MARGARET HALLEY,
 The eldest daughter of the above Dr. Halley.
 She died on the 13th of October, 1743,
 In the 55th year of her age.

Also, Mrs. CATHERINE PRICE, youngest
 Daughter of the above Dr. Halley,
 who died Nov. the 10th, 1765, Aged 77 years,
 and Mr. HENRY PRICE, her husband.”

At the foot of the tomb is the following inscription
 to JOHN POND, the sixth astronomer royal :—

“ JOHN POND,
 Born MDCCLXVII
 was elected
 Astronomer Royal
 MDCCCXI
 which office he resigned
 MDCCCXXXV,
 and died MDCCCXXXVI.”

On the opposite end of the tomb, are the words—
 “ Restored by the Lords' Commissioners of Admiralty,
 March, 1854.”

Translation of the Latin inscription to the memory of **JAMES BRADLEY**, the third astronomer royal, who succeeded Dr. Halley, on the brass plate now affixed to the wall on the east side of the south transept in Minchinhampton church, Gloucestershire, and formerly on the tomb in the churchyard :—

“Here lies buried **JAMES BRADLEY**, D.D., Member of the Royal Societies of London, Paris, Berlin, and Petersburg; Astronomer Royal; Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford; a man highly esteemed for his knowledge of philosophy, especially in the investigation of abstruse points; so successfully diligent, and of such great wisdom, that those of every nation who devoted themselves to those pursuits, freely owned his superiority; and, at the same time, of such rare modesty, that he also seemed ignorant of the high reputation in which he was held by the most competent judges.

He died 12th July, 1762, aged 70.”

In Lee churchyard, Kent, close by Dr. Halley, is buried **BLISS**, the fourth astronomer royal, but without any inscription. The only mention of **BLISS**'s name, at Lee, is in the register of burials, which terminates very abruptly. It is as follows :—

“The Reverend Mr. **NATHANIEL BLISS**, of East Greenwich, was buried September 4th, 1764. He was”—

REMARKABLE PERSONS.

Upon the pedestal of the statue erected to **JOAN** of Arc, the maid of Orleans, in Rouen, on the spot of her unjust execution, was affixed an inscription in acknow-

ledgment of her services to the state, which may be thus translated :—

“The Maiden’s sword protects the royal crown :
Beneath her sacred care, the lilies safely bloom.”

Chambers.

At Kirlees, Yorkshire, is, or was lately, a funeral monument of the famous outlaw, ROBIN HOOD, inscribed as follows :—

“Here, undernead dis laid stean,
Lais, ROBERT, Earl of Huntingtun ;
Nea arter az hie sa geud,
An pipl kauld him ROBIN HEUD,
Sich outlawz hi an iz men,
Vil England never si agen.
Obiit 24. kal. Decembrio. 1247.”*

ROBIN HOOD lies buried in the park : the remains of the ancient gravestone having been surrounded with a handsome iron railing, by the late Sir George Armitage ; in the wall is an old inscription on brass ; it is situated in a very gloomy place. Not far distant from his grave, are the remains of a Nunnery, and a burial ground, with tombs in it ; but I could find no date, either in the house or on those tombs. One of the tombs has this inscription round its edge :—

“Sweet Jesus of Nazareth, show mercy to ELIZABETH
STANTON, late Prioress of this place.”

The following is also said to have been inscribed on the tombstone of ROBIN HOOD :—

“Underneath this marble stone
Through death’s assault now lieth one,
Known by the name of ROBIN HOOD
Who was a thief and archer good.

* This epitaph was found among the papers of the learned Gale, Dean of York, written in old English.

Full twenty years (and somewhat more)
 He robbed the rich to feed the poor :
 Therefore bedew his grave with tears,
 And offer for his soul your prayers.
 He died Dec. 1247.”

In St. Mary's churchyard, Lambeth Walk, is the tomb of the TRADESCANTS, founders of the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, erected in 1662. The younger TRADESCANT left his museum of natural history to Mr. Elias Ashmole, who afterwards bequeathed it to the University of Oxford. A black marble tablet bears this inscription :—

“ JOHN TRADESCANT,
 Died A.D. MDCXXXVIII.
 JANE TRADESCANT, his wife,
 Died A.D. MDCXXXIV.
 JOHN TRADESCANT, his son,
 Died 25th April, A.D. MDCLXII.
 JOHN TRADESCANT, his grandson,
 Died 11th September, A.D. MDCLII.
 HESTER, wife of John Tradescant, Younger,
 Died 6th April, A.D. MDCLXVIII.

Know, stranger ! ere thou pass, beneath this stone
 Lye JOHN TRADESCANT, grandsire, father, son :
 The last dyed in his Spring : the other two
 Liv'd till they'd travell'd Art and Nature thro',
 As by their choice collections may appear,
 Of what is rare in land, in sea, or air :
 Whilst they (as Homer's Iliad in a nut)
 A world of wonders in one closet shut :
 These famous antiquarians, that had been
 Both gardeners to the *Rose* and *Lily* Queen,*
 Transplanted now, themselves sleep here, and when
 Angels shall with their trumpets waken men,
 And fire shall purge the world—these hence shall rise
 And change this garden for a Paradise.

* Meaning Queen Elizabeth, the Rose Queen; and Henrietta, Consort of Charles II., the Lily Queen.

REMARKABLE PERSONS.

This Tomb, originally erected on this spot in the year 1662,
By Hester, relict of John Tradescant, the Younger,
Being in a state of decay
Was repaired by Subscription, in the year 1773."

After a lapse of nearly two centuries since its erection,
it was entirely restored, by subscription, in the year
1853.

On WILLIAM LILLY, the astrologer.—In the church
of Walton-upon-Thames, is the tomb of LILLY, with the
following inscription :—

"That the tomb of that eminent Astrologer WILLIAM
LILLY, might not be utterly forgotten, who died on the
9th June, in the Julian year of our Lord, 1681, Elias
Ashmole, Esquire, dedicated to him this testimony of
his affection. King Charles the Second granted to the
above WILLIAM LILLY, a pension of a hundred pounds
per annum, during life, which he enjoyed in Walton
for several years."

On JOANNA SOUTHCOTE, the notorious imposter.—She
died Dec. 27th, 1814, aged 64, and was buried at
Mary-le-bone. In St. John's Wood chapel is a flagstone
placed to her memory, on which are engraven the follow-
ing doggerel lines, signed "Sabineus" :—

"While vain sages think they know
Truths which Thou alon'st can show,
Time alone shall show what hour
Thou'lt appear in greater power."

On Sir JOHN MANDEVILLE, in St. Alban's Abbey.
On one of the pillars of the nave, in St. Alban's Abbey,
Herts., there is an inscription to the memory of the
famous traveller, Sir JOHN MANDEVILLE, whose excessive

credulity, rather than a love of misrepresentation, made his "Itinerary" the type of the modern *Baron Munchausen*. Who forgets (that has once read it) the "Tattler's" account of the experiences of himself and crew at Nova Zembla, where their words froze in the act of being uttered, and on a thaw coming on, were heard breaking as it were from the atmosphere in the most extraordinary, and, according to Mr. Bickerstaff, the most mirth-provoking manner? Sir JOHN was born at St. Alban's, and *buried there*,* in 1372, having commenced his peregrinations in 1322, and continued them during 34 years, through the greater part of the world. The inscription over his remains is as follows:—

"Lo in this tomb of travellers do ly
One rich in nothing but in memory;

His name was Sir JOHN MANDEVILLE, content,
Having seen much mirth, with small confinement;
Towards which he travelled ever since his birth,
And at last pawned his body to the earth,
Which by a statute must in mortgage be
Till a Redeemer come to set it free."

A Visit to the Shrine of St. Alban's, by Mrs. White.

In St. John the Baptist church, Savoy street, London, is a monument to RICHARD LANDER, the African traveller, bearing the following inscription:—

"Sacred

To the memory of

Mr. RICHARD LANDER,

Born at Truro, in Cornwall, on the 8th of February, 1804,
and Died at Fernando Po, on the 2nd February, 1834.

* Sir John de Mandeville died at Liege, Nov. 17, 1371, and was buried there, with an inscription upon his tomb, in the French of that time:—

"Vos ki paseis sor mi, pour l'amour Deix
Proies por mi."

Ranking's Historical Researches, &c., p 514.

He died at Liege in 1372, where a monument is erected to his memory, the inscription of which denominates him—

"JOHN DE MANDEVILLE, alias De Barba, Lord of Campoli."

Another writer's statement.

REMARKABLE PERSONS.

His death was occasioned by a gun-shot wound, received from the Natives of Africa, by whom he was attacked and plundered whilst ascending the River Niger, for the purpose of introducing into that country the blessings of civilization, and the arts of peace.

This Tablet is erected by his Widow and Child."

In St. John's church, Maddermarket, Norwich, is a mural monument to the memory of the second wife of Thomas, duke of Norfolk, who was beheaded. It bears the following inscription :—

“ Under this place
lie the remains of
The Virtuous Lady MARGARET,
Duchess of Norfolk,
and daughter of
Thomas Lord Audley, of Walden,
Lord High Chancellor of England.
She died Feb. 7th,
1563. Æt. 23.
Her descendant,
Lord John Howard, of Walden,
Erected this monument
to her memory,
1791.”

In Worlingworth church is a beautiful monument (by Bacon), inscribed as follows :—

“ Erected to the memory of
the most noble
ELIZABETH, Duchess Dowager of Chandos,
Deceased the 30th of March, 1813, aged 82.
Her grace was more exalted by intrinsic virtue than rank.
The unaffected grief of her relatives, friends and
Neighbours, the blessings of a multitude,
Followed her to the Grave.
Promptitude to honour and obey her Parents

Gave evidence of her mortal longevity :
Her faith, her piety, her christian resignation,
Her stedfast hope,
Her trust in the mercy of God,
Give, it is humbly presumed by her mourning survivors,
assurance of a crown and a glory
eternal.

This Monumental tribute proceeds from the veneration
of her ever affectionate and grateful nephew,
JOHN Lord HENNIKER,
MDCCLXXXVIII."

Monument to LILLYWHITE, the cricketer. In August, 1856, was erected in Highgate cemetery, a monument to this celebrated cricketer. It consists of a marble pedestal, surmounted by a broken column, upon which is engraved the following characteristic inscription :—

"LILLYWHITE, born June, 1792; died August 21, 1854. From an humble situation he achieved a world-wide reputation, teaching, both by precept and example, a sport in which the blessings of youthful strength and spirits may be most innocently enjoyed, to the exercise of mind, the discipline of the temper, and the general improvement of the man.

This monument testifies the respect of the noblemen and gentlemen of the Marylebone Cricket Club, and of the many private friends to one who did his duty in the state of life to which it had pleased God to call him."

GEORGE STEPHENSON, the eminent engineer, died Aug, 12th, 1848, in the 68th year of his age, and was buried in Trinity church, Chesterfield, where, near to his grave, is a memorial window, erected by his son, Mr. Robert Stephenson, inscribed only with his name, age, and time of death.

REMARKABLE PERSONS.

Sir RICHARD ARKWRIGHT, the inventor of cotton spinning, died Aug. 3rd, 1792, aged 59, and was buried in a vault beneath the floor of the neat little church at Cromford, in Derbyshire; but neither an inscription on his tomb, nor a memorial in the church records the name of him who will ever claim an exalted position among the founders of England's manufacturing and commercial greatness. In the same vault are deposited the remains of his son, RICHARD ARKWRIGHT, Esq., who inherited his father's sagacity and aptitude for business, and died the wealthiest commoner in England, April 23rd, 1843, aged 87.

In the churchyard of Wrexham, Denbighshire, in North Wales, is buried ELIHU YALE, the traveller, of whom it is said that, when in India, he ordered his groom to be hanged for having ridden his horse on a journey of two or three days for the sake of his health. YALE died in London, and the following inscription is on his tomb at Wrexham:—

“ Sacred to the memory of
ELIHU YALE, Esq.,
Who died 22nd July, 1721.

Born in *America*, in *Europe* bred,
In *Africa* travell'd, and in *Asia* wed,
Where long he liv'd and thriv'd, at *London* dead. }
Much good, some ill he did; so hope all's even,
And that his soul thro mercy's gone to heaven.
You that survive, and read, take care
For this most certain exit to prepare;
For only the actions of the just
Shall sweet and blossom in the dust.”

Monument to Sir EDWARD WYNTER, in Battersea church. This monument is on the south wall; on the top is his bust, of a large size, with whiskers: underneath the inscription is a bas-relievo, representing him

in the act of performing the exploits mentioned in his epitaph. He died 1685, aged 64. The inscription (after a few lines in Latin) is as follows:—

“Born to be great, in fortune as in mind,
 Too great to be within an isle confin'd ;
 Young, helpless, friendless, seas unknown he tried ;
 But English courage all those wants supplied.
 A pregnant wit, a painful diligence,
 Care to provide, and bounty to dispense ;
 Join'd to a soul sincere, plain, open, just,
 Procur'd him friends, and friends procur'd him trust.
 These were his fortune's rise, and thus began
 This hardy youth raised to that happy man.
 A rare example, and unknown to most,
 Where wealth is gain'd, and conscience is not lost ;
 Nor less in martial honour was his name,
 Witness his actions of immortal fame :
 Alone, unarm'd, a tyger he oppress'd,
 And crush'd to death the monster of a beast :
 Twice twenty mounted Moors he overthrew,
 Singly, on foot, some wounded, some he slew :
 Dispers'd the rest—what more could Sampson do ?
 True to his friends, a terror to his foes,
 Here now in peace his honoured bones repose.
 Vita Peregrinatio.”

This Monument was restored, after the rebuilding of the Church, by his great grandson, Edwd. Hampson Wynter, Esq.

At Babraham, in Cambridgeshire, is this epitaph on ORAZIO PALOVICIN, who was the last deputed to this country to collect the Peter-pence; but instead of returning to Rome, he divided the spoil with the queen, and bought the estate at Babraham:—

“Here lies ORAZIO PALOVICIN
 Who robb'd the Pope to pay the Queen.
 He was a thief:—A thief? thou liest!
 For why? He robb'd but Antichrist.
 Him death with besom swept from Babraham,
 Unto the bosom of Old Abraham;

REMARKABLE PERSONS.

Then came Hercules with his club,
And knocked him down to Beelzebub."

In Newhaven churchyard, on THOMAS TIPPER, who died May 14, 1785 :—

"Reader, with kind regard, this grave survey,
Nor heedless pass where TIPPER's ashes lay.
Honest he was,—ingenuous, blunt, and kind,
And dar'd do what few dare do——speak his mind.
Philosophy and History well he knew—
Was vers'd in Physic and in Surgery too.
The best old Stingo he both brew'd and sold,
Nor did one knavish act to get his gold.
He play'd through life a varied comic part,
And knew immortal Hudibras by heart !
Reader! in real truth, such was the man :
Be better, wiser—laugh more, if you can."

JAMES WATT, was buried in the church at Handsworth, near his estate of Heathfield. His son, Mr. James Watt, has raised over his grave a Gothic Chapel, in the centre of which is placed a statue by Chantrey. He has also a monument in Westminster Abbey, erected by subscription. It consists of a colossal statue of Carrara marble, by Chantrey, and on the pedestal of the monument is the following inscription from the pen of Lord Brougham :—

"Not to perpetuate a name
Which must endure while the peaceful arts flourish,
But to show
That mankind have learned to honour those
Who best deserve their gratitude,
The King,
His Ministers, and many of the Nobles
And Commons of the Realm,
Raised this monument to
JAMES WATT,

Who, directing the force of an original genius,
 Early exercised in Philosophic research
 To the improvement of
 The Steam Engine,
 Enlarged the resources of his country,
 Increased the power of Man,
 And rose to an eminent place
 Among the most illustrious followers of Science
 And the real Benefactors of the world.
 Born at Greenock, MDCCXXXVI.
 Died at Heathfield, in Staffordshire, MDCCCXIX."

CHARLES BUONAPARTE, the father of the first Napoleon, died at Montpellier, in 1783, and was interred there in a very modest tomb, in the Church of St. Dennis.

Burial place of JOHN HOWARD, the philanthropist. HOWARD's dying wish was that a sun-dial should be placed over his grave, and that he might be forgotten. The Cherson authorities buried him at the spot he had selected, but, instead of a sun-dial, erected a brick pyramid over his grave, surrounded with stone posts and chains. There was no inscription, but simply the words—

"JOHN HOWARD."

Another monument was erected to his memory in the church of the Assumption.

The monument to JOHN HOWARD, in St. Paul's Cathedral, is a well executed statue, by Bacon, representing that benevolent man in the Roman costume, trampling on some fetters; a key in his right hand, and in his left a scroll, on which these words are visible:—

REMARKABLE PERSONS.

“ Plan for the Improvement of Prisons and Hospitals.”

There is a bas-relief on the front of the pedestal, representing HOWARD entering a cell, bringing food and clothing for the prisoners. Below this is the name “JOHN HOWARD.” On the north side of the pedestal— “John Bacon, Sculptor, 1795.” On the south side is this inscription, written by the late Samuel Whitbread, M.P. :—

“ This extraordinary man had the fortune to be honoured whilst living, in the manner in which his virtues deserved.

He received the thanks of both Houses of the British and Irish Parliament for his eminent services rendered to his country and to mankind.

Our national prisons and hospitals, improved upon the suggestions of his wisdom, bear testimony to the solidity of his judgment, and to the estimation in which he was held.

In every part of the civilized world, which he traversed to reduce the sum of human misery, from the throne to the dungeon, his name was mentioned with respect, gratitude, and admiration.

His modesty alone defeated various efforts which were made during his life to erect this statue, which the public has now consecrated to his memory.

He was born at *Hackney*, in the County of *Middlesex*, Sept. 2nd, 1726.

The early part of his life he spent in retirement, residing principally upon his paternal estate, at *Cardington*, in *Bedfordshire*, for which county he served the office of Sheriff in the year 1773.

He expired at *Cherson* in *Russian Tartary*, on the 20th January, 1790, a victim to the perilous and benevolent attempt to ascertain the cause of, and find an efficacious remedy for the plague.

He trod an open and unfrequented path to immortality, in the ardent and unintermitted exercise of Christian charity.

May this tribute to his fame
excite an emulation of his truly glorious achievements."

The remains of WALTER VENNING, the philanthropist, lie at St. Petersburg, and have had accorded to them a simple monument, with an inscription in Rus and English. After his funeral, Prince Gallitzin observed :—

"While Russia has to show, near one frontier, the ashes of his countryman, who about thirty years before, fell a victim to his philanthropy, at another extremity of that empire, she here presents in the capital, the monument of a second Howard."

ROSAMOND CLIFFORD, the famous mistress of Henry II., was buried in the chapel of the nunnery at Godstow, near Oxford, with this curious inscription on her tomb :—

"Hic jacet in tumbâ, Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda :
Non redolet sed olet, quæ redolere solet."

Imitated in English :—

"Here lies not Rose the chaste, but Rose the fair ;
Her scents no more perfume, but taint the air."

Old TOBIAS HOBSON, the University carrier, kept a stable of forty good cattle always ready and fit for travelling, to furnish the scholars of Cambridge University. When a man came for a horse, he was led into the stable, where there was great choice : but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable door. From whence it became a proverb "Hobson's choice." Mr. Hobson sickened in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London by reason of the

plague. The following epitaph on Old Hobson, is by John Milton :—

“ Here lies Old Hobson ; Death hath broke his girt,
 And here, alas ! hath laid him in the dirt ;
 Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one
 He’s here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
 ’Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,
 Death was half glad when he had got him down ;
 For he had, any time this ten years full
 Dodg’d with him, betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.
 And surely death could never have prevail’d
 Had not his weekly course of carriage fail’d ;
 But lately finding him so long at home,
 And thinking now his journey’s end was come,
 And that he had ta’en up his latest inn ;
 In the kind office of a chamberlain
 Show’d him his room where he must lodge that night,
 Pull’d off his boots, and took away the light :
 If any ask for him, it shall he said,
 ‘ Hobson has supp’d, and’s newly gone to bed.’ ”

Another on old Hobson (by John Milton) :—

“ HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove,
 That he could never die while he could move ;
 So hung his destiny, never to rot
 While he might still jog on and keep his trot,
 Made of sphere-metal, never to decay
 Until his revolution was at stay.
 Time numbers motion, yet, (without a crime
 ’Gainst old truth) motion number’d out his time :
 And like an engine moved with wheel and weight,
 His principles being ceas’d he ended straight.
 Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
 And too much breathing put him out of breath ;
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm,
 Too long vacation hastened on his term.
 Merely to drive the time away he sicken’d,
 Fainted and died, nor would with ale be quicken’d ;
 Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretch’d,
 ‘ If I may’nt carry, sure I’ll ne’er be fetch’d,
 But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
 For one carrier put down to make six bearers.’ ”
 Ease was his chief disease ; and to judge right,

He died for heaviness that his cart went light;
 His leisure told him, that his time was come,
 And lack of load made his life burdensome,
 That even to his last breath, (there be that say't)
 As he was pressed to death he cried "more weight"
 But had his doings lasted as they were,
 He had been an immortal carrier.
 Obedient to the moon he spent his date,
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate
 Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
 Yet (strange to think) his *wain* was his *increase* :
 His letters are delivered all and gone,
 Only remains this superscription."

Monument to GRACE DARLING, in St. Cuthbert's Chapel,
 on Fern Island.—A monument, by Mr. Davies, the sculp-
 tor, of Newcastle, has been placed to GRACE's memory;
 it consists of a cippus of stone, 6 feet in height, sculp-
 tured with the Cross of St. Cuthbert, and bearing the
 following inscription :—

" To the memory of
 GRACE HOBSLEY DARLING,
 a native of Bamburgh,
 and an Inhabitant
 of these Islands :
 Who died Oct. 20th, A. D. 1842,
 Aged 26 years.

Pious and pure, modest, and yet so brave,
 Though young so wise, though meek so resolute.

Oh! that winds and waves could speak
 Of things which their united power called forth
 From the pure depths of her humanity!
 A maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,
 Firm and unflinching as the lighthouse reared
 On the island-rock, her lonely dwelling place;
 Or like the invincible rock itself that braves,
 Age after age, the hostile elements,
 As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell.

REMARKABLE PERSONS.

All night the storm had raged, nor ceased nor paused,
When, as day broke, the maid, through musty air,
Espies far off a wreck, amid the surf,
Beating on one of those disastrous isles.
Half of a vessel, half—no more; the rest
Had vanished!—*Wm. Wordsworth.*

Another monument has been raised to GRACE DARLING, in the churchyard of Bamborough, on the coast of Northumberland, where her remains lie. The monument is an altar-tomb, upon which is the recumbent figure of GRACE DARLING, sculptured in fine Portland stone, and surmounted by a Gothic canopy, with six side and two end arches. The figure is represented lying on a plaited straw mattress, bearing an oar, such as is peculiar to the Northumberland coast; and beneath the folds of the mattress, at the head, is introduced a kind of sea weed, which is very abundant in the district.”

Inscription on the tomb of Sir WILLIAM DE TRACY, one of the murderers of *Becket*. The little village of Morte, is associated with the history of Sir WILLIAM DE TRACY, one of the knights who murdered Thomas à Becket. The old weather-beaten church of grey stone, that rears its tower on a little hill, the most conspicuous object far or near, was built by him as a supposed expiation for his crime, and within an aisle of this church his tomb still stands. Its antiquity is very evident. The black marble cover bears the rude effigy of the repentant knight, but clothed in the full canonical robes of that priesthood which he is said to have assumed in his retirement. An inscription in old Norman characters records the name and prayer of the dead:—

“ Syre WILLIAME DE TRACE Dieu de sa
alme eyt Mercy.”

In St. Peter's chapel, Quarenden, Bucks., on a monument to Sir ANTHONY LEE (who died about 1550), is this inscription :—

“ ANTHONY LEE, a knight of worthy name,
Sire to Sir Henry Lee, of noble fame,
Son to Sir Robert Lee, here buried lies,
Whereas his fame and memory never dies.
Greate is the fountain whence himself did roam
But greater is the greatness of his son ;
His body here, his soul in heaven doth reste,
What scornde the earthe cannot with earthe be prest.”

WILLIAM STEVENS, Esq. was buried in Otham churchyard, in Kent, where the following inscription is placed upon a marble tablet in the church (written by a friend) :—

“ Sacred to the memory of
WILLIAM STEVENS,
Late of Broad-Street, in the city of London, Hosier,
And many years Treasurer of Queen Anne's Bounty ;
Whose remains, by his own desire, were deposited
Near this church, which he delighted to frequent as the
Place of his devotion, and which he repaired and
Adorned by his munificence.
Educated, and during his whole life engaged in trade,
He yet found means to enrich his mind
With English, French, Latin, Greek, and especially
Hebrew Literature ;
And connected by blood and affection
With many of the most distinguished Divines of his age,
He was inferior to none
In profound knowledge and steady practice
Of the doctrines and discipline of the Church of England :
Austere to himself alone,
Charitable and indulgent towards others,
He attracted the young by the cheerfulness of his temper,
The old by the sanctity of his life :
and tempering instructive admonition with inoffensive wit,
Uniting fervent piety towards God,
With unbounded good-will and well regulated beneficence

REMARKABLE PERSONS.

towards men,
 And illustrating his Christian profession by his own
 consistent example,
 He became the blessed means, by divine grace,
 Of winning many to the ways of righteousness.
 He finished his probation, and entered into his rest,
 On the 7th day of February, A.D. 1807,
 In the 75th year of his age."
Baron Park's Memoirs of Stevens.

On visiting, a short time since, the interesting church
 of Ightham, near Sevenoaks, my attention was caught
 by a mural monument containing the bust of a lady,
 who was traditionally reported to have written the
 letter which proved the cause of discovering the *Gun-
 powder Plot*. Behind the monument was some of her
 needlework suspended. The following was the epi-
 taph:—

"D. D. D. To the pretious name and honor of Dame
 DOROTHY SELBY, the Relict of Sir William Selby, Kt.,
 the only daughter and heire of Charles Bonham, Esq.

"She was a Dorcas
 Whose curious needle wound the abused stage
 Of this leud world into the golden age,
 Whose pen of steel and silken inck enroll'd
 The acts of Jonah in records of gold.
 Whose arte disclosed that plot, which, had it taken,
 Rome had triumph'd, and Britain's walls had shaken.

She was
 In heart a Lydia, and in tongue a Hanna,
 In zeale a Ruth, in wedlock a Susanna.
 Prudently simple, providently wary,
 To the world a Martha, and to heaven a Mary.

Who put on } in the year } Pilgrimage, 69.
 immortality } of her } Redeemer, 1641.

Notes & Queries.

On JAMES BRUCE, Esq., the celebrated African travel-
 ler, in the churchyard of Larbert:—

“ In this tomb are deposited the remains of
JAMES BRUCE, Esq., of Kinnaird,
 who died on the 27th of April, 1794,
 In the 64th year of his age.

His life was spent in performing
 useful and splendid actions;
 He explored many distant regions,
 He discovered the fountains of the Nile,
 He traversed the deserts of Nubia.
 He was an affectionate husband,
 An indulgent parent,
 An ardent lover of his country.

By the unanimous voice of mankind,
 His name is enrolled with those
 Who were conspicuous
 For genius, for valour, and for virtue.”

In Rushden church, Northamptonshire, on Sir **GODDARD
 PEMBERTON**, Knt., who died August, 1616:—

“ When all is done, it only is the pen
 Can tell the world the good or ill of men ;
 Stone, wood, or brass, whercon the naught is writt
 Is soone as silent as those under it ;
 And for tradition let the world not trust,
 Or to the living that we see unjust ;
 Then for thy reverence to his generous race,
 The Knight which here lies buried in this place ;
 Hurt not this tomb, raze not when thou hast read,
 Oh ! in thy mercye do not wrong the dead.”

On Viscountess **PALMERSTON**. At Nuneham Courtney,
 in Oxfordshire, on an altar, encircled with cypresses,
 which stands within a recess in the shrubbery that sur-
 rounds the garden, is placed the **URN**. The bank that
 rises behind is planted with flowers, and a weeping
 willow, large Weymouth pines, and other evergreens,
 form the back ground. The following inscription from
 the pen of *William Whitehead*, *Poet Laureate*, is on the
 Altar:—

REMARKABLE PERSONS.

“ Sacred to the memory of FRANCES POOLE,
Viscountess Palmerston.

Here shall our lingering footsteps oft be found,
This is her shrine, and consecrates the ground.
Here living sweets around her altar rise
And breathe perpetual incense to the skies.
Here too, the thoughtless, and the young may tread
Who shun the drearier mansions of the dead :
May here be taught what worth the world has known,
Her wit, her sense, her virtues were her own ;
To her peculiar—and for ever lost
To those who knew, and therefore lov'd her most.
Oh ! if kind pity steal on virtue's eye,
Check not the tear, nor stop the useful sigh ;
From soft humanity's ingenuous flame,
A wish may rise to emulate her fame,
And some faint image of her worth restore,
When those who now lament her are no more.

George Simon Harcourt, and the Honourable
Elizabeth Vernon, Viscount and Viscountess Newnham,
erected this urn in the year 1771.”

In Berkeley churchyard, Gloucestershire :—

“ Here resteth the Body of THOMAS PEIRCE, who was
five times Mayor of this Towne, who deceased the 25th
of Feb., 1665. *Ætatis* 77.

Here lyeth THOMAS PEIRCE, whom no man taught,
Yet he in Iron, Brasse, and Silver wrought.
He Jacks, and Clocks, and Watches (with art) made,
And mended too when others' worke did fade.
Of Berkeley five times Mayor this artist was,
And yet this Mayor, this Artist was but grasse.
When his own watch was Downe on the last day,
He that made watches, had not made a Key
To wind it up, but useless it must lie,
Until he Rise again no more to die.”

Some years since, a Mr. DICKSON, who was Provost
of Dundee, in Scotland, died, and by will left the sum

of one guinea to a person to compose an epitaph upon him, which sum he directed his three executors to pay. The executors, thinking to defraud the poet, agreed to meet and share the guinea among them, each contributing a line to the epitaph, which ran as follows:—

(First) “Here lies DICKSON—Provost of Dundee,
 (Second) Here lies DICKSON—Here lies he,
 (The third was put to it for a long time, but unwilling to lose his share of the guinea, vociferously bawled out)
 Hallelujah—hallelujah.”

In Dundee churchyard:—

“Here lies the body of JOHN WATSON,
 Read not this with your hats on,
 For why? He was the Provost of Dundee,
 Hallelujah, hallelujah.”

In All Saints' church, Leicester. On a wooden tablet in this church, is an inscription to the memory of WILLIAM NORRICE, stating that he is—

— “Dead and gone,
 Whose grave from all the rest is known
 By finding out the greatest stone.”

This stone is a large rough pebble; and WM. NORRICE appears to have been twice mayor of Leicester, and “gave twice fifteen groats yearly to All Saints' poor:” also “five marks yearly to the master of the free school.” He had three wives, and died 1615, aged over 90 years.

Cook's Topography.

At North Ferryby, Yorkshire, the following very instructive lines are inscribed on a handsome tablet, to the memory of Sir T. ETHRINGTON, an alderman of Hull, and late a resident at the above place:—

REMARKABLE PERSONS!

“Taught of God we should view losses, sickness, pain, and death, but as the several trying stages by which a good man, like Joseph, is conducted from a tent to a court; sin his disease, Christ his physician, pain his medicine, the Bible his support, the grave his rest, and death itself an angel expressly sent to relieve the worn-out labourer, or crown the faithful soldier.”

In Framlingham churchyard, Suffolk. EDMUND WEBSTER, died June 8th, 1834, aged 79.

“In the year seventeen hundred and eighty four,
To *chime* here he did begin,
And constant with rising companies
He many years was seen.
His last peal for a wedding was,
Which he performed with glee,
So the years he was a chimer,
Above you may plainly see.”

In Worlingworth churchyard. JOHN JESSOP died June 19th, 1825, aged 80 years:—

“To ringing from his youth he always took delight,
Now his bell has rung, and his soul has ta'en its flight,
We hope to join the choir of heavenly singing,
That far excels the harmony of ringing.”

In the village churchyard at Leeds, in Kent:—

“In memory of JAMES BARHAM, of this parish, who departed this life January 14, 1818, aged 93; and who from the year 1774 to the year 1804, rung in Kent, and elsewhere, 112 peals, not less than 5040 changes in each peal, and called bobs, &c., for most of the peals; and April 7th and 8th, 1761, assisted in ringing 40,320 bob-majors on Leeds bells, in twenty-seven hours.

Notes and Queries, March, 1855.

On POWELL, the famous pedestrian :—

“ For quick ideas some we praise,
 And men of talents meet !
 But this man’s fame, and fame it was,
 Lay wholly in his feet.

Such feet were never known before,
 Witness the wondrous work
 Which thousands long remember still
 Of travelling to York.

But now, alas ! our Trav’ler’s gone
 To that mysterious bourn,
 From which, the immiortal Shakspeare says,
 ‘ No trav’ler’s e’er return.’ ”

FRANCIS CHARTRES was a man infamous for all manner of vices. When he was ensign in the army, he was drummed out of the regiment for a cheat ; he was next banished Brussels, and drummed out of Ghent on the same account. After a hundred tricks at the gaming-tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant interest, and on great penalties, accumulating premium, interest, and capital into a new capital, and seizing to a minute when the payments became due. In a word, by a constant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind, he acquired an immense fortune. His house was a perpetual bawdy house. He was twice condemned for rapes, and pardoned ; but the last time not without imprisonment in Newgate, and large confiscations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The populace, at his funeral, raised a great riot, almost tore the body out of the coffin, and cast dead dogs, &c. into the grave along with it. He was worth £7000 a year estate in land, and about £100,000 in money. This epitaph contains his character, very justly drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot :—

“ HERE continueth to rot
 The body of FRANCIS CHARTRES ;
 Who with an *Inflexible Constancy*,
 And *Inimitable Uniformity* of Life,

REMARKABLE PERSONS.

Persisted

In spite of *Age* and *Infirmities*,
In the practice of *Every Human Vice*,
Excepting *Prodigality* and *Hypocrisy*;
His insatiable *Avarice* exempted him from the first,
His matchless *Impudence* from the second.

Nor was he more singular
In the undeviating *Pravity* of his *Manners*
Than successful

In *accumulating Wealth*;
For, without *Trade* or *Profession*,
Without *Trust* of *Public Money*,
And without *Bribe-worthy* Service,
He acquired, or more properly created
A *Ministerial Estate*.

He was the only person of his time
Who could *cheat* without the mask of *Honesty*,
Retain his primeval *Meanness*
When possessed of *Ten Thousand* a year;
And having daily deserved the *Gibbet* for what he *did*,
Was at last condemned to it for what he *could not do*.

O Indignant Reader!

Think not his life useless to mankind:
Providence connived at his execrable designs,
To give to after ages
A conspicuous *Proof* and *Example*,
Of how small estimation is *Exorbitant Wealth*
In the sight of *God*,
By his bestowing it on the most *unworthy* of all
Mortals."

On Lord CONINGSBY, by Pope. (This was originally written on Picus Mirandula, is applied to Francis Chartres, and printed among the works of Swift.)

"Here lies Lord CONINGSBY—be civil:
The rest God knows—so does the devil."

In the chancel of the church of All Saints, at Maldon, in Essex, is a stone of white marble, on which is a Latin epitaph to this effect:—

“The deposit of JOHN VERNON, Gent. Turkey merchant, who hath often crossed the seas, tempted thereto not so much by the love of gain, as an ardent desire of beholding the wonderful works of God in the deep. He boasts of this sepulchral stone, as not the least reward of all his labours, it being discovered among the ruins of Smyrna : he also brought to light some choice ancient manuscripts, monuments of that ancient city ; with these he enriched his native country. He is now safely arrived at the haven of rest. He died January 28, 1653, aged 84.”—*Mirror*, 1833.

In Westminster Abbey is a medallion profile of JONAS HANWAY ; on each side, flags—one inscribed “Charity and Policy united.” Bas-relief—Britannia relieving distressed youths. Arms, with motto “Never despair.” It bears this inscription :—

“Sacred to the memory of
 JONAS HANWAY ;
 Who departed this life Sep. 5, 1786, aged 74,
 whose name now liveth and will ever live,
 Whilst active Piety shall distinguish
 the Christian :
 Integrity and truth shall recommend
 the British Merchant ;
 and universal kindness shall characterise
 the Citizen of the World.
 The helpless infant nurtured thro’ his care,
 The friendless Prostitute sheltered and reformed,
 The hopeless youth rescued from Misery and Ruin,
 and trained to serve and defend his country,
 Uniting in one common strain of Gratitude,
 Bear Testimony to their Benefactor’s Virtues.
 ‘This was the Friend and Father of the Poor.’”*

* In “Remarkable Occurrences in the Life of Jonas Hanway,” by John Pugh (Lond. 1787), it is stated that “he was the first man who ventured to walk the streets of London with an umbrella over his head. After carrying one nearly thirty years, he saw them come into general use.”

REMARKABLE PERSONS.

There is a plain tablet in Westminster Abbey, to ANN FILDING, with an inscription in Hebrew, Ethiopic, and English. The Hebrew inscription is thus translated :—

“ O thou fairest among women ! O virtuous woman ! the hand of the Lord hath done this.

‘ The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord, ’ ”

The Ethiopic is thus translated :—

“ Come let us lament o’er this monument of a beloved husband for thee, but in certain hope that thou art united with Christ.

This Lady was truly religious, virtuous, faithful, and mild as a dove, and chaste ; while she continued in life she was honoured ; and is happy through mercy in death.”

Underneath :—

“ ANN, daughter of George FILDING, Esq., and of Mary his wife, the truly loving (and as truly beloved) wife of Samuel MORLAND, Kt. and Bart., died Feb. 20. Anno Dn. 1679, *Ætatis* XIX.”

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On Mrs. *ERSKINE*, wife of William Erskine, Esq., (afterwards Lord Kinnedder) who died September, 1819, and was buried at Saline, in the county of Fife, in Scotland, where these lines are inscribed on the tombstone (by Sir Walter Scott, Bart.) :—

“ Plain, as her native dignity of mind,
 Arise the tomb of her we have resigned ;
 Unflaw’d and stainless be the marble scroll,
 Emblem of lovely form and candid soul.
 But oh ! what symbol may avail, to tell
 The kindness, wit, and sense, we loved so well !
 What sculpture show the broken ties of life,
 Here buried with the parent, friend and wife !
 Or on the tablet stamp each title dear,
 By which thine urn, *EUPHEMIA*, claims the tear !
 Yet taught, by thy meek sufferance, to assume
 Patience in anguish, hope beyond the tomb,

Resign'd, though sad, this votive verse shall flow,
And brief, alas! as thy brief span below!"

The Duke of Alencon crowned Henry VI. at Paris in 1431, and died there in 1435, and was buried in Rouen Cathedral, where his monument is still to be seen. When Charles VIII. visited this tomb, some noblemen who accompanied him, solicited him to give orders for the destruction of the monument of the ancient foe of France, but the monarch answered with a better spirit, "Let him rest in peace, now he is dead; it was when he was alive, and in the field, that France dreaded him."

On JOHN ST. JOHN LONG :—

"It is the fate of most men
to have many enemies and few friends.—
This monumental pile
is not intended to mark the career,
but to shew
how much its inhabitant was respected
by those who knew his worth,
and the benefits
derived from his remedial discovery :
he is now at rest
and far beyond the praises or censures
of this world.

Stranger! As you respect the receptacle for the dead
(as one of the many that will rest here)

Read the name of
JOHN ST. JOHN LONG,
without comment.
Died July 2nd, 1834,
Aged 37 years."

On the well-known BEAU NASH, in Bath Abbey church, said to have been written by Dr. Harington :—

REMARKABLE PERSONS.

“ Adeste O Cives, adeste Lugentès!

Hic silent Leges

Ricardi NASH, Armig.

Nihil amplius imperantis;

Qui diu et utilissimè

Assumptus Bathoniæ

Elegantix Arbitr,

Eheu!

Morti, (ultimo designatori)

Haud indecore succubuit,

Ann. Dom. MDCCLXI. Ætat suæ LXXXVII.

Beatus ille qui sibi imperiosus!

If social virtues make remembrance dear,
Or manners pure on decent rule depend;
To *His* remains consign one grateful tear,
Of Youth the Guardian, and of all the Friend.

Now sleeps Dominion; here no Bounty flows;
Nor more avails the festive scene to grace,
Beneath that Hand which no discernment shews,
Untaught to honour, or distinguish place.”

ROBERT SANDEMAN, from whom the religious sect of the Sandemanians takes its name, died in America, A.D. 1772, aged 59, and was buried at Danbury, in New England, with the following inscription on his tomb:—

“Here lies until the resurrection, the body of ROBERT SANDEMAN, who, in the face of continual opposition from all sorts of men, long and boldly contended for the ancient faith, that the bare death of Jesus Christ, without a deed or thought on the part of man, is sufficient to present the chief of sinners spotless before God.”

On PETER THE GREAT, czar of Russia, who died in 1725, aged 53:—

“Here under deposited lies all that could die of a man immortal, PETER ALEXOWITZ; it is almost super-

fluous to say, Great Emperor of Russia: a title, which, instead of adding to his glory, became glorious by his wearing it, let antiquity be dumb, nor boast her Alexander, or her Cæsar. How easy was victory to leaders who were followed by heroes! and whose soldiers felt a noble disdain to be thought less awake than their generals! But he! who in this place knew rest, found subjects base and unactive, unwarlike, unlearned, untractable; neither covetous of fame, nor liberal of danger; creatures with the name of men, but with qualities rather brutal than rational: yet even these he polished from their native ruggedness; and breaking out like a new sun, to illuminate the minds of a people, dispelled their night of hereditary darkness! till by force of his invincible influence, he had taught them to conquer even the conquerors of Germany. Other princes have commanded victorious armies, this commander created them. Blush, O art! at a hero who owed thee nothing! Exult, O nature! for thine was this prodigy."

The tomb of the late Emperor NICHOLAS, faces that of Peter the Great. Mentioning this fact, the *Journal de St. Petersburg* exclaims—"Symbolical situation, awakening a world of thought! On one side the tomb of him who dispelled the darkness of ancient Russia; on the other, the tomb of the great sovereign who raised it to the apogee of glory and prosperity."

In St. Mary's church, at Westerham, in Kent, is a fine cenotaph to the memory of General WOLFE, (see page 33) bearing the following inscription :—

"While GEORGE in sorrow bows his laurel'd head,
And bids the artist grace the soldier dead,
We raise no sculptur'd trophy to thy name,
Brave youth! the fairest in the lists of fame.

REMARKABLE PERSONS.

Proud of thy birth, we boast the auspicious year;
Struck with thy fall, we shed the general tear :
With humble grief inscribe one artless stone,
And from thy matchless honour date our own."

Inscribed on a monument in Westminster Abbey :—

"To the Memory of JAMES WOLFE, Major General and Commander-in-chief of the British land forces, on an expedition against Quebec; who after surmounting by ability and valour, all obstacles of art and nature, was slain in the moment of victory, on the 14th of Sep. 1759. The King and Parliament of Great Britain dedicate this Monument."

In South-hill church, Bedfordshire; on Admiral BURNES, who was shot at Portsmouth :—

"To the perpetual disgrace of public justice, The Honourable JOHN BURNES, Vice Admiral of the Blue, fell a martyr to political persecution, March 14, in the year 1757; when bravery and loyalty were insufficient securities for the life and honour of a naval officer."

On Colonel JAMES GARDINER, a man distinguished for his piety and bravery, who fell at the battle of Preston Pans, 1745, within sight of his own house :—

"While fainter merit asks the powers of verse,
One faithful line shall GARDINER'S worth rehearse :
The bleeding hero, and the martyr'd saint,
Transcends the poet's praise, the herald's paint :
His the best path to fame that e'er was trod !
And surely his the noblest road to God !"

EPITAPHS, ETC.

In St. James's churchyard, Bury St. Edmunds:—

“A Tribute of Respect
Raised by the Traders attending Bury Fair,
In Memory
of one of their number,
Mr. AUGUSTUS STENSON,
of Sandyacre, in Derbyshire,
who, after a very short illness, left this
for a better World, on Friday, Oct. 24, 1817,
aged 36.

‘An Honest Man’s the noblest work of God.’
If honour can ennoble Man’s vain life,
If Charity and truth can lend a charm,
If reconciling enmity and strife
Can check in Death’s dark hour each wild alarm,
Then STENSON died in peace! for his were those
And every action token of them gave!
Stranger! one sigh will add to his repose,
For ’twill be breath’d upon a Stranger’s grave.”

On a tombstone in Lidford churchyard, Devonshire:—

“Here lies, in Horizontal position,
The outside *case* of
GEORGE ROUTLEIGH, Watchmaker,
Whose abilities in that line were an honour
To his profession:
Integrity was the *main-spring*,
and Prudence the *Regulator*
Of all the *actions* of his life:
Humane, generous, and liberal,
His *hand* never stopped
Till he had relieved distress;
So nicely *regulated* were all his *movements*
That he never *went wrong*
Except when *set-a-going*
By People
Who did not know
His Key:
Even then, he was easily

TRADESMEN.

Set right again :
He had the art of disposing his *Time*
So well,
That his *Hours* glided away
In one continual *round*
Of *Pleasure* and *Delight*,
Till an unlucky *Moment* put a *period* to
His existence ;
He departed this *Life*
November 14, 1802,
Aged 57,
Wound up,
In hopes of being taken in *Hand*
By his *Maker*,
And of being
Thoroughly *cleaned, repaired, and set-a-going*
In the *World* to come."

At Hampstead, on JOHN JOHNSON, Watchmaker, who
Died 27th June, 1800, aged 43 years :—

"For honest worth let friendship drop a tear,
Who knew him best, lament him most sincere ;
In all his actions, generous, just, and kind,
His regulator was a virtuous mind ;
Strict in his morals, in his manners mild,
A better man, look far, you will not find."

In Lavenham church, Suffolk. In the north aisle of
this church is a small mural monument, upon which
are represented a man and woman, engraved on brass,
kneeling before a table, and three sons and daughters
behind them. From the mouth of the man proceeds a
label on which is a Latin sentence, meaning this :—
"Into thy hands I commend my spirit." Underneath
is this inscription, which, like that of the label, is in
the old English characters :—

"Contynuall prayse these lynes in brasse,
 Of **ALLAINE DISTER** here,
 A clothier, vertuous while he was
 In Lavenham many a year.
 For as in lyefe he loved best
 The poore to clothe and feede
 So with the rich and all the rest
 He neighbourlie agreed ;
 And did appoynte before he dyed,
 A special yearlie rent,
 Which should be every Whitsontide
 Among the poorest spent.
 Et obiit Anno Dni. 1534."

On an unsuccessful oculist, who became a tallow-chandler :—

"So many of the human kind
 Under his hands became stone blind,
 That for such failings to atone
 At length he let the trade alone :
 And ever after in despite
 Of darkness, liv'd by giving light !
 But Death ! who had exciseman's power
 To enter houses every hour,
 Thinking his light grew rather sallow,
 Snuff'd out his wick, and seized his tallow."

On a baker :—

"RICHARD FULLER lies buried here,
 Do not withhold the crystal tear,
 For when he liv'd—he daily fed
 Woman, and child, and man, with bread.
 But now, alas ! he's turn'd to dust,
 As thou, and I, and all soon must :
 And lies beneath this turf so green,
 Where worms do daily feed on him."

On a porter, who died suddenly under a load;—

“Pack'd up within these dark abodes,
Lies one, in life inur'd to loads,
Which oft he carried 'tis well known,
Till death pass'd by—and threw him down—
When he that carried loads before,
Became a load which others bore,
To this his inn—where as they say,
They leave him till another day.”

On a blacksmith :—

“Here *cool* the ashes of
MULCIBER GRIM,
late of this parish,
blacksmith.

He was born in *Seacoal-lane*,
and bred at *Hammersmith* ;
from his youth upwards he was much addicted to *vices*
and was often guilty of *forgery* ;
having some talents for *irony*,
he thereby produced many *heats* in his neighbourhood,
which he usually increased by *blowing the coals*,
this rendered him so unpopular, that
when he found it necessary to adopt *cooling* measures,
his conduct was generally accompanied with a *hiss*.
Though he sometimes proved a *warm* friend,
yet where his interest was concerned
he made it a constant rule to *strike while the iron was hot*,
regardless of the injury he might do thereby :
and when he had any matter of moment upon the *anvil*
he seldom failed to *turn it to his own advantage*.
Among numberless instances that might be given
of the cruelty of his disposition,
it need only be mentioned that he was the means
of *hanging* many of the innocent family of the *Bells*,
under the idle pretence of keeping them from jangling :
and put great numbers of the *Hearts of Steel* into
the *hottest flames*,
merely (as he declared) to *soften* the obduracy
of their *tempers*.

EPITAPHS, ETC.

At length, after passing a long life in the commis-
sion of these *black actions*,
his *fire* being exhausted, and his *bellows* worn out,
he *filed* off to that place where only
the *fervid ordeal* of his own *forge* can be exceeded,
declaring with his last *puff*
that 'Man is born to trouble as the *sparks*
fly upwards.'

At Ockham, in Surrey, to the memory of JOHN SPONG,
a carpenter, who died 1736 :—

"Who many a sturdy oak hath laid along,
Fell'd by Death's surer hatchet, here lies SPONG.
Posts oft he made, yet ne'er a place could get,
And liv'd by railing, though he was no wit.
Old saws he had, although no antiquarian,
And styles corrected, yet was no grammarian." &c.

In Sheffield parish church, in memory of RICHARD
SMITH, who died April 6th, 1756, aged 52 :—

"At thirteen years I went to sea
To try my fortune there,
But lost my friend, which put an end
To all my interest there—
Then to land I came
As 'twere by chance,
At twenty then I taught to dance,
But yet unsettled in my mind,
To something else I was inclined;
At thirty-five I laid dancing down,
To be a bookseller in this town,
Where I continued without strife
Till death depriv'd me of my life;
Vain world, to thee I bid farewell,
To rest within this silent cell,
Till the great God shall summons all }
To answer his majestic call, }
The Lord have mercy on us all."

TRADESMEN.

On a celebrated coalheaver :—

“Cease to lament his change, ye just ;
He’s only gone from ‘dust to dust.’”

Epigrammatic epitaph :—

“Beneath yon humble clod, at rest,
Lies ANDREW, who if not the best,
Was not the very worst man ;
A little rakish, apt to roam ;
But not so now, he’s quite at home,
For ANDREW was a dustman.”

For JOSEPH BLACKETT, late poet and shoemaker, who died at Seaham, in 1810 (by Lord Byron) :—

“Stranger ! behold interr’d together
The *souls* of learning and of leather.
Poor JOE is gone, but left his *all* :
You’ll find his relics in a *stall*.
His works were neat, and often found
Well stitch’d, and with *morocco* bound.
Tread lightly—where the bard is laid,
He cannot mend the shoe he made ;
Yet is he happy in his hole,
With verse immortal as his *sole*.
But still to business he held fast,
And stuck to Phœbus to the last.
Then who shall say so good a fellow
Was only ‘leather and prunella.’
For character—he did not lack it ;
And if he did—’twere shame to ‘Black-it.’”

In Hessele churchyard, near Hull, on GEORGE PRISSICK,
plumber and glazier :—

" Adieu! my friends, my thread of life is spun,
The *diamond* will not cut, the *soder* will not run,
My body's turn'd to ashes, my grief and troubles past,
I've left no one to worldly care,—and I shall rise at last."

In Matlock churchyard, Derbyshire:—

" To the memory of
JAMES GREEN,
of Cromford,
who departed this life Nov. 17th, 1843,
in full assurance of a joyful resurrection:
aged 51 years.

" A man of sense, a man of care;
A man of truth, a man of prayer;
A man of thought; whose feeling mind
Led him to leave advice behind;
Advice to his dear children given,
To guide them in the way to heaven.
Such was the man who now here lies,
Whose soul we trust's above the skies."

On a puritanical locksmith:—

" A zealous Locksmith died of late,
And did arrive at heaven's gate,
He stood without and would not knock,
Because he meant to pick the lock."

On a railway engineer, in Bromsgrove churchyard,
Worcestershire; dated 1840:—

" My Engine now is cold and still,
No water does my boiler fill:
My coke affords its flame no more,
My days of usefulness are o'er,
My wheels deny their noted speed,
No more my guiding hand they need.

My whistle, too, has lost its tone,
 Its shrill and thrilling sounds are gone :—
 My valves are now thrown open wide,
 My flanges all refuse to guide,
 My clacks, also ! though once so strong,
 Refuse to aid the busy throng :
 No more I feel each urging breath,
 My steam is now condensed in death.
 Life's railway o'er—each station's past,
 In death I'm stopp'd, and rest at last.
 Farewell, dear friends, and cease to weep,
 In Christ I'm safe—in Him I sleep."

On a dyer, in a churchyard at Lincoln :—

"Here lies JOHN HYDE ;
 He first liv'd, and then he died ;
 He dyed to live, and liv'd to dye,
 And hopes to live eternally."

On an undertaker, in Stoke churchyard :—

"An *undertaker*, named JOHN FRY,
 Lies here—who lost his breath,
 Endeavouring, but in vain, to fly
 That *overtaker*—Death."

In Henbury churchyard, near Bristol, on JOSEPH WILLS, of Long Ashton County town gardener, who died August 20th, 1720, aged 45 :—

"Pomona's treasures gone—her glory fled,
 And Flora's beauty lost since thou art dead.
 The trees, and plants, and flowers now fading stand,
 Which used to flourish by thy skilful hand.
 'Twas by thy skilful hand that they did bring
 Treasures of the Autumn—pleasure of the Spring.
 Alas ! that neither flower, nor plant, nor tree
 Could thee reprieve, so oft reprieved by thee."

In All Saints' church, Leicester :—

“To the memory of JOSEPH WRIGHT, a Gardener :

My mother *Earth*, though mystically curst,
 Hath me, her son, most bountifully nurst :
 For all my pains, and *seed* on her bestow'd,
 Out of which store that I of her received :
 My painful, wantful brethren I relieved ;
 And though this Mother I full well did love,
 I better lov'd my Father that's above :
 My Mother feeds my body for a space,
 My soul for aye beholds my Father's face.”

On the tomb of a corpulent chandler :—

“Here lies in earth an honest fellow,
 Who died by fat, and lived by tallow.”

On the three dyers, at Truro, in Cornwall :—

“A Dyer born, a dyer bred,
 Lies numbered here among the dead ;
 Dyers, like mortals doomed to die,
 Alike fit food for worms supply.
 JOSEPHUS DYER was his name,
 By dyeing he acquired fame ;
 'Twas in his forty-second year
 His neighbours kind did him inter.
 JOSEPHUS DYER, his first son,
 Doth also lie beneath this stone ;
 So likewise doth his second boy,
 Who was his parents' hope and joy.
 His handywork all did admire,
 For never was a better dyer.
 Both youths were in their fairest prime,
 Ripe fruitage of a healthful clime ;
 But nought can check Death's lawless aim,
 Whos'ever life he choose to claim :
 It was God's edict from his throne,
 ' My will shall upon earth be done.' ”

Then did the active mother's skill
 The vacancy with credit fill
 Till she grew old, and weak, and blind,
 And this last wish dwelt on her mind—
 That she, when dead, should buried be
 With her loved spouse and family.
 At last Death's arm her strength defied;
 Thus all the dyeing Dyers died."

On a potter:—

"How frail is man—how short life's longest day,
 Here lies the worthy Potter turn'd to clay,
 Whose forming hand, and whose reforming care
 Has left us full of flaws. Vile earthenware."

On an itinerant linen-draper, in Hampstead church-
 yard:—

"*Cottons and Cambrics*, all adieu!
 And *Muslins*, too, farewell!
 Plain, striped, and figured, old and new,
 Three-quarters, yard, or ell.

By yard and nail I've measured ye,
 As customers inclined;
 The Churchyard now has measured me,
 And nails my coffin bind.

So now my kind and worthy friends
 Who dealt with me below,
 I'm gone to measure Time's long ends—
 You'll follow me—I know."

On HENRY FOX, a weaver, in Sleaford churchyard:—

"Of tender *threads* this mortal *web* is made,
 The *woof* and *warp*, and *colours* early fade;
 When power divine awakes the sleeping dust,
 He gives immortal *garments* to the just."

EPITAPHS, ETC.

In Dennington churchyard, Suffolk :—

“ Here lie the mortal remains of
 JAMES STEARNE, Bachelor,
 who was born in this parish, and died at Romford, in
 Essex, Feb. 27, 1843, aged 70.

“ Beneath this tomb lies buried here a man of note in trade,
 And unto him was merit due for works which he had made.
 On Steel and Brass his hands had wrought and laboured
 night and day,
 But now in silence here does rest down in his bed of clay.
 When the great last trump shall sound, and the earth give
 up her dead,
 May he arise with God to dwell—through Christ his
 living head.”

In the north aisle of St. Giles' church, Cripplegate :—

“ A remembrance of THOMAS BVSBY, Cooper and
 Citizen of London, who departed this life in Ano 1575,
 and buried here the xi of July.

This BVSBY willing to relieve the poore with fire and
 with breade
 Did give that howse in which he dy'd, then called the
 Queenes heade.
 Foure full loades of ye best charcole he wovld have bovght
 each yeare,
 And fortie dosen of wheaten breade, for poor howshold-
 ers heare,
 To see these things distribvted this BVSBY put in trvst,
 The Vicar and Chvrchwardens, thinking them to be jvst.
 God grante that poore howsholders heare may thankfvl
 be for svch,
 So God will move ye heartes of more, to do for them as
 mvch,
 And let this goode example move such men as God as
 blest,
 To do the like before they goe with BVSBY to their reste.
 Within this chappell BVSBY's bones in dvst awhile doth
 stay,
 Till he that made them, raise them up to live with Christ
 for aye.”

TRADESMEN.

Upon a plain slab in the Cathedral church of St. Mary, Limerick, is the following inscription :—

“Memento mory
Here lieth littel
SAMVELL BARINGTON, That
Great Undertaker of
Famovs cittis Clock and
Chime Maker : he made
His own time goe early
and latter, but
now he is retrvned to
God his Creator
the 19th Novemver then
he seest and for his
memory this here is
Pleast by his son Ben.
1639.”

The Rev. J. Caughey's letters, Vol. 1.

At Wigtown, Galloway, in Scotland :—

“Here lies JOHN TAGGART of honest fame,
Of stature low, and a leg lame,
Content he was with portion small,
Kept a shop in Wigtown, and that's all.”

On a tailor :—

“Fate cuts the thread of life, as all men know,
And fate cut his, though he so well could sew,
It matters not how fine the web is spun,
’Tis all unravelled when our course is run.”

On a cobbler :—

“Death at a cobbler's door oft made a stand,
And always found him on the *mending* hand ;
At last came death, and in foul weather,
Ript the *sole* from off the *upper leather*.
Death by a trick of art, then laid him fast,
‘His *awl* he call'd for, but death brought his *last*.”

MISCELLANEOUS.

On JOHN EMERY :—

“Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,—
Here lies JOHN EMERY, I trust ;
And when the trump blows loud and louder,
He'll rise—a Box of Emery Powder.”

Inscription on a stone in the churchyard of Wrex-
ham :—

“RICHARD KENRICK was buried August 29th, 1785,
by *the desire of his wife*, Margaret Kenrick.”

Irish epitaph :—

“Here I lies
And my heart at aise is,
Wid the point o'my nose
And the tips o'my toes
Turn'd up to the roots o'the daises.”

On JOHN BERRY :—

“Hark! how! who's buried here?
JOHN BERRY, is't the younger?
No, it is the *Elder* BERRY.”

An *Elder-BERRY* buried surely must
 Rather spring up and live than turn to dust :
 So may our *BERRY* whom stern death has slain,
 Be only *buried* to rise up again."

In the churchyard behind the famous Boar's Head
 tavern, Eastcheap, was formerly a tablet inscribed to the
 memory of *ROBERT PRESTON*, a drawer at the Boar's
 Head, who died in 1730, on which his sobriety and other
 virtues are celebrated :—

"Though nurs'd among full hogsheads, he defied
 The charms of wine, as well as others' pride.
 You that on Bacchus have the like dependance,
 Pray copy Bob in measure and attendance."

In Carlton church, Northamptonshire :—

"*JOANE GODDARD*,
 Here lyeth hir corps entomb'd, which was ever,
 (From infancie to age) a dying lyver,
 Her bodie here doth lye; noe massie stone
 Entombes hir sovlē; hir sovlē is god-ward gone.
 Who god-ward lives, with God shall live and rest—
 Then is hir sovlē entomb'd in Abram's brest.

1610.

Yet let not man defer to ye last hour,
 Repentance is of God, not in man's powre."

In Wirksworth churchyard, Derbyshire :—

"*JOB WHITE* departed this life July 3rd, 1807, aged 55.

This languishing head is at rest,
 Its thinkings and achings are o'er;
 This quiet immoveable breast
 Is heav'd by affliction no more.

EPITAPHS, ETC.

Those eyes he so seldom could close
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Are seal'd in eternal repose
And strangely forgotten to weep."

In Woodbridge churchyard, Suffolk :—

" In Memory of
WILLIAM WEBB, Esq.,
who departed this life 22nd May, 1812,
Aged 74 years.

If each kind impulse of the human breast
Can purchase heavenly joys for Souls at rest ;
A conscience free from guilt, affording birth
To Wit, Conviviality, and Mirth ;
If whilst on Earth, He never varying trod
In virtue's happy path, prescrib'd by God,
Reader ! this stone before you will display
A much lamented, yet auspicious clay.
Lov'd WEBB's remains, like him Oh may you die,
With all his hopes of immortality."

Greek epitaph, on ZOSIMA, who lived in slavery :—

" ZOSIMA, who in her life could only have her body
enslaved, now finds her body likewise set at liberty."

" My fellow sinners in a world of woe
May *mercy* lead thee all thy journey through ;
Thy sinful state may *mercy* make thee feel ;
Christ's *mercy* pardon, and Christ's *mercy* heal."

" Let no proud stone with sculptured virtues rise,
To mark the spot wherein a sinner lies ;
Or if some boast must deck the sinner's grave,
Boast of His love, who died lost man to save."

" Reader ! who'er thou art, one moment stop and think,
That I am in eternity, and thou art on the brink."

On a tablet in the outside wall of the old church at Taunton, in Somersetshire:—

“JAMES WATERS, late of London, aged 49.

Death traversing the western road,
And asking where true merit lay,
Made in this town a short abode,
Then took this worthy man away.”

A Roman's epitaph. Some workmen in making an excavation at Constantina, in Algeria, a short time back came on an ancient tomb, which turned out to be that of a Roman citizen. It offered no peculiarity in construction, but the inscription, which is in well-written hexameters and pentameters, appears so curious, that a translation of it seems worth giving. It runs thus:—

“I, PROCILLUS, whose remains repose here, state the exact truth in these verses. I have spent a life without annoyance, exercising the calling of Silversmith in my house at Cirta. I have always been of the strictest probity, and of the most complete frankness towards every man. I have nothing whatever to complain of, for I was always gay and always happy, until the death of my chaste Valerian. I have celebrated with honour and in prosperity one hundred anniversaries of my birth-day; and at last, my final day arrived when my enfeebled frame rendered it welcome. The lines which you are now reading I composed myself during my life-time, being permitted so to do by the kind goddess Fortune, who never forsook me.

Follow the path which I have taken: I await you here below; come!”

In the churchyard of Christchurch, Hants. :—

“We were not slayne bvt raysd:
Raysd not to Life,
But to be bvried twice
By men of strife.

EPITAPHS, ETC.

What rest could th' living have
When dead had none?
Agree amongst you—
Here we ten are one.
HEN : _ROGERS died April 17, 1641."

In the same churchyard, on a plain slab :—
" SALLY WILLIAMS
Died of Grief
1836
aged 79."

On Mr. BYWATER :—
" Here lie the remains of his relatives' pride,
By water he liv'd, and *by water* he died ;
Though *by water* he fell, yet *by water* he'll rise.
By water baptismal attaining the skies."

In St. Mary Key, Ipswich, CHARLES JOBSON, died
August 30th, 1831, aged 56.

" Sometimes by thee, O Melancholy! led,
I walk'd the ground that hides the happy dead,
Where every tombstone I am passing by
Gives me a lecture on mortality. }
Even marble speaks, and tells me I must die. }
The Clown, the Monarch, and the rich and poor,
Are levell'd in the grave, distinction is no more."

Inscription on a marble monument, at Felbrigge,
Norfolk :—

“To the memory of THOMAS WINDHAM, Esq., 3rd son of Sir Edmund, who lived a single life, and died Dec. 20th, 1559; to whose memory, Sir John Windham, of Orchard, in Somersetshire, his cosen and heire, hath sett this marble.

Liv’st thou, THOMAS? Yes. Where? With God on high.
Art thou not dead? Yes, and here I lye.
I that with men on earth did live to dye,
Dy’d for to live with Christ eternally.”

At Winborne, on JOHN PENNY :—

“Here honest JOHN who oft the turf had paced,
And stopp’d his mother’s earth, in earth is placed,
Nor all the skill of JOHN himself could save,
From being stopp’d within an early grave.
A friend to sport, himself of sporting fame,
JOHN died, as he had lived, with heart of game.
Nor did he yield until his mortal breath
Was hard run down by that grim sportsman, death.
Reader! if cash thou art in want of any,
Dig four feet deep and thou wilt find a Penny.”

In St. James’s churchyard, Bury St. Edmunds :—

“ROBERT CLARKE, died Oct., 1839, aged 42 years.
Mock not with fulsome Epitaph the Earth
That slumbers here! Go Moralist and scan
His actions, they alone will prove his worth,
And that he Liv’d and Died an Honest man.”

In Allestree churchyard, Derbyshire :—

“What is life? a breath, a dream, a bubble on a rapid
stream;
A lurid shade with scarce a ray, a short and stormy
winter’s day.

EPITAPHS, ETC.

A falling star, a morning flower, a passing cloud, a
mountain shower ;
A flying shuttle ; nay, a span : so short and frail's the
life of man."

In Worlingworth church, Suffolk :—

"In memory of
JOHN CORDY,
late of Woodbridge,
and formerly of this parish.
He died Jan. 18th, 1828, aged 66 years.
The earthly frame of CORDY moulders here,
Bedew'd by love's—by friendship's sacred tear.
In firm but modest hope, the spirit flies
Ushered by guardian seraphs to the skies.
His many virtues o'er his dust shall glow,
But these brief lines his excellence will show.
Beneficent in action, pure in mind,
Humble to God, and just to all mankind.
To live like him, and in his state expire,
Will be their aim, who future bliss desire."

At Eyam, Derbyshire :—

"In sure and steadfast hope to rise
And claim a mansion in the skies.
A Christian, a life laid down,
A cross exchanging for a crown,
Meet for the fellowship above
She heard the call—' Arise my love.'
' I come,' her dying looks replied,
And lamblike in her Lord she died."

In the above churchyard, Derbyshire :—

MISCELLANEOUS.

“In peace she did her soul resign
 To God who kindly gave it,
 Why should not thou do so with thine?
 Christ liv'd and died to save it.”

“It must be so—our father Adam’s fall
 And disobedience, brought this lot on all.
 All die in him—but hopeless should we be,
 Blest Revelation! were it not for thee.
 Hail glorious Gospel! heavenly light! whereby
 We live with comfort, and with comfort die,
 And view beyond this gloomy scene, the tomb,
 A life of endless happiness to come.”

Some years ago, the following inscription, engraved on the fragment of a stone, was discovered amongst the relics of an antiquarian, and was considered by him as a great curiosity, and enhanced in value by its translation having puzzled the best scholars of his age:—

“Bene
 A. T. H. TH. ISST.
 onere. Pos. ET.
 H CLAUD Cos TER. TRIP
 E. SELLERO
 F. IMP
 IN. GT. ONAS DO
 TH. HI
 S. C
 ON. s OR
 T. IANE”

Some supposed it to refer to the Emperor Claudian, till one day a lad spelled it out:—

“Beneath this stone repositeth **CLAUD COSTER**, tripe
seller of Impington, as doth his consort **Jane**.”

In Clumleigh churchyard, Devonshire :—

“Man that is born alas ! and what is man ?
A scuttle full of dust, a measured span,
A vail of tears, a vessel tun'd with breath,
By sickness broach'd, and then drawn out by death.”

On **JOHN WRIGHT** :—

“Here lies **JOHN WRIGHT**, as queer a wight
As sleeps these tombs among,
Who, strange to tell, though always **WRIGHT**
Was *sometimes* in the *wrong*.”

On **JOHN SULLEN** :—

“Here lies **JOHN SULLEN** ; and it is God's will
He that was *Sullen*, should be *Sullen* still ;
He still is *Sullen*, if the truth ye seek,
Knock until doomsday, **SULLEN** will not speak.”

In Camerton churchyard, a village in the neighbour-
hood of Bath :—

“Come hither mortal, cast an eye,
Then go thy way, prepare to die :
Read here thy doom, for know thou must
One day like me be turn'd to dust.
But if thou dost on Christ depend,
Then bless'd indeed shall be thine end ;
If thou hast lov'd and serv'd him here,
Death has no sting—the grave no fear.”

In Maidstone churchyard, Kent :—

“ Here FRANCIS JARRETT lies ; what then ?
Frank, when his Master calls, will rise again.”

On a tombstone erected a century ago, in the churchyard of South Wootton, Norfolk, is the following epitaph :—

“ Keep death and judgment always in your eye,
None is fit to live, but who is fit to die.
Make use of present time, because you must
Take up your lodging shortly in the dust ;
'Tis dreadful to behold the setting sun,
And night approaching ere your work is done.”

In Worlingworth churchyard, Suffolk :—

“ JOSEPH ADAMS, Gent., died Dec. 2nd, 1845, aged
59 :—

“ For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.”
For MY Salvation must its doom receive
Not from what OTHERS, but what I believe.”

In Worlingworth church, Suffolk, on a copperplate fixed in a stone :—

“ Here lyeth buried the body of JASPAR HUSSIE,
Citizen of London, Borne in Exceter. A man religious
and Peaceable, and one of good Ranck & Reckoning in
in y^e famous cittie wherein he lived. Hee came to this
towne after a long sickness to take y^e benefit of this
aire, where it pleased God wth much comfort and pati-
ence, Hee exchanged this earthly for a heavenly country
on the 24th day of July, in y^e yere of our Lord God
1624, in the 44th yere of his age.

EPITAPHS, ETC.

From Home hee went to live, from home hee dy'd,
Yet lives at Home, which hee by faith descry'd.
The change did please him well, and God and Hee,
Agreed that this the better Home would be."

In Hereford Cathedral is a plain stone inscribed only
"Misserimus." Wordsworth wrote a sonnet on this
tomb.

In St. Margaret's churchyard, Ipswich :—

"MARY BURGESS, died Dec. 25, 1825, aged 58.

Reader! pass on—ne'er waste your time
On bad biography, or bitter rhyme:
For what I am, this cumbrous clay insures,
And what I was is no affair of yours."

ON RICHARD WREN :—

"Beneath this stone lies RICHARD WREN,
Who trusts that he shall waken up
Before the resurrection men
Do slyly come and take him up."

Witty epitaphs:—When a cemetery was first opened,
it occurred to two gentlemen to prepare some suitable
device and inscription with which to ornament the mon-
uments they intended to erect, to point out their last
resting-place. Each left his *memento mori* to the fertility
of the other's invention, and as one was a well-known
auctioneer, his friend immediately proposed the design of
an arm with an auctioneer's hammer, and the motto:—

"Going—Going—gone,"

a good idea naturally suggested by the profession of the supposed defunct, and forcibly reminding one of the precarious nature of human existence, as well as bargains at auctions. The originator of this pithy production, a highly respectable *oil merchant*, had hardly finished congratulating himself at the successful issue of his part of the agreement, than our auctioneer, far from being discomfited by the wit of his companion, proclaimed with the sententious gravity of his calling, that "his device should be a Lamp, whose flame just expiring for want of oil, should remind the looker-on of the necessity of being well-trimmed through life, while the inscription should read—

'And while the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return.'

The critical condition in which both gentlemen were found, clearly showed the painful appreciation which they formed of each other's wit."

At Brighton, on MARY ATKINSON, who died Jan. 1, 1786, aged 77 :—

"Periwinkles! periwinkles!
Was ever her cry;
She labour'd to live,
Poor and honest to die.
At the last day again
How her old eyes will twinkle;
For no more will she cry
Periwinkle! periwinkle.

Ye rich, ye virtuous, want regard, pray give;
Ye poor, by her example, learn to live."

On JOHN HUXLEY, in Eccleston churchyard, near Chester :—

"Poor Jack, he lies beneath this rood,
And sure he must be blest,

EPITAPHS, ETC.

For if he could do nothing good,
He meant to do his best.
Think on your souls ye guilty throng,
Who, knowing what is right, does wrong.

“Gentle reader, gentle reader,
Look on the spot where I do lie;
I always was a very good feeder,
But now the worms do feed on I.”

In St. James's churchyard, Bury :—

“To the memory of
JAMES PARLETT,
Born May 18, 1775,
Died Oct. 21, 1837,

At whose expense this tomb was raised
in the year 1834, because the original
Memorials were gone into decay.

Faith, Hope, and Charity! mark'd his career,
A Man of Worth, in friendship most sincere.
Benevolence unbounded, and with judgment given,
Reader, doubt not! this was the road to Heaven.

In the Metropolis
He breathed his last, where
His charities, both public
and private, were most
extensive.”

In Wood Ditton churchyard, in memory of WILLIAM
SYMONDS, gamekeeper to the late Duke of Rutland, at
Cheveley, Cambridgeshire. It is said to be written by
himself. A dripping-pan is carved on the head of the
tomb :—

“Here lies the corpse, who was the man
That lov'd a sop in dripping pan,
But now believe me, I am dead,
See here, the pan stands at my head.
Still for sop to the last I cried,
I could not eat, and so I died.
My neighbours they perhaps may laugh,
When they do read my epitaph.”

On JOHN UNDERWOOD:—

“O cruel death, that dost no good,
With thy destructive maggots;
Now thou hast cropt our *underwood*
What shall we do for faggots?”

At Sevenoaks, in Kent:—

“Grim Death took me away without any warning,
I was well at night, and dead at nine in the morning.”

“Quite well at ten,—had a party to sup with me,
To bed went at one—and at two 'twas all up with me.”

Matthew's Entertainments.

On a tombstone at Massachusetts, America:—

“I came in the morning—it was Spring,
And I smiled,
I walk'd out at noon—it was Summer,
And I was glad,
I sat me down at even—it was Autumn,
And I was sad,
I laid me down at night—it was Winter,
And I slept.”

EPITAPHS, ETC.

In Knightsbridge churchyard. On a man who was too poor to be buried with his rich relations in the church:—

“Here lie I at the chancel door,
Here I lie because I'm poor,
The further in—the more to pay,
Here I lie as warm as they.”

“How sweet a thing is death, to all who know
That all on earth is vanity and woe;
Who, taught by sickness, long have ceased to dread
The stroke that bears them to this peaceful bed!
Few are our days; while yet those days remain,
Our joys must yield to grief, our ease to pain.
Then tell me, weary pilgrim, which is best
The toilsome journey, or the trav'lers' rest?”

“Gentle as pious, in thy death the same,
One parting sigh dissolved thine aged frame;
By faith supported, by misfortune tried,
The Christian rose to heaven, the mortal died.”

Old epitaph:—

“As I was, so are ye,
As I am, you shall be.
That I had, that I gave,
That I gave, that I have.
Thus I end all my cost,
That I left, that I lost.”

In Lymington churchyard, Hampshire:—

“Live well, die never;
Die well, live for ever.”

In the chancel of the church at Barrow-on-Soar, in Leicestershire, is buried THEOPHILUS CAVE; the inscription bears date 1584, and is as follows:—

“Here in this Grave their lies a *Cave*
 We call a *Cave* a Grave;
 If *Cave* be Grave, and Grave be *Cave*
 Then reader, judge, I crave
 Whether doth *Cave* here lye in Grave
 Or Grave here lye in *Cave* :
 If Grave in *Cave* here buryed lye,
 Then Grave, where is thy victory ?
 Goe, reader ! and report
 Here lies a *Cave*
 Who conquers Death
 And buryes his own Grave.”

In Storrington churchyard:—

“Here lies the body of EDWARD HIDE,
 We laid him here, because he died.
 We had rather
 It had been his father :
 If it had been his sister,
 Few would have miss'd her :
 But since tis honest Ned
 No more shall be said.”

“Mournful, oppress'd and burden'd sore,
 I waited long at wisdom's door;
 When lo ! I heard the Saviour's voice,
 'Fear not—believe—in me rejoice.'
 The clouds dispers'd; the sun shone bright,
 At even-tide I found 'twas light.”

Epitaph, composed by the person himself, for his tombstone:—

“READER,
The soul which inhabited the body that now
lies at thy feet,
Is, at this time, partaking
Of the due reward of its deeds!
This state is now unalterable;
If good, it is happy, without fear of change,
If not, how great a mercy would it be esteemed,
Even for a short time,
To be as thou art—
Capable of avoiding the torments of hell,
And of enjoying the rest and pleasures
That are at God's right hand for evermore!
Now is the accepted time, now is the day of
SALVATION.
Oh! receive not the grace of God in vain.
2 Cor. vi. 1, 2.”

In the Cathedral of Christ church, Oxford :—

“Jana
B. Blayney Filia
Eheu! Unica.”

On THOMAS HUDDLESTONE :—

“Here lies THOMAS HUDDLESTONE, Reader don't smile!
But reflect, as this tombstone you view,
That Death, who kill'd him, in a very short while
Will *huddle* a stone upon you.”

On Mr. PECK :—

“Here lies a *Peck!* which some men say
Was first of all a *Peck* of clay;
This, wrought with skill divine while fresh,
Became a curious *Peck* of flesh;

MISCELLANEOUS.

Through various forms its Maker ran,
Then adding breath made *Peck* a man.
Full sixty years *Peck* felt life's bubbles,
'Till death reliev'd a *Peck* of troubles.
Then fell poor PECK, as all things must; •
And here he lies—a *Peck* of dust."

In St. Stephen's church, Ipswich:—

"On ROBERT LEMAN and MARY his wife, who both
expired on the same day, Sep. 3rd, 1637.

Beneath this monument entombed lye,
The rare remark of a conjugal tye.
ROBERT and MARY, who to show how neere
They did comply—how to each other deere,
One loath behind the other long to stay,
(As married) died together in one day."

Greek epitaph:—

"I shall ever love thee, but thou, in the region of the
dead, drink not, I pray thee, of that cup which would
cause thee to forget thy former friends."

In the cemetery at Liverpool:—

"What her character was will be known at the day
of judgment. Reader! think what thine own will be."

Memorial to FRANCIS HURT, Esq., of Alderwasley,
Derbyshire, in Wirksworth church. It was unani-
mously agreed, at a meeting of the county magistrates,
held at Derby, to erect an obituary window in the

chancel of Wirksworth church, to the memory of the late FRANCIS HURT, Esq., of Alderwasley. It cannot fail to be gratifying to his friends and admirers, that the memory of one so universally respected and beloved, should be perpetuated by a testimonial so graceful and appropriate. The following is a description of it:—

The East (the memorial) window is in the style of Gothic architecture called perpendicular. The upper, or traceried parts, contain the armorial bearings of the family, viz, Hurt, Lowe, and Fawne. Interspersed with these are angels bearing obituary inscriptions; the upper being, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord;" the lower, "As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." The five chief lights below contain as many subjects, namely, The good Samaritan—The lost sheep found—The distribution of the talents—The rendering of the talents—and, The faithful servant found watching. Over each of these subjects are lofty canopies, with angels holding sacred symbols; beneath them are pedestals bearing scrolls inscribed with the Scripture texts which refer to the several subjects. These compartments are wholly bordered with ornaments embodying the paternal arms and monogram of the deceased. The inscriptions on the scrolls are:—

1. "And when He saw him, He had compassion on him."
2. "Rejoice with me for I have found my sheep which were lost."
3. "And unto one he gave five talents, to another two."
4. "Well done thou good and faithful servant."
5. Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching."

Along the bottom of the window runs the following dedication:—

"Memorial to FRANCIS EDWARD HURT, Esq., of Alderwasley, died March 22, 1854, aged 73 years. Erected by public subscription, 1855."

Abridged from the Derby "Reporter."

In the parish church at Bushley, in Hertfordshire, is a small blue tombstone, about four feet long, and two broad, with the following inscription:—

Here lyeth ye body	<p>of ROBERT BLAKWELL, sonne of Richard</p> <div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; margin: 5px auto; width: 80%;"> <p>Here's two in one, and yet not two, but one, Two sons, one tomb, two heirs, one name alone.</p> </div> <p>Who died ye 14th of December, 1648.</p>	Blakwell, Gent.,
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Memento Mori. Inscribed on a tomb:—

“ When you look on my grave,
And behold how they wave,
The cypress, the yew, and the willow,
You think tis the breeze
That gives motion to these——
'Tis the laughter that's shaking my pillow.

I must laugh when I see
A poor insect like thee
Dare to pity the fate thou must own ;
Let a few moments slide,
We shall lie side by side,
And crumble to dust, bone for bone.

Go weep thine own doom,
Thou wert born for the tomb——
Thou hast liv'd, like myself, but to die ;
Whilst thou pity'st my lot,
Secure fool, thou'st forgot
Thou art no more immortal than I.”

Epitaph from “ Ryan's Antiquities of Carlow.” The following lines were written, I am told, by the late Henry Tighe, Esq., of Rosanna, in the county of Wick-

low. RALPH, the subject of them, was wood-ranger to Mr. Tighe. Perhaps his lady, the gifted authoress of *Psyche*, lent a hand to the production :—

“To the memory of WILLIAM RALPH, of Kilcarray, who died on the 21st of February, 1818, aged 71.

Guard of the wood, in settled low content,
 Lived WILLIAM RALPH,—a ramble paid his rent:
 A boy, in sportive toil he climbed the trees;
 A man, he loved them rustling in the breeze.
 As he grew old, his old companions spread
 A broader, browner shadow o'er his head;
 While those he planted shot on high and made
 For many a rook an hospitable shade.
 With this one change, life gently crept away,
 A placid stream it flow'd from day to day.
 His friends and children lov'd him, as the tear
 Well spoke, profusely shed upon his bier.
 If he had faults, thou also hast thy share;
 Strike thy own breast, and feel what lurketh there.
 He who sees all, shall judge both him and thee;
 Repent, for as it falls, so lies the tree.”

Notes and Queries, 1856.

In Allerton churchyard, Notts. The stone joins to the south wall of the church under one of the spouts :—

“Beneath the droppings of this spout
 Here lies the body once so stout
 Of FRANCIS THOMPSON,
 A soul this carcass long possess'd,
 Which for its virtues was caress'd,
 By all who knew the owner best. }
 The Rufford* records can declare
 His actions who for seyenty year
 Both drew and drank its potent beer.
 Fame mentions not in all that time
 In this great Butler the least crime
 To stain his reputation.

* Rufford Abbey, where he lived as Butler.

To envy's self we now appeal
 If ought of fault she can reveal
 To make her declaration.
 Then rest good shade, nor hell, nor vermin fear
 Thy virtues guard thy soul, thy body good strong beer.
 He died July the 6th, 1739. Aged 83."

In St. John's, Leeds :—

"Hic jacet, sure the fattest man
 That Yorkshire stingo made,
 He was a lover of his can,
 A clothier by his trade.
 His waist did measure three yards round,
 He weighed almost three hundred pounds;
 His flesh did weigh full twenty stone,
 His flesh—I say—he had no bone,
 At least, 'tis said that he had none."

At Backwell, in Somersetshire. To the memory of
 JOHN KIDWELL, a very robust man :—

"Jesus beholds, methinks, a man full grown,
 Orders grim Death to mow his manful body down.
 A swift convoy flew to convey,
 His soaring spirit was borne away.
 A loss to us, but everlasting gain
 To the blest saints exempt from every pain.
 Behold he lies, he lives to die no more,
 Escap'd from earth, arriv'd on Canaan's shore."

On TAM SAMSON, the worthy old Sportsman (by R.
 Burns):—

"TAM SAMSON's weel worn clay here lies,
 Ye canting zealots, spare him,
 If honest worth in heaven rise
 Ye'll mend, or ye win near him."

On GEORGE DIXON, a noted fox hunter (by the late W. Hickington, Esq.) :—

“ Stop passenger ! and thy attention fix on !
 That true-born honest fox-hunter GEORGE DIXON !
 Who after eighty years' unwearied chase,
 Now rests his bones within this hallow'd place.
 A gentle tribute of applause bestow,
 And give him as you pass one tally-ho !
 Early to cover, brisk he rode each morn,
 In hopes the *brush* his temple might adorn,
 The view is now no more, the chase is past,
 And to an earth poor GEORGE is run at last.”

In Bristol churchyard :—

“ This is to the memory of old AMOS,
 Who was, when alive, for hunting famous ;
 But now his chases are all o'er,
 And here he's earthed,——of years fourscore.”

In Fulham church is a monument to THOMAS BONDE,
 dated 1600, inscribed as follows :—

“ At Earth in Cornwall was my first begininge,
 From Bondes and Corrington's, as it may appear ;
 Now to earth in Fulham God disposed my endinge,
 In March the thousand and six hundredth yeare
 Of Christ ; in whom my body sure doth rest,
 Till both in body and soul I shall be blest.
 THOMAS BONDE, obiit ætat suæ 68.”

On Mr. ASHTON (by Richard Crashaw) :—

“ The modest front of this small floor,
 Believe me, reader, can say more
 Than many a braver marble can,
 Here lies a truly honest man ;

One whose conscience was a thing
 That troubled neither church nor king ;
 One of those few, that in this town,
 Honour all preachers, hear their own.
 Sermons he heard, yet not so many
 As left no time to practise any ;
 He heard them reverently, and then
 His practice preach'd them o'er again.
 His parlour sermons rather were
 Those to the eye than to the ear.
 His prayers took their price and strength
 Not from the loudness, nor the length.
 He was a Protestant at home,
 Not only in despite of Rome.
 He lov'd his father, yet his zeal
 Tore not off his mother's veil ;
 To the church he did allow her dress
 True beauty to true holiness.
 Peace, which he lov'd in life, did lend
 Her hand to bring him to his end.
 When age and death call'd for the score,
 No surfeits were to reckon for.
 Death tore not (therefore) but sans strife
 Gently untwin'd his thread of life.
 What remains, then, but that thou
 Write these lines, reader, in thy brow ;
 And by his fair example's light,
 Burn in thy imitation bright ?
 So, while these lines can but bequeath
 A life perhaps unto his death,
 His better epitaph shall be
 His life still kept alive in thee."

In Berkeley churchyard, Gloucestershire, on DICKY PEARCE (by Dean Swift):—

"Here lies the Earl of Suffolk's Fool,
 Men call'd him DICKY PEARCE ;
 His folly serv'd to make folks laugh,
 When wit and mirth was scarce.
 Poor DICKY alas ! is dead and gone,
 What signifies to cry ?

Dicky's enough are still behind,
To laugh at by and by.

Buried XVIII June, MDCCXXVIII,
aged LXIII years."

On SCIPIO AFRICANUS :—

"Here lyeth the body of SCIPIO AFRICANUS, negro servant to the honourable Charles William, Earl of Suffolk and Brandon, who died Dec. 21st, 1720, aged 48 years.

I, who was born a pagan and a slave,
Now sweetly sleep a christian in my grave.
What though my hue was dark,—my Saviour's sight
Shall change this darkness into light.
Such grace to me my Lord on earth has given
To recommend me to my Lord in heaven,
Whose glorious second coming here I wait,
With saints and angels him to celebrate."

At Caverswall, in Staffordshire, is a castle built by William de Caverswall, in the beginning of the 13th century. The pools, dams, and houses of office being all masonry. His posterity enjoyed it till the year 1346, when it passed into several hands, and lastly came into the family of the Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon, who were owners of it in the 17th century. The castle in the beginning of that century was in reasonable good repair, but was suffered to run into decay (some think on purpose) by one Brown, the farmer of the lands about it, lest his lord should at any time be in mind to live there, and take the demesne from him.

In the church of the above named place, is a monument for WILLIAM DE CAVERSWALL, above mentioned, the builder of the castle, with this inscription about it. (At the head) :—

" WILLIAM OF CAVERSWALL,"

and then about it is a Latin distich, which is thus translated :—

“I built this castle, with its rampiers round,
For th’ use of the living, who am under ground.”

Erdswich says that the following lines were since written under this monument :—

“WILLIAM OF CAVERSWALL, here lye I
That built this castle, and pools hereby.
WILLIAM of Caverswall, here thou mayest lye :
But thy castle is down, and thy pools are dry.”
Cook’s Topography of Staffordshire.

On a monument in Bath Abbey church, to the memory of Dame ELIZABETH NAPIER WEBB. After an enumeration of the lady’s titles and connections, is the following :—

“Reader,
If such thou art from heedless curiosity,
Enough is told thee :
But if thou hast lost a parent
Ever kind, ever liberal, ever self-denying,
Ask thine own heart
for what is wanting here.
Vale Matrum optima!
Ave, Anima beata!”

JOHN LILBURNE, the controversialist, died in 1657, aged 39. It was a common saying that LILBURNE was so quarrelsome, that if he were the only man in the world *John* would quarrel with *Lilburne*, and *Lilburne* with *John*. He was a sore thorn in Cromwell’s side, for which Cromwell caused him to be sent to Portsmouth for transportation. On his death appeared the following epigrammatic epitaph :—

“Is JOHN departed, and is LILBURNE gone?
Farewell to both, to LILBURNE and to JOHN!”

EPITAPHS, ETC.

Yet being gone take this advice from me,
Let them not *both* in one grave buried be.
Here lay ye John; lay Lilburne thereabout,
For if they both should meet, they would fall out."

On two religious disputants, who are interred within
a few paces of each other :—

"Suspended here, a contest see,
Of two, whose creeds could ne'er agree,
For whether they would preach or pray,
They'd do it in a different way :
And they would fain our fate deny'd,
In quite a different manner dy'd !
Yet think not that their rancour's o'er,
No, for tis ten to one, and more,
Tho' quiet now as either lies,
But they've a wrangle when they rise."

In Tetbury church, Gloucestershire :—

" In a vault underneath lie several
of the SAUNDERSES, late of this Parish.
Particulars, the last day will disclose."

In Easton church, Suffolk :—

" Sacred
To the memory of
GEORGE RICHARD SAVAGE NASSAU, Esq.
Brother to William Henry, fifth Earl of Rochford,
and second son of
The Honourable Richard Savage Nassau,
By Ann
Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon.
He died the 18th of August, 1823,
aged 66 years.

Here lies a NASSAU.—Honour owns the name,
 And GEORGE prefix'd awakens friendship's claim ;
 Affection springing from a brother's breast,
 Rais'd to his worth this tributary test.
 A polish'd mind, rul'd by a generous heart,
 Form'd of his character the leading part,
 Integrity—candour—benevolence, and love
 Vied in their turns ascendancy to prove.
 On duty's course he won the glorious race
 And crown'd morality with Christian grace.
 Vain is the Poet's art, and Sculptor's plan,
 Truth of herself best celebrates the man.
 Religion guards his ashes as a prize,
 And wafts his Soul immortal to the skies."

In the churchyard of Arlington, a village in Devon-
 shire :—

"Here lies WILL BURGOIN, a squire by descent,
 Whose death in this world many people lament.
 The Rich for his love,
 The poor for his alms,
 The wise for his knowledge,
 The sick for his Balms.
 Grace he did love and vice control,
 Earth hath his body—and heaven his soul.
 The twelfth of August in the morn died he,
 1 6 2 and 3."

In the chancel of East Bergholt church, is an inscrip-
 tion of which the following is a verbatim copy :—

" EDWARD	EDWARD LAMBE	LAMBE
Ever	second sonne of	Lived
Envied	Thomas Lambe	Laudably
Evill	of Trimley	Lord
Endured	Esquire.	Lett
Extremities	All his days	Like
Even	he lived a Bachelor,	Life
Earnestly	well learned in deveyne	Learne

EPITAPHS, ETC.

Expecting	and Common Lawes—	Ledede
Eternal	with his counsell he	Livers
Ease	helped many, yett took	Lament.
	fees scarce of any.	

He dyed the XIX November, 1647.”

In Ercoll churchyard, Shropshire :—
 “When terrestrial all in chaos shall exhibit effervescence,
 Then celestial virtues in their most refulgent brilliant
 essence
 Shall with beaming beauteous radiance thro’ the dull
 ebullition shine
 Transcending to glorious regions, beatifical sublime.
 Human power absorbed, deficient to delineate such efful-
 gent lasting sparks,
 Where honest plebians ever will have precedence o’er
 ambiguous great monarchs.”

In Bath Abbey church, on the monument of Lady
 MILLER, wife of Sir John Miller, Knt., of Bath, Easton
 villa; Ob. June 24th, 1781.

Devoted stone! amidst the wrecks of time
 Uninjur’d bear thy MILLER’s spotless name;
 The virtues of her youth and ripen’d prime,
 The tender thought, the endearing record claim.

When clos’d the num’rous eyes that round this bier
 Have wept the loss of wide-extended worth,
 O gentle stranger! may one generous tear
 Drop, as thou bendest o’er this hallowed earth!

Are truth and genius, love and pity thine,
 With lib’ral charity, and faith sincere?
 Then rest thy wandering step beneath this shrine,
 And greet a kindred spirit hov’ring near.”

In Framlingham churchyard. MARY SUGGATE, died
 July 2nd, 1824, aged 75 :—

“Earth’s highest station ends in ‘here he lies,’
And ‘dust to dust’ concludes her noblest song.”

Highgate Cemetery.—In this cemetery is a lofty white marble tomb, with its crouching lion keeping watch above, in which, after all his wanderings, rest the remains of the managerist GEORGE WOMBWELL; here also rest the surgeon Liston, and Goodyear, the historical engraver. But perhaps the name which awakens the most interesting associations for the general visitor, is that of the widow of John Philpot Curran, the wit, orator, and patriot, sometime master of the rolls, in Ireland, and father of the unhappy lady, for whose love young Emmett ventured into the neighbourhood of Dublin (though a price was on his head), and being taken was subsequently hung at Harold’s Cross—she whom Moore has immortalized in deathless verse—and whose story Washington Irving has told in prose as exquisitely pathetic—she, who “far from the land where her young hero sleeps” sank into quiet madness and the grave.

Highgate Cemetery, by Mrs. White.

On a stone in Islington churchyard:—

“In memory of
ELIZABETH EMMA THOMAS,
who died the 28th October, 1808,
aged 27 years.

She had no fault, save what Travellers give the Moon:
Her light was lovely, but she died too soon.”

In Norwich Cathedral:—

“Here lies the body of honest TOM PAGE,
Who died in the 33rd year of his age.”

In the churchyard of the parish of St. Peter the Apostle, Canterbury:—

“Here lieth the body of JOHN CUCKOW,
Ob 7th Jan. 1760, Æ 74.

Touch not this grave, my bones,
Nor yet the dust:
But let this stone which stands
Be rotten first.”

On a tombstone in the burying ground of the parish church of St. Olave, Tooley street:—

“Once I stand as you stand now,
To view the dead as you do me;
Ere long, and you will lay as low,
And others stand, and look on thee.”

On an unknown person:—

“Without a name, for ever senseless, dumb,
Dust, ashes, naught else, lies within this tomb.
Where'er I lived, or died, it matters not:
To whom related or by whom begot.
I was, but am not, ask no more of me—
It's all I am, and all that thou shalt be.”

Swift having been applied to for an epitaph to the memory of a member of the KILDARE family, wrote as follows:—

“Who killed *Kildare*? who dared *Kildare* to kill?
Death killed *Kildare*—who dare Kill whom he will.”

In Claybrooke church, Leicestershire, on C. DICEY,
Esq. (by Hannah Moore):—

“ O thou, or friend or stranger, who shalt tread
 These solemn mansions of the silent dead !
 Think, when this record to enquiring eyes
 No more shall tell the spot where DICEY lies ;
 When this frail marble, faithless to its trust,
 Mould’ring itself, resigns its moulder’d dust :
 When time shall fail and nature’s self decay ;
 And earth, and sun, and skies dissolve away :
Thy soul, this consummation shall survive,
 Defy the wreck, and but *begin* to live.
 This truth, long slighted, let these ashes teach,
 Tho’ cold, instruct you, and tho’ silent preach !
 O pause ! reflect, repent, resolve, amend !
 Life has no length, Eternity no end.”

At Edenbridge, Kent :—

“ Vain are the joys we fondly prize
 In life’s uncertain state,
 Time swiftly flies—man quickly dies,
 And all must yield to fate.”

“ Bencath this earthly silent sod
 Lies one who firmly trusted in her God.”

“ What is man’s life, ’tis as a flower,
 Looks fresh and dies within an hour.
 How frail is man—how short his breath,
 In midst of life we are in death.”

At Gunwalloe, near Helstone, in Cornwall (it may be
 read either backwards or forwards, up or down) :—

EPITAPHS, ETC.

“ Shall we all die ?
We shall die all :
All die shall we ?
Die all we shall : ”

In St. Michael's churchyard, Crooked lane :—

“ Here lyeth, wrapt in clay,
The body of WILLIAM WRAY,
I have no more to say.”

FRANK FRY, of Christian-Malford, Wiltshire, whose bones repose undisturbed in the churchyard of his native village, wrote for himself the following epitaph :—

“ Here lies I
Who did die :
I lie did
As I die did.
Old FRANK FRY
When the worms comes,
To pick up the crumbs,
They'll have in I
A rare FRANK FRY.”

Died at Primrose cottage, High Wycombe, Bucks, Mr. JOHN GUY, aged 64. His remains were interred in a brick grave in Hughenden churchyard, near Wycombe. On a marble slab, on the lid of the coffin, was the following inscription :—

“ Here, without nail or shroud, doth lie,
Or covered by a pall, JOHN GUY.

Born May 17th, 1773.
Died — 24th, 1837.”

On his gravestone the following lines are inscribed :—

“In coffin made without a nail,
 Without a shroud his limbs to hide ;
 For what can pomp or show avail,
 Or velvet pall, to swell the pride.
 Here lies JOHN GUY beneath this sod,
 Who lov'd his friends and fear'd his God.”

This gentleman's grave and coffin were made, under his directions, more than twelve months before his death : the inscription on the tablet on his coffin, and the lines placed upon his gravestone, were his own composition. He gave all necessary orders for the conducting of his funeral, and sums of 5s. 6d. were wrapped in separate pieces of paper for each of the bearers.—*The Mirror*, 1837.

In Berkeley churchyard, Gloucestershire :—
 “Look not mournfully into the Past, It comes not back
 again.
 Wisely improve the Present, It is thine.
 Go forth to meet the shadowy Future, without fear, and
 with a manly heart.”

For ROBERT AIKIN, Esq. (by Robert Burns) :—
 “Know thou, O stranger to the fame
 Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name !
 (For none that knew him need be told)
 A warmer heart death ne'er made cold.”

On WEE JOHNIE (by Burns) :—
 “Hic jacet wee JOHNIE.
 Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know
 That death has murder'd JOHNIE !
 An here his *body* lies fu' low,——
 For *saul* he ne'er had ony.”

At Folkestone, in Kent. On a tombstone is the following inscription, lately renovated with much care, that it may not be lost to the rising generation :—

“ In Memory of
 REBECCA ROGERS,
 who died, August 23rd, 1688, aged 44 years.
 “ A House she hath, its made of such good Fashion,
 The Tenant ne'er shall pay for Reparation,
 Nor will her Landlord ever raise her Rent,
 Nor turn her out of doors for non-payment :
 From Chimney-money too, this Cell is free ;
 To such a House, who would not Tenant be.”

In Brandeston churchyard, Suffolk :—

“ Sacred.
 Gentle Reader, as you pass
 Observe who lyeth here ; alas !
 At 66 his fate he met,
 His sun did on the morning set,
 A useful neighbour to the feeble
 And faithful friend was WILL^m. KEABLE.
 October the 29th seal'd his fate,
 1838, the Christian's date.”

In a churchyard of one of the parishes of Walsall, Staffordshire :—

“ Reader ! if thou art an inhabitant of the Foreign of Walsall, know that the dust beneath thy feet was imprisoned in thy cause, because he refused to incorporate the poor-rates of the Foreign of Walsall, and those of the Borough of Walsall. His resistance was successful. Reader ! the benefit is thine.”

In Hampshire :—

“ Here lies poor TEDDY ;
 Death took his hand, and said he,
 Oh ! Oh ! JOHN.”

In Norfolk :—

“ Here lies MATTHEW MUD
 Death did him no hurt
 When alive he was *mud*
 And now dead he's but *dirt*.”

The following epitaph was found among the papers of an old man, named JOHN So, who passed a great part of his life in obscurity, near Port Glasgow. The handwriting leads to the conclusion that it was written by himself :—

“ *So* died JOHN So
So so did he *so* ?
So did he live
 And *so* did he die !
So so did he *so*
 And *so* let him lie.”

The grave of ADDISON. JOSEPH ADDISON was buried in the North aisle of Henry VII. Chapel, near to Queens Mary and Elizabeth, where a stone has just been placed over his grave (Nov. 1856), bearing the following inscription :—

“ ADDISON.

Near to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
 Since their foundation came a nobler guest ;
 Nor ere was to the bowers of bliss conveyed,
 A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.
 Oh ! gone for ever—take this last adieu,
 And sleep in peace next thy lov'd Montesquieu !
 Born 1672 ; died 1719.”

At the north-west corner of Chichester Cathedral, is a vault belonging to Mr. Guy, in the centre of which is a fine piece of sculpture. On a pedestal is represented

EPITAPHS, ETC.

Time, in a sitting posture, holding an hour glass in his left hand. The right hand extended, on which are inscribed the following lines :—

“Here, doubtless, many a trifer on the brink
Of this world’s hazardous and headlong shore,
For’d to a pause, will feel it good to think,
Told that his setting sun may rise no more !

Ye self deceived ! could I prophetic say
Who next is fated, and who next shall fall,
The rest might then seem privileged to play ;
But naming none, *Time’s voice* here speaks to all !

Learn then ye living ! by the mouths be taught
Of all these sepulchres, instruction true—
That soon or late, death also is your lot,
And the next opening grave may yawn for you !”

At the farther end of the vault the word *Death* is engraved on a black marble slab.

In Parham churchyard, Suffolk :—

“JOHN G. FROST died May 28th, 1844, aged 57 years.

Reader ! pause awhile, you see I’m gone
To lie and moulder underneath this stone.
A short time since I was alive like thee,
But now I’m in a vast eternity.
What road you are now in consider well,
There’s only one to Heaven, and one to Hell.
You must repent, you must be born again,
Or all your hopes of heaven will be in vain.”

In Bremhill churchyard, Wilts. On JOHN HARDING,
aged 84 (by the Rev. W. L. Bowles) :—

“Lay down thy pilgrim’s staff upon this heap
And till the morning of redemption sleep,
Old way-farer of earth ! From youth to age,
Long, but not weary, was thy pilgrimage ;

Thy Christian pilgrimage, for truth and prayer
 Alone enabled thee some grief to bear.
 Left in old age, without a husband's aid,
 Thy wife shall pray beside thee to be laid :
 For more than a kind father didst thou prove,
 To fourteen children of her faithful love.
 May future fathers of the village trace
 The same sure path to the same resting place :
 And future sons, taught in their youth to save,*
 Learn that first lesson from a poor man's grave !”

On a man of the name of FISH :—

“ *Worms* bait for fish ; but here's a sudden change,
 FISH's bait for worms—is not that passing strange.”

WELLS, the master of the celebrated Bear Gardens at Hockley-in-the-Hole, succeeded Christopher Preston, as master. Preston had taught his bears almost every thing but forgiveness of injuries ; so one day they attacked, overthrew, killed, and almost devoured this sovereign of the bears, before his friends could fly to his aid : this was in 1709. It was upon WELLS's successor as sovereign of Hockley-in-the-Hole, that the following epitaph was made :—

“ Shed, O ye combatants, a flood of tears ;
 Howl all ye dogs ; roar all ye bulls and bears,
 Ye *butchers* weep ; for ye, no doubt are grievers,
 And sound his loss with marrow-bones and cleavers.
 WELLS is no more ! yet death has been so kind
 That he hath left the bulls and bears behind.”

Inscribed on the tomb of THOMAS ABBOTT HAMILTON, who died in 1788, in the churchyard of Newport-Pagnell, Bucks (by Wm. Cowper) :—

* From £100 left him by his father when a lad, he saved £400.

“ Pause here, and think ; a monitory rhyme
 Demands one moment of thy fleeting time.
 Consult life's silent clock, thy bounding vein ;
 Seems it to say—‘ Health here has long to reign ? ’
 Hast thou the vigour of thy youth ? an eye
 That beams delight ? a heart untaught to sigh ?
 Yet fear. Youth, oftimes healthful and at ease,
 Anticipates a day it never sees ;
 And many a tomb, like Hamilton's, aloud
 Exclaims, ‘ Prepare thee for an early shroud.’ ”

On Mr. CHESTER, of Chichely (by Wm. Cowper):—
 “ Tears flow, and cease not, where the good man lies,
 Till all who knew him follow to the skies.
 Tears therefore fall where CHESTER's ashes sleep ;
 Him, wife, friends, brothers, children, servants weep,
 And justly—few shall ever him transcend
 As husband, parent, brother, master, friend.”

In Easton churchyard, Suffolk :—

“ WILLIAM COTTON,
 of this Parish,
 Who was the last Male branch
 of an old and respectable family
 In this County.
 He died on the 21st of Jan. 1821,
 In the 76th year of his age.

In adverse hour he show'd a Christian mind
 To Man forgiving, and to God resigned.
 Exempt himself from malice, fraud and strife,
 More sinn'd against than sinning was his life.
 His soul a treasure fit for heavenly weal,
 Where moth nor rust corrupt, nor thieves break thro'
 and steal.”

In Bremhill churchyard, on an old church-going
 parishioner (by Rev. W. L. Bowles) :—

“Reader, this heap of earth—this grave-stone mark,
 Here lie the last remains of poor JOHN DARK !
 Five years beyond man’s age he liv’d, and trod
 This path each sabbath to the House of God.
 From youth to age—nor ever from his heart,
 Did that best prayer our Saviour taught depart.
 At his last hour with lifted hands he cried,
 ‘Thy Kingdom come—thy will be done,’ and died.”

“ With deepest thoughts, spectator view thy fate,
 Thus mortals pass to an immortal state.”

In Wingfield churchyard, Suffolk :—

“Blame not the monumental stone we raise ;
 ’Tis to the Saviour’s, not the sinner’s praise ;
 Sin was the whole that she could call her own,
 Her good was all deriv’d from Him alone :
 To sin, her conflicts, pains and griefs she owed,
 Her conquering faith and patience He bestowed.
 Reader ! may’st thou obtain like precious faith
 To smile in anguish, and rejoice in death.”

By Kirke White :—

“Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear
 That mourns thy exit from a world like this :
 Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
 And stay’d thy progress to the seat of bliss.

No more confin’d to grov’ling scenes of night,
 No more a tenant pent in mortal clay :
 Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight
 And trace thy journey to the realms of day.”

In Peterborough Cathedral graveyard :—

“ In memory of ROBERT STEVENS,
who died May 31, 1795, aged 34.

“ Youth Builds for Age—Age Builds for Rest,
They who Build for Heaven Build Best.”

In Darley churchyard, Derbyshire :—

“ In memory of JOHN SOMERSET, who died June, 1841,
aged 60.

Encomium of the dead is mockery; the last great day
alone will wipe all colouring off, and shew each man
in his real character.”

For a country Schoolmistress :—

“ Here lies a dame whom fate ordained
By certain requisites unnamed,
To instruct her generation.

'Twas hers to give the rustic youth,
By methods rigid and uncouth,
The village education.

Her plans to ancient plans allied,
To gain this end she harshly plied,
(So stubborn was the soil)
Hard blows and threats, and raving loud
To awe the young rebellious crowd,
And aid tuition's toil.

Now all her puny passion o'er,
No longer she locks up the door,
To keep her scholars in,
For she within this dungeon drear,
Shall sleep through many a distant year,
Nor ever storm again.

No flattering marble marks this spot,
To insinuate her future lot,
Or tell her age and name.

Yet if no tombstone tells her tale,
 Our own remembrance ne'er shall fail,
 To her 'tis all the same."

Vault of Sir JOHN STRANGE, master of the rolls, in Leyton churchyard, near London. This vault though of great dimensions, is plain in its architecture, and surrounded by palisades which enclose a large extent of ground. The inscription is as follows :—

"In this Vault lie the Remains of the Right Honble. Sir JOHN STRANGE, The *Master of the Rolls*, and one of his Majesty's most Honble. *Privy Council*, who by great natural abilities, assisted by an unwearied application to the Profession of the *Law*, arrived at such eminence, that on the 9th of Feb. 1735, he was appointed one of his Majesty's *Council* learned in the *Law*, and on the 28th of Jan. 1736, *Solicitor General*; whilst in that Honourable Office under the Crown, He was so highly esteemed by the Citizens of his native City that at their request he became Recorder of London on the 13th of Nov., 1739.

On his Resignation of these employments in the year 1742, *His Majesty*, as a peculiar mark of his Regard, honoured him with a Patent to take place for life next to his *Attorney General*, and on the 11th of January, 1749, was pleased to advance him to the high and important Office of *Master of the Rolls*; the Revenue of which, soon after his promotion, received from *Parliament*, unsought by him, a very considerable and equally Honourable Augmentation. By a faithful Discharge of the different Stations which he so ably and worthily filled, he conciliated to him the Favour of his Sovereign, and the Esteem of his country; the true Summit of honourable and laudable Ambition!—Such was his *Public Life*.

Great and amiable were the Virtues of his *Private* and Domestic character, which will ever endear the remembrance of Him to the Hearts of all who knew him, and to those who had not that happiness, suffice it to say, that by a serious and constant performance of every Religious Duty, He was an inviting Example of

true Christian Piety. In the Social Duties He excelled as a Son, an Husband, a Father, a Brother, a Friend, and a Master. He died full of Honours, tho' not of Years, to the general Regret of good Men, and to the inexpressible Loss and Affliction of his Family, on the 18th of May, 1754, in the 58th year of his age.

He married *Susanna*, Eldest Daughter and co-heir of *Edward Strong*, of Greenwich, in the county of Kent, Esq. She was a Dutiful and Affectionate Wife, a tender Mother, and a Charitable, Religious, and good Christian. She died the 21st of January, 1747, in the 46th year of her age, and lies interred in this vault. By her he was blessed with a numerous Issue, of which Two Sons and Seven Daughters survived him.

Since the letter concerning the burial place of SAMUEL ROGERS (page 322) was printed, we have copied the following from the same paper in which that letter appeared:—

“The plain Monumental Structure over the vault of the Rogers' family, in Hornsey Churchyard, has received an interesting addition to its mortuary inscriptions. It records the date of birth and death of the poet, adding that he was ‘Author of the Pleasures of Memory,’ without, however, specifying to what class of literature the work belongs.”

In Halstead churchyard, Essex, is an iron tomb, on which the only inscription is the emphatic word

“SILENCE!”

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