





SIR WALTER RALEGH

I. N. BRUSHFIELD
M. D.
F. S. A.

HE
MAY HOLD
CONVERSE WITH ALL
FORMS OF THE
MANY-SIDED
MAN



GLEANINGS IN GRAVEYARDS.

A COLLECTION

OF

Curious Epitaphs,

COLLATED, COMPILED, AND EDITED

BY

HORATIO EDWARD NORFOLK.

“Omnibus semel moriendum est.”

HORACE.

“Care to our coffin adds a nail no doubt ;
And every grin so merry, draws one out.”

PETER PINDAR.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

LONDON :

JOHN RUSSELL SMITH, SOHO SQUARE.

1866.

INTERNET ARCHIVE



Digitized for Microsoft Corporation
by the Internet Archive in 2008.

From University of California Libraries.

May be used for non-commercial, personal, research,
or educational purposes, or any fair use.

May not be indexed in a commercial service.

92

PN
6291
N764
1866

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
EPITAPHS IN ENGLAND	1
WALES	124
SCOTLAND	127
MISCELLANEOUS	136

P R E F A C E.

THE favour accorded to previous issues of this Book, has encouraged me to send a *Third* Edition to press. The whole work has been carefully revised, and an introduction prefixed. It is hoped that in its amended form, it will be even more acceptable to the public, and thus repay the care bestowed upon it.

I accept this opportunity of thanking numerous friends for many of the extracts from country churchyards, and I desire to acknowledge the assistance which I have derived (in preparing the Introduction) from Mr. T. J. Pettigrew's "Chronicles of the Tombs," and the Rev. Robert Maguire's Lecture on Epitaphs.

H. E. N.

1, Emmanuel Villas, Upton, Essex,
1st June, 1866.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE are few places more pregnant with interest and instruction than "God's Acre." In wandering over that sacred ground, where-under all must sooner or later find their final rest, the mind of even the most careless man should be directed into a train of serious and healthy reflection. We can hardly look upon the gorgeous Monuments soaring high in panegyric of the mighty dead, and then upon the humble inscriptions adorning the tombstones of those less favoured when resident in this world's tabernacle, now made equal by the impartial* hand of Death, and scattered indiscriminately in the common repository of his victims—without believing that there are indeed Sermons that we may gather from Stones. As we picture the pomp of earth† which has followed some to the grave,—the coronet surmounting the coffin of the peer, the sword crossing that of the warrior, the trappings of state emblazoning the bier of the man mighty in political circles, and again on the other hand as we shadow forth in imagination, the

* "Death, with impartial tread, waits at the palace portal, and the cotter's humble hut."—*Horace : Carm.*

† "O fading honours of the dead !
O high ambition lowly laid !"

Scott : Lay of the Last Minstrel.

simple show that has witnessed the grave close over others of its own,—we cannot fail to contrast the shadows of life with the reality of death, and to be reminded of the words of Isaiah, “Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols; the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee.” (Isaiah xiv. 11.) We may be provoked to ask, with Gray—

“Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour’s voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?”

As we enter the village churchyard, with its rows of yew trees and green hillocks, its monuments of the dead in serried ranks of all sorts, shapes, and sizes, what associations does it awaken in our minds? How pity for the bereaved, and remembrance of our own dear departed,* are uppermost in our thoughts, and lead us to contemplate an abiding place of rest after the grave shall have been past, where there will be no sorrow, but peace and joy unalloyed. Addison, writing in the *Spectator*, thus moralizes among the Epitaphs of a graveyard:—
“When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out;

* “There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howsoe’er defended,
But has one vacant chair.”

when I meet with the grief of a parent upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion ; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow.* When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind.† When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider the great Day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.”‡ It is not, however, my intention to moralize upon the result of my researches. The object of this book is, firstly, to afford informa-

* “ Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey,
When a few suns have rolled their cares away,
Tired with vain life, will close the willing eye :
’Tis the great birthright of mankind to die.”

Thomson’s Epitaph on Miss Stanley.

† “ A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter’s day,
Is all the proud and mighty have,
Between the cradle and the grave.”

Dyer : Granger Hill.

‡ “ Whence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead. At whose coming all men shall rise again with their bodies : and shall give account for their own works. And they that have done good shall go into life everlasting, and they that have done evil into everlasting fire.”—*The Creed of St. Athanasius.*

tion on monumental inscriptions generally, and then specially to convey to those who have not the opportunity of searching our churchyards for themselves, an idea of the extent to which the practice has been carried of inscribing tombstones with verses remarkable either for their quaintness, or their rude attempts at humour. In ages long gone by, the ancients were accustomed to burn their dead, and by this very summary process to reduce the body to its elementary dust. The ashes were deposited in a funeral urn; and this in the cavity of a rock. Loud and lengthy declamations were then pronounced over the ashes of the dead, lauding the virtues of the deceased, and extolling his praises. These were called the panegyric of the dead, and being uttered "over the tomb" were called by the name of "Epitaph" (*ἐπι τάφον.*) These laudations of the departed extolled them to the skies. Songs were sung, in which their deeds were extravagantly praised. The eulogy of the dead would indeed have made the deceased blush, could he have heard the too flattering tale. How different this practice to the one now-a-days! where the solemn and pathetic words of the burial service remind the mourner what he really is,* whither † he is hastening,

* "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."—*Gen.* iii. 19.

"Man shall turn again unto dust."—*Job* xxxiv. 15.

† "That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns."—*Shakespeare: Hamlet, Act* iii. *Scene* 1.

and endeavours to lead him to make his peace with God, before the ground shall be opened for others to mourn over him.

The importance of monumental inscriptions can, perhaps, scarcely be overrated. Whilst they serve to record many an heroic deed which, without them, might be lost sight of in the lapse of time, and many a testimonial of affectionate regard and filial gratitude which would else be neglected, they form in many cases the land-marks of history, and lead us to ascribe to their proper era, remarkable events, for the fixing of whose occurrence we might be without data. Hence it is that it is not barren of beneficial results for us to examine into the epitaphial records of bygone ages.

The Egyptians, one of the earliest people of whom we have truly satisfactory records, are notable for their extraordinary tombs and temples, and tablet *steles*, representing offerings and inscribing prayers and supplications on their tombs.

Greek sepulchral monuments are not so numerous as those of the Romans; but the Greek Epitaphs are characterized by a peculiar beauty and fertility of expression. The Greeks wrote their Epitaphs in elegiac verse, and afterwards in prose. Their moral tendency is chiefly of the highest order. Amongst those which have been handed down to us we find—

By Simonides:—

“ Human strength is unavailing;
Boastful tyranny unfailing;

All in life is care and labour;
 And our unrelenting neighbour,
 Death, for ever hovering round;
 Whose inevitable wound,
 When he comes prepared to strike,
 Good and bad will feel alike."

By Plato, on two neighbouring tombs :—

" This is a sailor's—that a ploughman's tomb :—
 Thus sea and land abide one common doom."

By Archilochus :—

" Loud are our griefs, my friend; and vain is he
 Would steep the sense in mirth and revelry
 O'er those we mourn, the hoarse resounding wave
 Hath clos'd and whelm'd them in their ocean grave.
 Deep sorrow swells each breast. But Heaven bestows
 One healing med'cine for severest woes—
 Resolv'd endurance—for affliction pours
 To all by turns—to-day the cup is ours.
 Bear bravely, then, the common trial sent,
 And cast away your womanish lament !"

Such are examples of the Greek epitaphs. I might easily enlarge by giving specimens of the epigrammatic style so common in the Greek epitaphial literature, and also offer some of those inscriptions which were composed by the Greeks under a sense of duty, upon individuals who had distinguished themselves in war or fallen in battle;* but my object does not require such illustrations.

* How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
 By all their country's wishes blest!

* * * *

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung."

Collins : Lines written in 1746.

The Romans erected their monuments by the highway, that they might become constant objects of attention. The inscriptions upon them are peculiarly brief, and in most cases only record the name of the departed, as at Lasborough, in Gloucestershire:—

D M
SVICEMA
ANNOS XIII, VIXI.

In the earlier centuries of the Christian era, the Christians in Rome were, by cruel tyranny of the Emperors, exiled or otherwise persecuted. For refuge they fled to the dens and caves of the earth, the subterranean excavations from which, at a much earlier date, the materials were originally obtained for the building of Rome. There they lived; there they died; and there they were buried. The rude epitaphs, hastily inscribed upon the slabs that cover them, tell who they were, and whither they have gone. In these inscriptions there is no indication of any modern Roman doctrine:—no saint-worship; no relic-veneration; no allusion to purgatory, or masses for the dead; nor to any other popular superstition of the present Church of Rome. With a few exceptions, gathered from more recent times, these epitaphs breathe a true Protestant and scriptural spirit. The most ancient of them have been transferred from the catacombs to the corridors of the Vatican, and have been erected in the Lapidarian

Gallery. The almost uniform testimony of the epitaphs proves a belief that the dead SLEEP in Jesus; and so far from supposing or suggesting any such state as a penal purgatory, the dead are represented as being—

“In God.” “In Christ.” “In Peace.” “Asleep.”

This peaceful calm of the dead in Christ is the characteristic subject of the epitaphs. One informs us—

“Victorina sleeps”

Another:—

“Gamella sleeps in peace.”

And another:—

“Zoticus here laid to sleep,
Vidalio, in the peace of Christ.”

One very beautiful inscription runs thus:—

“In Christ. Alexander dead is not, but lives above the stars,
And his body rests in the tomb.”

Another breathes this peaceful thought:—

“Dormitio Elpidis.”
The sleeping place (or dormitory) of Elpis.

And a family grave is thus indicated:—

“Here lies Gordianus with all his family:
They rest in peace.”

These epitaphs assume the character of historical importance, and are even possessed of controversial value, as intimating the faith of the early Church respecting the dead; and marking the essential differ-

ence between the Christian Church of the early centuries, and the Church of Rome of the present day.

The Roman epitaphs relating to their Consuls and Cæsars are numerous, and are recorded on their statues and in their temples and other colossal buildings. They usually give a narrative of the renowned exploits of their sovereigns and warriors, handing them down to posterity with fame and honour. Epitaphs of the Roman-British period are to be looked upon as affording us examples of early style, and will be found to partake of the simplicity of the Romans.

It has been thought questionable whether we possess any genuine Saxon epitaphs; those generally adduced as such being evidently compositions of a later period. This remark is alike applicable to the Danes.

Epitaphs, although common in other countries, were not much used in this, until the reign of James I. His mother, the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, was very fond of the amusement of writing epitaphs; a taste which she acquired at the Court of France. The result was that epitaphs in the French language began to prevail, and ultimately a great rage for English ones set in. The precedent thus set by the Court was soon followed by the people at large, and according to the opinions, tastes and dispositions of the writer, so were the effusions emanat-

ing from them. The courtier endeavoured to gain favour by preparing far too complimentary stanzas fitting the memory of his Royal master. The statesman essayed his utmost to produce satisfactory monumental biographies of those whose names and actions were destined to adorn the history of his country. The warrior attempted to commit to verse the heroic deeds of his comrade in arms. The wit lost not the opportunity of displaying the mystery of his art in adding to the monumental records some production from his humorous mind. The tragedian thought fit to decorate the slab of his lost colleague with a record, more prodigal of praise than truthful, of his histrionic worth; and even the artisan, ever ready to aspire to perform the functions of his betters, endeavoured to pay some eulogistic or defamatory tribute to his departed companion. Hence it is we find the opinions, the tastes and the moral tendencies of our predecessors so clearly depicted in the lithographed biographies which have been handed down to us. Many, indeed, are not in harmony with the poetic injunction:—

“ If to the memory of your friend
A tribute you would pay,
I have, to suit your purpose, penn'd
What you would wish to say.
Only take care to fix on one
That is in justice due;
For better 'tis to give him none
Than one that is not true.”

It is not always that Epitaphs are scriptural in their teaching, nor have writers of epitaphs at all times observed a seriousness of tone and spirit befitting the solemnity of the grave. Jests have often been inscribed over the sleeping dead, and the tombstone has frequently been used to perpetuate wranglings between man and man, utterly out of harmony with the christian feeling that feuds and broils should be forgotten, when rendering to mother earth her kindred clay to sleep in the hallowed calm of a peaceful rest. It has been said bitterly of us as a nation, that "we love to deck the tombstone, yet will not crown the brow;" and we cannot believe that this accusation and reproach is altogether devoid of truth when we notice the laudatory monumental panegyrics to many whose estimable virtues and heroic deeds have been lightly appreciated, whilst the subject of them was on earth, but of whom too many have been eager to say when dead,

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again."

Hamlet, Act i. sc. 2.

Epitaphs are often used to record the occupations of the departed. Hence it is, we have so many specimens of trade and professional epitaphs, some of which are given on page 142, and according to the source from which they originate, so are they remarkable for their literary worth. Many people disagree with the practice of inscribing tombstones

with the narration of the earthly calling of the deceased, being of opinion that all trades, professions, and occupations, should be lost sight of in the sanctuary of the grave. Others consider that it has a healthy tendency to inscribe tombstones with the excellencies of professional or commercial zeal and ability. Be this as it may, the fact cannot be overlooked, that it is not the tombstone nor the inscription which will recommend the sleepers beneath to a more lasting place of peaceful rest. Epitaphs cannot be too brief; the best tribute we can pay to a departed friend is that remembrance which shall exist far longer than the record placed on a marble slab, nor will our appreciation of departed worth be enhanced by fulsome flattery, or ingenious rhyme. Count Tessin, the tutor to Gustavus III. of Sweden, dictated this epitaph for his tombstone,

“Tandem felix.”

(Happy at last.)

And such reflection upon the pleasures of death, and the fleeting joys of life, cannot fail to have a more salutary effect than would have done the record of his praiseworthy earthly labours.* All epitaphs are not joyous and flattering. Perhaps the most sorrowful

* The poet Gay's epitaph on himself is worth quoting here:—

“Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, and now I know it.”

My readers will readily recall Pope's Epitaph on Gay:—

“Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit, a man; simplicity, a child.”

one that has ever been inscribed above the dead is the one to be found in Worcester Cathedral,—very brief and very wretched,—consisting of only one word.

“ Miserrimus.”
(Most wretched.)

There is no name, no date, no circumstance known, to cast light upon this doleful word, inscribed upon the mystic stone in those dark and gloomy cloisters. Conjecture and speculation may weave volumes out of this “thrice sad superlative,” and guess at a thousand fancies to explain the mystery. But it is in vain; the slab is silent, and refuses to tell the tale. All we know is, that—

“One mournful word comes down to us,
He was, or is “ MISERRIMUS.”

Turning from this sad tribute, to one equally brief, but more beautiful in its pathos, we find an inscription over a departed Christian:—

“ Emigravit.”
(Emigrated.)

“ EMIGRAVIT is the inscription
On the tomb in which he lies;
Dead he is not, but departed,
For the Christian never dies.”

Here the Christian leaves his earthly scene of tribulation and toil, and emigrates to a better land to seek consolation which earth can not afford, to meet his fellow pilgrims in a region of happiness, and to

remind those who still sojourn on earth, that he has sought his resting-place in a fairer and more genial clime, reminding those he has left behind that his existence is not ended. He has merely EMIGRATED.

It is my intention at this time to take but one class of Epitaphs, the curious, and it is hoped, that while this collection may afford amusement to all, it will not prove offensive to any, nor fail to convey the salutary lesson that a healthful smile may be elicited from the homely record of human woe.



EPITAPHS.

Bedfordshire.

COLMWORTH.

Here is a magnificent monument, erected in 1641, by Lady Dyer, in memory of her deceased husband, Sir William Dyer, the inscription upon which tells us that "they multiplied themselves into seven children." Beneath are the following quaint 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 set 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 to prepare
My nightly dress and call to prayer.
Mine eyes wax heavy, and the days grow 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.

EDWORTH.

Here lies father, and mother, and sister, and I,
 We all died within the space of one year,
 They be all buried at Whimble except I,
 And I be buried here.

MARSTON.

Robert Loder.

I would have my neighbours be all kind and mild,
 Quiet and civil to my dear wife and child.

ST. PAUL'S, BEDFORD.

Patience, wife of Shadrach Johnson,
 The mother of 24 children, and died in childbed,
 June 6, 1717, aged 38.

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 !

Berkshire.

WEST WOODHAY.

In the old church near Newbury, is the following
 epitaph to the memory of Sir Ben. Rudyerd :—

John Grant, in memory of his deare and honoured Master Sir Benjamin Rudyerd, knight, hath affixed this stone over his grave with this epitaph made by Sir Benjamin in his younger years:—

Fond world, leave off this foolish trick
 Of making epitaphs upon the dead ;
 Rather go write them on the quick,
 Whose soules in earthly flesh lye buried.
 For in this grave lyes nought of me
 But my soules grave, two graves well turned to one,
 Thus do I live, from death made free ;
 Trust me, good friend, I am not dead, but gone
 To God and Christ, my Saviour alone.

1656.

ALDWORTH.

There is a vulgar tradition that in this place four Johns were buried, and they are described as follows:— John Long, John Strong, John Ever-afraid, and John Never-afraid. They say that John Ever-afraid was afraid to be buried either in the church, or out of it, and was consequently buried under the wall, where the arch appears on the outside, by the south church door.

The following is a copy of an epitaph, now almost obliterated, in Speen Churchyard, and which, admired for its simple pathos, has been handed to us for insertion:—

In memory of John Matthews, of Donnington, Berks,
 1779.

When Heaven with equal eyes our quick'ning dust
 Shall view, and judge the bad and praise the just,

His humble merits may perhaps find room
Where kings shall wish, but wish in vain to come.

SWALLOWFIELD.

Here lies a fair blossom mould'ring to dust,
Ascending to heaven, to dwell with the just.

PEWSEY.

Here lies the body of
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.

NEWBURY.

On Elizth. Daughter of James Bond, 1659.

Low, here she is, deprived of lyfe,
Which was a verteous and a loving wife ;
Until the graves again restore
Their dead, and Time shall be no more ;
She was brought a-bed but spous above,
And dyed to pay the living pledge of love.

On a man and his wife.

Here lays John, with Mary his bride,—
 They liv'd and they laugh'd while they was able,
 And at last was oblig'd to knock under the table.

On Mr. Hugh Shepley, sometime Rector of Newbyre.
 1596.

Full eight and twenty years he was your pastor,
 As hee was taught to feede by Christ, his Master ;
 By preaching God's Word, good life, good example,
 (Food for your soules, fitt for God's house, or temple).
 Hee loved peace, abandoned all strife,
 Was kind to strangers, neighbours, children, wife,
 A lambe-like man, borne on an Easter daye,
 So liv'd, do dide, so liv's again for aye ;
 As one Spring brought him to this world of sinne,
 Another Spring the Heavens receiv'd him in.

ALDERMASTON.

To the precious memorie of four Virtuouse Sisters,
 daughters of Sir H. Forster, 1623.

Like borne, like new-borne, here like dead they lye,
 Four virgin sisters, decked with pietie ;
 Beavtie and other graces, which commend
 And make them all like blessed in their end.

CHADDLEWORTH.

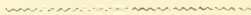
To the memory of Mary, wife of Thomas Nelson, of
 this parish, who died 1618, beinge the age of 30
 years, and had issue 7 children.

If thou religious art that passest by
 Stay and reade on ; as thou art so was I :
 If thou art blest with children, and dost crave
 In God's feare them trayned up to have
 Reade on agayn, and to thyself thus tell
 Here she doth lye that was my parallell ;
 Or art thou bounteous, hospitable, free,
 Belov'd of all, and they beloved of thee ;
 Meeke, full of mercy, and soc truly good
 As flesh can be, and spronge of gentle blood ?
 If thou art soe, to thine own dear selfe saye,
 Who on her grave my monument did lay ?
 But if to these thou knowest thyselfe but chaffe,
 Pass on thy waye, read not my epitaphc.



Also Dorothy Nelson, wife of William Nelson, who died
 1619, being 86 years, and had issue 7 children.

It was not many yeares that made mee good,
 Neither was it the vigor of my blood ;
 For if soe then my goodness might have past,
 And as I did, have ceast to be at laste.
 But 'twas the grace my Maker did enshrine
 In my meeke breast, which cleerely there did shine,
 As my soule now amongst the chosen blest,
 Under this stone although my bones doe rest.



ALLWORTH CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

Here lies a modell of frail man,
 A tender infant, but a span
 In age or stature. Here she must
 Lengthen out both bedded in dust.

Nine moneths imprisoned in ye wombe
 Eight on earth's surface free; ye tombe
 Must now complete her diarie,
 So leave her to aeternatic.

~~~~~  
 When this you see remember me  
 As I lay under ground,  
 The world say what it will of me,  
 Speak of me as you have found.

---

## Buckinghamshire.

---

### DATCHET.

EPITAPH ON TWO SISTERS.

A tender mother, aunt, and friend,  
 They continued to their end.

~~~~~  

HIGH WYCOMBE.

Death is a fisherman; the world we see
 A fish-pond is, and we the fishes be;
 He sometimes angles, like doth with us play,
 And slily take us, one by one, away.

~~~~~  

### IVER.

On William Hawkins.

Once at his death, and twice in wedlocke blest;  
 Thrice happy in his labour and his rest;  
 Espoused now to Christ, his head in life,  
 Being twice a husband, and in death a wife.

## On a Lady.

Two happy days assigned are to men—  
 Of wedlocke and of death. O happy, then,  
 'Mongs't woman was she who is here interred,  
 Who lived out two, and, dying, had a third.

## On Richard Carter.

An honest man, a friend sincere,  
 What more can be said? He's buried here.

---

 FARNHAM.

A sudden death, a mind contented;  
 Living beloved, dead lamented.

---

 WYCOMBE.

Here lies one, whose rest  
 Gives me a restless life;  
 Because I've lost a good  
 And virtuous wyfe.

---

 Cambridgeshire.
 

---

At WOOD DITTON, on a gravestone in which is fixed an iron dish, according to the instructions of the deceased:—

On William Symons, ob. 1753, æt. 80.

Here lies my corpse, who was the man  
 That loved a sop in the dripping pan;  
 But now, believe me, I am dead,  
 See here the pan stands at my head.

Still for sops till the last I cried,  
 But could not eat, and so I died.  
 My neighbours, they perhaps will laugh,  
 When they do read my epitaph.

~~~~~  
 CAIUS COLLEGE CHAPEL, A.D. 1613 :—

On William Webbe.

A richer Webb than any art can weave,
 The Soule that Faith to Christ makes firmly cleave.
 This Webbe can Death, nor Devils, sunder or untwist,
 For Christ and Grace both groundwork are and List.

~~~~~  
 At CASTLE CAMPS the following quaint epitaph  
 on a former rector :—

Mors mortis morti mortem nisi 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.

A poetic specimen of declension !

~~~~~  
 ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE.

An angel beckoned and her spirit flew,
 But oh ! her last look it cut our souls in two.

~~~~~  
 ST. MARY'S, CAMBRIDGE.

On John Foster, Esq. of that town.

Nomen, decus, Tellus meum,  
 Quid referunt hæc ad te

Genus etiamque meum,  
 Clarum quid aut humile?  
 Forsan omnes alios longè  
 Ego antecellui,  
 Forsan eunetis aliis valdè  
 (Nam quid tunc?) succubui.  
 Ut hoc tu vides tumulum  
 Hospes certè satis est,  
 Ejus tu scis benè usum  
 Tegit—"Nihil" interest.

*Translation.*

My name, my country, what are they to thee?  
 What, whether high or low, my pedigree?  
 Perhaps I surpassed by far all other men,  
 Perhaps I fell below them all, what then?  
 Suffice it, stranger, that thou seest a tomb,  
 It's use thou knowest; it hides—"no matter whom."

~~~~~

Here lies interred, beneath this stone,
 The bones of a true hearty one,
 Who lived well and died better,
 And sings in Heaven Glory for ever.

~~~~~

On a Colonel in Cambridge, who going to market  
 took his death.

John Cook went to Market to buy some eels,  
 Death came behind him, and struck up his heels.

~~~~~


At BABRAHAM is this on Orazio Palovicini, 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;
 Then came Hercules, with his club,
 And knocked him down to Beelzebub.

ALL SAINTS', CAMBRIDGE.

She took the cup of life to sip,
 Too bitter 'twas to drain;
 She put it meekly from her lip,
 And went to sleep again.

Philippa Brown, died November 22nd, 1738, aged 63.

Here I lie, without the door,
 The church is full, 'twill hold no more;
 Here I lye, the less I pay,
 And still I lie as warm as they.
 When thou art dead, let this thy comfort be,
 That all the world by turn, must follow thee.

On Luke Simon, died May 25, 1784, aged 63.

Man's life's a snare, a labyrinth of woe,
Which mortal men are doomed to struggle thro' ;
To-day he's great, to-morrow he's undone,
And thus with hope and fear he travels on :
Till some disease, or else old age,
Calls us poor mortals trembling off the stage.

~~~~~  
Epitaph of a Wine Merchant.

In Obitum Mio Johannis Hammoned Ænopolæ

Epitaphium

Spiritus ascendit generosi Nectaris astra,  
Juxta Altare Calix hic facit ecco sacrum  
Corporu *αυστασει* cū fit Communia magna  
Unio tunc fuerit Nectaris et Calicis.

---

---

## Cheshire.

---

Copied from the tombstone of Mr. Samuel Johnson, commonly called Maggoty Johnson, who was interred in a plantation or wood, belonging to the Earl of Harrington, in Gawsorth, near Macclesfield.

Under this stone

Rest the remains of Mr. Samuel Johnson, afterwards ennobled with the grander title of Lord Flame. Who, after having been in his life distinct from other men by the eccentricities of his genius, chose to retain the same character after his death, and was, at his own desire, buried here, May 5th, 1773, aged 82 yrs.

Stay thou, whom chance directs, or ease persuades  
 To seek the quiet of these Sylvan shades ;  
 Here, undisturb'd and hid from vulgar eyes,  
 A Wit, Musician, Poet, player lies ;  
 A dancing master, too, in grace he shone,  
 And all the acts of Opera were his own ;  
 In comedy well skill'd he drew Lord Flame,  
 Acted the part and gained himself the name.  
 Averse to strife, how oft he'd gravely say  
 These peaceful groves should shade his breathless clay ;  
 That, when he rose again, laid here alone,  
 No friend and he should quarrel for a bone ;  
 Thinking, that were some old lame Gossip nigh,  
 She possibly might take his leg or thigh.

~~~~~

DAVENHAM.

On David Berkenhead.

A tailor by profession,
 And in the practice, a plain and honest man.
 He was a useful member of society ;
 For, though he picked holes in no man's coat,
 He was ever ready to repair
 The mischief that others did.
 And whatever *breaches* broke out in *families*,
 He was the man to mend *all*,
 And make matters up *again*.
 He lived and died respected.

Forty years' service in Lord Penryhn's family induced
 Lady Penrhyn to bestow this stone to his memory.

CHESTER.

On an Old Woman who sold Pots.

Beneath this stone lies Cath'rine Gray,
 Changed to a lifeless lump of clay.
 By earth and clay she got her pelf,
 Yet now she's turn'd to Earth herself.
 Ye weeping friends, let me advise,
 Abate your grief, and dry your eyes.
 For what avails a flood of tears ?
 Who knows, but in a run of years,
 In some tall pitcher or broad pan,
 She in her shop may be again ?



Periwinks ! Periwinkle ! was ever her cry,
 She laboured to live Poor and honest to die ;
 At the last day Again how her old Eyes will twinkle,
 For no more will she cry, Periwinks ! Periwinkle !
 Ye Rich, to Virtue's want rejoicing give,
 Ye Poor, by her Example learn to live.



On a Sexton.

Hurra ! my brave Boys, let's rejoice at his fall,
 For if he had lived he had Buried us all.



On a swift-footed Man.

Here lies the swift racer ; so fam'd for his running,
 In spite of his boasting, his swiftness and cunning,
 In leaping o'er hedges, and skipping o'er fields,
 Death soon overtook him, and tript up his heels.

WESTON.

On a Parish Clerk.

There lies entomb'd within this vault so dark,
 A Tailor, cloth draw'r, soldier, and a clerk.
 Death snatch'd him hence, and also from him took
 His needle, thimble, sword, and prayer book.
 He could not work nor fight, what then ?
 He left the world, and faintly cry'd—Amen.

GAWSWORTH.

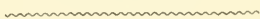
Reader take notice,
 That on y^e 12 Feby 1760,
 Tho. Corbishley,
 A brave veteran Dragoon
 Here went into his quarters ;
 But remember that when
 The trumpet calls
 He'll out and march again.

 Cornwall.

 TRURO.

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 ;

T'was 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 handiwork did all 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,
 Whosoever life he choose to claim ;
 It was God's edict from the throne.
 " My will upon earth shall 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.



LANDULPH.

On Sir Francis Vere.

When Vere sought death, arm'd with his sword and
 shield,
 Death was afraid to meet him in the field ;
 But when his weapons he had laid aside,
 Death, like a coward, struck him, and he died.

ST. AGNES.

Here lies the body of Joan Carthew,
 Born at St. Columb. died at St. Cue,
 Children she had five,
 Three are dead, and two alive,
 Those that are dead chusing rather
 To die with their Mother, than live with their Father.



A prolonged medical statement of the disease of which the departed may chance to have died, is extremely popular. At Acton, in Cornwall, there is this particular account of how one Mr. Morton came by his end:—

Here lies entombed one Roger Morton,
 Whose sudden death was early brought on ;
 Trying one day his corn to mow off,
 The razor slipped and cut his toe off:
 The toe, or rather what it grew to,
 An inflammation quickly flew to ;
 The parts they took to mortifying,
 And poor dear Roger took to dying.

SOUTH PETHERWIN.

Beneath this stone lies Humphrey and Joan,
 Who together rest in peace,
 Living indeed,
 They disagreed,
 But now all quarrels cease.

PENRYN.

Here lies William Smith,
 And what is somewhat rarish,
 He was born, bred, and
 Hanged in this parish.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, MONSEHOLE.

On Dolly Pentreath, the last woman who spoke the
 Cornish dialect.

Old Doll Pentreath, one hundred age and two,
 Both born and in Paul parish buried too ;
 Not in the church 'mongst people great and high,
 But in the church-yard doth old Dolly lie!

CALSTOCK.

Here lies Francis Grose,
 On Thursday, May 12th, 1791,
 Death put an end to
 His views and prospects.

Susanna Jones,
 1812.

All you that read those lines,
 Would stop awhile and think,
 That I am in eternity,
 And you are on the brink.

Mary Matthews,
1846.

This harmless dove, our tender love,
Flew from this world of vice,
To peace and rest, for ever blest,
With Christ in Paradise.

William Kellaway.
1822.

My body is turned to dust,
As yours that living surely must,
Both rich and poor to dust must fall,
To rise again, when Christ doth call.

Elizabeth Roskelly,
1844.

Farewell, dear husband, I bid adieu,
I leave nine children to God and you ;
I hope you'll live in peace and love,
I trust we all shall meet above.
Tho' months and years in pain and tears,
Through troubled paths I've trod,
My Saviour's voice bids me rejoice,
And calls my soul to God.

James Berlinger, killed at Huel Bedford, 1844.

Consider well both old and young,
Who by my grave do pass,
Death soon may come with his keen scythe,
And cut you down like grass.

Tho' some of you perhaps may think
 From danger to be free,
 Yet in a moment may be sent,
 Into the grave like me.

BODMIN.

Here lies the body of John Meadow,
 His life passed away like a shadow.

TRURO.

Here lies we
 Babies three.
 Here we must lie
 Until the Lord do cry,
 "Come out, and, live wi' I!"

GUNWALLOE.

Read backwards or forwards—
 Shall we all die?
 We shall die all.
 All die shall we?
 Die all we shall.

Cumberland.

HORSLEY-DOWN.

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.

Her behaviour was discreet towards strangers,

BUT

Independent 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 discovering 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 cohabitation he
 lamented
 That maugre all her virtues,
 He had not, in the whole, enjoyed two years of
 matrimonial comfort.

AT LENGTH

Finding that she had lost the affections 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 4 months and
 2 days,

And departed this life Nov. 28, 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 to posterity
With a PATCH WORK character.

Derbyshire.

BAKEWELL.

On a defunct Parish Clerk.

The vocal Powers here let us mark,
Of Philip our late Parish Clerk,
In Church was ever 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 lie his bones.
Sleep undisturbed within thy peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with such notes as thine.

Devonshire.

STOKE FLEMMING.

By Dr. Walcot, alias Peter Pindar.

To the Memory of Margaret Southcotte, who died
the 27th of August, 1786, aged 12 years and 9 months.

Beneath this stone, in sweet repose,
 The friend of all, a fair one lies :
 Yet hence let Sorrow vent her woes,
 Far hence let Pity pour her sighs ;
 Tho' every hour thy life approv'd,
 The muse the strain of grief forbears ;
 Nor wishes tho' by all belov'd,
 To call thee to a world of cares.
 Best of thy sex, alas ! farewell,
 From this dark scene remov'd to shine,
 Where purest shades of mortals dwell,
 And virtue waits to welcome thine.

An ill-natured critic wrote the following under these beautiful lines :—

Can a Southcotte be said to deserve all the praise
 Which above in the rhymes may be seen ?
 But 'tis not impossible, since the stone says
 She had not reached the age of thirteen !

ST. ANDREW'S, PLYMOUTH.

Here lies the body of James Vernon, Esq., only
surviving son of Admiral Vernon, died 23rd July,
 1753.

LYDFORD.

Here lies in a horizontal position,
 the outside *case* of
 George Routleigh, Watchmaker,

whose abilities in that line were an honour to his
 profession.
 Integrity was the *mainspring*, 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* was 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 *set right* again.
 He had the art of disposing of 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*
 for the world to come.

Elizabeth Farington, wife of John Farington, of the
 county of Nottingham. Twenty-five Knights were born
 in this family. 1738.

In Oxford born, in Lydford dust I lie,
 Don't break my grave until y^e judgment day.
 Then shall I rise, in shining glory bright,
 To meet my Lord with comfort and delight.

TAVISTOCK.

Under this stone lies three children dear,
Two be buried at Tawton, and the other here ?

BAMPTON.

A curious record of an accident occasioned by the downfall of ice, is to be found as an epitaph on the son of the then parish clerk, at Bampton, who was killed by an icicle falling upon and fracturing his skull.

IN MEMORY OF THE CLERK'S SON.

Bless my i, i, i, i, i, i,
Here I lies,
In a sad pickle,
Killed by icicle.

In the year of Anno Domini, 1776.

Here is a still more entertaining one, upon a certain lady in Devonshire, singularly free from any nonsensical pretence or idle bravado :—

Here lies Betsy Cruden,
She wood a leaf'd but she cooden,
'Twas na grief na sorrow as made she decay,
But this bad leg as carr'd she away.

KING'S TEIGNTON.

On Richard Adlam.

Richardus Adlam hujus ecclesiae Vicarius obit
Feb. 10, 1670. Apostrophe ad Mortem.

“Dan’n’d tyrant, can’t profaner blood suffice?
Must priests that offer be the sacrifice?
Go tell the genii that in Hades lye
Thy triumphs o’er this Sacred Calvary,
Till some just Nemesis avenge our cause,¹
And force this kill-priest to revere good laws!”

SIDBURY.

John Stone, Freemason, Jan. 1617.

On our great *corner-Stone* this *Stone* relied
For blessing to his building, loving most
To build God’s temples, in works he died,
And lived the Temple of the Holy Ghost,
In whose hard life is proved and honest fame,
God can of *Stones* raise seed to Abraham.

This is a specimen of that punning so commonly
found in the epitaphs of the seventeenth century.

BIDEFORD.

Her marriage day appointed was,
And wedding-clothes provided,
But when the day arrivéd did,
She sickened and she died did.

Here lies two brothers by misfortune surrounded,
One died of his wounds and the other was drowned.

MILTON ABBOT.

To Bartholomew Doidge—And Joan his wife.
Joan was buried the 1st day of Feby.' 1681.
Bartholomew was buried the 12th day of Feby.' 1681.
“ She first deceas'^d—he a little try'^d
“ To live without her—lik'^d it not, and died.”

WIVELISCOMBE.

Here lie the remains of James Pady, Brickmaker,
late of the parish, in hopes that his clay may be re-
moulded in a workmanlike manner, far superior to his
former perishable materials.

Keep death and Judgement always in your eye,
Or else the devil off with you will fly,
And in his kiln with brimstone ever fry.
If you neglect the narrow road to seek,
Christ will reject you, like a half Burnt Brick.

MAKER.

John Philips, 1837.

Vain man, in health and strength do not confide,
This I enjoyed, yet in my bloom I died.

Not long before as likely for to live,
 As any of the liveliest sons of Eve.
 But death may come in an untimely way,
 Therefore prepare against that solemn day.

~~~~~  
 John Linning, 1824.

Stop, reader! stop and view this stone,  
 And ponder well where I am gone.  
 Then, pondering, take thou home this rhyme—  
 The grave next opened may be thine.

~~~~~  
 Richard Snell, 1801.

At first I had a watery grave,
 Now here on earth a place I have ;
 Wife and children don't weep for me,
 Fortune and Fate none can foresee.

~~~~~  
 DEAN PRIOR.

Sir Edward and Lady Giles.

No trust to metals, nor to marbles, when  
 These have their fate, and wear away as men ;  
 Times, titles, trophies, may be lost and spent :  
 But Virtue rears the eternal monument.  
 What more than this can tombs or tombstones pay ?  
 But here's the sun-set of a tedious day ;  
 Those two asleep are, I'll but be undrest,  
 And so to bed : pray wish us all good rest.

## WHITECHURCH.

John Spry and Margaret his wife.

1738.

In a good old age,  
By death we did fall,  
And hear we must lie  
Until Christ doth call.

~~~~~

Gregory Nicholas. 1840.

— Sleep here awhile, Thou Dearest
Part of me, and in a little while I'll
Come and sleep with thee.

~~~~~

TIVERTON.

On the tomb of Edward Courtenay, third Earl of Devon, commonly called "the blind and good Earl," an Epitaph, frequently quoted, appears. The Earl died in 1419, and his Countess was Maud, daughter of Lord Camoys.

Hoe! hoe! who lies here?  
I, the goode Erle of Devonshere;  
With Maud, my wife, to mee full dere,  
We lyved together fyfty-fyve yere.  
What wee gave, wee have;  
What wee spent wee had;  
What wee left, we loste.

## Dorsetshire.

## WIMBORNE.

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 earthly 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.

## WYKE.

In memory of Eniah Harisdin.

Also 4 sons who received the shock,  
 Whereof 3 lies here and one do not.  
 What caused their parents for to weep,  
 Because that one lies in the Deep.

## LILLINGTON.

I poorly lived, I poorly died,  
 And when I was buried nobody cried.

## ON MISS KNOTT.

Not born, not dead, not christen'd, not begot,  
 So! here she lies, that was, and that was not;  
 She was born, baptized, is dead, and what is more,  
 Was in her life, not honest, not a —  
 Reader, behold a wonder rarely wrought,  
 And whilst thou seem'st to read, thou readest *not*.

---

## 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 tho' he's gone, from tears refrain,  
 At judgment he'll get up again.

---

## SILTON.

Here lies a piece of Christ—  
 a star in dust;  
 A vein of gold—a china dish.  
 that must—  
 Be used in Heaven, when God  
 shall feast the just.

---

## Durham.

---

### QUARRINGTON.

To the memory of Thomas Bouchier, dated 1635.

The petteerne of conjugale love, the rare  
 Mirroure of father's care ;  
 Candid to all, his ev'ry action penn'd  
 The copy of a friend,  
 His last words best, a glorious eve (they say)  
 Foretells the glorious day,  
 Erected and composed with teares by his pensive  
 sonne, James Bouchier.

---

### GATESHEAD.

On Robert Trollop, architect of the Exchange and  
 Town Court of Newcastle :—

Here lies Robert Trollop,  
 Who made yon stones roll up :  
 When death took his soul up.  
 His body filled this hole up.

---

### BEDLINGTON.

Poems and Epitaphs are but stuff.  
 Here lies Robert Barras and thats enough.

## Essex.

## BRENTWOOD.

Here lyes Isaac Greentree.

A man passing through the churchyard wrote as follows :—

There is a time when these green trees shall fall,  
And Isaac Greentree rise above them all.

## MESSING.

Here lieth buried  
John Porter, Yeoman,  
who died 29th April, 1600,  
who had issue eight sons and  
four daughters by one woman.

Learn to live by faith, as I did live before,  
Learn u to give in faith, as I did at my door.  
Learn u to keep by faith, as God be still thy store,  
Learn u to lend by faith, as I did to the poor ;  
Learn u to live, to give, to keep, to lend, to spend.  
That God in Christ, at day of death, may provethy friend.

## CHELMSFORD.

Jane L. Andrews, æt. 22.

How could we wish for her to stay below.  
When joys in heaven for her prepared ?  
May we, like her, our passport have, and know,  
Assuredly, that we shall gain admittance there ;



Then will her joys be ours, and own her cry,—  
 We are content to live, but we would rather die.

~~~~~  
 Here lies the man Richard,
 And Mary his wife ;
 Their surname was Pritchard,
 They lived without strife ;
 And the reason was plain,—
 They abounded in riches,
 They had no care or pain,
 And his wife *wore the breeches*.

~~~~~  
 Martha Blewitt,  
 of the Swan, Baythorn-End,  
 of this Parish,  
 buried May 7th, 1681.  
 Was the wife of nine Husbands  
 successively, but the 9th outlived her.  
 The Text to her Funeral Sermon was :—  
 “ Last of all the Woman died also.”

~~~~~  
 MALDON.

To the memory of Herbert George Anna, a third
 child, all born at one birth, the son and daughters of
 Samuel and Mary Lines, of this parish, who departed
 this life 30th of April, 1847, aged 3 days.

Weep not for me, my mother dear,
 Rather be you glad ;
 In this world our time was short,—
 The longer rest we have.

LITTLE ILFORD.

In Memory of
Smart Leithceullier, Esq.

A Gentleman of polite literature and elegant taste; an encourager of art and ingenious artists; a studious promoter of literary inquiries; a companion and friend of learned men; industriously versed in the science of antiquity; and richly possessed of the curious productions of Nature: but who modestly desired no other inscription on his tomb than what he had made the rule of his life:—

“To do justly—to love mercy—
And to walk humbly with his God.”

Born, November 3, 1701. Died, without issue,
August 27, 1760.

GREAT COGGESHALL.

To the Memory of
Thomas Hanse.

“Lord, thy grace is free,—why not for me?”

This man dying greatly in debt, and being a bankrupt, one of his creditors, being ruined by him, wrote under it:—

And the Lord answered and said,—
“Because thy debts a’nt paid”

ROXWELL.

J. F. Hefeall.

With long affliction I was sore oppressed,
 Till God in goodness kindly gave me rest ;
 I left my widow'd wife and children dear
 To His all gracious, providential care,
 Who said do thou alone depend—
 Who am the widow and the orphan's friend.

WALTHAM ABBEY.

To Sir Edward Denny.

Learn, curious reader, ere thou pass,
 That once Sir Edward Denny was
 A courtier of the chamber,
 A soldier of the field,—
 Whose tongue could never flatter,
 Whose heart could never yield !

HORNDON.

Take, gentle marble, to thy trust,
 And keep unmixed this *sacred dust*—
 Grow moist sometimes, that I may see
 Thou weep'st in sympathy with me ;
 And when, by him I here shall sleep,
 My ashes also safely keep—
 And from rude hands preserve us both, until
 We rise to Sion's Mount from Horndon-on-the-Hill.

Paul Whitehead, Esq.

Of Twickenham, December 1774.

Unhallow'd hands, this urn forbear,
 No gems, nor Orient spoil,
 Lie here conceal'd, but what's more rare,—
 A *heart* that knows no guile!

~~~~~

WALTHAMSTOW.

To the memory of  
 ANNE PEARCE, who died February 22, 1822,  
 aged 78 years,  
 at the house of  
 SIR ROBERT WIGRAM. Bart.,  
 In whose family she lived forty-eight years,  
 And faithfully discharged her duty, as  
*Nurse to his twenty-three children;*  
 Of whom nineteen survive her,  
 And retain a grateful and affectionate  
 Remembrance of her tender care and love towards them.

~~~~~

STANFORD.

On a brass plate in this church is the following inscription:—

“Before this tabernaculle lyeth buried Thomas Greene, some tyme bayle of this towne, Margaret, and Margaret, his wyves—which Thomas dyed the 8th day of July, 1535. The which Thomas hath wylled a prest to syng in this church for the space of 20 years,

for hym, his wyves, his children, and all men's soules. And, moreover, he hath wylled an obyte, to be kept the 8th day of July, for the term of 20 years, for the soules aforesaid, and, at every tyme of the said obyte, bestowed 20s. of good lawful money of England."

On the south wall are the following lines, in memory of Anne, wife of William Napper, who died in 1584:—

In token of whose vertuous lyfe,
 And constant sacred love,
 And that her memory should remaine,
 And never hence remove,
 Her husband, in his tyme of lyfe,
 This monument did leave his wyfe.

Here lies
 the body of Richard Clarke,
 who died ————,
 Aged — — years.
 Who lies here? Who do you think?
 Poor old Clarke—give him some drink.
 What! dead men drink? The reason why,—
 When he was alive he was always dry.
 And four of his children.

CHIGWELL.

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

LEIGH.

Here lies the body of Mary Ellis, daughter of Thomas Ellis, and Lydia, his wife, of this parish. She was a virgin of virtuous character, and most promising hopes. She died on the 3rd of June, 1609, aged *one hundred and nineteen*.

PRITTEWELL.

A man has two wives buried in one grave; and, after recording their several virtues, the epitaph has the following whimsical termination:—

Were it my choice that either of the twaine
Might be restor'd to me, to enjoy again, [whether,
Which should I choose?—Well, since I know not
I'll mourn for the loss of both—*but wish for neither*.

Gloucestershire.

PAINSWICK.

My time was come! My days were spent!
I was called—and away I went!!!

BRISTOL.

On Thos. Turar and Mary, his wife. He was Master of the Company of Bakers.

Like to the baker's *oven*, is the grave
Wherein the bodies of the faithful have
A setting in, and where they do remain,
In hopes to rise and to be *drawn* again ;
Blessed are they who in the Lord are dead.
Tho' set like *dough* they shall be drawn like *bread* !

~~~~~

Ye witty mortals ! as you're passing by,  
Remark that near this monument doth lie,  
Center'd in dust,  
Described thus :

Two Husbands, two Wives,  
Two Sisters, two Brothers,  
Two Fathers, a Son,  
Two Daughters, two Mothers,  
A Grandfather, a Grandmother, a Granddaughter,  
An Uncle and an Aunt—their Niece follow'd after  
This catalogue of persons mentioned here  
Was only five, and all from incest free !

~~~~~

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 slipped home. But death soon sent me off,
After a struggle with the hooping cough !

Here lies poor Charlotte,
 Who died no harlot ;
 But in her virginity,
 Of the age nineteen,
 In this vicinity,
 Rare to be found or seen.

BERKELEY.

Here lies the Earl of Suffolk's fool,
 Men called him Dicky Pearce,
 His folly serv'd to make folks laugh,
 When wit and mirth were scarce.
 Poor Dick, alas ! is dead and gone !
 What signifies to cry ?
 Dickeys enough are still behind,
 To laugh at by and by.
 Buried 1728.

CIRENCESTER.

Our bodies are like shoes, which off we cast,—
 Physic their coblers, and Death their last.

RENDCOMBE.

In Memory of Robert Berkeley, Esq., who died
 Feb^{ye} 2nd, 1690, aged 76 yeares,
 And Rebecca his wife, who died August^{ye} 16th, 1707,
 Aged 83. This monument was erected
 by their most Dutiful and most obsequious
 Daughter, Rebecca Berkeley.

On Two Infants.

Two lovelier babes ye nare did se
 Than God A'mighty gaed to we,
 Bus the was o'ertaken we agur (ague) fits,
 And hare tha lies as dead as nits!

~~~~~  
NORTH CERNEY.

Here lieth, ready to start, in full hopes to save his  
 distance,  
 Timothy Turf, formerly Stud Groom to Sir Marmaduke  
 Match'em, and  
 Late Keeper of the Racing Stables on Cerney Downs:—  
 But

Was beat out of the world on the 1st April last by  
 that invincible

ROCKINGHAM DEATH.

N.B.—He lived and died an honest man.

~~~~~  
CHELTENHAM.

Here lies I and my three daughters.
 Killed by a drinking of the Cheltenham waters ;
 If we had stuck to Epsom salts,
 We'd not been a lying in these here vaults.

~~~~~  
TEWKESBURY.

On Eleanor Freeman, æt. 21.

A Virgin blossom, in her May  
 Of youth and virtues, turned to clay,—

Rich earth, accomplish'd with those graces,  
 That adorn saints in heavenly places;  
 Let not death boast his conquering power,  
 She'll rise a star that fell a flower.

---

KING STANLEY.

Ann Collins (died 11th Sep., 1804, æt. 49.)

'Twas as she tript from cask to cask,  
 In at a bung-hole quickly fell,  
 Suffocation was her task  
 She had no time to say "farewell."

---

Engraved on the Coffin of Mr. Pitcher, a noted Ale-house keeper in Gloucestershire.

Stop mourning friends and shed a grateful tear  
 Upon thy once loved Pitcher's moving bier,  
 He quits this world without regret or railing,  
 Life's full of pain—he always has been *aleing*,  
 Resigned he fell contented with his lot,  
 Convined all Pitchers soon must go to Pot.

---

BEVERSTONE.

In memory of Katherine Purve, who died, Dec. 1, 1604.

A<sup>o</sup> 1604.

Decē 1. Ætat. 67.

Quæ defuncta jacet saxo tumulata sub illo  
 Bis Cathara, haud ficto nomine, dicta fuit.

Nomen utrumque sonat mundam, puramque, piamq :  
 Et vere nomen quod referebat, erat,  
 Nam puram puro degebat pectore vitam,  
 Pura fuit mundo, nunc mage pura Deo.—

Πάντα καθάρὰ τοῖς καθαρῶϊς,

Omnia pura puris,

Tit. 1. ver. 15.

She whom this stone doth quietly immure  
 In no feign'd way had twice the name of *Pure* :  
 Pure, pious, clean, each name did signify,  
 And truly was she what those names imply ;  
 For in pure paths, while yet she lived, she trod ;  
 Pure was she in this world, and now more pure with God.

~~~~~

TETBURY.

In a vault underneath lie interred several of the
 Saunderses, late of this parish, particulars the last day
 will disclose.—Amen.

~~~~~

The following is said to be inscribed by a Mr.  
 Kemp on his wife : after recording her name, age, and  
 time of death—

Whether in the other world, she'll  
 Know her brother John,  
 Or scrape acquaintance with  
 Her sister Soame,  
 Is not for me to inquire ;

But this I know—  
 She once was mine  
 And now  
 To thee, O Lord, I her resign ;  
 And am your humble Servant,  
 ROBERT KEMP.

---

ALMONDBURY.

Here lies, alas! long to be lamented, Benjamin Dobbins, Gent., who left his Friends sorrowing. Feb. 2. 1760. Aged 42.

---

Hampshire.

WINCHESTER.

Thomas Fletcher, a grenadier in the North Hants Militia, died May 12, 1764, aged 26 years.

Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire grenadier  
 Who caught his death by drinking cold small beer.  
 Soldiers be wise from his untimely fall,  
 And when your'e hot, drink strong or not at all.

Restored by the Garrison in 1718.

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

## BISHOPS WALTHAM.

With this world, I thank God,  
 I have nothing more to do.  
 In it I found very little comfort,  
 Reader—how is it with you ?

## FRESHWATER.

Joseph Robins, Jan<sup>y</sup>. 21, 1811.

The blustering Winds and raging sea  
 Have tossed me to and fro—  
 Tho' some have found their watery Grave,  
 I am Anchored here below ;  
 Thus, at an Anchor safe I lie,  
 With the surrounding Fleet,  
 And hope one day we shall set sail,  
 Our Saviour Christ to meet;  
 My change I hope is for the best,—  
 To live with Christ and be at rest.

## MONK SHERBOURN.

William Cullum, d. 1841, aged 20.

Weep not for me, my tender parents dear,  
 Taken from your care in early years ;  
 Oh ! grieve not, the LORD'S will be done,—  
 Your dutiful and affectionate son.

## WHIPPINGHAM, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Thomas Burnett.

1842.

At midnight he was call'd away  
 From his employment on the sea,—  
 Altho' his warning was but short,  
 We hope he's reached the heavenly port.

## ALRESFORD.

On an Exciseman.

No Supervisor's check he fears,  
 Now, no commissioner obeys ;  
 He's free from cares, entreaties, tears,  
 And all the heavenly orb surveys.

## WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

John Clark.

Beneath this stone, shut up in the dark  
 A fellow and a priest yclep'd *John Clark*,  
 With earthly rose water he did delight ye,  
 But now he deals in heavenly *aqua vitæ*.

## ST. LAWRENCE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

To the Memory of Robert Dyer, who was drowned,  
 Aged 19.

Ah! cruel death that would not spare  
 A loving husband was so dear ;

This world he left, and me behind,  
The world to try, and friends to find.

~~~~~

Christ our Saviour is above,
And him we hope to see—
And all our friends that are behind
Will soon come after we.

~~~~~

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL CHURCHYARD.

This Stone  
was erected by the  
Brethren  
of Lodge CXI. of  
Free and accepted  
Masons.  
As a token of respect  
for their departed  
Brother,  
Jonathan Triggs,  
who received a  
Summons  
From the Great Architect  
Of the Universe,  
At the hour of High Twelve,  
on the 24 day of October.  
A. L. 5819.  
A. D. 1819.  
Aged 38 years.

E

## CARISBROOKE.

On a Loving Couple.

Of life he had the better slice,  
They lived at once, and died at twice.

---

## Herefordshire.

## HEREFORD.

A virtuous woman is 5s. 0d.\* to her husband.

---

Here a lovely youth doth lie,  
Which by accident did die ;  
His precious breath was forced to yield,  
For by a waggon he was killed !

---

Alas ! no more I could survive,  
For I is dead and not alive ;  
And thou and time no longer shalt survive,  
But be as dead as any man alive !

---

## ST. MARY'S, HEREFORD.

Here lieth old BECK, who sold fruit at the cross,  
And now she's departed, we shall have a loss ;  
She was a good wife, and a kind loving mother,  
And, all things consider'd, we've scarce such another.

---

\* A crown.



## Hertfordshire.

---

### AMWELL.

That which a Being was—what is it? Show  
 That Being which it was, it is not now;  
 To be what 'tis, is not to be, you see,—  
 That which now is not, shall a Being be.

---

### CHESHUNT.

On a Girl of eight years of Age.

She lived beloved by some;  
 She died by some lamented;  
 Swift was her race, and short her road;  
 She closed her eyes, and saw her God!

---

### EAST BARNET,

Francis Russell.

Æt. 15 months.

Virginity, Beauty, Honour, all in one  
 If these could turn Marble into pretious stone,  
 Stone thou art pretious, who entombed lie  
 In one all Honour, Beauty, Virginity.

---

### MICHAELCHURCH.

John Prosser is my name, and England is my nation,  
 Bowchurch is my dwelling place, and 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.*

---

The Dame, who lies interred within this tomb,  
 Had Rachel's charms, and Leah's fruitful womb,  
 Ruth's filial love, and Lydia's faithful heart,  
 Martha's just care, and Mary's better part.

---

A comparison of the virtues of the deceased and  
 those of Scripture characters is found on a monument  
 of Sir Charles Cæsar at Bennington, Herts:—

|              |        |          |        |          |
|--------------|--------|----------|--------|----------|
| Nathaniel    | Daniel | Jonathan | Uzziah | Josephus |
| Simplicitate | Toro   | Pectore  | Prole  | Thoro.   |

---

Beneath this stone, where now your eye you fix,  
 Ann Harris lies, who died in sixty-six;  
 John Harris after her his exit made  
 In eighty-two, and now is with her laid.

---

Sacred to the memory of Miss Martha Gwynn,  
 Who was so very pure within,  
 She burst the outer shell of sin,  
 And hatched HERSELF A CHERUBIM.

## HODDESDON.

Captain Henry Graves, died 17th Aug. 1702,  
Aged 52 years.

Here, in one Grave, more than one Grave lies—  
Envious Death at last hath gained his prize ;  
No pills or potions could make Death tarry,  
Resolved he was to fetch away Old Harry.  
Ye foolish doctors, could you all miscarry ?  
Great were his actions on the boisterous waves,  
Resistless seas could never conquer Graves.  
Ah ! Colchester, lament his overthrow,  
Unhappily, you lost him at a blow ;  
Each marine hero for him shed a tear,  
St. Margaret's, too, in this must have a share.



## HERTFORD.

WOMAN.

“ Grieve not for me, my husband dear,  
I am not dead, but sleepeth here ;  
With patience wait, prepare to die,  
And in a short time you'll come to I.”

MAN.

“ I am not grieved, my dearest life ;  
Sleep on,—I have got another wife ;  
Therefore, I cannot come to thee,  
For I must go and live with she.”

## ALDENHAM.

John Robinson.

Death parts the dearest Lovers for awhile,  
 And makes them mourn, who only used to smile,  
 But after Death our unmixt loves shall tie  
 Eternal knots betwixt my dear and I.

## Huntingdonshire.

## BLUNTISHAM.

On a Wrestler.

Here lyes the Conqueror conquered,  
 Valiant as ever England bred ;  
 Whom neither art, nor steel nor strength,  
 Could e'er subdue, till death at length  
 Threw him on his back, and here he lyes,  
 In hopes hereafter to arise.

## Kent.

## CRAYFORD.

Here lieth the body of Peter Isnel (30 years clerk of  
 this parish.)

He lived respected as a pious and 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 services.

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 as 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 three score and ten,  
 And now, with three wives, he waits, till again  
 The trumpet shall rouse him to sing out *Amen!*

---

#### SNODLAND.

Palmers al our faders were,—  
 I, a Palmer, lived here,  
 And travylled till, worne with age,  
 I endyd this world's pylgrymage  
 On the blyst Assention-day,  
 In the cheerful month of May,  
 A thousand with foure hundryd seven,  
 And took my joruy hense to Heven!

---

#### MAIDSTONE.

Thomas Bradshaw, Aged 82.  
 Here lies a Keeper bred and born,  
 To turn his back he thought it scorn;

He was a man that had good skill,  
 But that bold archer, Death, who conquers all,  
 Shot him in the heart, and caused him here to fall,  
 In youth or age all flesh must die,  
 And turn to dust as well as I.

---

Stop ringers all & cast an eye,  
 You in your glory, so once was I,  
 What I have been, as you may see,  
 Which now is in the belfree.

---

God takes the good too good on earth to stay,  
 And leaves the bad too bad to take away.

The person was very aged on whose tomb-stone  
 the above was written!

---

Francis Jarrett.

A man of singular wit and native honesty!  
 Here Francis Jarrett lies; what then?  
 Frank, when his Master calls, will rise again.

---

### SANDWICH.

To Thomas, son of Thomas Danson, late a Preacher  
 in this town. Born October 23, 1668; died October  
 23, 1674.

Upon October's three and twentieth day  
 The world began, (as learned Annals say,)

That was this child's birthday, on which he died,  
 The world's end may in his be typified ;  
 Oh ! happy little world, whose work is done  
 Before the greater, and his rest begun.

---

Robert Needler.

My resting road is found  
 Vain hope and hap adieu,  
 Love whom you list  
 Death hath me rid from you.  
 The Lord did me from *London* bring,  
 To lay my body close herein.  
 I was my father's only heir,  
 And the first my mother bare.  
 But before one year was spent  
 The Lord his messenger for me sent.

---

ST. PETER'S, ISLE OF THANET.

Against his will  
 Here lies George Hill,  
 Who, from a cliff,  
 Fell down quite stiff.

---

FRINDSBURY.

On Mrs. Lee and her son Tom.  
 In her life she did her best,  
 Now, I hope her soul's at rest ;  
 Also her son Tom lies at her feet,  
 He liv'd till he made both ends meet.

## FOLKESTONE.

Sixteen years a Maiden,  
 One twelve Months a Wife,  
 One half hour a Mother,  
 And then I lost my Life.

---

## BROMLEY.

As Nurses strive their Babes in bed to hie  
 When they too liberally the wanton's play ;  
 So, to prevent his future grievous crimes,  
 Nature, his Nurse, got him to Bed betimes.

---

In this Marble Casket lies  
 A matchless jewel of rich Prize ;  
 Whom nature, in the world's disdain,  
 But shew'd and put it up again.

---

Tread softly, Passenger for here doth lie,  
 A dainty Jewel of sweet Infancy :  
 A harmless Babe, that only came and cried,  
 In Baptism to be wash'd from sin, and dy'd.

---

## ROCHESTER.

Though young she was,  
 Her youth could not withstand,  
 Nor her protect from Death's  
 Impartial hand.



Like a cobweb, be we e'er so gay,  
 And death a broom,  
 That sweeps us all away.

---

LEE.

In the village churchyard, near the Castle, is a rather singular inscription upon a gravestone, which was put up by the deceased during his life time ; and when first placed there, had blanks, for inserting his age and the time of his death. These blanks have long since been filled up, and the whole now reads as follows :—

“ In memory of James Barham, of this parish, who departed this life Jan. 14, 1818, aged 93 years ; and who from the year 1774, to the year 1804, rung, in Kent and elsewhere, 112 peals, not less than 5,040 changes in each peal, & called bobs, &c. for most of the peals ; & April 7th & 8th, 1761, assisted in ringing 40,320 bob-majors on Leeds bells, in 27 hours.

---

HERNE.

Edith Emily Mancio,  
 13 Months.

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,  
 Death came with friendly care,  
 The opening bud to Heaven conveyed  
 And bade it blossom there.

This lovely bud so young and fair  
 Called hence by early doom ;  
 Just come to show how sweet a flower  
 In paradise would bloom.

---

Stay traveller ! and cast an eye  
 And view the ground I under lie ;  
 An accident happened one day to me,  
 And I hope it may not happen to thee.

---

### BOBBIN.

God gave me at Kinardington in Kent,  
 My native breath, which now alas is spent,  
 My parents gave me Tylden Smith for name,  
 I to the Park farm in this Parish came ;  
 And there for many ling'ring years did dwell,  
 Whilst my good neighbours did respect me well.  
 But now my friends, I go by Nature's call,  
 In humble hopes my crimes will measure small.  
 Years following years steal something every day,  
 And lastly steal us from ourselves away.  
 Life's span forbids us to extend our cares,  
 And stretch our hopes beyond our fleeting years.  
 Mary Farminger, my wife, from East Marsh place,  
 Lies mouldering here like me, in hopes of grace.

---

The following Epitaph is to be found in the parish church of Ightham, erected to Mrs. Selby, of the Mote

House, Ightham, who was a beautiful worker of Tapestry, whose death is said to have been caused from her pricking her finger when working one Sunday. There is a marble figure of her, holding a steel needle in her hand, and underneath is the following inscription :—

She was a Dorcas,  
Whose Curious needle turned th' abused stage  
Of this lov'd world, into the golden age,  
Whose pen of steele, and silken inek unroll'd  
The acts of Jonah in records of gold,  
Whose art disclosed that Plot, which had it taken,  
Rome had tryumphed, and Britains wall 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.  
Died 1641.

---

STAPLEHURST.

Here lyeth the Body of Mary the daughter of W<sup>m</sup> Maiss & Mary his Wife, who died Sept. 9, 1703, aged 22 years.

Here lyes a piece of Heaven, t'others above,  
Which shortly goes up to the World of Love,  
The Brightest Sweetest Angels must convey  
The spotless Virgin on the starry way ;  
That glittering *quire* sings but a lisping song,  
Till she appears amidst the shining throng.

## FOLKESTONE.

Rebecca Rogers.

A house she hath it's made of such good fashion,  
 The tenant ne'er shall pay for reparation ;  
 Nor will her landlord ever raise her Rent,  
 Or 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.

---

Henry Jeffry, leaving 8 children.  
 A faithful friend, a father dear,  
 A loving husband lieth here ;  
 My time is past, my glass is run,  
 My children dear, prepare to come.

## ELTHAM.

My wife lies here beneath,  
 Alas! from me she's flown,  
 She was so good, that Death  
 Would have her for his own.

## Lancashire.

## LIVERPOOL.

On John Scott, a Brewer.  
 Poor John Scott lies buried here,  
 Tho' one he was both *hale* and *stout*,

Death stretched him on this *bitter bier*,  
 In another world he *hops* about.

---

MANCHESTER.

My death did come to pass,  
 Thro' sitting on the dirty grass ;  
 Here I lie where I fell,  
 If you seek my soul go to Hell.

---

On a profligate Mathematician.  
 Here lies John Hill,  
 A man of skill,  
 His age was five times ten ;  
 He never did good,  
 Nor ever would,  
 Had he lived as long again.

---

OLDHAM.

On Paul Fuller and Peter Potter, buried near each  
 other.

'Tis held by Peter and by Paul,  
 That when we fill our graves or urns,  
 Ashes to ashes crumbling fall,  
 And dust to dust once more returns.  
 So here, a truth unmeant for mirth,  
 Appears in monumental lay ;  
 Paul's grave is filled with Fuller's earth,  
 And Peter's crammed with Potter's clay.

## COLNE.

On an Idiot.

If *innocence* may claim a place in heaven,  
 And *little* be required from *little* given,  
 My great *Creator* has for me in store  
 A *world of bliss*,—what can the *wise* have more ?

---

## SOUTHWORTH.

The world is full of crooked streets,  
 Death is a place where all men meets,  
 If life were sold, that men might buy,  
 The rich would live, the poor must die.

---

## ROCHDALE.

Tim Bobbin's Grave.

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.

---

## Leicestershire.

## BARROW-UPON-SOAR.

Theophilus Cave.

Here in this Grave there 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 lie in Grave,  
 Or Grave here lie in Cave :  
 If Grave in Cave here buried lie,  
 Then Grave, where is thy victory ?  
 Go, reader, and report here lies a Cave,  
 Who conquers Death, and lies in his own Cave.

---

MELTON MOWBRAY.

The world's an Inn, and I her guest :  
 I've eat and drank and took my rest,  
 With her awhile, and now I pay  
 Her lavish bill and go my way.

---

BARKBY.

Francis Fox, vicar, died 1662.

My debt to Death is paid unto a sand,  
 And pay thou must, that there doth reading stand ;  
 And am laid down to sleep, till Christ from high  
 Shall raise me, although grim Death stand by.

---

HARBY.

Mary Hill, died 1784.

With pain and sickness wasted to a bone,  
 Long time to gracious Heaven I made my moan ;  
 Then God at length to my complaint gave ear,  
 And sent kind Death to ease my pain and care.

Physicians could no longer save the life  
Of a tender mother and a loving wife.

---

### Lincolnshire.

---

The following quaint memorials of the unhonoured dead, are by the minister of the small and retired village of Waddingham. They have, at all events, the charm of originality, and were long ago inscribed in that quiet nook, where "many a holy text around" is strewn, teaching the rustic moralist to die."

In love we liv'd, in peace did part,  
All tho it cut us to the heart.  
O dear—what thoughts we two had  
To get for our 12 Children Bread ;  
Lord! send her health them to maintain:—  
I hope to meet my love again.

---

O angry death yt would not be deny'd,  
But break ye bonds of love so firmly ty'd!  
She was a loving wife, a tender nurse,  
And a faithful friend in every case.

---

### SLEAFORD.

On Henry Fox, a weaver.  
Of tender threads this mortal web is made,  
The woof and warf, and colours early fade ;  
When pow'r divine awakes the sleeping dust,  
He gives immortal garments to the just.



## RAUCEBY.

Near this place are interred the wives of Richard Jessap; 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 phœnix 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.

---

 LINCOLN.

Here lyeth the body of  
Michael Honeywood, D.D.

Who was grandchild, and one of the  
Three hundred and sixty-seven persons,  
That Mary the wife of Robert Honeywood, Esq.  
Did see before she died,  
Lawfully descended from her,

viz :

Sixteen of her own body, 114 grand children,  
288 of the third generation, and 9 of the fourth.

Mrs. Honeywood  
Died in the year 1605,  
And in the 78<sup>th</sup> year of her age.

## GRANTHAM.

John Palfreyman, who is buried here,  
 Was aged four & twenty year ;  
 And near this place his mother lies ;  
 Likewise his father, when he dies.

~~~~~

Here lies, returned to clay,
 Miss Arabella Young,
 Who on the first of May
 Began to hold her tongue.

~~~~~

## ISLETON CUM FENBY.

Here Lies the body of Old Will Loveland,  
 He's put to bed with a shovel, and  
 Eased of expenses of raiment and food,  
 Which all his life-time he would fain have eschewed.  
 He grudged his housekeeping his children's support,  
 And laid in his meat of the cagge-mag sort.  
 No fyshe or fowle touched he when t'was dearly Bought,  
 But a Green taile or herrings a score for a groate.  
     No friend to the needy  
     His wealth gather'd speedy,  
 And he never did naught but evil,  
     He liv'd like a hogg,  
     He died like a dogg,  
 And now he rides post to the devil.

~~~~~

STAMFORD.

In remembrance of that prodigy of nature, Daniel
 Lambert, a native of Leicester, who was possessed of

an excellent and convivial mind, and in personal greatness he had no competitor. He measured three feet one inch round the leg; nine feet four inches round the body, and weighed 52 stone 11 lb. (14 lb. to the stone.) He departed this life on the 21st of June 1809, aged 39 years. As a testimony of respect, this Stone is erected by his friends in Leicester.

Middlesex.

STEPNEY.

On Mary Angel.

To say an angel here interr'd doth lye,
 May be thought strange, for angels never dye;
 Indeed some fell from heaven to hell;
 Are lost and rise no more;
 This only fell from death to earth,
 Not lost, but gone before;
 Her dust lodg'd here, her soul perfect in grace,
 Among saints and angels now hath took its place.

On Daniel Saul.

Here lies the body of Daniel Saul,
 Spitalfields' weaver—and that's all.

William Wheatley.

Whoever treadeth on this stone,
 I pray you tread most neatly;
 For underneath the same doth lie
 Your honest friend, Will Wheatly.

STANWELL.

Margaret Grissel, wife of Roger Grissel, Crier of this Parish.

Nere to this spot my wife is layd,
 At rest from all her erthly laburs.
 Glorie to God, peece to the ded,
 And to the years [i.e. *ears*] of all her nayburs.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

(In the Abbey.)

Beneath this stone there lies a scull,
 Which when it breath'd was wondrous droll ;
 But now 'tis dead and doom'd to rot,
 This scull's as wise, pray is it not ?
 As Shakspear's, Newton's, Prior's, Gay's,
 The wits, the sages of their days.

On John Ellis.

Life's uncertain, Death is sure,
 Sin's the wound, and Christ's the cure.

On Admiral Blake,

Who died in August, 1657.

Here lies a man made Spain and Holland shake,
 Made France to tremble, and the Turks to quake ;
 Thus he tam'd men, but if a lady stood
 In 's sight, it raised a palsy in his blood ;

Cupid's antagonist, who on his life
 Had fortune as familiar as a wife.
 A stiff, hard, iron soldier, for he
 It seems had more of Mars than Mercury :
 At sea he thunder'd, ealm'd each rising wave,
 And now he's dead sent thundering to his grave,

ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER.

In Parliament, a Burgess Cole was placed,
 In Westminster the like for many Years,
 But now with Saints above his Soul is graced,
 And lives a Burgess with Heav'n's Royal Peers.

TEMPLE CHURCH.

John White.

Here lies a *John*, a burning shining Light,
 Whose Name, Life, Actions, were alike, all *White*.

HAMPSTEAD.

Underneath where as you see,
 There lies the body of Simon Tree.

ST. BENNET, PAUL'S WHARF.

Here lies one *More*, and no *More* than he,
One More, and no More! how can that be?
 Why *one More* and *no More* may well lie here alone
 But here lies *one More*, and that's *More* than one.

ST. LAWRENCE JEWRY.

On William Bird.

One charming *Bird* to *Paradise* is flown,
 Yet are we not of comfort quite bereft :
 Since one of this fair brood is still our own,
 And still to cheer our drooping souls is left.
 This stays with us while that his flight doth take,
 That earth and skies may one sweet concert make.

ST. ANDREW'S.

On Walter Good.

A thing here singular this doth unfold,
 Name and nature due proportion hold ;
 In real goodness who did live his days,
 He cannot fail to die well, to his praise.

ST. GILES, CRIPPLEGATE.

On Gervase Aire.

Under this marble fair,
 Lies the body entomb'd of Gervase Aire :
 He dyd not of an ague fit,
 Nor surfeited by too much wit,
 Methinks this was a wondrous death,
 That Aire should die for want of breath.

ST. GILES IN THE FIELDS CHURCH.

1611.

Under this sad Marble, sleeps
 She for whom even Marble weeps,
 Her Praise lives still, tho' here she lyes
 Seeming dead that never dies.
 Religion, Love in suffering Breast,
 Her Charity, Mildness, and the Rest,
 Have crown'd her Soul; all mourn with Fame
 Her husband's loss, and Midwife's blame.
 She dy'd in Child-bed 70 times blest and seven,
 Her Child and She delivered both in Heaven.
 Ob. die Jan. 1611.

ST. JAMES, (OLD CHURCH,)

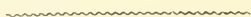
CLERKENWELL.

Upon a very worthy friend, Master John Weever,
 a learned Antiquary.

Weever, who laboured in a learned strain,
 To make Men long since dead to live again;
 And with expense of Oyle and Ink did watch,
 From the Worm's Mouth the sleeping Corse to snatch.
 Hath by his Industry begot a way,
 Death (who insidiates all things) to betray;
 Redeeming freely by his Care and Cost,
 Many a sad Herse, which Time long since gave lost;

And to forgotten Dust such spirit did give,
 To make it in our memories to live
 Where Death destroyed when he had Power to save,
 In that he did not seek to rob the grave.
 For whereso'er a ruined Tomb he found,
 His pen hath built it new out of the ground ;
 'Twixt Earth and him this interchange we find,
 She hath to him, he been to her like kind ;
 She was his Mother, he a grateful child,
 Made her his Theme, in a large Work compil'd,
 Of Funeral Reliques, and brave Structures rear'd,
 On such as seemed unto her most endear'd ;
 Alternately a grave to him she lent,
 O'er which his Book remains a monument.

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.
 Ætatis suæ 56, A.D. 1632.



HENDON.

Poor Ralph lies beneath this roof, and sure he must be
 blest,
 For though he could do nothing, he meant to do the
 best,
 Think of your soules, ye guilty throng,
 Who, knowing what is right, do wrong.

On Mr. Sand.

Who would live by others' breath ?
 Fame deceives the dead man's trust.
 Even our names may change by death,
 Sand I was, but now am Dust.

On Robert Thomas Crosfield, M.D. 1802, written
 by himself.

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 maly pense !"

EDMONTON.

In the churchyard on a headstone now removed,
 was the following inscription to William Newberry,
 who was hostler to an inn & died 1695, in conse-
 quence of having taken improper medicine given him
 by a fellow servant.

Hic jacet-Newberry Will
 Vitam finivit-cum Cochiae Pill ;
 Quis administravit ? Bellamy Sue ;
 Quantum quantita ? nescio-scisne tu ?
 Ne sutor ultra crepidam.

HILLINGDON.

On Stephen King.

Farewell, vain world, I knew enough of thee,
 And now am careless what thou say'st of me.
 Thy smiles I court not, nor thy frowns I fear,
 My soul's at rest, my head lies quiet here.
 What faults you see in me, take care to shun,
 And look at home, enough's there to be done.

~~~~~

She's gone : so reader, must you go. But where ?

~~~~~

ST. ALBAN'S, WOOD STREET.

On Sir John Woodcock.

Hic jacet in requie Woodcock John vir generosus,
 Major Londoniæ, Mercerus valde morosus.
 Hic jacet *Tom Shorthose*
 Sine *tomb*, sine *sheets*, sine *riches*,
 Qui vixit sine *gown*
 Sine *cloake*, sine *shirt*, sine *britches*.

Sir J. W. was a Mercer, and a Mayor of London in 1405.

~~~~~

On Lady Molesworth.

A peerless matron, pride of female life,  
 In every state, as widow, maid or wife ;  
 Who, wedded to threescore, preserved her fame,  
 She liv'd a phœnix, and expired in flame.

## ST. GEORGE'S, BLOOMSBURY.

On an aged priest and his sister, Andrew Philip  
and Elizabeth Postor.

Brother and sister, wise, and good, and kind,  
Twain in the person, unit in the mind ;  
Here, in the silent region, rest beneath,  
Kindred ne'er parted till the hour of death.  
The brother, called to nature's common doom,  
Open'd his sister's pathway to the tomb ;  
Taught her how patient faith should cheerful die,  
Then call'd her early, ere her tears were dry.  
When Heaven thy judgment shall on earth be done,  
O, part them not, for they in life were one ;  
Make not their future worse than living lot,  
Call them together, or awake them not.

PETER SPENCER.

---

 KENSINGTON.

Here are deposited the remains of Mrs. Ann Floyer,  
the beloved wife of Mr. R<sup>d</sup> Floyer, of Thistle Grove,  
in this parish, died on Thursday, the 8th of May, /23.  
God hath chosen her as a pattern for the other angels.

---

 TEMPLE CHURCH.

Keep well this pawn, thou marble chest,  
Till it be called for, let it rest ;  
For while this jewel here is set,  
The grave is but a cabinet.

## ST. MARY LE BOW CHURCH.

Fame blow aloud, and to the World proclaim,  
 There never ruled such a Royal Dame.  
 The Word of God was ever her delight  
 In it she meditated Day and Night.  
 Spain's Rod, Rome's ruin, Netherland's Relief,  
 Earth's Joy, England's Gem, World's Wonder,  
 Nature's Chief.  
 She was and is, what can there more be said!  
 On Earth the Chief, in Heav'n the 2nd Maid.

## ST. DUNSTAN.

Here lies Dame Dorothy Peg,  
 Who never had issue except in her leg,  
 So great was her art, and so deep was her cunning,  
 Whilst one leg stood still the other kept running.

## CHISWICK.

The illustrious Hogarth is buried in this church-  
 yard, and the following lines, by David Garrick, are  
 inscribed on the tomb :—

Farewell! great painter of mankind,  
 Who reached the noblest point of art,  
 Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,  
 And through the eye correct the heart.

If genius fire thee, reader, stay,  
 If nature move thee, drop a tear,  
 If neither touch thee, turn away,  
 For Hogarth's *honour'd dust* lies here.

---

ST. MICHAEL'S, CROOKED LANE.

Here lyeth, wrapt in clay,  
 The body of William Wray ;  
 I have no more to say.

---

ST. ANNE'S, SOHO.

On Theodore, King of Corsica, written by Horace  
 Walpole.

Near this place is interred  
 Theodore, King of Corsica,  
 Who died in this parish Dec. 11, 1756,  
 Immediately after leaving the King's Bench prison,  
 By the benefit of the Act of Insolvency,  
 In consequence of which he resigned  
 His Kingdom of Corsica  
 For the use of his creditors.

The grave, great teacher, to a level brings  
 Heroes and beggars, galley slaves and kings,  
 But Theodore this moral learn'd ere dead,  
 Fate pour'd its lessons on his living head,  
 Bestowed a kingdom and denied him bread.

## Monmouthshire.

---

### CHEPSTOW.

Here or elsewhere (all's one to you or me),  
 Earth, air, and water, gripes my ghostly dust,  
 None knows how soon to be by fire set free ;  
 Reader, if you an old try'd rule will trust,  
 You'll gladly do and suffer what you must.  
 My time was spent in serving you and you,  
 And death's my pay, it seems, and welcome too.  
 Revenge destroying but itself, while I  
 To birds of prey leave my old cage and fly ;  
 Examples preach to the eye—care then (mine says)  
 Not how you end, but how you spend your days.

---

In the passage leading from the nave to the north aisle in this church, is interred the body of Henry Marten, one of the Judges who presided at the trial of Charles 1<sup>st</sup> with the following Epitaph over him, written by himself:—

Here Sept. 9<sup>th</sup> 1680,  
 was buried  
 A true born Englishman,  
 Who, in Berkshire was well known,  
 To love his country's freedom like his own,  
 But being immured full twenty years,  
 Had time to write as doth appear.

## MATHERN.

John Lee is dead, that good old man,  
 You ne'er will see him more,  
 He used to wear an old brown Coat,  
 All buttoned down before.

---

## Norfolk.

## HOTHILL.

On Miles Branthwaite.

If Death would take an answer, he was free  
 From all those seats of ills that he did see,  
 And gave no measure that he would not have  
 Given to him as hardly as he gave :  
 Then thou, Miles Branthwaite, might have answer'd  
 Death,  
 And to be so moral might boyle breath,  
 Thou wast not yet to die. But be thou blest,  
 From weary life thou art gone quiet to rest,  
 Joy in the freedom from a prison, thou  
 Wast by God's hands pluckt out but now,  
 Free from the dust and cobwebs of this vale;  
 And richer art thou by the heavenly bail  
 Than he that shut thee up. This heap of stones  
 To thy remembrance, and to chest thy bones,  
 Thy wife doth consecrate ; so sleep till then,  
 When all graves must open, all yield up their men.

## NORWICH.

On Thomas Legge.

That love that living made us two but one,  
 Wishes at last we both may have this tomb.  
 The head of Gostlin still continues here,  
 As kept for Legge, to whom it was so dear.  
 By death he lives, for ever to remain,  
 And Gostlin hopes to meet him once again.

---

Sarah York this life did resigne  
 On May the 13th, 79.

---

OLD MEN'S HOSPITAL, NORWICH.

In Memory of Mrs. Phoebe Crewe, who died May  
 28, 1817, aged 77 years.

Who, during forty years  
 practice as a midwife  
 in this City, brought into  
 the world nine thousand  
 seven hundred and  
 thirty children.

---

Here lies the body of honest Tom Page  
 Who died in the 33rd year of his age.



On Bryant Lewis, who was barbarously murdered upon the heath near Thetford, Sept. 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 'gainst his barbarous foes,  
 Blood, Lord, for blood, but save my soul from woe.

---

John Powl.

Though Death hath seized on me as his prey,  
 Yet all must know we have a judgment day.  
 Therefore whilst life on earth in you remain,  
 Praise all your God who doth your lives maintain,  
 That after death to glory he may us raise,  
 Yield to His Majesty honour, laud, and praise.

---

Henry Hall,

The phœnix of his time  
 Lies here but sordid clay ;  
 His thoughts were most sublime ;  
 His soul is sprung away.  
 Then let this grave keep in protection  
 His ashes until the resurrection.

## On Urith Leverington.

The night is come ; for sleep, lo ! here I stay,  
 My three sweet babes sleep here—we wait for day,  
 That we may rise, and up to bliss ascend,  
 Where crowns, and thrones, and robes shall us attend.  
 Thy worst is past, O Death ; thou'st done thy part,  
 Thou could'st but kill, we fear no second dart.

## Anne Harsnet.

Heaven, has her Charitie,  
 The good, her Fame,  
 The Church, her Pietie,  
 This Stone, her Name.

## DUNSTON.

## Israel and Sarah Long.

Here lies a Noble Pair, who were in name  
 In Heart, in Mind, and Sentiments the same,  
 The Arithmetick Rule then can't be true,  
 For *One* and *One* did never here make *Two*.

## SWANTON MORLEY.

On Tho<sup>s</sup>. Heming—Attorney.

Weep, widows, orphans ; all your late support,  
 Himself is summon'd to a higher court :  
 Living he pleaded yours, but with this clause,  
 That Christ at death should only plead his cause.

## COYSTWICK.

On Mrs. Sarah Mills,  
Mrs. Rebecca Ward.

Under this stone, in easy slumber lies  
Two dusty bodies, that at last shall rise :  
Their parted atoms shall again rejoin,  
Be cast into new moulds by hands divine.

## HENNINGHALL.

John Kett.

Though we did live so many years,  
Prepare, O youth, for Death,  
For if he should at noon appear,  
You must give up your breath.

## HADDISCOE.

William Salter.

Here lies Will Salter, honest man,  
Deny it, Envy, if you can ;  
True to his business and his trust,  
Always punctual, always just ;  
His horses, could they speak, would tell  
They loved their good old master well.  
His up-hill work is chiefly done,  
His stage is ended, race is run ;  
One journey is remaining still,  
To climb up Sion's holy hill.

And now his faults are all forgiven,  
 Elijah-like drives up to heaven,  
 Takes the reward of all his pains,  
 And leaves to other hands the reins.

---

### HUNSTANTON.

I am not dead, but sleepeth here,  
 And when the trumpet sounds I will appear.  
 Four balls through me pierced their way,  
 Hard it was, I had no time to pray.  
 The stone that here you do see  
 My comrades erected for the sake of me.

---

### SWAFFHAM.

On a Lawyer.

Here lieth one, believe it if you can,  
 Who tho' an attorney was an honest man,  
 The gates of heaven shall open wide,  
 But will be shut against all the tribe beside.

---

### THETFORD.

My grandfather was buried here,  
 My cousin Jane, and two uncles dear ;  
 My father perished with a mortification in his thighs,  
 My sister dropped down dead in the Minories.

But the reason why I am here, according to my thinking,  
 Is owing to my good living and hard drinking,  
 Therefore good Christians, if you'd wish to live long,  
 Beware of drinking brandy, gin, or anything strong.

---

LODDON.

When on this spot, affection's down-cast eye  
 The lucid tribute shall no more bestow ;  
 When Friendship's breast no more shall heave a sigh,  
 In kind remembrance of the dust below ;  
 Should the rude Sexton, digging near this tomb,  
 A place of rest for others to prepare,  
 The vault beneath, to violate, presume,  
 May some opposing Christian cry, " Forbear—  
 " Forbear, rash mortal, as thou hop'st to rest,  
 When death shall lodge thee in thy destin'd bed,  
 With ruthless spade, unkindly to molest  
 The peaceful slumbers of the kindred dead ! "

---

GILLINGHAM.

On an Actor.

Sacred to the memory of THOMAS JACKSON,  
 Comedian, who was engaged December 21st, 1741, to  
 play a comic cast of characters in this great theatre,  
 the world, for many of which he was prompted by  
 nature to excel.—The season being ended—his benefit  
 over—the charges all paid, and his account closed, he

made his exit in the tragedy of Death, on the 17th of March, 1798, in full assurance of being called once more to rehearsal, and where he hopes to find his forfeits all cleared, his cast of parts bettered, and his situation made agreeable by Him who paid the great stock debt, for the love He bore to performers in general.

---

LYNN.

William Scrivenor,  
Cook to the Corporation.

Alas! alas! *Will Scriviner's* dead, who by his art  
Could make death's skeleton edible in each part;  
Mourn, squeamish stomachs, and ye curious palates,  
You've lost your dainty dishes and your salades;  
Mourn for yourselves, but not for him i' th' least,  
He's gone to taste of a more Heav'nly feast.

---

Northamptonshire.

BARNWELL.

An Innkeeper.

Man's life is like a winter's day,  
Some only breakfast and away;  
Others to dinner stay and are full fed,  
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed;  
Large is his debt who lingers out the day,  
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay;

Death is the waiter, some few run on tick,  
 And some, alas! must pay the bill to Nick!  
 Tho' I owe'd much, I hope long trust is given,  
 And truly mean to pay all debts in heaven.

---

PETERBOROUGH.

On Sir Richard Worme.

Does Worm eat Worme? Knight Worme this truth  
 confirms,  
 For here, with worms, lies Worme, a dish for worms.  
 Does worm eat Worme? sure Worme will this deny,  
 For Worme with worms, a dish for worms don't lie.  
 'Tis so, and 'tis not so, for free from worms,  
 'Tis certain Worme is blest without his worms.

---

Jane Parker.

Heare lyeth a midwife brought to bed,  
 Deliveresse delivered;  
 Her body being churched here,  
 Her soule gives thanks in yonder sphere.

---

GAYTON.

On William Houghton.

Neere fourscore years have I tarryed  
 To this mother to be marryed;  
 One wife I had, and children ten,  
 God bless the living. Amen, Amen.

## NORTHAMPTON.

Pray for me, old Thomas Dunn,  
But if you don't, 'tis all one.

---

Here lies the corpse of Susan Lee,  
Who died of heartfelt pain ;  
Because she loved a faithless he,  
Who loved not her again.

---

## NEWARK.

From earth my body first arose,  
And now to earth again it goes :  
I ne'er desire to have it more,  
To tease me as it did before.

---

## Northumberland.

## NEWCASTLE.

Here lies poor Wallace,  
The prince of good fellows,  
Clerk of Allhallows,  
And maker of bellows.

He bellows did make to the day of his death,  
But he that made bellows could never make breath.

---

## BALLAST HILLS.

When I enjoyed this mortal life,  
This stone I ordered from Scotland's Fife,



To ornament the burial place  
 Of me, and all my human race.  
 Here lies *James*, of tender affection,  
 Here lies *Isabel*, of suett complexion ;  
 Here lies *Katherine*, a pleasant child,  
 Here lies *Mary*, of all most mild ;  
 Here lies *Alexander*, a babe most sweet,  
 Here lies *Jannet*, as the Lord saw meet.

---

ALNWICK.

Here lieth Martin Elphinston,  
 Who with his sword did cut in sun-  
 der the daughter of Sir Harry  
 Crispe, who did his daughter marry.  
 She was fat and fulsome ;  
 But men will some-  
 times eat bacon with their bean,  
 And love the fat as well as lean.

---

TYNEMOUTH.

Wha lies here ?  
 Pate Watt, gin ye speer.  
 Poor Pate ! is that thou ?  
 Ay, by my soul, is 't ;  
 But I's dead now.

## ILDERTON.

Under this stone lies Bobbity John,  
 Who, when alive, to the world was a wonder ;  
 And would have been so yet, had not death in a fit,  
 Cut his soul and his body asunder.

## Nottinghamshire.

## ALVERTON.

Beneath the droppings of this spout,\*  
 There lies the body once so stout,

Of FRANCIS THOMPSON.

A soul this carcase long possess'd,  
 Which for its virtue was caress'd,  
 By all who knew the owner best.  
 The *Rufford*† records can declare  
 His actions, who, for seventy 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.

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 6, 1739, aged 83.

\* The stone joins to the south wall of the church, under one of the spouts.

† Rufford Abbey, then the seat of Sir George Saville, Baronet, in whose family the person had lived as butler.

EDWALTON,

Rebecca Freeland.

She drank good ale, good punch and wine,  
And lived to the age of 99.

## Oxfordshire.

OXFORD.

Fair Rosomond's Tomb.

Rosomond was buried at Godstow, a small island, formed by the divided stream of the Isis, in the parish of Wolvercot, near Oxford. The following quaint epitaph was inscribed upon her tomb:—

Hic jacet in Thumba, Rosa Mundi, non Rosamunda,  
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.

Another translation.

The Rose of the world, a sad minx,  
Lies here;—let's hope she repented:  
She doesn't smell well now, but stinks,—  
She always *used* to be scented.

Another:

Here doth Fayre Rosamund like any peasant lie;  
She once was fragrant, but now smells unpleasantly.

## On Meredith—an Organist.

Here lies one blown out of breath,  
Who lived a merry life, and died a Merideth.

---

## On a Letter Founder.

Under this stone lies honest SYL,  
Who dy'd—though sore against his will ;  
Yet in his fame, he shall survive,—  
Learning shall keep his name alive ;  
For he the parent was of letters,  
And *founded*, to *confound* his betters ;  
Though what those letters should contain,  
Did never once concern his brain.  
Since therefore, Reader, he is gone,  
Pray let him not be trod upon.

---

Here lies the body of John Eldred,  
At least he will be here when he is dead.  
But now at this time he is alive,  
The 14th of August sixty-five.

---

Here lies the body of Ann Sellars, buried by this stone,  
Who dyed on January 15th day, 1731.  
Likewise here lies dear Isaac Sellars, my Husband  
and my Right,  
Who was buried on that same day come seven years.  
1738.

In seven years time there comes a change! observe,  
 and here you'll see  
 On that same day come seven years, my husband's  
 laid by me.

~~~~~

E. G. Hancock, died August 3, 1666.	
John Hancock, Sen. ——— 4, ———	
John Hancock, Jun. ——— 7, ———	
Oner Hancock, ——— 7, ———	
William Hancock, ——— 7, ———	
Alice Hancock, ——— 9, ———	
Ann Hancock, ———10, ———	

What havoc Death made in one family, in the
 course of Seven days.

~~~~~

#### ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

Herelyeth W<sup>m</sup>. Rawlinson's two younger Daughters.  
 Elizabeth, who dyed May y<sup>e</sup> 21, 1624, and Dorothy,  
 who dyed Jan. 10, 1629.

Two little sisters ly under this stone  
 Their Mothers were two, their Fathers but one.  
 At 5 quarters old departed y<sup>e</sup> younger,  
 The older lived 9 years 5 days, and no longer.  
 Learn hence y<sup>e</sup> yong gallants to cast away laughter,  
 As soon comes y<sup>e</sup> lamb as y<sup>e</sup> sheep to y<sup>e</sup> slaughter.

~~~~~

ENSHAM.

On John Green.

If true devotion or tryde honesty
 Could have for him got long lives liberty,

Nere had he withered but still growne Green,
 Nor dyed but to ye Poor still helping been.
 But he is tane from us yet this we comfort have,
 Heaven hath his Soule still (Green) though body is
 wasting Grave,

In progeniem filii defunctam adjaacentam.

My fruit first failed here we low ly,
 Live well then, fear not all must dy.

BANBURY.

Here do lye our dear boy,
 Whom God hath tain from we ;
 And we hope that us shall go to he,
 For he can never come back again to we.

NETTLEBED.

Both young and old that passeth by,
 Remember well that here lies I,
 Then think on death, for soon too true,
 Alas twill be that here lies you.

BENSINGTON.

On a head-stone for an infant of two years of age.
 The railing world turn'd poet, made a play,
 I came to see it, dislik'd, and went away.

A doctor of divinity, who lies in the neighbourhood of Oxford, has his complaint stated for him with unusual brevity, as well as his place of interment:—

He died of a quinsy,
And was buried at Binsy.

Shropshire.

SHREWSBURY.

On an Old Maid.

Here lies the body of Martha Dias,
Who was always uneasy, and not over pious;
She lived to the age of threescore and ten,
And gave that to the worms she refused to the men.

On a Watchmaker.

Thy movements, Isaac, kept in play,
Thy wheels of life felt no decay
For fifty years at least;
Till, by some sudden, secret stroke,
The balance of the mainspring broke,
And all the movements ceas'd.

SHIFFNALL.

August 7th, 1714, Mary, the wife of Joseph Yates,
of Lizard Common, within the parish, was buried, aged

II

127 years. She walked to London just after the Fire, in 1666; was hearty and strong at 120 years; and married a third husband at 92.

CEUN.

Charles Duke.

Joyous his birth, wealth o'er his cradle shone,
 Gen'rous he prov'd, far was his bounty known;
 Men, horses, hounds were feasted at his hall,
 There strangers found a welcome bed and stall;
 Quick distant idlers answer'd to his horn,
 And all was gladness in the sportsman's morn.
 But evening came, and colder blew the gale,
 Means, overdone, had now began to fail;
 His wine was finished, and he ceas'd to brew,
 And fickle friends now hid them from his view.
 Unknown, neglected, pin'd the man of worth,
 Death his best friend, his resting-place the Earth.

The following is copied from a head-stone, set up in the churchyard of High Ercall. Those who are fond of the *sublime*, will certainly rejoice over this precious poetical morsel:—

Salop, Oct. 1797.

ELIZABETH, the Wife of RICHARD BAARLAMB,
 passed to Eternity on Sunday, the 21st of May,
 1797, in the 71st year of her age.

When terrestrial all in Chaos shall Exhibit efferves-
 cence,
 Then Celestial virtues in their most Refulgent Brilliant
 essence,
 Shall with beaming Beauteous Radianee, thro' the
 ebullition Shine ;
 Transcending to Glorious Regions Beatifical, Sublime.

~~~~~

CHURCH STRETTON.

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.

=====  
 Somersetshire.

BARWICK.

Sarah Higmore, æt. 6.

Ye modern fair, whoe'er you be,  
 This Truth we can aver ;  
 A lesson of Humility  
 You all may learn from her.  
 She had what none of you can boast,  
 With all your Wit and Sense—  
 She had what you, alas! have lost,  
 And that was—Innocence.

## TAUNTON.

James Waters.

Death, traversing the western road,  
 And asking where true merit lay,  
 Made in this town a short abode,  
 And took this worthy man away.

## YEOVIL.

John Webb,

Son of John and Mary Webb, Clothiers, who died of  
 the measles, May 3d, 1646, aged 3 years.

How still he lies!  
 And clos'd his eyes,  
 That shone as bright as day!  
 The cruel measles,  
 Like *clothiers' teasels*,  
 Have scratched his life away.

*Cochineal red*,  
 His lips have fled,  
 Which now are *blue* and *black*.  
 Dear pretty wretch,  
 How thy limbs *stretch*,  
 Like *cloth upon the rack*.

*Repress* thy sighs,  
 The husband cries,  
 My dear, and not repine,  
 For ten to one,  
 When God's work's done,  
 He'll *come off superfine*.

## Staffordshire.

## YOXHALL.

On Anthony Cooke, who died on Easter Monday,  
 At the due sacrifice of the Pashall Lambe,  
 April had 8 days wept in showers, then came  
 Leane, hungry death, who never pittie tooke,  
 And cause the feast was ended, slew this Cooke.  
 On Easter Monday, he lyves then noe day more,  
 But sunk to rise with him that rose before ;  
 He's here intomb'd ; a man of virtue's line  
 Out reacht his yeares, yet they were seventy-nine.  
 He left on earth ten children of eleven  
 To keep his name, whilst himself went to heaven.

## BILSTON.

In Mem. of Mary Maria, wife of W<sup>m</sup> Dodd, who died Dec<sup>r</sup> 12th, A.D. 1847, aged 27. Also of their children, Louisa, who died Dec<sup>r</sup> 12th, 1847, aged 9 months ; and Alfred, who died Jan<sup>y</sup> 3rd, A.D. 1848, aged 2 years and 9 months.

All victims to the neglect of sanitary regulation, and specially referred to in a recent lecture on Health in this town.

And the Lord said to the angel that destroyed, it is enough, stay now thine hand.—1 Chron. xx. 17.

In Mem. of Joseph, son of Joseph and Mary Meek, who was accidentally drowned in the cistern of the day

school adjoining this church, April 30th, 1845, aged 8 years. This distressing event is recorded by the minister, as an expression of sympathy with the parents and caution to the children of the school—a reproof to the proprietors of the open wells, pits and landslips; the want of fencing about which is the frequent cause of similar disaster in these districts; and as a memento to all of the uncertainty of life, and the consequent necessity of immediate and continued preparation for death.

---

“If any man ask you, Why do you loose him? Then shall ye say unto him, Because the Lord hath need of him.”\*—Luke xix. 31.

---

#### STAFFORD.

Here Leah's fruitfulness,  
 Here Rachael's beauty;  
 Here lyeth Rebecca's faith,  
 Here Sarah's duty.

---

#### WOLSTANSTON.

Ann Jennings.  
 Some have children, some have none;  
 Here lies the mother of twenty-one.

---

\* A woman inferring that her husband is an *ass colt*.

## LICHFIELD.

Live well—die never ;  
Die well—live for ever.

---

## WOLVERHAMPTON.

Here lie the bones  
Of Joseph Jones,  
Who eat whilst he was able ;  
But once o'er fed,  
He dropt down dead,  
And fell beneath the table.  
When from the tomb,  
To meet his doom,  
He rises amidst sinners :  
Since he must dwell  
In heav'n or hell,  
Take him—which give best dinners !

---

## Suffolk.

## BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

The following whimsical epitaph appears upon a white marble slab, in a conspicuous part of the church of St. Mary :—

Near this place are deposited the remains of Gedge, Printer, who established the first newspaper that has been published in this town. Like a worn out type,

he is returned to the *founder*, in the hope of being recast in a better and more perfect mould.

~~~~~

Here lies the husband of a loving wife,
 She lost all earthly comfort when he lost his life ;
 A sudden death, a shocking sight to see,
 His last life's blood was sprinkled over she.

~~~~~

HADLEIGH.

The Charnel mounted on his W  
 Set to be seen in Funer  
 A Matron playn Domestic  
 In Houswiefry a Princip  
 In Care and Payns continu  
 Not slow nor Gay nor Prodig  
 Yet Neighbourly and Hospit  
 Her Children seven yet living  
 Her sixty-seventh year hence did C  
 To rest her body Natur  
 In hope to rise Spiritu

} all

Ellen, Wief of Robert Reson,  
 Alderman of this Town, shee deceased  
 Januy. 8, 1630, and is interred  
 below hereby.

~~~~~

On little Stephen, a noted fiddler.
 Stephen and Time
 Are now both even ;
 Stephen beat Time,
 Now Time beats Stephen.

Life is only pain below,
When Christ appears, then up we go !

IPSWICH.

On John Warner.

I Warner once was to myself,
Now Warning am to thee,
Both living, dying, dead I was,
See then thou warned be.

On — More, of Norwich.

More had I once, More would I have ;
More is not to be had.
The first I . . . the next in vaine ;
The third is too too bad.
If I had us'd with More regard
The More that I did give,
I might have made More use and fruit
Of More while he did live.

THURLOW.

Here she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood ;
Who as soon fell fast asleep
As her little eyes did peep.

Give her strewings, but not stir
The earth that lightly covers her.

LAVENHAM.

Quod fuit esse quod est, quod non fuit esse quod esse.
Esse quod est non esse, quod est non erit esse.

Translation.

What John Giles has been,
Is what he is (a batchelor) ;
What he has not been,
Is what he is (a corpse) ;
To be what he is
Is not to be (a living creature),
He will not have to be
What he is not (dust).

BURY.

Here lies Jane Kitchen, who, when her glass was spent,
Kickt up her heels and away she went.

Surrey.

BERMONDSEY.

On William Palin.

Silent grave, to thee I trust
This precious pearl of worthy dust.

Keep it safe, O sacred tomb !
 Until a wife shall ask for room.

WALWORTH.

Here lies the wife of Roger Martin,
 She was a good wife to Roger—that's sartin.

OCKHAM.

The Lord saw good, I was topping off wood,
 And down fell from the tree ;
 I met with a check, and I broke my blessed neck,
 And so Death topped off me.

John Spong—(A Carpenter).

Who many a *sturdy oak* has laid along,
Fell'd by Death's surer hatchet, here lies *Spong*.
Posts oft he made yet ne'er a place could get,
 And lived *by railing*, tho' he was no wit ;
Old saws he had altho' no antiquarian,
 And *styles corrected* yet was no grammarian.
 Long liv'd he *Ockham's premier architect* :
 And lasting as his fame a tomb t'erect,
 In vain we seek an artist such as he,
 Whose *pales* and *gules* were for eternity.
 So here he rests from all life's toils and follies,
 O ! spare, kind heav'n, his fellow lab'rer *Hollies*.

ST. MARY AT LAMBETH CHURCH.

Richard Marsh,

Aged 61—1704.

In the vault, under this stone, is the remains of Richard Marsh, Esq.; who supped (before he went to bed) with Christ. He had issue, 15 children by Martha his Wife and Relict; eight are buried in the middle Ile against the pulpit, one lyes in this vault which he built for his Family. He was exceeding glad at the beautifying of this House; and tho' not quite finished, was begun in his time: Being full of Hope, he departed this life, the 18th of May, 1704, Aged 61 years.

 WIMBLEDON.

Sweet Saviour, Jesus, give me wings
 Of Peace and perfect Love,
 As I may move from Earthly Things,
 To rest with thee above.

For sins and Sorrows overflow
 All Earthly things so High,
 That I can't find no rest below,
 Till up to thee I fly.

 THAMES DITTON.

In memory of Mr. W^m. Machell, who departed this life Oct. 10, 1808. Aged 82 years. .

Whilst in this world I remained, my life was
 A pleasure and health and gain. But now

God thought best to take me to his everlasting rest,
And I thank God for it.

STREATHAM.

On the South Wall of this Church is the following remarkable Inscription:—Elizabeth, wife of Major-Gen^l Hamilton, who was married 47 years, and never did ONE thing to disoblige her Husband.

BATTERSEA.

On Sir Edward Court.

Alone, unarm'd, a tiger he oppress'd,
And crush'd to death the monster of a beast :
Thrice twenty mounted Moors he overthrew
Singly on foot, some wounded, some he slew,
Disperst the rest ; what more could Sampson do ?

NOTE.—This is only part of the inscription, which relates that, being attacked in the woods by a tiger, he placed himself on the side of a pond, and when the tiger flew at him, he caught him in his arms, fell back with him into the water, get upon him, and kept him down until he had drowned him.

NEWINGTON.

On James Blackburn, a Blacksmith.

My sledge and hammer lie declin'd,
My bellows, too, have lost their wind ;

My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
 And in the dust my vice is laid ;
 My coal is spent, my iron gone,
 My nails are driven, my work is done ;
 My fire-dried corpse here lies at rest,
 My soul, smoke-like, soars to be blest.

GUILDFORD.

Reader, pass on, ne'er waste your time
 On bad biography and bitter rhyme ;
 For what I am, this cumb'rous clay insures,
 And what I was is no affair of yours.

BEDDINGTON.

On Thomas Greenhill.

Under thy feet interr'd is here
 A native born in Oxfordshire ;
 First life and learning Oxford gave,
 Surry him his death and grave ;
 He once a Hill was fresh and Greene,
 Now withered is not to be seene ;
 Earth in earth shovell'd up is shut,
 A Hill into a Hole is put ;
 But darksome earth by Power Divine,
 Bright at last as the sun may shine.

RICHMOND.

On Captain John Dunch, who died in 1697, aged 67.

Though Boreas' blasts and Neptune's waves
 Have tossed me to and fro,
 In spite of both, by God's decree,
 I anchor here below,
 Where I do now at anchor ride,
 With many of our fleet,
 Yet once again I must set sail,
 Our admiral, Christ, to meet.

 CAMBERWELL.

Richard Wade, died Oct. 21, 1810, aged 53.

Giles Wade, died Dec. 8, 1810, aged 53.

Near together they came,
 Near together they went,
 Near together they are.

 Sussex.

BARCOMB.

All you that come my grave to see
 Prepare yourselves to Follow me,
 Take care Young men, repent in time,
 For I was taken in my Prime.

As I was going through a Barn
 I little thought of any harm,
 A piece of Timber on me fell,
 And penetrated through my Skull.

My Eyes were Blinded I could not see,
 My Parents they did weep for Me,
 My Time was come I was Forced to go,
 And bid the World and Them Adieu.

Just six and thirty hours I lay
 In great Pain and Agony
 Till the Archangel bid me come,
 And called my Soul to its last Home.

CHICHESTER.

A certain noble lord of no very moral life, dying, had inscribed upon his tomb, the phrase, "Ultima Domus,"—Collins, the poet, is said to have pencilled these lines under the words :—

Did he who wrote upon this wall,
 Believe or disbelieve St. Paul?
 Who says where-e'er it is or stands,
 There is another house not made with hands,
 Or do we gather from these words,
 That house is not the house of lords?

WILLINGDON.

In Philopæmen, Greece did teem her last;
 In Cassius, Rome her vigour did exhaust;

Then blame not aged Britain's feeble womb,
 For, in her Parker's birth, she did consume
 Her utmost strength. The world will scarce be strong
 For such another brave conception.

~~~~~

Here lies an old soldier whom all must applaud,  
 Who fought many battles at home and abroad ;  
 But the hottest engagement he ever was in,  
 Was the conquest of self in the battle of sin.

~~~~~

BEXHILL.

On a Young Lady.

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—Amen.

~~~~~

WEST GRINSTEAD.

Vast Strong was I, but yet did dye,  
 And in my Grave asleep I Lye,  
 My Grave is Steaned all round about,  
 But I hope the Lord will find me out.

~~~~~

MAYFIELD.

' Oh reader ! if that though can't read
 Look down upon this stone ;
 Do all we can, Death is a man,
 What never spareth none.

STORRINGTON.

Here lies the body of Edward Hide
 We laid him here because he died.
 We had rather
 It been his father,
 If it had been his sister,
 We should not have missed her,
 But since 'tis honest Ned,
 No more shall be said.

MIDHURST.

On an Incurrible Shrew.
 Beneath this stone
 Lies my wife, Joan,
 To h—l she's gone, no doubt;
 For if she be not,
 If heaven's her lot,
 I must (God wot) turn out.

Here lies my poor wife, without bed or blanket,
 But dead as a door nail, God be thanked.

EAST GRINSTEAD.

I was as grass that did grow up,
 And wither'd before it grew,
 As Snails do waste within their Shells,
 So the number of my days were few.

BRIGHTON.

His fate was hard, but God's decree
Was, drown'd he should lie—in the sea.

Warwickshire.

BIRMINGHAM.

By a Lady on her Husband.

Oh! 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 pleasant to the *survivor*.

My time is out, my glass is run,
I never more shan't see the sun;
To live for ever, no man don't,
The Lord does not think fitting on't.

COLESHILL.

On a man who had a remarkable wide mouth.

Here lies a man, as God shall me save,
Whose mouth was wide, as is his grave;
Reader, tread lightly o'er his sod,
For, if he gapes, you're gone, by G—d.

STRATFORD ON AVON.

On Shakspeare's Monument are engraved the following distich and lines:—

“Judicio Pylum, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus mœret Olympus habet.”

Stay, passenger, why dost thou go so fast?
Read, if thou canst, what 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 unto his wit.

On a flat stone placed over the grave of Shakspeare, in the Church of the Holy Trinity, the place of his nativity:—

Good Friend, For Jesvs Sake Forbeare
To Digg The Dust Enclosed Heare;
Blest Be Ye Man Yt. Spares Thes Stones,
And Curst Be He Yt. Moves My Bones.

Wiltshire.

SALISBURY.

Innocence embellishes, divinely compleat,
The pre-existing co-essence, now sublimely great.
He can surpassingly immortalize thy theme,
And perforate thy soul, celestial supreme.
When gracious refulgence bids the grave resign
The Creator's nursing protection be thine.

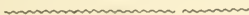
So shall each perspiring æther joyfully arise,
Transcendently good, supereminently wise.



HINDON.

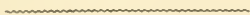
On Mary Sturgold, aged 61.

Death did to me short warning give,
Therefore be careful how you live ;
My weeping friends I left behind,
And had not time to speak my mind !
In the morning I was well,
In the afternoon from a cart I fell,
An accident somewhat severe,
In less than a fortnight brought me here.



ANSTEY.

Mary Best lies buried hear,
Her age it was just ninety year ;
Twenty-eight she lived a single life,
And only four years was a wife ;
She liv'd a widow fifty-eight,
And died January 11, eighty-eight.



CALNE.

God worketh wonders now and then,
Here lies a miller, and an honest man.

Worcestershire.

UPTON ON SEVERN.

Beneath this stone, in hopes of Zion,
Doth lie the landlord of the "Lion."
His son keeps on the business still,
Resigned unto the Heavenly will.

WORCESTER.

On Mr. John Mole.

Beneath this cold stone lies a son of the earth ;
His story is short, though we date from his birth ;
His mind was as gross as his body was big ;
He drank like a fish, and he ate like a pig.
No cares of religion, of wedlock, or state,
Did e'er for a moment encumber John's pate.
He sat or he walked, but his walk was but creeping,
And he rose from his bed—when quite tir'd of sleeping.
Without foe, without friend, unnotic'd he died ;
Not a single soul laugh'd, not a single soul cried.
Like his four-footed namesake, he dearly lov'd earth,
So the sexton has covered his body with turf.

Mammy and I together lived
Just two years and a half ;
She went first, I followed next,
The cow before the calf.

BROMESGROVE.

In memory of Thomas Maningly.
 Beneath this stone lies the remains,
 Who in Bromsgrove-street was slain.
 A currier with his knife did the deed,
 And left me in the street to bleed ;
 But when the archangel's trump shall sound,
 And souls to bodies join, that murderer
 I hope will see my soul in heaven shine.

GREAT MALVERN.

Pain was my portion, physic was my food,
 Grones my devotion—drugs done me no good.
 Christ was my physician—he knowed what was best,
 He took me to Himself, and put me here to rest.

BELBROUGHTON.

To the memory of Richard Philpots.
 To tell a merry or a wonderous tale
 Over a chearful glass of nappy Ale,
 In harmless mirth was his supreme delight,
 To please his Guests or Friends by Day or Night ;
 But no fine tale, how well soever told,
 Could make the tyrant Death his stroak withhold ;
 That fatal Stroak has laid him here in Dust,
 To rise again once more with Joy we trust.
 On the upper portion of this Christian monument
 are carved, in full relief, a punch-bowl, a flagon, and
 a bottle, emblems of deceased's faith, and of those
 pots which Mr. Philpots delighted to fill.

Yorkshire.

LEEDS.

Under this stone do lie six children small,
Of John Wittington of the North Hall.

On a Learned Alderman.

Here lies William Curtis, late our Lord Mayor,
Who has left *this here* world, and is gone to *that there*.

Here lies my wife,
Here lies she ;
Hallelujah,
Hallelujee.

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 about 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.

HYDEN.

Here lies the body of William Strutton, of Padington, buried 18th day of May, 1734, aged 97 years, who had, by his first wife, 28 children; by his second, 17; was own father to 45; grandfather to 86; great grandfather to 23.—In all 154 children.

SELBY.

On Mr. Miles.

This tombstone is a *Milestone*; hah! how so?
Because, beneath lies *Miles*, who's Miles below.

Here lies the body of poor *Frank Row*,
Parish clerk, and grave-stone cutter;
And this is writ to let you know,
What *Frank* for others us'd to do,
Is now for *Frank* done by another.

BARWICK-IN-ELMET.

On a Marine Officer.

Here lies, retired from busy scenes,
A first lieutenant of marines,
Who lately lived in gay content
On board the brave ship *Diligent*.
Now stripped of all his warlike show,
And laid in box of elm below.
Confined in earth in narrow borders,
He rises not till further orders.

BIRSTALL.

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.
 Upon this stone he's often sat,
 And tried to read his epitaph;
 And thou, who dost so at this moment,
 Shalt, ere long, somewhere lie dormant.

RICHMOND.

Here lies the body of William Wix,
 One Thousand, Seven Hundred & Sixty Six.

ST. MARY'S, YORK.

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.

These lines are in the churchyard on a tombstone sacred to the memory of a young maid, who was accidentally drowned, Dec. 24, 1696.—The inscription is said to be penned by her lover.

NOTHALLERTON.

Hie jacet Walter Gun,
 Some time Landlord of the Sun;

Sic transit gloria mundi.

He drank hard upon Friday,
That being a high day,
Then took to his bed and died upon Sunday.

WADDINGTON.

On W^m. R^d. Phelps, a Boatswain of H.M.O. Invincible.

When I was like you,
For years not a few,
On the ocean I toil'd,
On the line I have broil'd,
In Greenland I've shiver'd,
Now from hardships deliver'd;
Capsized by old Death,
I surrendered my breath,
And now I lie snug,
As a bug in a rug.

Wales.

Carmarthenshire.

CARMARTHEN.

A hopeful youth, and well beloved,
Has to the earth his body bequeathed.

Cannarvonshire.

ABERCONWAY.

Here lieth 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 day of March, 1637.

CARNARVON.

Dust from dust at first was taken,—
Dust by dust is now forsaken ;
Dust in dust shall still remain,
Till dust from dust shall rise again.

Denbighshire.

WREXHAM.

Here lies a Church-warden,
 A choice flower in that garden,
 Joseph Critchley by name,
 Who lived in good fame ;
 Being gone to rest,
 Without doubt he is blest.

Here lies John Shore,
 I say no more ;
 Who was alive
 In sixty-five.

Montgomeryshire.

MONTGOMERY.

All you that come our grave to see
 A moment pause and think,
 How we are in eternity
 And you are on the brink.

BERRIEW.

Farewell, my dear and loving wife,
 Partner of the cares of life,
 And you my children now adieu,
 Since I no more can come to you.

GUILDSFIELD.

Beneath this yew tree
 Buried would he be,
 Because his father, he,
 Planted this yew tree.

Pembrokeshire.

LLANVAIR.

Who Ever hear on Sunday,
 Will practis playing at Ball,
 It may Be be Fore Monday
 The devil Will Have you All.

Radnorshire.

RADNOR.

In Health and strength unthinking of my fate,
 Death like a theif knock'd at my Bolted gate,
 I hasted down to know the reason why
 That noise was made, Death Quickly did Reply,
 For thee I Call, thy Soul is now Requir'd,
 I trembling gaz'd and Instantly Expir'd.

Scotland.

Ayrshire.

MUIRKIRK.

Inscription.

Here lies John Smith
 who was shot by Col.
 Buchan and the laird
 of Lee. Feb. 1685.
 For his adherence to the
 word of God and Scot
 land's covenanted w-
 ork of reformation,
 Rev. 12, ii. Erected in the
 year 1731.

Epitaph.

When proud apostates
 did abjure Scotland's
 reformation pure And
 fill'd this land with perj
 ury and all sorts of In-
 iquity Such as would not
 with them comply They pe
 rsecute with hue and

cry. I in the flight
 was overtane And fo
 r the truth by them
 was slain.

Caithnessshire.

HALKIRK.

On Sir Jno. Graham.

Here lies Sir John the Grame both right and wise,
 One of the chiefs rescued Scotland thrice,
 An better knight ne're to the world was lent
 Than was good Grame of truth and hardiment.

Dumfriesshire.

HODDAM.

Here lyes a man, who all his mortal life
 Past mending clocks but could not mend hys wyfe
 The 'larum of his bell was ne'er sae shrill
 As was her tongue, aye clacking like a mill.
 But now he's gane—oh, whither? nane can tell—
 I hope beyond the sound o'Mally's bell.

~~~~~  
 Here lies John Speir  
 Dumfreise—Pipier.  
 Young John?—Fy Fy.  
 Old John?—Ay Ay.

## Edinburghshire.

---

### EDINBURGH.

Here lie I, Martin Eldinbrode,  
 Ha' mercy on my soul, Lord Gode,  
 As I would do, were I Lord Gode,  
 And thou wert Martin Eldinbrode.

~~~~~

John McPherson
 Was a wonderful person,
 He was six feet two
 Without his shoe,
 And he was slew
 At Waterloo.

~~~~~

Here lies Donald and his wife  
 Janet Mac Fee,  
 Aged forty hee,  
 Aged thirty shee.

~~~~~

Here lieth the limbs of a lang devil,
 Wha! in his time has done much evil,
 And oft the ale wyves he opprest,
 And blest be God he's gone to rest.

~~~~~

John Carnagie lies here,  
 Descended of Adam and Eve,  
 If any can gang higher  
 He willingly gives him leave.

This epitaph is undoubtedly that from which Prior borrowed those beautiful and well-known lines he once intended for his own monument.

---



---

Gifeshire.

---

TORRYBURN.

On a drunken Cobbler.

Enclosed within this narrow stall  
Lies one who was a friend to *awl*.  
He saved bad *soles* from getting worse,  
But d——d his own without remorse.  
And tho' a drunken life he passed,  
Yet saved his *soul* by *mending at the last*.

---



---

Forfarshire.

---

CUPAR.

To William Rymour.

Through Christ, I'me not inferiour  
To William the Conqueror.—Rom. 8, 37. (!!)

---



---

DUNDEE.

Walter Coupar, Tailor.

Kynd commorads! here Coupar's corpse is laid,  
Walter by name, and Tayleour to his trade,



Both kind and true, and stout and honest-hearted,  
 Condole with me that he so soon departed.  
 For, Tavou, he never weyl'd and sheer  
 Had better parts, nor he that's bury'd here.

---

Three Scottish worthies were once appointed to  
 compose an Epitaph on a departed Provost. Subjoined  
 are the productions of two of them, which were sup-  
 posed to be the means of killing the third candidate  
 in a fit of laughter.

Here lies the Provost of Dundee,  
 Here lies him, here lies he.  
 Hi-diddle-dum, hi-diddle-dee,  
 A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

---

Here lies the body of John Watson,  
 Read this not with your hats on.  
 For why—he was Provost of Dundee,  
 Hallelujah, Hallelujee.

---

#### MONTROSE.

Here lyes the bodeys of George Young and Isabel  
 Guthrie, and all their posterity for fifty years back-  
 wards. November 1757.

---

## Haddingtonshire.

---

### PRESTONPANS.

William Matthison here lies,  
 Whose age was forty-one,  
 February 17, he dies,  
 Went Isbel Mitchell from,  
 Who was his married wife  
 The fourth part of his life.  
 The soul it cannot die,  
 Though the body be turned to clay,  
 Yet meet again they must  
 At the last day.  
 Trumpet shall sound, archangels cry,  
 "Come forth Isbel Mitchell and meet Will  
 Matthison in the sky."

---

### HADDINGTON.

If modesty commend a wife  
 And Providence a mother,  
 Grave chastity a widow's life,  
 We'll not find such another  
 In Haddington as Mareon Gray,  
 Who here doth lie till the Domesday.

---

Hout, Atropos, hard-hearted hag,  
 To cut the sheugh o' Jamie Craig!

For had he lived a wheen mae years  
 He'd been o'er tough for thy auld shears.  
 But now he's gane, sae maun we a',  
 Wha wres'les Death's aye shure to fa' ;  
 Sae let us pray that we at last  
 May wun frae Death a canny cast.

---

#### ABERLADY.

Here lies John Smith,  
 Whom Death slew, for all his pith  
 The starkest man in Aberlady,  
 God prepare and make us ready.

---

#### Glanarkshire.

---

#### GLASGOW.

Our life's a flying shadow, God's the pole,  
 The index pointing at him is our soul ;  
 Death's the horizon, when our sun is set,  
 Which will through Christ a resurrection get.

---

Here lies Mass Andrew Gray,  
 Of whom ne muckle good can I say :  
 He was ne Quaker, for he had ne spirit,  
 He was ne Papist, for he had ne merit.

He was ne Turk; for he drank muckle wine,  
 He was ne Jew, for he eat muckle swine.  
 Full forty years he preach'd and le'ed,  
 For which God doom'd him when he de'ed.

---

### HAMILTON.

Covenanter's Remains.

At Hamilton lie the heads of John Parker, Gavin Hamilton, James Hamilton, and Christopher Strang, who suffered at Edinburgh, 7th December 1666.

[Here four heads are sculptured on the stone.]

Stay, passenger, take notice  
 What thou reads:  
 At Edinburgh lies our bodies—  
 Here our heads.  
 Our right hands stood at Lanark—  
 These we want,  
 Because with them we sware  
 The Covenant.

---

### Perthshire.

DUNKELD.

On Margery Scott.

Stop, passenger, until my life you read,  
 The living may get knowledge from the dead:  
 Five times five years I lived a virgin life,  
 Five times five years I was a virtuous wife,

Five times five years a widow, grave and chaste,  
 Tired of the elements, I am now at rest ;  
 Betwixt my cradle and my grave were seen  
 Eight mighty kings of Scotland and a Queen ;  
 Thrice did I see old Prelacy pulled down,  
 And thrice the cloak did sink beneath the gown.

---

### Stirlingshire.

---

#### STIRLING.

John Anderson's here kept within,  
 Death's prisoner for Adam's sin,  
 But rests in hope that he shall be  
 Let, by the second Adam, free.

---

### Wigtonshire.

---

#### WIGTON.

Here lies John Taggart, of honest fame,  
 Of stature low, and a leg lame ;  
 Content he was with portion small,  
 Kept a shop in Wigton, and that's all.

---

## Miscellaneous.

---

### Conjugal Epitaphs.

---

Here lies poor 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 Woman who had three Husbands.  
 Here lies the body of Mary Sextone,  
 Who pleased three men, and never vexed one,  
 I cant say as much for her at the next stone.

---

Marianne S——

Conjuge (*i*?) nunquam satis plorandæ  
 Inane hoc, tamen ultimum,  
 Amoris consecrat testimonium,  
 Maritus, heu ! superstes.

The above Epitaph, inscribed on a plain marble tablet in a village church near Bath, is one of the few in which the Latin language has been employed with the brief and profound pathos of ancient sepulchral inscriptions.

---

Here lies my wife in earthly mould,  
 Who when she lived did naught but scold.  
 Peace ! wake her not for now she's still,  
 She had, but now *I* have my will.

Epitaph written by Sarah Dobson, the wife of John Dobson, to be put on her tombstone after her decease :—

I now have fallen asleep—my troubles gone,  
 For while on earth, I had full many a one,  
 When I get up again—as Parson says,  
 I hope that I may see some better days.  
 If Husband he should make a second suit  
 His second wife will find that he's a *brute*.  
 He often made my poor sad heart to sigh,  
 And often made me weep from *one poor eye*,  
 The other he knocked out by a violent blow,  
 As all my Kinsfolk and my Neighbours know.  
 I hope he will not serve his next rib so,  
 But if he should, we'll put the two together,  
 And through them stare while Satan tans his leather.

~~~~~  
 Dear Husband, now my life is past,
 And I am stuck in Earth so fast,
 I pray no sorrow for me take,
 But love my Children, for my sake.

~~~~~  
 By Boileau, the Poet.

Here lies my wife, and Heaven knows,  
 Not less for mine, than her repose!

~~~~~  
 On a Wife (by her Husband.)

Beneath this stone lies Katherine, my wife,
 In death my comfort, and my plague through life.
 Oh! liberty!—but soft, I must not boast;
 She'll haunt me else, by jingo, with her ghost!

Here I, Thomas Wharton, do lie,
 With Lucifer under my head,
 And Nelly my wife hard bye,
 And Nancy as cold as lead.

O, how can I speak without dread
 Who could my sad fortune abide?
 With one devil under my head,
 And another laid close on each side.

~~~~~  
 Here lies my poor wife,  
 Without bed or blanket,  
 But dead as door nail,  
 God be thanked.

~~~~~  
 Epitaph on a violent Scold.

My spouse and I full many a year
 Liv'd man and wife together,
 I could no longer keep her here,
 She's gone—the Lord knows whither.

Of tongue she was exceeding free,
 I purpose not to flatter,
 Of all the wives I e'er did see,
 None sure like her could chatter.

Her body is disposed of well,
 A comely grave doth hide her,
 I'm sure her soul is not in hell,
 For old Nick could ne'er abide her.

Which makes me guess she's gone aloft,
 For in the last great thunder,
 Methought I heard her well known voice
 Rending the skies asunder.

On a Scolding Wife who died in her sleep.
 Here lies the quintessence of noise and strife,
 Or, in one word, here lies *a scolding wife* ;
 Had not Death took her when her mouth was shut,
 He durst not for his ears have touched the *slut*.

Here lies my wife, a sad slattern and shrew,
 If I said I regretted her—I should lie too.

On a Scold.

Here lies, thank God, a woman who
 Quarrell'd and stormed her whole life through,
 Tread gently o'er her mould'ring form,
 Or else you'll raise another storm.

On a Wife (by her Husband.)

Here lies my poor wife, much lamented,
 She's happy, and I'm contented.

On Dr. Sheridan.

Beneath this marble stone there 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 grieved—there's nothing left !

My wife is dead, and here she lies,
 No man laughs and no man cries,
 Where she's gone, or how she fares,
 Nobody knows and nobody cares.

By a Man on his Wife.

Two of my bones have taken a trip,—
 My rib is departed, so is my H I P.

One was our thought, One life we fought,
 One rest we both intended,
 Our bodies have to sleepe one grave,
 Our soules to God ascended.

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 Thomas Knowles and his Wife.

Thomas Knowles lies under this stone,
 And his wife Isabell: flesh and bone
 They were together nineteen year,
 And ten children they had in fear.
 His fader & he to this church
 Many good deeds they did worch.
 Example by him may ye see,
 That this world is but vanity ;

For whether he be small or great,
 All shall turn to worms' meat ;
 This said Thomas was lay'd on beere,
 The eighth day the month Fevree,
 The date of Jesu Christ truly,
 Anno M.C.C.C. five & forty.
 We may not pray ; heartily pray he,
 For our souls, Pater Noster and Ave.
 The swarer of our pains lissed to be,
 Grant us thy holy trinity. Amen.

~~~~~  
 On a Man and his Wife.

Stay, bachelor, if you have wit,  
 A wonder to behold :  
 Husband and wife, in one dark pit,  
 Lie still and never scold.  
 Tread softly tho' for fear she wakes ;—  
 Hark, she begins already :  
 You've hurt my head ;—my shoulder akes ;  
 These sots can ne'er move steady.  
 Ah friend, with happy freedom blest !  
 See how my hope's miscarry'd :  
 Not death can give me rest,  
 Unless you die unmarry'd.

~~~~~  
 On a Wife,

By a *disconsolate* Widower, in a Church-yard, in
 Sussex.

Here lies the body of Sarah, wife of John — ,
 who died 24th March, 1823, aged forty-two years :

“The Lord giveth, and the Lord TAKETH AWAY;
blessed be the name of the Lord.”

Trade and Professional Epitaphs.

On Shadrach Johnson,

Who kept the Wheatsheaf, at Bedford, and had
 twenty-four children by his first wife, and eight by
 his second.

Shadrach lies here, who made both sexes happy,
 The women with love toys, and the men with nappy.

On a Cricketer.

I bowled, I struck, I caught, I stopt,
 Sure life's a game of cricket;
I block'd with care, with caution popp'd,
 Yet Death has hit my *wicket*.

On a Puritanical Locksmith.

A zealous locksmith died of late,
 And did arrive at heaven gate;
 He stood without and would not knock,
 Because he meant to pick the lock.

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.

On Mr. Strange, a Lawyer.

Here lies an *honest* lawyer,
 And that is Strange.

Dr. I. Letsome wrote the following epitaph for his own tombstone; but it is not likely that he allowed his friends, or at least his patients, to read it until he was under the turf, or out of practice.

When people's ill, they comes to I,
 I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em;
 Sometimes they live, sometimes they die;
 What's that to I? I. Letsome. (*lets 'em.*)

On a Baker.

Richard Fuller lies buried here,
 Do not withhold the crystal tear,
 For when he liv'd he daily fed
 Woman and man and child with bread.
 But now alas he's turned 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 Publican.

Thomas Thompson's buried here,
 And what is more he's in his bier,
 In life thy bier did thee surround,
 And now with thee is in the ground.

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 Publican.

A jolly landlord once was I,
 And kept the Old King's Head hard by,
 Sold mead and gin, cider and beer,
 And eke all other kinds of cheer,
 Till Death my license took away
 And put me in this house of clay,
 A house at which you all must call,
 Sooner or later, great and small.

On a Parish Clerk.

Here lies, within his tomb so calm,
 Old Giles, pray sound his knell,

Who thought no song was like a psalm,
No music like a bell.

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.

On James Straw, an Attorney.

Hic jacet Jacobus Straw,
Who forty years, Sir, followed the law,
And when he died,
The Devil cried,
"Jemmy, gie's your paw."

On a Stay Maker.

Alive, unnumber'd stays he made,
(He work'd industrious night and day ;)
E'en dead he still pursues his trade,
For here *his bones will make a stay.*

On a Card-maker.

His card is cut ; long days he shuffled through
The game of Life ; he dealt as others do.
Though he by honours tells not its amount,
When the last trump is play'd, his tricks will count.

L

On a Potter.

That thou wouldst pity take, I humbly pray,
 O Lord, on this, my wretched lump of clay—
 A broken pitcher does not cleave in twain,
 But let me rise, and be myself again.

On a Chemist.

Here lyeth to digest, macerate, and amalgamate
 With Clay,
 In Balneo Arenæ
 Stratum super Stratum,
 The Residuum, Terra damnata, and Caput
 Mortuum

Of Boyle Godfry, Chemist
 And M.D.

A man, who in this earthly Laboratory
 Pursued various Processes to obtain

Arcanum Vitæ,
 Or the secret to live ;
 Also Aurum Vitæ,

Or, the art of getting, rather than making Gold.
 Alchemist like,

All his labour and Projection,

As Mercury in the Fire evaporated in Fuomo
 When he dissolv'd to his first Principles,
 He departed as poor

As the last Drops of an Alembic ;
 For riches are not poured
 On the Adept's of this world.

Though fond of News, he carefully avoided
 The Fermentation, Effervescence,

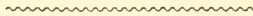
And Decrepitation of this Life.
 Full Seventy years his exalted Essence
 Was Hermetically sealed in its Terene Mattras,
 But the radical Moisture being exhausted,
 The Elixir Vitæ spent,
 And exsiccated to a Cuticle,
 He could not suspend longer in his Vehicle,
 But precipitated Gradatim
 Per Campanam,
 To his Original Dust.
 May that light, brighter than Bolognian
 Phosphorus, Preserve him from the
 Athanor, Empyremna, &
 Of the other
 World.
 Depurate him from the Taces & Scoria of
 this ;
 Highly Rectify'd & Volatize
 His Æthereal Spirit,
 Bring it over the Helm of the Retort of this
 Globe, place it in a proper Recipient,
 Or Crystalline Orb,
 Among the elect of the Flowers of Benjamin,
 Never to be Saturated,
 Till the General Resuscitation,
 Deflagration, Calcination,
 And Sublimation of all Things.

~~~~~

On John *Fordace*, a Fishmonger.

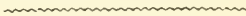
Near to this *Place*, lies *Jack Fordace*,  
 He *Carp'd* and *Smelt*, bought, sold, and felt,

And *Shell'd*, till he was shell'd again.  
 A *Chub* in person, varied hues a *Trout*,  
 Foul as a *Tench*, and sullen as a *Pout* ;  
 In mind a *Gudgeon*, but, in shop, a *Shark*,  
 Jack made trade answer to life's latest spark.  
 Now—*Sound* he sleeps in hope ; and may no surgeon,  
 With *Pike* in search of knowledge, *Dare to Stir-John*  
 (Sturgeon.)



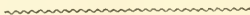
On Joseph Crump, a Musician.

Once ruddy and plump,  
 But now a pale lump,  
 Beneath this safe lump,  
 Lies honest Joe Crump,  
 Who wish'd to his neighbours no evil,  
 Who, tho' by Death's thump  
 He's laid on his rump,  
 Yet up he shall jump  
 When he hears the last trump,  
 And triumph o'er Death and the Devil.



An Attorney.

Here lieth one who often lied before,  
 But now he lies here he lies no more.



Epitaph on a Bell Ringer.

Stephen & time now are even,  
 Stephen beat time, now time's beat Stephen.

## On a Printer.

The Body  
of

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Printer,  
(like the cover of an old book,  
its contents torn out,  
and stripped 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 a Magistrate who had formerly been a Barber.

Here lies Justice ;—be this his truest praise :  
He wore the wig which once he made,  
And learnt to shave both ways.

To the Memory of Nell Batchelour,  
The Oxford Pye-woman.  
Here, into the dust,  
The mouldering crust  
Of Eleanor Batchelour's shoven ;  
Well versed in the arts  
Of pyes, custards, and tarts,  
And the lucrative skill of the oven.

When she'd lived long enough  
 She made her last puff—  
 A puff by her husband much praised ;  
 Now here she does lie,  
 And makes a dirt-pye,  
 In hopes that her crust may be raised.

---

On a Sailor,

Written by his Messmate.

Here is honest Jack—to the lobsters a prey,  
 Who lived like a sailor free hearty and gay,  
 His rigging well fitted, his sides close and tight,  
 His bread room well furnished, his mainmast upright :  
 When Death, like a pirate built solely for plunder,  
 Thus hail'd Jack in a voice loud as thunder,  
 "Drop your peak, my old boy, and your topsails throw  
 back !

For already too long you've remain'd on that tack."  
 Jack heard the dread call, and without more ado,  
 His sails flatten'd in and his bark she broach'd to.

---

Laconic Epitaph.

Snug.

---

On a Seaman.

My watch perform'd, lo here at rest I lay,  
 Not to turn out till resurrection day.

## Laconic Epitaph on a Sailor.

I caught a fever—weather plaguey hot,  
Was boarded by a Leech—and now am gone to pot.

~~~~~  
On an honest Sailor.

Whether sailor or not, for a moment avast ;
Poor Tom's mizen topsail is laid to the mast ;
He'll never turn out, or more heave the lead ;
He's now all aback, nor will sails shoot ahead ;
He ever was brisk, &, though now gone to wreck,
When he hears the last whistle he'll jump upon
deck.

~~~~~  
On a Dustman.

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*.

~~~~~  
Mr. Langford, Auctioneer.

So, so, Master Langford, the hammer of Death
Hath knock'd out your brains, and deprived you of
breath ;
'Tis but tit for tat, he who puts up the town,
By Devil or Death must at last be knock'd down.

On a Potter.

How frail is man—how short life's longest day !
 Here lies the worthy Potter, turned to clay !
 Whose forming hand, and whose reforming care,
 Has left us full of flaws. Vile earthenware !

On Mr. Havard, Comedian.

“ An honest man's the noblest work of God.”
 Havard from sorrow rest beneath this stone ;
 An honest man—beloved as soon as known ;
 However defective in the mimic art,
 In real life he justly played his part !
 The noblest character he acted well,
 And heaven applauded when the curtain fell.

On Robin Masters, Undertaker.

Here lieth Robin Masters—faith 'twas hard
 To take away our honest Robin's breath ;
 Yet surely Robin was full well prepared,
 Robin was always looking out for death.

On an Undertaker.

Subdu'd by death, here death's great herald lies,
 And adds a trophy to his victories ;
 Yet sure he was prepared, who, while he'd breath,
 Made it his business to look for death.

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, in very dirty weather,
 And ripp'd the sole from off the upper leather.
 Death put a trick upon him, and what was't ?
 The cobbler called for 's awl, Death brought his last.

 On a Gunpowder-Maker.

Tread soft, good friends, lest you should spring a mine.
 I was a workman in the powder line.
 Of true religion I possess'd no spark,
 Till Christ, he pleas'd to stop my gropings dark.
 The rev'rend vicar seconded the plan,
 [A temperate, holy, charitable man,
 Who left the foxes to enjoy their holes,
 And never hunted aught but human souls.]
 To this Director's care 'twas kindly given
 To point my spirit, bolt upright, to Heaven.

 On an Organ-Blower, named Knust.

Here lies George Knust,
 At last in the dust,
 Out of spirits, and low ;
 Who, for God's church, did puff
 All his life, long enough,
 And its organ did blow,—
 'Till the puffer, grim Death,
 Blew him out of breath.

The following was written by Capt. Morris on Edward Heardson, thirty years Cook to the Beef Steak Society:—

His last *steak* done ; his fire rak'd out and dead,
Dished for the worms himself, lies *honest Ned* :
We, then, whose breasts bore all his *fleshly toils*,
Took all his *bastings*, and shared all his *broils* ;
Now, in our turn, a *mouthful carve* and *trim*,
And *dress* at Phœbus' *fire*, one *scrap* for him :—
His heart which well might grace the noblest grave,
Was grateful, patient, modest, just and brave ;
And ne'er did earth's wide maw a *morsel gain*
Of *kindlier juices* or more tender *grain* :
His tongue, where duteous friendship humbly dwelt,
Charmed all who heard the faithful zeal he felt ;
Still to whatever end his *chops* he mov'd,
'Twas all *well seasoned*, *relished*, and approv'd :
This room his heaven!—When threatening Fate drew
 nigh
The closing shade that dimm'd his ling'ring eye,
His last fond hopes, betray'd by many a tear,
Were—That his life's last *spark* might glimmer here ;
And the last words that choak'd his parting sigh—
“ Oh ! at your feet, dear masters, let me die ! ”

On a Juggler.

Death came to see thy tricks, and cut in twain
Thy thread. Why did'st not make it whole again ?

A Baker, of the name of Death, having lately died, a Wag offered the following as an appropriate Epitaph;—

Here lies Death, who liv'd by Bread;
We all shall *live*, now *Death* is dead.

On a Sexton.

Here lyeth the body of honest John Clapper,
Who lived by the bell, and died by the clapper.

Answer to:—

I am not dead indeed, but have good hope
To live by the bell when you died by the rope.

Miscellaneous.

A servant maid was sent by her mistress to Ben Jonson, for an epitaph on her departed husband. She could only afford to pay half-a-guinea, which Ben refused, saying he never wrote for less than double that sum; but recollecting he was going to dine that day at a tavern, he ran down stairs and called her back. "What was your master's name?"—"Jonathan Fiddle, sir." "When did he die?"—"June the 22nd, sir." Ben took a small piece of paper, and wrote with his pencil, while standing on the stairs, the following:—

On the twenty-second of June,
Jonathan Fiddle went out of tune.

At Saragossa, in Spain.

“Here lies Juan Cabecca, Chorister of our Lord the King. When he was received into the choir of angels, in augmentation of that happy company, his voice was so distinguished from the rest, that even God himself hearkened to him with attention, and said, rather severely, to the angels, ‘Hold your tongues, ye calves, and let Juan Cabecca, Chorister to the King of Spain, sing my praise.’”

On Drs. Walker and Fuller.

Dr. Walker, among other things, wrote a work on the English particles, and this caused him to get the very short and pithy epitaph—

Here lie Walker’s Particles.

The brevity of which reminds us of that upon the famous Dr. Fuller—

Here lies Fuller’s Earth.

On an Infant.

Since I was so early done for,
I wonder what I was begun for.

On a Young Lady.

Had cruel death, whose *harvest* is each hour,
But stopt awhile to view *this lovely flow’r*,
In pity he had turn’d his scythe away,
And left her standing till another day ;

But ruthless he *mow'd* on, and, she, alas!
 Too soon fell *with'ring* with the *common grass*.

EM. COLLINS.



On John Cole,

Who died suddenly, while at dinner.

Here lies Johnny Cole,
 Who died, on my soul,
 After eating a plentiful dinner.
 While chewing his crust,
 He was turned into dust,
 With his crimes undigested—poor sinner!



In the Subterranean Chapel, of the Church of St. Maria Scala Cœli, Rome.

Hic requiescunt corpora Santi Zenobis tribuni et sociorum ejus militum decies mille ducentorum trium.

That is:—

Here rest the bodies of St. Zeno, and his twelve thousand two hundred soldiers.

These are the twelve thousand two hundred Christians (precisely) who remained alive out of the forty thousand, that had been employed for the space of seven years in building Diocletian's baths, and who, after the finishing of this immense work, received no other recompense for their toil and labour than a cruel death, which they suffered by the tyrant's order, and on the same spot where the church now stands.

On a Maid of Honour.

Here lies (the Lord have mercy on her!)
 One of her majesty's maids of honour:
 She was young, slender and pretty;
 She died a maid—the more the pity.

Les Saints Innocents, Paris.

Cy gist Yolande Bailly,
 qui trepassa l'an 1514. le 88^e an de
 son age, le 42, de son veuvage,
 laquelle a vis, ou pu voir devant
 son trepas deux cents quatre-vingts-
 -quinza enfans issus d'elle.

In English:—

Here lies Yoland Bailly,
 Who died in the year 1515, aged 88,
 And in the 42d year of her widowhood:
 Who saw, or might have seen, before her death,
 Two hundred and ninety-five
 Of her own offspring.

On Mr. Foot.

Here lies *one Foot*, whose death may thousands save;
 For Death himself has now *one Foot* i' th' grave.

On a Gentleman who expended his fortune in
Horse-racing.

John ran so long, and ran so fast,
 No wonder he ran out at last;

He ran in debt, and then to pay,
He distanced all—and ran away.

On a Miser.

They call'd thee rich, I deem'd thee poor,
Since, if thou dar'dst not use thy store,
But sav'd it only for thy heirs,
The treasure was not thine—but theirs.

Lines written by Robert of Gloucester upon our King
Henry the First, who died through over-eating of
his favourite fish :—

And when he com hom he willede of an lampreye to
ete,
Ac hys leeches hym oerbede, vor yt was feble mete,
Ac he wolde it noyt beleve, vor he lovede yt well ynow,
And ete as in better cas, vor thulke lampreye hym
slow,
Vor anon rygt thereafter into anguyssse he drow,
And died vor thys lampreye, thane hys owe wow.

On John Sydney,

Who died full of the Small Pox.

In this sacred urn there lies,
Till the last trump make it rise,
A light that's wanting in the skies.
A corpse inveloped with stars,
Who, though a stranger to the wars,
Was mark'd with many hundred scars.

Death, at once, spent all his store
 Of darts, which this fair body bore,
 Though fewer had kill'd many more.
 For him our own salt tears we quaff,
 Whose virtues should preserve him safe,
 Beyond the power of epitaph.

~~~~~

On Ryenvet, an unpopular Dutch Judge, at the Cape  
 of Good Hope.

Here lies in death, who living always lied,  
 A base amalgam of deceit and pride ;  
 A wily African of monstrous shape,  
 The mighty Quinbus Flestrin of the Cape.  
 Rogue paramount, ten thousand rogues among,  
 He rose and shone like phosphorus from dung ;  
 The wolf and fox their attributes combined,  
 To form the odious features of his mind :  
 Where kennelled deep, by shame, by fear, unawed,  
 Lurk'd rapine, villainy, deceit, and fraud ;  
 Hypocrisy, servility, and lust,  
 A petty tyrant, and a Judge unjust ;  
 Partial and stern, in every cause he tried,  
 He judged like Pilate, and like Pilate died.  
 Urged to despair, by crimes precluding hope,  
 He chose a bullet, to avoid a rope.  
 Consistent knave ! his life in cheating past,  
 He shot himself, to cheat the law at last.  
 Aemè of crimes : self-murder crowned the whole,  
 And gave to worms his corpse—to fiends his soul.

Upon 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 wou'd fain our fate deny'd,  
In quite a different manner dy'd !  
Yet, think not that their rancour's o'er ;  
No, for 'tis 10 to 1, and more,  
Tho' quiet now as either lies,  
But they've a wrangle when they rise.

~~~~~

On a Disorderly Fellow, named Chest.

Here lies one Chest within another ;
That chest was good
Which was made of wood,
But who'll say so of t'other ?

~~~~~

On John Death.

Here lies John Death the very same  
That went away with a cousin of his name.

~~~~~

On John Dent, Esq., and his Lady.

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!

Lord Coningsby. By Pope.

Here lies Lord Coningsby—be civil!
 The rest God knows—perhaps the Devil.

On General Tulley.

Here lies General Tulley,
 Aged 105 years fully;
 Nine of his wives beside him doth lie,
 And the tenth must lie here when she doth die.

A Bishop's Epitaph.

In this house, which I have borrowed from my
 brethren worms, lie I, Samuel, by divine permission
 late Bishop of this Island, in hope of the resurrection
 to Eternal life. Reader, stop! view the Lord Bishop's
 palace, and smile.

On a Welchman,

Killed by a Fall from his Horse.

Here lies interr'd, beneath these stones,
 David ap-Morgan, ap-Shenkin, ap-Jones;

Hur was born in Wales, hur was travell'd in France,
And hur went to heaven—by a bad mischance.

Card Table Epitaph on a Lady, whose Ruin and Death
were caused by gaming.

Clarissa reign'd the *Queen of Hearts*,
Like *sparkling Diamonds* were her eyes ;
But through the *Knave of Club's* false arts,
Here bedded by a *Spade* she lies.

On Sir Philip Sidney.

England hath his body, for she it fed,
Netherland his blood, in her defence shed ;
The *Heavens* hath his soul,
The *Arts* have his fame,
The *Soldier* his grief,
The *World* his good name.

Reader, in that peace of earth,
In peace rest Thomas Arrowsmith :
In peace he lived, in peace went hence,
With God & man & conscience :
Peace for other men he sought,
And peace with pieces sometimes bought.
Pacifci, may others bee,
But ex pace factro hee.

Ann Mitchell.

Loe here I lye till Trumpets sound,
 And Christ for me shall call ;
 And then I hope to rise again,
 And dye no more at all.

~~~~~

O Merciful Jesu that Brought  
 Mans Sôule from Hell ;  
 Have mercy of the Sôule  
 Of Jane Bell.

~~~~~

On a very idle Fellow.

Here lieth one that once was born & cried,
 Liv'd several years, & then—& then—he died.

~~~~~

On a Great Consumer of Bread, Cheese, and Tobacco.

Here Gaffer B . . . Jaws are laid at Ease,  
 Whose Death has dropped the price of Bread and  
 Cheese.

He Eat, he drank, he smôked, and then  
 He Eat, and drank, and smôked again.  
 So Modern Patriots, rightly understood,  
 Live to themselves, and die for Public Good.

~~~~~

Thin in bread, and thick in purse,
 Never man beloved worse ;
 He went to the grave with many a curse :
 The devil and he had both one nurse.

They were so one, that none could say
 Which of them ruled, or whether did obey,
 He ruled, because she would obey; and she,
 In so obeying, ruled as well as he.

Good People draw near,
 There is no need of a tear,
 Merry L . . . is gone to his Bed;
 I am placed here to tell,
 Where now lies the shêll,
 If he had any soûl it is fled.
 Make the Bells ring aloud,
 And be joyful the crowd,
 For Mirth was his favourite theme,
 Which to Praise he turned Poet,
 Its fit you should know it,
 Since he has left nothing more than his name.

On an Ass (by the late Dr. Jenner).

Beneath this huge hillock here lies a poor creature,
 So gentle, so easy, so harmless his nature;
 On earth by kind Heav'n he surely was sent,
 To teach erring mortals the road to content;
 Whatever befel him, he bore his hard fate,
 Nor envied the steed in his high pamper'd state;
 Though homely his fare was, he'd never repine;
 On a dock could he breakfast, on thistles could dine;
 No matter how coarse or unsavoury his salad,
 Content made the flavour suit well with his palate.
 Now, Reader, depart, and, as onward you pass,
 Reflect on the lesson you've heard from an Ass.

On a Henpecked Country Squire.
 As father Adam first was fool'd,
 A case that's still too common,
 Here lies a man a woman rul'd,
 The devil rul'd the woman.

It was his usual custom in company when he told anything, to ask, d'ye hear? and if any one said no, John would reply, No matter, I've said.

Death came to John
 And whisper'd in his ear,
 You must die John,
 D'ye hear?

Quoth John to Death
 The news is bad.
 No matter, said Death,
 I've said.

Punning Epitaph.

Cecil Clay, the chancellor of Chesterfield, caused this whimsical allusion or pun upon his name to be put upon his grave-stone:—Two cyphers of C.C. and underneath, *Sun quod fui*, "I am what I was."

Oldys thus translates from Camden an epitaph upon a tippling red-nosed ballad maker of the time of Shakespeare:—

I give and bequeath,
 When I'm laid underneath,
 To my two loving sisters most dear,
 The whole of my store,
 Were it twice as much more,
 Which God's goodness has granted me here ;
 And that none may prevent,
 This my will and intent,
 Or occasion the least of law racket ;
 With a solemn appeal,
 I confirm, sign, and seal,
 This the true act and deed of Will Jackett.

~~~~~

On a Perfect Liar of the Name of Tell.

He lies all the day like a knave ;  
 He lies all his night-hours away ;  
 And when he is dead he will lie in the grave,  
 And *Tell* lies till the Judgment-day.

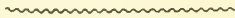
~~~~~

There is a touching sorrow conveyed in the following most ungrammatical verses ; evidently composed by one of the unlettered parents themselves :

Beneath this stone his own dear child,
 Whose gone from we
 For ever more unto eternity ;
 Where we do hope that we shall go to he,
 But him can never more come back to we.

In Belfrys Church.

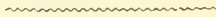
How vain a thing is Man,
 When God thinks meet,
 Oft times with Swadling Clothes,
 To join the Winding Sheet ;
 A Webb of forty Weeks,
 Spun forth in pain
 To his dear Parents grief
 Soon ravelled out again.
 This Babe intombed
 On the World did peepe
 Dislik'd it, clos'd his Eyes,
 Fell fast asleep.



On Robert Sleath,

Who kept the turnpike at Worcester, and was noted
 for having once demanded toll of George III., when
 his Majesty was going on a visit to Bishop Hurd.

On Wednesday last, old Robert Sleath
 Passed through the turnpike gate of death.
 To him would death no toll abate,
 Who stopped the King at Wor'ster gate.



On Ned Purdon, (by Goldsmith.)

Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery free,
 Who long was a bookseller's hack.
 He led such a damnable life in this world
 I don't think he'll ever come back.

Edward Purdon, educated at Trinity College

Dublin, but having wasted his patrimony he enlisted as a foot soldier. Growing tired of that employment he became a scribbler in the newspapers. He translated Voltaire's "Henriade."

~~~~~  
On Stephen Remnant.

Here's a Remnant of life, and a Remnant of death,  
Taken off both at once in a Remnant of breath.  
To mortality this gives a happy release,  
For what was the Remnant, proves now the whole  
piece.

~~~~~  
A form of enigmatical epitaph is in Llandham Churchyard, Anglesea, and has been frequently printed. From the Cambrian Register, 1795 (Vol. I. p. 441), I learn that it was translated by Jo. Puleston, Feb. 5, 1666. The subject of it was Eva, daughter of Meredidd ap Rees ap Howel, of Bodowyr, and written by Arthur Kynaston, of Pont y Byrsley, son of Francis Kynaston.

Here lyes, by name, the world's mother,
By nature, my aunt, sister to my mother ;
My grandmother, mother to my mother ;
My great grandmother, mother to my grandmother ;
My grandfather's daughter and his mother :
All which may rightly be,
Without the breach of consanguinity.

~~~~~  
On Robert Pemberton.

Here lies *Robin*, but not *Robin Hood* ;  
Here lies *Robin* that never did good ;

Here lies *Robin* by heaven forsak'n ;  
 Here lies *Robin*—the devil may tak'n.

---

Brevity of life.

Man's life's a vapour,  
 And full of woes ;  
 He cuts a caper,  
 And down he goes.

---

If drugs and physic could but save  
 Us mortals from the dreary grave,  
 'Tis known that I took full enough  
 Of the apothecaries' stuff  
 To have prolonged life's busy feast  
 To a full century at least ;  
 But spite of all the doctors' skill,  
 Of daily draught and nightly pill,  
 Reader, as sure as you're alive,  
 I was sent here at twenty-five.

---

Poor Jerry's Epitaph.

Here lies poor Jerry,  
 Who always seem'd merry,  
     But happiness needed.  
 He tried all he could  
 To be something good,  
     But never succeeded.  
 He married two wives :



The first good, but somewhat quaint ;  
 The second very good—like a saint.  
 In peace they may rest.  
 And when they come to heaven,  
 May they all be forgiven  
 For marrying such a pest.

---

On a Drunkard.

The draught is drunk, poor Tip is dead.  
 He's top'd his last and reeled to bed.

---

On a Rum and Milk Drinker.

Rum and milk I had in store,  
 Till my poor belly could hold no more ;  
 It caused me to be so fat,  
 My death was owing unto that.

---

On Mr. John Sullen.

Here lies John Sullen, and it is God's will,  
 He that was Sullen shall be Sullen still,  
 He still is Sullen ; if the truth ye seek,  
 Knock until doomsday, Sullen will not speak.

---

Here lies the body of an honest man,  
 And when he died he owed nobody nothing.

## On Mr. Churchill.

Says Tom to Richard, "Churchill's dead."

Says Richard, "Tom, you lie:  
Old Rancour the report has spread,  
But Genius cannot die."

---

On Foote, the Mimic and Dramatist,  
Who, several years before his death, lost one of his  
nether limbs.

Here a pickled rogue lies whom we could not preserve,  
Though his pickle was true Attic salt;  
One Foote was his name, and one leg did him serve,  
Though his wit was known never to halt.  
A most precious limb and a rare precious pate,  
With one limb taken off for wise ends;  
Yet the hobbler, in spite of the hitch in his gait,  
Never failed to take off his best friends:  
Taking off friends and foes, both in manner and voice,  
Was his practice for pastime or pelf;  
For which 'twere no wonder, if both should rejoice  
At the day when he took off himself.

---

On Mr. Partridge, who died in May.

What! kill a partridge in the month of May!  
Was that done like a sportsman? Eh, Death, Eh?

---

On Du Bois,

Born in a Baggage Waggon, and killed in a Duel.  
Begot in a cart, in a cart first drew breath,  
Carte and tierce were his life, and a carte was his death.

## On Sir Isaac Newton.\*

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night,  
 God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.

---

Here lies  
 Elizabeth Wyse.  
 She died of Thunder sent from Heaven  
 In 1777.

---

On a Family cut off by the Small Pox.  
 At once depriv'd of life, lies here,  
 A family to virtue dear.  
 Though far remov'd from regal state,  
 Their virtues made them truly great,  
 Lest one should feel the other's fall,  
 Death has, in kindness, seiz'd them all.

---

George Hardinge much indulged himself in versifying, and a curious instance in illustration occurred at Presteign, in the spring of 1816, a few hours before his decease. An application was made by Messrs. Tippens, addresssd to the judge "if living, or his executors," for the payment of a bill. The answer was penned by the judge only three hours prior to his death, and was as follows:—

"Dear Messrs. Tippens, what is feared by you,  
 Alas! the melancholy circumstance is true,  
 That I am dead; and, more afflicting still,  
 My legal assets cannot pay your bill.

To think of this, I am almost broken hearted,  
 Insolvent I, this earthly life departed ;  
 Dear Messrs. T., I am yours without a farthing  
 For executors and self,

George Hardinge."

~~~~~  
 The manner of her death was thus,
 She was druv over by a Bus.

~~~~~  
 Here lies Martha wife of Hugh,  
 Born at St. Austel's, buried at Kew,  
 Children in wedlock they had five,  
 Three are dead & two are alive,  
 Those who are living had much rather  
 Die with the mother than live with the Father.

~~~~~  
 To the memory of Mary Clow, &c.
 A vertuous wife, a loving mother,
 And one esteemed by all that knew her.

And to be short, to her praise, she was the woman
 that Solomon speaks of in the xxxi. chapter of the
 book of Proverbs, from the 10th verse to the end.

~~~~~  
 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.

---

Singular Epitaph.

Careless and thoughtless all my life,  
Stranger to every source of strife,  
And deeming each grave sage a fool,  
The law of nature was my rule.  
By which I learnt to duly measure  
My portion of desire and pleasure.  
'Tis strange that here I lie you see,  
For death must have indulged a whim,  
At any time t'have thought of me,  
Who never once did think of him.

---

On Earle the boxer.

Here lies James Earle the Pugilist, who on the 11th  
of April 1788 gave in.

---

She lived genteely on a small income.

---

Epitaph on a Gamester.

Here lies a gamester, poor but willing,  
Who left the room without a shilling,  
Losing each stake, till he had thrown  
His last, and lost the game to Death ;  
If Paradise his soul has won,  
'Twas a rare stroke of luck i'faith !

In the Villa of the Noble M. A. Volta, at Bononia.

ÆLIA LÆLIA CRISPIS, neither man, nor woman, nor hermaphrodite; nor girl, nor boy, nor old woman; nor chaste, nor a w——, nor modest; but all. Taken off neither by famine, nor by sword, nor by plague, nor by poison; but by all. Lying neither in heaven, nor earth, nor waters; but everywhere. LUCIUS AGATHO PRISCIUS, neither friend, nor mourning, nor rejoicing, nor weeping, knows, and is ignorant to whom he has placed this—neither mound, nor pyramid, nor sepulchre; but every one of them.

Some have interpreted this Rain-water, others the Prima Materia, Niobe, the Soul, Mercury, &c. &c. &c.; but Gasperius Gedartius makes it out to be Love.

~~~~~

On Miss Eliza More, aged 14 years.

Here lies who never lied before,
And one who never will lie More,
To which there need be no more said,
Than More the pity she is dead,
For when alive she charmed us More
Than all the Mores just gone before.

~~~~~

On Jemmy Jewell.

'Tis odd, quite odd, that I should laugh,  
When I'm to write an epitaph.  
Here lies the bones of a rakish *Timmy*,  
Who was a *Jewell* & a *Jemmy*.

He dealt in diamonds, garnets, rings,  
 And twicc ten thousand pretty things;  
 Now he supplies Old Nick with fuel,  
 And there's an end of *Jemmy Jewell*.

---

Within this place a vertvous virgin lies,  
 Much like those virgins that were counted wise,  
 Her lamp of life by Death being now pvt ovt,  
 Her lamp of grace doth still shine rovnd abovt,  
 And though her body here doth sleep in clay,  
 Yet is her sovl still watchfvl for that day,  
 When Christ the Bridegroom of her sovl shall come,  
 To take her with him to the wedding roome.

---

Amy Mitchell.

1724, aged 19.

Here lies a virgin cropt in youth,  
 A Xtian both in name and truth,  
 Forbear to mourn, she is not dead,  
 But gone to marry Christ her head.

---

On an Infant.

Short was her life,  
 Longer will be her rest;  
 Christ call'd her home,  
 Because he thought it best.

For she was born to die,  
 To lay her body down,  
 And young she did fly,  
 Into the world unknown.  
 5 years & 9 months.

---

On one stone, exhibiting a copy of that VERY RARE inscription beginning with, "Afflictions sore," the second line affords the following choice specimen of orthography:—"Physicians were in vain."

Think nothing strange,  
 Chance happens unto all ;  
 My lot's to-day,  
 To-morrow yours may fall.  
 Great afflictions I have had,  
 Which wore my strength away ;  
 Then I was willing to submit  
 Unto this bed of clay.

---

On Burbadge, the Tragedian.  
 Exit Burbadge.

---

On Mr. Suett.

Here lies to mix with kindred earth,  
 A child of Wit, of Glee, and Mirth ;  
 Hush'd are those powers which gave delight ;  
 And made us laugh in reason's spite :  
 Thy "gibes and jests shall now no more  
 Set all the rabble in a roar."



Sons of Mirth and Humour come,  
 And drop a tear on Suet's Tomb ;  
 Nor ye alone, but all who view it,  
 Weep and Exclaim, Alas ! Poor Suet.

~~~~~

On the Tomb of a Murdered Man.

O holy Jove ! my murderers, may they die
 A death like mine—my buriers live in joy !

~~~~~

Moliere's Epitaph.

Roscius hic situs est tristi Molierus in urna,  
 Cui genus humanum ludere, ludus erat.  
 Dum ludit mortem, Mors indignata jocantem  
 Corripit, et nimium fingere sæva negat.

Molière, on whom these lines were made, was taken ill while he was playing the part of a dead man on the stage, in one of his own comedies ; was carried home, and died in a few hours. He was born, according to Bayle, about the year 1620. He went through his school learning under the Jesuits in Clermont College, and was destined for the bar ; but, after he had made an end of his study of the civil law, he pitched upon the profession of a comedian, wherein he succeeded, and wrote several exquisite plays. He died on the 17th February, 1673. The inscription in English is thus:—

Within this melancholy tomb confin'd,  
 Here lies the matchless ape of human kind ;  
 Who, while he labour'd with ambitious strife  
 To mimic death as he had mimic'd life.

So well, or rather ill, perform'd his part,  
 That Death, delighted with his wondrous art,  
 Snatch'd up the copy, to the grief of France,  
 And made it an original at once.

~~~~~

On a man named Stone.

Jerusalem's curse was not fulfilled in me,
 For here a stone upon a Stone you see.

~~~~~

On Thomas Day.

Here lies Thomas Day,  
 Lately removed from over the way.

~~~~~

Epitaph by Burns.

(On a man choked by a piece of bread!)

Here I lie, killed by a crumb,
 That wouldn't go down, nor wouldn't up come.

~~~~~

Here lie the remains of Thomas Woodhen,  
 The most amiable of Husbands, and the most excellent  
 of men.

“*N.B.* The name is *Woodcock*, but it would not  
 come in rhyme!”

## On a Volunteer,

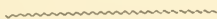
Here lies the gallant Capt<sup>n</sup> King,  
 He's finished Life's review ;  
 No more he'll stand on either wing,  
 For now he flies on two.

He was a gallant Volunteer,  
 But now his Rifle's rusty ;  
 No more at drill will he appear,  
 His uniform is dusty.

No more he'll hear the Bugle's sound  
 Till Bugler Angels blow it,  
 Nor briskly march along the ground,  
 His body lies below it.

Let's hope when at the great parade  
 We all meet in a cluster,  
 With many another martial blade  
 He'll readily pass muster.

Seraphic sabre in his fist,  
 On heavenly drill reflective,  
 May he be placed upon the list,  
 Eternally effective.



Here lies the body of John Cole,  
 His master loved him like his soul ;  
 He could rake hay—none could rake faster,  
 Except that raking dog, his master.

## On — Hatt.

By Death's impartial scythe was mown  
 Poor Hatt—he lies beneath this stone ;  
 On him misfortune oft did frown,  
 Yet Hatt ne'er wanted for a crown ;  
 When many years of constant wear  
 Had made his beaver somewhat bare,  
 Death saw, and pitying his mishap,  
 Has given him here a good long nap.

---

On a Man who was killed by a blow from a Sky Rocket.

Here I lie,  
 Killed by a Sky  
 Rocket in my eye.

---

On a Post Boy, who was killed by the overturning of a  
 Chaise.

Here I lays,  
 Killed by a Chaise.

---

Here lies I no wonder I'se dead,  
 For a broad wheeled Waggon went over my head.

---

## On a Miser.

Here lies one for medicine would not give  
 A little gold, and so his life he lost ;  
 I fancy now he'd wish to live again,  
 Could he but know how much his funeral cost.

## On a Miser.

Iron was his chest,  
 Iron was his door,  
 His hand was iron,  
 And his heart was more.

---

## On a Miser.

Here lies old father GRIPE, who never cried "*Jam  
 satis ;*"  
 'Twould wake him did he know, you read his tombstone  
 gratis.

---

## On John Treffley, Esq.

Here in this Chancell do I lye,  
 Known by the name of John Treffry.  
 Being born & made for to die ;  
 So must thou, friend, as well as I.  
 Therefore good works be sure to try,  
 But chiefly love & Charity ;  
 And still on them with faith rely,  
 To be happy eternally.

This was put up during his life, who was a whimsical man. He had his grave dug, & lay down and swore in it, to show the sexton a novelty, *i.e.*, a man swearing in his grave.

## On an Old Covetous Usurer.

You'd have me say, here lies T. U,  
 But I do not believe it;  
 For after Death there's something due,  
 And he's gone to receive it.

---

Epitaph on the grave of a Smuggler killed in a fight  
 with Revenue Officers.

Here I lies  
 Killed by the XII.

---

## On a Miser.

Here lies one who lived unloved, and died unlamented ; who denied plenty to himself, and assistance to his friends, and relief to the poor ; who starved his family, oppressed his neighbours, and plagued himself to gain what he could not enjoy ; at last Death, more merciful to him than he was to himself, released him from care, and his family from want ; and here he lies with the grovelling worm, and with the dirt he loved, in fear of a resurrection, lest his heirs should have spent the money he left behind, having laid up no treasure where moth and rust do not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.

---

## On John D'Amory, the Usurer.

Beneath this verdant hillock lies  
 Demar the wealthy and the wise.

His Heirs, that he might safely rest,  
 Have put his carcase in a Chest.  
 The very Chest, in which, they say  
 His other Self, his Money, lay.  
 And if his Heirs continue kind  
 To that dear Self he left behind,  
 I dare believe that Four in Five  
 Will think his better self alive.

~~~~~  
 Ann Short.

Ann Short, O Lord, of praising thee,
 Nothing I can do is right ;
 Needy and naked, poor I be,
Short, Lord, I am of sight ;
 How *short* I am of love and grace !
 Of everything I'm *short*,
 Renew me, then I'll follow peace
 Through good and bad report.

~~~~~  
 On William Clay.

A long affliction did my life attend,  
 But time with patience brought it to an end,  
 And now my body rests with Mother clay,  
 Until the joyful resurrection day.

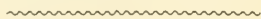
~~~~~  
 Written on Montmaur,

A man of excellent memory, but deficient in judgment.
 In this black surtout reposes sweetly, Montmaur
 of happy memory, *awaiting his judgment.*

On an Invalid.

Written by Himself.

Here lies a head that often ached ;
 Here lie two hands that always shak'd ;
 Here lies a brain of odd conceit ;
 Here lies a heart that often beat ;
 Here lie two eyes that dimly wept,
 And in the night but seldom slept ;
 Here lies a tongue that whining talk'd ;
 Here lie two feet that feebly walked ;
 Here lie the midriff and the breast,
 With loads of indigestion prest ;
 Here lies the liver full of bile,
 That ne'er secreted proper chyle ;
 Here lie the bowels, human tripes,
 Tortured with wind and twisting gripes ;
 Here lies the livid dab, the spleen,
 The source of life's sad tragic scene,
 That left side weight that clogs the blood,
 And stagnates Nature's circling flood ;
 Here lies the back, oft racked with pains,
 Corroding kidneys, loins, and reins ;
 Here lies the skin by scurvy fed,
 With pimples and irruptions red ;
 Here lies the man from top to toe,
 That fabric fram'd for pain and woe.



On Sir John Vanbrugh.

Lie heavy on him, earth ! for he
 Laid many heavy loads on thee.

The following Epitaph was written by Shakspeare on Mr. Combe, an old gentleman noted for his wealth and usury :—

Ten in the hundred lies here ingraved :
 'Tis a 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.

ON Marshal Saxe.

N.B. The figures are to be pronounced in French as un, deux, trois, etc.

Ses vertus le feront admiré de chac	1
Il avait des Rivaux, mais il triompha	2
Les Batailles qu'il gagna sont au nombre de	3
Pour Louis son grand cœur se serait mis en	4
En amour, c'était peu pour lui d'aller à	5
Nous l'aurions s'il n'eut fait que le berger Tir'	6
Pour avoir trop souvent passé douze "Hie-ja"	7
Il a cessé de vivre en Decembre	8
Strasbourg contient son corps dans un Tombeau tout 9	
Pour tant de "Te Deum" pas un "De profun"	10

He died at the age of 55

a. Tircis, the name of a celebrated Arcadian shepherd.

β. A great personage of the day remarked that it was a pity after the Marshal had by his victories been the cause of so many "Te Deums," that it would not be allowed (the Marshal dying in the Lutheran faith) to chant one "de profundis" over his remains.

On Thomas Jones.

Here for the nonce,
 Came *Thomas Jones*,
 In St. Giles's Church to lye;
 Non Welch before,
 None Welchman more,
 Till Show Clerk dy.
 He tole his bell,
 He ring his knell,
 He dyed well.
 He's sav'd from hell,
 And so farewell.

Tom Jones.

The tomb of Keats the Poet.

This grave contains
 all
 that was mortal
 of a
 young English poet,
 who
 on his death bed,
 in the bitterness of his heart
 at the malicious power of his enemies,
 desired these
 words to be engraved on his tombstone:
 " Here lies one
 whose name was writ in water."
 February 24, 1821.

On Mr. Quin.

Says Epicure Quin, Should the devil in hell,
 In fishing for men take delight,
 His hook bait with ven'son, I love it so well,
 Indeed I am sure I should bite.

~~~~~

Here lies Sir John Plumpudding of the Grange,  
 Who hanged himself one morning for a change.

## On John Bell.

I Jocky Bell o' Braikenbrow, lyes under this stane,  
 Five of my awn sons laid it on my wame ;  
 I liv'd aw my dayes, but sturt or strife,  
 Was man o' my meat, and master o' my wife.  
 If you done better in your time, than I did in mine,  
 Take this stane aff my wame, and lay it on o' thine.

## On William Jones, a Bone Collector.

Here lie the bones of William Jones,  
 Who when alive collected bones,  
 But Death, that grisly bony spectre,  
 That most amazing bone collector,  
 Has boned poor Jones so snug and tidy,  
 That here he lies in bonâ fide.

## Sacrum

In memoriam viri doctissimi et clerici, Joannis Sampson, olim hujusce sacelli ministri, itemque ludi

literarii apud congalum triginta septem ferè annos magistri seduli; hoc marmor ponendum quidam discipuli præceptorem merentes curaverunt.

Ob: An: ætatis suæ LXXVII; A.D. MDCCCXLIII.

Foris juxta januam e dextrâ introeunti sepultum est corpus.

Problemata plurima geometrica proposuit ac solvit; ad hæc accedunt versus haud pauci, latinè et manu suâ scripti; quorum exemplum infrà insculptum est; adeo ut Christiano tum mentem, tum viri fidem cognoscere liceat.

“ αὐτὸς ἔφη.”

Quandocunque sophos clarus sua dogmata profert,  
 Nil valet αὐτὸς ἔφη ni documenta daret;  
 At mihi cùm Christus loquitur, verum, via vita,  
 Tum vero fateor sufficit αὐτὸς ἔφη.”

~~~~~

Epitaph on the Mareschal Comte de Ranzau, a Swede, who accompanied Oxenstiern to Paris, and was taken into the French service by Louis XIII. He died of hydrophobia in 1650. He had been in innumerable battles, had lost an eye and two limbs, and his body was found to be entirely covered with scars.

Stop passenger! this stone below
 Lies half the body of Ranzan:
 The other moiety's scattered far
 And wide o'er many a field of war;

For to no land the hero came,
 On which he shed not blood and fame.
 Mangled or maim'd each meaner part,
 One thing remain'd entire—his heart.

~~~~~  
 At Arlington, near Paris.

Here lie

Two grandmothers, with their two granddaughters,  
 Two husbands with their two wives,  
 Two fathers with their two daughters,  
 Two mothers with their two sons,  
 Two maidens with their two mothers,  
 Two sisters with their two brothers,  
 Yet but six corps in all lie buried here,  
 All born legitimate, & from incest clear.

The above may be thus explained:—

Two widows, that were sisters-in-law, had each a son, who married each other's mother, and by them had each a daughter. Suppose one widow's name Mary, and her son's name John, and the other widow's name Sarah, and her son's James; this answers the fourth line. Then suppose John married Sarah, and had a daughter by her, and James married Mary, and had a daughter also, these marriages answer the first, second, third, fifth, and sixth lines of the epitaph.

~~~~~  
 Sudden and unexpected was the end
 Of our esteemed and beloved friend.
 He gave to all his friends a sudden shock
 By one day falling into Sunderland Dock.

At Sakiwedel.

Traveller, hurry not, as if you were going *post-haste*; in the most rapid journey you must stop at the *post* house. Here repose the bones of MATTHIAS SCHULZEN, the most humble and most faithful *Postmaster*, for upwards of Twenty-five years, of His Majesty, Frederick, King of Prussia. He arrived 1655; and afterwards travelled with distinction in life's pilgrimage, by walking courses in the Schools and Universities. He carefully performed his duties as a Christian, and when the *post* of misfortune came, he behaved according to the *letter* of divine consolation. His body, however, ultimately being enfeebled, he was prepared to attend the signal given by the *post* of death; when his soul set off on her pleasing journey for Paradise, the 2nd of June, 1711; and his body afterwards was committed to this silent tomb. Reader, in thy pilgrimage through life, be mindful of the prophetic *post* of Death!

~~~~~  
At Radstock, Germany.

|     |      |     |      |
|-----|------|-----|------|
| O   | quid | tua | te   |
| be! | bis? | bia | abit |
| ra  | ra   | ra  |      |
|     | es   |     |      |
|     | et   | in  |      |
| ram | ram  | ram |      |
|     | i    | i   |      |

Mox eris quod ego nunc.

The above inscription, in a church-yard at Radstock,

in Germany, long puzzled alike the learned and unlearned. By accident the meaning was discovered; and the solution is equally remarkable for its ingenuity and for the morality it inculcates:—

“O superbe! quid superbis? tua superbia te superabit. Terra es, et in terram ibis. Mox eris quod ego nunc.”—“O vain man! why shouldest thou be proud? Thy pride will be thy ruin. Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return. Soon shalt thou be what I am now.”

---

\* Silo Princeps Fecit.

T I C E F S P E C N C E P S F E C I T  
 I C E F S P E C N I N C E P S F E C I  
 C E F S P E C N I R I N C E P S F E C  
 E F S P E C N I R P R I N C E P S F E  
 F S P E C N I R P O P R I N C E P S F  
 S P E C N I R P O L O P R I N C E P S  
 P E C N I R P O L I L O P R I N C E P  
 E C N I R P O L I S I L O P R I N C E  
 P E C N I R P O L I L O P R I N C E P  
 S P E C N I R P O L O P R I N C E P S  
 F S P E C N I R P O P R I N C E P S F  
 E F S P E C N I R P R I N C E P S F E  
 C E F S E P C N I R I N C E P S F E C  
 I C E F S P E C N I N C E P S F E C I  
 T I C E F S P E C N C E P S F E C I T

---

\* At the entrance of the Church of St. Salvador in the city of Oviedo, in Spain, is a most remarkable tomb, erected by a prince named Silo, with this very curious Latin inscription which may be read 270 ways by beginning with the capital letter S in the centre.

On the Duke of Burgundy's tomb in St. George's Church, near Condé:—

Carolus hoc busto Burgundæ gloria gentis,  
Conditur, Europæ qui fuit ante timor.

---

Near the left wall in the Protestant-ground at Rome is a monument to Lord Barrington, and a tombstone to the infant child of Mr. William Lambton:—

Go thou, white in thy soul, and fill a throne  
Of innocence and purity in heaven!

---

On a tombstone in the churchyard at Hochheim, a village where one of the best species of Rhenish is produced, and from the name of which our generic Hock is derived:—

This grave holds Caspar Schink, who came to dine,  
And taste the noblest vintage of the Rhine;  
Three nights he sat, and thirty bottles drank,  
Then lifeless by the board of Bacchus sank.  
Only one comfort have we in the case,—  
The trump will raise him in the proper place.

---

Here lies Peg, that drunken sot,  
Who dearly loved her jug and pot;  
There she lies, as sure as can be,  
She killed herself by drinking brandy.



Calcutta.

Bene :

AT. HT, Hi S : ST—

Oneli : E : Skat. .

He, Ri, N. eg. Rayc—

(Hang'd)

. F. R.

O! mab. V. Syli, Fetol—

IF . . Ele :

(SSCL)

Ayb . . . Year.

. Than.

Del—Ays

: Hego.

Therpel :

. Fand.

No, WS. He : stur

N'D to Ear,

TH, h, Ersel

Fy! EWE: EP . . . .

In: G. F. R: IE: N

D. S. L

Et, mea D

V: I.

Sea: . . . . . Batey.

O! V: rI. . . . .

RiE . . . . Fan.

. D. D.

RYY. O! V.R.E

Yes. F. O. R W: II

. ATa.

Vai . . . . LS. a. flo.  
 O! do. F. Tea. R.  
 SW: Hok: No: WS:  
 Buti. nar. U.  
 No! Fy: Ear, SI: N.  
 SO: Metal:  
 L. Pit. c.  
 HERO: . . r. Bro, a:  
 D. P.  
 ANS, Hei  
 N. H.  
 Ers. Hop. ma:  
 Y. B.  
 Ea: Gai . . . . N. .

~~~~~

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.

~~~~~

In the Cathedral of Sienna,  
 Celebrated for its floor being inlaid with the history  
 of the Old Testament, is the following singular  
 Epitaph, probably placed there as a *memento* to an  
 Italian Toby Philpot.

Wine gives life, it was death to me,  
 I could not behold the dawn of morning  
 In a sober state—Even my bones  
 Now thirst.—Stranger!  
 Sprinkle my grave with wine ;  
 Empty the flaggons and come,—  
 Farewell, Drinkers !

~~~~~  
 Over a grave in Prince Edward's Island :
 Here lies the body of poor Charles Lamb,
 Killed by a tree that fell slap bang.

~~~~~  
 Here lies the body of Gabriel John,  
 Who died in the year of a thousand and one ;  
 Pray for the soul of Gabriel John,  
 You may if you please,  
 Or let it alone ;  
 For its all one  
 To Gabriel John,  
 Who died in the year of a thousand and one.

~~~~~  
 Here lies John Bun,
 Who was killed by a gun ;
 His name wasn't Bun, his real name was Wood,
 But Wood wouldn't rhyme with gun, so I thought Bun
 should.

~~~~~  
 On U. Dobson.  
 Here lies Dobson, all covered with mould,  
 Who never gave penny to have his head polled,  
 Saying it was an uncharitable device,  
 To grub up his hair and starve all the lice.

## Upon Peter Staggs.

Poor Peter Staggs now rests beneath this rail,  
 Who loved his joke, his pipe, and mug of ale ;  
 For 20 years he did his duties well,  
 Of ostler, boots, and waiter at the Bell.  
 But Death stepp'd in, and ordered Peter Staggs,  
 To feed the worms, and leave the farmers' nags.  
 The church clock struck *one* — alas ! 'twas Peter's  
                   knell,  
 Who sigh'd " I'm coming — that's the ostler's bell !"

~~~~~

On the Countess of Pembroke, sister to the Marquis of Dorset.

O cruel Atropos what does thou mean
 To leave my Lord Marquis sisterless clean ?
 Now she is dead, and layed in her grave,
 Her husband shall never such another wife have,
 Now she is dead and layed in the ground,
 My Lord Marquis had rather have spent 300 pound.

~~~~~

Here lies cut down like unripe fruit  
 The wife of Deacon Amos Shute,  
 Who died of drinking too much coffee,  
 Anny Dominy eighteen forty.

~~~~~

The following epitaph on a gallant soldier is said to have rendered a brother of the dead insane.

John Macpherson was a very remarkable person,
 He stood six feet two without his shoe
 And he was slew at Waterloo.

On Walter Raleigh.

Here lyeth Walter Raleigh that arrant villain,
That would sell any friend he had for a shilling.

Gentle Reader, Gentle Reader,
Look on this spot where I do lie,
I was always a very good feeder,
But now the worms do feed on I.

In St. Agnello, Naples.

Dear Father receive this monument as a small acknowledgment for all the valuable favours received from you. Had it been possible for me to have transformed myself into a marble, you would have had no other tomb than my body, nor any other epitaph than this:—"The grateful Alexis returns his father the being he received from him, and becomes his parent's sepulchre."

On a Libertine.

Here lies the vile dust of the sinfulest wretch
That ever the devil delay'd to fetch;
But the reader will grant it was needless he should,
When he saw him a-coming as fast as he could.

On the Duke of Marlborough.

Here lies John Duke of Marlborough,
Who run the French thorough and thorough;

He married Sarah Jennings, spinster,
Died at Windsor, and was buried at Westminster.

In Jersey.

Weep, Stranger, for a father spill'd,
From a stage-coach, and thereby killed ;
His name was John Sykes, a maker of sассengers,
Slain with three other outside passengers.

On a Child in the Cemetery of Lanesville.

This little hero that lies here
Was conquered by the diarrhœa.

On Sir Francis Vere.

By one of the Wits of his own Times.
Where Vere sought Death, armed with his sword and
shield,
Death was afraid to meet him—in the field ;
But, when his weapons he had laid aside,
Death, like a coward, strook him, and he died.

At Kir Keel.

Here lie the remains of Thomas Nicols, who died
in Philadelphia, March 1753.

Had he lived he would have been buried here.

On a Talkative Old Maid.

Beneath this silent stone is laid
 A noisy antiquated maid;
 Who from her cradle talk'd till death,
 And ne'er before was out of breath.

Under this sod lies John Round
 Who was lost at sea and never was found.

On the Death of Shaw, the Pugilist and Lifeguards-
 man, who was killed at Waterloo.

Death never laid his iron paw
 Upon a braver man than *Shaw* !
 Gainsay the fact who ean ?
 And as he made the corse his own,
 " You see," cried Death, in vaunting tone,
 " He is no *Life-Guard-Man* !"

In a Church-Yard in Ireland.

Here lies Pat Steele.
 That's very true :
 Who was he ?—What was he ?
 What's that to you ?

In memory of Sarah Palmer,

Who departed this life March 16, 1782, in the 91st year of her age ; leaving children, grandchildren, great grandchildren, and treble grandchildren, 166.

By his kind help who sits on Heaven's throne,
 I reach'd the reverend age of ninety-one.
 At eighty-seven I had a broken shin—
 At eighty-nine I halved my dose of gin ;
 And, being come to ripe maturity,
 Plac'd all my thoughts upon futurity,
 Thinking I heard a blessed angel say—
 Cheery, old soul ! pack up, and come away.

On General Wolfe.

On the death of General Wolfe, a premium was offered for the best-written epitaph on that brave officer. A number of poets of all descriptions started as candidates, and, among the rest, was a poem sent to the editor of the Public Ledger, of which the following is one of the stanzas :—

He march'd without dread or fears,
 At the head of his bold grenadiers ;
 And what was more remarkable—nay, very particular,
 He climb'd up rocks that were quite perpendicular.

On Richard Harper, aged 87, and Mary his Wife,
aged 81.

They was what they was ;
What every good man and woman ought to be,
That was they.

On an Illegitimate Child of Mr. Ex-Sheriff Parkins.

Here lies the child of Hannah White,
And eke of Sheriff Parkins,
Begot one charming summer's night,
When Ex was on his larkings.

On a Lady dying in Child-birth.

Born at first to bring another forth,
She leaves the world, to leave the world her worth.
Thus phœnix-like, as she was born to bleed,
Dying herself, renews it in her seed.

On the Venerable Bede.

This great and good man was never canonized ; but he obtained the title of " VENERABLE," by the voluntary homage of his contemporaries, and from the utility of his works ; an attention much more honourable to his memory. The Monks, however, not

satisfied with such respectable cause for the appellation, have favoured us with two accounts of its origin. "When blind," say some of these authors, "he preached to a heap of stones, thinking himself in a church, and the stones were so much affected by his eloquence and piety, that they answered, 'Amen, *venerable Bede*, Amen.'" While others assert, that, "his scholars being desirous of placing upon his tomb an epitaph in rhyme, agreeable to the usage of the times, wrote—

‘ Hæc sunt in fossa
Bedæ presbyteri ossa,’

which not meeting complete approbation, the much-vexed poet determined to *fast* until he should succeed better: accordingly, he expunged the word presbyteri, and in vain attempted to substitute one more sonorous and consistent with metre, until, falling fast asleep, an *angel* filled up the blank thus left, and rendered the couplet thus—

“ Hæc sunt in fossa,
Bedæ *venerabilis* ossa.”

~~~~~

On a Young Man, killed by Drinking.

Here be I must,  
Wrapt up in dust,  
Confined to be sober.  
Clarke,\* take care,

---

\* A pot companion.

Lest you come here,  
For, faith, here's *no October*.

---

A good mother I have been,  
Many troubles I have seen,  
All my life I've done my best,  
And so I hope my soul's at rest.

---

On the death of a most amiable and beautiful young  
lady, of the name of Peach.

BY MR. BISSET.

DEATH long had wish'd within his reach,  
So sweet, so delicate a PEACH:  
He struck the Tree—the trunk lay mute;  
But *Angels* bore away the *Fruit!*

---

Randolph Peter,  
Of Oriel the Eater.

Whoe'er you are tread softly, I entreat you,  
For if he chance to wake, be sure he'll eat you.

---

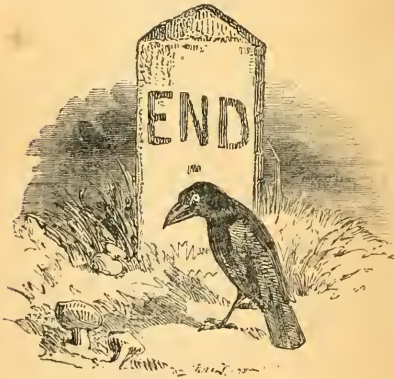
On a Glutton.

At length, my friends, the feast of life is o'er,  
I've eat sufficient, and I'll drink no more;  
My night is come, I've spent a jovial day,  
'Tis time to part, but oh! what is to pay!

In mournful Remembrance of John Jones Smith of  
Smoketown.

He smoked his cigarette, till from it came  
That subtle venom spreading from its flame,  
Which poisoned every fibre of his frame,  
And laid him low.

Yet, whilst he smoked, he languishingly sighed,  
It is but paper round tobacco plied ;  
When, like the flicker of a lamp, he died,  
And rests below.





UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last  
date stamped below.

---

REC'D LD-URL  
LD URL OCT 25 1976  
OCT 17 1976

LD URL REC'D LD-URL 1 1982

APR 16 1982

REC'D LD-URL  
LD URL SEP 10 1984  
SEP 10 1984

SEP 10 1984

FEB 01 1992

10m-7,'71 (P6348s8)—Z-53



3 1158 00745 9885

DM

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 671 654 2

