

The voice of God has call'd his child away:
Like Samuel, early in the temple found,
Sweet rose of Sharon, plant of holy ground;
Oh, more than Samuel bless'd, to thee 'tis
given,
The God he served on earth, to serve in
heav'n."

Passing on to specimens of purely
ridiculous epitaphs, we give this from
the Collegiate church in the great
manufacturing town of Wolverhampton,
England. It is inscribed over the
grave of Joseph Jones, who died in
1690:—

"Here lie the bones
Of Joseph Jones,
Who eat whilst he was able,
But once o'er-fed
He drop't 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 gives best dinners."

From Wolverhampton to Birmingham is not a long journey, and in the
lovely churchyard of St. Philip's, in
that city, is this supremely ridiculous
inscription, on a stone erected by a
widow, about a century since, in memory
of her deceased husband:—

"Cruel death! How could you be so unkind!
To take him before and leave me behind,
You ought to have taken both of us, if
either,
Which would have been more pleasant for
the survivor."

In Llanmynech churchyard in Wales
is this:—

"Here lies John Thomas
And his three children dear;
Two buried at Oswestry,
And one here."

In Streatham church there is this
inscription on the tomb of a lady, who
died in 1746. It reads:—

"Elizabeth, wife of Major-General Hamilton, who was married 47 years, and never did ONE thing to disoblige her husband."

In the graveyard surrounding Winchester cathedral, is this amusing production:—

"Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire Grenadier,
Who caught his death from drinking cold
small beer.
Soldiers beware, from his untimely fall,
When you are dry drink strong or none at
all."

This stone was restored by the officers
of the Winchester garrison, and
this couplet added:—

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

These two epitaphs are to be found
in Salem, Massachusetts. The first is
on a slave, and tells us:—

"Here lies the best of slaves
Now mouldering into dust
Cesar the Ethiopian craves
A place among the just
This faithful soul is fled
To realms of heavenly light
And by the blood that Jesus shed
So changed from black to white.
January 15 he quitted the stage,
In the 77th year of his age. 1780."

Then there is this one on a Scotch
schoolmaster:—

"Beneath these stanes lie Donald's banes,
O Satan! Should you take him,
Appoint him tutor to your weans
And clever Deils he'll make 'em."

In a necessarily fragmentary paper,
such as this, it has only been possible
to quote a very few of the many hundreds
of curious epitaphs that are to
be found. I have tried to give a few
of different character, and hope my
readers may be in some cases amused,
even if they fail to find much instruction.

