

Tower by order of their unnatural uncle, Richard, Duke of Gloucester; and that cruel usurper was himself slain in the battle of Bosworth Field. By his death the race of the Plantagenet Kings became extinct, after having been in possession of the Throne for 330 years. Last of all, Charles I. the unfortunate victim of party violence and ungovernable fanaticism, perished on the scaffold, January 30th, 1649. The deaths of the other Kings of England were natural, though some were hastened by various causes. Thus Henry I. died of a surfeit occasioned by eating stewed lampreys;—Stephen, of the iliac passion, and an hemorrhoidal complaint;—Henry II. of grief for the unnatural rebellion of his children;—John of anguish and disappointment at the loss of his dominions;—Henry III. oppressed by care, and the infirmities of old age, after a long reign of fifty-six years;—Edward I. and his grandson Edward III. of a dysentery;—Henry IV. in a fit;—Henry V. of a fistula;—Edward IV. of a quartian ague;—Henry VII. and his grandson Edward VI. of consumption;—Henry VIII. of corpulence and a complication of diseases;—Queen Mary of a dropsy;—Queen Elizabeth of deep melancholy, caused, it is said, by grief for the Earl of Essex, to whose execution she had unwillingly consented;—James I. of a tertian ague;—Charles II. of apoplexy;—James II. a fugitive in France;—Queen Mary, consort of William III. of the small pox;—Queen Anne of apoplexy;—George I. of indigestion occasioned by eating melons;—and George II. from the bursting of a blood vessel.

In the reign of Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots was executed at Fotheringay Castle,—a sacrifice to the jealousy and duplicity of her more powerful rival. Her grandson Henry Prince of Wales, (eldest son of James I.) died at the early age of seventeen of a fever, or, as some say, by poison. Henry Duke of Gloucester, youngest son of Charles I. died of the small pox in the year of the Restoration, before he had attained the age of manhood. His eldest sister Mary, Princess of Orange, (mother of William III.) soon after fell a victim to the same disease; and his second sister Elizabeth did not long survive them, her life being shortened it is supposed, by grief for her father's cruel fate. The Duke of Monmouth, natural son of Charles II. was beheaded for a rebellion against James II. his pretensions to the throne being utterly destroyed by the loss of the battle of Sedgemoor. George Prince of Denmark, consort of Queen Anne, died of the dropsy, and their eldest son William, Duke of Gloucester, was cut off by a fever in his twelfth year. Their five other children all died in infancy, so that on the death of Anne, the Protestant line of the House of Stuart became extinct. Frederick, Prince of Wales, eldest son of George II. died of an abscess in the lungs; and his brother William Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden, from the bursting of a blood vessel. Edward Duke of York, second son of the Prince of Wales and next brother to George III., died at Genoa of a malignant fever, in the 28th year of his age. His third and fourth brothers, the Dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester, also died in the prime of life; and his youngest brother Frederick at the early age of seventeen. The fate of his sister Matilda, the unfortunate Queen of Denmark, is well known; and the deaths which have occurred in the Royal family since that period, are too recent to require repetition.

EPITAPHS.

There is a humble, unpretending kind of poetry, limited in its subject—the production alike of the learned and the ignorant, the high and low, the rich and poor—which, alike interesting to all, has failed to obtain much regard from those to whom it addresses instruction: I mean Epitaphs. The living naturally wish to shun all intercourse with the dead; and though the latter, in many a warning line, lift up their voice, and call aloud from the ground, we heed not

the posthumous counsel, but tread over the gravel, or the green sod, which covers our ancestors' dust, without even whistling to keep our courage up. In the course of a long and busy life, I have read many epitaphs in various parts of England; and though many of these are the avowed productions of men of learning and genius, yet by far the greatest number, like the songs of the peasantry, are the production of humble and nameless persons. I have not failed to observe, that the inscriptions which spoke the plainest sense, expressed the happiest sentiments, contained the richest poetry, and gave the most original and vivid portraiture of past beauty or worth, were generally the works of obscure persons, whose names are unknown to literature; and who, probably both before and after, sought no intercourse with the muse. I shall only transcribe now a few of these epitaphs, which seem not generally known, and confine myself rather to the curious than the beautiful. The following very simple and affecting epitaph expresses more in few words than we usually observe in this kind of composition:

Nineteen years a maiden,

One year a wife,

One hour a mother,

And so I lost my life.

The brevity of the following is of a different nature, and approaches too close to the epigrammatic:

Life is uncertain, death is sure;

Sin is the wound, and Christ the cure.

Many wretched conceits, middling jokes, obscure compliments, as well as innumerable lines, are cut in stone. The following, on a child, will be found at Brighton:

He tasted of life's bitter cup,

Refused to drink the potion up;

But turn'd his little head aside,

Disgusted with the taste, and died.

Those who die at peace with the world, and leave rich legacies to their relations, commonly come in for a very reasonable share of good qualities in their epitaphs. There is some bitterness contained in two lines on a tombstone at Pentonville:

Death takes the good—too good on earth to stay;

And leaves the bad—too bad to take away.

An inscription at Islington is in better taste and gentler feeling. It is on a child some months old; and, brief as it is, contains a fine sentiment:

Here virtue sleeps—restrain the pious tear!

He waits that judgment which he cannot fear.

One on a young man at Chichester will not be read without emotion:

Art thou in health and spirits gay?

I too was so the other day;

And thought myself of life as safe,

As thou who read'st my epitaph.

Honest Stephen Rumbold, of Oxford, is thus briefly remembered:

He lived one hundred and five,

Sanguine and strong;

An hundred to five

You live not so long.

A soldier died suddenly in Hampshire, from drinking small beer after a hot march, and this is his epitaph:

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 you're hot, drink strong, or none at all.

Nordo wedislike the lines on Sophia Bovi, a child of two years old:

Rest, sweet, thy dust, wait the Almighty's will,

Rise with the just, and be an angel still.