

E. and L. I'll not interpret,—  
Let men wonder who they be.

Some are in their graves, and many  
Buried in their books and cares,  
In the tropics, in Archangel :  
Our thoughts are no longer theirs.

God have mercy ! All are sinful !  
Christ, conform our lives to Thine,  
Keep us from all strife, ill speaking,  
Envy, and the curse of wine.

Fetch my steed, I cannot linger,  
Buckley, quick ! I must away ;  
Good old groom, take thou this nothing,  
Millions could not make me stay."

The Buckley referred to in the last verse was Buckley Parmenter, who had been a servant to the Howes from his boyhood. He was about 70 years old when Lyman Howe died.

The landlord's bachelor life and easy-going ways made a sojourn there an inviting change to weary brain-workers. The irregularity of life, the *contretemps*, and ludicrous incidents, caused by the variety in character of helps and housekeepers, made a stay at the inn novel and attractive.

In the landlord's tale of Paul Revere's ride, Robert Newman climbed the stairs to the belfrey of the North Church Tower,

" Where he paused to listen and look down  
A moment on the roofs of the town,  
And the moonlight flowing over all.  
Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,  
In their night encampment on the hill."

The reference is to the old "Copp's Hill Burying Ground." It is comparatively unknown, and yet visitors to Boston would find a walk around it very interesting—it is full of quaint and curious epitaphs. I stood by Robert Newman's grave and looked up "to the highest window in the wall," and thought of that night when he stood yonder looking down on the spot where he now sleeps his last sleep, before he threw out the gleam of light, and then—

" A hurry of hoofs in a village street,  
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,  
And a word that shall echo for evermore !"

Near Robert Newman lies David Malcom, who died in 1769, and was buried in a stone coffin. British soldiers used his "grave stone" for a target, and the whole surface is covered with dents and marks.

Two or three specimens of the large number of odd epitaphs I copied, may interest those who care for ye olden times.

JAMES STEWART

Obit Sept. ye 22 1792

AGED SIX MONTHS.

He bore a lingering illness with fortitude, and met  
● the King of Terrors with a smile.

Wonderful infant !

Here lyeth buried ye body of Mathew Pittom,  
ye son of John and Mary Pittom, died January  
ye 26. 1693.

The views that illustrate this article are from photographs taken about 1868, and show the inn as it looked when the poem was written. Some of the trees are gone, and other changes have taken place ; the house has been re-painted and renovated ; but a visit to the Wayside Inn will repay anyone who appreciates a summer paradise. I saw names in the visitors' book, not only from all parts of the United States, but also from Great Britain, France and Germany, but I was the first Canadian to register in it.

John Howe, a cousin of Col. Howe, the "grandsire" whose sword hung peacefully in the parlor, was engaged in newspaper work in Boston when the revolutionary war began. He remained loyal to the King of England, and emigrated with his family to Nova Scotia. When the British Government rewarded the U. E. Loyalists, for their patriotism, with grants of land, John Howe received a grant of land about two miles from Halifax. Here his son Joseph was born in 1804. He was the Hon. Joseph Howe, who is considered one of the greatest orators the Dominion of Canada ever produced. He died in 1873, a few weeks after his appointment as Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia.