

must give way to the exigencies of rhyme, take this for example—

Underneath this soil *lies* John Round  
Who was *lost* in the sea and never was found.

The next one, given in the *Spectator* a short time since, may be inserted here as a strong contrast to these *lying* ones—

Here *lies* at last prevaricating Will,  
He loudly *lied* in life and now *lies* still.

The parting kick *downstairs* is particularly strong. For the sake of rhyme the poet has turned prophet in the next—

Near this place his mother lies.  
Likewise his father *when* he dies.

Before the labours of Messrs. Curwen and Hullah (we do not wish to be invidious, and you may put Hullah and Curwen if you prefer it) had produced such a respectable knowledge of music as can be found now in almost any village, the services of the parish clerk were of very much more importance than now, especially when, as in Swift's case, the service formed a *duet* between the doctor and dearly beloved Roger. My next does justice to one of this meritorious class of "poor clerks." It is in Bakewell churchyard, and sings Philip's praises thus (Philip Roe, September 12, 1815)—

The vocal powers, here let us mark  
Of Philip, our late parish clerk,  
In church none ever heard a layman  
With clearer voice say Amen!  
Oh! who with Hallelujah's sound  
Like him can make the roof resound?  
The Quire lament his choral tones,  
The town—so soon here lie his bones.  
Sleep undisturbed with thy peaceful shrine,  
Till angels wake thee with such tones as thine.

What a grand apostrophe in the eighth line! The poet was evidently distressed for a suitable rhyme to tones. The same churchyard furnishes the following dry and caustic description of a barber-surgeon. It reads thus:—"Know posterity, that on the 8th of April, in the year of grace 1757, the rambling remains of the above-said John Dale were in the 86th year of his pilgrimage laid upon his two wives.

This thing in life might raise some jealousy,  
Here all three lie together lovingly;  
But from embraces here no pleasure flows  
Like are here all human joys and woes.  
Here Sarah's chiding John no longer hears,  
And old John's rambling Sarah no more fears.  
A period's come to all their toilsome lives,  
The good man's *quiet*: *still* are both his wives

Some such as the two following doubtless caused Grey to write about uncouth rhymes:

Betty Ooden,  
Who lived no longer, cos she couldn.

Poor Martha Snell, her's gone away,  
Her would if her could, but her couldn't stay;  
Her'd two sore legs and a badish cough,  
But her legs it was as carried her off.

Evidently grammar had not been a "specific" subject of instruction in the days when it was penned. We feel, however, that we could almost excuse the grammar for the grim humor of the last line. Sometimes the epitaph is made to serve a double purpose, and when we see nowadays the rector of a parish keeping a sharp look-out on grave-stones, and refusing to allow

the harmless title of courtesy to be placed on the memorial-slab of a brother workman in the vineyard, one is constrained to sigh for the charity of bygone days. Why did the *rector* not object to this?—

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.

And to this on a quack?—

I was a quack, and there are men who say  
That in my time I physick'd lives away.  
And that at length, I, by myself, was slain  
With my own drugs, ta'en to relieve my pain.  
The truth is, being troubled with a cough  
I, like a fool, consulted Dr. Gough,  
Who physick'd me to death at his own will  
Because he's licensed be the State to kill.  
Had I but wisely taken my own physic  
I never should have died of cold and tisick.  
So all be warned, and when you catch a cold  
Go to my son, by whom my medicine's sold.

The next we propose to give is from Wigtown in Galloway, and is a specimen of bathos. But "if all's well, that ends well," who can blame the poet?—

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

Here is another. We have often wondered if the bereaved relatives were proudest of the fact that there was such a *large family* or that one was *abroad*. It runs thus:—"She was the mother of fourteen children, thirteen of whom followed her to the grave, whilst the other was in the Isle of Man." In the same churchyard, which by-the-way is on the banks of the Eden and in one of the loveliest parts of England, there is this homely and pathetic epitaph. It is on the grave-stone of a lad who died in his teens, and stands thus:—

When in this world but short was my stay,  
And empty was my laughter,  
I go before to show the way,  
And thou comes jogging after.

Want of space will prevent the exhaustion of the writer's *repertoire*. During this Christmas holidays, in a glorious "tramp" along the breast of the Pennines in company with a congenial soul, the writer picked up a couple more, one a little gem in its way, and the other one of the uncouth rhymes of Gray's immortal song. It, with Mark Twain's account of his visit to Niagara, over which cascade he fell and got wet, formed admirable condiment for the smoking ham fresh eggs with which the neat-handed Phyllis refreshed the hungry dedestrians.—*The Schoolmaster*.

### Treatment of Children.

BY MRS. N

Mothers, let us have a little chat together about the proper training of the little ones and the young people that are so soon to take our places in the busy work-a-day world; perhaps we can get some new ideas from each other that will be helpful to all. I am not of those who think the little ones can be put aside to care for themselves as best they may. They need watchful attention from the time they begin their education, which is the moment they begin to observe how other people do, and try to imitate them. Children are great imitators; how important then that we put a double guard upon our lips and our general conduct; how important that we should be