

We cud see whar the flame
 Tuk one cuss in the cheek ;
 They had stopped number seven,
 What we dassent do,
 Grabbed ole 249
 An' hed hustled her through :

Then th' boss sorter smiled
 In a quiet sorter way,
 An' says " Thet'll do, lads,
 Won't need yez ter day : "
 An' we went : kinder pleased,
 An' yit kinder mad,
 Fer he meant t' would ha' bin
 A bad job ef he had.

So thar she stands now
 In her brown yeller paint.
 An' the lef hin' wheel flat
 Like a varnished up saint.
 You jest bet she kin travel
 Jump up ; an' thet's all
 Fer ter shew thar's none like her.
 This side Montreal.

—ALAN SULLIVAN.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

The following epitaphs were copied by the writer's father many years ago from burying places in various parts of Great Britain and Ireland, and some of them appear in print probably for the first time.

This is from a stone in Dalkeith church-yard, Scotland :

[" On Margaret Scot, who died at Dalkeith, in Scotland, 14th February, 1748, aged 12½ years. "]

Stop, passenger, until my life you've read ;
 The living may get knowledge from the dead.
 5 times 5 years I lived a virgin life,
 10 times 5 years I was a virtuous wife,
 10 times 5 years I lived a widow chaste,
 Now tired of a mortal life I rest.
 I from my cradle to my grave have seen
 Eight mighty kings of Scotland and a queen ;
 Four times the commonwealth I saw,
 Four times the subjects raised against the law.
 Twice did I see old prelacy pull'd down,
 And twice the cloak was humbled by the gown ;
 An end of Stuart's race I saw, nay more,
 I saw my country sold for English ore ;
 Such desolations in my days have been,
 I have an end of all perfections seen."

Epitaph in Ireland :

" Here lies Pat Steel, that's very true ;
 Who was he ? What was he ? What's that to you ? "

In Aldine church :

" Here lies Sir John Trollop
 Who made these stones to roll up,
 When God Almighty took his soul up,
 His body went to fill this hole up."

At Nettlebed, Oxfordshire :

" Here lies father and mother and sister and I ;
 We all died in the short space of one year.
 They be all buried at Wimble except I,
 And I be buried here."

In Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk :

" Here lies Jane Kitchen,
 Who when her glass was spent,
 She kicked up her heels
 And away she went."

In Islington church-yard :

" Pray for the soul of Gabriel John,
 Who died in the year sixteen hundred and one,
 Or if you don't, it is all one."

In Pulleyn's church the following is given as the epitaph on a libertine :

" Here lies the vilest dust of the sinful wretch
 That even the devil delayed to fetch,
 But the reader will grant it was needless he should,
 When he was coming as fast as he could."

Epitaph :

" Andrew Thompson lieth here,
 Who had a mouth from ear to ear ;
 Reader, tread lightly on his sod,
 For if he gape, you're gone"

At Thetford church is the following :

" My grandfather was buried here,
 My cousin Jane and two uncles dear ;
 My father perished with inflammation in his
 thighs,
 And my sister dropped down dead in the Minorities ;
 But the reason why I'm here interred, according
 to my thinking,
 Is owing to my good living and hard drinking.
 If, therefore, good Christians, you wish to live long,
 Don't drink too much wine, brandy, gin, or any-
 thing strong."

A blacksmith's epitaph at Ipswich, Suffolk :

" My hammer and anvil I have declin'd,
 My bellows, too, have lost their wind,
 My fire's extinct, my forge is decayed,
 And in the dust my vice is laid."

Epitaph on an ignorant sot :

" Five letters his life and his death will express—
 He scarce knew A. B. C., and he died of X. S."

Epitaph in West Grinstead church-yard :

" Vast, strong was I, but yet I did die,
 And in my grave asleep I lie ;
 My grave is stoned round about,
 But I hope that God will find me out."

Epitaph copied from a grave stone in the church-yard of St. Philip's Norton, on James Burnett, who died, aged 85, in 1818 :

" Since all that's mortal turns to dust,
 Reader, be humble and be just ;
 'Twill ease thy mind of anxious care,
 And soothe thy passage God knows where."

Epitaph on a soldier :

" Death billeted me here, awhile for to remain,
 And when the trumpet sounds I'll rise and march
 again."