

Domestic troubles have been laid bare on the tombstone from the time of the Greeks and Romans. Here is a piece of atrocious dogged to be seen in Selby churchyard, in Yorkshire :

Here lies my wife, a sad slattern and a shrew ;
If I said I regretted her I should lie too.

The following, which frequently appear in collections of epitaphs, are not credited to any locality, and may be more wandering bits of epigrammatic misogyny :

This dear little spot is the joy of my life ;
It raises my flowers and covers my wife.

I am not grieved, my dearest life,
Sleep on—I've got another wife ;
Therefore I cannot come to thee,
For I must go and live with she.

My wife's dead and here she lies,
No man laughs, and no man cries ;
Where she's gone, or how she fares,
Nobody knows, and nobody cares.

Here lies my poor wife, without bed or blanket,
But dead as a door-nail, and God be thankit.

In the following the tables are turned :

Here lies the body of Mary Ford,
Whose soul, we trust is with the Lord ;
But if for hell she's changed this life,
'Tis better than being John Ford's wife.

Intentional drolleries frequently take the form of puns. Among those should rank the epitaph on Mr. Foote, of Norwich :

Here lies one Foote, whose death many thousands
save,

For Death has now one foot within the grave ;
and the one on Mr. Box :

Here lies one Box within another.
The one of wood was very good,
We cannot say so much for t'other ;

also the famous one of Sir John Strange :

Here lies an honest lawyer,
That is Strange !

A "happy conceit" it was doubtless thought in 1640, to write over a member of parliament named White :

Here lies a John, a burning, shining light,
Whose name, life, actions, all alike were White !

The following is by Swift on the Earl of Kildare :

Who killed Kildare ? Who dared Kildare to kill ?
Death killed Kildare—who dare kill whom he will.

Here are a few miscellaneous examples, the first on a Mr. Fish :

Worms are bait for fish ; but here's a sudden change :
Fish is bait for worms—is not that passing strange ?

On William Button, in a churchyard near Sanbury :

O sun, moon, stars, and ye celestial poles !
Are graves, then, dwindled into Button-holes ?

On Foote, the comedian :

Foote from his earthly stage, alas ? is hurled ;
Death took him off, who took off all the world.

The following mark of esteem is as terse as it is ambiguous. It is found in a churchyard in Grafton, Vermont :

GONE HOME.



Is the satire in the following examples intentional ?

Maria Brown, wife of Timothy Brown, aged eighty years. She lived with her husband fifty years, and died in the confidential hope of a better life.

Here lies Bernard Lightfoot, who was accidentally killed in the forty-fifth year of his age. This monument was erected by his grateful family.

BROKEN STOWAGE.

Never write lead-pencil comments in a borrowed book. The owner may rub them out—use ink.

"Whatever now happens to me," he said, violently, "the consequences are upon your head !" "Really ?" said the maid. "I hope they are on straight !"

Mrs. Jones—"Nothing to day." Tramp—"Well, mum, if yer don't give me sumthin' to eat, I'll report yer to the hull perfession as makin' the best mince pies in the neighborhood, and being very liberal to strangers."

He—"I'm going to pay you the highest compliment a man can pay a woman." She—"This is so sudden." He—"I know it, but I came away without my pocketbook—can you lend me a dollar until to-morrow ?"

"Can you tell me where I will get the Lancaster Avenue car ?" inquired a middle-aged, fussy woman, who was standing in the middle of the car track on Market Street, of a man who was in a great hurry. "Yes you'll get it right in the middle of your back if you stand there," he replied, and then passed on.

"Do I love George," mused Clara, softly, "or is it simply a sister's affection that I feel for"—Just then Bobby burst noisily into the room and interrupted her sweet meditations. "Get out of here, you noisy boy," she shouted, and, seizing him by the arm, she shot him through the door. "Ah, no !" she sighed, as she resumed her interrupted train of thought ; "my love for George is not a sister's love. It is something sweeter, purer, higher and holier."