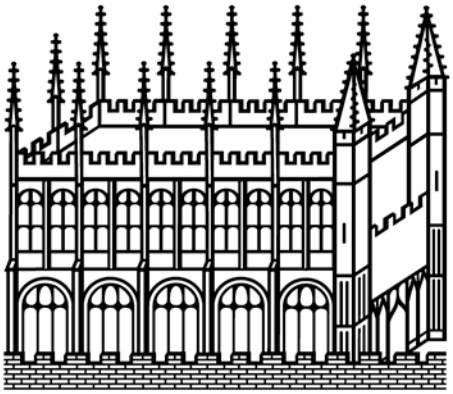

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J 61.

TAYLOR INSTITUTION.

BEQUEATHED

TO THE UNIVERSITY

H, M. A.
LEGE.

For M.R HACKETTS *EPITAPHS.*

B. Cole sculp

How are the Mighty fallen!
Oh! that they understood this!
O! that they would consider this, & be wise!

SELECT and REMARKABLE
EPITAPHS
ON
ILLUSTRIOUS and OTHER PERSONS,
IN
SEVERAL PARTS of EUROPE.
WITH
TRANSLATIONS
Of such as are in
LATIN and Foreign LANGUAGES.
AND
Compendious Accounts of the DECEASED, Their LIVES and WORKS.

By JOHN HACKETT,
Late Commoner of BALIOL-COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Life's but a walking Shadow, a poor Play'r,
That ſtruts and frets his Hour upon the Stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a Tale
Told by an Idiot, full of Sound and Fury,
Signifying nothing.——

In Two VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
Printed for T. OSBORNE, and J. SHIPTON, in GRAY'S-INN.
M.DCC.LVII.

To the Honourable

JAMES BRUCE, Eſq;

OF

BROOMHALL, *SCOTLAND.*

DEAR SIR,

AS I know your Temper was always averſe to fulſome Panegyric, and as even my Enemies will own that to be among the many Things in which I myſelf am not born to make any Figure, you need not fear being put out of Countenance any further than by having it known that you deign me the Honour of your Friendſhip.

This Connexion I could always boaſt of, even in the moſt ridiculous and abſurd of all my Undertakings, in my Days of ſpecial Folly: But as I began to be a Fool very early, ſo I hope it will not be found that I have recovered the Uſe of my Senſes too late.

The

DEDICATION.

The Sheets I have taken the Freedom to addreſs to you were the Fruits of leiſure Hours; when, ſomewhat grave, and ſenſible of a Deficiency in that Part of a Man's Cloathing that has ſo great a Sympathy with the Animal Spirits, I have left Mirth for the Church-yard, and deſerted Folks all alive and merry, for a penſive Hour with the Dead.

This public Acknowledgement of the many Favours I have received from you, Sir, and your noble Family, I hope you will accept with your accuſtomed Kindneſs. Long, long may it be ere your Virtues furniſh Matter for *your* Epitaph, but may you live to write that of

SIR,

Your moſt affectionate Friend,

and obliged humble Servant,

JOHN HACKETT.

A COLLECTION OF EPITAPHS.

St. John's, Neuremberg.

CRedo Reſurrectionem Carnis.
Baſilius Beſler Noricus,
Artis Pharmaceuticæ amator ſingularis,
Rei Herbariæ ſtudioſus.
1629.
Una cuſtodia Pietas.

In Engliſh thus:

'I believe in the Reſurrection of the Fleſh. *Ba-*
'*ſilius Beſler* of *Neuremberg*, a ſingular Lover of
'Chemiſtry, and Student in Botany. 1629. Piety is
'the only Guard.'

This Epitaph is inſerted on account of its being ſo beautifully modeſt. This learned Man, the moſt

knowing Botaniſt of his Time, contents himſelf (for he wrote the Inſcription himſelf) with the ſimple Title of *Rei Herbariæ ſtudioſus*. But, for his Skill in Botany, ſee his Collection, under the Title of *Muſæum Beſlerianum*. He alſo wrote a Treatiſe, containing a Deſcription of the Biſhop of *Aichſtedt*'s Gardens, under the Title of *Hortus Ayſtadtenſis*.

Pantheon, at *Rome*.

Raphaeli Sanctio, Joannis F. Urbinati,
Pictori eminentiſſimo, veterumque æmulo.
Cujus ſpiranteis prope imagineis ſi contemplere,
Naturæ atque Artis fœdus facile inſpexeris:
Julii II. et *Leonis* X. Pont. Max. Picturæ et
Architecturæ operibus gloriam auxit.
Vixit Annos XXXVII. integer integros.
Quo die natus eſt, eo eſſe deſiit, VIII *Id. April.* MDXX.
Ille hic eſt *Raphael*, timuit quo ſoſpite vinci
Rerum magna Parens, et moriente mori.
Ut videant Poſteri oris decus ac venuſtatem, cujus gratias
Mentemque celeſtem in Picturis admiraptur, *Raphaelis Sanctii*
Urbinatis, Pictorum Principis, in tumulo ſpirantem ex marmore
Vultum *Carolus Marattus* tam eximii viri memoriam veneratus
Ad perpetuum virtutis exemplar et incitamentum
P. Ann. MDCLXXIV.

In Engliſh thus:

'To *Raphael Sanctius*, Son of *John* of *Urbino*, the 'celebrated Painter, and Rival to the moſt illuſtrious 'of his Profeſſion among the Ancients. In contem- 'plating his almoſt breathing Images, you will eaſily 'diſcover a ſtrict Alliance between Art and Nature.

'By

'By his exquiſite Performances, both in Architecture 'and Painting, he exceedingly raiſed the Glory of 'Julius the Second and *Leo* the Tenth, under whoſe 'Popedoms he lived and wrought. He died on the 'ſame Day that he was born, the 8th of the Ides of 'April, 1520. Aged 37.

'This is the great *Raphael*. Nature, the Mother 'of all Things, was equally afraid of being outdone 'by him while he lived, and of expiring when he died. 'Out of a profound Veneration for the Memory of 'this excellent Man, and to enable Poſterity to ad-'mire the graceful Features of one, whoſe divine Soul 'is univerſally admired in the ſeveral maſterly Strokes 'of his Pencil, and to excite others, by a ſtanding 'Monument, to follow his noble Steps, *Charles Ma-'ratti* erected this Marble Effigy, in the Year 1674.'

Intended by Mr. Prior *for his own Monument.*

As Doctors give Phyſick by way of Prevention,
Matt alive and in Health of his Tomb-ſtone took care;
For Delays are unſafe, and his pious Intention
May haply be never fulfill'd by his Heir.
Then take *Matt*'s Word for it, the Sculptor is paid;
That the Figure is fine, pray believe your own Eye;
Yet credit but lightly what more may be ſaid;
For we flatter ourſelves, and teach Marble to lye.
Yet counting ſo far as to Fifty his Years,
His Virtues and Vices were as other Men's are;
High Hopes he conceiv'd, and he ſmother'd great Fears,
In a Life party-colour'd, half Pleaſure, half Care.
Nor to Buſineſs a Drudge, nor to Faction a Slave,
He ſtrove to make Int'reſt and Freedom agree;
In publick Employments induſtrious and grave;
But alone with his Friends, Lord! how merry was he!
Now in Equipage ſtately, now humbly on Foot,
Both Fortunes he try'd, but to neither would truſt,

And whirl'd in the Round, as the Wheel turn'd about,
He found Riches had Wings, and knew Man was but Duſt.
This Verſe, little poliſh'd, tho' mighty ſincere,
Sets neither his Titles nor Merits to View:
It ſays, that his Relicks collected lie here,
And no Mortal yet knows too if this may be true.
Fierce Robbers there are, that infeſt the Highway,
So *Matt* may be kill'd, and his Bones never found;
Falſe Witneſs at Court, and fierce Tempeſts at Sea,
So *Matt* may yet chance to be hang'd or be drown'd.
If his Bones lie in Earth, roll in Sea, fly in Air,
To Fate we muſt yield, and the thing is the ſame;
And if paſſing thou giv'ſt him a Smile or a Tear,
He cares not—yet pr'ythee be kind to his Fame.

Tiddeſwall, Derbyſhire.

Under this Stone as here doth ly, a Corps ſometime of Fame,
In *Tiddeſwall* bred and born truly *Robert Purſglove* by Name.
And there brought up by Parents Care at Schoole and Learning trad
Till afterwards by Uncle dear to *London* he was had;
Who *William Bradſhaw* hight by Name in *Paul's* which did him place,
And there at Schoole did him maintaine full thrice 3 whole Year's Space:
And then into the Abberye was placed as I wis,
In *Southwark* call'd, where it doth ly, Saint *Mary Overis:*
To *Oxford* then, who did him ſend into that College right,
And there 14 Years did him find which *Corpus Chriſti* hight:

From thence at length away he went, a Clerke of Learning great,
To *Giſburn Abbey* ſtreight was ſent and plac'd in Prior's Seat;
Biſhop of *Hull* he was alſo, Archdeacon of *Nottingham*,
Provoſt of *Rotheram College* too, of *York* eak Suffragan;
Two Gramer Schools he did ordain with Land for to endure,
One Hoſpitall for to maintain 12 impotent and poor.
O *Giſburn*, thow with *Tiddeſwall* Town, lement and mourn you may,
For this ſaid Clerk of great Renown lyeth here compact in Clay:
Though cruel Death hath now down brought this Body which here doth ly,
Yet Trump of *Fame* ſtay can he nought to ſound his Prayſe on high.

Qui legis hunc verſum crebro reliquum memoreris
Vile cadaver ſum tuque cadaver eris.

Round the Verge of the Stone.

Chriſt is to me as Life on Earth,
And Death to me is Gaine,
Becauſe I truſt thro' him alone
Salvation to obtaine.
So brittle is the State of Man,
So ſoon it doth decay,
So all the Glorie of this World
Muſt paſs and fade away.

This *Robert Purſglove*, ſometime Biſhop of *Hull*, deceas'd the 2d Day of *May* in the Year of our *Lord God* 1579.

Robert Purſglove, alias *Silveſter* (ſays *Browne Willis*) ſucceeded *Cuthbert Marſhall* as Archdeacon of *Nottingham*, being inſtalled *Jan.* 31. 1549. He was deprived 1559. and ſentenced to remain at *Ugthorp*, Co. *York*,

or within 12 Miles of it. He died *May* 2. 1579. and was buried in *Tiddeſwall* Church, Co. *Derby*.

Weſtminſter-Abbey.

D. O. M.
Bonæ Memoriæ et Spei Æternæ
Mariæ Stuartæ, Scotorum Reginæ, Franciæ Dotariæ, Jacobi V.
Scotorum Regis Filiæ, et Hæredis unicæ Henrici Angl. Regis
Ex Margareta majori natu filiæ (Jacobo IIII. Regi Scotorum
matrimonio copulatæ) Proneptis Edwardi IIII. Angl. Regis
Ex Elizabetha filiarum ſuarum natu maxima, abneptis Franciſci
II. Gallorum R. conjugis, coronæ Angl. dum vixit certæ et Indubitatæ
hæredis, et Jacobi Magnæ Brit. Monarchæ potentiſſimi Matris.

Stirpe vere Regia et antiquiſſima prognata erat, maximis totius Europæ principibus agnatione et cognatione conjuncta, et exquiſitiſſimis animi et corporis dotibus et ornamentis cumulatiſſimæ. (verum ut ſunt variæ rerum humanarum vices) poſtquam annos plus minus viginti, in cuſtodiâ detenta fortiter et ſtrenue (ſed fruſtra) cum malevolorum obtrectationibus, timidorum ſuſpicionibus, et inimicorum capitalium inſidiis conflicta eſſet, tandem inaudito et infeſto regibus exemplo, ſecuri percutitur; et contempto mundo, devicta morte, laſſato carnifice, Chriſto Servatori animæ ſalutem, Jacobo filio ſpem regni et poſteritatis, et univerſis cædis infauſtæ ſpectatoribus exemplum patientiæ commendans, pie, patienter, intrepide, cervicem regiam ſecuri maledictæ ſubjecit, et vitæ caducæ ſortem

cum

cum cœleſtis regni perennitate commutavit, VI. Idus Feb. A. C. MDLXXXVII. Ætatis XXXXVI.

Si generis ſplendor, raræ ſi gratia formæ,
Probri neſcia mens, inviolata fides,
Pectoris invicti robur, ſapientia, candor,
Nixaque ſolantis ſpes pietate Dei,
Si morum probitas, duri patientia fræni,
Majeſtas bonitas pura, benigna manus,
Pallida Fortunæ poſſint vitare Tonantis
Fulmina, quæ montes templaque ſancta petunt;
Non præmaturâ fatorum ſorte periſſet,
Nec fieret mœſtis triſtis imago genis.
Jure Scotos, thalamo Francos, ſpe poſſidet Anglos,
Triplice ſic triplex Jure corona beat;
Fælix heu nimium felix, ſi turbine pulſa
Vicinam ſero conciliaſſet opem:
Sed cadit ut terram teneat; nunc morte triumphat,
Fructibus ut ſua ſtirps pullulet inde novis.
Victa nequit vinci, nec carcere clauſa teneri,
Non occiſa mori, ſed neque capta capi.
Sic vitis ſucciſa gemit fœcundior uvis,
Sculptaque purpureo gemma decore micat.
Obruta frugifero ſenſim ſic ceſpite ſurgunt
Semina per multos quæ latuere dies
Sanguine ſancivit fœdus cum plebe Jehova,
Sanguine placabant numina ſancta patres.
Sanguine conſperſi quos præterit ira Penates,
Sanguine ſignata eſt, quæ modo cedit humus,
Parce, Deus (ſatis eſt) infandos ſiſte dolores;
Inter funeſtos pervolet illa dies.
Sit Reges mactare nefas, ut ſanguine poſthac
Purpureo nunquam terra Britanna fluat.
Exemplum pereat cæſæ cum vulnere Chriſtæ,
Inque malum præceps Author et Actor eat.
Si meliore ſui poſt mortem parte triumphet;
Carnifices ſileant tormina clauſtra, cruces.
Quem dederant curſum ſuperi Regina peregit,

Tempora læta Deus, tempora dura dedit.
Edidit eximium, fato properante, Jacobum,
Quem Pallas, Muſæ, Delia, fata colunt.
Magna viro, major natu, ſed maxima partu,
Conditur hic regum filia, ſponſa parens,
Det Deus ut nati, et qui naſcentur ab illis,
Æternos videant hic ſine nube dies.

H. N. Gemens.

1 Pet. 2. 21.
Chriſtus pro nobis paſſus eſt; relinquens exemplum ut ſequamini veſtigia ejus.

1 Pet. 2. 23.
Qui cum malediceretur non maledicebat, cum pateretur, non comminabatur; tradebat autem judicanti juſte.

The Verſes in Engliſh are as follow:

If Birth illuſtrious, or if Beauty's Pride,
A guiltleſs Mind, and Faith ſeverely try'd;
If Wiſdom, Fortitude, a candid Breaſt,
And hope in Him who comforts the Diſtreſt;
If Probity of Heart, with Patience mild,
To bear injurious Wrongs, to be revil'd;
If Goodneſs, Majeſty, a lib'ral Will
To raiſe the Wretched, and the Poor to fill,
Could 'ſcape blind Fortune's Thunders, that alike
On good and bad, on low and lofty, ſtrike;
Thou hadſt not early fall'n by being great,
Nor thy ſad Image ſeem'd to weep thy Fate.
Scotland by Right, by Marriage *France* was thine;
To theſe well-founded Hope did *England* join;
By triple Right a triple Crown ſhe wears;
But dim its Luſtre to a Crown of Stars.
Happy, too happy, if, the Storm allay'd,
Tho' late, the neighb'ring Realm had her obey'd:
But ſee, ſhe falls, to triumph in the Grave:
New Vigour thence, and Fruits, her Branches have.

Con-

Conquer'd, ſhe conquers; free, tho' cloſe confin'd;
Not dead, tho' ſlain; the Fates her Chains unbind.
So the prun'd Vine ſhoots forth with fertile Sprays,
And the cut Gem reflects its purple Rays;
So genial Seeds, committed to the Earth,
Riſe from the fruitful Soil a brighter Birth.
With Blood, God's Covenant with Man was made;
With Blood, the Patriarchs his Wrath allay'd;
With Blood, the Firſt-born ſcap'd the gen'ral Doom;
Blood ſtain'd the Land which now is hers become.
Oh ſtay thy Vengeance, Heav'n, for Mercy's ſake!
That fatal Day be ever mark'd with black: —
To murder Kings abhorr'd for evermore,
Nor *Britain* ſtain'd again with Royal Gore.
Let the Example periſh with the Blow;
Accurs'd its Author and its Actor too.
Since in her better Part ſhe triumphs ſtill,
Dumb be her Fate, and ſilent ev'ry Ill.
Such was her Courſe, as Heav'n thought fit to ſteer;
She had her Joys, ſhe knew her Sorrows, here.
Early to Life the Royal *James* ſhe gave,
Whom ev'ry kinder Pow'r in Keeping have.
By Nuptials great, by Birth ſtill greater known;
And greateſt in her Iſſue, ſuch a Son.
Here *Mary* lies, of whom we ſighing ſing;
The Daughter, Wife, and Mother of a King.
Grant, Heav'n! that to the lateſt Times her Race,
Their happy Hours without a Cloud may paſs!

H. N.

In the Beginning of *May* 1568. *Mary* Queen of *Scots* eſcaped from her Confinement in the Caſtle of *Lochlevin* in *Scotland* (whither ſhe had been ſent by the Nobility), and collected a Body of Forces; but being defeated, fled to *England*, upon large Promiſes of Aſſiſtance and Favour from Queen *Elizabeth*. But, upon her Arrival there, ſhe was detained as a Priſoner of War, till ſhe ſhould anſwer for the Death of

Lord *Darnley* her Huſband, who was a Native of *England*. Commiſſioners were appointed to take Cognizance of her Cauſe, Deputies ſent from *Scotland* to accuſe her, and *York* was named for the Place of Conference. This Commiſſion was ſoon recalled, and the Matter brought to a Rehearing at *Weſtminſter*, though without Effect. Her Confinement, which was a ſtrict one, occaſioned repeated Attempts, both at home and abroad, to deliver her, and even ſome Plots againſt the Life of Queen *Elizabeth*; which at laſt occaſioned, in 1584, an Aſſociation to be entered into by the Subjects of the Queen in her Defence. The Queen of *Scots* perceiving this to be formed for her Deſtruction, offered, among other things, to renounce all Claim to the Crown of *England* during Queen *Elizabeth*'s Life: But this was rejected, upon Suggeſtion, that there was no Hope of the Safety of the latter, if the former ſhould enjoy her Freedom. In conſequence of this, the Queen of *Scots* being charged, in 1586, even by her own Secretaries, with having a Share in *Babington*'s Plot, it was determined by the *Engliſh* Miniſters to bring her to Trial; which was accordingly done in *October* that Year; and on the 25th of the ſame Month Sentence was pronounced againſt her; which was confirmed a few Days after by the unanimous Conſent of both Houſes of Parliament, who petitioned Queen *Elizabeth*, that it might be put in Execution. On the firſt of *February* 1586-7. the Warrant was ſigned for her Death; but that Queen being deſirous to have the Blame of the Action, as much as poſſible, removed from herſelf, gave Orders to her Secretaries, *Walſingham* and *Daviſon*, to write to Sir *Amias Paulet* and Sir *Drue Drury*, the Queen of *Scots* Keepers, to make her ſecretly away; but they declining the Office, her Majeſty next Day commanded *Daviſon*, that a Letter ſhould be ſent to *Paulet* for the ſpeedy Execution of the Warrant. The Queen of *Scots* was accordingly beheaded, on the 8th of *February*,

bruary, in the Hall of *Fotheringay* Caſtle, and died with great Reſolution, and an inviolable Attachment to the *Romiſh* Religion. Her Body was at firſt interred in the Cathedral of *Peterborough*, and about twenty Years after removed to *Weſtminſter Abbey*, by Order of her Son King *James* I. T. BIRCH.

The Proſe Part of the Epitaph runs thus: 'To 'the gracious Memory and eternal Hope of *Mary* 'Stuart, Queen of *Scots*, Dowager of *France*, Daugh- 'ter and ſole Heireſs of *James* V. King of *Scots*; 'and Great Grand-daughter of *Henry* the VIIth, by 'Margaret his eldeſt Daughter, married to *James* IV. 'King of *Scots*: Deſcended from *Edward* IV. King 'of *England*, by *Elizabeth* his eldeſt Daughter, Con- 'ſort to *Francis* II. King of *France*; True and un- 'doubted Heireſs to the Crown of *England*, and 'Mother to the moſt mighty Prince *James*, King 'of *Great Britain*. She was of a moſt ancient and 'truly Royal Deſcent, related to the greateſt Princes 'of all *Europe*; eminent for all Accompliſhments of 'Mind and Body. But ſuch is the Viciſſitude of 'human Things! after an Impriſonment of about 'twenty Years, and a firm but, alas! ſucceſsleſs 'Struggle againſt the Calumnies of the Malicious, 'the Suſpicions of the Timorous, and the Snares of 'the Implacable, ſhe loſt her Head! by an Act of 'unparalleled Severity, and to the Diſgrace of the 'Sacredneſs of Majeſty. With a noble Contempt of 'the World, and a Soul ſuperior to the Fear of Death, 'and to the Terror of the Executioner, leaving her 'Soul to Chriſt, the Kingdom to her Son *James*, and 'to the Spectators of this atrocious Murder a Pattern 'of moſt exalted Fortitude, ſhe compoſedly ſubmitted 'her Royal Head to the Axe, and exchanged a pre- 'carious Life for the Eternity of Heaven, on the '18th of *February* 1587. aged 46.'

St. Faith's, under *St. Paul's*.

William Lambe, ſo ſometime was my Name,
Whiles I alyve did run my mortall Race;
Servynge a Prince of moſt immortal Fame,
Henry the Eighth, who of his princely Grace
In his Chappell allowed me a Place.
By whoſe Favour from Gentleman t' Eſquire
I was prefer'd with Worſhip for my Hire.
With Wives three I joyned Wedlock Band,
Which all alive true Lovers were to mee,
Joane, *Alice*, and *Joane*, for ſo they came to Hand,
What needeth Prayſe regarding their Degrees?
In wively Truth none ſtedfaſt more could be,
Who though in Earth Death's Force did once diſſever,
Heaven yet, I truſt, ſhall joyne us all together.
O *Lambe* of God, which Sinne didſt take away,
And as a *Lambe* was offered up for Sinne;
Where I (poor *Lambe*) went from thy Flock aſtray,
Yet thou, good Lord, vouchſafe thy *Lambe* to winne
Home to thy Folde, and holde thy *Lambe* therein:
That at the Day when *Lambes* and *Goats* ſhall ſever,
Of thy choice *Lambes* *Lambe* may be one for ever.

This *Lambe* having left a perpetual Annuity to the Poor of this Pariſh, they are, upon receiving the ſaid Charity, enjoined to ſay theſe Verſes:

I pray you all that receive Bread and Fence,
To ſay the Lord's Prayer before you go hence.

Glouceſter Cathedral.

Here lyes the Body of *Samuel Bridger*, Gent. who departed this Life upon the 21ſt Day of *July*, *An.* 1650.

Receiver of this College Rents, he paid
His Debt to Nature, and beneath he's laid

To

To reſt, until his Summons to remove,
At the laſt Audit, to the Choir above.

Sherborne, Dorſetſhire.

On the Monument of the Honourable Robert Digby, *and of his Siſter* Mary, *erected by their Father the Lord* Digby, Anno 1727.

Go! fair Example of untainted Youth,
Of modeſt Wiſdom, and pacific Truth;
Compos'd in Sufferings, and in Joy ſedate,
Good without Noiſe, without Pretenſion great.
Juſt of thy Word, in ev'ry Thought ſincere,
Who knew no Wiſh, but what the World might hear:
Of ſofteſt Manners, unaffected Mind,
Lover of Peace, and Friend of human Kind:
Go, live! for Heaven's eternal Year is thine;
Go, and exalt thy moral to Divine.
And thou, bleſt Maid, Attendant on his Doom,
Penſive haſt follow'd to the ſilent Tomb,
Steer'd the ſame Courſe to the ſame quiet Shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only Bliſs ſincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!
Yet take theſe Tears, Mortality's Relief,
And till we ſhare your Joys, forgive our Grief:
Theſe little Rites, a Stone, a Verſe, receive,
'Tis all a Father, all a Friend, can give.

A. Pope.

Weſtminſter Abbey.

Sidney, Earl of *Godolphin*, Lord High Treaſurer of *Great Britain*, and Chief Miniſter during the firſt nine glorious Years of Queen *Anne*.

He

He died in the Year 1712. the 15 Day of *September*. Aged 67. and was buried near this Place; to whoſe Memory this is offered, with the utmoſt Gratitude, Affection, and Honour, by his much obliged Daughter-in-Law, *Henrietta Godolphin.*

This Nobleman was Member of Parliament in 1661. Groom of the Bedchamber to King *Charles* II. Commiſſioner of the Treaſury 1679. in 1684 Secretary of State, then created Baron of *Rialton* in *Cornwall* by King *James* II. he was made Lord Chamberlain to the Queen, and Commiſſioner for executing the Office of Lord High Treaſurer. After the Revolution, he was Firſt Commiſſioner of the Treaſury, and ſoon after Lord Treaſurer.

Sidney Earl of *Godolphin* was the ſilenteſt and modeſteſt Man that perhaps was ever bred in a Court. He had a clear Apprehenſion, and diſpatched Buſineſs with great Method, and with ſo much Temper, that he had no perſonal Enemies. But his Silence begot a Jealouſy, which hung long upon him. His Notions were for the Court; but his incorrupt and ſincere Way of managing the Concerns of the Treaſury, created in all People a very high Eſteem for him. He had true Principles of Religion and Virtue, and never heaped up Wealth: So that, all things being laid together, he was one of the wiſeſt and worthieſt Men employed in that Age. Biſhop BURNET.

The ſame Hiſtorian obſerves in another Place, That he was a Man of the cleareſt Head, the calmeſt Temper, and the moſt incorrupt of all the Miniſters he had ever known; and that, after having been thirty Years in the Treaſury, and during nine of thoſe Lord Treaſurer, as he was never once ſuſpected of Corruption, or of ſuffering his Servants to grow rich under him, ſo in all that Time his Eſtate was not increaſed by him to the Value of 4000*l.*

He had a penetrating, contemplative Genius, a

ſlow,

ſlow, but unerring Apprehenſion, and an exquiſite Judgment, with few Words, tho' always to the Purpoſe. He was temperate in his Diet. His ſuperior Wiſdom and Spirit made him deſpiſe the low Arts of vain-glorious Courtiers; for he never kept Suitors unprofitably in Suſpence, nor promiſed any thing that he was not reſolved to perform; but, as he accounted Diſſimulation the worſt of Lying, ſo, on the other hand, his Denials were ſoftened by the Frankneſs and Condeſcenſion, with which he informed thoſe whom he could not gratify. His great Abilities, and conſummate Experience, qualified him for a Prime Miniſter; and his exact Knowledge of all the Branches of the Revenue, particularly fitted him for the Management of the Treaſury. He was thrifty, without the leaſt Tincture of Avarice, being as good an Oeconomiſt of the public Wealth, as he was of his private Fortune. He had a clear Conception of the whole Government, both in Church and State; and perfectly knew the Temper, Genius, and Diſpoſition of the *Engliſh* Nation. And tho' his ſtern Gravity appeared a little ungracious, yet his ſteady and impartial Juſtice recommended him to the Eſteem of almoſt every Perſon; ſo that no Man, in ſo many different public Stations, and ſo great a Variety of Buſineſs, ever had more Friends or fewer Enemies. BOYER.

Weſtminſter Abbey.

To preſerve and unite the Memory of two faithful Friends, who loſt their Lives at Sea together, *May* 28. MDCLXXII.

Sir *Charles Harbord*, Kt. third Son of Sir *Charles Harbord*, Kt. his Majeſty's Surveyor-General, and Firſt Lieutenant of the *Royal James*, under the moſt noble and illuſtrious Captain, *Edward* Earl of *Sandwich*,

wich, Vice-Admiral of *England*; which, after a terrible Fight, maintained to Admiration againſt a Squadron of the *Holland* Fleet for above 6 Hours, near the *Suffolk* Coaſt, having put off two Fireſhips, at laſt being utterly diſabled, and few of her Men remaining unhurt, was, by a third, unfortunately ſet on Fire; but he, though he ſwam well, neglected to ſave himſelf, as ſome did, and out of perfect Love to that worthy Lord, whom for many Years he had conſtantly accompany'd in all his honourable Imployments, and in all the Engagements of the former Warre, dyed with him at the Age of thirty-two, much bewailed of his Father, whom he never offended, and much beloved of all, for his knowne Piety, Virtue, Loyalty, Fortitude and Fidelity.

On the left Side of the Monument:

Clement Cottrell, Eſq; eldeſt Son of Sir *Charles Cottrell*, Knt. Maſter of the Ceremonies, and his Aſſiſtant to have ſucceeded in that Office; for which he was fit; having a tall, handſome Perſon, a graceful, winning Behaviour, and great natural Parts, much improv'd by Study and by Converſe in moſt Courts of *Europe*; where, firm to the Church of *England*, he learned not their Vices, but Cuſtomes and Languages, underſtanding Seven, and ſpeaking Foure of them as his own, though but 22 Years old: Yet not content to ſerve his King and Country at home only, his Exceſs of Courage, incited by a deep Senſe of Honour, could not be kept from going Volunteere with the Earl of *Sandwiche* with whom he had been in *Spaine*, when his Excellency was Embaſſadour extraordinary; with whom, after having returned unwounded into his Ship from being the firſt Man that had boarded a *Dutch* one of ſixty Guns, and pulled down the Enſeigne of it with his own Hand, he alſo periſhed univerſally lamented.

Litch-

Litchfield Cathedral.

JOHANNIS HACKETT
Epiſc. *Litchf.* et *Coventr.* Cineribus ſacrum.
Primævæ Pietatis et ſummæ eloquentiæ Præſultem,
Eccleſiæ *Anglicanæ* et Fidei Orthodoxæ Aſſertorem
ſtrenuum,
Concionatorem etiam ad ultimum aſſiduum,
Et ſuperſtitionis Babylonicæ tam maturum hoſtem,
Ut pene in cunis ſtraverit Loyolitas;
(Raro Exemplo
Ut poeta præluderet Theologo)
Vitæ denique integritate et innocentia,
Morum ſuavitate et candore,
Charitate erga pauperes eximiâ
Et Liberalitate erga ſuos inſignem typum;
(Verbo omnia)
Jo. Williams Metropol. *Ebor.* Patroni ſui Ectypum;
(Deſine ulterius quærere)
Iſta omnia Tabula hæc unico in *Hacketto* exhibet;
Adverſus poſitum cætera Marmor habet.
Obiit 28. *Oct.* 1670.
Sub anno Ætatis ſuæ 79.
Siſtâmus ergo!
Moræ pretium eſt ſcire,
Quis demum *Langthono* claudit latus?
Solus *Hackettus* tanto dignus contubernio;
Cujus piæ Liberalitati debetur
Quod *Langthoni* cineres non frigeſcunt,
Ædis Cathedralis *Lichfeildiæ* Inſtaurator illic
Reſtaurator hic jacet.
Eccleſiæ *Anglicanæ* Antiſtitum par ingens,
Eoque ingentius quod ſibimet pares.
Scire vis Lector,
Quam multis ille bonis flebilis occidit?
Schola Regia *Weſtmonaſt.* Alumnum,
Collegium S. S. *Trinitat. Cantabr.* Socium,

Eccl.

Eccl. Sancti *Andreæ*, *Holborn* } Quadrigenarium Rec-
Et *Cheam* in Agro *Surrien.* } torem,
Ædes D. *Pauli* Reſidentiarium,
Sedes hæc Epiſcopalis digniſſimum ſibi
Præſulem abreptum deflet.
Sed ludo te, Viator,
Dum inter mortuos refero
Eum Virum
Quem Reſtauratæ *Pauli* Relliquiæ et *Ceddæ* ruinæ,
Quem Hoſpitium Epiſcop. S. S. *Trinit.* Coll.
De novo extructum,
Et *Cantab.* Bibliotheca libris cumulatè aucta
Longum dabunt ſuperſtitem.

Dr. *Hackett* was born in the *Strand*, near *Exeter-Houſe*, in the Pariſh of *St. Martin's in the Fields*, within the Liberty of *Weſtminſter*, on the firſt Day of *September* 1592. His Father *Andrew Hackett*, of *Pitferrane* in *Scotland*, a ſenior Burgeſs of the City of *Weſtminſter*, and afterwards of the Robes to Prince *Henry*, being a zealous Proteſtant, took great Care to breed up his only Son to that Religion. When he was young, therefore, he put him to the College-School at *Weſtminſter*, where he ſoon gained the Affection of his Maſter, Mr. *Ireland*, and the Patronage of Dr. *Lancelot Andrews*. When Mr. *Andrew Hackett* (ſays *Antony Wood*) addreſſed Dr. *Nevill*, Maſter of *Trinity* College, *Cambridge*, about his Son, the Doctor told him, that he ſhould go to *Cambridge*, or elſe he would carry him upon his Back. As ſoon as he had taken Orders, Dr. *John Williams*, Biſhop of *Lincoln*, choſe him his Chaplain. Two Years he ſpent in that Biſhop's Service; then was made Chaplain to King *James* the Firſt; the next Year, preſented to the Church of *St. Andrew* in *Holborn*, and ſuddenly after made Parſon of *Cheam* in *Surrey*. Finding afterwards his Church of *St. Andrew* in *Holborn* much in Decay, he obtained, by Subſcriptions, divers thouſands

of

of Pounds to repair it; but the Long Parliament ſeized on that and the Money for repairing *St. Paul's* Cathedral, to carry on their execrable Rebellion againſt their King. Having ſuffered much from the Rebels, on the Reſtoration of his Majeſty, the Biſhoprick of *Glouceſter* was offered to him, but he refuſed it. On his being made Biſhop of *Litchfield* and *Coventry*, he laid out 2000 *l.* in repairing the *Litchfield* Cathedral; 1000 *l.* of which he had of the Chapter, and the reſt was of his own Charge, and his procuring from Benefactors. The noble Monument over his Grave, from which the foregoing Inſcription is taken, was erected by his Son Sir *Andrew Hackett*, of *Moxhull* in *Warwickſhire*, ſometime one of the Maſters in Chancery. —His Works are a *Century of Sermons*, publiſhed, with his Life at large ſet before them, by Dr. *Plume* of *Cambridge*, afterwards Archdeacon of *Rocheſter*; and a *Latin Comedy*, called *Loiola*, printed at *London* in the Year 1648. *Octavo*.

The Epitaph in *Engliſh* is thus: —'Sacred to the 'Aſhes of *John Hackett*, Biſhop of *Litchfield* and *Co-* 'ventry: A Prelate of primitive Piety and great Elo- 'quence: A ſtrenuous Aſſerter of the *Engliſh* Church, 'and the orthodox Faith; a Preacher to the laſt moſt 'aſſiduous; and ſo early an Enemy to Superſtition, 'that he vanquiſhed the *Jeſuits* almoſt in his Cradle. 'Rare the Example, of a great Poet's becoming an 'excellent Divine! For the Integrity and Innocence 'of his Life, the Sweetneſs and Candour of his Mo- 'rals, his great Charity to the Poor, and Generoſity 'to his Relations, a Type of his Patron *Jo. Williams*, 'Archbiſhop of *York*. All theſe Qualities this Marble 'boaſts in *Hackett*. The reſt the other Side will tell. '—He died 28. *Oct.* 1670. Aged 79.

'Stop!

'It will be worth your Delay to know who it is 'that is laid here by *Langton*. *Hackett*, alone worthy

'of

'of ſuch a Place: To whoſe Liberality it is owing 'that the Aſhes of *Langton* are now covered. Here 'lies the Rebuilder of this Cathedral Church of *Litch-field*, and there the Repairer of it. Two the great-'eſt of *Engliſh* Prelates, and the greater that they 'were equal. Would you know, Reader, how many 'different People weep this great Man's Departure? 'In him — the Royal College at *Weſtminſter* mourn 'the Loſs of their greateſt Honour; *Trinity-College*, '*Cambridge*, a moſt learned Fellow; the Churches of '*St. Andrew's Holborn*, and *Cheam* in *Surrey*, their 'Rector; *St. Paul*'s a Reſidentiary; and this See 'a moſt worthy Biſhop. But I mock thee, Traveller, 'while I reckon among the Dead that Man, whom 'the Churches of *St. Paul* and *Litchfield* magnificently 'repaired, the Biſhop's Houſe at *Trinity-College* built 'a-new, and the *Cambridge* Library greatly increaſed 'with Books, will keep for ever living.'

Chriſt Church, Oxford.

Hic jacet *Johannes Higden*, S. Theol. Profeſſ. et Coll. *Henrici* octavi in *Oxon.* primus Decanus, qui obiit 13 Die *Januarii*, A. D. 1532.

Pray for the Soule of Maſter *John Higden*, which hath ſtablyſyed and founded a perpetual Exhibition for eight Students of this College.

Weſtminſter Abbey.

Ab hoc haud procul marmore juxta Preceptoris *Buſbeii* Cineres ſuos conquieſcere voluit *Robertus South*, S. T. P. Vir Eruditione, Pietate, Moribus antiquis, Scholæ *Weſtmonaſterienſis*, deinde Ædis *Chriſti* Alumnus, et poſt reſtauratum *Carolum*, magno favente *Clarendono*, utriuſque in quo ſenſim adoleverat Collegii Preben-

Prebendarius, Eccleſiæ *Anglicanæ* et florentis et afflictæ Propugnator aſſiduus, Fidei *Chriſtianæ* Vindex Acerrimus, in Concionibus novo quodam et plane ſuo, ſed admirabili dicendi genere excellens, ut harum Rerum peritis dubitandi ſit locus utrum Ingenii acumine, an Argumentorum vi, utrum Doctrinæ ubertate, an ſplendore Verborum et pondere præſtaret; hiſce certe omnibus ſimul inſtructus adjumentis animos audientium non tenuit tantum, ſed percelluit, inflammavit. Erat ille humaniorum Literarum et primævæ Theologiæ cum paucis ſciens; in Scholaſticorum interim ſcriptis idem verſatiſſimus è quibus quod ſanum eſt et ſucculentum expreſſit, idque a rerum futilium diſquiſitione et vocabulorum involucris liberatum luculentâ oratione illuſtravit. Si quando vel in Rerum vel in Hominum Vitia acerbius eſt invectus, ne hoc aut Partium ſtudio aut Naturæ cuidam aſperitati tribuatur; eam quippe is de rebus omnibus ſententiam aperte protulit quam ex maturo animi ſui Judicio amplexus eſt: Et cum eſſet ipſe ſuæ Integritatis conſcius, quicquid in Vitâ turpe, quicquid in Religione fucatum fictumque viderat, illud omne liberrima Indignatione commotus profligavit. His intentus ſtudiis, hæc animo ſemper agitans, Hominum a Conſortio cum eſſet remotior, auxilio tamen non defuit: Quam enim benignum, quam miſericordem in Calamitoſos animum geſſerit, largis Muneribus vivens morienſque teſtatus eſt. Apud *Iſlipam* Eccleſiæ Sacrarium et Rectoris Domum de integro extruxit; ibidemque Scholam erudiendis pauperum Liberis inſtituit et dotavit. Literis et hic Loci, et apud *Ædem Chriſti* promovendis, Ædificiis iſtius Collegii inſtaurandis, Libras millenas in numeratis Pecuniis, tercentenas circiter annuis redditus ex Teſtamento reliquit, Pietatis erga Deum, Benevolentiæ erga homines, Monumenta in æternum manſura. Obiit *Jul.* 8. *Ann. Dom.* MDCCXVI. *Ætat.* LXXXII.

In

In Engliſh thus:

Not far from this Monument
Robert South, D. D.
Gave Orders his Aſhes ſhould reſt near thoſe of his
Maſter *Buſby*;
A Man of Learning, Piety, and Simplicity of Manners.
He was Scholar of *Weſtminſter* School,
Then Student of *Chriſt-Church*;
And after the Reſtoration of King *Charles*,
By the Intereſt of Lord *Clarendon*,
Prebendary of both Colleges where he was educated:
A firm and indefatigable Champion of the Church,
In her flouriſhing and afflicted State;
A ſtout Aſſerter of the Chriſtian Faith.
Excellent in his Sermons,
For a new Method entirely his own,
But illuſtrious and admirable;
Inſomuch that, verſed in all theſe Qualities, there is room to doubt
Whether he was moſt excellent
In his fine Turn of Thought, or Force of Argument,
The Richneſs of his Doctrine, or the Beauty and Weight of his Language.
Of all theſe Aſſiſtances, being undoubtedly at the ſame time poſſeſſed,
He not only gained upon the Minds of his Audience, but inflamed and moved them.
In Orthodox Divinity, as well as human Learning
He was ſcarce equalled;
And at the ſame time familiar with the Schoolmen,
Out of whom he made uſe of whatever was wholſome and nouriſhing:
And having relieved it from their nice and intricate Diſtinctions,
And Cloud and Jargon of Words,
He ſet it off in fine Language.

If

If at any time he was ſevere,
In expoſing the Vices of Men, or the Times,
It ought not to be aſcribed to Party, or Ill-nature;
For in all theſe Caſes he openly expreſs'd,
What he had before deliberately weighed in his Mind:
And being well aſſured of his own Innocence,
He, warmed with a generous Indignation,
Expoſed whatever was baſe in Life, or ſuperficial or affected in Religion.
Intent on theſe Studies, and his Mind working that way,
When he was more ſecluded from the Converſation of Men,
He was not wanting to them in his Aſſiſtance:
How munificent, how pitiful, he was in his Temper,
To thoſe in Diſtreſs,
Is evident from his extenſive Charities when living,
And Legacies at his Death.

On the Pedeſtal.

He was Rector of *Iſlip*, where he rebuilt the Rectory, and founded and endowed a School for the Education of poor Children; an Encourager of Learning both at this Place and *Chriſt-Church*; for enlarging the Buildings of which College, he left, by his Will, the Sum of One thouſand Pounds, three hundred of which to be paid in one Year after his Deceaſe; Laſting Monuments of his Piety to God, and Beneficence towards Men. He died the 8th of *July*, *A. D.* 1716. Aged 82 Years.

Peterborough Cathedral.

Juxta jacet doctiſſimus ſanctiſſimuſque Præſul *Richardus Cumberland*, hujus Civitatis Epiſcopus; qui cum Eccleſiæ et Reipublicæ, diu et feliciter invigilaverat migratus ad aliam quam ſolam quærebat civitatem,

tem, Honorum et Dierum ſatur, obdormivit in *Domino Anno Chriſti* 1718. *Ætatis* 86.

Macte malæ Fraudis Domitor, Defenſor Honeſti,
Legum Naturæ, Juſtitiæque Pugil!
O quantum debent, quas læſerat *Hobbius* ambas,
Recta ſimul Ratio, Religioque Tibi!
Duport in *Hobbium* à *Cumberlandio* Confutatum.

Underneath are two Books, with theſe Words engraved on the Leaves:

Biblia Sacra. De Legibus Naturæ.

This great Man was born *July* 15. 1632. in the Pariſh of *St. Anne's Alderſgate, London*; was Fellow of *Magdalen College, Cambridge*, Rector of *Brampton*, and Vicar of *St. Martin's Stamford*, in the Dioceſe of *Peterborough*; elected Biſhop of *Peterborough May* 15, conſecrated *July* 5, and enthroned *September* 12, 1691. He died *October* 9. 1718. Beſides his Book, intituled, *De Legibus Naturæ diſquiſitio*, he wrote *An Eſſay towards the Recovery of the Jewiſh Meaſures and Weights.*

The Epitaph is in *Engliſh* thus:—'Hard-by lies 'the moſt learned and moſt holy Prelate *Richard* 'Cumberland, Biſhop of *Peterborough*; who, when he 'had long and happily watched over the Church and 'Commonwealth, leaving this World for a more laſt-'ing one, full of Days and Honours, ſlept in the 'Lord, the Year of *Chriſt* 1718. aged 86.' The Verſes are only a poor Compliment on his vanquiſhing *Hobbes*.

St. Mary's, Warwick.

Lettice, Counteſſe of *Leyceſter*,
Who dyed upon Chriſtmas-Day in the morning, 1634.

Look in this Vault, and ſearch it well,
Much Treaſure in it lately fell;

We

We all are robb'd, and all do ſay
Our Wealth was carry'd this away;
And that the Theft might ne'er be found,
'Tis buried cloſely under Ground:
Yet if you gently ſtir the Mould,
There all our Loſs you may behold!
There may you ſee that Face, that Hand,
Which once was faireſt in the Land;
She that in her younger yeares
Matcht with two great *Engliſh* Peares,
She that did ſupply the Wars
With thunder, and the Court with Stars;
She that in her Youth had bene
Darling to the Maiden Quene,
Till ſhe was content to quitt
Her Favour for her Favouritt:
Whoſe Gold Thread when ſhe ſaw ſpunn,
And the Death of her brave Sonn,
Thought it faſeſt to retire
From all Care and vain Deſire,
To a private Countrie Cell,
Where ſhe ſpent her Days ſo well,
That to her the better Sort
Came as to a holy Court;
And the Poor that lived near
Dearth or Famine could not fear.
While ſhe liv'd, ſhe lived thus,
Till that God, diſpleas'd with us,
Suffer'd her at laſt to fall,
Not from him but from us all;
And becauſe ſhe took delight
Chriſt's poor Members to invite,
He fully now requites her Love,
And ſends her Angels from above,
That did to Heaven her Soul convey,
To ſolemnize his own Birth-day.

JERVASE CLIFTON.

All-Hallows, Staining, London.

Our *Holt* (alas !) hath ſtint his *Hold*,
By Death call'd hence in Haſte,
Whoſe Chriſten Name being *Chriſtopher*
With *Chriſt* is better plac'd.
In *Sawton* born of gentle Race,
In *London* ſpent his Dayes;
A Clerke that was in Cuſtom Houſe,
In Credit many Wayes.
So that altho' we feel the Loſſe
Of this ſo dear a Friend,
His life well ſpent while he was here
Hath gain'd a better End.

If *Heav'n* be pleas'd, when Sinners ceaſe to ſin,
If *Hell* be pleas'd, when Souls are damn'd therein;
If *Earth* be pleas'd, when it's rid of a Knave;
Then *all* are pleas'd, for *Colman*'s in his Grave.

Weſtminſter Abbey.

Thomas Parr, of the County of *Salop*, born *in Anno* 1483. He lived in the Reigns of ten Princes; viz. *Edward* IV. King *Edward* V. King *Richard* III. King *Henry* VII. King *Henry* VIII. King *Edward* VI. Queen *Mary*, Queen *Elizabeth*, King *James*, and King *Charles*; aged 152 Years, and was buried here *Novemb.* 15. 1635.

On a Lady that was blind long before ſhe died.

I liv'd in Darkneſs; (ſuch th' all-ſeeing Fate)
Could there be Life in that unhappy State?

I often

I often ſigh'd and mourn'd, but all in vain;
Kind Heav'n forgave th' impatient murm'ring Strain.
All Pity ſhew'd, but none could give Relief;
What then could eaſe my Soul and ſilence Grief?
Revolving oft the Follies, Sin and Woe,
Th' unhappy *ſeeing* Mortals plunge into;
I then began to love the Death-like Shade;
Which deeper Thought confirming, thus I ſaid:
Am I not happy that I do not ſee
Deluding Objects of Mortality?
Our Light is Darkneſs, if we ſee in Sin;
Our Darkneſs Light, if all be Light within.
O wretched Light, by which we blindly go
To Sin, to Death, to everlaſting Woe!
O Darkneſs happy, that can ſhew the Way
To Life and Virtue and eternal Day.

J. B.

How apt are Men to lye! how dare they ſay,
When Life is gone, all Learning fleets away?
Since this glad Grave holds *Cloe* fair and young,
Who where ſhe is, firſt *learnt* to hold her Tongue.

AARON HILL.

On Sir Antony Denny.

Death and the *King* did, as it were, contend,
Which of the two bare *Denny* greateſt Love:
The *King* to ſhow his Love gan farre extend,
Did him advance his Betters far above:
Nere place, much Wealth, great Honour eke him gave,
To make it knowne what Power great Princes have.

But when *Death* came with his triumphant gift,
From worldly carke he quit his wearied ghoſt,
Free from the corpes, and ſtraight to heaven it lift,
Now deeme that can who did for *Denny* moſt:
The *King* gave *Wealth*, but fading and unſure,
Death brought him *bliſſe* that ever ſhall endure.

Henry Earl of *Surrey*.

This Sir *Antony Denny* was one of the Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, and Groom of the Stole, to King *Henry* VIII. which King (ſays the Author of *Athenæ Oxonienſes*), when he lay on his Death-bed, he, the ſaid *Denny*, was employed by ſome of the Council to put him in mind to erect his Thoughts to Heaven, and bethink himſelf of his forepaſſed Life, as alſo to implore the Mercy of Chriſt; which he accordingly did; tho' what he ſaid was not very acceptable: But, being in fair Eſteem with that King, he was conſtituted one of his Executors, and appointed to be one of the Council to Prince *Edward*, his only Son and Succeſſor.—Sir *John Cheek* publiſhed a little *Quarto* in 1551, entituled *Epitaphium in Anton. Denneium.*

St. Peter's, at *St. Alban's*.

In the Yere of Chriſt, one Thouſand Fowr Hundry'd, full trew,
With fowr and ſixteen,
I *Rychard Skypwith*, Gentylman in Birth, late Felow of New Inne;
In my Age Twenti-on, my Sowl party'd from the Body in *Auguſt*
the Sixtenth Day,
And now I ly her, abyding God's Mercy, under this Ston in Clay;

Deſyring

Deſyring yow that this ſal ſee, unto the *Meyden* prey for me,
That bare both God and Man;
Like as ye wold, that oder for yee ſhold
When ye ne may nor can.

HIC. SITA. EST. AMYMONE. MARCI.
OPTIMA. ET. PULCHERRIMA.
LANIFICA. PIA. PUDICA. FRUGI. CASTA.
DOMISEDA.

This antique *Sarcophagus* is in the Collection of the Prince *Giuſtiniani* at *Rome*. In *Engliſh*: Here lies *Amymone*, the Wife of *Marcus*; a Woman good and fair; induſtrious, pious, modeſt, frugal, chaſte, and no Gadabout.

Qui colitis *Cybelen*, et qui *Phryga* plangitis *Atyn*,
Dum vacat, et tacitâ *Dindyma* nocte ſilent,
Flete meos cineres! non eſt alienus in illis
Hector, et hoc tumulo *Mygdonis* umbra tegor.
Ille ego, qui magni parvus cognominis hæres
Corpore in exiguo res numeroſa fui.
Flectere doctus equos, nitidâ certare palæſtrâ,
Ferre jocos aſtu, fallere noſſe fidem.
At tibi dent ſuperi, quantum, *Domitilla*, mereris,
Quæ facis, exiguâ ne jaceamus humo.

This is a very ſingular Inſcription, and ſeems to be in Memory of ſome adroit and comical *Phrygian* Dwarf, of the Name of *Hector*, in the Service of *Domitilla*, Wife to *Veſpaſian*. It is in the Palace of Cardinal *Aleſſandro Albani*, near the *Quatro Fontane* at *Rome*. The Senſe of it is thus: — Ye Worſhippers of *Cybele*, and you who mourn *Atys*, for a while ſuſpend your

Orgies, and weep over my Aſhes: Here I lie, *Hector*, the little Heir of a great Name. I could ride, wreſtle, and joke. Thanks to thee, *Domitilla*, who haſt buried thy ſmall Servant under ſo large a Monument.

Siſte, Viator!
Noveriſque mirans,
Reliquias *Thomæ*,
A *Thomâ* et *Margarita Hall*,
Hic jacere ſepultas:
Qui
Nondum Anniculus,
Pubuit:
Triennis necdum,
In Quatuor fere Pedes
Adoleverat:
Ingenti robore,
Partium Symmetriâ rectâ,
Stupendâ voce
Præditus:
Sexennis neque,
Provectâ quaſi Ætate,
Mortuus eſt.
Accepit in hâc Villa vitam,
Pridiè *Kalend. Novemb.* MDCCXLI.
Inque eadem reddidit illam,
Septembris IIItio,
MDCCXLVII.

This Boy lies buried at *Wellingham*, near *Cambridge*. I know not for certain, whether or not this Inſcription is really on his Grave; but it was written by Mr. *Dawkes*, a Surgeon of *St. Ives*, near *Huntingdon*, who publiſhed alſo an Account of this Boy, called *Prodigium Willingamenſe*. Mr. *Dawkes* viewed him after he was dead, and ſays the Corpſe had the Aſpect of a venerable old Man.—The *Engliſh* of the Inſcription

tion is thus. 'Stop, Traveller, and wondering know, 'that here lie the Remains of *Thomas*, Son of *Thomas* 'and *Margaret Hall*. Before he was a Year old, he 'arrived at Puberty; and was near four Feet high be- 'fore he was three Years old; endowed with great 'Strength, exact Symmetry of Parts, and a ſtupendous 'Voice. He had not quite reached his ſixth Year 'when he died, as of an advanced Age. Here he was 'born, and here he gave way to Fate, *September* the '3d. 1747.'

In the *Collatine Way*, at *Rome*.

Dis Manibus
Sexti Perpennæ Firmi:
Vixi quemadmodum volui:
Quare mortuus ſum neſcio.

In Engliſh:

'To the Gods Manes of *Sextus Perpenna Firmus*. '—I liv'd as I lik'd; but why I died I can give no 'Reaſon.'

To the Memory of the Unfortunate
BOSAVERN PENLEZ;
Who finiſhed a Life, generally well reported of,
By a violent and ignominious Death.
He was the Son of a Clergyman;
To whom he was indebted for an Education, which
he ſo wiſely improved,
As to merit the Love and Eſteem of all who knew him.
But actuated by Principles truly laudable
(When rightly directed and properly reſtrained)
He was hurried by a Zeal for his Countrymen,
And an honeſt Deteſtation of public Stews,

(The moſt certain Bane of Youth, and the Diſgrace of Government)
To engage in an Undertaking, which the moſt partial cannot defend,
And yet the leaſt candid muſt excuſe.
For thus indeliberately mixing with Rioters, whom he accidentally met with,
He was condemned to die:
And of 400 Perſons concerned in the ſame Attempt,
He only ſuffered,
Tho' neither Principal, nor Contriver.
How well he deſerved Life, appears
From his generous Contempt of it, in forbidding a Reſcue of himſelf.
And what Returns he would have made to Royal Clemency,
Had it been extended to him, may be preſumed
From his noble Endeavours to prevent the leaſt Affront to that Pow'r;
Which, tho' greatly importun'd, refuſed to ſave him.
What was denied to his Perſon was paid to his Aſhes,
By the Inhabitants of *St. Clements Danes*;
Who order'd him to be interr'd among their Brethren,
Defray'd the Charges of his Funeral,
And thought no Mark of Pity or Reſpect too much
For this unhappy Youth;
Whoſe Death was occaſioned by no other Fault,
But a too warm Indignation for their Sufferings.
By his ſad Example, Reader, be admoniſhed
Of the many ill Conſequences that attend an intemperate Zeal.
Learn hence to reſpect the Laws—even the moſt oppreſſive;
And think thyſelf happy under that Government,
"That doth *truly* and *indifferently* adminiſter Juſtice,
"To the *Puniſhment* of *Wickedneſs and Vice*,
"And to the *Maintenance* of *God's true Religion and* "*Virtue.*"

On

On Sir William Trumbal, *One of the Principal Secretaries of State to King* William III. *who, having reſigned his Place, died in his Retirement at* Eaſt Hamſted, *in* Berks, 1716.

A pleaſing Form; a firm, yet cautious Mind;
Sincere, tho' prudent; conſtant, yet reſign'd:
Honour unchang'd, a Principle profeſt,
Fix'd to one Side, but mod'rate to the reſt:
An honeſt Courtier, yet a Patriot too;
Juſt to his Prince, and to his Country true:
Fill'd with the Senſe of Age, the Fire of Youth,
A Scorn of Wrangling, yet a Zeal for Truth;
A gen'rous Faith, from Superſtition free;
A Love to Peace, and Hate of Tyranny;
Such this Man was; who now from Earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

A. POPE.

Bamberg *Cathedral.*

Primus in Chriſto Pater et Dominus D. *Suidgerus* a *Mayendorf* Saxo. IIdus Epiſ. *Bamb.* Poſtea Summ. Pont. *Clemens* IIdus dictus. Obiit *Romæ*, 10 *Octob. Anno* M.XXXXVII.

Suidgerus was the ſecond Biſhop of *Bamberg*, when the three Anti-Popes divided *Italy*, under the Names of *Benedict* IX. *Sylveſter* III. and *Gregory* VI. The Emperor *Henry* III. ſurnamed the *Black*, Son to *Conrad* the *Salic*, went to *Rome* and took along with him this Biſhop; and, after making himſelf Maſter of the City, got him to be choſen Pope, under the Title of *Clement* II. But poor *Suidgerus* did not long enjoy that Honour; for after having conſecrated the Emperor and the Empreſs *Agnes* his Conſort, Daugh-

ter to *William*, Duke of *Aquitania*: He died a little after, being poiſoned by the *Italians*, who could not ſuffer a *German* in St. *Peter*'s Chair. The Emperor ordered his Body to be carried to *Bamberg*, and interred the Cathedral there.

D. M.
Qui me volent,
Valete, Matronæ, Matreſque Familias.
Vixi, et ultra Vitam nihil credidi.
Quos potui, pellexi Philtris et Aſtu.
Viro humato
Non vidua fui, nec maritæ Nomen adepta:
Quæſo, non invidete.
Portia Famelia eſt, *Veneris* Domus,
Illicium *Cupidinum*.
Cave, Viator,
Ne me diu calcatam Calces.

This is on a Lady of Pleaſure.

Glouceſter Cathedral.

M. S.
Juxta obdormiſcit in Chriſto
Edwardus Wright,
Medicinæ Doctor, vere Chriſtianus;
Quippe qui Naturam inveſtigans,
Naturæ Deum agnovit et veneratus eſt:
Vir doctus, pius et ſevere juſtus;
Qui ægris non funerandis, ſed ſanandis
Nomen et Famam conciliavit:
Nec tam ægrotantium crumenis
Quam bonæ inhiavit valetudini.
Unde nulli Inimicus Inimicum non habuit
Præter Ignorantem.

In

In egenos uſque adeo fuit beneficus,
Ut Concilium, Opem, Medicamina,
Liberaliter et Gratis ſuppeditavit.
Dum autem aliorum ſedulo curavit Salutem,
Propriam amiſit;
Immaturâ nimium Morte præreptus,
Triſtiſſimum hic reliquit Deſiderium,
Julii 24. *A. D.* 1701. *Ætat.* 36.

Conjux ſuperſtes Memoriæ Viri optime merentis hoc qualecunque Monumentum, Amoris ergo, lugens mærenſque poni curavit.

In Engliſh:

'Sacred to Memory. Hard-by ſleeps in Chriſt *Edward Wright*, Doctor of Phyſick; a Man truly Chriſtian; who, in his Inveſtigations of Nature, ſaw God, and worſhipped him; he was learned, pious, and ſtrictly juſt; who got his great Character by curing and not burying the Sick; nor did he watch over the Purſe, but the Health of his Patients; whence it came that, being an Enemy to no one, he had no one his Enemy, unleſs the Man of Ignorance. He was ſo charitable to the Poor, that he gave them Advice, Help, and Phyſick, *gratis*, and liberally. But while he was too intent on the Health of others, he loſt his own and died immaturely, and greatly lamented, on *July* 24, 1701. Aged 36.

'His Wife, ſurviving, raiſed this Monument (poor as it is) to the Memory of her dear Huſband, with Sorrow.'

Here *continueth* to rot
The Body of *Francis Chartres*,
Who, with *Inflexible Conſtancy*,
And inimitable Uniformity of Life,
Perſiſted,

In ſpite of Age and Infirmities,
In the Practice of every human Vice;
Excepting Prodigality and Hypocriſy:
His inſatiable Avarice exempted him from the firſt,
His matchleſs Impudence from the ſecond.
Nor was he more ſingular
In the undeviating *Pravity* of his *Manners*,
Than ſucceſsful
In *accumulating* Wealth;
For, without Trade or Profeſſion,
Without Truſt of Public Money,
And without Bribeworthy Service,
He acquired, or more properly created,
A Miniſterial Eſtate.
He was the only Perſon of his Time,
Who could cheat without the Maſk of Honeſty.
He retain'd his primæval Meanneſs
When poſſeſſed of Ten Thouſand a Year;
And having daily deſerved the Gibbet for what he *did*,
Was at laſt condemned to it for what he *could* not *do*.
Oh, Indignant Reader!
Think not his Life uſeleſs to Mankind!
PROVIDENCE permitted his execrable Deſigns,
To give to after Ages
A conſpicuous Proof and Example,
Of how ſmall Eſtimation is exorbitant Wealth
In the Sight of GOD,
By his beſtowing it on the moſt Unworthy of all Mortals.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

Old Gray Friers, Edinburgh.

Cy giſt ma femme fort bien,
Pour ſon repoſe, ce pour le mien.

Which

Which may be tranſlated:

Here ſnug in Grave my Wife doth lie,
Now ſhe's at Reſt, and ſo am I.

St. Michael's, Crooked-Lane.

Here lyeth wrapt in Clay
The Body of *William Wray*;
I have no more to ſay.

St. George's Chapel, Windſor.

Here lyeth *George Brooke*, ſometyme Yeoman of the Guard to *Henry* 8. *Edw.* 6. Q. *Mary*, Q. *Eliz.* and now is until the Time of his Death; who died the 24th of *October*, 1593. in the 35th Year of her Majeſties Reign.

Doncaſter, in *Yorkſhire.*

Howe! howe! who is heare?
I *Robin* of *Doncaſtere*,
And *Margaret* my Feare *.
That I ſpent, that I had,
That I gave, that I have,
That I left, that I loſt.

A. D. 1579. Quoth *Robertus Byrkes*, who in this World did reigne threeſcore Years and ſeven, yet liv'd not one.

This Man gave *Roſſingoon-wood* to the Public. —I have found two or three Inſcriptions like this; one in

* *An old word for Wife.*

the

the Cloiſters of *Weſtminſter-abbey*; another in *St. Olave, Hart-ſtreet*, Church, in *Southwark*; and a third in the Church of *St. Faith*, as Part of the Epitaph of one *William Lamb*: But the oldeſt, and from which the others may have been taken, is in the Choir of St. *Peter*'s Church, at *St. Alban's*. There was to be ſeen in *Scotland* ſome Years ago upon a very old Stone the ſame Thought, thus expreſs'd:

It that I gife, I haif,
It that I len, I craif,
It that I ſpend, is myne,
It that I leif, I tyne.

On little Stephen, *a noted Fiddler in* Suffolk.

Stephen and Time are now both even;
Stephen beat Time, now Time's beat *Stephen*.

Hic, O Viator, ſub lare parulo,
Couleius Hic eſt conditus, Hic jacet
Defunctus humani Laboris
Sorte, ſupervacuâque Vitâ.
Non indecorâ Pauperie nitens,
Et non inerti nobilis Otio,
Vanoque dilectis Popello
Divitiis animoſus Hoſtis.
Poſſis ut illum dicere mortuum,
En Terra jam nunc quantula ſufficit!
Exempta ſit curis, Viator,
Terra ſit illa Levis, precare.
Hic ſparge Flores, ſparge Roſas breves,
Nam Vita gaudet mortua Floribus,
Herbiſque odoratis Corona
Vatis adhuc Cinerem calentem.

This was written by the Poet *Cowley*, as an Epitaph for himſelf.

In Engliſh thus:

'From Life's ſuperfluous Cares enlarg'd,
'His Debt of human Toil diſcharg'd,
'Here *Cowley* lies! beneath this Shed,
'To ev'ry worldly Int'reſt dead;
'With decent Poverty content,
'His Hours of Eaſe not idly ſpent;
'To Fortune's Goods a Foe profeſt,
'And hating Wealth by all careſt.
''Tis true he's dead; for Oh! how ſmall
'A Spot of Earth is now his all:
'Oh! wiſh that Earth may lightly lay,
'And ev'ry Care be far away;
'Bring Flowers; the ſhort-liv'd Roſes bring,
'To Life deceas'd, fit Offering:
'And Sweets around the Poet ſtrow,
'Whilſt yet with Life his Aſhes glow.'

Mr. ADDISON.

Wirtzburgh Cathedral.

En me *Franconia* Nithardum Vulpis alumna
Herbipoli quondam fovit in Urbe Parens.
Martis eram Decus, ac Equitum Peditumque Magiſter,
Magnus, et immenſi Belliger orbis eram.
Innumeros domici Populos, Villagia et Urbes,
Acer et armipotens alter *Achilles* ego.
Indomitos *Suevos* Gladio vibrante ſubegi,
Indomitoque jugo ſubſtravi Friſſiones.

This is on the Grave-ſtone of Captain *Richard Fox*, born at *Wirtzburgh*.

This valiant Wight, notwithſtanding all his Feats of Arms, is now almoſt demoliſhed; as the Stone from which this is taken, by lying on the Pavement,

is

is very near worn out. The Epitaph tells us, 'That 'he was a glorious Warrior throughout the Globe, 'that he was a ſecond *Achilles*, and that he conquered 'People, Villages, and Cities.'

On Maſter Howard, *Son to Lord Viſcount* Andover.

'Tis fit the *Engliſh* Reader ſhould be told,
In our own Language what this Tomb doth hold.
'Tis not a noble Corpſe alone does lie
Under this Stone, but a whole Family;
His Parents pious Care, their Name, their Joy,
And all their Hope, lies bury'd with this Boy;
This lovely Youth, for whom we all made Moan,
That knew his Worth,—as he had been our own.
Had there been Space, and Years enough allow'd,
His Courage, Wit, and Breeding to have ſhew'd;
We had not found in all the num'rous Roll,
Of his fam'd Anceſtors, a greater Soul.
His early Virtues, to that antient Stock,
Gave as much Honour as from thence he took.
Like Buds appearing ere the Froſts are paſt,
To become Man he made ſuch fatal Haſte,
And to Perfection labour'd ſo to climb,
Preventing ſlow Experience and Time,
That 'tis no Wonder Death our Hopes beguil'd;
He's ſeldom old, that will not be a Child.

E. WALLER.

This Grave, O Grief! hath ſwallow'd up with wide and open Mouth,
The Body of good *Richard Brooke*, of *Whitchurch*, *Hampton-South*;
And *El'ſbeth*, his wedded Wife, twice twenty Years and one;
Sweet Jeſus hath their Souls in Heaven; the Ground, Fleſh, Skin, and Bone.

In

In *January*, worn with Age, Day ſixteenth died he;
From Chriſt full fifteen hundred Years, and more by Ninety-three:
But Death her Twiſt of Life in *May*, Day twentieth did untwine;
From *Chriſt* full fifteen hundred Years, and more by Ninety-nine.
They left behind them, well to live, and grown to good Degree,
Firſt *Richard*, *Robert*, *Thomas Brooke*, the youngeſt of the three.
Elizabeth, and *Barbara*, then *Dorothy* the laſt;
All ſix the Knot of Nature's Love, in Kindneſs keeping faſt.
This Tomb-ſtone, with the Plate thereon, thus graven fair and large,
Did *Robert Brooke*, the youngeſt Son, make at his proper Charge.
A Citizen of *London* late, by faithful Service free,
Of *Merchants great Adventurers*, a Brother ſworn is he;
And of the *Indian* Company, come Gain or Loſs a Limb;
And of the Goldſmith's Livery, all theſe God's Gifts to him.
This Monument of Memory in Love performed he,
December thirty-one, from *Chriſt* ſixteen hundred and three.

St. Edmund's, London.

Richard Nordell, lyeth bury'd here,
Somtym of *London*, Citizen and Drapier.
And *Margerie*, his Wyf, of her Progenie,
Returnyd to Erth, and ſo ſall ye.
Of the Erth we were made and formed,
And to the Erth we been returned.

Have

Have yis in Mynd and Memory,
Ye yat liven lerneth to dy.
And beholdyth here your Deſtine,
Such as ye erne, ſometym were wen.
Ye ſhall be dyght in yis Aray,
Be ye nere ſo ſtout and gay.
Therefor, Frendys, we yow prey,
Make yow redy for to dey,
Yat ye be not forr Sinn atteynt,
At ye Dey of Judgment.
Man the behovyth oft to have yis in Mynd,
Yat thow geveth wyth yin hand yat ſall thow fynd.
For wydowes be ſloful and chyldren beth unkynd,
Executors be covetos, and kep al yat they fynd.
If eny body eſk wher ye Deddys Goodys becam,
Ye anſqueare,
So God me help and Halidam, he died a pore Man.
Yink on yis.

St. Lawrence Jewry, London.

The Honourable Merchant, *Jon Pickering*,
And *Elizabyth*, lie undeyr this Ston:
Of the *Engliſh* Merchant Venturers, undeyr the Kyng,
In the Martis beyond See, Governor, was this *Jon*,
Thirty Yere and more, that Roome he did manteyn,
To his Honor and Worſchip and died in *Novembyr*,
The XXIX. Day M.CCCC. Fourty and Eyght certeyn,
Whos Soul and al Chriſtians for Cherite remembyr.

On a young Clergyman at St. Peter's, *in the* Iſle of Thanet.

Was Rhet'ric on the Lips of Sorrow hung,
Or could Affliction lend the Heart a Tongue,
Then ſhould my Soul, in noble Anguiſh free,
Do glorious Juſtice to her Grief and Thee.

But,

But, ah! when loaded with a Weight of Woe,
Ev'n Nature, bleſſed Nature, is our Foe.
When we ſhould praiſe, we ſympathetic groan,
For ſad Mortality is all our own.
Yet, but a Word; as lowly as he lies,
He ſpurns all Empires, and aſſerts the Skies.
Bluſh, Pow'r! he had no Int'reſt here below;
Bluſh, Malice! that he dy'd without a Foe;
The univerſal Friend, ſo form'd t'engage,
Was far too precious for this World and Age.
Years were deny'd, for (ſuch his Worth and Truth)
Kind Heav'n has call'd him to eternal Youth.

C. SMART.

St. Alban's.

All yee that paſſe by, on this pillar caſt eye,
This Epitaph read if you can;
'Twill tell you a Tombe onc't ſtood in this roome,
Of a brave ſpirited Man.
John Mandevill by Name, a Knight of great Fame,
Borne in this honoured Towne.
Before him was none, that ever was knowne,
For travaile of ſo high renowne.
As the Knights in the temple, croſs-legged in Marble,
In armour, with ſword and with ſheeld,
So was this Knight grac'd, which Time hath defac't,
That nothing but ruines doth yeeld.
His Travailes being done, he ſhines like the Sun,
In heavenly *Canaan*.
Yo which bleſſed place, O Lord of his grace,
Bring us all *Man* after man.

He certainly was *born* in this Town, but as to his *lying* here that is perhaps a Miſtake; for in the *Guillamites Church*, in the City of *Liege*, is a Tomb erected to him, with

with the following Inſcription, and the Verſes hanging by on a Table.

Hic jacet Vir nobilis D. *Johannes de Mandevile*, D. ad Barbam, Miles; Dominus de *Campdi*; natus de *Anglia*, Medicine profeſſor, devotiſſimus orator, et bonorum largiſſimus pauperibus erogator; qui toto quaſi orbe luſtrato *Leodii* diem vite ſue clauſit extremum. *Ann. Dom.* M.CCC.LXXI. Menſ. *Novemb.* die XVI.

Hoc jacet in tumulo, cui totus patria vivo
Orbis erat; totum quem peragraſſe ferunt.
Anglus, Equeſque fuit, nunc ille *Britannus Ulyſſes*
Dicatur, Graio clarus *Ulyſſe* magis.
Moribus, ingenio, candore, et ſanguine clarus,
Et vere cultor Relligionis erat.
Nomen ſi quæras, eſt *Mandevil*; Indus Arabque,
Sat notum dicet finibus eſſe ſuis.

The Churchmen at *Liege* ſhew you his Knives, the Furniture of his Horſe, and his Spurs, which he uſed in his Travels.

Coleſhill, Warwickſhire.

Mary, Relict of *Kildare* Lord *Digby*,
Departed this Life, *December* 23d,
Anno Dom. 1692.

Whom it were unpardonable to lay down in Silence,
And of whom 'tis difficult to ſpeak with Juſtice;
For her juſt Character will look like Flattery,
And the leaſt Abatement of this, is Injury to her Memory.
In every Condition of Life ſhe was a Pattern to her Sex;
Appear'd Miſtreſs of thoſe peculiar Qualities,

That

That were requiſite to conduct her thro' it with Honour;
And never fail'd to exert them in their proper Seaſons,
With the utmoſt Advantage.
She was modeſt without Affectation,
Eaſy without Levity, and reſerved without Pride:
Knew how to ſtoop without ſinking;
And to gain People's Affections without leſſening their Regards.
She was careful without Anxiety,
Frugal without Parſimony;
Not at all fond of the ſuperfluous Trappings of Greatneſs;
Yet abridg'd herſelf in nothing that her Quality requir'd.
She was a faithful Member of the Church of *England*;
Her Piety was exemplary, her Charity univerſal:
She found herſelf a Widow in the Beginning of her Life,
When the Temptations of Beauty, Honour, Youth, and Pleaſure,
Were in their full Strength;
Yet ſhe made them all give way to the Intereſt of her Family,
And betook herſelf entirely to the Matron's Part.
The Education of her Children engroſs'd all her Cares;
No Charge was ſpar'd in the Cultivation of their Minds,
Nor Pains in the Improvement of their Fortunes.
In a Word,
She was truly wiſe, truly honourable, and truly good:
More can ſcarce be ſaid,
And yet he that ſays this, knew her well;
And is well aſſur'd he has ſaid nothing,
Which either Veracity, or Modeſty, ſhould oblige him to ſuppreſs.

This was written by Dr. *Hough*, Biſhop of *Worceſter*.

Blacknotley,

Blacknotley, Eſſex.

Eruditiſſimi viri *Johannis Ray*, A. M. quicquid mortale fuit hoc in anguſto tumulo reconditum eſt; at ſcripta non unica continet regio; & fama undequaque celeberrima vetat mori. Coll. S. S. *Trinitatis Cantab.* fuit olim ſocius, necnon *Societatis Regiæ* apud *Londinenſes* ſodalis, egregium utriuſque ornamentum. In omni ſcientiarum genere, tam divinarum quam humanarum, verſatiſſimus: Et ſicut alter *Solomon*, cui forſan unico ſecundus, a cedro ad hyſſopum, ab animalium maximis minima uſque ad inſecta exquiſitam nactus eſt notitiam. Nec de plantis ſolum quæ patent terræ facie, accuratiſſime diſſeruit; ſed & intima ipſius viſcera ſagaciſſime rimatus, quicquid notatu dignum in univerſa natura deſcripſit. Apud exteras gentes agens, quæ aliorum oculos fugerant, diligenter exploravit, multaque ſcilicet notatu digniſſima primus in lucem protulit. Quod ſupereſt, ea morum ſimplicitate præditus, ut fuerit abſque invidia doctus; ſublimis ingenii, et, quod raro accidit, demiſſi ſimul animi, et modeſti. Non ſanguine et genere inſignis, ſed, quod majus, propriâ virtute illuſtris. De opibus tituliſque obtinendis parum ſollicitus; hæc potius mereri voluit, quam adipiſci: Dum ſubprivato Lare ſua ſorte contentus, fortuna lautiori dignus conſenuit. In rebus aliis ſibi modum facile impoſuit, in ſtudiis nullum. Quid plura? Hiſce omnibus pietatem minime fucatam adjunxit. Eccleſiæ *Anglicanæ*, id quod ſupremo halitu confirmavit, totius et ex animo addictus. Sic bene latuit, bene vixit vir beatus, quem præſens ætas colit, poſtera mirabitur.

(Infra.)

Hoc cænotaphium olim in cæmiterio ſub dio poſitum, inclementis cæli injuriis obliteratum, et tantum non collapſum, refecit et ſub tectum tranſpoſuit *J. Legge*, M. D. 16 *Kal. Aprilis*, A. D. 1737.

This

This excellent Perſon was born at *Blacknotley* in *Eſſex*, *November* 29, 1628, being the Son of Mr. *Roger Ray*, a Blackſmith, by *Elizabeth* his Wife. In the ſame Town where he was born, he died, and was buried, with this Inſcription on his Tomb. As he never affected Pomp in his Life-time, ſo he modeſtly refuſed a Place of Interment in the Chancel of the Church, which the Rector offered him, chuſing rather to be depoſited in the *Church-yard*, with his Anceſtors. He died the 17th of *January*, 1705-6.

The Epitaph in *Engliſh* is thus: 'The mortal 'Part of the moſt learned *John Ray*, A. M. is depo- 'ſited in this narrow Tomb; but his Writings are 'not confined to one Nation; and his Fame, every- 'where moſt illuſtrious, renders them immortal. 'Formerly he was Fellow of *Trinity* Coll. in *Camb.* 'and of the Royal Society in *London*: A ſingular Or- 'nament of both. In every kind of Science, as well 'divine as human, moſt expert; and like a *Solomon* '(to whom alone perhaps he was inferior) from the 'Cedar to the Hyſſop, from the largeſt of Animals to 'the ſmalleſt of Inſects, he arrived at a conſummate 'Knowledge. And not only did he moſt accurately 'diſcourſe of Plants, ſpread over the Face of the 'whole Earth, but making a moſt ſtrict Search into 'its inmoſt Bowels, whatever deſerved Diſcuſſion 'through all Nature he deſcribed. While on his 'Travels abroad, he diligently diſcovered what had 'eſcaped the Obſervation of others; and firſt brought 'to Light many Things moſt worthy of Remark. 'Farther than this, he was endowed with ſo unaffect- 'ed a Manner of Behaviour, that he was learned with- 'out Pedantry, of a ſublime Genius! and at the ſame 'time, which is rarely known, of an humble and mo- 'deſt Diſpoſition: not diſtinguiſhed by an illuſtrious 'Extraction, but what is greater, by his own Virtue. 'Little ſolicitous about obtaining Wealth and Titles,

'he

'he choſe rather to deſerve than to poſſeſs them.
'Content with his own Lot he grew old in a private
'Station; worthy of more ample Fortune: In every
'other reſpect he readily obſerved Moderation; in
'Study, none. To conclude, to all theſe Perfections
'he added a Piety free from Artifice; bearing an en-
'tire and hearty Veneration for the Church of *England:*
'Which he confirmed with his laſt Breath. Thus
'happily, in a virtuous Retirement, lived He, whom
'the preſent Age reveres, and Poſterity will admire.'

Weſtminſter Abbey Cloiſter.

Reader, if thou art a *Briton*, behold this Tomb with Reverence and Regret. Here lie the Remains of *Daniel Pulteney*; the kindeſt Relation, the trueſt Friend, the warmeſt Patriot, the worthieſt Man. He exerciſed Virtues in this Age ſufficient to have diſtinguiſhed him even in the beſt. Sagacious by Nature, induſtrious by Habit, inquiſitive with Art: He gained a compleat Knowledge of the Intereſts of *Britain*, foreign and domeſtic, in moſt, the backward Fruit of tedious Experience; in him, the early Acquiſition of of undiſſipated Youth. He ſerved the Crown ----- Years abroad, in the auſpicious Reign of Queen *Anne*; at home, in the Reign of that excellent Prince King *George* the Firſt.----He ſerved his Country always, at Court independent, in the Senate unbiaſſed: At every Age and in every Station this was the Bent of his generous Soul, this the Buſineſs of his laborious Life. Public Men and public Things he judged by one Standard, the Intereſt of *Britain*; he made no other Diſtinction of Party; he abhorred all other. Gentle, humane, diſintereſted, beneficent; he created no Enemies on his own Account; firm, determined, inflexible,

flexible, he feared none he could create in the Cauſe of *Britain*.

Reader, in this Misfortune of thy Country, lament thy own; for know, the Loſs of ſo much private Virtue is a public Calamity.

Neither his Age or the Time of his Death are mentioned on the Monument.

Delft.

D. O. M.
Et æternæ Memoriæ
Gulielmi Naſſovii
Supremi *Arauſonienſium* Principis
Patr. Patriæ.
Qui *Belgii* Fortunis ſuas poſthabuit
Et Suorum.
Validiſſimos Exercitus ære plurimum privato
Bis conſcripſit, bis induxit.
Ordinum auſpiciis *Hiſpaniæ* Tyrannidem propulit.
Vere Religionis cultum, Avitas Patriæ leges,
Revocavit, reſtituit.
Ipſam denique Libertatem tantum non aſſertam
Mauritio Principi
Paternæ Virtutis Hæredi Filio,
Stabiliendam reliquit.
Herois vere Pii, Prudentis, Invicti,
Quem *Philippus* II. *Hiſp.* Rex, ille *Europæ* timor timuit,
Non domuit, non terruit;
Sed empto Perculſore fraude nefanda ſuſtulit.
Fœderati *Belg.* Provinc.
Perenne Meritor. Monument.
P. C. C.

This great Prince, *William Naſſau*, was aſſaſſinated at *Delft*, by a Shot from a Piſtol, loaded with three Balls, the 10th of *July*, 1584, in the 32d Year of his Age.

His vile Murderer, was *Balthazar Guerard*, a *Burgundian*; who pretended to be a Proteſtant, and Son of one who had ſuffered for his Religion; by which he inſinuated himſelf into the Prince's Favour, who employed and entruſted him in Buſineſs of Importance, The Villain never offered to get off, but was taken and pinched to Death with hot Irons, his Fleſh being firſt ſlaſhed with a Knife, and ſo Piece by Piece torn off with hot Pincers; he died obſtinate, and ſaid if it were to do again, he would do it.

Iſlington.

I pȳe the Crȳſten mān that haſt g'ce to ſee this:
to pȳe for the Soulls of them that here buryed is:
And remember that in Cryſt we be brethrene:
the wich hath comaundid ev'ry mān to pȳ for other:
This ſayth *Robert Middleton* and *Johan* his Wyf here wrappid in claye.
Abiding the mercy of Almyghty God till domeſdaye.
W h was sūtyme s'unt to s' *george haſting* knyght,
Erle of huntingdunt paſſid this tnſcitory lyf, in the yere of our Lord God
m cccccc . . . . . and the . . . day of the moneth of . . .
On whoſe Soull Almyghty God have m'cy amen.

Intended to be placed on a Stone in the Church of *Eromham*, in the County of *Wilts*.

'Tis not the Tomb in Marble poliſh'd high,
The venal Verſe, or flattering Titles nigh,

The

The claſſic Learning on an impious Stone,
Where Latin tells what *Engliſh* bluſh'd to own,
Shall ſhroud the Guilty from the Sight of God,
Incline his Balance, or avert his Rod;
His Hand can raiſe the crippled and the Poor,
Spread on the Way, or fainting at the Door;
And blaſt the Villain tho' to *Altars fled,
Who robb'd us living, and inſults us dead.

* *When* Hopkins *dies, a Thouſand Lights attend*
The Wretch, who living ſav'd a Candle's End:
Should'ring God's Altar a vile Image ſtands,
Belies his Features, nay extends his Hands, &c.
POPE.

Glouceſter Cathedral.

Hic conditum quod Reliquum eſt *Heſteræ Glodſborough*
Diſce viator verum ſi ſupra fidem
Hic jacet lectiſſima Virgo, Mater, Matrona,
Tribus expedita Viris, potita Tribus
Civibus hic ſummis-ſummo ille antiſtite
Eccleſiæ queis ſingulis apprime vixit chara
Rara in Pietate modeſtia, modeſtia Pietas,
Noſce quæ non videns, videns non admiræris
Munificentiam in pauperes ſine arrogantia
Non imitandam vivas dotes non æquendæ
Fæminæ octodenos liberoſque utriuſque
Jam numeroſi: Sexus ſobolem ſine numero
Filios egregios Filia, tantum non matri pares
Hoſce felices unam feliciter aviam
Inter amplexus omnium et pia vota omnium
In Senectute ultima ſenectam non languidam
Et fidem ſpirantem et expirantem in Fide
Serviit quæ Chriſto in Chriſto obdormientem.
An. 1622. Ætatis 80.

Glouceſter Cathedral.

Sacrum Memoriæ *Thomæ Dobbes*, generoſi, unius Clericorum de Banco Regis, qui de Vitâ hac migravit 21 *Feb.* An. ſalutis humanæ, 1635.

Sat ſcio juſtificat nullum Lex tradita *Moſi*,
Nec mea me juſtum jura dedere virum.
Unum cauſidicum cœlis habeamus Ieſum,
Unus, non multi ſunt ibi cauſidici.
Cauſidicus Chriſtus ſunt cauſidiciqui Fideles,
Cœlo ſed ſummi ſanguine cauſidici.

This is on *Thomas Hobbes*, one of the *Clerks of the King's Bench*, who obſerves in the 3d and 4th Lines of the Epitaph, which are the only remarkable ones, that he has one Solicitor in Heaven, which is *Chriſt*, but that there are very few there beſides.

Ely Cathedral.

Johannes Nalſon, L. L. D. hujus Eccleſiæ Canonicus, Eccl. de *Dodington*, cum Capella de *Marſh* Rector; Vir in Eccleſiâ, Republica, Orbe literato, nunquam ſatis celebrandus; qui ſummâ Eruditione, acumine ſingulari Doctrinam et Diſciplinam Eccleſiæ *Anglicanæ* Apoſtolicam, divina Regum *Angliæ* Jura et Sacro-ſancta majeſtatem contra Fanaticorum Schiſmaticorum Rebellium Puritatis et Libertatis pretextum, feliciter propugnavit; nec calamo ſolum, ſed Vita fere et ſanguine labantem Regis et Eccleſiæ cauſam aſſeruit, Factionis in Comitiis dominantis Inſolentiæ et Furori auſus ſe opponere; a quibus nova Authoritate, inaudito Exemplo citatus, in carcerem conjectus, tantum non oppreſſus eſt; ſed eo magis Bonorum omnium æſtimationi, præſertim Principis *Caroli* Secundi et ſacratiſſimi

tiſſimi Præſulis * *Petri Elienſis* favore, commendatus; ab hoc in Canonicorum ſuorum amicitiam, intimam neceſſitudinem, unius Laris et Menſæ conſortium vocatus; at illo Regii Favoris et Patrocinii præſidio munitus contra graſſantem Factioſorum Invidiam et Furorem: Et cum ſolis tanto opere par merito videretur, juſſus horrendæ Schiſmaticorum Rebellionis, quæ *Carolo* primo Martyri Sceptrum et Vitam infando Bello et execrabili Parricidio eripuit, Originem et Progreſſum juſtâ et fideli, ex Actis Publicis, Hiſtoriâ conſcribere, hoc grade et immortale opus uno et altéro Volumine feliciter inchoatum, ſummo et Literarum et Hiſtoriæ diſpendio imperfectum deſtituit Authoris a Laborum requiem et Mercedem vocati præmaturus, nec ſatis, Orbi et Eccleſiæ deflendus obitus 24 Die *Martii*, A. D. 168$\frac{5}{6}$, Ætat. 48.

This long Epitaph contains an Encomium on Dr. *Nalſon* for his Piety, Learning, and Loyalty to his Prince; his great Sufferings by being thrown into Priſon by the Fanatics, and there almoſt deſtroyed, with his Releaſement from thence, and his Honours from *Charles* II.

* The primitive *Peter Gunning*, a Perſon of a moſt diffuſive Charity; an univerſal Benefactor to all Places he had any Relation to: and what he had not ſpent in his Life, he bequeathed in his Will to charitable Uſes, particularly the Endowment of poor Vicarages.----His Epitaph follows.

Ely Cathedral.

M. S. Reverend. admodum in *Chriſto*, Patris ac Domini *Petri Gunning Cantiani*, è Schola *Cantuarienſi*, *Aulæ Clarenſis* apud *Cantabr.* Alumni et Socii, Coll. *Corporis Chriſti* et Sancti *Johannis Evang.* Præfecti, Dominæ *Margaretæ* et Regii Profeſſoris; Eccl. *Cantuarienſis* Canonici, *Ciceſtrenſis* et *Elienſis*

Epiſcopi. Juxta hoc Marmor quieſcit Exemplar Sanctitatis, Doctrinæ Abyſſus, Epiſcopus ſi quis olim Apoſtolicus; exulans ab Academia, Eccleſiam *Anglicanam* inter Schiſmaticorum Furias coram ipſum *Cromwellum* Concionibus, Diſputationibus, publicé aſſeruit, tantum non ſolus ſuſtinuit, vindicavit. At cum *Deus* et *Rex redux* nobis otium feciſſet, hic tamen indefeſſus, ſtudiis, vigiliis, jejuniis totus incubuit; Fidelibus erudiendis, refutandis Hæreticis, vitam egit Cælibem, Angelicam; bonis Eccleſiæ legatis Chriſtum Hæredem ſcripſit; et Virtutibus dius optatum rapuit cælum, Jul. 6, A. D. 1684, Ætatis ſuæ 71.

This is entirely in the Method of the foregoing.

Fulham.

H. London, Ει μη εν τω σαυρω, 1713.

This ſhort Epitaph is on *Henry Compton*, S. T. P. who was Maſter of St. *Croſſe*'s Hoſpital near *Wincheſter*, and Canon of *Chriſt Church*, *Oxford*, elected *November* 10, confirmed *December* 2, and conſecrated *December* 6, 1674. He was, on *December* 18 following, tranſlated to *London*; and died at his Palace at *Fulham*, *July* 7, 1713.

Blechley, Bucks.

Qui multos ad Juſtitiam adducunt, ſicut *Scintillæ* ſemper ſplendebunt, *Dan.* xii. 3.

Tho. Spark, S. Th. Doctor celeberrimus, hujus Eccleſiæ Rector vigilantiſſimus. Scutum Fidei. Arma noſtra ſunt ſpiritualia. Mortuus *Anno Ætatis* ſuæ 68, *Dom.* 1616, Octob. 8.

Then follows a Figure of Roſe Spark, *his Wife, and this Verſe:*

En

En renovata tamen iſta Caduca *Roſa* eſt.

Next an Angel, ſounding a Trumpet, and this:

Mors tegit, at retegit Nuncius iſte Tubâ.

Then the Titles of his Books, viz.

Exhortatio ad Conformitatem Eccleſiæ *Anglicanæ:* Libellus de Succeſſione; Reſponſio ad *Johan. de Albinis:* Catechiſm: Concion. Funeb. Vis Naturæ, ac Virtus Vitæ, Explicatio. Myſter. Pietatis: Conſcientiæ gravatæ Levamen.

Over which Titles are theſe Verſes:

Vindex Fama Libros fatali tollit ab urnâ:
Sic *Scintilla* micat quam tegit atra cinis.
Non extincta, ſepulta libet, *Scintilla*; favilla eſt.

On another Part of the Monument, pointing to his Sons,

Filioli chariſſimi, cavete vobis ab idolis;
Bis geniti, retinete fidem, Zelumque paternum;
Hæredes veſtri ſic decet eſſe Patris;
Sic decet. O mea tunc quam molliter oſſa cubabunt!
Si licet in Natis ſic ſupereſſe meis.
Scintillam Scintilla meam ſi veſtra ſequatur,
Orba ſuâ flamma non erit ara Dei.

On another Part, pointing to his Pariſhioners, this,

Deum adorate.

Ut ſacra in Populo ſignatur Epiſtola *Pauli,*
Sic mea in hoc ſancto lucet Imago grege.
Corporis in Fabulâ datur imperfecta, ſed illa
Cordibus in veſtris viva figura mei eſt:
Viva mei dixi? Chriſti at ſit vera figura,
Sat mihi ſi populus vera figura Dei.

At the Bottom.

Hoc Monumentum *Tho. Spark*, Filius et Hæres pietatis ergo mœrens poſuit. Non ita vixi, ut me pudeat

vixiſſe; neque mori timeo, quia bonum Dominum habemus.

Ely Cathedral.

Yet a little while, and he that will, ſhall come; the Spirit and Bride ſay come. Let him that heareth ſay come, and let him that is athirſt ſay, come even ſo come *Lord Jeſus.*

Urſula Tindall by Birth;
Coxee by Choice;
Upcher for Age and Comfort.

St. Mary Overis, London.

Sept. 21, die *Lunæ*, horâ matutinâ ſere quartâ, *Lancelotus Andrewes*, Epiſcopus *Wintonienſis* meritiſſimus, Lumen Orbis Chriſtiani, mortuus eſt. *Ephemeris Laudiana*, A. D. 1626. *Ætatis ſuæ* 71.

Lector, ſi Chriſtianus es, ſiſte: Moræ Pretium erit non neſcire te qui vir hic ſitus ſit. Ejuſdem hunc Catholicæ Eccleſiæ Membrum, ſub eadem felicis Reſurrectionis ſpe, eandem *D. Jeſu* præſtolans *Epiphaniam*, ſacratiſſimus Antiſtes, *Lancelotus Andrewes*, *Londini* oriundus, educatus *Cantabrigiæ Aula Pembroch.* Alumnorum ſociorum, Præfectorum unus, et Nemini ſecundus. Linguarum, Artium, Scientiarum, humanarum, divinarum omnium, infinitus Theſaurus, ſtupendum Oraculum: Orthodoxæ *Chriſti* Eccleſiæ, Scriptis, Dictis, Precibus, Exemplo, incomparabile Propugnaculum; Reginæ *Elizabethæ* a Sacris; D. *Pauli*, *London.* Reſidentiarius; D. *Petri Weſtmon.* Decanus; Epiſcopus *Ciceſtrenſis*, *Elienſis*, *Wintonienſis*; Regique *Jacobo* tum ab Eleemoſynis, tum ab utriuſque Regni Con-

Conſiliis, Decanus denique Sacelli Regii. Idem ex indefeſsâ Operâ in Studiis, ſumma ſapientia in Rebus, aſſiduâ Pietate in Deum, profuſâ Largitate in Egenos, rarâ amænitate in ſuos, ſpectatâ Probitate in omnes, æternum admirandus: Annorum pariter et publicæ Famæ ſatur, ſed bonorum paſſim omnium cum luctu denatus cælebs hinc migravit ad Aureolam Cæleſtem *Anno* Regis *Carolo* Secundo, *Ætatis ſuæ* 70, *Chriſti* 1626. Tantum eſt, Lector, quod te mærentes poſteri nunc volebant, atque ut ex voto tuo valeas.

Sit Deo Gloria.

This Epitaph is in Engliſh *thus:*

Reader, if thou art a Chriſtian, ſtay; it will be worth thy tarrying to know how great a Man lies here. A Member of the ſame Catholic Church with thyſelf; under the ſame Hope of a happy Reſurrection; and in Expectation of the ſame Appearance of our Lord *Jeſus*; the moſt holy Biſhop *Lancelot Andrews*; born at *London*; educated at *Cambridge*; one of the Scholars, Fellows, and Maſters of *Pembroke* Hall, and inferior to none: An infinite Treaſure, an amazing Oracle of Languages, Arts and Sciences, and every Branch of human and divine Learning; an incomparable Bulwark of the Orthodox Church of *Chriſt*, by his Converſation, Writings, Prayers and Example. He was Chaplain in ordinary to Queen *Elizabeth*; Reſidentiary of St. *Paul*'s in *London*; Dean of St. *Peter's Weſtminſter*; Biſhop, firſt of *Chicheſter*, then of *Ely*, and laſtly of *Wincheſter*; Almoner to King *James*, Privy Counſellor of both Kingdoms, and Dean of the Royal Chapel. He merits eternal Admiration, for his indefatigable Application to his Studies, his conſummate Experience in Affairs, his conſtant Piety towards God, his Liberality and Charity to the Poor, his uncommon Affability and Humanity to thoſe about him, and his unſhaken Integrity towards all. Full of Years and

...ction, to the Regret of all good Men, he died a ... and exchanged this Life for a Crown of ..., in the ſecond Year of King *Charles*, the ſeventy firſt of his Age, and that of *Chriſt* 1626. Reader, farewel, and give Glory to God.

Mr. *Iſaacſon*, the Author of this Prelate's Life, celebrates in particular his great Piety, his Charity and Compaſſion, his Fidelity and Integrity, his Gratitude and Thankfulneſs, his Munificence and Bounty, his Hoſpitality, his Humanity and Affability, his Modeſty, his diligent Application to Study, and his Talents as a Preacher and a Writer. He generally hated all Sorts of Vices, but more eſpecially three, which were Uſury, Simony, and Sacrilege. King *James*, ſays *Fuller*, had ſo great an Awe and Veneration for him, that, in his Preſence, he refrained from that Mirth and Levity, in which he indulged himſelf at other Times. What Opinion my Lord *Clarendon* had of him, appears from hence, that, in mentioning the Death of Dr. *Bancroft*, Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, he remarks, that if he had been ſucceeded by Biſhop *Andrews*, or any Man who underſtood and loved the Church, that Infection would eaſily have been kept out, which could not afterwards be ſo eaſily expelled. Our great Poet *Milton* too thought him worthy of his Pen, and wrote a Latin Elegy on his Death.

St. Flavian's, by *Mount Fiaſcone*.

EST. EST. EST. PPR. NIUM. EST. HIC. IO. DE. FUC. D. MEUS. MORTUS. EST.

This is (according to the Abbé *Blainville*) on the Tomb of a *German Prelate*. This worthy Biſhop who, like the reſt of his Countrymen, was no Enemy

to the Bottle, had an Affair which required his Preſence in *Rome*. No ſooner had he ſet his Foot in *Italy*, but he ordered his Steward to go before, in order to taſte the Wines in every Inn upon the Road. In caſe the Wine was tolerably good, the *Major-domo* was to chalk upon the Door, in Capitals, the Latin Word *Eſt*; if very good, he was to write *Eſt. Eſt.* At laſt the Steward being arrived in *Monte Fiaſcone*, found the *Muſcadel* Wine ſo delicious, that he did not ſcruple to triple the *Eſt*; and accordingly the Biſhop found that his Steward had a ſuperlative Taſte. And now the *right reverend Father* carouſed ſo heartily that his *Farce* became a *Tragedy*; in a Word, in a few Days he *died* of---- *the Muſcadel.* The Tripler of *Eſt*, who perhaps did not lay in ſuch a large Stock as the Biſhop, ſurvived to bury his Maſter, and on the Stone the Deceaſed is repreſented in his Pontifical Veſtments, with his Mitre, Croſier, and other Epiſcopal Ornaments. The People of the Town tell you, that this *venerable Bacchanal* bequeathed ten Thouſand Crowns to the Hoſpital of *Monte Fiaſcone*, upon Condition that the ſaid Hoſpital ſhould give annually, on *Whitſunday*, to all Perſons who might come thither, as much Bread and Muſcadel Wine as they could eat and drink at one Meal.-----On each Side of his Effigies there are two Scutcheons and as many Drinking-glaſſes. *Miſſon* mentions the Arms, and ſays he was of one of the moſt conſiderable Families in *Augſburgh*.

Beneath this Stone ———'s Duſt is laid,
Who drank his *Paſſing-cup*, and *reel'd* to Bed;
Death reach'd the *Bowl*, and this Preſcription gave;
" Doſe now thy Senſes ſober in the Grave."
Life paid the preſent *Shot*; but Oh! the Fears,
When Morn awakes him to his long Arrears,
Charg'd with the Revels of each former Day!
For there's a *dreadful Reck'ning* ſtill to pay.

On Miſs *Kitty Congreve.*

Here *Congreve* lies, who too untimely fell;
But what ſhe was a *Congreve*'s Muſe ſhould tell:
And had the Bard by Blood ſo near ally'd——
Mourn'd o'er her Tomb in Verſe that ne'er had dy'd,
Her matchleſs Worth his ſoaring Wings had try'd.
In all the Bloom of Youth ſhe met her Death,
Yet calm as hoary Age reſign'd her Breath.
Prepar'd by Virtue for her bleſt Remove—
There ſure to find what's only found above,—
Friendſhip ſincere, and Peace, and *conſtant Love.*

Viterbo.

Galienæ Patriciæ Viterbienſi,
Cujus incomparabilem pulcritudinem
Inſigni pudicitiæ junctam
Satis fuit videſſe Mortales.

Conſules Majeſtatis tantæ Fæminæ admiratione hoc Honoris ac Pietatis Monumentum exculptum voluere. MCXXXVI.

On the Outſide of the Dome of the Senate.—— The Aſhes of the Lady are in a Stone Coffin under it. The Stile of the Sculpture is entirely *Gothick*, and agreeable to that Age. The Inſcription is thus in *Engliſh*:

'To *Galiena*, a Lady of *Viterbo*: To behold her incomparable Beauty, joined to her moſt exquiſite Modeſty, was full enough for this World: The Conſuls, in Admiration of this great Woman, raiſed this Monument to her Memory in the Year MCXXXVI.'

Sancta

Sancta Maria, Naples.

Oſſibus et Memoriæ *Petri Navarri Cantabri*, ſolerti in expugnandis Urbibus Arte Clariſſim. *Gonſalvus Ferdinandus Ludovici* Filius, Magni *Gonſalvi* Nepos, *Sueſſæ* Princips, Ducem, *Gallorum* Partes ſecutum pio Sepulcri munere honeſtavit. Quum hoc in ſe habeat præclara Virtus, ut vel in hoſte ſit admirabilis.

In Engliſh thus:

'Sacred to the Bones and Memory of the great General *Peter* of *Navarre*. *Gonſalvo Fernando*, Son of *Lewis*, and Nephew of the great *Gonſalvo*, hearing this Leader's Aſhes, by the Fortune of War, lay expoſed, buried them with Honour. Virtue has ſo many Charms, as even to be admired in an Enemy.'

Odetto Fuxio Lautrecco Gonſalvus Ferdinandus Ludovici F. C. Magni *Gonſalvi* Nepos: quum ejus oſſa, quamvis Hoſtis, in avito Sacello, ut Belli Fortuna tulerat, ſine Honore jacere comperiſſet, humanarum miſeriarum memor, *Gallo* Duci *Hiſpanus* Princeps poſuit.

This Epitaph on *Odet de Foix*, Viſcount of *Lautrec*, carries the ſame Meaning as the other.

Navarro had raiſed himſelf from being a common Soldier to the higheſt of military Dignities; he left the *Spaniards* upon a Diſguſt, and went over to *Lautrec*, who was of the Royal Houſe of *Navarre*, a very able General under *Lewis* XII. and *Francis* I. and died of the Peſtilence raging in the *French* Camp which lay before *Naples*.

Moulins.

Moulins.

Henric. II. *Montmorenciaci* Ducum Ultimo et Maximo, *Franciæ* Pari, Thalaſſiarcho, Polemarcho, Terrori Hoſtium, Amori Suorum; *Maria Felix Urſina* ex *Romanâ* Stirpe Conjux Unica, cui, ex Immenſis Mariti Divitiis Unæ ſuperfuerunt Viventis Amor et Functi Cineres, Marito Incomparabili, de quo dolere nihil unquam potuit, niſi Mortem, bene Merenti P. *A. Sal.* CIↃIↃCCLII. Sui Luctus XX.

This Inſcription is on the Monument of the unfortunate Duke of *Montmorenci*, in the Chapel of the *Nuns* of *The Viſitation*. It is what the *French* call *un Morceau magnifique*; an *Italian* or *Engliſhman* poſſibly would think otherwiſe. The Tomb and Chapel are both the Work of his Ducheſs, who ended her Days in this Convent.—The Duke fell a Victim to the Rage of Cardinal *Richelieu*, and was privately beheaded at *Toulouſe*. There is nothing in the Epitaph but that he was a Nobleman of great Fortune, and that he never gave his Lady (who erected this Monument) any Grief but when he died.

St. Nazaro's, Milan.

Jo. Jacobus Magnus *Trivultius* Antonii Filius
Qui nunquam quievit quieſcit. Tace!

Trivulcio was a *Milaneſe*, and having been baniſhed from *Milan*, he ſerved the *French* King, and was afterwards by him made Governor of that City.

The Epitaph in Engliſh is:

'Here lies quiet *John James Trivulcio*, the Son of '*Antonio*, who never lay quiet before. Huſh!'

Weſtminſter

Weſtminſter Abbey.

Honorabilis Juvenis
Philippus Carteret Domini
Georgii Carteret Baronis de *Hawnes*
Filius natu Minimus, hujus Collegii
Alumnus, jam maturus obiit. Mart. 19.
M.D.CCX.

Quid breves Te Delicias Tuorum
Næniis Phæbi Chorus omnis urget,
Et meæ Falcis ſubito reciſum
Vulnere plangit?

En, Puer, vitæ pretium caducæ!
Hic Tuam cuſtos vigil ad Favillam
Semper adſtabo, et memori tuebor
Marmore Famam.

Audies clarus Pietate, Morum
Integer, multæ ſtudioſus Artis;
Hæc frequens olim leget, hæc ſequetur
Æmula Pubes.

Theſe *Sapphics* are on a *Scroll* held by a Figure repreſenting *Time*.

In Engliſh thus:

'The Honourable Youth, *Philip Carteret*,
'Second Son of Lord *George Carteret*,
'Baron of *Hawnes*,
'Scholar of this College, and ripe for the Univerſity,
'died *March* 19, 1710. Aged 19.

I.

'Why do the tuneful Chorus join
'In mournful Songs to wail thy Fate,
'The fleeting Joys of thee and thine,
'And Pleaſures of too ſhort a Date.

'Why

'Why my too haſty Scythe upbraid,
'And weep the cruel Wound it made?

II.

'See what a worthleſs Thing is Bloom,
'Behold, my Boy, the poor Reward;
'But I obſequious at thy Tomb,
'Will ever ſtand a watchful Guard;
'In letter'd Marble ſhew thy Name,
'And tell the World thy matchleſs Fame.

III.

'Thy ſpotleſs Piety in Youth,
'For Learning thy unfoil'd Deſire,
'Thy Manners ſtrict, and antient Truth,
'Shall make the Age to come admire.
'The wond'ring Youth while I thy Deeds
'relate,
'Fir'd at thy Worth, ſhall ſtrive to emulate.'

On the R. H. *Thomas Winnington*, Eſq;

Near his paternal Seat here bury'd lies,
The Grave, the Gay, the Witty and the Wiſe,
Form'd for all Parts, in all alike he ſhin'd,
Variouſly great, a Genius unconfin'd!
In Converſe bright, judicious in Debate,
In private amiable, in public great:
With all the Stateſman's Knowledge, Prudence, Art,
With Friendſhip's open, undeſigning Heart,
The Friend and Heir here join their Duty: One
Erects the Buſto, one inſcribes the Stone.
Not that they hope from theſe his Fame ſhould live,
That claims a longer Date than they can give.
Falſe to their Truſts, the mould'ring Buſts decay,
And, ſoon effac'd, Inſcriptions wear away:

But

But *Engliſh* Annals ſhall their Place ſupply,
And, while they live, his Name can never die.
Said to be by Sir C. H. W.

York Cathedral.

Hic jacet Magiſter.

This on the Grave of *William Cawoode*, who was made Prebendary of this Church on the 2d of *May*, in the Year 1419. on the Death of *Robert de Manfeld*.

Lambeth, Surry.

Hic jacet inclytus ille et Eruditiſſimus
Elias Aſhmole Litchfeildenſis Armiger,
Inter alia in Republica Munera,
Tributi in Cerviſias Contra-Rotulator,
Fæcialis *Windſorienſis* titulo
Per annos plurimos dignatus,
Qui poſt duo connubia in uxorem duxit tertiam
Elizabetham Gulielmi Dugdale,
Militis, *Garteri Principalis Regis Armorum* Filiam.
Mortem obiit 18 *Maii*, 1692. Anno Ætatis 76.
Sed durante *Muſæo Aſhmoleano*, Oxon.
Nunquam moriturus.

Mr. *Aſhmole* was the only Son and Child of *Simon Aſhmole*, Sadler, of the City of *Litchfield*. He was, beyond Queſtion, one of the greateſt Men, and one of the greateſt Patrons of Learning in the laſt Century. He was a Lover of Chemiſtry, and by his Care and Diligence preſerved many valuable M S S. relating to that Science, beſides thoſe that he cauſed to be printed and publiſhed. He had a great Genius for Hiſtory;

as

as ſufficient appears by his learned and laborious Works, both printed and Manuſcripts. He was likewiſe always an Encourager and Protector of ſuch ingenious and learned Men, as were leſs fortunate in the World than himſelf, as appears by his Kindneſs to Sir *George Wharton*; his Reſpect to the Memory of his Friend Mr. *Booker*, and the Care he took in the Education of Dr. *George Smalridge*.—In a Word, *Antony Wood* (who ſeldom daubed any-body with Panegyric) gives him the beſt of Characters. —Beſides Medals, and other Rarities in the *Muſæum*, which bears his Name at *Oxford*, he bequeathed to that Univerſity at his Death One thouſand Seven hundred Fifty and Eight Books, whereof there are in Manuſcript 620; and of them 311 Folios. —— The Epitaph only contains his Titles; and ſays, that he departed on the 18th of *May*, 1692. but that he can never die while the *Muſæum* at *Oxford* remains.

Benedictine Conv. at *Ferrara*.

Ludovico Arioſto; Ter illi Max. atque ore omnium celeberr. vati; a *Carolo* V. *Cæſare* coronato; Nobilitate generis atque animi claro; In Rebuſpub. adminiſtrandis, in regendis Populis, in graviſſimis ad ſummos Pontif. Legationibus, Prudentia, Conſilio, Eloquentia, Conſilio præſtantiſſimo, *Lud. Arioſtus* Pronepos, ne quid domeſticæ Pietatis ad tanti viri gloriam cumulandam defuiſſe videri poſſit, magno Patruo, cujus oſſa hic vere condita ſunt, P. C. *Anno Salutis* 1612. Vixit Annis 59. Obiit *Anno Salutis* 1533. VIII. *Idus Junii*.

Notus et *Heſperiis* jacet hic *Arioſtus*, et *Indis*,
Cui Muſa æternum nomen *Hetruſca* dedit.
Seu Satyram in vitia exacuit, ſeu comica luſit,
Seu cecinit grandi Bella Ducesque Tubâ.

Ter

Ter ſummus Vates, cui docti in vertice Pindi
Ter geminâ licuit cingere fronde comas.

Arioſto's Tomb is of black, white, and red Marble, adorned with Columns and Statues. His Buſt, which is of white Marble, and crowned with Laurel, is ſupported by a Cherub. Before *Arioſto*'s Great Grand-Nephew erected that fine Tomb, there was only a Head of this great Man againſt a Pillar, with the following plain Inſcription:

D. O. M.

Ludovico Arioſto, Poetæ, Patricio *Ferrarienſi*, *Auguſtinus Muſtus*, tanto Viro, ac de ſe bene merenti, Tumulum et Effigiem marmoream, ære proprio, P. C. Anno Salutis M.D.LXXXIII. *Alphonſo* Secundo Duce. Vixit Annos 59. Obiit *Anno Sal.* 1533. VIII. *Idus Junii.*

Arioſto was undoubtedly one of the beſt Poets of *Italy*. The Emperor *Charles* the 5th crowned him Poet Laureat. But neither his Crown nor his Birth ſaved him from being poor, ſince we find that one of his Friends was obliged to erect this paultry Tomb to him, *ære proprio*, at his own Expence, without any of his Family taking any Concern about him till fourſcore Years after his Death.

The Epitaph is in Engliſh thus:

'In the Name of God.

'This Monument is erected to the Memory of the 'moſt renowned and univerſally celebrated *Lud.* '*Arioſto*; who was crowned by the Emperor *Charles* V. 'Eminent by his Birth, and by his Genius; by his 'Conduct in public Buſineſs, in Government, in 'the Diſcharge of the moſt important Embaſſies to 'the Popes, by his Prudence, his Wiſdom, and his 'Eloquence. *Ludovico Arioſto*, his Grand-Nephew-

'that

'that no Family-Duty might be unperformed to compleat the Glory of ſo great a Man, took care to 'erect this Monument to his Great-Uncle; whoſe 'Bones are here buried: In the Year 1612. He 'lived 59 Years, and died in 1533.'

By the ſix Verſes are only given to underſtand, that *Arioſto* had a threefold Gift of Poetry; *Epic*, *Satyric*, and *Dramatic*.

Weſtminſter Abbey.

Dux *Normannorum*, verus conqueſtor eorum
Hæres *Francorum* deceſſit, et *Hector* eorum.

Theſe ſtupid Lines were inſcribed on the Tomb of *Harry* the 5th. He was ſurnamed of *Monmouth*, the Place of his Birth; which happened *in Anno* 1388. In his early Years he was guilty of many Follies and Extravagancies, ill becoming his Dignity; but upon coming to the Crown, wore it with the utmoſt Applauſe. He was crowned at *Weſtminſter*, the 9th of *April*, 1414; and reigned nine Years, five Months, and fourteen Days, after having boldly proved his Right to the Throne of *France*, by the glorious Victory of *Agincourt*. But whilſt he was in Purſuit of further Conqueſt, and endeavouring to lay *France* under quiet Subjection, he fell ill at *Suley* of a Fever and Flux, as he was marching to relieve *Coſſney* then beſieged by the Dauphin; from whence being removed to *Bois de Vicennes*, he departed this Life on the laſt Day of *Auguſt*, 1422, aged 34 Years. Immediately upon his Death, his Bowels were buried in the Church of *St. More de Foſſes*; and after having his Exequies performed at *Notre Dame*, in *Paris*, all the Nobility, *French* and *Engliſh*, attending, his Body was brought with great Pomp to *England*, and buried in the Abbey at *Weſtminſter*.

Weſtminſter

Weſtminſter Abbey.

Ici : giſt *Henri*, Jadis : Rey : de : *Engletere* : Seygneur De : *Hirlaunde :* Duc : de : *Aquitayne :* Le : Filz : Li : Rey *Johann :* Jadis : Rey : De : *Engletere :* A : Kidon . Face Mercy : Amen.

He was born the 1ſt of *October*, 1206, and took the Crown at nine Years of Age; he had a long but troubleſome Reign, by reaſon of the Animoſities raiſed againſt his Father *John*; which upon the leaſt Hint took Fire, and occaſioned the Inſurrection of the *Barons*: The Conſequence of which was the *great Charter*, and that of the *Foreſt*, which were ſo ſtrictly obſerved by our Forefathers, as the undoubted Security of our Country, and indiſpenſible upon any Exigence whatſoever. He was a Prince rather devout than wiſe, *in actibus ſæcularibus minus putabatur prudens*; as appears by his hearing Maſs thrice a Day, at the ſame Time that he refuſed to hear any Complaints made againſt his Court Paraſites; as the *Valences*, &c. whom he enriched to the impoveriſhing of himſelf, while he promoted their foreign Creatures to Places where they might inſult his People. He was of a middle Stature, well ſet, and had a Caſt with one of his Eyes, ſo much as to hide Part of the Ball and Pupil. He was a Man of great Vigour and Strength, and ſuppoſed by *Paris* to be foretold by *Merlin*, under the Allegory of the *Leopard*. He fell ill at *St. Edmund's Bury*, in *Suffolk*, as he was returning from *Norwich*, and died at *Weſtminſter*, *Anno* 1272 (according to *Wykes* 71), on the 16th *Kal. Dec.* aged 65 Years, having reigned 56. His Heart was, according to his Order, delivered to the Lady Abbeſs, to be buried at *Font Everaud*, in *Normandy*.

Old

Old Gray Friers, Edinburgh.

Stay, Paſſenger, and ſhed a Tear,
For good *James Murray* lieth here:
He was of *Philip Haugh* deſcended,
And for his Merchandize commended.
He was a Man of a good Life,
Marry'd *Bethia Mauld* to his Wife:
He may thank God that e'er he gat her,
She bore him three Sons and a Daughter.
The firſt he was a Man of Might,
For which the King made him a *Knight.*
The ſecond was both wiſe and wily,
For which the Town made him a *Bailly*:
The third a *Factor* of Renown,
Both in *Camphire* and in this Town.
His Daughter was both grave and wiſe,
And married was to *James Elies.*

He died 30th *April*, 1649; of his Age the 79th Year.

Under this Marble, or under this Sill,
Or under this Turf, or e'en what they will;
Whatever an Heir, or a Friend in his Stead,
Or any good Creature ſhall lay o'er my Head,
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and ſtill cares not a Pin,
What they ſaid, or may ſay, of the Mortal within:
But, who living and dying, ſerene ſtill and free,
Truſts in God that as well as he was he ſhall be.

A POPE.

St. Dunſtan's, Stepney.

Here lyeth interred the Body of Captain *John Dunch*, who departed this Life *November* 25, 1696. in the 67th Year of his Age.

Tho'

Tho' *Boreas'* blaſts and *Neptune's* Waves
Have toſs'd me to and fro;
In ſpite of both by God's Decree,
I harbour here below;
Where I do now at Anchor ride
With many of our Fleet;
Yet once again I muſt ſet Sail,
Our Admiral Chriſt to meet.

Vitæ *Volumine* peracto
Hic *Finis* JACOBI TONSON
Perpoliti Sociorum Principis.
Qui, velut obſtetrix Muſarum,
In Lucem edidit
Felices ingenii partus.
Lugete Scriptorum chorus, et frangite Calamos.
Ille veſtris qui chartis vitam dedit,
E vitæ *Margine eraſus*, deletur.
Sed hæc *poſtrema Inſcriptio*
Huic *primæ* mortis *Paginæ*
Imprimatur,
Ne *prælo* Sepulcri *commiſſus*
Ipſe *Editor* careat *Titulo*;
Hic jacet *Bibliopola*,
Folio vitæ delapſo,
Expectans *novam Editionem*
Auctiorem et Emendatiorem.

York Cathedral.

Muſicus et Logicus *Wynal* hic jacet ecce *Johannes*;
Organa namque loqui fecerat ille quaſi.

Which may be thus tranſlated:

Muſician and Logician eke,
Wynal Lo! *John* lies here;
Who made the Organs for to ſpeak
Juſt e'en as if it were.

On Robert Huntingdon, *of* Stanton Harcourt, *Eſq*; *and* Robert, *his Son.*

This peaceful Tomb doth now contain
Father and Son together laid;
Whoſe living Virtues ſhall remain
When they, and this are quite decay'd.
What Man could be to Ripeneſs grown,
And finiſh'd Worth could do, or ſhun,
At full was in the Father ſhown,
What Youth could promiſe in the Son.
But Death obdurate both deſtroy'd,
The perfect Fruit and op'ning Bud;
Firſt ſeiz'd thoſe Sweets we had enjoy'd,
Then robb'd us of the coming Good.

WM. CONGREVE.

St. Dunſtan's, Stepney.

Here lies the Body of *Daniel Saul*,
Spittlefields Weaver, and that's all.

Here faſt aſleep lies *Saunders Scott*,
Lang may he ſnort and ſnore;
His bains are now in *Gorman*'s pot
That us'd to ſtrut the Streets before.
He liv'd a lude and taſtrel Life,
For gude he nae regarded,

His

His perjur'd clack rais'd mickle Strife,
For whilk belike he'll be rewarded.
Ill temper'd Loon that us'd to ſnort
When ilk his Neighbour fell in trouble,
His gybes do now lie in the dirt,
To ſatisfy his brethen double:
The bread of Life was offer'd him
For to abate his evil;
But he refus'd and ſae he's dead;
Wha kens but now he's wi' the devil.
But ſyne he's gane, I'll ſay nae mair,
In *Abram*'s Boſom may he waken,
But gin he meet with ſic gude fare,
There's mair than ane will be miſtaken.

St. Mary's, Rotherhith.

As the Earth the Earth does cover,
So under this *Stone* lies *another* *.

Here lies inferred the Body of Captain *Thomas Stone*, Junr. of this Pariſh: He departed this Life the 9th of *Auguſt* 1666.

*Theſe two Lines are alſo the Beginning of an Epitaph in *St. Mary Magdalen*'s Church, *Milk-ſtreet*, on Sir *William Stone*.

Underneath this ſable Hearſe
Lies the Subject of all Verſe,
Sidney's Siſter, *Pembroke*'s Mother.
Death, ere thou haſt ſlain another
Fair, and learn'd, and good as ſhe,
Time ſhall throw his Dart at thee.

BEN. JONSON.

St. Peter's, Norwich.

In Memory of *William Weſt*, *Comedian*, late Member of the *Norwich* Company; he died the 17th of *June*, 1733. Aged 32.

To me 'twas given to die; to thee 'tis giv'n
To live; alas one Moment ſets us even,
Mark how impartial is the Will of Heav'n.

Theſe three Lines are by Mr. *Prior*.

On Mr. Demar, *who died* July *the* 6th, 1720.

Beneath this verdant Hillock lies
Demar the wealthy and the wiſe.
His Heirs, that he might ſafely reſt,
Have put his Carcaſs in a Cheſt.
The very Cheſt, in which, they ſay,
His *other Self*, his Money, lay.
And if thoſe Heirs continue kind
To that dear *Self* he left behind,
I dare to ſwear that Four in Five
Will think his better Self alive.

Dean SWIFT.

On an old Hawker found dead in the Highway.

John Sherry lies here, whoſe fixed Abode
Before was no-where, for he liv'd on the Road;
And when with Age grown ſcarce able to creep,
He there laid him down, and he died in a Sleep.
But ſome Friends who lov'd him ſoon heard his Miſhap,
And hither remov'd him to take out his Nap.

J. KIRK.

Stay,

Stay, *Bachelor*, if you have Wit,
A Wonder to behold!
Huſband and Wife in one dark Pit,
Lie cloſe and never ſcold!
Tread ſoftly though, for fear ſhe wakes—
Hark! ſhe begins already!
"You've hurt my Head—my Shoulder akes;"
"Theſe Sots can ne'er move ſteady."
Ah! Friend, with happy Freedom bleſt!
See! how my Hopes miſcarried!
Not Death itſelf can give you Reſt,
Unleſs you die unmarried.

AARON HILL.

In the Pariſh-Church of *Leeds*, *Yorkſhire*.

Thō as Hardwicke, Eſquire
& *Anē* hys wyfe and fier
are here incloſed:
IX yeres in maryage
they ſpent in good uſage
as it ys ſuppoſed:
Two ſons they had than
Francis Hardwicke and *Bryan*
fayre of forme and face
good tokens they yeyld
as may be for a chyld
to runē the fathers race.
The ſaid *Anē* his wyfe and fier
was marryed to an eſquire
before that ſeaſon:
V children begat hee
two ſons daughters three
as here is relation.

Here lyeth *Hardwick* lately layde
Whoſe comely Corpes are gone,
Here lyeth the Man that always hade
The Love of every one.
A Man moſt meete for riche and poore,
A fryend to each degree.
Read and lament the death therefore
Of ſuch a man as hee.
The gentleſt wyght this world within
Exceptions few I take,
As well to poore as to the ryche
No dyfference he did make.
The freeſt Hart this world wythin
Hys Corps dyd ſure poſſeſs
Who bare the name of worſhipful,
And welcome more or leſſe.
Although that death hath done us wrong
In ſhortning of hys dayes,
Yet ſhall his name reſt us among
Unto his chyldrens prayſe.
The Hart that maſter *Hardwicke* had
To keep good Hoſpitalitye,
Of force may make hys chyldren glad
To ſhone the way to penery.
For as they ſee before theyre eyes,
How men exalt hys name,
So will they do by them likewyſe
If they deſerve the ſame.
A noble Hart as I ſuppoſe
In *Hardwicke* dyd remayne
All cyvill ways he ſtudied out
His Friends to entertayn.
Thus hym to God I do commend,
Qui Nutu regit omnia,
Truſting that he will us defend
Per ſingula Pericula.

1577.

On William Lawes, *a Muſician, killed at the Siege of* Weſtcheſter.

Concord is *conquer'd*; in this Urn there lies
The Maſter of great Muſick's Myſteries;
And in it is a Riddle, like the Cauſe,
Will Lawes was ſlain by thoſe whoſe *Wills* were *Lawes*.

Weſtminſter-Abbey.

H.S.S.
Reliquiæ
Edwardi V^ti^ Regis *Angliæ*, et *Richardi* Ducis *Eboracenſis*,
Hos Fratres Germanos Turre Londin^si^. concluſos
Injectiſque Culcitris ſuffocatos
Abdite, et inhoneſte tumulari juſſit
Patruus *Richardus* Perfidus Regni Prædo.
Oſſa Deſideratorum, diù et multum quæſita,
Poſt Annos CXC & I.
Scalarum in Ruderibus (Scalæ iſtæ ad Sacellum
Turris albæ nuper ducebant)
Altè defoſſa, Indiciis certiſſimis ſunt reperta
XVII. Die *Julii*. A. D. MDCLXXIIII.
Carolus II. Rex Clementiſſimus acerbam Sortem miſeratus,
Inter avita Monumenta, Principibus infeliciſſimis
Juſta perſolvit.
Anno Dom. 1678. Annoque Regni ſui 30.

After *Richard* the 3d got the Crown, he could not think himſelf ſafe while theſe young Princes remained alive; ſo commanded Sir *Robert Brackenbury*, Lieutenant of the Tower, to diſpatch them: But he, not coming into it, was ordered to reſign his Office for

that Occaſion to Sir *James Tyrrell*; who immediately procured two Villains, *Miles Forreſt* and *John Dighton*, to ſmother them in Bed; their Lodging being then in that Building near the *Water-gate*, which is thereupon, to this Day, called the *Bloody Tower*. Their Bodies were buried at the Stair-foot there, ſomewhat deep in the Ground, under a great Heap of Stones; but King *Richard*, being told in what obſcure Place they lay, gave Command for their better Interment; whereupon a Prieſt, belonging to Sir *Robert Brackenbury*, removing them, and dying ſhortly after, it could never be known whither they were carried. Till upon *Friday*, the - - - - Day of *July*, A. 1674. were found in the Tower the Bones of two Striplings in a wooden Cheſt; which upon Survey (ſays Mr. *Knight*, Surgeon to King *Charles*), appeared proportionable to the Age of thoſe two Brothers; *viz.* about thirteen and eleven Years. They were found about ten Feet in the Ground.—The following Epitaph was written by *Thomas Stanley*, Biſhop of *Man*, who lived under *Henry* VIII. *Edw.* VI. Q. *Mary*, and Q. *Elizabeth*.

In *London*'s Toure in one Place or anoder
Interry'd lay Kyng *Edward* and his Broder,
Who by their wicked Eme were guyltles ſleyne,
And baſely beryed yet tooke up agayne,
And caſt into the blacke deepes at *Tems* Mouth.
Now whether wreckt, or toſt from North to South,
Their Reliques are, it recks not; their Soules reſt
In Hev'n amangſt Gods Children ever bleſt.

They weren murdered in *July*, 1483. *Edward* being thirteen Yeres old, and *Richard* about ſome two Yeres younger.—The *Engliſh* of the Inſcription is as follows:

* Here

'Here lie the Reliques of *Edward*, King of *England*, and *Richard*, Duke of *York*. Theſe Brothers being confined in the Tower, and there ſtifled with Pillows, were privately and meanly buried, by the Order of their perfidious Uncle *Richard the Uſurper*; whoſe Bones, long enquired after and wiſhed for, after 191 Years, in the Rubbiſh of the Stairs (*i. e.* thoſe lately leading to the Chapel of the *White Tower*) were, on the 17th Day of *July*, 1674, by undoubted Proofs diſcovered, being buried deep in that Place. *Charles* II. a moſt compaſſionate Prince, pitying their ſevere Fate, ordered theſe unhappy Princes to be laid amongſt the Monuments of their Predeceſſors, *A. D.* 1678, in the 30th Year of his Reign.'

On a Huſband and Wife.

They were ſo one; that none could ſay
Which of them rul'd, or whether did obey.—
He rul'd, becauſe ſhe would obey; and ſhe,
In ſo obeying, rul'd as well as he.

PAUL JERMIN FOLEY.

Hitchin, in *Hertfordſhire.*

Robert Papworth dyed on the 9th of *November*, 1693, aged 72,
William, his eldeſt Son, dy'd on the 3d of *November* 1707, aged 61.
Serve God and proſper, *Joſ.* i. 8. *Mat.* vi. 33.
Here lies one that of himſelf had neither Worth nor Vigour,
And was but a Cypher till *Chriſt* became the Figure.
Ezek. 16. 1, &c. *Rev.* 3. 17, 18. 1 *Cor.* 1. 26, &c. *Jer.* 9. 23, 24. *Col.* 3. 2.

Chriſt all alone Salvation brings, *Jer.* 3. 23.
All other are deceitful Things. *Acts*, 14. 12.
To him give all the Prophets Witneſs, that through his Name,
Whoſoever believeth in him ſhall receive Remiſſion of Sins. *Acts* 10. 43, 44.
Brevis prædicatio, longa ruminatio, actio perpetua, *James*, 1. 22.
Denique quid verbis opus eſt, ſpectemur agendo, *Mat.* 5. 16.
If all Things elſe muſt needs be loſt,
Yet ſave thy Soul whate'er it coſt.
Soli ſapienti πνευμαῖι ſola gloria. *Jude* 24.
Since God's free-grace doth all our good provide,
Let his great glory all our goings guide. *Eph.* 2. 8. &c.
Reſpice, quid prodeſt præſcripti temporis ævum? *Eccl.* 1. 2.
Omne quod eſt, nihi leſt, præter amare Deum. *Eccl.* 12, 13.
When you are dead and laid in grave
As you have done ſo ſhall you have. 2 *Cor.* 5. 10.
Quod ſibi quiſque ſerit preſentis tempore vitæ;
Hoc ſibi meſſis erit cum dicitur, ite, venite. *Gal.* 6. 7, 8.
Heb. 9. 27. 28. *Rev.* 14. 6. 7. *John* 4. 24. *Rom.* 8. 9. *Cant.* 2. 16. 17.
Let us ſing Μεγαλα και θαυμαστα, &c.
Hallelujah.
Redeem Time. Remember Eternity.

Worceſter Cathedral.

Viator ad tumulum de reverendiſſimo Viro Domino *Ricardo Eedes*, olim hujus Eccleſiæ *Decano*.
Eede, quis hic? *Eedes*. Cur hic? quia præfuit *ædi*.
Hoc Domino qualis viſa beata domus!

Eede

Eede Gradum. *Doctor*. Qualis? *Sacer Oxonienſis.*
Tamne pius vitâ quam fuit ore? *Fuit.*
Cur Lapis et Loqueris? *Sub me jacet Orphea vincens;*
Iſte facit pluſquam ſaxa movere, loqui.
Cur Lapis et lacrymas? *Jacturam defleo tantam.*
Eia, viatorem me quoque flere facis.

Richard Eedes, ſays *Wood* in his *Athenæ*, was elected Student of *Chriſt Church*, in 1571; where, going thro' the uſual Claſſes of Logic and Philoſophy, he proceeded in Arts in 1578, being then *Junior in Comitiis*, or of the Act, that Year. — Having taken Orders, he became a moſt noted and celebrated Preacher, was admitted to the Reading of the Sentences in 1584: (being that Year inſtalled Prebend of *Yatminſter Prima*, in the Church of *Sarum*) made Chaplain to Q. *Elizabeth*, Canon of *Chriſt Church*, in 1586, and in 89 Doctor of Divinity. In 1596 he was made Dean of *Worceſter*, in the Place of Doctor *Francis Willis* deceaſed, being then, and ever after to his Death (for he was alſo Chaplain to King *James* the 1ſt.) held in great Admiration at Court; not only for his Preaching, but moſt excellent and polite Diſcourſe. His younger Years he ſpent in poetical Fancies, and compoſing Plays (moſtly Tragedies); but, at riper, he became a pious and grave Divine, an Ornament to his Profeſſion, and a Grace to the Pulpit. No two Men were ever more intimate than he and *Tob. Mathews*, Dean of *Ch. Ch.* for they intimately loved each other for Virtue and Ingenuity's Sake. His Works are — *Iter Boreale*; *Various Poems, Lat. & Engliſh*; *Six Sermons*, publiſhed in 1604, *Octavo*; and *Three Sermons*, in 1627, *Quarto.*

Here lies a Head that often ach'd,
Here lie two Hands that always ſhak'd;

Here lies a Brain of odd Conceit,
Here lies a Heart that often beat;
Here lie two Eyes that daily wept,
And in the Night but ſeldom ſlept;
Here lies a Tongue that whining talk'd,
Here lie two Feet that feebly walkt;
Here lie the Midriff and the Breaſt,
With Loads of Indigeſtion preſt;
Here lies the Liver full of Bile,
That ne'er ſecreted proper Chyle;
Here lie the Bowels, human Tripes,
Tortur'd with Wind, and twiſting Gripes;
Here lies that livid Dab, the Spleen,
The Source of Life's ſad, tragic Scene,
That left Side Weight that clogs the Blood,
And ſtagnates Nature's circ'ling Flood;
Here lie the Nerves ſo often twitch'd
With painful Cramps, and poignant Stitch;
Here lies the Back oft rack'd with Pains,
Corroding Kidneys, Loins and Reins;
Here lies the Skin *per* Scurvy fed,
With Pimples and Eruptions red.
Here lies the Man from Top to Toe,
That Fabrick fam'd for Pain and Woe:
He caught a Cold; but colder Death
Compreſs'd his Lungs, and ſtopt his Breath;
The Organs could no longer go,
Becauſe the Bellows ceas'd to blow.
Thus I diſſect this honeſt Friend,
Who ne'er till Death was at Wit's End;
For want of Spirits here he fell,
With higher Spirits let him dwell,
In future State of Peace and Love,
Where juſt Men's perfect Spirits move.

WILLIAM GOODWIN.

The ar ned and facetious Author of this was Fellow of *Eaton* College, and Vicar of *St. Nicholas*, in *Briſtol*. He dyed in *June*, 1747.

Canterbury

Canterbury Cathedral.

Thomæ Nevillo,
Sacræ Theologiæ Doctori
Præſtantiſſimo.

Ortu illuſtri; Pietate inſigni; Ingenio optimo; eruditione haud vulgari; moribus ſuaviſſimis et ſpectatiſſimo Theologo digniſſimis; in flore primæ indolis (Cantabrigiæ in aulâ *Pembrochianâ* ad Annos fere quindecim), omnibus iis ornamentis, quibus adoleſcentior ætas illuſtrari ſolet, egregiè perpolito; *Magdalenenſis* Collegii, in eâdem Academiâ (quod et ornavit, et Studio atque induſtriâ ſuâ quoad potuit locupletavit) præfecto gratioſiſſimo; Reginæ *Elizabethæ* (cui à ſacris fuit) excellentiſſimi judicii Principi, ob ſingulares et vere laudabiles animi dotes acceptiſſimo; *Petriburgenſis* Eccleſiæ (cui ad annos octo haud mediocri cum laude præfuit) Decano eminentiſſimo; Sacræ et individuæ *Trinitatis* Collegii, jam non ejus Academiæ tantum ſed totius Europæ celeberrimi (labantis non ita pridem, et prope cadentis, necnon ob veterem ſtructuram male cohærentis, ipſius conſilio, auſpiciis, atque ære etiam ſuo liberaliſſimè collato, disjectis male poſitis ædificiis, atque in elegantiorem formam redactis; Viis, areiſque veteribus, directis et ampliatis, novis pulcherrimè conſtitutis; Auctis, ornatis, ad hanc quâ nunc conſpicitur eximiam pulchritudinem evecti) Moderatori, Amplificatori, Inſtauratori feliciſſimo. Hujus denique Eccleſiæ, quam ſummâ æquitate, rarâ modeſtiâ, fide ſingulari, ad Annos gubernavit Decano Moderatiſſimo, Integerrimo, Ampliſſimo: Hoc Monumentum memoriæ ergô, Virtus et Honos, invita morte, ſuis quaſi manibus conſtruxere. Obiit Anno Domini Ætatis ſuæ * menſis * die * * atque in hac Capellâ, quam (dum vixit) ſibi ac ſuis adornavit,

vit, non ſine ingenti ſuorum mærore, huic tumulo illatus advenientis Domini noſtri, Jeſu Chriſti, gratiam et Gloriam ſempiternam expectat.

Veni, Domine Jeſu, veni cito.

In Engliſh thus:

'To the moſt Excellent
'*Thomas Nevil*, D. D.

'Illuſtrious by Birth, remarkable for Piety, of extraordinary Genius, and uncommon Learning; of moſt engaging Temper and Behaviour, and a worthy and approved Divine. In his early Youth (being at *Cambridge*, in *Pembroke Hall*, where he continued fifteen Years) he was embelliſhed with all the Improvements which adorn the firſt Part of Life; Head of *Magdalen* College in the ſame Univerſity; to which he was an Honour, and which he enriched to his utmoſt Power by his Studies and Induſtry: He was high in Eſteem with the moſt gracious Queen *Elizabeth*, a Lady of moſt excellent Judgment; to whom he was Chaplain, for his ſingular and moſt worthy Endowments of Mind; Dean of the Cathedral Church of *Peterborough*, over which he preſided commendably eight Years; Moderator, Enlarger, and moſt happy Reſtorer of the College of *The holy and undivided Trinity* (now not only famous in that Univerſity, but in all *Europe*); which was decayed and near falling, and through Age incoherent and irregular; by his Advice, Favour, and liberal Gift of Money, the ill-diſpoſed Buildings were taken down, and rebuilt in a more elegant Form; the Ways and Areas alſo were made uniform, and enlarged by new and excellent Eſtabliſhments and Ornaments, and the whole brought to the remarkable Beauty it now bears. Laſtly, Dean of this Church, moſt moderate, faithful, and beneficent; which he governed Years with ſtrict

'Juſtice,

‘ Juſtice, extraordinary Modeſty, and ſingular Integrity. This Monument therefore to his Memory, *Virtue* and *Honour*, as it were with their own Hands, have erected in ſpite of Death. He died *Anno* Aged the Day of : And in this Chapel; which, while he was yet living, he embelliſhed for himſelf and his Family, he, not without being much lamented by all that knew him, was buried, and expects at the Coming of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, Mercy and eternal Glory.

‘ Come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly.’

The Dates are not mentioned in the Inſcription, tho’ I cannot aſſign the Reaſon; but *Antony Wood* ſays he died in 1615.

Hampton Ridware, Staffordſhire.

Underneath lieth the Body of **Tho. Alleſtree*, M.A. who was a Miniſter of the Church of *England* 54 Years. He compoſed 500 Sermons, and preached above 5000 times. He died the 30th Day of *June*, 1715, in the Seventy-eighth Year of his Age.

Bleſſed are the Dead which die in the Lord.

* He was Rector of *Hampton Ridware*, and Prebendary of *Litchfield*.

Here old *John Randal* lies, who telling of his Tale,
Liv’d threeſcore Years and ten, ſuch Virtue was in *Ale*.
Ale was his Meat, *Ale* was his Drink, *Ale* did his Heart revive;
And if he could have drank his *Ale*, he ſtill had been alive.

Here

Here he lies, beſide a Witch,
Hated both by Poor and Rich.
Where he is, or how he fares,
No-body knows, no-body cares.

Garret ſome call'd him, but that was too high;
His Name is *Garrard* that now here doth lie.
He in his Youth was toſs'd with many a Wave,
But now at Port arriv'd reſts in his Grave.
The Church he did frequent while he had Breath,
And wiſht to lie therein after his Death.
Weep not for him, ſince he is gone before
To Heav'n, where *Grocers* there are many more.

This is upon a Stone under the *Grocers Arms*, in *St. Saviour*'s Church, *London*.

Lincoln Cathedral.

Otwello Hill, Legum Doctori *Lincoln.* Dioceſeos Cancellario *Rollandus* frater dictavit; moritur 19 Die *Maii*, 1616, Ætat. ſuæ 56. Hoc Monumentum *fieri* fecit *Jana Hill*, Uxor ejus, in piam Memoriam dicti *Otwelli Hill*, Mariti ſui defuncti.

Mons ſacer *Otwelli* ſacratus nomine Chriſti
Hoc in *monte* Deum nocte dieque colens:
Hoc in *monte* Dei populo jus dicit, et inde
Moribus infames ad meliora vocat.
Excipiunt *Montes* Domini *Montem* morientem,
Mons Lincoln corpus, *monſque* Sion animam.

Which I think may be thus Engliſhed:

'On Doctor *Otwell Hill*.

'Tis

'Tis *Otwell Hill*, a holy *Hill*,
And truly ſooth to ſay,
Upon this *Hill*, he praiſed ſtill
The Lord both night and day.
Upon this *Hill* this *Hill* did cry
Aloud the Scripture Letter,
And ſtrove your wicked Villains by
Good Counſel to make better.
And now this *Hill*, tho' under Stones,
Has the Lord's *Hills* to lie on;
For Lincoln *Hill* has got his Bones,
His Soul the *Hill* of Sion.'

Weſtminſter Abbey.

Memoriæ Æternæ
Elizabethæ, *Angliæ*, *Franciæ*, et *Hiberniæ*,
Reginæ,

R. *Henrici* VIII. Filiæ, R. *Henrici* VII. nepti: R. *Edw.* IV. pronepti, Patriæ Parenti, Religionis et bonarum Artium Altrici, plurimarum Linguarum peritiâ, præclaris tum Animi tum Corporis dotibus, Regiiſque Virtutibus ſupra Sexum, Principi incomparabili, *Jacobus*, *Magnæ Britanniæ*, *Franciæ* et *Hiberniæ* Rex, Virtutum et Regnorum Hæres, benemerenti pie poſuit.

Memoriæ Sacrum.

Religione ad primævam ſinceritatem reſtaurata, Pace fundatâ, Monetâ ad juſtum valorem redactâ, Rebellione domeſticâ vindicatâ, *Galliâ* malis inteſtinis præcipiti ſublevatâ, *Belgio* ſuſtentato, *Hiſpanicâ* claſſe profligatâ, *Hiberniâ* pulſis *Hiſpanis*, et Rebellibus ad deditionem coactis pacatâ, Redditibus *utriuſque Academiæ* Lege Annonaria plurimum adauctis, totâ denique *Angliâ* ditatâ prudentiſſimèque *Annos* XLV. adminiſtratâ, *Elizabetha* Regina, Victrix, Triumphatrix, Pietatis

tatis ſtudioſiſſima, fæliciſſima, placidâ morte Septuagenaria ſoluta, mortales Reliquias, dum *Chriſto* jubente reſurgant immortales, in hac Eccleſiâ celeberrimâ, ab ipſâ conſervatâ, et denuo fundatâ depoſuit.

Obiit XXIV. *Martii* } { *Regni* XLV.
Anno Salutis, } { *Ætatis* LXX.
M.DC.II.

In Engliſh thus:

'To the eternal Memory of *Elizabeth* Queen of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*, Daughter of King *Henry* 8. Grand-daughter of King *Henry* 7. Great Grand-daughter to King *Edward* 4. Mother of her Country, a nurſing Mother to Religion and all liberal Sciences, ſkilled in many Languages, adorned with excellent Endowments both of Body and Mind, and excellent for princely Virtues beyond her Sex. *James* King of *Great-Britain*, *France* and *Ireland*, hath devoutly and juſtly erected this Monument to her whoſe Virtues and Kingdom he inherits.

'Sacred to Memory:

'After having reſtored Religion to its primitive Purity, ſettled Peace, and brought Money to its juſt Value, quelled domeſtic Rebellions, relieved *France* when involved with inteſtine Diviſions, ſupported the *Netherlands*, vanquiſhed the *Spaniſh Armada*, eaſed *Ireland* by beating the *Spaniards*, and cruſhing the Rebels, enlarged the Revenues of both Univerſities, by the Act of Proviſions, and laſtly, having enriched all *England*, the *auguſt Elizabeth*, moſt religious, victorious, triumphant and happy, when ſhe had now ruled theſe Kingdoms 45 Years, by a calm and reſigned Death at 70 Years of Age, left her mortal Remains, till by *Chriſt*'s Word they ſhall riſe to Immortality, to be depoſited in this moſt famous Church, by her eſtabliſhed, and laſtly founded.—She died the 24th of *March*, *Anno* 1602, of her Reign the 45th Year, of her Age the 70th.'

Weſtminſter

Weſtminſter Abbey.

Iſaacus Barrow,
S. T. P. Regi *Carolo* 2. a Sacris.
Vir prope Divinus, et vere magnus, ſiquid magni habent
Pietas, Probitas, Fides, ſumma Eruditio, par Modeſtia,
Mores ſanctiſſimi, undequaque ſuaviſſimi.
Geometriæ Profeſſor *Londini Greſhamenſis*,
Græcæ Linguæ et Matheſeos apud *Cantabrigienſis* ſuos,
Cathedras omnes, Eccleſiam, Gentem ornavit.
Collegium *S. S. Trinitatis* Præſes illuſtravit,
Jactis Bibliothecæ vere Regiæ fundamentis auxit.
Opes, Honores, et univerſum vitæ ambitum,
Ad majora natus, non contempſit, ſed reliquit Seculo.
Deum quem a teneris coluit, cum primis imitatus eſt,
Pauciſſimis egendo, benefaciendo quamplurimis,
Etiam poſteris, quibus vel mortuus concionari non deſinit.
Cætera et pene majora ex ſcriptis peti poſſunt.
Abi, Lector, et æmulare.
Obiit 4 Die *Maii. Ann. Dom.* MDCLXXVII.
Ætat. ſuæ. XLVII.
Monumentum hoc Amici poſuere.

Dr. MAPLETOFT.

This worthy Man, whoſe Learning was exceeded by nothing but his unaffected Piety, ſuffered greatly by the Troubles of the *Royal Martyr*: And upon the *Reſtoration* his Friends expected he would have been immediately preferred; but nothing came on't; which made him ſay,

Te magis optavit rediturum, *Carole*, nemo;
Et nemo ſenſit te rediiſſe minus.

When he was at length made Maſter of *Trinity* College, his Majeſty was pleaſed to ſay, that he had given that Place to the beſt Scholar in *England*. Dr. *Pemberton*

Pemberton ſays, he ſhewed a Compaſs of Invention, ſurpaſſed by none of the Moderns but Sir *Iſaac Newton*.

The Inſcription Engliſhed runs thus:

'*Iſaac Barrow*, D. D. Chaplain to K. *Charles* II. 'A Man well-nigh divine, and truly great; if Piety, 'Honeſty, Sincerity, great Learning, and as great 'Modeſty, Strictneſs of Life in all reſpects, and 'Sweetneſs of Temper have aught of Greatneſs. He 'was Geometry-Profeſſor of *Greſham* College in *Lon-* 'don, and of *Greek* and Mathematics at *Cambridge*, 'and an Honour to all his Places, his Church and his 'Country. He adorned *Trinity* College while at the 'Head of it, and much enlarged the Royal Library 'there. Wealth, Honours, and the general Purſuits 'of Life, he, born for greater Ends, deſpiſed not, but 'reſigned to the World. God, whom from his Child- 'hood he had ſerved, he in the ſtricteſt Manner imi- 'tated, in wanting little, and doing Good to many: 'and even to Poſterity, to whom, even dead, he now 'preaches. What further and more excellent you 'would know concerning him may be found in his 'Writings. Reader, go thy way, and imitate him. 'He died the 4th of *May*, *Ann.* 1677, aged 47 Years. 'His Friends erected this Monument.'

Weſtminſter Abbey.

M. S.
Samuelis Butleri,
Qui *Strenſhamiæ* in Agro *Vigorn.* Nat. 1612. Obiit *Lond.* 1680.
Vir doctus, acer, integer:
Operibus ingenii, non item præmiis felix,
Satyrici apud nos carminis artifex egregius;
Quo, ſtimulatæ Religioni Larvam detraxit;

Et

Et Perduellium ſcelera liberrime exagitavit :
Scriptorum in ſuo genere, *Primus* et *Poſtremus.*
Ne, cui vivo deerant fere omnia,
Deeſſet etiam mortuo Tumulus,
Hoc tandem, poſito Marmore, curavit
Johannes Barber, Civis *Londinenſis*, 1721.

This excellent Writer, when alive, was diſtreſſed by Want to the laſt degree: He was buried in the *Church-yard of St. Paul's, Covent-garden* ; at the Expence of one of his Friends. The putting up of this Stone to his Memory was the Occaſion of a very good Epigram by Mr. *Samuel Weſley.*

Whilſt *Butler* (needy Wretch) was yet alive,
No gen'rous Patron would a Dinner give ;
See him, when ſtarv'd to Death, and turn'd to Duſt,
Preſented with a monumental Buſt !
The Poet's Fate is here in Emblem ſhown,
He aſk'd for Bread and he received a Stone.

'Tis worth remarking that this Gentleman was ſtarving, while *his Prince (Charles the 2d.)* always carried a *Hudibras* in his Pocket. Mr. *Butler* was the Son of *Sam. Butler*, of *Strenſham* in *Worceſterſhire*, a Perſon of a competent Eſtate, near 300 *l. per Annum.* He was educated at *Worceſter* ; and from thence was ſent, as his Brother uſed to affirm, to the Univerſity of *Cambridge*, tho' he could not tell to what College or Hall ; but *Antony Wood* is of Opinion that it is the ſame *Sam. Butler* who was elected from *Weſtminſter* to *Chriſt-Church, Oxford*, in the Year 1623.

The Epitaph is in Engliſh thus :

' Sacred to the Memory
' of
' *Samuel Butler*,

' Who

'Who was born at *Strenſham in Worceſterſhire*, 1612,
'And died at *London* 1680;
'A Man of extraordinary Learning, Wit and Inte-
'grity;
'Peculiarly happy in his Writings, not ſo in the En-
'couragement of them;
'The curious Inventor of a kind of Satire amongſt us,
'By which he pluckt the Maſk from pious Hypocriſy,
'And plentifully expoſed the Villainy of Rebels:
'The firſt and laſt of Writers in his Way.
'Leſt he, who, when alive, was deſtitute of all
'Things,
'Should, when dead, want likewiſe a Monument,
'*John Barber*, Citizen of *London*, hath taken care
'To place this Stone to his Memory.'

Beneath this Stone lies * *Trotplaid John*,
His Length of Chin and Noſe;
His crazy Brain, unhum'rous Vein
In Verſe and eke in Proſe.
Some Plays he wrote, ſans Wit or Plot,
Adventures of Inferiors!
Which with his lives of *rogues* and *thieves*,
Supply the Town's Poſteriors!
But, ah, alack! he broke his back
When Politics he try'd:
For like a Fart he play'd his Part
Crackt loudly, ſtunk, and died.

* A Name aſſumed by a Author of the Paper called the *Jacobite Journal*.

Weſtminſter Abbey.

Henry Wharton, A. M. obiit 5. *Mart.* Anno 1694.

This

This wonderous and ſurpriſing Gentleman, to whoſe Example and Labours the Worlds of Piety and Learning are ſo much indebted, was the Son of Mr. *Edmund Wharton*, Rector of *Saxlingham*, in *Norfolk*, and of *Gonville* and *Caius* College in *Cambridge*. After he left the Univerſity, and was recommended to Doctor *Cave*, with whom he reſided, and had a great Hand in that laborious and uſeful Work, *Hiſtoria Literaria*, in 1687, he went into holy Orders, and ſoon after being recommended to the Lord *Arundell* of *Trerice*, to be his Chaplain and Tutor to his Son, (his Excellency making him very conſpicuous) the good Dr. *Sancroft*, Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, prevailed with my Lord to part with him, and took him to be his own Chaplain, tho' not twenty-three Years of Age. About this Time the Diſputes between the Church of *Rome*, and that of *England* growing very high, he vigorouſly oppoſed the former, by his Confutation of the *Speculum Eccleſiaſticum*, printing the *Rule of Faith*, with a learned and elaborate Preface; of the *Celibacy of the Clergy*; *Enthuſiaſm of the Church of* Rome; and *Tranſlation of Monſieur* Dellon's *Hiſtory of the Inquiſition of* Goa. After ſome Continuance with the Archbiſhop, he gave him the Manuſcript of Archbiſhop *Uſher's Dogmatical Hiſtory of the Holy Scripture*; which he digeſted and publiſhed with a large Supplement. The ſame Year the Archbiſhop gave him the Vicarage of *Minſter* in the *Iſle of Thanet*; and not long after the Rectory of *Chartham*; and conferred on him Prieſt's Orders. And now being ſo provided for, he ſet about *The Anglia Sacra*. His other Works were an Edition of *Bede's Commentaries on Geneſis*, and *Song of Habakkuk*; *Adhelm's Book of the Praiſe of Virginity corrected and reviſed*; *the Life of Cardinal Poole*; *Diſceptation between the Ambaſſadors of England and France in the Council of Conſtance*; *Mr. Strype's Hiſtory of Archbiſhop Cranmer*; *and the Papers of Archbiſhop Laud relating to his Trial and Troubles.*

His

His Conſtitution, tho' a very ſtrong one, was entirely ruined by a Vomit miſapplied, which breaking a Veſſel, he languiſhed four Years under a Conſumption, and died in the 31ſt Year of his Age. How his Death was lamented, even by Foreigners, appears in the *Act. Erudit.* printed at *Leipſick* 1696.

The Inſcription above is on his Grave-ſtone: But there is alſo another on a ſmall white Marble near it, as follows:

H. S. E.
Henricus Wharton, A. M.
Eccleſiæ *Anglianæ* Preſbyter;
Rector Eccleſiæ de *Chartham*;
Necnon Vicarius Eccleſiæ de *Minſter*,
In inſulâ *Thaneto*, in Dioceſi *Cantuarienſi*;
Reverendiſſimo et Sanctiſſimo Præſuli
Wilhelmo Archiepiſcopo *Cantuarienſi*,
A ſacris Domeſticis:
Qui multa ad augendam et illuſtrandam
Rem Literariam,
Multa pro Eccleſia Chriſti
Conſcripſit:
Plura moliebatur.
Obiit 3° *Non Mart.* A. D. 1694.
Ætatis ſuæ 31.

St. Margaret's, Weſtminſter.

Ann. Dom. 1597.

In Parliament, a Burgeſs *Cole* was placed,
In *Weſtminſter* the like for many Years,
But now with Saints above his Soul is graced,
And lives a Burgeſs with Heav'n's Royal Peers.

St.

St. Paul's, Covent-Garden.

Hic ſitus eſt *Petrus Lelius*,
In *Anglia* famâ et divitiis crevit:
Primus ſcilicet in Arte Pictoriâ magiſter.
Ille ſecundus erit qui felicius imitabitur.
Mire Fabellas animavit; quibus pretium
Longe hinc diſſita ſtatuent ſæcula.
Ipſe interim digniſſimus, cui Statua decernatur;
Quâ ejus in ſeros nepotes referatur Gloria.

Obiit *Novemb.* 30. *Anno.* { *Ætatis ſuæ* 63. / *Salutis* 1680.

This Epitaph only tells us that Sir *Peter Lely* got great Fame and Riches in *England*, where he was a long Time the Head of his Profeſſion; and that he deceaſed *November* the 30th, 1680, aged 63.

Beneath this Stone, *fair Ladies*, lies
Your once profound Adorer;
His Soul then liv'd by your bright Eyes,
Ah! can't they now reſtore her?
Struck by the Luſtre of your Charms,
The twenty-eighth of *May*,
He fell quite raviſh'd from your Arms
For ever and for aye.
If common Mortals Tears attend,
Far more *his* Virtues crave,
Then, Ladies, meekly condeſcend
To piſs upon his Grave.
So what inſpired Bards have told,
Shall be fulfill'd we truſt;
His Memory ſhall ne'er grow ſtale,
But ſavour in the Duſt.

Here *Delia*'s buried at Fourſcore ;
When young, a lewd, rapacious Whore,
Vain, and expenſive; but when old,
A pious, ſordid, drunken Scold.

H. JACOB.

Allhallows the *Leſs*, *London*.

Jeſu, that ſuffery'd bitter Paſſion and Peyn,
Have Mercy on my Soul, *John Chamberleyn*,
And my wyfs too,
Agnes and *Joan* alſo.
The ſeyd *John* deceiſed, the ſooth for to ſey,
In the monyth of Decembyr, the fowrth dey;
The yere of our Lord God reckoned ful evin,
a Thowſand fowr hundryd fowrſcore and ſevin.

On K. *Charles* the 1ſt.

Great ! Good ! and Juſt ! could I but rate
My Griefs, and thy too rigid Fate,
I'd weep the World to ſuch a Strain,
As it ſhould deluge once again :—
But ſince thy loud-tongu'd Blood demands Supplies
More from *Briareus*' Hands than *Argus*' Eyes,
I'll ſing thy Obſequies with Trumpet's Sounds,
And write thy Epitaph with Blood and Wounds.

MONTROSE.

(Written with the Point of his Sword.)

St.

St. Peter's, Norwich.

Under the Organ-Loft.

Sacred to the Memory of Mr. *George Vertue*, ſometime Sheriff and Alderman of this City, who out of public Zeal for the more ſolemn Worſhip of God in the Beauty of Holineſs, both propoſed and managed the Contributions, which by his ſingular Care erected this noble Structure over him.

Envy not, Reader, his fair vocall Tombe,
None but the Blind and Deaf could here be dumb.

He died in 1710. Aged 44.

On the Earl of *Strafford.*

Here lies wiſe and valiant Duſt,
Huddled up 'twixt Fit and Juſt;
Strafford, who was hurried hence
'Twixt Treaſon and Convenience;
He ſpent his Time here in a Miſt,
A Papiſt, yet a Calviniſt.
His Prince's neareſt Joy and Grief,
He had, yet wanted all Relief:
The Prop and Ruin of the State,
The People's violent Love and Hate,
One in Extremes lov'd and abhorr'd.
Riddles lie here, and in a Word,
Here lies Blood! and let it lie
Speechleſs ſtill, and never cry.

JOHN CLEVELAND.

Hague.

Honori et Gloriæ

Herois Illuſtriſs. et ex vetuſtiſſimâ Nobilitatis *Batavicæ* ſtirpe per continuam et legitimam Succeſſionem

prognati, D. *Jacobi Dyneſtæ de Waſſenaer*, Domini in *Opdam*, *Fœderati Belgii* Archiclaſſi, &c. Rebus præclaré terrâ marique geſtis, non tantum in *Atlantico Oceano*, unde ſparſâ fugataque *Luſitanorum* claſſe, magnâque onuſtus prædâ domum rediit: Sed et in *Freto Baltico*, ubi pulſis Adverſariis et inſigni partâ Victoriâ, laboranti *Daniæ* ſuccurrit, et ſimul Majeſtatem *Reipubl.* aperuit et ſtabilivit. Ac tandem contrà Univerſam Regiam *Anglorum* claſſem, cum paucis fortiſſimè dimicans, et undique cinctus, ne ſic quidem ceſſit hoſtibus, ſed magna priùs editâ ſtrage, incenſâque demum *Prætoriâ* ſuâ nave, *Herculis* Exemplo viam ſibi ad ſuperos paratam invenit.

Anno Ætatis LV.

Illuſtriſs. et potentiſs. *Fœderati Belgii* proceres viro fortiſs. optimèque de Rep. merito Monumentum hoc poſuere, Anno reparatæ Salutis 1667.

Opdam was raiſed to his high Command by *John de Wit*, who notwithſtanding, finding him inclined to the Prince of *Orange*, became his Enemy; and as ſoon as he was at Sea wrote him a Letter, directing him to fight at all Events, and this with a peculiar Quickneſs of Stile, which proved the Letter his, though it was written in the Name of *the States*. *Opdam* reſolved to obey, tho' contrary to the Advice of his Officers and his own Opinion, as appeared by ſending aſhore his Plate before the Engagement. 'I am, (ſaid he, 'on hearing the Judgment of the Council of War) 'entirely in your Sentiments; but here are my Orders. 'To-morrow my Head ſhall be crowned with Laurel 'or Cypreſs:' And in this Diſpoſition he ſailed to find out the *Engliſh* Navy. That did not require much Time; for the Duke of *York*, who commanded the *Engliſh* Fleet, was eager to fight: On the 3d of *June*, 1665, the *Engliſh* and *Dutch* Fleets met about 3 in the Morning, off *Leoſtoff*; when, by an Overſight of the

Dutch

Dutch (as their Writers ſay) the *Engliſh* had the Weather-gage; an Advantage they knew well enough how to keep. The Duke of *York*, in the *Royal Charles*, a Ship of 80 Guns, and Admiral *Opdam*, in the *Eendracht*, of 84, were cloſely engaged. The Fight continued ſeveral Hours with great Obſtinacy; and *his Royal Highneſs* was in the utmoſt Danger. Several Perſons of Diſtinction were killed on board his Ship, particularly the Earl of *Falmouth*, Lord *Muſkerry*, and Mr. *Boyle*, Son to the Earl of *Cork*, with one Ball; and ſo near the Duke that he was covered with their Blood and Brains; nay, a Splinter from Mr. *Boyle*'s Skull raſed his Hand. About one in the Afternoon the *Dutch* Admiral blew up, with a prodigious Noiſe; but how the Accident happened is uncertain. Some ſay a Shot fell in the Powder-room; others, that *Opdam*'s Black blew up the Ship, to be revenged of his Maſter for beating him. The moſt probable Account is that it was occaſioned by ſome Careleſſneſs in diſtributing the Powder. In this Veſſel, together with the Admiral, periſhed 500 Men, only five of the Crew eſcaping; many of them Volunteers, of the beſt Families in *Holland*, and not a few *Frenchmen*, who took this Opportunity of being preſent at a Sea-fight.

Weſtminſter Abbey.

Herefordiæ conduntur oſſa,
Hoc in Delubro ſtatuitur Imago,
Britanniam omnem pervagatur Fama
Johannis Philips
Qui viris bonis doctiſque juxtà charus,
Immortale ſuum ingenium
Eruditione multiplici excultum,
Miro animi candore
Eximiâ morum ſimplicitate,
Honeſtavit.

Literarum amæniorum ſitim,
Quam *Wintoniæ* puer ſentire cæperat,
Inter *Ædis Chriſti* alumnos jugiter explevit.
In illo Muſarum domicilio
Præclaris Æmulorum ſtudiis excitatus,
Optimis Scribendi Magiſtris ſemper intentus,
Carmina Sermone Patrio compoſuit,
A Græcis Latiniſque Fontibus feliciter deducta,
Atticis Romaniſque auribus omnino digna.
Verſuum quippe Harmoniam
Rythmo didicerat
Antiquo illo, libero, multiformi,
Ad res ipſas apto prorſus, et attemperato,
Non Numeris in eundem fere orbem redeuntibus,
Non Clauſularum ſimiliter cadentium ſono
Metiri:
Uni in hoc laudis genere, *Miltono* ſecundus,
Primoque pene par.
Res ſeu tenues, ſeu Grandes, ſeu Mediocres,
Ornandas ſumpſerat,
Nuſquam quod non decuit,
Et videt, et aſſecutus eſt,
Egregius, quocunque Stylum verteret,
Fandi Author, et Modorum Artifex.
Fas ſit *huic*,
Auſo licet a tuâ Metrorum lege diſcedere,
O Poeſis Anglicanæ Pater atque Conditor, *Chaucere*,
Alterum tibi latus claudere.
Vatum certe Cineres tuos undique ſtipantium
Non dedecebit Chorum.

Simon Harcourt, Miles,
Viri bene de ſe, deque Literis meriti
Quoad viveret Fautor,
Poſt obitum pie memor
Hoc illi Saxum poni voluit.

J. Philips

J. Philips, Stephani, S. T. P. Archidiaconi *Salop.*
Filius.
Natus eſt *Bamptoniæ* in Agro *Oxon. Dec.* 30.
1676.
Obiit *Herefordiæ Febr.* 15. 1708.

This Inſcription is on a Cenotaph of white Marble, on which is Mr. *Philips*'s Buſto in Relievc, having on one Side a Laurel, and on the other an Apple tree, with this Motto: *Honos erit huic quoque Pomo.* This was prefixed to his Poem on *Cyder*. He wrote but few Pieces; and prodigious it is to think thoſe few could be ſo correct and finiſhed in the too few Years of his Life. In his *Blenheim* he has ſhewn us what a riper Age could have performed in the Epic Way. His *Cyder*, tho' it is not properly a *Georgick*, is *ſomething as good*, and the *very beſt* of its kind, ſince *Virgil* wrote in that manner. That he was a perfect Maſter of *Horace*, and had the very Soul of him in the *Lyrick* Way, appears by his *Ode* to my Lord *Bolingbroke*, on *Tobacco*. The *Splendid Shilling* is entirely his own, one of the beſt Pieces, excepting only *Paradiſe Loſt*, that ever was wrote in *Engliſh Blank* Verſe.

In Engliſh thus:

'In the Church of *Hereford* lies the Body,
'In this is erected the Effigies,
'And through all *Britain* is ſpread the Fame
'Of *John Philips*,
'Who, eſteemed by all good and learned Men,
'His immortal Wit, cultivated with various kinds of
'Learning,
'Adorned and embelliſhed
'With extraordinary Candour of Mind,
'And Plainneſs and Sincerity of Manners.
'That early Thirſt of Knowledge,
'Which when a Boy, ſeized him at *Wincheſter*,

'He continually gratified while a Student at *Chriſt-*
'*Church:*
'In which Seat of the Muſes,
'Fir'd by the curious Performances of his Fellow-
'Collegians,
'And intently familiar with the beſt of Authors,
'He attempted Poetry in the *Engliſh* Language,
'Happily drawn from the *Greek* and *Latin* Springs,
'And well worthy an *Attick* or a *Roman* Ear.
'The Jingle of Verſe in Rhime he gave up,
'For that antient, free, and various Manner,
'Suited and attempered to Things themſelves,
'Not always returning in the ſame Round of Mea-
'ſure,
'Nor meeting in the ſame Cloſe of Sound.
'In this ſingle Inſtance of Fame he was ſecond to
'*Milton*,
'But in the firſt, equal to him.
'Whenever he undertook to embelliſh any Subject,
'Whether they were low, lofty, or middling,
'He both diſcover'd and imitated,
'Whatever was beautiful in others,
'To whatever Subject he adapted his Stile,
'He was juſt in his Expreſſion, and curiouſly inventive
'of Words.
'O *Chaucer*, Father and Founder of *Engliſh* Poetry,
'Grant him, tho' a bold Deviator from thy antient
'Law of Rhyme,
'A Place adjoining to thee.
'For ſurely he will not diſgrace the Chorus of Bards
'On all Sides encircling thy Aſhes.

'*Simon Harcourt*, Knt.
'Who (in regard he was valuable both for his Cha-
'racter and Writings,)
'Was, whilſt living his Encourager,
'After his Death, in reſpectful Remembrance of him,
'Hath erected this Monument.
'*J. Philips*,

'*J. Philips*, Son of *Stephen Philips*, D. D. Archdeacon of *Salop*, was born at *Bampton*, in *Oxfordſhire*, *Dec.* the 30th, 1676, died at *Hereford*, *February* the 15th, 1708.'

Aldersgate, London.

Not far remote lies a lamented Fair,
Whom Heav'n had faſhion'd with peculiar Care:
For Senſe diſtinguiſh'd, and eſteem'd for Truth,
And ev'ry winning Ornament of Youth.
Yet liv'd ſhe free from Envy, and admir'd,
But ah! too ſoon ſhe from the World retir'd:
Filial Affection roſe in her ſo high,
No Sage can cenſure the parental Sigh.
The gen'rous Plant had ſhone in Beauty's Pride;
Gaily it bloom'd, but in the Blooming dy'd:
Learn from this Marble what thou valu'ſt moſt,
And ſet'ſt thy Heart upon may ſoon be loſt.

Lincoln Cathedral.

Icy giſt Dame * *Katherine* Du cheſſe de *Lancaſtre*, jadis femme de la treſnoble & treſgracious Prince *John* Duc de *Lancaſtre*, Filz a tres noble Roy *Edwarde* le tierce; la quelle *Katherine* moruſt 10 jour du *May*, l'an du Grace Mill cccc tiers de quelle Almes Dieu cyit mercy & pitee. Amen.

* *Katherine Swynford* Wife to *John Gaunt*, Duke of *Lancaſter*.

St. Mary-Overis, London.

Gulielmus Wickham, tranſlatus a ſede *Lincoln*, et Menſe *Martii* 1595, exiſtens Epiſcopus *Winton.* obiit 12 *Junii*, proxime ſequent. Reliquit uxorem laudatiſs. quæ ſepelitur in *Awkenbury* Com. *Huntingdon.*

Doctrinâ Antiſtes præſtans, et moribus æquis;
Eloquio et Pietate gravis; Menſâque manuque
Non parcus; juſti neglectus honore ſepulcri
Hoc jacet. O Seclum inſipiens! Verum æquior illi,
Dum moritur, Deus aligeros dat cernere miſſos,
Qui migrantem animam cæli ad ſublimia ferrent.
T. M. poſuit *Junii* 10, A. D. 1600.

William Wickham, ſays *A. W.* was Son of *John Wickham* of *Enfield* in *Middleſex*, Son of *Thomas Wickham*, of *Swaclive* in *Oxfordſhire*, by *Joice Sandbury* his Wife. *William* was born at *Enfield* beforementioned, educated at *Eaton*, was afterwards of *King's College Cambridge:* Fellow of *Eaton-College*, Prebendary of *Weſtminſter* in 1570, Canon of *Windſor* in 1571, Dean of *Lincoln* 1577. Biſhop thereof, and preached at the Burial of the Queen of *Scots* at *Peterborough*, in 1587; tranſlated from *Lincoln* to *Wincheſter*, 1595, and died in *Wincheſter*-Houſe in *St. Mary Overis* Pariſh, as mentioned on his Tomb. The Reader may ſee more of him in a Piece called *Antimartinus*, 1589.

Lambeth.

Here lieth the Body of *Thomas Teniſon*, late Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, who departed this Life in Peace on the 14th of *December*, 1715.

St. Botolph's,

St. Botolph's, Lincoln.

Hic jacet * *Philippus Tylney*, Canonicus et Reſidentiarius Eccl. Cath. B. M. *Lincoln.* nuper Armiger, Filius *Frederici Tylney*, Arm. Filii. *Philippi Tylney*, Militis, &c. Maritatus *Iſabellæ*, uni Filiarum *Edmundi Thorp*, de *Appſwell Thorp*, in Com. *Norfolk.* Militis, et *Johannæ* Dominæ de *Scales*, nuper Conſortis ejuſdem *Edmundi.* Qui obiit penultimo die Menſis *Octobris*, Anno Domini 1453, cujus animæ propitietur Deus, Amen; for Charity.

Paſſed the Pilgrimage of this preſent Lyf
Reſteth Sir *Philip Tylney*, cloſed in your Sight;
In his Youth Eſquier, and ſo wedded to his wyf,
The Daughter and Heier of *Edmund Thorp* Knight,
And Awnt to *Thomas* Lord *Scales* diſcended of Lyne right,
Diſpoſed him after to God's Ordinaunce.
Full noble and liberal he was to every wight,
Couth none find in him matter of diſpleaſaunce.
Here he lyeth buryed *Canon* and *Reſidentiarie*;
Sumtyme of Patrimony ſufficient in Deed,
But Death that from her Nature cannot varie,
Hath ceaſed him by Force, and we muſt all ſucceed.
Conſider heer a Carrion worms to feed,
And pray for his Soule of Peyn to have a lyſſe;
And doo for him, as thou woldeſt he did at thy need.
Now, Jeſu, for thy Paſſion bring him to thy Blyſſe.

* He was one of the Laity tir'd with the World, who after the Burial of his Wife took on him a religious Habit, and turned a Canon Secular.

Shawborne, Berks.

Ætatis ſuæ 74, 1630.

Mons fueram, vegeto dum mens in corpore manſit;
Mens abit ad Dominum, *Mons* abit in *Cineres*.
In *Montem* cineres, Domino redeunte, redibunt:
Expecto hoc oriens; hoc meditor moriens.

* *Rolandus Hill*, ſenior morboque languidus, ſed Fide ſpeque fortis de meipſo ſcripſi ac ſepulcro inſcribendum mandavi.

Vide Epitaph on Dr. *Otwell Hill*.

On Dr. *Francis Atterbury*, Biſhop of *Rocheſter*. Who died in Exile at *Paris*, 1732.

[His only Daughter having expired in his Arms, immediately after ſhe arrived in *France* to ſee him.]

DIALOGUE.

She.

Yes, we have liv'd——one Pang, and then we part!
May Heav'n, dear Father! now have all thy Heart.
Yet ah! how once we lov'd, remember ſtill,
Till you are Duſt like me.

He.

Dear Shade! I will:
Then mix this Duſt with thine—O ſpotleſs Ghoſt!
O more than Fortune, Friends, or Country loſt!
Is there on Earth one Care, one Wiſh beſide?
Yes—ſave my Country, Heav'n!
He ſaid, and dy'd.

A. POPE.

Free

Free from this Dream of Life, this Maze of Care,
Here reſts the Lover and the Friend ſincere,
Alive reſpected, lov'd by all but one,
To him the ſame as tho' belov'd by none.
This dearer one by cruel Slander ſtrove
To wrong his Fame, as ſhe had wrong'd his Love.
From her unkind Reproaches wounded more
Than all the giddy Turns of Chance before.
Thoſe Arrows piercing in a well-known Part,
Freſh Wounds inflicted on a breaking Heart.
Death ſaw what *Love*, his faithful Slave had done,
And kindly finiſh'd what the Boy begun.

J. D. COTTON.

Mortlake, Surry.

Under this Stone are the Remains of
John Barber, Eſq;
Alderman of *London*.
A conſtant Benefactor to the Poor;
True to his Principles in Church and State.
He preſerved his Integrity, and diſcharged the Duty
Of an upright Magiſtrate
In the moſt corrupt Times.
Zealous for the Rights of his Fellow-Citizens,
He oppos'd all Attempts againſt them;
And, being Lord-Mayor of *London*,
In the Year 1733,
Was greatly inſtrumental in defeating
A Scheme of a *General Exciſe*:
Which, (had it ſucceeded)
Would have put an End to the *Liberties of his Country*.
He departed this Life *Jan.* 2d, 1740, Aged 65.

Stanton Harcourt.

Near this Place lie the Bodies of
John Hewet and *Mary Drew*,
An induſtrious young Man
And virtuous Maiden of this Pariſh;
Who being at Harveſt work
(With ſeveral others)
Were in one Inſtant *kill'd by Lightning*
The laſt Day of *July* 1718.

Think not by rig'rous Judgment ſeiz'd,
A Pair ſo faithful could expire;
Victims ſo pure, Heaw'n ſaw well pleas'd,
And ſnatch'd them in cæleſtial Fire.

Live well, and fear no ſudden Fate;
When God calls Virtue to the Grave,
Alike 'tis Juſtice ſoon or late,
Mercy alike, to kill or ſave.

Virtue unmov'd can hear the Call,
And face the Flaſh that melts the Ball.

This Epitaph was written by Mr. Pope, *at the Requeſt of Lord* Harcourt, *who placed the Stone over them.*

On Mr. Aikman, *and his Son, who were both interred in the ſame Grave.*

Dear to the wiſe and good, diſprais'd by none,
Here ſleep in Peace the Father and the Son.
By Virtue as by Nature cloſe ally'd,
The *Painter's Genius* but without the *Pride*;

Worth,

Worth unambitious, Wit afraid to ſhine,
Honour's clear Light, and Friendſhip's Warmth divine.
The Son fair riſing knew too ſhort a Date;
But, oh! how more ſevere the Parent's Fate!
He ſaw him torn untimely from his Side,
Felt all a Father's Anguiſh, wept, and dy'd.

DAVID MALLET.

Weſtminſter Abbey.

J. Dryden.

Aug. 9.
Natus 1631. Mortuus Maji 1. 1700.

Johannes Sheffield
Dux Buckinghamienſis
Poſuit, 1720.

This plain Inſcription is on a Tomb erected to his Memory by the Duke of *Buckingham*, on a Hint of Mr. *Pope*'s in his Epitaph on *Rowe*:

Thy Reliques, *Rowe*, to this ſad Shine we truſt,
And ſacred, place by *Dryden's awful Duſt*:
Beneath a rude and nameleſs Stone he lies,
To which thy Tomb ſhall guide inquiring Eyes.
Peace to thy gentle Shade, and endleſs Reſt!
Bleſt in thy Genius, in thy Love too bleſt!
One grateful Woman to thy Fame ſupplies
What a whole thankleſs Land to his denies.

At firſt the two following Lines were intended:

This *Sheffield* rais'd! the ſacred Duſt below
Was *Dryden*'s once: The reſt who does not know?

I cannot

I cannot help inſerting here a very ſmart Epigram written on the putting up of this Monument:

At *Dryden*'s Tomb, inſcrib'd with *Sheffield*'s Name,
That Mite ſlow offer'd to eſtabliſht Fame,
Fill'd with raw Wonder, *Tyro* ſtopt to gaze,
And bleſt his bounteous Grace in kind Amaze.
The Guardian Genius, from the ſacred Duſt
Rekindling upwards, wak'd the quick'ning Buſt.
Glowing, from ev'ry awful Feature broke
Diſdainful Life, and thus the Marble ſpoke:
Teach thy blind Love of Honeſty to ſee,
'Tis not *my Monument* tho' built on me.
Great *Peers*, 'tis known, can in Oblivion lie:
But no great *Poet* has the Pow'r to die.
At cheap Expence behold engrafted Fame;
The tackt Aſſociate of a buoyant Name.
This pompous Craft one lucky Lord ſhall ſave;
Sheffield ſhall borrow *Life* from *Dryden*'s *Grave*.
Twas ſaid, and ere the ſhort Senſation dy'd,
The ſtiff'ning Marble wreath'd its Form aſide;
Back from the titled Waſte of mouldring State,
He turn'd, neglectful of the Court too late!
And ſadly-conſcious of miſpointed Praiſe,
Frowns thro' the Stone, and ſhrinks beneath the Bays.

Mr. *Dryden* had perſonal Qualities to challenge both Love and Eſteem from all who were truly acquainted with him. He was of a Nature exceedingly humane and compaſſionate, eaſily forgiving Injuries, and capable of a prompt and ſincere Reconciliation with them who had offended him. His Friendſhip, where he profeſſed it, went much beyond his Profeſſion; and he gave many ſtrong and generous Inſtances of it, tho' his hereditary Income was little more than a bare Competency. As his Reading had been very extenſive, ſo he was very happy in a Memory tenacious of every thing, that he had read. He was not

more

more poſſeſſed of Knowlege, than he was communicative of it; but then his Communication of it was by no means pedantic, or impoſed upon the Converſation, but juſt ſuch, and went ſo far, as, by the natural Turns of the Diſcourſe in which he was engaged, it was neceſſarily promoted or required. He was extremely ready and gentle in his Correction of the Errors of any Writer, who thought fit to conſult him; and full as ready and patient to admit of the Reprehenſion of others, in reſpect of his own Overſights or Miſtakes. He was of very eaſy, and indeed pleaſing Acceſs; but ſomething ſlow, and, as it were, diffident in his Advances to others. He had ſomething in his Nature that abhorred Intruſion into any Society whatſoever, and eaſily diſcountenanced in his Approaches either to his Superiors or his Equals. His Parts did not decline with his Years: But he was an improving Writer to the laſt, even to near 70 Years; improving in Fire and Imagination as well as Judgment. He was equally excellent in Verſe and in Proſe; and his Excellence in the latter he uſed to aſcribe to his having often read Archbiſhop *Tillotſon*'s Works. His Verſification and his Numbers he could learn of no-body; for he firſt poſſeſſed thoſe Talents in Perfection in our Tongue. And it may be ſaid in general of his Writings, that what he did in any one Species or diſtinct Kind, would have been ſufficient to have acquired him a great Name.

CONGREVE.

To the
Memory of *Lucy Lyttelton*,
Daughter of *Hugh Forteſcue*, Eſq;
Of *Filley*, in the County of *Devon*;
Father to the preſent Earl of *Clinton*,
By *Lucy* his Wife,

The

The Daughter of *Matthew* Lord *Aylmer*,
Wo departed this Life the 19th of *January*, 1746-7,
Aged 29,
Having employ'd the ſhort time allow'd to her here,
In the uniform Practice of Religion and Virtue.

Made to engage all Hearts, and charm all Eyes;
Tho' meek, magnanimous; tho' witty, wiſe;
Polite, as all her Life in Courts had been;
Yet good as ſhe the World had never ſeen.
The noble Fire of an exalted Mind,
With gentleſt female Tenderneſs combin'd:
Her Speech was the melodious Voice of Love,
Her Song, the Warbling of the vernal Grove;
Her Eloquence was ſweeter than her Song,
Soft as her Heart, and as her Reaſon ſtrong;
Her Form each Beauty of her Mind expreſt;
Her Mind was Virtue by the Graces dreſt.

Sir G. LYTTELTON.

Here lies a *Youth* who fell a Sacrifice,
In his firſt Bloom, to fair *Aurelia*'s Eyes.
Whom ſhall we blame? *Her Duty* was her Guard,
And *his Injuſtice* was its own Reward:
If he's *unjuſt*, whoſe Reaſon cannot prove
Of Force enough againſt *imperious Love*.
Th' aſpiring Boy who ſcorn'd to ſtoop ſo low,
To take what Pity only could beſtow;
Still wiſh'd for more, till in the fatal Strife
He fell beneath the Virtue of a Wife:
Reſign'd his Blood to quench his guilty Flame:
But *Crimes of Love* deſerve a *gentler* Name;
And I muſt neither praiſe him, nor condemn,
For I would die to be bewail'd like *him*:
Since ſhe, whoſe Piety deny'd to ſave,
Now pours her fruitleſs Tears upon his Grave.

*******.

Weſtminſter

Weſtminſter Abbey.

In the Year of our Lord Chriſt
One thouſand Seven hundred and Thirty-ſeven
This Buſt
Of the Author of PARADISE LOST
Was placed here by WILLIAM BENSON, Eſquire;
One of the two Auditors of the Impreſts
To his Majeſty King *George* the Second.
Formerly
Surveyor-General of the Works
To his Majeſty King *George* the Firſt.
RYSBRACK
Was the Statuary who cut it.

In this Inſcription (which is under the Buſt) Mr. *Benſon* and Mr. *Ryſbrack* make a much greater Show than *Milton*.

Upon the Removal of the Fence before this Monument, the whole Town was diſappointed, to find the Six beautiful Verſes, which were written by Mr. *Dryden* omitted; and, more eſpecially, ſeeing they are ſo juſt an Elogium upon the Poet, ſo conciſe and comprehenſive, and ſo univerſally known and approved, that the Cauſe of their Omiſſion could not be attributed to the Ignorance of the Founder:

Three Poets in three diſtant Ages born,
Greece, *Italy*, and *England* did adorn:
The *Firſt* in *Loftineſs of Thought* ſurpaſt;
The *next* in *Majeſty*; in *both*, the *Laſt*.
The Force of Nature could no farther go;
To make a *Third*, ſhe join'd the *former Two*.

However, this Inſcription introduced the Auditor into the *Dunciad*;

On Poets' Tombs ſee *Benſon*'s *Titles* writ! *&c.*
Dunciad, B. iii. L. 326.

Milton

Milton died of the Gout, A. D. 1674. in the 67th Year of his Age; and his Body was depoſited in the Chancel of *St. Giles's, Cripplegate*, Church.

On Sir Edward Giles *and his Lady, at* Dean Prior, Devon.

No Truſt to Metals nor to Marbles, when
Theſe have their Fate, and wear away as Men;
Times, Titles, Trophies, may be loſt and ſpent;
But Virtue rears th' eternal Monument.
What more than theſe can Tombs and Tombſtones pay?
But *here's* the Sunſet of a tedious Day;
Theſe two aſleep are, I'll but be undreſt,
And ſo to Bed; pray wiſh us all good Reſt.

1642.

—— HERRICK.

St. John and Paul's, at *Rome.*

Hocce puellæ jacet tumulo corpus *Eliſabeth*,
Quod manet in ſanctâ aulâ nunc *Battiſtæ Johannis*.
Ildibrandus ejus genitor *Theodoraque* mamma.
Orta puellą ideo fuit ardua ſtemmate Romæ.
Bis annos habuit ſenis et menſibus decem,
Ducta *Johannes* veſtra *Pauleque* jure ſub alma:
Pro qua vos Dominum depoſcite Martyres almi,
Et ſibi det requiem ſanctam poſt funere ſemper.
Hoc ſi quis tumulum violaverit at reque parvum,
Subjaceat nexum dum vivit in orbem anathema.

Dep. V Kal. Sept. ind. 5.

Stoke,

Stoke, near *Guildford*.

The World's a City full of crooked Streets,
And Death's the Market-place where all Men meets:
If Life was Merchandiſe that Men could buy,
The Rich would always live, the Poor would die.

Mr. John Flin, *a Painter, of* Galway, *in* Ireland, *tho' a Roman Catholic, wrote the following Epitaph for himſelf.*

Here lies *John Flin*,
To Worms akin;
Eftſoons by vagrant Boys bely'd,
That while he liv'd, he often dy'd.
Saints oft he painted,
Himſelf not fainted;
Yet leaves perhaps a Fame as fair,
As many Souls of them that are.
He laught at Fate;
Deſpis'd the Great;
Was happy in his fav'rite Dram;
And pity'd thoſe who others damn.
Liv'd to the Age of Sixty-ſeven,
Spurn'd at this Earth and flew to Heav'n.

Weſtminſter Abbey.

Iſaacus Newton, Eques Auratus,
Qui animi vi prope divinâ,
Planetarum motus, Figuras,
Cometarum Semitas, Oceanique Æſtus,
Suâ Matheſi Facem præferente,
Primus demonſtravit:
Radiorum Lucis Diſſimilitudines,
Colorumque inde naſcentium,
Proprietates,

Quas

Quas Nemo antea vel ſuſpicatus erat,
Perveſtigavit.
Naturæ, Antiquitatis, S. Scripturæ,
Sedulus, ſagax, fidus Interpres,
Dei O. M. Majeſtatem Philoſophiâ aſſeruit,
Evangelii Simplicitatem moribus expreſſit.
Sibi gratulentur Mortales,
Tale tantumque extitiſſe
Humani generis decus.
Natus 25 Dec. A. D. 1642. Obiit 20 Mar. 1726.

In Engliſh thus:

'Here is depoſited Sir *Iſaac Newton*, Knight; who 'by the Light of mathematical Learning, and a 'Force of Mind almoſt divine, firſt explained the 'Motions and Figures of the Planets, and planetary 'Orbits; the Paths of the Comets, and Tides of the 'Ocean: And diſcovered, what no-one before had 'ever ſuſpected, the Difference of the Rays of Light, 'and the Diſtinction of Colours thence ariſing. He 'was a diligent, faithful, and penetrating Interpreter 'of Nature, of Antiquity, and the Holy Scripture. 'By his Philoſophy he aſſerted the Majeſty of God, 'the greateſt and moſt glorious of all Beings; and by 'his Morals expreſſed the Simplicity of the Goſpel. 'Let Mortals congratulate themſelves, that there has 'been ſo great, ſo good a Man; the Glory of the 'human Race. Born *Dec.* 25, 1642. Died *March* '20, 1726.'

On a Pedeſtal is placed a *Sarcophagus*, upon the Front of which are Boys in *Baſſo Relievo*, with Inſtruments in their Hands, denoting his ſeveral Diſcoveries; *viz.* one with a *Priſm*, on which principally his admirable Book of *Lights and Colours* is founded; another with a *reflecting Teleſcope*, whoſe great Advantages are now ſo well known; another Boy is weighing the *Sun and Planets* with a *Stilliard*, the Sun being

ig near the Center on one Side, and the Planets on ne other, alluding to a celebrated Propoſition in his *rincipia*; another is buſy about a *Furnace*, and two thers near him are loaded with Money as newly oined, intimating his Office in the *Mint*. On the *arcophagus* his own Figure is placed in a cumbent oſture, his Elbow reſting on the ſeveral incomarable Books written by him; two Boys ſtand beore him with a Scroll, on which is drawn a remarkable *Diagram*, relating to the *Solar Syſtem*; and over that a *converging Series*, an Invention which ſhews the utmoſt of human Underſtanding. — Behind the *Sarcophagus* is a *Pyramid*; from the Middle of it a Globe ariſes in *Mezzo Relievo*, on which ſeveral of the Conſtellations are drawn, in order to ſhew the Path of the Comet in 1681, whoſe Period he has with the greateſt Sagacity determined: And alſo the Poſition of the *Solſtitial Colure* mentioned by *Hipparchus*, by which (in his Chronology) he has fixed the Time of the *Argonautic Expedition*. On the Globe ſits the Figure of *Aſtronomy* weeping, with a Scepter in her Hand as Queen of the Sciences, and a Star over her Head on the Pyramid.—

The following was intended for his Monument by Mr. *Pope*.

Iſaacus Newtonus:
Quem immortalem
Teſtantur Tempus, Natura, Cælum:
Mortalem
Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature and Nature's Laws lay hid in Night:
God ſaid, *Let Newton be*, and all was Light.

The following Lines were alſo offered:

Approach, ye wiſe of Soul, with Awe divine!
'Tis *Newton*'s Name that conſecrates this Shrine:

That

That Sun of Knowlege, whoſe Meridian Ray,
Kindled the Gloom of Nature into Day.
That Soul of Science, that unbounded Mind!
That Genius which exalted human Kind!
Confeſt Supreme of Men! his Country's Pride,
And half eſteem'd an Angel—till he dy'd:
Who in the Eye of Heav'n, like *Enoch* ſtood,
And thro' the Paths of Knowlege walkt with God:
Who made his Fame a Sea without a Shore,
And but forſook this World to know the Laws of more.

As were likewiſe theſe:

More than his Name were leſs: 'Twould ſeem to fear,
He, who increas'd Heav'n's Fame, ſhould want it here.
Yet, when the Sums he lighted up ſhall fade,
And all the Worlds he found are firſt decay'd;
Then, void and waſte, Eternity ſhall lie,
And Time and *Newton*'s Name, together die.

AARON HILL.

Sir Iſaac Newton enjoyed a ſettled and equal State of Health to the Age of Eighty, but about that Time began to be afflicted with an Incontinence of Urine; though for the five Years which preceded his Death, he had great Intervals of Health and Eaſe. It was then evident that his Diſtemper was the Stone; tho' when the Paroxyſms were ſo violent, that large Drops of Sweat ran down his Face, he never uttered the leaſt Complaint, nor expreſſed the leaſt Impatience; and as ſoon as he had a Moment's Eaſe, he would ſmile, and talk with his uſual Cheerfulneſs. Till then he always read and wrote ſeveral Hours in a Day. But at laſt his Diſtemper put an End to his Life, on the 20th of *March*, 1726-7, in the Eighty fifth Year

Year of his Age.—He was of a middling Stature, and ſomewhat inclined to be fat in the latter Part of his Life. His Countenance was pleaſing and venerable at the ſame time. He was of a mild Diſpoſition, and a great Lover of Peace. He would rather have choſen to remain in Obſcurity, than to have the Calm of Life ruffled by the Conteſts, which Genius and Learning always draw upon ſuch as are too eminent for theſe Qualities. His Modeſty was very great, and always continued ſo, without the leaſt Alteration, though the World conſpired againſt it. He was candid and affable, and always put himſelf upon a Level with his Company. He never thought either his Merit, or his Reputation, ſufficient to excuſe him from any of the common Offices of Life. No Singularities, either natural or affected, diſtinguiſhed him from other Men. Though he was firmly attached to the Church of *England*, he was averſe to the Perſecution of the Non-conformiſts. He judged of Men by their Manners, and the true Schiſmatics, in his Opinion, were the vicious. Not that he confined his Principles to mere natural Religion; for he was thoroughly perſuaded of the Truth of Revelation; and amidſt the great Variety of Books, which he had conſtantly before him, that, which he ſtudied with the greateſt Application, was the the *Bible*. He did not neglect the Opportunities of doing good; which the plentiful Income of his Patrimony, and a profitable Employment, improved by a good Œconomy, put into his Power. He thought a Legacy was no Gift, and therefore left no Will; for he was unbounded in his Generoſity towards his Relations, or others, who ſtood in need of his Aſſiſtance. When Decency, upon any Occaſion, required Expence and Show, he was magnificent without grudging it, and with a very good Grace. At all other Times, that Pomp, which ſeems great to little Minds only, was wholly retrenched; and the Expence reſerved for better Uſes.

T. Birch.

Sacred to the Memory
Of Mr. *David Fordyce*,

Late Profeſſor of Philoſophy in the *Mariſhal* College, *Aberdeen*. Juſtly eſteemed for his Learning and fine Taſte; but much more valued for his unaffected Piety, and benevolent Diſpoſition. The ſocial Duties he warmly recommended to others, and in his own Conduct exemplified them; the dutiful Son, the ſincere Friend, and the kind Maſter, were blended in his Character. A laudable Thirſt for uſeful Knowlege prompted him to viſit foreign Countries, eſpecially *Italy*, ſo long the Seat of Liberty, ever dear to him! So juſtly famous for the great Men it had produced, and ſtill diſtinguiſhed for the finer Arts. In his Return home, after about a Year's Abſence from his native Country, the Supreme Diſpoſer of all Events permitted this valuable Perſon to loſe his Life in a Storm, on the Coaſt of *Holland*, on the - - - *Sept.* 1751.

Blame not, O Reader! but adore that awful Providence, which is ever directed by unerring Wiſdom, and infinite Goodneſs. Was he thy Friend? Yet grieve not; the friendly Wave, which wrapt him up from Pain and Sorrow, wafted his Soul from Earth to Heaven; where his Deſire of Knowlege will be fully ſatisfied, and his Virtues abundantly rewarded.

Allerton, Nottinghamſhire.

Beneath the Droppings of this Spout *,
There lies the Body once ſo ſtout,
Of *Francis Thomſon*.

* The Stone joins to the South Wall of the Church under one of the Spouts.

A Soul

A Soul this Carcaſe long poſſeſs'd,
Which for its Virtue was careſs'd,
By all who knew the Owner beſt.
The † *Rufford* Records can declare
His Actions, who for Sev'nty Year
Both drew and drank its potent Beer.
Fame mentions not, in all that Time,
In this great Butler the leaſt Crime,
To ſtain his Reputation.
To Envy's ſelf we now appeal,
If ought of Fault ſhe can reveal,
To make her Declaration.
Then reſt, good Shade, nor Hell, nor Vermin fear;
Thy *Virtues* guard thy *Soul*, thy *Body* good *Strong Beer*.

† *Rufford Abbey*, now the Seat of Sir *George Savil*, Baronet, in whoſe Family this Perſon had lived as Butler.

On Mrs. G.

Whoever knows or hears whoſe ſacred Bones
Reſt here within theſe monumental Stones,
How dear a Mother, and how ſweet a Wife,
If he has Bowels, cannot for his Life,
But on theſe Aſhes here ſome Tears diſtill,
For if Men will not weep, this Marble will.

A. BROOME.

On Henry Jernegan, *Eſquire*.

All an accompliſht Body lends Mankind,
From Earth receiving, he to Earth reſign'd:

All that e'er grac'd a Soul, from Heav'n he drew,
And took back with him as an Angel's due.

A. HILL.

Let me die the Death of the Righteous, and let my laſt End be like *his*. The Grave is my Houſe: I have made my Bed in the Darkneſs: I have ſaid to Corruption, Thou art my Father; to the Worm, Thou art my Mother and my Siſter.

Here reſts
(With Five of his Children)
All that was mortal
Of
JOHN HACKETT,
Late of this Pariſh of *Covent Garden*.
In the humble Sphere of Life in which he was ordain'd to move,
He was ſtill blameleſs:
By his unaffected Piety towards God,
And his Sincerity in his Dealings with Men,
He made many a Friend,
But, unleſs of the ignorant and worthleſs,
He never made a Foe.
Tho' his Abilities were but ſmall, yet as far as in him lay,
He delivered the Poor that was ready to periſh,
And cauſed the Widows Heart to ſing for Joy.
In a Word,
He was, if ever there was one,
A Man without a Fault,
Unleſs extreme Meekneſs,
And Good-nature be conſidered as ſuch.
After a ſevere Illneſs of Six Months,
Which he bore with all Chriſtian Patience and Reſignation.

This good Man
Yielded up his Soul into the Hands of his Maker,
June the 22d. in the Year of our Lord, 1755.
Aged 52.
Reader,
You have *heard* what he *was*, yet you *ſee* what he *is*;
Be wiſe in Time.

St. Lawrence Poultney, London.

Ev'rie Chriſtian Hearte ſeeketh to extolle
The glorie of the Lord owr only redeemer;
Wherfor Dame Fame muſt needes inrolle
Paull Withypoll his Childe by Love and Nature,
Elizabeth the Wyfe of *Emanuel Lucar*.
In whom was declared the Goodneſs of the Lord,
With many high Vertues whyche trulye I will recorde.

She wrought all Needleworkes that Women exercyſe,
With Pen, Frame, or Stoole, all Pictures artificiall,
Curious Knottes or Trailes, what Fancie could deviſſe,
Beaſtes, Birdes, or Flowers, even as Thynges naturall.
Three manner Handes could ſhe write, them fayre all.
To ſpeak of Algoriſme or Accountes in everie Faſhon,
Of Women, few like (I thinke) in all thys Nation.

Dame Cunyng her gave a Gyfte righte excellent
The goodlie Practice of her Science muſicall,
In divers Tongues to ſyng and plaie with Inſtrument,
Both Violl and Lute, and alſo Virginall;
Nor only upon one, but excellent in all.
For all other Virtues belonging to Nature,
God her appointed a very perfect Creature.

Latyne and *Spanyſhe* and alſo *Italian*,
She ſpake, writ, and read with perfect Utterance;
And for the *Engliſh*, ſhe the Garland wan:
In Dame *Prudence'* Schoole by *Grace*'s Purveyance;
Whych clothed her with Vertues from naked Ignorance.
Readynge the Scriptures to judge Lyghte from dark,
Directing her Fayth to *Chriſt* the onlie Marke.

The ſaid *Elizabeth* deceas'd the 29th of *October*, *An. Dom.* 1537. of Yeeres not fully 27. This Stone and all hereon contained, made at the Coſt of the ſaid *Emanuel*, Merchant Taylor.

Peterborough Cathedral.

Here lyes a Babe, that only cry'd
In Baptiſm to be waſht from Sin, and dy'd.
January 17, 1666.

Totteridge, in *Hertfordſhire*.

Under this Pew lies interr'd the Body of Mrs. *Suſanna Turner*, Daughter of *Richard Turner*, Eſquire, and *Dorothy* his Wife, of this Pariſh, who deceas'd the 14th Day of *July*, 1672.

ætat. 15. and 10 months.

Now take thy Reſt, dear Soul, in thy cold Bed,
(For tho' to Heav'n thy precious Soul be fled)
Thou ſhalt not here as one neglected lie;
But be preſerv'd by God's moſt watchful Eye.
Wait but a while that thou mayſt be refin'd
And thou ſhalt riſe and leave thy Droſs behind.
Grace made thee lovely and admir'd by all,
And ſure ſince Grace adorn'd thee, Glory ſhall.

On Claudius Phillips.

Phillips, whoſe Touch harmonious could remove
The Pangs of guilty Pow'r or helpleſs Love,
Reſt here! diſtreſs'd by Poverty no more;
Here find that Calm; thou gav'ſt ſo oft before.
Sleep, undiſturb'd, within this peaceful Shrine,
Till Angels wake thee with a Note like thine.

S. JOHNSON.

St. Mary, Low-Layton.

If you will the Truythe have
Here lyeth in this Grave
Directly under this Stone
Good Lady *Mary Kyngeſtone*
Who departed thys Lyff, the Truythe to ſay
In the Moneth of *Auguſt*, the twenty fift Day;
And as I do well remember,
Was buried honourably the fourth Day of *September*
The Yere of our Lord rekynd truely
M V c fourty and eight varily
Whoſe yerly obyte and anniverſary
Is determin'd to be kept ſure
At the Coſt of hir Son Sir *Henry Jerningham* truely,
Who was at this Makyng
Of the Queen's Guarde cheff Capteyn.

St. Antony's, London.

Here lyth gravyn undyr this Ston
* *Thomas Knowles* both Fleſh and bon.
Grocer, and alderman yeres fortye
Sheriff, and twis Maior truly:
And for he ſhold not lie alone,
Here lyth with him his good wyff *Jone:*

They weren togeder ſixty Yere ;
And nineteen chyldren they had in feer.
Now ben they gone wee them miſſe :
Chriſt have their Sowlys to heven bliſſe. Amen.

* This Man was Mayor in the firſt Year of *Harry* the 4th, and again in the 12th of the ſame King. He rebuilt the Church where he now lies, gave the Company of Grocers his Houſe near the Church, for Relief of the Poor for ever, and cauſed Water to be conveyed to *Newgate* and *Ludgate* for the Benefit of the Priſoners.

On a Letter-Founder at Oxford.

Under this Stone lies honeſt *Syl*,
Who dy'd—tho' ſore againſt his Will ;
Yet in his Fame he ſhall ſurvive,
Learning ſhall keep his Name alive :
For he the Parent was of Letters,
He founded to confound his Betters.
But what thoſe Letters ſhould contain
Did never once diſturb his Brain.
Since therefore, Reader, he is gone,
Pray let him not be trod upon.

Pariſh Church of *Leedes*, *Yorkſhire*.

Under this Stone do lie ſix Children ſmall
Of *John Wellington* of the *North Hall*.
Mors omnibus communis.

Here lies *John* Duke of *Marlborough*,
Who run the *French* thorough and thorough ;

He

He marry'd *Sarah Jennings*, Spinſter,
Dy'd at *St. James's*, bury'd at *Weſtminſter*.

This was written by Dr. *Evans* of *Oxford*, when the Dutcheſs offered a conſiderable Reward to him that ſhould write the beſt Epitaph on the Duke.

On this Marble drop a Tear,
Here lies fair *Roſalind*;
All Mankind was pleas'd with her,
And ſhe with all Mankind.

Mrs. MONK.

Padua.

Oſſa
Titi Livii Patavini.
Unius omnium Mortalium judicio digni,
Cujus prope invicto calamo
Invicti *P. R.* res geſtæ conſcriberentur.

The *Paduans* ſay, that the Bones of this great Hiſtorian *Livy* are preſerved in a Tomb under the Door of a little Chamber, as you go out of the *Palazzo della Raggione*. *Alphonſo*, King of *Arragon* and *Naples*, having, in the Year 1451, demanded a Bone of *Titus Livius* by his Ambaſſador, *Antony Bevatello*, a celebrated Poet of that Age, and known by the Name of *Panormita*, the *Paduans* thought proper to gratify him in his Requeſt; and in Remembrance of this Preſent, they engraved upon the ſame Door the following Inſcription.

Inclyto *Alphonſo*, *Arragonum* Regi, Studiorum Fautori, Reipublicæ *Venetæ* fœderato, *Antonio Panormita* Poeta, Legato ſuo orante, *L. Mattheo Victurio*

turio hujus Urbis Prætore præſtantiſſimo intercedente, ex Hiſtoriarum Parentis *T. Livii* Oſſibus quæ hoc Tumulo conduntur, Brachium *Patavini* Cives in Munus conceſſere. *Anno Chriſti* M.CCCC.LI. XIV. *Kal. Sept.* ——

There is at the Palace of *Capo di Liſta*, in the ſame City, a Stone ſeemingly of the *Roman* Times, with theſe Words on it.

T. Livius C. F.
Sibi et ſuis
T. Livio et T. F. Priſco F.
T. Livio T. F. Longo et
Cæſſiæ Sex. Primæ Uxori.

Whether this be the Hiſtorian or not, Antiquaries are left to determine.

On Sir James Sooty.

This unambitious Stone preſerves a Name,
To Friendſhip ſanctify'd, untouch'd by Fame;
A Son this rais'd, by holy Duty fir'd,
This ſung a Friend, by friendly Zeal inſpir'd:
No venal Falſhood ſtain'd the filial Tear,
Unbought, unaſk'd, the friendly Praiſe ſincere:
Both for a good Man weep, without Offence,
Who led his Days in Eaſe and Innocence.
His Tear roſe honeſt, honeſt roſe his Smile;
His Heart no Falſhood knew, his Tongue no Guile:
A ſimple Mind, with plain juſt Notions fraught,
Not warp'd by Wit, nor by proud Science taught;
Nature's plain Light juſt rightly underſtood,
That never heſitates the Fair and Good.
Who view'd, ſelf-ballanc'd, from his calm Retreat,
The Storms that vex the Buſy and the Great:

Unmingling

Unmingling in the Scene whate'er befell,
Pity'd his ſuff'ring Kind, and wiſh'd them well;
Careleſs if Monarchs frown'd, or Stateſmen ſmil'd,
His purer Joy his Friend, his Wife, or Child.
Conſtant to act the hoſpitable Part,
Love in his Look and Welcome in his Heart:
Such unpriz'd Bleſſings did his Life employ,
The ſocial Moment, the domeſtic Joy;
A Joy beneficent, warm, cordial, kind,
That leaves no Doubt, no Grudge, no Sting behind;
The Heart-born Rapture, that from Virtue ſprings,
The poor Man's Portion, *God* with-held from Kings.
His Life, at decent Time, was bid to ceaſe,
Finiſh'd among his weeping Friends in Peace.
Go, Trav'ler! wiſh his Shade eternal Reſt;
Go, be the ſame; for this is to be bleſs'd.

Feb. 1752. H.

Hampton, Worceſterſhire.

Ἀποθανὼν ἔτι λαλεῖται.

* *Henricus Hammondus*, cujus ad Nomen aſſurgit quicquid eſt Gentis literatæ (dignum nomen quod Auro, non Atramento, nec in marmore perituro, ſed adamante potius exaretur) *Muſagetes* celeberrimus, Vir plane ſummus, Theologus longe conſummatiſſimus, eruditæ Pietatis decus ſimul et exemplar, ſacri Codicis Interpres facile omnium oculatiſſimus, Errorum Malleus poſt homines natos feliciſſimus, Veritatis *Hyperaſpiſtes* ſupra quam dici poteſt nervoſus; in cujus Scriptis eluceſcunt Ingenii Gravitas et acumen, Indicii ſublimitas et Ἀκρίβεια, ſententiarum ὄρασις et Δεινότης. *Hammondus*, inquam, ὁ πάνυ in ipſa mortis viciniâ poſitus Immortalitati quaſi contiguus Exuvias Carnis ve-

nerandas (præter quas nil mortale habuit) ſub obſcuro hic Lapide latere voluit, 7. *Cal. Maii* 1660, *Anno Ætatis ſuæ* 55.

HUMPH. HENCHMAN.

* He was Archdeacon of *Chicheſter*, and Rector of *Penſhurſt* in *Kent*, about *March* 15, 1644. He was alſo *Canon* of *Chriſt-Church*, *Oxon.* but had been ejected out of that Dignity twelve Years before his Death.

Great, ſays an eminent Writer, were his natural Abilities, greater his acquired, and in the whole Circle of Arts, he was moſt accurate. He was alſo eloquent in the Tongues, exact in ancient and modern Writers, was well verſed in Philoſophy, and better in Philology, moſt learned in School Divinity, and a great Maſter in Church Antiquity; made up of Fathers, Councils, Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtorians and Liturgies, as may be at large ſeen in his moſt elaborate Works.

There is to be found in the firſt Volume of Dr. *Hammond*'s Works, publiſhed by *W. Fulman*, of *C. C. C.* another Epitaph for him by Mr. *Tho. Pierce*, afterwards Preſident of *Magdalen Coll. Oxon.*

Peterborough Cathedral.

* *Maria Scotorum* Regina, Regis Filia, Regis *Gallorum* vidua, Reginæ *Angliæ* Agnata, et Hæres proxima; Virtutibus Regiis et animo Regio ornata, Jure Regio fruſtrâ ſæpius implorato barbarâ et tyrannicâ Crudelitate Ornamentum noſtri Seculi et Lumen veræ Regium, extinguitur: Eodemque nefario Judicio et *Maria Scotorum* Regina morte naturali, et omnes ſuperſtites Reges, Plebei facti, morte civili mulctantur. Novum et inauditum Tumuli genus, in quo

cum

cum vivis Mortui includuntur, hic extat; cum ſacris enim Divæ *Mariæ* cineribus omnium Regum atque Principum violatam atque proſtratam Majeſtatem hic jacere ſcito; et quia tacitum Regale ſatis ſuperque Reges ſui Officii monet, plura non addo, Viator.

* She was beheaded in *Fotheringhay* Caſtle the 8th of *February*, 1587, where her Body lay till it was carried to *Peterborough*, and interred there *Auguſt* 1, in the ſame Year. Twenty-five Years afterwards it was removed to *Weſtminſter-Abbey*. Vide Page 6.

Weldon, Northamptonſhire.

Thomas Gravius, S. T. D. Eccleſiæ *Petroburgenſis* Prebendarius; Vir ſummæ Pietatis et Eruditionis; in Philoſophicis paucis Secundus; in Philologicis peritiſſimis par, in Linguis *Orientalibus* pleriſque major; quarum *Perſicam* Notis in Appendice ad Bibliothecam Polyglott doctiſſime illuſtravit; *Arabicam* publicè in *Academiæ Oxonienſi* profeſſus eſt; digniſſimus etiam qui in eodem Loco Theologiam profiteretur; Poeta inſuper et Orator inſignis, atque in Mathematicis profundè doctus: Reipublicæ Literariæ, ac Eccleſiæ flebilis obiit *Maii* 22, *Anno* 1676, *Ætatis* ſuæ 65.

This learned Man's Works are:

1. De linguæ *Arabicæ* utilitate et præſtantia; oratio *Oxonii* habita 19 *Jul.* 1637.
2. Obſervationes quædam in *Perſicam* Pentateuchi Verſionem.
3. Annotationes quædam in *Perſicam* interpretationem Evangeliorum.

He was born at *Colmere* in *Hampſhire*, moſtly educated in the *Charterhouſe*, admitted Scholar of *C. C. C. Ox.* 15 *March*, 1627, where making great Progreſs in *Logic*, *Philoſophy* and other Learning, he took the Degrees in Arts, became *Humanity Reader* of his College, Fellow thereof in 1636, Deputy Profeſſor of *Arabic* in 1637, *Batchelor of Divinity* in 1641; became Rector of *Dunſby* in *Lincolnſhire*, and *Doctor of Divinity* in 1661, and Prebend of *Peterborough* in 1666, being then Rector of *Benyfield* in *Northamptonſhire*, which he left becauſe his Pariſhioners, through his Slowneſs of Speech and bad Utterance, held him inſufficient.

Peterborough Cathedral.

M. S. *Jacobus Duport*, S. T. P. hujus Eccleſiæ Decanus, *Lincolnienſis* Canonicus; Vir in omni Vitæ tenore clariſſimus, Felicibus auſpiciis (Patre Præſule, avo Epiſcopo) oriundus, ſummus ipſe Theologus, omne Literarum genus penitus digeſſit, multas Linguas etiam doctioribus peregrinas fecit ſuas, præ cæteris *Græcam*, cujus erat apud *Cantabrigienſes* ſuos Profeſſor; *Græcâ* Poeſi ſi non ſuper *Homerum*, ſaltem pari incedens gradu; quem ut alterum plane *Homerum* quatuor vendicant Collegia; *Sancti Jeſu* in quo natus; *S. Sancti Trinitatis*, in quo educatus; *Sanctæ Mariæ Magdelenæ* cui præfuit; et hoc noſtrum quod Corpus obtinet: Collegia iſta ut ornavit, ſic vivens morienſque amplis Beneficiis auxit præcipue Coll. *Triniâtat.* cujus Bibliothecam auguſtam, non modo libera manu ſublimiorem reddidit, ſed ſuis inſuper illuſtravit Libris, ut Academiæ Decus, ſic Eccleſiæ non minus. Liturgiam *Anglicanam Græcam* faciendo in omnem Gentem tranſtulit: ſic meritus, Regi *Carolo* 2do a ſacris fuit: Amplis Honoribus, Dignitatibus, opibus affluxit, quæ omnia honeſtè adeptus, piè et prudenter

prudenter diſtribuit. His Dotibus acceſſit morum ſuavitas, Probitas, omnis Virtus. Saxo non hoc eget ut teſtetur quod vixit, ſed quod mori potuit. Obiit *Julii* 17. *Anno Ætatis* ſuæ 73,——*Domini* 1679.

This Inſcription modeſtly tells us Dr. *Duport* was Dean of *Peterborough*, Canon of *Litchfield*, *Greek* Profeſſor at *Cambridge*, and, if not a better *Greek* Poet than *Homer*, yet at leaſt as good a One.

Equal, as Age advanc'd, her Virtues grew,
And Heav'n, her Aim, ſtill nearer ſhone in View;
So great th' Increaſe at length, Faith chang'd to Sight,
And the full Proſpect beam'd intenſely bright:
Mortality oppreſs'd no more could bear,
But ſunk to Reſt, and ſleeps in Silence here.

St. Leonard's, Foſter-Lane.

Robert Trappis, Goldſmith, 1526.

When the bels be merely roung,
And the Maſſe devoutly ſoung,
And the meate merely eaten,
Then ſall *Robert Trappis* his Wyffs, and Chyldren be forgetten.
Werfor, Jeſu, that of Mary ſproung,
Let their Soulys thy Saynts among,
Though it be undeſervy'd on ther Syde
Yet, good Lord, let them evermore thy Mercy abyde
And of your cheritie
For ther Soulys ſay a Paternoſter and an Ave.
Sancta Trinitas, unus Deus, miſerere nobis,
Et Ancillis tuis ſperantibus in Te.
O mater Dei, memento mei.
Jeſu mercy, Lady help.

St. Margaret

St. Margaret's, London.

Body.] I, *Mary Pawſon*, ly below ſlepyng.
Soule.] I, *Mary Pawſon*, ſit above waking.
Both. { We hope to meete again with Glory cloathed,
Then *Mary Pawſon* for ever bleſſed.

Abbey Church, *Edinburgh.*

To the Memory of Anna Fowler,

Two virtuous hands, one Truth expreſſing Tongue,
A furniſht Heart with Piety Faith and Love;
A fruitful Womb whence hopeful Males are ſprung;
Two Luſt free Eyes, thoughts tending far above
The Reach of Nature, motionleſs become.
Reſt peaceably to this earthly Tomb.
She died 9th May, 1645. of her Age 48.

On *J. B*——*d*, Eſq; late Alderman of *D*——.

Here, faſt aſleep, upon his Back,
By Death extended, lies plump Jack,
A Sleeper ne'er to be forgot
Renown'd as *Ch*—*y*, or as *Trott*.
Oft has he ſlept (we've heard him ſnore)
Within theſe ſacred Walls before;
Yet, charm'd a while by *Morpheus'* Rod,
He ſoon ſhook off the feeble God,
And ſoon victorious 'gan to riſe,
And yawn, and ſtare, and rub his Eyes.
Now vanquiſh'd quite, behold him fall,
Attack'd by Sleep, and Death and all.
Be ſerious, Muſe.—The Day will come
When he, freſh-riſing from this Tomb,

Shall

Shall Life and other Realms explore,
And wake, to dye, to ſleep, no more.

Here lies Charles Câvdiſh * : Let the Marble Stone
That hides his Aſhes, make his Virtues known.
Beauty and Valour did his ſhort Life grace,
The Grief and Glory of his noble Race :
Early abroad he did the World ſurvey,
As if he knew he had not long to ſtay ;
Saw what great *Alexander* in the Eaſt,
And mighty *Julius* conquer'd in the Weſt ;
Then with a Mind, as great as theirs, he came
To find at home Occaſion for his Fame ;
Where dark Confuſion did the Nations hide,
And where the juſter was the weaker Side.
Two loyal Brothers took their Sov'reign's Part.
Employ'd their Wealth; their Courage and their Art.
The Elder did *whole Regiments* afford,
The Younger brought—*his Conduct and his Sword*
Born to command, a Leader he begun,
And on the Rebels laſting Honour won :
The Horſe inſtructed by their Gen'rals Worth,
Still made the King victorious in the North :
Where *Câvdiſh* fought the *Royaliſts* prevail'd,
Neither his Courage nor his Judgment fail'd
The Current of his Vict'ries found no Stop,
Till *Cromwell* came, his Party's chiefeſt Prop ;
Equal Succeſs had ſet theſe Champions high,
And both reſolv'd to conquer, or to die :
Virtue with Rage, with Fury Valour ſtrove ;
But that muſt fall,—which is decreed above !
Cromwell, with Odds of Numbers and of Fate,
Remov'd this Bulwark of the Church and State ;
Which the ſad Iſſue of the War declar'd,
And made his Taſk to ruin both leſs hard.
So when the Bank neglected is o'erthrown,
The boundleſs Torrent does the Country drown.

Thus

Thus fell the Young, the Lovely, and the Brave;
Strew Bays and Flowers on his honour'd Grave.
EDM. WALLER.

* Col. *Cha. Cavendiſh*, youngeſt Son of *William*, Earl of *Devonſhire*, ſlain at *Gainſborough*, 1643, in the 23d Year of his Age.

Cromwell's Letter to the Committee of the aſſociated Counties at *Cambridge*, dated from *Huntingdon*, *July* 31, 1643, to which Place he had been driven by *Newcaſtle*, gives a full Account of this Gentleman's Death.—After having related the manner in which he collected a Body of Troops for the Relief of *Gainſborough*, his Arrival there, and beating the Van-guard of the Body of Horſe, he proceeds in theſe Words: 'I perceiving this Body, which was the Reſerve, ſtanding ſtill unbroken, kept back my Major *Whaley* from the Chace, and with my own Troop, and the other of my Regiment, in all being three Troops, we got into a Body: In this Reſerve ſtood General *Cavendiſh*, who one while faced me, another while faced four of the *Lincoln* Troops, which was all ours that ſtood upon the Place, the reſt being engaged in the Chace. At laſt General *Cavendiſh* charged the *Lincolneers*, and routed them: Immediately I fell on his Rear with my three Troops, which did ſo aſtoniſh him, that he gave over the Chace, and fain would have delivered himſelf from me, but I preſſing on them forced them down a Hill, having good Execution of them, and below the Hill drove the General, with ſome of his Soldiers, into a Quagmire, where my Captain-Lieutenant ſlew him with a Thruſt under his ſhort Ribs; the reſt of the Body was wholly routed, not one Man ſtaying upon the Place.'

On Mr. *Rogers*, jun. of *Glouceſterſhire*.

Of gentle Blood, his Parents only Treaſure,
Their laſting Sorrow, and their vaniſh'd Pleaſure.
Adorn'd with Features, Virtue, Wit, and Grace;
A large Proviſion for ſo ſhort a Race!
More mod'rate Gifts might have prolong'd his Date,
Too early fitted for a better State:
But knowing Heav'n his Home, to ſhun Delay,
He leap'd o'er Age, and took a ſhorter Way.

J. DRYDEN.

Eaſtwick, Herefordſhire.

Robert Lee, Eſquire, his Body is buried here,
Who ſerved with King *Edward*, firſt a Sewer many Year;
And after to King *Philip* and *Mary* Queen of late;
And laſtly with Queen *Elizabeth*, our noble Prince of State:
And of the ancient *Bagley* Houſe in *Cheſhire* born was He,
And in this Tomb with *Jane* his Wife here buried both they be.
And whoſe grand Virtues on the Earth, and their deſerved Fame,
This good Remembrance after Death, ſhall ſtill renew the ſame.
Which *Robert* died the 23 day of Jan. 1564.
And the ſaid *Jane* died the 10 of March 1595.

St. John's, Weſtminſter.

Here lyeth *Humphrey Goſling*, of *London*, Vintner,
Of the *Whyt Hart*, of this Pariſh, a Neighbour;

Of

Of vertuous behaviour; a very good archer;
And of honeſt mirth; a good company keeper.
So well inclyned to poor and rich;
God ſend more *Goſlings* to be ſich.

Weſtminſter-Abbey.

Qui fide antiqua et opera aſſidua
Britannicam Antiquitatem
Indagavit,
Simplicatem innatam honeſtis
Studiis excoluit,
Animi ſolertiam candore illuſtravit,
Gulielmus Campdenus ab *Eliza-*
-betha R. ad Regis Armorum
(*Clarentis titulo*) dignitatem
Evocatus,
Hic ſpe certa reſurgendi in
Chriſto, S. E.
Obiit An°. D^ni. 1623. 9. *Novembris*
Ætatis ſuæ 74.

In Engliſh thus:

William Campden, Clar. K. at *Arms*,
Who illuſtrated the *Britiſh* Antiquities,
With antient Truth and indefatigable Induſtry,
Adorned his innate Simplicity with
Uſeful Literature,
And improved his Pleaſantneſs of Humour
With Candour and Sincerity,
lies here,
In hopes of a certain Reſurrection in *Chriſt*.
He died the 9th of *November*, 1623.
Aged 74 Years.

This great Man was the Son of *Sampſon Campden*, a Native of *Litchfield*, Citizen, and one of the Society of

of Painter-ſtainers of *London*. He was born in the *Old-Baily*, in the ſaid City, *May* 5. 1551:—In 1566 ſent to *Chriſt-Church* Hoſpital, afterwards as a Servitor to *Magdalen* College *Oxford*: Thence went to *Pembroke* College in that Univerſity: Stood for a Fellowſhip in *All-ſouls*, but loſt it, being oppoſed by the Popiſh Party of that Houſe: In 1575 he was made ſecond Maſter of *Weſtminſter* School; where ſtudying Antiquity, and greatly ſucceeding in that Study, he was promoted to ſeveral Dignities, as King at Arms, *&c. &c. &c.*

Weſtminſter-Abbey.

*Iſaac*ⁱ. *Caſaubon*ⁱ.

(O Doctorum quicquid eſt, aſſurgite
Huic. tam colendo nomini)

Quem *Gallia* Reip. Literariæ Bono peperit; *Henricus* IV. *Francorum* Rex invictiſſimus *Lutetiam* Literis ſuis evocatum Bibliothecæ ſuæ præfecit, charumque deinceps dum vixit, habuit: Eoque terris erepto *Jacobus Mag. Brit.* Monarcha Regum Doctiſſimus Doctis Indulgentiſs. in *Angliam* accivit; munifice fovit; poſteritaſque æternum ob doctrinam mirabitur, H. S. E. Invidiâ major. Obiit ætern. in *Chriſto* vitam anhelans *Kal. Jul.* MDCXIV. Æt. LV. Viro opt. Immortalitate digniſs. *Th. Mortonus* Ep. *Dunelm.* Jucundiſſime quod frui licuit Conſuetudinis Memor P. R. S. P. C. V. MDCXXXIV.

Qui noſſe vult *Caſaubonum*
Non ſaxa ſed chartas legat
Superfuturas Marmori
Et profuturas poſteris.

In Engliſh thus:

Iſaac Caſaubon,

(Ye Men of Learning riſe to this ſo venerable Name with Reſpect.)

(Whom

(Whom *Gallia* produced for the Good of the learned World: And *Henry* the 4th, the powerful King of *France*, called from his Studies, and made Keeper of the Royal Library of *Paris*, and while he lived ever eſteemed: whom—after *his* Murder, King *James*, Monarch of *Great Britain*, the moſt learned of Kings, and moſt indulgent to learned Men, invited into *England*, and munificently encouraged, and whom Poſterity will ever admire for Learning)

Lies here beyond the Reach of Envy:
Breathing out his Soul in *Chriſt* he entered into Eternity, on the Kal. of *July* 1614, aged 55 Years. To this moſt excellent Man, worthy of Immortality, *Thomas Moreton*, Biſhop of *Durham*, pleaſed with the Memory of his Converſation, erected this Monument. He that would know *Caſaubon*, let him not read this, but *his* Books, more uſeful to Poſterity, and which remain when vain Marbles moulder away.

Weſtminſter-Abbey.

Grace, Eldeſt Daughter to
Sir *Thomas Mauleverer*,
Of *Allerton Mauleverer*,
in *Yorkſhire*, Baronet,
born in the Year 1622.
Married unto Colonel *Thomas Scot*,
A Member of the Houſe of Commons 1644.
and died the 24th of *February* 1645.

He that will give my *Grace* but what is hers,
Muſt ſay her Death has not
Made only her dear *Scot*
But Virtue, Worth and Sweetneſs Widowers.

Weſtminſter-

Weſtminſter-Abbey.

Here lies the loyal Duke of *Newcaſtle*, and his Dutcheſs, his ſecond Wife, by whom he had no Iſſue; her Name was *Margaret Lucas*, youngeſt Siſter to Lord *Lucas* of *Colcheſter*, a noble Familie; for all the Brothers were valiant, and all the Siſters virtuous. This Dutcheſs was a wiſe, wittie, and learned Lady, which her many Books do well teſtifie; ſhe was a moſt virtuous and a loving and careful Wife; and was with her Lord all the Time of his Baniſhment and Miſeries; and when he came home, never parted from him in his ſolitary Retirements.

Hic ſitus eſt Heros ille inclytus *Willielmus Cavendiſh* de *Balneo* Miles, Baro *Ogle* jure materno; Vicec. *Mansfield*; Baro *Cavendiſh* de *Boleſover*; Comes de *Ogle*; Comes, Marchio, et Dux de *Novo Caſtro*, ſuper *Tinam: Notting:* et *Northumb:* comitat: Locum tenens: præcipuus Regii Cubiculi generoſus; *Carolo* principi Curator potiſſimus; a ſecretioribus Dni. Regis conſiliis ac nobiliſſimi Ord. *Periſcelidis* eques. Vir qui fidelitatem ac fortitudinem Majeſtati Regiæ ubertim indicans, conjuratione nequiſſimâ primitùs exortâ Legionum omnium in Borealibus Regni Partitus conſcriptarum Capitaneus Generalis merito conſtitutus; in præliis diverſis ubi prorſus victor extitit, ac in *Eboraci* civit. adverſus *Scotos* munimine, ſe fidum ſtrenuumque militem uſquequaque comprobaverit; quapropter invaleſcente Rebellione, e primis morti deſtinatus, totius rei familiaris jacturam, longumque Exilium (maximo autem animo) inde ſuſtinuit. Uxorem (primo) *Elizabetham* filiam unicam et hæredem *Will. Baſſet* de *Blore* in Agro *Staff.* Armigeri duxit. e quâ filios *Carolum* ſine prole defunctum, et *Henricum* honorum hæredem; Filiaſque *Janam Carolo Cheney*, de *Cheſham Botts*, *Elizabetham Johanni* Com. de *Bridgewater*, ac *Franceſcam*

ceſcam Olivero Comitis *Bolingbrochiæ* enuptas, ſuſcitavit. Diem Obiit XXV°. *Dec.* A°. *Salutis humanæ* MDCLXXVI°. *Ætatis ſuæ* LXXXIIII°.

In Engliſh thus:

'Here lies that renowned Hero *William Cavendiſh*, 'Knt. of the *Bath*, and Baron *Ogle*, in right of his 'Mother, Viſcount *Mansfield*, and Baron *Cavendiſh* of 'Boleſover, Earl of *Ogle*, Earl, Marquis, and Duke of 'Newcaſtle upon *Tyne*, Lord Lieutenant of the Counties of *Nottingham* and *Northumberland*, firſt Lord of 'the Bed-chamber to the King, Guardian to Prince 'Charles, Privy Counſellor to the King, and Knt. of 'the moſt noble Order of the Garter. A Nobleman 'who ſhewing abundant Fidelity and Courage to the 'King's Majeſty, at the Beginning of the grand Rebellion, was deſervedly made Captain General of 'the Forces raiſed in the North of the Kingdom. In 'ſeveral Battles, where he generally came off Victor, 'and in defending the City of *York* againſt the *Scots*, 'he gave Proofs, in all reſpects, of his Integrity and 'unſhaken Courage; for which Reaſon, when the 'Rebellion grew ſtrong, (being one of the firſt deſigned for a Sacrifice,) he left his Eſtate, and with 'great Reſolution endured a long Exile. He firſt 'married *Elizabeth*, only Daughter and Heir of *William Baſſet*, of *Blore*, in the County of *Stafford*, Eſq; 'who bare him Sons, *Charles*, who died without Iſſue, 'and *Henry*, Heir of his Honours; Daughters, *Jane*, 'married to *Charles Cheney*, of *Cheſham*, *Bucks*; '*Elizabeth* to *John* Earl of *Bridgewater*, and *Frances* 'to *Oliver* Earl of *Bolingbroke*. He died the 27th of '*December*, in the Year of Redemption 1676. and of 'his Age the 84th.'

Weſtminſter-

Weſtminſter-Abbey.

M. S. *Godfredi Kneller*, Equitis *Rom.* Imp. et *Angliæ* Baronetti, Pictoris Regibus *Carolo* 2. *Jacobo* 2. *Gulielmo* 3. *Annæ* Reginæ, *Georgio* 1. qui obiit 26. *Oct.* an. 1723. ætat. 77.

Kneller, by Heav'n, and not a Maſter taught,
Whoſe Art was Nature, and whoſe Pictures Thought,
When now, two Ages, he had ſnatch'd from Fate,
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Reſts crown'd with Princes, Honours, Poet's Lays,
Due to his Merit, and brave Thirſt of Praiſe;
* Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her Works; and dying, fears herſelf may die.

A. POPE.

* Imitated from the Epitaph on *Raphael Urbin:*

—— timuit quo ſoſpite vinci
Rerum Magna parens, et Moriente Mori.—

Vide Page 2.

Litchfield Cathedral.

Here lieth *Geo Bollen*, lat Deane of this Church who made his own Epitaph, viz.

Lo here in Earth my body lies
Whoſe ſinful Life deſerved the rod
Yet I believe the ſame ſhall riſe
And praiſe the Mercies of my God.
As for my Soul let none take thought
It is with him that hath it bought
For God on me doth Mercy take
For nothing elſe but Jheſus ſake.

George

George Bollen was Prebendary of *Canterbury* and *Chicheſter*, and inſtalled Dean of *Litchfield*, *Nov.* 22. 1576. on the Death of *Laurence Nowell.* He died *Jan.* 1692.—This Epitaph (ſays the learned *Campden*) from a Papiſt and a Churchman, is worthy our Obſervation, for here's neither Merit nor Supererogation, but Salvation by Faith.

St. Bennet Fink's, London.

O God, the father of heavyn, which art the everlaſtyng lyght,
Have mercy on the ſowl of me, poor *Walter Knyght.*
Who departyd this lyf the monyth of *January*,
In the yere of my redemer on Mxxxxxx and fifty,
Born I was in *Canterbery* in the County of *Kent*,
Sonne to *John Knyght* and Alyſe his wyfe, this is verament.
And to be ſhort, all worldly things to confound,
Of the Earth I was made, and to the Earth I am retourned.

---

* * *

Ye Sons of Induſtry learn hence to know,
How far, in Fortune, patient Hope may go.
By ſafe Degrees, on Honour's firm Aſcent,
Slow-climbing Care, at laſt, will reach Content.
Yet, ah! when *up*, forget not Want *below*,
But ſtretch your helping Hand to diſtant Woe.
So roſe the Man whoſe Duſt makes rich this Place;
He gain'd with Honour, and he gave with Grace.
Alive unenvy'd; dead, unloſt he lies:
For know, a good Man's Influence never dies.

* * * * *.

Weſtminſter-

Weſtminſter-Abbey.

Sacred to the immortal Memory of Sir *Palmes Fairborne*, Knt. Governor of *Tangier*; in Execution of which Command, he was mortally wounded by a Shot from the *Moors* then beſieging the Town, in the forty-ſixth Year of his Age, *October* 24, 1680.

Ye ſacred Relics, which your Marble keep,
Here undiſturb'd by Wars in quiet ſleep:
Diſcharge the Truſt which, when it was below,
Fairborne's undaunted Soul did undergo,
And be the Town's *Palladium* from the Foe.
Alive and dead theſe Walls he will defend,
Great Actions great Examples muſt attend.
The *Candian Siege* his early Valour knew,
Where *Turkiſh* Blood did his young Hands imbrue.
From thence returning with deſerv'd Applauſe,
Againſt the *Moors* his well-fleſh'd Sword he draws;
The ſame the Courage and the ſame the Cauſe.
His Youth and Age, his Life and Death combine,
As in ſome great and regular Deſign,
All of a Piece throughout, and all divine.
Still nearer Heav'n his Virtues ſhone more bright,
Like riſing Flames expanding in their Height,
The *Martyr's Glory* crown'd the *Soldier's Fight.*
More bravely *Britiſh* Gen'ral never fell,
No Gen'ral's Death was e'er reveng'd ſo well.
Which his pleas'd Eyes beheld before their Cloſe,
Follow'd by Thouſand Victims of his Foes.
To his lamented Loſs for Time to come,
His pious Widow conſecrates this Tomb.

J. DRYDEN.

On Sir Albertus Moreton *and his* Lady.

He firſt deceas'd ; *ſhe* for a little try'd
To live without him, lik'd it not, and dy'd.

Snothland,

In the Dioceſe of Rocheſter.

Here lyeth * * * * *Palmer* of *Otford*, Eſquire * * * *

Palmers all our Faders were
I a *Palmer* livyd here
And trauyld ſtill, till worn wyth Age,
I ended this worlds pylgramage,
On the blyſt Aſſention day
In the cherful Month of May ;
A thowſand wyth fowr hundryd ſeuen,
And took my jorney henſe to Heuen.

On a Graveſtone in the Ruins of an old Church near *Broughton-Green*, by *Northampton.*

Time was, I ſtood where thou doſt now,
And view'd the Dead as thou doſt me ;
Ere long thoult lie as low as I,
And others ſtand and look on Thee.

Weſtminſter-Abbey.

Abrahamus Cowleius,
Anglorum Pindarus, Flaccus, Maro,
Deliciæ, Decus, Deſiderium ævi ſui
Hic juxta ſitus eſt.

Aurea

Aurea dum volitant late tua ſcripta per orbem
Tu famâ æternum vives, Divine Poeta ;
Hic placidâ jaceas requie. Cuſtodiat Urnam
Cana Fides, vigilentque perenni lampade Muſæ.
Sit Sacer iſte Locus, nec quis temerarius auſit,
Sacrilegâ turbare manu venerabile Buſtum.
Intacti maneant, maneant per ſecula dulcis
Cowleii Cineres, ſerventque immobile Saxum.

Sic vovet

Votumque ſuum apud Poſteros ſacratum eſſe voluit, qui viro incomparabili poſuit Sepulcrale Marmor, *Georgius* Dux *Buckinghamiæ*. Exceſſit è vitâ anno Ætatis ſuæ 49. et honorificâ Pompâ elatus ex Ædibus *Buckinghamianis*, viris illuſtribus omnium ordinum exequias celebrantibus, ſepultus eſt die tertio menſis *Aug*. Annoque Domini 1667.

Dr. THO. SPRAT.

This Gentleman's Character as a Poet needs no Encomium. I ſhall only obſerve that when King *Charles* had the News of his Death, he declared, that Mr. *Cowley* had not left behind him a better Man in *England*. 'Tis worth remarking that in a Manuſcript (which I have by me) of the young Gentlemen's Names who are elected yearly from the College at *Weſtminſter*, to *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, I find Mr. *Cowley*, who was a King's Scholar, rejected by the Electors.

The Epitaph is in Engliſh thus :

'Near this Place lies *Abraham Cowley*, the *Pindar*, '*Horace*, and *Virgil* of *England*, and the Delight, Or-'nament, and Favourite of his Age.

'While, ſacred Bard, far Worlds thy Works pro-'claim,
'And you ſurvive in an immortal Fame,
'Here may you bleſt in pleaſing Quiet lie,
'To guard thy Urn may hoary Faith ſtand by ;

'And all thy favourite tuneful Nine repair,
'To watch thy Duſt with a perpetual Care.
'Sacred for ever may this Place be made,
'And may no deſperate Hand preſume t' invade
'With Touch unhallow'd this religious Room,
'Or dare affront thy venerable Tomb:
'Unmov'd and undiſturb'd till Time ſhall end,
'May *Cowley*'s Duſt this Marble Shrine defend.

'So wiſhes, and deſires that Wiſh may be ſacred to 'Poſterity, *George* Duke of *Buckingham*, who erected 'this Marble Monument for that incomparable Man. 'He died in the 49th Year of his Age, and was car-'ried from *Buckingham-houſe*, with honourable Pomp; 'his Exequies being attended by Perſons of illuſtrious 'Character of all Degrees, and buried the 3d of *Au-'guſt*, A. D. 1667.'

On Shakſpear.

Renowned *Spenſer*, lie a Thought more nigh
To learned *Chaucer*, and rare *Beaumont* lie
A little nearer *Spenſer*, to make Room
For *Shakſpear* in your threefold, fourfold Tomb.
To lie all four in one Bed make a Shift,
For untill Doomſday hardly will a fifth,
Betwixt this Day and that, by Fates be ſlain,
For whom your Curtains need be drawn again.
But if Precedency in Death doth bar
A fourth Place in your ſacred Sepulchre,
Under this curled Marble of thine own,
Sleep, rare Tragedian, *Shakſpear*, ſleep alone:
Thy unmoleſted Peace, in an unſhared Cave,
Poſſeſs, as Lord, not Tenant, of thy Grave.
That unto us, and others, it may be
Honour, hereafter, to be laid by thee.

Dr. DONNE.

Ben

Ben Jonſon alludes to this Epitaph, in ſome Verſes of *his* to the Memory of *Shakſpear* ;

My *Shakſpear*, riſe; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or *Spenſer*, or bid *Beaumont* lie
A little farther to make thee a Room.

Weſtminſter Abbey.

Jacobus Craggs
Regi *Magnæ Britanniæ* à Secretis
Et Conſiliis Sanctioribus,
Principis pariter ac Populi Amor et Deliciæ:
Vixit Titulis et Invidiâ Major
Annos, Heu! Paucos, XXXV.
Ob. Feb. XVI. MDCCXX.

Stateſman, yet Friend to Truth! of Soul ſincere,
In Action faithful, and in Honour clear!
Who broke no Promiſe, ſerv'd no private End,
Who gain'd no Title, and who loſt no Friend;
Ennobled by himſelf, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muſe he lov'd.

A. Pope.

This Epitaph is taken from Mr. *Pope*'s Epiſtle to Mr. *Addiſon*, occaſioned by his Dialogues on Medals; with a ſmall Alteration in the laſt Line.

Aaron Hill, Eſq; one Day wrote theſe Lines under it.

How loſt this Pomp of Verſe! how vain the Hope
That Thought can dwell on *Craggs* in view of *Pope!*
When upon *Rubicon*'s fam'd Banks is ſhown
Cæſar's preſs'd Foot on the remember'd Stone;

No Traveller once aſks the Quarry's Name,
Whence the coarſe Grit, by Chance diſtinguiſh'd came;
But thinks with Reverence, Here great *Julius* trod,
And hails the *Foot-ſteps* of a *Roman* God.

On * S. P. *a Child of Queen* Elizabeth's *Chapel.*

Weep with me all you that read
This little Story;
And know for whom a Tear you ſhed,—
Death's ſelf is ſorry.
—'Twas a Child that did ſo thrive
In Age and Feature,
As Heav'n and Nature ſeem'd to ſtrive
Which own'd the Creature.
Yeeres he number'd ſcarce thirteen,
When Fates turn'd cruel.
Yet three full Zodiacks had he been
The Stage's Jewel.
And did act, what now we moane,
Old Men ſo duely,
As ſooth the Parcæ thought him one,
He plaid ſo truely.
So by Error, to his Fate,
They all conſented;
But viewing him ſince, alas, too late,
They have repented.
And have ſought, to give new Birth,
In Bathes to ſteep him;
But being ſo much too good for Earth,
Heav'n vows to keep him.

BEN JONSON.

* Moſt likely *Sal. Pavy*, who had a Part in *Cynthia's Revels*, and the *Poetaſter*.

On

On Doctor Keil, *the Aſtronomer.*

Beneath this Stone, the World's juſt Wonder lies,
Who, while on Earth, had rang'd the ſpacious Skies;
Around the Stars his active Soul had flown,
And ſeen their Courſes finiſh'd ere his own.
Now he enjoys thoſe Realms he could explore,
And finds that Heav'n he knew ſo well before.
He thro' more Worlds his Victory purſu'd,
Than the brave *Greek* could wiſh to have ſubdu'd;
In Triumph ran one vaſt Creation o'er,
Then ſtopp'd,—for Nature could afford no more.
With *Cæſar*'s Speed, young *Ammon*'s noble Pride,
He came, ſaw, vanquiſh'd, wept, return'd and dy'd.

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

Weſtminſter Abbey.

Mrs. *Aphra Behn*, died April 16. 1689.

Here lies a Proof that Wit can never be
Defence enough againſt Mortality.

Aphra Behn, a celebrated Poeteſs of the laſt Age, was a Gentlewoman by Birth, being deſcended from a good Family in the City of *Canterbury*; and was born ſome Time in the Reign of King *Charles* I. but in what Year is not yet known. Her Father's Name was *Johnſon*, whoſe Relation to the Lord *Willoughby* drew him, for the advantageous Poſt of Lieutenant General of *Surinam*, and ſix-and-thirty Iſlands, to undertake a Voyage, with his whole Family, to the *Weſt-Indies*; at which Time our Poeteſs was very young. Mr. *Johnſon* died at Sea in his Paſſage thi-

ther, but his Family arrived at *Surinam*, where our Poeteſs became acquainted with the Story and Perſon of the *American* Prince *Oroonoko*, whoſe Adventures ſhe has ſo feelingly deſcribed in the celebrated Novel of that Name. After her Return to *England*, ſhe was married to Mr. *Behn*, a Merchant of *London*, but of *Dutch* Extraction. King *Charles* II. to whom ſhe had given an entertaining and juſt Account of the Colony of *Surinam*, thought her a proper Perſon to be entruſted with the Management of ſome important Affairs, during the *Dutch* War; which occaſioned her going into *Flanders*, and reſiding at *Antwerp*. Here, by her Intrigues, ſhe diſcovered the Deſign formed by the *Dutch*, of ſailing up the River *Thames*, and burning the *Engliſh* Ships in their Harbours; which ſhe communicated to the Court of *England*; but her Intelligence, though well-grounded, as appeared by the Event, being only laughed at and ſlighted, ſhe laid aſide all farther Thoughts of State-Affairs. After ſome time, ſhe embarked at *Dunkirk* for *England*, and in the Paſſage was near being loſt, for the Ship being driven on the Coaſt, foundered within Sight of Land: But, by Aſſiſtance of Boats from the Shore, they were all ſaved, and Mrs. *Behn* arrived in *London*. The reſt of her Life was entirely dedicated to Pleaſure and Poetry. Beſides publiſhing three Volumes of Miſcellany Poems, ſhe wrote ſeventeen Plays, and ſome Hiſtories and Novels. She tranſlated M. *Fontenelle's Hiſtory of Oracles, and Plurality of Worlds*; to which laſt ſhe annexed an *Eſſay on Tranſlation, and tranſlated Proſe*. The *Paraphraſe of Œnone's Epiſtle to Paris*, in the *Engliſh* Tranſlation of *Ovid's Epiſtles*, is Mrs. *Behn's*; as are the celebrated *Love-letters between a Nobleman and his Siſter*, *London*. 1684. Her Wit gained her the Acquaintance and Eſteem of the Poets of that Time, as Mr. *Dryden*, Mr. *Southern*, Mr. *Charles Cotton*, and others; and at the ſame time, the Love and Addreſſes

of

of ſeveral Gentlemen; one in particular, with whom ſhe correſponded under the Name of *Lycidas*.

BIO. BRIT.

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*Deſigned by the Author, * * * *, for himſelf.*

On me, perhaps, in gay Purſuits employ'd,
You wanton look, nor care that I have dy'd:
Oh! that ſuch Worth kind Heav'n to you may give,
That all Mankind may wiſh that you may live!

Worceſter Cathedral.

Here lyeth buryed Prince *Arthure* the firſt begotten Son of the righte renowned Kinge Henry the Seventhe, whiche noble Prynce departed out of this tranſitori Lyfe in the Caſtle of Ludlowe in the ſeventeenth Yere of his Fathers raygne, and in the Yere of oure Lorde God on thouſand five hundred and two.

St. Alban's, Wood-Street.

Here lyeth marmorate undyr thys hepe of Stoan
Sir Harry Wever Aldyrman, and his Lady Dame Joan.

Thus wordly worſchypp and honor, wyth Favour and fortun paſſeth day by day:
Who may wythſtand deathys ſchorne when rych and por ſche cloſyth in clay.
Wherfor to God hertelie we pray
To pardon us of our Miſdeed,
And help us now in our moſt need.

Mr HACKETTS *EPIT*

How are the Mighty fallen
Oh! that they understood thi
O! that they would consider this

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Chelſea Hoſpital.

Here lies *William Hiſeland*,
A Veteran, if ever Soldier was;
Who merited well a Penſion,
If long Service be a Merit:
Having ſerved upwards of the Days of Man;
Antient but not ſuperannuated.
Engaged in a Series of Wars,
Civil as well as foreign,
Yet maimed or worn out by neither.
His Complexion was freſh and florid,
His Health hail and hearty,
His Memory exact and ready.
In Stature
He exceeded the military Size;
In Strength
He ſurpaſſed the Prime of Youth!
And,
What rendered his Age ſtill more Patriarchal,
When above a hundred Years old,
He took unto him a Wife.
Read, Fellow-Soldiers and reflect,
That there is a Spiritual Warfare,
As well as a Warfare Temporal.

Born the firſt of Auguſt, 1620.
Died the 17th of February, 1732.
Aged one hundred and twelve.

Sacred to the Memory of Sir *James Campbell*, Knight of the *Bath*, Groom of the Bed-chamber to his Majeſty, Lieutenant-General of the Forces, Governor of *Edinburgh* Caſtle, and Colonel of the Royal Grey Dragoons:

In whom Nobility of Blood, and Eminence of Station,
Were Ornaments far leſs conſpicuous
Than the ſocial Virtues which endeared him as a Man;
Poliſhed Manners which adorned him as a Gentleman;
Honour and Valour that exalted him as a Soldier.
The Confidence of the Troops which his graceful and pleaſing Appearance ſpoke in his Favour,
He ſecured
By Affability and Humanity in private,
Spirit and Dignity in publick;
Supporting Diſcipline without Rigour,
Diſpenſing Indulgence without Remiſſneſs.
Hence he inſpired that Alacrity, with which on repeated Occaſions
They followed him
to
Glory and Victory;
Particularly at the Battle of *Ramillies*, where at the Head of the *Grey Dragoons* alone, he pierced thro' both Lines of the Enemies Cavalry;
And tho' theſe Lines again cloſed to bar his Retreat, yet,
Not knowing how to yield while he could fight,
He bravely cut his Way back
To the Aſtoniſhment and Admiration of both applauding Armies.
After, at the Battle of *Dettingen*, where he commanded as
Lieutenant General of the Cavalry,
He received the Order of the BATH,
As a Mark of Royal Acknowledgement of diſtinguiſhed Merit.
He continued abroad in that Station, till the Morning before the Battle of *Fontenoy*,

When
A Cannon-ball carried off his Leg, and removed him
from the Field:
To the Army, a fatal Preſage of its enſuing Misfor-
fortune,
In the Loſs of one ſo capable to avert it;
But to himſelf an Event *in this* fortunate,
As it prevented him from ever having ſeen
A *Britiſh* Army routed:
An Object, which tho' removed from his Sight,
Yet preyed upon his Mind,
And haſtened that Death which overtook him three
Days after:
For amidſt the Torture of Pain,
He felt for the Public more than for himſelf.
As a fair Example to Poſterity, this Attempt is made
to perpetuate
The Remembrance of Virtues,
Which dignified the
Human Species.

Weſtminſter Abbey.

Henry Withers,
Lieutenant General,
Deſcended from a military Stock and bred in Arms,
In
Britain, *Dunkirk*, and *Tangier*.
Thro' the whole Courſe of the two laſt Wars
Of *England* with *France*,
He ſerved in the *Low Countries* and in *Germany*:
Was preſent
At every Battle, and in every Siege;
And diſtinguiſh'd in all
By an Activity, a Valour, and a Zeal,
Which Nature gave, and Honour improv'd.
A Love of Glory and his Country
Animated

Animated and rais'd him above that Spirit,
Which the Trade of War inſpires,
A Deſire of acquiring Riches and Honour
By
The Miſeries of Mankind.
His Temper was humane,
His Benevolence univerſal;
And among all thoſe ancient Virtues,
Which he preſerved in Practice and in Credit,
None was more remarkable,
Than
His Hoſpitality.
He died at the Age of 78 Years,
On the 11th of *Nov.* 1729.
To whom this Monument is erected,
By his Companion in the Wars,
And
His Friend thro' Life,
Henry Deſney.

Here, *Withers*, reſt! thou braveſt, gentleſt Mind!
Thy Country's Friend, but more of human Kind.
Oh, born to Arms! O Worth in Youth approv'd!
O ſoft Humanity in Age belov'd!
For thee the hardy Vet'ran drops a Tear,
And the gay Courtier feels the Sigh ſincere.
Withers, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial Spirit, or thy ſocial Love!
Amidſt Corruption, Luxury, and Rage,
Sill leave ſome ancient Virtues to our Age;
Nor let us ſay (thoſe *Engliſh* Glories gone)
The laſt true *Briton* lies beneath this Stone.

A. POPE.

Only the Verſes in this Epitaph are the Compoſition of Mr. *Pope*.

Canterbury

Canterbury Cathedral.

M. S.
Georgii Rooke, Militis,
Gulielmi Rooke, Militis Filii,
Angliæ Vice-Admiralii.
O Quantum eſt Hiſtoriæ in iſto Nomine!
At quantillum Hic Titulus potis eſt enarrare!
Profugientibus ex acie *Gallis*, Anno M.D.C.XCII.
Ipſe apertâ Cymbulâ,
Immiſtus Tormentorum Globis,
Imbribuſque Glandium,
(Tot *Gallis* teſtibus, credite Poſteri!)
Ultrices primus Flammas aptans,
Naves Bellicas XIII juxta *la Hogue* combuſſit.
Compoſitis dehinc inter *Suevum* et *Danum*
Summo ejus Conſilio, et Juſtitiâ Diſcordiis;
A Pacato Septentrione, ad Meridiem ſe convertit.
Iterumque exuſtâ aut captâ ad *Vigonem*
Totâ Præſidiatrice Hoſtium Claſſe,
Atque Onerariis immenſæ molis, argento fætis,
In Patriam feliciter adductis;
Optimam Prædam, Fide integerrimâ,
In Ærarium Publicum deportavit.
Gibraltariam Copiis Navalibus
Paucioribus Horis cepit,
Quam poſtea Menſibus, irrito Conatu, Juſtus obſidebat Exercitus.
Et eâdem fere Impreſſione,
Inſtructiſſimam *Gallorum* Claſſem,
Inferior multo viribus, Conſilio et Fortitudine, longe ſuperior,
Non denuo in aciem proditurum, profligavit.
Sic { *Carolo* III ad Solium / *Hiſpanis* ad Libertatem / *Europæ* ad Pacem } viam aperuit.

His

His atque aliis exantlatis Laboribus,
Heroi Chriſtiano,
Ob egregiam in Eccleſiam Pietatem, ob fidem *Gulielmo* Magno,
Et *Annæ* Optimæ, ſanctiſſimè ſemper præſtitam;
Ob Nomen *Britannicum* per Terrarum Orbem, amplificatum et decoratum:
Non titulos ſuperbos, Non opes Invidioſas;
Nec inanes Vulgi Plauſus;
Sed optimæ mentis Conſcientiam,
Bonorum amorem omnium,
Otium in paternis Sedibus,
Et Mortem in *Chriſto* conceſſit *Deus*.
Obiit XXIV Die *Januarii*, Anno Ætatis ſuæ LVIII. Chriſti MDCCVIII.

Tranſlated:

'Sacred to the Memory of Sir *George Rooke*, 'Knight, Son to Sir *William Rooke*, Knight, Vice-'Admiral of *England*. O how much Hiſtory is in 'that Name! and how little is this Inſcription able 'to reveal it! The *French* flying from the Fight, '*Anno* 1692, he, in an open Boat, amidſt the Show-'ers of great and ſmall Shot, in Preſence of ſo many '*French* (a Thing almoſt incredible) firſt of all pre-'pared the revenging Flames, which burnt thirteen 'of their Ships of War near *La Hogue*. Afterwards 'the Difference between the *Swedes* and *Danes* be-'ing happily and juſtly made up by his Counſel, he 'left the North in Peace, and returned ſouthward; 'where the whole Fleet of the Enemies Guard-Ships, 'being either taken or burnt at *Vigo*, and the Gal-'leons, Veſſels of immenſe Burthen, laden with 'Silver, faithfully conducted into *England*, with an 'upright Heart, he conveyed the glorious Spoils into 'the Public Treaſury. He took *Gibraltar* with his 'naval Forces, in a few Hours; which afterwards a

lar

'regular Army beſieged in vain for Months. And in 'the ſame Career of Succeſs, his Navy being as 'much inferior in Strength, as ſuperior in Council 'and Courage, he put to Flight the whole *French* 'Fleet; which, tho' well provided, durſt not hazard 'a Battle. By theſe glorious Actions he opened the 'Way for *Charles* the 3d to aſcend the Throne, for 'the *Spaniards* to recover their Liberty, and for *Eu-* 'rope to enjoy Peace. For theſe and other Toils un- 'dergone by this Chriſtian Hero, for his ſingular 'Piety to the Church, his Fidelity to *William* the 'Great, and *Anne* the beſt of Queens, ever moſt 'religiouſly obſerved, for his cauſing *Britannia's* 'Name to be born and renowned thro' the whole 'World, God did not grant him ſwelling Titles nor 'envied Riches, nor the empty Applauſe of the 'Vulgar; but the Pleaſures of a ſedate Mind, the 'Love of all good Men, Retirement in his paternal 'Inheritance, and Death at laſt in *Chriſt*. He de- 'parted this Life the 24th Day of *January*, in the '58th Year of his Age, and in the Year of our Lord '1708.' He married three Wives, *Mary Howe*, of *Cold Berwick*, in the County of *Wilts*; *Mary Lutterel*, of *Dunſter Caſtle*, in the County of *Somerſet*; and *Katharine Knatchbull*, of *Merſham Hatch*, in the County of *Kent*. By the ſecond of which he left *George*, his only Son.

Canterbury Cathedral.

Depoſitum ALEXANDRI NEVIL, Armigeri.
Quæris qui fuerim? audi.

Alexander Nevillus, *Ricardi Nevilli*, Armigeri, ex nobili et perantiquâ *Nevillorum* Familia oriundi, et *Annæ-Mantelii*, *Gualteri Mantelii*, Equitis aurati filiæ,

filiæ, Filius natu maximus. Vixi, dum vixi, Deo: Mihi, Meis: Muſarum cultor aſſiduus; Contemptor Mundi; Candidatus Cæli; Servus Jeſu Chriſti indigniſſimus. En qui fuerim! Quæris qui ſim? Dicam et id quod. Dimidium mei (mortale ſcilicet et interitui obnoxium) labefecit Ætas, dejecit Morbus, abripuit Mors, et in hunc quem vides carcerem, prædæ veluti ſuæ metuens, abſtruſit. Pars autem illa mei melior, atque ſuperſtes, Chriſto lætabunda inhæret, furentique jam morti, et mortalitatis meæ exuvias, ut cernis, clanculum devoranti, Chriſto vindice, mortem intentat: Utraque ſummæ Majeſtatis ſecundum adventum expectat: Utraque (quum Juſtitiæ Sol ille magnus, mortuos ac vivos judicaturus toti Terrarum orbi denuo illuxerit) reſurrectionis et immortalitatis gloria, quam mihi miſerrimo peccatori, redemptor humani generis Deus pretioſiſſimo ſuo ſanguine acquiſivit, æternum præſervetur: In hac Spe vixi; in hac Spe et Fide, invitâ Carne, Mundo, Morte, Diabolo, obii Anno Ætatis meæ , Incarnati Chriſti 1614. Menſis Octobris 4. Sat eſt, Habeas, O bone, quæ me dicere, te ſcire par eſt. Vale.

O Deus! In te Salutis Spem poſui meæ; fac, me perennis ne pudor obruat.

Ubi tua, O Mors, Victoria!
Ubi tuus, O Sepulcrum, Stimulus!

In Engliſh thus:

'Here lies the Body of *Alexander Nevil*, Eſq;
'If you would learn what I was! know.

'*Alexander Nevil*, Eldeſt Son of *Richard Nevil*, 'Eſquire, deſcended from the noble and ancient Fa- 'mily of the *Nevils*, and *Anne Mantel*, Daughter of 'Sir *Walter Mantel*, Knight. While living, I lived 'to God, myſelf and my Friends. An unwearied 'and conſtant Follower of Learning, a Deſpiſer of

'the

'the World, a Candidate of Heaven, an unworthy 'Servant of *Jeſus Chriſt*. Behold what I was! If 'you would learn what I am, that I will inform you 'likewiſe. The one Part of me (that which was 'mortal, and ſubject to periſh) Age decayed, Diſeaſe 'oppreſſed, and Death at length ſeized; and (being 'fearful of loſing his Prey) thruſt it into this Priſon, 'which you ſee; but my other and better Part, being 'immortal, is joined in Happineſs to *Chriſt*, and de-'fies Death (thro' *Chriſt*'s Power) tho' he rages, *and* '(as you may perceive) waſtes, and tears in Pieces 'the Remains of my Mortality. Both expect the 'ſame Coming of his heavenly Majeſty; and both, 'when that great Sun of Righteouſneſs ſhall enlighten 'the Earth, and come at length to judge both the 'Quick and the Dead, ſhall be Partakers of a glori-'ous Reſurrection and Immortality; which God, *the* 'Redeemer of Mankind, purchaſed with his moſt 'precious Blood for me a moſt miſerable Sinner. In 'this Hope I lived, and in it, maugre the Fleſh, the 'World, Death, and the Devil, I die in the 'Year of my Age, and in the Year of *Chriſt's Incar-'nation* 1614, the 4th of *October*. Reader, I have 'told thee all that is needful for me to ſay, or thee to 'hear. Know thyſelf, Farewel.——O God, in thee 'have I put my Truſt, ſuffer me not to be confounded. '——O Death, where is thy Victory? O Grave, 'where is thy Sting?'

Canterbury Cathedral.

Sta et venerare, Viator.
Hic Mortales Immortalis Spiritûs Exuvias
depoſuit
MERICUS CASAUBONUS.

Magni

Magni Nominis } par hæres :
Eruditique Generis }

Quippe qui { Patrem *Iſaacum Caſaubonum* / Avum *Henricum Stephanum* / Proavum *Robertum Stephanum* } habuit:

Hui quos Viros! quæ literarum lumina! Quæ ævi ſui decora! Ipſe Eruditionem per tot erudita capita traduce accepit, excoluit, et ad Pietatis (quæ in ejus Pectore Regina ſedebat) Ornamentum et incrementum fæliciter conſecravit: Rempublicamque Literariam multiplici rerum et linguarum ſupellectile locupletavit. Vir, incertum, doctior, an melior, in pauperes liberalitate, in amicos Utilitate, in omnes Humanitate, in acutiſſimis longiſſimi Morbi tormentis Chriſtianâ Patientiâ inſigniſſimus. Gaudeat primaria hæc Eccleſia Primariis Canonicis *Caſaubonis* Ambobus; qui eundem in Eruditorum, quo ipſa in Eccleſiarum Serie, Ordinem obtinent. Obiit noſter pridie Idus *Julii* Anno 1671. Ætatis ſuæ 75. Canonicatus ſui 46.

In Engliſh thus:

'Stay, Traveller, and reverence. Here *Meric* '*Caſaubon* diveſted himſelf of the mortal Remains of 'his immortal Spirit. The Heir of a great Name and 'a learned Race. Having for his Father *Iſaac Caſau-* '*bon*; for his Uncle, *Henry Stephens*; and for his 'Great-uncle, *Robert Stephens*. Alas! what Men! 'what Prodigies of Learning! what Ornaments of 'their Age! He, having received his Learning, as 'by Inheritance, deſcending from ſo many learned 'Anceſtors, improved it; and conſecrated it to the 'Ornament and Increaſe of Piety, which ever ſat as 'Queen in his Breaſt. He alſo enriched the Repub-'lic of Letters with a manifold Treaſure of Things 'and Languages. He was a Man, uncertain, whe-'ther more famous for Learning or Piety; and moſt

'remarkable

'remarkable for his Liberality to the Poor; his communicative Temper to his Friends; his Humanity and Tenderneſs to all; and for his enduring the moſt exquiſite Tortures of a lingering Diſtemper, with all Chriſtian Patience. This Metropolitan Church boaſts in beſtowing the Dignity of firſt Canonſhips on both the *Caſaubons*; who hold the ſame Rank among the Learned, as ſhe holds among the Churches. Our *Caſaubon* died the Day preceding the Ides of *July*, *Anno* 1671, in the 75th Year of his Age, and the 46th of his Canonſhip.'

Meric Caſaubon was Son of the moſt learned *Iſaac*, Son of *Arnold Caſaubon*, by *Joanne Rouſſeau*, his Wife. He was born within the City of *Geneva*, in the Month of *September*, 1599. At nine Years of Age, being brought into *England* by his Father, he was inſtructed by a private Maſter till 1614, at which time he was ſent to *Ch. Ch.* in *Oxford*; where, being put under a moſt careful Tutor, Dr. *Edward à Meetkirk*, the King's *Hebrew Profeſſor*, he was ſoon after elected a Student of that Houſe; and, making a very conſiderable Progreſs in Logic and Philoſophy, he took the Degrees in Arts, that of Maſter being compleated in 1621, at which time he was much noted for his Sufficiencies in the Arts and Sciences. In the ſame Year, tho' he was then young, he publiſhed a Book in Defence of his Father againſt the Calumnies of a certain Roman Catholic; which making him known to King *James*, he ever afterwards had a good Opinion of him. That Book brought him alſo into Credit abroad, eſpecially in *France*; whence he had Offers and Invitations for ſome Promotion there, his Godfather, *Meric de Vic* (ſometime Governor of *Calais*) being then, or ſoon after, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of that Kingdom. The next Book that he publiſhed was written by Command of King *James*, in Defence of his Father and the Church of *England*,

againſt

againſt the Puritans of thoſe Days; of which Book he gave a farther Account in his *Neceſſity of Reformation*. About that time, he being beneficed in *Somerſetſhire* (at *Bledon*) by the Favour of Dr. *Andrews*, Biſhop of *Winton*, did chiefly deſign to go on where his Father had left off, againſt *Baronius his Annals*; but was diverted by ſome accidental Occaſions or Provocations. At length, when he came to Maturity of Years for ſuch a Work, and had acquainted Archbiſhop *Laud*, his great Friend and Patron, with his Deſign, the Troubles and Diviſions began in *England*; ſo that, having no certain Place, he was forced to ſell a good Part of his Books, and in Concluſion, after 20 Years Sufferings, more or leſs, he was grown ſo old and crazy in Body, that he could not expect to live many Years, and thereupon was forced to give over that Project. Some Years after his Publication of the ſaid two Books, he was made Prebendary of *Canterbury*; and, in 1636, he was created Dr. of D. by Command from his Majeſty, when he and the Queen were entertained by the Muſes at *Oxford*. In the Beginning of the civil War that followed, he loſt all his ſpiritual Promotions, and lived retiredly with that little he had left. In 1649, one Mr. *Greaves*, of *Gray's-Inn*, an intimate Acquaintance with Mr. *Caſaubon*, brought him a Meſſage from *Oliver Cromwell*, then Lieutenant-General of the Parliament's Forces, to bring to *Whitehall*, to confer with him about Matters of Moment; but his Wife being then lately dead, and not, as he ſaid, buried, he deſired to be excuſed. Afterwards *Greaves* came again, and *Caſaubon* (being in ſome Diſorder thereat, fearing that Evil might follow), deſired him to tell him the Meaning of the Matter; but *Greaves* refuſing, went away the ſecond Time. At length he returned again, and told him that the L. G. intended his Good and Advancemen, and that his particular Errand was, that he would make Uſe of his Pen to write the Hiſtory of the late War;

War; deſiring withal, that nothing but Matters of Fact ſhould be ſet down. But this, after many other Sollicitations, he decently refuſed. He alſo waved ſeveral moſt noble Offers from *Chriſtina*, Queen of *Sweden*. He was, ſays *Wood*, a general Scholar, but not extraordinary in any one Sort, unleſs in Criticiſms, wherein his Father's Notes might probably have ſet him up. He was alſo a religious Man, loyal to his Prince, exemplary in his Life and Converſation, and very charitable to the Poor.

BEAUTY * *itſelf* lies here, in whom alone
Each Part enjoy'd the ſame Perfection.
In ſome the Eyes we praiſe, in ſome the Hair,
In her the Lips, in her the Cheeks are fair;
That Nymph's fine Feet, her Hands we beauteous call;
But in this Form we praiſe no Part, but all.
The Ages paſt have many Beauties ſhown,
And I more Plenty in our Time have known:
But in the Age to come I look for none;
Nature deſpairs, becauſe the Pattern's gone.

T. RANDOLPH.

* Lady *Venuſia Digby*.

Haddington, in *Scotland*.

If Chaſtity commends a Wife,
And Providence a Mother;
Grave Modeſty a Widdow's Life,
You'll na find ſick another
In *Haddington*, as *Marion Gray*!
Who here does lye 'till Domis-day.

Baginton,

Baginton, Warwickſhire.

Here lyeth the Body of
Ellen Campion, Wife of *Edward Campion*,
Of *Witham*, in the County of *Eſſex*, Gent.
Eldeſt Daughter of *William Bromley*,
Late of this Pariſh, Eſq;
And of *Catherine Millard* his Wife.
She had Iſſue only a Daughter, named *Ellen Campion*,
And when ſhee had lived 20 Yeares, 4 Moneths,
And 15 Days,
Moſt piouſly left this Life, the 23d Day of *Jan.* 1632.

Rare Vertues, Feature, ev'ry Grace
Which beautifie the Mind or Face,
Beneath this weeping Marble lye;
Diſtracted Sorrow, thou but dream'ſt,
Or in thy deſperate Rage blaſpheam'ſt,
As if ſuch Excellence could dye!

All Hearts, which ſacred Virtue love,
All Eyes that chaſte Affections move,
With her imparted Luſtre ſhine,
Which they as borrowed Treaſure keepe,
And when ſhe wakes out of her Sleepe,
Shall with divine Increaſe reſigne.

On William *the Third.*

I.

Beneath theſe Horrors of a Tomb,
Greatneſs in humble Ruin lies;
(How Earth confines in narrow Room
What Heroes leave beneath the Skies!)

II. Preſerve,

II.

Preſerve, O venerable Pile!
Inviolate thy ſacred Truſt;
To thy cold Arms the *Britiſh* Iſle,
Weeping, commits her richeſt Duſt.

III.

Ye gentleſt Miniſters of Fate!
Attend the Monarch as he lies,
And bid the ſofteſt Slumbers wait,
With ſilken Cords to bind his Eyes.

IV.

Reſt his dear Sword beneath his Head;
Round him his faithful Arms ſhall ſtand;
Fix his bright Enſigns on his Bed,
The Guards and Honours of our Land.

V.

Ye Siſter Arts of Paint and Verſe,
Place *Albion* fainting by his Side!
Her Groans ariſing o'er the Hearſe,
And *Belgia* ſinking when he dy'd.

VI.

High o'er the Grave *Religion* ſet
In ſolemn Gold; pronounce the Ground
Sacred, to bar unhallow'd Feet,
And plant her Guardian Virtues round.

VII.

Fair *Liberty* in Sables dreſt,
Write his lov'd Name upon his Urn,
" *William, the Scourge of Tyrants paſt,*
" *And Awe of Princes yet unborn.*"

VIII.

Sweet Peace his ſacred Reliques keep,
With Olives blooming round her Head;
And ſtretch her Wings acroſs the Deep,
To bleſs the Nations with the Shade.

IX.

Stand on the Pile, immortal Fame!
Broad Stars adorn thy brighteſt Robe!
Thy Thouſand Voices ſound his Name,
In Silver Accents, round the Globe.

X.

Flatt'ry ſhall faint beneath the Sound,
While hoary Truth inſpires the Song;
Envy grow pale and bite the Ground,
And Malice gnaw her forky Tongue.

XI.

Night and the Grave remove your Gloom,
Darkneſs becomes the vulgar Dead;
But Glory bids the royal Tomb
Diſdain the Horrors of a Shade.

XII.

Glory, with all her Lamps, ſhall burn!
And watch the Warrior's ſleeping Clay,
Till the laſt Trumpet rouſe his Urn
To aid the Triumphs of the Day.

ISAAC WATTS.

Sherborne, Dorſetſhire.

Here lies
John Lord *Digby*, Baron *Digby* of *Sherborne*,
And Earl of *Briſtol*.
Titles to which
The Merit of his Grand-father firſt gave Luſtre;
And which he himſelf
Laid down unſullyed.
He was naturally inclin'd to avoid
The Hurry of a publick Life;
Yet careful to keep up the Port of his Quality;
Was willing to be at Eaſe, but ſcorn'd Obſcurity;
And therefore never made his Retirement a Pretence
To draw himſelf within a narrower Compaſs,
Or to ſhun ſuch Expence
As Charity, Hoſpitality, and his Honour
Call'd for.
His Religion was that
Which by LAW is eſtabliſhed;
And the Conduct of his Life
Shew'd the Power of it in his Heart;
His Diſtinction from others
Never made him forget himſelf or them.
He was kind and obliging to his Neighbours,
Generous and condeſcending to his Inferiors,
And juſt to all Mankind:
Nor had the Temptations
Of Honour and Pleaſure in this World,
Strength enough to withdraw his Eyes
From that great Object of his Hope,
Which we reaſonably aſſure ourſelves
He now enjoys.

Weſtminſter

Weſtminſter Abbey.

Mrs. *Mary Kendall*,

Daughter of *Thomas Kendall*, Eſquire, and of Mrs. *Mary Hallet* his Wife, of *Killigarth* in *Cornwall*, was born at *Weſtminſter*, *Nov.* 8. 1677, and dy'd at *Epſome*, *March* 4. 17$\frac{8}{10}$: Having reached the full Term of her bleſſed Saviour's Life; and ſtudy'd to imitate his ſpotleſs Example. She had great Virtues, and as great a Deſire of concealing them: Was of a ſevere Life, but of an eaſy Converſation; was courteous to all, yet ſtrictly ſincere; humble, without Meanneſs; beneficent without Oſtentation; devout without Superſtition. Theſe admirable Qualities in which ſhe was excelled by few of her Sex, ſurpaſſed by none, rendered her every Way worthy of that cloſe Union and Friendſhip in which ſhe lived with the Lady *Catharine Jones*; and in Teſtimony of which ſhe deſired that even their Aſhes, after Death, might not be divided, and therefore ordered herſelf here to be interred, where ſhe knew that excellent Lady deſigned one Day to reſt, near the Grave of her beloved and religious Mother, *Elizabeth*, Counteſs of *Ranelagh*.

Weſtminſter Abbey.

Edwardus Primus *Scotorum* Malleus hic eſt: 1308.
Pactum ſerva.

Edward the 1ſt. was Son of King *Henry* III. and born at *Weſtminſter* the 17th of *June*, 1239. and four Days after chriſtened by the Legate *Otho*; he was called *Edward* from his Father's Favourite, *Edward the Confeſſor*, and *Longſhanks*, from the Tallneſs of his Stature; he was at his Father's Death warring in the *Holy Land*, where he had been ſucceſsful againſt the

Infidels; and, returning, he was crowned in *Weſtminſter Abbey*, the 19th of *Auguſt*, 1274. He was a Prince of martial Spirit and overcame the *Welch*, and ſubdued *Scotland*, bringing away the fatal Stone, and offering it at St. *Edward*'s Shrine: He was a Prince every Way of extraordinary Accompliſhments, and in his Time many wholeſome Laws were enacted. Laſtly, hearing the *Scots* had roſe and ſhook off their Allegiance, he marched againſt them; but being afflicted with a Dyſentery, or bloody Flux, he returned to *Carliſle*; where, ſending for his Son, Prince *Edward*, he gave him in ſtrict Charge, that he ſhould carry his Bones with him through *Scotland*, till he had brought it to Subjection: Secondly, that he would ſend his Heart to the *Holy Land*, with 140 Knights, and the 32000*l.* he had provided for that Purpoſe; and that he ſhould not recall *Gaveſton* from Baniſhment. Neither of which the Prince performed. After which, proceeding on his Journey, he fell ill at *Burgh* upon the *Sands*, in *Cumberland*, and died the 7th of *July*, 1307; having reigned 34 Years, 7 Months, and 21 Days, and lived 68.—J. DART.

Weſtminſter Abbey.

O Rare Sir *William Davenant.*

He was Son of *John Davenant*, a Vintner at *Oxford*; where he was born, in *Feb.* 160⅝, his Father being then Mayor of that City. His Mother was a Woman of good Wit and agreeable Converſation, which occaſioned a Reſort of polite Men to their Houſe; among whom *Shakeſpear* is ſaid to take up his Lodging frequently. His Education was in *Lincoln* College; after leaving which, he became firſt Servant to *Frances* Dutcheſs of *Richmond*, and next to *Fulk* Lord *Brook*; after whoſe Death he took to writing Plays, and grew acquainted with *Endimion Porter*, *Henry*

Henry Jermain, and Sir *John Suckling*. This Sir *William* was Poet Laureat to King *Charles* the 1ſt. upon *Ben. Jonſon*'s Death; but had the Misfortune to make no graceful Appearance in that Station, having loſt his Noſe by an odd Accident, for which he was cruelly bantered by the Wits of that Time. In the Year 1641, he was accuſed of ſeducing the Army againſt the Parliament; for which he was ſeized at *Feverſham*, in *Kent*: But, being afterwards bailed, he fled into *France*. In 1643, he was knighted at the Siege of *Glouceſter*; but, the King's Cauſe declining, he went again into *France*, at which Time he wrote his *Gondibert*: Afterwards, being taken at Sea by the Parliament Ships, he was committed Priſoner to the *Iſle of Wight*, and thence removed to the *Tower* to be tried for his Life; but got off at *Milton*'s Interceſſion. At length, having lived to ſee the Stage flouriſh after the Reſtoration, he died in his 63d Year, at his Houſe in *Little Lincoln's Inn Fields*, *Anno* 1668; and was two Days after buried in *Weſtminſter Abbey*.

J. DART.

Antony Wood gives us the following Epitaph written for Sir *William*.

Here lies the Subject of immortal Praiſe,
Who did from *Phœbus*' Hand receive his Bays:
Admir'd by all, envied alone by thoſe
Who for his Glories made themſelves his foes:
Such were his Virtues, that they could command
A general Applauſe from ev'ry Hand:
His *Exit* then this on Record ſhall have,
A *Clap* did uſher *Davenant* to his Grave.

Weſtminſter Abbey.

To the Memory of
Nicholas Rowe, Eſq;
Who died in 1715, aged 45;

And of *Charlotta*, his only Daughter,
Wife of
Henry Earle, Eſq;
Who, imitating her Father's Spirit,
And amiable
In her own Innocence and Beauty,
Died
In the 22d Year of her Age, 1739.

Thy Reliques, *Rowe!* to this ſad Shrine we truſt,
And near thy *Shakſpeare* place thy honour'd buſt.
Oh! next him, ſkill'd to draw the tender Tear,
For never Heart felt Paſſion more ſincere;
To nobler Sentiment to fire the brave,
For never *Briton* more diſdain'd a Slave.
Peace to thy gentle Shade, and endleſs Reſt;
Bleſt in thy Genius, in thy Love too bleſt!
And bleſt that timely from our Scene remov'd,
* Thy Soul enjoys the Liberty it lov'd.

To theſe ſo mourn'd in Death, ſo lov'd in Life!
The childleſs Parent and the widow'd Wife,
With Tears inſcribes this monumental Stone,
That holds their Aſhes and expects her own.

A. POPE.

* *Mr.* Pope *wrote but very few of theſe elegiac Pieces, and yet we meet with this very ſame Line at the End of his Epitaph on Sir* W. Trumbal.

Mr. *Rowe* was born at *Little Berkford*, in the County of *Bedford*. He was deſcended from the Family of the *Rowes*, of *Lamerton*, in *Devonſhire*, and Son of *John Rowe*, Eſquire, Serjeant at Law. He was firſt put to a private School at *Highgate*; and afterwards went to *Weſtminſter*. From thence he was removed to the *Middle Temple*; where, after a conſiderable Progreſs in the Study of the Law, he was called to the

the Bar, and attained a Reputation ſuitable to his Merit; but he early quitted thoſe dry and laborious Studies, to purſue the more pleaſing Bent of his Genius in polite Literature. He was, in the late Reign, near three Years Under-Secretary to the Duke of *Queenſborough* and *Dover*, Principal Secretary of State: And after his Majeſty's Acceſſion, he conferred on him the Places of *Clerk of the Council* to his Royal Highneſs the Prince of *Wales*, *Poet Laureat to his Majeſty*, One of the *Land Surveyors of the Cuſtoms* in the Port of *London*, and *Secretary of the Repreſentations* to the Lord High Chancellor of *Great Britain*. He was eaſy and inſtructive in his Converſation, polite in his Manners, and perfectly ſincere in his Profeſſions of Friendſhip. In his Writings there is a Beauty of Expreſſion, a maſterly Wit, a nervous Strength, and a Diction more exactly dramatic than any other Author.

Withyam, Suſſex.

On Charles *Earl of* Dorſet.

Dorſet, the Grace of Courts, the Muſes' Pride,
Patron of Arts, and Judge of Nature, dy'd.
The Scourge of Pride, tho' ſanctify'd or great,
Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State:
Yet ſoft his Nature, tho' ſevere his Lay,
His Anger moral, and his Wiſdom gay.
Bleſt Satyriſt! who touch'd the Mean ſo true,
As ſhow'd, Vice had his Hate and Pity too.
Bleſt Courtier! who could King and Country pleaſe,
Yet ſacred keep his Friendſhips and his Eaſe.
Bleſt Peer! his great Forefather's ev'ry Grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his Race;
Where other *Buckhurſts*, other *Dorſets* ſhine,
And Patriots ſtill, or Poets, deck the Line.

A. Pope.

A true Report of Miſtres Iſabell Harington, *ſometime of her Majeſties privie Chamber, written by a credible Perſon, that was well acquainted with her Conditions.*

A Body chaſt, a virtuous mind, a temperat toung, an humble hart,
Secret and wiſe, faithfull and kind, plaine without guile, milde without art,
A Friend to peace, a foe to ſtrife, a ſpotleſſe maid, a matchleſſe wife.

I found this Epitaph in the Notes on *Harington's Orlando Furioſo*. This *Iſabel* was his Mother.

In the Collegiate Church of *Warwick*.

Pray devoutly for the Sowle whom God aſſoyle of one of the moaſt worſhippfull Knyghtes in his dayes of manhod and connynge, *Richarde Beauchampe*, late Earl of *Warwicke*, Lord Deſpenſer of *Bergeveny*, and of mony other greate Lordſhips, whos body reſtithe here under this tombe in a full feire vaulte of Stone ſet in the bare roche; the whiche viſyted with long ſyckneſſe in the caſtle of *Rohan*, therin deceaſyd full chriſtianly the laſt day of *Aprile*, the Year of our Lord God, *A. D.* 1439, he beinge at that tyme Lieutenant Generall and Governour of *France*, and of the Duchye of *Normandye* by ſufficien auctorite of our ſovereigne King *Harry* the VI; the whiche body with great deliberation and ful worſhipfull conducte by ſea and land, was brought to *Warwyke* the fowrthe day of *Octobar*, the Yere aboveſayde, and was leyde with full ſolemme exequies in a fayre chuſt made of Stone in this chirche, afore the weſt doore of this chappelle, accordyng to hys laſt wyle and teſtament therein to reſt

reſt tyll this chapelle by him deviſid in hys Lyfe wer made, all the whiche chapelle foundyd on this rocke, and all the members therof his executors, dyd fully make and apparilby the authorietie of his laſt will and teſtament, and thereafter by the ſade authorietie they dyd tranſlate full worſhipfullye the ſade Bodye into the vout aboveſayde. Honouryd be God therefor.

St. Luke's, Loudon.

In the Grave the Wicked cannot oppreſs :
For there the Weary are at reſt;
Here doth the Body of *John Dewberry* reſt,
Waiting for the Reſurrection of the Juſt :
When Tears and mourning ſhall be turned to Joy,
Then Sorrow and ſighing ſhall flee away.
He departed this Life, *March* the 26th, 1685.

St. David's Cathedral.

Under this Marble Stone here incloſed, reſteth the Bones of that moſt noble Lord * *Edmond* Earl of *Richmond*, Father and Brother to Kings. The which departed out of this World in the Year of our Lord God 1456. the firſt of the Month of *November*, on whoſe Soul Almighty *Jeſu* have Mercy, Amen.

* This *Edmond* married *Margaret*, the ſole Daughter and Heireſs of *John Beaufort*, Duke of *Somerſet*, a Son of *John* Duke of *Lancaſter*, Fourth Son of King *Edward* the Third, and by her had *Henry* Earl of *Richmond*, afterwards *Henry* 7th, King of *England*.

St. Margaret's, Weſtminſter.

In Memory of Mrs. *Elizabeth Corbett*, who departed this Life at *Paris*, *March* the 1ſt. 1724, after a long and painful Sickneſs. She was Daughter to Sir *Uvedale Corbett*, of *Longnor*, in the County of *Salop*, Baronet, by the Right Honourable Lady *Mildred Cecill*; who ordered this Monument to be erected.

Here reſts a Woman good without Pretence,
Bleſt with plain Reaſon, and with ſober Senſe:
No Conqueſts ſhe, but o'er herſelf deſir'd,
No Arts eſſay'd, but not to be admir'd.
Paſſion and Pride were to her Soul unknown,
Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, ſo compos'd a Mind;
So firm, yet ſoft; ſo ſtrong, yet ſo refin'd;
Heav'n, as its pureſt Gold, by * Tortures try'd;
The Saint ſuſtain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.

A. POPE.

* She dy'd of a Cancer in her Breaſt.

Roſchild Cathedral, *Denmark.*

Hic expectat Reſurrectionem Reverendiſſimus et Illuſtriſſimus Princeps *Uldaricus*, Hæres *Norvegiæ*, Adminiſtrator Epiſcopatus *Suerinenſis*, Dux *Holſatiæ*, *Sleſwigiæ*, *Stormariæ* et *Dithmarſiæ*, Comes in *Oldenburgh* et *Delmenhorſt*, qui natus 4. Non. *Februarii*, *Anno* CIↃ IↃCXI. Statim perfecti ævi exemplum repræſentans, Patriæ votis nihil deeſſe paſſus eſt. Nunquam puer, nunquam adoleſcens, ſemper Vir fuit; adeo feliciter ætatem ante annos prævenit; cæteras virtutes publica fama loquitur. Poſt obitas celebriores *Europæ* plagas, *Belgium*, *Angliam*, *Gallias*, dum

Germanica

Germanica bella luſtrat fraude cæſum XI *Auguſti Anno* 1633. mors extra patriam in veram reduxit, ubi nunc liber et invictus inter Cælites vindicatos triumphat.

The *Danes* are obliged to *Ulric* for having recovered the famous cæleſtial Globe of *Tycho Brache*; which is ſix Feet diameter, and is one of the fineſt Curioſities that can be met with: It is kept in the Academy of *Copenhagen*, and *Roſſenius* has given a large Deſcription of it in his *Monumenta Halfnientia*. This fine Piece having undergone the Fortune of the reſt of the Inſtruments of *Tycho Brache*, which were diſperſed and loſt after his Death, fell into the Hands of the Jeſuits of *Neiſa*, in *Sileſia*. But the Prince having found it there at the taking of that City in 1632, and knowing what it was, he conveyed it away, and reſtored it to his Country. *Roſſenius* ſays it is the only Inſtrument of that learned Aſtronomer that is not periſhed.

Kilkenny Cathedral.

Hic jacet
Reverendus Pater *Nicholaus Walſh*,
Quondam *Oſſorienſis* Epiſcopus,
Qui obiit die Menſis *Decembris* 14,
Anno Domini 1585.

This worthy Prelate, being an early Proteſtant, had numerous Enemies on the other Side of the Queſtion; and when promoted to this See by Queen *Elizabeth*, ſet about not only the Reformation of the Church, but to regain the Finances, that by Degrees had been pilfered from it. Theſe Intentions gained him powerful Oppoſers; but he ſtill perſiſted for the Honour of God and his Church, and puniſhed all Crimes within his Juriſdiction with an upright Hand,

ſtrictly adhering to the Truth; for he thought himſelf anſwerable for every Crime that he did not puniſh. One *James Dullard*, being guilty of Adultery, was cited to anſwer as uſual in the Biſhop's Court, before the Biſhop.—*Dullard*, during his Examination, drew out a concealed Weapon, ſtabbed the Biſhop to the Heart, and made his Eſcape. But Heaven overtook him, and he ſuffered Death for the Murder. Yet we ſee the Abettors of the Villain, though they could not prevent his Execution, had Power enough not to have their Crimes cut in Marble againſt them.

Sora, Denmark.

Siſte, Viator.
Adſpice hic
Johannem Meurſium,
Nec majora quære Eulogia.
Teſtantur viri ſcripta
Quod majus hoc nomine
Nihil habuerit
Sora.

Natus	Denatus
1579.	1639.

This is under a Picture of the learned *Meurſius*; the Picture is twenty Feet high from the Ground. He lies on the Right Hand as you go into the Choir. He was a Native of *Lauſdun*, in *Holland*. Whilſt he was *Greek* and *Hiſtory Profeſſor* in the Univerſity of *Leyden* about 1610, *Chriſtian* IV. who had a Mind to make the Univerſity of *Sora* flouriſh, offered to make him *Profeſſor* of *Hiſtory* and *Politicks* there, which he accepted.

On the Grave of Shakſpeare, at *Stratford* upon *Avon.*

Good Friend, for *Jeſus'* Sake forbear
To dig the Duſt encloſed here;
Bleſt be the Man who ſpares theſe Stones,
And curſt be he that moves my Bones.

I have heard the laſt Line of this Epitaph greatly condemned, yet we find among the Ancients frequently the ſame Inſcription. *Fabretti* gives us one, which ſays, *Quiſquis hoc ſuſtulerit, aut juſſerit, ultimus ſuorum moriatur*;—another there is in the Garden of *St. Mary's Convent trans Tiberim*, which runs thus, *Si quis hanc aram* (for *tumulum*) *læſerit, habeat Genium iratum Populi Romani et Numina Divorum:* Nay, near the Church of *St. Conſtanza*, at *Rome*, one ſays, *Si quis ſepulcrum hoc violarit, male pereat inſepultus, jaceat non reſurgat, cum Judâ partem habeat.* So far did they carry this, that *Fabretti* ſays, he ſaw an Inſcription on the Sepulchre of *Caius Cæcilius* in theſe Words, *Qui hic minxerit aut cacarit, habeat Deos ſuperos et inferos iratos.* He is not content to wiſh, that if any Man piſs againſt his Tomb, he may never piſs again, which would have been bad enough; but calls for Vengeance of GOD and Devil on the poor Delinquent. As for the Requeſt in the third Line, it is full as common as the Imprecation, and is always intreated in as earneſt a Manner. — Yet, after all, it is a hundred to one that *Shakſpeare* never intended theſe Lines to be put on his Grave, as I do not remember to have met with them in his Will, which I have ſeen.—There was erected a fine Tomb to his Memory in *Weſtminſter-Abbey*, in the Year 1741. which I ſhall ſpeak of in its proper Place: A Man would be laugh'd at for erecting a Monument this Day

to

to *Auguſtus Cæſar*——one to *Shakſpeare* was as needleſs.

What need, ſays *Milton*,
What needs my *Shakſpeare* for his honour'd Bones,
The labour of an Age in piled Stones,
Or that his hallow'd Reliques ſhould be hid
Under a ſtar-ypointing Pyramid?
Dear Son of Memory, great Heir of Fame,
What need'ſt thou ſuch weak Witneſs of thy Name?
Thou, in our Wonder and Aſtoniſhment,
Haſt built thyſelf a live-long Monument.
For whilſt to th' Shame of ſlow-endeavouring Art,
Thy eaſy Numbers flow, and that each Heart
Hath from the Leaves of thy unvalu'd Book,
Theſe *Delphic Lines* with deep Impreſſion took,
Then thou our Fancy of itſelf bereaving,
Doſt make *Us* Marble with too much conceiving.
And ſo ſepulcher'd in ſuch Pomp doſt lie,
That Kings for ſuch a Tomb would wiſh to die.

I find theſe Four Lines in Diſpute on a Stone in *St. Paul's, Covent-Garden:* And under them,

Virginea optima Vita, E. C. aged 21 Years. Ob. *Feb.* 1700.

St. Michael Baſſiſhaw, London.

Siſte pedem, Viator,
Quiſquis es, ac venerare. *Thomæ Warton*, M. D. C. L. M. S. quod ſuit mortale heic juxta ſitum eſt. Qui *Winſtoniæ* apud *Dunelmenſes* natus, *Cantabrigiæ*, apud

apud *Pembrochianos* educatus, non ipſius Natalis Soli, non Academiæ, ſed in commune Humani generis Commodum natum ſe, educatumque factis comprobavit. Vir juſtus, probus, pius, omnimodo Eruditione cæteris Hominibus hoc ſolummodo Conditione impar, quod omnes ſui ſeculi Medicos facile antecelluerit. Graſſante infami illa *Londiniis* peſte, Hoſte infenſiſſima *Anno* M.DCLXVI. Rebus ad Triarios jam plane perductis, Receptuſque aliis canentibus, Fixis Aquilis, adhæſit immotus, Saluti Publicæ velle aſſerens proſpicere, Alienæ appetentem, ſuæ profuſum. *Natus An.* MDCXIV. *Obiit* MDCLXXIII.

Thomas Warton was deſcended from the antient and genteel Family of his Name, living in *Yorkſhire*, educated in *Pembroke-Hall*, at *Cambridge*, retired to *Trinity* College in *Oxon*, before the Civil Wars broke out, being then Tutor or Governor to *John Scrope*, the natural and only Son of *Emanuel* Earl of *Sunderland*, whom he begot on the Body of his Servant Maid, named *Martha Jeanes*, Daughter to *John Jeanes*, a Taylor; living ſome time in the Pariſh of *Furfield* near to *Great Wicomb* in *Bucks*. When the Rebellion began, *Warton* left the Univerſity and went to *London*, where he practiſed Phyſic under Dr. *John Bathurſt*, a noted Phyſician of that Place. After *Oxford* Garriſon was ſurrendered for the Uſe of the Parliament, in 1646, he retired to *Trinity* College again, and as a Member thereof was actually created *Doctor of Phyſic* in the Beginning of the Year 1647, by virtue of the Letters of Sir *Thomas Fairfax*, Generaliſſimo of the Parliament Army. Afterwards he went back again to *London*, was admitted a *Candidate* of the College of Phyſicians the ſame Year, *Fellow* thereof in 1650, and for five or ſix Years was choſen *Cenſor* in the ſaid College. He was alſo one of the Lecturers of *Greſham* College. He wrote

Adeno-

Adenographia, ſeu deſcriptio *Glandularum* totius Corporis. *Lond.* 1656. Oct. *Amſtel.* 1659.

He was the firſt who diſcovered the *Ductus* in the *Glandulæ Maxillares* by which the *Saliva* is conveyed into the Mouth.

A. W.

Chriſt-Church, London.

Captain *Valentine Pyne*, born at *St. Mary Antrey* in *Devon*, in the Year 1691, went to *India*, where he ſpent the beſt Part of his Life in Trade with the Natives; by whom, particularly the King of *Bantam*, he was highly reſpected and beloved for his Integrity, Modeſty, and other good Qualities. Being forced to return, by the Unkindneſs of ſome of his countrymen, he arrived in *England* in the Year 1688; and after three Years Stay, beſides other Compenſations, he was by the *Eaſt-India Company* made Commander of one of their beſt Ships, *the new Berkeley Caſtle*. His Ship being ready to ſail, he fell ſick, and died on *Feb.* 11, 1691, lamented by all that knew him, aged 43 Years, leaving Iſſue by his Wife *Ann*, only one Daughter, *Mary*, aged two Years.

Hic jacet ingenti caſu Pulcherrima *Pinus*,
Cujus erat ſaluber fructus et umbra Sacra:
Non rapidis ventis aut ſævâ proſtrata bipenni,
Nec *Jovis* Immaturi fulmine tacta ruit.
Per Frigora et æſtus et mille pericula tutum,
Perdidit Empirici miſſa manu pilula.

St. Paul's Cathedral, *London.*

Hic jacet *Sebba*, Rex Orientalium *Saxonii*, qui converſus fuit ad fidem per S. *Erkenwaldum*, *Londinenſ.* Epiſcopum,

Epiſcopum, *Anno Chriſti* 677. Vir multum Deo devotus, actibus religioſis, crebris precibus, et piis Eleemoſinarum fructibus plurimum intentus, vitam privatam et monaſticam cunctis Regni divitiis & honoribus præferens. Qui cum regnaſſet *An.* 30. habitum Religioſum accepit, per benedictionem *Waltheri*, *Londinenſ.* antiſtitis, qui præfato *Erkenwaldo* ſucceſſit.

In Engliſh:

'Here lies *Sebba*, King of the *Eaſt Saxons*, who 'was converted to the Faith by St. *Erkenwald*, Biſhop 'of *London*, in the Year of *Chriſt* 677. A Man 'much devoted to God, intent on religious Duties, 'frequent Prayers, and Deeds of Charity, preferring 'a private and monaſtic Life to all the Riches and 'Honours of a Crown: Who when he had reigned thirty Years took the religious Habit by the 'Bleſſing of *Walther*, Biſhop of *London*, who ſucceeded the aforeſaid *Erkenwald*.'

Charter-Houſe Chapel, *London*.

Sacred to the Glory of God, in grateful Memory of *Thomas Sutton*, Eſq;

Here lieth buried the Body of *Thomas Sutton*, late of *Caſtle-camps*, in the County of *Cambridge*, Eſq; at whoſe only Coſts and Charges this Hoſpital was founded, and endued with large Poſſeſſions, for the Relief of poor Men and Children. He was a Gentleman born at *Knaith*, in the County of *Lincoln*, of worthy and honeſt Parentage. He lived to the Age of 79 Years, and deceaſed the 12th Day of *December*, *Anno Dom.* 1611.

Ἐπὶ τῆς μητέρος τῦ Ὀλιβέρυ Κρομυέλλυ ἐν τῇ Ἐκκλησίᾳ τῦ Ὠεσμονασεριυ κειμένης.

Μήτηρ τῦ τέκνυ καταράτυ ἔνθαδε κεῖται,
Ὃς δύο μὲν βασιλεῖς τε καὶ ὤλεσε τρεῖς βασιλείας.

WILLIAM DUGARD.

Chriſt's Hoſpital, *London.*

In hope of a bleſſed Reſurrection
Near this Place are depoſited
The venerable Remains
of
Sir *George Mertins*, Knight,
and
Dame *Philadelphia* his Wife,
Worthy Examples of Conjugal Affection and paternal Tenderneſs;
They were lovely and pleaſing in their Lives,
And in Death they are not divided.
He was Alderman and ſome time Mayor of *London*,
For many Years Treaſurer, and before his Death,
Preſident
Of this Hoſpital, which great Offices of Truſt and Power,
He diſcharged with Impartiality, Integrity, and Honour.
In Trade, he was without Extortion,
In the Exerciſe of Power without Oppreſſion,
In Offices of Friendſhip without Oſtentation,
In Acts of Piety without Diſſimulation,
And by his diſintereſted and diffuſive Merit, in public
And private Life, received univerſal and unenvied
Applauſe.

She

She
Was a Lady of excellent Accompliſhments
and diſtinguiſhed Worth.
Beautiful in her Perſon,
Virtuous in her Mind,
Obliging in her Temper,
Pious in Life,
Reſigned in Death.
She died *April* the 24th, 1722, aged 49.
He died *November* the 3d, 1727, aged 63.
Their Bodies are buried in Peace,
And
Their Names will be remembered with Honour.

Chriſt's Hoſpital.

Near this Place lieth interred the Body of Mrs. *Johanna Parry*, who was born in the Year of our *Lord God* 1577. She lived twenty-five Years under the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*; the Reign of King *James* I. the Reign of King *Charles* I. the Reign of King *Charles* II. and in the ſecond Year of the Reign of our preſent gracious Sovereign Lord King *James* II on the 20th Day of *February*, 1685, ſhe died, in the one Hundred and eighth Year of her Ags.

St. *Mark's, Florence.*

Joannes jacet hic *Mirandola*: cætera norunt
Et *Tagus*, et *Ganges*, forſan et *Antipodes*.
Ob. An. Sal. MCCCCLXXXXIIII, vixit An. XXXII.

In Engliſh:

'Here lies *John* Duke of *Mirandola*: the reſt the '*Tagus* and the *Ganges* will tell you; nay, perhaps 'the *Antipodes*.—He died 1494. aged 32.'

St. Lau-

St. Laurence's, Florence.

Paulo Jovio Novocomenſi Epiſc. *Nucerino*
Hiſtoriarum ſui Temporis Scriptori
Sepulcrum quod ſibi teſtamento decreverat
Poſteri ejus integrâ fide poſuerunt;
Indulgentiâ maximorum optimorumque *Coſmi*
Et *Franciſci Etruriæ* Ducum.
Anno MDLXXIIII.

The Meaning of this is:

'This is raiſed to *Paulus Jovius*, the great Hiſtori-
'an of his Times, by his Heirs, according to his Will,
'in the Year 1574.'

Paulus Jovius, ſays Monſieur *Bayle*, was born at *Como*, in *Italy* in 1483, got a great Reputation by his Writings, and the Biſhoprick of *Nocera*; but he was looked upon as a mercenary Writer; ſo that no great Credit is given to his Hiſtories. It was ſaid that he was not much aſhamed to own it, and that he ingenuouſly confeſſed that he praiſed or blamed People according as his Favour was cultivated or neglected. No Man did ever aſk for Preſents with leſs Reſerve than he. He was not accounted a Man of good Morals, and was charged with being very remiſs in reciting his Breviary. His Stile was bright but not hiſtorical or correct enough. His Inſincerity is not the only Fault he is cenſured for in his Hiſtories, which of all his Works is that he has taken *moſt* Pains in. It cannot be denied however that he was a Man of great Part. He died the 11th of *December*, 1552 at *Florence*; whither he had retired, very much diſcontented with the Court of *Rome*, becauſe he could *not* obtain the Biſhoprick of *Como*.

Cordelier's,

Cordeliers, Salogne, France.

D. M. Clariſſ. oſſa *M. Noſtradami* unius omnium mortalium judicio digni, cujus pene divino calamo totius orbis ex aſtrorum influxu futuri eventus conſcriberuntur *. Vixit *An.* 62. m. 6. d. 10. Obiit *Salo.* MDLXVI. Quietem poſteri ne invidete. *Anna Pontia Gemella Salonia* conjugi optimo V. F.

* *Vide* the Epitaph on *Livy* the Hiſtorian at *Padua.*

In Engliſh thus:

'The Bones of the great *Noſtradamus*, who alone 'was worthy with his almoſt divine Pen to write the 'future Events of the whole World from the Influence 'of the Stars, He lived 62 Years, 6 Months, and '10 Days. He died MDLXVI. Envy him not his 'Reſt.—This Monument was erected to his Memo-'ry by his loving Wife *A. P. G. S.*'

Lauſdun, Holland.

En tibi monſtroſum nimis et memorabile factum,
Quale necâ mundi conditione datum.

Margarita Hermanni Comitis *Hennenbergiæ* Uxor, Quarti *Florentii* Comitis *Hollandiæ* et *Zelandiæ* Filia, *Gulielmi* Regis *Romanorum* ac poſtea *Cæſaris* ſeu Gubernatoris Imperii, atque *Aletheiæ* Comitis *Hannoniæ* ſoror; cujus Patruus Epiſcopus *Trajectenſis*, Avunculi autem Filius Dux *Brabantiæ*, et Comes *Thuringiæ*, &c. Hæc autem illuſtriſſima *Comitiſſa*, annos quadraginta circiter nata, ipſo die *Paraſceres*, nonam circiter horam, Anno xxxx. 365 enixa eſt pueros, qui prius a *Guidone* Suffraganeo *Trajectenſi* omnes in duabus ex ære pelvibus baptizati ſunt, quorum maſculi quotquot erant *Joannes*, puellæ autem omnes

Elizabethæ

Elizabethæ vocatæ ſunt, qui ſimul omnes eum matre uno eodemque die fatis conceſſerunt, atque in hoc *Lauſdunenſi* templo ſepulti jacent. Quod quidem accidit ob pauperculam quandam fœminam, que ex uno partu gemellos in ulnis geſtabat pueros, quam rem ipſa *Comitiſſa* admirata dicebat, id per unum virum fieri non poſſe, ipſamque contumeliosè rejecit; unde hæc paupercula animo perturbata atque perculſa, mox tantum prolium numerum ex uno partu ipſi imprecabatur, quot vel totius anni dies numerentur.

Quod quidem præter naturæ curſum obſtupenda quâdam ratione ita factum eſt, ſicut in hâc tabula in perpetuam hujus rei memoriam, ex vetuſtis tam Manuſcriptis quam typis excuſis Chronicis breviter poſitum et enarratum eſt. Deus ille ter maximus hac de re ſuſpiciendus, honorandus, ac laudibus extollendus in ſempiterna ſecula. *Amen.*

This long Inſcription only gives an Account, how, at the Curſes of a Beggar Woman, *Margaret* Counteſs of *Hennenberg* was delivered of as many Children as there are Days in the Year.

St. Paul's Cathedral.

A briefe Epitaph upon the Death of that moſt valiant, and perfectly honorable Gentleman, Sir *Philip Sidney*, Knt. late Governor of *Fluſhing* in *Zealand*, who receiving his Death's Wound at a Battel near *Zutphen*, in *Gelderland*, the 22. day of *September*, and dy'd at *Arnhem* the 16. day of *October*, 86. Whoſe Funeralls were performed, and his Body interred, within this Cathedrall Church of Saint *Paul* in *London*, the 16. day of *February* next following in the yeare of our Lord God, 1586.

England, *Netherland*, the *Heavens* and the *Arts*,
The *Souldiers*, and the *World* have made ſixe Parts
Of noble *Sidney*: For who will ſuppoſe,
That a ſmall heape of Stones can *Sidney* encloſe?

England hath his *Body* for ſhe it fed,
Netherland his *Bloud*, in her defence ſhed:
The *Heavens* have his *Soule*, the *Arts* have his *Fame*,
The *Souldiers* the *Griefe*, the *Worlde* his *good Name* *.

* I know not who the Imitator was, but this Epitaph is taken from *Iſaac Bellay*'s Lines to the Memory of the Sienr *Bonnivet*.

La *France*, et le *Piemont*, les Cieux et les Arts,
Les Soldats, et le Monde ont fait comme ſix Parts,
De ce grand *Bonnivet*: car une ſi grande choſe
Dedant un ſeul Tombeau ne pouvoit eſtre encloſe.

La *France* on a le corps, que elle aurit eſleve:
Le *Piemont* a le cœur, qu'il avoit eſprouve:
Les Cieux en ont l'eſprit, et les Arts la Memoire
Les Soldats le regret, et le monde la gloire.

Among other Epitaphs on this great Man, *King James* wrote the following:

Vidit ut extinctum nuper *Cytherea Philippum*,
Flevit, et hunc *Martem* credidit eſſe ſuum.
Abripuit digitis gemmas, Colloque monile,
Marti iterum nunquam ſeu placitura foret.
Mortuus humanâ qui luſit imagine Divam,
Quid faceret, jam ſi viveret ille, rogo?

In the Church of St. *Elphege, Canterbury*:

Pray for the ſawlys of *John Caxton* and of *Joan*
And *Iſabel* that to this church great good hath done
In making new in the chancell
Of Dexkys and Setys as well
An Antiphon the which did bye
With a table of the Martyrdome of t. *Alphyge*:
For thing much which did pay
And departed out of this Life of October the 12 day.
And *Iſabel* his ſecond wiff
Paſſed to bliſs where is no ſtrife,
The XII[t] day to tell the trowth
Of the ſame moneth, as our Lord knoweth,
In the Year of our Lord God a thouſand fower hundred fowerſcore and five.

Weſtminſter Abbey.

On Mr. Gay.

On the Monument erected to his Memory by *Charles* and *Catherine* Duke and Ducheſs of *Queenſberry*, 1732.

Of Manners gentle, of Affection mild;
In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child:
With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,
Form'd to delight at once and laſh the Age:
Above Temptation, in a low Eſtate:
And uncorrupted, e'en among the Great:
A ſafe Companion, and an eaſy Friend,
Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End.
Theſe are thy Honours! not that here thy Buſt
Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy Duſt;

But

But that the Worthy and the Good ſhall ſay,
Striking their penſive Boſoms—*Here* lies *Gay*.

A. POPE.

In the Edition of Mr. *Pope*'s Works, publiſhed by Dr. *Warburton*, we have the following Note on this Epitaph.—

Verſe 12.—Here lies Gay.] *i. e.* in the Hearts of the Good and Worthy.—Mr. *Pope* told me his Conceit in this Line was not generally underſtood: For by peculiar ill Luck, the *formulary Expreſſion*, which makes the Beauty, miſleads the Reader into a Senſe which takes it quite away.

WARBURTON.

Quere, Whether Mr. *Pope* had any Reaſon to complain of this Conceit's not being taken? However, *ſince this is the Caſe*, in an old Collection of Latin and Greek Verſes (entitled, *Luctus Poſthumus Collegii Beatæ Mariæ Magdelenæ apud Oxon. in Obitum Henrici Principis Walliæ*) I find at the End of one Copy, ſigned *Accepted Frewen*, two Lines, which it is not impoſſible Mr. *Pope* had ſeen when he wrote his Friend *Gay*'s Epitaph:

Angle! tuum tumulus ſit cor, titulus ſiet iſte;
Henricus Princeps mortuus—Hic ſitus eſt.

Theſe are two Lines written by *Gay* himſelf under Mr. *Pope*'s Epitaph, which deſerve highly to be eraſed;

Life is a Jeſt, and all Things ſhow it,
I thought ſo once, but now I know it.

I have met ſomewhere with a Greek Inſcription ſomewhat like this,

Γελωμεν τον βιον, νυν δε γελοιοτερον.

Lincoln Cathedral.

To the deathleſs Memory of the Rev^d. Father Mr. *William Cole*, Doctor of thrice ſacred Divinity, and ſometime Preſident of Corpus Chriſti College in Oxford, and late Dean of Lincoln, his much beloved and eldeſt Daughter Abigail Stratford, Wife of Henry Stratford, of Hawling in the County of Glouceſter, Eſq; erected this her pious Remembrance the 21ſt of June, 1632.

Reader, behold the pious Pattern here,
Of true Devotion and of holy Fear:
He ſought God's Glory and the Church's Good,
Idle Idol Worſhip firmly he withſtood.
Yet died in Peace, whoſe Body here doth lie,
In Expectation of Eternity.
And when the latter Trump of Heav'n ſhall blow,
* *Cole* now *rak'd up in Aſhes* then ſhall *glow.*

* He died about Michaelmas 1600.

Peterborough Cathedral.

Heare lyeth the Body of *Jane Parker*, the Wife of *Valentine Parker*, ſhe departed this Life, Sept. 19, 1653.

Here lyeth a *Midwife brought to bed*
Delivereſſe delivered;
Her Body being *churched* here,
Her Soul gives Thanks in yonder Sphere.

From Orcade Iſles to Ægypt's Coaſt,
His Travels * Sawney ſtill would boaſt,
And lov'd about the World to roam.

How-

Howe'er at the laſt Trumpet's Sound
He promis'd he would here be found,
And tarry quiet now at home.

HIL. JACOB.

*Mr. *A. H.*

St. Dunſtan's, Stepney.

Here Thomas Saffin lies interr'd: ah, why?
Born in New-England, did in London dy.
Was the third ſon of eight begot upon
His mother Martha by his Father John.
Much favour'd by his Prince began to be,
But nipt by death at th' age of twenty three.
Fatal to him was that we Small-Pox name,
By which his Mother and two Brethren came
Alſo to breath their laſt, nine Years before;
And now have left their Father to deplore
The Loſs of all his Children with that Wife,
Who was the Joy and Comfort of his Life.

Deceaſed June 18. 1687.

St. Dunſtan's, Stepney.

Here lyeth interred the Body of Dame *Rebecca Berry*, the wife of *Thomas Elton*, *Stratford Bow*, Gent. who departed this Life, April the 26th, 1696. aged 52.

Come, Ladies, ye that would appear,
Like Angels, fair, come dreſs you here.
Come, dreſs you at this Marble Stone,
And make that humble Grace your own,
Which once adorn'd as fair a Mind,
As e'er yet lodg'd in Womankind.

So ſhe was dreſs'd; whoſe humble Life
Was free from Pride, was free from Strife.
Free from all envious Brawls and Jars,
Of human Life the Civil-wars.
Theſe ne'er diſturb'd her peaceful Mind,
Which ſtill was gentle, ſtill was kind.
Her very Looks, her Garb, her Mien,
Diſclos'd the humble Soul within.
Trace her thro' ev'ry Scene of Life,
View her as Widow, Virgin, Wife;
Still the ſame, humble ſhe appears,
The ſame in Youth, the ſame in Years;
The ſame in high and low Eſtate;
Ne'er vex'd with this, ne'er mov'd with that.
Go, Ladies, now, and if you'd be
As fair, as great, as good as ſhe;
Go, learn of her *Humility*.

St. Elphege, Canterbury.

O ye good People that here go this Way:
Of youre charitie to have in remembraunce
For the ſowle of *Agnes Halke* to prey
ſomtyme here of acquaintaunce.
In this church Yard ſo was her chaunce
Firſt aftyr the hallowyng of the ſame
Afore all othyr here to begyn the daunce
Whych to all creatures is the loth game,
The Tuiſday next before Pentecoſt
The yeare of our Lord M.D. and two
Whoſe ſoule Jhu' pardon that of myghte is moſt.

Sittingbourn.

I was as yee be, now in duſt and clay,
Have mercy on my Sowl yat bowght hit with yi
bloodde,

For

For *Elizabeth* of Cherite a Paternoſter ſay,
Sumtymes I was the wyff of *Edmonde Poodde.*

Narden.

O Lord my Sauiour and hevenly Maker,
Haue mercy on * *Elizabeth Graiſtock* and *Daker.*

* Lady *Elizabeth Nevill*, Wife to Sir *Thomas Nevill*, and Daughter to the Lord *Dakers* and Dame *Anne Graiſtock.*

Pfarr-Kirk, Augsburg.

Perpetuæ Securit.
Hieronimo Fugger Hulderici Senioris Filio.
Generis ſplendore, Coporis elegantia, Animique Dotibus inſigni. Gloriâ vero Equeſtri, ceteriſque virtutibus ornatiſſimo, cujus largas inter opes, abſque Curis anxiiſque negotiis, jucundos inter Amicos, in otio hilariter ac benignè vitam traducere ſtudium ſummum fuit. Monumentum hoc Patruelis, et Patruelis Filii ex Teſtamento Hæredes, gratitudinis ergo Agnato optimo *E. B. M. F. C.* obiit XXVI. *Novemb. An. Sal.* M.D.XXXVII.

St. Thomas of *Canterbury, Padua.*

Dilectæ et æternæ Memoriæ
Conjugis extra parem merentis
Catharinæ Whitenhal,
Ex alto *Talbotorum* Sanguine
Anglis venerando, *Gallis* tremendo, oriundæ,
Joannis Comitis *Salopiæ, Waterford*, &c. Filiæ.
Quæ indignata arctiori ſe Mari *Britannico*

Ab orbe pene toto ſecludi,
Quum, ingentibus animis, majori pietate,
Mariti amore longe maximo,
Belgio, *Galliâ*, *Italiâque* peragratis,
Sæculari Anno *Romam* eſſet profecta,
Non contenta viſis ibidem Cæli Clavibus
Ipſum uſque Cælum
Et Portam Sanctiorem arſit intrare,
Angelicam in Patriam, non *Angliam* reditura
Nec jam *Alpes* ſuperatura, ſed *Olympum*.
Amans mærenſque Conjux
Thomas Whitenhal, P.
Obiit *Patavii* Pridie *Nonas Jul.* M.DC.L.
Ætatis ſuæ flore, virtutum meſſe.

Cordeliers, Cologn.

Scotia me genuit ; *Anglia* ſuſcepit ; *Gallia* me docuit ;
Colonia me tenet.

Ante oculos ſaxum Doctorem comprimit ingens,
Cujus ad interitum ſacra *Minerva* gemit.
Siſte gradum, Lector ; ſulvo dabis oſcula ſaxo ;
Corpus *Joannis* hæc tenet urna *Scoti*.
Anno Milleno ter CCC cumque aderet octo,
Poſtremum clauſit letho agitante diem.

Paul Jovius, and other Catholic Writers have ſaid that this *ſubtle Doctor* having been buried for dead, returned to Life in his Grave; but finding no Succour gnawed his Fingers, and daſhed his Head againſt his Coffin.

Cologn Cathedral.

Erneſtus Bavarorum Dux inclytus,
Archi-Præſul *Colonienſis* et Princeps Elector,
Religionis

Religionis Columen, Publicæ Pacis Aſſertor,
Patriæ Pater laudatiſſimus, hoc tumulo
Glorioſam præſtolatur Reſurrectionem.
Devotis quondam ſui gregis ſe commendans precibus.
Electus 23. *Maii.* *Anno* 1583. Obiit 17. *Februarii* *Anno* 1612.

This Pillar of the Church and of Religion, was daily ſcandalizing his Flock by his Fornications and Adulteries. It was probably this Archbiſhop, whom a Peaſant of his Dioceſe aſked, what would become of the *Archbiſhop* if *Monſieur the Elector* ſhould go to the Devil. At leaſt it is of an Archbiſhop of *Cologn* that this Story is told. The Title of *Pater Patriæ*, (ſays *Blainville*) *the Father of his Country*, indeed might ſomewhat fit him, for he took thorough Pains to people it.

Penſive peruſe, and keep, where'er thou art,
This wholeſome Leſſon treaſur'd in thy Heart.
Tho' to thy Wealth the Heart humane be join'd,
And all the bleſs'd Benevolence of Mind;
Tho' Widows hail thee, as thou mov'ſt along,
And Orphans join in the celeſtial Song;
In blooming Youth, adorn'd with ev'ry Grace,
The nobleſt Offspring of a human Race;
The Virtues from thy Parents handed down,
Kept and increas'd with Thouſands of thy own:
To aſk thy Stay, tho' ev'ry ſtreaming Eye,
And ev'ry Hand were lifted to the Sky;
In the ſame Track with * *Tayler* thou muſt tread,
And join the Number of the worthy Dead.

* *Simon Tayler*, Eſq; Receiver-General for *Norfolk.*

Why in ſuch thoughtleſs Haſte? O ſtay, and know,
The Duſt now mould'ring here, once hurried ſo!
If Will to ſerve, or Art to pleaſe Mankind,
If being mild, juſt, generous and kind;
If harmleſs Mirth, free Friendſhip, ſtingleſs Truth,
Unſwerving Judgment, and unerring Youth;
If theſe could e'er have brib'd the Dart of Death,
This Grave's gay Tenant ſtill had kept his Breath:
Stay then! and lend one Sigh to mourn his Fate;
So may your Loſs be griev'd, ſo may your Death be late.

AARON HILL.

On Maſter Newbery.

Henceforth be ev'ry tender Tear ſuppreſt,
Or let us weep for Joy that he is bleſt;
From Grief to Bliſs, from Earth to Heav'n remov'd,
His Mem'ry honour'd, as his Life belov'd.
That Heart, o'er which no Evil e'er had Pow'r!
That Diſpoſition, Sickneſs could not ſour!
That Senſe, ſo oft to riper Years deny'd!
That Patience, Heroes might have own'd with Pride!
His painful Race undauntedly he ran,
And on th' eleventh Winter dy'd a Man.

C. SMART.

St. Olave's, London.

M. S.
Sanctiſſimi Regis, et Martyris, *Caroli*.
Siſte Viator,
Luge, Obmuteſce, Mirare!
Memento *Caroli* Illius,

Nominis

Nominis pariter, et Pietatis inſigniſſimæ, Primi,
Magnæ Britanniæ Regis:
Qui Rebellium Perfidiâ primo deceptus,
Dein Perfidorum rabie percuſſus,
Inconcuſſus tamen Legum et Fidei Defenſor,
Schiſmaticorum Tyrannidi Succubuit.
Anno
Salutis Humanæ, MDCXLVIII.
Servitutis noſtræ, } Primo,
Felicitatis ſuæ, }
Coronâ Terreſtri ſpoliatus, Cæleſti Donatus.
Sileant autem perituræ Tabellæ:
Perlege *Relliquias*, verè ſacras, *Carolinas*,
In Queis,
Sui Mnemoſynen, ære perenniorem,
Vivacius exprimit
Illa, Illa,
ΕΙΚΩΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΗ.

This was written by *Richard Powell*, of the Inner-Temple, Eſq; and ſet up with his Majeſty's Picture at large and his Works in Folio under it.

On Sir Thomas Overbury.

The Span of my Days meaſur'd, here I reſt,
That is, my Body; but my Soul his Gueſt,
Is hence aſcended; whither neither Time
Nor Faith, nor Hope, but only Love can climb;
Where being now enlighten'd, ſhe doth know
The Truth of all Men argue of below.
Only this Duſt doth here in Pawn remain,
That, when the World diſſolves, ſhe come again.
By Himſelf.

Thomas Overbury (according to the *Oxford* Hiſtorian) was Son of *Nicholas Overbury* of *Boorton on the Hill*,

Hill, near to *Morton in Marſh* in *Glouceſterſhire* Eſquire, by *Mary*, his Wife, Daughter of *Giles Palmer*, of *Compton Scorſen*, in the Pariſh of *Ilmington*, in *Warwickſhire*, was born at *Compton Scorſen*, in the Houſe of his Mother's Father, and educated partly in Grammar Learning in thoſe Parts. In *Michaelmas* Term, Anno 1595, he became a Gentleman Commoner of *Queen*'s College, *Oxon.* in the Year of his Age 14. where by the Benefit of a good Tutor, and ſevere Diſcipline, he made great Proficiency in Logic and Philoſophy. In 1598, he, as a 'Squire's Son, took the Degree of Batchelor of Arts, then left the Univerſity, and ſettled for a Time in the *Middle-Temple*. Afterward he travelled for a Time, and returned a moſt accompliſhed Perſon, which the Happineſs of his Pen both in Poetry and Proſe doth declare. About the Time of the Coronation of King *James* I. he became familiar with Sir *Robert Carre*, who perceiving him to be a Perſon of good Parts and Abilities, and withal ſober and ſtudious, did take him nearer to him, and made him his boſom Friend. Soon after *Carre* being in great Favour with the King, he not only procured *Overbury* to be knighted at *Greenwich*, 19 *June*, 1608, but his Father to be made one of the Judges in *Wales* about that Time. But ſo it was, that a Familiarity being made between *Carre*, then Viſcount *Rocheſter*, and the Lady *Frances*, Daughter of *Thomas* Earl of *Suffolk*, and Wife of *Robert* Earl of *Eſſex*, it did ſo much diſtaſte *Overbury*, who knew her to be a Woman of no good Reputation, that he endeavoured out of pure Affection and Friendſhip to diſſuade *Carre* from her Company; fearing withal that he might in the End marry her, and ſo conſequently ruin his Honour and himſelf; adding withal, *that if he went on in that Buſineſs he would do well to look to his Standing*: Which Advice *Carre* taking impatiently, becauſe thereby he had touched the Lady in her Honour, diſcovered all to her:

her: Whereupon ſhe thinking that he might prove a great Obſtacle to their Enjoyment of each other, and to the Marriage then deſigned, ſhe never ceaſed till ſhe had procured his Overthrow. It happening therefore about that Time that *Overbury* being deſigned to be ſent Embaſſador into *Ruſſia*, or as others ſay, to the *Arch-Duke* in the *Netherlands*, by the King, which was propoſed to him by the Lord Chancellor, and the Earl of *Pembroke*; *Carre*, whoſe Counſel he aſked, adviſed him to refuſe the Service, by making ſome fair Excuſe. This Advice he followed, ſuppoſing that it did proceed out of Kindneſs; but for his Refuſal he was committed to the *Tower*, 21 *April*, 1613. Soon after he being cloſely confined, ſhe by her Inſtruments endeavoured to work his Ruin by Poiſon, the Particulars of which are now too many to enumerate; but Nature being very ſtrong in *Overbury*, it was repelled by breaking out in Blotches and Blains on his Body. At length by a poiſoned Clyſter given to him under Pretence of curing him, he was diſpatched in *September* following. But before two Months were paſt, all being diſcovered, his Death was cloſely examined, and ſeveral Perſons being found guilty of, and conſenting to, it, were afterwards executed, viz. Sir *Jervis Elwaies*, Lieutenant of the *Tower*, conſenting, *Richard Weſton*, and *James Franklin*, who attended *Overbury* in his Chamber, and gave him the Meats and Broths wherein the Poiſon was mingled, and *Anne Turner*, Widow, the Preparer of them, actually concerned in the Matter. *Carre* and the *Lady* were ſome Time after convicted; but the King's Clemency ſpared their Lives, and only baniſhed them the Court. Sir *Thomas* was buried in the Chapel of the *Tower*, but no Inſcription was put on his Grave Stone.

St. Bride's, London.

Zadock Shermendine, obiit 24 July 1729. Ætatis 67.

For Feats in Flandria's Plains renown'd,
Here lies a Britiſh Blade;
Age gave at laſt the fatal Wound
Which Foes in vain eſſay'd.—
Yet boaſts the Grave but half its Prey,
Whilſt Friends his Name adore.
His Deeds ſhall conſecrate his Clay;
And what can *Marlbro*'s more?

——BECKINGHAM.

Ten in the Hundred lies here ingrav'd,
'Tis a Hundred to ten his Soul is not ſav'd;
If any Man aſk, who lies in this Tomb?
Oho! quoth the Devil, 'tis my *John a Comb.*

W. SHAKSPEAR.

This *Shakſpear* wrote at the Deſire of Mr. *Combe.*

Pantheon, Rome.

Annibal Carractius Bononienſis
Hic eſt
Raphaeli Sanctio Urbinati
Ut arte, ingenio, famâ, ſic Tumulo proximus
Par Utrique funus et gloria,
Diſpar Fortuna.
Æquam virtuti *Raphael* tulit,
Annibal iniquam.
Deceſſit die XV. *Julii*, anno MDCIX. æt. XXXXIX.
Arte mea vivit Natura, et vivet in Arte.
Mens, Decus, et Nomen, cætera Mortis erunt.

In

In Engliſh thus:

'*Annibal Carrache*, the *Bologneſe*.

'In Genius, Art, and Fame, he was the next to the 'famous *Raphael*, and buried in the ſame Place. 'Tho' ſimilar in theſe Reſpects, they were intirely 'diſſimilar as to other Circumſtances. *Raphael*, in 'his Lifetime, experienced a Fortune anſwerable to 'his Merit, but the Caſe of *Carrache* was the very re 'verſe. He died *July* 15, 1609, and the 49th of his 'Age.'

Our *Lady of the Angels, Rome.*

D. O. M.

Carolus Maratti Pictor.

Non procul à S. *Lauretana* Domo Camerani natus, *Romæ* inſtitutus, et in Capitolinis Œdibus Apoſtolico adſtante Senatu, *Clementis* XI. P. M. Bonarum Artium Reſtitutoris Munificentiâ creatus Eques. Ut ſuam in Virginem pietatem, ab ipſo natali ſolo cum vitâ hauſtam, ac innumeris expreſſam Tabulis, quæ glorioſum ei cognomen tum compararunt, Mortalis quoque Sarcinæ depoſito confirmaret in hoc templo eidem Angelorum Reginæ ſacro, monumentum ſibi vivens poſuit Anno 1704. Vanitas Vanitatum.

In Engliſh thus:

'*Charles Maratti*, Painter, born not far from the 'Holy Cottage of *Loretto*, was bred at *Rome*, and 'created Knight by Pope *Clement* XI. that great En-'courager of Arts and Sciences. From his very In-'fancy he entertained an uncommon Veneration 'for the holy Virgin, and many Ways expreſſed the 'ſame in an Infinity of his beſt Performances, which 'acquired him an immortal Fame. And, as a far-'ther Proof of his profound Regard, he in the Year

'1704,

'1704, erected this Monument to receive his Re-
'mains after his Death; being desirous they should
'repose in the sacred Temple of the Queen of An-
'gels. Vanity of Vanities.'

This Tomb of *Charles Maratti* which bears this Inscription, is composed of all Sorts of Marble, and of the finest Kinds, with a most beautiful Porphyry Urn. His Bust of white Marble stands in a very good Attitude, and its Head instead of being turned towards the Altar as it is customary, is turned on the opposite Side, towards the Church Door, and looking as it were, at those that are coming in.—His Epitaph is excessively religious, and at the same time not destitute of Vain-Glory.

A. B.

St. James's, Clerkenwell.

This Monument was made and placed, at the Cost and Charges of *John Skillicorn*, Esq; being his Executor.

Upon a very worthy Friend, Master *John Weaver*, a learned Antiquary.

Weaver, who labour'd in a learned Strain,
To make Men, long since dead, to live again,
And with Expence of Oil and Ink did watch,
From the Worm's Mouth the sleeping Corse to snatch,
Hath by his Industry begot a Way,
Death (who insidiates all Things) to betray;
Redeeming freely by his Care and Cost,
Many a sad Herse which Time long since gave lost.
And to forgotten Dust such Spirit did give
To make it in our Memories to live.

For

For whereſoe'er a ruin'd Tomb he found,
His Pen has built it new out of the Ground.
'Twixt Earth and him this Interchange we find,
She hath to him, he bin to her like kind.
She was his Mother, he, a grateful Child,
Made her his Theme in a large Work compil'd;
Of Funerals, Reliques, and brave Structures rear'd,
On ſuch as ſeem'd unto her moſt indear'd.
Alternately to him a Grave ſhe lent,
O'er which his Book remains a Monument.

Lancaſhire gave me Breath, and *Cambridge* Education,
Middleſex gave me Death, and this Church my Humation.
And *Chriſt* to me has given a Place with him in Heaven.
Ætatis ſuæ 56. Anno Dom. 1632.

Howard's Chapel, *St. Mary*'s, *Lambeth*.

Good Duches of *Norfolk*, the Lord have Merci upon thee: Which dyed at *Lambeth* the laſt of *November*. . . .

Farewel, good Ladie and Siſter dere,
In Erth we ſhall never mete here;
And yet I truſt with Goddys Grace,
In Heaven we ſhall deſerve a Place:
Yet thy Kindneſſe ſhall nere departe
Duryng my Lyf out of my Hearte,
Thou waſt to me both farre and nere,
A Mother, a Siſter, a Frende moſt dere;
And to all thy frendes moſt ſure and faſt,
When Eortune had ſoundy'd the froward blaſt.

And

And to thy Powre a very Mother,
More than was knowne to any other.
Which is thy Treſure at thys Day,
And for thy Sowle they hertily pray.
So ſhall I do that here remayne;
God thy Sowle preſerve from Payne.
By thy moſt bounden Brother,
Henry Lord *Stafford.*

St. Julien's at *Angers.*

Quiſquis hæc legis, diſce paucis
Fata *Leonis Caroli Sapieha de Grodek,*
Juvenis, cujus Vita Ætatem et ſpem, Mors metum ſuperavit.
Memor ille Generis *Sapiehanî,*
Quo *Polonia Lithuaniaque* ſua patria non novit nec meminit majus,
Sive Antiquitatem Originis Regio Jagellanorum immiſtæ ſanguini,
Sive Faſtigia ſpectes Honorum uno Diademate, idque
Ideo ſolum deteriora, quod *Poloniæ Lithuaniæque*
Nimium tenera Libertas, dum Potentiæ
Cognationis Regiæ domi diffidit,
Externis ſeſe ſæpius credidit Principibus.
Memor et majorum,
Neſcias naſcendo an agendo clariorum,
Anno Ætatis XIII. eripuit ſe Patriæ ignaris Parentibus,
Ut extra Paternas Maternaſque Blanditias in Eum
Velut unicam Domus ſuæ ſpem, effuſiores,
Corpus et animum formaret peregre, iis artibus
Quibus par ſuccederet magnitudini avitæ.
Luſtravit
Germaniam, Daniam, Norvegiam, Belgium Utrumque,
Britanniam Magnam, Gallias,
Ac illis circumfuſa regnis Maria,

Expor-

Exportata unique Virtutum ac earum Artium Merce
Quæ tantos a Vulgo vere ſecernunt Natales.
Sed dum
Poſt Aulæ *Gallicæ* Tumultus, in Urbe hâc
Inter ſapientiæ et Equeſtrium Artium Documenta,
Etiam *Italiam* cum *Aſiâ*,
Hiſpaniam cum *Africa* meditatur,
Ut quicquid ullibi terrarum præclarum poſſeſſioni vel
Notitiæ adjungeret ſuæ ;
Cadit in fauces crudelis Fati,
Quod invidens tantum Indolem matureſcere
In ſeculi Patriæque Fructum ac Nitorem,
Ante exactum XVIII. Ætatis Annum Terris exegit
V. Id. Sept. A. S. M.D.CLI.

Comes illi Viæ
Et Educator contigit *Albertus Turſki* Eques *Polonus*
Cujus Luctum illa quæ Vitam finiet Dies ;
Quia tantum Alumnum, quem per tot Terras et
Maria
In Manibus quaſi circumtulit ſuis,
Præire ad Extremum vel ſequi ſaltem non potuit ;
Paucis hiſce Literis ſignavit Locum hunc
Quem innumeris ante perfuderat Lacrymis,
Cum hic (prohibente ſuſpicione Contagionis,
Quâ Mors ejus non caruit, celebriora Loca)
Mortales Dulciſſimi Alumni Exuvias tantiſper depo-
ſuerat,
Donec reperit Opportunitatem in Patriam ad ſepulcra
Majorum transferendi, ubi pluribus
Sparguntur Lacrymis et dignioribus conduntur Mo-
numentis,
In Eccleſiis et Conventibus Religioſis per
Majores ſuos erectis et dotatis.
Heu ! Illuſtris Anima !
Tantumne Cineres ex Te Patriæ
Præcelſæque Domu reporto !—A. T.

This

This is written with a good deal of Spirit and Tenderneſs, though the Language is not equally elegant throughout.

Found at *Mexico.*

Madoc wyf mwydic ei wedd
Jawn genau *Owen Gwynedd*;
Ni fynnwn dir, fy awydd oedd
Na da mawr ond y Moroedd.

The *Welch* Hiſtory, firſt wrote by *Caradoc*, Abbot of *Llancarvan*, and ſince publiſhed by Doctor *Powell*, informs us, that, in the Year 1170, *Madoc ap Owen Gwyneth*, to avoid the Calamities and Diſtractions of a civil War at home, took a Reſolution to go in Queſt of ſome remote Country to live in Peace. And ſo, having directed his Courſe due Weſt, he landed in ſome Place of that vaſt Continent now called *America*. Thence, being charmed with the Fertility of the Soil, after having built ſome ſlight Fortifications for the Security of his People, he returns home to *North Wales*, leaving 120 Men behind. There reciting his ſucceſsful Voyage, and deſcribing the fruitful and pleaſant Land he found out, he prevailed with many of his Countrymen and Women, to return with him, to enjoy that Tranquility in a remote Country, which they could not in their own. The brave Adventurers put out to Sea in ten Barges, laden with all Manner of Neceſſaries, and, by God's Providence, landed ſafely in the ſame Harbour they arrived at before: It is very probable it was about *Mexico*, ſince there Prince *Madoc* was bury'd, as the Epitaph (above) ſince found there, does make evident beyond all Contradiction.

St.

St. Severin's, at *Naples*.

Hic oſſa quieſcunt *Jacobi Sanſeverini*, Comitis Sahonariæ, veneno miſere ob avaritiam necati, cum duobus miſeris fratribus, eodem fato, eâdem horâ commorientibus.

Jacet hic *Sigiſmundus Sanſeverinus*, veneno impie abſumptus, qui eodem fato, eodem tempore, pereuntes germanos fratres, nec alloqui, nec cernere potuit.

Hic ſitus eſt *Aſcanius Sanſeverinus*, cui obeunti, eodem veneno inique atque impie, commorientes fratres, nec alloqui, nec videre quidem licuit.

1547.

Theſe three Inſcriptions are on the Tombs of three young Noblemen, all poiſoned at one Hour by their Uncle; who uſurped the Poſſeſſions of the whole Family. They all tell the Fact in the ſame Manner, and contain nothing more.

On Lord Balmerino.

Here lies a Baron bold; take Care;
There may be Treaſon in a Tear.
And yet my *Arthur* may find Room,
Where greater Folks don't always come.

Here lies *John Mills*, who over Hills
Purſu'd the Hounds with Hollow;
The Leap tho' high, from Earth to Skie,
The *Huntſman* we muſt follow.

M.

Weſtminſter

Weſtminſter Abbey.

Here lies *Henry Purcell*, Eſq;
Who left this Life, and is gone to that bleſſed Place, where only his own Harmony can be exceeded; *Obiit* 21 Die *Novembris*. *Anno Ætatis* ſuæ 37, Annoque Dom. 1695.

Heydon, in *Yorkſhire.*

Here lieth the Body of *William Strutton*, of *Padrington*, buried the 18th of *May*, 1734, aged 97; who had by his firſt Wife 28 Children, and by a ſecond Wife 17; own Father to 45, Grand-father to 86, Great Grand-father to 97, and Great Great Grand-father to 23; in all 251.

Here lie * *Walker*'s Particles.

* This was for Dr. *Walker*, who wrote a Book on the *Engliſh* Particles.

Here lies *Randolph Peter*, of *Oriel*, the Eater;
Whoe'er you are, tread ſoftly, I intreat you,
For if he chance to wake, be ſure, he'll eat you.

Glouceſter Cathedral.

Memento Mori.

Vayne, Vanity, witneſs *Solomon*, all is but vayne, *Richard*, *Guy*, *Giles*, *Thomas*, *Thomas*, *Kingſton*, *Peter*, *John*; *Anna*, *Margaret*, *Doroth. Eliz. Nanſan*, *Catherine*, *Joan*. *John Boyer* had 8 Sons, and 7 Daughters,

Daughters, by his Wife *Ann Boyer*. *John Boyer* departed this Life the 28th Day of *January*, *A. D.* 1615. *Anne Boyer* departed this Life upon the firſt Day of *December*, *An.* 1613.

Beneath in the Duſt the mouldy old Cruſt
Of *Nell Bachellor* lately was ſhoven;
Who was ſkill'd in the Arts of Pyes, Cuſtards and Tarts,
And knew every Uſe of the Oven.

When ſhe'd liv'd long enough ſhe made *her laſt Puff*,
A *Puff* by her Huſband much prais'd;
Now here does ſhe lie, and *makes a Dirt Pye*,
In hopes that *her Cruſt will be rais'd*.

St. Dunſtan's in the Weſt, London.

Alexander Layton, Maſter of Defence, 1679.

His Thruſts like Lightning flew; but ſkilful Death
Parry'd 'em all, and put him out of Breath.

On Sir Francis Vere.

When *Vere* fought Death, arm'd with his Sword and Shield,
Death was afraid to meet him in the Field;
But when his Weapons he had laid aſide,
Death, like a Coward, ſtruck him, and he died.

The Tomb of *Ferdinand* the 2d, at *Naples*, bears the two following Verſes; from which, I ſuppoſe, theſe on Sir *Francis* were taken:

Fernandum,

Fernandum, Mors ſæva, diu fugis arma gerentem;
Mox illum, poſitis, impia falce necas.
Obiit *Anno Domini* 1496.

Sir *Francis Vere* died the 28th of *Auguſt*, 1608, as the plain Inſcription on his Monument in *Weſtminſter Abbey* mentions.

Weſtminſter Abbey.

Michael Draiton, Eſq; a memorable Poet of his Age exchanged his Lawrel for a Crown of Glorye, 1631.

Doe, pious Marble, let thy Readers know
What they and what their Children owe
To *Draiton's* Name, whoſe ſacred Duſt
Wee recommend unto thy Truſt.
Protect his Mem'ry, and preſerve his Storye,
Remain a laſting Monument of his Glorye.
And when thy Ruines ſhall declaim
To be the Treaſures of his Name,
His Name that cannot fade, ſhall be
An everlaſting Monument to *Thee*.

This Gentleman was no indifferent Poet in his Time, and his Compoſitions have ſome Beauties in them, which might become the beſt of our modern Writers. He was well verſed in our *Engliſh Hiſtory*, as well as the Antiquities of our Country. The firſt appears by his *Epiſtles* and *Legends*; and the latter by his *Polyolbion*, which the learned *Selden* thought worthy his Comment. —Tradition has generally fixed on *Ben Johſon* as the Author of this Epitaph, tho' it was never printed in his Works, till Mr. *Whalley* inſerted it with another Poem to Mr. *Draiton*. —It is not unworthy of *Jonſon's* Genius, or the Friendſhip between him

him and *Draiton*, or unlike the Style and Spirit of his ſmaller Poems.

Frome, Somerſetſhire.

Chriſtopher Smith, alias *Thumb*, an induſtrious, not a free, Maſon, died *January* 21ſt, 1742-3. Aged 66.

Stretcht underneath this Stone is laid
Our Neighbour Goodman *Thumb*;
We truſt, altho' full low his Head,
He'll riſe i'th' World to come.
This humble Monument will ſhew,
Where lies an honeſt Man.
Ye Kings, whoſe Heads are laid as low,
Riſe higher, if you can.

Northleigh, Oxfordſhire.

All you that told Lies of my Mother and me,
Come to my Grave and ſee.

Weſtminſter Abbey.

O Rare *Ben Jonſon!*

This great Poet died on the 6th of *Auguſt*, 1637, in the 63d Year of his Age, and was three Days after his Deceaſe buried in *Weſtminſter Abbey*, in the North Iſle, under the antient Eſcutcheon of *Robert de Roos*. One * *Young*, afterwards knighted in King *Charles*

* *Antony Wood* calls him *Jack Young*, of *Great Milton*, in *Oxfordſhire*.

the Second's Time, placed a Stone over his Tomb, which coſt Eighteen Pence, and on it this Inſcription; which Stone is ſtill remaining. There was, it is ſaid, a conſiderable Sum of Money gathered among the ingenious Men of that Time, for erecting a Monument or Statue over him; but the Rebellion breaking out prevented it. The Monument, which is now ſet up in this Place, was done by ſome ‡ Perſon of Quality, whoſe Name was deſired to be concealed. It has only the old Inſcription, *O Rare* Ben Jonſon! and is a neat Piece of Work; but the Sculptor has ſet the Buttons on the left Side of his Coat.

‡ Mr. *Whalley* ſays—the ſecond Earl of *Oxford*, of the *Harley* Family.

On a Miſer.

Reader, beware immode'rate Love of Pelf;
Here lies the worſt of Thieves—who robb'd himſelf.

St. Dunſtan's, Stepney.

Here lies the Body of *William Wheatly*, who departed this Life the 10th of *November*, 1683.

Whoever treadeth on this Stone,
I pray you tread moſt neatly;
For underneath the ſame doth lie,
Your honeſt Friend, *Will Wheatly*.

On the Parſon of—Pariſh, in—.

Come, let us rejoice, merry Boys, at his Fall;
For, egad, had he liv'd, he'd a bury'd us all.

Beneath this Stone lies the old * *Kath'rine Gray*
Chang'd from a buſy Life to lifeleſs Clay.
By Earth and Clay ſhe got her Pelf,
Yet now ſhe's turn'd to Earth herſelf.
Ye weeping Friends, let me adviſe,
Abate your Grief, and dry your Eyes.
For what avails a Flood of Tears?
Who knows, but in a Run of Years,
In ſome tall Pitcher, or broad Pan,
She in her Shop may be again?

* An old Woman, who kept a *Potter*'s Shop in the City of *Cheſter*.

The *Temple*, *London*.

Here ſhe lies, whoſe ſpotleſſe Fame
Invites a Stone to learne her Name.
The rigid *Spartan* that deny'd
An Epitaph to all that dy'd,
Unleſs for War, or Chaſtity,
Would here vouchſafe an Elegy.
She dy'd a Wife, but yet her Mind
(Beyond Virginity refin'd)
From lawleſſe Fire remain'd as free,
As now from Heat her Aſhes be.
Her Huſband (yet without a Sinne)
Was not a Stranger, but her Kin;
That her chaſte Love might ſeem none other
Unto a Huſband than a Brother.

Keep well this Pawn, thou Marble Cheſt,
Till it be call'd for let it reſt.
For while this Jewell here is ſet,
The Grave is but a Cabinet.
Anne Littleton dyed 6 *Febr. A. D.* 1623.

Norwich Cathedral.

Under this Ston,
Ligs *John Knapton*,
Who died juſt
The XXVIII of *Auguſt*.
M.D.XC. and on,
Of thys Chyrch Peti-Canon.

St. Alban's, Wood-ſtreet, London.

Hic jacet *Tom Shorthoſe*, fine Tombe, fine Sheets, fine Riches,
Qui vixit fine Gowne, fine Cloake, fine Shirt, fine Breeches.

On *Mr.* Poulteney.

True to himſelf and others, with whom both
Did bind alike, a Promiſe and an Oath;
Free without Art, or Project: giving ſtill
With no more Snare, or Hope, than in his Will:
Whoſe maſt'ring even Mind ſo balanc'd all
His Thoughts, that they could neither riſe nor fall:
Whoſe train'd Deſires ne'er tempted ſimple Health,
Taught not to vex, but manage compos'd Wealth;
A ſeaſon'd Friend, not tainted with Deſign,
Who made theſe Words grow uſeleſs—Mine and Thine.

An

An equal Maſter, whoſe ſincere Intents
Ne'er chang'd good Servants to bad Inſtruments:
A conſtant Huſband, not divorc'd by Fate,
Loving and lov'd, happy in either State,
To whom the grateful Wife hath ſadly dreſt
One Monument here, another in her Breaſt.
Poultney in both doth lie, who hitherto
To *others* liv'd, to himſelf only now.

WM. CARTWRIGHT.

St. Margaret's, Weſtminſter.

Here lyeth *Walter Garden*, come out of the *Weſt*,
God geev to the Soul of hym good reſt.
I prey you negbors everich on
Prey for me for I am gon.
Who died 26 *April* 1523.

St. Michael's, C. L. Southwark.

Here under lyth a Man of Fame,
* *William Walworth* callyd by Name.
Fiſhmonger he was in Lyfftyme here,
And twiſe Lord Maior, as in Bookes appere;
Who with Courage ſtout and manly Myght,
Slew *Wat Tyler* in King *Richard*'s Syght.
For which Act done and trew Entent,
The Kyng made hym Knight incontinent.
And gave hym Armes as here you ſee
To declare his Fact and Chivalrie.
He left this Lyffe the Yere of our God
Thirteen hundryd foureſcore and three od.

* His firſt Monument, erected in this Church, to which he was a great Benefactor, being defaced in the

Reign of King *Edward* the 6th, was ſince renewed by the Fiſhmongers.——This laſt Monument was ſet up in *June*, 1562, with his Effigies in Alabaſter.

Iſleworth Church.

Al yow that doth this Epitaph rede or ſee,
Of yowr mere goodneſſe, and grete cheritie,
Prey for the ſowl of Maiſter *Antony*
Sutton, *Bachēr* of Divinity,
Who died in ſecundo Die *Auguſti*,
Annoque Domini,
M.CCCCC.XL. and Three.

Hackney.

Here lyeth *Jone Only*, the onely moſt faithfull wyf of *John Only* of *Warwickeſhire*, Eſquire, to whoſe Soule the *onely* Trinitie be merciſull, Amen. She died in the Yeare, 1525.

From an old Manuſcript.

Here lyeth the worthy Warriour
Who never bloodied Sword;
Here lyeth the noble Counſellor,
Who never held his Word;
Here lyeth his Excellencie,
Who ruled all the State;
Here lyeth the Earl of *Leceſter*
Whom all the world did hate.

Sepultus apud *Warwick* 10 *Octobris*, 1588.
Obiit apud *Wichwood* Com. *Oxon.* 4 *Septembris.*

Johnny

Johnny Bell ligeth underneath this Stean,
Five of my ain Sons laid it on my Wame.
I liv'd a' my Days, without Sturt or Strife,
I had Meat in my Houſe and was Maſter of my Wife.
If, Reader, ye hae done mair in your time,
Than I ha' done in mine,
Take this Stean aff my Wame,—
—And lay it atop o'thine *.

* At *Farlam*, on the Weſt Marches towards *Scotland*, near *Naworth* Caſtle, ſays *Cambden* is this:

John Bell broken bow ligs under this Stean,
Foure of mine een Sonnes laid it on my Weam:
I was a Man of my meate, maſter of my wife,
I liv'd on mine owne Land without mickle Strife.

On ****

Here old —— lies,
Upon very odd terms;
Firſt a prey to the *flies*,
Now a prey to the *worms*.
Let thoſe who grieve for him not wonder he's flown.
For the Carcaſe muſt rot when the Fleſh is fly-blown.
Yet this may be ſaid in his Praiſe,
Tho' Death, cruel Death from us tore him,
He died by endeavouring to raiſe
His Friend, who lay dead before him.

Here lies a round Woman, who thought *mighty odd*
Ev'ry Word that ſhe heard in this Church about *God*.

To convince her of *God* the good Dean did endeavour,
But ſtill in her Heart ſhe held *Nature more clever.*
Tho' he talk'd much of Virtue, her Head always run
Upon ſomething or other ſhe found *better Fun.*
For the Dame, by her Skill in Affairs aſtronomical,
Imagin'd to live in the Clouds was but *Comical.*
In this World, ſhe deſpis'd ev'ry Soul ſhe met here,
And now ſhe's in t'other ſhe thinks it but *Queer.*

Dean SWIFT.

Here *Francis Chartres* lies——Be civil!
The reſt *God* knows:——Perhaps the *Devil.*

Dean SWIFT.

Vide the Epitaph on John *Duke of* Mirandola.

Well then, poor *G*—— lies under Ground!
So there's an End of honeſt *Jack!*
So little Juſtice here he found
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

Dean SWIFT.

Hereford Cathedral.

Good Chryſteyn People of your charite
That here abide in this tranſitorye Lyfe,
For the Soules of *Richard Philips* pray ye
And alſo of *Anne* his dere beloved wyfe
Which here togeder contynued without Stryfe
In this worſhipful citye called *Hereford* by name
He being 7 tymes Mayer and Ruler of the ſame
Farther to declare of his Port and Fame
His Pitie and Compaſſion of them that were in woe

To

To do Works of Charitie his Hands were nothing lame.
Throughe him all People here may freelye come and goe
Wythout payeng of Cuſtom Toll or other Moe
The which Thinges to redeme he left both Houſe and Land
For that intent perpetually to remain and ſtand
Anne alſo that godlye woman hath put to her hand
Approving her Huſband's Acte and enlargyng the ſame
Whyche Benefits conſidered all this Contrey ys band
Intirely to pray for them, or ellis it were to blame
Now Criſte that ſuffred for us all Paſſion Payne and Shame
Grant them their reward in Hevyn among that glorioufe Company
There to reigne in Joye and Blyſſe with them eternally. Amen.

This was near the Weſt Part of the Cathedral on antient Braſs, affixed to a Grave-ſtone; but being taken off, it was for ſome time kept in the City *Tolſel* or *Hall*, till it has lately been faſtened to a Freeſtone on the Weſt Side of the Biſhop's Cloyſters.

Weſtminſter-Abbey.

Heare lyes, expecting the ſecond comminge of our Saviour *Chriſt Jeſus*, the Body of *Edmund Spencer*, the Prince of Poets in his Tyme, whoſe divine Spirit needs noe othir Witneſſe than the Works which he left behind him. He was borne in *London* in the Yeare 1510, and died in the Yeare 1596.

By what Mr. *Cambden* and others ſay of this Monument, the Original was in *Latin*, thus: — *Edmundus Spencer* Londinenſis, Anglicorum Poetarum noſtri ſæculi facile princeps, quod ejus poemata, faventibus Muſis et victuro Genio conſcripta comprobant. Obiit immaturâ morte, Anno Salutis 1598, et prope *Galfredum Chaucerum* conditur, qui feliciſſime Poeſin Anglicis Literis primus illuſtravit, in quem hæc ſcripta ſunt Epitaphia:

Hic prope *Chaucerum* ſitus eſt *Spenſerius* illi
Proximus ingenio, proximus et tumulo.
Hic prope *Chaucerum*, *Spencere* Poeta, Poetam
Conderis, et verſu quam tumulo propior.
Anglica te vivo vixit plauſitque Poeſis
Nunc moritura timet te moriente mori.

In Engliſh thus:

'*Edmund Spencer*, born in *London*, and chief Poet 'of our Age; which his Works, written with a 'happy Spirit and maſterly Genius, teſtify. He died 'by a too early Death in the Year 1598, and lies 'buried near *Chaucer*; who was the firſt that ſucceſs-'fully wrote Poetry in the *Engliſh* Language, over 'whom were written theſe Epitaphs:

'Here plac'd near *Chaucer*, *Spencer* claims a Room,
'As next to him in Merit, next his Tomb.
'To Place near *Chaucer*, *Spencer* lays a Claim;
'Near him his Tomb, but nearer far his Fame.
'With thee our *Engliſh* Verſe was rais'd on high;
'But now déclin'd, it fears with Thee to die.'

As for the firſt Part, which are Mr. *Cambden*'s Words, there is no Mention made of his Birth. And it is plainly enough to be perceived, that the Verſes are two diſtinct Epitaphs; the Thought in the firſt and

and ſecond Lines being repeated in the third and fourth with very little Difference: But whether they were both placed on the Monument, or not, is doubtful. Perhaps (ſays Mr. *Dart)* the latter might (according to Mr. *Cambden*'s Cuſtom) be an Improvement of his own on the former. But what has raiſed the chief Diſpute concerning this Epitaph, is the Date of *Spencer*'s Birth, which was ſaid to be in 1510. This indeed ſquares but ill with Mr. *Cambden*'s Expreſſion of an early Death; yet however (if poetically placed) may only relate to the too haſty Loſs of ſuch a Man, and allude to his Merit rather than his Years. That *Spencer* was an old Man at his Death it is generally ſuppoſed; but of what Age it is doubtful, and was perhaps when this Inſcription, which was not till the Year 1631; and therefore this of 1510, being added to ſupply the Vacancy, requires no great Streſs to be laid upon it.

Savoy Church, *London.*

The fyrſt ſepulted in this Place after they it ſacrated,
Was *Humphrey Summerſet*, Deacon, which here does lye,
Batchelour in the arte, whom cruel Death oppreſſed
The fifteen hundredth and fifteenth Year of God Almighty.
The fifteenth day of *April* which *Humphrey* doth call and cry,
With lamentable Eſcrikes and good devotion,
All devout Chriſten Men and Women that paſs hereby
Pray for my dolorous Soul for *Chriſt*'s bitter Paſſion.

St. Michael's, Wood-ſtreet.

John Caſy of this Pariſh whoſe dwelling was
In the North Corner Houſe as to *Lad-Lane* you paſs.
For better knowledge the name it hath now,
It is called and knowne by the name of the Plow.
Out of that Houſe yeerely did geeve
Twentie Shillings to the poore their neede to releeve.
Which money the Tenant muſt yeerelie pay,
To the Parſon and Churchwardens on *St. Thomas* Day.
The heir of that Houſe *Thomas Bowrman* by name
Hath ſince by his Deed confirmed the ſame.
Whoſe Love to the poore doth thereby appeare,
And after his death ſhall live many a Yeare.
Therefore in your life do good while yee may,
That when meagre death ſhall take you away
Yee may live like famed as *Caſy* and *Bowrman*,
For he that doth well ſhall be a never poor Man.

Monaſtery of the *Minimi* of the *Holy Trinity* at *Rome*.

D. O. M. S.
M. Antonius Muretus Lemovix
Ad Dei Miſericordiam obtinendam
Piorum Precibus adjuvari cupiens
Corpus ſuum poſt mortem hoc loco
Sepeliri juſſit.
Ad tributis mille Scutatis hujus
Monaſt. Sodalibus impoſitoque onere
Perpetui Anniverſarii.
Nicolaus de Pelleve Card. Senonen.
Teſtam. Execut. Poni Mand.
Vixit Ann. LIX. Men. II. Obiit *Prid.*
Non. Jun.
CIↃIↃLXXXV.
Hic *Marci* caros cineres *Roma* inclyta ſervat
Quos Patria optaſſet *Gallia* habere Sinu.

Stat

Stat colle Hortorum Tumulus, ſtat proximus aſtris,
Quæ propius puro contigit ille animo.
Tu ſacros latices lacrymans aſperge, Viator,
Et dic, Heu ! linguæ hic fulmina fracta jacent.

The Epitaph on *Muret* (ſays *Blainville*) only ſpeaks of his Underſtanding, but not at all of his Heart; and indeed ſcarce any thing could be ſaid in Praiſe of it. For, in the firſt Place, he was a Man of no Principles, and a downright Atheiſt. He was beſides utterly deſtitute of Humanity: Witneſs the eloquent Oration publiſhed by him, in which he had the Impudence to raiſe to the very Skies the moſt execrable Tragedy that ever was acted ſince the Creation of the World, and univerſally deteſted by all Men of Honour, even the Roman Catholics; excepting the Pope and his barbarous Clergy: to wit, the Maſſacre of St. *Bartholomew*. He was alſo condemned to be burnt for a *Sodomite*; but got off to *Venice*.

In the *Vinea* of the *Auguſtines*, at *Rome*.

Μ.ΣΕΜΠΡΟΝΙΟΣ.ΝΕΙΚΟΚΡΑΤΗΣ.
ΗΜΗΝ.ΠΟΤΕ.ΜΟΥΣΙΚΟΣ.ΑΝΗΡ.
ΠΙΗΤΗΣ.ΚΑΙ.ΚΙΘΑΡΙΣΤΗΣ,
ΜΑΛΙΣΤΑ.ΔΕ.ΚΑΙ.ΣΥΝΟΔΕΙΤΗΣ,
ΠΟΛΛΑ.ΒΥΘΟΙΣΙ.ΚΑΜΩΝ.
ΟΔΟΠΟΡΙΕΣ.Δ'ΑΤΟΝΗΣΑΣ.
ΕΝΠΟΡΟΣ.ΕΥΜΟΡΦΩΝ.ΓΕΝΟΜΗΝ.
ΦΙΛΟΙ.ΜΕΤΕΠΕΙΤΑ.ΓΥΝΑΙΚΩΝ.
ΠΝΕΥΜΑ.ΛΑΒΩΝ.ΔΑΝΟΣ.ΟΥΡΑΝΟΘΕΝ.
ΤΕΛΕΣΑΣ.ΧΡΟΝΟΝ.ΑΝΤΑΠΕΛΩΚΑ.
ΚΑΙ.ΜΕΤΑ.ΤΟΝ.ΘΑΝΑΤΟΝ.
ΜΟΥΣΑΙ.ΜΟΥ.ΤΟ.ΣΩΜΑ.ΚΡΑΤΟΥΣΙ.

This was erected to *Marcus Sempronius Nicocrates*; the Poetry is very bad, but gives us to know that he was a Poet, a Muſician, a great Traveller, and, as I underſtand it, a Merchant of Women Slaves.

St. Ambroſe, Milan.

Jacet D. *Paganus Petra Santa,*
Miles et Capitaneus *Florentinorum*
qui obiit *Anno Domini* 800. ad cujus
Funus interfuerunt quatuor Cardinales

This appears at the firſt Glance to be of great Antiquity; but the Fiction is detected by many Arguments. For in the Days of *Charlemaign*, where the Death of *Paganus* is placed, *Florence* was in Ruins, from the Time of *Totila*, till repaired by the Emperor, in the Year 802; ſo that he could not be Captain of the *Florentines*. There are now Survivors of that Family; which is inferior to few in *Italy* for Antiquity. But it is very familiar for the Nobility to turn their Race into Fable, and by a fictitious Antiquity to draw a Suſpicion upon the true. They pretended to have flouriſhed in the Time of St. *Ambroſe*, and to have ſuccoured him againſt the *Arians*.

St. Vitalis, Ravenna.

Ενθαυδα. κειται. ο. στρατηγησας. καλως.
Ρωμην. τε. φυλαξας. αβλαβη. κι. την. δυσιν.
Τρις. εξ. ενιαυτοις. τοις. γαλενοις. δεσποσαις.
Ισαακιος. των. βασιλεων. ο. συμμαχος.
Ο. της. απασης. Αρμενιας. κοσμος. μεγας.
Αρμενιος. ην. γαρ. ητος. εκ. λαμπρου. γενους.
Τετυ. θανονθος. ευκλεως. η. συμβιος.
Σωταννα. σωφρων. τρυγονος. σεμνης. τροτω.
Πυκνως. στεναζει. ανδρος. εστημενη.
Ανδρος. λαχοντος. εκ. καμαθων. ευδοξιαν.
Εν. ταις. αναπολαις. πλιν. κι. τη. δυσει.
Στρατυ. γαρ. ηξει. της. δυσεως. κι. της. εω.

This

This is on *Iſaac the Exarch*, who going to *Rome* to eſtabliſh *Pope Severinus*, plundered the Church of *St. John Lateran.* He died in the Year of *Chriſt* 641, in the Reign of the Emperor *Heraclius.*

Wiſbech.

Beneath a ſleeping Infant lies:
To Earth whoſe Body lent
More glorious ſhall hereafter riſe
Tho' not more innocent:
When the Archangel's Trump ſhall blow,
And Souls to Bodies join,
Millions will wiſh their Lives below,
Had been as ſhort as thine.

S. WESLEY.

Weſtminſter-Abbey.

With Diligence and Truſt moſt exemplary,
Did *William Lawrence* ſerve a Prebendary;
And for his Pains now paſt, before not loſt,
Gain'd this Remembrance at his Maſter's Coſt.
O read theſe Lines again! you'll ſeldom find
A Servant faithful and a Maſter kind.
Short Hand he wrote, in Prime his Flow'r did fade;
And haſty *Death Short Hand* of him hath made.
Well couth he numbers; and well *meaſure Land*;
Thus doth he now the Ground whereon you ſtand.
Wherein he lies. So geometrical,
Art maketh ſome, but thus will Nature all.
Obiit *December* 28. 1621. *Ætat.* ſuæ 29.

Bolton,

Bolton, Yorkſhire.

Bluſh not, Marble!
To reſcue from Oblivion
the Memory of
HENRY JENKINS;
A Perſon obſcure by Birth,
But of a Life truly memorable:
For
He was enriched with the Goods of Nature,
If not of Fortune;
And happy in the Duration,
If not Variety of Enjoyments:
And
Tho' the partial World
deſpiſed and diſregarded
his low and humble State,
the equal Eye of Providence
beheld and bleſſed it
With a Patriarch's Health and Length of Days!
to teach miſtaken Man,
"Theſe Bleſſings are entailed on Temperance,"
"A Life of Labour and a Mind at Eaſe."
He lived to the amazing Age of
One hundred and Sixty-nine!
Was interred here, *Dec.* 6. 1670,
And had this Juſtice done to his Memory, 1743.

On the Earl of Halifax.

Weeping o'er thy ſacred Urn,
Ever ſhall the Muſes mourn;
Sadly ſhall their Numbers flow,
Ever elegant in Woe.

Thouſands nobly born ſhall die,
Thouſands in Oblivion lie;
Names that leave no Tract behind;
Like the Clouds before the Wind;
When the duſky Shadows paſs,
Lightly fleeting o'er the Graſs.
But, O *Halifax*, thy Name
Shall thro' Ages riſe in Fame;
Sweet Remembrance ſhall them find,
Sweet in ev'ry noble Mind.

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

Aſk not who ended here his Span;
His Name, reproach and praiſe! was *Man.*
Did no great Deeds adorn his Courſe?
No Deeds of his, but ſhow'd him worſe.
One Thing was great, which God ſupply'd,
He ſuffer'd human Life, and dy'd.
What Points of Knowledge did he gain?
That Life was ſacred all—and vain.
Sacred, how high? and vain, how low?
He knew not here, but dy'd to know.

Feverſham.

Hic jacet *Richardus Colwel*, quondam Major iſtius
Villæ de *Feverſham*, qui obiit - - - - 1533.

Who ſo him bethoſt inwardly and oft
How hard it were to flitt from bed unto the pitt,
From pitt unto peyne, that nere ſhall ceaſe certeyne,
He wold not doe one ſinn, all the world to winn.

Βαιον επισπασας ιχνος ενθαδε τομβον αθρησον,
Παιδος αφνω μαξων μελεος αποπλαμενε.
Ωκελο δ'εν νεκυεσσι λιτων παλαι πενθος αλητον,
Δισσης πληρωσας πενταδα των συνεδων.
Τοιος δ'ην γεγαως οιος πολεφυσεν Ιακχος,
Η θρασυς Αλκιδης, η καλος Ενδυμιων.

'Tis to be obſerved that after the Word δισσης in the 4th Line of the Inſcription σεληνης is to be underſtood; that is five Conjunctions of two Moons, which is a periphraſtical Expreſſion for ten Months.

Pauſilypum, near *Naples*.

Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc
Parthenope. Cecini Paſcua, rura, Duces.

The *Mauſolæum* at *Pauſilypum* near *Naples*, is looked upon as the Sepulchre of *Virgil*: For though there be no Epitaph, yet there are ſeveral Arguments to prove, that it is the Place where that celebrated Poet was buried. Among theſe, that is reckoned none of the leaſt, which is taken from the Teſtimony of *Petrarch*, who ſays, that at the End of an obſcure Path, meaning the Grott of *Puteoli*, where the Heavens firſt appear, one may perceive upon an Eminence *Virgil*'s Sepulchre, a Work very antique. *Pompeius Sarnellus* has however collected all that relates to this Tomb, in his Book called *La Guida de Foreſtieri*, p. 343. In the midſt of the Mauſolœum were antiently, as *Cappaccio* tells us, nine Marble Columns, which ſuſtained a Marble Urn, in which were depoſited the Aſhes of this Poet, with the Diſtich, I have given above. *Peter di Stefano* who wrote a Deſcription of the Churches of *Naples* in 1560, ſays that he himſelf had ſeen this Sepulchre in the Condition abovementioned; which Thing *Alphon-*

ſus

ſus de Heredia Biſhop of *Ariano*, as cited by *Cappaccio*, likewiſe affirms. Some are of Opinion, that the *Neapolitans*, fearing the Bones of this great Poet ſhould be taken from them, buried them under Ground in the new Caſtle; and from thence it happened, that the Marbles and Urns have diſappeared, and nothing now is to be ſeen but a naked Mauſolœum, without any Appearance of its former Magnificence.

Dominicans Church, *Venice.*

* *Marci Antonii Bragadini*, dum pro fide et patria bello *Cyprio* contra *Turcas*, conſtanter fortiterque curam principem ſuſtineret, longâ obſidione victi, à perfidâ hoſtis manu, ipſo vivo, ac intrepide ſufferente, detracta pellis, *Anno* M.D.LXXI. XV. *Kal. Sept. Antonii* fratris operâ et impenſâ huc advecta, atque hic a *Marco*, *Hermolao*, *Antonioque* filiis pientiſſimis, ad ſummam *Dei*, patriæ, paternique nominis gloriam ſempiternam poſita, *Anno Sal.* M.D.XCVI. Vixit Annos XLVI.

* Many ſay that this Man and ſeveral other Chriſtian Officers were put to Death becauſe they could not produce that they had inhumanly butchered the Priſoners they had made in ſeveral Sallies during the Siege.

Padua.

Venerare Pudicitiæ Simulacrum et Victimam, *Lucretiam de Dondis ab Horologio Pyencæ de Obizzonibus*, *Orchiani* Marchionis Uxorem. Hæc inter Noctis tenebras, Maritales aſſerens tædas, furiales recentis *Tarquini* faces, caſto cruore extinxit: Sicque *Romanam Lucretiam* intemerati tori gloria vicit.

Tantæ

Tantæ ſuæ Heroinæ generoſis Manibus hanc dicavit Aram Civitas *Patavina* Decreto. Die XXXI. Decemb. Ann. M.DC.LXI.

The Aſſaſſin eſcaped the Puniſhment he infallibly would have ſuffered, but not the Reſentment of the young *Marquis d' Obizzi*, the Son of this Lady; for after many Years fruitleſs Purſuit in Search of him, he at laſt met with him, and ſhot him thro' the Head with a Piſtol. The Family are called *Dondis de Horologio* becauſe they have a famous Clock on one of their Towers at *Padua*, which was the Gift of a *Dondis*.

St. Victor's, Paris.

Quem ſuperi Præconem, habuit quem ſancta Poetam
Religio, latet hoc marmore *Sanctolius*:
Ille etiam heroas, fonteſque et flumina, et hortos
Dixerat; at cineres quid juvat iſte Labor?
Fama hominum merces, fit verſibus æqua profanis,
Mercedem poſcunt carmina ſacra Deum.

Monſieur de Santüeil was a Monk of the Abbey of *St. Victor's*, in *Paris*. To me he ſeems to have had in his Compoſition much more Oddity than Wit. I have met with ſome very ſtrange Stories of him in a ſmall Book called *Santüeiliana*; but for his Character I refer the Reader to *Monſieur de la Bruyere*, who has exquiſitely drawn it under the Name of *Theodas*.

Ad ſanctas rediit ſedes, ejectus et exſul.
Hoſte triumphato, tot tempeſtatibus actus,

Hoc

Hoc portu in placido, hâc ſacrâ tellure quieſcit
Arnaldus, veri defenſor et arbiter æqui.
Illius oſſa memor ſibi vindicet extera tellus,
Huc cæleſtis amor rapidis cor tranſtulit alis,
Cor nunquam avulſum, nec amatis ſedibus abſens.

Soon after the Death of the celebrated *Monſieur Arnaud*, *les Dames de Port Royal des Champs* begged his Heart to put in their Church; it was granted; and they got *Monſieur de Santüeil* to write theſe Lines as an Inſcription for it.—The Conſequence of this was, that poor *Santüeil* was heartily worried for it by the *Jeſuits*, who for ſome Time, daily publiſhed little Pieces to abuſe and ridicule him.—I have read all the Pieces that came out on this Occaſion, and there is one entitled *Santolius Pendens*, that is indeed very clever. The Subject is, his being taken by ſome *Spaniards*, and carried to the Inquiſition, which condemns him to be hanged, unleſs he retracts his Eulogium on *Mr. Arnaud*, which he refuſes to do, and is accordingly tucked up.

Monſieur de Femas *gave this* French *Tranſlation of the Epitaph:*

Enfin, apres un long voyage,
Arnauld revient en ces ſaints lieux:
Il eſt au Port malgré les Envieux,
Qui croyoient qu'il feroit naufrage.
Ce Martir de la Verité
Fut banni, fut perſecuté,
Et mourût en terre eſtrangeré;
Heureuſe de ſon corps d'etre depoſitaire;
Maïs ſon cœur toujours ferme, et toujours innocent,
Fût porte par l'amour a qui tout eſt poſſible,
Dans cette retraite paiſible,
D'ou jamais il ne fout abſent.

In

In Engliſh thus:

Here reſts in hallow'd Earth, ſecure from Spight,
Arnauld, great Arbiter of Truth and Right;
Arriv'd in Port, and landed ſafe on Shore,
The Foe ſubdu'd, and the wild Tempeſt o'er.
Tho' in ſome diſtant Land his Bones be laid,
His Heart, on rapid Wings by Love convey'd,
Enjoys the dear Retreat, from which it never ſtray'd.

Ely Cathedral.

Joh. Moor, S.T.P.

Jam licet improba Mors ſatiet ſe corpore *Moori*,
Præſulis et Medici, ſed nec inultus obit.
Mortis enim laqueis multorum Corpora ſolvit,
Quorum Animis cæli ſpemque fidemque dedit.
Dumque piis Studiis aditum patefecit ad aſtra,
Arte ſuâ longam fecit ad aſtra viam.
At tibi dum cordi eſt alienæ cura Salutis,
Occidis, heu! vitæ prodigus ipſe tuæ.
Curaſti bene, ne tecum tua Fama periret;
Cum tot adhuc vivant munere, *Moore*, tuo.

John Moor, S. T. P. was born at *Harborough*, Co. *Leiceſter*; he was Fellow of *Clare-Hall*, *Cambridge*; Chaplain to the Earl of *Nottingham*, Rector of *Blaby*, Co. *Leiceſter*, and of *St. Auſtin*'s and *St. Andrew's*, *Holborn*; Prebendary of *Ely*; made Biſhop of *Norwich* 1691, on the Deprivation of the Nonjuring Biſhop, Dr. *William Lloyd*; and from thence tranſlated to *Ely*, *July* 31, 1707. He died *July* 31, 1714, with the Character of a great Divine and an excellent Phyſician.

1689.
Robert Grove, Anglo,
Ex *Agro Wiltonienſ.* oriundo,
Amicus ſummus et popularis *Radulphus Lane*
Sepulcrale Saxum poſuit.
Lugubre Marmor,
Inſcripto dicas Vulnere,
In morbi violentiam juventutis robur,
In Mortis invidiam fiducia humana,
In Fati decretum Morum ſanctitas,
Quantillum prodeſt!
Nam ille, quem cuſtodis, fuit,
(O Vox lugenda, fuit!)
Inter Juvenes Flos et Decus,
Inter ſenes Spes et Deſiderium,
Ad omnes ubicunque Exemplar.
Animi Magnitudine Viros ſuperans,
Corporis venuſtate Fæminas,
Sexum Virtutibus utrumque.
In Negotiis ſummâ cum Juſtitiâ providus,
Pari cum Modeſtia hilaris in otio;
Ad Peregrinos humanus, facilis ad ſuos,
Ad amicos ſine promiſſis firmus,
Ad omnes ſine diſſimulatione benevolus;
Ad Deum ſine ſuperſtitione religioſus;
Ingenio florens, propoſito ſanctus,
Vitâ innocens, beatus morte.
At Tu, fidele Saxum,
Defuncto quod Amico dedit
Amicus vix ſuperſtes,
Æterno ſis Interpreti
Quod Virum meliorem,
Anglia nec genitum, nec *Thracia* deficientem
Aut vidit unquam, aut videbit:
Charas corporis reliquias per longa
Tuere ſecula;

Divinas

Divinas animi Virtutes ſeris Nepotibus
Commenda.

Anglia cui cunas dederit, dat Funera *Thrace*;
Tam longum Virtus impigra tendit iter.
Quid fletis Gentes? hinc gaudeat utraque tellus
Quod dedit una viris Munus, et una Deo.

After Mr. *Prior*'s Death (this Inſcription, written by him and ſent abroad) was found amongſt his Papers, by Mr. *Drift*.

Lincoln Cathedral.

Hujus Fundatur Templi *Remigius* Urnâ
Hac jacet, atque brevi ſit ſatis ampla Viro.
Si tamen ingenti tribuas æquale Sepulcrum
Ejus par menti,—Mens ea quanta fuit!—
Sit Tumulus Templum quod Struxerat ipſe, minore
Nec poſſit tumulo aut nobiliore tegi.

Remigius de Feſcamp, a Monk of *Feſcamp*, in *Normandy*, appointed Biſhop of *Dorcheſter*, 1070. He was the laſt that ſat at that Place, and the firſt that fixed at *Lincoln*, where he laid the Foundation of a moſt magnificent Church, and having in four Years finiſhed it, and according to the *Norman* Cuſtom, appointed to the Government thereof, a Dean, Precentor, Chancellor, Treaſurer, and twenty-one Prebendaries, and placed ſeven Archdeacons over his Dioceſe, and prepared all Things for its Conſecration, he died *May* 6, 1092, two Days before that intended Solemnity, and was buried there. * One of Succeſſors cauſed the Verſes to be engraved on a black Marble Table, about the Year 1670.

* Biſhop *Fuller*.

Weſtminſter.

Weſtminſter-Abbey.

On a fine Monument by *Roubillac*, the Figure of *Hiſtory* is writing the following Lines:

Briton, behold! if patriot Worth be dear,
A Shrine that claims thy tributary Tear.—
Silent that Tongue—admiring Senates heard;
Nerveleſs that Arm—oppoſing Legions fear'd:
Nor leſs, O *Campbell*, thine the Pow'r to pleaſe,
And give to Grandeur all the Grace of Eaſe.
Long from thy Life let kindred Heroes trace
Arts, which ennoble ſtill the nobleſt Race.
* Others may owe their future Fame to be,
I borrow Immortality from Thee.

John Duke of *Argyll* and *Gr*—
Born *October* 10. 1680. Died *Octob.* 4. 1743.

* *And when thy Ruines ſhall diſclaim*
To be the Treas'rer of his Name,
His Name that cannot fade, ſhall be
An everlaſting Monument to Thee.

Epitaph on *M. Drayton.*

On King William *the* III[d].

Vain *Greece* conſult no more or haughty *Rome*,
For Worth or Virtue, view this royal Tomb;
Beneath whoſe Shade more ſacred Duſt is wept,
Than in their Urns or Temples ever ſlept:
Cæſar had Courage—but the Tyrant's Name,
And *Rome* enſlav'd—obſcur'd the Victor's Fame:
Cato had Honour—but, the Dagger near,
When Dangers preſs'd, betray'd the Patriot's Fear;

His

His Triumphs one by dire Oppreſſions gain'd,
And one his Virtues by his Weakneſs ſtain'd.
Britain's lov'd King did with each *Roman* vie;
As warm for Freedom—as reſolv'd to die:
Without his Guilt did *Cæſar*'s Laurels wear;
And boaſted *Cato*'s Fame without his Fear.

Merton-College Chapel, *Oxford.*

Si ſcire cupias, viator, quis et quantus hic jacet, alibi quæras oportet; dicere ſatis nequeo. *Britannia* tota viri famam non capit. Ne cætera tamen ignores, in rem tuam pauca hæc accipe. *Johannes Bainbridgius*, vir famæ integerrimæ et doctrinæ incomparabilis; Medicinæ profeſſor et Matheſeos; morborum tam felix expugnator novorum, quam ſagax indagator Siderum; quem primum Aſtronomicæ profeſſorem, et dignum collegam, in Mathematicis prælecturis, quas magnifice erexerat, prudens hominum et librorum æſtimator, elegit *Savilius*; Quem *Cantabrigiæ* educatum Academia *Oxonienſis* fovit ut ſuam, defunctum publice flevit, ut par utriuſque ornamentum; Qui *Scaligerum* felicius correxit, quam *Scaliger* Tempora; in non levem literarum jacturam, obiit MDCXLIII. Abi jam; cætera quære vel ab exteris.

——— GREAVES.

John Bainbridge, Son of *Robert Bainbridge*, by *Anne* his Wife, Daughter of *Richard Everard* of *Shenton* in *Leiceſterſhire*; was born at *Aſhby de la Zouch* in the ſame County, educated in *Emanuel* College, under the Tutelage of his Kinſman Dr. *Joſeph Hall*, took the Degrees in Arts, ſtudied Phyſic, retired into his own Country, practiſed there and taught a School; till at length Lord *Henry Saville* made him his Aſtronomical Lecturer, being much taken

taken with a Piece that he publiſhed on the Comet in 1618.

St. Maria Glorioſa, Venice.

Accipite, Cives, *Franciſci Foſcari* veſtri Ducis imaginem. Ingenio, Memoriâ, Eloquentiâ, ad hæc, Juſtitiâ, Fortitudine Animi, ſi nihil amplius, certè ſummorum Principum gloriam æmulari contendi. Pietati erga Patriam meæ ſatisfeci nunquam. Bella maxima pro veſtra ſalute et dignitate, terrâ marique per annos pluſquam triginta geſſi; ſumma felicitate confeci. Labentem ſuſtulſi *Italiæ* libertatem. Turbatores quietis compeſcui. *Brixiam, Bergamum, Ravennam, Cremam*, Imperio adjunxi veſtro. Omnibus Ornamentis Patriam auxi. Pace vobis partâ. *Italiâ* in tranquillum fœdere redactâ. Poſt tot labores exhauſtos, *Ætatis anno* LXXXIV. *Ducatus* quarto ſupra trigeſſimam, *Salutiſque* M.CCCC.LVII. *Kal. Nov.* ad æternam requiem commigravi.

Vos,
Juſtitiam et Concordiam
Quo ſempiternum hoc ſit Imperium,
Conſervate.

The *Doge* holds his Quality for Life; but the *Republick* have ſtill a Power of depoſing him, when Age or Infirmities render him uſeleſs. This is a Maxim, which beſides the diſgracing of a faithful Servant, whoſe Abilities are worn out in his Country's Service, wounds the Honour of the Republick itſelf, through the Perſon of the *Doge*: Not to mention the Injuſtice of puniſhing one for not exerciſing his Functions who has little or none either of the Legiſlative or Executive Part of the Government.—This Nobleman at the Age of 84, 34 of which he had go-

verned, was depoſed, becauſe of his Infirmities, in 1457. The poor Prince, who had no other Failing but his advanced Years, was ſo touched with the Affront, that he died within two Days after it.

The Epitaph in Engliſh is thus:

'Contemplate, my Countrymen, the Figure of your Doge *Franciſco Foſcari*. To ſay no more, I at leaſt vied with the greateſt Princes in the Qualifications of Genius, Memory, and Eloquence, and in the Virtues of Juſtice and Magnanimity. Never did I think that I could ſufficiently ſatisfy the Love I had for my Country. For upwards of thirty Years I carried on the moſt important Wars, by Sea and Land, for your Safety and Dignity, and finiſhed them with the greateſt Succeſs. The tottering Liberty of *Italy* I ſupported. The Diſturbers of *Italy* I quelled. *Brexia*, *Bergamo*, *Ravenna* and *Crema*, I added to your Dominions. I embelliſhed my Country with whatever could ſerve to make it beautiful. Having eſtabliſhed you in Peace; having by a Treaty reſtored the Tranquility of *Italy*; after paſſing through ſo many Toils, I removed to eternal Repoſe, in the 84th Year of my Age, the 34th of my Ducality, in the Year of our Lord 1457. *Nov.* 1.—Do you preſerve Unanimity and Juſtice, and this Government will be eternal.'

St. Nicholas, Iſle of Lido.

Joannis Marcello Sebaſtiani Filii
Hoſpitium uſque ad noviſſimum Diem
In quo ipſe et nemo alius condatur.
Ex Teſtamento.

The

The Monks tell you the Reaſon this Man had for chooſing no Company to lie with him, was, that being depoſited once before he was dead, he came to himſelf, and by the Help of a Perſon belonging to the Church, who heard a Noiſe in the Vault, he got out, and very leiſurely walk'd home. But not finding his Relations, who were already in Poſſeſſion of his Eſtate, ſo rejoiced at his Appearance as he expected, he from that Inſtant conceived an unconquerable Hatred againſt them, which thus held him even beyond Death.—This Story does very well for Converſation, while the Monk ſhews the Tombs; but I am apt to think this Man only affected Antiquity; as we find many Hundreds of theſe monopolized Graves in the Burying-places of the old *Romans*.—However there are two which Mr. *Breval* mentions; the firſt, I think, he ſays is on *Lipſius* at *Leyden*, and runs thus:

Terra hæc ab Eccleſiâ empta eſt.
Nemini Cadaver huc inferre liceat.

The ſecond he ſaw at *Evora* in *Portugal*,

Hoc ſepulcrum meâ manu feci in quo neminem velim mecum nec ſervum nec liberum inferi.

St. Proculus, Bologna.

Si procul a *Proculo Proculi* Campana fuiſſet;
Jam procul a *Proculo Proculus* ipſe foret.

This is on one *Proculus*'s Tomb; People have generally thought that *St. Proculus*'s Bell had knocked out his Nameſake's Brains; whereas the Truth is that this *Proculus* being a very ſtudious Perſon, accuſtomed himſelf for ſome Years to riſe every Morning at

the Sound of that Bell; which at laſt made him ſick, and was the Occaſion of his Death.

Cajeta.

Auctо Imperio, *Gallo* victo, ſuperata *Italiâ*, Pontifice obſeſſo, *Româ* captâ, *Borbonius* hic jacet. ——

Charles de Bourbon was General of the Army of *Charles* the 5th. Emperor. He was killed on the 6th of *May*, 1527. at an Aſſault, when he was ſcaling the Fort of *St. Peter* at *Rome*.

Jeruſalem.

Hic jacet inclitus Dux *Godefridus* de *Bullon*, qui totam iſtam Terram acquiſivit cultui Xtiano; cujus Anima regnet cum *Chriſto!* Amen.

The great and good *Godfrey* of *Bouillon* lies in a Tomb, with this Inſcription, in the Church of the *Holy Sepulchre*.

Baſil Cathedral.

Deſiderium Eraſmum Rotterdamum Amici ſub hoc Saxo condebant IIII. Eidus Jul. Anno M.D.XXXVI.

St. Laurence, Vicenza.

Hic ſitus eſt clarâ *Ferretus* origine vates,
* *Scaligeros* decuit quem cecinisſe ducas,

Scripſit

Scripſit et Annales, *Genuenſe* et in ordine bellum,
Et nova de priſcis carmina temporibus.
Et decus hic Patriæ, *Ferretæ* hic gloria gentis;
Hic locat æternum nomen et oſſa Lapis.

* The Lords of *Scala*, formerly Princes of *Verona*.

St. Luke's, Venice.

Sepulcrum trium Virorum illuſtrium.

This is on a ſquare Stone, under which lie * *Aretin*, † *Lodovico Dolce*, and the blind Man of ‡ *Adria*.

* *Aretin* had ſo ſarcaſtic a Turn that he ſpared neither *Charles* the 5th, nor *Francis* I. One of thoſe Princes ſent him a maſſy Gold Chain, all made of Links in the Figure of Tongues, by way of Huſh-money; and the other, one more maſſy, all wrought into Ears. Theſe Honours ſwelled our Poet ſo that he cauſed a Medal to be ſtruck, with his own Buſt on one Side, adorned with his Gold Chains, and theſe Words; *Il Divino Aretino.* On the other Side he is ſitting on a Throne, with Royal Embaſſadors at his Feet, bringing him Preſents, with the following Motto: *I Principi Tributati da i popoli, Tributano il ſervitor loro.* The *Italian* Princes whom he had laſhed in his Satyrs, found a better Way of ſilencing him than either the *Emperor* or *Francis*; for they ſent him twenty Stabs with a Poignard. He recovered indeed, but this Chaſtiſement made him wiſer and more upon the Reſerve afterwards.—The following, by way of *Epitaph* for him, is taken from an *Epigram* of *Politianus.*

Qui giace l'*Aretin* amaro *Toſco*
Del Seme Human. La cui lingua trafiſſe
Et vivi et morti. D' *Iddio* mai mal non diſſe,
Et ſi ſcuſo con dir jo n'ol conoſco.

† *Lodovico Dolce* tranſlated ſome of *Cicero*'s Orations into *Italian*.

‡ *Adria* is a ſmall Town where this Perſon was born, who, though blind, was nevertheleſs an excellent Advocate, Orator, Philoſopher and Poet. He harangued ſeveral times before the *Senate* and many *Doges* upon their Elections. He kept up beſides a literary Correſpondence with the Princes and learned Men of *Italy*.

Rotterdam.

Hoc tegitur ſaxo * *Brakelius* æquoris horror,
Cui flamma et ferrum ceſſit, et unda maris.
Fallimur, an flammas et nunc vomat; adſpice, jam-jam
Ferrea qui rupit vincula, rumpet humum.

* Admiral *Brakel* was killed by a Shot from a Cannon in the Sea Fight, gain'd by the *French* in 1690. All the World knows that this Battle was loſt, and this brave Commander ſlain, becauſe Lord *Torrington*, Admiral of the *Engliſh* Fleet, which ought to have vigorouſly aſſiſted the *Dutch*, kept off during the Action, and contented himſelf to be only a ſimple Spectator, ſuffering his Maſter's Allies to be beat without coming to their Aſſiſtance. It is true, that at the Requeſt of the *States-General*, King *William*, of glorious Memory, made a Council of War to call him to Account; but moſt of its Members being the Friends or Creatures of *Torrington*, Means were found to exculpate

ulpate him.—The laſt Line alludes to *Brakel*'s undertaking to break thro' the Iron Chains that were ſtretch'd acroſs the River *Medway*; which he accompliſh'd.

Wirtzburgh.

Vere locus iſte ſanctus eſt, in quo Viri Sancti ac Martyres, *Killianus*, *Colonatus*, et *Totnamus*, Apoſtoli et Patroni *Franciæ Orientalis*, a *Chriſto* ſunt excitati ad pugnam, confortati ad Victoriam, Evocati ad Palmam. Quorum Corpora hic in Pace ſepulta ſunt.

This is in *St. Killian*'s Church.—*St. Killian* (moſt likely a Corruption of *William*) *St. Colonat*, and *St. Totnam* were three poor *Scotch* Gentlemen, whom God inſpired, above 1200 Years ago, with an Inclination to go to preach the Goſpel in *Franconia*, a Country more fertile in every thing, eſpecially in Wine, than their own. They converted the Duke of *Franconia* and his whole Court, except the *Dutcheſs*, who would not renounce her Idols. She in the Duke's Abſence, whilſt he was fighting againſt the *Saxons* on his Frontiers, prevailed on ſome of her Servants to ſtrangle them; which they did in the Stable now the Chapel; and afterwards threw their Bodies into a Well, where they lay many Years without corrupting. The Duke had made *Killian* Biſhop of *Wirtzburgh*.—However they tell you all the Murderers came to moſt terrible Ends. The Bodies were taken out of the Well by *Burchard*, a holy Man, and likewiſe Biſhop of *Wirtzburgh*.

Weſtminſter-Abbey.

Omnibus inſignis Virtutum laudibus heros
Sanctus Edwardus Confeſſor, Rex venerandus,
Quinto die *Jani* moriens ſuper Æthera ſcandit.
Surſum Corda. Moritur Anno Domini 1065.

This Inſcription is ſuppoſed to have been put on in the Time of *Richard* 2. when the old one which was emboſſed on it was worn away, which when remaining was thus :

Anno milleno Domini, cum Septuageno,
Et bis centeno cum completo quaſi deno
Hoc opus eſt factum quod *Petrus* duxit in actum,
Romanus Civis, homo, cauſam noſcere ſi vis,
Rex fuit *Henricus* Sancti præſentis amicus.

But the Letters being not the uſual Characters of that Age, it was ſince renewed. It may not be amiſs here to take ſome Notice of a Narrative concerning the finding *St. Edward*'s Body and his Croſs in the Cheſt incloſed ; which was thus :

One * *Young*, belonging to the Choir of this Cathedral, ſome Time after the Coronation of King *James* 2. obſerved the Cheſt before-mentioned to be broken, and, as he ſuppoſed, by the Fall of a Beam from the Coronation Scaffolding, which had made a Hole in the Lid over the Breaſt. On putting in his Hand he turned the Bones, and found under the Shoulder-blade a Crucifix richly enamelled and adorned, a Gold Chain of 20 Inches long, and ſeveral Pieces of Linnen and Gold-colour'd Silk. The Head was ſolid and firm, the upper and lower Jaws full of Teeth, a Lift of Gold round the Temples, and much Duſt in the Coffin. This Croſs he preſented to the King,

King, who, he ſays, thereupon ordered the Coffin to be incloſed in a new one, two Inches thick, and crampt with Iron Wedges.

* This *Young* was no other than *Henry Keep*, who being reconcil'd to the Church of *Rome* in King *James* the 2d's Time, changed his Name.

Weſtminſter Abbey.

Cy giſt *Alianore* de *Bohune*, eiſne fille et un des heires a l'Honorable Seigneur Monſs. *Humphry de Bohune*, Compte de *Hereford*, d' *Eſſex*, et de *Northampton*, et Conſtable d'*Engleterre*, femme a puiſſant et noble Prince *Thomas* de *Wodeſtocke*, fils a tres excellent et tres puiſſant Seigneur *Edward* Roy d'*Engleterre*, puis le conqueſtries Duc de *Glouceſter*, Compte d' *Eſſex*, de *Buckingham*, et Conſtable d' *Engleterre*, qui mourit le tier jour d'*October*, l' an de Mil CCCLXXXXIX.

This Lady, who was the greateſt Heireſs in *England*, and by whom the aforeſaid Titles came to her Huſband, had the Misfortune to have him taken from her at *Pleſhy*, a pleaſant Seat in *Eſſex*, where his Nephew *Richard* 2. called to viſit, and in Duty he thought to wait on him in the Evening Part of the Way to Town; but was hurried away to *Stratford*, by Perſons placed for that Purpoſe; thence carried to *Calais*, and ſtifled between Featherbeds. After this melancholy Accident ſhe ſpent the Remainder of her Widowhood in the Nunnery at *Barking* in *Eſſex*, which was two Years; and making her Will on the 6th Day of *Auguſt*, in the Year 1399, died the 3d Day of *October* following, and being brought from *Barking* was here buried.

Verona Cathedral.

Oſſa
Lucii III. Pont. Max.
Cui *Roma* ob invidiam pulſo
Verona tutiſs. ac gratiſs. Perfugium
fuit. Ubi conventu *Chriſtianorum* acto
Dum præclara multa molitur è vitâ
Exceſſit.

Pope *Lucius* retired to *Verona* for ſome Encroachments of Power at *Rome*, from whence he was driven by the Magiſtracy and the Friends of the Emperor *Frederic Barbaroſſa*. He bears the Character of a very profligate and wicked Pope, both in the Hiſtory of his Pontificate, and in a great many Epigrams which were made againſt him.

New Church, *Amſterdam*.

Effen Uyt.

Theſe *Flemiſh* Words are on a very antient funeral Monument of whitiſh Marble, on which are engraved a Pair of Slippers of a very ſingular kind. *Effen Uyt* means *Exactly*. The Story is, that a Man tolerably rich, and who dearly loved good Eating, took it into his Head that he was only to live a certain Number of Years, and no longer. In this Whimſey he counted that if he ſpent ſo much a Year, his Eſtate and his Life would expire together. It happened by chance that he was not deceived in either of theſe Computations. He died preciſely at the Time he had preſcribed to himſelf in his Imagination, and had then brought his Fortune to ſuch a Paſs, that, after paying his Debts,

he

he had nothing left but *a Pair of Slippers*. His Relations buried him creditably, and would have the Slippers carved on his Tomb, with the abovementioned *Laconic Device*.

St. Luke's, Venice.

Jo. Car. Loth. Bavarus.
Suorum Temporum *Apelles.*
Ob virtutem Penicilli,
Ab Imperatore *Leopoldo*
Nobilium ordini aggregatus.
Umbram Mortis depingere cæpit,
VI. *Octobris anno* M.DC.XCVIII.
Ætatis suæ LXVI.

Padua Cathedral.

D. O. M.
Carolo Patino Paris. Eq. D. M.
Priſc. Numiſmatum ſtudiis clariſſimo,
Famam celeberrimi Patris æmidato,
E Patrio in *Patavinum* Lyceum excepto.
Poſt totam *Europam* luſtratam
Præmiis et majorum Principum gratia aucto,
Cum Calumniâ feliciter luctato,
Ac pro fundamento Virtutis
Fortunæ ruinis uſo,
Ob veterem Eruditionem erutam
Poſterorum cultum promerito,
Magdalena Hommetz Paris. Uxor,
Gabrielis Carola, Sancta Paulina, et *Carola Cath.*
Filiæ,
Extremo Amoris argumento
Annuente Capitulo

Parentant.
Obiit *A. D.* M.D.C.XCIII.
VI. *Id. Oct.*
Æt. ſuæ A. LIX. Menſ. VIII. Dies X.

Hereford Cathedral.

——————————his Wyffe
That at this Lyffe have endyde her Pylgrimage
That 14 Chyldern hadene with peſyble Lyffe
8 Sonnes, 6 Doutres in Marrage withouten Stryffe
And 5 times was Meyr of this cytee
That as a Marchaunte leden a worthie Lyffe
And honourabely ruled hit yn Proſperytee
That henſe deceſſid as all we ſhall in the Yer of Grace
Of Cryſtes Incarnation A. M.CCCC. with fyve and fyftee
The 11 Day of September made here mutacyon
From Erthe to Hevyn have changed Habytacyon
With a Paternoſter and an Ave prayeth hit may be ſo reſtenge all weys
———— For her endleſſe Salvation eternaly to preyſe.

This is all that is left of an Inſcription on an ancient Marble over the Entrance of the great Weſt Door, where were formerly the Portraitures of this Man (*John Foſter*) and his Wife.

In *her*, whoſe Relicks mark this ſacred Earth,
Shone all domeſtic, and all ſocial Worth.
Firſt, Heav'n her Hope with early Offspring crown'd;
And thence a ſecond Race roſe num'rous round.

Heav'n

Heav'n to induſtrious Virtue Bleſſing lent,
And all was Competence and all Content.
Tho' frugal Care, in Wiſdom's Eye admir'd,
Knew to preſerve what Induſtry acquir'd,
Yet at her Board with decent Plenty bleſt,
The journeying Stranger ſat a welcome Gueſt.
Preſs'd on all Sides, did trading Neighbours fear
Ruin, which hung on Exigence ſevere?
Farewel the Friend who ſpar'd th'aſſiſtant Loan,
A Neighbour's Woe, or Welfare was her own.
Did piteous *Lazars* oft attend her Door?
She gave.—Farewel the Parent of the Poor.
Youth, Age and Want, once cheer'd, now ſighing ſwell,
Bleſs her lov'd Name, and weep a long Farewel.

R. SAVAGE.

York Cathedral.

Here lyeth *John Thorne*, Muſitian, moſt perfect in Art,
In Logyks Lore, who did excel all Men who did ſet apart;
Whoſe Lyfe and Converſation did all Men's Love alure,
And now doth reigne above the Skyes in Joys moſt firm and ſure.
Who dyed 7. Decemb. A. D. 1573.

Great Upton, Shropſhire.

Here lyeth buried Maſter *Adam Grafton*, the moſt worſhipful Prieſt living in his Dayes, ſometime Chapleyne to the famous Princes *Edward* the 5*th* and Prince *Arthure*, Archdeacon of *Stafford*, Warden of the

the *Battelfield*, Deane of Seynte *Mary* College in *Salop*, and Parſon of this Church, which deceaſed on XXVII day of *Juli*, A. Dom. M.VCXXX. Whoſe Soul God pardon.

Des fiers *Auſtrichiens* giſt ici * le dernier,
Trop tard pour ſon honneur, trop tot pour ſa famille.
En attendant un Heretier,
Ce Prince trouva l'Art de laiſſer a ſa Fille.
Un Heritage en l'Air, des Droits litigieux,
Un Epoux depouille des Biens de ſes Ayeux:
De cent Titres brillants la pompeuſe Funee,
Sans Argent, ſans Conſeil, ſans Armi, ſans Armée.

* The Emperor *Charles* the 6th.

Weſtminſter-Abbey.

While *Britain* boaſts her Empire o'er the Deep,
This Marble ſhall compel the Brave to weep.
As Men, as *Britons*, and as Soldiers, mourn
O'er dauntleſs, loyal, virtuous *Beauclerk*'s Urn.
Sweet were his Manners, as his Soul was great;
And ripe his Worth, tho' immature his Fate:
Each tender Grace that Love and Joy inſpires,
Living, he mingled with his martial Fires;
Dying he bade *Britannia*'s Thunder roar,
And *Spain* ſtill felt him, when he breath'd no more.

The Lord *Aubrey Beauclerk*,
Was the youngeſt Son of *Charles* Duke of St. *Alban*'s,
By *Diana*, Daughter of *Aubrey de Vere*, Earl of *Oxford*.
He went early to Sea,

And

And was made a Commander in 1731.
In 1740, he was ſent upon that memorable Expedition
To *Carthagena*,
Under the Command of Admiral *Vernon*,
In his Majeſty's Ship the *Prince Frederick*;
Which, with three others, were order'd to cannonade
The Caſtle of *Bocca Chica*;
One of theſe being obliged to quit her Station,
The *Prince Frederick* was expoſed, not only to the Fire from the Caſtle,
But to that of *Fort St. Joſeph*,
And to two Ships that guarded the Mouth of the Harbour:
Which he ſuſtain'd many Hours,
That Day, and Part of the next,
With uncommon Intrepidity.
As he was giving his Commands upon Deck,
Both his Legs were ſhot off,
But ſuch was his Magnanimity,
That he would not ſuffer his Wounds to be dreſt
Till he had communicated his Orders to his Firſt Lieutenant,
Which were,
"To fight the Ship to the laſt Extremity."
Soon after this,
He gave ſome Directions about his private Affairs,
And then reſigned his Soul
With the Dignity of a Hero and a Chriſtian.
Thus was he taken off in the 31ſt Year of his Age;
An illuſtrious Commander,
Of ſuperiour Fortitude and Clemency,
Amiable in his Perſon,
Steady in his Affections;
And equall'd by few
In the ſocial and domeſtic Virtues of Politeneſs,
Modeſty, Candour and Benevolence.
He married the Widow of Col. *Francis Alexander*,

A Daughter of Sir *Henry Newton*, Knt.
Envoy Extraordinary
To the Court of *Florence*, and the Republic of *Genoa*,
And Judge of the High Court of Admiralty.
Dr. YOUNG.

Durham Cathedral.

Preſul magnanimus *Antonius* hic jacet imus,
Jeruſalem ſtrenuus *Patriarcha* fuit, quod opimus
Annis vicenis regnabat ſex et 1 plenis,
Mille trecentenis *Chriſto* moritur quoque denis.

Antony de Bek, or *Beak*, Archdeacon of *Durham*, ſucceeded *Robert de Inſula* in that See; he was elected *July* 5, 1283, and conſecrated *Jan.* 9th following. He was a Man of vaſt Power and Wealth, and by that means obtained of the Pope the Patriarchate of *Jeruſalem*, and of the King the Principality of *Man*: And had ſo great Command, that as *Stow* tells us, in the Battle of *Fawkirk*, fought by King *Edward* 1. againſt the *Scots*, there were no leſs than thirty-two of his Banners in the Army. He repaired divers Caſtles, built a noble Chapel and Hall at *Aukland*, in which he placed Prebendaries, and founded the Priory of *Alvingham* County of *Lincoln*, and a College of ſeven Prebendaries at *Cheſter on the Street*. He died *March* 3, 1310, and was buried in the Cathedral, behind the high Altar, being the firſt Biſhop that preſumed to lie in the Church, on account of the Interment of the holy *St. Cuthbert*. And ſo ſuperſtitious were they then, that they dared not to bring him in at the Doors, but broke a Hole in the Wall, to bring him in at the End of the Church, which is yet viſible.

From an old Manuſcript.

Although my Corps it lies in Grave
And that my fleſh conſumed be
My Picture here now that you have
An Earle ſometyme of this Cittye
Hugh Lupe by Name
Sonne to the Duke of *Brittayne*
Of Chivalrye then being Flower
And Siſter's Son to *William Conquerour*
To the Honour of God I did edifie
The Foundation of this Monaſtery
The ninth Year of this my Foundation
God changed my Life to his heavenly Manſion
In the Year of our Lord then being ſo
A Thowſand one hundred and two
I changed this Life verily
The XVII Daie of *July*.

St. German's Cathedral in the Iſle of *Man*.

In hac domo quam et vermiculis
Mutuo accepi confratribus meis
Sub ſpe Reſurrectionis ad vitam
Jaceo * *Samuel* Permiſſione Divinâ
Epiſcopus hujus inſulæ.
Siſte Lector, vide et Ride
Palatium Epiſcopi.
Obiit 30. Die Menſis *Maii*, *An.* 1662.

* *Samuel Rutter*, Biſhop of *Sodor* and *Man*. He was buried under the uncovered Steeple of his own Cathedral then in Ruins, with this Epitaph on a Braſs Plate.

In Engliſh thus:

'In this Houſe which I have borrowed of my Bre-
'thren the Worms, do I lye, *Samuel*, by divine Per-
'miſſion, Biſhop of this Iſland, in hopes of the Re-
'ſurrection to Life. Reader, ſtop, view the Lord
'Biſhop's Palace and ſmile.—He died *May* 30th,
'1662.'

College de Quatre Nations, Paris.

D. O. M.
Et perenni Memoriæ *Julii* Ducis *Mazarini*, S. R. Eccleſiæ Cardinalis,
Italiæ ad Cazale, *Germaniæ* ad Monaſterium, totius denique
Orbis Chriſtiani ad Montes *Pyrenæos* pacatoris:
Qui cum Res *Gallicas*, *Lodovico Magno* adhuc impubere,
Feliciſſimè adminiſtraſſet, atque illum jam adultum, &
Regni curas capeſſentem, Fide, Conſilio, ac Labore indefeſſo juvaſſet,
Depreſſis undique *Franciæ* Hoſtibus, ipſiſque Famæ ſuæ æmulis,
Virtutum ſplendore, beneficiis, clementia, devictis ac devinctis,
Placide et pie obiit, Anno. R. S. M.DC.LXI. Æt. LII.

Templum hoc et Gymnaſium ad Educationem Nobilium
Adoleſcentium ex IV. Provinciis Imperio *Gallico* recens additis
Oriundorum, extrui Teſtamento juſſit, et magnifice dotavit.

The

The ſtately Monument to the Memory of *Cardinal Mazarin* with this Inſcription, is not placed to all the Advantage it might have been. The three ſymbolical Figures at the Feet of the *Mauſolæum* are of *Bronze*, large as Life, but the Cardinal and the Angel behind him are of Marble. Some Doctors of the *Sorbonne* took me to ſee this Piece, and I cannot help thinking with Mr. *Breval*, that there is an extreme Stiffneſs in the Cardinal's Attitude.

Lincoln Cathedral.

Here lyeth the Body of *James Gardiner*, D. D. inſtalled Sub-dean of this Church, *A. D.* 1671, and from thence preferred to the Biſhoprick of this Dioceſe; who departed this Life *March* 1. 1704, in the 68th Year of his Age, and in the Eleventh of his Conſecration:

Conditos quiſquis cineres beati
Præſulis calcas, moriture, Normam
Diſce vivendi, ſtimuletque diæ
Gloria Palmæ.

Vera ſi cordi eſt Pietas, Fideſque,
Si Pudor priſcus, placiduſque Mentis
Candor, antiquos imitare Mores,
Gardinerumque;

Qui diu Patrum æmulus optimorum,
Legibus Vitæ, ſtudiiſque ſanctis
Duxit Exemplar, ſpeculumque primi
Retulit ævi.

Proſperæ Pectus bene præparatum
Res, nec adverſæ poterant movere;
Se parem ſemper ſibi, cæteriſque
Geſſit Amicum.

Hinc

Hinc et in Terris ſupereſſe Famam,
Et datur celſas Animam tenere
Cælitum Sedes, nec habente Finem
Pace potiri.
Diſce Virtutem monitas; Fugaces
Te monent Anni, monet et ſepultus
Præſul. I mortis memor inſequentis,
I pede fauſto.

On Richard Savage, *Eſq*;

From Pomp in Mind, and Meanneſs in Eſtate,
From rebel Paſſions ſtill at War with Fate,
Now manumiz'd, th'unequal Strife is o'er,
Fix'd is his Fate, his Hopes and Fears no more.
Peace to his Soul I *wiſh*; I *hope* it too;
Since in his Crimes his Puniſhment we view;
Left to Remorſe by Rage, to Scorn by Pride,
To Friendſhip wrong'd, a Martyr, when he dy'd. *
Oh blam'd yet mourn'd, deſpis'd yet honour'd Shade,
No more thy Fame ſhall ſpread a *chequer'd Shade*.
Thy Faults ſhall periſh, all thy Worth ſhall ſhine,
For Frailty's mortal, Excellence divine:
O'er all the reſt while dark Oblivion flows,
Late Times ſhall know thy Birth, thy Lays, thy Woes,
Shall read, admire, compaſſionate and praiſe,
And while they give, with Tears bedew, the Bays.

* See p. 178 of his Life; where it alludes to Mr. *Pope*'s uſing the Word *Scoundrel*, which the unhappy *Savage* did not long ſurvive.

On a Child killed by procured Abortion.

O thou! whoſe Eyes were clos'd in Death's pale Night,
Ere Fate reveal'd thee to my aching Sight;
Ambiguous Something by no Standard fix'd,
Frail Span! of Nought and of Exiſtence mix'd;
Embryo, imperfect as my tort'ring Thought,
Sad Outcaſt of Exiſtence and of Nought;
Thou, who to guilty Love firſt ow'dſt thy Frame,
Whom guilty Honour kills to hide its Shame,
Dire Offspring! form'd by Love's too pleaſing Pow'r!
Honour's dire Victim in a luckleſs Hour!
Soften the Pangs that ſtill revenge thy Doom;
Nor, from the dark Abyſs of Nature's Womb,
Where back I caſt thee, let revolving Time
Call up paſt Scenes to aggravate my Crime.
Two adverſe Tyrants rul'd thy wayward Fate;
Thyſelf a helpleſs Victim to their Hate!
Love, Spite of Honour's Dictates, gave thee Birth;
Honour, in Spite of Love, pronounc'd thy Death.

* * *.

On a Father, Mother, and Brother.

Ye ſacred Spirits! while your Friends diſtreſs'd,
Weep o'er your Aſhes, and lament the Bleſs'd;
O let the penſive Muſe inſcribe this Stone,
And with the gen'ral Sorrows mix her own:
The penſive Muſe! who from this mournful Hour
Shall raiſe her Voice, and wake the String no more!
Of Love, of Duty this laſt Pledge receive;
'Tis all a Brother, all a Son, can give.

—— PITT.

St. Gene-

St. Genevieve, Paris.

A la gloire de Dieu,
Et a la Memoire eternelle
D' *Anne-Marie Martinozzi*,
Princeſſe de *Conti*.

Qui detrempee de Monde de l'age de XIX Ans, vendit ſes pierreries pour nourrir pendant la Famine de 1662 les pauvres de *Berri*, de *Champagne*, et de *Picardie*;—pratiqua tous les Auſteritez que ſa Santé peut ſouffrir; demeura Veuve a l'age de XXIX Ans; conſecra les reſtes de ſes jours a elever en Princes cheretiens les Princes ſes Enfans, et a maintenir les Loix Civiles et Eccleſiaſtiques en toutes ſes terres;—ſe reduiſit a une depenſe tres modeſte!—* reſtitua toutes les biens dont l'acquiſition lui fut ſuſpecte, juſqu' a la ſomme de 800,000 Livres *; — diſtribua tout ſon epargne au pauvres dans ſes terres et dans toutes les parties de monde; et paſſa ſoudainement a l'eternité, apres 16 Ans de perſeverance, Febr. 1672.

Agée 35 Ans.
Priez pour Elle.

Louis Armande de *Bourbon*, Prince de *Conti*, et *Francois Louis de Bourbon*, Prince de la *Roche* ſur *Yonne*, ſes Enfans, ont poſe cet Monument.

This Lady was Neice to Cardinal *Mazarine*, which gives Light to that Part of the Inſcription marked with Aſteriſks.

Canterbury Cathedral.

H. S. E.
Thomas Turner, S. T. D.

Eccleſiæ

Ecclesiæ { Beati *Pauli* apud *Londinenses* Canonicus Residentiarius / Deinde *Roffensis* Anno CIↃDCXXXI. / Tandem hujus Christi Cantuarien sis CIↃDCXLIII. } Decanus.

Quem *Carolus Primus* et Archiepiscopus *Laud*
Glorioſi et Sanctiſſimi Martyres,
Sacellanum habuerunt et unâ cum illis fortiſſimum
Confeſſorem ;
Quem Rex in ultimis fere agonibus,
In *Curia Hamptonienſi* et inſulâ *Vectis*,
Unum è paucis fidiſſimum aſcivit ſibi;
Generosâ proſapiâ *Redingiæ*
Natus, ſiquis alter, bono Publico:
Fortunâ, magnâque rerum Copiâ reverenter uſus eſt.

Ingens { Humilitatis profundiſſimæ / Simplicitis Chriſtianiſſimæ / Zeli pro Eccleſia ferventiſſimi } Exemplar.

Calamitates ſub Tyrannide Perduellium animo æquiſſimo toleravit,
Et utriuſque fortunæ expertus,
utrique par exſtitit.
Juxta felicem *Caroli Secundi* reditum
Novas dignitates minimè ambiebat:
Et octagenarius ſenex adhuc in concionibus dominabatur.
Jamque maturus cælo,
Poſt multa immortalia facta, nihil optavit mortale,
Niſi mori in Domino,
Et obiit anno Domini CIↃDCLXXII.
Ætatis ſuæ LXXX.

Tranſlated thus:

'Here lies *Thomas Turner*, D. D. Canon Reſiden-
'tiary of *St. Paul's, London*, Dean of *Rocheſter* in the
'Year 1631, and laſtly, Dean of this Church of *Can-*

'terbury 1643. Whom King *Charles* the First, and 'Archbiſhop *Laud*, glorious and holy Martyrs, re-'tained as Chaplain, and with whom he was a brave 'Confeſſor. Him the King, in his lateſt Troubles, 'at *Hampton-court* and the *Iſle of Wight*, ſelected 'from the few faithful to attend him. He was de-'ſcended from a genteel Family at *Reading*, and born '(if ever Man was) for the public Good. His For-'tune and Affluence of Wealth he uſed with Wiſdom. 'A great Example of profound Humility, Chriſtian 'Simplicity, and moſt fervent Zeal for the Church. 'He bore the Calamities under the Rebels Tyranny, 'with an even Temper of Mind; and having taſted 'of both Fortunes, was unſhaken in both. At the 'happy Reſtoration of King *Charles* the Second, he 'little regarded freſh Dignities; and continued to 'preach to his eightieth Year: And being fit for 'Heaven, after many immortal Actions, he deſired 'nothing mortal, but to die in the Lord. He deceaſed 'in the Year 1672, aged 81 Years.'

In the *Oxford Faſti* I find this Account of him.—'Dr. *Thomas Turner*, was Son of *Thomas Turner* of '*Heckfield* in *Hampſhire*, Alderman and Mayor of '*Reading* in *Berkſhire*, born in the Pariſh of *St.* '*Giles's*, within the ſaid Borough, and admitted Scholar 'of *St. John's* College in *Oxford*, in 1610, being then 'put under the Tuition of Mr. *Will. Juxon*, who was 'afterwards Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*.'—Then the Author proceeds according to the Epitaph.

What Beauty would have lovely ſtil'd,
What Manners pretty, Nature mild,
What Wonder perfect, all were fil'd
Upon Record in this bleſt Child.

And

And till the Coming of the Soul
To fetch the Fleſh, we keep the Roll.

BEN JONSON.

Reader, ſtay;
And if I had no more to ſay,
But here doth lie till the laſt Day
All that is left of *Philip Gray*,
It might your Patience richly pay:
For if ſuch Men as he could die,
What Surety of Life have you and I?

BEN JONSON.

On Maſter * Vincent Corbet.

I have my Piety too, which, could
It vent itſelf but as it would,
Would ſay as much, as both have done
Before me here, the Friend and Son:
For I have loſt a Friend and Father,
Of him whoſe Bones this Grave doth gather:
Dear *Vincent Corbet*, who ſo long
Had wreſtled with Diſeaſes ſtrong,
That though they did poſſeſs each Limb,
Yet he broke *them* ere *they* broke *him*,
With the juſt Canon of his Life;
A Life that knew nor Noiſe nor Striſe:
But was by ſweet'ning ſo his Will,
All Order and Diſpoſure ſtill.
His Mind as pure and neatly kept,
As were his Nurſeries, and ſwept
So of Uncleanneſs, or Offence,
That never came ill Odour thence!
And add his Actions unto theſe
They were as ſpecious as his Trees.

'Tis true, he could not reprehend,
His very Manners taught t'amend,
They were ſo even, grave and holy;
No Stubbornneſs ſo ſtiff, nor Folly
To Licence ever was ſo light,
As twice to treſpaſs in his Sight:
His Look would ſo correct it, when
It chid the Vice, yet not the Men,
Much from him, I profeſs, I won,
And more, and more, I ſhould have done,
But that I underſtood him ſcant,
Now I conceive him by my Want;
And pray who ſhall my Sorrows read,
That they for me their Tears will ſhed;
For truly ſince he left to be,
I feel, I'm rather dead than he!

Reader, whoſe Life and Name did e'er become
An Epitaph, deſerv'd a Tomb:
Nor want it here through Penury or Sloth,
Who makes the one, ſo it be firſt, makes both.

BEN JONSON.

* He was a Gardener, the Father of Biſhop *Corbet*, and lived at *Twickenham*.

If, Paſſenger, thou can'ſt but read:
Stay, drop a Tear for him that's dead:
Henry, the brave young Lord *La Ware*,
Minerva's and the *Muſes*' Care!
What could their Care do 'gainſt the Spite
Of a Diſeaſe that lov'd no Light
Of Honour, nor no Air of Good!
But crept like Darkneſs thro' his Blood,
Offended with the dazzling Flame
Of Virtue, got above his Name?

No

No noble Furniture of Parts,
No Love of Action and high Arts;
No Aim at Glory, or in War,
Ambition to become a Star,
Could ſtop the Malice of this Ill,
That ſpread his Body o'er to kill:
And only his great Soul envy'd,
Becauſe it durſt have noblier dy'd.

BEN JONSON.

This humble Grave tho' no proud Structures grace,
Yet Truth and Goodneſs ſanctify the Place:
Yet blameleſs Virtue that adorn'd thy Bloom,
Lamented Maid! now weeps upon thy Tomb.
~~O ſcap'd from~~ Life! O ſafe on that calm Shore,
Where Sin, and Pain, and Paſſion are no more!
What never Wealth could buy, nor Pow'r decree,
Regard and Pity, wait ſincere on thee;
Lo! ſoft Remembrance drops a pious Tear;
And holy Friendſhip ſtands a Mourner here.

DAVID MALLET.

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* * * * *

How ſtrangely fond of Life poor Mortals be!
Who that ſhall ſee *this Bed* would change with *me?*
Yet, gentle Reader, tell me, which is beſt,
The toilſome Journey, or the Trav'ler's Reſt?

On Mr. Elijah Fenton, *at* Eaſthamſtead *in* Berks, 1730.

* This modeſt Stone, which few vain Marbles can,
May truly ſay, *Here lies an honeſt Man.*

A Poet bleſt beyond the Poet's Fate,
Whom Heav'n kept ſacred from the Proud and Great:
Foe to loud Praiſe, and Friend to learned Eaſe,
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace.
Calmly he lookt on either Life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate Feaſt roſe ſatisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

A. POPE.

——* *This plain Floor*
Believe me, Reader, can ſay more
Than many a braver Marble can,
Here lies a truly honeſt Man.

CRASHAW.

On the young Lord Mount Caſhel.

Children are ſnatcht away ſometimes,
To puniſh Parents for their Crimes;
Thy Mother's Merit was ſo great,
Heav'n haſten'd thy untimely Fate,
To make her Character complete.
Tho' many Virtues fill'd her Breaſt,
'Twas *Reſignation* crown'd the reſt.

MARY BARBER.

In the Chancel of the Church of *Taunton St. Magdalen.*

Here Mr. *Joſeph Allein* lies,
To God and you a Sacrifice.

This Gentleman wrote ſeveral excellent Pieces. He was a Man of great Learning and greater Charity; zealous in his own Way of worſhipping God, but not

not in the leaſt bitter towards any Chriſtians who worſhipped in another Manner. He preſerved a great Reſpect for the Church, notwithſtanding all his Sufferings; and was eminently loyal to his Prince, notwithſtanding the Severity of the Times. *Antony Wood* has treated his Memory very rudely, and betrayed that Spleen he had againſt the Non-conformiſts, *in ſpeaking ill of one, who ſpake ill of no Man.*

St. George's Chappel, at *Windſor.*

Wythin this Chappell lyeth buried *Anne* Duches of *Exetor* Suſter unto the noble Kyng *Edward* the forte, and alſo the Body of Syr *Thomas Sellynger* Knyght, her Huſband, which hath fonde wȳthi this College a chauntre wyth two preſtys ſȳgyng for evȳmore on whoſe ſoule God have mercy. The which *Anne* duches dyed in the yere of our Lord a thouſande CCCCLXXV the dn̄ical letter S.

primū S. XIIII. XI daye of *January.*

On Lady Whitmore.

Fair, kind, and true, a Treaſure each alone;
A Wife, a Miſtreſs, and a Friend in one;
Reſt in this Tomb, rais'd at thy Huſband's Coſt,
Here ſadly-ſumming what he had and loſt.
Come Virgins, ere in equal Bands you join,
Come firſt and offer at her ſacred Shrine;
Pray for but half the Virtues of this Wife,
Compound with all the reſt, with longer Life.
And wiſh your Vows like hers may be return'd,
So lov'd when living, and when dead ſo mourn'd.

J. DRYDEN.

In the Chancel of *Stepney* Church.

Undyr this Ston cloſed and marmorate
Lyeth * *John Kite* Londoner Natyffe;
Encreaſing in Vertues roſe to high Eſtate,
In the fourth *Edward*'s Chappel by his yong Lyffe,
Sith whych the Seventh *Henry*'s Servyce Primatyffe,
Proceding ſtil in virtuous Efficaſe
To be in favor with our King's Grace:
With Wit endowed choſen to be Legate,
Sent into *Spayne* where he right joyfully
Combyned both Prynces in Peace moſt amate:
In *Greece* Arch-Byſhop elected wortheley
And late of *Carliel* rulying paſtorally;
Keepyng nobyl Houſhold with grete Hoſpitality.
One Thouſand five hundred thirty and ſevyn,
Invyterate with Paſtoral Carys, conſumyd wyth Age,
The ninetenth of *Jun*, reckonyd ful evyn
Paſſyd to Hevyn from worldly Pilgrymage;
Of whoſe Soul good Pepul of Cherite
Prey as ye wold be prey'd for, for thus muſt ye lye
Jeſu Mercy Lady help.

* This *John Kite* was titular Archbiſhop of *Thebes*, and Archbiſhop alſo of *Armagh*, in *Ireland*. He was conſecrated to the See of *Carliſle*, A. D. 1520; and received the Temporalities, *Nov.* 11, 1521. He died at *London*, *June* 19, 1537. In his Will, dated *June* the 18th, and proved *June* 21, 1537, he ordered to be buried near his Father's Grave in St. *Margaret*'s Church, *Weſtminſter*; tho' probably he altered his Mind, and appointed to be buried here. According to *Newcourt* he ſeems to have been *Rector of Harlington in Middleſex*. While he ſat Biſhop he built alſo

alſo a Tower at *Roſe-caſtle*, on the Weſt Side; which yet bears his Name.

Waltham-Abbey.

An Epitaph upon the Death of the Righte Worthie Sir *Edward Denny*, Kt. Son of the Righte Honourable Sir *Anthony Denny*, Counſellor of State, and Executor to King *Henry* the Eighth; and of *Joan Chamnon* his Wife, who being of Queen *Elizabeth*'s Privy Chamber, and one of the Council of *Munſter* in *Ireland*, was Governor of *Kerry* and *Diſmondy*, and Colonel of certain *Iriſh* Forces there, departed this Life about the 52d Year of his Age, the 21ſt. *Feb.* 1599.

Here is offered to the View and Conſideration of the diſcreet Reader, a Spectacle of Piety and Pity. The Pity kindly proceeding from a virtuous Lady, Daughter of *Pierce Edgcombe* of *Mounte Edgcombe*, Eſq; and ſome time Maid of Honour to Queen *Elizabeth*, who hath out of mean Fortunes but no mean Affection, produced this Monument dedicated to the Remembrance of her dear Huſband. The Title muſt inwardly be conceived and conſidered in the Perſon of the dead Carcaſs here interred, cut off like a pleaſant Fruit for perfect Ripeneſs. This worthie Knight here repreſented, Religious, Wiſe, Juſt, Liberal, right Valiant, moſt Active, Learning's Friend, Pride's Foe, kindly loving, much beloved, was honoured with the Dignity of Knighthood by due Deſert in the Field, in which Bed of Honour he willingly would have ended his Days; but it pleaſed his moſt merciful Redeemer to bring him to his Grave in Chriſtian Peace; yet ſo far condeſcending to his honourable Deſire, that in his Country's Service he took his deadly Sickneſs. If the Times more happily flouriſh-

ing under gracious *Aſtrea* had been anſwerable to his heroical Deſigns, without all Doubt, he could not but have had (according to the ſtrange *Italian* Proverb) *His Beak greater than his Wings.* I finally refer inquiſitive Searchers into Mens Fame, to the true Report even of the moſt malicious; and recommend the gallant Pattern of his Life, together with his repentant Patience, and aſſured Faith at the Point of his Death, to his own and to all Poſterity.——

Learn, curious Reader, whom you paſs,
Your once Sir *Edward Denny* was
A Courtier of the Chamber, a Soldier of the Field,
Whoſe Tongue could never flatter, whoſe Heart could never yealde.

When the old flaming Prophet climb'd the Sky,
Who had one Glimpſe did vaniſh and not dye,
He made more Preface to a Death than this,
So far from Sick, ſhe did not breathe amiſs:
She, who to Heav'n more Heaven doth annex,
Whoſe loweſt Thought was all above our Sex,
Accounted Death nothing but t' be repriev'd,
And dy'd as free from Sickneſs as ſhe liv'd.
Others are dragg'd away, or muſt be driven,
She only ſaw her Time, and ſtept to Heaven:
Where Seraphim view all her Glories o'er,
As one return'd that had been there before.
For while ſhe did this lower World adorn,
Her Body ſeem'd rather aſſum'd than born;
So rarified, advanc'd, ſo pure and whole,
That Body might have been another's Soul.
And equally a Miracle it were
That ſhe could die or that ſhe could live here.

WM. CARWRIGHT.

Waltham

Waltham-Abbey.

Here lyeth *John* and *Joan Creſſey*
On whos Sowls Jeſu have Mercy. Amen.
Of your Cheritye for us and all Chriſtian Sowls,
Say a Paternoſter and an Ave.
On lyve when we wer God ſent us ſpaſe,
To yink on him and of his grete graſe,
For as we be both body and faſe,
So both mor and leſs muſt be in lik Caſe.
In piteous aray as now you ſee,
It is no nay, ſo ſal ye be.
Yourſelf make mon, or ye bin gon, and pray for us,
Wythout deley, paſt is the dey, we may not prey for you;
its thus.
Whylſt yat you mey, both night and day, look yat you prey,
Jeſu of Graſe,
When ye bin gon, help is ther non, wherefore yink on;
Whyl ye have Spaſe.

Weſtminſter Abbey.

Edmund D. of *Buckingham*,

Died in the Nineteenth Year of his Age, 1735.

If modeſt Youth with cool Reflection crown'd,
And ev'ry op'ning Virtue blooming round,
Could ſave a Parent's juſteſt Pride from Fate,
Or add one Patriot to a ſinking State:
This weeping Marble had not aſk'd thy Tear,
Or ſadly told, how many Hopes lie here!
The living Virtue now had ſhone approv'd,
The Senate heard him, and his Country lov'd.

Yet ſofter Honours, and leſs noiſy Fame
Attend the Shade of gentle *BUCKINGHAM:*
In whom a Race for Courage fam'd, and Art,
Ends in the milder Merit of the Heart;
And, Chiefs or Sages long to *Britain* giv'n,
Pays the laſt Tribute of a Saint to Heav'n.

A. POPE.

The following Lines on this Nobleman I met with in Manuſcript; but I know not the Author;

Hail, *Patriot Youth!* loſt in Life's Bloom,
In Virtue's Shrine with Honour ſleep;
While at thy conſecrated Tomb
The Muſes and the Graces weep.

But never ſhall thy Mem'ry die;
All at thy Urn ſhall that revere;
Who honours Worth ſhall heave a Sigh,
Who *Britain* loves, ſhall drop a Tear.

York Cathedral.

O merciful Jeſu, that browght Man Sowl from Hell,
Have Merci on the Sowll of *Jane Belle.*

Thunderidge in the Vale, Hertfordſhire.

Here lieth the Body of *Roger Gardiner,* elder Son of *Edward Gardiner,* Eſq; and *Martha,* his Wife; who departed this Life the 13th of *April,* 1658. Aged 21 Years, and 9 Months.

Roger lies here before his Hour,
Thus doth the *Gardiner* loſe his Flow'r.

Hampſtead.

Hampſtead.

Underneath whereas you ſee
There lies the Body of *Simon Tree.*
Who departed this Life *Auguſt* the 12th, 1722, in the 64th Year of his Age.

Ockham, in *Surrey.*

John Sprong
Dyed *November* XVII.
M.DCCXXXVI.
Aged LX.

Fell'd by Death's ſurer Hatchet here lies *Sprong,*
Who many a ſturdy Oak has laid along;
Poſts oft he made, yet ne'er a *Place* could get;
And liv'd by *railing,* tho' he was no Wit:
Old *Saws* he had, altho' no Antiquarian;
Stiles he *corrected,* yet was no Grammarian.
Long liv'd he *Ockham*'s premier Architect;
And laſting as his Fame a Tomb t'erect,
In vain we ſeek an Artiſt ſuch as He,
Whoſe Pales and Gates were for Eternity.
Here doth he reſt from all Life's Cares and Follies;
O ſpare, kind Heav'n, his Fellow-Lab'rer *Hollis.*

The Lord ſaw good, I was lopping of Wood,
And down fell from the Tree,
I met with a Check, and I broke my Neck,
And ſo Death lopp'd off me.

St. Margaret's, Weſtminſter.

To the Memory of the late deceaſed Virgin, Mrs. *Elizabeth Hereicke.*

Sweet Virgin, that I do not ſet
Thy Grave-Verſe up in mournful Jet,
Or dappled Marble, let thy Shade
Not wrathfull ſeeme, or fright the Maid,
Who hither at her weeping Howers,
Shall come to ſtrew thy Earth with Flowers:
No: know, bleſt Soule, when there's not one
Remainder left of Braſſe, or Stone:
Thy living Epitaph ſhall be
Though loſt in them yet found in me:
Deare, in thy Bed of Roſes then,
Till this World ſhall diſſolve (as Men)
Sleepe: while we hide thee from the Light,
Drawing thy Curtains round.—*Good Night.*

Here lies the laſt King *Charles* of *Spain*,
Who all his Life ne'er made Campaign:
He made no Children, Girl, nor Boy,
Nor gave two Wives one nuptial Joy.
What has this valiant Prince then done,
Who long poſſeſt ſo vaſt a Throne?
E'en nothing, neither good nor ill,
Nay, not ſo much as made his Will.

On an Infant.

To the dark and ſilent Tomb,
Soon I haſted from the Womb;

Scarce

Scarce the Dawn of Life began,
Ere I meaſur'd out my Span.
I no ſmiling Pleaſures knew,
I no gay Delights could view;
Joyleſs Sojourner was I,
Only born to weep and die.
" Happy Infant! early bleſt!
" Reſt, in peaceful Slumber, reſt;
" Early reſcu'd from the Cares
" Which increaſe with growing Years.
" No Delights are worth thy Stay,
" Smiling as they ſeem and gay;
" All our Gaiety is vain,
" All our Laughter is but Pain."
Are then all your Pleaſures vain?
Is there none exempt from Pain?
Is there no Delight, or Joy,
But your fondeſt Hopes will cloy?
" Short and fickly are they all,
" Hardly taſted ere they pall:
" Laſting only, and divine,
" Is an Innocence like thine."
Sickly Pleaſures, all adieu!
Pleaſures, which I never knew!
I'll enjoy my early Reſt,
Of my Innocence poſſeſt:
Happy! happy! from the Womb,
That I haſted to the Tomb.

Oakham, Rutlandſhire.

Anne, the Daughter of
Andrew Burton, of *Oakham*, Eſq;
Fellow of *Grayes-Inn*,
Departed this Life *June* 19, A. D. 1642, Æt. 15.

Reader,

Reader, ſtand back; dull not this Marble Shrine
With irreligious Breath: the Stone's divine,
And does encloſe a Wonder; Beauty, Wit,
Devotion, and Virginity with it.
Which like a Lilly fainting in its Prime,
Wither'd and left the World; deceitful Time
Cropt it too ſoon: And Earth, the ſelf-ſame Womb
From whence it ſprung is now become the Tomb.
Whoſe ſweeter Soul, a Flow'r of matchleſs Price,
Tranſplanted is from hence to Paradiſe.

On Sir Robert Cotton, *the Antiquary.*

Poſterity hath many Fates bemoan'd,
But Ages long ſince paſt for thee have groan'd;
Time's Trophies thou did'ſt reſcue from the Grave,
Who, in thy Death, a ſecond Burial have.
Cotton, Death's Conqueſt now compleat I ſee,
Who ne'er had vanquiſht all Things, but in thee!

T. RANDOLPH.

On Sir George Speke.

Under this Stone lies Virtue, Youth,
Unblemiſh'd Probity, and Truth;
Juſt unto all Relations known;
A worthy Patriot, pious Son;
Whom neighbouring Towns ſo often ſent
To give their Senſe in Parliament;
With Lives, and Fortunes, truſting one,
Who ſo diſcreetly us'd his own.
Sober he was, wiſe, temperate,
Contented with an old Eſtate,
Which no foul Av'rice did increaſe,
Nor wanton Luxury make leſs:

While

While yet but young, his Father dy'd,
And left him to an happy Guide:
Not *Lemuel*'s Mother with more Care,
Did counſel, or inſtruct her Heir;
Or teach with more Succeſs her Son
The Vices of the Time to ſhun.
An Heireſs ſhe, while yet alive,
All that was hers, to him did give.
And he, juſt Gratitude to ſhow,
To one that had oblig'd him ſo,
Nothing too much for her he thought,
By whom he was ſo bred, and taught;
So (early made that Path to tread,
Which did his Youth to Honour lead)
His ſhort Life did a Pattern give,
How Neighbours, Huſbands, Friends ſhould live.
The Virtues of a private Life
Exceed the glorious Noiſe and Strife
Of Battles won; in thoſe we find
The ſolid Int'reſt of Mankind.
Approv'd by all, and lov'd ſo well,
Tho' young, like Fruit that's ripe, he fell.

EDM. WALLER.

St. Clement's Danes, London.

Here lie the Remains of
Honeſt JOE MILLER,
who was
A tender Huſband,
A ſincere Friend,
A facetious Companion,
And an excellent Comedian.
He departed this Life, the 15th Day of *Auguſt*, 1738,
Aged 54 Years.

If

If Humour, Wit, and Honeſty could ſave
The Hum'rous, Witty, Honeſt, from the Grave,
The Grave had not ſo ſoon this Tenant found,
Whom Honeſty and Wit and Humour crown'd.

Or could Eſteem and Love preſerve our Breath,
And guard us longer from the Stroke of Death;
The Stroke of Death on him had later fell,
Whom all Mankind eſteem'd and lov'd ſo well.

S. DUCK.

Here reſts his Head upon the Lap of Earth,
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble Birth,
And Melancholy markt him for her own.

Large was his Bounty, and his Soul ſincere;
Heav'n did a Recompence as largely ſend:
He gave to Want—'twas all he had—a Tear;
He gain'd from Heav'n — 'twas all he wiſh'd — a Friend.

No farther ſeek his Merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his Frailties from their dread Abode;
(Where they alike in trembling Hope repoſe)
The Boſom of his Father and his God.

—— GRAY.

St. Lawrence, Jury, London.

William Bird died the 2d of *October*, 1698, aged four Years.

One charming *Bird* to *Paradiſe* is flown,
Yet are we not of Comfort quite bereft;

Since

Since one of this fair Brood is ſtill our own,
And ſtill to chear our drooping Soul is left.
This ſtays with us, whilſt that his Flight doth take,
That Earth and Skies may one ſweet Concert make.

St. Paul's Cathedral.

Here lieth Sir *Chriſtopher Wren*, Kt. Builder of this Cathedral Church of St. *Paul*, &c. who died in the Year of our Lord, 1723, Ætat. 91.

On the Wall above the Tomb-ſtone.

Subitus conditur hujus Eccleſiæ et Urbis conditor, *Chriſtophorus Wren*, qui vixit Annos ultra Nonaginta, non ſibi, ſed bono Publico. Lector, ſi Monumentum requiris, circumſpice. Obiit 25 *Feb. Anno* 1723. Ætat. 91.

Weſtminſter-Abbey.

Mr. *William Congreve* died *Jan.* the 19. 1728. aged 56, and was buried near this Place; to whoſe moſt valuable Memory this Monument is ſet up by *Henrietta* Dutcheſs of *Marlborough*, as a Mark how dearly ſhe remembers the Happineſs and Honour ſhe enjoyed in the ſincere Friendſhip of ſo worthy and honeſt a Man, whoſe Virtue, Candour, and Wit gained him the Love and Eſteem of the preſent Age, and whoſe Writings will be the Admiration of the Future.

Of gentleſt Manners ever form'd to pleaſe;
The mildeſt Temper, ever bleſt with Eaſe;

An

An humble Mind,—a gay and generous Heart—
Good without Shew,—and lovely without Art—
Without one Thought, but did from Virtue flow;
Without one Wiſh, but ſuch as Heav'n might know;
Glad to oblige, and fearful to offend—
A kind Companion, and a faithful Friend;
To cover little Failings ever prone,
Blind to all others, conſcious of her own.
Fond to give Praiſes, ſtill her own would be
The only Merit which ſhe could not ſee:
To ev'ry Vanity ſo much a Foe;
She lov'd that Virtue which ſhe bluſh'd to ſhew.
In Life's fair Spring, ſo Heav'n ordain'd her Doom,
Untimely hurry'd to the ſilent Tomb.
If Beauty aſks—If Virtue claims a Tear—
Stop, gentle Paſſenger—and ſhed it here.

Here Innocence and Beauty lies; whoſe Breath
Was ſnatch'd by *early*, not *untimely*, Death;
Hence was ſhe ſnatch'd, juſt as ſhe did begin
Sorrow to know—before ſhe knew to ſin.
Death that can Sin and Sorrow thus prevent,
Is the next Bleſſing to a Life well ſpent.

Ripe in Virtue, green in Years,
Here a matchleſs Maid lies low;
None could read and ſpare their Tears,
Did they but her Sweetneſs know.
Humbly wiſe, and meekly good,
No earthly Lover's Arms ſhe bleſt,
But, full of Grace, her Saviour woo'd,
And hid her Bluſhes in his Breaſt.

On

On an Undertaker.

Here lyeth *Robin Maſters*.—Faith 'twas hard,
To take away our honeſt *Robin*'s Breath.
Yet ſurely *Robin* was full well *prepar'd*;
Robin was always *looking out for Death.*

For one who would not be buried in Weſtminſter-Abbey.

Heroes and Kings! your Diſtance keep;
In Peace let one poor Poet ſleep,
Who never flatter'd Folks like you;
Let *Horace* bluſh and *Virgil* too.

A. POPE.

On a large fat Phyſician.

Take heed, O good Trav'ler and do not tread hard,
For here lies Dr. *Str—tf—rd* in all this Church-yard.

Peterborough Cathedral.

July 2, 1594, R. S. Ætatis 98.

You ſee old *Scarlet*'s Picture ſtand on high,
But at your Feet there doth his Body lie;
His Grave-ſtone doth his Age and Death-time ſhow;
His Office by theſe Tokens you may know.
Second to none for Strength and ſturdy Limb,
A Scare-babe mighty Voice with Viſage grim;
He had interr'd two Queens within this Place,
And this Town's Houſeholders in his Life's Space

Twice

Twice over; but at length his own Turn came;
What he for others did, for him the ſame
Was done; no Doubt his Soul doth live for aye
In Heav'n; though here his Body's clad in Clay.

Norwich Cathedral.

Here lies the Body of honeſt *Tom Page*,
Who died in the 33d Year of his Age.

St. Bennet's, G. C. London.

Prey for the Saulygs of *Henry Donne*, and *Joan*, his Wyf, theyr Fadyrs, theyr Modyrs, Bredyrs, and good Frendys; and of all Chriſtian Saulygs; Jeſu have Mercy. Amen. Who departyd this Lif 1491.

St. Botolph, Biſhopſgate.

On the 10*th of* Auguſt, Anno 1626, *was interred without the Verge of the conſecrated Burial Ground in* Petty France, *the Body of* Hadgi Shaughſware, *a* Perſian *Merchant; whoſe Son, according to the Cuſtom of his Country, daily repaired to his Grave for the Space of a Month, where he performed divers Prayers and Ceremonies over the Defunct. But being diſturbed by the Populace, he diſcontinued his Funeral Devotions, and erected a Monument to his Father's Memory, with a* Perſian *Inſcription, Engliſh'd thus:*

This Grave is made for *Hadgi Shaughſware*, the chiefeſt Servant to the King of *Perſia*, for the Space of 20 Years; who came from the King of *Perſia*, and

and died in his Service. If any *Perſian* cometh out of that Country, let him read this, and a Prayer for him, the Lord receive his Soule; for here lyeth *Hadgi Maghmote Shaughſware*, who was born in the Town of *Novoy*, in *Perſia*.

St. Anne's, Alderſgate, L.

Peter Heiwood, younger Son of *Peter Heiwood*, one of the Counſellors of *Jamaica*, by *Grace*, Daughter of Sir *John Muddeford*, Knight and Baronet, Great Grandſon to *Peter Heiwood* of *Haywood*, in the County Palatine of *Lancaſter*; who apprehended *Guy Faux*, with his *dark Lanthorn*. And for his zealous Proſecution of Papiſts, as Juſtice of Peace, was ſtabb'd in *Weſtminſter-hall*, by *John James*, a *Dominican Frier*, Anno Dom. 1640. Obiit *Novem.* 2. 1701.

Reader, if not a Papiſt bred,
Upon ſuch Aſhes gently tread.

St. Antony's, London.

Such as I am, ſuch ſhall ye bee,
Grocer of *London*, ſomtym was I.
The King's Weigher more than Yeres Twentie
Simon Street callyd in my Plas,
And good Fellowſhypp fayn would tras.
Therefor in Heaven everlaſtyng Lif
Jeſu ſend me and *Agnes* my Wyff.
Kerli Merli, my Words were tho,
And *Deo Gratias*, I added thereto.
I paſſyd to God in the Yere of Graſe
A Thouſand Four hundryd juſt hit was.

All-Saints

All-Saints Church, *Stamford.*

Sub hoc marmore
poſitæ ſunt reliquiæ
Thomæ Trueſdale de *Stanford*, Generoſi,
plurimis noti, omnibus chari,
ſuis chariſſimi.
In Legum *Anglicanarum* uſu, et Curiarum praxi
apprime verſatus, et peritiâ ſuâ
honeſtè alios æque ac ſe ditavit.
Egenis adhuc ſuperſtes, ſæpe dedit;
cum moriebatur, ſemper.
In vico vicino *Anglice Scotgate*,
Hoſpitium ſtatuit,
propriam domum ſex pauperibus in perpetuo;
eandemque domum in agro *Lincolnienſi*
Ad *Baſton* et *Morton*, cum fundis dotavit.
Fama ejus occulto, velut arbor,
ævo creſcit, creſcetque;
dignum laude virum.
charitas (muſa melior vetat mori)
Si Gravitas, ſi Sobrietas, ſi mentis Honeſtas
Pulcrum homini nomen præbeat, ipſe tulit.
Obiit 23° *Octobris*,
Anno 1700.

St. Martin's Church, *Stamford.*

Deo optimo, maximo, et memoriæ ſacrum,
Honoratiſſim. et longe clariſſim *D. Gulielm. Cecili'*, Baro de *Burghley*, ſumm' *Angliæ* Theſauri', Curiæ Pupillor' Præfect', *Georgiani* Ordinis Eques auratus, Sereniſſimæ *Elizabethæ*, *Angliæ*, &c. Reginæ a Sanctioribus Conſiliis, et Academiæ *Cantabrigienſis* Cancelari', ſub hoc tumulo ſecundum *Chriſti*, adventum manet,

Qui

Qui ob eximias animi dotes, primum a Secretis fuit *Edwardo* ſexto *Angliæ* regi, deinde Reginæ *Eliſabe-thæ*; ſub qua, in maximis et graviſſimis hujus Reg-ni cauſis ſpectat' et imprimis probat', veram religionem promovendo, Reipublicæ ſaluti et dignitati providendo, conſilio, æquitate, conſtan-tia, magniſque in remp. meritis, honores conſe-cutus ſummos, cum Naturæ et Gloriæ ſatis, Patriæ autem parum, vixiſſet;

Placide in *Chriſto* obdormivit.

Uxores habuit duas, *Mariam*, Sororem *Johannis Cheeke* Equitis aurati; è quâ genuit filium unicum, *Thomam* nunc Baronem de *Burghley*; et *Mildre-dam*, filiam *Antonii Cooke*, equitis aurati; quæ illi peperit *Robertum Cecilium* Equitem aura-tum, Reg. *Eliſabethæ* a Secretis, et Curiæ Pupil-lorum Præfectum; *Annam*, enuptam *Edwardo* Comiti *Oxoniæ*; et *Elizabetham*, *Gulielmo Went-worth*, filio primogenito Baronis *Wentworth*.

Lord *Burleigh* lived in a very hoſpitable Manner, and conſtantly beſtowed in Alms five hundred Pounds a Year. He was highly reſpected by the Nobility, and endeavoured always to advance Men of Merit. He was ſtrict in his Devotions, kind to his Friends, gentle to his Enemies, averſe to Pomp, temperate in Diet, and impenetrably ſecret. He was a Man of extraordinary Worth and Abilities; who (not to men-tion his venerable Preſence and Aſpect, which had a commanding Sweetneſs in them) was ſo formed by Nature, and poliſhed by Education, that for all the Qualities of a Stateſman, adorned with all the Virtues of a private Man and a Chriſtian, he had no ſuperior: And was one of thoſe few, who both lived and died with Glory. By his firſt Wife, *Mary*, Siſter of Sir *John Cheeke*, he had *Thomas*, afterwards Earl of *Exeter*; and by his ſecond Wife *Mildred*, one of the Daughters of Sir *Anthony Cooke*, he had *Robert*, after-

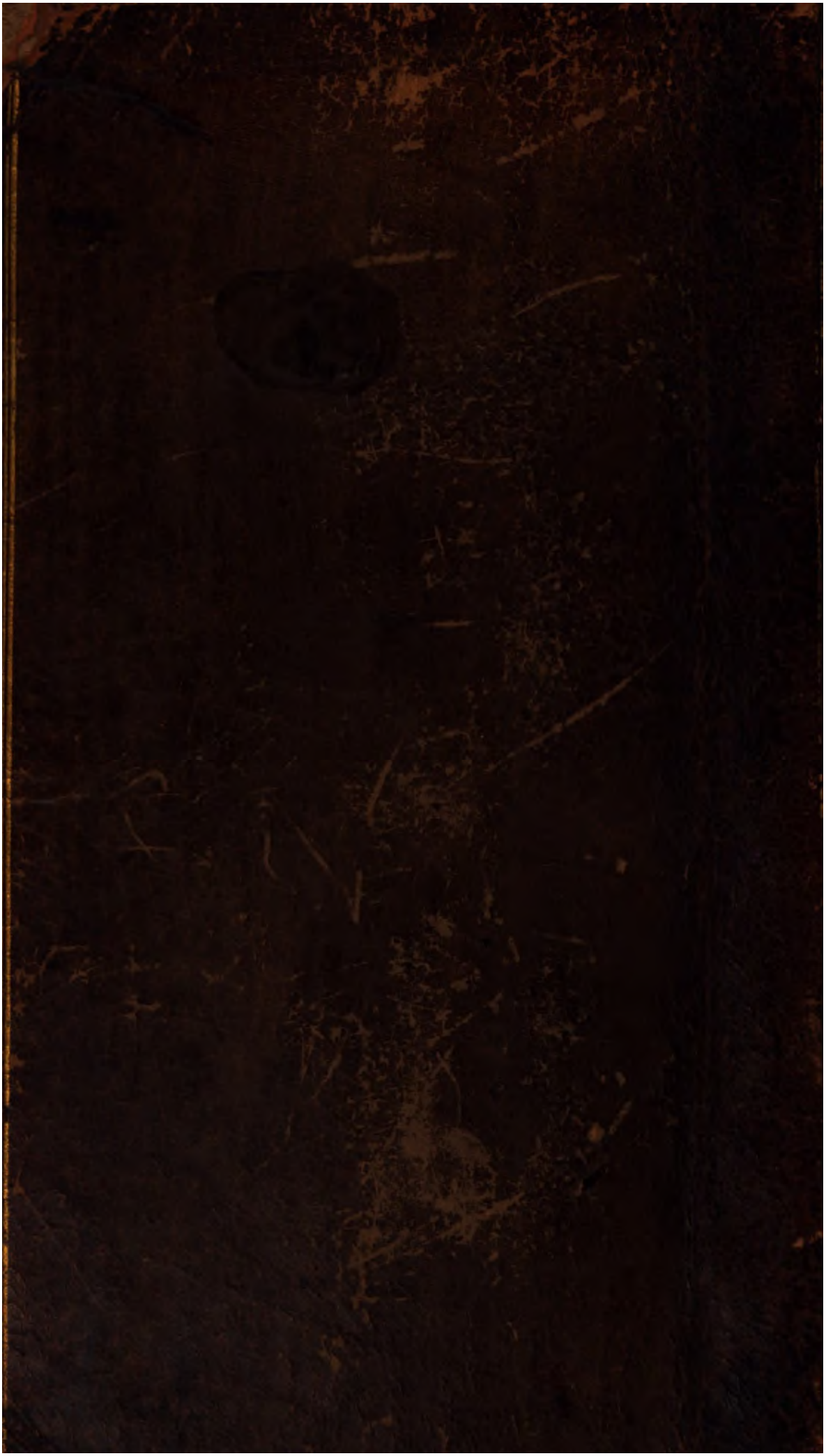
wards

wards Earl of *Salisbury*, and Lord High Treaſurer of *England*, in the Reign of *James* I. and two Daughters; *Anne*, married to *Edward* Earl of *Oxford*, and *Elizabeth*, married to *William*, Heir to the Lord *Wentworth*; and three other Children, who all died young.

T. BIRCH.

St. Alban's, Hertfordſhire.

Sacred to the Memory of Mrs. *Barbara Griffith*, late Wife to *Edward Griffith*, Eſq; Daughter of *Richard Jenyns*, late of *St. Alban's*, Eſq; who died at *London* the 22d Day of *March* 1678. in the 37th Year of her Age; having left one Daughter named *Barbara*.

Youth, Beauty, Virtue here intomb'd doth lie
O Death, luxurious in Cruelty,
Glutted with Age, and Vice thy common Prey,
How greedily this Life thou'ſt ſnatch'd away,
Which Vertue and good Manners did ſo grace,
Whoſe Death doth ſweeten and adorn this Place,
And cheers the Aſhes of her ancient Race.
This Virtue diſappoints Death's cruel Skill;
They only die *untimely* who die *ill*.
Whoſe early Steps the ſacred Height do climb,
'Tis juſt their Happineſs begin betime.

The END *of the* FIRST VOLUME.