

**AN ENTIRE NEW AND IMPROVED
EDITION OF MORAL AND INTERESTING
EPITAPHS: AND REMARKABLE
MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS; WITH
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649321025

An Entire New and Improved Edition of Moral and Interesting Epitaphs: And remarkable monumental inscriptions; with miscellaneous poems by William Henney

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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WILLIAM HENNEY

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Epitaphs,
AND
REMARKABLE MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS;
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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,
&c. &c.

BY WILLIAM HENNEY
OF HAMMERSMITH.

What numerous Monuments arise over the cold bosoms that warmly received us; that shared our councils, our ambitions, our pleasures and our hearts, their EPITAPHS collected would make a Volume;—a Volume how instructive if read aright!—A friend's monument is a friend's legacy; and a richer to the considerate, than any a parchment can convey.—*DR. YOUNG'S CENTAUR.*

Seventh Edition, with Additions.

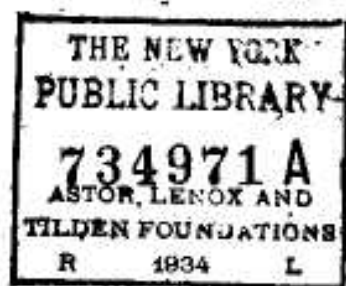
PRINTED FOR, AND SOLD ONLY BY, THE EDITOR, AND
AT HIS HOUSE, 8, CHAPEL PLACE, HAMMERSMITH.

LONDON: PRINTED BY J. TEUTEN, DEAN STREET, SOHO.

1830.

[Price One Shilling.]

MW.



ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Reader.

THE Editor, most grateful to the Public for past Favours, again presents them with a new and improved Edition of MORAL AND INTERESTING EPITAPHS, earnestly hoping it will be considered worthy of their Patronage and Approbation.

That celebrated Moralist and truly classical Writer, Mr. Addison, writing on the Subject of Epitaphs, expresses himself in the following words; which are so apposite and pertinent to the subject, that the Editor trusts his Readers will be pleased at their introduction in this Advertisement.

“ When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the Epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-

stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of parents themselves, I see the vanity of grieving for those whom they must quickly follow; when I see Kings lying by those that deposed them—When I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factious and debates of mankind; when I read the several dates of the tombs of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that Great Day, when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.”

In conclusion; the Editor begs leave to state, that should the present selection meet with the approbation of his Readers, it will be to him a high gratification, and operate as a stimulus to renewed exertions for their amusement

An Entire New and Improved Edition of
MORAL AND INTERESTING
Epitaphs,

§c. §c.



On RICHARD CHAPMAN, *who died, April, 1829.*

Seek first the Lord, be timely wise,
Truth, Virtue, and Religion prize ;
For these extend beyond the tomb,
And will through endless ages bloom.

Brighton.

*On the Infant Son of John and Susannah Ashley,
Aged 9 Months, Written by his Mother.*

'Twas Adam's Curse that laid me here,
Sever'd from every earthly tie,
'Twas Jesu's blood that cleansed my soul
And placed it safe on high.
Mourn not, the casket's only here,
The Jewel's far beyond your Care,
A beauteous Gem in Heaven to shine,
Made glorious by a hand divine,
Where now I wait to meet, above,
Those saved like me, by Jesu's blood.

Brighton.

*On Charles Lathan, Gent., Attorney, Aged 39
Years, in Hendon Church Yard, Middlesex.*

Whate'er thy haste, a Moment cease from strife,
To learn the uncertain *Tenure* of thy Life :
Say not, because thou'rt healthy, strong and young,
That thou hast therefore many years to come ;
However bright thy prospects may appear
'Twill hardly equal his that's bury'd here :
His rosy Cheeks outbloom'd the blushing Morn
Redundant health sat smiling in his form,
When by *Ejectment* at the *Suit* of Death ,
He lost the Life that vanish'd with his breath.
Know Friend, *Man holds at Will*, and dearly pays
A *Rent* of Pain and Sorrow all his days,
In Life no Term hast thou, alas! tis clear
Not e'en a Tenancy from year to year ;
Thou *hold'st at by Tenure of the basest cast*
And without *Notice* must *depart* at last :
Vain were thy boast, presumptuous to rely
On Health and Strength ; Go, Go, prepare to die!

*To the Beloved Memory of Mary Eleonora
Burdett, of Ramsbury Manor, who died Nov. 27,
1797, Aged 26 Years.—This Tablet is inscribed
by her Brother, Sir Francis Burdett, Bart.*

Not formal duty prompts these mournful lays
No painted show of grief these lines impart
No cold, unfeeling, stale, insipid praise,
But sorrow flowing from the o'er-fraught heart.
No need hast thou of Monumental verse,
Lamented maid, to prove thy worth was high,
The widows' tears adorn thy Maiden hearse,
Thy name is honour'd with the heartfelt sigh.

Alas! Alas! that feeling heart is cold,
 That Liberal hand, that gave to all relief,
 That tongue, whose sweetness never can be told,
 Which charm'd our ears and sooth'd our sharpest grief.
 If thou canst look, bright angel, from above,
 Erst to thy God thou bend'st thy adoring knee,
 Accept this tribute of a Brother's love,
 And in thy orisons remember me.



*On Miss COUPELAND, who was killed by
 the blowing down of a Wall on going to Church
 to be Bride's Maid at a Wedding, on Sunday,
 Nov. 9, 1800, Aged 19 Years.*

Underneath this turf, in dust is laid,
 A blooming and a virtuous maid;
 In virtue's path she always tread,
 And trusted in Almighty God.
 For virtue, modesty, and truth,
 A perfect pattern was for youth;
 She lived in love, and fear'd the Lord,
 We hope her soul has met reward;
 Lamented was, by great and small,
 Was crushed underneath a blown down wall,
 Going to church on the Lord's day;
 This maid's sweet life was snatch'd away,
 A tender mother left to mourn,
 Enough to wound the heart of stone;
 God grant his blessing to be given,
 For them to meet again in Heaven.
 Short was thy life, fair flower, how soon removed,
 Sudden thy summons to the realms above.
 Vain man as well on sands may structures raise,
 As build on easy youth or length of days;