right by a head-stone to Francis Mary Allison and her husband), if we look directly northward, we see, in the fourth row of graves above an upper path running here, two shrubs at the head of a grave, between which is a painted tablet, bearing the name of William Spears, who died August 4, 1850, aged 85. Mr. William Spears for many years kept a small cook-shop in North-street, next to that of Messrs. Bowen and Williams, ironmongers (now Reed's). He was formerly man-cook to the late Duke of Northumberland, at Alnwick, and to the late Lord Viscount Gage, of Firle, in this County, and was well known and much respected in Brighton, being highly-educated and having travelled a great deal in his early youth. He was full of anecdotes of fashionable life; of the haunts and homes of old London worthies; and a complete "Sir Oracle" in all matters theatrical—his memory and experience carrying him back to the days of George Frederick Cooke and "Jack" Bannister. In his latter days Mr. Spears was supported by the eleemosynary aid of his old friends,—the present Lord Gage being an occasional contributor to his wants.

We will here close our note-book, and, retracing our steps into the Cemetery proper, pass homewards down the path leading into the valley, where are many very beautiful memorials, which we purpose to notice in another "Stroll."

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STROLLS &c.

FIRST SERIES.

JUNE, 1864.

III.

The planting of trees,—at least, to any extent,—in our Churchyards, and the practice of decorating with flowers the graves of the departed, may be said to be, with us English, of recent origin. The charm of the village churchyard does not consist in these, but rather in the simplicity and air of quiet repose that pervades and surrounds it. Indeed, in many country churchyards there are few if any trees, and in others only the immemorial yew is to be seen* or the ivy over the

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* Mr. M. A. Lower, in answer to the enquiry, "Why were yew trees first planted in churchyards?" says, "The great age of these trees in some churchyards forbids the idea of their having been planted subsequently to the erection of the buildings, or any others consecrated to the same forms of faith that may have occupied their sites. According to the eminent botanist, De Candolle, the yews at Fountains Abbey and Crowhurst are each 1,200 years old;—that of Fortingal, in Scotland, 1,400,—while a fine specimen of the Taxus baccata at Brabourne in Kent must, according to the same authority, have been contemporary with Solomon's Temple, having reached what Fuller would have called the "stupendous antiquity" of thirty centuries. We know that it was the tempting policy of Augustine and the Roman missionaries to congregate at many of the Pagan superstitions which they found on their advent into
porch; while the graves themselves, where uncovered by stones, have no other decoration than that which Nature furnishes in the green turf and the wild flowers springing from its bosom.

But it will hardly be asserted that even these unadorned resting-places of the dead would suffer in their rural charms and associations by the addition of trees and flowers, in accordance with a practice becoming more and more prevalent among us since the formation of Cemeteries, and which, in our own crowded parish churchyard, has, so far as trees are concerned, been well acted upon. In a few years the graves even on this bleak, exposed spot will have their shade in summer—their shelter in winter.

With respect to flowers, they are so blended with all our softer thoughts and feelings—they enter so intimately into the better part of our every-day life, purifying and refining it—they have so much that is emblematic of our own transitory existence, that it was but a natural sequence to associate them with the memorials of those who have passed away; and it will, we are sure, be a source of pleasure to all who pass through our local Cemeteries to note how much the practice obtains, and with what good taste and delicate feeling it has been carried out. Many of the graves—and not infrequently the humblest—are kept and decorated with exquisite taste;

Britain. Predilections for sacred sites and objects were indulged. Thus a Druidical fountain lost none of its virtues in the popular mind if dedicated as a holy well to some saint, and many of the earliest churches arose upon spots previously dedicated to Pagan worship, as within a Druidical circle. I think it is highly probable, therefore, that from this feeling some churches may have been built in immediate proximity to sacred yews, and that afterwards—a symbolical meaning having been attached to the tree—it became customary to plant them in churchyards generally.

and the flowers and shrubs have been generally selected with a true perception of their emblematic meaning.

But we must pursue the more immediate object of our Stroll.

On reaching the top of the carriage road and avenue leading into the grounds of the Extra-Mural Cemetery, immediately before us, under some pleasant trees, is a beautiful obelisk, of polished red granite, which bears the name of a gentleman who enjoyed in a high degree the respect and confidence of his fellow-townsmen—Daniel Manthorpe Folkard. Mr. Folkard was a most intelligent, high-minded, and active public man; for some 40 years he was connected with almost every movement of interest to the town. He filled the office of High Constable in 1831; was for many years Chairman of the Police Committee under the old Commissioners; and under the Municipality he was appointed a Borough Magistrate. Almost all our local charitable institutions received from Mr. Folkard both liberal and active support—the County Hospital especially; he also held high honorary office in the Royal Almshouse Lodge of Freemasons in this town. In all the relations of private life, Mr. Folkard possessed the love and esteem of a numerous family and a large circle of friends; and we may say, in the words of an obituary notice, that he was "a citizen whose qualities reflected honour on the town in which he lived and the class to which he belonged." The names of other deceased members of the family are inscribed on the pedestal.

To the right of Mr. Folkard's tomb, is a cenotaph to another almost equally active public man—Mr. William Beecham, and who filled various public offices with much credit and efficiency. Mr. Beecham was also for some years the manager of the Brighton Water Works Company. His painfully sudden death, some six years since, excited general sympathy, and was felt to be a public loss.
Still more to the right is a white marble grave-stone, with cross at its head, to Elizabeth, wife of H. Hopkins, Esq.

We must step behind this tomb for a moment, just to look at the pretty grave (with a white marble cross at the head) on the greensward a few yards to the north-east. From the inscription on the cross, we learn that beneath lie two children of George and Elizabeth Attree. The grave is beautifully kept, and is decorated with choice and appropriate flowers; none more so than the pretty beds of innocent woodruff, so sweetly emblematic of the feelings of the bereaved towards the departed little ones—

"For the woodruff breathes no perfume as it blossoms in its bed,
Its fragrant incense rises not till withering and dead."

When we saw it, a freshly-gathered bouquet of beautiful flowers lay at the base of the cross; and we believe that this offering of love is never wanting to this spot.

To the westward of this grave, a fine cenotaph (8 ft. in height, and 5 ft. square at the base) is in course of erection (by Chapman), to the memory of "Ann Joanna Stent." This estimable lady was well known to the poor of the north part of the town, to whom she was endeared by her many acts of charity. She had also for some time previous to her death (with the assistance of friends) taught and clothed thirty poor girls connected with St. Peter's Church School. On the day of the funeral, we are told, the children assembled at the grave, and at the conclusion of the service testified their respect by singing over the remains of their lamented benefactress. In the same grave lies Mary Ann, "thirty-eight years the dearly-beloved and affectionate wife of Matthew Stent, of St. George's-place."

Proceeding hence, by the tomb of Adeline Phibbs, into the path, and passing by it directly northward, and, on the left of the Church, we come to the Corridor round which are the entrance doors of the Common Vaults and some two or three Catacombs. The first door, as we enter, is that opening into the Common Vaults. Stepping in, on our left is a neat white-marble tablet, "erected by the Brighton Branch of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers" to Richard James Baker, "who was killed by the boiler explosion at the Terminus, on the 17th March, 1833."

Walking along the Corridor to the eastward, in the first Catacomb we read on the tablets the names of J. F. Temple, Esq. (Ceylon Civil Service), Catherine Campbell, the beloved wife of W. Furner, Esq., the relict of Miles Galloway Booty, &c. The second Catacomb is as yet unoccupied. In the third two are interred, on the left, Harriet, relict of E. Bolger, Esq., the relict of Rev. G. Sizewright, William Clarkson, Esq. (a well-known Old Bailey barrister), Mrs. Mary M'Gee, Lieut. Wade- son, R.N., and on the right Lieut.-General Edward Byam, and Elizabeth Tudor Carver (of Chesham).

Passing out of the Corridor into the path, on our left is a square building, in the Gothic style, with figures, &c., and surmounted with pinnacles and traceried work. Being built of faced flint, with grey granite dressings, &c., like the Church, it might be supposed, at first sight, to have some connection with that building. Such, however, is not the case; it is a Mausoleum, built, we understand, for Mr. Ray, a barrister, of London. At present, only two of the niches are filled in with figures: that over the doorway is symbolic of "Religion," that to the south, of "Hope," each of which has some good artistic points. Being private property, there is no opportunity of access to the interior; but we understand that all the details are in keeping with the exterior. What are called "grey-stock" bricks have been chiefly used for the interior; and three sides of this are fitted with three tiers of shelves, which will accommodate as many as 42 coffins. It has a
decorated groined arched ceiling, the central point of which is richly carved and gilt. Though too large a scale for this Cemetery, and in a position which detracts from its general appearance, this Mausoleum is a handsome piece of work.

Walking past this costly building, up the path, the first sarcophagus (of bold proportions, by Messrs. Bennett) to the eastward covers the remains of Mr Smith Hannington (and members of his family); Few inhabitants of Brighton will fail to pause at this spot and tell their friends, if strangers to the past history of the town, by what well-laboured degrees and by what solid English qualities Mr. Hannington raised a small business to one of the greatest establishments in the kingdom, making his successful career to keep pace with the fortunes of the town itself, and even to some extent to be instrumental in the raising of those fortunes to their present high point.

Immediately above is a fine tomb, surmounted by an urn, draped and wreathed, to Isabella Smith, and opposite, another noble sarcophagus (by Bennett) bears the name of Luke Thomas Flood—an old and well-known resident of Brighton. Just above, on the right (past the grave stone to the widow of Major-General Power, and which, with the railings enclosing it, was, when we saw it, one mass of roses in blossom), are some fine tombs, &c., to R. J. R. Campbell and wife, the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ellis, K.C.B., and Sir Chas. Mansfield Clarke, M.D., and his wife. Sir C. M. Clarke was Physician-in-Ordinary to King William and Queen Adelaide, a very popular man in his profession, and spent, as many men of eminence do, his last days in Brighton. Higher up, on the right, are tombs to F. J. Hall, Esq. (County Magistrate) Chas. King, Esq., and wife; and on the left are others to the wife of Rev. R. H. Johnson (Rector of Lutterworth), the wife of Charles John Craven, Esq. (for many years the very popular Master of the Fox Hounds), Lieut.-Colonel Fleming.

EXTRA-MURAL CEMETERY.

Thos. Roberts, Thos. Goodall, Esq., and wife, the only son of Adam Hamilton, Esq., the wife of W. H. Herrick, Esq., and the wife of Captain Percival Swan. Just opposite this last tomb, on the right of the path, is another to J. F. Elphinstone, Esq., who for many years held high office in China. Behind this latter, in the second row, is a headstone, bearing a name which one cannot pass by without a few words. It is that of John Bradshaw. If ever Brighton could boast of a “born orator”—of a man gifted by Nature with an exuberant flow of words, that man was John Bradshaw. It was all very well to laugh, as we all did, at his pronunciation, his bad grammar, his “h’s” left out and put in;—admitting every defect, John Bradshaw, tailor, had still the divine spark of eloquence in him; he had that gift of enthusiasm, and of imparting his enthusiasm to others, which is so rare and so precious a quality. If he had been an educated man, John Bradshaw might have rivelled Shiell’s fervid eloquence. As it was, he achieved some local triumphs, and will never be forgotten by those who heard him. Compared with his rush of words, our best local speakers of the present day are but stammerers.

Proceeding upwards, past tombs to Rhoda Webb, Edward Bransfield, R.N., and widow, William Roberts, Esq., and Mary Roberts, we come to a pediment tomb (enclosed with Gothic railings), under which repose the ashes of one whose memory will long be cherished with feelings of the deepest respect and esteem—W. Seymour, Esq. When the Magisterial work of this town had to be performed by one or two gentlemen, not always the best qualified for the task by education or nature, Mr Seymour brought to it some of the highest judicial qualities and gave it a character of impartiality and intelligence which it never possessed before. He was not only an upright judge, but a judge deeply versed in the laws which he administered; and whilst he lived, he held the highest
place in the respect of the people of Brighton, who attached a
value to his opinion (even after his retirement from public life)
which we question if any other resident of the place ever
possessed.

Just above Mr. Seymour's tomb, past tombs to John Goss,
Esq., Robert Metcalf, Esq., and Isaac Smith, Esq., is a beau-
tiful specimen of monumental art—a polished red granite
cenotaph, surmounted by a pedestal, shaft, and urn. It bears
the name of Charles George, B.A., of Cambridge, and the last
line of the inscription tells us it was "Erected by one who
loved him well!" Higher up, past tombs to Miss Eliza
Wade (86), a daughter of E. P. Smith, Esq., J. Baker, Esq.,
and the relict of the late W. Beeton, Esq., we come to a fine
sarcophagus to William Read King, Esq., "many years a
resident of the Marine-pavé," and his wife. Above this are
tombs to Henrietta Johnson (of the Old Battery House), who
died in January, 1836, in her 86th year, and to Thomas Lane,
Esq., and wife.

Retracing a few steps towards the catacombs, on the left
hand, among the few names on the tablets are those of Thos.
Dyke, Esq., R. H. Roy, Esq., Louisa Matilda St. Clair,
Frances Judith Glyn (aged 92), the mother of Paul Fos-
kett, &c.

The first tomb on what is called the "Terrace"—the raised
ground on the left hand past the Catacombs—is another fine
specimen of monumental art—a polished blue granite cenotaph;
of bold proportions, the effect of which is heightened by its
standing somewhat isolated in the centre of a large square of
beautiful turf, enclosed by dwarf railings. It is to the memory
of Mrs Mary Domnington Dendy (mother of Mrs Cordy
Burrows).

Above this tomb are several vaults, &c., the approaches to
the entrances of some of which are exceedingly well kept, and
decorated with choice flowers, evergreens, &c.; there are also
tombs to Hugh Barton, Esq., of Straffan, Ireland (who
for several years resided at the Bristol Hotel, and was a
most kind benefactor to the poor and necessitous of Brighton),
John Taylor and wife, and Mrs. E. M. Lock.

We will now turn down into the valley, by the path which
branches off on the right hand of that in which we now are.
Some few yards down, on the left, is a little group of stones,
&c. The first head-stone is to the wife and infant daughter of
John Beal, who both died Dec. 26, 1862, the latter surviving
its birth but two days. Behind this is a head-stone to a late
Secretary to the Extra-Mural Cemetery Company, George
Thomas Taylor, who died of consumption in April, 1884, in
his 26th year. A few steps southward, past stones to the wife
of the Rev. Dr. Leitch and John Wilkins and his wife (of
Richmond-place, old and well-known residents), is a fine tomb
of bold proportions to Richard Chapman (stonemason). Just
behind is another fine tomb, newly erected (by Chapman), to
the memory of "John Pentecost," a member of a very old
Brighton family. Mr. Pentecost, who was well known (par-
-ticularly in two or three religious communities of the town),
was a man of considerable property, but of exceedingly simple
habits; he lived alone for many years in the small corner
house of the row which faces down North-street, just above
Smithers's brewery. His end was very sudden; but, says the
inscription—"His lamp was trimmed, and his light burning.
We may, perhaps, mention one fact in connection with the
Pentecost family, as showing the great increase in the value
of Brighton property since the latter part of the last century.
At that period the family owned the houses in North-street
which stood on the ground now occupied by those of Mrs.
Stone, and Messrs. Breton, Pressland, and Dagge, the annual
rental of which was £17. The present property realizes an
annual rental of between £500 and £600. Stepping back again into the path, and looking westward,
towards the church we see some half-blowen rows of tombs, &c. The better to examine these we pass into the upper "opening" by the pediment tomb to the wife of Lieut.-Col. Atchison, who died at Brighton, October, 1860, aged 66. Down the opening we meet with head-stones on the left, to Robert Moon and his sister, Sarah Rangeley, Sophia and Henry Kennedy, Mary Ann Court, &c., and on the right others to Louisa Dunk, the relict of Capt. Souper, to Jos. Yates ("whose lamentable death was caused by a fall," February 4, 1859, in his 22nd year), and to George William Southey. Just past this last we come to a prettily grown tree of some dimensions at the foot of a grave. Opposite this, on the left of the "opening," is a pediment tomb to John Taylor and his wife; and another to Christopher Foss, Esq. (Captain 46th Regiment, and many years employed on the Staff of the Army of Ireland), who died August, 1859, aged 83. Passing round this tree, almost the first head-stone we come to is that of "Henry Ratty." There were few men — we had almost written characters, for Mr. Ratty was one of our Brighton characters — better known to the visitors and residents of Brighton than Mr. Ratty. He was toll-collector at the western entrance of the Pier from the time of its opening in 1823 till his death in September, 1856; and his good-humoured, smiling features and obliging manners will be borne in remembrance by all Pier promenaders.

A little further down, on the left, next the head-stone to Fanny Ann Robinson, we come to a small cenotaph, with pedestal and shaft (erected by his friends and fellow-workmen) to John Oliver, accidentally killed on the Brighton and Hastings Railway, some four or five years since. Such testimonies as these by the working-classes to each other have a peculiar value and interest.

Below this are head-stones to the child and mother of Charles Wells, to four infants (the eldest but seven months) of E. and M. A. Charlton, and almost opposite is another to Mrs. Sarah Pears (many years a well-known stall-occupant in the Market), who died August 1, 1856, aged 71.

The bottom stone of this row, facing southwards, is that of William Balchin, Station Master at Brighton Terminus, who died at the comparatively early age of 43. By Mr. Balchin's death, the Railway Company lost a most intelligent and useful servant, who had been connected with it for a long series of years, and who, by a faithful discharge of his duties, had risen from a mere subordinate office, through various grades, to that which he filled so ably for the twelve years previous to his death.

In the second tomb above Mr. Balchin's, lies Mr. John Saunders, an old and well-known resident, who reached his 83rd year. Looking eastwardly, we see immediately before us a grave completely hidden by a dense mass of ivy, roses, and shrubs, the head-stone just reaching above. Moving aside a fine arbor vitae, we read the name of Ann, relict of John Shout, who died April, 1866, aged 77. Opposite this grave is a Gothic pedestal (to John Jeset and wife), surmounted by a cross; at the foot of the cross are the expressive words — "Our hope." A little to the south lies Mr. William Aylen (of New-road), and, a grave or two below, Mr. Samuel Waller: both in their day respected tradesmen of Brighton.

Passing up the "opening," the first stone on the left is to Letitia Webb (erected by her sister), and next this is a neat grave-space, with a cross at head and foot of the grave. The inscription tells us it is that of the "only child of John and Eleanor Lord," who died in his 15th year. Higher up, past head-stones to Harriet Ann Jordan, Thomas Robinson, and Susanna Bakewell, we come to the most beautiful weeping-willow in the Cemetery. Beneath it is a cross to Francis Bellinger, who died August 20, 1860. Bellinger was a clerk for some years in the establishment of Messrs. Han-
Strolls in the Extramural Cemetery.

Washington. His death, which was somewhat sudden, arose from a singular cause: a cancer of the lip, occasioned by the habit of sucking the pen during the intervals of writing.

Next this is a head-stone to the memory of Edwin W. Everard, who was accidentally drowned in the prime of life in 1869.

Opposite, beneath a pediment tomb, lies Mr. Edmund Tompkins, the celebrated tennis-player, who died January 19th, 1863, aged 61. Mr. Tompkins, who originally came from Oxford, was in his day the champion tennis-player of England. In fact, a talent for proficiency in this sport would seem to "run in the blood," for both his father and grandfather were exceedingly skilful players, and his sons, as is well-known, are in this respect, no mean inheritors of the ancestral honours. Mr. Tompkins's tennis-court, which he opened about the year 1837, was situated at the back of the Bedford Hotel, in what was formerly a riding-school. From his wide reputation, the tennis-court was a place of frequent resort to such of the nobility, and even of still more illustrious personages, as took an interest in the game, whenever they chanced to visit Brighton. The present Emperor of the French, when Prince Louis Napoleon, while staying at the Bedford Hotel with his cousin, Prince Napoleon, played frequently there; and the Messrs. Tompkins have now in their possession a momento of his visit.

During the last visit of Her Majesty to Brighton, Mr. Tompkins had the honour of giving several lessons in tennis at his court to the late lamented Prince Consort. He was also not an unfrequent visitor to Goodwood during the lifetime of the late Duke of Richmond. Mr. Tompkins's wife and daughters are buried with him.

There is a Gothic head-stone next this, to the Rev. Frederick Teed, Rector of St. Michael's, Lewes. Just above, next the tomb of Mrs. Brightman (completely surrounded by ivy), is a memorial Gothic grave-stone to Georgina Spencer, daughter of John and Lady Elizabeth Spencer, and grand-daughter of George, third Duke of Marlborough. It was "placed here by her last surviving sister." Above, in a well-kept grave-space, is a Gothic head-stone to Malcolm Frederick, youngest son of Edward Hopewell; and on a noble tomb a little higher up we read the names of James Lee Hannah, M.D., and his two sons,—James Washington and Benjamin Franklin. Dr. Hannah was an American by birth, and a man of much erudition. He passed a large portion of his life in Brighton; but, having private means, did not actively practice his profession.

Near this is a stone at the head of a beautiful grave to Josias Jupp, and opposite others to George Stoner and R. Smalley (of Brixton). Adjoining this last, a stone cross bears a name which awakens mingled feelings—"Olive Ursula Yelverton," infant daughter of the Hon. William and Emily Yelverton; and opposite, a head-stone to James Young, an old and much-respected tradesman, who, we believe, originally came from Christchurch, Hants. At the end of this row, there is a very fine pediment tomb of blue granite, over the remains of Mr. William Davies (of Gloster-place), who died November 30th, 1861, in his 79th year.

Turning round here into the next "opening," by the head-stone to Emma Rogers, we meet below the names of Henry Bayson (Bengal Civil Service) and Captain Armitage (55th Regt.). Lower down a well-kept grave-space is noticeable by the curious shrubs (arzarias) at each corner. The inscription, too, on the neat stone cross at the head of the grave, is striking. It is:

"In tearful and loving memory of EDWIN MARIAN HAMILTON, aged 4 years, who was safely folded in the arms of the Heavenly Shepherd, Sunday, February 21, 1864."

At the foot we are commended to the beautiful verse, Matt. xviii. 10.
Near the bottom of the "opening" is a large flat stone with cross to Frances, wife of J. L. Heathorn. Southward from this is a beautiful clump of trees, the most prominent of which when we saw it was a laburnum in full blossom. Immediately beneath this is a tomb to "Jane, wife of Mr. Charles Brown, of the Old Steyns," who died July 9th, 1863, aged 57. Her character is one to be envied; for at foot of the stone we read:

"Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Below are stones to Sarah Comfort and Anna Dorothy Cattley.

If we retrace our steps round the clump of trees, and then strike across the greensward to the south-east, we come upon one of the most beautiful graves in the Cemetery. At the head is a white marble cenotaph, surmounted by a pedestal, with a small white cross of the same material; on the cross is a dove bearing a leaf. We learn by the inscription that beneath repose the ashes of "Caroline Mary, the beloved and only child of the Rev. Joseph Gardiner Webster and Elizabeth, his wife, who departed this life June 6th, 1863;" followed by the verse:

"The dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him in the ark."—Genesis viii., v. 9.

On the grave itself grow a profusion of choice flowers, arranged with much taste, and evidently the objects of constant care and tendance. There is an appointed vacant space to the right of the grave—of significant purpose—the flowers on which evidently owe their cultivation to kindred hands.

Lower down the path is a pediment tomb to W. R. Taylor, Esq. (late of the Madras Civil Service), and wife. Some faithful mourners have added,—"It is well." Still lower, in a large grave-space, is a Gothic grave-stone, with foliated head and foot-stones, to Daniel Buller, Esq., a gentleman long resident in Brighton, and highly esteemed; and below, other stones to Isabella Brown, wife of Major C. R. Browne, and Emeric Essex Vidal (Paymaster, Royal Navy). Immediately behind this latter, a pole cross above the greensward rises.

"Pale cross above the greensward rises,
To the memory of Wilfred James Harris, aged seven weeks.
Near this is a cenotaph, some 8ft. in height (to John Laing), with which the opening words of the lines on the pedestal scarcely harmonize. We read:

"This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, here lies an honest man."

Immediately below is a memorial tomb to Charles Hodgson, "placed here," we are told, "as a token of affection and esteem by a most sincere and faithful friend." Such tributes need no comment.

Crossing hence to the west side of the clump of trees, at the foot of a flat tomb to Charles Attree, is a pretty stone cross bearing the names of two sisters—Anna and Augusta Manse—one dying at the age of 29, the other at 27. A closing line says:

"To Thy Cross I cling."

Walking down the path, passing a fine tomb to Sarah, wife of Thomas Austen, and the pediment tomb to Captain Still (King's Dragoon Guards), who died at Brussels, and an infant daughter, we come to a flat tomb to Mr. George Arthur Smith (formerly, plumber, of Western-road), one of the victims of an unfortunate carriage-accident at the bottom of St. James's-street, on the 6th May, 1859. (His fellow-sufferer, Mr. Pearson, lies beneath a tomb some few yards to the left.) The event, from the deceased being both well-known tradesmen of the town, excited at the time a painful impression. The inscription on the tomb closes appropriately with the verse:

"In the midst of life we are in death."
Further on, past the tombs to three daughters of R. C. Chapman (Middle Temple), and to Captain E. Jones (6th Royals), we come to a series of tombs, &c., in close order, on the right-hand toward the Church, and chiefly to well-known inhabitants: James Gallafen; Catherine, the wife of George Pocock; W. G. Bolton, Esq.; the wife of Henry Chapman; and John Young Lashmar (a member of an old and much respected Brighton family, some of whom had been in business in Ship-street as long ago as 1745). Lower down is a fine sarcophagus crowning the family vault of Thomas Smith; tombs to John Dobie, and to Mary, wife of W. Peters, Esq. (of East India House); and beneath another, next this latter, lies Mr. John Pearmain—the fellow sufferer of Mr. Smith, by a carriage-accident, and which we have just alluded to.

The last tomb of the row is a fine one to Mr. Thomas Gregory and his wife. Mr. Gregory, who died May 26th, 1861, aged 76, was in his day one of the oldest tradesmen of the town. He carried on business for many years as a trunk-maker, &c., in North-street (immediately above Mr. Cunditt's, the jeweller), in two of probably the oldest-built houses in the street, having been erected, it is thought, in the time of the Commonwealth. The circumstance of one of these houses falling in (in July, 1865), after the other had been taken down with the view of rebuilding, will, doubtless, be recollected by many; as well as the miraculous escape (being almost unhurt) of Mr. Gregory's two daughters, a lad, and a little dog, who were in the shop at the time the whole building fell, and were buried beneath the ruins.

And here we must close our first series of "Strolls in the Brighton Extra-Mural Cemetery," reserving some account of the unconsecrated portion for a future period.