Further on, past the tombs to three daughters of B. 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 Gallafent; 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. Cundit'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.
STROLLS, &c.

SECOND SERIES.

JUNE, 1867.

I.

About two years ago, under the above heading, we published, in successive numbers of this journal, the results of a series of visits to the Extra-Mural Cemetery of Brighton. Not that we have in the meantime discontinued our visits to that pleasant spot. It has for us too many charms for that. It may be that it is easy of access; that strolling there is congenial to our temperament; that, the air of quietude, of repose, that pervades it; the varying and diversified aspects it presents; its beautiful memorials; the well-kept walls; the fresh green turf, dotted at intervals with pretty flower-beds; the grateful shade which in summer-time its trees afford,—that all these, and much more, apart from the food which meditation finds there, give to it an attraction such as is presented by no other place open to public resort in the vicinity of Brighton.

It was recently suggested to us that we should again make a "special" Stroll, with the view of noting any memorials, &c., respecting those resting there who may have departed from among us since our former visits. And when, with this object, we again wandered over these beautiful grounds, we could not help being forcibly struck with the work which, even in two short years, "the Great Teacher" had effected, and the changed aspect, as compared with then, of much that surrounded
us. Many spots, where formerly only the daisy and other kindred flowers blossomed on the smooth green turf, have now become resting-places for the dead! In others, how much more closely do the grave-stones, or, it may be, the green hillocks, seem to have come together, and how much further do they seem to have stretched! Of more ambitious monuments, how much more numerous have they become! Then, again, on how many tombs do we find another name—aye, even more than another—recorded! Go where we will, we may learn, mutely, but irresistibly, "humanity's sternest lesson."

But, however much the aspect of different portions of the Cemetery may have become changed, its general picturesque appearance and natural beauty have not been affected, but rather aided and developed, by art and care, to a fuller extent. The endeavour of the Directors at the outset to secure this picturesque quality, and to impart a secluded and rural character to the grounds, by skilful and tasteful laying-out, and by the judicious planting of trees, &c., has since been largely supplemented by the almost universal practice of floral decoration of graves by the friends of the deceased. No matter how humble or how exalted—whether the ashes of the departed repose beneath the humble turf or the storied monument—this work of loving hands, though varying in character, is observable in every direction. And it would appear to be unceasing—heedless of the "seasons' difference." Well do we remember strolling through the grounds on Christmas morning last. The beautiful and seasonable decoration of graves, which met the eye at every turn—contrasting as it did with the leafless trees and the chill and barren aspect which Nature all around presented—could scarcely be witnessed unmoved. It was a season of joy; but those who might have filled the vacant chairs beside the hearth were not forgotten in their silent homes! One grave, in particular, just within the pretty plot of ground to the south of the consecrated church, was as beautiful as it was touching. Apart from the feelings which prompted its decoration, it was a model of floral taste. And yet its chief beauty lay in its extreme simplicity: the materials consisting only of holly-leaves, interspersed with berries, laurestins, flowers, and primulas; but so tastefully interwoven and arranged, that the effect was extremely beautiful. Two other graves, lying at right angles from this, though in a more limited space, were somewhat similarly decorated.

But we are digressing from our more immediate object—that of noting any fresh memorials or incidents of interest in the Cemetery, respecting those who, since our first Strolls, have there found a last resting-place.

In the beautiful piece of ground, lying to the left, at the upper end of the main carriage-road leading into the Cemetery itself, and the centre of which is occupied by the Robertson, Collingwood, and other striking memorials, there was but little change observable throughout the whole cluster of tombs. There was, however, one more name recorded on the beautiful white marble cenotaph to Samuel Platt, Esq. When, two years ago, we alluded to this tomb, a wreath of lilies and a choice bouquet lay at its base. She, whose affectionate hand had then placed them there, now lies beneath—"with her husband, side by side."

Leaving this spot by the eastern end, a sharp turning by the left of the Church opens to us the path leading northward towards the brow, and which is almost entirely enclosed by tombs, &c., on each side throughout its extent. As these tombs bear no records other than those we have previously noted, we proceed a little way up the path and enter the smaller path which branches off to the right. Immediately before you is a head-stone to Henry Beavery. Next this, nearer the Church, is a large square tomb, the record on
which claims a passing notice. It is to "Elizabeth, relic of Mr Edward Clark, many years riding-master of this town."
Mrs Clark died in 1855, at the ripe age of 87. Her husband, in his day, was a prominent Brighton character, both from his professional reputation, and from his individual eccentricities. He had been originally a ladies' shoemaker; but, time and opportunity serving, he set up as riding-master, living in Middle-street (latterly at the top, next to what is now the Provident Dispensary). This must have been as long back as 1808-10.
Edward Clark was one of the most genial and equal-tempered of men. He once told a friend of ours, that he never recollected shedding a tear in his life, a circumstance that no one who knew him would attribute to hardness of nature. He was short of stature, and stout; and his usual professional attire was a short blue jacket, with tails, and studded with gilt buttons; leather breeches, and top-boots and spurs; and when mounted, riding-whip in hand, on one of his beautiful ponies, he made a conspicuous and rather comical figure. Mr Clarke was as fond of his ponies as he was of his own children; all bore pet names; and so well-trained were they, that they readily obeyed the motion of his hand, and would stand upon their hind legs and go through other performances while the old gentleman sang to them. It was rare excitement for the juveniles attending the British Schools just below to see Mr Clark come home from his professional duty of an evening. There was sure to be a little amusing equestrianism outside, independently of the finale, when Nancy, Betsy, &c., were, each in turn, called upon to trot through the passage of Mr Clark's private house to the stables behind. Mr Clark died 30 years ago last January, and his ashes reposè in the old church-yard.

Stepping into the path from this tomb, a few steps lead to the "opening" towards the brow above. The first tomb, on the right hand is that of Henry Lemon Whitchelo, a member of an old Brighton family, some of whom lie beneath a stone just below, on the opposite side, and to whom we have referred in a previous Stroll. Higher up, past stones to Hester Coldman, Barak Pilbeam, Harriet Savory, and Samuel Pereival Boxall (of the Bank of England), John Holden and his mother, we come to a tomb to the sister and eldest daughter of the late Thos. Partington, Esq., of Offham, near Lewes, and formerly a well known County Magistrate. Behind this is another tomb to the wife and son of Geo. Long, (of Brighton College.) Near the top, by head-stones to John Friend Austin and wife, John Weller, Robert Brewster, &c, is another to Matthew Robert Batho, aged 82, and, in his day, one of the oldest master-tailors of Brighton. Opposite the head-stone of Mr Batho, is a pediment tomb to Mrs Schilling (wife of Alderman Schilling), who died in 1833. The tomb bears now an additional inscription—"to the memory of Henry Schilling." Mr Schilling, as much by his public conduct as private worth, had endeared himself to all with whom he had been brought in contact, and his almost sudden death, from cholera, at Erfurt, whither he had gone to be present at the marriage of his niece in September of last year, excited much regret in Brighton among a large circle of friends. He was a native of Germany; but had for many years resided in Brighton, carrying on formerly the business of manufacturer of mineral waters. For a long time he had retired from business, residing at Sans Souci Villa, Richmond-terrace, and he, and his almost constant companion,—his pet dog "Murck,"—were well-known to residents at the north part of the town. Mr Schilling, who had been a member of the Old Commission, was an Alderman of the Borough. He had also been for some years in the Directorate of the Extra-Mural Cemetery Company, suggesting many improvements. As a mark of respect, Mr Schilling's co-Directors have placed a tablet in the consecrated chapel of the Cemetery to his memory.
A few steps from this tomb bring us to the path leading to the brow of the hill overlooking the Cemetery, from which some beautiful views of the town may be obtained. Three "openings" run eastwardly along the brow, the tombs, &c., ranging along the sides of each. As the most interesting of the memorials—chiefly of well-known residents—have been noticed in previous Strolls, we will pursue our course in the uppermost one, immediately before us (by the pediment tomb of Alice Sarah Ross), to note there one or two omissions. Almost the first stone on the left hand is a memorial stone to William Paris, 30 years with Mr Smith, plumber, Western-road, "erected by his employer and his fellow workmen." Just above is a Gothic head-stone to the widow of Captain Silver. Nearly opposite a flat tomb covers the remains of the wife of Hampton Weekes, M.D., who died March, 1854, aged 67 years. Dr. Weekes was a member of a family practising medicine for many years at Hurst Pierpoint, where he himself also practised until the closing years of his life. The first head-stone on the right is to the wife and son of Christopher Poll; and a little higher up is another to Edward Morling. Opposite this, lying beneath the trees, is a grave with nearly the whole of its enclosure and a portion of the fencing covered with rose-trees, mostly in full blossom. At foot, on the stone-casing of the grave, is a finely-carved bas-relief: two female figures mourning by the side of a draped urn. The name below this carving is "Anne Belleli." She died at Brighton, on the 29th August, 1854, at the age of 27, during, as we understood, a temporary residence here with her husband.

Just above, on the opposite side (next a Gothic cross to Elizabeth Lindsey and Ann Fokes), at foot of a stone to Elizabeth Tanner, &c., and partially hidden by grass, we read the name of Ann, widow of Thos. Tanner, aged 82. Mrs Tanner formerly resided in Ship-street, and originally in a portion of the premises now occupied by the Post Office. What Ship-street was when Mrs Tanner first resided there—long antecedent to Coff's fire, which took place in 1836—would, perhaps, astonish many Brightonians now to learn. There was no opening from it towards the Market but by the Lanes; a large well in the road, just opposite Mrs Tanner's, used to supply the inhabitants of the neighbourhood with water; and the site now occupied by the business premises of Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Smith, Mr. Pratt, &c., then formed portion of the large coal-yard of Mr. Chippen. The husband of Mrs. Tanner, the captain of a trading vessel, was drowned, we believe, off Jersey. Her daughter, Lucy Mary Elliott (wife of Mr Elliott, butcher, of North-street) lies in the grave above.

Walking towards the top of the opening, on the right, is a head-stone to Thomas Hurst. Behind this, some few paces down the slope of the hill, we see a newly-painted head-stone to a well-known public servant—Andrew Paine, Town Hall Keeper, who died September 25, 1885, in his 74th year. Paine could claim kindred with our aborigines through a long line of ancestors. He was originally a shoemaker; but entered our Local Police Force on its first establishment. When this Force was reorganized, in 1836, Friend Paine was appointed Town Hall Keeper, which office he held till his death; and, as is generally admitted, fulfilled his duties in a most satisfactory manner. Before the organization of the present Local Fire Brigade in connection with the Police Force, Friend Paine usually superintended the fire engines, &c., at such calamities, and on more than one occasion did good service. At foot of the inscription on his stone are the words, "God bless him." His wife, who died in February, 1867, lies in the same grave.

To the left of Friend Paine's stone is a tomb to Ann Morris, the wife of Warwick Sterling, who died April 18, 1866, aged 37. This record,—taken in connection with those on the head-stone to the grave to the eastward: Charles
Mighell Stemning, died April 7, 1866, aged five years, and
Elizabeth Ann Stemning, died April 23, 1866, aged twelve
days,—is of a most melancholy character. Mrs Stemning, a
day or two after her little boy's death, followed him to the
gave. Excess of grief at his loss brought on a premature
labour, and scarcely a week more had elapsed before she
herself was a corpse—her newly-born infant also dying on the
fifth day after her decease.

Lower down the row, to the right, past head-stones to
William Gillam, and to the two wives of Ohadiah Dray, we
come to an interesting tributary head-stone to Ann Tompkins,
who died October 7, 1863, aged 82. Never was tribute more
deservedly earned: the little lady having devoted nearly 70
years of her life to the service of Admiral and Mrs Rolles,
of the Grand-parade. She was a constant worshipper at St.
Peter’s, and almost to the close of her life, and regularly as
the Sunday came round, she might be seen wending her way,
though with tottering footsteps, to the church which she had
so long attended. Four words on the stone tell her character
—but how expressive are they!—“Faithful to the last.”

Walking hence up again to the topmost opening; and pro-
ceeding eastward, the extreme corner tomb on the left-hand
is one newly-painted: on it lies an offering of affection—a
basket of fresh lillies and other flowers. We are induced to
read the inscription. It tells of one cut off

“While life was in its spring”—

Harriett Ann, daughter of William and Harriett Curtis; died
November 16, 1866, aged 15 years. A brother, of more
tender years, and another relative, lie in the same grave.
Crossing the path here to the continuance of the “opening,”
we step aside for a moment to the pediment tomb, on the right,
just above the clump of trees, erected to “Lucy, the beloved wife
of Alfred Cobbett,”—the entire garden-space between the tomb

EXTRA-MURAL CEMETERY.

itself and the outer casing of the grave being one mass of
woodruff in full blossom. In the opening itself are two or
three interesting memorials. We note, in entering (next the
tomb to John North), the crowded stone, on the left hand,
bearing the names of deceased children of William and Sarah
Clements, and containing the latter's name at the foot; higher
up, the head-stone to two children of C. Lamb, Esq., aged 8
and 16, and cut off within a week of each other—the elder
sister sacrificing her life in nursing the younger, who suffered
from diphtheria. The newly-disturbed earth at foot tells
of a still more recent bereavement. Above, are other stones
to Isaac Pittar and wife, Mrs. Miriam Bailey, and to the
widow of the late Richard Humphrey. Just opposite
this last, on the right-hand, is a stone cross, facing
southwards, to the memory of Ernestine Amelii Luisa,
Comtesse de Uccioni, who died October 22, 1866, aged 50.
The tokens of affection which it bears are very touching.
Suspended from the upper portion of the cross is a wreath;
above this, an immortalite. Within the inner circle of this
latter is a painted tablet, the chief object of which is the
emblem of “Unity.” Above the emblem are the words,
“A mon Epouse;” beneath are the following:—

“Dieu nous a unis.”
“La Mort nous a séparés.”
“Dieu nous réunira.”

On the head of the cross are the initials, “E. G. W. Y. N. E.,”
and which, we are told, imply—“Ernestine, Glad Was Your
Nature Ever.”

A few steps further up, is a neat tomb to children of
Mungo Smith Gilmore (late Bengal Civil Service), and a
head-stone to the children of Mons. E. de Paris. Opposite
this, facing southward, is a noble white marble Gothic
cross (by Pepper), bearing in its centre the emblem of
"Hope." It is to the memory of the Rev. Richard Stewart Evelyn Foster. The grave bears evidence of loving hands: a Gothic cross tastefully woven of choice flowers lay on the grass, and bouquets in other places. Next this, to the right, at the head of a little green hillock, is the tiniest Gothic head-stone, bearing the single name of "Etheldreda," beneath which are the expressive words "In peace." On the foot-stone is "E. T. Born October 17, died November 2, 1864." Just above, past a Gothic head-stone to Sophia Highton, is a tomb to the youngest daughter of the late Brigadier-General Cureton, C.B. (of Hampton Court); and in a row immediately behind lies the only child of his son, Lieut.-Colonel Charles Cureton. Higher up are grave-stones to James Nicholson, Mrs Nias, late of East-street, who recently died at the age of 90; and, in the row behind, there are tombs to Captain H. Nelson, to a daughter of Charles Smith, to Mary, widow of the late Thomas Ridley, to the wife of C. G. Ridley, Esq., and to the Rev. J. H. Young. Nearly in a direct line southward from this last is a pediment tomb to John Jones and his wife. At the foot of this, next to a white marble head-stone to Jubilation Thackwai, is the head-stone to Mr Peter Best Pearce (of the War Department, Civil Service, and Royal Engineer Office, Brighton). He died in August last, almost suddenly, from a disease engendered in foreign service, at the comparatively early age of 45.

At this point we will proceed in a westerly direction towards the "opening" below. The first stone we come to on the right bears the names of John Bull Gardiner and his wife. The old couple—who both attained a ripe age—died within a few days of each other some few months ago: the wife dying December 29, 1866; the husband January 7, 1867, "surviving his beloved wife only eight days." Next this is a pretty white marble cross (by Bennett) to "Sarah Ann White." Below, we meet with the names of Mrs Carpenter, Helen Marianne Fraser, John Henry (son of the late Mr John Tugwell), Mrs. Mary Ann Cowley, Mrs. Anne Macall, G. W. Smith, and others more or less familiar. Just below, next the head-stone of Anthony Lester, is a stone to William Pope. Mr Pope was well-known to members of the theatrical profession, having for many years kept the "Wheat Sheaf," in Bond-street, a favourite house of resort for actors in this town. Near the bottom, on the right hand, is a well-wrought pediment tomb (by Rooke), at which we are constrained to stop. The inscriptions afford a practical and touching illustration of the truth that "Death levels all distinctions."

We read "Henry Gaitesell, died June 17, 1864." "Hannah Payne, died June 23, 1864, for 19 years the faithful servant of Henry Gaitesell." Master and servant both died within a week of each other, and both lie in the same grave. At the foot of the tomb are the words—

"Lord, have mercy on Thy servants."

Passing hence into the path just below the boldly-proportioned scroll tomb (to Mary Ann Anson date) lying near to the trees before us, we note, round to the westward, several fresh stones since we last made our stroll here. Among the names recorded are Willie, only child of H. and L. Sirley, Mary Ann Nicholls, the wife of Joshua Rowland, &c.

Retracing our steps up the path, and walking towards the Rastrick Memorial, we pass on our right a large head-stone to Mr and Mrs Linford, and those of Richard Teater, Mrs Mary Maddocks, and of the eldest daughter of the late Sir Michael Malcolm. In the same row of graves, higher up the path, next the head-stone to the widow of James Muffe, is a nicely-kept grave (enclosed by galvanized
fencing) having a fine stone cross at its head (by Rooker), to Ann, elder daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. James Delamain, Bengal Army. Just above are head-stones to Thomas Househill, Robert Forster (aged 93), Charles Dunbrett and wife, and, in the row behind, Elizabeth and Hannah Gostling, Edward M. Perriman, John Slaughter, James Carter, Catherine Rigaud, &c. Near the top of the path is a memorial stone to Mr John Studdle (24 years master of the Malvern Schools, Stockwell), erected by a number of Metropolitan Church Schoolmasters. Mr Studdle (who was for some years master of St. John’s School, Carlton-hill), died at Brighton, March, 1865. Head-stones higher up bear the names of Thomas Brook and Charlotte Corbin, of a daughter of Thomas Shelley, Mary Hutt, and of two children of W. H. Miles, &c.

Retracing our steps again for a short distance to the westward, we come to the most prominent object herewith: a large white marble cross on a massive white marble base, erected to the memory of “Edith, the beloved wife of Baron de Lorentz.” Next this below are crosses to Lieut. Daniell, and to the widow of J. A. Dunlop, Esq. A little lower is a head-stone to John Strange, M.D., surgeon, B.N., who died in July, 1865, aged 87. Next this is a Gothic head-stone to Caroline Wardley, and further down a tomb to the widow of the Rev. C. A. Rose, of Cuddington, and stones to Edward Griffith, Thomas Barton, &c.

Turning eastward, by the trees, we come to another row of tombs (chiefly marble crosses) to Maude (daughter of the late Captain Wrench), Emily Henley, Mary Ann Hayes, Thomas Aston Coflin, &c. About the centre, is a de- canted pediment tomb, with illuminated letters (by Bennett), to Randolph Payne, Esq. At the foot of Mr Payne’s tomb is a beautiful white marble cross, with carved band, inscribed “In hoc signo vinces?” the pedestal bearing the name of Maria Roe, widow of Robert Roe, of

Dublin. Standing at this cross may be seen before you, a few yards down the slope, a grave with grey-stone casing, open at the top. The second grave to the left of this is one to which a melancholy interest attaches—that of the ill-fated Mrs Warder. It bears, as yet, no record to tell who lies beneath. But, standing by the grave, thoughts will rise of

“The deep damnation of her taking off”

by one who had sworn to love and cherish her, and whom she loved, and in whom she had the most implicit confidence—her husband; and who not only murdered her, but, as was probable, his first and second wife, by the subtlest means, and all the while soothing and nursing her, and bestowing upon her all the outward signs of sincere affection; and this, for the most sordid of motives—mere love! Verily, he had his reward: barely more than a week elapsed, when he, too, lay dead—by his own hand! and his body now lies in the adjoining Cemetery—in a “Suicide’s Grave.”

In the next grave at the left of Mrs Warder’s lies all that is mortal of Harry Holdsworth. Harry was in his day a famous “whip,” and in the old coaching times drove the Royal Blue for many years between Brighton and London. He was, at the time of his death, between 70 and 80 years of age, and well known to old Brightonians. He latterly resided in Brighton, but died a short time since in London.

At this point we will close our present Stroll.