Resuming our Stroll at the point at which we broke off last week, viz., at the graves of Mrs. Warder and Harry Holdsworth, we proceed up the path before us in an easterly direction. As yet, the graves, &c., on the left hand form but a single row; but several of them possess special interest. Almost the first headstone we come to (next that to Charlotte Terry) is one to Duncan McEwen, "25 years gardener to Lord Leconfield, at Petworth." Mr. McEwen was of some eminence in his profession, and took a lively interest in everything that tended to its advancement. He was an exhibitor—and a successful one, too—at our local Flower Shows, from their commencement up to the time he quitted Lord Leconfield's service, and subsequently officiated as one of the judges (chiefly for fruit). Mr. McEwen went to Sandringham, the residence of the Prince of Wales, on several occasions, and lent great assistance to Mr. Carmichael, one of the gardeners to His Royal Highness, in laying out the beautiful grounds there. As an honourable fact in connection with Mr. McEwen's skill, it may be mentioned that several gardeners who now hold some of the highest situations in the kingdom, were trained by him at Petworth.

Just above, there is a headstone to William George Trimmer, an only child, and who, we should infer, from the lines on the stone, died suddenly—in March last year, at the age of 23*; and another to Isabella Dorothia Barry, who died at Hurstpierpoint, in December, 1865, aged 84. A few steps from these, and (next the headstone to Frances Ann Nestfield) we stand at the grave of one who claims something more than a passing notice—one not unknown to fame as an authoress, and who for a long series of years was a constant visitor to Brighton—Miss Adelaide O'Keeffe (the daughter of O'Keeffe, the dramatist). She was born in Dublin as long ago as 1776, and died at Brighton in September, 1865, and was consequently in the 89th year of her age. In person Miss O'Keeffe was petite, and in early life must have been extremely pretty; having bright blue eyes, sunny chestnut hair, and a most pleasing and expressive countenance. She was well-known to many here, chiefly by the booksellers, and to the last dressed somewhat showily and young. She was fond of impressing upon strangers that she was Miss O'Keeffe; and once told a friend of ours, "that she thought it wrong for an unmarried lady to be called 'Mrs.' I always will insist upon being called 'Miss;' I am Miss O'Keeffe, and am proud to wear the garland." Though from an early period she acted as amanuensis to her father, who suffered from partial blindness, her own taste for literary composition really arose from hearing read one evening Greener's Death of Abel. This made such an impression upon her that, before retiring to rest, she had arranged in her own mind the first four chapters of Patriarchal Times—perhaps the most popular of her works, it having gone through

* Since the above was written, we have learnt that the deceased, in the company of a young lady to whom he was devotedly attached, was, on the evening prior to his decease attending Divine Worship, at St. Paul's, West-street; whilst there, he was suddenly taken ill and conveyed home; and, though every effort was made to save him, he died a few hours afterwards!
stones, at the head of two graves in a neatly kept enclosure, which bear records truly patriarchal: the united ages of the five persons named on them amounting to no less than 399 years! They are: Susannah Carpenter, 85; George Carpenter, 74; Elizabeth Marchant Taylor, 75; Martha Short, 89; and Adam Taylor, 76. The oldest of these, Mrs Martha Short, was grandmother, by the mother’s side, to Mr Taylor, hairdresser of East-street. Whether the Shorts “came in with the Normans,” or any other invaders, we cannot say, but certain it is, there have been Shorts in Brighton from time immemorial. Mrs Martha Short’s husband (Mr Peter Short) was one of a family of seven sons, six of whom followed their father’s trade, that of tailor—the said father, in some pre-historic period of Brighton annals, carrying on business in premises just opposite those now occupied by his great grandson, and which were subsequently occupied by Mr Harmer, in his day one of the largest butchers in Brighton. Mr Peter Short was himself in business here so long back as 1780—before the Prince of Wales first visited Brighton, or the Pavilion was dreamt of; when the dimensions of the Queen of Watering Places were bounded by a small quadrangle, formed by West-street, North-street, and East-street, with High-street and the cliffs to the south; when the old Church stood out of the town, quite lonely on the hill; and the only roads to London were by way of Lewes to the east or Steyning to the west. Mr Short’s shop was on the cliff at the bottom of West-street (on the site of which is now Embling’s Library), and projected somewhat from the line of frontage. There was then no roadway past Mr Short’s shop from Middle-street, but simply a narrow foot-path, with a railing on the cliff side; and Streeter’s mill (now on the Dyke-road) then did duty in Belle Vue Field (now Regency-square). We ought to add, that Mr Short, with the traditionary value of his cloth, was a member of the old “Sea Fencibles,” (an example emulated by his

A little higher up the row is a stone to Mary Ann Bellamy, of whom we are told, “She was a Christian indeed, in whom there was no guile.” Her husband, William Bellamy (late Collector of Customs, Londonderry), lies in the same grave. Both lived a good old age; and the stone records—“In life united; in death not divided.” Next this is a headstone to George Pepper, late of Greenwich Hospital. Whether or no he was one of Old England’s naval veterans, the record sayeth not; but, from his advanced age, 82, he might have fought and bled with Nelson at the Nile, or have shed a tear at the gallant hero’s grave after the dearly-bought victory of Trafalgar!

Immediately above this stone are two similarly-fashioned

many editions. One of her subsequent works, The Broken Sword, was dedicated to the Prince of Wales. Many to whom her name was scarcely known have probably been familiar from childhood with her verses; for in the Original Poems by Jane and Ann Taylor (which are even now frequently reprinted) there are many bearing the signature of “Adelaide,” all of which were contributed by Miss O’Keefe. The most prominent trait in Miss O’Keefe’s character was the warmth of her affections. Her love for her father, with whom she lived till his death (at Southampton, in 1833,) was entire, unselfish, and devoted; and almost her first earnings were devoted to pay the debts of a deceased and dearly-loved brother. She outlived almost all her friends; but there are some still living who retain the liveliest recollections of her genial and vivacious conversation. In changing her residence, Miss O’Keefe always carried her father’s portrait about with her from place to place,—in loving remembrance of his memory and of her happy home; and she was much gratified when, about twelve months prior to her death, it was taken by Government for the National Portrait Gallery, and placed among those whom the country “has delighted to honour.”
grandson, an active member of the Rifle Volunteers), and whose chief practice ground was the battery at the bottom of East-street, which was washed down by the storm of 1786. The Mr Adam Taylor mentioned was a genuine aborigine, and, like the Shorts, he and some half-dozen brothers followed their father's trade, that of fishermen. George Carpenter (the father-in-law of Mr Taylor) was an old sea captain, who had "roughed it" in his time; and almost the last picture that poor Leatham painted, was one of his vessel, "The Elin," in a storm off the north-west coast of Ireland, in 1822. There is a head-stone behind, to Leonard Ferdinand Chaffard, a native of Limoges, who married Mrs Short's grand-daughter. He died in Edinburgh; but, at his express desire, was brought hither to be buried with those of the family who lie in the Extra-Mural Cemetery.

Next these graves is a memorial slate to Ann Lea, of Langford, Berks, who, it is added, "after 37 years of faithful and affectionate service in the family of Mrs S. Ormond, died at Brighton, November 23, 1854, aged 63." At foot we are directed to the beautiful verse, Rev. xlv., 19, "Blessed are the dead," &c.

We then pass the head-stone of George Pinnell (an old Brightonian); the pediment tomb over the remains of Major Everard (late 1st Royal Dragoons), and another head-stone to Mary, wife of Thomas Goodere. Beyond these we come to the closing grave of the row. It has no stone; but beneath the turf lie the mortal remains of poor Mrs Harton, who, in February of last year, was murdered, by Leigh, at the "Jolly Fisherman." Her husband, who died in the following month, lies in the same grave.

On the opposite side of the path,—which runs in a northerly direction from this point,—may be seen, pass the post and chains protecting a vault-covering, a large flat marble slab, over the grave of Sarah Francis, eldest daughter of John Clarke, Esq. (of Barbados). Next this slab is a solitary grave, without stone or record. Yet he whose ashes lie beneath, John Hunter Lane, M.D., if report be true, deserved a noble one; for he might be said to have died (June, 1833), a martyr to professional duty. We were told that he was a physician of standing, resident in London; and that he was induced to come to Brighton, to give professional advice to a young lady suffering from a malignant fever. His advice and skill subsequently effected the patient's recovery; but he himself fell a victim to the disease, and lies buried here.

In the row above, at the head of a pretty grave, is a neat white marble cross, to Letitia, widow of Charles Batley (late of Kensington Gore).

As the few other memorials here do not call for especial notice, we will follow the path by the Rastick Memorial, and thereon continue till we come to the numerous group of stone memorials and graves which lie in immediate proximity to the Bristol Ground. The major portion of the interments which have taken place here since our previous Strolls are those in the two or three uppermost rows. Passing on the outside of the group up to these uppermost rows, in the second opening from the bottom, is a solitary little willow tree. Just up the opening on the right is a head-stone bearing the names of Francis Edmund De Val (the late Custodian of the Pavilion) and his wife. Mr. De Val first entered upon his duties as Custodian in 1852; but his connection with the Pavilion dates back to a much earlier period,—in the days when George the Fourth was King. At that time the chief musician to His Majesty was Mr. Kramer, who was also proprietor of a china and glass warehouse in North-street, and was assisted in his business by Mr. De Val, who had frequently to attend at the Pavilion on business. On one occasion,—so the story goes,—when sent to the Pavilion with some goods from Kramer's shop, De Val placed the goods upon a
bench near to where a French cook was standing. The Gallie
artist took offence at this, and struck De Val with a stone
pastille which he held in his hand, on which De Val, with true
English spirit, immediately knocked the Frenchman down,
amidst the cries of "Bravo, Johnny Bond," from the other
French cooks. The King, hearing of De Val's exploit,
expressed a wish to see him, and he was thereupon introduced
by Mr. Kramer, his master, to His Majesty. Another inci-
dent connected with De Val was the payment by him of the
pension of ten shillings per week allowed by George IV. to
Phoebe Hessell. The King, it appeared, had asked the
veteran female soldier what amount she could live upon in
her declining days. The answer she made was "The half
of Your Majesty." The King saw the joke, and allowed
her half-a-sovereign per week, which was regularly paid to
Phoebe Hessell by De Val. But to speak of more recent
events in his career. After Her Majesty, Queen Victoria,
had abandoned the Pavilion as a marine residence, Mr.
De Val was actively engaged in dismantling the structure
of its gorgeous chandeliers and other fittings, and in superin-
tending the packing off of the goods to other Royal domains.
After a lapse of some years the property was purchased by
the town, and again the services of Mr. De Val were required
to superintend the erection of the new chandeliers, &c. A
year or two since, it will be remembered, the Pavilion rooms
were entirely re-decorated; and upon Mr. De Val repre-
senting to the Pavilion Committee that, on proper applica-
tion being made, it was his belief that the gorgeous
decorations, carvings, chandeliers, &c., would be restored,
they were applied for by the Corporate body; the request
was acceded to; and the town has to thank Mr. De Val
for being the means of having the Pavilion restored to some-
things like its original state. Mr. De Val died May 9th,
1867, in his 70th year, respected by all who knew him.

In the topmost row of graves, and situated almost in the
extreme corner of the whole group, is a grave or two worth
something more than a passing notice. If we enter among the
graves by the top "opening," we come on the left, some 20
yards up, to the head-stone to William Wheeler Barnard.
Passing by this to the row above, we see, a few paces up, the
head-stone to Mrs. Sheward, a lady well-known to many at the
north part of the town. In the row of graves above that in
which Mrs. Sheward's is situated, are the graves to which we just
now alluded. Proceeding up the narrow opening, in the fifth
grave past that of Mrs. Mary Ann Alford, lies John Ackerson
Erredge, who died November 5, 1862, in his 52nd year, and
who may not unworthily be styled, "Brighton's latest
historian." Mr. Erredge was brought up with his brother by
Mr. Robert Ackerson. He was educated at the school of Dr.
Byron, to whom he subsequently became an assistant, and for
some years he devoted himself to scholastic and literary
pursuits. He compiled The Student's Hand Book soon after
he commenced school-keeping on his own account, and this
work ran through several editions. He was an extensive
contributor to the Brighton Observer, from its commencement;
and while connected with that journal wrote "The Nomencla-
ture of Brighton Trades and Tradesmen," &c., &c. The work,
however, by which he is best known, is "The History of
Brighton." By his sudden death, the work was left unfinished
by himself, though subsequently completed by his son. In
business Mr. Erredge was very precise and methodical, none
more so; but out of it he was the most pleasant of companions,
his conversation being full of wit and humour. It is but just
to add, that, while a schoolmaster, Mr. Erredge received many
flattering marks of his pupils' esteem; and for his services as
Honorary Secretary to the Brighton Regatta Committee, and
his exertions in connection with that now local institution,
he was presented with a purse of money.

About half-a-dozen paces farther up than Mr. Erredge's
There are, in fact, but few stone memorials in this Ground which call for special notice. One, however, demands for a few words. It is a head-stone to the mother of "Tom Sayers," and the inscription testifies that, whatever may have been the influences of the P.R. on the "Champion," he still retained grateful recollections of home. The stone, which is situated a few feet from the trees, and about one-third the distance upwards from the bottom of the ground, has a semi-circular head, with a floral centre-piece. The inscription is as follows:

"This stone is erected by Mr. Thomas Sayers, in remembrance of a kind and affectionate mother. Maria, wife of William Sayers, born January 26, 1792, died February 16, 1839."

It was thought, at the time of his decease, that "Tom" would have been laid beside his mother. But it was ruled otherwise, and the late Champion's ashes now repose beneath a stonework monument in Highgate Cemetery.

There is another stone, also to an old Brightonian, which, as calling up old associations, is worth notice. It is nearly in the centre of the Ground, some few fests westward of the Bristol Memorial, and is erected to "Mark Wingfield, who died on his birthday, September 21, 1865, aged 80." His wife lies in the same grave. Wingfield, who was, we believe, a native of Hastings, was for many years Captain of the "Nautilus"—one of a fleet of sailing-packet, which, before the introduction of steam-packet, plied between Brighton and France. It was the fashion at that time to go to and from the vessels in "punts," which also acted as "tugs," in dragging, by means of ropes, horses through the sea to and from the vessel. The chief point of embarkation and debarkation, was to the west of the Ship-street Groyne—long since buried beneath the silt—and between Ship street and Middlestreet; sometimes, when the tide served, from the Groyne itself; and the arrival and departure of these vessels, of which there were some ten or twelve, from all the details of loading
and unloading being transacted within sight of the Cliff, was always the occasion of some little excitement both to visitors and inhabitants, and, doubtless, of profit to “long-shore” men. The greatest periods of excitement were at the close of the Peace of 1815, when the French prisoners used to land; and if, as was sometimes the case, the poor fellows needed assistance, the “circulation of the hat,” owing to the great crowds which used to assemble, generally produced a good round sum. When poor Lady Mountjoy embarked—we believe in 1818—was another time of excitement. She was in a deep decline, and was going across to France to endeavour to restore her health. She was brought from London in her own carriage, which was driven on to the beach and out into the sea as far as was possible by the side of the Groyne—off which she was taken on a mattress aboard the boat. Poor lady! not many weeks elapsed before she returned—a corpse! When, however, the steam-packets were put on this station, Captain Wingfield, with one or two others, went out of commission, though a capital sailor, and a man generally liked. Whether from this or other causes, the introduction of the steam-packets was exceedingly unpopular to our fishermen, &c. That anything save masts and canvas should propel a ship, went strongly counter to their notions; and the steamers were regarded with about as much favour as a railway would have been by Mr. Weller, sen. And when the “Quentin Derward” (the first steamer put on the station) appeared, her novel construction soon gave rise to all sorts of opprobrious epithets—for creating which our aborigines seem to have a special faculty—such as “Bass’s soap-box” and “Squint to the Leeward” (a corruption of her real name, the last word being pronounced, in the “long-shore” vernacular, looerd). Captain Wingfield, however, eventually went into business, and, in his latter years, kept a stall in the Market. Whether or no the Captain preferred his occupation on shore, we know not; but, as he was familiarly known “on the bank” as “Hard Times,” we should surmise that this originated in his lamenting his former pleasant time afloat.

In a line directly southward from Captain Wingfield’s headstone, at the left of the path at the bottom, is a memorial stone to Sergeant Weightman (late of the 6th Dragoons), erected by his brother non-commissioned officers in token of esteem. And at the bottom of the path proceeding westward, as we are leaving the ground, is a neat stone-cross to the memory of the widow of John Bignell, who died January 16, 1867, aged 78, “who was for 47 years a faithful and attached nurse in the family of the late William Borrow, Esq., of Barrow Hill, Henfield.” At foot we read:—

“When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?”

We must here close our Stroll, reserving other directions for a future occasion.