STROLLS, &c.

SECOND SERIES.

JUNE, 1867.

III.

One of the most pleasing features of the Extra-Mural Cemetery is the neatness and order with which, as a rule, the graves are kept and tended. The practice is, to a great extent, due to the encouragement afforded by the Company itself, both by example, in the orderly keeping of its own grounds, and by the judicious supervision exercised by its officials. The knowledge of this latter fact has, we believe, created just the impression which was desired, viz., that, whatever is done towards the keeping or the decoration of the graves, it will be respected and protected. Hence, the practice has come to be almost universal; but varying, as would be supposed, according to circumstances, taste, or social position. But no matter when or where the visitor goes over this beautiful Cemetery, this loving labour is sure to be observable. It may be that it is of the humblest character—some relative,—a poor widow, perhaps,—trimming the turf, or planting a few simple roots, and moistening them with water brought in rude materials from a long distance; a child or two laying a joint offering of flowers gathered from around on "papa's" or "mamma's" or "dear baby's" grave; or it may be of a higher character, in the depositing of some choice bouquet or wreath, or the superintendence of a rarer or more tasteful floral decoration of a grave or a tomb, by one in more affluent circumstances. Occasionally one comes upon some touching instances of the exhibition of this feeling. We recollect, one Saturday evening, a few weeks ago, seeing a man, in the far-off Bristol Ground, bearded and begrimed with his labour, hard at work putting a grave in order after his own fashion. He had, evidently, with much self-denial, and care and all things of all else, some there directly from his ordinary labour, that he might secure as much day-light as possible. Some time after, when it had deepened into twilight, and we were returning from our Stroll, we passed the spot again. He was still busy there! The incident might not be much in itself; but such labour, and such affectionate remembrance of the departed, thought we, doubtless brought to the bereaved heart, or, it may be, to the desolate home, its own reward.

But we are digressing.

We commenced our present Stroll among the tombs, &c., in the pretty circular plots of ground situated at the top of the carriage-road leading into the Cemetery, and lying to the south and south-east of the consecrated Church. Possessing in themselves many natural beauties, and the tombs, &c., being of an interesting character, the easiness of access to these plots renders them favourite places of resort to the visitor. Entering the first one, by the fine red-granite cenotaph to Mr. D. M. Folkard (which, with other contiguous tombs, we have previously noticed), there is before us a pediment tomb to Mr. George Folkard, of Hertford (a brother, we believe, of Mr. D. M. Folkard). To the right of this (past the tomb of Ann Joanna Stent), we come to one of the prettiest and best-kept graves in the Cemetery—that of members of the family of Mr. George Attree. We have more than once before referred to it. It has a neat white marble cross, with dark granite base at the head; the grave-space being enclosed by granite posts and chains. It is laid out in the best possible taste, with appropriate shrubs and flowers, and at the base of the cross is in-
riably seen a fresh bouquet. To the two names which the cross
originally bore, another has since been added—"Elizabeth
Austin, wife of George Attree," who died Nov. 3, 1865.
To the right of this beautiful grave is a pediment tomb,
bearing the name of Mary Anne, Baroness Brougham and
Vaux, who died Jan. 13, 1865, at the age of 78. The
Baroness, we believe, resided in Brighton some time before
her death; but Lord Brougham himself was not a frequent
visitor here. The most notable visit of His Lordship to
Brighton—and we think his first—was in July, 1844, when
the John o'Gaunt was blown up by Captain Warner's shell.
Lord Brougham, we remember, took up his station
for observation within the enclosure of the King's-road
Battery; and here his eccentricities, his singular and
extraordinary costume—indeed, of that distinguishing feature immortalized
by a witty contemporary, and by which he was at once
recognized—specially attracted the attention of the public. At
times, he would pace up and down, his hands in his pockets,
and his telescope under his arm, now and then taking a
momentary glance at the doomed vessel, and on again, visibly
impatient. More than once he actually dropped upon his
knees on the stones in front of the parapet, on which he placed
his hat as rest for his telescope, while, bare-headed, he surveyed
the progress of the experiment! As this, however, seemed to
him to be unnecessarily prolonged, His Lordship's unconcealed
irritation, his gesticulations, and unreserved comments excited
no little astonishment. He was, we suppose, ultimately satis-

* We have been informed, since the above was written, that His
Lordship had previously visited Brighton, while his daughter was
staying here in ill-health. It was just after he had been made Lord
Chancellor, in November, 1830. On the Sunday morning, when in
Brighton, he attended Divine Service at the New Church; the Rev.
T. Trocke being the officiating minister on the occasion,

fied: when the John o'Gaunt, one minute floating proudly on
the water, the next parted in her midst and sunk beneath
the waves a total wreck—for he waved his hat aloft and exclaimed,
"The exhibition is complete!" and nimbly left the Battery
for the Railway Terminus. Here, His Lordship having just
witnessed one explosion, took part in another on his own
account! Arriving too late at the Station for a train he had
intended to go by, he demanded a "special train" for himself
and friends—but it was to be without the "special" coach.
This proposition was, of course, met with a demur on the
part of the Superintendent. All His Lordship's skill in rhetoric
and logic was vainly exhausted to move the official, and he at
length resorted to a physical process, and actually seized him
by the collar, and shook him so thoroughly as a Scotch terrier
would a rat, swearing at the same time "that the Directors of
the London and Brighton Railway were the most beggarly set
of rascals that ever breathed!" How His Lordship eventually
got to London, we know not; but the incidents of his first
visit were not soon forgotten.

To the left of the Baroness Brougham's tomb, round the
pretty clump of trees, is a pediment tomb to John Constable
and his wife, and a massive one of polished grey granite, to
Harriet Preston, of Sewardstone, Essex, the latter bearing
the impressive inscription—

"I said, Thou art my God; my times are in Thy hand."

Almost in front of this latter is a fine cenotaph (by Rooke) to
Clark Irving, Esq., of Cumberland. Passing hence, to the

* We have since learnt that he left Brighton by an early train the
next (Sunday) morning; and his anxiety to get away on the previous
evening may probably be accounted for by the fact that he was short of
"pocket money;" for when he did go, he was obliged to borrow 2s. of
the ticket-clerk to enable him to pay his fare!
northward, towards the Church, may be seen several fine tombs (chiefly by Cooke), fringing the plot of ground, and running eastwardly: to Mary Ann Slaughter (of Clifton), members of the Gibbes family, the wife and daughter of Captain Cooke, the widow of Lieut.-Col. Macdonald (93rd Highlanders), Charles Duke (of Lavant), &c. The easternmost one (just past the water-tanks)—a fine granite pediment tomb, enclosed by partly gilt railings, and flanked on each side by a pretty flower-bed,—is to Harriette, wife of Thomas Alfred Yarrow. The poor lady died in April, 1865, at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and her remains were, at her own earnest wish, subsequently transferred thence and deposited in the Extra-Mural Cemetery.

Standing at this tomb, we see, towards the centre of the plot, a pediment tomb to Elizabeth Hervey, and another to Sir Wm. Alex. Maxwell and his wife. From this latter, crossing the path into the second plot of ground, we come to a pediment tomb to Captain Still. Before us here a head-stone bears the name of one not unknown to local fame—Matthew Bailey Tennant, who reached the ripe age of 88. Mr. Tennant was of somewhat eccentric habits, and his tenacity in holding to his opinions or prejudices, &c., not unfrequently subjected him to censure and sometimes to ridicule. This tenacity of purpose, however, in one instance may be said to have been instrumental to a public good; for, doubtless, his persistent agitation forwarded the removal of the Queen’s-road slaughter houses. For this object, and for other sanitary reforms, Mr. Tennant fought manfully; and it must have been no small satisfaction to him to see most of those curiously-shaped erections, which at one time disfigured and disgraced the main thoroughfare into the town from the Railway, altogether removed.

Several well-constructed tombs lie on the right from here,—not the least noticeable being one of polished granite, to Lucy, wife of John Aldhouse, of Holborn Hill, and a neat obelisk to the eastward to Robert C. Dunell, “an affectionate husband and father, a kind brother, and a dutiful son.” Farther on, is a beautiful white marble cross of bold proportions, on which hangs a finely-carved wreath. Beneath it lie the remains of Matilda Emmeline, wife of Alex. Crowe, of Woodcote Grove, Epsom. Two rows, below this (past the Gothic grave-stone to R. W. Eastwick, Esq.), a tomb bears the names of two Indian veterans: Lieut.-Colonel John Jopp (Bombay Engineers), aged 69; and James Edward Gordon Morris (Major-General, Bombay Army), aged 63. To the left of this is a neat pediment tomb to John Hall, of Wye, Kent, who died May 17th, 1863, aged 75. Beneath the same tomb lies a grandchild, “Annie Charlotte Tassell,” who died June 4, 1864, aged one year.

At this point immediately before us, in an easterly direction, are two rows of tombs, &c., many of them of an interesting character, and all more or less well-kept. The first of the outer row to the right (past the pediment tomb of C. Gardiner, Esq.)—two similar white marble crosses (by Bennett) at the head of graves alike in some respects—will be sure to attract attention. The lower one is to “Harry William Hough, the dearly-beloved son of William and Jessie Coupe,” who died June, 1866, aged five years. The grave is at all seasons pristinely and appropriately decorated with flowers. When we last saw it, these were typical of innocence; the borders of the grave being composed of pure white daisies, and a beautiful wreath of white flowers lay at the base of the cross. The upper cross bears the name of “Arabella Montagu Morris,” who died September, 1866, aged 74. At its foot is inscribed,—

“Thou shalt not see evil any more.”

The grave space, line that below it, is well kept.

Passing upwards by the pediment tomb of the daughter of J. and S. Sutton, of Shardlow Hall, Derby, we come to a grave decorated with beautiful and appropriate flowers,
Immediately above this tomb, we come to an enclosure within which is another of the best-kept and most beautiful graves of the Cemetery,—that of the daughter and only child of the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Webster. We could observe "no slackening of the hand" upon its decoration since we first referred to it some three years ago; fresh and beautiful flowers are ever lying upon it; and the grave-space in front of the cross is still as tastefully cultivated and protected. Such evidences betoken truly a "labour of love." The enclosure contains another tomb, on the left, bearing the name of Colonel Charles Edmund Doherty (13th Light Dragoons), who died on the 14th August, 1866, aged 48. The Colonel, who served in the Crimea during the campaign, had a very narrow escape from taking part in the famous "Balaklava Charge." A portion of his regiment, we are told, formed part of the "noble six hundred"; but he himself being sick, the command during the charge devolved on the Major, and he, with many another brave fellow, lost his life! The Colonel's own death was painfully sudden. He was a fine soldierly-looking gentleman, and to all appearance in robust health. Without a moment's warning, within an hour after his first seizure with illness (we believe, heart disease,) he was a corpse! Verily,—

"The present moment is our sin,
The grief we never saw!"

Colonel Doherty has left a widow to lament the loss of a most affectionate husband.

Immediately to the right of this enclosure, is a neat white marble cross, at the head of a pretty grave, to children of Charles and Christians Stevenson. Passing behind this grave, and retracing our steps westwardly, we come to a pediment tomb to Julia Beatham, wife of George Henry Hooper, of Lincoln's Inn, and an infant son; and a few steps below are several similar tombs to Maria Gotebo, C. L.
Pennington, Thomas Boyes, Esq., Elizabeth, daughter of the late John Burrup, Esq., and to the widow of Commander Blount, R.N. Next this is a stone cross to Helen Isabel Desanges, and below this a Gothic grave-stone bears the name of Helen Anderson, a sister of the Rev. J. S. M. Anderson and the late Rev. Robert Anderson. It bears the beautiful inscription:

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord, in that day when I make up my jewels."

Just below is a grey stone cross, with a scroll at foot, in "loving memory of Augusta Caroline Baynes," daughter of Sir R. L. and the Hon. Lady Baynes; a Gothic grave stone to W. H. Abbott, Esq. (45 years Ecclesiastical Registrar at Calcutta); and a head-stone in a well-kept grave space, to Anne, relict of the late Rev. C. W. Warnford.

At this point, if we cross to the north-east, round the fine clump of trees, and past the tomb of Mary, wife of John Gardner, we reach a large grave-space, in which is a white marble Gothic head-stone (by Bennett), exquisitely carved, and, without exception, the handsomest and most artistic of that character in the Cemetery. It is erected "to the memory of a beloved brother, Frederick Allan Grant."

If we pass round the graves next this (with crosses, one to Elizabeth Christie, and the other to the relict of the late G. S. Brown, 16th Lancers) we see before us a white marble Gothic head-stone, surmounted by a cross, at the head of a beautifully-decorated grave. The inscription states that it is "in affectionate remembrance of Laura, the dearly-beloved wife of J. A. Sinclair, who died December 30th, 1866; in her 27th year." Next this grave, northward, is another equally well kept, and which is rarely wanting in fresh flowers. The head-stone bears the name of Maria, widow of Colonel Victor F. J. de Grandison (The Colonel), a fine specimen of the old French Nobleman—was a Chevalier of St. Louis and Sergeant of the Body Guard of Charles the 10th of France. Also, that of Mary Frederica de Grandison, infant daughter of F. and M. Merrifield, who died March 22, 1866, aged four years. Lower down the row is a white cross to the infant son of S. and J. L. Parr, on the base of which is the expressive and consoling line:

"Is it well with the child?—It is well."

A daughter of the late Rev. Baden Powell, and Sarah Bevan lie just below.

At this point we will close our Stroll.