

## QUEER OLD GRAVESTONES.

### QUAINT EPITAPHS IN A CONNECTICUT CEMETERY.

#### The Burying Place of Some of New Haven's Early Governors—Samples of Colonial Poetry.

Glancing to the right through the car window just before the local express rushes upon the little bridge over Mill Creek to the east, and dashes on into the village of New Milford, Conn., the New York bound passenger gets a glimpse of one of the quaintest old graveyards in New England. Its brown, battered gravestones are strewn so near the railroad track that the thundering express seems to grind them beneath its wheels.

Some of the gravestones have sunk almost out of sight. Others, with sides warped and crumpled, push their weather-stained noses up through the rank, tangled grasses in defiance of time's decay. A few lie prone in shamefaced overthrow. The stranger, particularly if he be an antiquarian, will find rare grubbing among these rusty old stones.

Some of the gravestones are nearly 250 years old. Milford was settled in 1639, and the settlers began to die apparently about as soon as they got here. A good many never received the Christian burial, as the Indians attended to their obsequies without inviting the relatives or personal friends of the deceased. One of the earliest inscriptions that is entirely preserved is on a slab above the rather pretentious tomb of Governor Robert Treat. It reads:

Here Lyeth Interred the Body of Coll. Robert Treat, Esq., Who Faithfully Served This Colony in the Post of Governour and Deputy Governour Near Ye Space of Thirty Years, and at the Age of Four Score and Eight Years, Exchanged This Life for Better; July 12, Anno Dom. 1710.

Johnathan Law, another Governor of the colony, is also buried in this graveyard. He was born in Milford on August 6, 1672, and died there on November 6, 1750. He was Governor from 1742 until 1750. His resting place, like Governor Treat's, is marked by one of the few flat tombstones above ground. Several other colonial dignitaries have simple headstones. On others the early obituary eulogist has left his copious trade marks. Here is a sample:

"The truly honorable and pious Roger Newton, esq.

"An officer of distinguished note in ye expedition 1709 and 1710, for many years one of ye council and colonel of the Second regiment of militia, judge of the court of common pleas thirty-three years, until he departed this life, January 15, 1771, in the 87th year of his age.

"His mind returned to God, entombed here lies The part the hero left beneath the skies, Newton as steel; inflexible from right, In faith, in law, in equity, in fight."

Another panegyrist relates that Isaac miles, Esq., was a gentleman—

"Distinguished by manly sense, Genuine integrity and firmness, In patriotism and in virtue— After a life active in commerce And in public employments, A life very useful to his family And to the public.

And adds that at last this excellent gentleman—

"Worn out by a long and distressing asthma, Borne with singular patience, He died on the 15th of November, 1780, In the 55th year of his age."

Mortuary poetry abounds. Some of it is about as original and as startling as the most versatile genius in this line produces. Neither young nor old have escaped it in the Milford graveyard. Elihu Fowler, son of Jonathan Fowler, died on October 9, 1789, three years and four months old, and his untimely fate is thus graphically epitomized:

"His life a span, the mournful toll Declares the exit of his soul! Grim Death is come! His life is call'd To take its flight—the means a scald. Ye who are young come learn your end, By deep repentance make Christ your friend."

Over the grave "where lies the body of Mrs. Phebe Gillit, wife to Mr William Gillit, Junr.," who died on February 10, 1756, twenty-nine years old, is one of the most remarkable tributes in the entire graveyard. Manifestly it was written by her husband. Its orthography is unusually eccentric even for those days of arbitrary spelling. Here it is:

"Her Dying Words unto her husband are: Refrain your passions! How so much Dispare.

It's the will of God! I hope it's for the Best For you! For me! And for my mothers— less,

To whom adue! To God and you I now Commend that care

—Pattern of Patriots to the end of life. Now Ded, she speaks to every Living wife, Fet Such Juels Should be laid in Dust;

Men are Unworthy and the Lord is just."

Drollest and decidedly most realistic of all the inscriptions are those on the gravestones of Miss Mary Fowler and Mrs. Sarah Bryan, consort of Captain Richard Bryan. Miss Fowler was in her 24th year when she died on Feb. 1, 1792. This is the inscription that was composed in her honor:

"Molly, though pleasant in her day Was suddenly seized and sent away; How soon she's ripe, how soon she's rotten, Sent to the grave and soon forgotten."

—New York Commercial Advertiser.

### Cologne.

Cologne is chiefly interesting to visitors on account of its Cathedral and its Cologne water. To see the one and to buy some of the other are the two great objects of travelers here. But, apart from these principal attractions, we shall find the city very interesting. Most of the streets are queer and old, some of the houses dating from the thirteenth century; and the Rhine, which is here crossed by a long bridge of boats, presents a very busy and lively scene with its craft of many kinds.

The real Cologne water is made by Johann Maria Farina, but when we go out to buy some, we may be a little perplexed by finding that there are some thirty or forty people of this name, all of whom keep shops for the sale of Cologne water. There are a great many descendants of the original inventor of this perfume, and the law does not permit any one to assume the name who does not belong to the family; but the boy babies of the Farinas are generally baptized Johann Maria, so that they can go into the Cologne water business when they grow up. There are two or three shops where the best and "original" water is sold, and at one of these we buy some of the celebrated perfume, generally sold to travelers in small wooden boxes containing four or six bottles, which we get at a very reasonable price compared with what we have to pay for it in America. We cannot take much more than this, because Cologne water is classed as spirits by the Custom House authorities in England, and each traveler is allowed to bring only a small quantity of it into that country.—St. Nicholas.

### Cost of Raising a Boy.

"My father never did anything for me," is an observation which is frequently heard from the lips of young men, but in most cases a little reflection would convince the speaker that he is making a serious error. A recent writer, hearing the remark uttered by a young fellow whose education, as the phrase goes, had just been completed, and who was looking around him to find an opening in business, took the trouble to estimate the cost of bringing up the said young fellow from his birth, which had been defrayed, of course, by the parent referred to in such a slighting way. These are his figures:

\$100 per year for the first five years....	\$500
\$150 per year for the second five years....	750
\$200 per year for the third five years....	1,000
\$300 per year for the next three years....	900
\$500 per year for the next two years....	1,000

Total.....\$4,150

With a few modifications, these figures may be taken to represent the average expense entailed in raising an ordinary boy. Many parents spend several times as much. It would certainly be well for young men who take all this as a matter of course, and think that their fathers have done nothing for them, to reflect that they owe a heavy debt of gratitude to those that have brought them up from helpless infancy and equipped them to fight for themselves the battle of life.—Golden Argosy.

### Poisoned Arrows.

The Nome-cults were the only tribe in the vicinity of Round Valley (Cal.) who used poisoned arrows. The largest rattlesnakes obtainable, and consequently the most venomous, were caught and killed, the poison glands carefully extracted and placed in the gall bladders of animals until the whole became thoroughly mixed and decomposed; the arrowheads were then anointed with some sticky substance, usually the pitch or sap of the pine, and then dipped into the composition and left for a fixed time. These arrows were always used in warfare, and also when the deer and other game were wanted for the skins only. The animal even if only slightly wounded would soon swell up and die, and not being able to run very far would soon be come up with.—Overland.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearly chain of all virtues.

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\*\*\*\*\* The man who has invested from three to five dollars in a Rubber Coat, and at his first half hour's experience in a storm finds to his sorrow that it is hardly a better protection than a mosquito netting, not only feels chagrined at being so badly taken in, but also feels if he does not look exactly like Ask for the "FISH BRAND" SLICKER does not have the FISH BRAND, send for descriptive catalogue. A. J. Tower, 30 Simmons St., Boston, Mass. \*\*\*\*\*

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If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

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