

IMPROMPTU*, ON HEARING, AS HE WAS RISING
IN THE MORNING, OF THE DEATH OF
THE REV. JOHN DUNCOMBE, M. A.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. DUNCOMBE, OF CANTERBURY.

PEACE to the spot where his remains are laid;
May purest blifs await his friendly shade!
Nature by him had done her noblest part:
She gave a head, nor yet denied a heart.

* Written with one stocking on, the other off. Mr. B.'s very uncommonly tender attachment to his Mother, from his early infancy to the last breath he drew, occasioned his constantly asking his servant on entering his chamber, "How she did?" The man replied, "Pretty well, Sir. She is gone out. Mr. Duncombe is dead—died at five this morning." Mr. B. had been at a private ball the night before, where Mr. D. was with his daughter. In the situation above described the lines were written, as Mr. B. told his Mother when he gave them to her at breakfast, saying, "As it is a strictly just character, it may for a minute soothe the mind of your dear friend Mrs. D."