
AN EPITAPH

FOR

EDWARD DRUMMOND, ESQ.

LATE PRIVATE SECRETARY TO SIR ROBERT PEEL;

Who so unfortunately met his Death by the hand of an
Assassin, January 20, 1843.

—◆—
An Acrostic.
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E—nquiring Stranger,—when you learn whose ashes here repose,
D—imm'd, sure, will be your eyes with what blest Sympathy bestows.
W—hat consternation—what regret prevail'd throughout the land
A—s spread the news when DRUMMOND fell by an assassin's hand!
R—egard the deed as quite a stain on England's fame did all;
D—eep curses, too, were heap'd on him who fired the fatal ball.—

D—eparted shade! such was his worth whilst a sojourner here,
R—egretted still he's not alone by relatives so dear :
U—nyielding probity his guide, he ne'er from duty swerved,
M—aintained so, he long had won the heart of him he served!—
M—uch as his kindred must lament his most untimely end,
O—h, ever may Religion's balm its blessed healing lend!
N—or doubt may they such spirits pure—this scene of strife once o'er—
D—epart to reign in realms above with Christ for evermore!

CHARLES CLARK.

GREAT TOTHAM, ESSEX, MARCH, 1843.
