

# The New Zealand Graphic

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### A UNIQUE WEDDING.

IN Christchurch recently was celebrated the wedding of two of our most ardent supporters of the rational dress movement in Christchurch. The bride, Miss Kate Walker, and the bridegroom, Mr J. R. Wilkinson, M.A., have already made their names familiar to the public by the publication of their pamphlet, entitled 'Notes on Dress Reform and What It Implies.' The ceremony took place at 'Aborima,' the residence of Dr. and Mrs D. W. M. Burn, who are also strong active supporters of the movement.

The bride was attired in a stone blue bengaline suit, with vest and revers of white silk embroidered with gold. She wore a beautiful wreath of jessamine instead of the time-honoured orange-blossom, and although gloves were dis-

### REVENGE ON THE DEAD.

VINDICTIVENESS AS SHOWN IN EPITAPHS.

EPITAPHS are not the most authentic source for biographical data, perhaps, but a study of some of this mortuary literature, if it serves no other purpose, surely exposes some peculiar turns and twists in the human nature of ours. There is something almost pathetic in the helplessness of all mortals against these *post mortem* attacks from friends and foes. When a man leaves the world he makes his exit as Sir Peter does in the well-known scene, saying: 'I leave my character behind me,' and he can be as sure as Sir Peter himself was that his friends only waited for the door to close before they relieved their minds of an estimate of him.

'Here lies a man of good repute,  
He wore a No. 16 boot;  
'Tis not recorded how he died,  
But sure it is that opened wide  
The gates of Heaven must have been,  
To let such monstrous feet within.'

Such is the cruel legend which, an old tombstone holds

on the tombstone of one of their fraternity the inscription:

Here he lies—as he always did—  
Stranger be civil. The rest God knows.  
So does the devil.

Usually in the making of epitaphs *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* is the rule followed, but the above inscriptions and many more show that sometimes the brutal truth is blurted out so forcibly, in fact, that one suspects the living is getting even at last for some ancient sufferings and in a rather cowardly way, hitting a fellow when he is down, so to speak. For instance:

Here lies wife the second of old Wing Rogers.  
She's safe from cares and he from bothers.  
If death had known thee as well as I,  
He never had stopped, but passed thee by,  
I wish him joy, but I much fear  
He'll rue the day he came thee near.

Now that's a cowardly epitaph. Old Wing Rogers, it is safe to say, was very likely the most cowed of henpecked husbands, who never dared to 'sass back' when 'wife the second' was in the flesh, and now he takes this ungenerous



Standish and Peace, Photo.

A 'REFORM DRESS WEDDING.'

(Marriage of Mr J. R. Wilkinson, M.A., to Miss Kate Walker in Christchurch.)

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carded, a lovely veil was worn, not, however, over the face, but thrown back and falling in long graceful folds over the shoulders. The bridesmaid, Miss Nellie Walker, wore a suit of cream silk, with a beautiful lace collar. Mrs Burn looked particularly well in a brown cashmere suit trimmed with handsome braid. The suits were nearly all of the same design, neatly fitting knickerbockers, long coat with revers, and a long vest, the coat being edged with cord to match the material. Most of the gentlemen were in knicker costumes.

The Rev. L. M. Leitt, who performed the ceremony, professed himself in thorough sympathy with the movement. After the wedding service the company sat down to a dainty and prettily laid wedding breakfast. Mr and Mrs Wilkinson left Christchurch in the afternoon to spend a week at Governor's Bay.

up in Massachusetts. Cruel is the exact word, for what is it but the refinement of cruelty to make such feet follow man even after death; to hold them up to public view, as it were, long after their long-suffering owner is snugly tucked away under ground?

Here he is dead, poor fellow, but alas for the futility of human wishes the offending feet still make him noteworthy, and will stand on his tombstone for all time.

Though physical deformity excites our sympathy, moral obliquity should have no pity, and the gentler nature feels a sort of grim satisfaction in reading the following inscription placed over a crony Scrooge in an old churchyard:

Here lies old thirty-five per cent.  
The more he made, the more he lent;  
The more he got, the more he craved,  
The more he made, the more he shared,  
Good God! can such a soul be saved!

What a terrible warning to the brethren on 'Change! Gentlemen of the law must quake when in passing through a graveyard in Dorsetshire, England, they read

way to give her impudence when the old lady is constrained to silence by circumstances over which she has no control. According to the date on the stone Wing himself must have died long years ago. How he excused the indiscreet outburst to the lady when he met her in the 'Sweet By and Bye' it would be curious to know.

Death does not soften hearts in Jersey, for in one of its cemeteries is this ill-tempered epitaph:

To the memory of Mary Go'd,  
Who was sold in nothing but her name.  
She was a tolerable woman for an acquaintance,  
But O. H. himself couldn't live with her.  
Her temper was furious,  
Her tongue was vindictive,  
She reared a look and frowned at a smile  
And was sour as vinegar.  
She punished the earth upwards of forty years  
To say nothing of relations.

Poor Mary Gold! No wonder she was vindictive and sour if she had relatives so unfeeling as those who composed her epitaph must have been.