

biographer; this latter quality in Mrs. Johnson was only visible to her spouse's partial eyes) in the following words:—

"Hic condantur reliquiae
Elizabethae,
Antiqua Jarvisiorum gente,
Peatlinge apud Leicestrienses
Formosa, culta, ingeniosa, pia;
Uxoris primis nuptiis, Henrici Porter,
Secundis Samuelis Johnson;
Qui multum amatum, diuque delectatum
Hoc lapide contextit.
Obiit Londini, Mense Mart.
A.D., MDCCLII."

Notice with what an odd kind of mournful pride the doctor speaks of the "antiqua Jarvisiorum gente," the old Jarvis family, of which he loved to reflect that his wife was a member, high Tory as he was to the very core of his honest, rugged nature.

Boswell remarks, *apropos* of his loss:—"The state of mind in which a man must be upon the death of a woman whom he sincerely loves had been in his contemplation many years before. In his *Trene* we find the following fervent and tender speech of Demetrius, addressed to his Aspasia:—

"From those bright regions of eternal day,
Where now thou shin'st amongst thy fellow saints,
Arrayed in purer light, look down on me!
In pleasing visions and assuasive dreams,
Oh, soothe my soul, and teach me how to lose thee!"

The north aisle of the church was rebuilt towards the end of the last century, and the whole fabric underwent extensive repairs and alterations in 1830, at which time galleries were added. In 1873 further renovations were made, a new reredos and pulpit introduced, the old-fashioned "pews" being superseded by more modern low-backed benches. The east window, of painted glass, was the gift of Lord Farnborough. The font is Norman, with rude arcading, but has been restored. The south door is a remnant of antiquity, and is thus described in Hone's "Table Book":—"This door formerly hung on the western stone jamb; but for warmth and greater convenience, the churchwardens under whose management the edifice was last repaired put up a pair of folding-doors covered with crimson cloth; yet, with a respectful regard, worthy of imitation in other places, they preserved this vestige of antiquity, and were even careful to display its time-worn front. . . . Bromley church door is a vestige, for on examination it will be found not perfect. It is 7 feet 4 inches in height, and its width 4 feet 8 inches; the width of the door itself, therefore, has been reduced these two inches, and hence the centre of the ornaments in relief is not in the centre of the door in its pre-

sent state. It is a good specimen of the fast-decaying and often prematurely removed fine doors of our old churches. The lock, probably of like age with the door, and also of wood, is a massive, effectual contrivance, 2 feet 6 inches long, 7½ inches deep, and 5 inches thick, with a bolt an inch in height and an inch and a half in thickness, that shoots out two inches on the application of the huge, heavy key." Hone gives a drawing of the old key, which shows a large, simple, almost wardless, contrivance, which would be derided by a modern locksmith, but doubtless served its purpose in old and unscientific days.

The register of the church dates from 1682, when an assessment of the parish at the rate of a shilling in the pound brought in the sum of £661. We find many curious and interesting entries in the register—such, for instance, as this order, made in 1703, that "John Doodny, the beadle, have a new blewe coat bought him, and a pair of stockings, between this and Christmas;" or this, in 1769, "An apartment ordered to be built at the farther end of the workhouse, for receiving distressed families, which had hitherto been put in the watch-house."

The entrance to the churchyard is through a picturesque lych-gate, whence an avenue of yews lead to the north door. Near the vestry door is a gravestone, on which the inscription states that "here lyeth . . . Martine French, of this parish, with four of his wives;" and close by is the grave of Elizabeth Monk, a veritable "centenarian." The inscription on her monument, from the pen of Dr. Hawkesworth, runs as follows:—"Near this place lies the body of Elizabeth Monk, who departed this life on the 27th day of August, 1753, aged 101. She was the widow of John Monk, late of this parish, blacksmith, her second husband, to whom she had been a wife near fifty years, by whom she had no children, and of the issue of the first marriage none lived to the second. But virtue would not suffer her to be childless: an infant, to whom and to whose father she had been nurse (such is the uncertainty of temporal prosperity), became dependent upon strangers for the necessaries of life; to him she afforded the protection of a mother. This parental charity was returned with filial affection, and she was supported in the feebleness of age by him whom she had cherished in the helplessness of infancy. Let it be remembered that there is no station in which industry will not obtain power to be liberal, nor any character on which liberality will not confer honour. She had been long prepared by a simple and unaffected piety for that awful moment which, however de-