

Ch. Sheldon

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Dear Sir

I am sure I need not make the
smallest apology for addressing you on the
present occasion. Poor Sheldon is dead and I
mean to exert my little power to procure him
a monument in Exeter Cathedral. I have applied
to Mr. West and flatter myself his countenance
will procure me assistance from the academy.
I want to console an exemplary and most
unhappy wife, and perpetuate the memory of a
man of an excellent heart and extraordinary
talents. I have written the following epitaph
which I wish to display on a tablet.

If wisdom, goodness, greatness describe us
Sheldon whose dust lies here, is surely best
wise is the man creation can explore,
With care and industry, though all her store;
Good, who can pass his profitable day,
In labours tending Whet makes' promise;

Great, who employ, his comprehensive mind,
The poor to cheer and benefit mankind.

Sheldon, this need is thine, by friendship given
To guard thy fame on earth, now crowned in heaven.

I will do myself the pleasure to call
on you in a few days and am

Dear Sir

Yours very sincerely

125 Strand

Oct. 13th 1800

L. B. B. G.