

Grabinschrift auf dem Bromsgrove-Kirchhof

für einen Lokomotivführer, der bei einer Kesselexplosion einer Lokomotive auf der schiefen Ebene bei Lickey im November 1840 verunglückte.

Sacred to the memory of Thomas Scaife

late an Engineer on the Birmingham and Gloucester Railway, who lost his life at Bromsgrove Station by the explosion of an engine boiler on Tuesday the 10th of November 1840.

He was 28 years of age, highly esteemed by his fellow workmen for his many amiable qualities, and his death will be long lamented by all those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. The following lines are composed by an unknown friend as a memento of the worthiness of the deceased.

My engine now is cold and still,
 No water does my boiler fill;
 My coke affords its flame no more,
 My days of usefulness are o'er,
 My wheels deny their noted speed
 No more my guiding hand they need.
 My whistle, too, has lost its tone,
 His shrill and thrilling sounds are gone
 My valves are now thrown open wide,
 My flanges I'll refuse to guide.
 My clack, also, though once so strong
 Refuse to aid the busy throng.
 No more I feed each urging breath
 My steam is now condens'd in death.
 Life's railway 's o'er, each station 's past,
 In death I 'm stopp'd and rest at last.
 Farewell, dear friend, and cease to weep
 In Christ I 'm SAFE in Him I sleep.

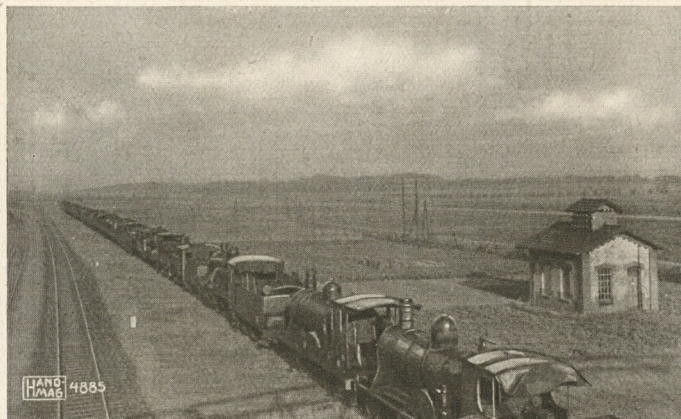
This stone was erected by his fellow workmen 1842.

Ein Friedhof für belgische Lokomotiven.

Epitaph on a Locomotive.

By the sole survivor of a deplorable accident (no blame to be attached to any servants of the company)

*Collisions four
 Or five she bore,
 The signals wor in vain;
 Grown old and rusted,*



*Her biler busted,
 And smash'd the Excursion
 Train.*

„Her End was Pieces.“

(Mr. Punch's Railway Book S. 78)

Abb. 72