

Rosa Is an Angel Now

Epitaphs from Crawford County, Pennsylvania

WILLIAM B. MOORE and STEPHEN C. DAVIES

PART 2

ADSIT CEMETERY

Of long experience he confessed
God's sovereign power to save
At God's command he yielded down
His body to the grave

—WILLIAM VICKERS (1799-1848)

My Father Mother kindred dear
Grieve not for me nor shed a tear
Thy darlings with her saviour now
Bright glory rests upon her brow
A harp she holds within her hand
And waits for you to join her band.

—NETTIE McENTIRE (1860-1862)

Till He Comes

—AMBER MERCY ADSIT (1867-1870)

Sleep dear son take thy rest
God took you when he seen best

—JOHN WILLIAM VICKERS (1849-1870)

I'm going home
Sister thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

—SARA S. McENTIRE (1855-1874)

But I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto
me write blessed are the dead which die in
the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the
spirit, that they mayest rest from their
labors and their works do follow them.

—JOHN T. McENTIRE (1859-1879)

Precious in the sight of the
 Lord is the death of his saints
 ————— toil and care
 Her happy soul has fled
 Her [breath?] as clay must slumber now
 Amongst the silent dead.

—MARGARET VICKERS (1805-1883)

Memorial tablet erected by
 A. C. & Earle Huidekoper
 in whose barn Ralya was
 gored to death by a bull

—WILLIAM RALYA (1837-1897)

For the —————
 That they shall —————
 But the dead [know]
 not any thing —————
 But when Christ who
 is our life shall appear
 Then may we also appear
 with him in glory.

—[VICKERS?] (c. 1900)

ALLEN CEMETERY

Farewell, dear friends, weep not for
 I'm with my Saviour now
 A golden crown the Saviour's brought
 To place upon my brow.

—ELISABETH S. ALLEN (1819-1828)

A tender wife a mother dear
 A faithful friend is buried here
 Desired of God to seek his grace
 She faithfully obeyed
 And eager flew to Christ's embrace
 On whom her hopes wer stayed.

—[HARRIET?] ALLEN (1789-1857)

How blest is our Father bereft
 Of all that could burden his mind
 How easy the soul that has left
 This wearisome body behind.

—WILLIAM ALLEN (1796-1867)

Farewell little Ned
 God called you away
 Rest in peace till we meet
 On the Judgement day.

—NED WATSON (1871-1871)

The Remains
 Of Thirty Three
 People Rest Within
 Fifty Feet of
 This Marker

ANDERSON CEMETERY

DOLLY
 Rest for the little sleeper
 Joy for the ransomed soul
 Peace for the lonely weeper
 Dark though the waters roll.

—BERTHA E. GRINNELLS (1879-1880)

[A long last?] sleep our father takes
 But in Christ Jesus he awakes:
 Then will his happy soul rejoice
 To hear his blessed Saviour's voice.

—WILLIAM FINDLEY (1786-1881)

GOLDEN
 Over the river the boatmen sail
 Sainted one the household pet
 Fair as the rose the lily frail
 Darling Ray, I see him yet.

—MORRIS R. GRINNELLS (1881-1882)

"Faithful until Death"

—PERRIMELA S. ANDERSON (1867-1934)

Children of dust astray among the stars
 Children of earth adrift upon the night
 What is there in our darkness or our light
 To linger in prose or claim a singing breath
 Save the curt history of life isled in death

—MAXWELL ANDERSON (1888-1959)
 (Illustration thirty-three)

ANDREWS CEMETERY

Devinely blest the Infant soul
On Angel pinnions born away
Ere it had felt this world's control
Or found the path that leads astray.

—CORNELIA E. ANDREWS (1848-1849)

Robert Andrews
Born in Ireland 1770
Emigrated to U.S. 1785
Settled on this Farm 1793
Died Oct. 15, 1854
Aged 84 Yrs.

—ROBERT ANDREWS (1770-1854)

BAKER CEMETERY

Jesus is my friend.

—JOSEPH THOMPSON (1766-1838)

The tenderest flowers are first decayed
The ————— the most by all
The earliest rose will soon'st fade
The tenderest lilly fall.

—ANN ELIZABETH LAMB (1832-1841)

So man lieth down and riseth not
Till the heavens be no more they shall
not awake nor be raised out of their sleep

—DANIEL WINSTON (1777-1847)

But man dieth and wasteth away
yea man giveth up the ghost and
whare is he? Job 14 C. 10.

—GABRIEL SMITH (1789-1852)

Weep not for me I am at rest
In death resigned in Heaven blest.

—ROSWELL D. HODGES (1830-1854)

As a wife devoted
As a mother affectionate
As a friend ever kind & true
In life she exhibited all the graces
of a Christian. In death her
redeemed spirit returned to he
who gave it.

—NAOMA WINSTON (1777-1855)

Earth has one mortal less
Heaven one angel more.

—FLOYD G. BORHER (1857-1857)

Gone but her memory is cherished in the
hearts of her children

—LUCY HOPKINS (1774-1857)

His soul has taken its flight
To mansions of glory above

—ISAAC B. DENTON (1850-1863)

James N. son of Silvanus & Nancy Doud
of Co. B 12th Pa. Cav. Killed by Guerillers
in Loudoun Co. Va. Mar. 21, 1865

Oh sad heart hush thy [grief]
Wait but a little while
With faith and hope believe
[Why sal— th—] beguile
Wait for the joyous meeting
Beyond the starry dome
For there our son is waiting
To bid us welcome home.

—JAMES N. DOUD (1843-1865)

He died as he had lived
a christian

—SOLOMON W. PHILLIPS (1835-1867)

Gone but not forgotten

—HARRIETTE L. STEVENS (1850-1872)

Let us remember them and calmly wait
For our lives close
How great our loss no words may tell
They sing in glory blessed.

—JOSEPH PHILLIPS (1821-1875)

When shall we meet again.

—LORENA PHILLIPS (1830-1878)

Good night dear mother
We'll all meet you in the
sweet bye & bye.

—ELIZA E. PHILLIPS (1806-1887)

BARBER CEMETERY

John Park son of Joseph & Jane Chamberlain
died April 14, 1843 of scarlet fever

—JOHN P. CHAMBERLAIN (1840-1843)

“Happy soul thy days are ended
All thy mourning days below
Go, by angels attended
To the side of Jesus go.”

—LOVILLA STRATTON (1828-1850)

Farewell thou smiling little babe
Thy sufferings here are ore
No tear shall dim thine eye
Nor pain molest thee more.

—GEORGE C. McNAMARA (1850-1851)

Afflictions sore ten days she bore
Physicians all in vain
Till god did please to give her ease
And called her home from pain.

—LUCRETIA A. RAWSON (1823-1853)

He died as he lived a firm
and honest spiritualist

—EPHRAIM H. GASTON (1839-1867)

Passed to the summer land
Feb. 9, 1869
[four lines gone]

—EUGENE A. NICHOLS (1867-1869)

Our mother
We mourn not her happy transition
From earth to spirit life.

—PHYLINDA GASTON (1807-1878)

BARTON FARM CEMETERY

Asleep in Jesus far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves shall be
But thine is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wake to weep.

—D. T. CASSELMAN (1829-1888)

BEATTY CEMETERY

A tender Father and generous Friend

—WILLIAM IRVIN (1823-1861)

Youthful hopes have all been broken

Hushed the friends of early love

But kind memory bears a token

That I'll meet them all above.

—SARAH A. BEATTY (1841-1863)

Joseph Beatty July 2, 1771 Jan. 29, 1851

Susanna-Lintner Beatty Mar. 23, 1779

May 27, 1856

Married Feb. 19, 1799

Res. Beatty Homestead

Watson Run

Nine Children

—1st Child—

Alexander Beatty Nov. 12, 1799 Feb. 13, 1802

—2nd Child—

Eliza-Beatty Cotton Aug. 30, 1801 Sep. 11, 1889

Joseph Cotton Oct. 11, 1795 Dec. 12, 1838

Married Feb. 14, 1822

Res. Vernon Tp.

Three Adult Children

—6th Child—

James Lintner Beatty Mar. 29, 1811 Sep. 17, 1882

Ann-Brown Beatty Dec. 13, 1811 Feb. 6, 1891

Married Aug. 8, 1833

Res. Vernon Tp.

Three Adult Children

—8th Child—

William Davis Beatty May 8, 1815 Nov. 19, 1876

Evaline-Andrews Beatty Nov. 13, 1818

Married Jan. 3, 1839

Res. Old Beatty Homestead

Three Adult Children

—9th Child—

Susan-Beatty Gibson Sep. 15, 1818 June 7, 1905

Dr. William Gibson Jan. 22, 1810 July 12, 1887

Married June 25, 1840

Res. Jamestown, Pa.

No Children

—4th Child—

Sarah (Sally)-Beatty Powell Jan. 15, 1807
 Mar. 5, 1896
 Howell Powell Mar. 11, 1804 Feb. 11, 1873
 Married Apr. 11, 1833
 Res. Shadeland, Pa.
 Six Adult Children

—5th Child—

John Beatty Mar. 2, 1809 May 10, 1885
 Mary-Hope Beatty Feb. 14, 1815 Mar. 24, 1867
 Married Sep. 15, 1837
 Res. Summit Tp.
 Three Adult Children

—7th Child—

Williamina Beatty
 —unmarried—
 Mar. 13, 1813 Oct. 10, 1899
 Res. Old Beatty Homestead Watson Run
 from Birth to [blank]
 This monument erected by her in Jan. 1894
 in loving memory of her father, mother
 brothers, sisters, and consorts

—3rd Child—

Margaret-Beatty Denny Nov. 19, 1803
 Feb. 12, 1892
 William Denny Apr. 8, 1794 Nov. 9, 1865
 Married Feb. 19, 1823
 Res. Hayfield Tp.
 Eleven Adult Children

The Beattys were of Scotch-Irish origin
 John lived near Leesburg Loudon Co. Va.;
 in Bucks Co., Pa.; near Duncannon, Perry
 Co., where he died 1785—his widow 1808
 Seven sons and daughter Joseph
 youngest child born in Va.
 Joseph Beatty after marriage lived on the
 old Lintner Farm until 1806. He then founded
 the old Beatty Homestead at Watson Run
 Crawford Co., Pa. where he and his widow died
 He was a carpenter lumberman and farmer
 The Lintners were Penna-Dutch *** from
 Holland Christian (Christopher or
 Conrad) and Elizabeth had three sons,
 four daughters. Susanna youngest child.
 The Lintner (Banks) Farm lay in Lost Creek
 Valley 4 miles N.E. Mifflintown, Pa.

—JOSEPH BEATTY FAMILY (1894)

Fund for the care of this Beatty Cemetery
in trust with the First National Bank
of Meadville, Pa.

Died January 11, 1945 in the service of
his country during the Battle of the Bulge
World War II

—WILLIAM GRUNDY HAVEN (1924-1945)

BEAVER CENTER CEMETERY

She was a tender mother here
And in her life the Lord did fear
We trust our loss will be her gain
And that with Christ she's gone to reign.

—MALISSA A. HAGUE (1839-1862)

Lost to sight to memory dear

—MARTHA L. LEAVITT (1850-1873)

Auf Wiedersehen
[Until the next meeting]

—JOHN CASBOHM FAMILY (c. 1915)

BENN-RISHEL CEMETERY

Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age
Like as a shock of corn cometh in his season
[Book?] of Job [5:26?]

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord

—JONATHAN BENN (1779-1855)

BIRCH CEMETERY

In that land beyond the river
Under skies for ever fair
Dwells our loving Angel Mother
Watching for us coming there.

—JENNIE GEORGE (1831-1867)

Dearest wife thou hast gone to rest
And I no more thy face shall see
But hope to meet thee with the blest
Where we never more can parted be.

—VINA BEATTY (1842-1868)

We lay thee in the silent tomb
 Sweet blossom of a day
 We just began to view thy bloom
 When thou art called away.

—MARY E. WETZELL (1851-1870)

When you unto
 my grave do go
 The gloomy place
 to see I say to you
 who stand and
 view Prepare to
 follow me.

—ELIZABETH WHETZELL (1833-1878)

Rest little one rest

—ORRY GREIG (1876-1878)

She died as she lived, trusting in God.

—ELIZABETH GEORGE (1798-1882)

BLACK ASH CEMETERY

PBS Died Nov. 20, 1850

—PBS (1850)

BLOOMFIELD CEMETERY

A soldier of 1776

—THOMAS BLOOMFIELD (1746-1814)

Co. K 16th P.V.I.

Died of Wounds in Service

—PHILANDER YOUNG (1866-1898)

BLOOMING VALLEY CEMETERY

Mother I follow thee home

—JAMES H. WYGANT (1833-1835)

The master is come and calleth for thee

—MARY L. WYGANT (1858-1859)

BABY

I'll away, I'll away

—LORD INFANT (1862-1864)

Dearest Father thou hast left us
 But tis God that called thee home
 Up to yonder world of glory
 Thou art waiting we will come

—ABEL ELLIS (1813-1876)

Rest for the toiling hand
 Rest for the anxious brow
 Rest for the weary way sore feet
 Rest from all labor now

—LOUESSA MARKER (1813-1886)

In memory of Eliza, His beloved wife;
 Franklin, His twin brother;
 Parents and Kindred;
 These twin monuments are dedicated by
 Francis C. Waid November 30, 1888

Francis C. Waid Born April 23, 1833

Eliza, his wife Born April 13, 1832,

died July 4, 1888

Record of Kindred

Pember Waid had seven sons and five daughters

Ira C., son of Pember Waid, had four sons, namely

Robert L., who had three sons.

George N., who had six sons and four daughters

Twins Francis C., who has three sons

Franklin P.

Francis C. Waid's three sons are Franklin I.,
 who has four daughters, Guinnip P., who has
 one daughter, Fred F.

Record of Jacob Masiker's Family:

Six sons and two daughters

Jane, wife of G. W. Cutshall

Eliza, wife of F. C. Waid

Temperance Ferguson

Born December 20, 1790, died March 11, 1869

"Have Faith in God"

Commit thy ways unto the Lord; trust also in
 Him and He shall bring it to pass

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy
 youth

Seek first the Kingdom of God and His
 righteousness, and all these things shall
 be added unto you.

Oh, that my words were now written; Oh,
that they were printed in a book, that they
were graven with an iron pen and lead in
the rock forever. For I know that my Re-
deemer liveth.

Jesus saith, because I live she shall
live also

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and
thou shalt be saved

—WAID FAMILY MONUMENT (1888)

God needed one more Angel child,
Amidst his shining band
And so he bent with loving smile,
And clasped our Martha's hand.

—MARTHA M. WILSON (1886-1890)

Fare you well for a while faded star at our
home

Sweetly rest from all sorrow and pain
Till the prince of the angels in triumph
shall come

And restore your lost glory again.

—MARY E. ONGLEY (1873-1892)

BRAWLEY CEMETERY

Just in the bloom of youth cut down,
Nor murmurs at affliction's rod;
But leaves this world without a frown
And early hastens to his God.
Those graces that adorned his mind
Though here on earth th[ey?] last [no more?]
In the long ages after time
Shall bloom afresh to fade no more.

—DANIEL McKNIGHT (1811-1833)

Farewell my friends & Children dear
I am not dead but sleeping here.

—REV. ABRAHAM DANIELS (1783-1847)

Dearest brother, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel,
But tis God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

—JOHN R. ALLEN (1821-1851)

Soldier of War

—DANIEL DANIELS (c. 1880?)

BRITTON RUN CEMETERY

Over the river they beckon to me

—JUSTUS AND ISAAC MURDOCK (c. 1896)

BROOKHAUSER CEMETERY

a Native of the State of Delaware
 My flesh shall slumber in this mound
 Till the last trumpets sound
 Then burst the tombs with sweet surprise
 And in my SAVIOUR'S image rise

—SARAH MANN (1741-1812)

Dear parents sorrow not for we
 From sickness, pain, & death are free
 Still when you visit where we lie
 Reflect that you soon too will die!
 Like us be buried too you must
 And molder in the silent dust
 At last may we meet face to face
 In Heaven that holy happy place
 Where parting is no more
 And sorrows never come.

—HIRAM AND WILLIAM BROOKHAUSER (c. 1840)

Our Father
 Your loss is my gain.

—JOHN SAEGER (1807-1874)

BROOKS CEMETERY

She has gone in her beauty where tears
 are not shed, O'er the darkness and blight
 of the tomb.

—HELEN M. BROUGHTON (1844-1862)

BROWN CEMETERY

Farewell Earth

—DIANTHE BROWN (1801-1832)
 (See Illustration thirty-four)

CAMBRIDGE CEMETERY

Sleep lovely babe & take thy rest
Till Jesus comes and calls
Thee home to rest

—SARAH ANN WOODFORD (1821)

He was just and upright in his
profession, sincere as a friend
as a husband and father kind
and indulgent, and died in
the comfortable hope of entering
upon that rest which remaineth
to the people of God.

—DR. LOREN WEST (1799-1829)

Weep not for her the bitter tear
Nor give thy heart to vain regret
Tis but a casket that lies here
The gem that filled it sparkles yet.

—JOSIAH AND MAHALA MORRIS (c. 1854)

Just in the morning of her life
Was opening into day
The young and lovely spirit passed
From earth and grief away

—MARY E. HAWTHORNE (1875-1881)

Their souls are at rest
In the arms of their Saviour

—COLT INFANTS (c. 1885)

At evening time, it
shall be light
Saved by Grace

—SARAH GREER ROCKWELL (1818-1899)

Ordained Jan. 15, 1849
Honorably retired Apr. 12, 1898

—REV. ABNER ROCKWELL (1819-1906)

CAMBRIDGEBORO CEMETERY

The Lord is righteous in all his ways

—HARRIET L. BROWN (1834-1913)

CARMEL CEMETERY

How our broken [hearts have] missed her
 Since in parting last we kissed her
 Loving daughter, gentle sister
 Frankie dear to Heaven has flown

—FRANKIE K. BENNETT (1853-1866)

Ancestral lines
 of

Lemuel and Lucinda Greenlee Stebbins
 Decended in the seventh generation from
 Rowland Stebbins who was born at
 Bocking Essex County England
 He came to America 1634
 Settled in Springfield, Mass.
 Died 1671

Daniel Stebbins	6	Aaron Stebbins	5
Rachel Blodgett		Mary Wright	
Joseph Stebbins	4	Joseph Stebbins	3
Rebecca Colton		Sarah Dorchester	
Thomas Stebbins	2	Rowland Stebbins	1
Hannah Wright		Sarah Whiting	

Decended in the third generation from
 Michael Greenlee who was born in
 Ulster Ireland about 1700
 He emigrated to Kent County Delaware
 where he died 1788

Michael Greenlee	2	Michael Greenlee	1
Bethiah Maxson			

Erected by Robert Lemuel Stebbins

—STEBBINS FAMILY (c. 1900)

CARMEL-FREEMAN CEMETERY

We all fade as the leaves

—HANNAH T. STEBBINS (1826-1851)

Our days are as the grass
 Our glory like the morning flowers.

—ELIZABETH STEBBINS (1775-1855)

Lot thou are gone to rest
 And this shall be our prayer
 That when we reach our journey's end
 Thy glory we may share.

—LOT CLAWSON (1844-1861)

Sophronia thou are gone to rest
 We will not weep for thee
 For thou are now where oft on earth
 Thy spirit longed to be.

—SOPHRONIA CLAWSON (1842-1864)

Here I lie in silent slumber
 While my spirit hath gone to rest
 [With] my children [seven] in number
 Meet me there among the blest.

—JULIA A. FREEMAN (1822-1868)

My dear wife I cannot come
 To rest with [you] in thy tomb
 [And my] dear children are all hear
 To rest [until] Jesus doth appear.

—CALVIN SMITH (1797-1870)

CASTLE CEMETERY

Lost in San Francisco Bay
 Jan. 28, 1850

—THOMAS F. CASTLE (1827-1850)

Died June 24, 1864
 From a wound received
 ived at siege of
 Petersburg.

—WILLIAM S. CASTLE (1823-1864)

CHAPINVILLE CEMETERY

Dear husband do not weep for me
 For I shall ever happy be
 I dwell with Jesus in the sky
 And you will meet me bye and bye

—ELVIRA C. BURDICK (1857-1884)

Dear Mary go, tis Jesus bids thee,
 Take the robe and crown,
 We pray for grace that you and we,
 May by his side sit down.

—MARY JANE SMITH (1866-1893)

COCHRANTON CEMETERY

From our circle little Brother
Early has thou passed away
[Our be loved has] left our number
[Furled for ?] his early bloom

—JAMES ALEX BEATTY (1835-1837)

All you who chance my grave to see
As I am now so you must be
You to must feel deaths iron rod
O hast prepare to meet thy god.

—WILLIAM BLACK (1830-1852)

These ashes, too, this little dust
Our father's care shall keep
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.

—CHARLES M. BYHAM (1850-1853)

I know that my Redeemer liveth

—JAMES CAMPBELL (1809-1855)

Born in County Down, Ireland
Brother thou art gone to rest
Thine is an early tomb
That Jesus summons thee to rest
Thy saviour calls thee home.

—HUGH C. PEGAN (1834-1858)

My Home is above
for O! ther's nought but happiness
in that bright heavenly House
And sorrow never comes.
And there no farewell tear is shed

—MARGARET C. LIVINGSTON (1847-1858)

Gone Home
Why will you weep for me, he said
When I am so resigned
I soon will be among the dead
Be you to Christ inclined

—JOHN BELL (1832-1859)

She has gone to God.

—ELIZABETH J. PATTON (1860-1860)

Many were the tears of sorrow
Many were the sighs of grief
Mingled o'er your dying pillow
But they could not bring relief.
Friends and kindred lingered with thee
And would fain have bid thee stay
E'en while gentle angels voices
Whispered, Mother come away.

—RACHEL GREER (1780-1863)

Fare thee well sweet bud of beauty
Our little darling, fare thee well
For thou wert too lovely
In a world like this to dwell

—JOHN W. VanOSDALE (1855-1865)

My love [my dove?] when here on earth
But now my body lies in the dust
My soul to God I hope will [flee?]
And I want you to come to me.

—KAZIAH McCUNE (1801-1865)

He dwelleth in heaven he waits for us there
He would that we all should his blessedness share
He'll come to us often in dreams of the night
And call us to join him in mansions of light.

—BROOKS RYND (1810-1865)

The savior with inviting voice
Says let your children come
For them theres love within my breast
And in my kingdom room.

—JOHN S. McCOMB (1860-1871)

Dearest mother thou hast left us
Here thy loss we deeply feel
But tis God who has bereft us
He will all our sorrows heal.
But again we hope to meet thee
When the day of life has fled
Then in heaven with Joy to greet thee
Where no farewell tear is shed.

Oh why should I call you: dear wife I know
That while your poor body is resting below
Your spirit has gone on the wings of God's [love?]
And there dear Mary, I'll meet you above.

—MARY A. WHITLING (1833-1871)

There ————— my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.
 When I can lead my little dear
 To Mansions in the skies
 I'll bid farewell to every fear
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

—MARY LOUIE SMITH (1850?-1874)

Kind and tenderhearted, a lover of Good :
 a hater of falsehood and deceit, a lover of Christ
 and his word : were buds which we trust
 will expand and bloom with kindred spirits
 in Paradise for ever.

—SARAH J. NELSON (1859-1874)

Sadie was too sweet a bud
 To blossom in this sinful world
 So God has taken her above
 To dwell with his immortal love.
 Safe in the arms of Jesus
 Safe in his gentle breast
 There by his love overshadowed
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.

—SADIE ROCHE (1867-1875)

Gone to return no more !
 Gone from our midst, so joyous so young
 Her heart with youth's fresh gladness
 running o'er
 And in ————— life's pleasant song half sung
 Gone from our midst ! Our hearts will wait in vain
 To hear her dear returning steps again.

—ADDIE RYND (1856-1875)

We miss thee so much mother dear
 Our thoughts from thee seldom roam
 Our dwelling still lonely and drear
 Hath lost the charm that made it a home.

—SARAH ANN RYND (1814-1877)

God is love

—HENRY A. HEATH (1838-1878)

Thou bringest me in love
 To thy sweet fold above

—JACOB H. STAINBROOK (1875-1878)

Died March 4, 1879
At the residence of her sister
Mrs. Robert McFate

—FANNIE POWER (1879)

Dust to its narrow house
Soul to its place on high
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die,
Lone are the paths and sad the bower
Where thy meek smile is gone
But O a brighter home than ours
In heaven is now thine own.

—MARY ANN PRESSLER (1848-1879)

Be still my boys
And take your rest
God called you home
He thought it best.

—GEORGE C., CLYDE C., AND
JOHN GAYLARD BELL (c. 1880)

Maggie was too sweet a bud
To blossom in this sinfull world
So God has taken her above
To bloom among immortal flowers.

—MAGGIE E. WYMAN (c. 1880)

We know it is so hard to part
With one whom we do love
But let us put our trust in Him
Till we all meet above.

—ALFRED ROCHE (1854-1880)

Gone gone gone from our home
God hath recalled thee in thy youthful bloom
Death's icy fingers rest upon thee now
Still beauty lingers in thy pallid brow.

—MANIE HICKERNELL (1870-1880)

He left a good evidence
That his life was hid
with Christ in God.

—ROBERT J. C. POWERS (1872-1886)

Member of N.Y. state Volunteers
War of 1812

—CORNELIUS VanOSDALE (1788-1887)

He lived in the exercise of
A firm faith in God and
Died in the blessed hope of
A glorious immortality.

—ROBERT McFATE (1790-1887)

I have chosen the way of truth

—CHARLES C. COOPER (1858-1917)

"Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

—BENJAMIN A. HEYDRICK (1871-1932)

The Lord knows them that are His.

—ADELINE C. HEYDRICK (1873-1953)

God is and all is well

—DAVID T. McFATE FAMILY (1959)

Your Love Will Light My Way

—PAUL AND CAROLINE THOMAS (c. 1969)

"Tho' lost to sight, to memory dear,
thou ever wilt remain
Only one hope my heart can cheer,
The hope to meet again."

—RAYMOND AND GLADYS GILL (c. 1972)

Faith is the Victory

—JOHN AND FRANCES SHEATZ (c. 1973)

COLE CEMETERY

Farewell my Children and Husband dear
My father calls me home
Mourn not for me but [go?] prepare
[For I am your cal———?]

—CAROLINE COLE SMALLENBERGER (1831-1860)

CONNEAUT CEMETERY

This languishing Head is at rest
Its thinking and aching are o'er
This quiet immoveable Breast
Is heav'd by affliction no more;
This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain,
It ceases to flutter and beat
It never shall flutter again.

—AGNESS HULINGS (1763-1814)

Life how short!
Eternity how long!

—JARED IRWIN COCHRAN (1802-1814)

Reader! follow Christ and all is paid
His death your peace assured
Think on the grave where he was laid
And calm death is yours.

—PEGGY LAVINA COCHRAN (1801-1820)

How short is Life!
How certain is Death!
How important is eternity!

—PETER MOYERS (1788-1823)

His sleep ————— he sinks to rest
With Heaven's approving sentence blest.

—JOHN MAY (1825)

How swiftly pass our years
How soon their night comes on
A train of hopes and fears
And Human life is done
The life —————

—NATHAN GREER (1791-1826)

Pure [was his w?]alk in life
And peaceful was his end
And all ————— him here
One universal friend.

—ANDREW GIBSON (1767-1828)

Death is to us a sweet repose
The bud was spread to show the rose
The cage was broke to let us fly
And build our happy nest on high.

—MARY CRAIN (1801-1828)
(Illustration thirty-five)

O death where is thy sting
O grave where is thy victory
Oh what is death but life's last sleep
Where families are — in no more
Where all pursuits their good ob[tain?]
And life is all retouched again.
Where the ransomed soul shall rise
To claim her native home — the skies.

—MARY KENNEDY (1766-1829)

Stop serious friend a moment view this stone
 While you wander social or alone
 Lock'd in the house of death you must lie
 Prepare to meet thy God, Oh learn to die

—CHARLES COCHRAN (1754-1829)

————— 2 lines gone —————

To heal their sorrows Lord descend
 And to the friendless prove a friend.

—NATHAN F. RANDOLPH

Having [?] lived for the glory of the
 Redeemer, at her death she honored
 Him with her substance by devoting
 it to His service, A part of her pro
 perty she left to erect a Church
 which now bears her name, and
 the balance for the use of the Pastor.

God loveth a cheerful giver.

—MARIA POWER (1800-1850)

Prepare to meet me at
 the Judgment day
 Blessed are the dead that
 die in the Lord.

—ANN McKNIGHT McCLEARY (1784-1852)

It sorely grieves a parents heart
 With such loved innocence to part
 To yield a child to earth embrace
 No more to see its smiling face.

—MARGARET McKNIGHT (1830-1852)

For I know that my redeemer liveth and that
 he shall stand at the latter day upon the
 earth and though after my skin worms
 destroy this body yet in my flesh shall I
 see God.

—IRA D. WOODWORTH (1823-1854)

Kind angels watch her sleeping dust
 Till Jesus returns to raise the just
 Then burst the tomb with sweet surprise
 And in her Savior's image rise.

—MARY L. BAKER (1828-1855)

She died to sin, she died to care
But for a moment felt the rod
Then springing on the viewless air
Spread her light wings and soared to God.

—ISABEL DEAN (1806-1856)

He has gone to a mansion of rest
To the glorious Land of the Blest
His heart was a fountain of love
It stirred in the light of his mind
He walks in the smile of his God,
Where every sight is divine.

—WILLIAM PORTER (1805-1869)

As I am now soon you shall be
My children dear prepare
For death and follow me.

—MARY MERRIMAN (1787-1872)

Maintain a rose that shall bloom o'er my grave
When I am gone, when I am gone
Sing your song that the angels shall have
Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all care
Pray ye the Lord that my joys you shall share
Look upon high and believe I am there
When I am gone, I am gone.

—REBECCA ALICE CHATLEY (1847-1873)

With grief we part, with love we meet
to part no more.

—MRS. A. W. CROOKS (1834-1884)

He chooseth the lovely & fair

—MABEL AND INFANT MAY (1876-1887)

CONNEAUT CENTER CEMETERY

(Illustration thirty-six)

Also infant son of 3 ds. reposing on its
mothers breast

—CLARRISSA THAYER (1826-1849)

Co. B. 18th Pa. Cavalry
Wounded at Hagerstown, Md. July 6,
Died July 10, 1863
O Lord, let thy will be done.

—JOSEPH BROWN (1835-1863)

Watch thou therefore : for ye know not
when the Master of thy House cometh.

—ELZINA BOLLARD (1825-1869)

In the midst of life we are in death.

—EMMA F. BOLLARD (1854-1869)

CONNEAUT LAKE CEMETERY

Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord.

—JAMES SHILLITO (1783-1843)

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart
and lean not upon thine own understanding.

—JAMES HAY (1819-1892)

CONNEAUTVILLE CEMETERY

I have fought the good fight
I have kept the faith
Henceforth there is laid up for me
A crown of glory.

—JANE THOMAS (1776-1834)

The ransomed of the Lord shall
return and come to Zion

—ENOCH SWEET (1785-1848)

We have parted with our darling son
When scarcely two years old
God sent & angels bore him home
To dwell with him in heaven.

—NEWTON G. HOPKINS (1852-1854)

He was a dutiful Son, a faithful brother ; a
true man. He died at peace with all ; he lives
in the higher Home.

—ALDEN S. BALL (1815-1857)

Husband thou art gone to rest
And this shall be our prayer
That when we reach our journey's end
Thy glory we may share.

—H. Z. HOWE (1816-1864)

Died at Camp Copeland
[We are?] assured thou'rt safe forever
In the better fold above
The companion for which I sorrow
Resteth now in Jesus love.

—J. M. WEEKS (1832-1864)

Yes! farewell but not forever
Thou art only gone before
With our blessed Jesus waiting
Waiting on the other shore.

—ESTHER BOLARD (1815-1866)

Here lies our dear little Mary

—MARY I. E. McMULLIN (1851-1868)

There remaineth a rest for the
people of God.

—WILLIAM SCOTT (1792-1871)

How blest the righteous when he died
When sinks his happy soul to rest
How mildly beamed his closing eyes
How gently heaved his expiring breast.

—JOHN WORMALD (1821-1878)

For more than forty y'rs he was an earnest
and consecrated clergyman of the univer-
salist church.

—REV. B. F. HITCHCOCK (1813-1880)

"Roses bloom but early fade
And drop their fragrant leaves
And even in the morning shade
Our lives are touched by grieves."

—SERENA STERLING (1861-1881)

Oh my children forget not your
father for they shall not forget you.
Dear father thou hast left us
Gone to that bright and happy shore
Waiting with open arms to greet us
When we shall meet to part no more.

—DAVID LAMB (1815-1887)

Weep not I am at rest

—HORACE CLARK (1818-1889)

She sleeps in gentle slumber
 From sorrow and from care
 But we know her soul has gone afar
 With angels bright and fair.

—JANET LAMB (1816-1898)

1861-1865 Sacred to the Memory of our
 Soldiers and Sailors who fell in defence of
 the Union and sleep in graves unknown
 Erected by the Ladies Aid of the G.A.R.
 Dedicated May 30, 1900
 Anger and sorrow passes away
 But love and honor are eternal

—SOLDIERS' MONUMENT (1900)

"The Angel of the Lord encampeth
 round them that fear Him."

—JOHN AND OLIVIA WALRATH (c. 1938)

COULTER CEMETERY

This body which came from the earth
 Must mingle again with the sod
 Her soul which in heaven had birth
 Returned to the bosom of God.

—JANE COULTER (1827-1864)

COVENANTER CEMETERY

We'll meet again

—JAMES S. STEWARD (1862-1863)

A Native of Ireland Came to the U.S. in
 the year 1831
 And the gates of it shall not be
 shut at all by day: for there shall
 be no night there.

—CHARLES STEWARD (1812-1867)

A member of the Reformed Presbyterian Church

—JOSEPH WRIGHT (1786-1868)

Therefore be ye also ready: for in
 such an hour as ye think not the Son
 of man cometh. Matt. XXIV: 11

—JOSEPH STEWART (1798-1869)

A Deacon of the Reformed Presbyterian Church
I know in whom I trust.

—HENRY WRIGHT (1792-1870)

An elder in the R.P. Church He emigrated to
the U.S. from County Derry Ireland in 1832
Be ye ready for ye know not
the day nor the hour that the
Son of God cometh.

—HENRY POLLOCK (1795-1871)

Til thy salvation we will joy
In our Gods name we will
Display our [innocence?] and the Lord
Thy journey is all fulfilled.

—JACOB BOGGS (1801-1876)

Our Darling Frankie
Gone to God

—FRANKIE ——— (c. 1880)

Blessed are the pure in heart for they
shall see God
They that seek me early shall find me.

—ZILLAH F. DUNLAP (1864-1886)

Surely my soul waiteth upon God
From him cometh my salvation
Oh Him that heareth prayer
Unto thee shall all flesh come.

—THOMAS POLLOCK (1818-1886)

Blessed are the pure in heart for they
shall see God. Matt. 5.6
Her Children arise up and call her blessed
Her Husband also and praiseth her. Prov. 32.28

—FRANCES S. POLLOCK (1820-1888)

CURRY CEMETERY

He tasted of lifes bitter cup
Refused to drink his portion up
But turned his little head away
Disgusted at the taste and died.

—PORTER J. CURRY (1856-1858)

Lauretta Kerrs last words
 God help me, I must die
 I am going: farewell.

—LAURETTA KERRS (1826-1861)

Grieve not dear wife
 For I am at rest
 The race appointed
 I have run.
 I will not grieve but weep and pray
 That we may meet in heaven.

—DANIEL McLAUGHLIN (1826-1864)

DECKARDS CEMETERY

Not lost but gone to Heaven.

—GEORGE W. FOOTE (1799-1878)

Alas how changed that lovely flower
 Which bloomed and cheered my heart
 Fair fleeting comfort of an hour
 How soon we are called to part
 Darling infant we have kissed thee
 And have bade our last farewell
 But we never can forget thee
 Dearest child we loved so well

—OSTELLA MAY SHAFFER (1878-1879)

O happy bond that seals my vow
 To Him who merits all my love
 Let cheerful anthems fill his hours
 While to his sacred throne I move.

—CATHARINE WHEELING (1813-1881)

DENNINGTON CEMETERY

Co. A. 83 Regt. P. V.
 Was killed at the battle of Peoples Farm V'a
 Sept. 30, 1864

—SMITH DENNINGTON (1864)

DENNY CEMETERY

Through life in virtue's paths she trod,
 In death she placed her hopes in God:
 No earthly sonnet need be given
 To ch[a?]unt the praise of those in heaven.

—FIDELIA COOPER (1803-1830)

As the sweet flower that scents the morn
 But withers in the rising day
 Thus lovely was this infant's dawn
 Thus swiftly fled its life away.

—HELLEN LeFEVRE (1837-1840)

As we have borne the image of the earthly
 We shall also bear the image of the heavenly

—ELIZA DENNY (1798-1862)

Died at Nashville, Tenn. Jan. 6, 1865
 Her last words
 Lord, I commend my spirit to thee
 Accept the sacred trust;
 Receive this nobler part of me
 And watch my sleeping dust.

—AMANDA E. DUNN (1834-1865)

Home at last

—ELIZABETH W. NELSON (1814-1877)

"In small proportions
 we just beauties see
 and in short measures
 life may perfect be."

—LYLE COTTON BENNEHOF (1896-1897)

DICKSONBURG CEMETERY

He belonged to the 37 Reg. P. I. when
 he died at Washington Hospital, D.C.
 Rest soldier rest in the peaceful repose

—HIRAM STERLING (1842-1863)

Weep not at her tomb
 She's in God's holy keeping
 Her spirit's in Heaven
 While her body lies sleeping.

—LETTIE L. BARNES (1839-1868)

DRAKE CEMETERY

Beautiful babe thou wert only given
 To show us a flowering glimpse of heaven

—FREDDIE FLEEK (1867-1867)

Who so quickley in pursuit has gone
To join the sister who led the throng

—LYLE L. DRAKE (1868-1870)

Truly life is like a flower
We saw it flourish for [an hour ?]
Then came death, a[n icy ?] blast
And bore away our lovely flower

—J. PAUL DRAKE (1869-1870)

Jesus love by this was shown
She hast to his bosom flown

—LULA E. DONOR (1874-1876)

I think her not dead, only sleeping
Not lost but gone before
And held in thy tender keeping
Safe on the Golden Shore

—EMMA J. BIDWELL (1857-1878)

This stone erected as a tribute of love
by Her Brothers and Sisters

—MANNIE E. DRAKE (1860-1882)

How soothing is the thought and sweet
But for a while we bid adieu
With welcome smiles again to meet
And all our sacred joys renew.

—NELSON MOSELEY (1805-1882)

My wife sweet bride of my youth
gone; never to return

—LAURA M. CULP (1824-1887)

Gone from the loved ones.

—GEORGE FLEEK, JR. (c. 1890?)

DUNN CEMETERY

Died of a cansor Jan. 21, 1844
Friends and physicians could not save,
This mortal body from the grave,
Nor can the grave confine it here,
When Christ called it too appear.

—PHILIP A. COON (1786-1844)

EAST SPRING CEMETERY

How peaceful is the closing scene
Where virtue yields her breath
How sweetly beams the smile serene
Upon the cheek of death.

—CHARLOTTE PAGE (1811-1841)

EAST TROY CEMETERY

Forever with the Lord

—THEODORE C. CHERING (1881-1882)

Our Father is gone and we are left
The loss of him to mourn
But we hope to meet with him
With Christ before God's throne.

—JUDA MORSE (1829-1901)

ESPYVILLE CEMETERY

In full hope of
A blessed immortality
In slumbers rest thou blessed dead,
Till Christ shall bid thee rise,
Then in immortal youth arrayed
Come forth among the wise.

—DAVID PARTIAL (1800-1843)

Lord she was thine and —————
Thou hast not done me wrong
I thank thee for the precious boon
Afforded me so long.

—ELIZABETH ROYAL (1789-1861)

Among these ashes lies:
The gem is safe with Jesus Christ
Resplendent in the skies.

—CLARA A. FREEMAN (1858-1863)

She's gone, the spotless soul is gone
Triumphant to her place above
The prison walls are broken down
The angels speed her swift remove
And shouting on their wings she flies
And gains her rest in paradise.
Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.

—LIZZIE BURWELL (1844-1864)

Company H 145 Regt. P. V. I.
 Died at U. S. Gen. hospital
 Annapolis M. D. of starvation and
 Rebel barbarity while prisoner
 on Belle Island
 Soldier, rest, thy warfare o'er
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking
 Dream of battlefields no more,
 Days of danger, nights of waking.

—H. K. CAMPBELL (c. 1864)

We miss you at home

—WILLIAM M. SMITH (1832-1865)

Farewell, farewell dear sister,
 Thy home is in the skies,
 Where every tear of sorrow,
 Is banished from thine eyes.

—EMILY FONNER (1833-1869)

Her triumph in Christ was complete

—JENNY MASON (1847-1872)

EVERGREEN CEMETERY

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade
 Death came with friendly care
 The opening buds to heaven conveyed
 And bade them blossom there

—CLYMANTIA AND MARGARET CLOSE (1849)

Louisa's Grave

—LOUISA WARD (1838-1857)

There, past are death and all its woe
 Farewell then, for a while farewell
 It cannot be that long we dwell
 Thus torn apart

—DAVID H. CLOSE (1838-1859)

She sleeps ————— all her cares —————
 To her tis gain Then why the loss deplore
 The sacred tears which mourning friends do weep
 Can ne'r again the slumbering dead restore.

—SUSANNAH KELLEY (1790-1860)

Cherished in Life
Lamented in Death.

—JOHN EDGAR JOHNSTON (1862-1865)

FINK CEMETERY

Strength and honour are her
clothing and she shall rejoice
in time to come.

—CYNTHIA ELDRED BIXBY (1817-1866)

I have fought a good fight
Seek a pure heart and follow me.

—REV. GEORGE W. FINK (1867-1945)

FOUST CEMETERY

A native of Germany & was a soldier in the
American Revolution
Immortal may his memory be
Who fought and bled for liberty
And when alive did firm maintain
The Independance he help'd to gain
under great Washington

—JOHN W. ENGELHAUPT (1754-1833)

Take ye heed
Watch and pray
For ye know not
When the time is. Mark 13 ct. 33 vs.

—ISAAC WALP (1815-1836)

————— 6 lines gone —————

In Jesus —————
Indeed in Jesus each other to greet
Beneath this world is but sorrow & pain
No joy can be true where all things are vain
Eternity is different where all things are good
Rejoicing with angels in pressence of God.

—DAVID H. TURNER

Thou hast gone to rest
In the home of the blest
We will not mourn for thee
Jesus will all our sorrows heal.

—LIZZIE TURNER (1811-1866)

Co. H 18th Inft. 2nd Brigade N. G. P.
Drowned Aug. 15, 1883 in Conneaut Lake
Erected by his company

—THOMAS DAWKINS (1860-1883)

Here I lay my burden down
Change the cross into a crown

—MARY HARPER (1813-1885)

Calm on the bosom of thy God
Dear one rest thee now
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod
His seal was on thy brow
Dust to its narrow house beneath
Soul to its home on high
They that have seen thy face in death
No more may fear to die.

—GEORGE W. FOUST (1842-1888)

FRAME CEMETERY

No more our weary parent mourns
No more affliction wrings her heart
Her unfettered soul to God returns
Forever she and anguish part
Receive oh earth her lovely form
In thy cold bosom let it lie
Safe let it rest from every storm
Soon must it rise to die no more.

—MARY ANN McDOWELL (1794-1868)

Farewell Hiram we will
think of thee in the
springtime and in the
summer harvest time
and when the autumn
leaves are red and
when the winter snow
is spread about th[y?]
lonely grave.

—HIRAM J. RALSTON (1862-1873)

Close her eyes her work is done
Fold her hands across her breast
Kiss farewell our darling mother
Lay her gently down to rest
We will miss her dear sweet smiles
Weary time will ever be
Night and morning all the while
Darling mother we'll think of thee.

—HARRIET E. SHELLITO (1830-1885)

FREY CEMETERY

Farewell my wife and children all
From you a Father Christ doth call
Mourn not for me it is in vain
To call me to your sight again.

—JOHN C. MAXWELL (1820-1859)

Loved One
Whose all of life a rosy ray
Blushed into dawn and passed away.

—HERBERT D. ROCKWELL (1862-1864)

The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away
Blessed be the name of the Lord.

—BUELL LINN FREY (1863-1875)

We will know her, we will know her
Clothed in raiment white and fair
When we reach that land eternal
We will know our darling there.

—LORETTA J. GILLILAND (1855-1878)

When shall I reach that happy place
And be forever blest
When shall I see my Father's face
And in his bosom rest.

—SUSANNA KENT (1801-1883)

Another one has gone
We always loved so well
No more with us to labor
Nor on this earth to dwell
But they have only gone
On yonder river shore
Awaiting to meet us all
To part with us no more.

—J. BOYD GILLILAND (1865-1884)

— in its vision would forsake its flight
— to that beautiful land of light
— to that blissful home on high
— but shall live to love and never die.

—JOHN GILLILAND (1827-1885)

FRISBEE CEMETERY

Praise ye the Lord I am free from all care
Serve ye the Lord that my bliss you may share
Look ye on high and believe I am there.

—DAVID STURGIS (1823-1841)

Go peaceful Spirit rest
Secure from earth's alarms
[Resting?] upon the Saviour's breast
Encircled by his arms

We wept to see thee die
We mourn thy absence yet
O! may we meet thee in the sky
And there our tears forget.

—CASSIUS C. BEARAY (1845-1845)

Reader behold as you pass by
As you are now so once was I
As I am now so you must be
Therefore prepare to follow me.

—LEWIS FRISBEE (1803-1858)

Friends nor Physicians could not save
This body from mouldering in the grave
Nor shall the grave forbid it rise
When Jesus calls it to the skies.

—GRIXSON FRISBEE (1804-1864)

GARWOOD CEMETERY

Children and friends mourn not for me
As I am now soon you shall be

—HUME AYERS (1775-1852)

We have lost a bright star from our circle below
Our innocent babe has been summoned to go
To the Heavenly mansions where sorrow & pain
Shall never disturb her sweet slumbers again.

—VALEDIA DEY (1857-1857)

Parents and friends I bid adieu
Full hard it was to part with you
But nature designed it so to be
When you look at this remember me.

—MILTON AYERS (1833-1858)

GEHRTON CEMETERY

She is gone the way of all the earth
To rep—n no more and we must soon
follow her.

—REBECCA GEHR (1820-1844)

Our father has gone to a mansion of rest
From a region of sorrow and pain
To the glorious land by the Diety blest
Where he can never suffer again.

—CHRISTOPHER GEHR (1793-1861)

His toils are past his work is done
And he is fully blest
He fought the fight the victory won
And enters into rest.

—BALTZER GEHR (1832-1865)

The Heavenly home is bright and fair
For Death nor sighing visit there
Its glittering towers the sun outshine
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

—MARIA F. GEHR (1808-1866)

He belonged to the —————
————— of the Army of the
[Potomac] when taken sick
[Rest] soldier rest in thy
peaceful rest
Remember me as you pass by
As you are now so once was I
As I am now so you must be
Prepare for death and follow me.

—HARRISON GEHR (1841-1880)

Weep not for me my children dear
I am not dead but sleeping here
My death you know my grave you see
Prepare yourselves to follow me.

—WILSON GEHR (1834-1883)

Be thou faithful unto death and
He will give thee a crown of life.

—JOHN HENRY (1807-1889)

GENEVA CEMETERY

She hath done what she could
She hath entered into peace.

—ELIZABETH RALYA (1823-1897)

GRAVEL RUN CEMETERY

Weep not for me, here laid
This was not my home
I was only on a visit here
God bids me now return

_____ (1823)

My days alas my days
In number but a few
Till death on me did fall
To bid this world adieu.

—SYLVANUS GEORGE (1820-1824)

Death struck, the arrow reach'd her heart
She fell upon her Saviour's breast
Tis then she felt the keenest smart
But sunk unto Eternal rest.

—CATHRINE SCOTT (1801-1824)

Sleep on sweet babe
And take your rest
You was early call'd
God thought it best.

—GEORGE KLINGENSMITH (1817-1825)

A native of the State of New Jersey
Could human might remove the awful vail
That shrouds thy solemn silent dread repose
Thy partner still your rising form would hail
To guard her footsteps and sooth her woes.

Response.

My widow'd consort sorrow not for me
From sickness, pain and death at last I'm free
Behold this sculptur'd stone! T'will mark the spot
Where you me laid; tho dead and long forgot
Here my remains lie wasting in the dust
My aged widow follow me soon must
But wisdom infinite devis'd a plan
That Christ should die on earth for fallen man
To earth he came, did bleed and die we find

Nor for a hurt alone but all mankind
 Descended to the tomb, the third day rose
 To justify us sacred sacrifice shows
 That in the reserrection one may rise
 To meet beyond the ambient azure skies
 Where parting is no more.

—WILLIAM WIKOFF (1767-1826)

A Native of Wales
 Few greatly live in wisdom's eye
 But Oh! how few who greatly die
 Who when their days approach an end
 Can meet their foes as friend meets friend.

—DAVID GEORGE (1771-1829)

Cornelius's voice is no more
 Now loanly he sleeps in the clay
 His cheeks bloom with roses no more
 Since death call'd his spirit away.

—CORNELIUS CLAWSON (1793-1835)

Born in the State of New Jersey
 My husband dear left me behind
 Yet while I liv'd still kept in mind
 What on his tombstone was engrav'd
 Although of him I was bereaved.
 Laid now in dust, I here abide
 In silence by my husband's side,
 Our children living come and see
 Where both your once lov'd parents be
 Walk in the paths the just have trod
 Until you rest with Christ in God.

—MARY ELIZABETH WIKOFF (1764-1842)

But those now rising from the tomb
 Shall brighter far in glory shine
 Revive with everduring bloom
 Safe from diseases and decline.

—SAMUEL B. HUMES (1812-1843)

No sickness, no sorrow, no pain,
 Shall ever disappoint her for
 Her death for her spirit was [gain?]

—MARRIUM TERRILL (1782-1865)

GREENDALE CEMETERY

He paid that debt to nature 100 miles
 from his place of abode he lift [?] a large
 family to lament the loss of a dutiful
 Parent

—JOHN HAYS (1730-1796)

An honest man is the noblest work of God.

—JOHN CARVER (1742-1806)

When I am dead and buried
 And all my bones are rotten
 When this you see remember me
 Lest I be forgotten

—LAURENCE CLANCY (1758-1807)

Faithful in the discharge of those domestic duties
 which constitute the real ornament
 of her sex
 Pious in the adoration of her
 Redeemer
 And charitable in the true spirit
 of his holy religion
 Her faith strengthened her in the
 Assurance of a happy
 Immortality
 Endeared to her relatives
 She lived respected
 And died regretted

—CATHARINE HERRIOT (1783-1808)

He was esteemed by his Friends
 Was an honest man
 A true Friend
 And a sincere Christian

—ALEXANDER BUCHANAN (1760-1810)

To guileless innocence death has no Terrors
 Through the passage from a Night of woe
 To a bright day of everlasting bliss.

—SARAH COLHOON HASLET (1806-1810)

Beneath, here rests, near to a mother's grave
 The faithful consort and the parent mild;
 Not from this fate could all her virtues save
 And spare the mother to the infant child.
 Could human might remove the awful veil,
 And wake thy ashes from their dread repose,
 The husband still thy rising form would hail
 To guard his children and to sooth his woes.

—ELIZABETH FARRELLY (1786-1811)

Ralph Compton and Thomas Buchanan
 were consumed by Fire
 on the night of the
 21 March 1812

—RALPH COMPTON AND
 THOMAS BUCHANAN (1812)

H. J. & Rebecca Huidekoper his disconsolate
 Parents, have erected this Stone to the
 memory of their departed Child.

—FREDERICK WOLTERS HUIDEKOPER (1806-1812)

They were lovely and ple
 sant in their life and in
 their death they were not di
 vided

—JOHN AND JOSEPH KENNEDY (1813)

My young friends,
 As you pass by,
 As you are now,
 So once was I
 As I am now,
 So you must be,
 Prepare for death,
 And follow me.

—MATILDA SEELEY (1803-1813)

Pastor of four German Lutheran Congregations
 a native of Buckeburg in the Circle of Westphalia
 who with his family came to America in 1810
 And who left this mortal scene in the 46th
 year of his age
 Amiable in life
 diligent and faithful in the service
 of his Lord and Master
 his loss to the world was much lamented
 by strangers honor'd and by strangers mourned
 [Des] Gerechten wird nimmer mehr vergessen
 [The just will never more be forgotten]

—REV. CHARLES WILLIAM COLSON (1770-1816)

Sic transit gloria mundi

Hic jacet Elizabetha Shepherd Alden

peraeestimabilis conjux Timothei Alden Praesidis Coll. Alleg.

que nata est apud Marblehead 30 Jan. 1779

denataque apud Meadville 3 Ap. 1820

Hic etiam reliquae nepotis et neptis

[So passes the glory of the world

Here lies Elizabeth Shepherd Alden

Most estimable wife of Timothy Alden, President of Allegheny College

Born at Marblehead Jan. 30, 1779 and died at Meadville Apr. 3, 1820

Here also are the remains of a grandson and granddaughter]

Dear Children

So live that, sinking in your last long sleep

Calm, you may smile, when all around you weep.

—ELIZABETH ALDEN (1779-1820)

To soundest prudence, life's unerring guide,

To love sincere, religion void of pride;

To friendship perfect in female mind,

Which I can never hope again to find,

To mirth the balm of care from light airs free

To steadfast truth, unworied industry,

To every charm & grace comprized in you

Companion, Friend, a long & last adieu.

—SUSSANNA HILL (1799-1821)

WITH a mind chaste and intelligent
a benevolent heart, and refined sensibility,
she was eminently the tender and affectionate
wife, the fond parent, the sincere friend, and
the interesting companion. She has left as
consolation to those who loved her, the
recollection of her amiable life, and of
her lively trust in the favour of her God.

Attracted by this memorial, may her
dear little children, in their riper years,
whilst they shed the tear of affection on
her grave, earnestly strive to emulate her
virtues.

The tyrant Death! had wing'd his dart in vain
Could virtue's charms have sav'd her from the tomb
'Twas Heav'n's decree, the conflict to sustain
And smiles on death: presag'd her happy doom.

—ANN MORRISON (1792-1822)

Truly may it be said of her,
 She was a kind and charitable woman,
 a warm friend and sincere
 Christian
 Transfer'd to brighter realms from care & pain
 Our loss, we trust, is her eternal gain.

—JOHANNA CLANCY (1754-1822)

He was just and upright as a public officer,
 sincere as a friend, as a husband and father,
 kind, and indulgent.

—GEN. HENRY HURST (1770-1823)
 (Illustration thirty-seven)

Wife of Capt. Gad Peck
 recently of New Haven Connecticut

—ASENATH PECK (1765-1823)

Under this stone are deposited the remains
 of Caroline Betts an affectionat child

—CAROLINE BETTS (1817-1824)

Memento mori

[Remember that you must die]

He was an affectionate husband, father son
 and brother ; Kind to the poor : an ardent,
 active, faithful friend : a just and generous
 man

I had my part of worldly care

When I was living as you are :

But God from it hath set me free,

And, as I'm now, so you must be.

—CONNOR CLARKE, ESQ. (1791-1826)

She was an affectionate wife
 a kind & indulgent mother.

—MARGARET WILLIAMSON (1775-1828)

The deceased embarked in the cause of his
 Country at the dawn of the revolution and
 served throughout all imprecations [?] until
 its close with the confidence and esteem
 of the great and good WASHINGTON. He was a
 member of the Society of Cincinnati, and died
 as he had lived, beloved and respected by all
 who knew him, as an ardent Patriot, upright
 man, and exemplary Christian.

—WILLIAM MAGAW, M.D. (1743-1829)

"Suffer little children to come unto
me" Jesus Christ

—JOHN PATTON (1821-1830)

In memory of the domestick worth and professional merit of Nathan Tyler Attorney at Law
Oh death, all eloquent! you only prove
what dust we doat on, when it is man
we love. For this corruptible must put
on incorruption, and this mortal must
put on Immortality.

—ATTY. NATHAN TYLER (1803-1833)

Always be ready, no time delay;
I in my prime was called away
Great grief to those that's left behind
Hoping in time great joy to find.

—JOHN JOHNSON (1805-1833)

Pastor of the Independent Congregational
Church of Meadville who departed this life
on the 24th day of August 1833, in the 31st.
years of his age, deeply lamented by his
congregation who have consecrated this stone
to his memory

—REV. ALANSON BRIGHAM (1802-1833)

Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face
While Infants in thy tender arms
Receive thy smiling grace

—WILLIAM FRAZIER (1833-1833)

A native of Ireland who died in Saeger's town
She was a Kind Wife and an affectionate
Mother
Ye friends that weep around my grave
Compose your minds to rest:
Prepare with me for sudden death,
And be forever blest.

—ELIZA ANN YOUNG (1794-1834)

We mourn thy sudden swift remove
From each and all enjoyments here;
When Christ commands, we must obey
Without a murmur or a tear.

—CONTENT BETTS (1783-1834)
(Illustration fifteen, part 1)

Died suddenly on the 22nd of September, 1834
He was most beloved by those who
knew him best
In the midst of life
we are in death.

—CHARLES BENEDICT (1802-1834)

“I take these little lambs,” said he
“And lay them in my breast;
Protection shall they find in me,
In me be ever blest.”

—DAVID M. FRAZIER (1831-1835)

“But Jesus said, suffer little children,
and forbid them not, to come unto me; for
of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

—MARY JANE HAMILTON (1817-1835)

Her moments bright 'though swift she's fled;
Now rests among the virtuous dead.

—ADALINE BRADLEY (1822-1836)

The wind blows low; the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree
So gently flows the parting breath
When good men cease to be.

—NATHAN CAMPFIELD (1798-1837)

Peaceful be thy silent slumbers
Peaceful be thy grave so low
Thou no more shall join our number
Thou no more our songs shall know
Yet again we hope to meet thee
When the day of life is fled
There in Heaven with joy to greet thee
Where no farewell tear is shed.

—ANDREW WILSON (1777-1837)

Angels ever bright and fair
Take, O take them to your care
Speed to your own courts their flight
Clad in robes of virgin white.

—FRANCES E. AND SYLVESTER SEYMOUR (1839)

He was the Founder and first President of
Allegheny College where he laboured many
years, with unremitting assiduity for the
good of the rising generation.

"Lo, where this stone in silence weeps,
A friend, a husband, and a father sleeps,
A heart within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues all did dwell."

—REV. TIMOTHY ALDEN (1771-1839)

Though horrors dread the silent Grave surround,
And Death converts the body into clay :
Yet to the souls who living hope have found
They are the portal to immortal day :
And in that day there is abiding bliss
That pays for every sorrow borne in this.

—NANCY HANNA DAVIS (1814-1841)

Of such is the Kingdom of God.

—EMORY C. KINGSLEY (1842-1842)

Transplanted from the woes to come
In heav'ns immortal bower
Through all eternity to bloom
A sweet and fadeless flower.

—LETITIA ROWLAND COLLINS (c. 1842)

Grace first inscribed my name in God's eternal book
Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb who all my sorrows took

—PHINEAS DUNHAM (1784-1844)

Lieutenant in Jersey Militia in Revolution
in the Pennemite War
One of Eight Pioneers of Northwestern Penna.
Captured by Indians Escaped—1791
Commanded the Militia at Cussawaga 1793-4-5
Built the Blockhouse at Meadville and LeBoeuf 1795
First Sheriff, First Collector, and Second Assessor
in the Five Counties 1798-99
County Commissioner 1821 to 1824
This Boulder from His Land in Vernon Township
is placed in loving Memory by his descendants
1941

—CORNELIUS VanHORNE (1750-1846)

He was formely from Vermont

—MARCUS G. NEWTON (1827-1847)

I shall be satisfied when I
wake with thy likeness

—J. MORRISON, JR. (1817-1847)

How loved, how honor'd once avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom forgot ;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee ;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.

————— (c. 1850?)

Yes my friend, the conflict's o'er
Louisa lives to die no more
Could she but speak to you she'd say
Dear mother weep not o'er my clay

————— 10 lines gone —————

With her to join the infant throng
Redeeming love shall be our song.

—LOUISA MATILDA BLISS (1825-1852)

Sudden death :
Sudden glory :

—MARY REYNOLDS (1785-1854)

Who lived 87 [?] yrs.
Without a Lawsuit
died Sept. 9, 1854
Without an Enemy

—ESECK RANDOLPH (1767?-1854)

He walked with God.

—JOHN HANNEN (1776-1854)

She is not here, she has risen.
A tribute of affection from the Ladies of
the Detroit Unitarian Society.

—SARAH Y. SHIPPEN MUMFORD (1830-1855)

My Mary
Little Harry
Our Fred

—JOHN FAY FAMILY (c. 1856)

'Tis well for us all some sweet hopes lie
Deeply buried from human eye :
And in the hereafter angels may
Roll the stone from the grave away.

—DAVIE C. BEARCE (1856-1857)

Member of ——— Conference ——— M.E. Church
 His record is on high
 Earth's weary toils balk a glorious reward
 Happy the dead who die in the Lord.

—REV. JOSEPH UNCLESAM (1812-1858)

She has gone a little before me

—S. C. BAIN (c. 1860)

Up yonder

—J. W. BAIN (c. 1860)

Her parting words: Tell
 evry body that ever I knew
 to be good and meet me in
 heaven.

—HATTIE A. ROBBINS (1847-1860)

"He shall go to him
 he will not return to us."

—CHARLES E. SERGEANT (1853-1861)

Dear Mother
 We should not weep but thou art gone
 although a vacant chair
 We see beside our hearthstone
 as we sadly gather there.
 We seem to hear thy glad [response?]
 s[?]l gently from above
 It is well with me my children
 in this world of light and love
 ——— 4 lines gone ———

—MARY DICKSON (1800-1862)

"Her life is hid with Christ in God."

—SARAH ANN KENNEDY (1806-1862)

A little lovely Baby boy
 With features soft and fair
 With smiles upon his dimpled cheek
 And sunshine in his hair
 The New Year hath no gifts so sweet
 Nor half so full of joy
 Nor half so good and beautiful
 As my dear Baby boy.

—JOHN W. MURDOCH (1861-1863)

A friend to the defenders of our country
Beloved and remembered

—HANNAH MOORE (1816-1864)

Soon the chrysalis will break
Then our Hermie wings will take.

—ALMON H. DELAMATER (1863-1864)

1st Lieutenant 4th Regiment of Cavalry
in the Service of the U. S.
Died of yellow fever
at Brownstown, Texas

—DAVID H. PORTER (1840-1866)

Let not your hearts be troubled I believe
in God, and would not live away.

—WATT P. CLARK (1828-1867)

I go to see her glory
Whom we have loved below
I go the blessed angels
And holy saints to know
Our lovely one's departed
I go to find again
And wait for you to [join us?]
Good night till then.

—ELISABETH KINGSLEY (1812-1867)

His body rests in the hope of
a glorious resurrection.

—ARCHIBALD STEUART (1800-1867)

"Through the grave
And gate of death
We pass to our
joyful
Resurrection"

—DARWIN A. FINNEY (1814-1868)

She has gone, we trust, to
heaven above, where all is love
There'll be no sorrow there.

—LETITIA TAYLOR THOMPSON (1837-1868)

Children of God, being the children of the
ressurrection.

—JENNIE LOUISE SELDEN (c. 1870)

Wedded Nov. 17, 1818 hand in hand forever
more

—CHARLES AND MARTHA SHIPPEN (1870)

Our noble boy
Mother

—JAMES E. RANDOLPH (1844-1870)

He died triumphant in the Lord.

—DARIUS W. RICE (1806-1871)

"He was a good man, and full of
the Holy Ghost and of faith."

—JOHN REYNOLDS (1782-1871)

Friends meet me there
in that home where Jesus
has gone to prepare

—ELIZABETH CURRY (1847-1872)

First white child
born in settlement
which became city
of Meadville.

—MARTIN AND ELIZABETH JOHNSON (1873)

Das ich gefürchtet habe
ist über mich gekommen
Da ich sorgte, hat's mich
getroffen.

[It overcame me that I feared,
it struck me that I was anxious.]

—PHILIP UTECH (1837-1874)

He died in peace
with God and his neighbors

—WILLIAM H. BRAWLEY (1803-1878)

Father and Mother
Sweetly they journeyed
The pathway of life
Together they entered
The portals of heaven.

—LORENZO D. AND OLIVE T. WILLIAMS (1878)

Our Jo'ey
"I do love God, Mother"

—JOSEPH ——— (c. 1880?)

They have awakened from the Dream of Life.

—ELIZABETH D. LIVERMORE
NINA V. WOLCOTT (1880)
(Illustration thirty-eight)

Life is sweet, Death is sure,
Sin is a wound and Christ is the cure.

—JOHN POWELL (1823-1881)

There is therefore now no
condemnation to them which
are in Jesus Christ

—SHELDON R. BURNS (1841-1881)

Where immortal spirits reign
There we shall meet again

—D. H. HAVERTY (1845-1882)

Death thou art but another birth
Freeing the spirit from the clods of earth

————— HAVERTY (c. 1885)

How desolate our home
bereft of thee
Weep not she is at rest

—MINNIE A. WILDER (1864-1885)

Gentle Sweet Little Bertie
We miss the bright eyes of our darling child
And the sweet rosy lips that so often on us smiled

—ALBERT B. WILDER (1885-1885)

Death has been here and borne away
A brother from our side
Just in the morning of his day
In youth and love, he died.

—THOMAS G. CLARK (1866-1886)

Charles Huyghue,
who died on
the cars Oct. 1, 1886
on his way from
New Mexico U.S.
to friends in Canada
MISUNDERSTOOD

—CHARLES HUYGHUE (1886)

I know not the way I am going
 Rather do I know my Guide
 With a child like trust I give my hand
 To the mighty friend by my side

—MARY K. STEM (1847-1888)

She was faithful over a few things

—SARAH MATILDA BETTS (1806-1889)

Jesus, Savior, I long to rest near the cross
 where thou hast died.

—ANNIE MOYER HOWARD (1823-1895)

Safe in the arms of Jesus

—WASHINGTON HOLLISTER (1827-1895)

Reunited in Heaven.

His feet were on the rock.

—CATHERINE AND ANDREW McMICHAEL (c. 1897)

Joy cometh in the morning

O Love of God

Thou art our Full Assurance

—HELEN HUYBERTJE HENDERSON (1898)

Aeternam lucem implorant

[They seek eternal light]

—HARVEY HENDERSON FAMILY (c. 1900)

Light Battery B Pennsylvania Volunteer

Artillery Porto Rico 1898

Thee O God do I put my trust

For I am persuaded that

Neither Life nor Death

Shall be able to separate us

From the Love of God

—WILLIAM METCALF HENDERSON (1900)

ΣΑΛΠΙΣΕΙ

[Sound the trumpet]

—JAMES G. CARNACHAN (1829-1903)

Death is eternal life

Why should we weep!

Gone from our home

But not from our hearts.

—LOUIS J. ATWELL (1835-1904)

Here rests a woodman of the world
Dum tacet clamat
[He speaks though silent]

—FREDERIC E. BAGLEY (1852-1912)

For all the saints that
from their labors rest
thy name O Jesus
be forever
blessed

—HARRIET JANE HOGEBOOM HENDERSON (1914)

“Greetings, Lord Jesus.”

—DR. CAMDEN COBERN (1855-1920)

He that dwelleth in the secret
place of the most high shall abide
under the shadow of the Almighty.

—NANCY A. CURRY (1849-1921)

Preacher, Missionary, Bishop
Christian Statesman
in India, Malaysia,
and the Philippine Islands
A servant of the living God

—JAMES MILLS THOBURN (1836-1922)

Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ
I Cor. 15:57

—JOHN AND BARBARA MABEN (c. 1923)

Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought.
Whose life was an inspiration
Whose memory a benediction

—AUGUSTUS AND ROSALIE RITENOUR (c. 1924)

Corporal and Surgeon, Co. H 150 P.V. and
Co. B, 14 Veteran Reserve Corps.
Aug. 20, 1862 to June 26, 1865
Lieutenant in 114 U.S.C.T.
July 26, 1865 to Apr. 2, 1867
Awarded the Medal of Honor
by unanimous vote of
Congress for Conspicuous
Valor in action at the Battle
of Gettysburg.

—J. MONROE REISINGER (1842-1925)

Warm summer sun, shine kindly here ;
 Warm southern wind, blow softly here ;
 Green sod above, Lie light, lie light ;
 Good night, dear heart
 Good night, good night.

—P. HENRY UTECH (1871-1929)

“Until the day break and the shadows flee.”

—CHARLES W. THOMPSON FAMILY (c. 1932)

“There is Romance
 and Inspiration
 in Achievement”

—LEWIS WALKER (c. 1938)

“Jehovah is my rock
 and my salvation.” Sam. 22-2

—ORVILLE AND BEULAH SWIFT (c. 1939)

I Thess. 4:14
 Phil. 3:7-8

—FRANCES AND WALTER APPENRODT (c. 1940)

Lead kindly light

—RUTH F. OLSON (1894-1940)

Distinguished Physician
 Surgeon Soldier Citizen
 Served in the Spanish-American War
 the Mexican Border Campaign and the
 World War Lieutenant Colonel of
 Infantry 112th Regiment A.E.F.
 Awarded the French Legion of Honor
 Service Above Self

—ROBERT AND NELLA GAMBLE (c. 1940)

“A little while and ye shall not see me
 And again, a little while and ye shall see me.”

—DONALD F. REITZE (1900-1941)

We have loved the stars too fondly
 to be fearful of the night

—M. WILLARD GRANT FAMILY (c. 1941)

Thy word is a light unto my path

—JOSEPH AND GERTRUDE GILMORE (c. 1942)

A Loyal Citizen

—EDGAR P. CULLUM (1859-1942)

Died in action and buried on foreign soil
 Forever honour'd and forever mourn'd

—DONALD V. HENDERSON
 RICHARD A. WAITE (c. 1945)

"I shall remember while the light lives yet
 and in the night time I shall not forget."

—ATHENIA AND ARTHUR COYTON (c. 1948)

Thou art the book
 The library wherein I look

—KALOMERA ALEXATOS (1889-1948)

God's greatest gift returned
 to God—our mother

—JULIA A. SMITH (1887-1948)

"Let all my life be music"

—ETHEL MOORE MILLER (1887-1949)

"God would not have made earthly ties so
 strong to break them in eternity."

—HURD FAMILY (c. 1950)

Tho thy smile be lost in sight
 To memory thou art dear
 What we keep in memory is ours
 Unchanged forever.

—SUSANNE AND BLANCHE RITENOUR (c. 1950)

Honored and Beloved Citizen
 On her and on her
 high endeavor
 the light of praise.

—ELIZABETH HUIDEKOPER KIDDER (1851-1951)

It shall be well with them that fear God.

—JOHN AND CORA EWING (c. 1953)

In all these things we are
 more than conquerors
 through Him that loved us.

—GRACE Van S. der W. HOGEBOM HENDERSON (1954)

A Sunny Spirit A Warm Heart
An Inventive Mind

—G. SUNDBACK (1880-1954)

How blest are they who from their labors rest.

—F. WM. AND MARY SMITH (c. 1955)

An angel visited the green earth
and took a flower away

—RALPH E. HAINES (1951-1956)

Esteemed citizen
Scholar Loyal friend

—ROBERT W. THOMAS (1890-1956)

Our Father
Who art in
heaven . . .
. . . Amen

—LOLA M. COX (1876-1958)

[crest] Celeritas Virtus Fidelitas
[Swiftness, Goodness, Loyalty]
Businessman and electric utility pioneer

—HARLEY DeF. CARPENTER (1884-1960)



—PAUL AND BONITA INGLEFIELD (c. 1960)
(Illustration thirty-nine)

The good harvest of the lively years
consists of family — loyal friends
and thousands of rich memories.

—LLOYD AND HELEN GIBSON (c. 1962)

They are not lost who find
The light of sun and stars and God.

—JESSIE LEE CARTER (1910-1963)

President Judge
Crawford County
1948-1964

—HERBERT ARTHUR MOOK (1908-1964)

Superintendent of
Crawford County Schools from July 3, 1950
Until his death January 3, 1966

—FLOYD B. PETERS (1907-1966)

"Your loving smile, your gentle face
No one can fill your vacant place"
Our Dog Smokey

—FRED F. AND MILDRED "MOO-MOO" CARMAN (c. 1969)

"To Do is To Be"

—B. F. MILLER (1883-1970)

Mayor City of Meadville 1934-1938

—FRED C. KIEBORT (1888-1973)

GREEN FARM CEMETERY

See the golden gate display
Bright the joys of heavenly day
Transitory world farewell
Jesus calls with Him to dwell.

—STEPHEN C. TURNER (1820-1863)

Sleep on dear May and
take the rest the saviour
callest thee he loved the
best.

—ANNA MAY EAKIN (1879-1880)

Here lies our Dear Mother.

—ELIZABETH REESER (1811-1893)

GREENFIELD CEMETERY

[Not dead blessed?] thought
[But gone?] before
Where we shall meet
To part no more

—ELLIOTT AMBROSE LOGAN (1826-1837)

Here lies my body deep in dust
Prepare to follow for you must
[Cry?] to the Savior while you may
And meet me at the judgment day.

—JOHN TIFFANY (1792-1851)

Weep not for a brother deceased
 Our loss is his infinite gain
 His soul out of prison released
 And freed from its bodily chain.

—FRANCIS F. JOHNSON (1821-1851)

Luke 23:28
 Weep not for me

—AMANDA M. BISHOP (1834-1861)

of Co. G. 115 Reg. P.I. Killed at Gains Hill
 June 3, 1864 Remains on Battle field

—DAVID COLE (1841-1864)

Asleep in Jesus peaceful rest
 Whose waking is supremely blest
 No fear no woe shall dim that hour
 Which manifests the Saviour's power.

—NANCY McDONELL (1831-1865)

Blessed be God which hath not turned
 away my prayers or his mercy from me.

—ELIZABETH McQUISTON (1845-1875)

Beneath this lies my bosom friend
 One whom I long adored
 He's gone and left me to depend
 On God for evermore.

—ABRAHAM KLINGENSMITH (1801-1881)

Choose you this day
 whom ye will serve
 as for me and my house
 We will serve the Lord.

—ELIZABETH McQUISTON (1802-1886)

GREENWOOD CEMETERY

Meet me on the other shore

—MARY THOMAS (1789-1875)

HARNED CEMETERY

In Christ we are made alive

—ELIZABETH LEAVITT (1803-1879)

HARTSTOWN CEMETERY

For if we believe that Jesus died and
Rose again even so them also which
Sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.
I Thess. 4 chapt. 14 vs.

—AMANDA C. HENRY (1800-1848)

Asleep in Jesus O for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

—MARY QUINTON WEIR (1796-1874)

As I live there is but a step between
me and death.

—EDWARD G. SHELLITO (1834-1876)

Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall
be called the children of God.

—SARAH HENRY (1810-1881)

HATCH CEMETERY

Sadly we pillowed his head neath the sod,
He whom we loved so totally and well
Angels have called him home to their God
There the great army of bright spirits to swell.

—JOHN GILBERT (1828-1863)

I am to rest until the morning
of the Ressurrection.

—AMY DAVIDSON (1797-1863)

Sleep on blessed saint till from the
tomb the Lord shall bid thee rise.

—MARY A. CANFIELD (1826-1865)

Mid scenes of sorrow, confusion, and pain
Husband and children you still must remain
I must depart and leave you to roam
But I will be waiting to welcome you home.

—ANN MARIA OWEN (1827-1874)

Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power
A Christian cannot die before his time
The lords appointment is the servants hour.

—HERBERT F. WAID (1865-1886)

HECKER CEMETERY

Eliza! the early dews that fall
 Upon thy grass grown bed
 are like the thoughts that now recall
 Thy memory from the dead
 A blessing hallows thy dark cell,
 I will not stay to weep Farewell.

—ELIZA PHELPS (1796-1844)

HICKERNELL CEMETERY (Hayfield Township)

Co. F. Reg't L Iowa V. Died at Keokuk Iowa
 Feb. 13, 1862
 He died for his Country

—ANDREW J. ADAMS (1842-1862)

Co. B. 18 Pa. Cavalry Died at Winchester, Va.
 Nov. 16, 1864
 He died that his Country might live

—MARION G. ADAMS (1844-1864)

HILL CEMETERY

This is the grave of our little one
 [Saved by?] God's only begotten son.

—HARRIET L. KERR (1863-1865)

Only a thin veil between us
 My loved ones so precious and true
 Only as mist before sunrise
 I am hidden away from your view.

—JOHN B. KERR (1828-1893)

HOOD CEMETERY

Farewell vain world, I have had enough of thee
 And now I am careless what thou sayest to me
 Thy smiles I court not nor thy frowns I fear
 My days are past, my head lies quiet here.

—ROBERT HOOD (1778-1863)

HUBER CEMETERY

Der matte Leib ruht in der Erden
 Er schläft bis Jesus ihn erweckt
 Da wird der Staub zur Sonne werden

Der jetzt die finstre Gruft bedeckt
 Der Tod bescheret den Pilgerlauff
 Und fuhr den zu Gott hinauf
 [The lifeless body rests in the earth
 It sleeps until Jesus awakens it
 Then will the dust, which now the dark
 Grave covers, turn to the sun.
 Death cuts off the pilgrim's course
 And leads him up to God.]

—JACOB HECKMANN (1833-1874)

Born in Hildersberg, Palatinate, Germany
 And he said unto them, Hinder me not,
 seeing the Lord hath prospered my way ; send
 me away that I may go to my master.

Gen. C. 24 V. 56

—FRANCIS EHRGOTT (1817-1893)

HUTCHISON CEMETERY

Yet ere her spirit found releas
 And to her Saviours bosom fled
 One more young heart's warm beat has ceased
 Another child is with the dead.

—MARGARET S. HUTCHISON (1843-1846)

In flight his Horses ran
 No one was near to see the deed
 No human hand could save
 His mangled body from the grave.

—JOSEPH HUTCHISON (1810?-1854)

Mother thou hast gone and left us
 Gone and left us all in tears
 Gone from deep and long suffering
 Gone from pain the most distressing.

—FLORENCE HUTCHISON (1810-1892)

IMMACULATE CEMETERY (Rome Township)

This was a pure and sinless child
 A child of Mary undefiled.

—MARY DOUBLE (1808-1816)

Strong in the faith of her dear Lord
 She was able to combat as with a
 sword
 May God grant her rest.

—CATHERINE BRANNON (1809-1820)

Among the many which have gone
 There's none so loved as this blessed one.
 May the Lord grant you eternal rest.

—NANCY ELLEN BRANNON (1830-1847)

Both in one grave.

—EDWARD COYLE (1823-1872)
 CLARK COYLE (1855-1872)

At peace with God and
 God at peace with him.

—HUGH McBRIDE (1819-1873)

Donor of this cemetery.

—BRIDGET ROGERS (1796-1874)

Friends and relations, this is my grave you see
 Remember you all must die as well as me
 On Good Friday 26, of March I bid you all adieu
 I want you all to pray for me and I will pray
 for you.

—PATRICK MAGEE (1824-1875)

May her soul rest in peace
 Dear Mary thou art gone from among us
 Thy welcome voice no more we shall hear
 But we will ever remember thy kindness
 And cherish thy memory dear.

—MARY ANN MAGEE (1830-1882)

Native de France
 Pray for me and my
 Father and call me in
 the happy home.

—MARIE WEBER (1886)

They were affectionate parents and
 friends to all.

—JOHN AND MARY McBRIDE (c. 1932)

IMMACULATE CEMETERY (Summit Township)

She sweetly sleeps why do we mourn
Her toils on earth are o'er
But dearest Mother pray your children all
May meet you on the heavenly shore.
May her soul rest in peace. Amen.

—JANE CLARK (1810-1880)

May he rest in peace. Amen
While on earth thy days still lingered
Thou hast looked on us and smiled
Father still in Heaven watch o'er us
Each who names thee as thy child.

—TIMOTHY CLARK (1794-1883)

JACKSON CEMETERY

Blessed are the dead
Who die in the Lord
For they shall inherit the
Kingdom of Heaven.

—ABRAHAM JACKSON (1780-1854)

Sweetest rose in full bloom
Snapped from the earth to the tomb
Our loss is his infinite gain
May he be blessed forever. Amen.

—WILLIAM W. JACKSON (1849-1869)

Abraham to Heaven with the angels [is gone?]
Sudden his call he quickly went ———
The clouds was his charriot the angels ———
Safely he is landed by his father's side.

This tablet is erected as a token
of parental love and esteem.

—ABRAHAM M. JACKSON (1844-1873)

Good-bye Poppa and Mom

—ROSS MILLER (1873-1875)

Dearest one with the angels to heaven has gone
Her dwelling place is with the blest
The rest is left here watching and waiting
God's call to hear.

—MARTHA JANE KELLOGG (1850-1880)

JOHNSON CEMETERY

Good-by

—IRA CLARK (1813-1863)

Emigrated from Ireland to America May 6, 1819

We mourn our loss

—JAMES RICHARD (1795-1871)

KEBORT CEMETERY

He gave this graveyard Jan. 1860

—PETER AND CATHARINE KEBORT (c. 1860)

Within the quiet grave
We lay dear Annie gently down
Her pains and troubles all are past
And now she wears her crown.

—ANNIE SPATE ARNBURGER (1867-1872)

KELLY FARM CEMETERY

Only a step removed. We soon
again shall meet our own, our
dearly loved Around the Saviour's
feet

—KATIE C. KELLY (1864-1886)

KERR HILL CEMETERY

Thou madest him a little lower than the
great yet thou crowndest him with glory and
honour and didst set him over the works of
thy hands.

—J. EVERETTE CONOVER (1868)

For to me to live is Christ
To die is gain
Sweetly rest dear Stephen

—STEPHEN C. FISHER (1836-1879)

Not my will but thine be done.

—MINNIE E. MOON (1874-1902)

KISER HILL CEMETERY

Lifes stormy ocean he hath crossed
No more by stormy billows tossed
His voyage is out
He is anchored here
Until Christ in judgment
Shall appear.

—JACOB STAINBROOK (1792-1875)

Lost at Sea July 2, 1944.

—WILLIS L. BRANDON (1915-1944)

Mother
We love you

—JUNE MALLIARD (1910-1965)

LANG-SWIFT CEMETERY

Co. F 19th U.S. Infantry who died May 22nd
1862 in Camp ——— Corinth, Miss.
When you behold yon setting sun
Retiring from your view
——— I pray you think of me
A friend who oft remembered you.

—GEORGE W. PERRY (1841-1862)

I was a loving sister dear
But suffered pain and death,
Till Jesus took me in his arms
And laid me here to rest.

—ADELAIDE HUTCHISON (1862-1878)

LEWIS CEMETERY

But oh Our home how very sad
Since her once lovely [smiles?] are gone
E'en though we know thy seraphs wings
Are folded by our Father's throne.

—ERMA LEWIS (1878-1879)

Free from all the toils and cares
of life with Jesus in Paradise.

—MARY A. YOUNG (1821-1883)

Gone home to that celestial shore
 Where flowers perennial bloom
 Gone to that bright happy land
 In the path that leads by the Lamb.

—PERRY A. HILLS (1861-1885)

God's finger touched
 him and he slept

—CLARENCE GALAHER (1880-1889)

LINESVILLE CEMETERY

Sleep Husband and take thy rest
 God called thee home he thought it best.
 Tis hard indeed to part with thee
 But Christs strong arm supporteth me.

—WILLIAM ADDRESS (1819-1857)

Rest [?] ————— till he appears
 He took you in your tender years
 From your fond parents arms and care
 We trust in Heavenly bliss to share.

—SALINDA GEHR (1853-1861)

He made home happy

—FIRMAN GILLILAND (1849-1865)

Bent an Angel low at even
 Placed a wreath upon her brow
 Bore her fluttering spirit homeward
 Rosa is an Angel now.

—ROSALTA M. KENDALL (1864-1865)

Love follows thee

—SARAH J. THOMPSON (1851-1872)

Parted friends again may meet
 From the toils of nature free
 Crowned with mercy oh how sweet
 Will eternal friendship be.

—W. BARRET BROWN (1825-1874)

But we are not of them who draw
 back into perdition but of them that
 believe in the saving of the soul.

—ALMON D. BROOKS (1854-1882)

At Stansteads, Canada Jan. 13, 1825
 A tiny cradle says little one whence came he
 At Linesville, Pa. Dec. 26, 1891
 A cruel coffin says William whither goest thou
 —[WILLIAM] WALLACE (1825-1891)

The dearest friends on earth must part
 —JOHN GILLILAND (1815-1892)

Jesus while our hearts are bleeding
 Over the spoil that death has won
 We would ————— meeting
 Calmly say thy will be done.
 —MARGARET STEVENS (1803-1894)

LITTLE CEMETERY

Weep O weep not parents dear
 O forget me not sleeping here
 For dust to dust is Heaven's decree
 And soon you must slumber with me.
 —WILLIAM NELSON BEEMAN (1838-1840)

LOOMIS CEMETERY

The wages of sin is
 death but the gift of God is
 Eternal Life through Jesus
 Christ our Lord
 —EMELINE SMITH (1828-1889)

LYONA CEMETERY

She is not dead but sleepeth
 For he giveth his beloved sleep
 —MARTHA DELAMATER (1802-1862)

Farewell friends yet not farewell
 Where you are free [?] I too shall dwell
 I am gone beyond your face
 A moment's march a single pace
 When you come where I have stepped
 You will wonder why you wept.
 —MARGARET A. WINANS (1838-1864)

They sleep in Jesus and are blest
How sweet their slumbers are
From sorrowing and from pain released
And freed from [all?] care

—LYDIA STEWART (1800-1872)

Jesus doeth all things well
I am resting now
MAMA

—SUSIE BURCH (1852-1887)

Moma has gone to rest.

—GASONDANIA G. STUART (1848-1889)

[*To be concluded*]