Rosa Is an Angel Now
Epitaphs from Crawford County, Pennsylvania

WILLIAM B. MOORE and STEPHEN C. DAVIES

PART 3

McCLURE CEMETERY

Tis finished, so the Savior cried
And meekly bowed his head and died
Tis finished: Yes my race is run
My battle fought, my victory won.
—SOLOMON ENGELHAUPT (1792-1853)

McDOWELL CEMETERY

My children dear assemble here
Thy mother’s grave to see!
Not long ago I dwelt with you
But soon you’ll dwell with me.
—MARGARET McDOWELL (1793-1819)

God my Redeemer lives
And ever from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust
Till he shall bid me rise.
—ALEXANDER McDOWELL 2nd (1813-1846)

Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep
If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take.
—HARRIET EMELINE McDOWELL (1847-1851)

My Home is above
For I know that my Redeemer liveth
And in Heaven there is rest
Farewell dear Robert, thou hast
been a kind Husband, an affectionate Son, a dear Father
and a good Brother
Beloved when living and bemoaned [when dead?]
—ROBERT WILLCOX (1822-1852)
Friends so dear both far and near
If you come this way this marble slab
Will tell you where beneath I lay.

—WILSON MYERS (1832-1856)

Is Jesus precious Oh yes
Take good care of the children

—MARGARET BEAR (1822-1858)

Private Co. I 2nd Pa. Cavalry  Died at
Brandy Station, Va. Jan. 18, 1864
He sweetly sleeps why do we mourn
His toils on earth are done
His life is hid with Christ in God
Till his Redeemer comes.

—HIRAM LAURENCE (1836-1864)

Died at North East, Pa.
“Happy in the Lord”

—JOHN BEAR (1850-1872)

McMICHAEL CEMETERY

[Retiring?] in life
Triumphant in death

—WILLIAM DUNCAN (1832-1872)

But O for the touch of a van-
Ished hand, and the sound
Of a voice that is still

—JENNIE ELLIS (1871-1875)

MAPLE GROVE CEMETERY

We are confident, I say, and
willing rather to be absent
from the body, and to be
present with the Lord.

—NANCY HARRISON (1794-1840)

[anchor with word “Hope”]
How sweet to stand when tempest tear the
Main on the firm cliff and mark the
Seamans toil not that another’s danger
Soothes the soul, but from
Such toil how sweet
to feel secure.

—BENJAMIN WHEATTALL (1815-1845)
In God is my trust
O death where is thy sting
O grave where is thy victory
But thanks be to God which giveth
us the victory through our Lord
Jesus Christ.

—JOHN EDMOND (1801-1847)
(Illustration twenty-seven, part 1)

Mother at rest
Gone but not forgotten

—MARGARET MORRIS (1813-1854)

Died for His Country
James Morris
Died at Fort Schuyler
July 18, 1863
of Wounds
Received at the
Battle of Gettysburg, Pa.

—JAMES MORRIS (1837-1863)
(Illustration twenty-five, part 1)

Every word of God is pure, he is a
shield unto them that put their
trust in him.

—WILLIAM SEDDEN (1834-1864)

A native of England
Knowing that he which raised up the Lord
Jesus shall raise up us also by Jesus and
shall present us with you.

—BENJAMIN HARRISON (1797-1875)

Blessed are they that do his com-
mandments, that they may have right
to the tree of life and may enter in
through the gate into the city

22 Revelation 14
—ELISABETH GREGORY (1794-1881)

By Her Request
Her Body was
Cremated.
Alas she has left us
Her spirit has fled
Her body now slumbers
Along with the dead.
—SARAH HARRISON (1830-1887)

A dear one has gone
home to rest.
—WILLIAM SHAW (1815-1890)

“John, work?
Yes, I love to
work, but this
fever is
burning me up.”
—SARAPH MORRIS (1859-1899)

MEADVILLE HEBREW CEMETERY

Rest my darling daughter rest
For God in Heaven thought it best.
—CLARA EINSTEIN (1862-1877)

MILLER'S STATION CEMETERY

How much we loved her none can tell
—INA S. C. STICKNEY (1857-1864)

Many are the afflictions
of the Righteous; the Lord
will deliver us out of them all.
—EZEKIAL BUNCE (1821-1882)

Amiable, she won all; intelligent, she
charmed all; fervent, she loved all;
and dead, she saddened all.
—MAUD G. SALEN (1875-1882)

Sleep on Husband
Thy work is done
Jesus has come
To take thee home
—JAMES H. MOREY (1840-1883)

RESTING
—MARGARET S. M. HUTCHINSON (1805-1884)
'Tis a little grave, but o, have care
for world wide hopes are buried there
How much of light, how much of joy
is buried with a darling boy.

—WALLA L. SALEN (1877-1884)

They anchored in the harbor of eternal rest

—AUSTIN AND JANE JOHNSON (c. 1886)

MITCHELL CEMETERY

Here lies our daughter and our son
Those blessed children their rest have won
They have gone to God who gave them breath
And left us here to mourn their death.

—ZILPHA C. AND AMBERS H. ISHERWOOD (1852)

The midnight moon serenely smiles
O'er natures sweet repose

—JOSIAH TERRILL (1805-1854)

Should pleasure at its birth
Fade like the hue of even
Turn thou away from earth
There's rest for thee in heaven.

—ADALINE HODGES (1782-1855)

Behold the tender Husbands grave
He is gone to his eternal home
And dwells among the dead.

—GEORGE ISHERWOOD (1779-1856)

The memory of one who has lived a true and
honest life will ever be cherished.
The earth may ring from shore to shore
With echoes of a glorious name
But he whose loss our tears deplore
Has left behind him more than fame
His love of Truth too warm too strong
For hope or fear to chain or chill.

—ZADOCK Y. RHODES (1811-1870)

Our darling Emma has gone to rest
She has taken her babe upon her breast
Together thave left a world of pain
[To rise then?] with their Saviors reign.

—EMMA G. EDMUNDS (1852-1873)
Soldier of Christ well done
Praise be thy new employ
And while eternal ages run
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

—WILLIAM MITCHELL (1800-1880)

Cease from weeping look above thee,
I'm not lost, but gone before,
Though my earthly form is hidden
I am near thee as of yore.

—J. NELSON JERVIS (1842-1890)

MT. BLAIR CEMETERY
(Illustration seven, part 1)

Her soul with sacred ardour fir'd
The glorious prize pursued
To meet with joy the high commands
She bade the earth adieu.

—ANN BLAIR (1749-1822)

he was a revolutionary soldier, Clerk of a
Reg't control'd by Gen. Wayne under the
illustrious Washington
Man's age to seventy years is set
How short the time! how frail the state!
And if to eighty he arrive
Does rather sigh and groan than live
None can secure their vital breath
Against the bold demands of death
With skill to fly or hour to save!

—JAMES LONG (1738-1830)
(Illustration eighteen, part 1)

Now let your thoughts be rais'd above
This world and all this world can give
O! sisters sing the song I love
And tears of gratitude receive
While sleeping in my grass grown bed
Should I still linger here above
Will thou not kneel beside my head
And sisters sing the songs I love.

—ELIZABETH HOUSEL (1822-1839)

Thou art gone to the grave, but
twere wrong to deplore thee
When GOD was thy ransom, thy
guardian and guide:
He gave thee and took thee &
soon will reclaim thee
Where death has no sting since
the SAVIOUR hath died.

—ARCHIBALD McNEIL (1790-1844)

Budded on earth to
bloom in Heaven

—SARAH ALFORD (1852-1856)

Jesus come make my dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are
While on his breast I lean my head
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

—POLLY FLAUGH (1798-1869)

MT. HOPE CEMETERY

Refuse me not this little spot
My weary limbs to rest
I shall rise with sweet surprise
And be forever blest.

—ADDIE MAY BALDWIN (1860-1862)

None knew her but to love her
None saw her but to praise.

—CARRIE JANE BALDWIN (1862-1864)

Gone where parting, sorrow
pain and death
are felt and heard no more.

—SARAH A. BALDWIN (1830-1872)

In death's cold arms lies sleeping here
A tender parent, a companion dear
In love she lived in peace she died
Her life was asked, but was denied.

—MELISSA G. CHAFFEE (1844-1881)

Loved one, thou hast left us
And our grief is hard to bear
But we know thou art with the angels
Singing around the throne above.

—EZRA REESE (1875-1882)
Beautiful lovely
She was but given
A fair bud to earth
To blossom in heaven
—LIZZIE C. KOEHLER (1882-1884)

I am going home
—GEORGE HILL (1863-1890)

Died in the faith of God.
—JOHN I. CHAFFEE (1824-1890)

Dearest mother rest thy head
In the peaceful grave's embrace
But thy memory will be cherished
Till we see thy heavenly face.
—LIZZIE BYHAM (1863-1892)

Tis hard to break
The tender cord
When love has bound
The heart
Tis hard so hard
To speak the words
We must forever part
—CHARLES F. BYHAM (1856-1898)

MT. PLEASANT CEMETERY

   Friend
—SHAIDLOCK NEGUS (1770-1806)

This lovely flower but bloomed to fade
The Lord with tender care
The opening bud to heaven conveyed
And bade it blossom there
—ROBERT E. BLAKESLEE (1852-1853)

A little flower of love
That blossomed but to die
—NELSON MESSINGER (1873-1873)

MORTON CEMETERY

   Judge how we loved her but
she could not stay.
—HEP[Y S.] MORTON (1844-1881)
Oh Father we miss thee but
we won't forget thee.
—PHILIP M. MORTON (1840-1881)

MUSHRUSH CEMETERY

Farewell my children to the world
Where you must yet remain
The Lord be your defence
Till we do meet again
—MARGARET MUSHRUSH (1788-1863)

NEW RICHMOND CEMETERY

Come unto me all ye that labor
and are heavy laden and I will
give you rest.
—CHANCELLOR K. BARLEY (1818-1876)

By grace re[gained?] by faith received
The cheerful heart to God resigned
Can feel and say to joy or pain
To live is Christ to die is gain.
—HANNAH E. HULL (1855-1878)

I have fought a good fight
I have finished my course
I have kept the faith
—HANNA H. MAGONBER (1793-1879)

Oh! Heart sore tried thou hast
the best that heaven itself
could give thee Rest.
—ORREN AND MELISSA LYON (c. 1881)

Only Sleeping
She's not dead, the child of our affection
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our protection
And Christ himself doth rule.
—MARY E. TAYLOR (1867-1884)

NORTH RICHMOND CEMETERY

Let not your hearts be troubled
yea that believe in God
believe also in me
—MARGARET LORD (1794-1863)
Weep not for a Father departed
Our loss is his infinite gain
—GOOLD M. LORD (1797-1866)

His heart oppressed and with anguish driven
From his home on earth to his home in heaven
—GAMAELIEL B. STANFORD (1800-1869)

I'm Going Home
Rock of ages cleft for me
Let me hide myself in thee
—SIBYL F. HUMES (1857-1874)

With songs let us follow her flight
And mount with her spirit above
Escaped to the mansions of light
And lodged in the Eden of love
—BETSEY LORD (1802-1884)

OLD CENTERVILLE CEMETERY

Come Children and look at the Grave
Where dear little Emily was laid
And learn that times next rolling wave
May number us too with the dead.
—EMILY ANN GOODRICH (1823-1831)

Thy virtues of my hart, I'll write
—SYLVIA A. BARBER (1793-1835)

His death was occasioned by the fall of a tree while a lone
Oh my friends think althouth once sprightly young and full of life
now here in an unwindowed cell
I lie, lone Triumphant over my clay
With you on earth sudden and unexpected was my death, you too may fall like me.
True friends will of't resort to weep
Around where thy dead lie
Knowing with them we have to sleep Hoping with thee to rise.
—FREDERICK CLARK (1810-1837)
She sleepeth,
She is not dead, the friend we've loved so long
The Wife, the Mother is not dead, 'tis only sleep
That binds her eyelids with a grasp so strong
She is not dead, then wherefore do we weep.

—SARAH BUEL (1793-1863)

of Battery B 1st Pa. light artillery
Although I fell by death's cold hand
I trust to rise to a better land.

—FRANKLIN BUEL (1844-1864)

OLD COUNTY HOME CEMETERY

Fannie
wife of John Hamilton of Co. B
Pensioned at 96 Dollars per, year

—FANNIE HAMILTON (1800-1895)

OLD GENEVA CEMETERY

Blooming innocence adieu
Quickly ended is thy race
Thee caught up to heaven we view
Clasped in Jesus soft embrace
Far from sorrows grief and pain
There forever to remain.

—LOUISA PETERSON (1830-1849)

Seize mortals seize the transient hour
Improve each moment as it flies
Life is a short summer, man a flower
He dies  Alas how soon he dies.

—EZRA PETERSON (1795-1854)

OLD McDOWELL CEMETERY

Also an Infant son
at the left

—MARGARET STERLING (1787-1821)

PEIFFER CEMETERY

From death's arrest no age is free
For death prepare and follow me.
To Nature there's a debt that's due
Friends, I have paid it, so must you.
But cease from sorrow and from tears
I must lie here till Christ appears
Then burst the tombs with sweet surprise
And in my Saviour’s image rise.

—JOHN GEORGE PEIFFER (1756-1823)
(Illustration forty)

She left an only child [a daughter] aged 14 days
Das da fruehe bluehet und bald welk wird
und des Abends abgehauen und Verderret.

Der 90 Psalm den 6den vers
— Explained in English —
In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up,
in the evening it is cut down and withereth.

—JUDITH KNERR (1811-1829)
(Illustration forty-one)

a soldier of the American revolution
born in Rimhorn Germany
Relentless death’s unerring dart
Has pierc’d the aged veteran’s heart
He while alive did firm maintain
The liberty he helped to gain
under great Washington

—JOHN MATTHIAS FLACH (1752-1830)

born in Chester County Pa.
O may she stand with the Lamb,
When earth and stars are fled;
And hear the Saviour then pronounce,
Rich blessings on her head.

—CATHERINE MINIUM (1764-1830)

Leaving a wife and
6 small children to
mourn his loss.

—ELLIS BERLIN (1802-1832)

My head is laid beneath the ground,
Where gloom and silence reigns profound,
Should teach the living they must die,
And turn to dust as well as I:
Now while alive prepare to die
That you may live with GOD on high.

—ANNA MARIA F[LACH?] (1759-1835?)
My body sure did die
To death I fell a prey
Now in the silent grave I lie,
Returning to my clay.

—JACOB BROBST (1796-1835)

PENN LINE CEMETERY

Judge not the Lord by feeble [sense ?]
But trust him for his grace
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

—WILLIAM WEBSTER (1750-1840)

A little rose has faded on earth
And here its body lies
But in a brighter world than this
Its little spirit flies

—HAYDEN J. (1851-1853)

PETERSON CEMETERY

Saviour into thy hands
Our father [we?] assign
And vain to quit [?] thine own commands
We were not his but thine.

—JOHN T. PETERSON (1792-1881)

Woodmen of the World Memorial
Dum tacet clamat [He speaks though silent]
Co. F 112 Inf. 28 Div.
He left his home in perfect health
He looked so young and brave
We little thought how soon he’d be
Laid in a soldier’s grave.

—JUDSON PETERSON (1898-1918)

PIioneer PARK CEMETERY

Sweet is thy memory precious [one ?]
Though short thine earthly stay
We bless the hand of him who [gave ?]
And who has taken away.

—SUSAN CHASE (1835-1838)
My Babe! The Trump will
sound and the dead will
awake, then shall they
arise with immortal beauty
—ZACHARY T. RICHARDSON (1847-1848)

Remember me.
—RUTH GRISWOULD GRIFFIN (1840-1862)

Here lie many of the founders of this community
men who helped to blaze the westward path of
civilization.
Respect their dust:
Revere their memory.
“Upon earth’s kindly breast
Thou art indeed at rest
Thou and thine arduous days.”
By Canadohta Chapter Daughters of the
American Revolution 1930

PLEASANT CEMETERY

Life’s labor done as sinks the clay
Light from its labor the spirit flies
While heaven and earth combine to say
How blest the righteous when he dies.
—SUSANNAH DAVIS (1811-1847)

Sweet is the slumber
beneath the sod
While the pure soul is
resting with God
—ANN BRITTINGHAM (1799-1865)

In heaven she rests
—LINA S. MARSFIELD (1854-1875)

One by one earth’s ties are broken
As we see our love decay
And the hopes so fondly cherished
Brighten but to pass away.
—REUBEN T. CUTSHALL (1863-1890)
QUIGLEY CEMETERY

Tis religion that must give
Sweetest pleasure while we live
Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die
After death, its joys shall be
Lasting, as eternity.

—ELIZA BYERS (1814-1846)

Perhaps our days may be as short,
Our days may fly as fast,
O Lord impress the solemn thought
That this may be our last.

—LUCY BROWN (1845-1856)

Here be one of our number
A youth in early bloom
She has been called by Death
And laid in a tomb.
[Oh] little did she think
Of being called for so soon
But oh her morning sun
Has gone down at noon.

—MARY BIRCH (1839-1860)

RABLE CEMETERY

Sleep in Jesus

—WILLIAM C. RABLE (1847-1848)

Eliza  Died Dec. 21, 1854
1st Wife
Mary E.  Died Mar. 4, 1864
2nd Wife
Fanney  Died Mar. 21, 1887
3rd Wife
wives of Jesse McFadden  Nov. 6, 1815-Dec. 17, 1905
Jethro L. son of J. & E. McFadden  Died Nov. 1867

—JESSE McFADDEN (1815-1905)

REFORMED CEMETERY

This sickness is not
unto death but for the glory
of God that the Son of God
might be glorified thereby.

—PETER STOYER (1824-1887)
REICHEL REFORMED CEMETERY

Weep not my friends dry up your tears
We meet again when Christ appears

—BETHIAH AND MICHAEL GREENLEE (c. 1827)

I laid me down and slept
I awakened for the Lord sustained me.

—ELIZABETH MOSIER (1857-1871)

RICEVILLE CEMETERY

of Co. 2nd Pa. Heavy Artillery
Killed at Petersburg, Va. June 18, 1864
Stop traveler as you pass by
Twas in the Army I did die
As I am now so you must be
Prepare for death and follow me.

—SILAS M. RICE (1843-1864)

This is the spot your father sleeps
My wife and children dear
Why should you in anguish weep
I am not lost but gone before

—STEPHEN RICE (1810-1871)

A member of
Capt. Glidens Co.
New Hampshire Troops
War of 1812

—HORACE BARTLETT (1795-1888)

At rest from the weary tumult
At peace at her quiet home
Awaiting the call from Heaven
To come to the Father’s throne

—MABEL E. LINDSAY (1870-1892)

Farewell dear Mother sweet thy rest
Weary with years; worn with pain
Farewell all in some happy place
We shall behold thy face again

—HARRIET LONGSTREET (1833-1892)

Mother thou art gone to rest
We hope to meet you with the bless’t

—CLARISSA RICE (1813-1901)
Hope Cheered Their Way
—CHARLES AND SARAH KELSO (c. 1925)

RIDGEWAY CEMETERY

Remark my gay friend to the melancholy sound
Death's arrows relentless are flying around
And one of your number, a youth in her bloom
Is taken by death and laid low in the tomb
Though when she was here she was blooming & gay
And now she is called for and taken away
How little she thought to be summoned so soon
________ bright sun would be dark at noon
________ 5 lines gone ________
Go ———— engraved on her tomb
Go [down?] ———— go learn you with care
Important ——— the ——— I too must be there.
—SARAH ELIZABETH KEEN (1851)

ROCKY GLEN CEMETERY

Christ is my hope
—SARAH HARSHAW (1772-1850)

Be ye also ready
—MARGARET N. MCKEE (1834-1863)

For our light affliction which but for a moment worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory
For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle was dissolved we have a building of God a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens.
—THOMAS LISTEN (1811-1864)

who was killed the 30. of Oct. 1864
while on picket duty near Petersburgh, Va.
of Co. H 145 Regt. P. V.
His motto  "My God and My Country"
I have fought a good fight I have finished my course
—JAMES NESBIT MCKEE (1842-1864)

Blessed are they that have not seen and yet haved believed
—HENRY A. MCKEE (1846-1869)
The storm is changed into a calm
at His commandment and will
So that the waves which rag'd below
now quiet are and still
Then are they glad because at rest
and quiet now they be
So to the haven he them brings
which they desired to see.

—EMILY McKEE (1832-1870)

Earth has no sorrow
Heaven cannot cure

—ELIZA E. HANNA (1868-1881)

He gathers the
lambs with his arm

—THOMAS PATTON McCORORY (1876-1887)

ROOTVILLE CEMETERY

We shall sleep but not forever

—WILLIAM AND SELINDA SKIFF (c. 1872)

Our darling Jimmie
He will sleep until
his master comes

—JAMES H. DOBBS (1869-1876)

Jesus said unto her
I am the Resurrection and the Life
he that believeth in
Me though he were
dead yet shall he
live. John 11th 25th

—MARY JANE ROOT (1828-1885)

ROSE HILL CEMETERY

The lovely have vanished
and return not

—LEVI AND ADALINE ASDURF (c. 1846)

Forbear my friends to weep
For death has lost its sting
Since all who die in Jesus sleep
Our God will bring with Him

—HANNAH R. BAMNER (1837-1857)
Brothers Sisters Parents dear
Its only dust that slumbers here
Your children have gone with God
Prepare dear friends to follow me
—JULIA D. AND HELEN E. BROWN (c. 1857)

Mother thy troubles are o'er
—ANN JUDE (1808-1864)

Lent of God has gone home
—LUCENA CLARK (1863-1865)

Tread softly for an angel band
Doth guard the precious dust
And we can safely leave our boy
Our darling, in their trust.
—EDGAR A. AINSWORTH (1847-1866)

Gone in her early beauty
Gone in her youthful bloom
Buried from us forever
Deep in the silent tomb
—ABBA E. ROSE (1849-1870)

Though the form of our darling
Sleeps neath the cold sod
Yet an angel all smiling
Bore her spirit home to God.
—EVA M. MILLARD (1856-1870)

"Eternal process moving on,
From state to state the spirit walks
And these are but the shattered stalks
And ruined chrysalis of one."
—SARAH C. WARREN (1835-1871)

The Spoiler has come
With his cold chilling breath
The Loved and the Cherished
Lies silent in death
SARAH
—FULCHER P. BLAKESLEE (1851-1877)

Minister of the gospel
The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to
everlasting upon them that fear him, and his
righteousness unto children's children.

Ps. 103-17
—OLIVER N. CHAPIN (1809-1886)
"My love for my children is as deathless
as the soul"
—SARAH B. H. CHAPIN (1820-1889)

We miss thee from our home dear Mother: we
miss thee from thy place
A shadow o'er our life is cast
we miss the sunshine of thy face,
We miss thy kind and willing hand thy
fond and earnest care:
Our home is dark without
thee we miss thee everywhere
—JANE S. LEWIS (1839-1890)

Think not of me as dead, I shall
Not die but pass into a larger
and freer room and though unseen by
thy dim mortal eye To watch
beside thee, I shall often come.
—LYMAN E. MURDOCK (1848-1891)

Gone but still remembered
—JULIA ANN P. WHITE (1817-1897)

Missionary in
India & Alaska
She encircled
the globe
—LUCY A. KETCHAM JOHNSON (1862-1921)

RUNDELL CEMETERY

Th —— by
But don't disturb the sleepers rest
Her spirits gone to God on high
And mingles with the blessed.
—DELIA S. SUNDERLIN (1835-1859)

For he looked for a city which hath
foundations whose builder and
maker is God.
—HENRY FIELDS (1801-1868)

SAEGERSTOWN CEMETERY

My life by death soon snatch'd away
My flesh now mould'ring in the clay
May teach all viewing where I lie
This life is short, and that all must die.

—REID (1827-1831)

The little curls of golden hue
Which gently wav'd ringlets curl'd
And the dear head on which they grew
Have bade adieu to this vain world.

—OCELLA SERAPHINA REID (1828-1836)

Till Christ shall come to rouse the slumbring dead
Farewell pale lifeless clay, a long farewell;
Sweet by thy sleep, beneath the green tree's shade
Where we laid thee, in thy loanly cell.
Adieu dear Catherine! thou shall sigh no more
Thy wayfare's ended and thy toils are o'er
Your weary pilgrimage on earth is past
And thou hast reach'd thy wish'd for home at last

—CATHERINE DAVID (1799-1838)

Now we are gone
—JONATHAN AND OWEN DAVID (1847)

The lovely bud so young and fair
Called hence by early doom
Just came to show how sweet a flower
In paradise would bloom.

—NEWTON F. YOST (1865-1866)

Friends of my youth, my course is run
Life's day has past and sets my sun
No more our earth my feet shall roam
In Christ and heaven's my future home.

—WILLIAM M. COLLOM (1847-1871)

Peacefully lay her down to rest
Place the turf kindly on her head
Sweet is the slumbers beneath the sod
While her soul is resting with God.

—MARTHA E. SHELHAMER (1843-1872)

"The voyage of life's at an end
The woeful affliction is past
The age that in heaven they spend
For ever and ever shall last."

—JAMES O. COLLOM (1854-1873)
Nor pain nor grief nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds, nor mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here
While angels watch the soft repose.
—LEWIS H. COLLOM (1843-1874)

We lay thee in the silent tomb
Sweet blossom of a day
We just began to view thy bloom
When thou art called away.
—LIZZIE A. GEORGE (1875-1878)

Do not weep that I must leave you
Heaven is not so very far
For the angels of the light
Left the golden gates ajar.
—NANCY A. MOYER (1859-1878)

Our father sleeps here
—JOSEPH BORYER (1803-1885)

One of Nature’s Noblemen
—WILLIAM S. WISE (1861-1952)

ST. AGATHA’S CEMETERY

O Herr! lass ihn ruhen
in Frieden
[O Lord! let him rest in peace]
—ANTON ALBAUGH (1844-1867)

Omnia ad Dei gloriam
[All things [give] glory to God]
—MARY D. DERFUS (1839-1872)

Ruhe sanft in deiner Gruft
Bis Dich dein Erlöser ruft
[Rest easily in thy grave
Until thy Savior calls thee]
—CHRISTINA HOCH (1824-1874)

Hier liege ich und wart auf dich
Dor [?] du vorbei gehst Bet für mich
[Here I lie and wait for thee
[As?] you go by, pray for me]
—HENRY P. HOCH (1855-1885)
Killed in a collision  
on Engine No. 30 on the N. Y. P. & O. R. R.  
At Concord, Pa. May 9, 1888  
—FRANK ECKART (1867-1888)

Oh the hope is sweet  
That we soon in Heaven may meet  
There we all shall happy be  
Rest from pain and sorrow free  
—IGNATZ MICHAEL (1846-1907)

Requiescant in Pace  
[May they rest in peace]  
—RT. REV. FRANCIS WINTER (1840-1916)

ST. BRIGID’S CEMETERY

May his soul rest in peace Amen  
Erected by his mother Mary Cronin  
O Mother dear don’t weep for me  
I am not dead but sleeping here.  
I was not yours but God’s alone  
He loved me best and took me home  
—MICHAEL CRONIN (1845-1874)

In this dear world dear Willie  
How short was your stay  
From its grief and its sorrows  
You soon passed away  
Sleep dearest Willie though  
Sad was your lot by  
Friends that did love you  
You will ne’er be forgot  
—WILLIE B. S. HANRATTY (1867-1880)

In solo Deo salus  
[There is well-being only in God]  
—GEORGE CUSTY (1871-1884)

Uomo esemplares  sposo affetuoso  
La moglie in segno di  
amore questa pietra poso  
Requiescat in pace  
[Exemplary man affectionate husband  
His wife places this stone as a  
sign of her love  
May he rest in peace]  
—PASQUALE CERVONE (1886-1922)
L'inconsolabile marito en segno di eterna
affeto questa pietra poso
[The inconsolable husband places this
stone as a mark of eternal affection]
—D'AMICO M. GIORDANO (1895-1928)

Drowned in French Creek
—SAM ORLANDO (1920-1933)

"Death is only a shadow
Across the path to Heaven."
—PETER AND CATHERINE SEVERO (c. 1939)

"Lay up for yourselves
Treasures in Heaven."
—EMILIO DiLORENZO FAMILY (c. 1940)

120th Inf.  30th Div.
Killed in Battle of St. Lo  France
World War II
—S. SGT. THEODORE J. NIEWIEDOMSKI (1919-1944)

Pfc.  20th Air Force
Missing in Action  Indian Ocean  Feb. 27, 1945
—JAMES MICHAEL MOFFIT (1917-1945)

Beloved how we miss you
—CARMELLA P. FULTZ (1917-1947)

Coxswain U.S. Navy
God gives us love, something to love he lends us
—JOSEPH J. MAGGIO (1926-1947)

"Simply to thy Cross I cling"
—KIGHTLINGER FAMILY (c. 1950)

Blessed are they that suffer
for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven
—PETRUSO FAMILY (c. 1955)

"God alone, understands"
—A. LEE FUGAGLI (1943-1959)

Into thy hands I commend my spirit
—DILLUVIO FAMILY (c. 1960)

“All things change but God remains”
—TRUCCO FAMILY (c. 1960)
John George Peiffer stone, Peiffer Cemetery. A distinctive unsigned work by J. M. Reid, in his earlier phase. (1823)

Judith Knerr stone, Peiffer Cemetery. An unsigned work by J. M. Reid, in his earlier style.
View in Shelmadine Springs Cemetery.

Examples of typical nineteenth-century mourning cards.
ST. CATHERINE'S CEMETERY

Husband! thou art sleeping
But there will be a glorious dawn,
We shall meet to part-no-never,
On that resurrection morn.

—JAMES GRANT (1845-1879)

Coxswain
Steamer Ella

—DAVID KENNELLEY (1905)

My Jesus Mercy
—PETER AND WINIFRED MCDONALD (c. 1944)

A kind and loving mother
The inspiration and guide
for her son Maurice

—CATHARINE M. MOFFAT (1949)

Dona Eis Requiem
[Give them rest]

—McKARSKI FAMILY (c. 1950)

ST. HIPPOLYTE'S CEMETERY

Qu'il repose en paix
Un des premiers Fondateurs de l'Eglise
de Saint Hypolite avec Jean Nicholas DeMaison
[May he rest in peace
One of the first founders of the Church
of Saint Hippolyte with Jean Nicholas DeMaison]

—JEAN CLAUDE DOUBET (1783?-1848)

Priez Pour Elle
[Pray for her]

—ELISABETH COTTENET (1794-1850)

Elle est regretté
de ses parents et
de ses amis  En
recompense de ses
vertus elle joui
du bonheur celes
te
[She is regretted by her parents and by
her friends. In reward for her virtues,
she enjoys celestial happiness.]

—PIQUARD [?] (c. 1850)
Que Dieu lui pardonne
ces pechés amen.
[May God forgive him
his sins. Amen]

—F. JACQUARD (1796-1858)

En Memoire Marie Joseph épouse de Louis
Jeannerat né en la Suisse l'an 1804 et
décédé a St. Hippolyte le 9 Nov. 1858.

Cher Dieu si le hasard ou le melancholie
Conduit jamais les pas vers ce froid monde
Detourne les regards des debris de la vie
Tourne les vers les cieux je sui la maintenant.

[Int in memory of Marie Joseph wife of Louis
Jeannerat born in Switzerland in the year 1804
and died at St. Hippolyte on Nov. 9, 1858.

Dear God, if chance or melancholy
Ever leads one's steps towards this cold world
Turn his looks from the debris of life
Turn them towards the skies. I am there now.]

—MARIE JEANNERAT (1804-1858)

Thy staying here with us was short
Thy course on earth has quickly gone
We know that we all must die
And no one can tell us how soon.

—JOSEPH BALLANDRET (1844-1863)

Death has not destroyed her comfort
Christ did guide her through his gloom
He has sent a heavenly angel
To convey her spirits home.

—ROCHELANDET (c. 1874)

May our Rose rest in peace
Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord
Dearest daughter thou
Will never return to me
But we part not forever
I go with thee
My Saviour stands smiling
With thee on his breast
And in his compassion
My heart will find rest.

—ROSE EMMA CHALOT (1862-1879)
In te, Domine, speravi
[In thee, Lord, have I hoped]
—LEVINA L. BERLY (1869-1883)

In coele quies
[There is rest in Heaven]
Rest, mother, rest
in quiet sleep
While friends in sorrow
for thee weep
—LOUISA BERLY (1838-1892)

Requiescat in pace.
[May he rest in peace.]
Kind father of love
thou art gone to thy rest
Forever to bask mid the
joy of the blest
—JOHN C. BERLY (1821-1892)

Deo volente:
[With God willing]
Eternal rest grant to him,
Oh Lord:
And let perpetual light
Shine on him
—EDWARD A. BERLY (1866-1893)

She was a kind and
affectionate wife
A fond mother,
and a friend to all.
—ANNAE BERLY (1869-1894)

ST. JAMES’ CEMETERY

Though early called away
By him who being gave
Enshrined in many hearts
Long shall thy memory live
—MARY ANN MAGIRL (1847-1854)

Eternal rest give her O Lord; and let
light everlasting shine on her. Amen.
—HONORAH McLAUGHLIN (1806-1858)
Our darling sister we loved so well
Has gone to heaven with Christ to dwell
He took her from this world of pain
Where we will hope to meet again

—HANNAH J. LEHAN (1850-1869)

There's a joy for each saddening sorrow
A smile for each glittering tear.

—FRANK SWANEY (1838-1869)

ST. JOHN'S CEMETERY

Yhr eltern shwester & brider
Wir sehen uns in ewikeit wider.
[Her parents, sister, and brother
We will see each other in eternity again]

—ANNA MARIA WEBER (1830-1844)

[Weep not ?] for the youthful dead
Sleeping in their lovely bed
They are happier than we
However blest we be.

—HENRY BOWER (1860-1860)

—— is not dead
Though here the body lies
Gathered from sin & sorrow fled
To dwell beyond the skies

—MARGARET BAUER (1858-1861)

And the spirit and the bride say come

—EVE HILL (1860-1862)

How sweet my body rests
No more by suffering r [iv ?]en
How doth my soul rejoice
In the delight of heaven

—JACOB SHOEMAKER (1864-1869)

Not my will but thine be done.

—CLEMENT E. SHILLING (1869-1892)

ST. PAUL'S CEMETERY

A tender Wife and Mother ever
A faithful friend lies here

—RACHEL BERTRAM (1818-1855)
Since thou canst no longer stay  
To cheer us with thy love  
We hope to meet with thee again  
In yon bright world above.  
—ERNEST HERMAN (1804-1876)

ST. PETER’S CEMETERY  
That merry shout no more I hear  
No laughing child I see  
No little arms around my neck  
No feet upon my knee  
No kisses drop upon my cheek  
Those lips are sealed to me  
Dear Lord how could I give her up  
To any but to thee.  
—RUBY FITZGERALD (1879-1884)

SS. PETER AND PAUL’S CEMETERY  
(East Fairfield Township)  
Our Baby is there  
______ (c. 1900)

SS. PETER AND PAUL’S CEMETERY (Cussewago Township)  
Memory Eternal  
—SERGEY J. DASHO (1887-1960)

ST. PHILIP’S CEMETERY  
May her soul rest in peace. Amen  
________ 2 lines gone ________  
The best of all we loved ________  
And slumbers in the grave  
But dear and though thy mortal frame  
Is laid beneath the sod  
We trust thy spirit soars in bliss  
Before the throne of God.  
—CATHARINE BYRNE (1838-1870)

My ______s friends as you pass by  
As you are now so once was I,  
As I am now so you must be  
Remember death and pray for me.  
A few short years on earth he spent  
Till God for him an angel sent
Then our dear Brother closed his eyes
To wake to glory beyond the skies.
May he rest in peace. Amen.

—JOHN HERRING (1859-1873)

ST. STEPHEN’S CEMETERY

Gone before us O our brother
To the spirit land!
Vainly we look for another
In thy place to stand.

—PATRICK CORBETT, JR. (1846-1880)

Died Aug. 16, 1864
In Andersonville Prison, Georgia

—J. M. SLOAN (c. 1891)

ST. WALBURGA’S CEMETERY

We shall weep and lament but your sorrow
shall be turned to joy
Here rests in peace
our beloved husband and father

—JACOB BUSER (1835-1880)

In Hoc Signo Vinces
[In this sign conquer]

—LOCKWOOD FAMILY (c. 1940)

SECEDER CEMETERY

A dutiful Son a kind Husband
And an indulgent Father

—C. J. FOOTE (1822-1849)

SEELEY CEMETERY

She being dead, yet speaketh
Hospitable, Kind, Benevolent
Temperate and
a friend of Emancipation

Each human virtue triumphed in her soul
And faith’s ennobling signet stamped the whole

—MARGARET BUNNELL (1787-1841)
O! for the death of those
Who slumber in the lord!
O be, like theires my last repose
Like theires my last reward.
—CLARESSA A. SHERMAN (1822-1847)

No more can death my soul surprise
My steady faith on God relies
And all is peace within
I see no more in things below
To tempt my stay with joy I go
And leave them all behind.
—WILLIAM BUNNELL (1781-1852)

Worthy Matron free from care and pain
In life industrious has been
Through Jesus blood we fondly trust
Has gained for her a mantion with the
Just.
—LOCKY IRONS (1797-1852)

We are all progressive beings.
—JOSEPH E. BUNDAY (1830-1857)

Oh sad the thought my brother is dead
In silence rests his peaceful head
Twas hard indeed to part with thee
But Christ's strong arm supporteth me.
—FRANKLIN MOSAR (1839-1861)

SHELMADINE SPRINGS CEMETERY
(Illustrations four, part I, and forty-two)

Holy Bible
To die is gain.
Why should our tears [begin?] to flow
When God recalls his own:
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown.
—JULIA KNAPP (1843-1863)

Yield we what was given
To thy Holy call
The beautiful to Heaven
Thou who rulest all.
—LIVORGE J. AND EVLYN E. SOUTHWICK (c. 1865)
Go wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall:
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years;
One minute of heaven is worth them all!
—RILLIE A. CONOVER (1852-1871)

SHREVE RIDGE CEMETERY

Here sleeps beneath this marble slab
A youthful mother and her babe
Who died in Christ, who was her trust
To raise her from the sleeping dust.
—ELEN M. SMITH (1833-1860)

I would not live always for
to die is gain
—MARY JANE NICHOLS (1834-1862)

All you that pass and read my name
Who sleeps beneath the sod
You too must turn to dust again
Prepare to meet thy God
—JOHN P. SEBRINS (1833-1862)

Let this knapsack
be my Pillow
and my Mantle
be the Sky
Has
ten Comrades
to the Battle,
I will like a
Soldier Die
If you will only
tell me truly
Who will care
for Mother now
—THOMAS F. SHREVE (1842-1864)

Gone Home
Love’s Last Tribute
—NELLIE V. WILKINS (1860-1871)

Gone to join the angels
—HATTIE HILLYER (1872-1885)
SKELTONTOWN CEMETERY

He died in Jesus & is blessed
How kind his slumbers are
From all afflictions now released
And freed from every snare
Procured by Mrs. Mary E.
Walke in remembrance
of her lamented Father

—ALEXANDER HAMILTON (1800-1840)

Our Mother is in Heaven
I honor her name

—PHEBE M. CUMMINGS (1778-1859)

Blessed be the dear uniting tie
That will not let us part
Our bodies laid in the cold grave
Yet still we’re one in heart

—SOPHIA H. SKELTON (1809-1891)

Loves last gift
to Mother

—LUCY SKELTON (1822-1895)

Our Spirit Home
I am still with you

__________ dear friends why mourn
O’er the form of her you love
You are weeping she is smiling
Happy in the land above
She shall stand again beside you
Clasp you to her angel breast
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest

—JANE C. SKELTON (1839-1895)

Our Spirit Home
And ever near us though unseen
The dear immortal spirits tread
For all the boundless universe
Is life : there is no death

—ISAAC W. SKELTON (1831-1904)

SMITH CEMETERY (East Mead Township)

was killed at the battle of GETTYSBURGH
Like a true and faithful soldier
He obeyed our country's call
Vowing to protect its banner
Or in the battle proudly fall.
Noble, cheerful, brave, and fearless
When most needed ever nigh
And for the honour of our flag
He was not afraid to die.

—HOSEA SMITH (1839-1863)

Born about 1750

—JAMES SMITH AND WIFE

There is no Death:
What seems so is transition
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian
Whose portal is called death.

—JOSEPH AND MARY SMITH (c. 1891)

SMITH CEMETERY (Hayfield Township)

She died in peace
Also an Infant Son.
AE fifteen mos.

—BETSEY BAGLEY (1795-1828)

Born Middlebury Schoharrie Co. N.Y.
Died Hayfield  Crawford Co. Pa.
Gone but not lost
Then sweet be thy rest.

—DAVID BIXBY (1805-1842)

My home is above.

—HENRY H. WEST (1834-1856)

And is he gone that loving son
And has he passed away
And is that loving brother laid
In earth to know decay.

—M. D. L. WYETH (1839-1864)

Born in Saron [?] Berkshire, Mass. May 28, 1820
Died in Konallville, Noble Co., Ind. May 6, 1880
He giveth his beloved sleep.  Ps. 127.6
Sleep Dear one in peace
Thy many trials are o'er
Thou art gone to thy bliss
To rest there evermore

—ISAAC O. FISHER (1820-1880)

SNYDER CEMETERY
(Illustrations five, six, part 1)

She has gone to the land of the blest
Her friends follow her there to rest.

—NANCY LABAR (1853-1854)

Born Oct. 6, 1842  Buried at Washington D.C.
Dec. 30, 1862 in the Old Soldier's Home
Cemetery in grave 41 range 8 block 3.

—WILLIAM H. WRIGHT (1842-1862)

SOUTH SHENANGO CEMETERY
(Illustrations one, two, three, part 1)

And though after my skin worms
destroy this body yet
in my flesh shall I see God

—JANE SNODGRASS (1803-1828)

Gone home  Reader Be you also ready

—HANNAH GAY (1777-1833)

But like the palm tree flourishing
Shall be the righteous one
He shall like to the Cedar grove
That is in Lebanon
Thou that within the House of God
Are planted by His grace
They shall grow up flourish all
In our God's holy place
And in old age when others fade
They fruit still forth shall bring
They shall be fat and full of sap
And ay be flourishing
To show that upright in the Lord
He is a rock to me
And he from all unrighteousness
Is altogether free

—ROBERT STOREY (1774-1846)
He to a place where liberty and
room was hath me brought because
he took delight in me he my
deliverance wrought

—MARGARET McCONAHEY (1818-1850)

Pass a few swiftly fleeting years
And all that now in bodies live
Shall quit like me this vale of tears
Their righteous sentence to receive.

—MARY E. REED (1834-1855)

Rev. Daniel McLean  Died June 3rd 1855
in the 84th year of his age,
& the 56th year of his ministry, having been pastor
of the associate congregation of Shenango 54 years.

—DANIEL McLEAN (1771-1855)

Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and ye
shall be saved
Erected by Mary McKinley

—QUINTON McKinley (1831-1856)

In God's house forever more
My dwelling place shall be.

—SARAH J. CHRISTY (1844-1858)

She opened her mouth with wisdom and in her
tongue was ———— of kindness

—REBECCA C. McCOBB (1821-1859)

We laid her helpless body down
To moulder in the grave
Her soul so strong so beautiful
Returns to God who gave

—JANE ——— (c. 1860)

The Lord is my portion saith my soul
Therefore will I hope in him

—JEFFERSON MARSHALL (1845-1863)

It's better to go.

—JAMES G. McMUNIGLE (1842-1863)

Born in Ireland in 1836
Migrated to her Brother in 1851
Graduated At Westminster in 1860
Married in April 1862
Died Oct. 6, 1865
Among her papers was found the following written the day she graduated with college honors:

"Be it mine to raise the lowly to befriend the friendless to remember the forgotten to restore the caring to dry the tears of the mourners or mingle my tears with theirs."

The above sentence tells the daily history of her meek and gentle life.

—ELLEN McKEE GAMBLE (1836-1865)

The lids that he seldom could close
By sorrow forbidden to sleep
Sealed up in the sainted repose
Have strangely forgotten to weep

—JOSEPH E. HOVER (1819-1867)

He has crossed the swelling river
And has reached the shining shore
Where perfect bliss and endless joy
Await the ransomed evermore.

—JOSEPH W. MARSHALL (1841-1868)

"Bell has gone"
She was amiable kind and cheerful which made home happy

—MARY I. BRUCE (1844-1869)

Name them not the faithful whom
Green earth has closed lately o'er
Nor search within the silent tomb
For her who dies no more
The cold earth hides her from our love
But not from him who lies above

—MARGARET McELHANEY (1801-1870)

I love Jesus and I know that
Jesus loves me

—JENNIE V. WADE (1866-1875)

Mother, I am going to be a little angel.

—MARGE A. WADE (1871-1875)

The grass and the flowers will cover
The place where we laid her to sleep
But the friends who so tenderly loved her
Will think of her often & weep

—LORENE M. SNODGRASS (1857-1879)
Take my yoke upon you 
and learn of me 
And ye shall find rest 
unto your souls 
—CATHARINE J. PATTERSON (1823-1886)

God gave He took He will 
restore He doeth all things well 
—GUY L. STAFFORD (1889-1889)

SOUTHSIDE CEMETERY

Drowned  Mar. 4, 1853
Dear little one thy pains are ended
Thou hast found a better home
Thy songs are now with angels blest
Where no death nor sorrows come.
—LESTER SALONAS BACKLEY (1850-1853)

Burried at Dodge City, Kan.
—EVART McMUNN (1865-1889)

Killed Oct. 13, 1918
in Battle of Argonne Forest
France
—LLOYD A. MILLEN (1893-1918)

Not somehow—But triumphantly
—HARRY ADAMS FAMILY (c. 1959)

SOUTHWORTH CEMETERY

Resting till the resurrection morn.
—JENNIE SOUTHWORTH (1873-1884)

Safe in Jesus sleeping.
—BERTIE BILLSBOROUGH (1886-1888)

SPRING CEMETERY

I go to prepare a place for you.
—SUSAN E. MITCHELL (1818-1863)

Napoleon B. only son of S.B. & L.A. Gray
Died on his 18th birth day  March 31, 1864
[Dead oh God?] is my darling Son,
[O no?] it cannot be
He lives in yonder happy home
From pain and sorrow free
[Tho?] here my angel boy rests
Beneath this silent sod
He is with the angels blest
And with his Father God.

—NAPOLEON B. GRAY (1846-1864)

Though here you suffered long and sore,
You bravely fought it through
Now may your spirit rest in peace
Until our God creates anew.

—THOMAS TEUDHOPE (1798-1867)

The angels there will welcome me
With harps and crowns of gold
From over the river I'm going
To where there are pleasures untold.

—LAURA L. BOOTH (1861-1870)

This little bud was plucked from earth
By death who hovered nigh
And borne by angels hands unseen
To blossom in the sky.

—ANNA KIMMAL (1866-1870)

born near Utica N.Y. March 11th 1804
died at his home “Shadeland” Feb. 11th 1873
He sought the welfare of others, rather than
their praise

He was the fourth child of Watkin and Rebe
Rebecca Adams Powell, who, with Watkin’s father
also named Watkin emigrated near Brecknock
Wales to near Utica in 1801

His mother who was daughter of Howell Adams
of Wales died in 1814 aged years, and was buried
at Utica N.Y. beside the elder Watkin who died
in 1802, aged 89 years.

His father there married Mrs. Sarah Morris
Nicholas in 1815. They, with their families,
in 1816 came to “Shadeland,” Spring Tp.,
Crawford Co., Pa., where they both died Sept.
1850, aged 77 and 69 years.

He married Sarah Beatty, fourth child of
Joseph and Suzannah-Lintner Beatty, of Vernon
Tp., Crawford Co., Pa., April 11th, 1833,
And resided at “Shadeland” until his death.

—HOWELL POWELL (1804-1873)
She's gone to be an angel
—ADDIE ELNORA PAUL (1868-1876)

Gone from our home,
But not from our hearts.
She faltered by the wayside,
And the angels took her home.
—NATHAN AND LOVINA RUMSEY (c. 1885)

How desolate our home,
Bereft of thee,
Dear Mother,
In earth's thorny paths
How long thy feet have trod!
To find at last this peaceful rest
Safe in the arms of God.
—HELEN WELLS (1844-1885)

How long thy feet have trod!
To find at last this peaceful rest
Safe in the arms of God.
—HELEN WELLS (1844-1885)

STATE LINE CEMETERY

Farewell to earth to all below
My Savior calls and I must go
His summons gladly I obey
Meet me my friends in endless day
—BETSEY BETTS (1801-1843)

Farewell to earth to all below
My Savior calls and I must go
His summons gladly I obey
Meet me my friends in endless day
—BETSEY BETTS (1801-1843)

Farewell to earth to all below
My Savior calls and I must go
His summons gladly I obey
Meet me my friends in endless day
—BETSEY BETTS (1801-1843)

Farewell vain world I have gone home
My Saviour smiled and bid me come
Sweet angels beckon me away
To sing God's praise in endless day.
—JOHN H. ROYAL (1834-1850)

My companion sweetly sleep
The part on earth is done
And while we're left alone to weep
Thy joy in Heaven's begun
—DRUSILLA HOVER (1839-1859)
Now her earthly toils are ended
She's laid her armor down
And gone home to dwell with Jesus
And wear a starry crown.

—SARAH ROYAL (1811-1861)

This tablet to a brother's love
is reared by kindred left:
His soul in bliss is now above
his friends on earth bereft

—JOHN H. EASTLICK (1846-1862)

To us for fourteen happy months her infant
Smiles were given
Then she bade farewell to earth and went
To dwell in Heaven

—LORENGE E. HOKE (1861-1862)

One sweet flower has drooped and faded
One sweet infant song has fled
One fair brow the grave has shaded
One dear schoolmate now is dead

—SUSAN BETTS (1856-1867)

Farewell O sister dear farewell
Thou has left lonely in this world of pain
O may we meet in heavenly bliss to dwell
At God's right hand no more to part again

—EMMA L. HATTON (1856-1878)

STEAMBURG CEMETERY

Friends in Jesus why these tears
O'er my dull and lifeless clay
Could you see my present bliss
Tears to joy would pass away.

—MARY JANE POTTER (1838-1862)

M.A., B.D., of the M.E. Missions
born in Steamburg, Pa. died in Lucknow, India
"Now we see through a glass darkly but
then face to face."

—REV. ALLAN J. MAXWELL (1851-1890)

Be thou faithful unto death
And I will give thee a crown of life.

—LOUISE WILDER (1818-1893)
For me to live is Christ
And to die is gain.
—CARRIE HUNTLEY (1820-1903)

STUNTZ CEMETERY

Born in Wurtemburg Germany and served in the Revolutionary War.
—CONRAD STUNTZ (1738-1810)

SUGAR LAKE CEMETERY

Our Mother is gone and we are left
The loss of her to mourn
But may we hope to meet with her
With Christ before God's throne
—MARY A. HINEMAN (1834-1891)

Was with SHERMAN on his MARCH from ATLANTA to the SEA and ONE of the SIX BOYS that planted the FLAG on LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN
—WASHINGTON FERRY (1843-1917)

SUNNYSIDE CEMETERY (Athens Township)

At Rest
—SOLOMON DIX (1793-1870)

Blessed are the pure in heart
For they shall see God.
—AMANDA STRONG (1848-1877)

Gone to dwell with the angels
—XANIE DAY (1875-1879)

We only know her weariness is ended
That she from pain is free
That her poor soul has to its God ascended
In joy and liberty
—SALLY COOK (1807-1881)

Asleep in Jesus till the last day.
—MELISSA WITHERBEE (1812-1882)

A kind husband and a loving parent
—NELSON BISHOP (1830-1883)
Waiting
—VIOLA CORRELL (1852-1884)

I’m well my wife
And children all
From you a father
Christ doth call.
—JOHN WITTMAN (1819-1884)

Call not back the dear departed
Anchored safe where storms are o’er
On the border land we left them
Soon to meet and part no more
When we leave this world of changes
When we leave this world of care
We shall find our missing loved ones
In our Father’s mansion fair.
—LEWIS COOK (1805-1889)

“Sleep sweetly [and rest?] in peace”
—CELIA A. PUTNAM (1869-1889)

Dear husband and children I go
To wait your arrival above
Swift and soon you will know
Triumph and Joy of His love.
—ALMINA WATSON (1831-1898)

Village Doctor (1875-1929)
He who would be great among you,
let him be servant of all.
—DR. GILBERT L. CLARK (1849-1934)

Together Forever
—CARL AND IDA GREER (1964)

The memory of the past will stay
and half our joys renew.
—DALE H. SOUTHALL (1952-1969)

SUNNYSIDE CEMETERY (Sadsbury Township)

Her memory is blessed
—JOANNE CALVIN SHETLER (1931-1957)

“Life’s a voyage that’s homeward bound.”
—OSCAR BRAWLEY FAMILY (c. 1964)
Resting till the resurrection morn
—DAVID ALAN GERBER (1946-1964)

“When he shall appear we shall be like him”
I John 3:2
—WAYNE KEITH GERBER (1953-1967)

SYBRANT CEMETERY
of Co. I 150 Regt. Pa. V.
Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa.  July 1, 1863
Died Aug. 5, 1863
—HIRAM FONES (1863)

TERRILL CEMETERY
Short was our stay long is our rest
God called us home when he saw best.
No. 4
—ROXANIA M. SMITH (1840-1841)
DAVID A. SMITH (1839-1839)

She died as she had lived an
east hope Christian
Rest from thy labors rest,
thy toils and [pains?] are o'er.
—CYNTHIA PLUMB (1785-1858)

THOMPSON CEMETERY
Our mother here lies under ground
The dearest friend we ever found
But through the Lord's unbounded love
We hope to meet in realms above.
—JANE THOMPSON (1782-1863)

TOWNLEY CEMETERY
From our circle dearest father
Early thou hast passed away
But the angels say another
Joins our holy song to-day,
Weep no longer:
Join with them the sacred lay.
—JOSEPH R. NODINE (1827-1866)
TOWNVILLE CEMETERY

Gone from [this world] to go on as before
Gone is that smile from the old homestead door
Dear faithful heart to come back never more
Oh sad nevermore.
—ELIZA ANN KINGSLEY (1802-1856)

Psalm XCVII Chapt. 11
Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness
for the upright in heart
—JOSEPH TOWN (1812-1863)

Mark the perfect man and behold the upright
for the end of that man is peace.
Psalm 27:37 [?]
—JOHN FROSS (1823-1878)

Rest here loved one
Thy sorrow is o’er
We think of thee often
And see thee no more
But if we trust in God
Who is mercy and love
We hope to meet you again
When our spirits soar above.
—OCTAVIA L. WHEELER (1857-1881)

Rest rest in Peace
Dear Dettie
Thou art free from sorrow now.
—DETTIE GAGE (1884-1886)

At Rest
Sleep Mother sleep with your hand on your breast
Poor weary hands they needed their rest
Well have we loved but God loved you best
Dear heart he hast given rest
—POLLY ANN KINGSLEY (1830-1887)

TOWNVILLE EPISCOPAL CEMETERY

Let her own works praise her in the gate.
—MARY A. ROSE (1838-1907)
TRINITY REFORM CEMETERY

Hier ruht in Frieden
Here rests in peace
She rests in Heaven
—HENRY AND REBECCA CRIST (1883)

TROY CENTER CEMETERY

In the midst of death we are in life.
—ALMINA CHURCHILL (1826-1849)

His disease was an Inflammation of the throat and Lungs
He died in great Pain.
—REV. JOSIAH B. CHURCHILL (1787-1852)

TRYONVILLE CEMETERY

In God was her trust.
—ARTIMETIA TRYON (1808-1871)

Meet me in heaven
—JOHN C. KELLOGG (1869-1886)

TUBBS CEMETERY

O Lord how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.
—MARVIN TUBBS (1853-1889)

TURNERSVILLE CEMETERY

Father I give my spirit up
I trust it in thy hands
My dying flesh shall [in thee?] hope
And rise at thy command.
—JASPER BENNETT (1827-1852)

Little Clara
We loved this tender little one
And would have wished her stay
But let our Father's will be done
She shines in endless day
—CLARA M. G. PEASE (1857-1861)
UNGER CEMETERY

Blessed is the man whom thou hast chosen, and causest to approach unto thee that he may dwell in thy courts. Ps. 65:4
Eternal rest grant him O Lord and let [eternal?] light shine on him.

—ALVIN E. UNGER (1855-1893)

UNION CEMETERY (Oil Creek Township)

Member Co. K 57th Reg. Pa. Vol
Died fighting at Fairoakes, Va.
May 30, 1862

—JAMES H. KERR (1838-1862)

died on the Field of Honor
At Charles City Crossroads, Va.
June 30, 1862

—JOSEPH C. HUMMER (1841-1862)

Co. D 18th Pa. Cavalry
Made Sacred the Soil
At Brandy Station, Va.
By Giving his blood for liberty
Oct. 11, 1863
Heaven shall watch with tender care
The Mound underneath the starry skies
Where lies the bravest born.

—RALPH CONOVER (1836-1863)

Member Co. D 18th Pa. Cavalry
Died for his country on the blood stained field of Brandy Station, Va.
Oct. 11, 1863
Sleep today, oh early fallen
In thy green and narrow bed
Dirges from the pine & cypress
Mingle with the tears we shed.

—JOHN F. HUMMER (1834-1863)

Co. D 18th Pa. Cavalry
taken prisoner at Brandy Station, Va.
Oct. 11, 1863
died at Andersonville, Georgia
June 19, 1864

—GARRETT C. HUMMER (1843-1864)
Free from all earthly care
Pure from all earthly stain
Oh! who would wish her back
In this our world again.
—MARY C. HUMMER (1851-1872)

Gone home to Jesus
—MARGAREY L. KERR (1864-1873)

His toils are past his work is done
And he is fully blest
He fought the fight the victory won
And entered into rest.
Serg’t of Co. D 18th Pa. Cavalry
—MATTHEW KERR (1874)

UNION CEMETERY (Randolph Township)

Asleep in Jesus blessed sleep
From which none ever wake to weep
A calm and undisturbed repose
Unbroken by the last of foes.
—MARY C. ALCORN (1876)

LEE you are dead but not forgotten
—LEE M. ALCORN (1866-1881)

UNION CEMETERY (Summit Township)

Halt Mortals! while this tomb you view
Soon it may be a place for you
Thoughtless soever you may be
Shortly you must follow me.
—MARY STOCKTON (1779-1838)

Thy flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpets joyful sound
Then wake from death with sweet surprise
And in thy saviours image rise.
Blessed are the dead which die in the
Lord from henceforth they rest from
Their labours and their works do follow them.
A constant & confiding companion
an affectionate Mother, a faithful
friend and devoted christian, she was
beloved in life and in death lamented:
The excellent qualities of real virtues
which adorned her character have left
a grateful memorial in the hearts of
many who sorrow not that Heaven
claimed, but that earth lost her so soon.

—SARAH LOWRY (1811-1847)

UNITARIAN CHURCH

Born in Hoogeveen Holland  3 April 1776
Settled in Meadville  Nov. 1804
Died 22 May 1854
A pioneer in the Upbuilding of this community
And in the Search for truth
A lover of God and man
A founder of this Church and of the
Meadville Theological School
The Righteous Shall be Held in Everlasting
Remembrance.

—HARM JAN HUIDEKOPER (1776-1854)

Treasurer of the Meadville Theological School
A Man of Fearless Rectitude
Sensitive Chivalrous Upright

—EDGAR HUIDEKOPER (1812-1862)

Born in Kennett Square 13 October 1782
Removed to Meadville 1825
Died in Philadelphia 9 May 1876
Great-Hearted Open-handed
of honest thought and lofty inspiration
A generous friend of this parish
Behold thou hast instructed many
And thou hast strengthened the weak hands.

—MARGARET SHIPPEN (1782-1876)

In memory of Alfred Huidekoper
and Catherine Cullum, his wife
who were among the founders of this church
and who worked and worshiped there
from 1836 to 1892
This tablet is dedicated in affectionate memory
by their children.

—ALFRED AND CATHERINE HUIDEKOPER (1809-1892)

Her children arise up
and call her blessed.

—FRANCES S. HUIDEKOPER (c. 1897)
Vigorous of Nature
Loving Righteousness
Ready to Every Good Work
Surely my Judgement is with the Lord
and my Work is with my God.
—ELIZABETH G. HUIDEKOPER (1819-1908)

VENANGO CEMETERY

Rest, rest thou here, our lovely babe
Until thy GOD shall bid thee rise:
And when in holiness array’d
We hope to meet thee in the skies.
—SUSANNA CATHARINE PEIFFER (1822-1827)

Relentless death’s unerring dart
Alas! has peirc’d his youthful heart
But yet we hope that he is blest
By Jesus Christ, and now at rest
—JOHN BENJAMIN SIVERLING (1809-1830)

Happy infant early blest
Rest in peaceful slumbers rest
Early rescu’d from the cares
Which increase with growing years
—DAVID SOLOMON ZEM (1828-1835)

O cruel death thy fatal dart
Our son alas did slay:
His kindred had with him to part
He rests here in the clay
—GEORGE PETERS (1813-1835)

Let worms devour my wasting flesh
And crumble all my bones to dust
My God shall raise my frame
At the revival of the just
—ELIZABETH PEIFFER (1814-1836)

Tis sweet to die, when gone before
The lov’d one of my heart
My angel son says “Mother come
We never more shall part”
—LYDIA TIEDEMANN (1816-1859)
Mary hath chosen that good path which
shall not be taken away from her therefore
she needeth not
Praise from our mortal lips, the monuments
Of bronze and marble, what are they to her
Who hath a firm abode above the stars
Still may her kindred mourn, may freshly keep
The transcript of her life, may praise their God
For what she was and is, nor wrongly ask
When shall we look upon her like again.
—MARY M. SIVERLING (1821-1870)

Mother has gone to the mansion of rest
Away to dwell with the happy and blest
She ne’er will return among us to roam
Sadly we miss her: the light of our home
—MARY PETERS (1792-1875)

Go to thy rest my child
Go to thy dreamless bed
Gentle meek and mild
With blessings on thy head
—SMITH A. WALDO (1873-1875)

Why do we mourn for dying friends
Or shake at death’s alarms
Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms
—WILLIAM I. CLEMENS (1802-1875)

There is rest for the weary
—MARY ANN SPENCER (1799-1877)

your life
It is ever a vapor
That appeared for a little time
And then vanisheth away
—ANTHONY RABELL (1811-1879)

He hath gone to his home for the
race is run,
But the wreath is around his brow
The angels saw when the prize was won
And they greet him in heaven now
—A. L. LASTER (1848-1881)

Her end was peace
—LYDIA McGLENAHAN (1800-1882)
On the shore beyond the river
From their labor they’re at rest
Now the cares of earth are o’er
And they mingle with the blest
—REV. B. HAAK (1817-1892)

“To see thy face
To hear thy voice
To be at home with thee”
—LYELL AND LILA CARR (c. 1969)

“Enough work to do and
Strength enough to do the work.”
—Kipling
—GLENN R. TAPPER (1949-1971)

WARD FARM CEMETERY
Each lonely place shall her restore
For her the tear be freely shed
Beloved till life can charm no more
And mourned till pity’s self be dead.
—ELIZABETH WRIGHT (1791-1841)

WATSON CEMETERY
Sweet rest in Heaven
—GEORGIA W. BARRETT (1851-1883)

WATSON RUN CEMETERY
If God be for us, who can be against us.
—JACOB FLICKENGER (1839-1864)

Dear Father, with a reverent hand
This to thy memory given,
While one by one thy household band
God reunites in Heaven
—JOSEPH C. FREELAND (1827-1865)

“Her sun is gone down
while it was yet day.”
—CYNTHIA C. BROWN (1855-1869)

They that believe in the
Lord shall never die
—ELIZABETH BROWN (1784-1871)
Rosa is an angel now

Sweet to look back and see my name
In life's fair book set down
Sweet to look forward and behold
For Jesus is my own.

—Lydia Brown (1804-1873)

Jesus loves me he will stay
Close beside me all the way
If I love him when I die
He will take me home on high.

—Albert C. Brown (1861-1875)

Dear Mother thou art gone to rest
Thy toils and cares are o'er
But lonely is that fireside group
That sees thy face no more.

—Jane May (1794-1876)

Oh that I had wings like a dove
for then would I fly away
and be at rest.

—Mary A. M. Curry (1851-1891)

Watch ye therefore for ye know
not what hour your Lord
doth come.

—Lovina Brown (1822-1894)

Lord, make me to know mine end
and the measure of my days
what it is, that I may know
how frail I am.

—John Curry (1882-1898)

At Rest
Tis the Lord who hath bereft us
Of the one we loved so well.

—Jacob Edward Curry (1888-1906)

Co. F 325, Glider Inf 82, Div
Killed at Diez, Germany
Buried at Margraten, Holland

—S/Sgt. Henry C. Wertz (1905-1945)
WAYLAND CEMETERY

Born in Hartford, Conn.
Sown in corruption
Raised in incorruption.
—HENRY REED (1791-1856)

I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead
A harp within my hand.
—SOPHIE C. AND SARAH J. HAMILTON (1863)

Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy Kingdom. Luke 23 C. 42 V.
—MARGARET BOUDOT (1807-1870)

So man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep. O that thou wouldest hide me in the grave, that thou wouldest keep me secret, until thy wrath be past, that thou wouldest appoint me a set time and remember me!
Job 14 Chapt. 12&13 V.
—JOSEPH AND MARGARET GERARD (c. 1870)

WHEELER CEMETERY

Now from the seat of heavenly love
She calmly smiles on all below
Tasting of perfect bliss above
Than all this world could ever bestow.
—SENANTHA WHEELER (1828-1844)

Too pure to dwell below the skies
For Angels ne’er on earth can roam
Her Saviour closed her blessed eyes
And sweetly bore her spirit home.
—AMANDA WHEELER (1798-1855)

WHITING CEMETERY NO. 2

Man cometh forth like a flower and is cut down.
—DWELLY SMITH (1804-1832)
WHITNEY CEMETERY

The Grave of Joshua Whitney
Let me die the death of the righteous
And let my last end be as his
—Joshua Whitney (1791-1847)

Asleep in Jesus blessed sleep
From which none ever wake to weep
Asleep in Jesus peaceful rest
Whose waking is supremely blest
—Alice P. Barr (1854-1877)

WILLIAMS CEMETERY (Greenwood Township)

Joseph dear farewell we
miss thee
Your absence gives us pain;
But in heaven we hope to
meet thee
Our loss is infinite gain
—Joseph W. Simmons (1876-1879)

Jody our darling babe
thou hast left
Gone where pain and
parting is no more
Thine was an early tomb
Our Saviour called thee home
But our loss is thy gain.
—Jody Robertson (1883-1883)

WILLIAMS CEMETERY (West Mead Township)

Stop passing traveler heave a sigh
That one so well belov'd must
die.
—Lavana Franklin (1807-1833)

God led me by his counsel
and now received me to Glory
Glory be to God & the Lamb.
—William Williams (?) (c. 1850)

WILSON CEMETERY

The Lord's my shepherd I'll not want
he makes me down to lie
In pastures green he leadeth me
the quiet waters by
—John Cunningham, Jr. (1851-1853)
In hope to sing without a sob
The anthem ever [new?] I gladly bid this dusty globe
And all things here adieu
—ANNA WATERS (1812-1856)

Remember friends as you pass by
That all mankind are born to die
Then let your cares on Christ be cast
That you may dwell with him at last
—MARTHA R. L. WILLIAMS (1843-1863)

Those are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.
—LOVINA SHELLITO (1830-1865)

WOODLAWN CEMETERY (Sparta Township)

Sleep here my love awhile
Death can't us long divide
Its but a few more rolling suns
Will lay me by thy side.
—GERSHOM BLAKESLEE (1799-1846)

Ly here my friend and take thy rest
No more on earth to be distressed.
—LYDIA LEWIS (1771-1852)

Ere mourned for thee, dear sufferer
Oh! why should any mourn
That thou wast early called on high to thy celestial home.
—LEWIS D. GRAY (1854-1855)

He rests in the bed of the lowly
His dwelling is narrow and deep
But hope makes the tenement holy
And earth seals the slumber softly.
—JOSEPH F. COOK (1787-1867)

That welcome face that sparkling eye
And sprightly form must buried lie
Deep in the cold and silent gloom
The rayless night that fills the tomb.
—HARRIET GULVER (1844-1869)
She was a true friend, wise
counsellor, and an earnest
Christian
Erected by the Baptist Church
—BETSEY C. COOK (1800-1877)

How they loved us
—W. C. WEBB (1808-1887)
SALLY WEBB (1815-1880)

Bear my affliction
Whatever it be,
Jesus thy Saviour
Bore it for thee.
—THOMAS CHELTON (1811-1893)

WOODLAWN CEMETERY (Titusville)
(Illustrations eight, nine, thirty, thirty-one, part 1)

[When?] the spark of life is waning
Weep not for me
When the feeble pulse is ceasing
Start not at its swift decreasing
Tis the fettered Soul's releasing
Weep not for me.
—ELIZABETH CUMMINGS (1829-1855)

A precious one from us has gone
A voice we loved is stilled
A place is vacant in our home
Which never can be filled.
God in His wisdom has recalled
The boon His love had given
And though the body slumbers here
The soul is safe in Heaven.
—WILLIAM H. ABBOTT FAMILY (c. 1871)

We all do fade as a leaf
—EMMA WHITMORE (1846-1873)

A loving wife a sister dear
A true friend lies sleeping here.
—REBECCA A. KELLOGG (1826-1873)

Friend of Drake
—PETER WILSON (1818-1874)
Hon ar icke dod alan hon soliti
Gone but not lost
—KERSTI NELSON (1862-1874)

A crown of life
—EMMA M. SLOSS (1812-1875)

Sweets to the S[weet?]  
Farewell
—EMMA ELLEN SLOSS (1875-1875)

Fell Asleep in Jesus  
Absent from the body  
Present with the Lord.  
Cor V. 11.  
—J. F. WATERS (1808-1876)

Rest for the weary  
—ALVIN GIBBS (1815-1877)

Let I pray thee, thy merciful  
Kindness be for my comfort,  
According to thy word unto  
thy servant.  
Psalm 119. 70  
—CAROLINE W. HARTZ (1840-1878)

“Father into thine hands  
I commit my spirit”  
—JOHN VAUGHN (1841-1879)

Faithful in all the duties of life.  
—LOVEY SPENCER (1794-1880)

In my father’s house are many mansions  
—LAURA GIBBS (1824-1884)

Love is strong as death  
—ROBERT SLOSS (1838-1885)

Rest sweet Rest  
—ELLENE SLOSS (1807-1890)

Gone Home  
And God shall wipe away all tears  
from their eyes and there shall  
be no more death neither sorrow  
nor crying neither shall there be  
any more pain for the former things  
are passed away  
Rev. 21 :4  
—BENJAMIN OUGH (1812-1890)
He that dwelleth in love dwelleth
in God, and God in him.
—HENRY CULVER BLOSS (1854-1893)

A + Ω
—JOHN McKINNEY FAMILY (1894)

Lover and Friend hast thou
put far from me
And mine acquaintance into
darkness.
—W. H. BODAMER (1872-1898)

At All Times
And Everywhere
He gave his strength
to the weak
His substance
to the Poor
His sympathies
to the suffering
His heart to God.
—— PURDON (c.1900)

Colonel E. L. Drake
Born at Greenville, N.Y. Mch. 29 MDCCCXIX
Died at Bethlehem, Pa. Nov. 8 MDCCCLXXX
Founder of the Petroleum Industry
The friend of Man
Called by Circumstances
To the Solution of a great mining Problem
He triumphantly vindicated American skill
And near this Spot
Laid the Foundation of an Industry
That has Enriched the State
Benefited Mankind
Stimulated the Mechanical Arts
Enlarged the Pharmacopoeia
And has attained world proportions
He sought for himself
Not Wealth nor Social Distinction
Content to let others follow where he led
At the Threshold of his Fame he retired
To end his days in quieter pursuits
His highest ambition
Was the Successful Accomplishment of his Task
His noble Victory the Conquest of the Rock
Bequeathing to Posterity
The fruits of his labor and industry
His last days
Oppressed by ills — to want no stranger
He died in comparative obscurity
This Monument is erected by
Henry H. Rogers
In grateful Recognition and Remembrance

His remains were removed from Bethlehem, Pa.
to this spot Sept. 2, 1902
—COL. EDWIN L. AND LAURA DOWD DRAKE (c. 1901)
(Illustration thirty-one, part 1)

"Study to shew
thyself approved
unto God. A workman
that needeth not to
be ashamed."
—CHARLES W. WHITE (1846-1904)

Love can never lose its own.
—L. D. FULTON (c. 1920)

"The souls of the righteous are
in the hands of God."
—SARAH ANN BLOSS (1840-1923)

Born July 8, 1839 Newport, N.Y.
Enlisted 1st Battery Ohio Light Artillery
November 5, 1861
Captain of the 2nd Ohio Heavy Artillery
Honorable mustered out August 23, 1865
Loyal Legion of the U. S. Class I
Insignia 101381
Died April 7, 1927 Titusville, Pa.
—ALONZO JAMES THOMPSON (1839-1927)

Love fairest flower in memory’s garden
Though these thy petals lie enshrined here
Thy essence lives in God’s eternity.
—BYRON BENSON FAMILY (c. 1936)

Let me Live in a House
By the Side of the Road
And Be a Friend to Man.
—MAXWELL B. CHICK (1874-1936)

Many that sleep in the dust
of the Earth
shall awake
—EMOGENE AND HERBERT C. MURRAY (c. 1937)

Ashes Scattered At Sea
—CLARENCE EARLE STERRETT (1880-1941)
Crawford County

“How To” Guide

Searching for cemeteries in overgrown fields and down dusty back roads, recording inscriptions, and doing rubbings of early tombstone carving has become an increasingly popular pastime, and not only one for local history buffs. Gravestone rubbing, particularly, has become so popular that it even has the distinction of being “banned in Boston” — a measure taken to prevent wear and abuse of the unique stones in that historic city. Though many guides have been published on the art of tombstone rubbing, there is, nonetheless, a dearth of information on the more basic problems of how to find maps and directions to out-of-the-way cemeteries in the first place, and, especially, how to use these maps and directions, which are usually only approximate, to actually find a graveyard. For those interested in recording inscriptions and epitaphs in any graveyard, well-kept or overgrown, it is also helpful to know the tricks which help one to decipher the often worn inscriptions.

The first step to cemetery-searching — finding maps and directions — is relatively easy. Of course, a great number of cemeteries are situated on the edge of roads or near churches, so are quite easily located even without maps and directions. But, whether it be a clearly visible, well-maintained graveyard or one in the middle of an overgrown field, it does save time if one knows where to look specifically. Topographical maps published by the United States Geological Survey pinpoint some, but not nearly all, cemeteries. The county Veterans’ Affairs Office is more likely to be of assistance. Since they decorate veterans’ graves every Memorial Day, they may have a map of the cemeteries in the county. These maps vary in completeness from county to county. Crawford County’s graveyard survey, for example, was nearly complete when the funding ran out in the 1930s, so most graveyards were located (it listed 313 out of approximately 350). Mercer County, to the south, lists only eighty-some cemeteries, which warrants suspicion that their survey was not so complete, and Erie County, to the north, has not even made a cemetery survey.

A local historical society may also have maps and perhaps even detailed directions. In Crawford County there have been several energetic graveyard indexers who have visited quite a number of cemeteries and have left more exact directions than those in the Veterans’ Affairs Office. There was some indexing in Mercer County, and none in Erie, so there are variations, but most societies would probably be of assistance. It may also be profitable to talk to some of the indexers, if they are available, because they have often found graveyards the Veterans’ Affairs Office has not — they knew of over thirty additional in Craw-
ford County — and can give precise directions to hard-to-locate cemeteries.

Armed with maps and directions, one can now begin to search. Maps usually do not, due to scale, pinpoint the cemeteries exactly. If they are not on the road or next to a church, they are more difficult to locate since family cemeteries were usually located on some private place on the family farm. Because most such graveyards are neglected today, this usually means that they are in woods and covered with dense brush. Stones are low, sometimes have even fallen flat, and are not visible in such vegetation, so other means of pinpointing location are needed.

Here, the directions obtained from the indexers may be helpful. One such description, for example, directs the searcher to look for the cemetery in the midst of a patch of thornapples, one-hundred yards east of the road, near the corner of an overgrown field, behind an old house foundation. Certainly not something one could see from the road! The United States Geological Survey maps, mentioned above, also pinpoint the few cemeteries that they show. People who live in the vicinity may be able to provide directions, too. Most people, especially old-timers, are helpful and usually know of a cemetery on their property or can remember one in the vicinity.

Failing such precise directions, there are telltale signs that often show approximate locations. First of all, cemeteries are almost always on high ground, so a ridge or a knoll is a likely spot. Secondly, the placement of trees can help to spot a graveyard. Burials on farms were usually along the edges of fields, where a row of trees, or fencerow, divided one field from the next. Since only the smallest cemeteries fit neatly into a fencerow, anything with more than a few stones required a larger area; so a fencerow that is wider than one tree, or that bulges in one place, is also a very likely location. A clump of trees in the middle of a field is apt to be a cemetery plot, since no farmer would bother to plow around it unless it was necessary. Sometimes burials were made in the edge of a woods by a field. Here, a few trees larger and older than the rest may indicate the gravesite: burials were usually made under trees that were mature a hundred years ago, which would not have been cut down subsequently for lumber. Some larger cemeteries also had lanes, so if there is one that is not a driveway or an entrance to a field, that is a possibility also.

Thirdly, unusual vegetation can provide a clue. Yew trees are not numerous and one growing in the wilds probably marks a cemetery it ornamented years ago. A reliable indicator is myrtle (*vinca minor*), a
small trailing plant with dark green, waxy leaves. It was often planted in cemeteries, and if one finds it, chances are that the graveyard is not far off. Roses and daylilies are similar indicators but do not appear as often as myrtle. If the undergrowth is too heavy, searching may be easier in the early spring or late fall when the brush has died down for the winter.

After having found a cemetery, what does one do now that one is there? Since epitaphs were the main concern for the research here, a few words about them first. Epitaphs are usually on the bottom of the front of the stone, so it is easiest to walk along the rows of the stones and look at their bases. Occasionally, however, stones have epitaphs on the backs, so they should be examined too. Once one has found an epitaph, there are no problems if it can be read right away. Unfortunately, many are not readily legible; so, first, moss and dirt should be removed from the surface of the stone with a scouring pad. (A copper pot-scourer is best, since it will not rust when it is damp, and it is not too abrasive.) Scouring works well on sandstone and unworn marble; it takes off surface grime but leaves it in the letters, which makes them stand out. However, worn marble stones should never be scoured. Usually their surfaces are coarse and grainy and slough off if scoured, totally obliterating the inscription. As a last resort on worn marble, one can rub a marble chip (which can usually be found in any cemetery trash heap) over the surface. This leaves white powder on the high places, while the lettering remains dark and makes it much more readable. (A similar result may be obtained by rubbing a piece of yellow chalk over the surface.) Another way of highlighting the letters is by shading the stone and holding a flashlight along the edge, so the light shines across the letters, putting them in shadow. This, alone, or in conjunction with scouring or rubbing, makes the stone about as legible as it is going to be.

Still another possible, but seasonal, technique is rubbing snow into an inscription. The snow is pressed onto the surface of the stone, then the excess is rubbed away, leaving the snow in the letters. This works with fair success when glare from the snow prevents use of a flashlight, but it should not be used within a few days of warm weather. The stone must be thoroughly cold or the snow will melt, and nothing is less legible than a wet stone.

Once one has “prepared” the stone, the job of deciphering begins in earnest. The legible parts should be written down right away; after that, it is like a puzzle: one has to guess at the possible words that fit between the words of which one is sure. To do this, the general shape
of the unknown word should be examined — location of tall and short letters, length of word — and from the general shape, one can usually limit the number of words which actually fit. One should write down each additional word as it is deciphered — epitaphs almost always make sense — and one can further narrow the field of possible words by considering the context (images, meaning, rhythm or rhyme scheme) of the remaining missing word(s). One must keep in mind, however, that some strokes of the letters were carved more deeply (and thus last longer) than others. What looks like an “l” could be a “t” or an “f,” since the cross bars were usually very shallow and wear off quickly. And then, too, there are all sorts of picturesque language, besides strange scripts and spellings. Ends of lines are also problems since the carver sometimes ran out of space, and carved the missing word, syllable, or letters above, under the preceding line.

If another is present, that person should stand back from the stone to get a general view. The one close to the stone can pick up fine details to decide what a letter is, but a person farther back can see the general outlines of the word. With practice, one’s guessing improves, since there seems to be a certain “epitaph idiom,” but one should not, by all means, be discouraged by not being able to read each and every stone. Sandstone usually decays by losing a layer of stone, taking the epitaph with it. Marble wears around the letters, and the outlines just become softer and softer, reaching a point where the contours are too vague to be read. After some practice, however, one ought to be able to read eight or nine out of every ten epitaphs found.

Epitaphs, though, are not the sole objects of interest. Many of the early carvings are quite interesting and will make fine tracings or rubbings. Quite simply, gravestone tracing involves laying a piece of paper over the stone and then rubbing a crayon or the like over the paper to produce an image. There are many techniques. In England, a waxy compound with shoe black is used on rice paper to trace medieval brass tomb plates. Others have used a lightly inked silk pad, charcoal, or crayons, on banknote or rice paper to trace stones. Trial and error with more available materials yielded varying results. The most professional-looking rubbings were done with a piece of fairly hard graphite on some soft rice fiber paper. The graphite smears, but if one wanted a piece for framing, it probably would be the best method. Rice paper has little grain to interfere with the image so it is the best paper to use. A commercial rubbing crayon, similar to a lumber-mark-

1 If ink is used, one should be especially careful not to stain the stone.
ing crayon, also gives a very good image though they may not be easily obtainable. For more ordinary purposes, or for reference, plain wax crayons (dark colors) and a light weight of drawing paper produces good results. Charcoal is not satisfactory since it smears, and chalk is no good at all. Experiments with newsprint paper were unsuccessful since it is too hard to get a clear image and tears easily.

The technique of tracing is relatively simple. One scours off lichens or moss which would blur the image, places the piece of paper over the stone, tapes it in place with masking tape, and rubs the pencil or crayon over it. One should rub the pencil lightly across the surface at first, only pressing more firmly if this does not produce an image. Care must be taken not to be too firm at first or the result might be an overall black smudge. If the image produced is too light, only then should one rub with more pressure. Probably the best results will be obtained on the sandstone or harder stones that do not lose their sharpness with age. Marble generally becomes too granular and blurred to make a good rubbing. Stones with low relief also trace better than those with round carving — with the latter, it is difficult to get the crayon over and around the high relief, and the image is spotty.

These, then, are the techniques of tracing and epitaph reading but that is certainly not all that can be done in a cemetery. Indexers and genealogy buffs try to copy down all the names and dates. They use about the same techniques as in epitaph reading and perform an invaluable service in preserving this information for genealogy and local history, since an alarming number of stones and cemeteries are destroyed each year — some by nature, most by man. But one need not really “do” anything in a cemetery. Just walking about and appreciating the landscape, or carving, or anything about it, can be rewarding. Cemeteries are, after all, often beautiful places and are much less crowded than parks due to the peculiar taboo they bear today. If our ancestors in the nineteenth century enjoyed visiting them, why not their descendants in the twentieth?
APPENDIX

The following is a list of cemeteries by denomination. Those marked by an (*) are church cemeteries. Such cemeteries rarely allow people not members of the church to be buried there, so epitaphs in them are reliably attributable to the sect that owned the cemetery. Those cemeteries with no marks are near churches, so are not as certain as those above. Finally, those marked with a (†) have been determined by the religion of a person or family buried there, the name appearing in parentheses. With family graveyards, most buried there are probably of the same religion, so denomination is probably fairly certain, but not so definite as with the church cemeteries.

*Presbyterian-Congregational
†Adsit — Sadsbury Twp. (Adsit)
†Barber — Sadsbury (Mellon)
†Beatty — Vernon
†Brown — Richmond (Brown)
†Castle — Steuben (Castle)
*Conneaut — Fairfield
Conneaut Center — Conneaut
*Covenanter — Rome
†Gravel Run — Woodcock
(many early stones)
†Greendale — Meadville
(many early stones)
*Greenfield — Greenwood
Kerr Hill — Oil Creek
Maple Grove — Rome
†McClure — Summit (S. Engelhaupt)
†Mitchell — Cambridge (Mitchell)
Pioneer Park — Titusville
†Rocky Glen — W. Fallowfield
(many early stones)
Seceder — Wayne
*South Shenango — S. Shenango
†Union — Oil Creek (Conover)
*Union — Summit

*Methodist
Black Ash — Randolph Twp.
†Brookhauser — Hayfield
(Brookhauser)
Dicksonburg — Summerhill
East Troy — Troy
*Esquinary — N. Shenango
†Foust — Sadsbury (Foust)
*Frey — Conneaut
Garwood — Sadsbury
*Geneva — Greenwood
†Hickernell — Hayfield (Hickernell)
*Jervis — Rockdale
†Kelly Farm — Rockdale (Kelly)
Little — Hayfield
*McClure — Summit
†McDowell — Summerhill (McDowell)
†Miller’s Station — Rockdale (Bunce)
*Mt. Hope — Randolph
*Mumford — Fairfield
*New Richmond — Richmond
North Richmond — Richmond
†Old McDowell — Summerhill
(McDowell)

*Pleasant — Union
†Shaw — Summerhill (Shaw)
Shelmadine Springs — Oil Creek
*Skeltontown — Venango
*Smith — Hayfield
*State Line — W. Shenango
Stamburg — Conneaut
*Tray Center — Troy
Tryonville — Steuben
†Waid — Steuben (Waid)

*Roman Catholic
*Immaculate — Rome Twp.
*Immaculate — Summit
*St. Agatha’s — Meadville
*St. Brigid’s — West Mead
St. Catherine’s — Hydetown
*St. Hippolyte’s — E. Mead
*St. James’ — Cussewago
*Sts. Peter and Paul’s — E. Fairfield
*St. Philip’s — Pine
*St. Stephen’s — Oil Creek
St. Walburga’s — Oil Creek

*Baptist
†Baker — Steuben Twp. (Baker)
*Bloomfield — Bloomfield
Carmel — Cussewago
*Carmel-Freeman — Cussewago
*East Spring — Spring
*Greenwood — Greenwood
†Harned — Cussewago (Harned)
†Hatch — Randolph (Hatch)
Lyona — Richmond
*Seely — Pine
*Shreve Ridge — Bloomfield
Wayland — E. Mead

*German Reformed
*Foust — Summit
†Miller’s Station — Rockdale (Salen)
*Reformed — Wayne
Reichel Reformed — Cussewago
*St. John’s — Union
*Trinity Reformed — Fairfield
*Watson Run — Vernon

*Lutheran
†Foust — Summit (J. Engelhaupt)
†Peiffer — Woodcock
(many early stones)
*St. Paul’s — Cambridge
United Brethren-Evangelical
*Deckards — Wayne Twp.
   Drake — Athens
   Gehrton — Summit
*Shaw — Summerhill
†Union — Oil Creek (J. H. Kerr)

Disciples of Christ
*Mt. Pleasant — Bloomfield Twp.

Mennonite
*Sunnyside — Sadsbury Twp.

Episcopal
*Townville Episcopal — Townville

Quaker
*Rushmore — Conneaut Twp.

Amish
Amish — E. Fallowfield
Old Amish — E. Fallowfield Twp.

Unitarian
*Unitarian Church — Meadville

Jewish
Meadville Hebrew — Meadville

Eastern Orthodox
*SS. Peter and Paul's—Cussewago Twp.