

## **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 af-  
fectionate 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 anothers 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)  
(Illustration thirty-two, part 1)

#### 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

—SHADLOCK 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

—GAMAEIEL 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 although 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 unex-  
pected 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  
 43rd Regt. Colored Vol.  
 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 clamor [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)

#### PIONEER 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 relection 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 Petersburg, 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 have 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 McCORRY (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 Resur-  
rection 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 affettuoso  
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)

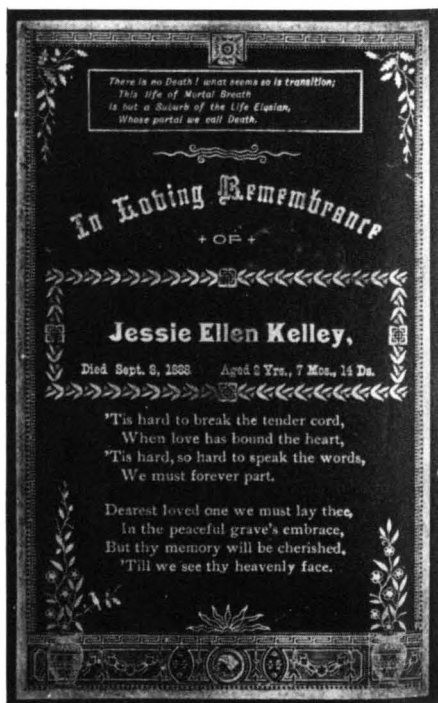






View in Shelmadine Springs Cemetery.

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 peché amen.  
[May God forgive him  
his sins. Amen]

—F. JACQUARD (1796-1858)

En Memoire Marie Joseph epouse de Louis  
Jeannerat ne en la Suisse l'an 1804 et  
desede a St. Hippolyte le 9 Nov. 1858.

Cher Dieu si le hasard ou le mellancholie  
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.

[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 Vincas  
[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 theirs my last repose  
 Like theirs 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 mansion 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 1, 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)

Co. B 12 Pa. Cav.  
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)

Co. C 150 Pa. Vol.  
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. Psl. 127.6

Sleep Dear one in peace  
 Thy many trials are ore  
 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)

Co. H 154 Regt. Pa. Vol.  
 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  
Member of Co. C 145 Pa. Vol.  
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 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 the,  
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)

Gone from sorrow grief  
and anguish    Gone no  
more with pain to languish  
Gone thy longing soul set  
free    But oh how hard  
to part with thee.

—WILLIAM ALDERMAN (1832-1886)

## 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 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 brothers 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

—LORENCE 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 Wurtemberg Germ  
any and served in the Revolu  
tionary 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 loveing 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 call'd 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

earnest hopeful 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. Psal. 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 Fairbairns, Va.  
 May 30, 1862

—JAMES H. KERR (1838-1862)

Co. K 57th Pa. Vol.  
 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 Hoogetveen 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  
at rest

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)



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)

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  
 Honorably 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.

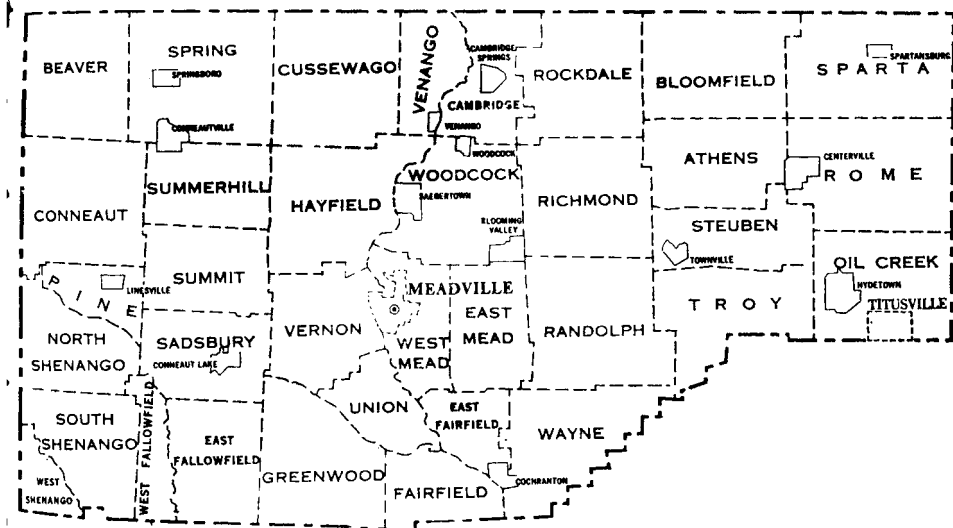
—MAXWELL B. CHICK (1874-1936)

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)



*The Pennsylvania Manual, 1972-1973,*  
p. 631. © 1974 by the Commonwealth  
of Pennsylvania

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,<sup>1</sup> 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-

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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 allowed 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
- \*Espyville — 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  
Steamburg — Conneaut
- \*Troy 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
- \*SS. 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.