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Epitaphs

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK
QUAINT EPITAPHS ***

Transcriber's Notes:

Transcriber's Notes Non-standard spellings, typos and non-standard punctuation have been left as they appear in the original, except in a few cases where standardization was needed for clarity.

"Quaint Epitaphs"

COLLECTED BY

SUSAN DARLING SAFFORD.

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By SUSAN DARLING SAFFORD.

ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS, 24 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON.

INTRODUCTION.

This collection of epitaphs was started in a very modest fashion about thirty-five years ago, when the compiler found great pleasure in searching all the graveyards near her Vermont home for quaint inscriptions upon old tombstones. It was neither a morbid curiosity nor a spirit of melancholy that attracted her to the weather-beaten slabs of marble and slate, but rather a fondness for studying human eccentricity as revealed in whimsical epitaphs. In almost every graveyard one can find

"Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless
sculpture decked"

and these have given many hours of pleasure to one who finds in such sombre elegies of the dead most interesting reflections of the living.

As the only purpose of carrying on such odd researches was to satisfy a fondness for freakish ingenuity, much less interest was found in the thousands of amusing epitaphs that are penned by writers for comic papers or by wags in general. Fictitious inscriptions lack the charm of authenticity, which in the case of epitaphs is decidedly more desirable than imagination. All selections which could not be definitely located are classed by themselves, but many of these are known to have actually existed, though for varying reasons the collector is unable to vouch for their exact locality.

In a few instances the names have been changed, where it was thought that verbatim copies of the epitaphs might prove invidious to the relatives or friends of the dead. It is hoped that the division into localities will prove a convenience to a majority of readers, who naturally will not care to read such a book through at one sitting, but rather to pick it up now and then when in the mood for such light entertainment as it can afford. The spelling has necessarily been changed at times from the antiquated and almost hieroglyphic forms which would defy the most careful typography; but in general the orthography and punctuation are copied verbatim from the originals.

The compiler trusts that it is not an act of unreasonable presumption to publish a book of epitaphs when so many already exist. In fact it was partly because of the numerous requests for an examination of her collection that the plan of publishing it was adopted. Such an ambitious consummation of her pleasant labor never occurred to her until her original note-books became badly worn and torn in their travels from friend to friend, from town to town, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that they have been from Portland to Portland, from Augusta to Augusta, in response to the urgent requests of those who have in some manner heard of their existence. If her collection is as kindly received in book form as it has been in its less pretentious condition, the editor will feel that its publication was not due to an immoderate confidence in its variety and general interest.

SUSAN DARLING SAFFORD.

BOSTON, MASS., APRIL 6, 1895.

QUAINT EPITAPHS.

MAINE.

WINSLOW.

Here lies the body of Richard Thomas, an Englishman by birth, a Whig of '76—a Cooper by trade, now food for worms. Like an old rum puncheon whose staves are all marked and numbered he will be raised and put together again by his Maker.

Here lies the body of John Mound
Lost at sea and never found.

Here lies one Wood enclosed in wood,
One Wood within another.
The outer wood is very good,
We cannot praise the other.

PORTLAND.

The little hero that lies here
Was conquered by the diarrhœa.

GRIDIWOKAG—1635.

Beneath this stone now dead to grief
Lies Grid the famous Wokag chief.
Pause here and think you learned prig,
This man was once an Indian big.
Consider this, ye lowly one,
This man was once a big in—jun.
Now he lies here, you too must rot,
As sure as pig shall go to pot.

In the same churchyard.

Here Betsy Brown her body lies.
Her soul is flying in the skies.
While here on earth she oftimes spun
Six hundred skeins from sun to sun,
And wove one day, her daughter brags,
Two hundred pounds of carpet rags.

EASTPORT.

"Transplanted"

KITTERY—1803.

I lost my life in the raging seas
A sovereign God does as he please.
The Kittery friends did then appear,
And my remains they buried here.

We can but mourn our loss,
Though wretched was his life.
Death took him from the cross,
Erected by his wife.

BATH.

Our life is but a Winter's day.
Some breakfast and away.
Others to dinner stay and are well fed.
The oldest sups and goes to bed.
Large is his debt who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

John Phillips.

Accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his
brother.
After life's fever, I sleep well.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

HOLLIS.

Here the old man lies
No one laughs and no one cries
Where he's gone or how he fares
No one knows and no one cares.
But his brother James and his wife Emeline
They were his friends all the time.

Here lies our young and blooming daughter
—
Murdered by the cruel and relentless Henry.
When coming home from school he met her,
And with a six self shooter, shot her.

Here lies Cynthia, Stevens' wife
She lived six years in calms and strife.
Death came at last and set her free.
I was glad and so was she.

In youth he was a scholar bright.
In learning he took great delight.

He was a major's only son.
It was by love he was undone.

Here lies old Caleb Ham,
By trade a bum.
When he died the devil cried,
Come, Caleb, come.

PEAK CEMETERY.

Thomas Culbert.

The voice of a stepfather beneath this
Stone is to rest one, shamefully robbed
In life by his wife's son, and Esq Tom
And David Learys wife

(The above is a verbatim copy.)

GUILFORD.

Josiah Haines.

He was a blessing to the saints,
To sinners rich and poor,
He was a kind and worthy man,
He's gone to be no more.
He kept the faith unto the end
And left the world in peace.
He did not for a doctor send
Nor for a hireling priest.

Mrs. Josiah Haines.

Here beneath these marble stones
Sleeps the dust and rests the bones
Of one who lived a Christian life
T'was Haines's—Josiah's wife.
She was a woman full of truth
And feared God from early youth.
And priests and elders did her fight
Because she brought her deeds to light.

PEMBROKE.

Here lies a man never beat by a plan,
Straight was his aim and sure of his game,
Never was a lover but invented a revolver.

JAFFREY.

A free negro, Amos Fortune, settled in Jaffrey more than one hundred years ago, though warned off as a possible pauper, and left one quaint bit of history—his estate, to the town. Part of it bought the communion service still in use (1895.) On the gravestone of his wife is this inscription:—

Sacred to the memory of Violate, by purchase the

Slave of Amos Fortune, by marriage his wife, by
fidelity his companion and solace, and by his death
his widow.

VERMONT.

Our little Jacob has been taken away to bloom in
a superior flower pot above.

My wife lies here.
All my tears cannot bring her back;
Therefore, I weep.

This little buttercup was bound to join the heavenly
choir.

BURLINGTON.

Beneath this stone our baby lays
He neither crys or hollers.
He lived just one and twenty days,
And cost us forty dollars.

Charity wife of Gideon Bligh
Underneath this stone doth lie
Naught was she e'er known to do
That her husband told her to.

Here lies the wife of brother Thomas,
Whom tyrant death has torn from us,
Her husband never shed a tear,
Until his wife was buried here.
And then he made a fearful rout,
For fear she might find her way out.

He first departed, she a little tried to live without
him. Liked it not and died.

His illness lay not in one part
But o'er his frame it spread.
The fatal disease was in his heart
And water in his head.

In memory of Elizabeth Taylor.

Could blooming years and modesty and all thats
pleasing to the eye,
Against grim death been a defence,
Elizabeth had not gone hence.

Died when young and full of promise
Of whooping cough our Thomas.

She lived with her husband fifty years
And died in the confident hope of a better
life.

Stop dear parent cast your eye,
And here you see your children lie.
Though we are gone one day before,
You may be cold in a minute more.

Little Teddy, fare thee well,
Safe from earth in Heaven to dwell.
Almost Cherub here below,
Altogether angel now.

On a tombstone for man and wife.

In sunny days and stormy weather,
In youth, and age, we clung together.
We lived and loved, laughed and cried
Together—and almost together died.

WINDSOR.

Behold! I come as a thief.

Death loves a shining mark.
In this case he had it.

STOWE.

Erected by a widower in memory of his two wives.

This double call is laid to all,
Let none surprise or wonder.
But to the youth it speaks a truth,
In accents loud as thunder.

Stranger pause as you pass by;
My thirteen children with me lie.
See their faces how they shine
Like blossoms on a fruitful vine.

A rum cough carried him off.

Here lies the body of old Uncle David,
Who died in the hope of being sa-ved.
Where he's gone or how he fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares.

The body that lies buried here
By lightning fell, death's sacrifice,
To him Elijah's fate was given
He rode on flames of fire to heaven.

Stay, reader, drop upon this stone
One pitying tear and then be gone:
A handsome pile of flesh and blood
Is here sunk down in its first mud.

I was somebody—who? is no business of yours.

My wife from me departed
And robbed me like a knave;
Which caused me broken hearted
To sink into this grave.
My children took an active part,
To doom me did contrive;
Which stuck a dagger in my heart
That I could not survive.

Pious.

Open thine eyes Lord
I come! I come!

Sacred to the memory of three twins.

My glass is run; yours is running.
Remember death and judgment coming.

This stone was got to keep this lot.
Her father bought. Dig not too near.

Grim death took little Jerry,
The son of Joseph and Sereno Howells,
Seven days he wrestled with the dysentery
And then he perished in his little bowels.

Oh, little Lavina she has gone
To James and Charles and Eliza Ann.
Arm in arm they walk above
Singing the Redeemer's love.

MASSACHUSETTS.

MALDEN

Phebe Sprague.

In the sixteenth year of her age,
Natively quick and spry
As all young people be,
When God commands them down to
dust,
How quick they drop you see.

MELROSE

When I am dead and in my grave
And all my bones are rotten,
If this you see, remember me,
Nor let me be forgotton.

WENDELL

Mary Hardy Goss Hill Sawin.

Orphan of affection and grief, adopted by aunt and
grandsire, nurse of their hospital home.
Wife and widow of Dea John Hills.
Happy wife in rural home of Thomas Sawin eight
years.
Often prisinor of calamity and pain.
Exhile of inherited melancholy fifteen years.
Patient waiter on decay and death.
Lover of all who love Jesus.

Here lies the body of Samuel Proctor
Who lived and died without a doctor.

Under these stones lies three children
dear;
Two are burried at Taunton and I lie here.

BROMFIELD

.

In memory of Stephen Pynchon.

One truth is certain when this life is o'er,
Man dies to live and lives to die no more.

MARSHFIELD

.

Julia Webster Appleton.

"Let me go for the day breaketh."

MT. AUBURN

.

"An eclipse at meridian."

Here lies one John Witherbee,
A Boston gallant chap was he.
God had no use for such as he,
The devil rejected Witherbee.

Here lies a man beneath this sod,
Who slandered all except his God,
And him he would have slandered too,
But that his God he never knew.

PLYMOUTH

.

Here lies the body of Thomas Vernon,
The only surviving son of Admiral Vernon.

Here lies the bones of Richard Lawton
Whose death alas! was strangely brought
on.
Trying his corns one day to mow off.
His razor slipped and cut his toe off.
His toe or rather what it grew to,
An inflammation quickly flew to.
Which took alas! to mortifying
And was the cause of Richards dying.

HARVARD

.

Dea Lemuel Willard

Died in 1821

When present useful, absent wanted
Lived respected, died lamented.

Bishop Jewel

He wrote learnedly, preached painfully, lived piously,
died peacefully.

John Safford.

Crushed as a moth beneath Thy hands
We moulder back to dust.
Our feeble frames cannot withstand
And all our beauty's lost.
This mortal life decays apace
How soon the bubble's broke.
Adam and all his numerous race
Are vanity and smoke.

John Daby.

Tis but a few whole days amount
To three score years and ten;
And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow toil and pain.
Our vitals with laborious strife
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag these poor remains of life
Along the toilsome road.

BOSTON

. (Granary Burying Ground.)

Here I lie bereft of breath
Because a cough carried me off;
Then a coffin they carried me off in.

DORCHESTER

.

This world's a city, full of crooked streets;
And Death the market place where all men
meets.
If life were merchandize that men could buy
The rich would live and none but poor would
die.

Of pneumonia supervening consumption
complicated with other diseases, the main symptom
of which was insanity.

Submit, submitted to her heavenly King

Being a flower of the ethereal Spring—
Near three years old she died—In Heaven to
wait
The year was sixteen hundred forty eight.

ROWLEY

Ezekiel Rogers, Minister
Died in 1660.

With the youth he took great pains, and was a
tree of knowledge laden with fruit which the
children could reach.

Epitaph of Rev. Jonathan Mitchel, pastor of the
first church in Cambridge. Died July 9, 1668.

Here lies the darling of his time
Mitchel expired in his prime.
Who four years short of forty seven
Was found full ripe and plucked for
Heaven.

SOUTH DENNIS

Of seven sons the Lord his father gave,
He was the fourth who found a watery grave.
Fifteen days had passed since the
circumstance occurred,
When his body was found and decently
interred.

VINEYARD HAVEN

John and Lydia, that blooming pair,
A whale killed him and her body lies
here.

CHATHAM

There were three brothers went to sea
Who were never known to wrangle
Holmes Hole—cedar pole
Crinkle, crinkle crangle.

Three brothers started for Holmes Hole in an
open boat for cedar poles, and on the passage were
killed by lightning, represented by the *crinkle,*
crinkle, crangle.

Time was I stood as thou doest now

And viewed the dead as thou doest me.
E'er long thou'lt lie as low as I
And others stand to look on thee.

NORTON

.

A blacksmith's epitaph composed by himself.

My sledge and hammer lie reclined,
My bellows too have lost their wind,
My fire's extinct, my forge decayed,
And in the dust my vice is laid.
My iron spent, my coal is gone,
My nails are drove—my work is done.

BROCKTON

.

Indulgent world I bid adieu.
Farewell, dear friends, farewell to you.
No more kindness can I show,
To any creature here below.
I am invited to my tomb,
To sleep awhile till Jesus come.

WAYLAND

.

Here lies the body of Dr Hayward,
A man who never voted.
Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

CHELSEA

.

Agreeable to the memory of
Mrs Alinda Tewksbury.
She was not a believer in the Christian idolitry.

EAST WAREHAM

.

Erected by the creditors of a bachelor Irishman.

Hibernia's son himself exiled,
Without an inmate, wife or child,
He lived alone.
And when he died, his purse, though
small,
Contained enough to pay us all,
And buy this stone.

Rebecca Nourse
Yarmouth Eng 1621
Salem Mass 1692

Accused of witchcraft she declared "I am innocent and God will clear my innocence." Once acquitted yet falsely condemned she suffered death July 19th, 1692.

O Christian Martyr who for truth could die,
When all about thee owned the hideous lie
The world redeemed from superstition's sway,
Is breathing freer for thy sake to-day.

CONNECTICUT.

NEW HAVEN.

Composed by the deceased.
Partridge Thacher.

Rest here, my body, till the Archangel's voice
more sonorous far than nine fold thunder, wakes the
sleeping dead; then rise to thy just sphere and be my
house immortal.

On a babe four days old.

Since I so very soon was done for
I wonder what I was begun for.

Here lies the body of Obadiah Wilkinson
And Ruth, his wife.
Their warfare is accomplished.

Franklin White.

Here lies Frank a shining light
Whose name, life, actions all were white.

Reader pass on. Don't waste your time
On bad biography and bitter rhyme.
For what I am this crumbling clay assures,
And what I was is no affair of yours.

God works a wonder now and then,
He though a lawyer was an honest man.

Dr. Somerby.

At length a grave spots for him provided,
Where all through him so many of us died
did.

Early, bright, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exalted and went to
heaven.

NORFOLK.

Lieut. Nathan Davis.
Died in 1781.

Death is a debt that's justly due,
That I have paid and so must you.

Elizabeth, wife of Nathan Davis.
Died 1786.

This debt I owe is justly due,
And I am come to sleep with you.

NEW YORK.

SKANEATELES.

Underneath this pile of stones
Lie's all that's left of Sally Jones.
Her name was Lord it was not Jones.
But Jones was used to rhyme with stones.

Mary Drummond Smith.

Neuralgia worked on Mrs. Smith
'Till neath the sod it laid her.
She was a worthy Methodist
And served as a crusader.

WYOMING COUNTY.

She was in health at 11.30 A. M.
And left for Heaven at 3.30 P. M.

EAST THOMPSON.

Here lies one who never sacrificed his reason to
superstitious God, nor ever believed that Jonah
swallowed the whale.

NEW YORK CITY.

Trinity Churchyard.
1767.

Tho' Boreas' blasts and boisterous waves
Have tossed me to and fro,
In spite of both by God's decree
I harbor here below;
Where I do now at anchor ride
With many of our fleet,
Yet once again I must set sail,
My Admiral Christ to meet.

Alden White.

Grim death took me without any warning,
I was well one day, and stone dead next
morning.

Madeline White.

God takes the good too good on earth to
stay,
God leaves the bad too bad to take away.

Sarah Thomas is dead and that's enough
The candle is out and so is the snuff
Her soul is in Heaven you need not fear
And all that's left is buried here.

ITHACA.

The pale consumption gave the mortal blow.
The fate was certain although the event was
slow.

While on earth my knee was lame,
I had to nurse and heed it.
But now I'm at a better place,
Where I don't even need it.

Her blooming cheeks were no defence
Against the scarlet fever.
In five day's time she was cut down,
To dwell with Christ forever.

Moses White.

His grand excellence was that he was genuine.

Father and Mother and I
Choose to be buried asunder.
Father and Mother here,
And I buried yonder.

Julia King.

I go to meet my brother.

John Dale
and his two wives.

A period's come to all their toilsome lives,
The good man's quiet—still are both his
wives.

GREENWOOD.

Grieve not for me my Harriet dear
For I am better off,
You know what were my sufferings
And what a dreadful cough.

David Stuart

A loving father and companion,
Follow me as I have—Jesus.

ORANGE COUNTY.

Underneath this stone doeth lie
As much virtue as could die;
Which when alive did vigor give
To as much of beauty as could live.

Amos Judge
(Coal dealer.)

He gave full weight to all t'is said
And did it without vaunting;
When in the ballance he is weighed
He will not be found wanting.

William Newhall.

He 'rose in health at early dawn
To hail the new born year:
Before the evening shade came on
He finished his career.

He was a man of invention great
Above all who he lived nigh;

But he could not invent to live
When God called him to die.

A thousand ways cut short our days,
None are exempt from death.
A honey-bee by stinging me
Did stop my mortal breath.

He got a fish bone in his throat
And then he sang an angel's note.

ORANGE COUNTY.

Here lies a kind and loving wife,
A tender nursing mother;
A neighbor free from brawl and strife,
A pattern for all others.

To the memory of
Susan Mum.

Silence is wisdom.

This corpse
is
Phebe Thorps.

Neal Keven.

His accounts were found square to a cent.

A Watch-maker's Epitaph

Copied from a tomb-stone in Wales by old Sexton
Brown, the once famous sexton of Grace Church, N.
Y.

Here lies in a horizontal position the outside case
of George Rutlege watch-maker, whose abilities in
that line were an honor to his profession.

Integrity was the main-spring of all the actions of
his life. Humane, honest and industrious his hands
never stopped until they had relieved distress.

He had the art of disposing of his time in such a
way that he never went wrong except when set
agoing by persons who did not know his key, and
even then was easily set right again.

He departed this life wound up in the hope of
being taken in hand by his Maker, thoroughly
cleaned, regulated and repaired and set going in
the world to come.

IN THE SOUTH.

PHILADELPHIA.

Christ's Churchyard.

(Written by himself when twenty-three years of age.)

The body of Benjamen Franklin, printer like the cover of an old book its contents torn out and stripped of its lettering and gilding, lies here food for worms.

Yet the work itself shall not be lost for it will, as he believed, appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition corrected and amended by the author.

Carved on a little stone in a Maryland churchyard, after the name of the dead.

"He held the pall at the funeral of Shakspeare."

BAYFIELD, MISS.

(On a child struck by lightning.)

Struck by thunder.

Stranger pause my tale attend,
And learn the cause of Hannah's end.
Across the world the wind did blow,
She ketched a cold that laid her low.
We shed a lot of tears 'tis true,
But life is short—aged 82.

Here lies my wife in earthly mould,
Who when she lived did naught but scold.
Peace! wake her not, for now she's still,
She had; but now I have my will.

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

To the memory of a female stranger whoes mortal sufferings ended Oct. 14th 1816.

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

Peter Letig was his name,
Heaven I hope his station,
Baltimore was his dwelling place
And Christ is his salvation.

The milk of human kindness was my own dear
cherub wife
I'll never find another one as good in all my life.
She bloomed, she blossomed, she decayed,
And under this tree her body we laid.

Mr. James Danner, late of Louisville, having been
laid by the side of his four wives, received this
touching epitaph:

An excellent husband was this Mr. Danner,
He lived in a thoroughly honorable manner.
He may have had troubles,
But they burst like bubbles,
He's at peace, now with Mary, Jane, Susan and
Hannah.

MARYLAND.

Henrietta thou was mild and lovely,
Gentle as a summer breeze;
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.
With triumph on her tongue
With radiance on her brow,
She passed to that exalted throng
And shares their glory now.

They were two loving sisters,
Who in this dust do lie.
The very day Annie was buried
Elizabeth did die.

My father and mother were both insane
I inherited the terrible stain.
My grandfather, grandmother, aunts and uncles
Were lunatics all, and yet died of carbuncles.

Here lies the bones of David Jones,
Laid both dead and dumb.
He read a law and plead a cause
But died from drinking rum.

Over the grave of a brave engineer.

Until the brakes are turned on time,
Life's throttle-valve shut down,
He works to pilot in the crew
That wears the martyr's crown.
On schedule time, on upper grade
Along the homeward section,
He lands his train in God's roundhouse
The morn of resurrection.
His time is full, no wages docked,
His name on God's pay roll,
And transportation through to Heaven
A free pass for his soul.

Elizabeth Scott lies buried here.
She was born Nov 20th 1785,
according to the best of her recollection.

TENNESSEE.

She lived a life of virtue and died of the cholera morbus, caused by eating green fruit in hope of a blessed immortality.

Reader, go thou and do likewise.

Sacred to the memory of Henry Harris who died from a kick by a colt in his bowells.

Peacable and quiet, a friend to his father and mother, respected by all who knew him—gone to the world where horses don't kick, where sorrow and weeping are no more.

Here lies my twins as dead as nits
One died of fever the other of fits.

Some have children others none,
Here lies the mother of twenty one.

YAZOO CITY.

Here lie two grandsons of
John Hancock, first signer of the
Declaration of Independence.
(Their names are respectively Geo. M.
and John H. Hancock)
and their eminence hangs on
their having had a grandfather.

UNLOCATED.

Beneath this stone, a lump of clay,
Lies Arabella Young,
Who on the twenty first of May
Began to hold her tongue.

Ebenezer Dockwood aged forty seven,
A miser and a hypocrite and never went to
Heaven.

Within this grave do lie.
Back to back my wife and I.
When the last trump the air shall fill,
If she gets up I'll just lie still.

Mammy and I together lived,
Just three years and a half.
She went first, I followed next,
The cow before the calf.

A man had cremated four wives, and the ashes,
kept in four urns, being overturned and fallen
together, were buried at last and had this droll
inscription:

Stranger pause and shed a tear,
For Mary Jane lies buried here.
Mingled in a most surprising manner
With Susan, Marie and portions of Hannah.

Sacred to the memory
Of Miss Martha Grimm.
She was so very spare within,
She burst the outward shell of sin
And hatched herself a cherubim.

No doctor ever physicked me,
Was never near my side.
But when fever came I thought of the name,
And that was enough—I died.

This is to the memory of Ellen Hill,
A woman who would always have her will.
She snubbed her husband but she made good
bread
Yet on the whole he's rather glad she's dead.
She whipped her children and she drank her
gin,
Whipped virtue out and whipped the devil in.
May all such women go to some great fold
Where they through all eternity may scold.

Sacred to the memory of William Skaradon who
came to his death by being shot with a Colts
revolver, one of the old kind brass mounted and of
such is the kingdom of heaven.

Timothy Egan

He heard the angels calling him,
From the celestial shore.
He flopped his wings and away he flew
To make one angel more.

Here lies the body of Mary Ford
We hope her soul is with the Lord.
But if for tophet she's changed this life,
Better be there than J. Ford's wife.

A zealous locksmith died of late,
And did not enter Heaven's gate.
But stood without and would not knock
Because he meant to pick the lock.

Ashes to ashes dust to dust,
Here lies George Emery I trust.
And when the trump blows louder and
louder
He'll rise a box of Emery powder.

There was a man who died of late,
Whom angels did impatient wait
With outstretched arms and smiles of love
To take him up to the realms above.
While hovering 'round the lower skies
Still disputing for the prize,
The devil slipped in like a weasil
And down to Hell he took old Kezle.

Here lies interred Priscilla Bird
Who sang on earth till sixty two.
Now up on high above the sky
No doubt she sings like sixty—too.

Here lies Jane Smith,
Wife of Thomas Smith, Marble Cutter.

This monument was erected by her husband as a
tribute to her memory and a specimen of his work.

Monuments of this same style are two hundred
and fifty dollars.

A Cricket Player's Epitaph.

In the pride of his manhood he heard the last
call,
Though first in the field where his feet
pressed the sod.
He hath gained his last wicket and thrown his
last ball,
To join in the choir 'round the throne of his
God.

Here lies the body of Susan Lowder
Who burst while drinking a *Sedlit* powder.
Called from this world to her heavenly rest
She should have waited till it effervesced.

A man of letters it seems was he;
The college made him L.L. D.
The Order a P. G. W. C.
Grim death has given him the G. B.
And may his ashes R. I. P.

After cremation.

And this is all that's left of thee
Thou fairest of earth's daughters.
Only four pounds of ashes white
Out of two hundred and three quarters.

James Payn, the novelist, speaks of this epitaph as
"pathetic and expressive."

Here lies an old woman who always was tired,
For she lived in a house where help was not
hired;
And her last words on earth were,
Dear friends I am going
Where no washing is done nor sweeping or
sewing.
Where all things will be exact to my wishes,
For where there's no eating there's no
washing of dishes.
I'll be where loud anthems are constantly
ringing
But having no voice I shall get clear of
singing.
She folded her hands with her latest endeavor
And sighing she whispered sweet nothing
forever.

Alpha White
Weight 309 lbs.

Open wide ye golden gates
That lead to the heavenly shore.
Our father suffered in passing through
And mother weighs much more.

The winter snow congealed his form
But now we know our Uncle's warm.

Our papa dear has gone to Heaven
To make arrangements for eleven.

Epitaph on a dentist.

View this gravestone with gravity
He is filling his last cavity.

Here lies Dodge, who dodged all good
And dodged a deal of evil.
But after dodging all he could
He could not dodge the devil.

On the tombstone of a disagreeable old man.
"Deeply regretted by all who never knew him."

Here lies Jim Shaw, attorney-at-law.
When he died the devil cried,
Give me your paw, Jim Shaw,
Attorney at law.

Here lies my wife a sad slatterned shrew
If I said I regretted her I should lie too.

Here lies Ann Mann.
She lived an old maid
But died an old Mann.

Here lies Ned Hyde because he died.
If it had been his sister
We should not have missed her.
But would rather it had been his father
Or for the good of the nation
The whole generation.

On a well-known pill doctor.
His virtues and his pills are so well known
That envy can't confine them under stone.

Throughout his life he kneaded bread
And deemed it quite a bore.
But now six feet beneath earth's crust
He needeth bread no more.

Listen, Mother, Aunt and me
Were killed, here we be.
We should not had time to missle
Had they blown the engine whistle.

Here lies the remains of
John Hall grocer.
The world is not worth a fig
I have good *raisins* for saying so.

Amanda Lowe.

She loved me and my grandchildren revered
her. She bathed my feet and kept my socks well
darned.

A bird, a man, a loaded gun.
No bird, dead man, thy will be done.

IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

AT ST. MARY LE BONE.

Queen Elizabeth.

(By Laureate Skelton.)

Fame blow aloud, and to the world
proclaim,
There never ruled such a royal dame!
The word of God was ever her delight,
In it she meditated day and night.
Spain's rod, Rome's ruin, Netherland's
relief,
Earth's joy, England's gem, world's wonder,
Nature's chief.
She was and is, what can there more be
said,
On earth the chief, in Heaven the second
made.

IN HARROW CHURCHYARD.

(Ascribed to Lord Byron.)

Beneath these green trees rising to the
skies,
The planter of them, Isaac Greentree lies!
A time shall come when these green trees
shall fall,
And Isaac Greentree rise above them all.

SURREY, ENGLAND.

The Lord was good I was lopping off wood
And down fell from a tree.
I met with a check that broke my neck
And so God lopped off me.

Here lies John Higley whose father and mother
were drowned in their passage from America. Had
they both lived they would have been buried here.

ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND.

Here lies Martin Elmrod.
Have mercy on my soul, good God
As I would do were I Lord God
And you were Martin Elmrod.

Here lies Thomas Smith
And what is somewhat rareish,
He was born bred and hanged
In this e'er parish.

Here I lie at the chancel door
And I lie here because I am poor;
For the farther in the more you pay,
But here I lie as warm as they.

PICKERING CHURCHYARD.

Death comes to all, none can resist his dart
At his command the dearest friends must
part.
A mournful widow who this truth doth own
In gratitude erects this humble stone.

CHILDWELL, ENGLAND.

Here lies the body of
John Smith.
Buried in the cloisters
If he don't jump at the last trump,
Call, Oysters!

ENGLAND.

If Heaven be pleased when sinners cease to
sin,
If Hell be pleased when sinners enter in,
If earth be pleased when ridded of a knave,
Then all are pleased for Coleman's in his
grave.

Samuel Gardner was blind in one eye and in a
moment of confusion he stepped out of a receiving
and discharging door in one of the warehouses into
the ineffable glories of the celestial sphere.

To the memory of Ric Richards who by a
gangrene first lost a toe, then a leg and lastly
his life.

Ah cruel Death to make three meals of one,
To taste and eat, and eat till all was gone.

But know thou tyrant when the trump shall call,
He'll find his feet, and stand where thou shalt
fall.

Poet & Shoemaker.
Joseph Blackett.

Stranger behold interred together
The lords of learning and of leather.
Poor Joe is gone but left his *awl*
You'll find his relics in a stall.
His works were neat and often found
Well stitched and with morocco bound.
Tread lightly where the bard is laid;
He cannot mend the shoe he made.
Yet he is happy in his hole
With verse immortal as his soul;
But still to business he held fast
And stuck to Pheabus to the *last*.
Then who shall say so good a fellow
Was only leather and prunello?
For character he did not lack it
And if he did't were shame to Blackett.

Poor Betty Conway, she drank lemonade at a
masquerade,
So now she's dead and gone away.

Robert Master, Undertaker.

Here lies Bob Master. Faith! t'was very hard
To take away an honest Robin's breath.
Yes, surely Robin was full well prepared
For he was always looking out for death.

Taken from "The Lady's Magazine and Musical
Repository," Jan., 1801.

Epitaph on a Bird.

Here lieth, aged three months the body of
Richard Acanthus a young person of unblemished
character. He was taken in his callow infancy from
the wing of a tender parent by the rough and
pitiless hand of a two-legged animal without
feathers.

Though born with the most aspiring disposition
and unbending love of freedom he was closely
confined in a grated prison and scarcely permitted
to view those fields of which he had an undoubted
charter.

Deeply sensible of this infringement of his natural
rights he was often heard to petition for redress in
the most plaintive notes of harmonious sorrow. At
length his imprisoned soul burst the prison which
his body could not and left a lifeless heap of
beauteous feathers.

If suffering innocence can hope for retribution,
deny not to the gentle shade of this unfortunate
captive the humble though uncertain hope of
animating some happier form; or trying his new
fledged pinions in some happy elysium, beyond the
reach of

the tyrant of this lower world.

On three children.

"Who plucked my choicest flowers?" the
gardener cried
"The Master did," a well known voice replied.
"'Tis well they are all his" the gardener said,
And meekly bowed his reverential head.

Beneath this stone in sound repose
Lies William Rich of Lydeard Close.
Eight wives he had yet none survive
And likewise children eight times five,
From whom an issue vast did pour
Of great grandchildren five times four.
Rich born, rich bred, yet Fate adverse
His wealth and fortune did reverse.
He lived and died immensely poor
July the tenth aged ninety-four.

ELLINGTON.

Here rest the remains of Alexander McKinstry.

A kind husband, tender parent, dutiful son,
affectionate brother, faithful friend,
generous master, and obliging neighbor. The
house looks desolate and mourns, every door
groans doleful as it turns. The pillars
languish and each silent wall in grief
laments the masters fall.

Joseph Horton, Pedlar.

I lodged here in many a town
And travelled many a year.
Till age and death have brought me down
To my last lodging here.

FALKIRK, ENG.

Here lies the body of Robert Gordon,
Mouth almighty and teeth according.
Stranger tread lightly on this wonder,
If he opens his mouth you are gone to
thunder.

Here under this sod and under these trees
Is buried the body of Solomon Pease.
But here in this hole lies only his pod
His soul is shelled out and gone up to God.

Sacred to the memory of Anthony Drake,
Who died for peace and quietness sake.
His wife was constantly scolding and

scoffing,
So he sought repose in a twelve dollar
coffin.

At rest beneath this slab of stone,
Lies stingy Jimmy Wyett.
He died one morning just at ten
And saved a dinner by it.

Here lies the body of Sarah Sexton
She was a wife that never vexed one.
But I can't say as much for the one at the next
stone.

I Dionysius underneath this tomb
Some sixty years of age have reached my
doom.
Ne'er having married, think it sad,
And I wish my father never had.

Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse;
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death ere thou hast slain another
Wise and fair and good as she
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

KENT.

Here lies two brothers by misfortune
surrounded;
One died of his wounds but the other was
drowned.

Epitaph of Susan Blake.
Written by Sir Thomas Moore at her urgent entreaty.

Good Susan Blake in royal state
Arrived at last at Heaven's gate.

(After an absence of years and having fallen out
with her he added these two lines.)

"But Peter met her with a club
And knocked her back to Beelzebub."

Beneath this stone in hopes of Zion,
Doeth lay the landlord of the Lion.
His son keeps in the business still
Resigned unto His heavenly will.

John Palfryman who is buried here

Was aged four and twenty years.
And near this place his Mother lies
Likewise his father when he dies.

SALISBURY.

Farewell vain world I've had enough of thee,
And value not what thou canst say of me;
Thy smiles I court not, nor thy frowns I fear,
All's one to me, my head lies quiet here;
What faults thou'st seen in me take care to
shun
And look at home, there's something to be
done

Like a tender rose-tree was my spouse to me.
Her offspring plucked too long deprived of life
is she.
Three went before, her life went with the sixth:
I stay with the three our sorrows for to mix,
Till Christ our only hope our joys doth fix.

SHETFORD CHURCHYARD.

My grandfather was buried here,
My cousin Jane and two uncles, dear.
My father perished with inflammation of the eyes.
My sister dropped dead in a nunnery.
But the reason why I am here interred according
to my thinking,
Is owing to my good living and hard drinking,
If therefore, good Christians, you wish to live long
Don't drink to much wine, brandy, gin, or any
thing strong.

Beneath this monumental stone
Lies half a ton of flesh and bone.

Shakspeare.

Good friends for Jesus' sake forbear
To stir the dust enclosed here.
Blest be the man who spares these
stones
And cursed be he who moves my bones.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Here lies old twenty five per cent.
The more he had the more he lent.
The more he had the more he craved,
Great God, can his poor soul be saved?

MT. PARK CEMETERY, MONTREAL.

Fred McKernan, Aged three years.

Johnie wants to know where do you now stay
Or with whom do you now play,
Or where do you roam?
For the little iron cot
Your poor mother bought
Still waits for you at home.

FOLKSTONE.

Mrs David Stuart

For twenty years and eight I lived a maiden's
life
And five and thirty years I was a married wife.
And in that space of time eight children I did
bear,
Four sons, four daughters who I ever loved
most dear;
Three of that number as the Scriptures run,
Preached up the way to Heaven—and Hell to
shun.

Maiden Lillard,

A young Scotch woman, who at the battle of
Ancrum, 1545, distinguished herself by her
extraordinary valor.

Fair Maiden Lillard lies under this sod.
Little was her statue but great was her fame.
Upon the English loons she laid many thumps,
And when her legs were cut off she fought upon
her stumps.

Here lies a man who all his mortal life
Spent mending clocks, but could not mend his
wife.
The larum of his bell was ne'er so shrill
As was her tongue, aye, clacking like a mill.
But now he's gone—oh whither none can tell
But hope beyond the sound of Matty's bell.

PARIS.

Adah Isaac Menkin.

"Thou knowest."

Lord Byron's epitaph on his Newfoundland dog at
Newstead.

"To mark a friend's remains
These stones arise.
I never knew but one
And here he lies."

MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

Here lies John Hill, a man of skill,
His age was five times ten.
He ne'er did good nor ever would
Had he lived as long again.

Beneath these stones repose the bones of
Theodosious Grimm.

He took his beer from year to year
And then the bier took him.

(On a butcher whose name was Lamb.)

Beneath this stone lies Lamb asleep,
Who died a Lamb who lived a sheep.
Many a lamb and sheep he slaughtered
But cruel Death the scene has altered.

Rose Clifford.

This tomb doth here enclose the world's most
beauteous Rose.

Here lies John Quebecca
precentor to My Lord the King.

When he is admitted to the choir of angels whose
society he will embellish and where he will
distinguish himself by his powers of song—God shall
say to the angels—

Cease ye calves! and let me hear
John Quebecca, the precentor of
My Lord the King.

ST. BOTOLPH'S.

A traveller lies here at rest
Who life's rough ocean tossed on.
His many virtues all expressed
Thus simply—"*I'm from Boston.*"

ST. CLAIR, CANADA.

On a brickmaker.

Keep death and judgment always in your
eye
Or else the devil off with you will fly
And in his kiln with burning brimstone ever
fry.
If you neglect the narrow road to seek
Christ will respect you like a half burned
brick.

Patrick Bay, Innholder.

Killed by an ignorant Physician.
Not Fate or Death but doctor Rowe
Advanced to give the deadly blow
That smote me to the shades below.
Had Death alone approached too nigh,
Had Fate or Nature bid me die,
I must have borne it patiently.

But to be robbed of life and ease
By such infernal quacks as these
And pay, beside their modest fees!
Now folks that travel by this way,
Pointing toward my tomb shall say,
"There lies the bones of Patrick Bay—
Who ne'er a cheerful glass denied,
All force of arms, and grog defied,
Yet by a vile Jack Pudding died."

John Scott
Brewer.

Poor John Scott is buried here
Tho' once he was both hale and stout.
Death stretched him on his bitter bier,
In another world he hops about.

Received of Philip Harding
his borrowed earth July 4th 1673.

The Duke of Norfolk, a great whist player.

(By Sheridan.)

Here lies England's premier baron,
Patiently awaiting the last trump.

Here lies a Cardinal who wrought
Both good and evil in his time.
The good he did was good for naught
Not so the evil—that was prime.

Elihu Yale, the founder of Yale College at New
Haven, lies buried in Wrenham, Wales. His
monument bears this inscription:

Born in America, in Europe bred
In Africa traveled in Asia wed,
Where long he lived and thrived
And at London died.
Much good, some ill he did so hope all's even
And his soul through mercy is gone to Heaven.
You that survive and read this tale take care,
For this most certain event to prepare;
Where blest in peace the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the silent dust.

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