

**"QUAINT  
EPITAPHS"**

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"Quaint Epitaphs" by Susan Darling Safford

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**SUSAN DARLING SAFFORD**

**"QUAINT  
EPITAPHS"**



"Quaint Epitaphs"

COLLECTED BY

SUSAN DARLING SAFFORD.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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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.

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### 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"

## KITTEERY—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.)