

In Memoriam.

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NO. 1660

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Sweet is the memory
of Our dead.

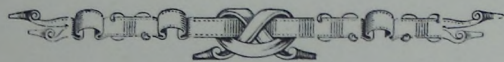
Truly Yours,

Harriette L. Barnes.

Chelsea Mass.
1873.

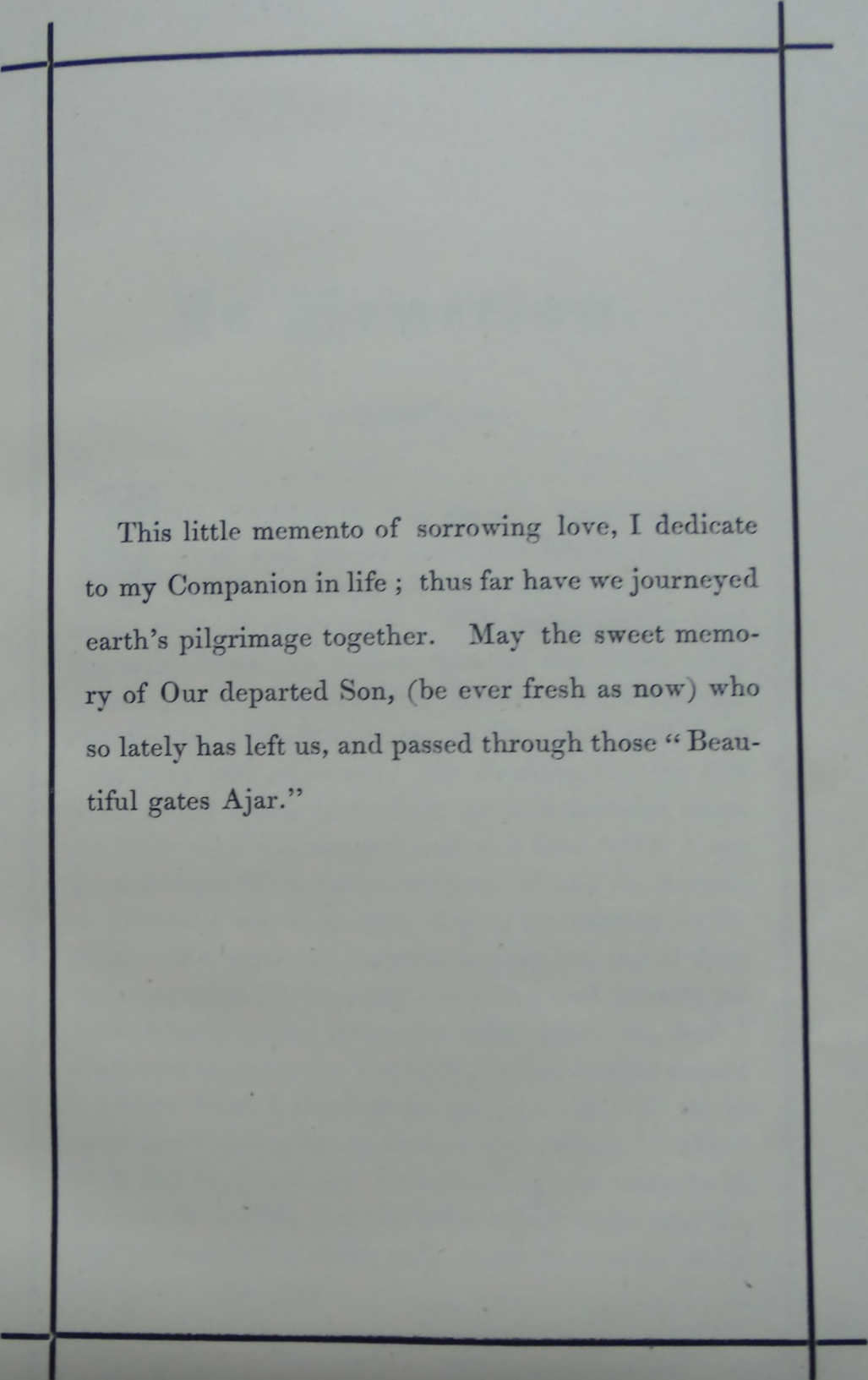


An Memoriam.




Edwin Francis Barnes.





This little memento of sorrowing love, I dedicate to my Companion in life ; thus far have we journeyed earth's pilgrimage together. May the sweet memory of Our departed Son, (be ever fresh as now) who so lately has left us, and passed through those "Beautiful gates Ajar."

In Memoriam.

UR FRANKIE has gone! That beautiful form and lovely spirit has left us forever! All that remains of that precious child rests in the cold and silent grave. Will I ever awake from this wild dream, to realize that he can never more return to me? I know kind friends comfort me with the words, I shall soon go to him; but, alas, how very long that appears! My Frankie, the joy and pride of my heart, taken from me in a moment when we little expected danger, and at a time when it appeared to me life would be stripped of half its charms, so necessary was that dear boy to my earthly existence. We grew up together—first the child, then the companion; he was my comforter and friend; his heart beat in loving sympathy with mine. O, how I shall miss those tender words of comfort—what a pang I endure when I think those precious lips will never utter more that name so dear, “my mother.” Often each day do I call my Frankie, as I was wont to do in days of health, but the echo of my voice and the dull silence that remains only serve to remind me of my great, great loss.

EDWIN FRANCIS BARNES was born in Chelsea, Mass., Dec. 26th, 1849. I always called him my Christmas present, my angel boy. Christmas present, angel boy,

"For the mild, blue eyes first saw the light of day,
Before the Christmas carols died away."

With what delight did I watch every movement of those tiny hands and feet, and the little sparkling eyes, as they caught mine bending over him. Well do I remember the little smiles, and what happiness I felt as I found my precious baby boy knew its mother well.

"O, God! Thou hast a fountain stirred,
Whose waters never more shall rest;

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
This seeming visitant from heaven,
This bird, with the immortal wing,
To me, to me, Thy hand has given;

A silent awe is in my room,
I tremble with delicious fear,
The future, with its height and gloom,
Time and Eternity are here;

Doubts, hopes, in eager tumult rise,
Hear, O, my God! one earnest prayer:
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give him angel plumage there."

Once a year, at least, when careful mothers look over all the house contains, to cleanse from the destructive moth and dust, did I devote one day in recalling my little one's baby days. There is nothing more vivid in my memory than Frankie's babyhood. How the tears would start and faster flow, as, one by one, I carefully examined those precious relics—the little socks that chubby toes once peeped without; the tiny shoes, with heel run down and button off. O, Memory! thou sad and fond reminder of the past!

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"God bless the little feet that can never go astray,
For the little shoes are empty, in the closet hid away,
O! the little feet that wearied not, I wait for them no more,
For I am drifting on the tide by which they reached the shore,
And while the blinding tear-drops wet the little shoes so old,
I try to think my darling's feet are treading streets of gold,
Be patient, heart, while waiting to see that shining way,
And the little feet on the golden street, that can never go astray."

When in the midst of these hoarded treasures I would hear the hasty step, and the cheerful voice call "Mother"—as eye met eye—I scarce believed the handsome, manly form was once that darling babe I pressed so lovingly to my happy heart. O, Frankie, my boy! my boy! Kindly did fate forbear to raise the curtain of our darling's future; we could not live and know the hour of separation, when we should be forever torn asunder. How I can recall those memorable days in my baby's first two years,—when three months of age, he was christened in Grace Church, Boston, by Rev. Charles Mason, (since deceased). Mr. Ruggles Slack, (also deceased,) together with ourselves, standing as sponsors; that day will ever be remembered, for Frankie screamed violently from the moment he entered the church, during the whole of the service, until he was carried back again, and never for an instant ceased until he reached his own home in Chelsea—his fine christening robes and cap were displayed under very unfavorable circumstances, with such distorted features. We received the hearty sympathy of friends, and especially of Rev. Mr. Mason, for the young parents with the crying baby, hoping we would ever bear in mind the comforting words, "none but the smartest men cry at baptism." That was an era to date from, until the appearance of the first little pearl, and then its mate, soon after,

between those ruby lips, alas, now closed forever. Forever! How many times would I force a smile to show the little wonders. O! what is like a mother's love and pride as she watches that little being developing daily, in body and mind. How helpless and dependent for every wish and comfort from a mother's willing hand; truly an infant is but an earthly angel. Often would the sad thought cross my mind of my distress, if death should snatch my darling from my arms; and question myself, could I live? Could I live if I was bereft of him? Ah! that was not to be answered until that precious bud had grown and blossomed,—not till all of the infant boy, and man, was truly developed. How I can recall those innocent prattling days, the hours I have rocked and soothed that precious form, so fondly folded to my breast; shielding from every passing wind, and singing those sweet lullabys. My eyes, in days gone by, have often filled with tears at the thought of those pleasant hours, gone, never to return.

The babe became the full-grown boy. Frankie's uninterrupted good health, and ready abilities, with a fondness for learning, enabled me to teach him in childhood, all that was necessary to acquire, without attending infant schools; his little box of alphabetical blocks are perfect now as ever. As I look them over, traces of the tiny fingers are plainly to be seen. I mingled the study with the play, and before I realized the progress, the little chair was drawn to my side to read mother a pretty story,—that little chair, with paint worn off the arm, and cane-seat gone.

He entered the school room at seven years of age ; well do I remember the morning I led the timid child to his first school, and saw my darling seated with other boys in the little room on Second street. I left him with a throbbing, anxious heart ; I knew how strange everything would appear to him ; how he might be homesick before the hour of dismissing. I had a comfort in the thought his teacher was a mother. Frankie's first day at school !—I recall it all : the wonderful things he had to relate, the singing—all together,—the gymnastics, then the new book, to be placed in a class, and the reward with an "excellent." O, my boy ! that was your first contact with the world. Not all the little griefs and trials of a school room could you run to a mother with now. You stand alone, and self must be exercised ; interest soon began in his studies ; he was never urged to go, but loved his school room from first to last. I think he was never late but once, and that was no fault of his own ; being on an errand, he did not return until after the clock struck nine ; he cried bitterly as I wrote the excuse ; we deeply regretted it, but it never occurred again. With what delight he bounded home with "Excellent" in hand ; such perfect satisfaction beaming in his face. Happy, happy boy, that bright face showed the soul within. His name of Frank always bespoke the kind and open heart. He possessed those most excellent qualities which are so desirable in life, especially in youth : truth and conscientiousness ; and, as he grew, those traits strengthened with him. We always knew what Frankie said was so. Many a trifle in childhood has

remained unsettled until Frankie came, as his word could be relied upon — no questioning then.

Now, the sports of the boy begin to develop, as the fear of the mother increases, — that dreaded water, where it seemed he ever had a passion to go; how many Wednesday and Saturday afternoons have I beheld the little group of boys collecting in our yard, with tiny poles and lines, to try a fishing excursion, and was always well pleased if only two or three small fishes was the result of the expedition, — if not successful, then some little minnows were caught, and bottled for a few weeks, where they graced my dining room; indeed, I was reminded they might be under my particular care, as the water must be daily changed, and the school duties and some play would prevent him from always attending to them; then there was the little strolls to the “dell,” Saugus Corner and the beach, with the luncheon baskets well filled, not forgetting some eggs and potatoes to be cooked in the woods. How much Frankie did delight in those healthful, pleasant, out-door excursions.

O, happy, happy days, as I turn my eye upon his image, so truthful, on my wall; can it be he has gone, forever gone? O, Frankie! my child! my child! Could tears have brought you back, not hours or moments would have elapsed ere you would have been once more in my embrace. Ah! that dark and silent future that I am to live without your happy face and ready word of comfort.

“Alas! for all about thee spread,
I feel the memory of the dead;
And almost linger for the feet
That never more my feet shall meet.

IN MEMORIAM.

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Till my heart dies—it dies away,
In yearnings for what might not stay;
For love which ne'er deceived my trust,
For all—which went with 'dust to dust.'

We miss you when the board is spread,
We miss you when the prayer is said;
Upon our dreams your dying eyes
In still and mournful fondness rise.

But, you are where these longings vain
Trouble no more the heart and brain,
The sadness of this aching love
Dims not our Father's house, above."

In the spring of 1860, Frankie spent two weeks of his vacation in Greenfield, Mass., with a favorite aunt of mine; it was his first trip alone in the cars, and his first absence from his mother of a single night. No where else would I have trusted him so long from my sight. With what anxiety did I await the postman's ring, with the much-looked-for letter written in his own little, cramped, school-boy hand. How my eyes filled with tears as I read and re-read the hurried note, telling of his great pleasure riding in the cars, of the hearty welcome of friends at the depot, "and, not to be forgotten," he adds, "my-turtle, mother, was so good all the way, I have him tied in auntie's yard, with plenty of water to swim in." This revives in my memory, as it will, doubtless, in the minds of his schoolmates—the miniature turtle-ponds, the little pens, for his various pets. He was a dear lover of animals, and I enjoyed it equally as well, so that the necessary care and trouble of attending them we shared together; many a tiny grave for dog and cat, rabbit and bird, has been carefully prepared in our yard, leaving in the hearts of us all a

feeling of regret that the little favorites, which afforded us so much pleasure, were no more. I think he enjoyed much, with his dog "Jack." He was a pure black and tan terrier, and so intelligent that he was readily taught many pleasing tricks. Frankie made a harness, and in the winter would attach Jack to his sled, when boy and dog would fly through our streets in wild delight, but, like all the pets that died before, he was buried in the yard, after living to a good old age, and the favorite cat with whom he was a companion for many years, in bed and board, was quietly wrapped in a blanket to rest in Jack's grave, a year afterwards. We all missed those pets as they passed from our sight—it is so natural for one of an affectionate nature, to wish for something to return his love.

Frankie, at this time, was improving finely in his school, and was very desirous for promotion every year, keeping ever in view Mr. Payson's as the goal; the high school was some ways yet in the future. The vacation of '65 he again passed in Greenfield. His letters were all so interesting, describing the places he visited, his many boating and fishing excursions, and he seemed to like it doubly well because his mother's school days were passed in that same town, and he was enjoying those pleasant rambles which years ago were my childhood's delight. Dear Frankie! how much our natures were alike! He was much pleased with the church in Greenfield, and gave me a glowing description of his Sundays—not forgetting to mention his regret at being absent from his own loved Sunday School, and his delight, also,

at his brother Harry's receiving the bible for committing so many passages of scripture to memory,—he was much interested in his own Sunday School, and was ever a constant attendant.

He entered the Chestnut street Sunday School as a primary scholar, passing yearly through all the grades, until he entered Mr. Underhill's bible class.

In 1869, he was chosen librarian, which office he filled for nearly two years, but his close confinement during the week forbade his remaining longer, and he returned to his class in the Sunday School where he remained until his death. I well remember how his countenance brightened, at the evening Sabbath school concert, when Mr. Underhill's class received the banner, and title of banner-class, for punctuality and constant attendance for the past twelve months.

Frankie's strict adherence to the right, and his remarkable conscientiousness, were ever brilliant traits in his character, and proved most valuable to him in after life as a man of business.

In 1862, Frankie entered Mr. Payson's school, remaining there two years. Those were the days when there was less time for play or amusement, the lessons were more difficult, more study was necessary, parents were oftener solicited as help in the hard arithmetic and grammar lessons, there was more reality in that word study now than ever before, evenings were devoted to working out examples, and thus the two years sped on; but with all the labor, school days were made happy ones: for music and gymnastics were quietly intermingled, while everything progressed profitably and pleasantly.

He received his diploma July 19, 1864. That was a happy day for Frankie. How his face beamed with delight, and with what a hearty soul did he enter into the exercises on examination day. I recall the pride of my motherly heart as I looked upon my boy, and how I checked the unbidden tear as the whole school joined in singing that beautiful, soft tune, (always from that day such a favorite song of mine), "There's Music in the Air," it ever revives most pleasant memories in my breast. Frankie bid farewell to grammar school that day, he was beginning to realize there was an object in life now, a something to attain, an Excelsior ever to be kept in view. It was ever my duty to instil into his mind the great importance of acquiring a solid education in youth, for business days precluded, of necessity, any great attention to study. This vacation of '64 I yielded a rather reluctant consent to his camping out with a few of his schoolmates, mostly neighbor's sons; it was at first proposed to go some distance from home, where they could be quite by themselves, without the oversight of parents, but, however, it was at last decided, after much deliberation, to "pitch their tent" near Chelsea beach, on the old road to Point Shirley. We drove daily to the camp. Everything was most lovely for the first week, more was enjoyed than was at first anticipated even, the weather was delightfully pleasant, and rambling about, with gun and fishing rod, was such a pleasure. But the aspect was a little changed the second week: provisions were less, and not quite so fresh, what remained, neither the fish or game proved so very abundant, in fact, it did

really become quite necessary for parents and friends to replenish the larder often, and all the good things from home proved very acceptable, as every boy will acknowledge who participated in that delightful camping season. We usually drove down to camp about twilight, and it was quite interesting to see them preparing their evening meal, the smell of hot coffee and chowder was quite refreshing. We partook of some with them one evening, and enjoyed it exceedingly, I not omitting to commend everything when an opportunity offered. They had really quite an idea of housekeeping, and things were arranged with an eye to order. As I viewed the inner arrangement of the tent, various kitchen utensils were plainly visible, gracing the sides, which had been missed, hunted for, and given up as lost, until brought to mind, it was borrowed for camp. These were days of solid comfort to all. Frankie often recalled it as a green spot in his memory. He was particularly fond of an out-door, country life—the woods and green fields; indeed, all nature was a delight to him. Out of school, he was out of doors, always healthy, and ever ready for a ramble to the beach, or over the hills, and ever reviewed his school days with great pleasure. He rarely complained of being weary, and it was a frequent remark, “How strong and healthy Frankie is—free from pain and those many little ills attendant upon childhood.” His first sickness proved his last.

“I think of all thy winning ways,
Thy frank and childish glee,
Thy arch, sweet smile, thy coy delays,
Thy step so light and free,
Thy sparkling glance, and hasty run,
Thy gladness when the school was done,
Thy gay, good-humored, graceful ease,
And all thy many ways to please.”

In 1866 Frankie again passed his second vacation in Greenfield; places had become quite familiar to him now, and many pleasant acquaintances were formed, his letters were very interesting, as he writes of the pleasure of revisiting those loved spots, and greeting his many friends. His excursions this year were a little more varied. He writes of his morning drives which make him think so much of home, as it was our custom to ride daily, in pleasant weather, very early in the morning, thinking it such a means of insuring good health and a strong constitution; but, alas! our best endeavors to ward off disease and death from our loved ones fail us when the fatal warning comes. How anxiously I awaited the day of my Frankie's arrival home, to listen once more to the many interesting items he had to relate, not least among them all was the fishing, and the great delight he manifested in telling of the string of little fishes caught by his own hand in the beautiful blue Connecticut. This vacation he left many samples of his ingenuity and handiwork, among his friends; to this day his windmill, with the little man with outstretched arms, ever pointing right and left, graces his uncle's barn. Yes, my child, thy mother's heart recalls many a token of thine—in our own home, here, also, are the many marks where he first practiced using a gun, with the gun-shots plainly visible. I had ever a great fear of powder, and was ever in such trepidation whenever he started forth with dog and gun. When I heard the well-known step treading up the yard, with the happy cry of "all right, mother," I silently raised a prayer of thanksgiving to Our Fath-

er above, that he had preserved my boy without harm. O, Frankie! my child! my child! have all those happy childhood days gone from me forever?

O, there are recollections
Round mother's hearts that cling
That mingle with the tears
And smiles of after years,
With oft awakenings,
I see thee still,
In every scene to memory dear,
I see thee still, my child!

During these years in the Grammar school the Wednesday and Saturday afternoons were spent with a few particular schoolmates, usually in his own yard, playroom, or mother's kitchen. Visions of the candy-making and kite-making, the rigging of various ships of all kinds to be launched in the tub, appear fresh as ever in memory's eye. Then there was the panorama and magic lantern, what skill was shown, and days of labor spent in procuring the necessary articles, the pictures, cloth, and everything requisite for a pleasant entertainment, and when the place was selected in a neighbor's attic room, what practicing of legerdemain and arranging of apartments before the day of exhibition. At last, everything was pronounced "very good," the cards of admittance, (two cents per single, five cents for season tickets) were distributed, not forgetting to notice the printing of said cards, were from their own press—manufactured entirely by themselves. Mothers were admitted on a season ticket at reduced prices; little baby brothers were particularly requested to remain at home, for fear of disturbing the performance; the wonderful trick of eating a lighted candle was performed by

Professor Barnes ; Professor Walker was the celebrated interpreter of the unsurpassed magic lantern. How well I recall to mind his anxiety of the weather, and of my being there in good season, as seats were scarce, room quite small, roof rather low and sloping, indeed, not much circulation of air could well be obtained, as the window was high and narrow. After the exhibition, which was pronounced by all to be highly interesting and creditable to the performers, there was no little interest manifested, and some debating, about dividing the profits and the best possible way of expending the same. We, mothers, enjoyed it all, praised the wonderful exhibition of talent and patience exhibited. How much boys need encouragement in all their little endeavors to please. A mother's refusal to participate in their children's pastimes, or neglecting to appreciate their attempts at genius, has dampened many a boy's future, and cast many a heavy cloud. O, mothers ! let the little boys whittle their boats and paddles on your kitchen floor, drive them not away for fear of the confusion made, remember the time is short, of necessity ; if death interferes not, those busy little hands and feet must leave before long to try that "wide, wide world" alone. Let the boys look back to a mother's home, where they were never afraid to try boyish plans. How many a little man-of-war has been launched in my wash-tub of a rainy day. O, how gladly would I recall it all now, if I could ; and in after life, when my boy was lost in the handsome man, how we brought up together with such delight, those happy childhood days, and what appeared to

him, then, such remarkable efforts of genius. One of the greatest sources of delight was the printing press; what an exhibition of taste was displayed in the variety of type with which he printed the "boys'" names, and I think all friends and relations, far and near, were agreeably surprised upon receiving, from his own press, a package of visiting or business cards. Samples of the same meet my eye, even now, as I open some long-forgotten box or drawer. O, how precious everything appears to me. Those school-boy trials of skill bespoke an idea of future usefulness, when life's duties were to be met, talents used, and occupation decided upon. It was a question often asked my boy, "Frankie, what do you expect to be in the world?" Everything appeared bright to him now, nothing permanent ever being thought of; for a good education, I ever endeavored to instil in his mind, was the chief object of attainment. How memory delights in these sad, lonely hours, to recall those happy school days, forever, forever gone from me! In my silent grief I often exclaim:

O, where, tell me where, have my little ones gone?
Silent and lone, silent and lone,
Where, tell me where, have my little ones gone
That used to be playing about my knee
With their noisy mirth and boisterous glee,
Who littered the carpets, and misplaced the chairs,
And scattered the playthings, all unawares,
Who called for their suppers with eager shout,
And while they were getting, ran in and out,
Who kept all apples and cake from spoiling,
And never saved jacket or pants from soiling.
O, where, tell me where have my little ones gone?

Silent and lone, silent and lone,
Where, tell me where are my little ones gone?
There are no little faces to wash to-night,
No little troubles for mother to right,

No little blue eyes to be sung to sleep,
No little playthings to put up to keep,
No little trundle-bed brimful of colic,
Calling for mamma to settle the frolic,
No little soft lips to press me with kisses,
O! such a sad, lonely evening as this is,
No little voices to shout with delight—
"Good night, dear mamma! good night! good night!"
Silent and lone, silent and lone,
Where, tell me where have my darling ones gone?"

The vacations of '65 Frankie passed with friends in Saugus; there he had abundant opportunity to enjoy himself most heartily, among the hills and vales of that beautifully romantic spot. It was an oasis in his life, for nature offered every enjoyment he so much delighted in. We listened with such interest at his recital of wonderful exploits, the quantity of wild game shot, the fishes caught, the luscious berries picked, of which he brought us such a supply, the gathering of nuts in November, the bright, open fires, around which the apples roasted, while the games and merry story went around. I can well recall the look of sadness that overshadowed his brow as he caught a glimpse of us driving up the road on the last day of his vacation, and the tear that stood in his eye as he faintly said, "Good bye" to those dear friends with whom he had enjoyed so much. But Monday morning found him prompt, and anxious to return to his school room, with ruddy cheek and sparkling eye. So much of his early life was spent in the open air, that we ever considered him in perfect health, he had no sick days that exempted him from school, but apparently enjoyed a remarkably good constitution. But, O! that destroyer, death, points not his arrow to the weak and sick-

ly only, but oftener those who have the greatest promise of long life feel the sting of his fatal barb. Frankie was now in the High school, studies were of a different nature, life was being more developed, the great question of the future was daily opening to him. Mechanical genius seemed uppermost in his mind just now, and I confess some disappointment as the months passed by, that Frankie did not seem more inclined to pursue a college course of studies. I had pictured for my boy a professional life, and he soon discovered the look of sadness I experienced as he ever answered me with, "Mother, I *do* so much prefer a business life. As the school days drew to a close, the idea of a college life was wholly abandoned, the long forenoon session gave much leisure time for experiments of all descriptions, many attempts of mechanical skill were brought forth from the old play room, in company with his few favorite school-mates, who ever continued firm friends till the hour of his death. ("Have the boys come, mother?" still sounds in my ear.) The exhibitions in the philosophical room at school generated the idea of making an electric battery themselves—days and days of study, and so much patience was required, and such skill to neatly line the receiver (a horse-radish bottle,) with tin-foil, and then with delight the day all was completed. The machine worked—the electric spark was truly seen and felt, poor puss was often made to feel the reality of the same, we all were frequently treated to a shock, and I think their joy knew no bounds when an invalid friend did actually send for the boys' electric battery, and allowed the

young students to apply the same, and to hear her exclaim, "It is so powerful, and quite equal to the Dr."—with whom she was practicing, with no better results. O! Frankie, my boy, how your mother delights to recall those happy days of school-boy experiments. But, at length, the battery had seen its day, and was quietly laid aside, as another more prominent and seemingly more useful machine was presented to his view. It was about the last of the High-school days, and I think the last of the boys' experiments. The purchasing, and running the lathe, will ever be fresh in our minds. Shall I ever forget the consultations, and the planning together, in the old kitchen—the taking of observations, the measuring of beams in the cellar—for it was nearly decided upon to erect the same in Frankie's cellar—there seemed to be many objections to other boy's houses and no little refusal on the part of loving mothers, who doubtless were better prepared to answer in regard to admitting a lathe in their house than I was—however, I consented; they all promising to be as neat, and make as little noise as possible. I had very little idea of what constituted a lathe, supposing it to be of moderate dimensions at least, and was not a little surprised at the great quantity of timber and heavy planks which were passing through the yard and down the cellar window, to say nothing of large wheels, bolts and what not, having rapidly adjusted to the cellar beams; really, I did express some wonder, as I took my first peep at it. I found it occupied about half of my cellar and part of the wood-pile; consequently, was obliged to

be removed there was such a quantity of machinery in its construction, that, notwithstanding it all, the boys were delighted; how they would run to and fro, up and down. What trials of strength were every day displayed. I doubt in after life if labor was ever harder than when working on the old heavy lathe. Many were the articles turned out, but it required so much skill in forming the same, that unfortunately, there was great destruction of stock. It afforded them all much amusement and put their mechanical strength to excellent tests; it was under operation for some months, and finally abandoned, as it was really considered quite too laborious an amusement. After consulting together it was decided to dispose of the lathe to some good purchaser; but the ready buyer was never found, and if my memory fails not, it was quietly removed to a neighboring blacksmith's shop, and ere this, doubtless, has found its way to the general receptacle—the junk-shop. O, my dear boy! how much you have enjoyed in that little room with those dear friends, in building castles in the air, forming plans for the future; some have been fully realized, others perished in the forming.

The gun, and the fishing-rod, were ever Frank's delight; it seemed his highest enjoyment in younger days, to follow those little creeks back of Powderhorn hill, or stand on the bridges of the old turnpike, to fish for those few tiny perch that chanced to glide along. I often remarked of his unbounded patience for such small reward. During his years in the High School it was his habit to rise by four,

and even earlier in the morning, the well-known whistle of the school-mates giving the alarm; then they would sally forth in the dark and cold, baskets and line—now to the Chelsea or E. Boston bridges. Sometimes they were well repaid, and the few dozen smelts were brought home with such delight; but if, on the contrary, they met with poor success, there was no murmuring—the excursion was enjoyed nevertheless. How my heart rebounds, Frankie, at the memory of those happy days in your life, when with your friend Charlie you took those long tramps, with gun and knapsack, dogs trotting at your sides, to the beach and the woods, for partridge and duck. Many are the trophies of these excursions that I have carefully preserved, Frankie! they are silent mementoes of “other days.” How much he would enjoy those luncheons I prepared; and when I remarked, how we missed you,—for hot dinner, he always remarked with a hearty laugh,—“Give me the dinner spread under the trees, eaten in the open air. He was ever careful to return to the Bank by four in the afternoon, to perform those duties he had taken upon himself during the last two years of school. In 1868, Frankie graduated from the High School, after the four years course; he received his diploma from the hand of Mayor Frost. My heart beat with mingled feelings of joy and sadness as I read the description of the exhibition of the school, on the evening of July 2, 1868—in a letter written by Frank to me, then in New York, where I had been unexpectedly called to attend the bedside of my dear, dying mother. My heart was well-nigh broken at the severing

of that tie—to bid a last farewell to that precious form to whom I owed my existence. Never more in this world were those eyes to beam on me, or those lips a blessing utter; never for me, could I pronounce that precious word “my mother.”

“O’ Mother dear! through every change which time upon me rolls,
Thy precious image shall remain, enshrined within my soul.”

As we sadly and quietly laid our mother to rest in Greenwood, O, how little did we know that ere many summers came and went, we should be following the precious remains of our darling Frankie to his last resting place in Woodlawn. O, the mystery of this life! the heart strings rent, then healed, and rent again. I was sadly disappointed in not being able to listen to my boy’s last performance on the school-boy stage. I well remember the pang of sadness that overcame me, as he playfully rushed into my room with a huge pile of books in hand, carelessly throwing them aside with a merry laugh and shout of “No More School, Mother! School is over forever for me”. I brushed away the silent tears and restrained the thoughts that were longing for utterance. I was just losing my boy in the man; responsibilities were to be assumed now; life was to be a stern reality. Would a kind Father above work out the future as he had the past—so pleasantly, and so happily. The fair and cloudy days go hand in hand, and during some portion of our earthly existence we must encounter storms. Thus far, Frankie had ever been joyful and happy; his uninterrupted good health and the blessing of a happy, genial disposition, life ever seemed pleasant and prosperous to him.

The fall of '68, Frank was permanently established in the Chelsea Bank. Various business opportunities had been presented to him, and after some days passed with many gentlemen in their respective counting rooms and offices, he returned with dissatisfaction depicted on his countenance, as he remarked, "there is nothing I shall enter with so much interest in, for employment in life, as the Bank;" he was ever perfectly contented, and devoted himself most faithfully to the discharge of all duties required of him.

The vacations of '69, '70 and '71, he passed in the wild woods of Maine in company with those few constant, true friends and class-mates; they enjoyed another season of camp life; for over three weeks, outside of the busy world, entirely by themselves, with the exception of the trusty guide to whom they became quite attached—gaming and fishing occupied most of the day. Upon their return to tent a well-spread table met their eyes, inviting them to partake of all the comfortable, and many of the luxurious articles of food; they enjoyed all the tempting viands with hearty relish. His letters home were full of interest to us all, with such glowing description of his camping out; we hailed the messages with much delight as they were few and far between; camp being so far removed from Post Office accommodations. The evenings, (or rather the twilight) were spent in their tent-door, singing to the accompaniment of the favorite guitar and violin, while the thoughtful guide started a bright fire to cheer the gloom of night and keep destructive animals at bay. I am quite sure they had the supreme delight of beholding a few of

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the wild beasts of Maine during those pleasant summer months of camp life. His last letter home on the eve of their departure from camp, was pencilled upon birch bark gathered from the surrounding trees; how delighted I was upon receiving it, and how carefully shall I ever preserve that rare treasure. The time seemed so long when Frankie was away; now we could count the hours when we should welcome him "Home again." He returned with such complete satisfaction of the wild romantic way he had passed his summer vacations; he was a dear lover of nature in every variety of form—the woods and streams, the hills and dales, were ever his delight. Frankie was familiar with every sport of his "native land;" his little feet have often traced the pleasant paths of Woodlawn, where now all that remains of that dear one, is quietly and so solemnly at rest. O, Death! thou monarch of all earth! Sooner or later the whole world must bow at thy summons, and enter into that unknown which our eye, and not another, must behold the change ourselves. 1872—A year fraught with such a pang and sorrow to my heart; how quietly, and stealthily that heavy cloud rested over our household, to gather, and deepen, then burst upon us at a moment when we so little expected it, or even thought it possible so to be. The summer of '72 I passed in the quiet towns of New Hampshire, and during my stay there, Frankie spent a few days with me; he enjoyed the wild country, and chatting over the expected trip to Omaha. Early in September, with what a merry, happy heart he arranged all his little affairs preparatory to departure. I forbore to throw the slightest misgivings in his path, although my own

heart saw there were many dangers attending such a journey. Frankie needed a change much; he complained more than usual of his great confinement to business, and of unusual debility and exhaustion after Bank hours; he made frequent mention of the great heat, and of his longing to be away from the din and confusion of the city. Had he but quietly rested in some country retreat instead of accomplishing that long journey, at such a time, I feel as though possibly our Frankie could have been spared to us. He left me the afternoon of Sept. 12, in good spirits, with such brilliant anticipations of his trip. I lifted a silent prayer to Our Father above, as I imprinted the warm kiss, and bade the hearty Good bye, that he would ever watch over and shield my boy from danger, and bring him to my arms again. With tearful eyes I watched the last step as he hastily sped from my sight; how I recall, again and again, those lonely three weeks; those weeks of watching and counting of days until he should return again; how I watched the hours as the time drew nigh; how to me everything appeared so sad and silent, so neglected, so lonesome. No dear Frank with brisk steps and happy voice for his 11 o'clock luncheon; no Frankie at 4, with the Bank keys to carefully deposit in Father's safe—no playing of music or pleasant chat till the evening meal—but such a quiet, indescribable loneliness pervaded everything. All things were as he left them—waiting his return. Poor heart of mine! poor heart of mine! this sadness was but a poor type of what you had so soon to suffer.

He wrote us frequently, and the letters were exceedingly interesting, being so descriptive of all his adventures on the route. He formed many pleasant acquaintances which added greatly to his pleasure of travelling and afforded a more extended opportunity of sight seeing. He noted minutely all of interest that passed his notice, which will ever be cherished with highest value by me. Light was my heart the day I received the telegram of his arrival in New York; how cheerfully and light-hearted did I prepare all things for his reception. Early the morning of October 6th, the brisk ring at the street-door announced the joyful news of Frankie's arrival. I was so thankful he was restored to me safely, and that once more I folded to my arms my loving child. He was inclined to laugh a little at my anxiety for his welfare, thinking I was somewhat inclined to anticipate danger when "none was nigh." We had much to chat over of all that had transpired, at home and abroad, since his absence. A slight cough was noticed which startled me at once; but he only remarked, "it is nothing; this cough has troubled me a little, mother, most of the time; I hope with a little dosing to soon be free from it." He expressed often how much he enjoyed his delightful trip, and remarked a little time after his return, he hoped at some future day to retrace every step of his late journey, it had been to him so full of interest and so satisfactory. But, alas! Our prospects even for the morrow are so uncertain. My darling son returned to me but for a few short weeks and then was suddenly called to take that dark and lonely journey

from which no traveler ever yet returned—to fall into that sleep which knows no waking. My heart is broken—never to be healed—at the thought of that separation from my child which I must ever endure, until this failing form shall be resigned to mother earth. No tongue can describe my feelings as I recall the last few days of my precious Frankie's life.

He resumed his duties at the Bank in good spirits and with willing hands. The "Congregational Fair" was now being held in Boston, and he was earnestly solicited to attend the same after the Banking hours, and take charge of the money affairs; he complied willingly, and passed a few evenings with them, remaining until a late hour; but he soon showed great lassitude of body and mind; his spirits drooped, a slight flush was perceptible upon the cheek, the cheerful air gave way to a steadier and more thoughtful manner. He resigned his position in the Fair and remained at home for a few days, hoping the rest and quiet which he so much needed, with a mother's tender nursing, would restore him wholly to himself again. How fresh to my mind does the dear child appear—in dressing-gown and slippers—quietly following me in my daily household duties, seeming to be happiest when nearest to his mother. Often did I fancy the baby-boy, as I bathed the temple, or administered the prescription; the dimpled chin and laughing eye was never lost in maturity.

All, all was in vain! A mother's hand or skillful physicians could not ward off the fatal fever. He was so anxious to cast his first Presidential vote, that on the morning of the 6th of Nov., he slowly

walked to the polls and threw his first and last vote for the President. Plainly do I see him as I removed the hat and coat, and he, as usual, hung them on the accustomed nail, never more, never more to be put on again, Frankie. Other garments were preparing for thee, in that happy, "Summer I and," far away. He returned so exhausted, so sad and depressed, my heart was ready to burst as he said, "I want to sit with you, mother." O, how those last few days of his life ever rose up before me, as he was trying so hard to conquer the disease, and keep himself from the sick bed. So vivid does he appear to me when I now cast those tearful eyes to his vacant lounge and easy chair; my little boy of long ago was back again, and "Mother, Mother, are you near me?" went forth so many times from his uncomplaining lips. O, how I miss that happy voice! no heart but a stricken mother's knows.

Dear boy, when fondly on my breast
I hushed thee, in thy soft repose
And watched the wing of slumber rest
On that dear form, with cheek of rose
Why gazing on thy trusting eye
How could I dream that thou wouldst die!

He enjoyed much the frequent visits of those dear old school-mates, who ever kindly remembered him, and beguiled many a tedious hour in the sick room. Eben will soon be here, mother, he would often say, as he patiently awaited his arrival. Their kindness and attention will ever be remembered by me while life lasts, and as I see the triplet of boys where so lately I beheld the four—my heart ever yearns towards them and I exclaim, "you are my boys, for you lived and grew up to manhood together—death, only,

dividing you." With the tenderest recollections shall I ever cherish the memory of the boys.

Sunday evening, November 10th, Frankie sat with us at the evening meal and joined with us in partaking of those daily bounties, spread by Our Heavenly Father's hand, for the last, last time. I see him plainly, as he rose from the table, and laid aside the cup for the last time—never more to meet us at that sacred place, where a mother's heart goes out so tenderly toward those helpless little ones that look to her for all their daily needs. Must I put the fork and spoon away forever—that bears thy name my child? Must I ever see thy vacant chair, Frankie?

"The last! the last! the last!"

O! by that little word, how many thoughts are stirred. Time has told me even now you'll ne'er return again. Monday morning, the 11th, he tried in vain to rise and dress himself; but after many exertions he was obliged to return to bed. Kind friends dropped in during the day to cheer him with the latest accounts of the great fire of Saturday, Nov. 9th, and he seemed quite interested in listening and inquired anxiously of many business firms of his acquaintance, and evinced much joy when he found his own Bank remained unmolested; he made many calculations of being quite well enough to return to his business the last of the month, as he knew of the necessity of his being present. He had no alarming symptoms, and not for a moment was a speedy recovery doubted. But a fortnight passed on, and Frankie was really no better. I perceived he was

rather weaker—no inclination to sit in his easy chair, and, indeed, never was able to sit up but a few moments at a time from the day he took his bed. He wished to have the clothes he had on last, near by, to be ready at the moment of convalescence; but, alas! those hours of recovery never came, and I quietly removed them, that his eye should not rest upon them and disturb his mind, for his greatly depressed spirits and over-anxiety of returning to the Bank by the last of the month, caused us much uneasiness. Not until his dear friends of the Bank had assured him many times that “all was well” and “not to be worried,” did he obtain any quiet of mind. Thanksgiving morning found him still in the sick bed; his friend, Tommy A———called and they enjoyed a pleasant chat together, speaking of the great disappointment he felt in not going on the gunning expedition they had previously made together. He bade him adieu with such a dejected expression, so unlike himself, and shaking hands with so sad a “good-by, Tommy,” as struck me with a feeling of sorrow and distress. My heart was breaking, as I returned to his sick room with that inexpressible longing to administer the balm of relief; great lassitude of body and mind appeared the only prominent feature of his disease—the constant cough and returning fever were the great enemies of destruction. The morning after Thanksgiving day he heard of the death of his friend and classmate, Henry Russell; this affected him much for many days, and he spoke

often of his lingering thus from day to day, with no apparent change for the better. With unusual animation of countenance he inquired of his physician what he thought of him; said he, "I have a good healthy constitution, Dr.,—Don't you think I shall be able to eat Christmas dinner with the family down stairs?" O, how he hoped against hope, to be well again on Christmas and his coming 23d birthday, the day after; we blended the celebration of these events in one for many happy years, and it was looked forward to with such delight and anticipations by all.

He expressed great anxiety to return to the Bank by Jan. 1st, and seemed quite desponding as he found his strength was daily leaving him. None knew the future—we could only comfort him with words of hope. He exhibited remarkable patience during all those long weeks of sickness,—and was so uncomplaining. How I recall those autumn days, passed watching by the bedside of that darling child; how I did long to make him well again; the anxiety of mind was past description, as the thought would at times cross me of the possibility of his never being well again,—but I quickly banished it—it could not be; nothing, as yet, was alarming—and all advice was hopeful; in vain I strove to be cheerful, but heart-sorrow can be read by the eye, and often he would say, "I am afraid you are sick to-day, mother."

His great unwillingness to converse much and the deep sadness ever brooding over him pained my heart to the extreme. His room was ever made bright and inviting by those beautiful fresh flowers,

daily presented, by the hands of his many dear, kind friends. The perfume of the flowers he often said refreshed him, and tenderly inquired, from whose thoughtful hand they came. He ever seemed to be the object of unceasing attention by all neighbors and friends; the numberless delicacies and refreshments of the sick room were ever found upon his table. Dear child! your sickness, like your life, was one of ease and comfort. Many dear friends dropped in daily to inquire, and occasionally they were allowed in his room, but his great weakness debarred many from visiting him now. Nov. 30th Frankie remarked it was his brother Harry's birthday, and also, St. Andrew's day; bearing in mind the Holy days of the church, and expressed a great desire that he might be well once more; and, said he, if I live until next Easter, mother, I want to go to church in Boston with you, and hear once more those familiar Easter anthems. But, O! my precious one chants anthems in another choir—in a happier, fairer clime, and with a sweeter tongue than here.

His old schoolmate and dear friend, Charles W—— called to-day and tried to cheer him with the thought that ere long they would drive together over those old, familiar woods, where in boyhood they had traveled so oft—and once more refresh his sight with those dear old spots; but he plaintively remarked, when alone, Mother, I shall never ride again. O, Charlie!—twin companion of the panorama and the lathe—how, in future years, as the little ones perchance shall clamber o'er your knee, will you delight to repeat to them the happy pastimes with Frankie,

in "Auld Lang Syne." Dear, kind friends! how many times in his sickness did he call the familiar name of Walter, and of Fred—and longed so much to recover and join you in those pleasant evenings at your happy homes, once more. Could our Frankie speak, many are the thanks he would bestow upon you all, for your great kindness and unwearied attention to your dying companion, who was called to bid adieu to all those scenes of life and beauty, at a moment when everything appeared in brightest hue.

The year of 1872 will be remembered by many an aching heart in Chelsea to-day. A large number of Frankie's friends and acquaintances were carried to their long home while he lay upon his sick bed: these events impressed him deeply, and he said one day, "Mother, you will lay me away soon." I replied, "O, don't say so, my dear child! I do hope all will yet be well." At another time he replied to a friend, "I have great doubts of my recovery, for I perceive no change for the better." While passing the glass of water to his lips one day, he gave me such an anxious look, and faintly but distinctly said, "Mother, that is all you can ever do for me." From that moment my heart failed me; I suffered fears I dared not breathe to myself, even, of the possibility my boy could die—my strength and courage were daily leaving. O, the trembling, silent petitions that went forth from this breaking heart, to that Father above, who doeth all things well—to spare, in mercy, spare my boy. O! the agony of suspense—the hoping, while there yet is life—the anxiety of a loving mother's heart to save her child, her first-born, her

companion, her life—and to feel how utterly helpless she is in this hour of trial.

Early in October, to my great surprise, Frankie disposed of his guitar,—the instrument he loved so much—saying to me, I “feel as tho’ I should never use it again, Mother.” An indescribable feeling of dread passed over me, I could not explain the reason, but I feared it bespoke a cloud in the future. He was a dear lover of music, and during the great celebration of our Peace Jubilee, how I recall the delight with which Frankie attended all the rehearsals, and expressed such satisfaction in participating with the large choir in sending up their notes of praise. Portions of each day were devoted to the piano, and guitar; and how I miss those pleasant airs that once cheered my heart; and when I hear a favorite strain played by other fingers, a chord in my soul is touched, the vibration of which, no language can portray—while my eyes fill with tears at that dreadful silence of the grave where all that was so lovely and affectionate in my boy, rests forever.

“Never on earth again will thy rich accents charm my listening ear
Like some Æolian strain, breathing at evening-tide serene and clear.
His voice is choked in dust, and on his eyes
The unbroken seal of peace and silence lies.”

Frankie’s sickness was marked by the greatest patience and quietude; there seemed so little we could do for him; the fever was never violent, but there was such a helpless lassitude o’ercame him that it appeared difficult to converse; rest, rest, was what he asked for—there was no improvement from the first, but on the contrary a slowly wasting away; he noticed the thin fingers that were to wield the pen

no more, and frequently asked for the toilet glass to see his sunken features. O, Frankie, these were the days that my poor, distressed body, longed to exchange places with you, that you might be spared to enjoy what appeared so brilliant and promising in the future. Friday, Dec. 5th, there was a decided change for the worse; suddenly he sprang up in bed and wished me to assist him to the easy chair, saying in a clear voice, "Mother, Mother, I am better now, let me have my clothes again—I shall be at the Bank tomorrow." My great delight at what I supposed the happy change, was inexpressible—and I hastened to make him more comfortable; the quiet, happy days of convalescence flitted o'er my mind—but, Ah! in an instant I caught the wild, distressed expression of the vacant look—I gave one long, deep groan from my heart of hearts. O, God above! my boy! my boy! O, the prayer of this agonizing heart at that moment to spare my Frankie's life. "O, spare that precious, useful life!" My child was going, the seal of his destiny was cast. Hope no more, fond mother,—your child you must resign; his days—Ah, yes! his hours, even, are numbered now—soon the spirit must return to Him who gave, and the body to its mother earth. O, Memory! would that I could envelope thee with an impenetrable veil, when I recall the last suffering week of our dear Frankie's life on earth. I seem to hear him call those dear school-mate's names again, and to say fondly, "Mother are you near?" and at my answer, "Yes, my child," he would always say, "All right, mother, if I can be with you." Dear child! what a link was

soon to be broken; then with renewed vigor he would loudly call for his Bank associates, and mark the hours of business as they quietly sped on.

Thursday night before he died, he faintly said, "I cannot see you, mother;" and from that moment, as I noticed the great palor, and dark hue of eye, his consciousness gradually left. O! darling Frankie, our companion and brother, was fast fading from our sight. Will he never say the dear word, "Mother," more? have I performed the last dear offices of love to my darling child in Earth life—

"Fond mother he is gone
His dimpled cheek no more will touch thy breast
No more the music-tone
Float from his lips, to thine all fondly pressed
His smiles, and happy laugh are lost to thee
Earth must his mother, and his pillow be."

O, Frankie! canst thou never answer to my voice again? can I never bathe thy brow, or lull thy pain?—is this a part of life? O, Father in Heaven! that these tenderest loving ties are severed, never to be united again on earth. Death—what is death, that comes so stealthily and fatally, consigning to the narrow bed all that was so lovely and beautiful in life. Death awaits us all; sooner or later, the old *must* die, the young *may*. It is ever leaving deep impressions all around us, while robbing life of half its charm.

Our Frankie's spirit passed away on Sunday evening, Dec. 15th, 1872, as quietly and peacefully as was his wont in infancy when I folded the cherub-boy to my breast, and saw the blue eyes close in happy slumber. And now all that remains of that

sacred dust, rests in that quiet spot where his infant feet have often trod, and the brilliant foliage attracted his boyhood eye; and while life lasts, my weary feet will never cease to tread that Mecca of my heart, and the quiet walks of Woodlawn will be ever doubly precious to me now; for there sleeps on quiet Azure path, all that was noble in heart and manly in form in our departed—Frank.

Dim recollections cross my brain of many beautiful flowers, and kind hands leading me to a precious form all folded in the midst, and the slow winding of the mournful train that bore him from my sight forever. They tell me, he is dead; but I believe it not. I shrink back with a piercing cry to give me him again; my boy! my Frankie! Is this the death—to speak, and hear no voice; to smile—have no return—O, broken heart! time tells me even now, my eyes will ne'er greet his return on earth; the anxious longing to see his form once more, none but the saddened heart of a bereaved mother knows. “Farewell! and must I say Farewell!”

And as the seasons come and go,
The summer's heat and winter's snow
How can I leave my darling there.

Sweet, fragrant flowers! your blooming on his grave will ever remind us of his purity and love, and the perfume of those funeral flowers that decked thy brow will ever pervade my life, and the fading of those sacred wreaths remind me of our precious child whom we long to meet

“When we gather at the river in the sweet by-and-by.”

On quiet Azure path the silent marble ever speaks
thy worth my child.

"None knew thee but to love thee; none named thee, but to praise."

"Dying in beauty! e'er sorrow had taken
One tint from the rose that lay warm on his cheek
Before the dark shadows that follow life's morning
Had shrouded our first-born, so lovely and meek.

Dying in youth—not decrepit and aged
Weary and earth-worn and sick of the strife—
Called to his grave in the morn of existence,
Summoned to Death, from the threshold of life.

Dying in manhood, in peace and in beauty,
Dying with love o'er the dark way to shine—
Who, my dear child, while they wept would not envy
Who would not wish for an exit like thine?"

"A treasure but removed—a bright star ever point-
ing us to a clearer day in Heaven."

1873.

H. C. B.

