

[Larrowe, Franklin]

On the Death of a Friend.

[considerably abridged]

Avoca, N.Y., Nov. 6, 1862

Br. AUSTIN:—How sad and mysterious to mortals here below is the errand of death! It comes at a moment when we think not, and at a single blow blights and destroys the fondest hopes and most enthusiastic expectations of mortal man...No age, no condition, is exempt from his mandate...At the grave we bid farewell to the mortal part of our kindred and our race...

We mourn at death's approach; but nevertheless, it is a relief and a mercy to man. Here he is subject to pain, temptation and disappointment. From these death relieves him and removes him to a world of ceaseless, endless, and uninterrupted progress—freed from pain, anxiety and care.

Such were my reflections a few days since, on hearing of the sudden death of my intimate friend, FRANKLIN LARROWE.

In April, 1859, Franklin and Amanda Larrowe buried their infant daughter Eva, of about three years of age. In December, 1860 they buried a sister [sister-in-law? Harriet Kellogg Larrowe], wife of Albertus Larrowe. The second day of February last they buried their [his] mother, Elizabeth Larrowe. The 9th day of September last, they buried their son Wheeler, a notice of whose death appeared in the *Ambassador* of Oct. 18th, and on the 8th day of Oct. last, Franklin Larrowe, husband of Amanda, father of Eva and Wheeler, son of Elizabeth, departed this life at his residence in Cohocton, Steuben Co., N.Y., thirty-nine years of age, after a short but painful illness.

Mr. Larrowe was born in Cohocton, where he spent his entire life. To say he was a man of industry, punctuality, and energy, speaks but feebly of his real character. He was a man of surpassing energy, industry and perseverance. By his own unaided efforts he soon rose from small beginnings, to a position in life which many would envy. As a business man he was prompt, punctual and faithful, asking nothing of others which he was unwilling they should exact of him. His dealings were large, yet no man complained. Many were in his employ, but he required nothing of any he would not perform himself. Punctual and faithful to his engagements, honest and true, he despised meanness in others. His bond never dishonored, his word never doubted, he passed a short but active career of usefulness. When the summons came to call his spirit from earth, and his body to dust, he was in the midst of an enterprise which few would have dared undertake. In the death of our friend society has suffered an irreparable loss—I mean more particularly the Society to which he was attached, and the principles which he loved. He believed in the final

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salvation of a lapsed world—that man would be punished for all his sins, but that punishment would cease when sin stopped.

In the death of our friend and brother, society has lost one of its most useful members, a wife a tender and confiding companion, a daughter [Arabella] a fond and loving parent, and an infant son [Frank] a guardian of its tender years.

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I saw the little body of Eva deposited in the house for all the living, to slumber and return to its mother dust. I saw the scalding tear and the heaving sigh, as the little one was carried from the house of God to the burial place. I saw the lifeless form of Wheeler borne to its final resting spot, and witnessed the deep, unspeakable agony of the father, mother and only sister, as they took the last fond lingering look at the cherished and sleeping dead. As I stood there, gazing for the last time upon the icy form of my little friend and Sunday school scholar, and noticed the placid stillness of the clay-cold cheek, and the seraph smile that even yet seemed lingering upon the lips of the lifeless form, I could but exclaim in my heart, "Oh, death, how beautiful thou art!" Little then did I think, that four short weeks would call together another congregation of friends to pay the last tribute of respect to the departed father and husband.

...May there be to them no more sorrow than is necessary to carry their hearts to God—no more stumbling blocks in their pathway of life, than is necessary to make them strong in faith, and realize the eternal dew-drops and perpetual morn that will be revealed when they meet their friends [family] who have gone before them to that bright and cloudless world.

Truly your friend,
A. M. [Adin Maynard] SPOONER

Christian Ambassador, New York NY, 21 Jan 1865
[a Universalist newspaper]

Transcribed on 19 Jan 2007 by Karen E. Dau of Rochester, NY