

In Loving Remembrance

—of—

Joseph W. Hambleton

1869.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

J. W. HAMBLETON.

H. L. CHAPIN.

F. C. S. CALHOUN.



In Loving Remembrance

— of —

Joseph W. Hambleton

“ For countless wealth
Lay up lasting treasure
Of perfect service rendered, duties done
In charity, soft speech, and stainless days,
These riches shall not fade away in life,
Nor any death dispraise.”

Memorial.

JOSEPH W. HAMBLETON, son of Joseph and Ann R. [Neal] Hambleton, was born Ninth Month, Fifteenth, Eighteen hundred and twenty-seven in Coleraine Township, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. When five years old, he went with his parents to Morgan County, Ohio, the family making the long and toilsome journey in a wagon. Growing up on a farm, he afterwards learned the trade of a brick-mason, which he followed in Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and New York.

On the Fourteenth of Second Month, Eighteen hundred and fifty-five, he was married in Brooklyn, N. Y., by Friends' Ceremony to Sarah B. Scantlebury, a member of the Society, her ancestors having been Friends since the time of George Fox.

Prior to his marriage he had spent several months in Chicago, and decided upon that city as their future home. Here were born their only children, a son and a daughter, who,

however, died in early infancy. As a contractor and builder he helped to enlarge the growing city for many years, with an interruption between Eighteen hundred and sixty and Eighteen hundred and sixty-six, part of which time was spent in New York, and the remainder in farming near Bloomington, Illinois.

Although not a member, he was brought up as a Friend, and never lost interest in that Society, few in the present day adhering more closely than he to the use of the "plain language." He was one of those who, in Chicago in Eighteen hundred and fifty-four, first met together after the manner of Friends—a gathering that continued for some months, and antedated any formal organization of Friends of either branch in that city.

He was eminently domestic in his tastes, and delighted in the presence of friends in his own house. His devotion to his family and the unremitting tenderness of his thoughtful care for his wife through years of invalidism were the expression of a deeply affectionate nature. He was indeed genial and kindly in every relation in life, and ever ready to lend a helping hand, especially to any one in sick-

ness, poverty, or distress. He was greatly beloved by all who knew him, and his cheerful, joyous spirit, which seldom waned even under the greatest discouragement, insured him a welcome wherever he went.

Little children were his special delight. They loved to be with him and were his frequent companions in merry drives and walks.

His kindness extended to the brute creation, and between him and his pet animals there existed a mutual understanding and affection. For a quarter of a century he drove a pair of black ponies, replacing either as became necessary, and, although spirited animals, they would stand and wait for him without being tied, even for hours at a time, undisturbed by the noise and confusion of traffic in crowded city streets.

In Eighteen hundred and seventy-six he purchased a half-interest in a grain elevator in Chicago, but retired from active business in Eighteen hundred and eighty-two, after which a part of each year was usually spent by himself and his family in visiting interesting portions of our own country.

Hoping to restore his gradually failing health, physicians and friends recommended a

sojourn in California, and late in Eighteen hundred and ninety-two he went with his family to San Diego. Several weeks were passed in each place of special interest from Coronado Beach to Mount Shasta, and a happy visit paid to dear cousins in Alameda. The beauty of the orange groves, the grandeur and sublimity of the ocean and of the mountains, were sources of unfailing enjoyment ; but in beautiful Pasadena, his passionate love of flowers was most fully gratified. Seldom could he be seen without some rare or favorite blossom, and he usually entered the house with his hands full of exquisite roses or other choice flowers. In the following autumn they returned to Chicago to gratify his earnest desire to visit the Columbian Exposition. After its close, a milder climate being again deemed advisable, the winter and early spring were passed in Southern Florida, St. Augustine, and Savannah, Georgia, with apparent benefit to his health.

As the season advanced, in accordance with a long-cherished wish to visit Asheville, North Carolina, several weeks were spent in this picturesque place, where the varied beauty of

torn from his grasp—and no aid being near he battled alone with the relentless breakers. This fearful struggle for life produced or made apparent a valvular difficulty of the heart, and thereafter haste or rapid movement of any kind was impossible. Months of increasing physical weakness ensued, ending in a distressing illness of three weeks, during which his mind retained its full vigor, but, from the nature of the disease, conversation was almost precluded and everything liable to occasion emotion was as far as possible avoided. His only message was "Give my love to all my friends." His sufferings were borne with the sweetest patience and fortitude, and he peacefully passed away on First Day evening, Twelfth Month, Thirtieth, Eighteen hundred and ninety-four.

His funeral was held on First Month, Third, Eighteen hundred and ninety-five, at the house of a life-time friend in Yonkers, where beautiful and affectionate tributes were paid to his memory by the Rev. Robert Collyer and another friend of many years.

The interment was deferred until Fifth Month, Twenty-seventh, when, in conformity

with his expressed wish, he was laid to rest in Friends' Cemetery, Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., beside the relatives of his wife, and among the friends of his early manhood. A number of dear and valued relatives and friends, who had long known and loved him, were present to pay the last tribute of affection and respect.

The following poem was read by the Rev. Robert Collyer as a part of the funeral service.

He who died at sunset sends
This to comfort all his friends :

Faithful friends ! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow ;
And ye say, " Our friend is dead ! "
Weeping at the feet and head,
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers ;
Yet I smile and whisper this,—
" *I* am not the thing you kiss ;
Cease your tears, and let it lie,
It was *mine*, it is not I."

* * * * *

Sweet friends ! that which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting.

'T is an empty sea-shell—one
Out of which the pearl is gone ;
The shell is broken, it lies there ;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.

* * * * *

Now the long, long wonder ends ;
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead.
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you ; lost, 't is true,
By such light as shines for you ;
But in the light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity,—
In enlarging Paradise,
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends ! yet not farewell ;
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's time, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepped
Ye will wonder why ye wept ;
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile if ye are fain,—
Sunshine still must follow rain ;
Only not at death,—for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life. * * *

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from clearer heights above,
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home !

EDWIN ARNOLD.

G S P

This brief memorial of my beloved husband JOSEPH W. HAMBLETON is sent with the accompanying book, to render the latter more precious to the recipients, it having been from a copy of this modest school edition of the "Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin" that the dear departed read aloud for the last time to my sister and myself only a few evenings before he became too ill to be dressed. We noticed the dear kind voice soon wearied, and suggested his resting; to which he gently replied, "I will finish this chapter." He had been much interested in the little volume, and was deeply impressed by the conscientious fervor and high moral principle evinced in the author's daily life and discipline (pages 101 to 114), where the reading ceased, and he said, "I would be glad if every young person could read the book, as I think no one could do so without being benefitted thereby."

The memory of these words awakened in my mind the thought that I might perhaps be fulfilling



J. B. Hambleton.

an unexpressed wish of my dear husband, should I send a copy of the little volume as a loving and earnest message from himself to each of his dear nephews and nieces, and to several of our best beloved young friends.

SARAH B. HAMBLETON.

YONKERS, N. Y.

FIRST MONTH, 1896.

G S P