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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

A Life Story.

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THE REV. NATHANIEL GUNNISON

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF THE

REV. NATHANIEL GUNNISON

WITH EXTRACTS FROM HIS DIARIES, SCRAP BOOKS
AND PUBLIC PRINTS, WITH A SKETCH
OF HIS WIFE

ANN LOUISA FOSTER

PREPARED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION AMONG THEIR CHILDREN
AND GRANDCHILDREN

EDITED BY FOSTER N GUNNISON AND HERBERT FOSTER GUNNISON,
AND PUBLISHED BY HERBERT FOSTER GUNNISON

SECOND EDITION

BROOKLYN-NEW YORK

1910

WOMEN
SIGHT
YEARLY

THE edition of this book has been limited to one hundred copies. They have been published for circulation only among members of the family and intimate friends. My father left a manuscript, carefully written, which told the story of his early life, and this was supplemented by diaries, written to the year of his death. It has seemed to me that his children and grandchildren ought to read this story of a busy life which he prepared with so much pains for them, and which is so intensely interesting. As the Autobiography is in my possession, the duty of printing it naturally devolved upon me. My brother, Foster N. Gunnison, has carefully read the diaries and has made such extracts as he thought should be appreciated by members of the family.

We have been most fortunate in our parents, and it is believed that this brief record of their lives will be read with justifiable pride and profit by every one of their descendants into whose hands it may fall.

1901.

HERBERT F. GUNNISON.

Brooklyn, 1910, a second edition of two hundred copies was printed. The new matter was prepared by Miss Anna L. Gunnison and Miss Alice Gunnison.

HERBERT F. GUNNISON.

No. 61.....

PRESENTED TO

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The Autobiography of Nathaniel Gunnison

Perhaps, after I am dead, my children may be interested in knowing something of the early history of their father, and it is for their information that I now record so much of my introduction into this world, and my pilgrimage through it as has been handed down to me from my ancestors, and written in my own book of memory.

Let it be understood then, that I, Nathaniel Gunnison, was born in the Town of Goshen, N. H., on the 14th day of February, 1811. I have no recollection of anything that transpired on that day, but have been informed that it was one of the coldest days of the season and that the roads were completely blocked up with snow, so that the whole neighborhood was called out with their oxen and sleds to break the roads so that the select few who were to welcome my advent could be present to take me by the hand.

My father was one of four brothers who shouldered their axes and marched into the woods, and selected each a farm and settled down for life. My father's name was Nathaniel, his twin brother was named Ephraim, and the two others were Samuel and Daniel. Three of them, Daniel, Ephraim and Nathaniel, settled in the town of Goshen. Ephraim's and Nathaniel's farms adjoined. Samuel settled nearly in the town of Fishersfield, afterward changed to Newburg.

Their farms all lay at the foot of Sunapee Mountain and extended nearly to the top of the western ridge. The land was heavily timbered, rocky and of a cold clayey soil, good for grass and most kinds of grain, yet uninviting on account

of the long winters and deep snows. However, these four brothers lived in peace, acquired each a competency and reared large families of children.

My father married Hannah Batchelder, by whom was born unto him eleven children, the names of whom, so far as I can remember, were: Sally, who married Caleb Gage; Polly, who married Parker Richardson; John, who married, for his first wife, Sally Willey; Levi B., who married Rhoda Hurd; Hannah, who married William Smith; Lemira, who married Homer Chase, and Nathaniel, who married Sarah A. Richardson for his first wife, and is now living with his second wife, who is the mother of four of his five children.

These seven children were all that were living when my father and mother died. The other four died in infancy or before I can remember. Nor do I know what their names were if they had any.

Samuel and Daniel died before I was old enough to have any definite knowledge of them, yet my impressions are that I was about 12 or 13 years old when they died. Ephraim, the twin brother to my father, lived to a good old age, nearly 85, and died with cancer on his lip. He died in 1852 or 1853, and his wife a few months later with the same disease.

My father and mother died in the spring of the year 1813, when I was but 2 years old the February before. Their disease was the spotted fever; yet they died scientifically at the hands of a doctor, and within one hour of each other. Fourteen others, heads of families, died in the same way and about

the same time, and under the same treatment. All died scientifically. Yet the doctor so reproached himself for his mismanagement as to be stupid all the rest of his days.

My father and mother were of the same age, born in the same hour and died the same hour and were buried in one grave, side by side. Their gravestone may be seen now, after a lapse of forty-two years in the North Burying ground in Goshen. Time had effaced the inscription and in 1855 the three remaining brothers caused "Old Mortality" to exercise his art upon the stones and reproduce the record so that the old grave wears somewhat the appearance of the present age.

At 2 years of age, and with a weak and puny organization, I commenced my pilgrimage alone, and could I call to mind all the crooked and rough paths over which I have been compelled to walk, you, my children, would hardly credit my story, for the hardships and deprivations of my boyhood days are not often experienced by children.

I have no recollections of my father or mother, I never have known the warm caress of parents since my remembrance. How they looked or how they acted toward me I have no remembrance.

There is a vague, undefinable recollection of the funeral and of the dead bodies and coffins, and that is all the impression that I have of my parents. No doubt they loved me, as parents all love their children, but their caresses were upon an infant and made no distinct impression upon my memory. I have learned from my brothers and sisters that they were very good, moral and Christian people, yet not very pious, after the fashion of their popular church.

My father was a very industrious man and also a very smart man. It is to this day reported of him that he could do the work of two ordinary men. He could cut down all the trees that stood upon an acre of ground in a day, and make a pair of shoes in the evening.

It will be understood that he settled

in the wilderness, and hence felling trees was the first business to be attended to. No doubt he was a very smart man physically and imparted a good degree of his physical energy to his children.

He died in the prime of life, yet he had cleared up land enough for a large farm, built comfortable buildings, and reared orchards and surrounded himself with all the conveniences and luxuries of life.

As before recorded, at the age of 2 years and 2 months I was left without father or mother to care for me, surrounded, to be sure, with brothers and sisters, some of them old enough to take care of me, and with disposition to provide for my wants.

The estate of my father was settled how or by whom I know not yet. I have heard it hinted that one of my sisters who was married before my father's death and had received her portion of the estate, came in and took rather more than an equal share, so that the minor children, and especially myself, came off with the "Indian's share," nothing but the goose, while she took the turkey.

However, we received about \$500 apiece, which was put upon interest, and we were all put under guardians for the remainder of our minorities.

Uncle Daniel was appointed guardian for my youngest sister, Lemira, and myself. How he guarded us I know not, or whether he guarded us at all. My sister, Lemira, found with him a good home, I doubt not, but I was transferred to my sister Sally, who married, about the time of the death of my parents, Caleb Gage of Wendell.

My recollections of this sister are all pleasant. She was a mother to me, indeed, but her husband was passionate and at times severe even to cruelty.

Soon after the death of my parents I went to live with my sister (above referred to) in the town of Wendell. When old enough I attended school in an old schoolhouse, painted red, and located on the side of a hill, and pretty much surrounded by woods.

Here I learned my letters and, no doubt,

many other little lessons which have been of great service to me in after years.

My brother-in-law—Gage—was at times very profane, but he allowed no one else connected with his family to use profane language at all.

I recollect that when I was about 6 years old I let slip some words which none was allowed to use but himself. I was immediately called to an account. I could not deny the charge, but pleaded guilty and attempted to justify myself upon the ground of having learned to swear from him. But my justification was not received and I had to receive the sentence of twenty lashes, well laid on. I was taken to the cider mill, tied up and flogged to the tune of "Damn you, you little devil you, will you swear again?" My reply was: "No; you damned fool, you." "Stop, O stop, you ugly devil you, or I will knock your cursed brains out." And so he swore and whipped and I swore and took it, till my poor sister came out and begged him not to kill me, justifying me all the while for using just the words that I had learned from him.

This was the most severe flogging that I ever received, but it by no means cured me of the habit of swearing. I was stubborn only because I considered it unjust to chastise me for doing what my master was in the daily habit of doing in my hearing.

When about 7 years old my master sold his farm and in company with some four or five other families moved to the then far West.

I remember all the particulars of that event, and what followed. There were no canals nor railroads then and a journey of four hundred miles was a great undertaking, not to be thought of but by the enterprising and courageous.

My sister's husband had been out West as far as Ontario County, N. Y., and purchased an eighty-acre lot, on which was a rough log house, and a few acres of cleared land.

Having disposed of his farm in Wendell and settled up his affairs, he packed up and started for his new home.

There were in the company some six or eight heavy ox teams, with the farming tools, furniture, provisions, etc.

These teams started nearly a week before the families set out with horse teams, expecting to overtake them before they reached the Eldorado. My brother, Bartlett, went with the ox teams. In crossing the Connecticut River at Charleston, he was knocked overboard by one of the oxen and came near being drowned.

In about one week the families followed in covered wagons, drawn by two horses each. We lived on board for four or five days till our cooked provision was all gone, and then we put up nights at the public houses and cooked provision enough to last till next night. We were about twenty days performing this journey.

The country was new, roads bad and traveling tedious. I remember at one place I attempted to walk across the road, but became fast in the mud. I could not raise a foot, and there I stood, fast in the slough, the perfect personification of despair, and doubtless should have remained there till this time had not some one come to my rescue.

We passed through Oneida where there lived a powerful tribe of Indians. I had never seen an Indian before and was, of course, much amused as well as a little frightened at them. It was Sunday when we passed through their settlement and many of them were assembled around a few tents kept by the whites, who lived by selling poor whisky to the Indians. Many of them were drunk and some of them very quarrelsome. Some were well dressed, but the most part were covered only by a blanket. One incident that happened I shall never forget. Not many days after we passed the Indian settlement we put up for the night at a poor old shabby tavern. My sister's husband had a small trunk in which he kept all his money and valuable papers. He was a shrewd man and could read the character of a man or a house upon first sight. He soon became satisfied that the character of this house

was bad, and that before morning he might be visited in a way not very agreeable to him.

Accordingly he decided to have all the family sleep in one room together, and with his small trunk under his own head. He prepared the room, arranged everything to his own taste and told us all to go to sleep.

He was prepared with a good solid club to act on the defensive, if occasion required. He heard the plan all arranged for his own murder, the knives ground and the grave dug, but he waited patiently for the visit to his room, and past midnight two men with long knives stole into our room, but they met with a warm reception and were glad to beat a retreat. We were all frightened except my brother-in-law. He was not alarmed for he felt that he could defend himself against a dozen ruffians who live by pilfering and murder. He was a giant in strength and laid all his plans in a moment and executed with the excitement of the moment. I verily believe in those, his palmy days, he could whip any six ordinary men. The murderers of the tavern were glad to escape out of his iron clutches.

This was the only attempt to get his money during the journey, yet he never trusted it beyond his reach.

After a long and tiresome journey of twenty days we reached the place of our destination late in the fall, and immediately moved into our rude log house, which I will try to describe.

It was constructed of round logs, chinked and made tight with clay, of which there was an abundance in the vicinity of the house. In rear and in front were doors which served for ingress and egress, light, air, etc., as there were no windows. The roof was covered with bark and the floor had a few boards, but generally the hard earth constituted the floor. There was an upper room in which we children slept, after ascending a rough ladder. The timbers of this upper sleeping apartment were rough split and near each other so that a small child could not fall between them and yet far enough apart to admit the light.

At one end of this rude hut was a large fireplace, without jambs or hearth. The chimney was perhaps twelve feet square and constructed of sticks and clay. Into this huge fireplace was placed, by the help of oxen, at least half a cord of wood every night, which kept a blazing fire all night. Wood was all around the hut and the more that could be burned the better.

In this rude hut we lived for one year or more, while a new frame house was being constructed and surely I do not think the family was unhappy. The forests surrounded our abode and furnished us with venison, etc. It was not long, however, before the tall trees lay low and a field of wheat and corn and potatoes appeared to repay the hardy farmer for his labors.

We moved into the new frame house as soon as one room was finished and commenced a new era in our wilderness home. My brother-in-law soon cleared up his land, raised wheat and began to thrive and gather around him all the comforts of wealth and society.

The first school I attended in this new country was kept by a young lady in an old log schoolhouse, which would compare very well with the majority of log houses in the settlement.

I remember well that a few of the large boys (from 7 to 12 years of age) became rebellious and refused to obey the rules of our teacher. Complaint was made to my guardian and of course my back had to pay the penalty, and then I was taken home and put at hard labor for the rest of the term.

Winter came and with it a two fisted master for the log schoolhouse. All the young men and women in the settlement attended the winter school and no doubt made good progress in their reading, writing and arithmetic, which constituted the round of studies for these times. I remember that I made some improvement during this long winter, was whipped a few times, and graduated in the spring with the high honors of promotion from the spelling book to the English reader.

But, in a few years, the old log school-house was demolished and a new frame building put up in its stead, to which we urchins repaired with hearts beating quick, not knowing what things might befall us there.

And thus time passed with me till I was 14 years of age. There were times when my path was exceedingly rough and uphill. I recollect that during one entire winter I had no shoes to my feet and yet with old stocking feet and rags such as I could pick up and sew together, I attended school without losing a single day. My bare feet became accustomed to the snow and I suffered but little with the cold.

It was during this winter that I was selected as the best scholar in the school as a delegate to a public exhibition at the village of Canandaigua. Some friends of education had called a convention and invited every school in the county to send two of their best scholars, to whom prizes were awarded according to their advancement, etc.

But here was a difficulty. I had no clothes nor shoes. My sister felt a degree of pride at the election of her ragged little brother and set her wits to work to see what could be done in the way of a fit out for so important a matter.

There was no cloth in the house from which she could construct a pair of trousers. As to shoes, I could wear hers and she could get along with my old stocking feet for one day.

She finally concluded to take off her own red petticoat and make a pair of pants out of that.

The day arrived and I set out to meet a thousand people and scholars of all ages and grades, with my red pants, which on account of the scantiness of the petticoat, reached from my waist to the tops of my stockings. But what cared I so long as I stood in my sister's calf shoes and no rags upon my feet.

In due season I arrived at the place of meeting and was conducted by my very kind teacher to the seat assigned to me.

It is true, when I heard the village boys sneer at my red pants, and heard them say "there goes red breeches," that a strange feeling came over me. I felt oppressed and mortified, but when I stood up to read and received the kind words of encouragement and praise from the committee, I felt that my scanty garments, red and faded, did not lessen me in their estimation.

And from that day to the present I have never allowed a poor boy to feel embarrassed in my presence on account of his rags, nor have I ever failed to take the part of such when better clad boys have sneered at their appearance. This was the lesson taught me at that time which has ruled me thus far and ever will.

Sometime (I do not recollect the date) before I was 14 years of age, my sister, who had been to me the only mother I ever knew, was taken sick and in a few days closed her eyes in death.

I remember very distinctly all the circumstances of her sickness, death and burial. Her funeral sermon was preached by an old man, who gave the mourners all the consolation his partial creed would allow.

After this sad experience my brother-in-law, Gage, and my own brother, Bartlett, concluded to make a visit to New Hampshire and take me with them. We set out with a span of smart horses, and in an open buggy wagon I performed the journey in about eight days, more or less. This was late in November. We reached the land of my nativity and were welcomed by our numerous friends and relatives.

In a few days I was taken down with a fever and confined to the house for a number of weeks. The M. D. was sent for and friends gathered around my bed to attend upon my wants. The powders and pills were dealt out, blisters applied and every arrangement made for me to die scientifically. The medicine was taken into my mouth and then spit behind the bed. It worked to a charm, and the fame of the physician spread far and

wide and his practice increased day by day.

After my recovery so far as to be able to sit up a part of the day I directed my kind friends and the doctor to look behind the bed, when, to their astonishment, stacks of pills and powders burst upon their wondering vision. I have no doubts that I owe my life to my stubborn will against medicine on this occasion, for Dr. W. was a young practitioner of the old Colonial school, and had I taken his poison my friends would have been put to the disagreeable task of conveying my poisoned body to the churchyard.

The time came for my brothers to return to their Western home, but I was not able to return with them and so I remained with my brother John and for two years worked with him on the farm.

This brother was full of life and activity, up early and late and upon a drive from morning till night, fractious and hasty, yet kind and generous. His farm was rough and rocky and a weakly boy like me found it very difficult to please so strong a man as my brother.

I was called lazy, and slow, and, in fact, unprofitable, when indeed I was incapable of performing the duties imposed upon me. I never possessed a strong constitution till I was 17 years of age. Up to that time I was weak and pindling.

My guardian had failed and I had arrived at the lawful age to choose for myself. I selected my brother-in-law, Parker Richardson, a kind-hearted and prudent man, yet uneducated and a worshiper of mammon.

After living with my brother awhile it was thought best for me to be put to a trade. I chose the cabinet and painters' trade and went to work with William Lowell of Newport. At this business I continued perhaps six or eight months, did not like it and left. Next I tried the clothiers' trade with a relative of mine, and did not like this any better and left.

About this time my brother Bartlett, from the West, came to town after the

girl he had courted for a wife, Miss Rhoda Hurd. They were married and about to return to their Western home. I felt a desire to go with them. They consented, and we set out with a one-horse wagon, full of boxes, crockery, etc.

After about ten days' travel we reached the place of our destination, just before harvest. I lived with them about one year and worked on the farm for my board and pretty poor clothing.

Late in the fall, after I was 16 years of age a cousin from the north part of New Hampshire come along from a town further west and invited me to go home with him. I accepted the invitation and packed up the few duds I possessed and we started in an open wagon, with two horses, and with about \$8 in my pocket.

At Albany we put up our team, took a boat and visited the city of New York. Here we spent two or three days seeing sights and staring at the wonders of a great city. We returned to Albany and resumed our journey eastward and arrived at Coventry, among the Moosehillock Mountains, early in the winter. In the Town of Corinth, Vt., we tarried a few weeks, and, being destitute of money, I worked a few days at my old trade of painting and cutting cordwood, purchased an old pair of boots and then visited my uncle, Daniel Batchelder, in Coventry, N. H., as before mentioned.

This uncle on my mother's side was a clergyman of the Baptist order, and it was said his wife was the better preacher of the two, and would frequently follow her husband to his appointments and take the wind out of his sails by rising in her place, taking his text and giving the substance of his sermon. She was a real torment and continued so as long as the old man lived.

With this family I tarried a few months, working my board and wearing out my clothes. In February I started on foot for Goshen, my native town, a distance of seventy miles. The weather was freezing cold, my clothes were well worn and scant and I suffered much from the cold. One night, after walking all

day without a mouthful of food, and nearly exhausted, I called at a shabby looking old farmhouse and asked permission to tarry over night. My feet were badly frozen, ears also and fingers, and my whole system chilled so that I fainted upon coming to the fire.

This family took me in, chafed my temples and did everything for me that affection and kindness could prompt. They made warm tea and provided a warm supper and dressed my frozen limbs and put me into a nice warm bed, after having listened to my story of orphanism and hardship.

The next morning I arose, much refreshed, yet lame and sore from head to foot. The good woman of the house made me put on a new pair of socks which she had knit for her own son, and a new pair of mittens and other garments suitable to the climate and season, wondering how a rich old Baptist minister could suffer a boy to set out on such a journey with such poor clothes, insufficient to keep him from perishing on the road.

My money was reduced to a single quarter, and this I offered to the good woman for her trouble, which she promptly refused, and, seeing my scanty means, she filled my pockets with provisions to last at least one whole day.

I left this hospitable family with emotions of gratitude, although by their conversation I learned that in religion they were heretics, that is, believers in God as the one Father and heaven as the one home, which I had been taught to believe were very bad sentiments, that none but very wicked people could entertain.

However, I left them with a heart swelling with emotions of gratitude and firmly convinced that those were good people, notwithstanding they held such awful sentiments, and from that day I began to feel an undefinable sympathy and attraction toward the people called Universalists.

It was the first time in my life that I had seen or known anything like disin-

terested benevolence. My heart was touched and although my religious sense was shocked by the announcement that they were Universalists, yet from that moment I felt a veneration for that name, and ever after felt a desire to be near this class of people, considering them better than others, notwithstanding their wicked unbelief. Not knowing anything of their faith, their goodness of heart came near driving me into infidelity, which I shall explain in due time.

The kind treatment I received of this family caused me to realize as I was pursuing my lonely way that when I came to be a man and had a home of my own, no poor boy or man should ever be turned from my door without relief, which resolution I have kept to this day, nearly thirty years. My door has been ever open and no poor traveler has been turned away when he asked relief.

It is an old saying that troubles do not come singly, but in pairs and often in flocks. So we may say of blessings. It was so with me. Toward evening on the day above named I called at a shoemaker's shop to inquire the way. The cordwainer was very communicative, talked incessantly, asked me many questions as to my name, whereabouts, etc., etc., when, to the astonishment of both of us, we found that ten years before we lived with the same man and hence felt acquainted at once. He insisted upon my tarrying with him over night and the next day, indeed, a number of days, till there should be a change in the weather.

And, again, to my astonishment, I found a family of Universalists, kind, generous, and so far as I could distinguish, not worse than other people generally, but on the score of humanity far before them.

In a few days I arrived in Goshen at the house of my guardian, at which place I felt at home. The school was in session and I immediately commenced attending.

In the spring I let myself for six months, at \$8 per month, with Homer Chase of Unity, who had married my youngest sister, Lemira. I worked my

time out, went to school the next winter, and then worked out by the month till the fall of 1830.

A number of my mates were going to Hopkintown, N. H., to school to prepare for teaching. I wished to go with them, but had no money nor clothes, and my guardian opposed my going. It would cost money and I ought to save my money and add to it and go to work, etc.

However, I wanted an education, I cared not for money. So I determined to go at all hazards. My capital consisted of \$4.33. One dollar I gave to my nephew, A.R., to carry me forty miles to school. We went in the night to save our tolls, arrived in Hopkintown at sunrise, ate our bread and cheese, found a boarding place at \$1.25 per week and commenced in earnest my education.

My clothes were coarse and poor, to say nothing of the style, which often subjected me to the scoff and ridicule of the young men with whom I associated, but as I was considered a right down good fellow, and always ready for fun and frolic, I soon occupied a good position with the students and the preceptor spoke kindly to me.

My money all went the first week for my books and so I went through the term penniless, with no means to pay my board and other incidental expenses. I felt disconsolate and discouraged and ready to give up in despair, when the kind preceptor sent for me one day to call upon him.

I obeyed the summons. He questioned me upon my future prospects, intentions, etc. I made my case known to him and my wish to attend school, etc. He entered into my feelings, proposed to obtain a school for me and help me to help myself. I considered myself incompetent and unqualified, but he urged me to the effort, inspired me with confidence, gave me a letter of introduction and recommendation, and with my books and a bundle of clothes, I set out on a voyage of adventure, found a school in the town of Boscowen and engaged for \$12 a month for three months, entered the old, rickety schoolhouse and found about thirty

young men and women, beside a fair complement of young children.

Here I reigned with good success three whole months, received my \$36 and returned to Hopkintown, paid off my bills and started on foot forty miles for home, having \$7 in my pocket.

Of course I felt pretty well, having kept school and not having been turned out. But the spring term was to commence in a few weeks, and I must be there on the first day. Seven dollars was the extent of my means and my clothes were in a wretched condition, and what could be done?

I resolved to go to work at once and get me some clothes, so I took a job of wood cutting for \$7 and my board. This occupied about three weeks of my time, during which time I had my wardrobe overhauled and improved, all of which used up my money within \$5.

With this small capital and the dignity of a successful teacher I returned to Hopkintown at the commencement of the spring term, and again ran in debt for books and board, which I paid by working out six weeks in haying time.

And thus I continued to attend school, spring and autumn for four years, paying for my fall term by teaching in the winter, and for my spring term by working out in haying, having all the time not one suit of clothes fit to wear to meeting and never a spare dollar in my pocket.

These were trying times to a poor boy, without a friend to assist or even advise with him. Yet I persevered and conquered, leaving the school with honors and the best recommendation of my preceptor.

My success as a teacher had given me currency, so that the best schools were at my command, and I arose above penury into comparative ease, and, indeed, closed one of my schools with a sufficient sum in my pocket to purchase a new suit of clothes throughout, hat and boots. And this new suit was the first suit of broadcloth ever seen around and worn by a citizen of Goshen. It produced quite a sensation and all my mates, far and near, came to examine and see for

themselves a broadcloth coat, made, too, by a man tailor.

Up to this time all, young and old, had worn homemade cloth, and women made garments. The young schoolmaster was the first to introduce a new style of dress.

Of course, such an innovation was not allowed to pass without some severe remarks from old and young. For weeks I was the observed of all observers, and the subject of many criticisms.

About this time I became acquainted with a young lady of good education and other good qualities which attracted me toward her, and after many months of intimacy and mutual attentions, I proposed a correspondence, which was accepted and finally, after two years, ripened into a union of hearts and hands.

This marriage took place in February, 1834, in the Town of Goshen, N. H., at the house of her father, David Richardson, Rev. W. S. Balch, then of Claremont, N. H., officiating. My wife's name was Sarah Ann Richardson, and a more lovely woman was never led to the bridal altar.

1834—Married and Buys a Farm. Sells and Purchases Again and Enters Into Contract to Support Parents, etc.

A few days after the marriage I purchased a farm in Goshen for \$1,000 (sixty acres), and carried it on one year, when I sold for a small advance and purchased the farm stock, tools, produce and everything belonging to the parents of my wife and entered into agreement to support them during their lives for the paltry sum of \$800, assuming debts to the amount of \$2,700 and holding property from the estate to cover the same.

We moved into the house with the old people, and lived as one family. And here I must describe the venerable pair that we had obligated ourselves to live with and support.

Father Richardson was a venerable gentleman of about 60 years, industrious,

mild and honest. Everybody said he was a good man and would never make trouble for any one. His daughter, my wife, was his idol. He almost worshiped her and was never weary in laboring for her. With him we found all pleasant and kind.

But the old lady, I suppose I ought to say Mother Richardson, was in every point of character the extreme opposite of the old gentleman. She was nearly twenty years younger, high spirited, proud, selfish, intemperate, and in general language supremely ugly. She had been accustomed to rule indoors and out, to make all the bargains, to handle all the money and, in fact, wear underneath a dirty set of petticoats a pair of leather or cast iron breeches.

I had not fairly got acquainted with the premises before she commenced her tyranny upon me, but it was a mercy to her that she did not get her old fiery head smashed. I threatened one day after much provocation to make an end of her if she did not make herself scarce in a very few minutes. She was, for the first time in her life, frightened, and shut up.

For six or eight months I endured her anger and ugliness, when I came to the conclusion that I could stand it no longer and proposed to be relinquished from my obligations.

Asa, the only son, had lost his wife and was willing to take my obligation and release me from my bonds. All parties being willing we dissolved our connection with one of the most disagreeable concerns that ever tormented a poor son-in-law.

This dissolution of partnership took place on the 25th of September, 1835.

During the following winter, about the first of January, 1836, I purchased another farm of about eighty acres, known as the Allen Farm, in Newport, paying about \$1,200, to which I added about a hundred acres more.

Here I lived one year, carried on the farm and taught school during the winter months at wages varying from \$14 to \$20 per month.

On the 28th of April, a daughter was born unto us, Marilla A. Of course we hailed the event as one of rejoicing.

During the winter my beloved wife was taken suddenly sick. I hastened for a physician and brought him without delay, but the symptoms were alarming and he gave me no encouragement. I hastened for a consultation of physicians, but all to no purpose. She rapidly declined and in less than one week was no more on earth.

Troubled waters rolled around me then. It was my first severe trial. She died as she had lived, full of faith, not fearing the dark valley she was entering.

She called me to her bedside and gave me such counsel as a loving and devoted wife only could give, committing to my charge her infant babe, and commending it and me to the care of our Father in heaven.

I had for years professed a cold, speculative belief in the doctrine of universal salvation and attended upon its ministry with some degree of liberality, but never till now did I feel the power of true faith. The religion I had loosely held to for years now seemed to be indeed a balm for my wounded heart and a cordial for all my fears. It gave me peace and assurance that my lost one had gone to her father and my father and that ultimately we should meet again no more to part.

I felt reconciled and happy although my house was left unto me desolate.

The day of burial came. It was a severely cold day. Brother A. L. Balch of Newport officiated and preached an admirable sermon in the orthodox meeting house at Goshen Corner. Mr. Rogers, the orthodox clergyman, making the prayer. After the services at the grave I returned to my desolate home and remained one night only in the lonely dwelling.

On that lonely night, while contemplating my situation and receiving heavenly peace from my faith in heaven as the one common home, I resolved to give up my prospects of wealth and go

out as a preacher of the gospel of the grace of God, not doubting in the least but that I could convert the world in a very short time. The evidences of the truth of the doctrine of Universalism were so abundant and clear to my own heart that I doubted not that I could bring over to the same glorious faith all my friends and acquaintances.

I finished my school and in April, 1837, commenced study for the ministry with Rev. A. L. Balch of Newport, N. H.

Thus the whole current of my life was changed by this one affliction. Had not God visited me with a severe trial I doubtless should have continued a tiller of the soil and become a worshiper of dollars. But God had another work for me to do and He appointed the means to turn my attention toward it. Afflictions do not come by chance. They are of God's appointing. By affliction I was made a minister of the Word of Truth.

I entered upon the work with my whole soul. I had but one object in view: the good of my race, by liberating their minds from the fetters of a partial creed and bringing them to the enjoyment of a full faith in God as the Universal Father, and heaven as a universal home.

The idea of an easy life or of wealth never entered my mind. I felt willing to spend and be spent in the cause of Christ and humanity. No other idea possessed my mind. I was willing to preach anywhere and at all times without compensation. Only give me an audience and I was ready to preach with all my might.

With this single motive I entered upon the work of preparation for the ministry, and although my previous education had been neglected, yet I possessed perhaps as good an education as the majority of our ministers at that time.

I understood the common English branches, had studied Latin one year, and was, indeed, competent to teach any of the common schools in the state, had written a few lectures and spoken frequently in the Lyceum. My general reading was limited, yet I had a very ready command of language and could



NATHANIEL GUNNISON

(From a painting now in possession of Foster N Gunnison)

manage a debate with some degree of success.

My reading commenced under the direction of Balch, with Smith on Divine Government, then Paley's Natural Theology, Evidences of Christianity, and so on.

The reading was accompanied by sermon writing. In a very few weeks I finished a sermon upon the text: "And thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins," which sermon I never preached.

My second sermon was from the text: "Prove all things." My third was from the text: "The way of the transgressor is hard." When these two sermons were finished I commenced preaching. My first sermon was delivered in the South Meeting House in Wendell to a large congregation.

My friends from Goshen, Wendell and Newport all flocked to hear me make my debut. Even the stage from Newport came loaded down with my early associates to hear me. I felt, of course, very much embarrassed, especially so when I saw in the crowd my tutor, Rev. Mr. Balch. But the God that had called me to the work nerved me to its performance. I arose and with a distinct voice read the Scriptures and a hymn, which was sung, and then came the prayer, which was nearly extemporaneous. I had never formed in my mind even the form of a prayer, but always depended upon the inspiration of the moment to dictate the form and the words. I have never departed from that course. My prayers have always been spontaneous and hence sometimes very appropriate, and then again at times cold and undevotional, always corresponding with my own feelings.

On this occasion of my first sermon I prayed in the spirit and felt no trembling afterward. I read the second hymn and then delivered my sermon to an attentive audience, from the words, "Prove all things," etc.

My work now was fairly begun. I returned home rejoicing in spirit that I was a laborer in the great vineyard of

the Master, and felt more than confident that I could meet the enemies of truth and put them all to flight. I felt almost inspired and anxious to be at work as soon as possible. During the months of August, September and October I preached in Wendell, Walpole, Acworth and Rockingham, Vt., nearly every Sabbath and in November went to Massachusetts in search of a settlement.

I spent the first Sunday in Quincy, and preached to a very large and attentive congregation.

The committee spoke very flatteringly to me and wished to engage me to become their pastor, but I felt my want of preparation and lack of ability to feed so large a congregation, and so I passed on toward Cape Cod.

I arrived in Brewster early in the week and called upon Brother George Higgins, who received me kindly and circulated a notice for me to preach on the next Sunday in Brewster and on the following Sunday in North Dennis.

I preached, of course, as a candidate. My services were acceptable and I received the entire vote of the society to become the pastor of the three societies of Brewster, North Dennis and South Dennis.

The invitation was at once accepted and I returned to Newport to settle up affairs and repair to my field of future labors.

It was late in the fall of 1837 when I returned to Brewster and commenced my labors as the pastor of the three societies before named.

The people were very friendly and indulgent. I was inexperienced and poorly prepared for the duties before me. My whole stock of sermons consisted of just six manuscripts.

My first Sunday in Brewster as a candidate was the first Sunday in October, 1837.

I was ordained on the 15th of November, 1837. Sermon by J. M. Spear, E. Vose, J. N. Parker and George Hastings taking part in the services.

The occasion was one of hope to both minister and people. The congregation

was large and the services solemn and interesting. The ordaining council dined with our father in Israel, General Elijah Cobb, with whom I boarded, one of the best men that ever lived. His heart was as big as the universe. He lived and died a Universalist.

I continued preaching one-half of the time in Brewster and one-quarter in each of the Dennises for one year and six months.

Early in my pastorate I married one of the fair members of my congregation in Brewster, feeling that it was not good to be alone.

After due deliberation and earnest seeking for Divine direction I addressed a note to Miss Ann Louisa Foster, who, I thought, might perhaps respond favorably to my proposition.

In this I was not disappointed and after all the preliminaries were settled and the usual amount of billing and cooing, we were united in solemn wedlock by Rev. George Hastings on the 12th of August, 1838.

For a few weeks we boarded with General Cobb, made our bridal tour to New Hampshire, visited our friends and returned to our field of labor and commenced keeping house in an old shattered tenement with three cold rooms in it and situated far back from the road, where for six mortal months we endured cold and privation such as few poor ministers ever endured before. Yet we complained not, for we felt ourselves the servants of Him who had not where to lay His head.

Here we stayed, not lived, till spring. We burned green wood and dined upon cold potatoes and smoked herring.

I knew during these cold months all that the poorest know of privation and cold, and had it not been for our devotion to the cause in which we were engaged we should have fainted many times, but the Lord sustained us and by severe trial prepared us to sympathize with the poor and feel for suffering humanity.

In the spring of 1838 we moved into another and more convenient tenement

and were in fair prospects for a comfortable living when I received a call from Provincetown to become teacher in the Academy and preach one-quarter of the time at a salary of \$450, \$50 more than I was receiving at Brewster.

After due deliberation and consultation with my friends, I accepted the call and prepared to move to the new place of labor.

Brother J. B. Dodds was the pastor at Provincetown. He had a large and wealthy congregation and upon his hands a very flourishing school.

To this congregation I was to preach thirteen Sabbaths and of this large school I was to become the principal during the summer and assistant during the winter, for the sum of \$450. The other thirty-nine Sundays belonged to me and I was at liberty to go to Truro and Welfleet, or where else I pleased to preach.

It was in the spring of 1839 that we moved to Provincetown and I was immediately installed as principal of the Union Academy.

I remained in Provincetown one year and in many respects it was a very pleasant year. My Sabbaths, many of them, were spent in Truro and Welfleet. Our school was a flourishing one and the people fully sustained us in our arduous labors.

The Methodists were insolent and abusive and did all in their power to bring us into disrepute and break up our school, but their efforts only resulted in building up a large congregation of Universalists.

It was during this year that the Universalists of the Cape held a public conference in the Town of Eastham, during the week on which the Methodists held their annual camp meeting and very near their grounds.

For years the Methodists had abused and insulted the Universalists and traduced their characters most wickedly, and to put a stop to this wholesale abuse the ministers resolved to meet the Methodists and challenge them to a discussion of the doctrines upon which the two bodies differed.

Accordingly we met, organized and challenged the hosts of partialism to select from their ranks a chieftain to meet one that we should choose and let the two discuss the subject and let the people decide the question as to the relative truth of Methodism and Universalism.

But they accepted not the challenge and for six days we continued our meetings and hundreds for the first time in their lives heard the glad tidings of universal redemption preached.

The Methodists made no converts this year and before the meeting closed they sued for peace, promising us that if we would not repeat our meetings another year they would no more traduce and insult Universalists, which promise I believe they kept faithfully for many years.

In March of this year, 1840, I received an invitation to visit the new City of Manchester, N. H. I accepted the invitation and preached in their new church the first Sunday after it was dedicated. The people seemed pleased with my services and extended to me an invitation to become their pastor, at a salary of \$700, which was accepted and hither I moved my family and commenced the work to which I had been called.

This society was at this time composed of a confused mass of material. The village had sprung up in a year, and strangers had gathered together from all parts of New England. A spacious church was built by a joint stock company and the pews were rented by public auction, and all creeds and no creed came in and made up a congregation.

Over this strange mass of antagonistic principles I was installed pastor and for a time everything seemed to progress harmoniously. A Sunday school, Bible class, Institute, sewing circle and church were organized and seemed to flourish. But one member of the committee was by birth and education an aristocrat. He wished to shut out the factory and servant girls from the social gatherings of the society and became very much opposed to me because I would not second

his efforts to exclude this class of the congregation. He got the willing ear of the treasurer of the society and made a tool of him to accomplish his wicked purpose of driving me from the society.

He wrote me a letter preferring charges against me, first, for receiving two young men into my study, as candidates for the ministry; second, for introducing two other students into the pulpit to preach for me, etc.

These were the sins I had committed and for these imprudences he proposed that I leave the society.

I called a meeting of the society. A large meeting assembled, and with withering rebukes denounced the action of the chairman of their committee and almost unanimously voted for me to continue in the office of pastor.

For three months I continued, but the opposition of my three enemies was so determined and insidious that I finally resigned the office of pastor and closed my labors with a society that was almost unanimous in my favor. The leader of this opposition was Stephen Gilman, a proud, self-sufficient man, and as poor as poverty itself. He soon sunk out of sight and in ten years not so much as his abiding place could be discovered. He evaporated so far as society is concerned. His tool and accomplice was Isa Ballow, a man of some little property, but an ignorant, proud man, and his wife of great consequence in her own estimation. She came from a low stock and a little position in society destroyed her. This ignorant family made trouble for my successor, Rev. G. W. Gage.

Ballow finally became so very unpopular in Manchester that he was obliged to leave the place. He returned to Boston, where he now resides. He has had much trouble and affliction from the perverse conduct of his children.

A few years after this Ballow visited me, acknowledged his errors in persecuting me, threw all the blame upon the back of his accomplice, Gilman, washed me to forgive him, etc., etc.

On the 4th of April of this year, our eldest son, N, was born in Province-

town, Mass., while I was preaching in Manchester and boarding with this same Ira Ballou.

My congregations in Manchester were uniformly large and had it not been for this proud, vain man, Gilman, I might have remained there many years.

The society wished me installed as pastor of the society and church, and on the 28th of May this service was performed.

Father Ballou preached the sermon and gave the charge and Scriptures; installing prayer by N. R. Wright; Right Hand of Fellowship, L. C. Brown; address to the society, J. P. Atkinson.

The Merrimack River Association met at the same time and place.

In March, 1841, I sold off my furniture in Manchester and started out to look up another location. Wife bid adieu to her friends and we started early in the morning in a sleigh for Medford, Mass., where her brother David resided.

Then I left her with my two children, Marilla and N., to pay a visit and then go to the Cape and spend a few weeks, while I hunted up another location. I returned to Manchester, remained a few days and then started in a sleigh for Hallowell, Me.

The first Sunday in March I spent in Denmark, Me., and preached half a day for Brother Tenney.

The second Sunday I spent in Hallowell. The society in the place was small and worshiped in the Town Hall. I found Brother Collins here, teaching school and preaching on Sundays, and expecting to continue and become pastor of the society. He preached in the morning and invited me to occupy the desk in the afternoon. I accepted and gave an extemporaneous sermon from the text, Job xxii:22: "Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace."

I remained in Hallowell a few Sundays and found most excellent friends in Brother Joseph Metcalf, Isaiah McLinch, Austin Blake and others.

Brother Collins concluded not to settle with them and the invitation was extended to me at a salary of \$400, which I ac-

cepted and returned to the State of New Hampshire to meet a few appointments there and then return to my new charge.

During the preceding winter, from December to March, I had traveled extensively through the north part of the state in company with Brother J. P. Atkinson and preached and sold books and obtained subscribers to the Star of Bethlehem, a paper published in Lowell by A. G. Bagley. We met with good success and became extensively acquainted with the scattered Universalists all over the north part of the state.

I returned to Hallowell and commenced my ministry there on the 28th of March, 1841.

Here I labored with all my might, preaching every Sunday to this people, and to eke out a poor living, I lectured in all the surrounding country. There was scarcely a neighborhood within twenty miles that I did not visit and preach and by this extra effort I made a decent living.

The first year of my residence in Hallowell I boarded with Mr. Jacob Leavit at \$4 per week, just one-half my salary.

During the spring of 1842 there was a great revival in the City of Gardiner. The Methodists held a protracted meeting of many weeks and finally, to clinch their converts, sent for William Miller, the end of the world prophet. He could not respond to the call in person and therefore sent one Spaulding to frighten the poor converts into the church. I attended his lectures and replied to them in the Town Hall. Much excitement was the result. Everybody was anxious to hear my reviews and much good was done by them.

After the lectures we held a meeting for fourteen evenings in succession, and about forty renounced partialism and came over to our side of the question. A plan was put in operation for a meeting house in Gardiner, the money raised and the house built, and a large society was formed and continues to this day.

I preached here at first Sunday evenings only and then one-half of the Sun-

days and finally all the Sundays till some time after the house was dedicated. Rev. J. P. Weston was finally settled as pastor.

At the same time I kept the pulpit at Hallowell supplied every Sunday and a church was going up. Brother J. L. Straus studied with me one year and by exchanges through him I managed to keep both pulpits supplied.

The houses at Gardiner and Hallowell were both dedicated during the spring of 1844. I had labored in Hallowell nearly four years when the church was completed and I was installed as pastor. Brother Calvin Gardiner preached the sermon of installation. The dedicatory sermon I preached myself.

These were years of hard toil and much sacrifice. We worked hard and lived, or rather stayed. My salary was not enough to give us a decent support, and, beside, we were full of company nearly all the time, frequently all our beds full, Hallowell being the head of steamboat navigation and my acquaintance with Universalists being extensive, we could not avoid a press of company, for ministers and laymen from the country must necessarily pass through Hallowell on their way to Boston, and my house was a convenient stopping place for them. We were always glad to see them and happy to entertain them, but so much company kept us poor and in debt all the time.

Had it not been for the kind consideration of our friends in giving us occasionally a donation visit we must have been very poor indeed. While we resided in Hallowell we had three of these parties, leaving with us from \$50 to \$194, which, with my small salary, kept us above actual poverty.

And yet those were happy years to us. We worked hard, had good friends and tried to be faithful in our calling. Our congregations were always respectable and our position a good one. We had good neighbors and lived in a good neighborhood with our surrounding brethren.

After about four years of hard labor with this society, finding it almost im-

possible to live upon the stipulated salary, poorly paid, I resigned the pastorate of the society and resolved to travel and preach as a self-appointed missionary. Accordingly in the spring of 1845 I sent in my letter of resignation to take effect immediately. I had become worn out and needed rest. For the past two years I had taught a large school four months each winter, preached every Sunday and traveled much to lecture, attend funerals, etc.

As soon as it was announced that I had resigned and was ready to go where called, I received any number of calls to preach in the vicinity round about. I soon engaged to preach in Sidney, West Waterville, East Vasselboro, Readfield, Winthrop, and for five years I pursued this course of life, frequently having six or eight pulpits to supply once or twice a month. In fact, I became the general agent for nearly all the country societies and not infrequently did I have appointments for every evening in the week, such was the call for my services.

In addition to this laborious travel as a preacher, I lectured on temperance, Odd Fellowship, and traveled as far east as New Brunswick, lecturing every evening for six weeks before the divisions of the Sons of Temperance.

During the five years of my missionary labor in Maine, I preached in more than one hundred different places and uniformly found good friends and attentive audiences.

Finally I became tired of this kind of labor and resolved to seek a settlement as pastor of one society. And early in the spring of 1850 I signified my wish to Brother George W. Quinby of Taunton, Mass., who at once secured appointments for me to preach two Sundays in Abington and two in Fall River, as a candidate.

I met the appointments and received a call from each place at a salary of \$600 from Abington and \$700 from Fall River.

I preferred Fall River, but committed myself at Abington in case they would raise \$600, which they did, and notified me accordingly.

This was a trying time to me. I wished to go to one place and was committed to another, and when I returned to Hallowell for my family I met with another difficulty. The friends there gathered around me and with tears in their eyes besought me to remain with them, and had it not been for the decision of my wife I should have remained with them on such a poor pittance as they could afford to pay. But the good councils of my wife prevailed and we left the beautiful shores of the Kennebec, where we had spent so many happy yet laborious years.

In addition to preaching and lecturing I taught school four months per year for three years, posted books and did a little of almost everything to support my family. That this hard labor impaired my usefulness as a preacher I know full well. I could not give my attention to study as I desired to, and hence I have always been at the foot of the hill toiling to rise to its summit of usefulness. What little I have accomplished as a preacher has been done by dint of effort under the most discouraging prospects. I feel to thank God and take courage. He has kept my soul honest and not yet allowed me to deviate a hair from the principles of strict honesty. I have been able to pay my debts and have a few hundred dollars to spare, but have always practiced the most rigid economy.

It has always been a trial to me to be in debt. I have always feared to owe any man a dollar. It has always given me a great deal of unhappiness to be in debt. I am not afraid of poverty, but I am afraid of debts. I think I should starve rather than to owe a man for a crust of bread, knowing that I had not the means of paying him. While I know I have the means of paying all my debts I am not so particular about a few debts and am often found with a bill against

me. But never do I ask a credit unless I know where the pay is coming from.

I feel that I have thus far been just as honest in my preaching as I have been in my pecuniary matters. I never preached a word that I did not believe to be the truth. I can say with Henry Beecher that I never preached an insincere word in my life. This I know is saying a great deal, but I say it knowing that it is true.

And I may add another word for my children to read when I am no more with them. I have always been honest with respect to engagements with societies. I have always fulfilled my obligations to the very letter. Many have been the times when I could have improved my condition by leaving societies before my engagements were up, also in settling, often have I had opportunities to find an apology for an implied promise, and listen to a louder call, but I have not done so, although, by not doing so, I have impoverished myself and family.

These things I mention not boastingly, for the Lord knows I have nothing to boast of; for while I have been honest in all my doings, I have sinned perhaps widely in other directions. But dishonesty is not my besetting sin. I never wronged a person knowingly out of one farthing. I say this before high Heaven!

Well, to return to my narrative. In the month of April, 1850, we bid adieu to our friends in Maine and came to Boston and soon settled down in the pleasant Town of Abington, Mass., at a salary of \$600.

For our history in this place I will refer my children to my scrapbook, which contains sundry letters from myself and Brother Drew; also to my yearly diaries, etc.

(Note—The scrapbook referred to was lost soon after father died.—H. F. G.)

Extracts from the Diaries of Nathaniel Gunnison

Abington, Mass., 1852.

January 1—This has been a busy day to me and its labors are an indication of the labors which are to follow through the year. My desire is that I may be faithful to all my duties.

January 5—Read speeches of Kossuth in Philadelphia and Baltimore. I find myself deeply interested in this man and in the cause of humanity which he represents.

February 14—This is my birthday. Can it be that I am so old? Why, I used to think that forty years carried a man a long way toward old age. And yet I am 40 and do not feel old yet. My prayer to God is that I may spend the remaining years of my life to some good account, so that when the sands of my life are all run out, my children may have occasion to speak reverently of me and my neighbors say one to another, "A good man is gone from us." The hope of the Gospel are strong in my soul. My faith grows brighter as years roll away.

March 5—Boys have gone out on a speculation, selling lozenges. Boys returned. N sold 10 cents worth, Almon 22. N went no further than I gave him liberty to. Almon did. One minded; the other did not. Obedience is better than speculation.

May 5—This morning at 3 o'clock we were presented with a fine little fellow, and our third son. (Walter Balfour.)

(Note—Walter has always regarded his birthday at May 2. The family Bible gives the date as May 2.)

May 19—Worked all day hard in our

garden and about the premises. I am about tired of filling up for others. I shall just get things fairly under way, so as to look attractive, and then move away and leave it all. I am not well pleased with the instability of the minister. Yet I love to preach; could not get along without preaching; must preach. The world needs the Gospel and must have it and why should not I be willing to bear my portion of the burden and heat of the day.

CHAPLAIN TO THE ARTILLERY.

August 25—Attended the general muster as chaplain to the artillery. Officiated in the morning on the field and at the table at noon. My opinion is not changed as to such gatherings. I believe they are injurious. Yet under the present state of things, perhaps, are necessary. I have learned that the world is not to be converted at once. Society is progressive and it will take time to do away with the occasions for war.

August 26—On the field of military drill again to-day. Did not officiate on the field; at the table only. Dined with the officers and returned home at the earliest convenience. Thus for three years I have officiated as chaplain. I have some misgivings about it, but have come to the conclusion that to reform society we must go down into it and see what it is made of; we must be acquainted with man as he is.

August 29—Mr. Nash gave me quite a lecture for doing military duty as chaplain. I defended myself as well as I could, yet I must acknowledge that it is

a little inconsistent for a peace man to countenance military tactics. I think I will resign.

SUMMARY OF THE YEAR.

Preached 120 sermons, attended 2 state conventions and one association, presided at one convention and one association, lectured before four lyceums, attended eighteen funerals and nine weddings and one installation and one ordination. I have performed the services of secretary and treasurer of the Mount Vernon Cemetery, which has occupied much of my time, and for which I have received \$50.

Our little Walter, who has come to live with us during the past year, is a treasure of comfort and promises much for the future. May his life be spared and his health preserved with us that his years may be many and useful.

Abington, Mass., 1853.

The society in Abington, of which I have been the pastor, was very unfortunate in the choice of its committee in appointing men who were inefficient and let the society neglect to pay their pastor. In August notice was given that the meeting house would be closed a few weeks for repairs. After waiting some few weeks and not seeing the repairs going on nor receiving my pay for the last six months, I came to the conclusion that upon the whole I had better send in my resignation and seek a settlement in some other place, and accordingly on the 21st of September sent in my request for a discharge from the society, giving as the only reason "A want of promptness on the part of the society in meeting its pecuniary obligations." It required much effort on my part to take this stand. I am opposed to frequent removals. It is injurious to both minister and people and the ties ought not to be broken for trifling causes. But with a large and expensive family on my hands, what could I do, depending entirely on my salary and not receiving one cent of it. So I was compelled to seek employment somewhere else. Some

of the society blamed me for my course, but acknowledged my provocation. After waiting some six or eight weeks the committee called a meeting to consider my resignation and appointed a committee to wait upon me and see if I would not consent to preach till spring, when my salary should be put upon a firm basis. I took the subject into consideration and gave answer that I did not feel it best to accept their proposition, neither for the society nor for myself, and recommended them to engage a young man for a small compensation. They agreed to this and engaged Brother Silloway. I now felt relieved from the society and entered the field as general missionary, to preach when and where a door seemed open.

Methuen being destitute of a pastor I made arrangements to preach for twelve Sabbaths for \$100, paying my own expenses and board.

In the spring of this year I spent four Sabbaths in North Attleboro, Mass., and received a call to settle with the society at \$800, but my society in Abington seemed unwilling for me to leave them and so I was prevailed upon to refuse so good an offer, which I have had good reasons to regret since. I now feel that I ought to have accepted and put my family in a more comfortable situation. I now find depending upon me for support, a wife in delicate health and five children, and a salary of \$600, even when promptly paid, insufficient for their support and education, and yet I have listened to the petitions of friends and refused a larger salary for their accommodation.

N, my eldest son, for the first time in his life left home for a few weeks to attend the school of Brother Weston, in Westbrook, Me. He is 13 years old. N and all my children are thus far a comfort to me and willingly do I labor for them that they may be prepared and inclined to honor their parents when age shall whiten their locks and palsy their limbs.

Among other duties, I have, during the past year, superintended the sales, im-

provements, etc., upon Mount Vernon Cemetery, and served as secretary and treasurer, a most arduous and responsible work. This cemetery may be considered as the result of my own individual efforts. It comprises forty acres, most beautifully situated and bids fair to be one of the most beautiful cemeteries in our state. It has occupied much of my time for the past year. I own I feel proud of my labors in this direction and trust that here in this creation of my own labors my dust may at last repose.

Abington and Annisquam, Mass., 1854

During the year past I have preached in three places as pastor, pro tem. I closed an engagement of three months at Methuen on the 19th of February. Then I re-engaged in Abington for a few weeks; commenced February 26 and closed April 9. At their annual meeting I received the unanimous vote of the society to renew the engagement permanently, but on account of the increasing expenses of my family I felt it my duty to leave them for a more retired location, where, with an increase of salary, I might be able to send my children to school. Hence I declined the very pressing invitation to remain in Abington. While in Boston seeking an appointment for a few Sabbaths, I received word that a preacher was wanted for a Sabbath at Annisquam. I accepted the offer and visited this rock-bound coast for the first time in the second Sabbath in April. To my surprise this society I found to be one of the largest in our denomination and very desirous to settle a minister. I was called upon by Mr. Gustavus Griffin to see if I would consent to preach as a candidate. Considering the matter a few moments I answered in the affirmative, on condition that they raise me a living salary and pay promptly. This they readily agreed to, and on the 16th of April I preached again and received the invitation to become the pastor of this ancient church. I did not feel at liberty to accept until

my friends in Abington had an opportunity to look about and see what they could do. On the 23d of April I preached in Canton, Mass., as a candidate. It was a rainy day and the congregation small. The committee, however, extended to me an invitation to preach again as a candidate at a salary of \$700, which I declined. The Abington society failing to comply with my conditions, lost all claim upon my services, and on the 23d of May I packed my goods and on the 24th started with my family for our new home on Cape Ann.

This parish numbers about 200 families; the entire population, with two or three exceptions, are Universalists. The parish was organized orthodox, but nearly forty years ago their minister, Rev. Ezra Leonard, became converted to the truth of the doctrine of universal salvation, and brought over nearly the whole parish with him. It is now a good, substantial society and bids fair to live and exert its influence upon the surrounding darkness. One great inducement with me was to get near the salt water and here we are surrounded by the ocean, and all the family are in the enjoyment of good health.

This year I have attended, as usual, our denominational associations and was elected to preach the occasional sermon before the convention in 1855.

During the month of August we opened our house to such of our city friends as wished to visit us. Our house was full for about eight weeks. Brother A. G. Laurie and family, Brother Pebeeles of New York and Cousin Oliver and daughter spent the month with us, and all seemed to enjoy the sea bathing very much. Among my visitors were Rev. E. H. Chapin, Thomas Starr King and Dr. Nye.

Annisquam, Mass., 1855

July 13—Started this day for Cape Cod with my whole family. At Boston Uncle David and family joined us. We went on in company and arrived at Brewster about 8 o'clock and met all the family at

Uncle Tully's, except Phoebe and her family.

July 14—This morning we commenced spreading the table outdoors under an awning. At 1 o'clock we sat down to the number of forty-two. We partook of the dinner, after which speeches were made by Brothers Bradley and Gunnison.

August 11—We now have thirteen boarders paying us \$40 per week.

I have preached this year in all seventy-nine sermons. I have attended our association and our state convention, before which I preached the occasional sermon. I have, during the year, attended five weddings and eleven funerals and lectured before our lyceum. I have also served on the school committee and attended to all the duties devolving upon me in said office.

Annisquam, Mass., 1856

Have preached during the year eighty-six sermons in fourteen different pulpits and three states. Preached as a candidate at Middletown, but did not receive a call, because they thought I favored the election of Fremont to rebuke the administration. I slightly advocated temperance and freedom, which did not please the old Hunkers of that Hunker city and hence I was allowed to go home in peace.

Spent two Sundays in Chicopee and received a call to settle with them. Put my terms at \$800. My friends made an effort to raise the money and failed, raising only \$700, which I did not feel free to accept. Also received a call to go to Halifax, Nova Scotia, which call I am, on this last day of December, considering. Halifax is an important location and I feel greatly inclined to make a visit to see for myself what kind of a place for labor it is. The condition of the society in this place was never better, so far as union and attendance upon meetings are concerned, but the people are poor and feel that they are not able to pay so large a salary as they are paying me. I have, therefore, concluded to seek another loca-

tion. I feel bad to leave so good a people. Many families are very kind and affectionate and we feel much attached to them. I have served on the school committee, officiating as chairman, and taken much interest in the cause of education.

The presidential election came off this year with much excitement and noise. The North for once united for freedom, and, with the exception of Pennsylvania and Illinois, cast a large vote for Fremont and freedom. During the year there has been great evils and wrongs committed in Kansas and the pro-slavery states, but these wrongs have united the North and called for the Christian sympathy in substantial acts of charity and relief.

Halifax, N. S., 1857

My labors this year have been less diversified than any previous year for a long time. I have not attended an association or convention or any other public meeting of our denomination, and have not heard a single sermon by one of our ministers.

I have preached every Sunday but two and was prevented those two by severe storms.

I preached in all 105 sermons, attended only four funerals and two weddings, baptized three adults and christened three children and made more than two hundred parish calls.

The society in Halifax, N. S., being without a pastor and wishing me to visit them and spend a few weeks and preach to them the word of the Kingdom, I took the subject into consideration and concluded to make the visit. Accordingly on the 11th of February, I left Boston in the English steamer Arabia for Halifax, and, after a very pleasant passage of forty-eight hours, arrived in the City of Halifax, N. S. Was met on the wharf by S. Harvie, William P. West and others and conducted to Brother Harvie's as my home while in the city. I remained in the city eight weeks, preaching two sermons per week, and then returned home.

The society in Halifax gave me a unanimous call to become their pastor at a salary of \$800, allowing me four weeks' vacation. In addition to this sum as salary the society agreed to pay my expenses in getting here and the expenses of my family, and also pay the annual premium on my life policy for \$2,000, amounting to \$37, more or less. This was considered a very good salary for this place, it being generally supposed that it costs less to live here than it does in the states. I settled up my affairs in Amisquam, sold most of my heavy furniture at auction and packed up the remainder, and on the 27th of April bid goodby to my friends, and, after spending two days in Boston and vicinity, went on board the steamer Eastern State, and on Wednesday morning, April 29, left the shores of New England and set our faces toward the rising sun.

N, our eldest son, went on board the boat with us and remained over night and left us the next morning for Abington, to visit our friends there and then return to his business in Gloucester.

Sunday, April 26, at 1 o'clock, married my eldest daughter, Marilla A., to Willard P. Griffin. After the marriage we walked to the church, where I had spent three years of my life very pleasantly.

N and Ellen Foster stood up with the bride and groom. A few friends were present beside the families of the parties. After the meeting returned and dined with the parents of the bridegroom.

The people of Annisquam seemed very unreconciled to our leaving them, although they had expressed to us their inability to pay the salary and hence could not blame us for our decision. After I had left home on my visit to Halifax the people began to look about to see what they could do toward raising my salary and to their astonishment they raised nearly \$1,000 for me to remain with them another year, but this came too late. I had engaged to go to Nova Scotia. On the next Sunday after my return from Halifax the Sunday school surprised me by a present of a heavy gold pencil. It was pre-

sent in the church, before the Sunday school, by Elizabeth Locke, a very bright little miss of 12 years of age. On the next Wednesday evening at the sewing circle at our house, the ladies presented to my wife a set of teaspoons, two large tablespoons and a butter knife, and each of the children a napkin ring.

Our connection with this society had been very pleasant and profitable and it was like tearing the flesh asunder to leave them. We never expect to feel so attached to a people and they seemed equally attached to us. The people in Squam are generally poor, but generous and kind hearted. We have left one of our family there and shall be willing at some future day to return and take up our abode with them.

We commenced our labors as pastor of the society in this city (Halifax) on the first Sunday in May and have now been here with my family just eight months, and during this time have become pretty well acquainted with the people, their manners and customs, religion and politics.

In theology the clergy are about fifty years behind the clergy of New England. The English church is the state church; that is, all the officers are appointed by the Queen and must swear to support this church. The bishop and clergy are very bigoted and sectarian. Their theme upon almost all occasions is the Trinity, which they prove not from the Scriptures, but from the ritual and church decrees. The people are completely subject to their priests and dare not exercise their judgment. Such priestly servility I have never witnessed before. The Catholics are also numerous here and are under their priests as they are everywhere. The Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians are also numerous and wealthy in this city and hold their people in complete subjection. Liberal sentiments cannot make much progress in this old city. The people generally are not educated, and those who might be supposed to break away from the old creed are kept in subjection by social and priestly influences. I have general-

ly attended some one of the partialists' meetings in the afternoon of each Sabbath, and I must in truth bear witness to the generally abused doctrines put forth. The Trinity, vicarious atonement and endless punishment are the themes usually dwelt upon and the people sit and sleep soundly under such heathenish sentiments. When will the day come that a better creed will prevail. O Lord, hasten the time. Let false doctrines come to an end. Let the truth be magnified and error be banished from the world.

During the past year I have written more than usual for the papers, especially for the Freeman and Trumpet and New Covenant. At least ten long letters have appeared from my pen and, I trust, have been read with some degree of profit by many in our Zion. The year has been one of continued blessings to me and my family. Sickness has not to an alarming extent entered our home.

On the first of September, in company with Brother Elliot of Dartmouth, I made a visit into the country one hundred miles to preach the word to those who had never heard it proclaimed. During the week I preached to four different congregations, in all seven sermons. The people flocked to hear me and seemed to hear with all readiness of mind. Judging from all appearances, I think the people in the country are ready to hear a better theology than they have heard hitherto.

Our eldest son, N, followed us from the states and arrived on the 25th of July and on the 14th of September commenced as clerk in the store of G. D. Martin for one year for \$160. Almon commenced attending the Dalahousie College on the 29th of September and continued till December 20, devoting his time to French, arithmetic, geography and history, grammar and writing. Anna commenced a small private school in one of our rooms on the 17th of August and closed her term the day before Christmas. This was the first money she had earned and she bought with it a new cloak and put the balance into a set of furs.

In September there was a crisis in the business world which closed up thousands of shops and turned tens of thousands out of employment, not only in the states, but in the provinces and throughout Great Britain.

I have corresponded with the children of my Sunday school at Squam. Have written at least 200 letters, some of them covering many pages.

Halifax, N. S., 1858.

I commenced the new year \$44 in arrears, or, rather, have drawn this sum from presents made to me, which ought to have been added to my little fund in reserve for old age. Upon the whole, receipts of the past year for services, perquisites, presents, etc., we have gained in finances about \$36, as a surplus to commence the new year with, beside a fair stock of fuel and provisions on hand.

This record is made on the last day of the expiring year, 1858, and may be considered as made in view of past extravagances and in a firm resolution for the future. It is a sin for a family to live beyond its means, extraordinary circumstances excepted.

On the third Sunday in January, in company with my friend, G. D. Martin, I left home for Falmouth, about fifty miles in the country, to preach. I found ample accommodations with Benjamin Church. Sunday morning repaired to the church, where I found a good congregation, to which I preached three times during the day and evening, and seldom have I addressed a congregation which manifested so much interest and so great a desire to listen. They seemed to drink at a refreshing fountain. Many old men seemed to rejoice in hope and I can but think that some good was done by this day's labor.

About 3 o'clock on Monday morning I was aroused from my quiet slumbers by a severe pain in my abdomen, which increased till 4 o'clock to such intensity that I could not bear it without groaning, which aroused the inmates of the house and they came to my relief. Everything that kindness could do was

done but without effect. The physician was sent for, who, after a few hours of attention, succeeded in relieving the pain and removing the danger. I call this a sad experience and yet there was much connected with it of a pleasant character. First, the kind attention of friends in Falmouth, especially the family with whom I tarried. Second, the anxiety of the society in Halifax and Dartmouth. Two of them came to see me, and others were ready to start at the least unfavorable notice. Third, the cheering views of my religion. The pain was so severe that from the first I did not expect to recover. It seemed to me that I had preached my last sermon and that in a few hours I should experience the pangs of death, and yet my mind was perfectly clear and death never appeared so beautiful. I wished to be at home with my family and have them around me, but the fact of dying was not unpleasant to me. I felt that I would like to live for them, and to preach the Gospel, that the errors and superstitions of the people might be removed, but if it was God's will for me to lay off the armor then, I felt perfectly willing to go. Having recovered from this violent attack (brought on by over exertion and sudden cold), I felt now more zealous than ever in the cause of Christ and shall, so long as God shall continue me in the field, labor with more energy in the Gospel vineyard.

After a few days of quiet I preached on Sunday and on the Wednesday following went to Truro as representative to the Grand Division of Sons of Temperance, and on Thursday was taken with severe pains in my bowels, which were followed with diarrhoea, returned home on Friday and on Saturday called in a physician, who attended me for nearly two weeks. For two Sundays I did not preach or leave the house. During these two weeks of sickness I reviewed my past life, my present faith and duties and find nothing in my faith to change, and arose from the examination with the conviction that Universalism is just the truth of God, and ought to be preached with power.

The congregation held a meeting on the 31st of January and passed resolutions, first, approving my course and labors since I came among them and, second, inviting me to re-engage for two years longer. These resolutions I duly considered and finally concluded to remain till my place could be supplied by a minister who would carry forward the work which is now in progress.

I here record that the society in this city has performed all its pecuniary obligations to me faithfully and by many tokens of esteem and friendship endeared themselves to our hearts. After two years of very intimate acquaintance, we feel that our lines have fallen to us in pleasant places.

On the 28th of June a little boy, afterward christened Herbert Foster Gunnison, came to us and has proved himself a dear little comfort.

DOCTRINAL LECTURES.

On the first Sunday in November I advertised a course of doctrinal lectures for Sunday evenings. At once my house was filled with attentive hearers. After I had given nine discourses, the Rev. J. Hunter, the most popular clergyman of this city, came out with three sermons in opposition to Universalism and in review of my sermons on "The Coming of Christ," "End of the World" and "Everlasting Punishment." As soon as Mr. Hunter closed his review the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia commenced a series upon the same subjects and continued for five Sunday evenings. I commenced a review of Rev. Mr. Hunter's arguments on the last Sunday of February and continued till the first of April, five evenings. There has been much discussion in the streets and throughout the city and I doubt not some little good has been accomplished. Our little church was crowded to its utmost capacity and not a few became enlightened upon the teachings of the Bible.

On the first Sunday of April I commenced a review of the Lord Bishop's arguments and continued it till the first Sunday of June, on which eve I con-

cluded the series, having spoken nine consecutive evenings to large houses. I devoted one evening to a review of his sermon and one to an exposition of the text upon which he preached, thus not only demolishing his argument, but explaining the text.

This course of reviews has done much toward enlightening the minds of this city. There are not a few who acknowledge their conversion to the doctrine of Universalism and there are now hundreds who are free to doubt the faith of partialism. The clergy are as vindictive as their creeds are cruel. They say all manner of things of us, and give our doctrine a blow whenever they can get a chance to do so, but our sentiments are continually gaining a foothold and eliminating from hundreds of hearts the old leaven of the Pharisees.

My lectures have created much talk and no little excitement, not only in this city, but throughout the province. Letters are frequently coming to me from the country urging me to visit the country and preach the Gospel to famishing souls, assuring me that the clergy are alarmed at the reports of my silencing the Lord Bishop! Oh, that I could go and preach to those poor and bound souls, who are panting for freedom and famishing for the bread of life.

May the Lord send forth more laborers into His vineyard. O that Universalists would manifest as much zeal in propagating their truths as the Methodists do in spreading their abominable lie. Then should we see this moral wilderness bud and blossom as the rose. May the Lord hasten it in his time.

One word now in reference to my friends, the Rev. Mr. Hunter and his Lordship the Bishop of Nova Scotia, who undertook to strike a blow at Universalism. The Rev. Mr. Hunter is a Scotchman by birth and pastor of the Chalmers Church in this city, a man of fair talents, a good speaker and considered by his own people as a popular orator, but, like his school, severe, aristocratic and bitterly sectarian. He is somewhat a controversialist, but evident-

ly not acquainted with the system of doctrine which he attempted to put down. The Bishop is a sprig of Oxford divinity and depends upon his dignity as Lord Bishop for the force of his arguments. He is not a theologian and is as ignorant of the arguments of Universalists as a little child, and has studied his church ritual to the neglect of his Bible. As to cleverness, he is not a match for his yoke-fellow, Hunter, and, were it not for his position, his attacks upon Universalism would not have been worthy the attention I have paid them. His positions and arguments are weak, puerile, contradictory and absurd, but have served as an occasion to show how weak and unsound are the arguments of our opposers.

Rev. Mr. Hunter left the city soon after I closed my review of his sermons. His Lordship is still in the city, but is silent upon the subject of Universalism. It is presumed that he will be cautious in future how he attacks his neighbors.

After I closed my review of the Bishop and had preached two discourses in direct proof of Universalism our pews were all taken up and more called for. The congregation was called together and after due consultation it was voted unanimously to enlarge and beautify the church. Accordingly a committee was chosen and operations commenced at once and the church was closed for a little season.

On the 15th of June the society, through Mrs. Rachel West and Sarah Martin, presented me with a gold watch, chain and key, which cost \$104, as a testimonial of their "appreciation of my labors, and esteem for my many virtues," and at the same time they presented my wife with a set of silver forks, costing \$27. We are happy to know that our efforts are so highly appreciated and feel that we have every reason to renew our energies and labor more zealously for the upbuilding of the cause in this city. May the Lord bless those generous donors, and build them up into a beautiful spiritual temple, in which shall dwell all the virtues of the spiritual body.

MISSIONARY WORK.

On the 27th of July I started on a missionary tour of three weeks, taking my son Walter with me for his health and to keep me company. We drove on through Shubernacadie, Truro, Onslow, Londonderry, Amherst, and arrived at my friend's, Amos Seaman, in Minudie, on the eve of Saturday, the 30th of July, where we found a cordial welcome.

Sunday I preached, morning and evening, in Mr. Seaman's schoolhouse to a large and attentive congregation. I spoke extemporaneously for one and a half hours each service. I preached in the same place again on Monday evening and again in a fortnight on my return.

I feel that much good seed was sown in this place. The people all listened with devout attention. I remained here till Wednesday, when Mr. Seaman took his team and carried me to Amherst. Here I found a few friends, who urged me to make an appointment for my return. I consented to do so and gave out notice accordingly, and passed on my way to Sackville, N. B. I had a letter of introduction to Mr. Easterbrook, keeper of the public house, who entertained me free of expense, and interested himself in getting up a meeting for me. In this place Methodism has a strong hold. Their schools are situated here, which I visited and was courteously entertained by the principals, Rev. Mr. Allison and Pickard, who showed me every part of the establishment and gave me all the desired information. This is a good institution, well managed, and were I a Methodist I should feel proud of it. I preached in this place (Sackville) on Friday evening, August 5, to a large and very attentive congregation and gave out notice that I would preach again in one week. Application was made to the Baptists for their church, but in vain, so I was obliged to occupy the temperance hall. The congregations on both occasions were large and attentive. On Saturday, 6th, Mr. Joseph Ayer, an old Universalist, conveyed me to Dorchester, ten miles distant, where I had an appointment for Sunday. Put up with Mr. Hickman,

keeper of the public house, had a large meeting on Sunday in the court house, and excellent attention.

I preached in this place again on Wednesday evening to a large and deeply attentive congregation. There is much inquiry in this place, and I can but hope that some inquiring minds were ushered into the light of truth.

Monday I went on in the stage to Moncton, twenty-two miles. Here I found but few Universalists, and they had united themselves with the Baptists. I made arrangements for a meeting and passed on to Shediac, by railroad. Here I found no Universalists, applied for the Methodist church and could not obtain it. Secured the temperance hall and put up my notice and made all arrangements myself and at my own expense. Congregation large and good attention. Spoke one hour and a half upon the reason of our hope. After I got through a Methodist brother arose and undertook to reply, but made bad work of it. A few remarks closed his mouth, after which a ridiculous scene was acted. A score of men pushed to the desk to confound me with their questions and texts, which were not in the Bible. I answered them in such a way as to silence them completely.

On Wednesday morning I paid my bill at the tavern and returned to Moncton, and put up with Mr. Flynn, whose wife is the only lady Universalist in the place. Mr. Record procured a place for me to preach in the old Baptist church, which was filled to its utmost capacity. I preached one and a half hours upon the reasons of our faith. Two Baptist ministers were present and many of their congregations, but not one word was said in review. Next morning left my friends in Moncton and proceeded to Dorchester to fulfill my second appointment in that place. Next day came to Sackville and on Saturday proceeded to Amherst, N. S., to preach Sunday morning. Sunday morning upon repairing to the court house to meet my appointment I found the people without and the house locked. This was an act of illiberality

which I had not met with in all my tour. However, at 12 o'clock the house was opened and I entered and delivered my message. At 6 o'clock I preached again. The house was full, but no lights nor any other convenience. This place, Amherst, is a shabby place and under the rule of ministers. The only courtesy I received in this village was from Catholics. I shall long remember this place as a mean and aristocratic place and but little advanced from a state of heathenism.

Monday morning I took the stage for Minudie, crossed the ferry and was at friend Seaman's in season for dinner. I preached in this place on this Monday evening to a large and attentive congregation and on the next day, Tuesday, went over the Boar's Back, as it is called, to Parrsboro, where, on the next morning, I embarked on a steamer for Windsor, and by cars reached home Wednesday evening, having been absent three weeks and one day and traveled 400 miles and preached twelve sermons in six different places. This closed my first tour into New Brunswick, and I can but feel that I have scattered good seed and that some of it will vegetate and bring forth fruit. I have met with many Universalists and conversed with hundreds who have outgrown the creeds of their fathers and are sighing for something better than partialism. The Lord will bless the efforts of His faithful servants and in due time crown all the labors with success.

On the 25th of August I went to Falmouth to get up a meeting for the following Sunday. Every effort was made by the partialists to keep me out of the church, but the people did not second the efforts of their priests, and so I was allowed to bear my testimony. I preached in the morning on the "Great Salvation." Jude iii, and in the evening continued the subject, and gave the nature and extent of salvation. I found in this place that my labors of last winter were not in vain. The seed then sown has taken root and was already producing fruit, and this last visit I am satisfied will not be lost upon the people.

On the 1st of September I went to Yarmouth, N. S., and spent one week and preached five long discourses. Here the priest of partialism spared no pains to prevent my lectures, but all their efforts only tended to give me a good audience. The Rev. Mr. Smith, Methodist, came out last winter with a series of discourses upon Universalism, and it was to answer those discourses that I appeared in Yarmouth. I published my visit in the papers and invited all the clergymen in the place to come forward and meet me in public debate, but not one came. They all stood back and growled like whipped dogs. The people heard the word gladly, while their priests admonished. I preached upon the great salvation, the Scripture proofs of salvation, the moral argument; argument based upon the character of God, and finally upon the comparative moral influence of Partialism and Universalism, and many hearers came forward and declared themselves satisfied. Great inducements were held out for me to remain another week, but I thought they had about as much as they could well digest. After I left the place the Rev. Mr. Angel and Harris came out against the doctrine I had advocated, and contended earnestly for the faith of endless punishment.

What heroes; they are worthy of all honor for their bravery. While the enemy was present not one of these dared to move his blade, but as soon as there was no danger, lo, and behold! they make a great flourish of trumpets. They will live to fight another day.

On the last Sunday in September we resumed services in our improved church. It had been closed for enlargement and improvement for eight weeks, during which time the people had attended other meetings and listened to the preaching of terror and torment, and were glad to get back again into their own quarters.

On the first Sunday in October I commenced a series of sermons to the young, which were continued through seven weeks and called out good audiences.



ANN L. GUNNISON



ANN L. GUNNISON



NATHANIEL GUNNISON

Quite a number of additional pews were let, and the people seemed disposed to work together in building up the cause in this benighted region.

Halifax, N. S., 1859.

During the year 1859 I have preached 101 sermons in nine different places. In addition to these sermons I have spoken on temperance and other subjects at festivals and on public occasions. I have written more than 30 articles and letters for different periodicals, principally for the Trumpet and Freeman and Maine Farmer. At the commencement of the year I resolved to live within my legitimate salary, \$800, if health continued to me and my family. By balancing the books I find that we have lived within our salary and have \$18.53 surplus. In addition to this I have \$26.42 received for missionary labors, making \$44.95. This is a small sum to lay by for old age, but it is better than I have done before for many years, and for this increase of means I feel truly thankful. In addition to this sum we have our perquisites and presents, amounting to something over \$150 in valuable articles, which we prize very much.

The year just drawing to a close has been one of much labor and toil to each one of us. N, since April, has been in a grocery store at the small salary of \$4 per week. Almon has been in the same business at \$3 per week. Anna spent the summer months in visiting her friends in the States. Walter has attended to his education, and little Herbert has been the pet of the household, and the plague of his father's study. The year is closing upon us and this journal of 1859 must be closed and laid aside with those of years gone by. We are thus reminded of the fleetness of time and that we are filling up the measure of our days and will soon be laid aside that others may fill our places, with the faith warm and fresh in our hearts. There is nothing terrible in all this. We are traveling on toward our true home and to the dear friends that have gone before. We shall meet them all again in

the brighter and better world. May our Father prepare us to meet with resignation the events whether joyous or otherwise the year on which we are soon to enter.

Halifax, N. S., 1860.

January 22—Our dear boy Almon bid us good bye this morning and took passage in brig America for Boston.

February 9—Walter enters the Academic School.

April 5—Received a letter from Almon announcing his resolve to become a minister of the Gospel. Amen.

May 3—Bought a coat for Almon, \$6. Mother gives the pants, N the vest. Wrote him a letter congratulating him upon his success, etc.

June 2—Attended the Minchon Museum with children. First appearance of Herbert in public.

December 28—News of secession of South Carolina came this evening and so the Union is dissolved. Well, let her slide. Better dissolve than sink, as it must unless slavery is abolished.

I have preached during this year past 78 sermons in Halifax, and in all 106.

On the 18th of July I left on a tour of 15 weeks. Visited my friends in Boston, New York, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Vermont and New Hampshire. Spent in all these places 15 weeks and returned home on the 22d day of October. During my absence Brother A. G. Laurie preached during August and Brother Walter during September.

I received many flattering invitations to settle in the West, but did not feel free to leave this hard field of labor. On the 22d of January Almon left home for one year to attend school in the States, and on the 28th of February entered the Green Mountain Liberal Institute as a student, where he yet remains. During the year the usual good health of myself and family has been preserved, for which, I trust, we all feel thankful.

The society held a bazaar and realized over \$800. Paid off all debts and thoroughly fitted up the church, so that now we have as neat and comfortable a place of worship as any in the city. Peace and

prosperity has attended us and our cause has gradually advanced. It is very evident that truth is gaining its way even in this benighted region of superstition and ignorance. I have written more or less for the papers, and published one sermon on the subject of the Sabbath. This sermon was drawn out by a discussion upon the subject between the Pharisees and the Gentiles. The Pharisee claimed the old Jewish Sabbath for Christians. The Gentiles abolished all Sabbaths; hence the sermon referred to. On the last Sunday of the year I received a tract put forth by the Rev. Dr. Cramp, President of the Baptist College in this Province upon the question, "What Will Become of the Wicked?" To hear this review great multitudes attended, and our little church was crowded to its utmost capacity, thus evincing a more liberal spirit than formerly shown in this place. I shall try hard to keep up this excitement, and put a little truth into the minds of the people. The Pharisees are greatly disturbed. They know not what to do. If they attempt to answer me, it will only provoke their people to hear my replies.

We shall hold on and take courage. The year just passed has been one of sweet labor, but of great peace to us all. Our friends have been preserved to us, for no deaths have taken place either in our family or religious circle, and we have been kindly cared for by the members of the Society. Many times have they remembered us with valuable presents and spoke to us many words of good cheer. Better friends we have never found, and it will be a hard struggle for us to leave them for those we know not.

On account of our expensive tours we have fallen behind in financial matters, but by good management and good health we will try and bring up the balance during the coming year. Upon the whole we have much to be thankful for and will bid adieu to the old year and buckle on anew the armor for the new.

Halfag, N. S., 1861

The saddest experience of my life was on the 21st of June of this year. Anna,

my angel daughter, left me for her Father in Heaven at 3 o'clock in the morning, and the nature of the disease was such that we had to bury her at 10 o'clock same day. N and my wife had the disease, smallpox, and got over it, but Anna could not wrestle with the destroyer successfully and had to yield. She suffered much and, oh, how much did we all suffer for her. She is not to die again, thank God. Her spirit is now with the angels. But, oh, how we suffer on account of her absence. On Sunday, 23d. Brother Knaben preached a funeral sermon, and our little church was filled to its utmost capacity. Everybody loved Anna and mourned her early departure. She was an idol. We loved her because she was good. Everybody loved her for the same reason. She has gone on to prepare a place for us. God be thanked for so good a daughter. We will not mourn for she is in heaven. Goodby, daughter—we will meet again.

(Note—The following are extracts from a letter to Mrs. Norwood of Annisquam, written by Nathaniel Gunnison on September 25, 1861.)

We have met with a severe loss in the departure of Anna. She was a good girl, always obedient, respectful, cheerful and happy. I do not think I ever knew so artless and natural a girl. There was no put-on to her. She was as mild as love itself and as bold as a lion. She dared to do what she considered right no matter who opposed. All our memories of her are sweet. We cannot call up a single instance in her whole character that we would wish changed. Her life was a perfect life. Any change would have marred it. She was as natural as the birds. She ran, romped, sung, played, laughed and talked because she could not help doing so. Her nature was overflowing with goodness. She loved everybody and I do not think she ever formed an acquaintance that did not love her. In this city, where she developed from girlhood into womanhood, everybody seemed to be on intimate terms with her. She had friends, personal and fast, in all the societies in the city. I thank the Lord for so good a daughter. She developed young and marked out her mission faithfully. She has gone to a higher circle and we are left to mourn her departure. We cannot wish to call her back to earth although our house is truly desolate without her. Marilla will tell you all about the circumstances of her sudden departure and how terribly afflicting they were.

Almon came home from Woodstock, Vt., where he had been at school for 18 months, on July 21. Remained at home till July 27, when I accompanied him to Minnie, N. S., to engage in teaching. Arrived at Mr. Seaman's at 2 o'clock on Sunday morning, and Almon commenced his school on Tuesday fol-

lowing, and continued it through the remainder of the year. This was his first attempt at teaching, and I am happy to record that he succeeded admirably. N remained with Mr. Tully through the year, and still continues with him. In April the society put an organ into the church, at a cost of \$525. And our dear daughter Anna was instrumental in this work, and after it was put up she lived at the instrument. It was her joy and delight to practice. She lived but five or six weeks to enjoy it.

Our congregations have increased, and the year closes with the society free from debt, and \$200 in funds belonging to Sunday School and Sewing Circle. The Grand Division S. of T., in annual session convened, elected me to the office of W. A. and the P. W. P., and in consideration of the services I had rendered the cause of temperance, presented me with a National Division Regalia and an address flattering to my pride, and I trust, appreciated by my sense of justice.

During the year I have kept up my relations with the Masons, Odd Fellows and Sons of Temperance, and so far as circumstances would allow have attended the regular meetings of these bodies. During the past year liberal Christianity has made great advances. Some of the best minds in Europe and America have put forth protests against the old sacrificial theology.

The Rebellion in the States broke out this year. The flag that has protected us for 70 years was wantonly trampled in the dust by a portion of its subjects, and at the close of the year our beloved country is in the midst of a mighty revolution. Sixty thousand men are in the field on the side of the Union, and as many against it, and the combat deepens.

The year of 1861 has been an eventful year. History has been made very fast. Some of the brightest and some of the darkest pages have been written. Provisions during the year were abundant and cheap. The war in the States had a tendency to throw a great many out of employment, and hence there was more or less suffering. I have done what

I could to assist the poor by my own contributions and by soliciting aid of others. The Lord be praised for His goodness to me and mine during the year just past, although He has made us drink of the bitter cup of affliction. Yet He has been gracious to us, and given us abundant occasion for thankfulness even amidst our sharpest griefs.

Balifag, N. S., 1862

My son N left home in April for Sherbrooke to try his fortune in trade with the miners. Almon returned to Vermont in February to finish up his preparations for college. My family at the close of the year consists of four of us, with the addition of the little girl, Rebecca Moffat, whom I have taken as my ward to bring up and educate. She is 12 years old, and the daughter of one of the old members of my church.

My relations with the society continue uninterrupted. Our congregations are as large as at any previous time, and perhaps larger. Our Sunday School was never in so good a condition as now. The church has increased during the past year. Quite a number of the young have joined us. This has been a year of great anxiety on account of the war in my own native land.

Balifag, N. S., 1863

During the year I have preached 88 sermons. During the months of September and October I was not able to preach being confined to the house and under charge of two doctors, with a carbuncle. My friends were very kind to me. Early in the spring N left for the States for employment, and in June I made a visit to the States and left Almon to keep the pulpit supplied by reading sermons. Almon entered Tufts College in August.

THE CHESAPEAKE AFFAIR.

By special request of the American Consul, Judge Jackson, I received the appointment and performed the duties of the office for five weeks in April and May. In September the Consul again left home and the office fell into my

hands. In December the Chesapeake was taken by pirates and retaken by the United States gunboat Ella and Annie and brought into Halifax. It devolved upon me to correspond with the government of Nova Scotia in reference to this unpleasant affair, which, in consequence of a feeling of sympathy with the pirates, rendered duties very unpleasant, and tended to lower my dignity as a Christian minister. My friends felt afflicted. They knew that I was in a false position, and the "Countrepart" took occasion to make remarks prejudicial to me. Still my friends did not turn against me.

December 9—Dispatch came in reference to the Chesapeake taken by pirates.

December 10—Spent all day in sending dispatches and official letters. Called upon Dr. Tupper to see about the arrest of the pirates. Addressed him officially.

December 11—Dispatches to-day pretty plenty. Learned all about the Chesapeake. She is at St. Marys.

December 12—Called upon Mr. Johnson to see about the Chesapeake. He wants proof, which I have promised him.

December 14—Officially applied to the Government to seize Chesapeake. Government considered the matter and refused to interfere. This was owing probably to secession proclivities.

December 15—The Ella and Annie came into the harbor. Met Lieutenant Nichols and arranged for coal, pilot, etc. Met Nichols and Dr. Davis of Liverpool, N. S., whom I sent for to identify the pirates at my house. Went to Cunards and settled bills by giving order on the United States.

December 16—Dr. Davis made out affidavit against pirate Braine-Heard of Chesapeake at Sambro. Telegraphed to Lieutenant Nichols to proceed to Sambro and take possession of vessel.

December 17—To-day the United States gunboat Dacotah and war steamer Ella and Annie came into port with the prize Chesapeake. Worked at office till 12 o'clock at night. Diplomacy has now commenced. We shall see what we shall see.

December 18—At office early and commenced diplomacy. Borrowed on the faith of Government \$100 of Mr. Cunard. Telegraphed for Jackson to come home by next steamer.

December 19—Received a dispatch from Washington approving our course with the Chesapeake. Delivered up the prisoner at half-past 1 o'clock, according to arrangement between the two governments, when the citizens hustled him away by force.

Sunday, December 20—My people terribly tried by my being Consul and having all these troubles come upon me.

December 21—All day in the Consul's Office preparing papers for report of correspondence in reference to the Chesapeake. Much excitement about town. All sorts of reports afloat. My people feel bad about my being mixed up with it.

December 22—At Consulate to-day. Arranged report and sent it to Washington. Received telegram from Seward. Wrote Dr. Tupper a letter informing him that 1,000 rifles were on their way from New York.

December 23—Put myself in communication with the Government. Stated to them the fact that 1,000 rifles were on their way from New York to Halifax, and I greatly feared for the safety of the Chesapeake.

December 24—To-day closes my official career at the Consulate, making 51 working days, for which I have taken \$51.

The war has dragged its slow length along. The Unionists have steadily gained ground and the Rebels have held on with desperation. We have been situated amid rebel sympathizers and have found our position in this respect very unpleasant. The press has done its utmost to keep the people deceived in reference to the state of the war, its origin and progress. A terrible retribution awaits this city of Halifax for its complicity in treason and piracy.

During the past year we have been especially afflicted in the removal from earth to heaven of our dear sister So-

phia, the youngest of the family of ten, and peculiarly near us, having been a member of our family for nearly a dozen years. She died fully in the faith of meeting her husband and child in the better world.

Balifax, N. S., 1864.

January 11—At Consul's Office settling up Chesapeake affair. Old fogysim got a tumble down. Johnson had to succumb.

February 16—Spent the evening at Mr. Jackson's in company with the Chesapeake crew. An oyster supper in honor of the triumph over the secesh government.

March 18—The Chesapeake sailed for Portland.

August 23—Arrived at Portland and went at once to Westbrook with the boys.

October 2—Preached at Tufts College in morning and School Street in afternoon.

Summary—Preached 82 sermons. Was absent from home nine weeks—two in Minudie and seven in the States. Attended the convention in Concord, N. H., visited friends in Massachusetts and looked about the country for a final settlement. In May I called the society together and proposed to them to release me at the end of fifteen months, and call Mr. Kent to fill my place. Mr. Kent is a young man and a native of this province, of much promise. The society raised for him \$100 as a loan, and voted to invite him to fill my place at the close of his preparatory course at Canton, N. Y. This arrangement was considered a good one, and, so far as I have heard, satisfactory all around. So I find that I shall be permitted to return to my native land at the time mentioned.

Some of our valued friends have been called to the higher life. Father Seaman, the patriarch of Minudie, whose plantation I had visited annually for seven years, was called home in September, while I was away from the Prov-

inces, and could not, therefore, heed the summons to attend his funeral.

The terrible Rebellion in my own dear country still continues. Oh, the suffering of that dear land. Thousands die upon the battlefield, other thousands are starved to death by the rebels in their prisons, and the most inhuman treatment toward our soldiers is practised by the demons in the South. How long this fiendish spirit is to prevail the Lord only knows. Our country must have sinned fearfully to merit such terrible punishment.

Balifax and Norway, 1865.

During the year I preached 100 sermons and made more than 500 parish calls. In the month of March I called a meeting of the pewholders in my church to consider the subject of releasing me from pastoral duties after the 1st of May, and fulfilling their agreement with Brother Kent made more than a year before. I was informed by this meeting that a few persons had been in league with A. G. L. for him to follow me, notwithstanding the agreement with Brother Kent. The meeting, therefore, was not so harmonious as it ought to be. By this development of feeling I felt it my duty to resign at once. A meeting was called to act upon my resignation. The result was a unanimous vote to request me to remain with them, and granting me a leave of absence of 6 months. After due consideration of the request I returned an answer that I would remain with them and fully determined to do so, solely for the good of the society. Soon after the President was assassinated, which produced a feeling with the Provincials generally which made my stay very unpleasant. I remained until the 1st of June, and then left on my six months' vacation, Brother Kent supplying my place. Just before I left I wrote a private note to the editor of the Universalist, in which I spoke of the Provincials in reference to their conduct on the occasion of the assassination of the President. This note the editor incautiously published, which enraged

the Halifax editors to such a degree as to make them vindictive and abusive.

This alone decided me not to return to Halifax at all. I deemed my mission then ended, and requested the society to release me from all engagements. My friends, who are numerous, felt that it was no more than just to me to be released. Accordingly, on the first day of November, my connection with the society closed, having lasted nearly nine years. I must record that I never spent a term of pastoral labor more pleasantly than I did this term. I went to the society when it was weak and built it up so that it was a strong society, owning a beautiful church and having all the fixings of a city church. I have not a word of fault to find with the society as a society. There are noble men and glorious women not a few.

While supplying Halifax by Brother Kent, I was preaching at Paris Hill and Norway, Me., and after supplying for three months, I engaged to become their pastor for five years at a salary of \$1,000, \$600 of which was to be paid by the Norway people and \$400 by Paris Hill. I commenced my term on the 5th of September. There being no suitable place for a minister to reside I advised the building of a parsonage.

Norway, Me., 1866.

I have preached 159 sermons, married 16 couples and made 200 parish calls. In addition to my labors as pastor of two societies I have had charge of all the schools, and visited them twice a term. My children have all visited us, and a daughter has been added to our family in the wife of our eldest son. During my year and a half residence in Norway the society has built a parsonage with \$1,600 and raised the church and put a hall under it and a steeple on the church and other improvements at an expense of \$3,000. This outlay has required the united efforts of the people and constant attention of the pastor. The pews are all taken and the revenue is sufficient to cover expenses.

I have now under my care the two societies of Paris Hill and Norway, also West Paris, where I preach once in four weeks, on Sunday evening; Locke's Mills, where I lecture on a week day evening; Sumner, where I lecture on Saturday evening as often as the weather will allow; North Norway once a week day evening once a month, and supply the pulpit at Bridgton all the time. Thus my time is all taken up, and more, too. I am working very hard; the state of the cause demands it. There never was a time when the people were as earnest for the truth as now.

I feel that my time is short and that I must work with all my might. The harvest is great and the laborers are few.

Norway, Me., 1867.

The year past has been one of mingled joy and sorrow, rest and labor, success and failure, just like those years that preceded it. I have not lost a single day by sickness, and every Sunday I have preached one or more sermons. I have preached during the past year 110 sermons and lectures, attended 35 funerals, at most of which I preached a sermon or made an address equal to a sermon, and married 12 couples and made more than 150 parochial calls. Served on School Committee and attended to bank business and other duties civic, political, moral and religious.

It is the habit of the society in Norway to put all the labor possible onto the shoulders of their minister. They want him to do all the work and take all the responsibilities of letting the pews and raising the money, etc.

The society at Paris Hill do their own work. All they require of the minister is a large amount of visiting and good preaching. I have preached regularly on the Hill Sunday mornings and in Norway in the afternoons, and occasionally a third service at North Norway and West Paris.

During the year a society and Sunday school was organized in West Paris, which was brought about by my efforts

at Summer. A new church was built and dedicated during the year as the result of my efforts there during a course of lectures given on week day evenings. The house was dedicated November 20, I preaching the sermon. The pews were all sold and the house paid for. I have attended four conferences, one association and one State Convention, preached an occasional and one dedicatory sermon. Almon spent his vacation with us. Ministers are the poorest paid of any class of men. Faith constitutes the largest part of their living. Were it not for their sense of duty and responsibility together with a conscious regard for the good of their fellow men, not one in ten would remain in the ministry six months.

Norway and Dexter, 1868.

Preached 114 sermons and attended 20 funerals. Closed my engagement at Norway and Paris. Left Norway because of an inadequacy of salary. Came to Dexter on an increase of 40 per cent. Came for 6 months to try the experiment of reviving this dead society. Prospects pretty good. My experience in Norway was pleasant for 3 years and 3 months. I found them in a demoralized state. I redeemed the society and put everything in first rate order, so that no society in the State had better accommodations, and then, because I thought the society ought to pay the minister more than \$600, a few of the leaders were made for a time my enemies.

While in Norway I got up a Savings Bank and engineered it through, and sustained its reputation till it became a power in the village.

I served on the School Committee and did a great deal of hard work in the interests of the schools, as all do admit. I here record it as my experience that Norway is, upon the whole, a good society. My salary was always behind, and few favors were shown us while there. There are a great many very kind and good friends in Norway whom I shall always love.

Paris Hill had its attractions. There are good friends there. They did what they could, but they are few, and the pay came hard.

In June went to Canton, N. Y. Was present at Almon's graduation and marriage. Preached at Malone.

Dexter, Me., 1869.

During the past year we have enjoyed a great many comforts. We have had no sicknesses. I have preached every Sunday, 108 sermons, attended 13 funerals and married 4 couples, and made over 100 parish calls. Served on the School Committee and attended to my duties promptly. In April the society in Dexter commenced on their church and continued till December 22, when it was dedicated by appropriate services. A great success has attended my ministry in Dexter. The society was dead and in one year and three months it has been raised to a living, working, active body. A church worth \$12,000 has been built, and the congregations have increased greatly. I preached in Guilford 14 Sundays. The congregations have been good and the people manifested liberality truly encouraging. On Christmas they presented me with a valuable gift.

I have preached also in Sangerville, Dover, St. Albans and Newport. I have exchanged but twice during the year, once with my son and once with Brother Quinby.

We have worked hard, but not in vain. We have had but few annoyances. One infidel lifted up his heel because his infidelity was rebuked, and tried to excite a feeling against me, but did not succeed. The people were too well grounded in Christian faith to be moved by him.

Infidelity is no part of the Universalist's creed, and the fewer infidels we have in the ranks the better for us. The older I grow the more firm do I become in the faith of the religion of Christ. Universalism is what this wicked world needs before it can be saved from the practice of iniquity. My family is all

spared to me save one, and she went to the spirit home a long time ago.

My boys are each pursuing their life's work and for the past year they have been blessed.

Dexter, Me., 1870.

January 16—Sick to-day. First Sunday I have not preached for a number of years.

September 12—Went to Westbrook and spent the night with Walter.

September 13—Went to Brewster. Stopped with Father Foster. Had much trouble with my leg.

September 19—Went to Squam. Cars full of delegates to the Centenary Convention in Gloucester.

September 20—My leg painful.

September 21—Attended meetings. Estimated 10,000 persons were on the grounds to-day. Great success.

September 22 and 23—Remained in doors on account of my leg.

September 24—Almon left for home quite sick.

September 28—Left for home.

September 29—Spent night with Almon in Bath, Me.

September 30—Reached home. Not allowed to go out on account of my leg.

November 12—(Walter writes.) Had a shock of paralysis at Waterville. Telegraphed to Almon to come and help me home. My right side wholly helpless.

November 24—Came down stairs for the first time.

December 25—I have preached one discourse in Dexter after being disabled by paralysis five Sundays.

December 11—Visited Walter's school in Ripley and made a speech. The little boys had a New Year's party at Dustin's. Mother and Herbert attended and a lively time they had.

(No summary of the year appears.)

Dexter and West Waterville, 1871.

(This was the last diary. But little is written in it.)

Preached in Dexter. I am still under

the spell of paralysis and have to write with my left hand, and yet I am thankful to begin the new year so hopefully. I am improving, thank God.

January 4—Herbert sick with cold. Almon sick in Bath.

January 6—Herbert sick and all chores come on me. Harnessed my horse alone to-day.

January 7—Almon came to-night with Ella and Freddie.

January 8—Almon preached for me.

March 21—Almon Gage come to supply my pulpit.

April 16—Preached for Almon in Bath.

(Father had a second shock of paralysis and felt obliged to resign the Dexter pulpit and accept an offer at a smaller salary to preach at West Waterville, Me.)

May 10—Gave up my house in Dexter.

May 12—Last night in Dexter. Stopped at Mr. Bassett's.

June 13—Came to my new settlement, West Waterville. Put up with A. Winslow.

August 4—Sent Herbert \$175 to put in Dexter Bank.

(Mother writes in the diary from this time.)

August 18—Arrived at Marilla's.

August 19—Spent the day in getting ready for Rebecca's wedding.

August 20—Rebecca Moffat was married.

August 24—Started for home this morning. Arrived at 5 P. M.; found all glad to see me. Husband complained of a pain in his stomach. Retired as usual. At 3 o'clock he awoke us, in terrible pain, and at 4 o'clock his spirit took its flight to the better land, where for nine months past he had wished to go. Funeral at West Waterville August 25.

August 26—Arrived in Abington this morning with Walter, and at 2 P. M. committed to earth all that was mortal of my dear husband. Marilla, Almon, Willard come just in time to have a last look on their father's face.

August 27—Spent the day at Malden.

Brother David and sister so kind to me and mine.

August 28—Took the cars for my lonely home. Found my tea prepared, washing done. Very, very tired.

August 29—This morning I so much missed the dear face and the clear head to tell me what was best to be done. Walter and Herbert took up carpets. N and Almon came this evening.

August 30—To-day has been a sad one to me, and never to be forgotten. The boys tried to settle things, but found we had to go through some form of law.

August 31—The boys began to pack up my things. My poor heart is so sad. The way looks dark.

September 2—The boys packed this morning, and this afternoon went and had their pictures taken.

September 3—Almon preached to-day. We all went to meeting. A sad day for me, but the thought was pleasant that the dear one was where he could not tire nor be weary any more.

September 4—The boys took an early start for Augusta. Walter packed the organ. I had a new girl and we did a hard day's work getting things ready for the auction.

August 5—This morning the appraiser came and took an inventory of all my goods, and I took the oath to administer faithfully upon the estate of my husband. Sold all the things this afternoon. Took tea and spent the night with Mrs. Winslow.

August 6—This morning, in company with N, Almon and Herbert, I bid adieu to West Waterville. How sad was my heart to leave the friends that had been so kind to me and mine. I felt that the good Father would bless them for all the sacrifices they had made for us.

August 7—This morning arrived at Marilla's. Wearied, worn and sad. The future is dark, and yet I know that a kind Providence will shield me and mine.

August 8—N and Almon left me this morning. I have experienced very great loss to-day. My dear boys I know will always comfort me, and for this I will labor.

October 5—This morning Mrs. Boardman, Herbert and myself went to visit the grave of the loved one in Abington. It was a day long to be remembered.

October 6—Started this evening for Canton, N. Y.

October 14—Arrived safely in Canton. I found Ella and Freddie all well. Think I shall like my new home.

October 10—Fitted up Walter's room. Think we shall make it seem like home.

October 22—Went to church and liked much. I look forward to much pleasure in my new home.

October 23—This morning while washing I met with an accident, which nearly deprived me of my life. A sprain of my back. Called a doctor.

October 24—Very sick, Cannot move myself.

October 25—Still sick.

(And this ends all that is written in the diaries.—F. N. G.)

The Preacher's Reward.

In the back of the book in which Nathaniel Gunnison wrote the story of his early life is a summary of the income he received during his ministerial career. In 1838 he received \$420; 1839, \$580; 1840, \$740; 1841, \$500. The salary averaged about \$500 a year until 1850, when it reached \$700, and 1854 to \$900. While in Halifax his income was about \$1,000 a year. While in Norway it was between \$1,300 and \$1,400, and in Dexter it reached, in 1869, \$1,623.65, the largest income he ever had in one year.

The total income for thirty-three and one-half years was \$29,767.06, an average of \$878 a year.

Death of the Rev. W. Gunnison

The Rev. Dr. Quinby, editor of the Gospel Banner, wrote the following:

"It is with deep sorrow that we write the above heading. On Friday morning, August 25, between the hours of 3 and 4 o'clock, at his home in West Waterville, Brother Gunnison breathed his last, and passed on to the higher and diviner life, in the existence of which he so strongly believed, and the beauties and blessedness of which he had so often and so eloquently portrayed in the presence of others.

"Some ten months ago, as many of our readers are aware, Brother Gunnison had a shock of paralysis, which confined him to his home and bed for a while. It affected his entire right side, physically, but left his mind untouched. He soon got so as to walk and go out and engage again to some extent in the work of the ministry; but not feeling adequate to the task of doing all that the condition of the large parish in Dexter demanded of a pastor and preacher, he wisely decided to surrender his charge there and labor in some other field calling for less exertion. On hearing of his intentions, his old friends in West Waterville gave him a very urgent invitation to move at once among them and take charge of their affairs. The village is a quiet, rural, beautiful place, the society reliable, and he immediately accepted the call, removed his family and commenced his work as preacher and pastor. He has always been a man of indomitable energy. Large as he was in person, he managed to use his paralyzed limb in walking, and though his right arm and hand were useless, he employed his left in writing, and soon became expert in the use of it for this purpose. Apparently he

was just as earnestly engaged in his work as a minister and pastor as ever, and as faithful to all the interests of his profession. He visited Portland several times to be treated by a physician there for his paralysis. He conceived at first that this man was substantially benefiting him. Six weeks ago he wrote us to this effect. Four weeks since he said in a letter written for another purpose, that he was getting along finely, and had concluded to preach in Sidney—six miles distant—in the afternoons. But, ten days ago the tone of his communications was changed. He said he was poorly—spoke of a nice little homestead that would come within his means which he had offered him in Buxton, near the railroad station, and asked us if there was any opportunity in the vicinity for him to form a preaching circuit, if he should conclude to purchase this place.

"Last week, on Wednesday and Thursday, we were in Springfield, Vt., in attendance on the meeting of the state convention there. We were strongly urged by many friends to remain till the next day, but though we had nothing special or pressing to call us home, we felt we must come. Leaving at 1 o'clock P. M., we arrived in Boston at 7, and, taking the night express, we reached home at 4 Friday morning, and not long after received a dispatch to the effect that Brother Gunnison had passed away—that he would be buried in Abington, Mass.—that his funeral service would be at the church in West Waterville at 5 o'clock that afternoon, and we were desired to be present to officiate. This was the first word we had received of his being worse. On going to West Waterville we learned from his afflicted

family that he had been complaining only a few days. The Sunday previous he preached at home in the forenoon, stopped at the Sunday school as usual, but in the afternoon, when making ready to go to Sidney, he said he was not so well. His son Walter, who was at home at the time, urged him not to go, but he said he always filled his appointments—this was his rule—and he went, his younger son going with him to drive. He preached with his usual freedom, made a call or two, took supper and returned home, feeling better than when he left. The next day, Monday, he rode to Waterville, four miles. A day or two after, he had a slight attack of cholera morbus, but got over it. On Thursday he felt worse, and complained more than he had done for some time. The afternoon train from the west brought his wife, who had been absent in Massachusetts a few days mainly to attend to some business, at her husband's special request. She finished her business, and, though strongly urged to remain a few days and make a more extended visit, she felt strongly impelled to return. When she unexpectedly came into the room, he seemed exceedingly pleased to see her, and told her he was glad she had come, as he did not feel as well as usual; complained of distress in his stomach and chest. This distress continued to increase and a physician was called in the night, but he said it was "of no use," he knew "his condition," he was "going." He talked to his children, but two of whom were present, as rationally as ever to the last, and died suddenly at the time mentioned above.

"A large number of friends were present at the church on the occasion of his funeral, to sympathize with the bereaved and testify by the presence the respect in which they held the departed. The following was the order of the service on the sad occasion:

"Reading of appropriate Scriptures, by the writer. Reading of a hymn by Rev. J. O. Skinner, which was sung by the choir. Prayer by the writer. Reading of a hymn by the Free Baptist minister of

West Waterville. Address by the writer. Closing prayer by Rev. J. O. Skinner. Closing voluntary, touchingly sung by the choir.

"Many were the tears shed on the occasion. The large congregation had opportunity to view the corpse, after which the family accompanied it to West Waterville and thence to Boston on the night express. Rev. Dr. Miner, of Boston, was telegraphed to be present at Abington, at 11 o'clock on Saturday, to perform appropriate religious service there.

"Rev. Nathaniel Gunnison was born in the town of Goshen, N. H., February 4, 1811, and hence was rising 60 years of age. His father and mother both died before his remembrance, and his struggles against ill-health and poverty were hard in early life. In 1834 he married Sarah Ann Richardson, of Goshen, daughter of David Richardson. In 1836 his wife died, leaving an infant daughter, an event which brought him much sorrow and a train of thought which resulted in his resolving to give his life to the dissemination of a faith which had sustained and comforted him in the hour of his deepest affliction. Rev. A. L. Balch attended the funeral of his wife, and in April, 1837, Mr. Gunnison commenced to study for the ministry under his direction. His first settlement was over three societies, Brewster, North Dennis and South Dennis, on Cape Cod, Mass., where he commenced his labors in the fall of 1837. He was ordained on the 15th of November that year, the Rev. J. M. Spear preaching his ordination sermon. On the 12th of August, 1838, he was married to Miss A. L. Foster of Brewster, who proved a most faithful companion in all the relations of a pastor's wife to the hour of his death. The following spring he accepted a call to become teacher in the Academy in Provincetown, where he was also to preach half of the time. In March, 1840, he was invited to take charge of the parish in Manchester, N. H. The following year he visited Hallowell, Me., and having a pressing invitation to remain as pastor, and not liking in Manchester, he did

so. Here he continued as pastor four years, and afterward for five years he preached in Sidney, West Waterville, East Vassalboro', Winthrop, and other towns in the vicinity, still residing in Hallowell.

"In April, 1850, he removed to Abington and took charge of the society there, where he remained several years, doing an excellent work for Universalism, not only in Abington, but in all that section. He then received and accepted a call to take the pastoral charge of the society in Halifax, N. S., where he remained, if we mistake not, nine years, much beloved, and where during the war with the South, he acted for a time as agent for our Government, filling the place of American Consul.

"From the above it will be seen that Bro. G. worked thirty-four years in the vineyard of his Master; and nobly and faithfully did he toil. For more than thirty years were we personally acquainted with him. Being pastor of the church in Taunton, Mass., from 1846 to 1862, we were instrumental in his removal to the neighboring towns of Abington, and well do we remember with what earnestness he worked in that section for the furtherance of every good cause and Christian enterprise. He was not only highly respected but much beloved by all who knew him. Among other things, he got the people to go forward in laying out and beautifying a public cemetery. In these grounds he secured a lot, which together with the fact that dear relatives and friends are residents of the place, accounts for the circumstance of his burial there.

"We are making this notice very much longer than we designed and yet it is no more protracted than the love we felt for our Brother would dictate, or his devoted labors in behalf of our holy faith demand. He and the editor of the Banner entered the Gospel field as fellow laborers the same year; we have ever known him to be a true and uncompromising friend of Universalism. He has ever manifested a cheerful willingness to labor to the extent of his ability—and

but few men are more able—for the promotion of this holy faith. In its defence he lived; and for its furtherance he gave all his strength and at last life itself, for we believe that the arduousness of his labors and anxiety growing out of difficulties arising from faithfulness to our denominational interests, hastened the physical condition which resulted in death. With the Apostle he might have exclaimed in all truth: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord shall give me."

(From the "Universalist.")

"He was a man of decided character and indomitable energy—a great worker and successful organizer. He was a person of fine social qualities and owed much of his success to the facility with which he drew people around him and attracted them to him personally. As a preacher, he was noted as an expounder of the doctrines which were so dear to his heart, and left his mark behind him, in the convictions of the people who came under his teachings."

(From the "Gloucester Advertiser.")

"Mr. Gunnison was in Halifax during the War of the Rebellion and his voice was ever for the right in that hot-bed of secession sentiment. The value of his services to the North during that period can hardly be overestimated."

Tribute of a Son.

Almon Gunnison in an article in the Christian Leader on the work of the minister thus referred to Nathaniel Gunnison:

"At the age of 57, the pastor of whom we speak was paralyzed. Upon the early morning of the Sabbath the secret blow fell upon him, but yet he went to his work and with half his body dead went through with his Sabbath service. Then

came the weary months of battling with death. Disease was stayed by the vigor of an unconquerable will, and dragging his heavy limb, with right arm lifeless at his side, he took up again the burden of his work. . . . The other day in the lumber of a storage room, we found the old trunk which contained the sermons of this veteran preacher, and there upon the top a package of huge MSS., written in rude fashion, unlike the singularly clear penmanship of the remaining mass. These were the sermons written after the full shock came to him, for at 58 years of age, finding that never again could the accustomed hand hold the pen, the old man had, with his left hand, learned to write, and until the last, week by week, the fresh sermon came quick and vital from a brain which would not cease to work."

Mount Vernon Cemetery,

Abington, Mass.

The Abington Journal, 1872, contains an article on the history of Mount Vernon Cemetery, in which appears:

"By the record books, we find on June 22, 1852, a petition was presented to John King, a lawyer and justice of the peace, containing the wants of 100 citizens, and asking him to issue a warrant for a public meeting, to take some action upon the matter. The petition was circulated and most of the preliminary work was done by Rev. N. Gunnison, who was then pastor of the Universalist church, and whose death took place last fall, his remains being interred in Mount Vernon Cemetery. Indeed it may be truly said that it was through his efforts that this work was carried to a successful issue, for he worked early and late, and his influence gained many citizens to favor the project."

Ann Louisa Foster.

Nathaniel Gunnison's second wife, Ann Louisa Foster, was the daughter of Captain Freeman Foster of Brewster, Mass., who was born in 1782 and died in 1870. He was six feet tall and weighed at one time 250 pounds. He was a shipmaster, sailing to New Orleans, West Indies, Liverpool and Russia. He was set and stern; his word was law to all under or near him. He was known to all as a strong, reliable, straightforward man. He was one of the early converts to Universalism under John Murray and was one of the founders of the church in Brewster. He married Mehitable Low, daughter of a Revolutionary soldier.

Ann Louisa Foster was the seventh generation from Thomas Foster, who was in Weymouth, Mass., before 1640, and afterward settled in Billerica, Mass. She was the ninth generation from Elder William Brewster of the Mayflower. She was the eighth generation from Governor Thomas Prince, many years governor of Plymouth Colony. She was the eighth generation from Edmund Freeman, who settled in Sandwich, Mass., in 1635, and who was one of the most prominent men in the colony. It is said that her grandfather, David Foster, served under Washington at Dorchester Heights in the early Revolutionary days.

The children of Freeman and Mehitable Foster were:

- Freeman, born 1807, died 1900.
- Mehitable L., born 1808, died 1894.
- David, born 1810, died 1897.
- Phebe F., born 1812.
- Sarah H., born 1814, died 1893.
- Martha, born 1817, died 1899.
- Ann Louisa, born April 15, 1819; died October 22, 1888.
- Lucretia, born 1821.
- William Low, born 1822, died 1876.
- Sophia, born 1825, died 1863.

It will be seen that this was a family of sturdy constitutions. They nearly all lived to a ripe old age. There are now (1901) but two living. The members of the family were devoted to each other. The closest and most tender relations existed between the husband and children of Ann Louisa and her brothers and sisters. The story of the life of the devoted wife of Nathaniel Gunnison is told in the story of his life, for it ran along, side by side, with his. She was his companion and wise counselor in all that he did. She was devoted to her husband and to her children; she was remarkably faithful and efficient as a pastor's wife. When her husband died she went to Canton, N. Y., with her two youngest sons, to give them a home while they were obtaining their education. Although with but small income she was able to live comfortably and to care for her sons. When her children left Canton she broke up her home with the intention of passing the remainder of her life with her sons. She spent one winter with Foster N in Providence and a few months with Walter and Herbert in Brooklyn, in the meantime having visited friends in Halifax and in Maine. In the summer of 1888 she visited her sisters at the old homestead in Brewster, and while there was taken sick. She suffered for several months from what was supposed to be a cancer in the stomach. She was patient and hopeful through it all. She was waited upon and carefully nursed during nearly her entire illness by some one or more of her children, and by her sisters, Lucretia and Martha. She died on October 22, and was buried in Abington, Mass., beside the remains of her husband her four sons, as pall bearers, tenderly carrying the body from place to place and finally depositing it in the grave. A

kinder, more faithful and loving mother never lived.

The following tributes to her memory appeared in the *Christian Leader*:

In Memoriam.

Mrs. Ann L. Gunnison

The *Christian Leader* made announcement, in a recent issue, of the death of this lady, at Brewster, Mass. She died at the old homestead where she was born and from which she went forth, fifty years ago, at her marriage to one of the clergymen of our Church, the Rev. Nathaniel Gunnison. As a pastor's wife she lived in Provincetown, Abington, Annisquam, Mass.; Hallowell, Norway, Dexter and Waterville, Me., and Halifax, N. S. She was thoroughly in sympathy with her husband's work, possessing a deep religious nature and being ardently devoted to the interests of the Universalist Church. She was indefatigable in labors and possessed a ready tact and a kindly sympathy that made her admired and loved by the churches where her husband ministered.

On the death of her husband in 1871, she moved to Canton, N. Y., in order to educate her sons in St. Lawrence University. One of them becoming a professor in the college, she continued her residence, remaining there for fourteen years. The professors many of them had been her own and her husband's friends in other years, and her life there was full of delight to her, and crowded with helpful activities for others. She was the friend of every good cause; the friendless students found in her motherly sympathy; her home was ever open to them, and her genial and sympathetic nature went out in continuous blessing to those who needed help and guidance. One who knew her intimately in those days, President Cone of Buchtel College, thus writes of her: "We retain in memory a vivid and charming picture of her, as we knew her then—the benignant gray-haired mother, interested in all young people, the ready helper, the zealous Universalist, alive to all that con-

cerned the Church and the school. It was always a benediction to go to her house and sit awhile in her cheerful presence. One went away with his estimate of the sweetness and worth of life heightened and his best aims quickened and encouraged."

Since her removal from Canton, she has resided with her sons in Providence and Brooklyn. She retained the vigor of her youth and her friends had expectation of many years of life for her. Visiting her sisters in Brewster in July, she was taken sick, and for three months suffered greatly but with heroic patience. All that loving care could do was done for her, but in faith and resignation she passed on, on October 22.

Her funeral services were conducted by Rev. Messrs. Donald Fraser and H. N. Couden, who had known and loved her. Her burial took place at Abington, Mass., where her husband is interred. Though thirty years had elapsed since her residence there, the ladies of the church who remembered and loved her, decorated the church with leaves and flowers; friends came from near and far, and with sweet song and tender appreciative words from Rev. B. F. Bowles, the last rites of love were rendered, and then her four boys with loving hands took all that was mortal of her, and laid it tenderly to rest beside the dust of the father who had preceded her into the life beyond.

She possessed a spirit of unusual sunniness, having the largest faith in humanity and quick sensitiveness to others' needs. She would neither speak in detraction of others nor listen to unkindly censure of them, and her life went out through all its years in blessing to her fellows. The weary and heavy-laden came to her, and if she could not take the burden from them she gave them strength to bear it. Her memory is a precious possession to those who came within the influence of her gracious presence, and the remembrance of her goodness is as a healing balm!

Two brothers and five sisters survive, one of the latter being the wife of Rev. C. A. Bradley. She also leaves one

daughter and four sons, one of whom is Rev. Dr. Gunnison of Brooklyn.—The Christian Leader.

The late Mrs. Ann L. Gunnison.

Appreciative mention has already been made in these columns of this excellent woman; but on behalf of her friends in Canton, where she recently lived and was held in great esteem, another word seems appropriate. Marked traits of Mrs. Gunnison were good sense and cheerfulness. She carried an atmosphere of "sweet content" wherever she went. She was more than a useful woman—she was helpful. She did her full share, and a little more, and never criticised nor complained. The experience she had gained as a pastor's wife was used, without officiousness, to make one of the rarest parishioners. We have missed her much since she ceased to be seen in our streets, and welcomed in our homes and expected at all our meetings. Her death is a bereavement to us, though we know it is deliverance and peace to her. Such true, helpful, genial souls, such pure, unpretentious and consecrated lives, are the real treasures of earth. To their friends left behind they are treasures in heaven.—I. M. Atwood.

(From the "Gospel Banner.")

"She was a woman of the highest character, great patience and devoted attachment to her church. She was an ideal minister's wife, and was greatly beloved by her husband's parishes. She

was singular in this, that she never spoke an ill word of any one, and would not permit a word of detraction spoken of any person in her presence."

Foster N Gunnison's Name.

The younger generation may not know that the name given to Nathaniel Gunnison's eldest son was simply the letter N. It will be noticed in the extracts from the diaries that whenever this son is referred to he is called "N". After N became of age he found that this name created so much confusion that he applied to the courts for the name of Foster, and since then his name has been Foster N Gunnison. The explanation of this peculiar name is given by Foster as follows:

For 25 years I went by the name of N. Have heard father say that mother wanted me named Nathaniel, but he said he had always been called "Nat" and he was bound to have a name for me that could not be nicknamed, etc. Father always had to write a note to my school mistresses explaining to them that "N" was all the name I had. The way of it was, mother wanted Nathaniel, father something short. Some of the students at Provincetown said: "Make it N—the letter father always signed as his name)—that will suit Mrs. Gunnison, as it is named after Mr. Gunnison, and it will suit Mr. Gunnison, it being short and cannot be nicknamed." So they gave me that as a name, but called me "Ennie."



ANN LOUISE GUNNISON

A Tribute to Father and Mother

By their son, the Rev. Almon Gunnison, D.D.

Father.

Each of our parents had a marked personality. Unlike in temperament and disposition, they were sympathetic with each other and well mated. Father was a man of striking appearance. In his early manhood he was known far and wide as a very handsome man. Upward of six feet in height, broad shouldered and massive, with small hands and feet, high forehead, delicate complexion and soft curling hair. In my school days I visited his old home in Goshen and saw many people who had known him in his youth and early manhood and the frequent remark was made, "Your father was a very handsome man," a few old ladies, whose sight doubtless was a little the worse for wear, being so uncomplimentary as to remark, "You will never be as handsome a man as your father was." My recollection of him in his later years is of a portly man, carefully dressed, walking with dignity through the streets of Halifax, strangers often turning to look at him, because he bore the mark of distinction.

He was a generous liver and it is not wholly due to the zest of boyish appetite that we children recall with longing the old home table. He was companionable, humorous rather than witty, a friend maker and keeper. He saw the funny side of life and was quick to detect the oddities of those with whom he came in contact. When a finicky spinster once called upon him, to suggest that the theology of his sermons needed a little softening, he blandly

asked her into his study, seated her at his desk and with a graciousness that was Chesterfieldian, sweetly said, "There is the pen, pray you write the sermon." With another who was rendered somewhat critical by an unduly protracted period of unwelcome spinsterhood, he replied, when she said his sermons were too long, "I will give you my scissors and you shall cut them off, but I shall want to use the same shears to cut off your tongue, which is afflicted with the same trouble." In the suburbs of Norway, he called one day on a worthy farmer, who was outside of his parish, except on the occasion of the somewhat numerous funerals of his family. Father had attended two in the family within a short time. Driving up one day, with one of the children, to see the family, he was thanked with effusive gratitude for his kindness in its bereavement. The man said, I ought to have called upon you and paid you for your services, but, said he, with unctuous generosity, I have put something in your wagon. On starting for home father found the bottom of the buggy covered with cucumbers. He had in his own rocky, side-hill garden at home an over supply of the same vegetables, which were merrily yellowing in the sun and when the homeward bound buggy was out of sight of the farmer's house, with great laughter, father took the cucumbers one by one and fired them at the forest trees, sending with each shot a remark personal to the donor, which, had he heard, would have made his blood less cool than the proverbial coolness associated with the

cucumbers which were so ruthlessly squandered.

He had singular business sagacity and was an adviser of business men, having insight rather than shrewdness and a sort of natural divination, which would have made him unquestionably successful had he followed a business life. He greatly increased the fortunes of several of his friends in Halifax by urging them to invest in United States securities. He was consulted by men in trade, by women in making investments, by those who planned new enterprises, and his advice was seldom at fault.

He drew countless wills, he pushed on the timid and restrained the rash, was sagacious in counsel, sympathetic in misfortune, a friend to those in any need. He planned the Mount Vernon Cemetery at Abington, and financed it; established the Savings Bank at Norway and was its successful president; he built churches; reconstructed them in other places; planned large enterprises in the towns and cities where he lived, doing everything with a conservatism which left no failures for others to repair. He was a man of great courage. No titled lord could intimidate him and no threatened personal violence deter him from his course. In the Chesapeake affair, he waited on his excellency the Lord Lieutenant Governor. His lordship was at dinner and sent back word to the American consul that he could not be disturbed. Father said to the imperial butler, go back and give this card to the Governor. On the card were these words: "This is no time for ceremony. I have important business. You come out to me or I shall come in to you." The Governor came, and the Yankee minister read him some lessons in American short-cut diplomacies which were not included in the official books.

I was with him once during the war on a Bay of Fundy steamer. A loud-mouthed secessionist was speaking in the cabin against the North to a group of sympathizers. The Northerners who were trying to answer him were less glib of tongue. I went and found father

and told him he was needed. He sauntered in and took up the contest. His attack was as decisive as it was direct.

"You are no doubt a fugitive who has run away from his country to escape the draft. We have no use for such traitors in this country. We respect men who stand by their flag." There was a silence which could be felt. The man was of immense size. He glared at his accuser, livid with rage, and said: "If it was not for your white choker I would strike you." With a smile, father replied, "We will waive the white choker for the moment; don't let that deter you. You are a coward and cowards and bullies never strike." And then father gave the man such a scoring as he never had had; going over the issues of the war and addressing the passengers as well as the man, gave reasons why the North would succeed and ought to. When he had talked him into silence, he turned away. I loitered behind. The bully said, as he recovered himself: "Who is that man?" "The American Consul at Halifax," said a bystander. "Good God," replied the man, "I am a fool. I am here to buy goods and I cannot get a thing out of the provinces without his signature." He subsequently hunted up father, made his apologies, had a very uncomfortable half hour on a very hard stool of repentance and at length made his peace.

Once in Abington, fearing that there had been a premature burial of a person whose funeral he had tended, he rose at midnight and went to the receiving vault, where the body was deposited and opened the casket, and then calmly came home and went to bed.

He was a man of singular integrity. His sense of honor was a sort of second conscience. He abhorred debt, was scrupulous in keeping his word and his engagements and could not be coaxed into any transaction which was not honest to the last degree. He carried this spirit into all his public career. He could not utter a lie, and while he was a debater of great strength and rare agility, he could never be tempted to take an unfair advantage of a sophism, dearly as he

loved to win in a controversy. The half cent of the bargain always went to the other man, and if he was not quite sure where the hard end of the load belonged, he put his own shoulder beneath it.

In his public career, he was pre-eminently the clergyman. With a business sagacity which would have made him rich, he resisted every business allure-ment and kept his eye single to his profession. He was of commanding appearance in the pulpit, an impressive speaker, making thorough preparation for his pulpit services, clear in his thought, logical in arrangement, plain and simple in presentation. His sermons convinced and were remembered. After the lapse of many years, persons, not a few, have spoken to me of sermons preached by him which they recalled.

His work was done in what may be called the controversial era of his church, and so intense was he in his religious belief that it was not possible for him to avoid controversy. He did not seek to shun it, but, on the contrary, he loved a religious debate as he loved his life. His happiest moments were when he was in debate. He was serene with one antagonist, happy with two, radiantly jubilant if he were pitted against a dozen. The favorite recreation for his vacations was to get a horse and a bundle of handbills and start for the country, and in school houses, churches, town halls, give his message, inviting questions and answering objections. If he could be locked out of a public hall and be compelled to wait for the key or speak from the steps, he was joyous, and he was wont to use the occasion to point a moral and adorn a tale. He was skillful in debate, resourceful, nimble witted, strong and clear in statement, persuasive and convincing. He converted men by his reasoning and was an opponent rarely attacked a second time by the same person.

The story of his many missionary tours, as written in the denominational press, is thrilling in its adventures and incidents. Once, as he left a hospitable

home at which he had stopped for a noon-day lunch, the hosts, who had been attracted by his fine appearance and his engaging talk, said to him: "We are curious to know who you are." Father replied: "I think I will not tell you. If you knew who I am you would be sorry that you had so hospitably entertained me." "I do not think so," replied the host. "We are sure you are a good man." "I am called a very bad man," replied father. "I am a heretic. I am the Universalist minister in Halifax." "Thank God," replied the woman. "My prayer is answered. I have prayed God that I might see you that I might know if you could give me any hope for my poor boy who died a year ago." The horse was turned back into the barn, and through all the afternoon the preacher sat with the father and mother, with Bible in hand, giving them hope and comfort, leaving behind him, when he went away, two happy people, who blessed him for changing their tears into a joyful faith. The next year, when father made his missionary tour, this couple was present at one of his meetings, having driven twenty-four miles to see and hear him.

He was very quick at repartee. Returning one night to his hotel after a long and stormy meeting, in which the clergy were prominent and aggressive, he was followed by the clerical portion of his audience and not a few of the people. Father was tired and wished to retire. One of the ministers said: "If I were a Universalist I would lie and steal and murder. There is no crime I would not commit." Father rose with great dignity and, taking his lamp in his hand, said: "My dear sir, I have no doubt you are just as bad a man as you say you are and that were it not for the fear of hell, your natural instincts would assert themselves, and you would commit all the crimes which you admit you desire to do. God permits you to hold your belief as a protection for society. He

may suddenly take your fear away and your natural depravity may assert itself. I have a watch and some money about my person. My life is of value to my family, and common prudence suggests that I take myself out of the presence of a man who is so bad as you confess yourself to be." At that father retired to bed, leaving the minister confounded. The next morning the discomfited man called and made an apology.

He was distrustful of his ability and feared that he lacked the mental resources which would sustain him in important pastorates. He shrunk from public occasions which would have given him prominence, declined several city pastorates, fearful that he should not be equal to their demands. He was public-spirited as a citizen, alert to all the new currents of national, education and reformatory life, an abolitionist when to be that was unpopular; a life-long public advocate of temperance, solicitous not only for the public welfare in a large sense, but zealous, watchful, thoughtful for the civic welfare at home. He reformed and reorganized the school systems where he lived, checked vicious social tendencies by establishing new and salutary agencies, and while tenacious of his own religious belief, was catholic in all his sympathies and affiliations.

His outward person was the type of the inward man. Large minded, tolerant, earnest, sincere, alert, enterprising, serious, kind hearted, yet with the softer graces of affection for his fellows and thoughtful love for his family and friends. His life was salutary in its intelligent and self-sacrificing devotion to others, and his memory is blessed!

Mother.

I have never known so thorough an optimist as mother. She believed that the world was moving in the right orbit, with some little tendency to get one-sided and wrong-sided, but with an inward gravitation that would in the main

keep it right side up. She believed in people and persistently refused to hunt up the wrong that was in them. She knew that humanity was something of a mixture, with not a little bad somewhere in every person, but she would let the other folks find it, and she would see only the good. She had not much sense of humor, and could not always see how we boys used to try to trap her into some disparagement of some bad case. But mother would evade our pointing out of the bad spots in the derelict we were discussing and would get over on the good side, and would, in spite of us, find some virtue which no one else had ever found and which we would concede to her by right of original discovery. She was of the good old Puritan stock and had a good stiff drop of iron in her veins, she could read the riot act if occasion called with an emphasis that was at once effective, but her wrath was always against wrong. Woe to the gossip that came to her house with her tale of detraction; more than once the backbiter was shown the door and told to keep on the other side of it until she could learn to think well and speak well of her neighbors.

She lived always on the sunny side of the house, was hopeful, patient, everybody's burden-bearer, but never complaining; a confidant of those in trouble; sympathetic, always proud of her children, but fearful lest she should spoil them by over praise. She had her husband's love of honor, was independent, reliant, seeking out opportunities of helping others, a model pastor's wife, equally devoted to her church in her widowhood, a rare mother in devotion, courage, sacrifice. A neighbor who sweetened and brightened every community where she lived; religious, yet not ostentatious in her piety; a friend in whose presence the young used to love to come and sit; the beautiful, white-haired mother, of whom her children were proud because of her goodness, whose memory is a benediction in all their homes and hearts.

Extracts from Letters from Friends to whom Copies of this Book were sent.

Mrs. Cordelia A. Quinby—It is indeed a most interesting life story of one of our best clergymen.

Benjamin W. Wilson—Your father must have been a remarkable man to have brought up so large a family with such a small income. I always thought the Gunnisons about right, and now, after reading the history of your good father, I don't wonder. You will be repaid for your labor and give a good text book for your children.

Rev. Cyrus H. Fay, D.D.—I knew your honored father, as I have often told you; and yet was ignorant of the struggles and triumphs of his early life. I was also acquainted with your mother. It is natural that their children should be proud of their parents and desire to perpetuate their memory, and it gives me pleasure that their life's evening was cheered and brightened by the successes achieved by their offspring.

John W. Hinds—N. Gunnison was a man spelled large, and people have spoken more freely to me regarding him than to you. I have heard things said that to you would seem fulsome flattery, and yet every word was true. When I was in Lewiston and other places in Maine we clergymen who were from St. Lawrence had the older ministers pretty well sized up. They were divided into "hostiles" and "friendlies." Rev. N. Gunnison was friendly to the young men, and particularly to those from St. Lawrence. Oh, yes, I knew your father! You ought to get down on all fours and thank God that your father was one of the best men God ever made. Maine is filled with Universalists that Gunnison made. You boys are all right, but in my opinion none of you are within touching distance of your father in native intellectual power. You

know it's one thing to think yourself; it's a wonderful man who makes other men think, and that's what Rev. N. Gunnison did.

Rev. Joseph Crehore—I esteemed your father—he was a man of action and quick decision and impatient of any moral obliquity. Your father being a predecessor at Abington brought me into more intimate acquaintance with him and his work, and also into acquaintance with your mother, whom we came to know and prize more fully as a dear and valued friend during our Canton pastorate—one of the wisest and most judicious of women, a mother whose memory must ever be a precious treasure to her children.

Rev. J. M. Atwood, D.D.—I have read it, every word, with the keenest interest, and am thankful to know the true inwardness of a life of such devotion and usefulness. Nathaniel Gunnison was one of the manliest of men. His origin, his hardship, his self-denial, his industry, his courage and his triumphs constitute a deeply interesting story: while his sturdiness, his integrity and his perfect consecration to his high business make his life a priceless legacy to his descendants. My only regret in the perusal has been that such a story could not be read by all in our church. Your mother was one of our dear friends and the salt of the earth.

Rev. Donald Fraser—It is a long time since I received anything from a friend that I prized more highly than I do this. Having heard so many pleasant things while in Halifax about your father, from the lips of those who loved and honored him for the brave stand he took during the civil war and the grand work he did for our faith and church in that city, I felt a deeper interest in reading his life than I

would had I never met so many of his warm friends and sympathizers. Then knowing your mother so well I was touched when I read once more of the strong faith she manifested in the goodness and mercy of God.

Rev. A. J. Canfield, D.D.—Its publication was a graceful conception, which has been appropriately executed and cannot fail to serve as an inspiring souvenir for a family that has already justified in large measure the self-sacrificing fidelity of its founders. Nobility of ancestral character certainly counts for much.

From the Halifax Evening Mail.
February 8, 1909.

George B. Stephenson, American vice and deputy consul general at Halifax, spoke before the Ethical Seminar in the Universalist church parlors yesterday on "The Personality of Abraham Lincoln," in anticipation of the Lincoln centennial of February 12. In introducing the speaker Mr. Pennoyer referred to the fact that under President Lincoln, during the American civil war, the Universalist minister in this city, Rev. Nathaniel Gunnison, acted as United States consul for this city, and that the British commanding general, then located at Halifax, said of Mr. Gunnison that he was the finest man he had ever met. Mr. Stephenson's address was interesting and profitable.

An Extract from "The Old China Book," by N. Hudson Moore. Published by Fred'k A. Stokes Co., N. Y., 1903, on Page 109 and 110

Fig 90 is a twelve-inch Washington jug, with a more than usually swelling shape. There is a small portrait on the pedestal and the words "First in War, First in Peace, First in Fame and First in Victory."

A naval officer and Fame stand on either side of the shaft, and the picture is surrounded with scallops showing the names of the thirteen states. Notwithstanding the pedestal or obelisk, I should place this jug as made

prior to 1800 from the use of the thirteen states in the border.

On the reverse side is a full-rigged ship, with the American flag in colors, and on the front in a wreath the inscription, "A Present to Capt. Nath'l Gunnison."

It is in perfect condition and sold for \$60.00.....

In the rooms of the Antiquarian Society at Concord, Mass., there are several of these jugs of large size and in good condition.

They are in two sizes, 10-inch and 12-inch.

(The above does not refer to Rev. N. Gunnison.)

At a dinner to Dr. Walter B. Gunnison, given by the St. Lawrence Club, New York City, in 1909, Dr. St. Clair McKelway, editor of the Brooklyn Eagle, regretted that he could not be present; "but," he said, "I want to assure you of my appreciation of the University, of its Club in New York City, and of the propriety of making you the focus and the radius of attention on its coming occasion.

"The University is all right. And why? One reason is because another Gunnison is president. Another reason is because another Gunnison is the business manager of the paper of which I am the editor. A third reason is that the University is the foster-mother of still a third Gunnison, who is yourself, and who is the brother of the two other Gunnisons, a tribe of which the woods seem full, and the second, the third and fourth generations of which are worthy of the primordial Gunnison, who as a clergyman, an educator and a pioneer was not only the friend of civilization, the upholder of trust in humanity and of love in Christianity, but the progenitor, direct or sequential, of all the other Gunnisons since himself, who should be happy to recur to and to resemble him, and who should be happy in the resurrection, should they awake in his likeness. Now please take, as a truly good man, the truly sincere congratulations of another man who wishes he was better, but who is glad to be your friend."

The Descendants of Nathaniel Gunnison

- Nathaniel, born February 14, 1811; died August 25, 1871.
 Married Sarah A. Richardson, February, 1834; died January 22, 1837.
1. Marilla Ann, born April 28, 1836; died November 22, 1901.
- Married Ann Louisa Foster, August 12, 1838; born April 15, 1819; died October 22, 1888.
2. Foster N, born April 4, 1840.
 3. Anna Louise, born March 21, 1842; died June 21, 1861.
 4. Almon, born March 2, 1844.
 5. Walter Balfour, born May 2, 1852.
 6. Herbert Foster, born June 28, 1858.
1. Marilla Ann married Willard P. Griffin (born May 22, 1832), April 26, 1857.
 7. Annie Gunnison, born January 4, 1860.
 8. Willard N., born October 5, 1863.
 9. Marilla Carmen, born February 19, 1865.
 10. Frank Davis, born December 11, 1866.
 11. Alice Belle, born September 31, 1868; died May 17, 1887.
 12. Jane Clark, born December 16, 1870.
 13. Emma Elliott, born June 23, 1873; died August 23, 1873.
 14. Herbert Foster, born August 19, 1875.
 15. Martha Davis, born June 21, 1878.
 2. Foster N, married Emma Elliott (born October 26, 1839), September 5, 1866.
 16. Anna Louisa, born July 26, 1867.
 4. Almon married Ella Everest (born April 6, 1848), July 7, 1868.
 17. Fred Everest, born May 28, 1869.
 18. Agnes Lulu, born December 27, 1874.
 5. Walter Balfour married Blanche Eaton (born July 29, 1854), January 18, 1876.
 19. Stanley Eaton, born November 11, 1876.
 20. Alice, born November 21, 1877.
 21. Almon Gage, born November 7, 1880.
 22. Adelaide Fancher, born December 31, 1886.
 23. Portia, born February 27, 1890.
 6. Herbert Foster married Alice May (born October 29, 1861; died August 3, 1903), April 29, 1886.
 24. Raymond May, born April 14, 1887.
 25. Edith, born April 15, 1890; died June 11, 1894.
 26. Florence, born August 13, 1892.
 27. Foster, born June 9, 1896.
 7. Annie G. Griffin married Frederick S. Jewett, December 2, 1886.
 28. Marion F., born September 30, 1887.
 29. Ruth Saville, born May 22, 1890; died January 21, 1893.
 8. Willard N. Griffin married Emma L. White, October 13, 1888.
 9. Marilla C. Griffin married Charles E. Cunningham, June 4, 1885.
 30. James H., born June 15, 1886.
 31. N. Carlton, born February 6, 1891; died August 28, 1894.
 10. Frank Davis Griffin married Lydia Florence Lincoln, January 20, 1890.
 12. Jane Clark Griffin married W. Howard Poland, June 1, 1892.
 32. Eustis Leland, born August 23, 1893.
 33. Herbert Griffin, born November 7, 1895.
 40. Ruth Eunice, born March 18, 1907.
 14. Herbert Foster Griffin married Jennie F. Craft, November 14, 1901.
 15. Martha Davis Griffin married Herbert W. Rawson, January 14, 1901.
 36. Marilla Gunnison Rawson, born May 17, 1902.
 39. Warren Rawson, born April 4, 1906.
 42. Elizabeth Rawson, born June 20, 1907; died April 26, 1909.
 43. Herbert W. Rawson, Jr., born July 6, 1909.
 17. Fred Everest Gunnison married Rose I. Fancher (born January 28, 1870), November 22, 1899.
 34. Almon Fancher Gunnison, born March 5, 1901; died March 18, 1903.
 38. Elsa Gunnison, born January 15, 1904.
 18. Agnes Lulu Gunnison married Gay Leslie Harrington March 24, 1909.
 19. Stanley E. Gunnison married Harriet O. McLaughlin (born December 23, 1875), June 5, 1900.
 35. Mary Eaton, born March 31, 1901.
 37. Hugh Gunnison, born February 10, 1903.
 41. Blanche Gunnison, born April 27, 1907.
 21. Almon Gage Gunnison married Alice Poste (born January 24, 1881), April 3, 1907.
 44. Walter Balfour Gunnison, 2nd, born February 21, 1910.
 30. James Hutchings Cunningham married Ann Kimberly Gifford, November 6, 1909.

The Descendants of Nathaniel Gunnison—Continued

The Descendants of Hugh Gunnison

1. Hugh Gunnison, Sweden, England, America, born about 1610; died in Kittery, Me., after September 21, 1638.
M. 1st, Elizabeth, 1635; died January 25, 1646.
M. 2nd, Mrs. Sarah Lynn, May 23, 1647, in Boston.
2. Ellhu, born February 12, 1650, in Boston; died in Kittery, Me., after March 29, 1729.
M. 1st, Martha Trickee, at Dover, N. H., November 10, 1674.
M. 2nd, Elizabeth.
3. Joseph, Kittery, Me., born October 14, 1690; died September 8, 1748.
M. 1st, Susanna Follett.
M. 2nd, Elizabeth Lewis.
M. 3rd, Margaret Nelson.
M. 4th, Susanna Ayers.
4. Samuel, Kittery, Me., Halifax, N. S., Goshen, N. H., born January 27, 1720-1; died May 14, 1806.
M. 1st, Jane Fernald, born February 6, 1745-6; died January 20, 1750.
M. 2nd, Alice Fernald, May 3, 1752; born February 21, 1725-6; died July 5, 1804.
5. Nathaniel, Goshen, N. H., born July 16, 1766; died April 15, 1813.
M. Hannah Batchelder, January 4, 1789; born 1767; died April 15, 1813.
6. Nathaniel, born February 14, 1811; died August 25, 1871.
M. 1st, Sarah A. Richardson, February, 1834.
M. 2nd, Ann L. Foster, August 12, 1838.

The brothers and sisters of Nathaniel Gunnison were:

- Sally Hook, born October 1, 1789.
- Polly, born October 6, 1791.
- John, born February 4, 1794.
- Billey, born April 11, 1796; died September 4, 1796.
- Billey, born November 10, 1797; died April 5, 1799.
- Levi Bartlett, born February 22, 1799.
- (Baby) born March 13, 1802; died March 15, 1802.
- Hannah, born June 5, 1803.
- Almira, born December 10, 1805.
- Lemira, born April 21, 1808.
- Nathaniel, born February 14, 1811.

Sally Hook was the mother of Rev. Almon Gage.

The Gunnison country in Colorado was named after Captain John W. Gunnison (born November 11, 1812; died October 26, 1853), of the United States Army, who was massacred while exploring on the Sevier River. He was a cousin of Nathaniel.

For the Genealogy of the Gunnison family see the "Genealogy of the Descendants of Hugh Gunnison," published by J. B. & C. E. Gunnison, Erie, Pa.

The Descendents of Hugh Gunnison—Continued

The Descendants of Edmund Freeman

1. Edmund Freeman, progenitor of all the Cape Cod Freemans.
2. Major John Freeman married Mercy Prince.
3. Thomas Freeman, son of Major John and Mercy (Prince) Freeman.
4. Edmund Freeman, son of Thomas, married Phebe Watson.
5. Edmund Freeman, son of Edmund and Phebe (Watson) Freeman, married Mary Clarke.
6. Phebe Freeman, daughter of Edmund, Jr., and Mary Clarke Freeman, married David Foster.
7. Freeman Foster, son of David and Phebe (Freeman) Foster.

-
1. Elder Brewster, born in England, 1560, came to America in the Mayflower, 1620.
 2. Patience, daughter of Elder Brewster; married Governor Thomas Prince.
 3. Mercy Prince, daughter of Governor Thomas Prince and Patience (Brewster) Prince; married Major John Freeman.
 4. John Freeman, Jr., son of Major John and Mercy (Prince) Freeman.
 5. Mercy Freeman, daughter of John Freeman, Jr.; married Chillingsworth Foster.
 6. Isaac Foster, son of Chillingsworth and Mercy (Freeman) Foster; married Hannah Sears.
 7. David Foster, son of Isaac and Hannah (Sears) Foster; married Phebe Freeman, daughter of Edmund Freeman and Mary (Clarke) Freeman.
 8. Freeman Foster, son of David and Phebe Freeman Foster.

The Descendants of Thomas Foster

The Foster family originated in Flanders. The first ancestor to whom the family can be authentically traced is Anacher, Great Forester of Flanders, who died in 837. Reginald Foster, born in Burton, England, came to America during the latter part of the 16th century, and with him were his wife and seven children.

1. Thomas Foster was the progenitor of this family; died Billerica, Mass., April 20, 1682.
M. Elizabeth.
2. John Foster, born in Weymouth, Mass., October 7, 1642; died about 1732.
M. Mary, daughter of Thomas Chillingsworth.
3. Chillingsworth Foster, born in Marshfield, Mass., July 11, 1680. (He went to that part of Harwich which is now Brewster, bought a tract of land about 1697-99, and built a dwelling); died 1764.
M. 1st, Mercy Freeman.
M. 2nd, Mrs. Susanna Sears.
M. 3rd, Mrs. Ruth Sears.
4. Isaac Foster, born June 17, 1718; died September 10, 1770.
M. Hannah Sears, daughter of his stepmother.
5. David, born March 24, 1742; died April 12, 1825.
M. Phebe Freeman.
6. Freeman Foster, born May 1, 1782; died February 1870.
M. 1st, Mehitable Low of Barre, Mass.; born May 25, 1783; married January 15, 1806; died September 30, 1842.
M. 2nd, Mrs. Sarah Mayo.
M. 3rd, Mrs. Belinda J. Nye.

The Descendants of Freeman Foster and Mehitable Low

1. Freeman, Jr., born March 4, 1807; married Nancy S. Ingalls, born Feb. 16, 1809, died Aug. 4, 1888.
2. Mehitable Low, born Dec. 7, 1808; married Tully Crosby.
3. David, born July 10, 1810; married (1) Cynthia C. Berry (2) Mary Anne Linehan.
4. Phoebe Freeman, born Oct. 15, 1812; married (1) Isaac Doane (2) Josiah Linnell.
5. Sarah Hickling, born Oct. 25, 1814; married Capt. Elisha Bangs.
6. Martha, born June 10, 1817; married Asa Mayo.
7. Ann Louisa, born April 15, 1819; married Rev. Nathaniel Gunnison.
8. Lucretia, born Feb. 21, 1821; married Rev. Cyrus A. Bradley.
9. William Low, born Sept. 30, 1822; married Matilda Higgins.
10. Sophia, born April 8, 1825; married Nathaniel T. Hunt.

(1) Children of Freeman Foster, Jr., and Nancy Ingalls:

- 1-a. Isabella (born Oct. 21, 1831), married Gilman Osgood, Dec. 23, 1855; died Sept. 9, 1899. Their children:
 - 1-b. Isabella, born Feb. 3, 1857; married William S. Tyler; died May 19, 1889.
 - 2-b. Marion I., born June 27, 1859; married Walter Noyes, Nov. 29, 1883, 1 child.
 - (1) Marion Temple, born Sept. 19, 1884.
 - 3-b. Gilman, Jr., born Feb. 26, 1862; married Mabel Russell, Jan. 14, 1891. Children:
 - (1) Louise R., born Nov. 6, 1891.
 - (2) Gilman, 3d, born April 11, 1895.
 - (3) } Foster } born Dec. 13, 1897.
 - (4) { Russell }
 - (5) Helen H., born April 27, 1901.
 - 4-b. Charles G., born Aug. 30, 1869.
- 2-a. Abby, born March 12, 1833, died July 13, 1909.
- 3-a. Freeman, 3d, born June 29, 1835; died April 25, 1888; married Jane Wellman, March 10, 1858, who died Jan. 29, 1902.
 1. Freeman, 4th, born July 29, 1860, died Dec. 22, 1889.
 2. Jennie Wellman, born Oct. 11, 1868.
 3. Frank Stetson, born Feb. 7, 1879, died Dec. 15, 1871.
 4. Helen Louise, born Oct. 8, 1871.
- 4-a. Mary Freeman, born Aug. 23, 1840; married (1) Edward Nash, Aug. 7, 1862, died June 17, 1863; (2) M. Ferdinand Nash, Sept. 22, 1869, died April 16, 1905.
 1. Alice, born Sept. 19, 1871.
 2. Bessie Foster, born Sept. 22, 1877.

(2) Mehitable Low Foster and Tully Crosby. Four children:

1. Tully, died in infancy.
2. Tully, Jr., born Aug. 21, 1841, died 1909; married (1) Loella Hopkins (2) Melissa Hopkins.
Walter, son of Tully, Jr., and Loella Hopkins, died in infancy.
Grace Loella, daughter by Melissa Hopkins, married Arthur Wendell.
3. Freling, born 1843, died 1850.
4. Hittie Low, born July 14, 1848; died August 17, 1907.

(3) Children of David Foster:

- 1-a. Ellen, born Nov. 16, 1834, died Jan. 22, 1906, married Elisha Freeman Sears, born May 2, 1869, died April 15, 1897.
- 1-b. Annie Foster, born April 14, 1863, married Elmer Ellsworth Hudson.
 - 1-c. Elisha Sears Hudson, born Aug. 30, 1893.
 - 2-c. Richard Brewster Hudson, born Aug. 1, 1898.
- 2-a. Mehitable, born May 13, 1836, died Nov. 5, 1858.
- 3-a. Emma Frances Foster, born Dec. 21, 1844.

- 4-a. Martha Lueretia, born June 25, 1846; married Dec. 5, 1867, Charles Lincoln; born Nov. 23, 1845.
Chas. Edwin Lincoln, born July 19, 1896; married Mary Alice Berry July 7, 1896.
David Foster Lincoln, born July 18, 1872; died Feb. 22, 1899.
Robert Sears Lincoln, born Nov. 22, 1880; married Winifred E. McKay, June 30, 1909.
Ruth Deborah Lincoln, born June 15, 1910.
Paul Lincoln, born Dec. 3, 1883; married Ethel A. Barr, Jan. 1, 1908.
- 5-a. Mary Louise Foster, born April 20, 1865.
- 6-a. Lenette Foster, born Nov. 10, 1866, married John Henry Parmerton.
John Henry Parmerton, Jr., born March 18, 1895.
Foster Parmerton, born Dec. 19, 1896.
Lewis Bigelow Parmerton, born March 20, 1903.
- 7-a. David Foster, Jr., born March 12, 1875, married Caroline Stowell Bell, Oct. 9, 1901.
Mary Paddock Foster, born Oct. 8, 1902.
Rachel Foster, born May 10, 1904.
Caroline Stowell Foster, born Dec. 7, 1905.
-
- (4) Phoebe Freeman Foster, one child by first husband (Doane):
Evelyn, born Aug. 17, 1839; married (1) Nathaniel Hunt, (2) James Damon, (3) Seth Bennett; no children.
-
- (5) Sarah Hickling Foster and Elisha Bangs—5 children:
1. Daughter died in infancy.
2. Elisha Dillingham, married Georgiana Skillings; daughter, married Leslie M. Brown, one or more children.
3. Son, died young.
4. Herbert Harold, married Elizabeth Scudder. 3 sons.
1. Boy, died in infancy.
2. Harold S., born March 28, 1874.
3. Clarence F., born April 2, 1876.
5. Loella Foster.
-
- (6) Martha and Asa Mayo; no children.
-
- (7) Ann Louisa and Nathaniel Gunnison; 5 children. (See page 55).
-
- (8) Lueretia and Cyrus A. Bradley; 2 children.
Asa Mayo, born March 9, 1856; married Mary H. Emery; no children.
Cyrena Augusta, born Oct. 6, 1860, died 1861.
-
- (9) William Low and Matilda Higgins. Children:
William Osborn Foster.
Freling Crosby Foster.
Elmer Foster, died.
Seaward Foster.
Ernest Foster.
-
- (10) Sophia and Nathaniel Hunt. Child:
Wilmer, died at sea, age about 20 (1879).

A Life Story.

Part II.

Gunnison
ASTOR

THE CHILDREN
OF THE
REV. NATHANIEL GUNNISON

WITH SKETCHES OF THEIR LIVES, ESTIMATES OF THEIR
CHARACTER AND TRIBUTES FROM THOSE
WHO KNEW THEM

PREPARED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION AMONG THEIR CHILDREN
AND GRANDCHILDREN

PART SECOND
OF
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE
REV. NATHANIEL GUNNISON

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
HERBERT F. GUNNISON
BROOKLYN-NEW YORK

1917

No. 240

PRESENTED TO

by the author

J. F. Gunnison

IN 1901, the first edition of "A Life Story" was published for private circulation among the members of our family. This contained the autobiography of my father, with extracts from his diaries, scrap books and public prints, and a sketch of my mother. In 1910, a second edition was published, with some additions and extracts of letters from friends who had seen and appreciated the book when first published. The family genealogical table was revised, adding also the Foster genealogy.

Within a period of less than two years my three brothers have passed away, leaving me the surviving member of the generation.

So great have been the public achievements of my brothers, and so satisfactory the lives of all the children of Nathaniel Gunnison, that it seems fitting at this time to extend "A Life Story" to a second volume, with brief records of the lives of the members of the minister's family. I would suggest to those having the first volume that they have the two books bound together, thus making a fairly complete family history.

Dr. Bisbee, in the *Universalist Leader*, said: "Nathaniel Gunnison, one of the famous ministers of our early history as a church, is remembered for the good he spoke and wrought, but perhaps more for the remarkable product, which might come from none but a minister's home."

Dr. Lewis B. Fisher refers to "the heritage of a great and beautiful family history," while Dr. I. M. Atwood spoke of "the noble father and the sweet, helpful, saintly mother."

The descendants of Nathaniel Gunnison now number over fifty. I do not know of any better service I can render to my children and to my nieces and nephews than to furnish them with the story of the lives of my parents and of their children. Pride of ancestry is laudable, and it ought to be an incentive to right living. A good name is worth having; to be regarded highly by those who know us is of more value than riches, and the satisfaction of having helped to benefit mankind is one of the rewards to be counted in the estimate of one's life.

HERBERT F. GUNNISON.

Brooklyn, September, 1917.



MARIELLA

ANNA

FATHER

FOSTER

MOTHER

ALMON

UNCLE SOPHIA

The Family in Abington Copied from an Old Daguerrotype

THE CHILDREN OF NATHANIEL GUNNISON.

BY THE YOUNGEST SON.

ANNA LOUISE GUNNISON.

The first great sorrow in our family came when Anna died. She was nineteen years of age, and died of smallpox in Halifax, Nova Scotia. My mother and eldest brother were sick with the same disease. My father could not go into the house, and Walter and I were sent on a farm. It was a terrible experience for my father and mother. I was too young to sense the situation. Anna was buried in the plot of William West in the Halifax Cemetery, and a stone with "Our Anna" marks the grave.

Anna was a very beautiful girl, and had many accomplishments. She had a wonderfully fine voice, and I have often been told of her great reputation as a singer and or-

ganist. She was very popular, and with her beauty and charm of manner and happy and vivacious nature it is no wonder that she had a host of friends. Whenever I have met friends who knew the family in Halifax they have spoken in most glowing terms of Anna and the recollection of her sweet life. Running through father's diaries are many references to her that will throw much light on her character and the part she played in the family life of the Halifax home. She was engaged to be married, and a happy and useful life was before her when the summons came to go to her heavenly home.

MARILLA ANN GUNNISON GRIFFIN.

My father's first child was Marilla, who was born in Goshen, N. H., where my father also was born. Her mother died soon after her birth, and she became the first care of my mother when she married my father. Although a half-sister, Marilla was always regarded by her brothers and sister in the same affectionate and loyal manner as if she had been the offspring of my mother. There was never any discrimination. Being the oldest, she left home before I was born, and it was only in her own home that I saw her. But her home in Annisquam was very much of a home to us all, and we were frequent visitors. She had a large family, and her life became one of devotion to her children, and after her marriage her activities were centered in one place. And yet while motherhood was the supreme characteristic of her life, we all knew that had she gone out into the world she would have taken high position in any line of endeavor in which she might have entered. She had a fine mind, was well read and had such power of clear thinking

and wise reasoning and facility of expression that success in most any undertaking of her choice would have been assured. As a teacher she won well-merited praise. In the church and the social circles in which she was a member, she was always recognized as a leader. This was not due to any forwardness on her part, for she was most retiring and modest, but because of her recognized ability as a natural director and because of her sound judgment. And during all the years of her busy life the desire to give expression to her thoughts was so great that she was almost a constant contributor to the local press. If her contributions have been saved they will show a high order of literary ability. This I know from the few specimens of prose and poetry that I have seen. The story is told of her ability as a writer in her young days as a pupil in the Abington school. Father was a member of the school committee who examined the compositions which were given in with no names attached. He was greatly pleased with one in particular and

commended it highly, adding that he should be proud to have a child of his write so well. When the names were announced, Marilla's appeared as the author. For a Lyceum Club to which she belonged she wrote under the name of "The Mouse in the Wall." She was an ideal wife and mother, and it was always a pleasure to go to her home. And what good times we had, especially when all the boys were there to-

wedding of her daughter Matty, and the Gloucester caterer had prepared an elaborate dinner. We boys, remembering with keen delight the clam chowder which Marilla used to make, shocked everybody by refusing to touch the city made dishes and demanding the chowder. Marilla was equal to the situation, and we regaled ourselves to the full with the famous home-made dish, which had held so high a place in our



MOTHER



FATHER

gether. Her wit was a match for any of them, and the conversation sparkled with brilliancy, and she was always able to maintain her side of the argument.

Perhaps the most enjoyable occasion was when we all went to "Squam" to attend the

gastronomic specialties for so many years.

And with the deep affection of her brothers went the sincere devotion and loving regard of her husband and of all her children and of those who came into the family.

FOSTER N GUNNISON.

In the first volume there is an interesting description of the unusual name given to my oldest brother, and the trouble it gave him. He was given the name "N," and when he became of age he added the name Foster. But in the family he was always called N.

When he was a young man my father's slender income may have been a reason why my eldest brother did not go to college. I think, however, that N did not care for a higher education, but was anxious to go to work. He secured employment in a

grocery store in Halifax and later when he was married he opened a grocery store of his own in Auburn, Me. He then became superintendent of a white lead manufactory in New Britain, Conn. His health became somewhat impaired by this work and he was employed by a concern in Pittsburgh, Pa. His last and most satisfactory position was that of assistant superintendent in the Rumford Chemical Works in Providence, R. I. His position was one of importance, and the performance of his duties was fully recognized and appreciated by the company. When he retired through failing health he was given a pension. The great esteem in which he was held by his employers and by the employees was amply shown by the testimonials and the large attendance on the occasion of his funeral. He was most conscientious in everything that he did, and most loyal in his service. Never was there a word of complaint. He was not only enthusiastic in his work, but most generous in praise of the officers of his company and of his immediate associates.

When mother left her home in Canton she visited the homes of all her children, but it was with N that she decided to make her permanent home. It was her last great desire that N should have a house of his own, and when she died and the money which my father had left to her and had been kept intact was distributed my brother was able to build a comfortable house in a fine residential section of Providence. He had the great satisfaction of making the plans and in watching the building of the house, and then pride in keeping it in first-class shape. I never knew a man to get more pleasure out of his home than did my brother. While his income was not large,

he seemed to get the fullest amount of enjoyment in his own home and in his contented and simple life. He had no bad habits and no extravagances. He was never in debt. All bills were paid promptly. He never complained, and the fact that his brothers were better off financially was no cause for jealousy. He was devoted to his brothers and sisters, and no one rejoiced more in their prosperity than did he. I always regarded my brother as a very smart man, and if he had had greater advantages in education and larger opportunities of service he would have made a conspicuous success. He was well read, thoroughly posted on the events of the day, and had an alert and active mind. I recall in the early days many heated controversies among the brothers. Whenever the family came together there was sure to be lively discussions. This was a family trait. But N most always could keep his end of the argument well to the front, and especially on political subjects. In the latter years of his life he was not controversial, but anxious only to see his brothers and to hear them talk and to tell of their work and their plans and rejoice in any success that came to them. He had a sweet and loving disposition. He was a regular attendant at church and in his early life an active Mason. His body was buried by the side of father and mother in the Abington Cemetery. His life was greatly blessed by having with him always his devoted wife and loving daughter—a most happy and delightful family. It was always a pleasure and an inspiration to visit him, and it is a matter of great satisfaction to me that I was with him when he died, and by the grasp of the hand felt that he knew that I was by his side.

ALMON GUNNISON.

The story of the life of Almon Gunnison is partially told in three books which were published by his friends on the three occasions when he retired from the three most important positions which he held. They were:

A Review of the Nineteen Years' Work

of Almon Gunnison with All Souls Universalist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Worcester's Tribute to the Ten Years' Work of Almon Gunnison, D.D., as Pastor of the First Universalist Church, Worcester, Mass.

Record and Tribute. A Testimonial to

Almon Gunnison, D.D., LL.D., President of St. Lawrence University.

I strongly urge the older members of the family to secure, if possible, copies of these books.

A perusal of these remarkable tributes will give to the members of our family a clear idea of his ability as a clergyman and an educator and administrator, his wonderful success as a pastor, his lovable and genial character and the high esteem in which he was held by all who knew him.

These books, however, do not describe his wonderful personality, his fine appearance and engaging manner. There is no hint of his great sense of humor and his ready wit and his fund of stories, nor of that wonderful voice which always commanded attention. The art of letter writing is almost dead, but hundreds of letters are treasured to-day by people in all parts of the country who were fortunate in receiving them from Almon Gunnison, the prince of letter writers.

In the two books which he published and the many articles which appeared in the *Universalist Leader*, the *New York Evening Post*, the *Brooklyn Eagle*, the *Brooklyn Times* and in many other papers, one can learn of his charming style as a writer and of the large amount of writing which he was able to do during his busy life. Most of these articles, together with many of his sermons, are to be found in scrap books in possession of his family.

How he came to enter the ministry is interesting. Father had sent Almon, from the Halifax home, to Westbrook Seminary in Maine. He was then a boy of fifteen and started alone. On the way he saw in a newspaper a notice that the school would not open that fall. Immediately under the item was an advertisement of the opening of the Green Mountain Institute in South Woodside, Vermont. On his own initiative he decided to go there—a wise decision as he spent happy years there and fitted for college. There he came under the helpful influence of Prof. William R. Shipman and at the age of sixteen decided to enter the

Christian ministry. One day after a long walk with the Professor, who talked with him on the subject, Almon made up his mind on what his life work was to be. One of the most interesting articles which he ever wrote was the story of his trip one summer vacation when with a fellow student he attempted to sell Greeley's "The American Conflict" in North Scotia. The book was not popular in that section, and when their funds were exhausted and there were no remittances from home, Almon's business ability was shown by conducting an entertainment that gave the boys money enough to pay their board and return to their homes.

When father died it was Almon who suggested that mother and Walter and Herbert make their home in Canton, N. Y. This was a wise choice. In that small village it was possible for mother to maintain her home on the small income which she had, and it also gave the two boys an opportunity to obtain a college education. Almon also handled the money left by my father, and by careful investments was able to increase the original amount. His judgment was so good and his business ability so fine that he naturally became the advisor and helper of every member of the family.

Almon made it a practice each year to save some money out of his moderate income. When he came to Brooklyn he bought a house, and each year reduced the mortgage until it was paid for. He then bought another house on mortgage, believing that a debt of that kind was an incentive to save. He invested in first-class securities and in legitimate ways secured a competency sufficient to take care of him and his family when he retired. He traveled extensively, gave his children every advantage of education and enjoyment, was a liberal giver to every worthy cause and generously assisted very many people.

When he retired from St. Lawrence University he came to Brooklyn to live in a house which he owned. For several months he greatly enjoyed his freedom from work and responsibility. On May 2,

1915, he had a stroke, which was the beginning of his last illness. While he required assistance when he walked, his mind was clear and brain active until the last. He read the papers, and many books were read to him, and he frequently went automobile riding or walked for several blocks at a time or went out in a wheel chair. He greatly enjoyed the visit of friends, and thus the long months passed in a manner that made the family and friendly ties very intimate. The memory of those days of illness will long remain with the members of his immediate family, who gave to him such loving and devoted service. Richly was he blessed with wife and daughter and son. His death was sudden and peaceful.

WALTER BALFOUR GUNNISON.

Walter was the tallest, strongest and most athletic member of the family. As a child he was weak and was sent to a farm to gain health. He became a strong, healthy and handsome man. In school and college he was a leader in all sports.

He was a fine singer and taught music and also penmanship. He graduated from Westbrook Seminary and fitted for Tufts College, but on account of the death of my father he went to Canton, N. Y., and soon became one of the leading spirits in St. Lawrence University and probably did more than any one else to help to instil a real college spirit among the students. As tutor and professor in college he was a great success. He won the confidence of his pupils and had the rare knack of imparting knowledge. After practicing law for a year he came to Brooklyn and entered the public school system, and as Principal of a grammar school, as Associate Superintendent and as Principal of Erasmus Hall High School he made a reputation that placed him in the very front rank of educators. He believed that the public schools were to serve the pupils and not to maintain hard and fast courses of study and a lock-step system of promotion. He would not keep a pupil back because he failed in

I cannot begin to tell how much I owe to Almon. When I came to Brooklyn he helped me to secure a position on the *Brooklyn Times*, and then took me into his home, so that I was able to live on my small salary. He gave me wise advice, encouragement when I had the blues, assistance in writing, which I greatly needed, and was to me a father, brother and true friend. I greatly missed him when he went to Worcester, but often saw him during his presidency at St. Lawrence University and looked forward to many happy hours we could spend together when he retired to his Brooklyn home. No words that have been spoken or written in his praise have been untrue or exaggerated.

one or two studies in a particular grade. He sought to make school work a joy and the acquiring of knowledge a delight. Many of the methods which he introduced were later taken up by other principals and adopted by the school authorities. He was the first to interest parents in school work and to secure their co-operation through parents' meetings. The selection of class advisor to take special interest in the pupils during their entire course was his idea. He believed in school organizations and in school fraternities, when under supervision of teachers. The fact that boys and girls were sure to form themselves into groups was apparent to him and he sought to place such restrictions and give such supervision that the organizations would be a benefit to the students and a help to the work and discipline of the school. He was wise in selecting his teachers, and always had their hearty co-operation. The "Erasmus Spirit" became a term that described the methods and policy and influence of Walter B. Gunnison. When he died and a successor was to be appointed the community about Erasmus Hall demanded that above all else the Erasmus spirit must be maintained. In order to keep in touch with his scholars and to know them personally he made it a practice

to teach at least one class a day. His Latin books were largely used in the leading secondary schools of the country.

There was hardly an educational organization in the city or the state that he was not a member of, and of most of them he had been president. He occupied a prominent position on important committees of the Board of Regents.

As a public speaker he was forceful and convincing.

He was a handsome man, and his character and conduct were as clear and attractive as his personal appearance.

His family life was ideal, and his relations with his brothers and sisters were most devoted, loving and loyal. No ties in his household had been broken and he was richly blessed with a devoted wife and five loving children and five grandchildren.

His illness was over a period of two years, but his absence from school work was only a few months. Fortunately he had bought a farm in the Berkshires, and here he obtained rest and the companionship of his wife and children and friends.

Of the many glowing tributes to his memory none were less than the truth. If the testimony of the many thousands of boys and girls who had been under his instruction and influence could be recorded there would be volumes of sincere praise and appreciation of a noble character.

His influence upon my life was very important. I was not only a student in his classes at college, but when my father died he guided and directed me, and a most patient and wise counselor he was. When I graduated from college and after many attempts to find employment I decided, with the approval of Almon, to enter the theological school. Walter put his foot down hard and said I should not. He was not opposed to the ministry, but he felt that the calling was too sacred for any one to enter it as a make-shift. He was right. I was going into the ministry because I could find nothing else to do. I then got busy and found the place for which I was best fitted, and which I most desired.

I recall two incidents that taught me valuable lessons. One lesson was not to be too avaricious. One Christmas morning, in Dexter, my stocking was well filled with presents. That night I slept with Walter in his boarding place in Guilford where he was teaching school. I again hung up my stocking and in the morning was gratified to see that it was filled, but upon examination found that the contents was sawdust. At Canton Walter occupied a room in our house with his chum Sheldon. They were anxious to make an arrangement with me to keep their wood-box filled with wood. I must have had some doubts about prompt payment and insisted upon a written contract. This I received made out in elaborate legal form and phraseology and filed it away for my protection. When I demanded my first payment I was told that nothing was due me. I brought out the contract. They told me to read it again. I did so and found out that the "party of the first part" and the "party of the second part" were so used that I had agreed not only to supply the wood but to pay them for doing so. Since then I have been very careful to read and understand legal documents.

I think Walter would have made a fine actor. He took part in many amateur performances. I recall "The Gunmaker of Moscow" in which he had the leading part. His most notable achievement was the "Pinafore" production given in Canton and surrounding towns. He saw the opera in Boston where it first came out and secured a copy of the score and with assistance trained a company of college and theological students who gave a remarkably fine performance. He also staged the "Captive of Plautus," which was said to have been the first production of a Latin play in this country. For several years Walter was the leader of the choir in the Canton Church. During his entire school management in Brooklyn his ability as a singer and his experience on the stage, aided him in his work.



ALICE MAY GUNNISON

The tributes given in this book are only a very few of those which have appeared in public print or in correspondence. Should one have desire to study more fully the activities of these men they will find ample material in the scrap books in each family. My own scrap books contain nearly every item that has appeared in print concerning members of our family. Reference should also be made to "Who's Who in America."

Another book may prove of interest to some—the memorial published when my wife Alice May died. It tells of the life of a beautiful woman, an ideal mother and loving wife. While this book is mainly about the Gunnisons, it is lacking in the story of those strong and faithful women who came into the family and who did so much to direct and shape the lives of their

husbands. By a strange coincidence the names of my brothers' wives began with E—Emma Elliot, Ella Everest, Blanche Eaton. With the exception of my wife they are living and some day full credit will be given to them for their part in "A Life Story."

There was one feature in the life of our family to which reference should be made. Whenever it was possible all the members came together in a happy family reunion. Usually on Thanksgiving or Christmas these gatherings were held. They were memorable occasions, especially those in recent years in Brooklyn. All who could possibly come were present. There was singing, games for the children, gaiety and the inevitable discussions and heated cross-fire talk—all in the best of spirit.



ANNA L. GUNNISON

LINES IN MEMORY OF MISS A. L. G.

"Thou art gone from our midst in thy youth and thy beauty,
 In its glad early morning, thy life's sun has set,
 Yet thy kindness of heart, and devotion to duty,
 And bright joyous smile, we can never forget.

"No more in our Temple on earth we behold thee,
 Or hear thy sweet voice in rich harmonies rise,
 No more shall the arm of fond parents enfold thee—
 For thy voice now is heard in the choir of the skies.

"No more shall thy fingers the Organ awaken,
 Or cause the rich grand diapason to swell;
 But He who from Earth thy young spirit has taken,
 On the harps of the blest can employ them as well.

"No more in the circle of friendship we'll greet thee,
 And hear thy kind voice, or thine innocent mirth;
 In our bright fancy fair we will ne'er again meet thee,
 In charity's mission, at home, nor on earth.

"Though dread Variola's stern finger did scar thee,
 And lead thee at last through the Portals of Death,
 Yet in thy pure spirit nought ever could mar thee,
 And a bright soul was freed with thy last parting breath.

"God strengthen thy Father to bear his bereavement,
 And comfort thy Mother and friends with his love,
 And give to us power for each earnest achievement,
 In the path of the just, till we meet thee above."

E. H. HOMER.

MY SISTER ANNA.*

They told me she was dying,
But I scarce could deem it true,
Although I saw upon her cheek
Death's pale and ashy hue:
Her eyes, once pure and brilliant
Were growing dim in death,
The cold sweat stood upon her brow,
And fainter grew her breath.

I drew near the bedside,
And wept in anguish deep
For well I knew that cherished one
Would soon sleep death's long sleep;
And when the day-god's golden beams
Were rising in the east,
Her gentle spirit took its flight
From suffering released.

And so she died all calmly
With no dark boding fears,
Her trusting spirit winged its way,
To heaven's eternal years;
And when my life is ended
Where I'm freed from toil and care,
Then, by angel bards attended
May I fly to meet her there.

Halifax, July, 1861.

From the Halifax Reporter.

We regret to announce this evening, the death of Miss Anna L. Gunnison, the daughter of Rev. N. Gunnison of this city. This young lady had endeared herself by her amiability to a very large circle of acquaintances in this city—indeed, wherever she went she became a general favorite. Miss G. was a member of the late Harmonic Society, and here she gained the esteem and admiration of every one. Her virtues were many—her faults were few—and although she has gone to another and happier world, her death is mourned by her acquaintances as a great calamity. The religious society to which she has been attached since her residence in this city, feel their loss deeply. She was indefatigable in any good work, and her friends, now that she has been taken away at an early age, will mourn her as if she were a sister.

*This was taken from the journal of Foster N. Gunnison and is supposed to have been written by him.

Read Father's account of Anna's death, page 34, Part I.

Extract from Minutes of Universalist Church, Halifax, N. S.

Miss Anna L. Gunnison, the beloved daughter of our Pastor, died on the 21st of June, 1861. Her amiable disposition had endeared her to a very large circle of friends and whose joyous spirit to associate with death, it were almost impossible to reconcile. But she has gone from us, no longer to impart joy and gladness to her friends and associates. Her whole life and ambition was devoted to the up-building of our great and glorious cause, nothing did she delight in more than presiding at the organ, where heart, hand and voice, united in offering sweet harmonies of praise to the Great Spirit on high. Her loss we cannot estimate, her place we cannot fill.

Annexed are a few paragraphs from the press of our city, also a tribute to her memory, by Mr. Edward Homer, one of our congregation.

From the Halifax Express.

We regret to have to record this evening, the death of the amiable and accomplished daughter of the Rev. N. Gunnison, Pastor of the Universalist Church in this city. It was our happiness and pleasure to become acquainted with this young lady in the late Harmonic Society, where, by her suavity of manner, and intelligent mind, she endeared herself to all.

MARILLA A. GRIFFIN

Mrs. M. J. Hadley in a letter to the Cambridge Press:

Mrs. Griffin, although long in poor health, identified herself with everything pertaining to the welfare of this beautiful town. Eminently qualified by education and position, being a writer of no mean ability, also a member of a family honored in cultured society she naturally led in the foremost ranks of capable women. To know Mrs. Griffin was an incentive to higher achievements and her going home will leave a hardly to be filled vacuum in the hearts of her many friends and neighbors. Her connection by marriage, also, with some of our prominent families renders her loss more deeply felt in this city. How hard it is to say "Good-bye" many beside the writer know.



MARILLA A. GRIFFIN.

From the Gloucester Times.

In the home circle a devoted wife and mother, a loving sister, is missing.

On Friday, November 22, in the early evening, Mrs. Marilla A., wife of Mr. Willard P. Griffin, passed on to the higher life in the 66th year of her age. A feeling of personal bereavement pervades this entire community. Long closely identified with all that makes toward the highest interest of life in our little village, Mrs. Griffin will be greatly missed.

She was the daughter of Rev. Nathaniel Gunnison, who became pastor of the Universalist Society in this place in 1854. Here she met Mr. Griffin, to whom she was married in April, 1857, and all her married life has been spent in Annisquam.

Before her marriage she taught in the Leonard and Riggs Grammar schools, having previously pursued the same vocation in Abington, Mass.

Mrs. Griffin was one of the originators of the Reading Association, was its first secretary and one of its most valuable, interesting and interested members until obliged by illness to remain away from its meetings.

She was also a member of the sewing circle and was for several years vice-president of that organization. She held for a short time the position of Sabbath school superintendent.

All through the months of her illness, although debarred from attendance at the meetings of these organizations, she took an active interest in all which appertained to their welfare, and almost to the very last, visitors to her room were entertained by the same lively display of her conversational powers which had always made her such an enjoyable companion.

For many years she was the local correspondent of the *Cape Ann Breeze*, and communications were always read with interest. Many bereaved ones have been cheered by the sympathy, so feelingly and beautifully expressed in her obituary notices of the dear ones who have passed on. Some of the productions of her pen in the form of stories, historical sketches, etc., were sent to Boston and other city papers where they were favorably received, and for which she received pecuniary compensation.

Besides her husband, she leaves four daughters, Mrs. Annie G. Jewett, and Mrs.



HERBERT FOSTER 1862 WALTER ALMON

Charles Cunningham, of Annisquam; Mrs. Howard Poland, of Lanesville, and Mrs. Herbert Rawson, of Arlington; three sons, Willie N. and Frank D., of the city proper, and Herbert F., of Brooklyn, N. Y. Two daughters preceded her to the spirit land, Alice, at the age of 18 years, and Emma, an infant of two months.

She also leaves four brothers, Foster X Gunnison, of Providence, R. I.; Dr. Almon

Gunnison, president of St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y.; Professor Walter B. Gunnison, principal of the Brooklyn High School; Herbert F. Gunnison, of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, and several grandchildren.

The deepest sympathy of a host of friends is extended to these sorrowing relatives:

"Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own."



FOSTER N GUNNISON.

At the service in the old church in Abington, Rev. George Kent spoke as his friend and pastor of many years:

Dear Friends: Although our lips may tremble and our eyes be dim with tears, it is only for our bereavement. For our dead we feel that this last loving service should be a benediction and a song.

It is simply impossible for me to think of this old friend of mine as going anywhere to any hurt or ill. Where he goes he takes the good and true along with him, for I've known the man he was in all the varied circumstances of life. I've seen him take the tangled path of business and help to make it more and more the way of industry, integrity and fellow feeling.

I've met him and traveled with him along the roads of human fellowship and have felt his quiet influence of sincerity and friendliness.

I've shared the blessed comfort and kindness of his home and marked his loving part in its creation. And I've tried to share in feeling sympathy, his burden of pain and inactivity and failing strength through these long months—enough to learn the patience and self-forgetfulness and unalterable good will with which he bore it to the end. Into whatever world he fares I will trust him to take his contribution of the

things of heaven; and for myself I want to find no better heaven than in the company of such souls as his.

Amongst us who gather about his quiet form are those who have been men of large affairs, dealing with many of the greatest problems and responsibilities of the world, there are those of us here to whom he was in boyhood the considerate and affectionate elder brother, and in manhood never lost that tender, brotherly concern; there is myself, who amid the cares and difficulties of a growing parish found in him both loyal parishioner and helpful friend, and to know that we men can stand here by his coffin side and say that we are stronger, braver, truer, happier men for him and his part in our lives, is it not to yield him a tribute than which no nobler one can be deserved or paid?

We are not going to forget, we that have looked into his honest eyes and known the worth of his true heart. No, even we who will miss him the most sorely and feel his loss at every turn, are not going to forget! We will recall him in a hundred pleasant, genial memories; we will remember how he loved us and make it our happiness. We will not lose the sense of his dear fellowship until, presently, our faith and hope affirm, we'll meet again!

Tribute of the Rumford Chemical Works.
By William L. Sweet, Treas. in a letter
to Mrs. Gunnison:

We have just learned of the passing on of your dear husband and our associate for over thirty years. Mr. Gunnison was very much beloved and respected for his genuine ability and his always optimistic and cheery view of life. It was a privilege and a pleasure to be associated with him and we assure you that he has been greatly missed by all of us for the past two years. The management desires to express to you and your family its most profound sympathy and respect in your heavy affliction.

From Miss Lilian Horsford Farlow in a letter to Miss Anna L. Gunnison:

I must send you a few of the precious memories which spring into my mind at the mention of my kind friend. Ever since the death of my father, until his retirement from the office of superintendent, Mr. Gunnison has always met me with his kindly

welcome, and often accompanied me over the works in Providence. I remember my first visit when he spoke with so much affection of my father and showed me the personal affectionate estimate in which he was held by the employees, and I have never forgotten it. I have often missed his cordial welcome these last two winters, his sympathetic smile and the evidence of his loyal friendship. His work is finished and it has been well and cheerfully done. I am sure you must miss his gracious presence beyond word.

From the Providence Journal.

Foster N Gunnison, who, until his retirement two years ago, had been assistant superintendent of the Rumford Chemical Works, died August 23, at his home, in Providence, in his seventy-sixth year. A stroke of paralysis about two months ago was the direct cause of his death, but he had been in failing health for two years following a nervous breakdown which forced him to give up active business life.



ALMON FOSTER HERBERT WALTER

1871

Mr. Gunnison was born in Provincetown, Mass., April 4, 1840. His father, the Rev. Nathaniel Gunnison, was a well-known Universalist clergyman throughout New England, and his mother was the daughter of Capt. Freeman Foster of Brewster, Mass., a descendent of Elder Brewster of the Plymouth colony. The home Mr. Gunnison was born in was on the site where recently was erected the monument to the Pilgrim Fathers.

He received his higher education in Westbrook Seminary, Me., following which he lived in Halifax, Nova Scotia, for a time, where his father was preaching and where he was married in September, 1866.

He belonged to the Masons and was for many years a member of the Church of the Mediator and later the Westminster Unitarian Church. His funeral was held August 26, the Rev. Willard C. Selleck officiating. His body was taken to Abington, Mass., for burial in the family plot in Mt. Vernon Cemetery.

Mr. Gunnison is survived by his widow, Emma Gunnison, a daughter, Anna L. Gunnison, and three brothers, Dr. Almon Gunnison, President of St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y.; Dr. Walter B. Gunnison, principal of the Erasmus Hall high school, Brooklyn, and Herbert F. Gunnison, manager of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*.

SERVICES AT ABINGTON.

The funeral of Foster N Gunnison was held at the Universalist church yesterday afternoon and was conducted by Rev. George Kent of New Orleans, assisted by the Rev. Melvin S. Nash of Hanover. Fred S. Sprague of Brockton rendered musical selections. The bearers were Gilman, Russell and Foster Osgood of Rockland; Foster Gunnison of Brooklyn, N. Y. Burial was in the family lot in Mount Vernon cemetery.



HERBERT F. GUNNISON

ALMON GUNNISON.

Almon Gunnison was born in Hallowell, Maine, on March 2, 1844. He was educated in Dalhousie College, in Halifax, Nova Scotia, Green Mountain Seminary, South Woodstock, Vermont, and later entered Tufts College, where he was a student for some years. He then went to St. Lawrence University, where he graduated from the Theological Department in 1868, and later was given the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was given the degree of LL.D. by Union College in 1902, and by Tufts College in 1905.

Immediately upon his graduation from St. Lawrence University, he was called to the pastorate of the Universalist Church in Bath, Maine, where he remained for three years, during which time his success was so marked that he was called to the pastorate of All Souls Universalist Church in Brooklyn. Here he remained for nineteen years, building a church and chapel and greatly endearing himself to his congregation and winning the friendship and regard of the ministers of all sects. He was active in the social, civic and educational life of the community. He was an enthusiastic admirer and loyal friend of Henry Ward Beecher. He resigned from the pastorate of All Souls Church to accept a call to the First Universalist Church of Worcester, Mass., and upon leaving Brooklyn was given a reception in which the ministers of all denominations participated.

The success of his previous pastorates was repeated at Worcester, and Almon Gunnison soon became a power in the religious and civic life of that city. While there, he was elected President of the Board of Trustees of the Worcester Public Library, and of the Welcome Mission, a philanthropic institution, and was elected President of the Ministerial Union.

In the summer of 1899 he was called to the presidency of St. Lawrence University, of which he had been a trustee for many years. He immediately set to work to amalgamate all the interests of the University, with such success that it was soon progressing with rapid strides in every department. He had always loved St. Lawrence, and gave to it some of the hardest work of his lifetime, coupled with the benefits of his long experience as a clergyman and church organizer. He had large business acumen.

Through his efforts the State established an Agricultural Department at St. Lawrence, which was the first of the secondary agricultural schools of the State.

In 1905 he obtained a separate science building for the university through a gift from Andrew Carnegie; the college buildings were put in thorough repair, and the gymnasium was supplied with modern equipment. He then set out to get an endowment fund of \$200,000 for the university. The faculty and students rallied splendidly to the work, and the fund was soon obtained.

In November, 1912, he was honored by the Board of Regents of New York State by being made a member of its Convocation Council, where he became a notable figure in its work. He was the first to advocate state free scholarships in colleges.

In 1913 Almon became ill, and though he rallied thereafter, his condition became such in 1914 that he felt compelled to lay down the arduous duties of President of the University, and tendered his resignation to the Board of Trustees, to take effect on November 1. On October 24, 1914, he was given a farewell reception at the university, which was one of the most notable functions ever held there, being attended by every one connected with the institution and the alumni, and friends from the town and from northern New York.

On the following day a meeting of the Board of Trustees was held at which Dr. Gunnison was made President Emeritus of St. Lawrence University.

He was the author of "Rambles Overland," published in 1886, and "Wayside and Fireside Rambles," in 1890, and was a frequent contributor to the religious and secular press.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES.

The services were held in All Souls Church, Brooklyn, on the night of July 2, 1917, and were attended by a host of sincere friends. There was a distinguished body of honorary pall bearers, representing all the interests with which Dr. Gunnison had been connected. The floral tributes were most beautiful. The Rev. A. Eugene Bartlett, D.D., pastor of the church, conducted the exercises. Rev. George L. Perin, D.D., of Boston, and Rev. I. M. Atwood, D.D., of Canton, made addresses. Rev. Archibald McCullagh, a Presbyterian clergyman of Worcester, made the prayer; Rev. Francis M. Gray, D.D., of Stamford, Conn., read the Scriptures, and Rev. Vincent E. Tomlinson, D.D., of Worcester, made the prayer at the house.



ALMON GUNNISON

DR. PERIN'S ADDRESS.

By one of old it is said that words fitly spoken are as apples of gold in pictures of silver. Would that I were sure of being able to say the fitting word to-night. The only thing that I am sure of is that what I say will come from my heart, for he was my friend. I knew him well and I loved him greatly. All day and all night ever since I got the word that he had passed away it has seemed to me that it was a dream, that it could not be really true. The passing of a man like this makes the world seem more lonesome, and I have felt lonesome all day long.

To say that he was a good man is to say what is apparent to every one who knew him. I can't put it so mildly as that. I say our friend, Dr. Gunnison, was a wonderful man, wonderful in many ways. Here is a man who attained success not in one field, but in three, at least three, big fields. In the first place, he was a very successful minister. I can't bring myself to use the word clergyman instead of minister. I do not believe that the word clergyman ever interested him as applied to himself, and if anybody had used the word clergyman in speaking to him, I think he would have wondered and started a little, as if the word had been applied to somebody else. I doubt whether he would have been very much interested in the word preacher as applied to himself. Yet he was a preacher, an eloquent preacher by his words, and still more eloquent as a preacher by his life and by his example. I know that he would have loved the word minister, for he was a minister, a very successful minister. Through his long ministry he had only three parishes. He was settled for three years in Bath, Maine, his first settlement, when he was twenty-four years old. Then he came to Brooklyn and was here nineteen years. From here he went to Worcester and was there ten years more or less, and everywhere, all the time, he was a minister in the highest and best sense of that word. I say he had but three parishes, and yet everywhere that he was known, people felt that they were members of his parish. He was a kind of universal minister. Wherever there was an opportunity of rendering a good service he was there to minister; in all the relations of life, in the church, in the Sunday school, in a thousand homes where he married men and women, and where he buried the dead, but that wasn't all. There wasn't a young man who needed counsel or who needed his help, to whom he was not ready to minis-

ter. It would be interesting to know how many ministers, so called, he had taken part in settling, in placing where they would be of service, where they would fit. I have known at least three clergymen whom he was instrumental in persuading to go to Worcester. It was not confined altogether to his own denomination. I have known scores and scores of other clergymen in our own and other denominations for whom he has performed this friendly service. Perhaps it may be called a Gunnison trait, for some of the other members of the Gunnison family have been doing that same thing in secular life, and it is a mighty good trait. A man who is willing to spend time, thought and work to get another man in a place where his work will count, does a big thing, and he has done this not only for clergymen, but for boys and girls innumerable. Ah, he was a good minister. I would be gladder to be called such a minister as he was than to have any other praise that I can think of.

Now that is the first field in which he was wonderfully successful, and the second was as a college administrator. The story of the work he did at St. Lawrence reads like a fairy tale—how he took that college with a handful of students, with its treasury empty, with only a few, three or four at the most, of college buildings, including a library and a main recitation building, so bare that it was the despair of all its friends, and he, after years of training as a minister and with no training as a college administrator, had the courage to tackle this big task. For a man less hopeful, less optimistic, or a man less courageous than he was, it would have seemed a most unwise thing to do; and yet he carried this through to a success that was quite beyond the hope of any of his friends, doubling, tripling—more than that—the number of students, giving the college a name and reputation all over this great State, giving it a position where it ranked well with the big colleges of the country, and raising endowments and adding equipment and buildings time after time. Wasn't that another big success? It seems so to me. And yet as you read the story of his ministry you would have thought that that was quite enough for any man who had done what he had done in the ministry. But the story of his work here for his church, All Souls Church in Brooklyn, is almost as wonderful in its way as the story of the work at the college. He takes that little church, housed in a building costing perhaps less than \$7,000; he comes from Bath, Me., where he had been only three



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years—at the time really a boy, 27 years of age—takes that pastorate, gives its membership courage, rehouses it, erects a new building—church and chapel together—at a cost of some \$80,000, multiplies its membership many times, welds it together solidly and makes it truly representative as a great serving institution here in this great city, and all the time ministering to hundreds who did not belong to his own denomination or parish. But this universal minister was ready to minister as widely as the call should come. It was a wonderful thing he did for this parish. It was a wonderful thing he did in his succeeding parish at Worcester, as well as a wonderful thing he did at St. Lawrence.

Now those are the two fields in which he was very successful, and yet, as you know the man well, you will be ready to say as I am that he would have succeeded equally well perhaps anywhere else. It is no great effort of thought to me to think of him as a literary man, a very successful literary

man, a man of charming literary tastes, to whom writing was as easy as speaking or serving in any other way, and I never read anything that he has written that did not seem to have been written with the idea of service in it. Even those numerous articles on numberless subjects under the *nom-de-plume* of "Nomla," written either because he wanted to plead some good cause or produce some good effect in the community or because he wanted to rest people and speak to them in the spirit of fun. He would have been a very successful writer, and you may take his miscellaneous writings at random almost and you will hardly find an ungraceful sentence among them. I picked up one to-day and I found this little paragraph in it. He was writing upon the subject of the painlessness of dying (and his own dying it seems was as painless as his description). I found these words:

"Those who have passed out of life and have been resuscitated and brought back, tell us that death comes as painlessly as

sleep, for Mother Nature touches every nerve and faculty with its anodyne of quietude and lulls into oblivious unconsciousness the body, so that it sinks to rest without jar or tumult as easily as the sun sinks into twilight and darkness behind the western hills."

True, and also graceful and hopeful.

I remember a little sentence from an oral address he made many years ago, which has always stuck in my memory: "When men are tired and discouraged, sometimes music comes with its invisible fingers and waves a magic charm around the soul." Another man would have expressed the same idea, but not with the same grace and beauty. He was a lover of beauty.

A long time ago it seems now, when I was scarcely more than a boy, and yet perhaps I do not quite remember, he wrote a book, a simple book, for his readers in the denominational papers, consisting of his letters called "Rambles Overland," and whoever might pick up that book to-day and read it would see what a lover of beauty he was. Not only did he love beauty in nature, but he put it before his readers in beautiful form.

He would, therefore, have been successful in literature, but very strangely contrasted with that, he would have been a successful business man—as a great railroad manager or at the head of a great banking institution—anywhere in the business world had fortune led him thither, he would have been a marked success, and due in the first place to his courage and to his optimism, and, coupled with that, his fine business judgment, for here was at least one minister whose judgment, business judgment, could be trusted.

So when I say that he has been successful in two lines, I know and you know that he would have been successful almost anywhere, for success was in him—he thought success, he breathed success. But this is a diversion, for I wanted to say chiefly that there was another field in which he has made a bigger, a finer success. He has been a successful *man*. To be something fine and big is better even than to do something fine and big. He had the qualities of character and reliability, the fine sense of justice—ah, if I were to try to tell you all the qualities which it seems to me made him big and fine, it would take me more than my allotted fifteen minutes. Think for a moment of his splendid optimism, a little illustration of which occurs to me at the moment. After all the things he had

done at Canton, after all the years, the many years, he had toiled for the University to secure the additions and equipment which were so much needed, and when perhaps he was almost worn out with the tremendous toil of it, he came to the conclusion of the last \$200,000 (and some of us know how hard it came) and he said, "We must have \$50,000 more. I haven't the least idea where it is coming from, but I know I am going to get it." That was Almon Gunnison talking. "I know I am going to get it." In the face of almost insuperable obstacles he was not to be defeated. Through them all he maintained the same optimism, his speech was optimistic; he had the optimistic mind, and spoke helpfully to everybody, and many a man who could not tell exactly why, certainly not on account of any material help he had received, would come away after an interview with this splendid man, saying: "Why, there, things look brighter, things look better—I think I am going to win," because his (Almon Gunnison's) spirit, his faith and courage, had been contagious and had passed over into the other man's life. That was the effect he had on me; that was the effect I know he had on hundreds of other men.

Only one thing remains for me to say: That is, that he was as charming in his home as he was successful in his work. He had never expended quite all of his good cheer and kindly helpfulness upon his outside affairs. His home-coming was always like a ray of sunshine. This made him a royal companion to his wife and a splendid comrade to his children. I could wish no finer tribute to myself when I am gone than the praise bestowed by this united family upon its honored head.

We shall not see his like every day. But because he lived and worked among us he has made everybody better; he has made everybody better who knew him. I loved him, and you loved him, and you trusted him. When we go away and think it over let us treasure his virtues. I needn't say forget his faults, for while he was modest enough and sincere enough to have conceded any fault you might have attributed to him, he came as near having no faults as anybody I have seen.

God bless his memory!

DR. ATWOOD'S ADDRESS.

I am not here under the impression which would be an illusion, that I have anything to say on this occasion which might not have been said with fitness by

others of his brethren who were nearer at hand. But I came because I could not find it in my heart to keep away. I felt that the long intimacy and the sweet comradeship and the association in blessed work with him made it suitable that I should at least stand by his grave. I have one title to be here that perhaps is peculiar to me. I think I had acquaintance with him longer than any of the brethren now in our ministry. I knew his father—a noble man. I knew his mother—a rare, sweet, helpful, saintly soul, who wrought her own halo by her own sacrifice and service; and I knew him when he was a young man before he had elected to be a minister, or before I knew that he had, when he was a handsome, mirth-provoking youth whom it was a joy to meet, so full of overflowing vitality. I sometimes thought that he was a little too rollicking a spirit to enter the sacred calling, until I knew him better and found how sincere was his devotion to the Church of his father and to the Church of his own love; how utterly loyal he was, how willing to accept the terms and conditions prescribed for a minister of a proscribed religion. So my acquaintance with him has lasted through the whole of his career, and I have been from the first his unwearied, cordial, hopeful, helpful friend and co-laborer, and he has been mine.

Dr. Perin has spoken of the three ways in which he achieved distinction, and they cover the ground; but those of us who knew him as Dr. Perin knew him in his services, in his foresight, in his large executive capacity, in his ability to take a forelorn hope and make it a radiant success, cannot speak of him as a man divided in his qualifications or attainments or achievements, but of him as a man so well adjusted to the business of life that whatever he undertook was bound to be a success. I remember with pleasure the times when we met and, in his phrase, "talked over denominational affairs down to date." Far into the night we talked—the subject was endless. His ideas, his anxieties, his enthusiasms, his hopes, they, too, were endless, and the theme never came to a conclusion when we got together and talked it over—blessed man that he was. We say sometimes of a speaker that he is full of his subject. He was full of his business, whatever it was, whether it was the business of pointing out a new career to a young man, or inspiring one who had fallen down; whether it was taking up a financial problem and applying his genius to the solution of it; whether it was extending the resources which were necessary

to build an institution larger, whether a church or a college or a denomination, he was in it from the start—all over in it—and it was his life that gave it the quickening, the electric touch that brought the triumph.

I think of him as a man who was made particularly to be a friend. Now there are different kinds of friends; and I have observed that some men use their opportunities of friendship when your heart is open to look in and see what is there and when they see that there are foibles and limitations, they regard themselves as having a kind of sacred responsibility not to let the public forget that the man has his limitations, that he has foibles. That is one use of friendship. I do not think it is the best. One of the things that entitle me to speak here to-night is that I thoroughly appreciated this man, believed in him and felt that he had remarkable powers given him, that he was consecrated to high ideas, that he was worth millions to the world, to the denomination, to the college or whatever he was associated with, and this power of appreciation of what he was, what he could do, is, as I think, my title to pronounce these words here to-night.

He has fallen. As it has been said here to-night, we shall not see his like again. He was a unique man. His pen had charm. A man came to me when in Boston and said: "Who is it that writes those letters from New York in the *Ladder*?" I said, "I think that is Almon Gunnison, the minister of the church in Brooklyn." "Well," said he, "whoever he is, he has a fortune in his inkstand. I wish he would come and go on my paper." There was a charm and grace about his style that was delightful, a blended humor that was indescribable and so inevitable. There was the poetic touch that our friend has given us a sample of here to-night. Far out on the prairies I have met men and women who said, "We always wait with anticipations of delight from week to week for those letters from Gunnison. Do you know Gunnison—Almon Gunnison?" "Yes, I know him." "Well, is he as charming a man as he is writer?" I said: "He is; he has the charm which you have seen in his letters; personally he is a delightful man." So I knew him, friends, a delightful man. Did we not delight in him? Did he not delight in us? Was it not a joy to linger with him and to have him linger with us whenever we met? I say to-night he was as valiant a knight as ever drew or threw a spear. He belonged with Sir Launcelot—in the same heroic group. He was as devoted a disciple as any church ever had the honor to call to its



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standard. And he was a masterly man. This is the great quality which I give to Almon Gunnison—he was a masterly man. He had that capacity to take hold of any matter and see first of all how it ought to succeed, and then to see how it might be made to succeed, and the tenacity and the invention and the resourcefulness to put it through. I call that mastery. He was a masterful man.

Yes, he will not come to us, but we shall go to him. Peace to his memory, blessings on his life of useful and noble and triumphant service, and the peace of God to those whom he has left to continue his work.

DR. McCULLAGH'S PRAYER

* * * * We come to Thee to-night to thank Thee for our revered friend and beloved brother, who hast finished the work Thou didst give him to do, and has passed on to realms of light and to his reward above. We thank Thee that we have known him as wise and humble, strong and gentle, courageous and sympathetic, frank and generous in every fibre of his character, like unto pure gold. And we know also that these gifts and graces were not self-created, but that they were the issues of his life surrendered to Thine. Thrice happy the family that knew

the wealth of his affection, the church that had the advantage and benefit of his ministrations, the lives that were inspired and guided by his celestial manhood. We pray to-night especially for her whose widowed heart cries out for the touch of the vanished hand and the sound of the voice that is still. Great God, although often in Thy providential dealings, Thy ways are not our ways and Thy thoughts are not our thoughts, although Thou dost disarrange our plans and disappoint our hopes, take up our loved ones, still we know that Thou art too wise to err and too good to be unkind. So throw around, about and underneath her the supporting arms of Thy everlasting love, and may she realize that she can lean upon the arm of her Lord and Saviour. Let Thy blessings rest upon every member of this grief-stricken household in all of their relations. We thank Thee for the rich legacy in character and in achievement they received from him whom they had known so long and loved so tenderly. Blessed Saviour, our thoughts would follow him, for we believe that there has been no interruption in his conscious existence, and that his spirit which has passed from us has passed over to Thee, fitted for the new sphere, new duties and new environment into which he has entered. * * * *

DR. HALL'S ADDRESS

Memorial services were held in the Universalist Church, Worcester, Mass., on July 8, 1917.

Rev. Frank O. Hall, D.D., of New York, made the address. Dr. Hall said:

We are gathered here to pay a tribute of affection and respect to one who died young after a long life of more than three score years and ten. This earth seems to have lost its youth and loveliness for us who are gathered here since the passing of Almon Gunnison. But it would be altogether inappropriate and inconsistent with the character of the man we honor if we were to make this occasion one of sadness and melancholy. No one ever lived who so constantly disseminated good cheer.

His very presence was a benediction, and his resonant voice a tonic to lonely hearts and heart-sick souls. To weep at the departure of Almon Gunnison is a good deal like shedding tears over a glorious sunset. If he could speak to us, we all know well what he would say: "Remember me not with sadness, but with gladness, and let my memory inspire joy, not despair."

I knew this man intimately for thirty years, but never heard him utter a despon-

dent or pessimistic sentence. With him the best was always yet to be. He greeted the unseen with a cheer. If he ever had days of discouragement he kept this fact to himself. His ready wit, his humor flowed like a perennial spring. He was the quickest man with a witty retort that I ever knew, and it is a delight to recall his sallies, because he never used this faculty to hurt a fellowman.

I knew him well long before I came into personal contact with him through the remarkable fund of letters and articles and essays which he contributed to our denominational press. If it could all be put together, with the personal letters which he wrote and which are cherished by thousands of people, they would make a great many volumes. Then I recall very vividly my first meeting with the man, having known him through his work or his pen. It must have been in the year 1884 or 1886 when the general convention of the Universalist Church met in the church of which he was the pastor in the city of Brooklyn, and the thing that impressed me first of all was the wonderful resonance of that ringing voice, and the electric lighting of that fine face. Dr. Gunnison seemed to be magnet to attract a humorous situation. He had been working day and night for the success of the gathering and to promote the happiness of the delegates, and at the closing service, dazed with fatigue, he arose and solemnly announced: "We will now close this final service by singing the benediction."

An audible titter ran through the congregation, which he did not comprehend, but insisted: "We will close by singing the benediction." And then, seeing his mistake, he corrected himself: "We will sing the Doxology and remain standing until the benediction is pronounced."

Now, in his audience was his old friend, Rev. J. J. Lewis, who was delighted with the thought that here was a chance to turn the joke against the prince of jokers. He went to him immediately and said: "Gunnison, at last we have one on you. Won't the men rejoice when I get back to Boston and tell them that in Brooklyn they are accustomed, under your leadership, to sing the benediction?"

"Lewis," said Dr. Gunnison, "you surely are not mean enough to tell that at the Boston ministers' meeting?" "Yes," said Lewis, "I am just that mean. It is too good to keep."

Whereupon Dr. Gunnison went directly to his study, and, tired as he was, pro-

ceeded to write one of his inimitable letters to the *Universalist Leader*, with the request that it be printed in the next issue. In this letter occurred casually the remark: "The next time a well-known clergyman from South Boston visits New York it would be well for him not to insist that a Brooklyn congregation should sing the benediction." Thus when Mr. Lewis entered the publishing house on the following Monday he was at once greeted with a shout, "So, when you go to New York you sing the benediction, do you?"

In vain did he try to explain that the mistake was not his. The men would hear none of it, and for years Mr. Lewis had to carry the burden of the joke about singing the benediction.

I met a lawyer in New York who told me that years ago he was counsel trying a case in which Dr. Gunnison was an important witness. A dapper young lawyer on the opposite side thought to disconcert and embarrass so important a witness, as lawyers sometimes do.

"Dr. Gunnison," said he, "you look like an intelligent man, and yet I am told that you are a Universalist clergyman. How does it happen that a man of apparent intelligence can accept the doctrine of universal salvation? Do you believe that all men will ultimately be saved?" "Well," said Dr. Gunnison, "I did until I met you."

This amazing wit, this astonishing faculty for seeing the humorous side of events he turned to excellent use in the letters which he constantly wrote for the *Universalist Leader*, and his volumes of essays upon travel and life. There is no doubt that he could have ranked with Holmes and Warner if he had given himself to the life of an essayist.

There are things in "Wayside and Fireside Rambles" as good as anything that Warner did, and if "The House That Pete Built" had been written by Mark Twain it would be ranked with his best efforts.

But all this was simply a side issue with Dr. Gunnison. He could have been a great literary man if he had made the pursuit of literature his main object in life. But he had other and more important business to which he gave himself with singleness of purpose. Literature was a recreation.

He had another faculty which I always envied in him. He was the best man of business among all our ministers. There were two men to whom as a young minister I was accustomed to turn for help. One was James M. Pullman. Dr. Pullman was one who saw visions and dreamed dreams.

They were the most splendid, inspiring, soul-stirring dreams that imagination ever conceived.

But when I wanted to know what to do next, when I wanted to solve a hard problem, I took a train for Worcester and laid it before the uncommon common sense of Almon Gunnison.

He was always ready to be interrupted. He would push aside his work and give me his whole attention. And I know, and you must know, what a masterly grasp he had of all business methods.

Men of business recognized this. They knew that he had in him the making of a captain of industry, a successful financier. He once told me of a superb opportunity that had come to him for a business career, with a princely salary. If he had accepted the opportunity, I have not the least doubt that the newspapers to-day would be printing his biography as one of America's leading financiers.

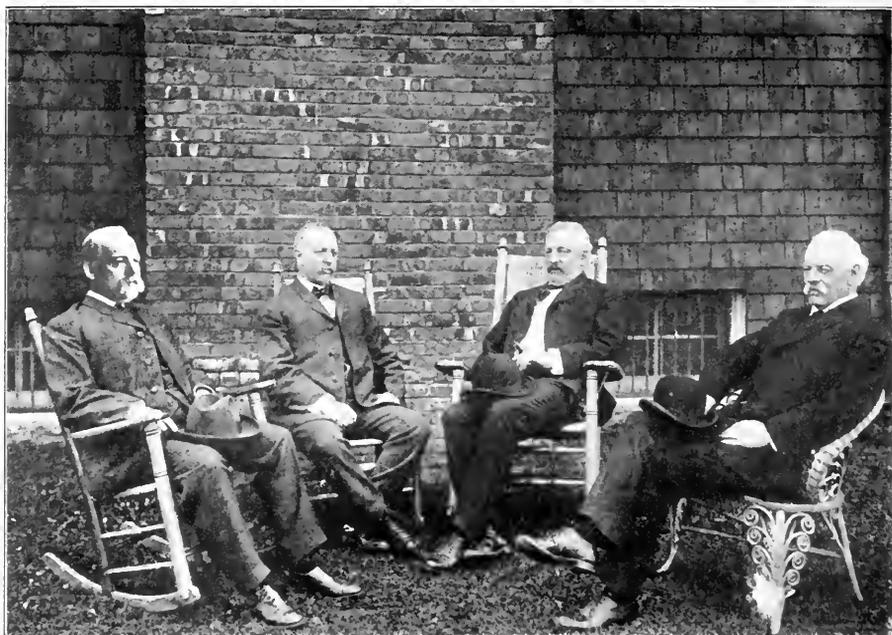
His career as president of St. Lawrence University bears testimony to this fact. What a record that was! He took a poor little country college, on the verge of bankruptcy, and made it rank with the leading educational institutions, and placed it on such a firm financial footing that its future is forever assured. All this required financial and executive ability.

But even that was a side issue. He exercised his business faculties as he exercised his literary faculties, because he possessed them and loved to use them. But his real object in life was neither business nor literature.

Almon Gunnison was first, last and all the time the good minister of Jesus Christ. God called him and ordained him, and he was always true to that ordination. It was in his blood. His father was a superb minister before him, and his mother had dedicated him to the sacred calling from his infancy. He was called of God to be a minister of Christ by virtue of the one faculty that Christ demanded of His followers: "Herein shall men know that ye are My disciples; that ye have love, one for another."

Almon Gunnison possessed a noble mind, which he splendidly furnished, but that was not what won our affection or esteem. We loved him because he first loved us. He loved me and I am glorified by the knowledge of it. He was my friend, and carried me in his thought and gave me glad welcome in his life.

He married me to my dear wife; he was with me when we passed through our great



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sorrow and laid away our little child. I am glad for his friendship. And I am all the more glad when I know that I am only one of thousands. He loved you men and women of Worcester with a love as sincere and deep as that of a father for his children. There was nothing he would not do for you. He rejoiced in your success and happiness. He came to you in your sorrows. He helped you to carry your burdens. He was always ready with advice and council and direction. Day or night, sick or well, tired or vigorous, he was yours to command. He was a great man measured by the only true standard of greatness. "He that would be great among you," said Jesus, "let him be your servant, and he that would be chief, let him be your minister." Almon Gunnison was a true witness of the Christ.

And now he has gone from us. We shall not hear that vibrant voice again. We shall not see the electric smile across his face. We shall not feel the pressure of his hand. We shall not smile at his ready wit. We shall not be helped by his shrewd advice.

So the world is sad to-day. But, oh, the glory and the gladness to have had such a

man for a friend, to have seen God revealed in his noble personality, and to have been inspired by his message of faith and hope and love for all mankind.

Now, what shall we do in memory of him. Mourn deeply, put on sackcloth and bewail our fate? Nay rather let us rejoice that God has given us so good a comrade. God so loved the world that he gave this son also to be our guide and inspiration. Shame to us if we build him not a worthy memorial. And what shall it be? A granite shaft 100 feet high? A rich mausoleum adorned with precious marble? Neither of these. We will do what we know he would have us do. We will build him into our own lives and characters. His faith, hope and love shall be ours, and in the inspiration of his example and with the hope that some day, in another room of God's great house, we may meet him again, we will go forth to make this world a happier and a better place because we have known the comradeship of Almon Gunnison.

Dr. Hall concluded his address with the following original poem:

He stood before some giant wrong,
That in the world had flourished long,
Deliant, impudent and strong,
And smiled.

He smiled. The evil had withstood
The efforts of the brave and good:
He conquered with a smile, as would
A child.

He came and went among his kind,
With such serene and steadfast mind,
That where he led they came behind
In love.

Onward his look, upward his way,
Out of the darkness toward the day,
With joy be led, and banner gay,
Above.

He spoke not much of sin and shame,
He threatened not of hell's fierce flame;
From heart of hope his message came
With cheer.

High joy of life shone in his face,
Firm faith in God his means of grace,
Faith, Hope and Love for all his race
To hear.

Old friend, we hark in vain to hear
Your vibrant voice, your word of cheer;
We hunger for your presence dear,
Alone!

But still you lead us as of yore,
We follow where you've gone before;
We see you standing by the door
Of home!

REMARKS BY THE REV. VINCENT E. TOMLINSON, D.D.

After this very discriminating address of Dr. Hall's, I do not feel that you need any lengthy words from me, although my heart is full of sentiment concerning my predecessor in the pulpit. I want to speak just one or two very brief words in closing the service.

Dr. Hall has given us a very just estimate of this strong life and work, and I trust that this may be put in print and may be preserved among our records, as it should be.

It may seem strange perhaps to you to hear me say that probably there is no one in this congregation this morning who knew Dr. Gunnison as long as I did. I am not the oldest person present, but in my boyhood days my father was the pastor of

our church in Watertown, New York, which, as you know, is not very far from St. Lawrence University. I was a little fellow then, and Dr. Gunnison was a student in the theological school. He and Dr. Sweetser, of Philadelphia, were classmates, or, at any rate, in the school together, and they used frequently to be in my father's home, for he was very fond of all the young men fitting for the ministry, and Watertown was a convenient place for the boys to drop off. Some trains only went as far as Watertown. So to this day I have a very vivid recollection of Dr. Gunnison, then unmarried, just getting ready to go out to the large work which he accomplished.

But what lingers in my memory from those days of his in the theological school I think the thing that I learned from Dr. Gunnison as a boy, was that a man could be a minister and be human. At the same time I learned that from my father, but of course he was a man of the older generation. Here was a younger man, the ideal of a boy, devoting his life to the Christian ministry. I could understand how father, an older and soberer man, could be in the ministry, but Almon Gunnison just a little ways on ahead of me, how he could turn aside from other pursuits that lure young men and attach himself to the Christian ministry impressed my childish mind, and if later on I took up that same profession which he did I sometimes feel that the example of that young man had a great deal to do with my decision. I learned from him that a man could enjoy life, be full of fun and high spirits, and yet a follower of the Master, Jesus Christ.

Another thing that I feel I owe to Dr. Gunnison is the illustration which he has given us, of which Dr. Hall spoke in opening his address, of keeping young. This man, as he said, died at three score years and ten—seventy-three years old; but do any of us ever think of Dr. Gunnison as an old man? A great many men at seventy are old men, but I defy anyone to say that Dr. Gunnison ever grew old. He was just as young in spirit as he was back there in my childhood. He was just as interested in everything, and was just as hopeful and cheerful at the last as he was at the first. What a splendid example he has been to us all of how to keep young, and how to hold age at bay. I don't believe we ever had a man among us who preserved the spirit of youthfulness, or the spirit of perpetual optimism more than Dr. Gunnison. I trust we may all take it to heart, that this is a decisive factor in life, that we should not

allow time to wither us, or permit the inevitable changes that come into our lives, to somehow "take the joy out of our life." That does happen to not a few people to their great loss and future sorrow. We must somehow find the fountain of perpetual youth as did our friend.

And the third thing that I owe to Dr. Gunnison and confess this morning with a great deal of gratitude, is that he was a model pastor-emeritus. He was an ideal man to be your predecessor in the pastorate. Now, some ministers going to a new pastorate, can get along with the people, and the people get along with them, and they become attached, but sometimes it is very difficult, almost impossible, for a new pastor to get along with his predecessor. There lingers in his heart a jealousy, that it is hard to overcome. Dr. Gunnison was free of that spirit. He came out to New York State, where I settled, and spent a little time with us there, and after renewing the old friendship he finally said: "I have come out to tell you that you ought to take up my work in Worcester." Very largely because Dr. Gunnison had faith in me, and knew me so well, and urged upon me to come and look the field over, and let you look me over, and very largely because of his influence I came, and I doubt not that he was busy with you, preparing you to make the way open for me. And after I came to be your pastor, I found in him the true and loyal friend that he was from the days in the Watertown home in the days of my childhood, and as I need not tell you through these seventeen years that have gone he has been a staunch friend to you and to me. He has never come among us that he has not had some kindly word, something of encouragement for us in our work together. I count that as a very large part of my life, the kindness and love that Dr. Gunnison showed to me, his successor, and I pray that when the time comes that some successor stands here in my place, I may show him the same expression, the same kindness and courtesy that Dr. Gunnison showed to me.

From the Brooklyn Daily Eagle—An Editorial Written by Mr. John Alden.

ALMON GUNNISON.

The Rev. Dr. Almon Gunnison, scholar and optimist, passes to the Far Land at the age of 73. For twenty years pastor of All Souls Church when it was worshipping in the Eastern District, he made hundreds of personal friends and thousands of admir-

ers. The friends were linked closer to him with the years, even the years of absence from Brooklyn; the admirers remained admirers. He was a pulpit orator whose periods in all but form were poetry, uplifting and inspiring.

But those who knew the old church, whose young people he married, and whose dead he reverently consigned to the hereafter, for so long a period, thought less of the orator than of the man. A gentle critic of other men's foibles as of his own, he thought of life's sins and horrors as did Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, as diseases or the symptoms of diseases of which humanity would free itself in time. You might have known him half a century and never heard him say a biting word of anyone. The wit that stings was not his. The humor that warms and cheers he had in very large measure. If he had consciously modeled his daily conversation on Hannah More's line "a small unkindness is a great offense," it would have been just what it was.

And no church in Brooklyn, not even Plymouth when Beecher was living, was closer welded together by human kindness than All Souls when Dr. Gunnison was pastor; Universalist its creed, catholic its sympathy, free its theology. Every parishioner knew every other parishioner. Each was willing always and often able to help another. How much of this spirit has survived in the church as transplanted in Flatbush its present members understand. To what degree it springs from the continued influence of Dr. Gunnison's precept and example none of us can determine.

The sixteen years that Dr. Gunnison served the cause of higher education in the United States as president of St. Lawrence University were truly fruitful years. On young men he had the grip of a man always young himself in spirit. Contempt for what is mean, love for what is highly unselfish, the wholesome idealism that unites no man or woman for the practical duties and relations of life were taught at Canton Eng before Dr. Gunnison went there, but never quite so thoroughly. No boy and no girl was permitted to feel that scholastic acquirements were the all-in-all of a college course.

And of all the students who went out into the world from St. Lawrence during that sixteen-year period there was not one who did not think of Dr. Gunnison as a friend rather than as a taskmaster, who was not quick to ask his advice in a life-crisis, who was not a Gunnison enthusiast.

So the death of the educator will sadden hearts wherever the influence of St. Lawrence extends. It cannot be otherwise.

Truth is eternal. Kindness is eternal. Eternal also is the life that stands for truth and for kindness. Even in its earthly effects the lesson of such a life is found in

Dr. Almon Gunnison, one of those high souls whose presence among us is an atonement for much, and whose departure deepens the gloom of a gloomy hour.

It is a consolation to know that the gloom is all with us whom he left behind; those who are of his household; those who are in the privileged circle of his friends, and those who constitute the community in which he labored with such a generous spirit and profound and benevolent effect, for we are confident that no shadow of fear darkened that golden spirit as it shed its garment of flesh and spread its wings for flight. Doubt was not in him. The clouds that the wild winds of doctrine blew in the roaring unrest of controversy never obscured his clear vision. He knew his origin and his goal; therefore he was a happy voyager who went happy to the end of his journey.

He was a son of a strong race, and a brother of strong men. His childhood ran its course in the home of a New England clergyman; a home enlightened and idealistic. He followed the vocation of his distinguished father and entered the ministry of God. Those who were fortunate enough to sit at his feet during his long pastorate of All Souls Universalist Church here know how vital, how brightly shining with the divine purpose, he made that ministry. But like all of that singularly gifted house he was teacher as well as preacher, or teacher and preacher in one, and St. Lawrence University called him to its presidency, where his scholarship attracted the attention of the scholars of the country. After his retirement from that post, Dr. Gunnison returned to our community, where he had spent so many happy and fruitful years, and where his brothers, Dr. Walter B. Gunnison, late principal of Erasmus Hall High School, and Mr. Herbert F. Gunnison, of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, were both giving of the same splendid and elevating public service of which he himself was so fine an exemplar. It was during the first years of his renewed residence here that he contributed a daily article to the editorial page of this newspaper. He is dead now at the age of seventy-three. He did not long survive Dr. Walter B. Gunnison. Mr. Herbert F. Gunnison, to whom we offer our deepest sympathy, is left to mourn the loss of two brothers who represented the highest type of human character and the broadest and clearest intellectual spiritual culture. To Dr. Almon Gunnison we bid this sad farewell. Author, teacher, preacher, kindly commentator upon events,



ALMON GUNNISON

the pebble striking the wave, an ever-broadening circle, lost to sight in time, but living forever in science and in imagination.

From the Brooklyn Daily Times. An editorial by John A. Heffernan.

DR. ALMON GUNNISON.

His lambent fancy illuminated this page. The deep, clear, gentle philosophy of a soul that was rich in its essence and its culture found expression here, and the recollection of its play upon men and time, who are only the facets of man and eternity, is still an inspiration to the editors and the readers of the *Brooklyn Times*. Therefore it is with a more intimate sense of loss and a deeper and more personal grief than are usual in such cases that we say farewell to

inspirer of what is best in men and in society, which is only men multiplied, he so lived and wrought as to leave the world in his debt.

From the Universalist Leader—Editorial
Written by Rev. F. A. Bisbee, D.D.

DR. ALMON GUNNISON.

Forty years ago, among the contributing editors to our church paper, Almon Gunnison, or "A. G.," as he chose to endorse his contributions, stood conspicuous. He was a "natural born" writer. His style was simple and beautiful; many things which he wrote in prose needed but recasting to be poetry. He wielded a versatile pen, and whether in tale of travel, description of the fair face of nature, the expounding of some great religious principle, or an appeal for civic loyalty and righteousness, he was a master. His pen was charged with rigorous integrity, but it was tipped with good will. He was a critic at times, but always a gentle and constructive critic. He saw no good in hurting save it be necessary to healing. Through his literary work he drew about him a large circle of personal friends, even though the many never saw him. He put so much of himself into what he wrote, that "A. G." became personified to multitudes all over the country. His imagination was a working faculty. Not only did he write most interesting sketches of travel, but his charming book, "Fireside Rambles," revealed that he need not go abroad to be abroad, that he could take his group of readers and wander with them through secluded paths or crowded city streets, and with a wit which never stung, and a humor intelligent and genial, create memories which were an enduring delight.

Dr. Gunnison will be remembered for his literary work, which will abide, but the greater portion of his adult life was given to the Christian ministry, and there we shall always feel was his real success. He was a preacher of rare power. His sermons were carefully prepared, often written on a single sheet of paper in letters so minute as to be almost illegible to the ordinary sight, but that was his "preaching manuscript," and he was not closely confined to it. He was a "Gospel preacher," that is, he never departed from the great message of Good Tidings of Great Joy to all creatures, but connected the message with the life of to-day. And always back of the preaching was the preacher, that gracious personality who, in the parish work, drew all his people into a good fel-

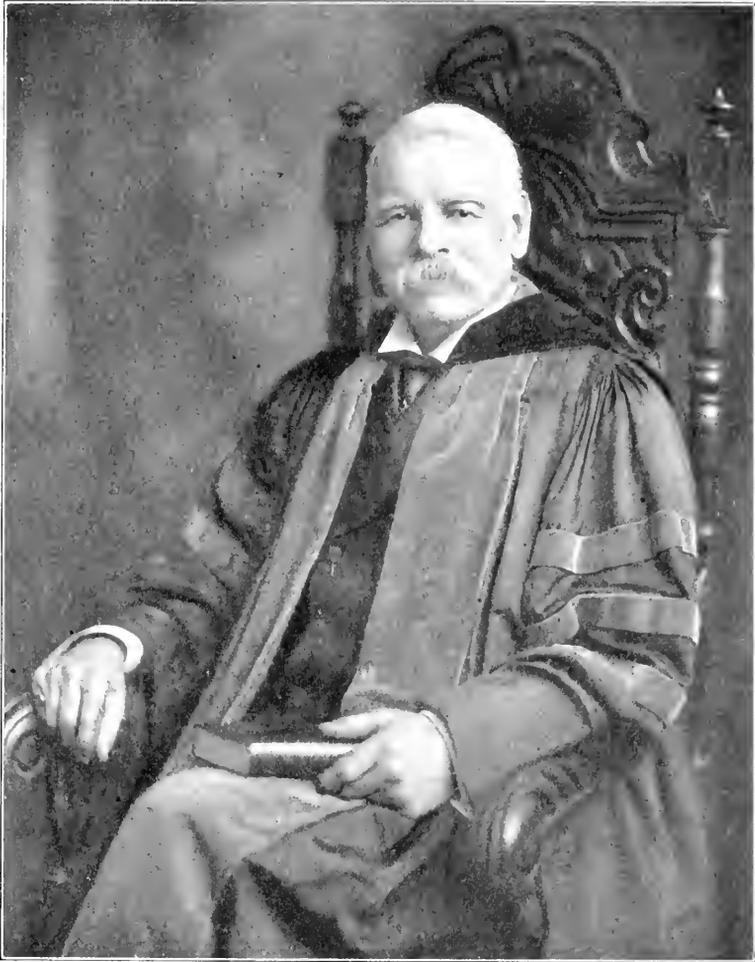
lowship which nothing could shake. He knew every one of his people, and because of that every one of his people knew every one else, and there grew up the family and home spirit in all his churches. He won the confidence of all, and to him turned all who were in trouble or who had responsibilities, and he advised and guided them with wisdom.

He loved his church and was reluctant to leave it for what seemed a larger and more important work. Several times he refused flatly to accept the presidency of St. Lawrence University, his Alma Mater, but at last the call was so insistent that he consented and the final period of his life, covering sixteen years, was devoted to the cause of education. These were great years measured by achievement, for the University prospered. Dr. Gunnison won the faith of men and they therefore responded most generously to his appeal for money, and a large endowment came to St. Lawrence, but, more than that, the University grew in its membership and mission. He commanded the respect and affection of the undergraduates, and that is perhaps the final test of the educator. Years of this hard work told upon the strength of the man, and soon his friends saw the necessity of his retirement, and in the same sweet spirit in which he attained, he retired, and these last few years have been spent in the quiet of his home, but with no lapsing of the cheerful outlook into the world of living men and women.

Dr. Gunnison has finished his earthly career, and we who knew and loved him personally, recounting the things which he achieved for himself and others, are pleased to do him honor, but we turn from these things which he did to the man who did them. He stands before us a noble specimen of manhood; we think of his radiant face, and know the radiance was not superficial. He was great hearted, his life was set to Christian ideals and supplemented the ministry of the word.

Dr. Gunnison was the son of one of the famous ministers of our early history as a church. Nathaniel Gunnison is remembered for the good he spoke and wrought in many of our churches, but perhaps more for the remarkable product, which might come from none but a minister's home, of a family of notable sons, who, in the educational world, in business, and, through Almon, in the Christian ministry, have wrought well and righteously and successfully.

We are thinking of "A. G." to-day with a happy smile of reminiscence; we are think-



DR. ALMON GUNNISON

ing of the Rev. Dr. A. Gunnison the minister of Christ who has served well, and we are proud of him; we are thinking of President Gunnison, the educator, with gratification, but mostly we are thinking of Almon Gunnison, our friend, and the friend of many, and as he passes we are saying: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

From the Northern Tribune,

PRESIDENT GUNNISON.

**** And during his 16 years of service he saw and was largely responsible for the

doubling and redoubling of all the University's resources. Its registration at the time of his resignation in 1914 was seven hundred students; its endowment has been increased to more than a half million dollars; the salaries of the professors have been largely increased; the annual registration fees now exceed \$10,000, and the number of buildings has been increased from four to fourteen, including the addition of the Agricultural School and the Brooklyn Law School. Extensive improvements have been made in all of the buildings and the area of the campus has been quadrupled. All this was done by Almon Gunnison, who

sacrificed the golden years of his life to a task which no man but one of his great gifts could sustain.

In Gouverneur, as in all other northern New York villages and cities, he had hosts of friends. Always interested in the young people of the high schools, his addresses to the students made him their ideal, and the sixteen years which he served the cause of higher education were truly fruitful.

From the St. Lawrence Plaindealer.

Dr. Almon Gunnison, President Emeritus of St. Lawrence University, the father of the Greater St. Lawrence, a princely man, beloved by all, a man of visions and wonderful dynamic forces and all pervading optimism, is dead. Canton, the University and 1,500 alumni are sincere mourners.

From the Canton Commercial Advertiser.

Years hence when the history of St. Lawrence University is written, no name will be emblazoned more gloriously on its pages than that of Almon Gunnison, who for fifteen years gave of his zeal and love and untiring energies to make the Greater St. Lawrence.

From Chapin Home Trustees.

His high ideals, couched in his own inimitable language, at the laying of the corner stone of the present Home, established, for us, ideals toward which it will ever be an incentive to work. His broad vision, his strength of character, and his human interest, endeared him to us all.

From the New York Evening Post.

Almon Gunnison was an ardent advocate of free colleges, as well as free schools, declaring in the forty-eighth University Convocation, at Albany, in 1910 that the ideal condition of our educational system was "free schools in the state; free for rich and poor—free from kindergarten to and through the college and university."

REV. DR. LEWIS B. FISHER,

Dean of Rider House, Chicago University.

I don't know what is ahead or beyond, but I do know that nothing can ever take away from you or from the younger Gunnisons the heritage of a great and beautiful family history.

Rev. John Coleman Adams, D.D.

No man valued or appreciated your brother more than I did. He was a true and honorable friend to me in a situation where he could have done me much harm if there had been any guile in his soul. No ex-pastor ever bore himself with finer

chivalry and generosity toward his successor than he did. It is one of the proudest thoughts of my life that when I left Brooklyn all his friends were my friends too, and he had never a one the less by any act of mine.

From John L. Heaton.

Big, fine, manly, beautiful brothers! You've had them if ever a man had. They have gone too early. But they had the chance to do their work in the world.

From Edward B. Lent.

In looking over a million men you would not find one who appealed so to the seeking human heart.

From Louis Annin Amcs.

I have looked upon Dr. Gunnison first, with admiration, then with love and finally he became to me like a big brother. To remember him is to be stirred to the depths of emotions of the highest and finest.

From Mildred Scitz.

It is a wonderful thing for one person to leave behind so many people who really loved him.

From Rev. William J. Thompson, D.D.

Dr. Gunnison's gifts by nature and grace in mind and heart, his devotion to the well-being and happiness of everyone he could in any wise help were surpassed by no minister whom I have ever known and equalled by very, very few. What a rare man of God he was.

From Prof. E. L. Hueltt.

He has been an inspiration to my life and to the lives of his students.

From Rev. Donald Fraser.

He was the wisest and best man I ever knew. His life was without a blemish, without even the trace or suggestion of a defect. In his voice, in the gleam of his eye and in his unforgettable smile he radiated truth as simply and as surly as one of the beautiful lilies of the field. I know of none who was more ready to assist a brother minister. Our denomination never had a stronger or more faithful and efficient servant than he was.

From Rev. Richard E. Sykes, D.D.

Though he was past seventy he always seemed to me a young man; he had the vision and enthusiasm of youth and these combined with the wisdom gained by long experience made him a most effective man at a time of life when many feel that their work is over. He did a great work in an unselfish spirit.

From Miss Kate E. Turner.

So much helpfulness, radiance and joy seldom goes with the passing of one man. Some talisman he surely owned, and made life so much the richer for all who met him.

From Mrs. A. Zelmira Burroughs.

Let us thank God for having given this life which leaves a lasting example of goodness, fidelity and honor; all that stands for a noble life well lived.

From Owen D. Young.

If your father had been successful in a great business career how poor and barren it would have been compared with his success in the lines of work which he adopted.

From Oscar H. Stearns.

He was a noble fellow as a young man, and as a schoolmate and in manhood a grand, noble, splendid man.

From Rev. John Murray Atwood, D.D.

We all loved your father. No one who was at all human, could be long associated with him without being drawn very close to him.

From Rev. Henry N. Couden, D.D., Chaplain of the House of Representatives.

His work lives and his great personality will be a solace to those who knew and loved him, for none knew him but to love him, nor named him but to praise. From my earliest acquaintance with the Universalist denomination he was ever identified with it and was ever an inspiration to me to do all in my power for its interests and the spread of its glorious faith.

From Williston Manley.

He was so big and clean and joyous; he saw so much good in everything and everybody; he was mentally so active; he had so much love of humanity.

From Irving Bucheller.

I had a special reason for being fond of the good man who was your husband. Many years ago one Sunday night I went to hear him preach at the old Universalist Church in Canton. I was a boy in college; he a gray haired man but with the strength of his youth still upon him. It was in the vigor of his style and the solemn music of his voice and the stalwart straightness of his form. He spoke of the magnetic power of strong manhood and made us feel it as he spoke. I have never heard a sermon that so impressed me. Its poetry

led me quite out of myself. I have sought in vain for the like experience since then. Perhaps it is the kind of thing that we may know only once in a lifetime.

From Prof. Charles K. Gaines, LL.D.

He was happy in that his active life fell in days of peace and prosperity, such as suited his genial temper and kindly heart; and great was his service to St. Lawrence. From a struggling doubt he has made it a prosperous certainty; may no hand ever pull down what he at such sacrifice built up. Almon Gunnison loved St. Lawrence with his whole heart, gave it his life, infused his life into it. And he loved the students he had gathered, and forgave their inevitable follies—even when these took the form of thoughtless discourtesies against himself, well knowing that nothing was done in spite or malice. Too lax we sometimes thought him, but knew that a kind heart prompted his clemency; and under his hand St. Lawrence grew and prospered, and the "St. Lawrence Spirit" became a watchword for others to wonder at. He was never content with the faintest concept of "a little St. Lawrence." He knew well that arrested growth meant decay and ultimate death. The college was a matter of deep concern to him almost in his latest hours. Peace to his gentle soul—may he find an adequate reward for his long and arduous labors.

From Hon. Charles W. Appleton.

During all the years that I knew and admired Dr. Gunnison, and the wonderfully fine qualities he possessed, I believe I was most impressed in meeting with him in the Board of Trustees of the College. There his enthusiasm, optimism, kindness of heart and tolerance blended with his alert mind, love for the right and absolute knowledge of every detail connected with the college, and made him the delightful associate, loyal friend and faithful steward he always proved to be.

Extract from Resolutions of the Trustees of All Souls Church.

Strong of heart, broad of mind, lofty of spirit, Dr. Gunnison was ever an influence for good in the Church and the community. Few men leave more or finer friends. His wise counsel and generous aid have helped many a man and woman over the rocky passes in life's tortuous road. Ever a smile was on his lips. Ever a cheery word for the down-hearted. Helpfulness and kindness were corner stones of his character.



WALTER B. GUNNISON Ph.D.
PRINCIPAL

WALTER B. GUNNISON.

Walter B. Gunnison, by many considered one of the ablest and most successful school principals in America and the originator of a system of school management that has become general in this country at least, was a man who brought nothing but clean fame and respect to the name of Yankee, said the *Brooklyn Eagle*. He was born in Abington, Mass., in 1852. He graduated from Westbrook Seminary, Portland, Me., in 1871, and then went to St. Lawrence University, from which he graduated in 1875. He became professor of Latin and Literature in the University, remaining in that scholarly position ten years. While thus engaged he studied law and was admitted to the bar, resigning his position in the University to practice the profession of law in Eau Claire, Wis. The year following he came to Brooklyn and became principal of Public School No. 19, at South Second and Keap streets. For ten years he remained at the head of that institution, and when he left it in 1896 it was regarded as one of the finest schools in Brooklyn, whose educational system had long been known as a model for all large cities.

In June, 1896, he was elected Assistant Superintendent of Education in New York City. In July of the same year, or a month later, he was chosen as Principal of the new Erasmus Hall High School.

Erasmus Hall Academy, the oldest in the State, was organized in 1786 and opened to its patrons in 1787. On the rolls of the old academy can be found names of men and women foremost in the history of Flatbush. The building in which Erasmus Hall High School began work was the original one, hardly changed in any particular from the old one of the Eighteenth Century. The land consisted of about three and a quarter acres and was donated to the city by the Reformed Dutch Church of Flatbush.

The loyalty and affection of school children for their principals and teachers which has distinguished the Brooklyn public schools and made them known all over the educational world had their full development at Erasmus Hall High School from the very first days of Dr. Gunnison's régime. It was a proud record of this school that the tongue of unfriendly criticism and the finger of fault-finding were never set going against it.

Dr. Gunnison made it a practice to teach at least one class a day, believing that in this way he could come in closer contact

with his pupils and study their individual needs. He remembered his pupils, and could tell in what class room they had studied. This was one of the characteristics of Dr. Gunnison—he never forgot his pupils—that endeared him to all who studied under his guidance. He was a teacher to whom graduation meant separation, but not forgetfulness. And the graduates, no matter how far from him the fortunes of life took them, never could forget him and his paternal kindness and consideration.

He visited all the high schools of the East, observed the actual work of promising teachers and reported upon them to his committee. In that way he gathered around him a faculty of men and women picked and chosen for special fitness in teaching the pupils of Erasmus Hall. He never admitted that the service of a school was bounded by a course of study. In this way he was the first to make possible the general organization of a school, and he otherwise emphasized, at every opportunity he could get, the fact that he believed a school is a community home, taking over for four or five hours a day the functions of intelligent parents and rightly expected to care for the higher ideals that all parents in their best moments wish their children to have.

Late in 1909 Dr. Gunnison broke down from overwork and his physician cautioned him to put on the brakes, so, in 1910, he decided to take a trip to one of the German Spas. The trip was nothing more than a decision, in April, 1910, when a committee of the General Organization of Erasmus Hall High School and the teachers arranged to send him to Europe at once, with Mrs. Gunnison as his companion. Dr. Gunnison deprecated the action taken, but the affair was placed before him in such a way that he could not refuse, and he and Mrs. Gunnison sailed for Europe. They returned home the following September, the sick man much improved in health.

Dr. Gunnison's study of the law proved of great help to the teachers on several occasions. In 1904 he advised a test case to recover about \$300,000 for Brooklyn teachers, and the case was won. Dr. Gunnison appeared in the case as plaintiff. The suit was for unpaid salaries for the months of April, May and June, 1899, the year following the Consolidation of Greater New York. This action, known everywhere as the "Gunnison case," brought out a new

point of law establishing the status of the Board of Education.

The one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of Erasmus Hall Academy was celebrated October 10, 1912, and, as part of the event, the new wing of the main building of Erasmus Hall High School was dedicated. By the time the celebration was nearly over the people had begun to look upon it as Gunnison day as much as anything else.

Dr. Gunnison was at one time President of the Brooklyn Teachers' Association, treasurer of the fund which the Brooklyn teachers contributed each year to help those who left the teaching staff of the schools before there was a retiring fund; President of the Schoolmasters' Club, President of the University Club and a member of the National Education Association. In 1906 he was appointed on the New York State Examinations Board, the successor of the College Entrance Examinations Board.

He was a member of All Souls Universalist Church, the Hanover and Municipal clubs, the Beta Theta Pi college fraternity. He was a Phi Beta Kappa man, had the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, was for many years a trustee of St. Lawrence University and was Treasurer of the Brooklyn Law School.

Dr. Gunnison's portrait, painted by John W. Alexander, was presented to Erasmus Hall High School by the faculty and the teachers in 1905. He was the author of several Latin text-books.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES.

In many ways the funeral services for Walter B. Gunnison were unusual. They were unusual because of the presence of so many men and women of note in the school world; because, though the night was inclement and disagreeable under foot, the church was not half large enough to accommodate the friends of the man who had been so potent a factor for good in his community; because of the amazing wealth of flowers which had been sent from every quarter of the city, and because of the homage paid by the boys and girls of Erasmus to their old master.

It was more than a tribute to a remarkable teacher. It was a service testifying to the strength of a great personality which left an indelible impression on thousands and thousands of children who had sat in his classes in the twenty years of his stewardship at the old school.

And the spirit of Dr. Gunnison and his school breathed through every part of the

service. Everything spoke of the work to which he had devoted the best years of his life. The old songs he loved so well were sung again by his boys and girls just as he would have wished.

The choristers of Erasmus, seated in cap and gown in the adjoining Sunday school room, chanted "Thy Will Be Done," "Interger Vitae," "Abide With Me," "Oh, God Our Help in Ages Past," and Miss Marschmedt sang "Oh, Rest in the Lord."

Immediately following the benediction, the members of the senior class filed through the main aisle of the church and past the casket in order that they might have a last look at the features of their master. Then the teachers were accorded the same privilege, the members of the Choral Society, every Erasmus girl and boy who was there, every member of the congregation. It took forty-five minutes for that line to pass, for there were close to 1,500 persons in the church building. Many for whom there was not room in the church proper sat downstairs and although they could not see the wonderful flowers they could hear the voices of the choristers.

As the casket was borne forth the graduating class of Erasmus formed in a double rank outside the church, leaving a clear space for the pall-bearers to pass through. It was a fitting climax to the service. In cap and gown the boys and girls stood there, and as the flower-smothered casket was conveyed to the hearse it was noticed that many of the girls, who remembered how often Dr. Gunnison had singled them out as the beneficiaries of some little act of kindness which it was natural to the man to perform, were deeply affected.

Dr. Almon Gunnison, a brother, who had been ill for some time, was advised by his physician to remain at home.

DR. BARTLETT'S ADDRESS.

The services were conducted by the Rev. A. Eugene Bartlett, D.D., pastor of the church. In his address he said:

Our loved teacher has gone, but his spirit lives to guide and bless us! He, whose wisdom taught us, whose strength sacrificed for us, has not fallen; he has been lifted up. He who promoted so many has now been called to a higher post and a larger reward.

It was not chance that made him the strong man and the valiant leader. God gave him faithful parents who left him a rich heritage. His father was a minister who practiced what he preached and taught his children the value of absolute honesty.



FOSTER

ALMON

1905

WALTER

HERBERT

the glory of self-sacrifice and the majesty of service. His mother supplemented the father's gifts with her kindness and gentleness. Long dead, these parents, this New England minister and his wife, have been, through their children, molding and fashioning the lives of thousands in the great cities of to-day.

Their son, Walter, whom we mourn to-night, was, first of all, a New Englander, and he had the stalwart frame, the broad shoulders, the deep chest, the physical basis that warranted the success he has achieved through the years.

What did he do at Erasmus? He developed it in every way, but kept it from becoming an inflexible institution. Ever under his care, it was adaptable to the needs of the students and the community. For many a lad and lassie he took the "horror" out of education. Yes, you know as well as I that often school has been a dreaded institution for many children. Dr. Gunnison put new incentives into the lives of the students, created new enthusiasms for the study of literature, for music, for art, for debate, for manly sports. He believed in organizations, controlled by a wise, guiding hand. He saw the place of the

fraternity and the society in the high school. Through his planning the students' scholarship improved more, their lives grew richer and truer.

He knew the opportunity that belonged to the teachers into whose hands were intrusted for five hours the precious lives of growing boys and girls. He knew that parents had a right to look to the school to daily supplement and fortify the moral training of the children begun in the home. No boy or girl could go through Erasmus and come out simply with a knowledge of languages and mathematics. Something more and greater that meant life, and that more abundant, was given them in the years of their training.

Through Dr. Gunnison's planning, the home and the school came closer together. He believed in parents' meetings and in many ways brought the home nearer to the school.

To such an efficient administrator and capable teacher honors naturally came. (Here Dr. Bartlett enumerated the positions and honors that had come to Dr. Gunnison.) In manifold ways did he serve and ever his service was loyal and devoted.

England had one man that had many

qualities in common with our loved teacher. Thomas Arnold of Rugby changed education for the better throughout England. His influence went far beyond Rugby. So will this man's influence not be confined to Erasmus Hall or Brooklyn. He is already known the length and breadth of our land and being dead he yet speaks. Arnold was not much given to the phraseology of the pious but ever moved by deep religious principles, and so it was with the headmaster of Erasmus. Every pupil felt his influence toward nobler, truer things of life. The spirit of that old world scholar, Erasmus, was in our teacher, enabling him to do a great work in this new time.

To come in contact with Dr. Gunnison was to feel a new impetus, to be conscious of a new desire to strive and to conquer. There are wise administrators in many schools and other institutions, but where was there a man who gave more of himself to his pupils than this man whom we honor to-night? He saw to it that he had the chance to keep in touch with his boys and girls. In No. 19 he insisted on teaching one period a day and in Erasmus Hall he did the same. No matter how many cares of administration might be added he did not forego this opportunity of being with his boys and girls.

Oh, the kindness of this man! You who were under him in Erasmus know how he listened and how he advised. He was a teacher from whom all were glad to take advice; it was so gently, wisely given. You brought your difficulties, your problems to him. He always had time to listen, and he always was able to untangle the difficulties and to throw light on the dark problems.

We do not forget his relationships with his teachers, his helpers, as well as with his pupils. He was wise in his selections and were you to ask him to-night he would give large credit to those who planned and toiled with him. You share to-day in the great loss, and you must share also in his success and his reward. Together you labored, together you sacrificed and gave the best you had to give. He thanks you, and knows you so well, that he has no fear but what the work will go on.

He gave so much to his school, not simply five days, but seven days a week, that we think of it first; but as husband, father, friend, only gracious words can be said. Oh, when we come to think of him in these nearer, dearer relationships of the home we know how plain and poor any words we can say are. Faithful, loyal, loving, ready to sacrifice he always was, and blessed in-

deed, shall be his memory in his home! Let this multitude of flowers bring you who mourn to-night a tender, comforting message from those who would speak but because the heart feels so much find it difficult to speak the words.

He has not gone out with empty hands. They are filled with treasures—wisdom, strength, gentleness, kindness, patience, love. These will be of service to him there just as they have been here. These belong not to the earth body, but to the soul, that has only put on a new garment.

To you who mourn I say, Let his virtues comfort you. Be glad that he gave so much to you, to the school and to the nation. Yes, to the nation, for he who has given stronger boys and girls has given to his country that which is worth more than its wheat fields or its gold mines.

Already his monument is reared in human lives. But there were dreams that he had. Make them live in the great school, which shared so much of his life. Florence Mastin, one of his teachers, has told in metered form the nearness of the school and the master.

The master is not dead! He lives in the school he loved in our lives that he has blessed.

*From the Brooklyn Daily Eagle—Editorial
Written by Mr. Hamilton Ormsbee.*

A GREAT TEACHER GONE.

In the death of Dr. Walter B. Gunnison, principal of Erasmus Hall High School since that historic institution was turned over to the city, the children of Brooklyn and the public schools of the City of New York lose a friend whom they can ill spare.

Dr. Gunnison's personality has been so blended into the character of Erasmus Hall that the two are always spoken of and thought of together. Erasmus Hall has long been recognized as unique among high schools in great cities because it has succeeded in preserving among city conditions that friendly relation among the students, and between the teachers and the pupils, which is the great source of strength and influence of the high school in a small town. The personal touch is the hardest of all qualities to maintain in large city organizations. Erasmus Hall has a personal hold upon its students because Dr. Gunnison extended his personal touch to the smallest details of his administration and maintained it at the cost of large labor and at the sacrifice of honors which might have come to him in positions of greater promi-

nence which have been offered to him. Alumni day, when Erasmus students from the colleges and Erasmus graduates from business gather to renew associations with the school they love, has long been one of the special distinctions of Erasmus Hall. It is a tribute to the school, but it has been even more a tribute to the man who made the school and who gave the guiding touch that matures and strengthens character. Few men have been brought into such close touch with so many people or have been a formative influence in so many lives.

The man who has gone was a born teacher, as truly as was Arnold of Rugby, to whom his friends often likened him. The growth of his school shows that he was also a successful administrator, but he never allowed the pressure of administrative duties to crowd out the teaching which brought him in close daily touch with some of the pupils. When he was a public school principal at No. 19 he taught at least one period daily and he has maintained that practice through his twenty crowded and difficult years at Erasmus Hall. Thus he knew his boys and girls and they in turn knew and trusted him. Whatever the pressure of administrative duties might be, he always had time for the boy or girl who needed help and he had something approaching clairvoyance in discovering where help was needed and in making the road to it easy. Thus he seemed to his pupils rather the leader than the master of his school. They followed him with the loyalty which is one of the finest qualities of youth, once the man or woman appears who is worthy to evoke it.

It is easy to see why Erasmus Hall has grown in the past, but very hard to see what it may become in the future, without this wise and kind and loving man at the helm. However, the faculty as well as the pupils have been infused with the spirit of the master and during his long and trying illness the work has gone on in his way. No doubt strength will be raised up to continue his traditions. Had Dr. Gunnison been called some years ago, when it was still an open question whether a city high school could be conducted under the loose running system, with the large reserve of power to meet particular needs which he has established at Erasmus Hall, his loss would have been irreparable. He has had time and strength, however, to establish a new type among city schools and to justify that type by the work it has done. The best tribute which the City of New York could pay to a good and faithful servant

would be to continue the work which he created in the spirit in which he established it. Amid the multitude of city school problems the emphasis is so rarely laid upon pure teaching that when a man is removed whose life has been spent in proving the beauty and usefulness of that work ways should be found to make sure that his work lives after him.

From the Brooklyn Times—Editorial by Joseph M. Cogan.

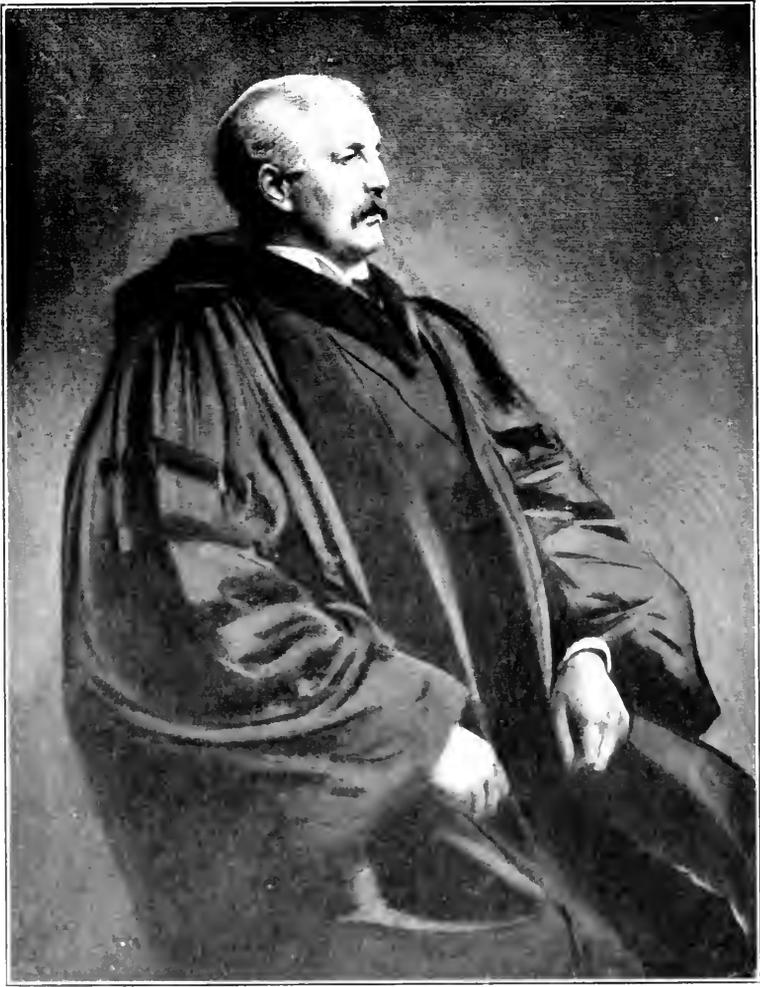
DR. WALTER B. GUNNISON.

The twentieth century counterpart of Dr. Arnold was Dr. Walter B. Gunnison, the news of whose death saddens this community to-day. He was the beloved headmaster, the just and gentle and devoted and always courageous and high-minded captain of a great school. When, under modern conditions, the State took over an ancient academy whose roots strike back to formative period of our Nation, Dr. Gunnison was selected as Principal of Erasmus Hall High School. He came to the task not unprepared. There had been a preface of rich service to the golden story of his career, for notwithstanding the excellence of what went before it is his work in Erasmus, and the indelible impress his personality has made on that remarkable institution, that constitute his claim to enduring fame.

Dr. Gunnison came from Abington, Mass., where he was born in 1852. He was a son of a clergyman, and his youth had all the advantages of the ennobling influence of an American home of the finest type. From that home three brothers came to add to the high quality of the civic life of Brooklyn. One, Mr. Herbert F. Gunnison, after a short time in the editorial rooms of this newspaper, went to the business office of the *Eagle*, and is now the manager of that newspaper. Another, Dr. Almon Gunnison, is a resident of Flatbush.

* * * * *

It is difficult to speak of his work in Erasmus Hall, where four thousand boys and girls receive education in the higher studies of the public school course. It is impossible to put into words what has created a profound personal affection for this broadly cultured and deeply sympathetic spirit among the thousands who have sat at the feet of a great teacher. It was a magic quality that gave him the power to bring into fruition what was purest and gentlest in the budding womanhood; what was bravest and cleanest and best in the expanding manhood. The personal touch



WALTER B. GUNNISON
FROM THE PAINTING BY ALEXANDER

that he never lost; that he retained by his practice of teaching a class every day, the power that was in him of compelling a respect that was warmed by personal affection, his almost superhuman instinct for the mentality immature, but at the point of maturing; his deep scholarship, sound philosophy, intense vitality and ultimately the fine, clear mind and the warm and chivalrous heart he had, all were contributing factors of power. He wrote voluminously and authoritatively; his legal mind was of great

benefit in the back-pay litigation which is known by his name to the teachers of this borough; his service at the head of the National Educational Association was brilliant; his social and civic activities were wide, but pre-eminently and enduringly he was the teacher, the beloved head-master, and in the hearts of his pupils, on the minds that have risen and are rising to profoundly effective influence upon the intellectual development of the American people, he inscribed his golden epitaph.

*From the Brooklyn Standard-Union—
Editorial by Wilbur M. Palmer.*

DR. WALTER B. GUNNISON.

The late Dr. Walter Balfour Gunnison was long identified with the higher educational interests of Brooklyn, holding the important post of Principal of the Erasmus Hall High School ever since it became part of the school system of Brooklyn in 1896. The chief work in the upbuilding of that strong institution, from which so many graduates have gone forth, devolved upon him. No doubt its strain and burden had much to do with ending his career at 64.

A large place in the church, educational, newspaper and social work of this community has been filled by the members of the Gunnison family, of whom the second generation are taking up the heat and burden of the day.

Dr. Walter Gunnison was educated at St. Lawrence University, where he was afterward a professor. After a brief experience as a lawyer he was made principal of a public school in the Eastern District and became a resident of that part of this borough, in which he remained until his death. Both there and in the wider field of Erasmus Hall he displayed the initiative and executive qualities which won enduring success. He was most highly regarded, not only by the able faculty he gathered about him, but by his fellow high school principals and their associates in all parts of the great city and the State.

Dr. Gunnison was possessed of the qualities which mark the successful instructor of youth and are a prerequisite to the efficient management of a great institution of learning. With 3,000 pupils, of both sexes, and scores of instructors, the management of a high school like Erasmus calls for greater ability and energy than are required from the head of many a college. The success attendant upon Dr. Gunnison's twenty years at this post shows the innate and developed qualities which marked his successful career as an educator and the author of several classical textbooks.

From the Brooklyn Citizen.

DR. WALTER B. GUNNISON.

The late Dr. Walter B. Gunnison was the ideal schoolmaster. He brought to his life work a charming personality, a fine and broad culture, high ideals of womanliness and manliness, and a genuine sympathy with his pupils. It is not too much to

say that the generation of boys and girls who entered and passed through the portals of Erasmus in the last twenty years had a real affection for their principal. The modern Erasmus was his child, and it will be his largest claim to the gratitude and memory of the people of Brooklyn.

The traditions of Erasmus go back to the Revolutionary period. It was named after the great Dutch scholar because in the latter half of the eighteenth century the village of Flatbush was still mainly inhabited by descendants of the original Dutch settlers. The magnificent school building which has taken the place of the quaint wooden academy is a monument to Dr. Gunnison's constant and indefatigable efforts in behalf of the school. He made Erasmus so popular that, spacious as it is, there was never room enough for all the elementary school graduates who wished to enroll.

His loss will be severely felt by the educational authorities, although because of ill health he had not been able to attend to his duties for some time. In a sense Dr. Gunnison was the pioneer developer of the Brooklyn high school system. The many athletic and social features connected with these schools had their origin at Erasmus. He was a real benefactor to Brooklyn, and the whole borough might well mourn for him.

Prof. Eugene W. Harter in The Erasmian.

WALTER B. GUNNISON, PH.D.

When the news reached the young Tenyson of the death of Byron, he rushed out to the glen near his home and in his profound boyish grief carved on the sandstone the despairing words, "Byron is dead." It was as he said, "a day when the whole world seemed to be darker for me."

When word came to us of the passing of Dr. Gunnison, it seemed as if a vast pall had been laid over the school. With shocked and awed faces the scholars and teachers tried to go on with their tasks. It is a tragic fact that hundreds in the school never knew Dr. Gunnison personally. We feel what a loss is theirs when we think that they will never know the qualities that made him "the Doctor" to the rest of us. Of all the many tributes that he received none was more impressive than the silent passing out in solemn procession of that mighty army of his boys and girls. And when the Alumni came quietly together on that memorable Thursday, it was to some of them who had not before heard the sad news as if they were met on the

threshold of home with word that one of their nearest and dearest had gone.

A portrait is sometimes ruined by an attempt to remove a wrinkle; one false line destroys the likeness. And so we like to think of our friend just as he was, with fear lest we might forget one human trait, one engaging weakness. It is for others to dwell on his life work; on his nationwide reputation as a unique educator; on the fact that he loomed up as a big public figure in the community. It is for us of his big family to remember his ever-ready humor, his deep sympathy, his happy buoyant way of meeting every event of his busy life; of his vivid interest in every detail of the school. It is as unnecessary for us to declare our love and loyalty to such a man as for one to make a declaration of faith in the mother or father of his home. When at his funeral he lay among the masses of beautiful flowers, surrounded by the noble company of men and women met to do him the last honor, and the strains of the songs he loved came stealing into the church, sung by his boys and girls, one felt that here was no empty offering of mourning but that behind it was a mighty affection and a grief that would last. It is a good thing for us all to pause and consider this man. There is grief for the personal loss; but there is gladness that one has been permitted to know and work with him. For it is a rare soul that has passed.

Dr. Gunnison had not only a successful but a happy life. He had the big imagination granted to so few men. He saw visions and dreamed dreams—and they came true. He had the unconscious faculty of drawing people to him and of bringing out what was best in them; the shy blossomed into articulateness. Qualities which others had not guessed were brought out under his ready encouragement. His sturdy belief in one acted as a stimulus.

No one could bear to disappoint him in his high hopes. So in such an atmosphere one did better than he could. Above all, he was no niggard in praise. If he liked anything he was very certain to let it be known.

It would be interesting if one could have the witness of all the boys and girls who have been in Erasmus during the last twenty years, especially perhaps that of the boys who were considered in the early days of their course failures. For Dr. Gunnison understood boys. He knew that there was much good in the worst of them. It was as though he could not bear in his heart to admit that there was such

a thing as a bad boy. He gloried in finding out what interested and so what could be used to save him. And perhaps the finest tradition that Dr. Gunnison established was that he stood steadfastly for the development of the individual. In those difficult years when the boys and girls were finding themselves, they were not to be thrust out on the scrap-heaps of the world because their scholastic quality was not at once apparent. It was more important that they should be saved at this crisis than an impeccable report for the school.

It is probable that presently there will be a memorial service for Dr. Gunnison. It is right that his friends should have an opportunity to show their respect and deep feeling for him. But those of us who knew him in the great Erasmus family carry our memorial of him in our hearts. No one can take his place. His great heart, his happy personality make him unique.

And now we people of Erasmus must go on without him.

But we face the future as he would have us do, not with gloom but with a triumphant feeling that such a big, human man has lived and that we could be his friends.

It was the shadows of the last year that make us ready to say of him as Shelley did of Keats:

"Awake him not! surely he takes his fill
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all
ill."

Mr. C. E. Hamlin in The School.

DR. WALTER BALFOUR GUNNISON.

If the teachers of Greater New York City had been called on within the last decade to designate their greatest schoolmaster when Dr. Gunnison was in the prime of his splendid manhood, there is no doubt whom they would have chosen. He was not only Brooklyn's greatest schoolmaster, but he was also one of her leading citizens. Indeed, Dr. Gunnison was one of the pillars of Brooklyn. No important function in that borough was complete in other years unless Dr. Gunnison was present. His commanding personality, gracious manner and noble face, a blending of the scholar and the wise man of affairs, mirrored the man within. Erasmus Hall High School is his monument. It is a school of national rank, and it measures the growth of the secondary school in the greater city. The time was only a few years ago when the high school in Brooklyn and old New York City was regarded as an un-American school, but in twenty



WALTER B. GUNNISON

years Dr. Gunnison raised the Erasmus Hall High School to the first rank and left his personal imprint on hundreds of graduates.

Private philanthropy established Rugby and Eaton in England, and Phillips, Andover and Exeter in the United States, but Dr. Gunnison was equal to the task of creating a great People's High School that attracted national attention when its type, a democracy, was supposed to be an un-

American school. He might have been a president of a university if he had been willing. He was elected President of St. Lawrence University, but he preferred to be an American Public School man. That was the citizen in the man. It was also the American in Walter Gunnison. Democracy was in him a religion. He might have had higher honors in the world if he had chosen. He might have made more money if he had been willing to accept

all his chances. But he was like Evander Childs and other great American schoolmasters he followed. When he was principal of an elementary school he was elected President of St. Lawrence University when it was promising to achieve a fine career. The next year he was elected an Assistant Superintendent of Schools in New York City at a salary of \$4,000. He declined it for the principalship of the Erasmus Hall High School at a salary of \$3,500 because he believed that his work was to live among the boys and girls of his community. Is there not a lesson of the present in his disregard of the salary question? The answer is to be read in the growth of Erasmus, with its towers rearing themselves serene above their surrounding? They will keep alive the memory of the great schoolmaster who made the school and be a conscience as long as Brooklyn lasts to the finest aspirations of men and women to raise boys and girls to the pure air of useful and honorable American citizenship. His private life of unselfish devotion to poor teachers who were ineligible for pensions was a chapter worth while in a white life and the final word on the career of a great American schoolmaster and a Christian gentleman and scholar. He did not forget the helpless. That was Brooklyn's greatest schoolmaster.

John A. Greene, in a Letter to the New York Times.

DR. GUNNISON AND THE ARISTA.

In the expressions of regret called forth by the death of Dr. Gunnison, the Principal of Erasmus High School, I wish to add one thing that has not been mentioned—that is, the Arista, the honorary high school fraternity which he founded. There are chapters of this organization in almost every city high school, and it has proved a genuine incentive to industry among the students. It is the ambition of every student to become a member, and once taken in to be a good member. Arista means the "best of all things," and it is due to Dr. Gunnison that it does not belie its name. I am sure that all wearers of the oval button, as well as the teachers in the schools, join me in my expression of appreciation for his work in this matter, and sorrow at his untimely death.

ALWAYS OF GOOD CHEER.

Editor of the Brooklyn Eagle:

May I add two or three points to your tribute to the personal touch of Dr. Gunni-

son as a schoolman? Of all the principals I have ever called on the telephone no one ever by the heartiness of his greeting made me feel more natural than did Dr. Gunnison. He was always of good cheer and full of common sense. His advice was sound and frank. You felt he meant every word he said.

Dr. Gunnison was an originator. The "grade adviser" system in the schools he started. The honor society called "Arista" was his conception. Both of these ideas are implanted in nearly all the high schools of the city. When nearly all the high schools in the city were promoting on general averages, which left pupils floundering in their weakest subject, or on a minimum of points of successful work, which compelled pupils to repeat subjects they had already passed because they had failed in other subjects, Dr. Gunnison stood out as the advocate of promotion by subject and, as statistics published in the *Educational Review* for September, 1905, clearly showed a larger percentage of his entering classes remained to graduate than in any other school in the city.

One secret of Dr. Gunnison's success was his relation to his teachers. He did not decline their invitations, given annually, to dine with them. He could maintain his place of leadership without keeping all his teachers where he could step on them. His idea of leadership was not that of the captain of a warship, but his was a friendly partnership in which the humblest teacher might make a suggestion without being snubbed.

As one who was never connected with his schools, but who has worked with him in various associations for the general good I wish to add my word of praise.

CHARLES S. HARTWELL.

Brooklyn, December 20, 1916.

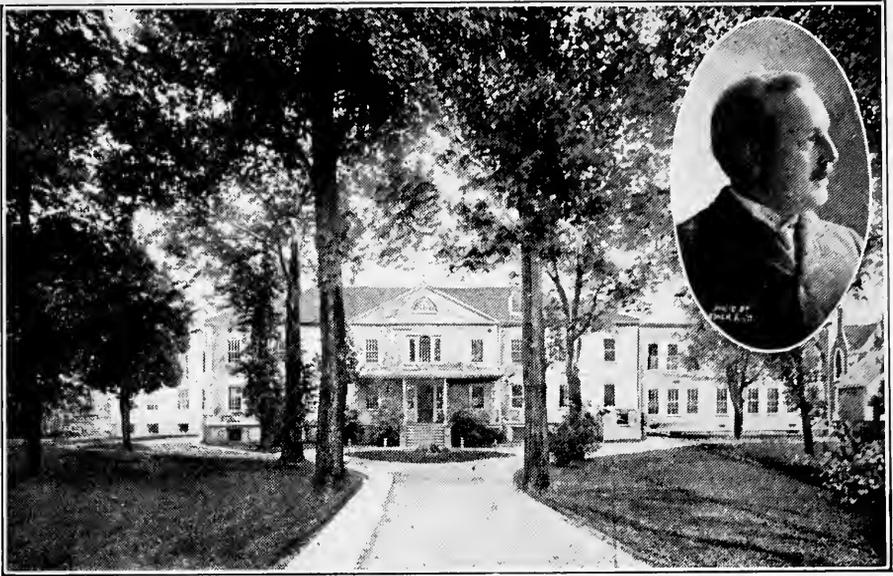
In a letter to a brother of Dr. Gunnison, Superintendent of Schools William H. Maxwell wrote:

In Erasmus Hall High School Dr. Gunnison has left a noble monument to his name and fame. There he did a great work for the city.

From The Erasmusian, January, 1917.

DR. GUNNISON.

The long, silent line of pupils filing from the school that had known him so well was the most beautiful tribute ever given to this great man. Under the arch and about the building stood the bare-headed



ERASMUS HALL—THE OLD BUILDING

Faculty, watching the silent winding lines do honor to their friend and principal. We are all familiar with the achievements of Dr. Gunnison and that he was "one of the most eminent American scholars," but that which means more to us than anything he could have done is the connection he had with us. For that reason, we think of those words so valuable to many erring freshmen of old, now men and women doing life's work: "Go back to your class and be good."

From The Laurentian, December, 1916.

By Prof. C. K. GAINES, '76.

WALTER B. GUNNISON, Ph.D., '75.

The death of Walter B. Gunnison at his home in Brooklyn during the night of Tuesday, December 19, 1916, was the sad, yet not unexpected termination of a long illness in which the prospect of recovery grew constantly less. That whatever state or condition of the departed spirit is most favored and happy may be his lot, is the wish of all his mourning friends. And there, in addition to many others are all the Laurentians who ever knew him. Walter Gunnison had befriended them all. He had a genius for friendships, and neither St. Lawrence or any other college has ever mourned a more loyal Alumnus.

Walter B. Gunnison was born in Abington, Massachusetts, May 2, 1852. His father, the Reverend Nathaniel Gunnison, was an able and successful minister of the Universalist faith. His mother, Ann Foster Gunnison, was a woman of remarkable strength of character and sweetness of spirit, esteemed and loved by all whose privilege it was to know her. After the usual elementary training in the public schools, in part at Paris, Maine, Walter was fitted for college at Westbrook Seminary, near Portland, expecting to enter Tuft's College. But the sudden death of his father, leaving the family with very limited income, changed all his plans. His mother removed to Canton, and Walter entered St. Lawrence in 1871. This undoubtedly was at the time a great disappointment, involving the sacrifice of cherished ambitions, for the St. Lawrence of that day was not only small to the degree of insignificance but devoid of almost everything that we now associate with her name. But when once the step had been taken there was no repining; from that hour to the end of his days Walter was all for St. Lawrence—and with him, scarcely perceived at first, came the beginning of that subtle influence, now so strong and familiar, which we call "the St. Lawrence Spirit."

Abounding in vitality, aggressive in temper yet endowed with extraordinary personal charm, he was the life of everything in college, the leader in every student enterprise—from the stealing of watermelons that proved to be green pumpkins to the founding of the first fraternity. In Foster Backus he soon found a kindred spirit. Both were wonderful singers, and then for the first time, real college songs rang out on the northern air. Both were remarkable athletes, and with them athletics practically began at St. Lawrence. To the writer, looking back after the lapse of so many years, it seems as if nearly everything began with them. It has often been said that Dr. A. G. Gaines was really called to the presidency by the students—the trustees having had quite other plans. If that be true, these two men were the decisive factor and by their influence shaped the destinies of St. Lawrence. Foster Backus graduated in 1872; but in conjunction with L. P. Hale, C. K. Gaines and others, Walter Gunnison founded the P. D. society (now Beta Zeta Chapter of Beta Theta Pi), organized Tree Holiday, established the *Athletica*, put life into the *Thelomathesian*, and half our college traditions date from this period. Graduating in 1875 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts and a great reputation for ability and zeal if not for steady diligence, he was at once appointed to the chair of Latin, which he held until 1885. As a teacher, he was thorough and strict; he well understood all the little evasions that students might practice and dealt with them summarily. But even the heavy task of a teacher in those hard-working days was far from absorbing his restless activity. The very remarkable performance of "Pinafore," in the Spring of 1879, was chiefly due to his inspiration and leadership. In 1882, he staged the "Captive" of Plautus in the Town Hall of Canton, with a cast of students; and this is supposed to have been the first presentation of a Latin play in the United States. The comedy was rendered in English, the translation being made by the students taking the parts. An account of this achievement—really extraordinary when all the conditions are considered—is given in Chapter XIX of "Sixty Years of St. Lawrence." The first active canvass for students, inaugurated in 1881 by Professor Gunnison, assisted by C. K. Gaines, is described on page 73 of the same volume. He even started an energetic canvass to increase the college endowment; but the time was unfavorable, and this task was subsequently taken up and brought to a

successful outcome by others, its final achievement being the work of his brother, President Emeritus Almon Gunnison, and is fully described in Chapter XVII of above mentioned history.

In 1876 Professor Gunnison had married (Miss Blanche Eaton of Dexter, Maine, with whom he had become acquainted while at Westbrook), and he soon began to feel the need of a larger income and a wider field of activity—for in the early eighties the prospect at St. Lawrence seemed hopeless. First, while still teaching he read law, was admitted to the bar and even practiced for a short time while on a leave of absence in 1883. The profession of teaching, however, had for him a far stronger call; and in 1885, he resigned his professorship to accept a better paid and as it then appeared a more permanent position as Principal of Grammar School No. 19 in Brooklyn. This post he held until 1895, when he became Associate Superintendent of the city schools. In 1896 he became Principal of Erasmus Hall High School, which position he held until his death.

His wife survives him, and he leaves five children, most of whom are graduates of St. Lawrence. His two brothers, President Emeritus Almon Gunnison and Herbert F. Gunnison, are well known to all the alumni and friends of St. Lawrence. A nephew, Foster Gunnison, is now a Junior in college. To these, the *Lawrentian* extends its deepest sympathy—a sentiment which all its readers will share, while to some of us our own sorrow is almost as great as can be felt by the nearest of kin.

I will not say "Peace to his spirit"—for to him such tranquility as would imply inaction could never be a happy state. Let us rather hope that now, freed from the weakness of age and a failing body, he is transferred to some new field of activity congenial to the Walter Gunnison that we knew so well.

From the Memorial Minutes of the High School Teachers' Association.

"Dr. Gunnison was a born teacher. As a principal he was a forceful personality who made Erasmus Hall the expression of his educational beliefs. He originated plans which were adopted by all the High Schools of the city. He was the founder of the General Organization. He first established Grade Advisers. He was the father of the *Arista*, the honor society of High Schools. * * * His great big heart, his enthusiasm for all that would improve,



FOSTER N



ALMON



WALTER



HERBERT

THE SECOND GENERATION

his heartiness of manner, his magnificent presence, his wonderful organlike voice, we shall feel and hear and see no more. But the spirit of Dr. Gunnison, his charity, his bigness, his affectionate disposition will long remain a precious remembrance to all who know and loved him."

From the Minutes of the Board of Education.

"Dr. Gunnison endeared himself to all who knew him. His buoyant temperament, his vivid interest in life in all its aspects, his interesting personality, attracting, never

repelling, produced that deep affection which people felt for him and which was so well reflected in the loyalty of his pupils." * * *

From Minutes of the Trustees of the Bank of Flatbush.

"The uplift of his personality ever consecrated to the service of his fellow men—Whereas, the City of New York, and more especially the Borough of Brooklyn, has suffered an irreparable loss in the death of one of its noblest citizens."

From Minutes of the Municipal Club.

"Dr. Gunnison was a man of fine scholarship, and possessed in full abundance the qualities that distinguished a leader. With great executive power and a genius for organization, he possessed also those personal qualities which count for attractiveness in a leader: patience, courage, sagacity, kindness, firmness, frankness, and a genial and whole-hearted friendliness." * * *

From Edward B. Shallow.

"His was a life of usefulness, good deeds, happiness and inspiration to those with whom he came in contact."

From Rev. John Coleman Adams, D.D.

"Walter was a man of distinction and real eminence. He was a born teacher and educator, capable as few men are of organizing the forces of the schools to the highest advantage of the pupils."

From Daniel T. Wilson.

"The countless friends he had and the pupils he taught will long remember him and reflect the influence of his fine mind and splendid personality."

From Dr. Ernst von Nardroff.

"Dr. Gunnison was to me a true friend whom I early learned to love deeply. His beautiful and generous character was an inspiration. His broad sympathy made me feel assured that he understood and appreciated fully, the least I could offer. My eleven years of close association with him were the happiest years of my life."

From Dr. E. J. Goodwin.

"He has done a great work. He has touched and glorified the lives of many young men and young women."

From Dr. John F. Finley.

"He has been such a figure in the educational meetings of the State that he will be missed not only in New York City, but in all other parts of the State."

From Joseph V. Witherbee.

"There is this comforting thought to be kept in mind, that few men have exerted so large a measure of sane, healthy stimulation upon the youth of the land as Dr. Gunnison."

From Father Woods of the Holy Cross Church.

"Walter will be missed by thousands of mourners, but outside of his near relatives, by none more than by me. May Heaven be his abode."

From Rabbi Lyons.

"The time allotted to him was so well used that he left the world much better and brighter. He accomplished in his term upon earth more than that achieved by most men in longer time."

From Mr. Edward B. Lent.

"He came into the world, well-born, with a generous nature, big hearted, big brained and handsome. One caught his fine quality from his friendly eye and friendly voice—both were ever inviting upon men and young women whom he loved to join counsel with him. He was a man of solid attainments in scholarship with a rare faculty for bringing his learning to the hungry minds of the eager young."

From His Classmate F. W. Spicer.

"Time and time only clarifies one's estimate of individuals as to the effect of their personality on the life and activities of any given period. It is a fact that during my days at St. Lawrence Walter was the foremost constructive leader in every field of student activity. This is a strong statement, but it is absolutely true.

"As time afforded me a clearer conception of what he was, I came to see the wonderful influence he exerted in those days for the upbuilding of the ideals he personified and which he never surrendered through a long and useful life."

From Irving Bacheller.

"I remember so well how tender and considerate he was when I—a green country boy more sensitive than anybody knew—first met him in his class room. He was one of the ideals of my youth—so big and hearty and kind and gentlemanly. He was Homeric, I used to think, on the base-ball diamond. How much I admired him and valued his friendship he never knew.

"I remember a summer morning when I saw him leaving your home on College Street—I should say—I think it must have been soon after you were married. I remember so vividly his splendid figure and his ringing voice as he called back to you—he, a big lithe young fellow with the rose of youth still upon him: 'It's a long look



FRED



STANLEY



ALMON GAGE



RAYMOND



FOSTER

THE THIRD GENERATION

backward, but boys do not forget heroes or kindness."

From Otis Skinner.

"I grieve to know of his going because I knew him and admired him and because I do not like to see such a fine man as he was go away. You have the heritage of a splendid memory."

From Prof. F. R. Lane of The Polytechnic Prep. School.

"His leadership was always gracious, inspiring, magnetic, loyal, just, effective. He counted invariably and everywhere as a big personality."

From Jane Cool.

"I want to add my tribute of esteem and respect for the late Dr. Gunnison, whom I loved as well as revered and to whom I owe a great deal—I might almost say all of whatever I have been able to accomplish in the way of a successful career. When I learned of his passing, I was as deeply affected as though he had been a member of my own family. He was a fine man—that is all one need say—a fine man."

THE SCHOOLMASTER OF ERASMUS HALL.

From the New York Times.

DR. WALTER B. GUNNISON DIED DECEMBER 10, 1916.

The Tower knows stars and thunder; all the winds
Are cradled in its turrets and the storms.
In its crevices the little birds of spring
Have builded nests, and through the ivy come
Sweet twitterings. Below the lofty Hall
Are stately trees that murmur ancient tales
To the peaked roofs of the old Academy.
It is a much-loved spot, where Memory,
Crowned with green leaves, looks eastward
to the dawn.

On a starlit night of June, it has been said
That in the old Dutch buildings lights are seen,
And wooden shoes click softly to and fro
But with the day, the modern city wakes
And like a great sea beats upon the doors.

Men have builded ships that ride the cloud
And brave the lightning. There are those
like gods

Who have sown the darkened earth with
starry light,
And curbed the invading waters of the sea.
But greater than these great, a man of men,
The Schoolmaster! For he has builded
Youth.

Oh, never can the tempest rend the dreams
That he has launched across the mists of
space.

Nor the black night engulf the hills of
green
Whereon his flocks are pastured; all that
Time

Has given men will die—but only his.
The gift of Youth in long procession,
Can never pass, Youth with its eternal
dream.

Our Master of Erasmus Hall—so long
Our Master—what have we to render thee
So precious as the life that thou hast
wrought

For us? Thy daily bread of gentleness
Has fed our spirits, and the mellow wine
Of thy long, sweet experience we have
drunk.

All the little leaves along the Quad,
A-twinkle in the sun, seem but thy eyes.
So grave and yet so droll and full of light!

And thy great strength, as quiet as the
Tower,

And like it, near the thunder and the stars,
Is ever shielding us; a watchful mind
That pierces the dark night and hails the
dawn.

Thy heart is beating in the time-stained
walls

Of the old Academy we love; and there
Thy presence will remain, as roses cling
To an old jar in a faded, western room
Where the light is dim. And though the
night descend

Upon the house, the fragrance lingers there.

FLORENCE RIPLEY MASTIN.

TO DR. GUNNISON.

What are the gauges of a life well spent?
A life of thrift and lofty, manifold deeds;
An amplitude in judging other's needs;
A charity that ever shall prevent
The harsh, the carping word by which is
rent
Another's peace; a princely heart that
breeds
A toleration for all human creeds;
A mighty soul of myriad phases blent.



HUGH



WALTER 20

THE FOURTH GENERATION

The master of Erasmus Hall is such,
 Who has not felt his kindly spirit near?
 Who has not won a guerdon from his
 care,
 A wild elation, kindled with a touch,
 Or breath from an Olympian atmosphere,
 Or height that mighty souls alone may
 dare.

WILLIS BOUGHTON.

MY GRANDFATHER.

BY MARY EATON GUNNISON.

It is dark in the room and very still—
 The fire's last spark is cold and gray;
 And in thro' the swaying tapestries
 Dim ghostly shadows seem to stray.

They told me to wait here 'till they re-
 turned,
 And I've waited and watched alone in
 the gloom,
 Cow'ring, afraid of the shadows about me,
 As if thro' them all I expected my doom.

But now when the shadows are moving the
 strongest,
 I feel as tho' someone I loved were quite
 near;
 Not daring to stir I listen a moment,
 And softly a gentle voice reaches my ear:

"Don't sit there trembling, there's noth-
 ing to fear."

"The shadows can't hurt you," the gentle
 voice said.

I started, the voice was surely my
 grandpa's,
 And yet they had told me my grandpa
 was dead.

As if I had turned my thoughts into words
 The dear voice continued, still softly
 and low:

"I'm nearer you now that my soul is in
 heaven
 Than ever I was in my body below."

"So, child dear, whenever you're left alone,
 Although I can't always speak to you so,
 Remember I'll always be watching beside
 you,

And even the blackest of shadows must
 go."

That loved voice has stopped, but the
 shadows have left me,

And now the room seems suddenly light
 And I feel that my grandpa is watching
 beside me.

All thro' the day and the night.

So when they return and anxiously ask me:

"Were you afraid in the dark, my dear?"
 I will smile to myself and smiling will an-
 swer:

"Afraid in the dark? There was nothing
 to fear!"

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

DEDICATED TO WALTER B. GUNNISON.

From The Survey, Jan. 13, 1917.

We who ever love thee see thee stand
At every shadowy turning of the Hall.
Smiling as a thousand footsteps fall
Upon thy ear. No king of any land
Has held such court as thine. Thy gracious
hand
Has brought Truth's benediction. At thy
call
The feet of youth have scaled the shining
wall
Of dreams. Flaming they went at thy
command.

There is a wind among the stately trees.
Along the quad the music breaks and
dies.
Another year is drawing to its close—
Yet, as the sunset deepens into rose,
The night comes down with starry
memories.
And in the purple east, thy sun shall
rise.

FLORENCE RIPLEY MASTIN.

*From an article by Almon Gunnison after
visiting the grave of Anna L. Gun-
nison, in Halifax.*

We felt the significance of that tender sentence, "A Grave in a Strange Land." As we searched the other day for the little spot, where so long ago, in the early morning, in those awful days of pestilence, our sister was laid to rest. The little city of the dead had grown strangely populous, but in these streets the silent tenants never move, and the old familiar stone, bearing upon its face the harp with the broken string which spoke of the silent voice of our sweet singer, stood unmarked and unworn by age. Friendly hands had kept through all the years, flowers blooming upon the grave, and the fond hearts which so grieved when the favorite of so many homes passed on, have kept most loyally her memory green through all the years. How little did we think when in those far-off days our boyish heart bent beneath the burden of its first great sorrow, that the remembrance of its grief would, in after years help us in our ministries of consolation to enter into the fellowship of human sorrow.

THE FINAL WORD

In sending this book to press I wish to again urge all members of the family to read carefully these splendid tributes. As I have read and reread them I have become greatly impressed by them. They are truthful estimates by those who had intimate knowledge. They reveal those rare qualities of manhood and womanhood which made our relatives honored while living and the memory of them long to be cherished after their death. What better examples to pattern after can those have who come after them?

My brothers lived through a portion of the Great War and were greatly stirred by the course of events. They were intensely patriotic and believed that the United States should join forces with the Allies. Should the next generation of our family see fit to continue these family records I hope the chronicle of their services to our country will be an important chapter.

Soon after the war with Germany was declared my son Foster, a junior in college and under the draft age, enlisted in the

Naval Reserves. His cousins, Gilman, Russell and Foster Osgood, in college with him, also enlisted and their father, Dr. Gilman Osgood, was very anxious to go to the war. My son Raymond, having had military experience, was appointed a Lieutenant in the Ordnance Department. Captain James H. Cunningham of the Regular Army, early went to France. Walter Caten entered the military camp at Plattsburgh. My nephew Stanley has done his "bit" as member of the Veteran Artillery, while my nephew Fred has served on important committees and aided the Government in raising money and selling bonds. My daughter Florence has been engaged actively in Red Cross work, being in charge of an Auxiliary, and, in fact, nearly all the women of the family worked hard and made many sacrifices for their country. So far as I know there have been no slackers. The end is not in sight. May the descendants of Nathaniel Gunnison do their part nobly!

H. F. G.



Christmas, 1905. Family reunion. Top row, left to right: RAYMOND, STANLEY, FRED, HERBERT, WALTER, AMOS, FOSTER, N.
Second row: PERRY, ALICE, LUCY, ANNA, ELLA, BEATRICE, HATTIE, ROSE.
First row: FOSTER, ELSIE, FLORENCE, MARY, HUGH.

THE DESCENDANTS OF NATHANIEL GUNNISON

- Nathaniel, born February 14, 1811; died August 25, 1871.
- Married Sarah A. Richardson, February, 1834; died January 22, 1837.
1. Marilla Ann, born April 28, 1836; died November 22, 1901.
- Married Ann Louisa Foster, August 12, 1838; born April 15, 1819; died October 22, 1888.
2. Foster N., born April 4, 1840; died August 23, 1915.
 3. Anna Louise, born March 21, 1842; died June 21, 1861.
 4. Almon, born March 2, 1844; died June 30, 1917.
 5. Walter Balfour, born May 2, 1852; died December 19, 1916.
 6. Herbert Foster, born June 28, 1858.
1. Marilla Ann married Willard P. Griffin (born May 22, 1832; died December 16, 1919), April 26, 1857.
 7. Anna Gunnison, born January 4, 1860.
 8. Willard N., born October 5, 1863.
 9. Marilla Carmen, born February 19, 1865.
 10. Frank Davis, born December 11, 1868.
 11. Alice Belle, born September 21, 1868; died May 17, 1887.
 12. Jane Clark, born December 16, 1870.
 13. Emma Elliott, born June 23, 1873; died August 23, 1873.
 14. Herbert Foster, born August 19, 1875; died February 28, 1911.
 15. Martha Davis, born June 21, 1878.
 2. Foster N. married Emma Elliot (born October 26, 1829; September 5, 1866; died August 23, 1915).
 16. Anna Louisa, born July 26, 1867.
 4. Almon married Ella Everest (born April 6, 1848), July 7, 1868; died June 30, 1917.
 17. Fred Everest, born May 28, 1869.
 18. Agnes Lulu, born December 27, 1874.
 5. Walter Balfour married Blanche Eaton (born July 29, 1854), January 18, 1876; died December 19, 1916.
 19. Stanley Eaton, born November 11, 1876.
 20. Alice, born November 21, 1877.
 21. Almon Gage, born November 7, 1880.
 22. Adelaide Fancher, born December 31, 1886.
 23. Fertia, born February 27, 1890.
 6. Herbert Foster married Alice May (born October 29, 1861; died August 3, 1903), April 29, 1886.
 24. Raymond May, born April 14, 1887.
 25. Edith, born April 15, 1890; died June 11, 1894.
 26. Florence, born August 13, 1892.
 27. Foster, born June 9, 1896.
 7. Anna Gunnison Griffin married Frederick S. Jewett, December 2, 1886.
 28. Marion E., born September 31, 1887.
 29. Ruth Saville, born May 22, 1890; died January 21, 1893.
 8. Willard N. Griffin married Emma L. White, October 13, 1888.
 9. Marilla C. Griffin married Charles E. Cunningham, June 1, 1885.
 30. James H., born June 15, 1889.
 31. N. Carlton, born February 6, 1891; died August 28, 1894.
 10. Frank Davis Griffin married Lydia Florence Lincoln, January 29, 1899.
 12. Jane Clark Griffin married W. Howard Poland, June 1, 1892.
 32. Eustis Leland, born August 23, 1893.
 33. Herbert Griffin, born November 7, 1895.
 34. Ruth Eunice, born March 18, 1907.
 35. Willard Samuel, born January 9, 1911.
 14. Herbert Foster Griffin married Jennie F. Craft, November 14, 1891; died February 28, 1911.
 15. Martha Davis Griffin married Herbert W. Rawson, January 14, 1901.
 36. Marilla Gunnison Rawson, born May 17, 1902.
 37. Warren Rawson, born April 4, 1906.
 38. Elizabeth Rawson, born June 20, 1907; died April 26, 1909.
 39. Herbert W. Rawson, Jr., born July 6, 1909.
 40. Robert Muir, born December 8, 1915.
 17. Fred Everest Gunnison married Rose L. Fancher (born January 28, 1870), November 22, 1890.
 41. Almon Fancher Gunnison, born March 5, 1901; died March 18, 1903.
 42. Elsa Gunnison, born January 15, 1904.
 18. Agnes Lulu Gunnison married Gay Leslie Harrington March 24, 1909.
 19. Stanley E. Gunnison married Harriet O. McLaughlin (born December 23, 1875), June 5, 1909.
 43. Mary Eaton, born March 21, 1904.
 44. Hugh Gunnison, born February 19, 1907.
 45. Blanche Gunnison, born April 27, 1907.

THE DESCENDANTS OF NATHANIEL GUNNISON

21. Almon Gage Gunnison married Alice Poste (born January 24, 1881), April 3, 1907.
44. Walter Balfour Gunnison, 2nd, born February 21, 1910.
22. Adelaide F. married Alexander Calder (born June 10, 1887), October 18, 1913.
48, 49. Twins Adelaide and Mixe, died a few hours after birth, November 5, 1914.
52. Alexander Calder, Jr., born July 11, 1916.
23. Portia married Walter Eaton Caten (born June 7, 1890), October 18, 1913.
24. Raymond M. Gunnison married Olive Mason (born January 24, 1888), October 19, 1912.
47. Pauline Gunnison, born December 7, 1913.
51. Alice Gunnison, born May 7, 1916.
30. James Hutchings Cunningham married Ann Kimberly Gifford, November 6, 1930.
45. James Cunningham, Jr., born October 20, 1910.

THE DESCENDANTS OF HUGH GUNNISON

1. Hugh Gunnison, Sweden, England, America, born about 1610; died in Kittery, Me., after September 21, 1658.
M. 1st. Elizabeth, 1635; died January 25, 1646.
M. 2nd. Mrs. Sarah Lynn, May 23, 1647, in Boston.
2. Elihu, born February 12, 1650, in Boston; died in Kittery, Me., after March 29, 1720.
M. 1st. Martha Trickee, at Dover, N. H., November 19, 1674.
M. 2nd. Elizabeth.
3. Joseph, Kittery, Me., born October 14, 1690; died September 8, 1748.
M. 1st. Susanna Follett.
M. 2nd. Elizabeth Lewis.
M. 3rd. Margaret Nelson.
M. 4th. Susanna Ayers.
4. Samuel, Kittery, Me., Halifax, N. S., Goshen, N. H., born January 27, 1720-1; died May 14, 1806.
M. 1st. Jane Fernald, born February 6, 1745-6; died January 29, 1750.
M. 2nd. Alice Fernald, May 3, 1752; born February 21, 1725-6; died July 5, 1804.
5. Nathaniel, Goshen, N. H., born July 16, 1796; died April 15, 1813.
M. Hannah Batchelder, January 4, 1789; born 1767; died April 15, 1813.
6. Nathaniel, born February 14, 1811; died August 25, 1871.
M. 1st. Sarah A. Richardson, February, 1831.
M. 2nd. Ann L. Foster, August 12, 1838.

The brothers and sisters of Nathaniel Gunnison were:

Sally Hook, born October 1, 1784.
Polly, born October 6, 1791.
John, born February 4, 1794.
Billey, born April 11, 1796; died September 4, 1796.
Billey, born November 19, 1797; died April 5, 1799.
Levi Bartlett, born February 21, 1799.
(Baby) born March 12, 1802; died March 25, 1802.
Hannah, born June 5, 1803.
Almira, born December 19, 1805.
Lemira, born April 21, 1808.
Nathaniel, born February 14, 1811.

Sally Hook was the mother of Rev. Abner Gage.

The Gunnison county, city and river in Colorado were named after Captain John W. Gunnison (born November 11, 1812; died October 26, 1853), of the United States Army, who was massacred while exploring on the Sever River. He was a cousin of Nathaniel.

For the genealogy of the Gunnison family see the "Genealogy of the Descendants of Hugh Gunnison," published by J. B. & C. E. Gunnison, Erie, Pa.

THE DESCENDANTS OF EDMUND FREEMAN

1. Edmund Freeman, progenitor of all the Cape Cod Freemans.
2. Major John Freeman married Mercy Prince.
3. Thomas Freeman, son of Major John and Mercy (Prince) Freeman.
4. Edmund Freeman, son of Thomas, married Phebe Watson.
5. Edmund Freeman, son of Edmund and Phebe (Watson) Freeman, married Mary Clarke.
6. Phebe Freeman, daughter of Edmund, Jr., and Mary Clarke Freeman, married David Foster.
7. Freeman Foster, son of David and Phebe (Freeman) Foster.

1. Elder Brewster, born in England, 1560, came to America in the Mayflower, 1620.
2. Patience, daughter of Elder Brewster; married Governor Thomas Prince.
3. Mercy Prince, daughter of Governor Thomas Prince and Patience (Brewster) Prince; married Major John Freeman.
4. John Freeman, Jr., son of Major John and Mercy (Prince) Freeman.
5. Mercy Freeman, daughter of John Freeman, Jr.; married Chillingsworth Foster.
6. Isaac Foster, son of Chillingsworth and Mercy (Freeman) Foster; married Hannah Sears.
7. David Foster, son of Isaac and Hannah (Sears) Foster; married Phebe Freeman, daughter of Edmund Freeman and Mary (Clarke) Freeman.
8. Freeman Foster, son of David and Phebe Freeman Foster.

THE DESCENDENTS OF THOMAS FOSTER

The Foster family originated in Flanders. The first ancestor to whom the family can be authentically traced is Ancher, Great Forester of Flanders, who died in 837. Reginald Foster, born in Burton, England, came to America during the latter part of the 16th century, and with him were his wife and seven children.

1. Thomas Foster was the progenitor of this family; died Billerica, Mass., April 29, 1682.
M. Elizabeth.
2. John Foster, born in Weymouth, Mass., October 7, 1642; died about 1732.
M. Mary, daughter of Thomas Chillingsworth.
3. Chillingsworth, Foster, born in Marshfield, Mass., July 11, 1680. (He went to that part of Harwich which is now Brewster, bought a tract of land about 1697-99, and built a dwelling); died 1764.
M. 1st, Mercy Freeman.
M. 2nd, Mrs. Susanna Sears.
M. 3rd, Mrs. Ruth Sears.
4. Isaac Foster, born June 17, 1718; died September 10, 1770.
M. Hannah Sears, daughter of his stepmother.
5. David, born March 24, 1742; died April 12, 1825.
M. Phebe Freeman.
6. Freeman Foster, born May 1, 1782; died February 1870.
M. 1st, Mehitable Low of Barre, Mass.; born May 25, 1783; married January 15, 1806; died September 30, 1842.
M. 2nd, Mrs. Sarah Mayo.
M. 3rd, Mrs. Belinda J. Nye.

THE DESCENDANTS OF FREEMAN FOSTER AND MEHITABLE LOW

1. Freeman, Jr., born March 4, 1807; died Dec. 30, 1809; married Nancy S. Ingalls, born Feb. 16, 1809, died Aug. 4, 1888.
2. Mehitable Low, born Dec. 7, 1808; married Tully Crosby.
3. David, born July 19, 1819; married (1) Cynthia C. Berry (2) Mary Anne Linehan.
4. Phoebe Freeman, born Oct. 15, 1812; married (1) Isaac Doane (2) Josiah Linnell.
5. Sarah Hickling, born Oct. 25, 1814; married Capt. Elisha Bangs.
6. Martha, born June 10, 1817; married Asa Mayo.
7. Ann Louisa, born April 15, 1819; died Oct. 22, 1888; married Rev. Nathaniel Gunnison.
8. Lucretia, born Feb. 21, 1821; married Rev. Cyrus A. Bradley.
9. William Low, born Sept. 30, 1822; married Matilda Higgins.
10. Sophia, born April 8, 1825; married Nathaniel T. Hunt.

(1) Children of Freeman Foster, Jr., and Nancy Ingalls:

- 1-a. Isabella (born Oct. 21, 1831), married Gilman Osgood, Dec. 23, 1855; died Sept. 9, 1899. Their children:
 - 1-b. Isabella, born Feb. 3, 1857; married William S. Tyler, Nov. 1881.
 - 2-b. Marion L., born June 27, 1859; married Walter Noyes, Nov. 29, 1883 (died May 19, 1889).
 - (1) Marion Temple, born Sept. 19, 1884.
 - 3-b. Gilman, Jr., born Feb. 26, 1863; married Mabel Russell, Jan. 14, 1891. Children:
 - (1) Louise R., born Nov. 6, 1891.
 - (2) Gilman, 3d, born April 11, 1895.
 - (3) } Foster }
(4) } Russell } born Dec. 13, 1897.
 - (5) Helen H., born April 27, 1904.
 - 4-b. Charles G., born Aug. 30, 1869.
- 2-a. Abby, born March 12, 1833; died July 13, 1909.
- 3-a. Freeman, 3d, born June 29, 1835; died April 25, 1888; married Jane Wellman, March 10, 1858, who died Jan. 29, 1902.
 1. Freeman, 4th, born July 29, 1860; died Dec. 22, 1889.
 2. Jennie Wellman, born Oct. 11, 1868.
 3. Frank Stetson, born Feb. 7, 1879; died Dec. 15, 1871.
 4. Helen Louise, born Oct. 8, 1871.
- 4-a. Mary Freeman, born Aug. 23, 1861; married (1) Edward Nash, Aug. 7, 1862; died June 17, 1863; (2) M. Ferdinand Nash, Sept. 22, 1869; died April 15, 1905.
 1. Mary Alice, born Sept. 19, 1871.
 2. Bessie Foster, born Sept. 22, 1877.

(2) Mehitable Low Foster and Tully Crosby. Four children:

1. Tully, died in infancy.
2. Tully, Jr., born Aug. 21, 1841; died 1899; married (1) Loella Hopkins (2) Melissa Hopkins.
 - Walter, son of Tully, Jr., and Loella Hopkins, died in infancy.
 - Grace Loella, daughter by Melissa Hopkins, married Arthur Wendell.
3. Freding, born 1844; died 1857.
4. Hittie Low, born July 14, 1848; died August 17, 1907.

(3) Children of David Foster:

- 1-a. Ellen, born Nov. 16, 1824; died Jan. 22, 1906; married Elisha Freeman Sears, born May 2, 1899; died April 15, 1897.
 - 1-b. Annie Foster, born April 14, 1863; married Elmer Ellsworth Hudson.
 - 1-c. Elisha Sears Hudson, born Aug. 30, 1893.
 - 2-c. Richard Brewster Hudson, born Aug. 1, 1898.
- 2-a. Mehitable, born May 13, 1836; died Nov. 5, 1858.
- 3-a. Emma Frances Foster, born Dec. 21, 1844.

- 4-a. Martha Lucretia, born June 25, 1846; married Dec. 5, 1867, Charles Lincoln; born Nov. 23, 1815.
 Chas. Edwin Lincoln, born July 19, 1896; married Mary Alice Berry July 7, 1896.
 David Foster Lincoln, born July 18, 1872; died Feb. 22, 1899.
 Robert Sears Lincoln, born Nov. 22, 1889; married Winnifred E. McKay, June 30, 1909.
 Ruth Deborah Lincoln, born June 15, 1906.
 Paul Lincoln, born Dec. 3, 1883; married Ethel A. Barr, Jan. 1, 1908.
- 5-a. Mary Louise Foster, born April 20, 1865.
- 6-a. Lenette Foster, born Nov. 10, 1866; married John Henry Parmerton. John Henry Parmerton, Jr., born March 18, 1895.
 Foster Parmerton, born Dec. 19, 1896.
 Lewis Bigelow Parmerton, born March 20, 1903.
- 7-a. David Foster, Jr., born March 12, 1875; married Caroline Stowell Bell, Oct. 9, 1901.
 Mary Paddock Foster, born Oct. 8, 1902.
 Rachel Foster, born May 10, 1904.
 Caroline Stowell Foster, born Dec. 7, 1905.

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- (4) Phoebe Freeman Foster, one child by first husband (Doan):
 Evelyn, born Aug. 17, 1839; married (1) Nathaniel Hunt, (2) James Damon, (3) Seth Bennett; no children.

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- (5) Sarah Hickling Foster and Elisha Bangs—5 children:
1. Daughter died in infancy.
 2. Elisha Dillingham, married Georgiana Skillings; daughter, married Leslie M. Brown, one or more children.
 3. Herbert, died young.
 4. Herbert Harold, married Elizabeth Seudder, 3 sons.
 1. Boy, died in infancy.
 2. Harold S., born March 28, 1874.
 3. Clarence F., born April 2, 1876.
 5. Loella Foster, born 1852.

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- (6) Martha and Asa Mayo; no children.

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- (7) Ann Louisa and Nathaniel Gunnison; 5 children. (See page 57).

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- (8) Lucretia and Cyrus A. Bradley; 2 children.
 Asa Mayo, born March 9, 1856; married Mary H. Emery; no children.
 Cyrena Augusta, born Oct. 6, 1860, died 1861.

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- (9) William Low and Matilda Higgins. Children:
 William Osborn Foster.
 Freling Crosby Foster.
 Elmer Foster, died.
 Seaward Foster.
 Ernest Foster.

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- (10) Sophia and Nathaniel Hunt. Child:
 Wilmer, died at sea, age 21 (1870).
 Edie Sophia, died young.

LB. -IA-



