

[Hemiup, Morris W.]

Morris W. Hemiup

The death of our old and well known townsman MORRIS W. HEMIUP, was announced last Wednesday on the street as occurring that morning, March 20th, and it was heard with deep regret by all who knew him. He was born in Geneva February 3d, 1816, consequently was a few weeks past 79 years of age. The day before his death he was the oldest man in Geneva who was born here, and now that distinction falls upon Charles Bennett of Genesee street, who was born in 1820.

We shall not attempt to write anything like his life's history. Born here, Geneva has always been his home, and his every day walk square, honest, upright, is well known to every Genevan born, whether living here now or moved to other parts. True, he has had his bouts with other men—and with women too—on the subject of politics, religion, and in village affairs, and if he could get his listeners stirred up well, he was in clover. A stranger might take offense at some of his sayings when in the right mood for argument, but those who knew him, never. He talked with all alike, ministers, lawyers, doctors, merchants, mechanics and laboring men. He was a strong Universalist, and often asserted that "there is no hell—only for you democrats." He was plain of speech and of presence, but every one knew that behind that vest was a heart as kind, as honest, as sympathetic as that which beats within the breast of any man. That is true. Mr. Hemiup is survived by his widow and one son, Charles Norton Hemiup. The latter has always lived at home with his parents, a solace indeed in their declining years. About a year ago Mr. Hemiup suffered a severe stroke of paralysis, from which he never fully recovered. For some days he was speechless as well as helpless, but his speech returned first, and at times he used it with so much of his old time force that we had strong hopes that he would also recover his strength, but this did not come. It made the tears come to his honest old eyes when his townsmen shook his hand and gave earnest expressions of cheer and greeting when he first came into the streets again. It was not another stroke that carried him away. His death was the result of a hard cold which settled into pneumonia, and in his feeble condition he was not able to combat it. All Genevans will deeply sympathize with the bereaved widow and son.

The funeral service was held in the Universalist Church Saturday afternoon at three o'clock, the busiest part of that busy day here. The lack of seats, the lack of standing room even, bear testimony of the esteem in which he was held. Every class of the community was represented, and many listened with tear-wet eyes to the word of tribute said by the former pastor of the church, Mr. Hilton, especially when he mentioned a tender

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scene between father and son just a day or two before he was taken away; and again when in prayer Mr. Hilton spoke in a low voice of the dying condition of his brother, Mr. Charles L. Hemiup, the silence in that vast audience was almost deadly, in such entire sympathy was the people with the tender, touching words of the preacher as he prayed. Then the long line of carriages took the route to Glenwood, the beautiful home of the dead, where the body of Morris W. Hemiup was laid away forever!

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Transcribed on 21 Feb 2008 by Karen E. Dau of Rochester, NY