

William F. Frysinger

Occupant Name: William F. Frysinger

Location: Section A

Date of Birth: 8/22/1837

Date of Death: 2/7/1896

Date of Burial: 1896

Veteran: No

Multiple Occupants: No

Comment:



WILLIAM FRYSSINGER is at rest! The hand that created the BANNER has lost its cunning, and the heart that directed its utterances and controlled its purposes is stilled. The BANNER, the cherished pride of his life, to which so much of the best of his talent, his energy, his ability, was given, lives—a monument, self-erected, but more enduring than brass.

Born, August 22nd, 1837, in Hanover, Penn., of parents—Jesse and Caroline Frysinger—who were natives and lifelong residents of that state, he received a rudimentary education, which was continued at every opportunity and in various avocations to the closing hours of his life. His mind was well trained, his information was extensive and varied, and his methods were thoroughly practical.

When a lad of tender years, he began the trade of a cigar maker, but this was distasteful, and he soon abandoned it for the printer's art, of which he became a scientific master. His first editorial experience was in connection with an older brother, in the publication of the Lewistown, (Penn.) Democrat. While living in that town, February 16th, 1859, he married Miss Laura Cornelia Smith. Their union, ever happy and always prosperous, was also fruitful. Three daughters—Annie Carrie, Nellie Darlington and Laura Blanche—were born to them. These, with their sorely stricken mother, and their husbands—Willis L. Johnson, of Seymour, and Charles T. Benton and Nelson C. Appar, of Brownstown—and six granddaughters and one grand-son, and eight brothers and two sisters—are living, and the depth of their bereavement, the magnitude of their loss, cannot be measured in words. To others, of the community of which he was so long a part, and to the best interests of which he gave so much of his life, the bereavement is also personal.

In February, 1861, William Frysinger became identified with Jackson County, and his residence here has been continuous. From that date to June, 1863, he edited and published the *Jackson Union*, one of the most influential newspapers of its time. An interval of a few years was devoted to the retail grocery business; and then, on April 1st, 1869, he founded the Brownstown Banner, of which he was, at his death, the sole proprietor and editor. In a few months, he sold his newspaper plant; but, after another brief interval devoted to trade, he purchased it again. After several years of phenomenal success as a publisher, he again disposed of his plant to the Mercer Brothers, whom, only a few months ago he succeeded as editor and publisher. His continuous work in the newspaper field, and its achievements for the general advancement and good of the community, are as familiar to all our people as household words.

Editor Frysinger wielded a facile, trenchant pen. His utterances were forceful, convincing. His stand was always for truth and right, and against evil in whatever guise or form. He has been connected with, and a leader, in all the many and varied enterprises that have aided in the progress, development and prosperity of his adopted town and county. Directed by strong, common sense motives, his untiring energy and never flagging

enterprise placed him in the lead, and kept him at the front of every good undertaking.

In politics, William Frysinger was a democrat, earnest, consistent from honest conviction—a partisan in the broad, true sense of that term. He sought no office, and the minor positions that came to him were filled with distinguished fairness, ability and honor. He was devoted to Odd Fellowship, holding high positions in the order, the principles and teachings of which were the lamps that guided his pathway, and by their light he carefully and closely walked.

A good citizen, a devoted and provident husband and parent, a true and loyal friend, the good that has been accomplished in his life of active, earnest usefulness, will now only begin to be realized, in his passing to another life. He has gained the rest that he has so well earned. We have lost a friend, brother, co-worker. His work is ended; ours for a time must continue. His life is now our legacy. Its closing reminds us that

"The chamber,
Where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged, beyond the common walk,
Of virtuous life, quite on the verge of
Heaven."