

William S. Wheatley

Occupant Name: William S. Wheatley

Location: Section E

Date of Birth: 2/6/1833

Date of Death: 1/10/1878

Date of Burial: 1878

Veteran: No

Multiple Occupants: No

Comment:

No legible headstone on site

Death of Wm. S. Wheatley.

WILLIAM SMITH WHEATLEY died in this place on Thursday morning last, at 10:15 o'clock, after a painful illness of eight days with lead colic and jaundice. He was an Englishman by birth and education. He was a fine classic scholar, especially well versed in Greek and Latin. He was born near London, England, February, 1832, and remained in that country until some twenty years ago, when he was appointed by the British Government to a position in the Montreal Bureau, and he embarked for Canada. Previous to that time he had been Private Secretary in the principal office of the Overland India Express Agency. After serving for some time in the Government Bureau at Montreal, he realized that his salary was wholly insufficient to enable him to live in equal style with other employes of like rank, most of whom were sons of noblemen, accustomed to all the luxuries of life, and who depended more upon remittances from their parents than upon their salaries to balance accounts. Mr. Wheatley's father was willing to assist him pecuniarily; but the thought of being a dependent upon the bounty of his father was repulsive to him, and he was unwilling to accept the proffered aid. He therefore resigned his position, and took passage for New York City, where he engaged himself to a painter, and acquired a thorough knowledge of the avocation which he pursued ever thereafter, and which ultimately proved fatal to him.

Mr. Wheatley had resided in this place since April, 1873, when he came in answer to a letter sent by John C. Smith to a Cincinnati firm to send him a first-class painter. In July, 1876, he was married to Miss Eliza Stryker, daughter of Aaron Stryker, Esq., of this place, with whom he lived happily. For a year or more Mr. Wheatley suffered considerably from impaired health; but so energetic, determined and industrious was he, and so eager to fulfill contracts for work which he had entered into, that he seemed to forget his own ailments as he plied his paint brush vigorously from day to day, only yielding after his system became so poisoned with the inhalations of paints as to lay him low. His attending physician, Dr. Stilwell, did all that medical skill could suggest, while his faithful wife and many devoted friends nursed and ministered to him both day and night. But all availed not. The grim destroyer was relentless, and amid the heart-rending lamentations of his wife and the profound sorrow of our citizens generally the spirit of William S. Wheatley winged its flight to the realms above.

Mr. Wheatley was a gentleman in the strictest acceptation of the term. One of his characteristic traits was profound reverence for the female sex, and the fact that he goes to the grave lamented by every lady in Brownstown is one of the grandest tributes that could be paid his memory. He was honest, manly, upright and exemplary in all things, and commanded the esteem of all who enjoyed his acquaintance.

The funeral of Mr. Wheatley took place on Sunday morning. His remains, encased in a neat casket, were conveyed to the M. E. Church, where an impressive discourse was delivered by the pastor, Rev. B. F. Owens, who in his remarks paid a most beautiful, yet well-merited, tribute to the life and character of the deceased. The church was densely filled upon the occasion. After the services the body was taken to the new cemetery and interred in a lot secured for the purpose.

Mr. Wheatley, we believe, had no relatives living in this country. Of his immediate family, but two brothers and one sister are living, all of whom reside in London, England. To them, as well as his grief-stricken widow, we tender our heartfelt condolence, with the assurance to the former, who were thousands of miles from the sad scene, that their brother wanted not for tender hands or solicitous hearts to minister to him in his illness and smooth his dying couch.