

**DEATH OF WM. P. SNELL

Sad end of an Eccentric Character.

William P. Snell died at the county house last Tuesday night, March 14, 1893, of dysentery, caused by exposure and lack of proper nourishment; aged 73 years. Undertaker P. M. Woodworth brought the body to Rochester for burial.

Funeral yesterday (Thursday). So ends a wrecked life that was full of promise. We append a sketch which covers the life of one of Rochester's most eccentric characters:

Upon one of the beautiful resident streets in the little picturesque Village of Rochester, Oakland County, is a tumbledown, ruinous old tenement house, constructed after the style of architecture which dated back upwards of fifty years ago, it is a story and a half structure, but as above intimated, is in a sad and wretched condition. The old clapboards are gradually succumbing to the ravages of time. The roof is covered and leaky, the side windows are broken and the sash are stuffed full of rags, old hats and wisps of straw.

The windows and front door have been nailed up with boards, as mischievous boys had so often used them as targets, as to make this action necessary in order to save them from entire demolition. Upon the south side of the building is a huge pile of stones heaped up almost to the eaves, over which woodbine and noxious herbs riot in wild, unkempt confusion. The cornice is gradually rotting away, while the old eave trough hangs dangling to the sport of the summer and winter winds. The fence in front has long been a thing of the past, here and there perhaps can be seen decayed remnants of posts and moss grown pickets, remains of shade trees dead and gnarly, are leaning against the house, while briars and thistles, nod in the passing breeze where flower beds once bloomed and filled the air with fragrance. As we have said this ruinous pile situated upon one of the most beautiful resident streets in this village and but a few steps from four churches. Upon either side are fine residences where children play and fill the air with their innocent prattle.

Yet not withstanding the repelling and wretched condition of this heap of ruin, it is the habitation of a human being – a man of perhaps 72 years, who is owner and lord of the mansion. For many years this man has been the sole occupant, if we can except vermin, and through winters blasts and summer's heat has he gone in and out lonely and forsaken, an object of pity, disgust, and aversion. Although there is an old broken stove in the house, it has not been used for many years. The lone occupant, living principally upon dry crackers which he washed down with water from a neighboring pump. His bed – but we will spare the reader a description of it. Why does he thus live alone amid his dreadful surroundings? Is the query often pronounced by the passer by as the hollow sound of the footsteps within, fall upon the ear. It is the stranger who asks this question, for the history of the old man is well known to most of the residents of the town. As he performs no manual labor it is thought that he possesses means, although mercy knows his wants are few, and easily supplied.

So far as known, this man never committed a crime, he is peaceable, law abiding and a person of more than ordinary intelligence, with a fair English education. And yet, as he today passes up and down our streets, saunters into a place of business, or takes a drink at the village pump from a cup of his own, which he keeps concealed in a tree near by, no one seems incline to waste a good word, or even a glance upon him, unless indeed, it be some mischievous boys who make him a target of their ill manners. It was only a few days since, that I saw him in full pursuit of a street gamin, who had been hooting at him, but whom he was unable to catch. Had the lad been caught he would have had a sad 'tale of woe' to unfold.

This specimen of decayed manhood this relic of by gone days, who within the memory of many of our middle aged residents, was a bright young man of rather more than ordinary promise, an educator of the youth of the land, with a future before him – fell in love with a farmer's daughter, and fond enthusiast that

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