

Joseph Ronspies

(– 16 Feb 1896)

Ronspies. On Sunday morning, February 16, 1896, at 10:45 o'clock, Joseph Robert Ronspies, son of Annie E. (nee Taylor) and Albert J.A. Ronspies, met with a sudden death, aged 5 years 1 month and 26 days.

Child of Mary, mother of God
Our little Joseph, gentle and fair,
Sweet little Joseph, rippling hair,
Had a brow with never a care.
Our Joseph

Beautiful Joseph, pretty and sweet,
Petite and charming his dainty feet,
As lovely a son as ever you meet.
Our Joseph

Better than beauty of form and face,
Joseph a soul hath the whiteness of grace
Now with the angels His dwelling place
Our Joseph.

Unto her beautiful sinless breast
Mary hath folded him safely in rest,
One of her lambkins she loveth best,
Our Joseph.

Dear little Joseph, seraphs delight
In robing the spirit in garments white,
About thee a heavenly hallowed light.
Joseph, child of Mary, mother of God.
By His Parents

Funeral from the parents' residence, 1125 Georgia avenue southeast, at 2 o'clock Wednesday, February 19; thence to St. Peter's Church. Friends and relatives invited to attend. (Baltimore and Philadelphia papers please copy).

The Evening Star, February 17, 1896

Crushed to Death

A Little Boy Under the Wheels of a Car

Joseph Ronspies, aged nine years, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ronspies, the former a special policeman, living at No. 1125 George avenue southeast, was almost instantly killed by Anacostia car No. 18, George Fenton, driver, about 10:30 o'clock yesterday morning.

The little boy had, with his mother and sister, two years older than himself, attended the Sunday school at St. Peter's Catholic Church, and was returning home on car No. 21, Benjamin Newton, driver. The car stopped at the corner of Georgia avenue and 11th street in order to allow Mrs. Ronspies and her

children to alight. The little boy stepped in the wrong direction from that which he would have taken, and just as he did so Car No. 18, George Fenton, driver approached from the opposite direction.

The boy at once started to cross the inside track, but at almost the first step the horse attached to the car struck the boy and knocked him down. Fenton applied the brake as quickly as possible, but not before one of the front wheels of the car passed over the poor little fellow's body, breaking six of his ribs and also injuring him internally.

The unfortunate sufferer was picked up tenderly and carried into the drug store of Mr. Rywell, near by, where efforts were made by Dr. T. L. Chewith to do something to relieve his sufferings, but without avail, and death occurred within a few moments afterward.

Fenton immediately gave himself up to the police authorities, and Mrs. Ronspies declared that the driver was not to blame for the accident and he was released from custody. The body was moved to the home of the boy's parents, and then for the first time since the accident occurred the mother gave way to her grief and became utterly prostrated. The suddenness of the bereavement also unnerved the father, and his expressions of sorrow were pitiable to hear. Kind friends prepared the body for burial and the remains were placed in the little crib which in life had been the boy's place of sleeping.

Coroner Hammett, who was notified of the occurrence, called at the house during the afternoon, and after an investigation decided that the affair was entirely accidental and that an inquest was unnecessary.

The funeral will take place Wednesday afternoon, and the services will be conducted by Rev. M.P. Sullivan.