

William Haywood, Sr.
After suffering untold agony for a long weary week from that terrible disease known as Apoplexy Mr. William Haywood Sr., of Mt. Gilead, died at his residence on last Thursday night at 9 o'clock. He was born on the 1 day of September 1809, was therefore about 79 years of age. He was married twice, first to a Miss Robertson and last to Miss Henrietta Baldwin of one of the first families of this county, whom he left behind to experience the sorrow and bereavement of a widow's heart. His first wife was the mother of six children of whom five are now living, four of whom live in and around the town of Fayetteville, and one in this county. His last wife is mother of three children, two of whom are now living, one the junior editor of this paper and the other is farming in Montgomery county.

The character of the one of whom we write might be summed up in these words: he was a quiet, unassuming christian man, a devoted husband, a fond affectionate father, a kind, obliging neighbor. His family never knew a want money could supply. At the time of his death his hope, his happiness, his life was wrapt up in his two younger sons and the happiness and comfort of their mother in her declining years. He took special delight in making his family happy and comfortable and preparing his children for the active realities of life. All of them he gave a fair education, the two youngest he educated at Wake Forest College. Mr. Haywood was for fifty years a devoted member of the Baptist church, and for years he was looked upon as the leader of the church of which he was a member.

As a farmer he was exceedingly industrious. His father was comparatively a poor man and he therefore inherited nothing worth mentioning. By his industry and untiring energy and economical dealing he swelled a small one horse farm into one of the largest grain and cotton farms in Montgomery county. During his life he had financial dealing with scores, perhaps hundreds of men, and if any man was ever heard to complain of dishonesty or unfairness on his part he was ignorant of it at the time of his death. He was well known throughout Montgomery and adjoining counties, and if he had an enemy among men he knew it not.

But, we have made this sketch too long already. Our father is gone where old age with its whitened locks does not mar the happiness of youth, where disease is unknown, where tears do not fall. He was our best friend, our kind benefactor; our heart sleeps in the grave by his side. Behold the page upon which we write is wet with tears.



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