

John Hazlehurst

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A Sad Death

It is our mournful duty to chronicle the demise of Mr. J. McN. Hazlehurst, which sad event occurred on Tuesday morning last in this city at the residence of his brother-in-law, Dr. W.B. Burroughs. Mr. H. has been for several months suffering from a cancerous tumor, and, although every possible effort was made to save his life, all proved futile, and he passed away in the full vigor of his manhood. The deceased was a son of the late Leighton W. Hazlehurst, of Waynesville, and was highly esteemed, not only for his excellent family connections, but for many virtues of his own. The remains were taken on Wednesday to Waynesville for interment by special train, chartered by Dr. Burroughs. A large party of friends from this city accompanied the body to its last resting-place.

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IN MEMORIAM

J. McNish Hazlehurst is asleep. We carried him to his last resting place in the old family cemetery at Waynesville, where but so short time before his honored father had preceded him. The rain fell gently as the train carried us and him from Dr. Burroughs' home, which had been his in his last illness, nature joining in the general mourning that one so young, so strong, so manly, so loveable, must leave us, and after we left the cars and while the services were being concluded in the little church near his open grave, the clouds poured forth another shower of tears, but as we placed him with gentle, loving hands in that open grave, and the solemn service of the church was pronounced, the sunlight struggled through the clouds, and seemed an emblem of the hope, yea, belief, we have that he has gone to a better and brighter life beyond the grave; for in his sphere he lived a manly and true life, and the world is better that he lived.

But 37 years of age, it was hard for him to realize that he must die, and he endured much of suffering under the surgeon's knife in the hope that he might reverse the verdict, which, sooner or later, is pronounced upon all of us; but when he realized that death was inevitable he met it like a man, and quietly left his simple direction as to the personal effects which had been his companions in life, and will be treasured now as mementoes of his life, sad reminders of this sad ending of a life brightly begun. Loving sisters were with him through his weary weeks of suffering, and all that could be done to mitigate his pain was done. Hundreds of schoolmates, comrades, friends who knew Mac Hazlehurst and loved him, join with his immediate family in mourning, but all join in the intuitive feeling that he has met the reward of a brighter and better life. C.