

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

CLAUDIUS F. WILSON, EDITOR & PROP'R.

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

\$1.50 A YEAR CASH IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXI.

WILSON, WILSON COUNTY, N. C., APRIL 16, 1891.

NUMBER 13.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

THE IMPRESSION A GOOD MAN'S BE-
LIEF MADE UPON ME.

The funeral of Judge Miller, in Carterville—A Death Without a Sting—Ideas of One's Own Funeral.

I wonder if there is any man so hardened as not to be for a moment affected by the sound of the funeral knell. The church bell has a solemn mission. It calls us to prayer and it calls us to the grave. The careless and the thoughtless pay no attention to the one, but I imagine that every man feels a shadow or a shudder at the sound of the other. Even Macheth trembled when he said:

"Hear it not, Duncan—for it is the knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell."

We cannot escape the reflection that "sometime it will ring for me." But I am not going to write an elegy nor an eulogy. There has been a death in our midst but there is nothing mournful about it. As Judge Miller said, as we stood by the open grave, "This is the most successful and satisfying funeral I ever attended." Did anybody ever hear of a funeral being a success, or that it was satisfactory to those who stood with uncovered heads about the grave? Why not? Because in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred some thing in death—some sorrow for the dead or some pang for the living. But the death of Colonel John J. Howard was the one exception. He was old enough—he was good enough. He died in his right mind, and willingly and without suffering. Well, of course there are many aged men of whom the same can be said, but Colonel Howard had been a God-fearing man all his mature life—a man of principle—good principle—honest, truthful, charitable, and diligent in business. He was everybody's friend and everybody was his friend. But that is not all. His aged wife had gone on before him, and was waiting at the gate. His children were all grown and happily married, and were near him in his last illness. He had heard them well, both by precept and example, and they have prospered. Why shouldn't he die? His death—his funeral—was a success—a triumph—an ovation—for everything was hushed and silent in our town.

The stores were all closed, the streets deserted, and it seemed like the Sabbath had come again out of its time. Hundreds of the colored people gathered at their church, and held memorial service, while the whites were gathered in their own. A double knell chimed the good man's requiem. It was a sight I never saw before—that long procession of colored folks dressed in their Sunday clothes, and marching down the long hill and across the valley and up to the grave, where the carriages of the whites had congregated. In respectful silence they stood without the circle, and when the preacher said amen, their strong men came forward and asked for leave to cover him up, and said, "He was the colored man's best friend in Carterville. Why shouldn't he die? And that was why Judge Miller said with emotion: "Take it all in all it is the most successful funeral I ever attended." There was no sting about it.

In some respects Colonel Howard was an extraordinary man, and the best example for young men to follow that I ever knew. He was by far the best read man in our town, and the best scholar, and yet he had but little schooling in his youth. He was poor and had to work. He read good books by night and studied them. He mastered the dead languages, and read French fluently, and rejoiced in Shakespeare and the English poets. He had an appropriate quotation always ready. On my last visit to his sick-room he said, with a smile, "I am just waiting on my Maker, and then I will draw the drapery of my couch about me and lie down to pleasant dreams." He was refined in the best literature, and the wonder of it is how he became so, for he was always immersed and absorbed in active business. As a merchant and a banker he kept well up with the minutest details. He had no desire to amass great wealth, but would not be hard on a sense of duty, and his charities increased with his income. He drew no color line in ministering to the poor and dependent, and that is why the colored people loved him so. His broad philanthropy took in everybody.

Uncle Bob Rogers, his life-long friend, straightened up and shook himself as he said: "Gentleman, he was the best man I ever knew, and he paid his debts according to promise." Uncle Bob is an old-time, debt-paying Baptist. That used to be a cardinal principle of their religion, but they say it is weakening a little now.

Well, of course we can't all die like Colonel Howard, but we would like to. Not long ago there was a controversy going on in the magazines, and the question was, "Is life worth living?" Col. Howard's was I know, for he was always happy or seemed to be, and if one man is happy why not others? Why not all? What is the matter with the human family? Why the great increase of suicides? I see in a late magazine an essay on suicide, and its caption is, "Is Suicide a Sin," and the author argues that in many cases it is not. It is getting to be quite a business, and it all comes from living wrong—from violating nature's laws.

DEAD!

DANIEL GOULD FOWLE,

NORTH CAROLINA'S DEAR DEPARTED
CHIEF EXECUTIVE.

Circumstances Attending His Death—His Life and Character—The Impending Funeral Pageant—The Entire State in Mourning—A Sad Shock—The Cry at Midnight—He is Dead!

The State Chronicle of Wednesday, April 8th, says:

"Governor Fowle is dead."

This morning about 12:30 o'clock this sudden and terrible announcement stilled the music at the gay assembly of Raleigh's young people at the Capital Club, and hushed every voice of merriment.

It carried consternation to every heart, and produced a sadness never before felt in Raleigh. The pleasant gathering dispersed with a sad heart—for in all that throng there was not one who did not hold the Governor in highest esteem, and who did not grieve in the announcement of his sudden and untimely death.

There were many in that brilliant assemblage who knew the Governor well and who had enjoyed his friendship and hospitality. All young people who came near him, had a warm regard for him, and when the terrible and sudden news of his death came to them, tears came unbidden to many eyes, and without a moment's delay they hastened to quit the scene of festivity.

The death so stunned his family, friends and physicians that no news of the sad event was heard up the street until a few minutes to one o'clock. When it was stated, the news ran over the city like a terrible shock. No one except his intimate friends and close associates in the affairs of the State knew that he was ill, and the announcement came as a clap of thunder from a clear sky.

For two days Governor Fowle had not been feeling quite well, but was not thought to be at all dangerously affected. He did not go to the Executive Office on Monday, and yesterday, though better, he did not go to the Office. His physician, Dr. Fab Hayward, advised, as a pure matter of precaution, that he stay at home. This he did, and was thought to be much better than on Monday.

After supper, a young friend called to see him and found him in fine spirits. In his most genial mood, the Governor said, "I believe it would do me good to get up and take a little exercise." Afterwards as was his wont every night, his younger children came to him to be near him while they studied their lessons and have his fatherly direction and aid. His mind was clear and he assisted his daughter, Mary, to work a problem in her arithmetic lesson, saying, when he had finished the most difficult problem, "There, it is difficult, and I expect your teacher would have an easy time working it herself." He was in the best of spirits and none of his symptoms were alarming. Shortly afterwards he called his daughter, Mary, and said, "My little girl, I do not feel well, and I am glad you are here. I feel that I may need you to sit up with me to-night." About that time his daughter, Miss Helen, came into the room again (she having been with her father with tender solicitude in what was supposed to be a slight indisposition) and the Governor, after smiling to her said, "Helen, I am fainting," and fell back unconscious upon his pillow, to the consternation of his children. His daughter dampened a towel and ran to him to render assistance. The servants were summoned—one ran for Dr. McKee, another for Drs. Burke and Hubert Hayward and Miss Helen herself ran for her uncle, Dr. Fab Hayward. Dr. Fab Hayward was the first to arrive, but the Governor was already dead. In fact he did not live five minutes after his words, "I am fainting." The doctors think he died probably of apoplexy. He died at 11:30 o'clock.

Messengers hurriedly carried the news through the city, and in a short while the State officers and many prominent citizens hurried to the Executive Mansion which had suddenly been transformed into a home of gloom and grief.

Capt. Batchelor, of the Governor's Guard, tendered an honorary guard, a detail of that company, whose success and achievements always gave great joy to the Governor, will be on duty to-day.

The Council of State had a formal meeting at an early hour after midnight, and put the matter of draping the Capitol and Executive Mansion in mourning in charge of State Auditor Sanderlin. These emblems of mourning will be elaborate and in keeping with the high office which our distinguished fellow citizen held an honored.

Dr. James McKee, President of the Capital Club, ordered that building to be appropriately draped and it will be done to-day.

There will be a meeting of the Council of State this morning at 10 o'clock. A telegram was sent to Governor Holt, at his home at Haw River, and he is expected to reach the city this morning in time to attend the meeting of the Council of State.

Telegrams were sent to his brother in Washington and his other relatives, and to Private Secretary S. F. Telfair, who is in Baltimore.

The body will lie in state in the Capitol until the funeral on Thursday, the hour and particulars of which will be announced later.

A Devoted Father.

The deep and tender sympathies of all the people of Raleigh and throughout the State go out to the sorely bereaved children. Never was there a happier family, a more devoted father, or one more tenderly beloved by his children. The Governor's home life was sweet and beautiful to reflect upon. He had a warm and tender heart, and all his children came to him as freely as to a mother. Between them there was no restraint. He loved them and they knew that no company was so pleasant to him as their society. In their sports and pleasures, as well as their studies, he took a deep interest. His home-life was singularly delightful to him, and when troubled in court or in affairs of State he would turn to the companionship of his children for relaxation and happiness. To his younger children, since the death of his wife in 1886, he had been mother and father, and his tenderness and love will ever remain to them their most priceless treasure. As the Chief Executive of the great State of North Carolina he set an example of simple, unaffected and happy home-life which might with profit be followed by all the citizens of the State.

His Character. The Governor likewise set an example in upright living. He was a man of the highest integrity and personal purity. Fond of innocent pleasures and amusements, he used them to administer to health and happiness but never abused them. He was a total abstainer and never touched liquor in any shape. He did not fear it for himself but he believed it to be his duty to set an example of temperance to the young men by whom he always loved to surround himself.

He was a conscientious man and trusted in the Savior. His faith was simple and unaffected, and his heart was full of the milk of human kindness. For many years he had been a devoted Presbyterian, and was a member of the First Presbyterian church in Raleigh. Firm in his faith, he was a man of broadest catholicity and free from sectarian bias. We had enjoyed peculiar privileges of knowing his religious views and his convictions. That he lived in the assurance of a better world we have no doubt, and we believe that he has been called to a home not made with hands. Suddenly called to render an account for the deeds done in the body, the summons found him ready. He had not allowed his political interests or his duties as Governor to allow him to forget that his first duty was to his Creator, and in all things he acknowledged Him and tried to do His will. God rest his faithful and loving soul!

His Administration. Writing under heaviest pressure, we cannot at this time do justice to his life and character or put a thoughtful estimate upon the value of his public services. That they entitled him to the exalted position of Governor of the State in 1888, and to be chosen for a second term, is beyond the power of any man to doubt. It was honorable, clean and open. He was easy of approach and gave a hearing to all parties, and gave consideration to the claims of all. He was bold and did not fear to assume responsibilities, and his administration will be regarded as wisely progressive, honorable and worthy of the upright man who filled the office of Chief Executive of his native State.

The Chronicle writes not as a journalist merely in expressing the grief which this sad event carries to many hearts. Our relations with the Governor were of such a nature as to know him well. We were warmly attached to him, and out side of his immediate family no one will be more sorrowful or more deeply grieved than the editor of this paper. His warm heart, genial nature, patriotic endeavor to serve the State, and his sunny temper, and desire to secure the betterment of the people had given us an affectionate esteem for him; and now that he is dead we feel that while the State loses an able statesman, our loss is that of a frank, cordial and sincere friend. Mourning will decorate our public buildings. Its sad badge will rest upon our hearts, for the Chief Executive was to us more than the worthy occupant of a great office—he was a friend in whom we trusted and whom we loved.

A Sketch of His Life. Daniel Gould Fowle was born in Washington this State on March 3rd, 1831. In 1845 he entered the famous Bingham School and afterward entered Princeton College, N. J., at the age of sixteen. He was a classmate of Hon. Barnes Compton, of Maryland, and with him shared the honors of his class. He graduated at Princeton in 1851, was admitted to the bar in 1853 and settled in Raleigh in 1854 where he has since resided, and where he has always been held in the highest esteem.

Gov. Fowle was twice married and survived both wives. His first wife was Miss Ellen Brent, daughter of Chief Justice Richmond Pearson, who died in 1862 leaving two children, Margaret, now wife of Mr. P. H. Andrews, of this city, and Martha, wife of Mr. D. B. Avera, of Johnston county.

At an early hour Mr. Jno. W. Brown, the undertaker, placed the body of the Governor in a handsome rosewood casket, upon whose cover was inscribed the words:— DANIEL GOULD FOWLE, BORN MARCH 3, 1831, DIED APRIL 7, 1891.

The remains were then placed in the parlour of the mansion to await their removal to the Capitol at twelve o'clock.

Before the hour had arrived for the removal many distinguished citizens visited the Mansion, consisting of State and city officers and distinguished visitors. The Governor's Staff, composed of Lieutenant Colonel E. G. Harrell, Col. William Grimes, Fred A. Olds and Austin Grimes were present in their full dress uniform, as were also a detachment of the Governor's Guard who patrolled in front of the Mansion.

Remains Conducted to the Capitol. It was 11:50 o'clock when the Governor's Guard left their armory in full dress for the Mansion. With muffled drums and steady tread they moved up Fayetteville street in full march, preceded by the drum corps, arriving in front of the Governor's home at 12:01 p. m. There had gathered about thirty of his close friends and acquaintances to accompany the remains. From the frescoed walls looked down upon the solemn scene the faces of men who had done honor, with Governor Fowle, to the high office in which our chief-tain fell. From a distant entrance could be seen the faces of two old colored women, the Governor's servants, with tears flowing down their careworn cheeks, which incident, illustrating the high regard in which he was held by the colored as well as the white citizens, added to the sorrowful occasion.

The Guards had been at the mansion some ten minutes when Captain Batchelor detailed eight of his men as temporary pall-bearers to conduct the remains to the hearse: Messrs. J. Whitehead, Thad. M. Jones, B. F. Johnston, C. D. Arthur, E. H. Baker, T. C. Williams, Jr., and Geo. Sears. The procession then left the mansion for the Capitol. Just following the hearse were the Governor's Guard, after which came Rev. John S. Watkins, D. D., his pastor, on the arm of Secretary of State Octavius Coke. Just behind them followed the other State officers and many citizens of Raleigh and the State.

The City Bells. which had tolled during the escorting of the body to the Capitol, ceased as the hearse reached Halifax street entrance to Union Square. A dense throng of anxious people, crowded along the sidewalks and every avenue was taken up in their deep anxiety to catch one glimpse of the casket which contained all that remained of their distinguished Governor and fellow-citizen. Police soon cleared the way and the procession moved slowly along the Capitol building to the Hillsboro Street Entrance where it halted. The Guard's detail tenderly took the corpse from the hearse and bore it to the Capitol Rotunda, laying it on a catafalque.

The Remains Lying in State. It was a sad scene. The undertaker opened the casket while the large crowd, heart-stricken and seemingly faint in breathless excitement refrained from approaching the casket of their chief. But in a moment they gave way and ever afterwards a stream of humanity flowed by, and thousands of people looked for the last time upon the genial form lying as a flower of knightly in joyous garb. His voice was hushed forever, but honor's stain was on his brow and valor's star was on his breast, and "the peace which passeth all understanding" descended upon him.

It was a sorrowful scene: from the railing overhead hung long folds of drapery, and the corridors were lined with people in a sombre garb, while the Governor's office and the chair in which he used to sit when discharging his solemn duty as the Chief Executive of a great State, were heavily decorated in white and black.

A rich profusion of delicate lilies, violets and beautiful hot house plants almost covered the catafalque and they were fitting, for no man loved beautiful flowers any more than did our deceased Governor.

The Guards left a detail of men to protect the remains in the rotunda all the evening, and as the crowds passed through they politely kept order and strict decorum.

By day broke over the city and at an early hour citizens and visitors were stirring and alert making ready the sad day on which to bury their Governor.

All the morning a stream of humanity poured through the swinging doors of the Fayetteville street entrance and it is estimated that nearly ten thousand people looked into the genial yet pale and lifeless face of our late Governor for the last time.

Making Ready the Day of Sorrow. Raleigh did honor to the memory of her patriotic citizen by draping all of most every building by Fayetteville street, and by noon, as the surging mass of humanity nervously moved along her sidewalks it was strikingly evident that the State had gathered to sorrow with its capital city.

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Many of the business houses and private residences were draped in mourning.

The Funeral. The Chronicle, of Friday, April 10th, contained the following: Our Governor sleeps in Oakwood. A mourning State paid its last tribute of respect and laid him down to his last sleep.

Yesterday was a sadder day than our eyes have yet seen in this the capital of our great State. All Wednesday night sentinels stood guarding the body of our late Governor, which remained in state in the Capitol rotunda, and in the darkness of the latter hours of night the lone sentinels tread, with the gas-jets overhead, only served to break the death-like stillness which reigned supreme.

Under the stately dome of the Capitol, guarded by his soldier boys, beneath the pile of fragrant lilies and surrounded by palms and ferns, the beloved burden in that casket was not disturbed by a single approach through the stillness of the long and dreary hours of night.

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Under the stately dome of the Capitol, guarded by his soldier boys, beneath the pile of fragrant lilies and surrounded by palms and ferns, the beloved burden in that casket was not disturbed by a single approach through the stillness of the long and dreary hours of night.

But day broke over the city and at an early hour citizens and visitors were stirring and alert making ready the sad day on which to bury their Governor.

All the morning a stream of humanity poured through the swinging doors of the Fayetteville street entrance and it is estimated that nearly ten thousand people looked into the genial yet pale and lifeless face of our late Governor for the last time.

Making Ready the Day of Sorrow. Raleigh did honor to the memory of her patriotic citizen by draping all of most every building by Fayetteville street, and by noon, as the surging mass of humanity nervously moved along her sidewalks it was strikingly evident that the State had gathered to sorrow with its capital city.

Chief Justice Merrimon, approaching him said:—"I am here to swear you into the office of Governor of North Carolina, your predecessor having died on last night. Are you prepared?" "I am," the Governor re-

sponded. He then repeated after the Chief Justice the oath to support the Constitution and laws of the United States, the State of North Carolina, and that he will faithfully perform duties appertaining to the office of Governor. After he had then sworn him into office, the Chief Justice Merrimon offered him his hand, saying:—"While I sincerely deplore the death of your predecessor, I offer you my heartiest congratulations as Governor of North Carolina."

He Views the Remains. The new Governor then walked to the rotunda where for a few moments he looked upon the remains of his late predecessor.

Meeting of the State Officers. A meeting of the State officers was held in the office of Secretary of State at 10 o'clock yesterday morning. Present: Octavius Coke, Secretary of State; G. W. Sanderlin, Auditor; D. W. Bain, Treasurer; and T. F. Davidson, Attorney General.

Secretary Coke presided and Treasurer Bain was appointed Secretary. The object of the meeting, as stated by the chairman, was to take appropriate action in respect to the death of the late Governor of the State. His Excellency Daniel G. Fowle.

It was announced that the body of the Governor would be removed to the Capitol at 12 o'clock m. to-day and laid in state in the rotunda.

The following telegram from His Excellency, Gov. McKinney, of Virginia, was ordered to be placed on record in the State Council proceedings: RICHMOND, VA., April 8, 1891. OCTAVIUS COKE, SECT'Y. OF STATE: For myself and the people of Virginia I desire to express my deep regret at the loss which North Carolina has just sustained in the death of her distinguished Governor. Please convey my personal sympathy and condolence to his family.

P. W. McKINNEY, Governor. A telegram was received from Lieutenant Governor Thomas M. Holt, expressing sympathy and announcing that he would arrive in Raleigh by the earliest train.

Treasurer Bain was instructed to provide carriages and floral offerings. On motion of Attorney