

The Lenoir Topic

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GRANT'S FUNERAL.

The Grandest Pageant the Western Hemisphere has Ever Had.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.

To the Editor of the Lenoir Topic:

The burial of Grant was the most important event that has happened since the surrender of Lee; and it was made so by many circumstances other than the fact that it was Grant who was buried. No human being foresaw a fortnight ago what an event it would be, or of how great historical importance. It was one of those events that caused a spontaneous expression of a great truth, so emphatically that the man who at any time hereafter denies it, will stand before the bar of public opinion as a convicted liar. That truth is this: that the union of these States is now more firmly knit together and is more devoutly venerated than it ever before was. When General Johnston, General Beecher, General Fitchhugh Lee, General Wade Hampton, Gen. John B. Gordon and General Matt Ransom buried the man who more than any other one man was the representative of the idea that the Union must not and shall not be rent asunder, they expressed the conviction of all sensible men—that the Union must be saved and loved and that the politicians who would rend it or do violence to it, must be considered as rebels—no matter to what party they belong. When these great Southern soldiers paid this honor to the leader of the Union Army, they did not renounce their manhood; they did not say that they were scoundrels twenty-five years ago. No such thing! But they did say that the howling fools, North or South, who hereafter talk over war with purpose of arousing old questions, who do not see that we are a Union of States and that every man has a personal interest in the Union, are the worst enemies of our country. The waver of the bloody-shirt hereafter is a marked man.

It was the most extraordinary pageant ever seen in the world. All your readers have already seen some account of it, but no person who did not see it can ever have an accurate idea of its grandeur and pathos. Half a million people, by actual count of the tickets sold on the railroad and steamboats, came into the city on that day and on the day before. There were a million here already. By daylight the streets began to be crowded along the line of march. The funeral car started on its journey of 93 miles at 10 o'clock and passed between 10 miles of spectators, an average of 10 or 12 deep! It is doubtful whether so many people were ever before within such a small area.

General Hancock and General Johnston and General Sherman have all said that they never saw anything like it; and they have seen some memorable sights and some monstrous crowds in their lives. The funeral car was drawn by 24 black horses, every one led by a black groom. It was so high that men went along to lift up the swagging telegraph wires for it to pass under, and the telegraph wires in this city are much higher than in the country. The coffin looked no larger than a child's, it was so high.

Behind it rode the President and Secretary Bayard in a carriage drawn by six horses. Dignitaries—Hayes, Arthur, Hendricks, Governors, Mayors, rich men, Congressmen, Senators, old soldiers of each army, and great folks without number followed. There were veterans, there were regular soldiers, there were militia—thousands and thousands of them—a whole army in fact, such as a man seldom sees in time of peace. It was a procession that if it could all have been stretched in one line would have been ten miles long.

The bells tolled, the batteries and companies and the gunboats in the river fired salutes all day long. The million and a half of people were orderly and respectful, and not a man or woman or a child of them all ever saw or ever expects again to see another such sight.

The meaning of it all is much more than a tribute to Grant, great as the tribute to him was. It was a mournful celebration of the great idea of the time. The great Union soldier of the war is dead. His last expressions were for sectional peace—expressions that touched his old enemies as deep as they touched his friends; and old enemies and friends met at his grave, and the restored Union was again baptized with their tears.

rear Admirals, Fitchhugh Lee, Wade Hampton, and a dozen more as well known.

The President has grown fatter since he went to Washington. He looks beefy now; and he is not as handsome as he was two years ago, when as Governor of New York, he was less stout. Poor old Hayes looks seedy. His straggling gray beard gives his face an appearance that is anything but distinguished. Arthur looks much older than he did three or four years ago. His beard is gray and he is thin. His health has not been the best in the world for a year.

Old brother Hendricks looks exceedingly well fed for an old man—heartily and strong, and remarkably like your own late Honorable Wm. A. Graham. General Hancock and General Fitchhugh Lee are the two handsomest men that have mounted horses in this great town for forty years. And among all the great notabilities, Senator Ransom remained the handsome man that he is. CALDWELL.

REVOLUTIONARY HEROES.

Rescue of Col. Cleveland—Col. Cleveland and his Men at King's Mountain.

SUTHERLAND, Aug. 10.

To the Editor of the Lenoir Topic:

In an article of history in your paper the writer, Mr. Daugherty, mentioned some incidents connected with Col. Cleveland in Ashe and Watauga counties, which leads me to give some of his Revolutionary exploits.

Col. Cleveland was commander of a small homeguard consisting of eight men, and was stationed on Old Field Creek in Ashe county, then the only settlement in the county. Cleveland and his men had many dangerous encounters with a noted tory band, which had headquarters in the territory which is now Johnston county, Tenn.

At one time Cleveland and one of his men, Elijah Greer, were on a scout watching the maneuvers of the tories; and unfortunately Cleveland was captured; but Greer escaped. At the time of Cleveland's capture they were distant from their camps—about ten miles, being on South Fork of New River near the mouth of Elk. To rescue his commander, Greer must go to their camp and return to the trail of the tories before nightfall. So he set out on foot and succeeded in getting only four other men to return and pursue the tories. The names of two of these were Caloway and Hook. They found their trail by dark and pursued with all possible rapidity, fearing they would kill Cleveland. At mouth of Elk creek the tories made a strong effort to throw any who might pursue off the track, by going down the river and making signs along the banks. Having an idea that the tories had taken the creek their pursuers, by torchlight, succeeded in finding their sign some distance from the creek. Then they set out for a certain place, where the tories were accustomed to camp, by the most accessible way possible, and on their arrival find them where they expect. They conceal themselves to see what daylight will reveal. At dawn to their delight they see Cleveland is still alive; but to their horror they see more than twice their number constitute the "tory band." But they, "bravest of the brave" were determined to rescue their beloved commander. Soon the tories are seen in a consultation with Cleveland and Cleveland sits down and begins writing. He is writing a free pass to the tories and when his signature is affixed he is to be put to death. One thing which is in the camp is revolting. One of their band, probably their leader, has a piece of silken apparel, which they had taken from some of their friends, suspended on a pole and making all manner of sport of it. Greer says, pick your men and when I give the command, fire! and leave all that d—n rascal's heart for me. The report of five guns is heard, four men fall dead; Cleveland falls from the log in order to be secure from any stray bullets. To the surprise of Green his man is with the survivors of the band and having left all their arms behind, Cleveland is free and following his fugitive captors. Greer said, I'll have that scoundrel yet, and he had not gone far before he saw blood scattered at intervals. Soon the cowardly fugitive while attempting to cross a large log felt the hand of his incensed foe press not gently on his despicable throat, and he was a captive. Greer takes his man back to the camp and finds Cleveland a captive instead of a captive and standing around four dead men. On inquiry it was found that Greer's man was the famous tory Riddle. They took their prisoners to Wilkes county, and there they were all hung.

The name Riddle's Knob and Riddle's Fork are given to the place and the stream which leads near where Riddle was captured. Cleveland soon found an opportunity to immortalize his name which he succeeded in doing. When Col. Shelby and Sevier were scouring the valleys of the Yadkin, New

River, Holstein and Watauga Rivers for aid in the great emergency at King's Mountain. Cleveland and all his men responded patriotically. When Cleveland was at King's Mt. Greer and Calloway were there with their long rifles, dealing out liberty to succeeding generations and they are mentioned as the bravest of heroes in a book entitled "Heroes of Kings Mt."

When the dark days of the Revolution had passed, Green returned to his home, but finding the Indians had killed two of his sons, he "swore vengeance" against them and taking Boone's trail he made his way to Ky., where he would have a better opportunity to wreak his vengeance on the "red skin." In old age, having seen his ninetieth year, he visited Ashe county, to see his two sons whom he had left, and after a short stay he mounted his horse and made his way back to Kentucky. Some of his grandchildren who are still living can repeat many of the weird stories he told of his adventures as a pioneer.

One thing concerning his progeny may not be devoid of interest. One of his sons, Jesse Greer, fought in the war of 1812, and lived to the age of one hundred. His wife also lived to the age of 100, dying in 1878. She lived to see the fifth generation of her descendants—her great grand child having great grand children and the whole line of descent living. W. A. WILSON.

Randolph Abbott Shotwell.

To the Editor of the Lenoir Topic:

The name which heads this brief notice is that of a man eminent for his ability, his bravery, and constancy in misfortune.

Captain Shotwell was of Northern parentage on both sides, but was born, it is believed, in the South. His father, a Presbyterian clergyman of great piety and talents, is still living in Rogersville, Tennessee. His mother was an Abbott, of the distinguished Massachusetts family of that name.

When the war broke out between the North and South Randolph Shotwell was a student at a college in Pennsylvania. Leaving college immediately he made his way Southward, and, crossing the Potomac with difficulty, enlisted as a private soldier in the 8th Va. Infantry—then commanded by Colonel, afterwards General, E. P. Hutton. Shotwell served with this regiment throughout the war with distinguished conduct and gallantry. He fought in every great battle in Va., and escaped unhurt in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. Unknown and unfriended he rose by merit only to the command of a company in the regiment which he had joined as a stranger and by chance. After the war he adopted journalism as a profession and, while editing a paper in Asheville, N. C., made, as might be expected in a man of his character and determination, numerous friends, and powerful and relentless enemies. When Ku Klux societies were formed in the State he became a member of the organization. It is known, and can be proven, that he always discouraged violence and lawlessness. His mistake was in joining the secret party, but he did so as one who thought there should be an organization counter to a secret body which, under the name of the Red Strings, had overrun and terrorized certain portions of the State. However mistaken this counter move may have been, as calculated to give strength to the enemies of the State, it is certain that Randolph Shotwell was guilty of no illegal act, but by voice and action condemned all violent proceedings. The famous raid on Rutherfordton was made when Capt. Shotwell resided in that place. He has frequently assured the writer that his only complicity in that unfortunate transaction consisted in his having met the raiders about a mile from town in the interests of peace, and urging them with every argument he could command to retire from the place.

Captain Shotwell was a man of the highest honor, and incapable of even a prevarication. Gen. D. H. Hill moreover informed the writer that Captain Shotwell had also informed him of his entire innocence in this affair. This advice was spurned. The raiders entered the town, and committed acts which made them amenable to the laws. The affair was bad enough, but was magnified above its proper proportions. Captain Shotwell was selected as a victim. He was dragged before Judge Bond, and sentenced to ten years imprisonment in the Albany Penitentiary to atone for those acts of others which he had done his best to prevent. He was released after nearly two years of wrong and suffering, and left the prison broken in health and changed in character. But he did not depart from those walls without affording signal proofs of the manliness and nobility of his nature. Knowing himself innocent, and repeatedly tempted with offers of release if he would give information which would implicate others, he steadily and scornfully refused, and, when free, he came forth as he entered his prison, unstained in honor and integrity.

His subsequent career as an able and consistent journalist is well known. But Capt. Shotwell's sufferings did not cease with his release from prison. His nature was reserved and sensitive to the extreme. He felt that his youth was sacrificed, and a stigma placed upon his name. There is no doubt in the mind of the writer, who knew him intimately, that the remembrance of his wrongs was with him to the last, and that had he not been hailed, as he was, to a dungeon in Albany he would not have died in the prime of his intellect and manhood of what was pronounced, and most correctly, by his physicians to be disease of the heart. L.

Bill Nye's Advice on Matrimony.

Hot Springs News.

"My Dear Sir:—would it be asking too much for me to request a brief reply to one or two questions, which many other married women as well as myself would like to have answered?"

"I have been married now for five years. To-day is the anniversary of my marriage. When I was single I was a teacher and supported myself in comfort. I had more pocket money and dressed fully as well if not better than I do now. Why should girls who are abundantly able to earn their own livelihood struggle to become the slave of a husband and children and tie themselves to a man when they might be free and happy?"

"I think too much is said by the men in a light and flippant manner about the anxiety of young ladies to secure a home and a husband, and still they do deserve a part of it, as I feel that I do now for assuming a great burden when I was comparatively independent and comfortable."

"Now, will you suggest any advice that you think would benefit the yet unmarried and self-supporting girls who are jiable to make the same mistake that I did, and thus warn them in a manner that would be so much more universal in its range, and reach so many more people than I could if I should raise my voice? Do this, and you will be gratefully remembered by

ETHEL."

It would indeed be a tough, tough, tough man who could ignore this gentle plea, Ethel, tougher far than the pale, intellectual hired man who now addresses you in this private underhand way.

You say that you had more pocket money before you were married than you have since, Ethel, and you regret your rash step. I am sorry. You also say that you wore better clothes when you were single than you do now. You are also pained over that. It seems that marriage with you has not paid any cash dividends. So if you married Mr. Ethel as a financial venture, it was a mistake. You do not state how it has affected your husband. Perhaps he had more pocket money and better clothes before he married than he has since. Sometimes two people do well in business by themselves, but when they go into partnership they bust higher than a kite, if you will allow me the full English translation of an expression which you might not fully understand if I should give it to you in the original Roman.

Lots of self-supporting young ladies have married, and have had to go very light on pin money after that, and still they do not squeal as you do, dear Ethel. They did not marry for revenue only. They married for protection. (This is a little political bon mot which I thought of myself. Some of my best jokes this spring are jokes that I thought of myself.)

No, Ethel, if you married expecting to be a dormant partner during the day and then go through Mr. Ethel's pockets at night and declare a dividend, of course life is full of bitter, bitter regret and disappointment.

Of course I want to do what is right in the solemn warning business, so I will give notice to all simple young women who are now self-supporting and happy that there is no statute requiring them to assume the burdens of wifehood and motherhood unless they prefer to do so. If they now have abundance of pin money and new clothes they may remain single if they wish without violating the laws of the land. This rule is also good when applied to self-supporting young men who wear good clothes and have funds in their pockets. No young man who is free, happy and independent, need invest his money in a family or carry a colicky child twenty-seven miles and two laps in the night unless he with the right spirit, Ethel, do not regret it.

I would just as soon tell you, Ethel, if you will promise that it shall go no further, that I do not wear as good clothes as I did before I was married. I don't want to. My good clothes have accomplished what I got them for. I played them for all they were worth, and since I got married the idea of wearing clothes as a vocation has not recurred to me.

Please give my kind regards to Mr. Ethel, and tell him that, altho' I do not know him personally, I cannot help feeling sorry for him.

"Sound business"—piano tuning.

NEW YORK EDITORS.

See a Pantomime and Think Jim-jams.

Buffalo Express.

Two Rochester editors last winter spent a few days in New York. On the day of their arrival they dined together, and after the manner of Rochester editors when they dine at all, dined very extensively. The amount of solid food taken constituted by far the lesser portion of their repast. The average was kept up, however, in the amount of liquids consumed. After dinner the theatre was proposed and the proposition agreed upon. The two editors were in a state of indifference as to what particular theatre they went to, and drifted into the nearest one. They sat through the first act and, at its conclusion, simultaneously looked at each other; each face wore a puzzled expression. The senior turned to the junior and said: "Billy, you know I think we've had too much; I don't understand a blessed word of this thing, do you?"

"No. Suppose we go out and get a brandy and soda?"

Out they went, and returned for the second act. At the end of the second act each man, with ashy face and trembling lips, admitted to the other that he was in no better condition than before. With considerable difficulty of enunciation, the junior proposed that they should go to their hotel and go to bed.

The next morning they met at breakfast and compared notes on the previous evening's experience. After considerable dead reckoning, they managed to make out the name of the theatre they had attended the evening before. The mystery remained as deep as ever, and they turned to a contemplation of the morning papers with a feeling that there was something very wrong in New York whisky, and that it was different in its composition from Rochester beer. At last the senior looked up from his paper and in subdued tones said: "Billy, you will promise never to give it away?"

"Yes," replied Billy.

"Well, that was a pantomime we saw last night."

Jacob Sherrill.

To the Editor of the Lenoir Topic:

My grandfather's brother, Jacob Sherrill, was born March 20, 1784, and died March 8, 1831, aged 82 years, 11 months and 19 days.

He lived and died on the plantation where his grandson Joseph Moore now lives, on the Catawba river, now Catawba county, some 4 or 5 miles from Hickory. His first wife was a Miss Lowrance. She had one child, Henrietta, who married James Moore, who died Aug. 1st, 1859, aged 91 years, 2 months and 25 days. Henrietta was born Feb. 14th, 1773, aged 70 years, 6 months and 10 days.

James and Henrietta Moore had 12 children, viz: Sarah Moore, who married William Connelly; Babel Moore, whose first wife was a Wakefield; John Moore, who married a Patton; Mary Moore, who married a Dizard; Rebecca Moore, who married Joseph Neal; James Moore, who married a Ballew; Rachel Moore, who married a Haggins; Anna Moore, who married a Wakefield; Jacob Moore, who married Isabella Glass; Rita Moore, who married William Hale; Joseph Moore, who married a Killian; and Salina Moore, who married Daniel Johnson, and who is the mother of Dr. Johnson, of Hickory, and Captain Johnson of Lenoir. Jacob Sherrill's second wife was Sallie Massey. They had 8 daughters and 1 son, viz: First, Rebecca Sherrill, who married Wm. Connelly. They had 12 children, viz: Jane Connelly, who married John Kincaid, and who was the mother of Mrs. Joe Powell and Mrs. Jackson Corpening; Sallie Connelly married John Fleming; Mira Connelly married Arch Kincaid; Henry Connelly married a Brown; Sherrill Connelly never married; Wesley Connelly married a Kincaid; Lewis Connelly married a Moore; Alfred Connelly went to Missouri; Pickens Connelly married a Hefner; Susan Connelly married Caleb Bowman; Agnes Connelly married Alex Glass; Geo. Connelly went to Missouri.

Second, Agnes Sherrill married Joshua Ballew. They had 14 children, viz: Mahala Ballew married Middleton Rockett; Wm. Ballew went West and was drowned; Elizabeth Ballew married a Bowman; Sallie Ballew married Wm. Bowman; Zenith Ballew married Samuel Franklin; George Ballew married a Cannon; James Ballew was killed; Madison and Joseph Ballew went West; John Ballew married a Warlick; Mira Ballew married a Lowrance; Rebecca Ballew married a Bowman; Jane Ballew married a Swain; Hamilton Ballew married a Robinson.

Third, Catherine Sherrill married Abner Payne. They had 12 children, viz: Sallie Payne married Jacob Duncan; Wm. D. Payne married a Starnes; Wesley Payne married Caroline Walker; T. Coleman Payne married Sallie Sherrill, (his first cousin, daughter of Babel Sherrill); J. F. Payne married a Dockery; Margaret Payne never married; Rachel Payne married John Hays, and was the mother of Mrs. Dr. R. L.

Abernethy; Babel Payne married a Wittenburg; Rebecca Payne married Geo. Sherrill; Elizabeth Payne married Dr. C. Flowers; Henrietta Payne married S. P. Hoffman.

Fourth, Sarah Sherrill married David Ballew. They had 8 children. They moved to Tennessee, and I have no account of them.

Fifth, Thurza Sherrill married David Settlemyre. He died April 20, 1840, in his 61st year. On his tombstone at the old family graveyard, near Joseph Moore's, is the following curious epitaph, which I try to copy just as it is:

"I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet, yet trouble came."

Thurza, his wife, was born Dec. 25, 1788, and died Nov. 5, 1862, aged 73 years, 10 months and 10 days. They had five children, viz: J. Sherrill Settlemyre married a Manny; Henry H. Settlemyre married a Killian; Sallie Settlemyre married Abram Mull; G. S. Settlemyre married Susan Sherrill; Agnes Settlemyre married Peter Wittenburg.

Sixth, Margaret Sherrill married Henry Whitener. They had 11 children, viz: Babel Whitener married Mary Lentz; Aaron Whitener went to Texas; Sallie Whitener never married; Mary Whitener married Lawson Hill; David Whitener married Jane Rickett; Jacob and Larsen Whitener both died; Rita Whitener married Lawson Young; Thurza Whitener married a Whitener; Agnes Whitener I have no account of; Henry Whitener married a Mull.

Seventh, Mary Sherrill married Elijah Litten and had only 1 child, of whom I have no account.

Eighth, Rachel Sherrill married Finis Stevenson of Alexander county. They had three children, viz: Jacob Sherrill Stevenson of whom I have no account; Eveline Stevenson married Story McLean; Sarah M. Stevenson married James McCurdy.

Jacob Sherrill's only son, Babel Sherrill, married Elizabeth Connelly. They had 10 children, viz: Jacob Sherrill married Ann Harris; John Sherrill married, first, Sarah Allen, second, a Woody; Wm. Sherrill married, first, Margaret Allen, second, a Payne; Babel Sherrill married Rebecca Harris; Betsy Sherrill married Rev. Abram Hays; Jane L. Sherrill married Joseph Smith; Sallie Sherrill married T. Coleman Payne, her first cousin; Joshua Sherrill married, first, a Watson, second, a Watson; Joseph married Sarah A. Abernethy; Babel W. Sherrill married Amanda Moore.

This sketch may not be correct in every particular. This is one reason for publishing it. I would be glad of corrections from any who know of errors, and who could give the desired information. I would also be glad to get a complete list of all the descendants of the above named children and grand children of Jacob Sherrill down to the present generations.

M. V. SHERRILL.

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