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HERE SHALL THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN, UNAW'D BY INFLUENCE AND UNSUB'D BY GAIN.

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OUR HERO'S BURIAL.

Lieutenant Shipp At Rest Beside His Mother.

THOUSANDS PAY HIM HONOR.

The Arrival of His Remains.—Thousands Attend the Obsequies.—All Business Suspended.—The Remains Lie in State in the Court House.—Buried With Military Honors.—The Funeral Procession.

Thousands of the people of Lincoln county and the counties around turned out Friday to attend the funeral of the lamented Lieutenant William E. Shipp, Tenth U. S. Cavalry, who was killed while leading his men in the charge on San Juan Hill, near Santiago, Cuba on the first day of July of last year. The remains reached New York on the transport McClelland on the 14th. They arrived here on the S. A. L. Friday morning. The following account of the obsequies is from the pen of Mr. Fred L. Merritt, the representative of the Raleigh News and Observer:—

The ashes of Lieut. William E. Shipp were laid to rest here today in St. Luke's church yard. The church at whose altar he was taught those lessons of faith and endurance and devotion to duty that made noble his life and heroic his death. In the presence of those who knew and loved him—some three thousand and sad eyed men and weeping women—were placed him by the side of his mother.

It was a funeral worthy of a hero, and yet all the sadder for its simplicity and quiet unostentatiousness. A few earnest loving words, heartily impressive and appreciative, from Rev. Dr. Marshall, of Raleigh, who married him; a prayer and a short service by Rev. C. C. Smith and Rev. C. L. Hoffman, of Charlotte; a tender farewell utterance at the grave from his beloved pastor, Rev. Dr. W. R. Wetmore, and then, in sight of his boyhood's home and under the cloudless sky of as pure a spring day as ever was born, all that was mortal of William E. Shipp passed from human view.

In the gathering which assembled to honor this young soldier, whose bright career was checked so early, were men eminent in trade, politics and professional life—soldiers, ministers and scholars. Then there were those who had known and loved him from his youth up. Village folk, people from the country for miles and miles around had come to pay him a last sad farewell.

There was the old Shipp homestead, there the school house with his name carved upon the wall. There the little green blinded cottage home to which he had proudly brought his sweet-faced, low-voiced bride. All these things were recounted and stories told of him as a bright-eyed boy, with his merry romp and happy laughter.

The old love of the boy and man aches yet and throbbing afresh today in their hearts.

"He had a beautiful soul," said one who had known him from his youth up—and more eloquent tribute was never laid on mortal bier.

They brought flowers—these people—and banked them about his coffin or upon his grave. Simple posies many of them were—a handful of buttercups or hyacinths or maybe wild violets, but they spoke as truly the sentiment of hearts that will ever love and cherish his memory as did the wreaths of immortelles and costly floral designs sent from all parts of the country, and from every city of the State.

The body, it will be remembered, was brought to New York March 14th, on the transport McClelland, was met there by Mr. F. H. Busbee and escorted to Portsmouth, where it arrived by the Cape Charles route yesterday morning at 8 o'clock. It remained in Norfolk until last night at 8.15 o'clock, where it was transferred to the "Atlanta Special"

train, which arrived in Raleigh at 2.30 this morning; at Monroe at 4 o'clock, at Charlotte at 8.30 o'clock, and reached Lincolnton at 10.30. Crowds met the train at Monroe and at Charlotte to pay their respects to the dead. As the train drew into the station at Charlotte the Lee Rifles (Company E. Second Regiment, N. C. S. G.) fired a salute of three guns. They acted as military escort to Lincolnton.

The pall bearers were Col. A. L. Smith, Charlotte; Mr. S. G. Finley, Lincolnton; Dr. R. L. Gibbon, Charlotte; Col. Jno. C. Tipton, Lincolnton; Capt. W. H. Day, Raleigh; Mr. Lucian Walker, Charlotte; Mr. W. E. Grigg, Lincolnton; Mr. Heriot Clarkson, Charlotte; Mr. W. W. Motz, Lincolnton; Mr. J. M. Scott, Charlotte; Mr. L. M. Richardson, Lincolnton; Mr. C. L. Hunter, Charlotte; Mr. R. M. Roseman, Lincolnton; Mr. H. A. Banks, Charlotte; Capt. Pride Jones, Winston; Dr. T. F. Costner, Lincolnton; Judge Burwell, Charlotte; Judge W. A. Hoke, Lincolnton.

The military escort from the Lee Rifles (Company E. Second Regiment), consisted of: First Lieutenant G. L. Clifton, commanding; Second Lieutenant P. R. Schelling, First Sergeant W. A. Pritchett, Sergeants R. L. Skinner, R. O. Cochran, R. A. Page, and F. A. Earnie; Corporals C. M. Hunter, W. T. Campbell and M. Alexander; Privates H. C. Alexander, W. R. Freeman, W. M. Stacker, A. M. Gurley, W. P. Orton, J. C. Morris, C. V. Thomas, S. W. Harkey, J. M. Harger, E. D. Carter, A. L. Grier, W. L. Gregory, B. L. Redfern, J. W. Weddington, W. G. Skinner, A. W. Briggs and J. F. Watts; Trumpeter L. N. Baker.

Those who attended the funeral from Raleigh beside Mrs. Wm. E. Shipp and her father, Mr. F. H. Busbee, were Capt. W. H. Day, Col. Barrahan Cameron, Mrs. Gertrude Tucker, Miss Altie Gales, Mr. T. T. Hay and Rev. Dr. M. M. Marshall.

From Charlotte: Mr. Heriot Clarkson, Gen. A. L. Smith, Dr. R. L. Gibbon, Mr. C. L. Hunter, Rev. C. L. Hoffman, Mr. John M. Scott, Judge A. Burwell, Mr. J. W. Muller, Mrs. L. H. Walker, Mrs. Dan F. Sumney, Miss Eva Sumner, Rev. C. Smith, Miss Bessie Ramsaur, Mr. T. L. Ross, Mr. H. A. Banks and Mr. John Wilber Jenkins.

From Winston: Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Buxton and Capt. and Mrs. Pride Jones.

The train was also boarded there by an escort from Lincolnton, consisting of Messrs J. F., R. S. and J. E. Reinhardt, kinsmen of the lamented dead; Col. Jno. C. Tipton and Messrs S. G. Finley, W. E. Grigg, R. M. Roseman, W. W. Motz and Leonard Richardson; by the pall bearers and other friends from Charlotte.

When the train arrived at Lincolnton every bell in the town was tolling and all the inhabitants, together with the great crowd from the surrounding country were at the depot.

There in the yellow sunlight stood all classes and conditions to honor the home coming of the young hero who had so bravely met death on San Juan Hill a year ago. Trade paid her homage by the voluntary closing of stores and the absolute suspension of business. Industry manifested her love by the stilling of the loom and stopping of the shuttle. Agriculture left the plow in the furrow and brought garlands fragrant as his fame.

It was as sweet, as sad a holiday as ever dawned on town or village. Meantime the bells are tolling all the while.

At the station the casket was taken from the box in which it had been shipped from Cuba. Then at 11.30 o'clock, escorted by the military; by a delegation of a hundred citizens, veterans and sons of veterans, who, who acted as a guard of honor; by the mayor and board of aldermen, and by the citizens and visitors, the body was taken to the home of the deceased's sisters—Mrs. A. C. McBee and Miss Kate Shipp—where Mrs. Shipp is. After an hour's stay there, it was removed to the court house, which had been draped in mourning, and decorated with Cuban and American flags. It was placed on a



LIEUTENANT WILLIAM EWEN SHIPP.

To the Memory of Lieutenant W. E. Shipp.

BY W. G. PERRY, OF GEORGIA.

Is there one heart but beats with nobler might
For each strong blow thy hand has struck for right?
Is there one soul but nearer walks to God,
Who watched the steep, brave path thy feet have trod?
Thy life was large; thy purpose wide and high;
Thou, in thy death, hast taught men how to die.
For every flower that blows above thy grave,
God send our land another life as brave.

but his most enduring monument is his pure life, his historic death, the love of his people. These stand out like sentinels above his grave, pointing unborn generations to the same virtues, the same noble self sacrifice.

Before the casket was taken from the Shipp home a short funeral service was held by Dr. Marshall. This was at the request of Mrs. Shipp, for it was he who but a few years ago united them in wedlock.

The casket was viewed by the people during the two hours that it lay in state in the court house. It was guarded by a detail from the Lee Rifles.

On it lay a picture of Lieut. Shipp, taken a short while before he was killed; also two royal palms from Cuba, bound together by a white satin ribbon, and two sabres, crossed. One was a very handsome weapon of German make, a present from Lieut. Powhatan Clarke, who purchased it while attached to the German army at Disseldorf. Lieut. Shipp always prized it very highly and had it the day he was killed. The other sabre was the one used by Lieut. Shipp in his Indian campaigns in the west.

At 3 o'clock the body was taken to St. Luke's Episcopal church where the last sad rites were performed. The service could not have been more beautifully impressive.

At the grave a last prayer was spoken and dirges were sung. "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," said the preacher as the muffled clods fell into the new made grave. Then the Lieutenant's salute was fired by the military, taps were sounded by the bugler and the heroic dead was left alone, resting beneath a bank of flowers.

No not alone. A people's love lies buried with him.

No more fitting place could have been chosen than that high eminence looking across quiet fields where mild-eyed Peace smiles to the blue mountains in the mazy distance.

"Here—here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds form,
Lightnings are loosened,
Stars come and go! Let joy break with the storm,
Peace let the dew send;
Lofty designs must close in like effects:
Lofty lying,
Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
Living and dying."
Loving hands and hearts will erect to his memory the granite shaft, and this with words of eulogy,

purple and scarlet are falling about the battlefield. They light up the faces of two young officers cold and still in death.

Pierced as by the same bullet, in a few paces of one another, they lie there—Lieut. Shipp and Lieut. Smith, the Jonathan and David of the army.

It is night now. The sky is studded with stars. Comrades come and give them Christian burial. Reverently, tenderly they are laid to rest on a grassy knoll overlooking the blue sea.

Here they rested until a week ago, when they were taken up and sent to the United States for final interment by their friends.

The grave of Lieut. Shipp was marked by Col. Wood himself. He found a heavy piece of plank, and nailed on this a piece of zinc sheeting and then with a nail, punched Lieut. Shipp's full name on the zinc. "The grave," he wrote Mr. Busbee, "is near here (Santiago,) and I will see to it personally that it is marked in such manner as to render it impossible to confuse it with any other, and when a suitable season arrives, I will do what I can to assist you in having the body properly prepared and sent to the United States.

It was in fulfillment of this promise that the body was last week started on its homeward journey from Cuba, and that the funeral of today was held.

With it came that of Lieut. Smith, and while the last funeral rites were being conducted in Lincolnton today, over the remains of the gallant Shipp, in the city of Washington, the funeral of his comrade, Lieutenant Smith, was being held.

The funeral services were conducted with military honors. The interment was at Arlington. The pall-bearers were: Col. S. T. Norville, U. S. A., retired; Major Kendall, U. S. A., retired; Major J. J. Pershing, U. S. V.; Col. W. H. Carter, A. A. G.; First Lieut. M. H. Barnum and First Lieut. Anderson, the last two of the 10th United States Cavalry. A detachment from the United States barracks served as escort and firing party.

Lieuts. Shipp and Smith were schoolmates. They entered West Point together and were appointed at the same time to the 10th Cavalry. They served together for a number of years on the frontier and were killed in a few minutes of each other at Santiago.

Somehow their lives seem to have been linked together with strange and unusual happenings in army life. As young men the two were at college together. They chummed together throughout their course in the prep school and left college at the same time.

They entered West Point together, and on the class roll side by side were the two names.

William E. Shipp, of North Carolina.

William H. Smith, of Missouri.

When the two men graduated they were at first assigned together, and only for a short time, while Shipp was in the South, were they separated.

Smith married the same year that Shipp did, and each left a beautiful wife and two children to mourn their loss. The two men fell close to each other and there was always a brotherly affection manifested by each in the other.

When war was declared both Lieut. Shipp and Lieut. Smith were with the Tenth Cavalry. Lieut. Shipp was regimental quartermaster and Lieut. Smith was second in command of a company of the best fighters in the brigade. Lieuts. Shipp and Smith left Tampa on the same transport and unknked side by side on the voyage. They retained the same affection for each other and after the regiment was landed at Santiago each had the more reason for the other's confidence and company.

They were both shot at the same time upon the battlefield. Both were fearless, both were manly and somehow all through life, until they rested side by side in Cuban soil, their fates seem to have been strangely mixed and interwoven.

And yesterday, at the same time, their friends were laying them to

rest in their native soil.

From the report of Mr. Howard A. Banks, of the Charlotte Observer we quote the following:—

While the golden cups of the crocus blossoms—exquisite flower-censers in Nature's temple service—were breathing up to God their incense-fragrance and heralding to men the approach of earliest Easter-tide, the mortal remains of William E. Shipp were laid to rest in the quiet churchyard, under the shadow of the little church where he worshipped as a boy.

Killed in battle, he died the death that the soldier seeks, if fall he must; the death of honor to himself and a heritage to his children. And Shipp fell on the slope of San Juan Hill, while bringing up the firing line! His, indeed, was the hero's death, and his a funeral worthy of the bravest dead.

The day was a bright and beautiful one, after the recent winter storms—the sun shining down through the blue of a cloudless sky. A type—might we not believe!—of the young Christian soldier's peace and rest after the carnage of the battle. The new-made flower-covered grave in "the silent city of the dead," just a pace or two from the portals of St. Luke's Episcopal church is within sight of the cottage-home of kinspeople, where the deceased had doubtless spent many a happy hour; and in sight of the old school-house, where he studied as a lad, his name, carved in some childish fancy, being yet visible in the wood-work of the old building, among those of his playfellows; some of whom helped today to lay his remains to rest. But—far more permanent memorial—his name is engraven in the hearts of his fellow countrymen of North Carolina and will go down, with honor, in the history of his native State.

The funeral honors accorded to Lieut. Shipp were indeed worthy of a soldier. Early in the day people from the country began to file into Lincolnton, and the trains brought friends and relatives from neighboring towns. All the houses of business were closed and the schools gave a holiday. The number of people present was estimated at 3,000.

The box containing the casket was taken from the baggage car to the depot, where the casket was taken out and transferred to the hearse in waiting. A very large crowd of people had assembled at the station. Led by the Lee Rifles, the Confederate Veterans and the sons of Veterans, the funeral procession moved through the town to the home of Mrs. Sumner McBee, where the casket, draped in the national colors, was left for a season in the sacred presence of the home, where the loved ones of the deceased had gathered. All the bells of the town were tolled as the procession passed slowly through the streets.

At 1 o'clock the procession was again formed in front of the residence. Rev. Dr. M. M. Marshall conducted a brief service in the house, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Sumney singing "Abide With Me," as the body was borne out. The cortege then moved to the county court house, where, in the hallway on the first floor a catafalque, draped in black, and covered with crocuses, hyacinths and other spring flowers, had been prepared. Upon this the flag-covered casket was placed. On it were branches of the palm and also two sabres of Lieut. Shipp's, one very handsome and a present to him from his close friend, Lieut. Powhatan Clark, once our military attache in Berlin, and who was drowned out west during the Indian campaigns in the Little Big Horn. The court house walls inside, and the columns outside, were draped in black and white, with the Stars and Stripes interlaced and intertwined, besides profuse floral and evergreen decorations.

Here the casket remained until the hour of 3 o'clock, being viewed by hundreds of the people gathered in the town.

To the tolling of the bells again, the sorrowful procession finally moved forward to the little hillside