

## Richmond and the Reunion

Your correspondent reached Richmond at 7.30 a. m. on the morning of May 28th. The weather was very cool and a small frost but brilliantly clear. The city, always beautiful, was decked with the red white in every form that could be devised with here and there the U. S. colors, the latter being in bad taste, considering the occasion. We are in harmony with the editor of the News Leader as to this. Later we were told that the decorations of a single establishment in several cases amounted to the sum of \$200.00.

Coming at the time we did there was no trouble in getting lodging at a private house one block from Broad St. This cost a dollar per night, and excellent table board was twenty-five cents per meal. By night the crowds, pouring into the city were having the greatest trouble to procure places of any sort. But the people of the city were so anxious to please the visitors that many gave up their own beds to applicants and slept on the floor. The afternoon of Wednesday was spent by the writer for the most part in the capitol building. The objects of interest were so numerous it is hard to specify anything in particular, but about the most interesting to us was the chair of the Speaker of the old House of Burgesses, brought from Richmond. It was from this chair that the Speaker, with other members, was called for the last time in the State's history to go before Lord Dunmore when that amiable gentleman dismissed the House for its refusal to sustain him in his acts of repression. As one writer of the day expressed it "Hear this British terrier growl at the lions of Virginia."

Thursday was the day for the unveiling of the monument of General J. E. B. Stuart. The weather was fine, and the city swarmed with the veterans from all over the South. One of the most touching things in the whole reunion was the meeting of com-

rades who had not seen each other for more than forty years. As these men, aged now, and worn with bitter toils and lost hopes, crasped hands, straighten back their memories turned to the days of Jackson's camp fires and Stuarts cavalry raids, and those who listened heard things that have never been told in our books of history deeds of unknown heroes, stories of courage and devotion that made the hearers prouder than ever to have belonged to the same race as such men. Not very many of the veterans marched on foot and it was very hard to procure horses for the cavalry parade, but it was a curiosity to see how these old fellows managed their half-broken mounts. There was the picture of the Southern rider borne in the saddle, a part of the animal he rode. No wonder our cavalry were invincible. The crowd at the unveiling was so great, the crush about the grand stand so dangerous, and the wait so long that Leut. Harnetts speech was not enjoyed as it should have been. In fact, many heard very little of it. The statue, as a posture and strength of outline, is ideal. Mounted upon his steed poised at gallop, his splendid head bare, his hat grasped in the free hand, the great cavalry leader turns to cry Cavalry charge to the men who followed him "Into the jaws of hell" on so many bloody fields.

On Friday, in company with several other ladies and a great company of old veterans, we started for Petersburg. The trolley ride is 21 miles, to which must be added the ride out through the city to the old cemetery and the crater—our destination. Before reaching the town, we ladies incited the veterans to give the rebel yell, and, as it sounded over the quiet town, the people ran to doors and windows and the store-keepers to their shop-doors, and screamed and waved in answer. This hearty response of the people to everything connected with the Great

War and the valor of their own soldiers was the pleasantest part of the whole thing. But nothing was more infuriating in the entire "campaign" than the fact that the persons owning the battle-ground (that is the crater part) actually charged a quarter for these men to see the places where they died by hundreds. The city of Richmond, through its authorities, had tried to make some arrangements to prevent this scandal, but in vain. These persons knew they could carry out this one quarter per head scheme, as well as others, and did so. There is one exceeding great comfort. Comrade Fretwell, of Norfolk and others, delivered their opinion. It is also comforting to learn, as we did later, that the man who inherited the place and started the robbery is not of Southern birth—not by any means.

The spot where the mine laid by Grant's men, to such awful effect, exploded in the midst of our troops, is recognizable at once, though it has filled up a good deal, of course, in these long years since that red morning when so many brave men were swept to a fearful death by that volcano. One man of our party showed us where he stood on the very lip of the crater. Looking back, it seemed impossible that men, made in human form, could have rallied after that fearful blow, and yet one giant from North Carolina, a member of the 26th, by the way, said, with an air, as one would say, "I am the King of England," "I carried a United States flag out o' there."

We will remember that man. The crowd grew very silent after a while. A strange depression came over you. The spirits of the dead seemed very near as we climbed down in to those depths, where now daisies grow and even picked wild strawberries, whose red was as the awful stains left there so long ago. And yet not so long but that all these living men recalled the very un-

heaval. The rain began falling. It seemed best to recall those scenes under falling rain and lowering skies. Sunshine and bird songs seemed not to be long with them.

We had but little time to visit the cemetery, where, as one of the comrades said, "We buried many a better fellow than us." Blandford church will ever be a scene for Southern pilgrims to visit, and it is a matter of pride for all "Tar Heels" that Virginia voluntarily kept the window next her own for their dead. This feeling was universal. Whenever your correspondent answered an inquiry as to her home by saying "I came up from North Carolina," straightway some veteran, it might be from Virginia, Mississippi, Alabama, where not, would say "You ought to be mighty proud of it," and then go on to tell one of those tales that make your heart beat faster, and your eyes grow hot. And, when the Virginians found that our birthplace was Wytheville, the kindness redoubled. God bless 'em all, we say.

Saturday, the wind and rain were something terrible, but they did not keep one Daughter of the Confederacy from going out to the Veterans' Home where Virginia is giving of her poverty to keep her poor old soldiers in comfort. Here we visited fifty-four comrades in hospital, talked with Capt. Russell, the custodian, saw Jackson's war-horse, "Little Sorrel" in his cage, and talked with the veterans in the John D. Cooke house. It is very pitiful to see them. 'Tis a hard heart that would not ache here, and yet they are so bright and cheerful—so ready to acknowledge the slightest courtesy.

In the afternoon we visited the "White House of the Confederacy"—now converted into a Confederate Museum by the efforts of our Daughters. In the North Carolina Room, the first thing that catches the eye is a magnificent three-quarter length portrait of Zebulon Baird Vance. It

pictures him in his prime, and any North Carolinian who does not thrill with pride in this man and the others represented in the different portraits, swords, uniforms, etc., in this room is indeed worse than dead. Beneath Vance's portrait is a superb side-board made of the wood of the famous blockade runner, named for the first Mrs. Vance, the "Ad-Vance."

On Sunday, a nice Tar Heel Presbyterian girl now living in Richmond, took us to Sunday-school at Grace Street Presbyterian church, and we heard Dr. Witherspoon preach a most able sermon. In the afternoon we visited old St. John's church, and stood where Patrick Henry stood (his pew having been preserved in his changes) when he uttered those sublime words, "But as for me—Give me Liberty or give me Death." Very touching are the first graves you see in front of the old building. They are dated early in 1770 and are inscribed to the memory of two infants of the same family, one aged eighteen months, the other six weeks. Moons have waxed and waned, generations passed into oblivion, governments changed and fallen, and yet the love of the mother for these short lived darlings who were bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh, lives yet. Surely a comfort to those of us who wander among these decaying remnants of an forgotten past.

Lightning struck one of the houses belonging to Capt. Johnson, which is occupied by Prof. F. B. Phillips. No damage was done, except the occupants of the house were severely shocked. The same stroke jumped from the house and struck a tree in the yard of Mr. J. W. Nichols.

Lightning also struck one of the ware houses of Mr. J. D. Elliott's, which was burned to the ground. The Fire Company did noble work in saving the other ware houses and the residence of Mr. G. W. Wooten. Mr. Elliott's loss is about \$2,000.

## Indigestible Foods

Some have so strong an organization that they can continue the use of indigestible foods for years, but the time comes—and that usually in their early life—when the worn-out stomach fails to respond and they awaken to the fact that they are seriously diseased. As a rule, it is a safe practice not to put into the stomach anything that is not nourishing and easy of digestion.

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