

# The Stainless Banner

*An e-zine dedicated to the armies of the Confederacy*

**Volume 6, Issue 3  
March 2015**

## **HE IS AT REST NOW THE DEATH OF A.P. HILL**

South of the James River, on nearly twenty miles of line, Lee now had scarcely 16,000 infantry in position and none in reserve. From the Appomattox to Hatcher's Run, he had only 11,000. From Lieutenant's Run, where the works began to be less formidable, to the very end of his fortified position, where the Claiborne road crossed the western stretch of Hatcher's Run, he had no more than 12,500 infantry. These included the forces in the highly important position of Burgess' Mill. If Grant were held off one day longer, as he had been held off for nine months, there was still a chance of a safe withdrawal and a re-concentration. But if Grant turned the right or discovered how thin was the line of infantry behind the works... then... but Lee could only tell General Grimes, who reported the weakness of his position, that he must do the best he could.

His orders given, Lee went to his quarters and partly disobeyed, but he slept little, if at all. He was exhausted, though not actually ill. He may have heard the shelling

that began at 9:00 p.m. on Wilcox's front, the nearest point of which was only a little more than two miles from his headquarters. He probably knew nothing of a minor shift of part of McRae's force to the east of Hatcher's Run, next McComb, where danger seemed to be threatened.

Perhaps he caught the sound of the picket firing that broke out at 1:45 on the morning of the fateful 2nd of April. Soon A.P. Hill, who had been apprehensive because of the heaviness of the artillery fire, came out from his quarters, which were a mile and a half nearer Petersburg than Lee's. About 4:00, Longstreet arrived in advance of Field's division, which was

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moving toward the city as rapidly as the creaking wheels of the decrepit railroad could turn. Lee was in bed, still feeling very unwell, but received Longstreet at once and reviewed for him the condition on the right. He directed Longstreet to take his troops, the instant they detrained, and to march for Hatcher's Run.

Suddenly, while Lee was explaining the route of the division, Colonel Venable broke excitedly into the room. Wagons and teamsters, he said, were driving wildly down Cox's road toward Petersburg. An infantry officer had told him that Federal skirmishers had driven him from Harris' quarters, less than half a mile from Edge Hill.

From Harris' quarters? Why, the huts of the Mississippians were a mile and a half in the rear of the main line! If the enemy were there, then the Federals had broken the line – broken it at a point that would put them in rear of the whole of the Confederate right!

Instantly the General sprang from his bed and hurried to the front door of the Turnbull house with Longstreet. It was an usually dark morning. Distant objects were vague. But long lines of men, like those of skirmishers, were visible, moving slowly toward Edge Hill from the southwest. Were they retreating Confederates or advancing Union troops? Quick, Colonel Venable, mount and reconnoiter, and General Hill – but Hill was already running toward his horse.

There must have been something desperate in the manner of Hill, for as the two hurried off, Lee called to Venable to

caution Hill not to expose himself. Away they galloped. Other officers leaped into their saddles and sped after them. Couriers lashed their lean and frantic horses as they dashed away with orders.

Then, for a few moments, the line that stretched far across the gray fields halted as if in doubt. Anxiously Lee concentrated his gaze on it. Soon, in the growing light, the color of the men's uniforms was visible –

blue. They were Federals. Could Longstreet use Field's division to stop them? No, Old Pete had to answer: Word had not yet come that any of

Field's regiments had detrained, much less that they had arrived on the ground. If that were so, the best that could be done for the moment was to rally the Confederate forces on Fort Gregg and Fort Baldwin, south of the Turnbull house and perpendicular to the main east-and-west line.

And as Fort Baldwin was a mile and a quarter from the Appomattox, it was necessary for the troops south of Fort Baldwin and Fort Gregg to withdraw more to the east and to occupy the inner line.

Going back to his private quarters, Lee dressed quickly and prepared to leave the Turnbull house, which was directly in the line of the Federal advance. When he reappeared, he was in full uniform and had on his sword. Quickly, he mounted his horse and rode down to the gate of Edge Hill and across the road, whence he had a good sweep of the country. He had not been there long, intent with orders for meeting the surprise, when a number of staff officers came up. Some of them were of Hill's entourage and with them was Hill's dapple-

***“He is at rest now,” Lee murmured, “and we who are left are the ones who suffer.”***

gray horse. But the commander of the Third Corps was not astride the animal. Instead, Sergeant G.W. Tucker rode him. Tucker, who was known throughout the army as Hill's daredevil courier, the man who had asked permission in the Wilderness campaign to go out to the skirmish line and kill a Federal cavalryman in order that he might get a horse to take the place of his own, which was dead.

Tucker had no jest in him now: with heavy heart he told how Hill and himself had ridden on, after Colonel Venable had left them, and how they had encountered two Federals who had answered their call for surrender with rifle shots. Hill had been hit and had toppled out of his saddle. Tucker had seen him on the ground, motionless, had caught his horse and had changed to it because the gray was fresher than his own mount.

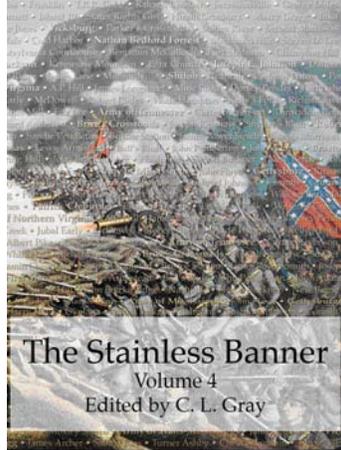
Lee listened intently. Grief showed itself in a sharp change of expression. Tears came to his eyes: "He is at rest now," he murmured, "and we who are left are the ones who suffer." Then he turned to Tucker and directed him to go with Colonel Palmer, Hill's adjutant general, so that Mrs. Hill might know the facts. "Colonel," he said to Palmer, "break the news to her as gently as possible." To Major General Heth, Hill's senior division commander, Lee dispatched the grim announcement, with orders to report at once in person. As it happened, Heth was far down on the right, near Burgess's Mill, and found the enemy between him and the headquarters when he attempted to get to the Turnbull house. As he failed to appear, Lee put the Third Corps under Longstreet.

Douglas Southall Freeman. *R.E. Lee*, Volume 4, 45-48.

**Next to these two officers, (Longstreet and Jackson) I consider General A.P. Hill the best commander with me. He fights his troops well and takes good care of them."**

**Robert E. Lee**

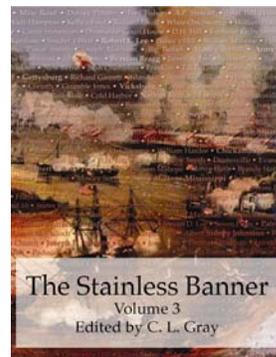
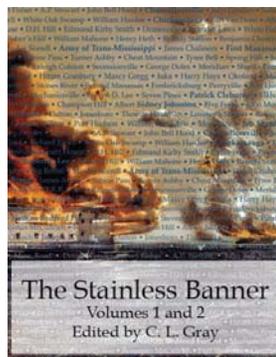
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**DEATH OF GENERAL A.P. HILL**

G.W. Tucker, *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Volume 11, 565-569.

The Confederacy had no more gallant soldier, no more devoted patriot, no more self-sacrificing servant than the accomplished gentleman who yielded up his noble life on that last sad day at Petersburg,

We are glad to be able to lay before our readers and put on record the story of his death, as told in the interesting narrative of Sergeant Tucker. It will be seen that

General Hill, with a sick furlough in his pocket, returned to duty as soon as he learned that his grand old corps, which he had led so ably and successfully during the last campaign, was about to meet the enemy again, and that, after his lines were broken by Grant's overwhelming numbers, he lost his life in an attempt to reach and take personal command of the part of his corps which was cut off from the main army.

He fell, where his gallant spirit was ever found, in the path of duty, and left behind a record luminous with heroic deeds for the land and cause he loved so well.

The tragic death of Ambrose Powell Hill ended pre-eminent services to the cause he had espoused with singleness of heart and maintained with unexcelled constancy of purpose and courage. He needs no eulogy from any. Those attached to his person, or often in contact, have simply to say, "We loved him." It is for his surviving comrades of the Third Corps, and especially those of the old A.P. Hill's Light Division, that the details of their General's last ride of duty are more particularly given.

During the entire winter of 1864-1865, General Hill was an invalid and was absent in Richmond on a sick-leave from about March 20th, returning to his command upon being advised of the operations on the right beyond Hatcher's Run.

April 1, accompanied by his staff and couriers, he spent in the saddle from early morning until about 9:00 p.m., returning at night along the works held by his corps as far as those

in front of Fort Gregg, where the General halted a considerable time. He passed only a few words with his staff party or those very, very few in the trenches there. He seemed lost in contemplation of the immediate position, at which the Confederate line had become so terribly stretched that it broke that very night, letting in a deluge of the enemy, who, only partly checked by the wonderful defense of Fort Gregg, next morning flooded the country.

We then returned to corps headquarters, which were at Indiana, on an extension of Washington Street, Petersburg, and immediately adjoining The Model Farm, on the east. General Hill retired to Venable's cottage, just across the road and within fifty yards of his camp, having had there, during the winter, his wife and two young children.

About midnight the cannonading in front of Petersburg, which had begun at nightfall, became very heavy, increasing as the hours went by. Colonel Palmer, Chief of Staff, woke Major Starke, Acting Adjutant

**"We loved him."**

General, and requested him to find out the cause and effect of the prolonged firing. This was between 2:00 and 3:00 on the morning of April 2. Major Starke returned before daylight and reported "that the enemy had part of our line near the Rives' salient, and that matters looked critical on the lines in front of the city." This he communicated to General Hill at Venable's.

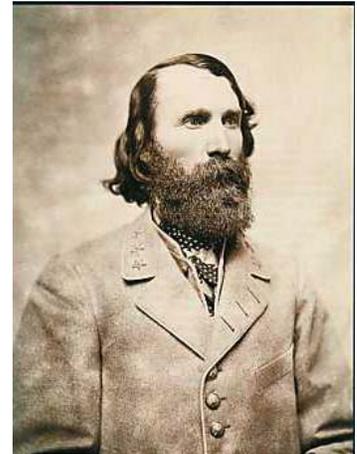
Before sunrise, General Hill came over and asked Colonel Palmer if he had any report from Generals Wilcox and Heth, whose divisions on the right extended from the front of Fort Gregg to and beyond Burgess Mill on Hatcher's Run. The Colonel told him that he had heard nothing from them, and had nothing further to report beyond Major Starke's statement.

The General then passed on to his tent, and, a few minutes later, the Colonel, noticing his colored servant, Charles, leading the General's saddled horse to his tent, ran to him just as he was mounting and asked permission to accompany him. He told the Colonel no and desired him to wake up the staff, get everything in readiness and have the headquarters' wagons hitched up. He added that he was going to General Lee's and would take Sergeant Tucker and two couriers, and that as soon as he could have an interview with General Lee, he would return.

General Hill then rode to the couriers' quarters and found me in the act of grooming my horse. [I did not then have the slightest intimation of what had taken place since our return from the lines the night before.] He directed me to follow him with two couriers immediately to General Lee's headquarters. He then rode off rapidly. It was our custom, in critical times, to have, during the night, two of the couriers' horses always saddled.

I called to Kirkpatrick and Jenkins, the couriers next in turn, to follow the General as quickly as possible. I saddled up at once and followed them. Kirkpatrick and Jenkins arrived at General Lee's together, only a few minutes after General Hill, who at once directed Kirkpatrick to ride rapidly back to our quarters (I met him on the road going at full speed) and tell Colonel Palmer to follow him to the right and the others of the staff and couriers must rally the men on the right. This was the first information received at corps headquarters that our right had given way. General Hill then rode, attended only by Jenkins, to the front gate of General Lee's headquarters (Turnbull House, on the Cox road, nearly one and a half miles westerly from General Hill's), where I met them.

We went directly across the road into the opposite field and riding due south a short distance, the General drew rein and for a few moments used his field glass, which, in my still profound ignorance of what had happened



A.P. Hill

struck me as exceedingly queer. We then rode on in the same direction down a declivity toward a small branch running eastward to Old Town Creek and a quarter of a mile from General Lee's.

We had gone little more than half this distance, when we suddenly came upon two of the enemy's armed infantrymen. Jenkins and myself, who, up to this time,

rode immediately behind the General, were instantly upon them, when, at the demand, surrender, they laid down their guns. Turning to the General, I asked what should be done with the prisoners? He said: "Jenkins, take them to General Lee." Jenkins started back with his men, and we rode on.

Though not invited, I was at the General's side, and my attention having now been aroused and looking carefully ahead and around, I saw a lot of people in and about the old log hut winter quarters of General Mahone's division situated to the right of Whitworth House and on top of the hill beyond the branch we were

***He called my attention and said:  
"Sergeant, should anything  
happen to me you must go back to  
General Lee and report it."***

approaching. Now as I knew that those quarters had been vacant since about March 15th by the transfer of Mahone to north of the Appomattox, and feeling that it was the enemy's troops in possession, with nothing looking like a Confederate anywhere, I remarked, pointing to the old camp: "General, what troops are those?" He quickly replied: "The enemy's."

Proceeding still further and General Hill making no further remark, I became so impressed with the great risk he was running that I made bold to say: "Please excuse me, General, but where are you going?" He answered: "Sergeant, I must go to the right as quickly as possible." Then, pointing southwest, he said: "We will go up this side of the branch to the woods, which will cover us until reaching the field in rear of General Heth's quarters, I hope to find the road clear at General Heth's."

From that time on I kept slightly ahead of the General. I had kept a Colt's army pistol drawn since the affair of the Federal

stragglers. We then made the branch, becoming obscured from the enemy, and crossing the Bowdoin (not Boydtown, as some writers have called it) plank road, soon made the woods, which were kept for about a mile, in which distance we did not see a single person, and emerged into the field opposite General Heth's, at a point two miles due southwest from General Lee's headquarters, at the Turnbull House, and at right angles with the Bowdoin plank road, at the Harman House, which was distant half a mile.

When going through the woods, the only words between General Hill and myself, except a few relating

to the route, were by himself. He called my attention and said: "Sergeant, should anything happen to me you must go back to General Lee and report it."

We came into the field near its corner, at the foot of a small declivity, rising which I could plainly see that the road was full of troops of some kind. The General, raising his field glass, said: "They are there." I understood perfectly that he meant the enemy, and asked: "Which way now, General?" He pointed to that side of the woods parallel to the Bowdoin plank road, about one hundred yards down hill from where our horses stood, saying: "We must keep on to the right."

I spurred ahead, and we had made two-thirds of the distance, and, coming to a walk, looked intently into the woods, at the immediate edge of which were several large trees. I saw what appeared to be six or eight Federals, two of whom, being some distance in advance of the rest, who halted some forty or fifty yards from the field, ran

quickly forward to the cover of one of the large trees, and, one above the other on the same side, leveled their guns.

I looked around to General Hill. He said: "We must take them," at the same time drawing, for the first time that day, his Colt's navy pistol. I said: "Stay there, I'll take them." By this time we were within twenty yards of the two behind the tree and getting closer every moment. I shouted: "If you fire, you'll be swept to hell! Our men are here – surrender!"

When General Hill was at my side calling surrender, now within ten yards of the men covering us with their muskets (the upper one the General, the lower one myself), the lower soldier let the stock of his gun down from his shoulder, but recovered quickly as his comrade spoke to him (I only saw his lips move) and both fired. **Throwing out my right hand (he was on that side) toward the General, I caught the bridle of his horse, and, wheeling to the left, turned in the saddle and saw my General on the ground, with his limbs extended, motionless.**

Instantly retracing the ground, leading his horse, which gave me no trouble, I entered the woods again where we had left them, and realizing the importance and of all things most desirous of obeying my General's last order to report to General Lee, I changed to his horse, a very superior one and quite fresh, and letting mine free kept on as fast as the nature of the ground would permit.

But after sighting and avoiding several parties of Federal stragglers and skirmishers, I felt that it would be best to

take to the open country and run for it. After some distance of this, I made for the Mahone division log-hut winter quarters, which were still full of the enemy, upon the principle of greater safety in running through its narrow streets than taking their leisurely fire in the open. Emerging thence down hill to the branch, along the north side of which General Hill had so shortly ridden in his most earnest endeavor to reach our separated and shattered right, and in a straight line for General Lee's headquarters, I came in sight of a mounted

party of our own people, who, when the branch was crossed and the hill risen, proved to be Lieutenant General Longstreet and

staff, just arrived from north of the Appomattox.

Meanwhile, meeting Colonels Palmer and Wingate and others of General Hill's staff and couriers and halting a moment to answer the kindly expressed inquiries of General Longstreet, we rode on and found General Lee mounted at the Cox Road in front of army headquarters. I reported to him General Hill's last order to me. General Lee then asked for details, receiving which and expressing his sorrow he directed me to accompany Colonel Palmer to Mrs. Hill. General Lee said: "Colonel, break the news to her as gently as possible."

The Fifth Alabama battalion, provost guard to General Hill's corps, skirmishing, found the General's body, which was still slightly warm, with nothing about it disturbed. The Federal party was doubtless alarmed at what had been done and must

have instantly fled. The writer did not again see General Hill's body, which was brought to Venable's by a route still further to our rear, having, with the staff and couriers of the Third Corps, been ordered to General Longstreet, who soon became very actively engaged.

I learned that the ball struck the General's pistol hand and then penetrated his body just over the heart. Captain Frank Hill, aide-de-camp (and nephew) to the General, in charge, and Courier Jenkins were of the party detailed to escort the

body, with Mrs. Hill and her children, to a Mr. Hill's, near the banks of James River in Chesterfield county where the General's body was temporarily buried and afterwards removed to Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia.

Thus closed the career of Lieutenant-General A.P. Hill, of whom Swinton, in his excellent book, *Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac*, says: "Who, in all the operations that from first to last filled up the four years defense of the Confederate capital, had borne a most distinguished part."

## FURTHER DETAILS OF THE DEATH OF GENERAL A.P. HILL

Anonymous, *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Volume 20, 184-187.

*At his own earnest request we suppress the name of the gallant young soldier who send the following letter; but he will have the thanks off all old Confederates, not only for his own contribution, but also for eliciting from Colonel Venable his graceful tribute to the accomplished soldier and chivalric gentleman whose name was among the dying words of both Lee and Jackson.*

Richmond, Virginia

March 21, 1884

Rev. J. William Jones,

Secretary Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va.

My Dear Sir,

It has been sometime since I noticed an account of the death of General Hill's staff. Having seen General Hill only a short while before his death and thinking Sergeant Tucker had left out (unintentionally) some facts that might be interesting to the soldiers, I sent the account to Colonel C. S. Venable, formerly of General R. E. Lee's staff, and I beg herewith to had you for publication Colonel Venable's letter to me, which I am sure will be read with interest by all.

Let me say, that as General Hill came across the branch referred to by Sergeant Tucker, I met him (I was going to General R. E. Lee) and turned back with him and Sergeant Tucker and told him of the enemy in General Mahone's old winter-quarters.

After being fired at by the enemy in the old quarters we turned to the right and there met Colonel Venable, who desired General Hill not to expose himself, saying that it was General Lee's request. General Hill thanked him and told him to say to General Lee that he thanked him for his

consideration, and that he (General Hill) was only trying to get in communication with the right. Colonel Venable turned off to return to General Lee, and as he did so, told me I was wanted at General Lee's headquarters, and I rode with Colonel Venable to that place. I carried several orders for General Lee and was present when Sergeant Tucker came up and reported the death of General Hill.

Never shall I forget the look on General Lee's face, as Sergeant Tucker made his report. After hearing what Sergeant Tucker had to say, General Lee remarked: "He is at rest now, and we who are left are the ones to suffer."

Some may ask how it was that I, a courier in artillery, should have been in that locality. I was a mere boy, fond of excitement, and it so happened that our quarters were in the yard of a Mr. Whitworth, who lived almost south of General Lee's headquarters. I was awake all Saturday night, looking at the mortar and other shells, and when the enemy, on Sunday morning, came too close to our quarters to be comfortable, our wagon was packed and sent with all but myself to General Pendleton's headquarters.

I remained, fed my mare, and held my position until the enemy were close enough for me to see how many had been shaved Saturday, and then I moved out, receiving as I went cheers or yells from the enemy, for which compliments I did not stop to thank them.

When I got down in the bottom I stopped my mare in the branch, and was letting her drink, when General Hill came up, as before stated. I think General Lane

will recollect my coming to him later in the day, when he was having a rough time. My colonel was absent on official business that day, and I was trying to make myself useful. I took a hand in anything that could; carried orders for General R. E. Lee; was sent to General Longstreet, then to Colonel Manning, who was forming a skirmish line

(to the south of General Lee's headquarters).

Colonel Manning put me in charge of the right

(he being in center), and we had a lively time for some hours. That was a grand skirmish line, with the men almost as close together as telegraph poles on the line of a railroad, but we held our position, and were only driven back a short distance by a line of battle, sent again thus by the enemy. Later I was ordered to Richmond on official business; after attending to which I reported to my Colonel at General Lee's residence on Franklin Street, and left there that night after supper.

Trusting you may find something to interest your readers in this my first communication, I am,  
Yours very truly,  
Courier,  
Artillery Second Corps.

**Letter from Colonel C.S. Venable**

Vevay, Switzerland  
December 25th, 1883

My Dear Sir,

Your postal of November 26 has been forwarded to me here, as well as the clipping from the *Dispatch* giving Tucker's account of General A.P. Hill's death.

*This was the last I ever saw of General Hill alive.*

Tucker's is a true statement, doubtless, of the circumstances immediately attending the death of General Hill at the hands of the Federal skirmishers – but his memory has failed him in several points which should have been presented in order to give a true picture of the sad event, and a fuller idea of the anxious devotion to duty and love for his troops which made the General on that fatal morning utterly reckless of his own life.

General Hill reached General Lee's headquarters before light and reported personally to the General in his own room. General Longstreet had arrived from the north side of the Appomattox about 1:00 the same morning and was lying on the floor of the Adjutant's office trying to get a little sleep.

A few minutes after General Hill's arrival, I walked out to the front gate of the Turnbull House, and there saw wagons and teamsters dashing rather wildly down the River Road (Cox's) in the direction of Petersburg. Walking out on the road, I met a wounded officer on crutches coming from the direction of the huts of Harris' brigade, which lay across the branch in front of the headquarters, who informed me he had been driven from his quarters in these huts (which a few sick and wounded men occupied) by the enemy's skirmishers. I immediately returned to the house, ordered my horse, and reported what I had seen and heard to General Lee, with whom General Hill was still sitting.

General Lee ordered me to go and reconnoiter at once. General Hill started up also; we mounted our horses and rode together, General Hill being accompanied by one courier, as I remember, who I thought was Tucker. I had no courier with me. On arriving at the branch (it was barely

light at the time), we stopped to water our horses and look around. While thus engaged, the enemy made his presence known by firing on us some straggling shots from the direction of the huts and hill towards the Boydton plank road. Soon perceiving half a dozen or more of our own skirmishers near us, who had been driven back by the sudden advance of the enemy, I got General Hill's permission to deploy these in front of us so as to make some show of force.

It being impossible to go straight on to the Boydton plank road on the road on which we were riding, we turned to the right and rode up the branch. General Hill, whose sole idea was to reach his troops at all hazards, soon became impatient of the slow progress of our improvised skirmishers, and really there seemed to be no enemy on our front in the direction in which we were riding. So we pressed on ahead of them.

After going a short distance, it became light enough to see some artillery on the River Road (Cox's) about 150 yards distant on the hill to our right. He asked me whose artillery it was. I informed him that it was Poague's battalion which came over the night before from Dutch Gap. He requested me to go at once and put it into position. I leaped my horse over the branch and carried out his request.

This was the last I ever saw of General Hill alive. As I rode across the field and up the slope towards Poague's battalion he rode up the branch towards a copse of small pines, with a few large ones interspersed. It was in this copse, doubtless, that General Hill met his death in the manner described by Tucker. The mistakes of Tucker are first as to the distance of the branch in question from the Turnbull House, which is not more

than 200 yards, and then as to the time of his conversation with General Hill which must have been after I left him, and some distance up the branch. I remember Tucker's presence but not that of Jenkins at the branch.

When we left the gate of the Turnbull House, General Hill had but one courier; but another could have easily ridden up behind us without attracting my attention, while we were examining the front so intently in the dim light of the coming day.

The sad event of General Hill's death was the crowning sorrow of that fatal morning. In him fell one of the knightliest generals of that army of knightly soldiers. On the field, he was the very soul of chivalrous gallantry. In moments of the greatest peril, his bearing was superb and inspiring in the highest degree. No wonder that Lee, when he saw the horse of his trusted lieutenant with the saddle empty, led by the faithful Tucker, found time to shed tears, even in the trying moment when the tide of adverse battle, sweeping heavily again us, demanded his every thought.

The name of A.P. Hill stands recorded high on the list of those noble sons of Virginia at whose roll-call grateful memory

will ever answer: "Dead on the field of honor for the people they loved so well."

I should have added to the account above that in less than half an hour after General Hill was killed, the advanced skirmishers of the enemy were driven from the copse of pines by our men, and his body recovered.

While thus supplementing, and in a manner correcting, Sergeant Tucker's account, I wish to say I have great respect for him. He was a true and faithful soldier – as brave as a lion. I well remember being with General Hill in the 5th of May, 1864, as his advance guard on the plank road struck the enemy's cavalry outposts in the Wilderness, when Tucker, whose horse had died during the winter, got permission to go on the skirmish line and kill a Yankee cavalry man and appropriate his steed. His eagerness caused him to be imprudent in exposing himself, and he got a bullet in the thigh, which rendered a horse unnecessary to him for some time.

With all the good wishes of the day, I am,  
Yours most truly,  
Charles S. Venable

**Hill: "If you take command of my troops in my presence, take my sword also."**

**Jackson: "Put up your sword and consider yourself in arrest."**

**The arrest of A.P. Hill by Stonewall Jackson as witnessed by Colonel William Palmer and Jed Hotchkiss during the Maryland Campaign.**

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## THE MAN WHO KILLED GENERAL A.P. HILL

John W. Mauk, *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Volume 20, 350-351.

The Baltimore *American*, of May 29, 1892, in a long article describing how General Hill was killed, reproduces the account of his courier, Sergeant Tucker, and also a statement from Corporal John W. Mauk, of Company F, 138th Pennsylvania Infantry, who claims that he fired the fatal shot, and who, at the time, was in company with Private Daniel Wolford, of the same company. Mauk's statement is as follows:

On the morning of April, 2, 1865, after the rebel works had been carried in the front, the main portion of the troops deployed to the left inside the enemy's works. A portion of the Second Brigade, Third Division, Sixth Army Corps, became separated from the main body and pushed forward to the railroad and a wagon road, running parallel with each other. Comrade Daniel Wolford and myself, of Company F, 138th Pennsylvania Volunteers, reached this point. We came to a sawmill just across the railroad, and close to it, under a slab-pile near the track, we found some crowbars, with which we tore up two rails of the track.

Previous to this, however, we, who were separated from the others, saw a wagon-train passing along and advanced, firing on it, expecting to capture it. This accounts for our advancing in this direction. After tearing up the track, we went obliquely to the left from the railroad, in the direction of a swamp about a half or three-quarters of a mile from the sawmill, which we had passed to the right when firing on

the train, and going in the direction of the railroad. Here we attempted to cross back on the Corduroy road, which led through the swamp toward a body of our men on the hill near the former line of the rebel works.

These men were stragglers who had been lost from their commands and were making coffee and eating breakfast. Just as we entered the swamp, we saw two men on horseback coming from the direction of

Petersburg, who had the appearance of officers. They advanced until they came to the men on the hill; they then turned and rode

toward us. We had just entered the swamp, when they advanced with cocked revolvers in their hands, which were leveled at us.

Seeing a large oak tree close to the road, we took it for protection against any movement they would be likely to make. Seemingly by direction of his superior, one of the rebel officers remained behind. The other advanced with his revolver pointed at us, and demanded our surrender, saying, "Surrender, or I will shoot you. A body of troops are advancing on our left (from the direction of Petersburg), and you will have to surrender, anyway!"

The officer still advanced and peremptorily demanded, "Surrender your arms." I said, "I could not see it," and said to Comrade Wolford, "Let us shoot them."

We immediately raised our guns and fired, I bringing my man from his saddle. The other officer, throwing himself forward

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on the horse's neck, rode off in the direction from which they had come, while the horse of the other followed. We knowing not what was on our flank and not being able to see in that direction, backed out and went farther down the swamp and crossed to the men on the hill.

Shortly afterwards, I told Comrade Wolford that I would go and see what the officer had with him. I went a short distance, and saw what I took to be a skirmish line advancing. I went back and got part of the men on the hill – perhaps ten or fifteen – and deployed them as skirmishers for self defense. The advancing line came within hailing distance. I ordered them to halt, which they did. Then I said: "Throw up your arms, advance, and give an account of yourselves."

On being questioned, they said they had captured some rebel prisoners, and were taking them to the rear. Six or eight were carrying guns and were dressed in our

uniform. About that many were without guns and wore rebel uniforms. I took their word and let them go. Turning round they asked me if a man had been killed near there. I told them I had killed an officer in the swamp. They went off in that direction. I had no suspicions at the time, but afterward thought this was a Confederate ruse to get the body of the man I had just killed. Comrade Wolford and myself shortly after this joined our regiment and nothing more was thought of the affair until summoned to brigade and corps headquarters to answer questions.

After I had given a statement of the affair General Wright asked me if I knew whom I had killed. I told him that I did not. He said: "You have killed General A.P. Hill, of the Confederate army."

All this occurred on the morning after the rebel works had been carried, on the April 2, 1865.

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## UP CAME HILL

William J. Robertson IV, *Richmond Dispatch*, November 1934.

After Jackson's death, Lee threw his full weight of dependence on Hill's third army corps.

General A.L. Long, after the war, described the corps commander well when he said: "No man was more distinguished throughout the war for chivalric bearing than this brave soldier. On every field where appeared Army of Northern Virginia, he bore a conspicuous part."

Longstreet was not so kind. He resented Hill's elevation to a corps commander on Stonewall's death. He

accused Lee of favoritism to Virginians and declared, "General Daniel H. Hill was the superior of General A.P. Hill in rank, skill, judgment, and distinguished services." It was the old hate engendered by the quarrel during the Seven Days.

Lee learned to love and admire Hill, and he held no grudge when the latter saw fit to criticize him as he did near the end of Grant's hammering campaign. Exclaimed Hill to a fellow officer: "It is ardent nonsense for Lee to say that Grant can't make a night march without his knowing it.

Has not Grant slipped around him already?"

And yet he respected Lee's prowess in holding a defensive position against a tremendously superior force and took pride in the fact that his own corps was its capstone.

A.P. Hill loved three women. The first, Emma Wilson, beautiful brunette of Baltimore, was a schoolmate of his sister Lucy at Potapsco Female Seminary, Ellicott City, Maryland. He met her soon after his graduation from West Point, became engaged to her, but never married her for a reason that cannot be determined. When he loved Emma Wilson he was 25.

In Washington, between 1856 and 1857, he met charming Ellen Mary Marcy, blonde, blue-eyed daughter of Major Randolph B. Marcy, explorer of the famous Red River, Federal chief-of-staff in the first years of the war. He became engaged to her, although the exact date is not known; but her father strenuously objected.

He had two reasons. Hill was a Southerner, born of slave-holding people, and on that Red River expedition he was accompanied by a young army lieutenant he liked very much. The young man was George B. McClellan. Tearfully, Ellen Mary, after much pressure from her parent, returned Hill's diamond ring, told him it was the end, and married Lieutenant McClellan on May 22, 1860.

Hill gave the ring, in which was engraved "Je t'aime," to his sister Lucy, hugged his disappointment and sought other flowers in the garden of girls. He was not heartbroken long.

In 1857, two charming sisters from Lexington, Kentucky, went to Washington for a visit and stopped at the old Willard Hotel.

One was Mrs. Kitty Morgan McClung, widow of her cousin, Calvin McClung, of Knoxville. The other was Henrietta Morgan. Both were sisters of the famous General

John H. Morgan of Kentucky. Henrietta afterward married General Basil W. Duke, one of Morgan's captains.

Hill met the young widow at a party given by a friend, Dr. Wood of Washington. A mutual attraction resulted. Early in the

winter of 1857, he wrote his sister Lucy: "I can reach you and you can reach me easily, that in case either of us be married, we can surely attend the other. Look out for mine at any time! You know I am so constituted, that to be in love with some one is as necessary to me as my dinner, and there is now a little siren who has thrown her net around me, and I know not how soon I may cry, *Pecavi!* and yield up my right to flirt with whom I please. She is a sensible little beauty, and if the spasm will stay in me long enough, and she will say yes, why I don't believe I could do better. Alas, though, I much fear that the good things of this world are unequally distributed in her case. Her beauty and sense are her only

***"No man was more distinguished throughout the war for chivalric bearing than this brave soldier. On every field where appeared Army of Northern Virginia, he bore a conspicuous part."***

dowry! But, when you come down you must be prepared to spend a week at Willard's and judge for yourself. So get your fine dresses ready."

On July 18, 1859, Hill and Kitty Morgan McClung were married in the home of her mother in the outskirts of Lexington. The Reverend J. H. Morrison of the little Christ Episcopal Church where Henry Clay worshipped, officiated. John H. Morgan, the bride's brother, was best man.

Kitty Hill was petite, vivacious, blue-eyes, stylish, possessed luxuriant light brown hair that fell to her waist, and sang like a bird. Her old Negro mammy nicknamed her Dolly because when she was a child "she looked lak a doll," and Hill always called her that. She was nine years his junior, jealous and sensitive about his previous love affairs.

Hill wrote his sister Lucy immediately after the wedding: "Don't tease Dolly about Miss Wilson and my other affair." She never did.

Four children were born to the couple, all girls: Henrietta, in Washington in 1860, died during the war; Frances Russell (1861-1917); Lucy Lee (1863-1931); A.P. Hill (1865-1871).

Frances Russell married twice, the first time James Gay, Lexington Ky.; the second to Garland Hale, Chicago. Lucy Lee, who lived and died in Richmond, married General James MacGill of Maryland.

In his campaigns in Virginia, Kitty Hill followed her husband, quartering here at a friend's, there in a hotel, or wherever convenience demanded, accompanied by two faithful servants. She rolled her hair in a chignon on top her head and transported her money and jewels therein.

In 1864, when she heard Sheridan was coming to a certain hotel, she sent her

children to friends, went to the hostelry to obtain information for her husband. As she made her get-away, she was fired upon by Federal soldiers, but escaped unharmed.

When he was colonel, Hill's regiment was the 13th Virginia Infantry. In 1864, Kitty Hill presented it a battle flag, made from her wedding dress. It may be seen today in the Confederate Museum in Richmond. In the first engagement in which it appeared, its beardless 15-year-old bearer was killed.

For Lucy Lee, men from Hill's corps made a rough-hewn cradle, used by Kitty long after the war.

Shortly before the Wilderness campaign, it was decided to have Lucy Lee christened. She was taken to the home of Colonel and Mrs. John Willis near Orange Courthouse. Mrs. Willis was the daughter of Captain Ambrose Madison, brother of President Madison. It was a bright May afternoon, and Hill commented on the early flowers and the singing of the birds.

The child was christened by the Reverend Richard Davis, Rector of St. Thomas' Parish, Orange. General Lee stood as godfather and held the child in his arms. As the minister sprinkled the water on her brow and gave her his blessing, a tear rolled down the great soldier's cheek.

Cannonading was heard in the distance, and Lee and his corps commander rushed to their saddles and were soon galloping to the front. The christening water was in an old-fashioned silver bowl that belonged to President Madison's mother.

Throughout his campaign, Hill never lost an opportunity to be with his little family. He was a devoted husband and a doting father, but, unfortunately, little is known of his personal movements between 1861 and 1865. Letters he wrote to members

of his family were burned in recent years in a fire at Culpepper. Nevertheless, from fragmentary sources, one is able to piece together his personal characteristics during the conflict.

He was not a religious man. When he was colonel of the 13th Virginia, the Reverend J. William Jones of Louisa, Virginia, was his chaplain and held a like post later in the Third Corps. Upon reporting for duty, Jones suggested to Hill that a revival meeting be held for the soldiers. Hill vetoed the suggestion, and sent the young divine to the awkward squad with the observation that “a good fighter now is more desirable than a good preacher.”

In the summer of 1864, as corps chaplain, Jones was busy distributing religious tracts among the regiments, when he met Hill. The latter smiled good-humoredly, exclaimed “John, don’t you think the boys would prefer hardtacks to soft tracts?”

After the war when Jones wrote his famous volume, *Christ in the Camp*, he enumerated the Christian generals in Confederate Army – Lee, Jackson, Stuart, Ewell – all were there. But, not Hill, an omission that is significant in view of his long service under him.

Hill, however, was not intolerant. At Mine Run, in November, 1863, Lee’s Army was in line of battle. The commander-in-chief and his staff, accompanied by Hill, were riding toward the front. Shells were bursting in the tree tops as they rode. Reaching the end of Hill’s line, they came upon a group of ragged soldiers, holding a prayer meeting.

Although expecting an attack any moment, Lee dismounted, followed by his staff and Hill, uncovered, and remained so until the leader of the meeting finished his prayer. Had Lee not been present, Hill would have preferred to move on to what he considered more important business on the battle line. As he resumed his saddle, he was thoughtful, almost to the point of tenderness, according to those who watched him.

Whatever may have been his religious beliefs, Hill would brook no violations of the traditional moral code.

Men were not good fighters, he argued, who broke the seventh commandment, who gambled or became intoxicated. He

himself would not refuse a mint julep on proper occasions, but he hated gambling and supported Chaplain Jones vigorously in driving it out of the 13th Virginia.

He was a hard swearer when the occasion demanded, but never swore before Lee, but did on one occasion before Jackson. When Lee was moving into Maryland the first time, a team of mules halted obstinately in the middle of the Potomac. Jackson and Hill watched a sergeant trying to coax the animals with a whip and with what Hill called lace curtain language. Hill left Jackson, joined the muleteer, swore loudly at the animals in a way that involved their ancestry – and the mules moved on! Jackson, observing quietly, chewed on a lemon, and said nothing. It may have been because, after all, he, too, worshipped the god efficiency.

To Hill, cowardice in a normal man was unforgivable. He lost no opportunity to

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sing the praises of subordinates in his reports, but took first-hand action when he discovered a member of his organization not measuring up to his ideas of fearlessness.

At Cedar Mountain, he saw a young lieutenant skulking from the battlefield, leaving his men leaderless, obviously badly frightened. Hill caught up with him, took his sword away, tore his insignia from his uniform with a curse, and ordered the man out of his sight. The lieutenant wept, picked up a musket near-by, returned, and led his men to the attack with a ferocity that made Hill's eyes misty.

Bolivar Heights, one of the three great promontories, about a mile and a half west of, and overlooking Harper's Ferry, was where A.P. Hill, with his Thirteenth Virginia, began service for the Confederacy.

His unit, 500 strong, consisted of three companies from Orange, the Montpelier Guards, Gordonsville Grays, Barboursville Guards, Hampshire (West Virginia) Guards, Louisa Blues, Winchester Boomerangs, and the Lanier Guards from Baltimore. Among the company officers were Peyton Slaughter, Lewis B. Williams, Tazewell Patton, the last two, as colonels were killed at Gettysburg. James A. Walker, Abingdon, Virginia, who was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute, once challenged Professor Jackson to a duel, was lieutenant colonel.

Hill drilled his men, most of whom were raw recruits, so hard and long each day and with such precision that when Brigadier General Joseph E. Johnston, reviewed the regiment late in June, he commented with admiration on its veteran-like appearance.

The 13th Virginia was brigaded under General E. Kirby Smith and was assigned to Johnston's Army of the Shenandoah. It had

its first skirmish with the enemy at New Creek Depot, eighteen miles west of Cumberland, Maryland, and was posted to the right of Johnston's army at first Bull Run.

At Manassas when Hill had come up, Jackson had received his immortal sobriquet from Bee. Bee was dead, and General Irvin McDowell's brave gentlemen in blue were headed like frightened chickens for Washington!

General Smith was wounded, Colonel Arnold Elzey, Maryland, succeeded him over Hill's brigade; and Hill watched with sad misgivings, the withdrawal to the South of the Confederate forces.

Little chance, now, he mused for winning one's spurs. But, almost at this moment, President Davis was considering him for promotion because of his work at New Creek Depot.

In February, 1863, he was commissioned a brigadier-general, assigned to the First Brigade in Longstreet's Second Division in Johnston's Army.

His regimental commanders were Colonels Lewis B. Williams, James Kemper, Samuel Garland, and M. D. Corse. The Thirteenth Virginia was taken over by Colonel James A. Walker and assigned to Jubal Early's brigade in Ewell's division of Jackson's corps.

Hill's first important engagement of the war took place at Williamsburg in May, 1862, against the forces of his old classmate, McClellan, as the later moved up from Yorktown. Magruder's division was waiting for him; Longstreet was sent to reinforce Magruder. Hill's brigade was posted in front of the division, facing the enemy commanded by Joseph Hooker of Heintzelman's corps.

In an all-day battle, Hill personally led his brigade into four hard attacks, pushing the enemy back each time, in the center and on the flanks – until his own ammunition gave out, where upon he charged with the bayonet. Late in the evening, Longstreet ordered him to retire after his advances had been consolidated by fresh troops.

Going in and coming out, he handled his brigade magnificently. Johnston, learning of his work, promoted him to a major-general late in May, 1862.

That month the battle of Seven Pines was fought, Johnston was wounded, an event which permitted destiny to write in larger letters upon the page of history the name of his successor, Robert E. Lee.

In Richmond, Hill recruited and organized his troops into six full brigades unit – the Light Division – and created a regiment of artillery. The brigade commanders were General Charles W. Field, Maxey Gregg, Joseph R. Anderson, L.O. B. Branch, James J. Archer, and William D. Pender. Lieutenant Colonel Lewis M. Coleman, serving for Colonel R. Lindsey Walker, who was ill, commanded the artillery. Subordinates included Captain (later General) W.J. Pegram and Captain Carter Braxton, a descendent of the Signer. Virginians, North Carolinians, South Carolinians, Georgians, and Tennesseans contributed to the division.

Each battery of the artillery contained from one to two Napoleon guns, from one to two Parrotts, the former 12-pounder, smooth-bore, muzzle-loading rifle guns.

The division's headquarters staff consisted of Major R.C. Morgan, Hill's brother-in-law, assistant adjutant-general; Major J.E. Field, assistant quartermaster; Major E.B. Hill, A.P. Hill's brother, division commissary; Major J.M. David, volunteer aide-de-camp; Captain R.H.T. Adams, signal officer; Captain H.T. Douglas, chief engineer officer; Lieutenants F.T. Hill and Murray Taylor, aides-de-camp. F.T. Hill was the division commander's nephew. Lieutenant John H. Chamberlayne was

Hill's personal adjutant.

On June 23, 1862, Hill participated in Lee's famous council of war on the Nine-Mile Road near Mechanicsville where plans for the Seven Days Battles were

mapped. With amusement, he saw Jackson swallow a glass of milk when drinks were passed around. Longstreet, A.P. Hill, D.H. Hill – each liked his hard beverage.

Lee's orders made Hill's division the pivot upon which the Southern Army's strategy was based, depending upon the arrival of Jackson from Ashland. Jackson didn't arrive on time as planned; Hill was forced to attack at Mechanicsville, expressly as Lee had ordered to open the passage across the Chickahominy, so that D. H. Hill and Longstreet could follow over and rush McClellan. He accomplished that purpose magnificently, the exploits of his troops being a dramatic portion of the story of Seven Days.

With the exception of Malvern Hill, the Light Division figured heroically in all the fighting – Mechanicsville, Gaines Mill, Savage Station, and Frazer's Farm. It was

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the beginning of an unbroken record of achievement that ended only at Chancellorsville.

In the fighting, Hill was at the forefront of his troops. His handling of the division, going in and coming out, was well-nigh flawless. With magnificent sturdiness he frequently faced overwhelming odds and held them until reinforcements came up. His division had 14,000 men.

After Seven Days the Light Division was Jackson's chief source of strength in the strategic maneuvers against the boasting Pope.

In August, 1862, Cedar Mountain, Groveton, Second Manassas, Centerville, and Chantilly were all scenes of the Light Division's brilliance.

In September, 1862, as Lee made his first invasion of Maryland, Jackson sent Hill to Harper's Ferry, which he captured mainly with his artillery, posted at strategic points about the river and on the hills. From the supplies captured, he chose a red flannel Yankee shirt, donned it, marched his division rapidly a distance of seventeen miles, fording the Potomac, rushed to a place on Lee's right flank, and prevented Burnside's Corps from crushing it.

As he moved his division into place, a horse was shot from under him a few minutes after he had talked with Lee. Sword out, he ran to the front of his troops on foot. Burnside was forced to move back, and an attack was turned into a rout. Antietam failed to become a Confederate defeat.

In December, 1862, the Light Division formed the right frontal attack of Jackson's corps, at Fredericksburg, and fought back desperately the wave upon wave of enemy attacks, until the men were exhausted and

had to be reinforced by Jubal Early. In the face of tremendous odds, Hill's lines held true against one of the most terrific onslaughts of the war.

Then Chancellorsville in May, 1863, and another turning point in his military career! It was the Light Division there that formed the center of Jackson's corps that participated in the memorable flank movement, by which Hooker's right was destroyed!

It was in the shadows of the evening of May 2, 1863, that Jackson ordered Hill to continue driving the enemy back into the Federal works at Chancellorsville, whereupon Stonewall moved out in front of the battle line, returned after a while – and received his mortal wound from the rifles of his own North Carolinians.

Hill and staff rushed immediately to his aid. Hill dismounted, clasped the wounded officer in his arms like a woman with a child, and drew the noble head against his heart. He murmured words of friendship, encouragement to the stricken warrior, drew a handkerchief from his coat to check the flow of blood. Jackson smiled an instant, then ordered General Pender to hold his ground. Grimly, Hill thought Jackson was up to his old trick – ordering Hill's men about. But, there was no animosity in his heart.

Hill hurried back to his troops, but was wounded in the right leg, and Jeb Stuart succeeded him. Jackson's death in the end elevated Hill to the command of the Third Corps and the Light Division passed out of existence its unit absorbed by other organizations. Longstreet and Ewell were given the First and Second Corps, respectively.

## UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF GENERAL AMBROSE POWELL HILL

*Richmond Dispatch*, May 31, 1892.

Richmond is a city of memories, and it must also be a city of monuments; monuments which entwine our hearts with the past and pledge us to a patriotic future.

We have now a monument in Oakwood Cemetery to the 16,000 dead buried there; a granite column (nearly finished) in Marshall Park (Libby Hill) to all of the soldiers and sailors of the Confederacy; a statue to Stonewall Jackson in the Capitol Square; a granite pyramidal pile to the twelve thousand Confederate dead in Hollywood, and, in the same cemetery, monuments over the graves of Pickett, Stuart, Maury, and others; a statue of Wickham in Monroe Park, and an equestrian statue of Lee at the west end of Franklin Street. Our duty in this respect to A.P. Hill is also done, and movements are on foot to do like honor to President Davis and to Jeb Stuart.

The people of Richmond gave themselves up on the May 30 heartily and enthusiastically to the two great events to which the day had been dedicated—the unveiling of the statue of General Ambrose Powell Hill and the Hollywood memorial ceremonies.

The May 30, 1892, has passed into history as a date on which the patriotic pulse was regnant. The scenes of the morning fill another tablet to be laid away along with those on which are inscribed the records of the unveiling of the Jackson and Hill statues. The scenes of the afternoon were a repetition in large measure of what has occurred annually for over two decades,

but they never lose their freshness, nor can they become less pregnant with a beautiful and touching lesson as time rolls on.

The note of preparation for the actual demonstration began Sunday afternoon. On every train, military companies

and camps were arriving, and, by midnight, the man seen on the street who did not have on uniform or wear a badge was the exception.

In the morning, companies, camps, and veterans unattached began to move to the assembly grounds as early as 9:00, and by 10:00, the whole western section of the city was stir and bustle.

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**Hill's Followers Here**

The rumble of artillery, the flash of sabers, the gleam of bayonets, the waving of battle flags, the tramp of infantry and squadrons of cavalry, the notes of the bugle, and the martial music of the bands made the occasion one intensely inspiring. Marked in the throng by every one were the men who wore the badge of the 13th Virginia, Hill's old regiment. Some of these survivors look, even now, as if they had not passed middle age, but the majority of them are gray-haired, and have left behind the half-century milestone on the road of life.

Another organization whose members attracted special attention wherever they were seen was the Pegram Battalion Association. All the veterans were recipients of general recognition and evoked enthusiastic greeting, but the 13th Virginia survivors and the Pegram Battalion survivors were more distinctively noticeable by their badges, and, perhaps more prominently, associated in the public mind with Hill.

Two focal points of interest before the procession moved were the Mechanics' Institute and the residence of Major Thomas A. Brander, corner of Franklin and Fourth streets. At the former, the headquarters of the Pegram Battalion Association, the aides reported to the chief marshal, and orders were being sent out every few minutes by them. At the latter, the ladies who were to occupy seats in carriages assembled and were assigned by Colonel J.V. Bidgood.

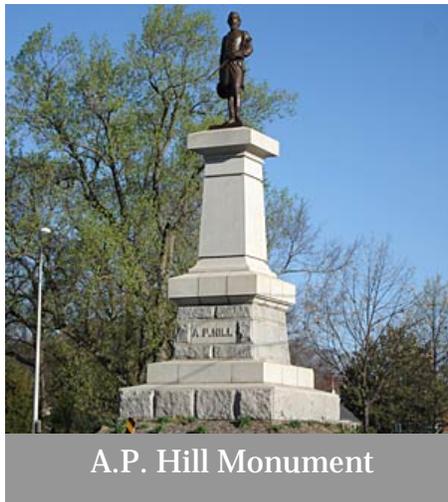
The march was a long, hot, and dusty one, but those in line, including the veterans, stood to it with splendid steadiness. Many of the latter bore on their bodies the scars of battle, and others were broken in health from exposure in camp or bivouac, but there was about the column something of that grim determination of the days when their dauntless courage, their fortitude, and their disregard for all obstacles that confronted them made the armies of the Confederacy the admiration of the world.

The armory was like a bee hive, and hundreds of men were pouring back and forth, while a crowd was constantly in front of the building. Guards were posted at the doors to keep back the public, and these were on duty from early Sunday morning until the troops formed in line yesterday.

The visiting soldier boys were evidently enjoying themselves as much as possible, and before the column moved they could be seen scattered about in every direction.

**Crowds on the Street**

The parade, which was one of the leading features of the day, was the finest display of military and veterans seen in this city since the Lee monument unveiling and attracted universal attention. Thousands of people lined the streets from the Capitol Square, where the various organizations began to fall in, up to the Lee Monument grounds. The porches and verandas along the route were crowded with pretty girls,



A.P. Hill Monument

who cheered and waved their handkerchiefs to the troops as they passed.

A few minutes after 9:00, the formation of the magnificent column was commenced, and the various companies, troops, and batteries began falling in. Broad Street from Fifth to Ninth, and Marshall from the Armory to Ninth fairly swarmed with soldiery, and the thoroughfares looked as if the city had been besieged by a mighty invading host. The flash of the musketry and the gleaming of the cavalry and artillery sabers were truly an inspiring sight, which was rendered still more imposing by the appearance of the veterans, nearly all of whom wore the Confederate gray. Hundreds of badges with the colors of the Lost Cause were sold upon the streets, and many of these were worn upon the coat lapels of those who marched in the long line.

The arrangements for the formation of the procession had been made with great care and precision, but some little difficulty was experienced in getting the various organizations in exactly the right places. The column was, therefore, a trifle late moving. The order to forward, march! was given a few minutes before 11:00. Grace Street from Ninth to Fifth, the first part of the route, was literally jammed with men, women, and children, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed when the procession started amidst the strains of inspiring music and the hurrahs of the multitude.

#### **The Police, Marshal and Aides**

A squad of mounted police under command of Captain E.P. Hulce, of the Third District, rode at the head of the line. The blue coats all wore their helmets of gray, and presented an excellent

appearance. Behind these came the chief-marshal, General Harry Heth, who wore a buff sash and looked every inch a soldier as he sat erect on his prancing charger. He was followed by Colonel William H. Palmer, his chief of staff, whose sash was white.

The aides, all of whom wore red sashes, were as follows: Captain W. Gordon McCabe, Petersburg; Colonel W.W. Finney, Sublett's Tavern, Virginia; Lieutenant Beverly H. Selden, Richmond; Captain Stockton Heth, Radford, Virginia; Colonel G.M. Fague, Washington, D.C.; Dr. George Ross, Richmond; Dr. C.W.P. Brock, Richmond; Joseph Bryan, Richmond; Captain R.H.T. Adams, Lynchburg; Colonel J.V. Bidgood, Richmond; Judge E.C. Minor, Richmond; Judge H.W. Flournoy, Richmond; Colonel T.M.R. Talcott, Richmond; Colonel Walter H. Taylor, Norfolk; General G.M. Sorrell, Savannah, Georgia; W.R. Trigg, Richmond; Colonel A.G. Dickinson, New York; Captain W.H. Weisiger, Richmond; Colonel W.E. Tanner, Richmond; G. Powell Hill, Richmond; Colonel Archer Anderson, Richmond; General T.M. Logan, Richmond; Captain Charles U. Williams, Richmond; Colonel R.L. Maury, Richmond; Colonel C.O'B. Cowardin, Richmond; Captain E.P. Reeve, Richmond; Major N.V. Randolph, Richmond; Judge Geo. L. Christian, Richmond; Chas. Selden, Richmond.

Colonel Henry C. Jones, commandant of the First Virginia regiment of Infantry, had charge of all the militia. He was accompanied by the following officers from the brigade staff: Major John H. Dinneen, inspector-general; Major Meriwether Jones, quartermaster; Major M.D. Hoge, Jr., surgeon; and Major William M. Evans, assistant adjutant-general. Captain L.T. Christian and Captain B.B. Walker, of the

Second regiment, District of Columbia National Guard, by special request, also acted as members of Colonel Jones' staff, all of whom were mounted.

### **The First at the Head**

The First regiment, which presented a splendid appearance and marched unusually well, headed the infantry forces. Major J.H. Derbyshire commanded the first battalion and Captain Charles Gasser, the second. The following were the staff officers: Major E.P. Turner, surgeon; Captain D.A. Kuyk, assistant-surgeon; Captain E.A. Shepherd, adjutant; Captain J.R. Tennant, quartermaster; Captain Cyrus Bossieux, commissary; and Reverend Dr. Moses D. Hoge. The figure of the beloved Presbyterian divine, as he sat erect and soldierly upon his horse, attracted considerable attention. The non-commissioned staff, who marched with drawn swords, were Sergeant-Major R.B. Hickok, Quartermaster-Sergeant P.L. Falkiner, Ordnance Sergeant H.P. Gray, Commissary-Sergeant J.V.B. Moore, Post-Quartermaster-Sergeant J.S.L. Owen.

The Grays (Company A) were commanded by Captain C. Gray Bossieux, with Lieutenants Garrison and Goode and nine commissioned officers. Thirty-five privates were in line, making a total rank and file of fifty-six men.

Captain Frank Cunningham commanded the Walker Light Guard (Company B), and his commissioned officer was Lieutenant J.J. Haverty. Lieutenant William Russell was assigned to duty as adjutant of the Second battalion. Fifty officers and privates of the company paraded.

Captain Harry Lee Watson, the newly-elected commandant, was at the head of Company C, which paraded thirty-five men. Lieutenant J.B. Patton was the next officer in rank, while Lieutenant J.R. Holstead, the other commissioned officer, was detailed as officer of the guard. Company D, which was commanded by First Lieutenant Charles A. Crawford, in the absence of Captain Gasser, who had charge of the Second Battalion, turned out fifty-seven men.

Captain E. Leslie Spence, officer of the day, commanded Company E, which paraded thirty-five men. The other officers were Lieutenants J.P. Davis and George R. Fairlamb. Company F, which paraded thirty-two, was commanded by Captain George Wayne Anderson, with Lieutenants S.J. Doswell and G.P. Shackelford.

The Hospital Corps of the regiment turned out in large numbers. The following were the members in line: Acting Stewards Flavius Glinn, L.H. Burwell, H.L. Cardoza, G.F. Ferrin, P.E. Gibbs, W.H. Goodliff, Samuel Harris, C.V. Jones, Robert Hardwicke, C.H. Kindervater, H. Kindervater, G.E. Matlock, L.B. Samuels, J.P. Scott, W.R. Smith, C.N. Pugh, J.F. Waller, B.P.T. Wood, W.H. Parker, Jr., L.B. Reams, R.R. Allen, A.G. Allen, and G.E. Bailey.

The Drum-Corps, an important adjunct of the regiment, paraded in full force, and took no trifling part in the procession, for they made themselves heard in their characteristic way.

### **The Fourth Regiment**

A battalion of the Fourth regiment followed the First, and was preceded by an excellent band of twenty pieces. Lieutenant

Colonel Harry Hodges commanded, while Major L.A. Bilisoly acted as surgeon, and Lieutenant B.W. Salomonsky as adjutant. The visiting infantrymen presented a splendid appearance. The following were the companies composing the battalion:

Company B (Norfolk), Captain M. Terrall; three noncommissioned officers and fifteen privates, making a total of nineteen men.

Company D (Hampton), Captain G.W. Hope; First Lieutenant, F.W. Couch; Second Lieutenant, J.W. Tennis. Six non-commissioned officers and twenty-three privates, making a total of thirty-three men.

Company E (Portsmouth), Captain R.E. Warren; Second Lieutenant, T.C. Owen. Five non-commissioned officers and twenty privates, making a total of twenty-seven men.

Company G (Petersburg Grays), Captain F.R. Lassiter; Lieutenants R.O. Jones and W.L. McGill, and twenty-five privates, making a total of twenty-eight men, rank and file.

Company K (Portsmouth), Captain J.W. Happer; First Lieutenant, E.W. Owen; Second Lieutenant, J.W. Leigh. Seven non-commissioned officers and twenty-six privates, making a total of thirty-six men.

### **National Guard and Blues**

The Provisional battalion, which was commanded by Captain Sol. Cutchins, was preceded by the Blues' Band, which rendered beautiful music as the procession moved along the route.

Company C, of the District of Columbia National Guard, of Washington, was one of the finest-looking organizations in the command. The officers were Captain George E. Pickett, First Lieutenant E.D.

Smoot, and Second Lieutenant Underwood. There were twelve non-commissioned officers and thirty-five privates, making a total of fifty men.

The Huntington Rifles, of Newport News, were commanded by Captain G.W. Fitchett and Lieutenants R.G. Hughes and J.E. Williams. Six non-commissioned officers and thirty-six privates were in line, making a total of forty-two men.

The Richmond Light Infantry Blues, under command of Lieutenant Clarence Wyatt, paraded fifty-six men, and appeared in the pink of condition. The other officers were Lieutenant William B. Pizzini, Lieutenant E.T. Baker (surgeon), First Sergeant George Guy, Orderly Sergeant Frank Steel, Sergeant G.B. Mountcastle (leader of the band), and La Rue Grove, drum-major. The latter attracted considerable attention by the skilful manner in which he twirled the baton.

### **The Third Regiment Battalion**

The battalion of the Third regiment was commanded by Captain T. S. Keller, and consisted of the following companies:

Company D (Charlottesville), First Lieutenant, L.F. Roberts; Second Lieutenant, J.N. Marshall. Four non-commissioned officers and thirty-three privates; total, rank and file, forty men.

Company E (Lynchburg), Captain F. Camm; First Lieutenant, T.D. Oglesby; Second Lieutenant, W.J. Seabury; Third Lieutenant, W.S. Faulkner. Seven non-commission officers and twenty-four privates, making a total of thirty-five men.

### The Artillery

The First Battalion of Artillery, which was the largest body of cannoneers that has paraded the streets of this city for years, presented a magnificent appearance as they marched with even pace along the route.

Major W.E. Simons commanded the artillerymen, and the following were the officers of his staff: Captain W.G. Harvey (adjutant), Major Ed. McCarthy (surgeon), Captain J.E. Phillips, Lieutenants R.L. Vandeventer, E.M. Crutchfield, and H.L. Turner.

It is no disparagement to the visiting cannoneers to say that the Richmond Howitzers presented the finest appearance of all

the batteries. They paraded mounted and carried their four guns, limber-chests, and caissons. Eighty of the gallant artillerymen were in line, and as they marched in the procession, amid the heavy, rumbling sound of the cannon, there was something truly martial in their appearance. Captain John A. Hutcheson commanded the Howitzers, and his lieutenants were W.A. Barratt, T.H. Starke and C.W. McFarlane.

The Grimes Battery, of Portsmouth (Battery C), a recently organized company, vied with the Howitzers in neatness of appearance and soldierly demeanor. They were commanded by Captain George W. McDonald and Lieutenants H.R. Warren and W.K. Gale, and paraded fourteen non-commissioned officers and nineteen privates.

The Lynchburg Blues (Battery D), a well-drilled organization, were commanded

by Captain John A. Davis and Lieutenant J.F. Graves, and paraded twelve non-commissioned officers and fourteen privates, making a total of thirty men.

### Six Troops of Cavalry

The cavalry regiment was the largest body of military horsemen that has been seen in this city since the war, and it was an inspiring sight to behold the troopers as they proudly marched in the procession.

Colonel G. Percy Hawes commanded the

regiment, and the following were the members of his staff: Lieutenant-Colonel, W.F. Wickham; Major, W. Kirk Mathews; Major Lewis Wheat, M.D., surgeon; Captain

H.M. Boykin, adjutant; Captain A.B.

Guigon, commissary; Captain E.D.

Hotchkiss, ordnance officer; Captain E.D.

McGuire, M.D., assistant surgeon. Non-

commissioned staff: Captain E.P. Turner, surgeon of Troop B, Surry county; Sergeant

Major W. B. Marks; Commissary-Sergeant,

John C. Small; Quartermaster-Sergeant J.F.

Bradley; Ordnance Sergeant, E.S. Hazen.

### Organizations in the Regiment

Troop A (Stuart Horse Guard), Captain Charles Euker, Lieutenants E.J. Euker and J.R. Branch, eleven non-commissioned officers and twenty-five privates, making a total of thirty-nine.

Troop C (Fitz Lee Troop, Lynchburg), Captain T.J. Ingram, First Lieutenant W.M. Seay, Jr., Second Lieutenant H.W. Baker; nine non-commissioned officers, and

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twenty-five privates, making a total thirty-seven.

Troop D (Hanover Troop), Captain W.D. Cardwell, First Lieutenant M.P. Howard, Second Lieutenant Fenton Noland; eleven non-commissioned officers and twenty six privates, making a total forty.

Troop F (Chesterfield Troop), Captain David Moore, First Lieutenant A.C. Atkinson, Second Lieutenant J.C. Winston; eleven non-commissioned officers, and twenty-six privates, making a total thirty-eight.

Troop F (the Ashby Light Horse) made their first appearance before the public in their new uniforms, and as they passed up Franklin Street they were frequently greeted with applause. Captain Edgerton S. Rogers was in command, and the other commissioned officers were Lieutenants George B. Pegram and C.H. Rose. There were eleven non-commissioned officers and thirty-six privates in line, making a total of forty-nine men rank and file.

### Guests in Carriages

The military were followed by a long line of carriages containing the distinguished visitors. The following is a list of the guests thus honored: Governor P.W. McKinney, Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson, Colonel C.S. Venable, General James A. Walker, Dr. J. William Jones, Major T.A. Brander, Captain Thomas Ellett, Captain R.B. Munford, Miss Lucy Lee Hill, Miss Russie Gay, Miss Forsythe, Mr. Saunders and Mrs. C.A. Saunders, Mrs. Ransom, Miss Thomas, Miss Fannie Hill, Miss Minnie Hill, Mrs. Wiltshire, General Fizhugh Lee, General Dabney H. Maury, Dr. J.B. Newton, Mr. Bispham and Mrs. Bispham, Mr. John Purcell, Mrs. McKinney, Mrs. J. Taylor

Ellyson, Miss Lelia Dimmock, Mrs. J.B. Pace, Mr. McIntosh, Miss McIntosh, Mrs. McIntosh, Mrs. General Heth, Miss Heth, Mrs. W.H. Palmer, Mrs. E.G. Leigh, Mrs. Frank Christian, Mrs. Taylor, Miss Taylor, Miss Muns, Mr. William L. Sheppard, Mrs. William L. Sheppard, Miss Jennie Ellett, Miss Styles, General D.A. Weisiger, General C.J. Anderson, Colonel R. Snowden Andrews, General James McDonald, Colonel John Murphy, Mrs. J.W. White, Mrs. Christian, Mrs. Brander, Dr. C.H. Todd, Mrs. R.B. Munford, Mrs. Pickett, Colonel Morton Marye, Mr. R.H. Cardwell, and Colonel F.G. Skinner.

In addition to these there were a number of private carriages in the line.

All of the military, with the exception of one company of infantry, wore their fatigue uniforms and forage caps.

### Applause for the Vets

The veteran organizations which followed behind the brightly dressed soldier lads were not less inspiring in appearance, and the aged warriors came in for a liberal share of applause from the multitudes who thronged the streets.

First in the line marched the Pegram Battalion, who wore large straw hats with red bands, upon which was printed the name of their organization. Over a hundred of the old rebels were in the line, and despite the heat of the day and the fatigue of the walk, they showed that they had not forgotten how to march.

Captain John Tyler, the president of the battalion, headed the organizations, and the following gentlemen, who wore red rosettes, were his aides: Captain James W. Pegram, Mr. Joseph M. Fourqurean, Colonel J.B. Purcell, Mr. James T. Ferriter, Mr. John

S. Ellett, Major A.R. Courtney, Mr. Frank D. Hill, Major A.W. Garber, Mr. C.A. Robinson, Mr. Corbin Warwick, and Mr. H. Cabell Tabb; Courier, Master James A. Langhorne.

Captain Tyler wore the uniform he used during the war, and also had on a white rosette to mark his rank.

The veterans of this organization proudly carried with them two historic Confederate battle flags, which plainly showed by their appearance that they had been through the ravages of war. One of the tattered banners was the ensign of the old Pegram Battalion, and the other was the flag of Crenshaw's Battery, which was attached to this command.

Next followed Colonel William P. Smith, commander of the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans, Department of Virginia, escorted by the members of his staff, who were all mounted. Behind these came the members of the Lee Camp on foot, dressed in the beloved Confederate gray, and preceded by their drum corps, which made the air quake with their merry music. Colonel A.W. Archer, their commander, was at their head. At least 150 of the gallant old soldiers were in the line. Major Robert Stiles, on a spirited horse, accompanied this command. He was dressed in the little gray jacket he wore during the war, and looked every inch a soldier as he galloped around on his steed.

### **The Maryland Veterans**

There was a great hurrah from the Virginia soldiers when the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States, of Maryland, headed by the Great Southern Band with about thirty pieces, fell into line behind the Lee Camp veterans at Monroe

Park. This body reached the city at 11:00 on a special train and was under command of General George H. Steuart. The party embraced about one hundred members of the society.

General Steuart's staff consisted of Captain Winfield Peters, Major McHenry Howard, Major N.V. Randolph, and Mr. S.W. Travers. The two latter were kindly designated for this duty by order of General Heth. These staff officers, who were all mounted, rendered very efficient services to General Steuart, and it was through their aid and the kindness of Captain Ellett and Major Brander that the Marylanders, who arrived after the column started, were able to get their position in the line.

Among the prominent Marylanders who were in the party were: Colonel Thomas S. Rhett, State Treasurer Spencer C. Jones, Reverend William M. Dame, Mr. Bispham and Mrs. Stacey P. Bispham and Mrs. James G. Wiltshire (the ladies being the nieces of General A.P. Hill), Hugh McWilliams, R.M. Chambers, Colonel J. Thomas Scharf, William J. Scharf, Dr. J.G. Heusler, Mr. Carter and Mrs. H.M. Carter and Miss Carter, Captain Staub and Mrs. R.P.H. Staub and two daughters, William J. Biedler, Captain Adolph Elhart, and S.A. Kennedy, passenger agent of the Pennsylvania railroad.

An interesting incident in connection with the attendance of Generals Heth and Steuart at the unveiling of the monument is the fact that they and General Hill were fellow-cadets at West Point Military Academy. General Heth was senior major-general under Lieutenant-General Hill when the latter was killed.

**Other Home Veteran Organizations**

The veterans of Louisa Camp, under the lead of Commander William Overton, came next, and preceded the members of the old First Virginia regiment, who numbered about fifty men. The latter, who were under the command of Colonel F.H. Langley, wore straw hats with black bands, which contained the name of their organization. The Fort Monroe band came next in the procession, and preceded Pickett-Buchanan Camp, No. 3, of Norfolk, which was headed by Commander Walter F. Irvine. The veterans of this organization numbered about seventy-five, and were beautifully uniformed in the regulation suit of gray. Stonewall Camp, No. 4, of Portsmouth, paraded about twenty-five men, who were headed by Commander R.C. Marshall. R.E. Lee Camp, No. 2, of Alexandria, numbered about twenty-five men, with William A. Smoot as commander. Captain W. Gordon McCabe commanded the veterans of A.P. Hill Camp, No. 6, of Petersburg, which was one of the largest organizations among the division of old soldiers.

The drum corps of this organization preceded the warriors from the Cockade City, who numbered about one hundred. Maury Camp, No. 2, of Fredericksburg, numbered about forty men, and was commanded by W.B. Goodrick. The veterans of George E. Pickett Camp, No. 2, presented a splendid appearance. They numbered about sixty men, and were headed by Commander Catlett Conway.

A number of other Confederate camps and veteran organizations were in line, and among these were the members of the old 13th Virginia Infantry and the Richmond Light Infantry Blues' Association.

**The Sons of Veterans**

Last in the military column came the Sons of Confederate Veterans. R.E. Lee Camp, No. 1, of this city, numbered about thirty men, and was under the command of Mr. W. Dean Courtney, while R.E. Lee Camp, No. 2, of Alexandria, which was headed by Mr. U.S. Lambeth, numbered about fifteen men. R.S. Chew Camp, of Fredericksburg, presented a splendid appearance, as fifty-four men paraded, and all of them wore the new uniforms of the organization, which are similar to those of the veteran camps.

The officers of the Fredericksburg Sons are: James A. Turner, commander; W.H. Merchant, adjutant; J.F. Anderson, first lieutenant; John B. Cox, second lieutenant; F.H. Revere, first sergeant; Thomas Larkin, orderly sergeant. This camp was accompanied by Bowering's Band of twenty-three pieces.

The members of the Board of Aldermen and City Council, who rode in hacks, brought up the rear of the line, which was followed by vehicles of every description, which contained people who were going to the unveiling.

**At the Lee Monument**

As the soldier boys reached the Lee monument each infantry company came to a carry, and the parade around the statue was to the strains of a funeral dirge. Upon leaving the immortal Lee in bronze the order to reverse arms was executed. This portion of the proceedings was exceedingly solemn, and more than one follower of the great chieftain looked up at the life-like picture with tearful eyes.

Just beyond the monument was a large number of covered wagons, containing seats, which were in waiting for the procession. They were provided for the veterans, and at this point those who had become fatigued took seats in these vehicles, riding the remainder of the way to the grounds.

After passing the monument the, infantry took the old Hermitage road to the grounds, while the prominent visitors and citizens in carriages, buggies and other vehicles kept on around the new drive.

### Arrival at the Statue

For an unveiling demonstration such as that of yesterday there could be no prettier place than the site of the Hill monument and its environments. The precise location of the memorial is at the intersection of two grand avenues and on a broad, level, unwooded, and unfenced plateau. As has been stated before, it overlooks the scene of some of General Hill's greatest achievements, and the whole locality is indissolubly associated with his name and his fame.

The ceremonies at the monument were appointed to begin at noon, but, as usual on all such occasions, there were unavoidable delays. Long before the hour named, however, the crowd began to assemble at the grounds, and as far as the eye could reach in every direction the sides of the roadways were lined with vehicles of every description, and the clouds of dust in the distance told of more coming. The

monument faces to the South and just in front of it and across the circular drive around it the grand stand had been erected.

The structure, which was set apart for the especially invited guests, the orators, etc., was profusely decorated with

Confederate and State flags, and Confederate bunting. Just opposite it, and at the foot of the bastion which supports the base of the monument, there

was another stand about five feet square, from which the unveiling cords were to be pulled. This was similarly decorated. At both stands and around the monument were veterans from the Lee Camp Soldiers' Home.

### The Marchers in Sight

The head of the advancing column from the city came in sight at 12:20, and when about a quarter of a mile from the monument the cavalry broke away in a trot across the field to the southeast, the infantry turning into the same field behind them. The whole movement as viewed from a distance was exceedingly striking and realistic, and, whether so intended or not, had the effect of suggesting an effort on the part of the cavalry to head off the infantry. The artillery then moved forward, the camps closing up the gap, and the former after passing in front of the grand stand moved into the field to the west and unlimbered, and the veterans were massed in front of the grand stand and between it and the monument.

***As has been stated before, it overlooks the scene of some of General Hill's greatest achievements, and the whole locality is indissolubly associated with his name and his fame.***

In the meantime the guests in carriages had alighted, the marshal and his aides had picketed their horses, and the stand had rapidly filled up. Among those who occupied seats on it were Governor McKinney and Mrs. McKinney; Mrs. Saunders, sister of General Hill; Miss Lucy Lee Hill and Mrs. Russie Gay, daughters of General Hill; Mrs. Forsythe, half-sister of Miss Hill and Mrs. Gay; Mrs. J. Taylor Ellyson, General Fitzhugh Lee, Mr. Alexander Cameron, wife, and two daughters; Mr. Charles Talbott, Mrs. Appleton, J. Ide, Mr. Leigh and Mrs. E.G. Leigh and son, Colonel W.E. Tanner, Mrs. W.J. White, Mrs. Thomas A. Brander, Mrs. Perkinson, Mrs. Fellows, Mrs. Waddy, ex-Lieutenant Governor J.L. Marye, Colonel Fred. Skinner, Dr. C.W.P. Brock, Reverend Dr. Hoge, Mr. Arthur B. Clarke, Mr. Robert H. Whitlock, Mr. Joseph Bryan and family, Colonel Snowden Andrews, Mrs. George E. Pickett, Colonel Thomas N. Carter, General G.M. Sorrell, Dr. George Ross, General Field, Colonel Miles Cary, Colonel C.O'B. Cowardin, Colonel Morton Marye, Hon. R.H. Cardwell, Mr. John V.L. Klapp, and others.

### **An Animated Picture**

While the disposition of the various organizations was being made, the picture from the statue was a most animated and inspiring one. There was a clear sweep for the vision in whichever direction one turned. All over the field to the southeast were groups of cavalry, and paralleling the road in the same direction was a long line of glistening musket-barrels. To the immediate rear, the Hermitage road was bordered by vehicles and citizens. To the immediate rear of these, and made all the more prominent

by a background composed of another immense throng in citizen's dress, were the Confederate camps and Sons of Veterans, in their gray uniforms and vari-colored badges. To the left and west the red artillery were stationed; here, there, and everywhere staff officers were galloping over the fields, and on every side fluttered State colors and Confederate battle flags. Some of these were new, but not a few were bullet-riddled and blood-and-weather-stained, and had waved over many a victorious field, and were dear in every thread to those who gazed upon them.

### **The Unveiling Ceremonies**

When a little before 1:00 Major Thomas A. Brander, president of the Hill Monument Association, called the assemblage to order it was estimated that there were some 15,000 persons on the grounds, and there was a remarkable hush for such a crowd as Reverend Dr. John B. Newton stepped forward and offered the following prayer:

*Almighty God and Heavenly Father, in Thee 'we live and move and have our being,' and without Thee we can do nothing. Bless us, we pray Thee, in our present work.*

*Put far from us the spirit of evil, and fill us with Thy grace and heavenly benediction.*

*May all that we do be to Thy glory and to the honor and welfare of Thy people.*

*Impart to us the love of Thy truth. Inspire us with high and holy purposes. Make us duly sensible of Thy mercies and humbly submissive to Thy will.*

*Bless our people everywhere. Give them grateful hearts for all the sacred memories of the past; for all that was true and noble in the lives of those whose names we revere, and whose self-sacrificing devotion to duty we this day*

*commemorate. Comfort all who mourn, strengthen the weak, lift up the fallen, and save the perishing.*

*We ask all in the name of Thy dear Son, our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Amen.*

### The Orator Introduced

Reverend Dr. J. William Jones, who entered the Confederate army as a private in the 13th Virginia, General Hill's old regiment, and who is known throughout the length and breath of the Southland for his devotion to the Southern cause and its memories, introduced the orator of the day, General James A. Walker. Dr. Jones said:

Mr. President, Comrades of the Army of Northern Virginia, Soldiers of the Confederacy, Ladies and Gentlemen.

If the personal allusion may be pardoned, I will say that I count myself one of the happiest, if not the happiest, man in all this vast crowd assembled here today.

Always happy to meet the men who wore the gray – for if there is one man on earth whom I honor and love above another, it is the true Confederate soldier – I delight to mingle in reunions of the survivors of every army of the Confederacy as they gather from Maryland to Texas.

But it is for me always a peculiar pleasure to attend a Confederate gathering in historic, battle scarred heroic old Richmond, and to mingle with the men who followed Lee and Jackson and Longstreet

and Ewell and A.P. Hill, and Jeb Stuart; the men who composed the Army of Northern Virginia, the noblest army of heroic patriots that ever marched under any flag, or fought for any cause, in all the tide of time.

### A Happy Task to Discharge

And yet a still greater happiness is mine today; for, as I look out on this crowd I see the faces and forms of men by whose

side I have marched along the weary road, bivouacked in the pelting storm, or went into the leaden and iron hail of battle – the men of the noble old 13th Virginia regiment and the grand old Third Corps

assembled to honor themselves by doing honor to our peerless leader – the brave and accomplished soldier, the chivalric Virginia gentleman, the devoted patriot, the martyr hero of our dying cause, gallant and glorious Little Powell Hill.

I am only to introduce the fitly-chosen orator of the day, and I shall not, of course, be guilty of the gross impropriety of attempting a speech myself, but I am sure that you will pardon me if I say just this: Richmond is fast becoming the Monumental City.

Her peerless Washington, surrounded by his compatriots of the Revolution of 1776 – her Lee – her Jackson – her Wickham – her monument to the true hero of the war, the private soldier, now being erected – her monument to the flower of cavaliers, dashing, glorious Jeb Stuart, which is to be erected in the near future – and the

***But I do not hesitate to declare that none of these monuments have been, or will be, more worthily erected than the one we are to unveil here today to A.P. Hill – a worthy comrade of that bright galaxy of leaders which made the name and fame of the Southern Confederacy immortal forever.***

projected grand monument to our noble Christian President, soldier, statesman, orator, patriot – Jefferson Davis – all these will teach our children’s children that these men were not rebels, and not traitors, but as true patriots as the world ever saw.

**A Worthy Work Well Done**

But I do not hesitate to declare that none of these monuments have been, or will be, more worthily erected than the one we are to unveil here today to A.P. Hill – a worthy comrade of that bright galaxy of leaders which made the name and fame of the Southern Confederacy immortal forever. And now it only remains for me not to introduce, for I shall not presume to do that to an audience of Virginians and of Confederate soldiers, but simply to announce the orator of the occasion.

The lieutenant colonel and intimate friend of A.P. Hill, his successor in command of the old 13th Virginia regiment; the man whose heroic courage and high soldierly qualities attracted the attention of Lee and Jackson, and caused them to select him to command the old Stonewall brigade, which he ably led until shot down in the bloody angle at Spotsylvania Courthouse; the man who succeeded the gallant and lamented John Pegram, and led Ewell’s (Early’s) old division around Petersburg and to Appomattox Courthouse; the man who was always at the post of duty, was one of the bravest and best soldiers and most indomitable patriots that the war produced – that man has been fitly chosen to speak of A.P. Hill on this occasion, and it gives me peculiar pleasure to announce the name, General James A. Walker, of Wytheville, Virginia, or if my loved and honored old friend and commander will

pardon the liberty, I will announce him by a name more familiar still to his old followers and comrades, Stonewall Jim Walker, the worthy successor of A.P. Hill and of Stonewall Jackson, the man worthy to voice the feelings and sentiments of his old command concerning their loved leader, A.P. Hill.

Dr. Jones spoke with his usual force and vigor, and throughout the crowd punctuated his sentences with cheers.

**General Walker’s Oration**

General Walker came to the front, his shattered and almost useless arm hanging limp at his side, a burst of applause went up that made the welken ring. He was in splendid voice, and spoke with a feeling that carried the crowd with him from the beginning. He said:

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the A.P. Hill Monument Association:

We meet to pay tribute to the memory of a comrade whom we love and admire, and who is worthy the love and admiration of all true Southern hearts.

We come thus together in no spirit of disloyalty to the present, or to the powers that be, but in a spirit of loyalty to the past, and out of reverence for a great nation which perished in its infancy.

The war between the states has long been over; the most prominent actors in that struggle have passed from the stage of life; the angry passions it engendered have subsided, and with no feelings of animosity towards any living on account of that strife; with hearty acquiescence in the settlement of all vexed questions of government and politics fairly submitted to the arbitrament of the sword and fairly decided by the award, the people of the South accepts the

result in all its legitimate bearings and just deductions as become a brave and honorable people, but with no feeling of inferiority; with no craven spirit; with no regrets or professions of sorrow for the past, and with no apologies to offer.

They staked their all upon the uncertain chances of war, and they will stand the hazard of the die.

Though overpowered, they are proud of the record they made – of the valor of their armies; of the patriotism and courage of their women, and of the sufferings they endured in a just cause.

They honor and reverence their chosen leaders and cling to their memories with tender recollections, which neither time nor change can efface.

### **Broken with the Storms of State**

A few months ago, in the city of New Orleans, the President of the Confederate States of America lay dead – an old man broken with the storms of State, who for twenty-five years had been proscribed and disfranchised by the government under which he lived; denied the rights of citizenship accorded to his former slaves; without country, without fortune or influence, and by whose life or death no man could hope to be gainer or loser.

No mercenary motives influenced a single individual to mourn for him. And yet the whole Southland, all the sons and daughters of the Confederacy, all their children and their grandchildren, from the gray-haired veteran to the infant of tender

years, wept over his bier and mourned with genuine heart-felt sorrow for Jefferson Davis.

They mourned for him, not because they grieved for the proud banner which was furled, or for the cause which was lost, but because he had been their President, just and true, in the days of their trial and adversity, and because he had been persecuted for their sakes.

History records no more touching scene than the South weeping at the grave of Jefferson Davis –

a scene which touched even the bitterest foes of the sad mourners.

Mr. Ingalls, then United States Senator from the State of Kansas; a man as noted for his hatred of the Southern people as for his brilliant talents, from his place in the Senate chamber said: "He could understand the reverence of the Southern people for Jefferson Davis. He honored them for their constancy to that heroic man. Ideas could never be annihilated. No man was ever converted by being overpowered. Davis had remained to the end, the immovable type, exponent, and representative of those ideas for which he had staked all and lost all."

Such a tribute was scarcely to have been expected from that source, and seems to have been wrung reluctantly from him by the admiration excited by the spontaneous outpouring of the sorrow of a whole people over the loss of their loved and faithful leader. Had these words been all, spoken by that brilliant but bitter man on that occasion, it would have been better for his future fame and better for the country.

***To these charges – that the South has its heroes and its anniversaries; that it exalts its leaders above the leaders of the Union cause – we plead guilty, and we are proud of our guilt.***

But he said more that was uncalled for and unjust to his fellow-citizens of the South. He said: "The South had not forgiven the North for its supremacy and superiority. If the South could hold the purse and the sword it was patriotic. The Southern people had not accepted the amendments to the Constitution in good faith. They had their heroes and their anniversaries. They exalted their leaders above the leaders of the Union cause."

To these charges – that the South has its heroes and its anniversaries; that it exalts its leaders above the leaders of the Union cause – we plead guilty, and we are proud of our guilt. Yes, the South has its heroes and its anniversaries. The State of Virginia has, by solemn enactment of her General Assembly, made the natal day of her illustrious son, Robert E. Lee, a legal holiday, equal in its observance to the birthday of her other great son, George Washington, the father of his country.

If that be treason, let them make the most of it.

### **Our Heroes and Our Anniversaries**

And why shall not the South have its heroes and its anniversaries? The South has its history; its traditions; its wrongs; its ruins; its victories; its defeats; its record of suffering and humiliation; its destruction and, worse still, its reconstruction. She has many cemeteries filled with her own patriotic dead, slain fighting her battles; and she has on her soil, beneath her bright skies, larger, more numerous, and more populous cemeteries, filled with brave men, slain in battle by the hands of her warriors.

Is there nothing worthy the song of the heroic muse in all this?

For four years the Confederate government floated its flag over every state beneath the Southern Cross, and the Confederate armies carried their battle flag in triumph from the Rio Grande almost to the capital of the Keystone State, and spread terror to the Great Lakes. Its little navy showed the strange colors of the newborn nation from the Northern sea to the equator, driving the American merchant marine from the high seas, until scarcely a ship engaged in commerce dared show the Stars and Stripes on the Atlantic ocean.

For four bloody years, the Confederacy stood the shock of all the power and resources of the greatest republic on the face of the globe, and fought for independence on more than one hundred battle-fields, and at last, when her armies were worn away by attrition and her means of resistance exhausted, succumbed to overwhelming numbers and resources.

Was there no heroism in all this? Heroes are not made to order. Deeds make heroes – imperishable deeds, born of virtue, courage, and patriotism. Genius may make men great; power and place may make men famous, but the crown which decks the brow of the true hero is more than genius can give or power and place can bestow.

If Robert E. Lee is not a hero in the highest and best sense of the word, can you point to a name on the pages of history more deserving the title? For four years he successfully led the armies of the Confederacy, proudly, grand, supremely great! In the sublime language of the gifted Senator Hill of Georgia, "He possessed every virtue of all the other great commanders without their vices."

He was a public officer without vices, a private citizen without wrong, a neighbor without reproach, a Christian without

hypocrisy, and a man without guilt. He was a Caesar without his ambition, Frederick without his tyranny, Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward. He was as obedient to authority as a true king. He was as gentle as a woman in life, pure and modest as a virgin in thought, watchful as a

Roman vestal in duty, submissive to law as Socrates, and as grand in battle as Achilles.'

And Stonewall Jackson! Is he not a

hero every inch from spur to plume? His fame is as bright as sun at the noon day; as fixed and imperishable as the everlasting mountain peaks of his native State. When his spirit passed over the river and rested under the shade of the trees, the unspotted soul of a Christian hero went to its reward. Who denies that he was a military genius? Who says he was not an unselfish patriot? Who does not admit that he was as pure, as simple, and as free from guile as a little child? Amid the lurid lightings, fierce passions, and dead thunders of the greatest civil war of modern times, when men's minds were full of evil machinations, and their hearts filled with hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, he laid down his life; and yet, strange to tell, not one word of unkindness or reproach assailed his memory.

The most implacable of our foes breathed no word of criticism or charged him with a single act or speech unbecoming a true Christian hero. If Stonewall Jackson was not a hero, then the history of the world, its wars and revolutions, its struggles for country and freedom, never knew a man worthy to wear that title.

### The Private Soldier's Valor

I might prolong the list, but will speak here of but one other. His name I do not know, but his deeds of valor I have seen, while his courage, his fortitude, and his unexampled achievements all the world

admires. This greatest hero of modern times is the private soldier of the Confederate army, who courageously and nobly did his duty, enduring the

hardships and privations of his station without a murmur. He was the equal of the most famous soldiers of ancient or modern times.

The Grecian phalanx was not more solid. The three hundred at Thermopylae were not more devoted. The Roman legion was not more steadfast and courageous. The Old Guard was not more reliable and certain in the hour of danger. The Light Brigade was not more daring. Half-clad, half-starved, he endured the greatest fatigues and hardships without repining, and faced the heaviest odds without blanching or faltering.

And is it counted strange that the Southern people cherish the memories of these men? Is it a matter of reproach that they have their heroes and their anniversaries? Is it a matter of surprise that they exalt their leaders above the leaders of the Union cause? Does any reasonable man expect less? Does he expect us to exalt General Grant above General Lee; General Sherman above Stonewall Jackson, or General Sheridan above A.P. Hill?

Blood is thicker than water. The affections of a brave people cannot be

***If Stonewall Jackson was not a hero, then the history of the world, its wars and revolutions, its struggles for country and freedom, never knew a man worthy to wear that title.***

transferred from their own leaders to the leaders of the opposing side any more than water can run up hill by the force of gravity. It is contrary to the law of nature. The Southern people respect and admire the brave men who fought against them, and they feel a patriotic pride in their greatness, but they love their own heroes with a love which surpasses the love of woman. They are bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh, and each atom of the dust of their dead who wore the gray is dearer to them than all the dust of all the brave men who wore the blue.

Loyalty to the Government of the United States does not require disloyalty to our own people or our own traditions. Loyalty to the Union does not require that we should love Mr. Ingalls of Kansas or canonize Benjamin F. Butler of Massachusetts. In thus honoring and cherishing the memories of their dead, the Southern people honor themselves and exalt themselves in the estimation of all right-minded people. If they failed to do this, they would deserve and receive the contempt of all brave people. The desire to honor the memory of dead friends is a natural instinct, firmly implanted in the human heart, and is as old as the history of the human race.

#### **Gallant, Chivalrous, Noble A.P. Hill**

The people of the South have done no deed more glorious than in doing honor to their heroic dead and in perpetuating their memories in enduring monuments and life-like statues. Out of their poverty, they have erected monuments to Lee and Jackson, and Albert Sidney Johnston, and A.P. Hill. May the

good work go on, until Davis and Joseph Johnston, Jeb Stuart, and Ewell, and many others have received the honor. Let every city, town, and county in the South erect monuments to Confederate valor, and thus teach future generations to respect the men who upheld the conquered banner.

But though many may worthily receive this honor, there is no name more worthy of a monument than he whose statue we unveil here today. Gallant, chivalrous, noble A.P. Hill; the daring, dashing, successful military chieftain; the courteous, knightly, kind hearted gentleman; the unselfish and sincere friend and the devoted patriot; the officer who rose from the rank of colonel to major general in the short space of ninety days, and who filled every rank in the Army of Northern Virginia from colonel of a regiment to lieutenant general in the incredibly brief space of fifteen months; the soldier whose military genius, valor and individuality so impressed itself upon every body of troops he commanded that it became famous for its achievements even in the history of that splendid Army of Northern Virginia.

Wherever the headquarter flag of A.P. Hill floated, whether at the head of a regiment, a brigade, a division, or a corps, in camp or on the battlefield, it floated with a grace and a confidence born of skill, ability, and courage, which infused its confidence and courage into the hearts of all who followed it.

It was ever advanced nearest the enemy's lines, ever at the post of danger, always in the thickest of the fight. It floated over more victorious fields, and trailed in the dust of fewer defeats than any flag in the Army of Northern Virginia.

Ambrose Powell Hill was born in Culpeper County, Virginia, in the year 1825, and entered the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1842. Owing to ill health, he did not graduate until July 1847, and was immediately ordered to join his regiment in Mexico as second lieutenant of artillery. He reached his post of duty in front of the City of Mexico in time to participate in several of the closing engagements which opened the gates of the city to the American troops and placed General Scott in possession of the halls of Montezuma. For gallant conduct in these affairs he was brevetted first lieutenant of artillery, having won his spurs in his first battle.

After the close of the Mexican war, Lieutenant Hill was stationed for several years in Florida, leading a quiet, uneventful life, interspersing the routine duties of garrison life with reading, hunting, and fishing. In 1857, he was detailed for service in the United States Coast-Survey Office, at Washington City, where he remained until the Spring of 1861. In this position, as in all others, Lieutenant Hill was faithful and attentive to his duties, and a great favorite with all his brother officers, as well as in the refined circle of society in which he moved. In the year 1860, he married a sister of the distinguished Confederate general, John H. Morgan.

### Responded to Virginia's Call

And now the young soldier's cup seemed full, with nothing more to be desired. In the enjoyment of domestic felicity, possessed of fortune, surrounded by friends, with every prospect of speedy

promotion and advancement in his chosen profession, he had every inducement to side with the Union, and every selfish consideration appealed to him to cast his lot with the government he had

served from boyhood, and to remain with the flag he had marched under in foreign lands.

When the year 1861 was ushered in, and he saw state after state withdrawn from the Union, and heard their senators and representatives resign their seats in Congress, and war became inevitable, he was urgently appealed to by his army associates to remain in Washington, and was promised that in the event he remained he would not be required to use his sword against his native State.

But the good Virginia blood which coursed through his veins, and which came to him from revolutionary sires, claiming kindred with the old Culpeper minutemen, acknowledged allegiance to no power save Virginia. And as soon as the secession of his state became a fixed fact he resigned his commission in the army, and bidding farewell to old friends and comrades, reported to duty to Governor Letcher, and was commissioned colonel of Virginia volunteers.

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Colonel Hill was at once ordered to report to General Joseph E. Johnston, then in command of the troops on the upper Potomac, and was assigned to the command of the 13th Virginia Infantry, made up of companies from the counties of Orange, Culpeper, Louisa, Hampshire, and Frederick in Virginia, and one company from Baltimore, Maryland. This regiment was composed of splendid material, and by his training and discipline and from the spirit he infused into its officers and men, it was made equal to the best of the regular troops, and became as well known throughout the Army of Northern Virginia as its first loved commander.

Of this regiment General Lee said: "It is a splendid body of men." General Ewell said: "It is the only regiment in my command that never fails." General Jeb Stuart said: "It always does exactly what I tell it." And General Early said: "They can do more hard fighting and be in better plight afterwards than any troops I ever saw."

From Harper's Ferry to Appomattox this splendid body of men carried the battle flag of their regiment into every battle fought by Lee and Jackson and never failed. To the last, the remnant of the regiment was as undaunted, as unwavering, and as ready to respond to the order to charge as at the beginning, and when at the surrender they stacked arms in front of a division of the Federal army, and set their faces homeward, they marched off with the swinging gait of Jackson's foot cavalry,

cheering for Jefferson Davis and for the Southern Confederacy. Though their first loved commander was then dead on the field of honor, his spirit was still with them.

At the battle of Slaughter's Mountain, when the left of the Confederate line of battle was flanked and driven back in

confusion, the 13th remained unshaken, and at the word, sprang forward in the face of the advancing column of the enemy to save a battery of Colonel Snowden Andrew's artillery,

left unsupported and in imminent danger of being captured. After saving the battery and checking the enemy's advance they held their ground while almost surrounded, until A.P. Hill's division came to the front, and with his victorious line they assisted in driving back the assailing columns for over a mile, and when night closed the pursuit bivouacked in the very front of the Confederate lines, within a pistol shot of the enemy's position, and fully a mile in advance of the rest of the division. But, asking pardon for this digression, we return to our subject.

### **McClellan's Movement Checked**

In the spring of 1861, General Joseph E. Johnston, learning that General McClellan was organizing a force on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, about New Creek, and threatening his flank, sent A.P. Hill with his own (the 10th Virginia) and 3rd Tennessee regiments to Romney in Hampshire county, to observe and check the movement. The task was accomplished by Colonel Hill in a manner to call forth honorable mention, and

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on his return to the army it was confidently expected by his friends that he would be promoted and assigned to the command of the regiments then under him, but the government at Richmond held that Virginia had already more than her share of brigadiers, and that no more appointments would be made from that state for the time being. That Colonel Hill was disappointed at this there can be no doubt, but he submitted without a murmur, and with his three regiments reported to General Arnold Elzey, of Maryland, who had just been promoted, and whose old regiment, the 1st Maryland united to Hill's three, was known as the Fourth Brigade.

At the battle of First Manassas, Colonel Hill's regiment was not engaged, having been sent to the right flank to strengthen a position supposed to be in need of reinforcements. The loss of this opportunity was another source of disappointment, but during the remainder of the year 1861, which was spent in masterly inactivity – Colonel Hill was untiring in his efforts to drill, discipline, and organize the raw recruits of which General Johnston's army was composed, and by his experience, his military education, and his skill as an organizer, he contributed much to lay the foundation for the future success and efficiency of that army.

In March, 1862, Colonel Hill received his long-deferred promotion, and was assigned to the command of Longstreet's old brigade, composed of the 1st, 7th, 11th, and 17th Virginia regiments then at Orange Courthouse, on the march to the Peninsula. During the maneuvers around Yorktown, and on the retreat to the Chickahominy, General Hill was distinguished for his energy and activity, and for the skill with which he handled his brigade.

At the battle of Williamsburg, fought on May, 5, 1862, against his old schoolmate and friend, General McClellan, his coolness, courage and skill won the admiration of the army and the applause of the whole country, and marked him for speedy promotion. In May, 1862, he was promoted to the rank of major general and given command of the division composed of Pender's and Branch's North Carolina, Archer's Tennessee, Gregg's South Carolina, Field's Virginia, and Thomas' Georgia brigades.

In the army then defending Richmond, Hill's division composed the extreme left, stationed along the left bank of the Chickahominy, opposite Mechanicsville, and was not engaged in the battles of Seven Pines and Savage Station. During the thirty days which elapsed between the promotion of General Hill and the beginning of the Seven-Days' battles around Richmond, he spent his time and gave his best energies to the improvement and discipline of his new command, and with what success he labored, and to what state of efficiency he brought it, let its records speak.

### **A Record of Dazzling Achievements**

The record of the Light Division of the Army of Northern Virginia, with its brilliant achievements, would fill a volume. Active, vigilant, ever ready, never taken by surprise; swift, dashing, yet steady and unflinching under the most trying circumstances; always in the fight, and ever adding fresh laurels to its crown of victory, and wreathing new chaplets of glory for its commander. Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Frazer's Farm, Slaughter's Mountain, Second Manassas, Ox Hill, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Boteller's Ford, Castleman's

Ferry, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, besides many combats and skirmishes of less note – all fought in the short space of eleven months – make a record of dazzling achievements which cannot be surpassed in the annals of warfare.

Time will not permit us to dwell upon these events; but at Mechanicsville and

Beaver Dam creek, on the June 26, Hill's division began the series of battles known as the Seven Days Around Richmond and bore

the brunt of those bloody affairs. The division fought against heavy odds, strongly posted, and achieved success, but with heavy loss.

At Cold Harbor, on the 27th, Hill's division was again hurled against the fortifications of the enemy behind Powhite Creek, and for two hours sustained the unequal conflict, being again and again repulsed, and as often renewing the attack, dashing in vain against the impregnable position, until on the far left is heard the roar of musketry and the ringing cheer which announces that the Hero of the Valley and his foot-cavalry have gotten into position and that the crisis of the day is at hand. Then gathering his decimated but undismayed battalions, he hurled them once more against the fortifications with irresistible force and dislodged the enemy.

Speaking of this battle, General Lee said: "Hill's single division fought with the impetuous courage for which that officer and his troops are distinguished."

At Savage Station, on the 29th, the rear of McClellan's retreating column is forced to fight, and here again A.P. Hill's

command bore the brunt of the day, suffering heavy loss.

At Slaughter's Mountain, where Jackson first showed General Pope a front view of Confederate troops, A.P. Hill retrieved what threatened to be a lost field.

At Second Manassas, the Light Division was in the forefront of the battle; and

contributed largely to the success of the movements of Jackson's corps.

At Sharpsburg, General Hill's march from Harper's Ferry,

his timely arrival upon the field, his prompt and vigorous assault upon the victorious columns of McClellan saved the Army of Northern Virginia from a serious disaster.

When Stonewall Jackson fell, the question as to who should be his successor was one anxiously asked by the army and by the country. Great events were at hand, and soon the invasion of the North was to be undertaken. All eyes turned to Generals Ewell and Hill as the most worthy to succeed the immortal commander of the Second Corps. The reinforcements sent to the army made it advisable, in the opinion of President Davis and General Lee, to divide the Army of Northern Virginia into three corps, instead of two, and on the recommendation of General Lee, General Ewell and General Hill were, in June, 1863, promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general, and Hill was assigned to the command of Third Corps, composed of the divisions of Heth, Anderson, and Pender. From that day until the day of his death Hill was ever by the side of General Lee, his trusted and efficient lieutenant.

***Speaking of this battle, General Lee said: "Hill's single division fought with the impetuous courage for which that officer and his troops are distinguished."***

### **From Gettysburg to Five Forks**

The necessities and casualties of war called Longstreet and Ewell away from the great chieftain, but Hill was always at his right hand in council and in action. To this larger command General Hill brought the experience and the prestige of success gained as a division commander. From this time forward the life of A.P. Hill is written in the history of that famous corps, and is too well known to be detailed here.

From Gettysburg, in July, 1863, to Five Forks, in March, 1865, it is a record of unceasing activity, sleepless vigilance, and of great battles. At Gettysburg he met and repulsed the corps of Reynolds and Howard, and captured the town. On the retreat from that disastrous field his corps held the post of honor and danger, in rear and nearest the enemy.

No task which falls to a soldier's lot is more difficult to fill than to cover the retreat of a large army, with its trains and artillery. It requires the most sleepless and untiring vigilance to avoid surprise, the coolest courage to face sudden and unlooked for emergencies, and the faculty of inspiring dispirited, disheartened, and overtaxed soldiers with confidence and courage. How well General Hill was fitted to perform this difficult task the result proves. The entire army, with all its baggage trains and artillery, was brought safely across the Potomac, and the pursuing army was not able to deliver one single telling blow to the retreating Confederates.

General Hill's corps, like his old division, was ever in motion, always ready to march at a moment's notice, always in the fight, and always giving a good account of itself. Gettysburg, Wilderness, Spotsylvania Courthouse, Cold Harbor,

Jerusalem, Plank-Road, Ream's Station, the Crater, Weldon, Hatcher's Run, Petersburg, and many other combats and affairs speak the deeds of Hill and his brave men.

During the siege of Petersburg, Hill's corps was on the right of the army, which was the exposed flank, and which it was General Grant's constant aim and object to turn in order to cut General Lee's communication with the South, and force him to retreat. To avert repeated efforts to accomplish this cherished design, kept the Third corps in constant motion, while the rest of the army was left in comparative quiet. From July to March, every effort in that direction was met and defeated by General Hill with promptness and without heavy loss on his part.

During the campaign of 1864, the Third corps captured from the enemy thirty pieces of artillery, large quantities of small arms and military stores, and more prisoners than it numbered, without the loss of a single gun, and with the loss of but few prisoners. The early spring of 1865 found the Army of Northern Virginia reduced to an attenuated skirmish-line, extending from the Chesapeake and Ohio railway on the north of Richmond to the Norfolk and Western railroad on the south of Petersburg, a distance of over thirty miles, and confronted by an enemy more than three times its own numbers. The odds were too great to hope for successful resistance, and when General Grant massed his well-equipped veterans on General Lee's right, in front of Hill's corps, the beginning of the end had been reached.

### **How Hill was Killed**

On the morning of April 2, the heavy columns of the enemy attacked the center of

Hill's corps, and after a short but sharp engagement broke through his lines and severed the two wings of the command. After this disaster, General Hill attempted to force his way through the enemy's pickets in order to put himself in communication with that portion of his command from which he had been cut off.

The attempt was desperate, and those around him sought to dissuade him from making it, but A.P. Hill was never known to shrink from any personal danger when duty called, and,

accompanied by a single courier, he galloped along the road which ran in rear and parallel to

his lines, encountering and firing his pistol at several of the enemy's stragglers until he came suddenly upon a group of sharpshooters. He advanced and summoned them to surrender, but was answered by a volley which killed him almost instantly, and wounded the courier. As he fell from his horse the only words he spoke were to say to his faithful follower, "Take care of yourself."

Thus ended the life of the noblest type of manhood that nature ever produced. Thus closed the career of one of the most brilliant and accomplished soldiers of modern times. Thus fell the ardent patriot whom his people loved. Thus died on the field of honor the commander whom the army idolized. His leading characteristics as a commander were celerity of movement and the ability to march his troops in good order on the shortest notice and in the shortest time. In this respect he resembled and rivaled Stonewall Jackson. Endurance, energy, courage, and magnetism were his in a high degree. His soldiers believed in him

with an abiding faith, and in the darkest hour his presence was hailed as the harbinger of light and victory. Added to these qualities was his superiority as tactician, which enabled him to take in the situation of a battlefield at a glance to do the right thing at the right moment, and seize upon and profit by every blunder of his adversary.

With all his fiery zeal, he was ever mindful of the safety of his men, and never exposed them to useless punishment for his

own glory. He understood thoroughly the character of the volunteer troops under his command,

and accorded them the respect due to citizen-soldiery, but demanded of them the strictest performance of every military duty and tolerated no flagrant breach of discipline. He looked closely after their rights, their safety and their comfort, often visiting the hospitals to see after his sick and wounded, and gave his personal attention to the workings of every department of the service. He was inexorable in requiring of his staff the strictest attention to their duties. He loved a good soldier, and was his friend, but to the skulkers and the coward he was a terror, and the higher the rank of the offender, the more certain and severe the punishment. With his own hands he would tear from the uniform of officers the badges of their rank when found skulking on the battle-field.

### Some of His Characteristics

Like Napoleon at Lodi, he would mingle in the ranks like a little corporal when the occasion demanded, and with his

***As he fell from his horse the only words he spoke were to say to his faithful follower, "Take care of yourself."***

own hands help man the guns of the batteries. He was affable and readily approached by the humblest private; but the officer next in rank never forgot when on duty that he was in the presence of his superior.

No commander was ever more considerate of the rights and feelings of those under him, or sustained the authority of his subordinate officers with more firmness and tact.

If a deserving officer committed a blunder or was guilty of an unintentional violation of orders or discipline he would speak to him privately and kindly of his fault, but would never let those under his command know that he had censured the offender.

He was quiet in manner, courteous, and polite to all when not aroused, but when justly excited to anger was hard to appease. Punctilious in the observance of all the forms of military etiquette in his intercourse with others, he resented any failure to treat him with due courtesy. This led to an unpleasant difference between General Jackson and himself, which came near depriving the Army of Northern Virginia of the services of A.P. Hill. The circumstances as related by General Hill were these:

On several occasions General Jackson had given orders in person to General Hill's brigade commanders without his knowledge. This General Hill resented as a breach of courtesy to him and protested against it.

One day while on the march he left the head of his command for a short while, and on his return found the leading brigades had gone into camp. On inquiry, he found that General Jackson had given the order to his troops in his absence. Stung by what he

considered an affront, and seeing General Jackson and his staff near by, he rode up to him and excitedly said: "General Jackson, you have assumed command of my division, here is my sword; I have no use for it." To this General Jackson replied: "Keep your sword General Hill, but consider yourself under arrest."

For several days General Hill remained with his troops, but not in command, and at his own request was allowed to take command in the battle which was fought in a few days, and afterwards remained in command. But the breach thus made was not readily healed, and General Lee interposed to reconcile their differences. He had several interviews with them separately and sought to pour oil on the troubled waters. At length he induced them to meet at his quarters and used every argument to effect a compromise, but each insisted that he was the injured party and refused to yield. To this General Lee replied: "Then let him who thinks he has been injured most prove himself most magnanimous by forgiving most."

This grand appeal was irresistible and effected a reconciliation which made it possible for the corps and division commanders to serve together in harmony, and with feelings of mutual respect for each other.

### **The Last Name on their Lips**

When Stonewall Jackson was dying, when his senses had ceased to respond to the scenes around him, and his thoughts were with his brave troops, and he was once more in imagination at the head of his invincible corps, he called the name of the commander of the Light Division on whom he had never called in vain: and "Tell A.P.

Hill to prepare for action" fell from his dying lips.

And in General Lee's last hours, when his mind reverted to the stirring scenes of his military career, and once more he rode at the head of his armies, directing their movements he, too, called upon the commander of the Third Corps, on whose strength he had so often leaned in the hour of peril, and his last command was "Tell A.P. Hill he must come up."

In personal appearance, General Hill was about five feet ten inches high, slightly but perfectly formed, and looked every inch a soldier born to command. His features were regular and his face attractive but not handsome. His every posture and movement was full of grace, and in any dress, however remote from camps, his military bearing and martial step would betray the soldier by birth and by training.

He was a splendid horseman and was always well mounted. He was simple in his taste and dressed plainly but neatly, preferring the ease and comfort of his fatigue jacket to his general's uniform with its stars and its wreath. He cared little for the pride and pomp of war, and commonly went attended by a single staff-officer or courier. As has been so well said by

another: "In all his career he never advanced a claim or maintained a rivalry. The soul of honor and of generosity, he was ever engaged in representing the merits of others." Of all the Confederate leaders he was the most genial and lovable in his disposition.

And now our task is done, but the memories of the past cluster thick around us, and we could linger on this spot for hours talking with comrades.

Loved comrade, brilliant soldier, chivalrous spirit, true-hearted friend, accomplished gentleman, ardent patriot – Ambrose Powell Hill, we dedicate this monument to thy memory as a feeble token of the love of old comrades and a faint expression of the admiration of the Southern people, for whom you fought and died so bravely.

We hail thee as a hero! worthy of a monument in this historic city by the side of thy great commanders, Lee and Jackson; and fit companion for him who was 'first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.'

Greater honors than this has no man received, and none greater can any man aspire to.

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