



THE HEART OF A SOLDIER

As Revealed in the
Intimate Letters of
General George E. Pickett, C.S.A.

by
La Salle Corbell Pickett

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by La Salle Corbell Pickett

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FOREWORD



For half a century these letters have lain locked away from the world, the lines fading upon the yellowed pages, their every word enshrined in the heart of the noble woman to whom they were written. To her they came filled with the thunder of guns, the lightning of unsheathed swords, the tumultuous rage in the heart of the storm; but through them all the radiance of a pure devotion outshone the battle flash and the lyric of a great love rose above the cannon's roar. To their possessor, naturally, these letters are sacred and they are given to the world with great reluctance. It is only the thought of the inspiration that they can bring to lives less glorious than that of him who penned them, of the courage they can instill into hearts less brave, that has led their owner to share them with the world.

Through the medium of this volume, which is hereby dedicated to the Great Soldier and True Man who supplied its contents, these letters are given, out of the hands of one who has cherished them tenderly for many years, into the keeping of all those who honor courage, loyalty and the love of man for woman.

CONTENTS



Introduction. 11

PART ONE

I: In Which the General Tells Why He Sided With the South . 31
II: Written After a Light Skirmish with the Enemy 35
III: Concerning Legitimate Warfare, Secession and the Mis-
haps of an Old Major of Artillery 37
IV: In Which Are Given Certain Details of the Battle of Seven
Pines 41
V: Containing a Presentiment of Danger, the Night Before He
Was Wounded at Gaines' Mill 45
VI: At His Old Home Recovering from His Wound 47
VII: Mostly Concerning Bob, His Body-Servant 49
VIII: Written Upon His Return to His Old Command 51
IX: On the Occasion of His Promotion to the Rank of Major-
General – Telling of Jackson and Garnett 55
X: From the Field of Fredericksburg 57

PART TWO

XI: From His Old Home on the Suffolk Expedition 61
XII: In Which He Urges His Betrothed to Marry Him at Once . 65
XIII: Warning Her to Leave the Danger Zone 69
XIV: When Lee Crossed the Potomac 71
XV: On the Way Through Pennsylvania 73
XVI: Lines Penned on the Road to Gettysburg 75

XXVII: During a Halt in the Long March	79
XXVIII: While He Awaited the Order to Charge at Gettysburg . 81	
XXIX: Relating Certain Incidents of the Great Battle	85
XX: Written in Sorrow and Defeat, after the Struggle	89
XXI: Containing Further Details of the Battle	91
XXII: On the Way to Richmond, Guarding Prisoners	97

PART THREE

XXIII: In Which the General Issues an Order	103
XXIV: Written After Their Marriage, on an Expedition Into North Carolina	105
XXV: From the Lines Near Petersburg, Va.	107
XXVI: In the Wilderness Before Cold Harbor	111
XXVII: Recalling a Visit from “Old Jack”	113
XXVIII: After General Lee Had Congratulated His Division for Gallantry	117
XXIX: When Butler Burned the General’s Old Home . . .	121

PART FOUR

XXX: Upon Hearing of the Birth of the “Little General” . . .	127
XXXI: A Second Letter Written on His Son’s Birthday . . .	129
XXXII: On the Occasion of His First Visit to His Boy	131
XXXIII: Upon Returning from a Ride with “Marse Robert” .	133
XXXIV: Concerning the Gossip of His Servant, George . .	135
XXXV: After an Evening Spent at the “White House” of the Confederacy	139
XXXVI: In the Dark Days Before the End	143
XXXVII: Written in Defeat, After the Battle of Five Forks . .	145

XXXVIII: A Few Hours Before Lee's Surrender at Appomattox	151
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PART FIVE

XXXIX: In Which the General Tells of a Trip to Washington and a Visit With His Old Friend, Grant	157
XL: From New York, After Refusing the Command of the Egyptian Army	161
XLI: A Letter From Turkey Island, During a Brief Absence of His Wife	163
XLII: Concerning a Slight Illness and the Business Troubles of a Soldier	167
XLIII: On the Occasion of the Memorial Services in Honor of Those Who Died at Gettysburg	171
XLIV: Written While Away From Home, After the Death of His Youngest Boy	175

For the Introduction to this book, credit is due to *McClure's Magazine*, in which the article first appeared.

ILLUSTRATIONS

By Franklin Booth

“Do you remember, my Sally, how many times we said Good-bye that evening?”	10
“The enemy is there, General, and I am going to strike him,” said Marse Robert in his firm, quiet voice.	44
Two lines of their infantry were driven back; two lines of guns were taken – and no support came.	93
“You must have been up all night, my prettice, to have made up and sent out such a basket of goodies. My, I tell you, it all tasted good.”	110



“Do you remember, my Sally, how many times
we said Goodbye that evening?”

INTRODUCTION

From the One to Whom These Letters Were Written



Early in life's morning I knew and loved him, and from my first meeting with him to the end, I always called him "Soldier" – "My Soldier." I was a wee bit of a girl at that first meeting. I had been visiting my grandmother, when whooping-cough broke out in the neighborhood, and she took me off to Old Point Comfort to visit her friend, Mrs. Boykin, the sister of John Y. Mason. I could dance and sing and play games and was made much of by the other children and their parents there, till I suddenly developed the cough, then I was shunned and isolated.

I could not understand the change. I would press my face against the ball-room window-panes and watch the merry-making inside and my little heart would almost break. One morning, while playing alone on the beach, I saw an officer lying on the sand reading, under the shelter of an umbrella. I had noticed him several times, always apart from the others, and very sad. I could imagine but one reason for his desolation and in pity for him, I crept under his umbrella to ask him if he, too, had the whooping-cough. He smiled and answered no; but as I still persisted he drew me to him, telling me that he had lost someone who was dear to him and he was very lonely.

And straightway, without so much as a by-your-leave, I promised to take the place of his dear one and to comfort him in his loss. Child as I was, I believe I lost my heart to him on the spot. At all events, I crept from under the umbrella pledged to Lieutenant George E. Pickett, U.S.A., for life and death, and I still hold most sacred a little ring and locket that he gave me on that day.

It is small wonder that this first picture of him is among the most vivid still; the memory of him as he lay stretched in the shade of the umbrella, not tall, and rather slender, but very graceful, and perfect in manly beauty. With childish appreciation, I particularly noticed his very small hands and feet. He had beautiful gray eyes that looked at me through sunny lights – eyes that smiled with his lips. His mustache was gallantly curled. His hair was exactly the color of mine, dark brown, and long and wavy, in the fashion of the time. The neatness of his dress attracted even a child's admiration. His shirt-front of the finest white linen, was in soft puffs and ruffles, and the sleeves were edged with hem-stitched thread cambric ruffles. He would never, to the end of his life, wear the stiff linen collars and cuffs and stocks which came into fashion among men. While he was at West Point he paid heavily in demerits for obstinacy in refusing to wear the regulation stock. Only when the demerits reached the danger-point would he temporarily give up his soft necktie.

It was under that umbrella, in the days that followed, that I learned, while he guided my hand, to make my first letters and spell my first words. They were "Sally" and "Soldier." I remember, too, the songs he used to sing me in the clear, rich voice of which his soldiers were so fond, frequently accompanying himself on the guitar. He kept a diary of those days and after the war it

was returned to him from San Juan by the British officer who occupied the island conjointly with him before the opening of the war. I have it now in my possession.

Three years after our first meeting I saw my Soldier again. He had just received his commission as captain, and was recruiting his company at Fortress Monroe, before sailing for San Juan. The first real sorrow of my life was when I watched the *St. Louis* go out to sea with my Soldier on board, bound around the Horn to Puget Sound, where he was stationed at Fort Bellingham, which I thought must be farther than the end of the world. Forty thousand Indians had risen against the settlers. For two years he was in the thick of it, and greatly distinguished himself, but he did even better after the Indians were suppressed, for he made them his friends, learned their languages, built school-houses for them and taught them, and they called him Nesika Tyee – Our Chief. One old Indian chief insisted upon making him a present of one of his children. He translated the Lord's Prayer and some of our hymns and patriotic songs into their jargon and taught the Indians to sing them. He taught me some of them afterward. Years later, one night after the Civil War, while we were exiles in Montreal, General Pickett and I were singing a hymn in Chinook to put our baby to sleep, when a voice in the next room joined us. At the close of the hymn a stranger came and spoke to my Soldier in Chinook. When he left, he invited us to the theater where he was playing. He was William Florence, and he gave me my first taste of the pleasures of the drama.

Following the Indian war, the quarrel with the British over the ownership of San Juan Island reached a white heat, and on the night of July 26, 1859, my Soldier, with sixty-eight men, was sent from the mainland to take

possession. They were none too soon, for when morning dawned there were five British warships off the coast, with nineteen hundred and forty men ready to land. They proposed joint occupation, but Captain Pickett replied: "I cannot allow joint occupation until so ordered by my commanding general."

The English captain said: "I have a thousand men ready to land to-night."

Captain Pickett replied: "Captain, if you undertake it, I will fight you as long as I have a man."

"I shall land at once," said the British officer.

"If you will give me forty-eight hours, till I hear from my commanding officer, my orders may be countermanded. If you don't you must be responsible for the bloodshed that will follow."

"Not one minute," was the English captain's reply.

My Soldier gave orders for the drawing up of his men in lines on the hill facing the beach where the English must land.

"We will make a Bunker Hill of it, and don't be afraid of their big guns," he said.

In his official report General Harney said: "So satisfied were the British officers that Captain Pickett would carry out this course, that they hesitated."

The United States retained the Island and my Soldier remained in command until the outbreak of the Civil War. But when Virginia passed the Ordinance of Secession, he resigned his commission and recognizing the claims of his native State, joined his fortunes with those of the Southland, although, like many others who fought as bravely against the national government as in happier times they had fought for it, he loved the Union and every star in that flag which he had so often borne to victory.

My Soldier reached Richmond September 13, 1861, and at once enlisted as a private. The next day he was given a commission as captain, a short time later promoted to a colonelcy, and early in 1862 received his commission as brigadier-general. In June, while leading his brigade in a charge at Gaines's Mill, he was severely wounded in the shoulder, but refused to leave the field, ordering Dr. Chancellor to extract the bullet on the field. The surgeon remonstrated, but he said: "My men need me here, Doctor. Fix me now."

He was finally carried off, but was back with his brigade two months before he was able to draw a sleeve over the wounded arm.

Time has not lessened the fame of Pickett's Charge at Gettysburg, and it never will; for the changes that have taken place in the science of war leave no possibility that future history will produce its counterpart. Truly, "the first day of the terrible three at Gettysburg was an accident, the second a blunder" and the third the greatest tragedy that has ever been played upon the stage of war. With its imperishable glory – overshadowing all other events in martial history, notwithstanding its appalling disaster – is linked forever the name of my Soldier.

Down the slope into the smoke-filled valley the devoted men followed him as he rode in advance upon his black war-horse. Their ranks were thinned and torn and shattered by the tempest of lead which from every side was turned on them. Smoke and flame surrounded them. But from the rear the men sprang to fill the gaps in front as they pressed after their leader through the tempest of iron. Five thousand Virginians followed him at the start; but when the Southern flag floated on the ridge, in less than half an hour, not two thousand were left to rally be-

neath it, and those for only one glorious, victory-intoxicated moment. They were not strong enough to hold the position they had so dearly won; and, broken-hearted, even at the very moment of his immortal triumph, my Soldier led his remaining men down the slope again. He dismounted and walked beside the stretcher upon which General Kemper, one of his officers, was being carried, fanning him and speaking cheerfully to comfort him in his suffering. When he reached Seminary Ridge again and reported to General Lee, his face was wet with tears as he pointed to the crimson valley and said: "My noble division lies there!"

"General Pickett," said the commander, "you and your men have covered yourselves with glory."

"Not all the glory in the world, General Lee," my Soldier replied, "could atone for the widows and orphans this day has made."

Soon after the great battle my Soldier confided to his corps commander his intention of marrying, and asked for a furlough. General Longstreet replied that they were not granting furloughs then, but added, with the twinkle in his eye which those who knew him so well will remember: "I might detail you for special duty and you could, of course, stop off and get married if you wanted to."

In old St. Paul's Church in Petersburg, September 15, 1863, we were married, while the bells rang out the chimes that still make music from that old belfry and are yet known as "Pickett's Chimes." In the throng which crowded the church and extended to the sidewalk were hundreds whose mourning garb attested to the costly sacrifice which Petersburg had given to the South. Many hands were reached out to greet my Soldier, and from the lips of many a black-robed mother came the words: "My

son was with you at Gettysburg – God bless you!” A salute of a hundred guns announced the marriage; cheers followed us, and chimes and bands and bugles played as we left for our wedding reception in Richmond.

The food supply of the South was reduced to narrow limits then. Salt was reclaimed from the earth under smoke-houses. Guests at distinguished functions were regaled with ice-cream made of frozen buttermilk sweetened with sorghum. But friends of the general had almost worked miracles to prepare a wedding supper. It was sora season, and those little birds had been killed at night with paddles – the South being not much richer in ammunition than in edibles – and contributed so lavishly to our banquet that it was always afterward known as “the wedding sora supper.” Our wedding present from Mrs. Lee was a fruit-cake, and Bishop Dudley’s mother sent a black cake she had been saving for her golden wedding. Little bags of salt and sugar were sent as presents. The army was in camp nearby, and all the men at the reception, except President Davis, his cabinet, and a few clergymen, came in full uniform, officers and privates as well. We returned without delay to Petersburg – that being my Soldier’s headquarters.

In early May, General Butler, with thirty thousand men, came down upon Petersburg, defended by only six hundred. They held the place till half-starved and ragged reinforcements were hurried in from every direction. We women carried the dispatches, and cooked the food and took it to the men at the guns. The roar of the cannon and the shriek of shot and shell filled our ears day and night. At train-time we would go to the station and send up cheer after cheer to welcome the train from its short trip out into the country, hoping to blind the Yankees to the

fact that it brought in only the half-starved railroad men. During the entire week, until he had Butler safely “bottled up at Petersburg,” my Soldier did not sleep, and the only times I saw him were when I carried his bread and soup and coffee out to him. It was just as it had been when he started for Cemetery Hill at Gettysburg. He would never stop till he had accomplished his work. After Pickett’s Division had retaken Bermuda Hundred the following summer, General Anderson, commanding Longstreet’s Corps, wrote to General Lee: “We tried very hard to stop Pickett and his men from capturing the breastworks of the enemy, but we could not do it.”

The devotion of General Pickett’s men to him has often been recounted as something phenomenal. It was equaled only by his devotion to them. Very near the end of the war, when the army had subsisted on nothing but corn for many days, as my Soldier was riding toward Sailor’s Creek, a woman ran out of a house and handed him something to eat. He carried it in his hand as he rode on. Presently he came upon a soldier lying behind a log, and spoke to him. The man looked up, revealing a boyish face, scarcely more than a child’s – thin and pale.

“What’s the matter?” asked my Soldier.

“I’m starving, General,” the boy replied. “I couldn’t help it. I couldn’t keep up, so I just lay down here to die.”

“Take this,” handing the boy his luncheon; “and when you have eaten and rested, go on back home. It would only waste another life for you to go on.”

The boy took the food eagerly, but replied: “No, Marse George. If I get strength enough to go at all, I’ll follow you to the last.”

He did, for he was killed a few days later at Sailor’s Creek.

I was in Richmond when my Soldier fought the awful battle of Five Forks, Richmond surrendered, and the surging sea of fire swept the city. News of the fate of Five Forks had reached us, and the city was full of rumors that General Pickett was killed. I did not believe them. I knew he would come back; he had told me so. But they were very anxious hours. The day after the fire, there was a sharp rap at the door. The servants had all run away. The city was full of Northern troops, and my environment had not taught me to love them. The fate of other cities had awakened my fears for Richmond. With my baby on my arm, I answered the knock, opened the door and looked up at a tall, gaunt, sad-faced man in ill-fitting clothes. who, with the accent of the North, asked: "Is this George Pickett's place?"

"Yes, sir," I answered, "but he is not here."

"I know that, ma'am," he replied, "but I just wanted to see the place. I am Abraham Lincoln."

"The President!" I gasped.

The stranger shook his head and said: "No, ma'am; no, ma'am; just Abraham Lincoln; George's old friend."

"I am George Pickett's wife and this is his baby," was all I could say. I had never seen Mr. Lincoln but remembered the intense love and reverence with which my Soldier always spoke of him.

My baby pushed away from me and reached out his hands to Mr. Lincoln, who took him in his arms. As he did so an expression of rapt, almost divine, tenderness and love lighted up the sad face. It was a look that I have never seen on any other face. My baby opened his mouth wide and insisted upon giving his father's friend a dewy infantile kiss. As Mr. Lincoln gave the little one back to me, shaking his finger at him playfully, he said: "Tell your father, the rascal, that I forgive him for the sake of that kiss and those bright eyes."

He turned and went down the steps, talking to himself, and passed out of my sight forever, but in my memory those intensely human eyes, that strong, sad face, have a perpetual abiding place – that face which puzzled all artists but revealed itself to the intuitions of a little child, causing it to hold out its hands to be taken and its lips to be kissed.

It was through Mr. Lincoln that my Soldier, as a lad of seventeen, received his appointment to West Point. Mr. Lincoln was at that time associated in law practice with George Pickett's uncle, Mr. Andrew Johnston, a distinguished lawyer and scholar, who was very anxious that his nephew should follow in his footsteps and study for the law – an ambition which, it is needless to say, my Soldier did not share. He confided his perplexities to Mr. Lincoln, who was very fond of the boy; and the great statesman went at once to work to secure his appointment.

After Richmond's fall I anxiously awaited my Soldier's return, and at last one morning I caught the familiar clatter of the hoofs of his little thoroughbred chestnut which he always rode when he came home, and the sound of his voice saying: "Whoa, Lucy, whoa, little girl."

He gave his staff a farewell breakfast at our home. They did not once refer to the past, but each wore a blue strip tied like a sash around his waist. It was the old headquarters' flag, which they had saved from the surrender and torn into strips, that each might keep one in sad memory. After breakfast he went to the door, and from a white rose-bush which his mother had planted cut a bud for each. He put one in my hair and pinned one to the coat of each of his officers. Then for the first time the tears came, and the men who had been closer than brothers for four fearful years, clasped hands in silence and parted:

Ever since the Mexican War General Grant had been

a dear friend of my Soldier. At the time our first baby was born the two armies were encamped facing each other and they often swapped coffee and tobacco under flags of truce. On the occasion of my son's birth bonfires were lighted in celebration all along Pickett's line. Grant saw them and sent scouts to learn the cause. When they reported, he said to General Ingalls: "Haven't we some kindling on this side of the line? Why don't we strike a light for the young Pickett?"

In a little while bonfires were flaming from the Federal line. A few days later there was taken through the lines a baby's silver service, engraved: "To George E. Pickett, Jr., from his father's friends, U. S. Grant, Rufus Ingalls, George Suckley."

It was through their courtesy, at the close of the war, that we were taken from Richmond down the James to my father's old home at Chuckatuck. But we were not allowed to remain long at peace. General Ingalls warned my Soldier that General Butler was making speeches against him in Congress, and urged that he would be safer on foreign ground. Though he did not believe it, he reluctantly consented to go. He mounted Lucy and rode to the station. It was a pathetic incident that, just as the train moved out, the chestnut thoroughbred lay down and died.

We had been in Canada almost a year when General Grant, learning of our exile, wrote to us to return, saying that his cartel with General Lee should be kept, if it required another war to make it good. We went back to our dear old place, Turkey Island, on the James River, and built a little cottage in the place of the magnificent mansion which had been sacked and burned by order of General Butler. I once asked my Soldier why it was called Turkey Island. He replied that there were two good reasons; one was that it was not an island, the other that

there were never any turkeys there. Everything, even the monument in the family cemetery, had been destroyed, but it was home. We loved it. My Soldier was always passionately fond of flowers, and our garden was an unflinching delight to us both.

He tried to turn his sword into a plow-share, but he was not expert with plowshares; and, worse, he constantly received applications for employment from old comrades no more skilled than he. All were made welcome, though they might not be able to distinguish a rake from a rail fence or tell whether potatoes grew on trees or on trellised vines. They would rise at any hour that pleased them, linger over breakfast, and then go out to the fields. If the sun were too hot or the wind too cold, they would come back, to sit on the veranda or around the fire till dinner was ready. There were generals, colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants, privates – all of one rank now; and he who desired a graphic history of the four years' war needed only to listen to the conversation of the agricultural army at Turkey Island. But the inevitable came; resources were in time exhausted, and proprietor and assistants were forced to seek other fields.

The Khedive of Egypt offered my Soldier the position of general in his army, but he declined. When General Grant became President, he entertained us as his guests at the White House, and one of my keenest memories is of President Grant and my Soldier as they stood facing each other in the White House office the last day of our visit. Grant's hand was on the shoulder of my Soldier, and they were looking earnestly into each other's eyes. Grant, ever faithful to his friends, had been urging my Soldier to accept the marshal-ship of the State of Virginia. Pickett, sorely as he needed the appointment, knew the demands upon Grant, and that his acceptance would

create criticism and enemies for the President. He shook his head, saying: "You can't afford to do this for me, Sam, and I can't afford to take it."

"I can afford to do anything I please," said Grant. My Soldier still shook his head, but the deep emotion of his heart shone in his tear-dimmed eyes, and in Grant's, as they silently grasped each other's hands and then walked away in opposite directions and looked out of separate windows, while I stole away.

My Soldier was urged to accept the position with Generals Beauregard and Early in connection with the Louisiana Lottery. There was a large salary attached to it, but he said there was not money enough in the world to induce him to lend his name to it.

When he was offered the governorship of Virginia, he said that he never again wanted to hold any office, and would be glad to see Kemper, his old brigadier, made governor. Kemper was the only one of Pickett's brigadiers who came out of the battle of Gettysburg, and he was wounded and maimed for life. He was elected governor, and as he was a bachelor, my Soldier and I often assisted him at his receptions.

For himself, my Soldier finally accepted the general agency for the South of the Washington Life Insurance Company, and held the office till his death. The headquarters were at Richmond. I always went with him on his trips, and we spent our summers in the Virginia mountains.

External conditions as well as natural instincts made my Soldier's life one of deep and tragic earnestness. He was always grave and dignified, but he was fond of jokes, especially if they were on me. Once, when he was leaving home for an absence of some length, he asked how much money I would need. I made a laborious calculation, and

named a sum which he promptly doubled. He had not been gone long when I remembered an obligation, and telegraphed him that I had underestimated the amount. By the next mail came a check carefully made payable to "Mrs. Oliver Twist." I had to indorse it in that way, and he always carried the cheque in his pocket afterward for my benefit. I have it now.

At the wedding breakfast given for General Magruder's niece at the mansion of the governor-general of Canada, the governor asked my Soldier to what he attributed the failure of the Confederates at Gettysburg. With a twinkle in his eyes, he replied, "Well, I think the Yankees had a little something to do with it."

In the summer of '87, when we were prepared to start for White Sulphur Springs, my Soldier was suddenly called to Norfolk. Very much against his advice, I insisted on accompanying him. It was fortunate, for after two days of anxious work he fell ill, and died there. The evening he was dying, the doctor wanted to give him an anodyne, but he said: "Doctor, you say that I must die. I want to go in my right mind. I would rather suffer pain and know. Please leave me now. I do not want anybody but my wife."

The longest procession of mourners ever known in Virginia followed him to his grave on Gettysburg Hill, in beautiful Hollywood.

General Longstreet has written of my Soldier:

I first met him as a cadet at West Point, in the heyday of his bright young manhood, in 1842. Upon graduating, he was assigned to the regiment to which I had been promoted, the Eighth United States Infantry, and Lieutenant Pickett served gallantly with us contin-

uously until, for meritorious service, he was promoted captain in 1856. He served with distinguished valor in all the battles of General Scott in Mexico, including the siege of Vera Cruz, and was always conspicuous for gallantry. He was the first to scale the parapets of Chapultepec on the 13th of September, 1847, and was the brave American who unfurled our flag over the castle as the enemy's troops retreated, firing at the splendid Pickett as he floated our victorious colors.

In memory I can see him, of medium height, of graceful build, dark, glossy hair, worn almost to his shoulders in curly waves, of wondrous pulchritude and magnetic presence, as he gallantly rode from me on that memorable third day of July, 1863, saying, in obedience to the imperative order to which I could only bow assent, "I will lead my division forward, General Longstreet." He was devoted to his martial profession

His greatest battle was really at Five Forks, April 1, 1865, where his plans and operations were masterful and skillful. If they had been executed as he designed them there might have been no Appomattox, and despite the disparity of overwhelming numbers, a brilliant victory would have been his if reinforcements which he had every reason to expect had opportunely reached him; but they were not ordered in season and did not join the hard-pressed Pickett until night, when his position had long since been attacked by vastly superior numbers with repeating rifles.

He was of an open, frank, and genial temperament, but he felt very keenly the distressing calamities entailed upon the beloved sunny South by the results of the war; yet, with the characteristic fortitude of a soldier, he bowed with resignation to the inevitable, gracefully accepted the situation, recognized the duty of the unfortunate to accept the results in no querulous spirit, and felt his obligation to share its effects.

No word of blame, or censure even, of his supe-

rior officers ever escaped Pickett's lips, but he nevertheless felt profoundly the sacrifice of his gallant soldiers whom he so loved. At Five Forks he had a desperate but a fighting chance, and if any soldier could have snatched victory from defeat, it was the intrepid Pickett, and it was cruel to leave that brilliant and heroic leader and his Spartan band to the same hard straits they so nobly met at Gettysburg. At Five Forks Pickett lost more men in thirty minutes than we lost, all told, in the recent Spanish-American war from bullets, wounds, sickness, or any other casualty, showing the unsurpassed bravery with which Pickett fought, and the tremendous odds and insuperable disadvantages under and against which this incomparable soldier so bravely contended; but with George E. Pickett, whether fighting under the stars and stripes at Chapultepec, or under the stars and bars at Gettysburg, duty was his polar star, and with him duty was above consequences, and at a crisis, he would throw them overboard.

General McClellan has said:

Perhaps there is no doubt that he was the best infantry soldier developed on either side during the Civil War. His friends and admirers are by no means confined to the Southern people or soldiers to whom he gave his heart and best affections and of whom he was so noble a type, but throughout the North and on the Pacific coast, where he long served, his friends and lovers are legion.

He was of the purest type of the perfect soldier, possessing manly beauty in the highest degree; a mind large and capable of taking in the bearings of events under all circumstances; of that firm and dauntless texture of soul that no danger or shock of conflict could appall or confuse; full of that rare magnetism which could infuse itself into masses of men and cause any mass under his control to

act as one; his perception clear; his courage of that rare proof which rose to the occasion; his genius for war so marked that his companions all knew that his mind worked clearer under fire and in the “deadly and imminent breach,” than even at mess-table or in the merry bivouac, where his genial and kindly comradeship and his perfect breeding as a gentleman made him beloved of his friends.

He will live in history as nearer to Light Horse Harry, of the Revolution, than any other of the many heroes produced by Old Virginia – his whole history, when told, as it will be by some of the survivors of Pickett’s men, will reveal a modern type of the Chevalier Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*. . . .

Could he have had his wish, he had died amid the roar of battle. No man of our age has better illustrated the aptitude for war of his class of our country, and with these talents for war was united the truest and sweetest nature. No man of his time was more beloved of women, of men and of soldiers. He was to the latter a rigid disciplinarian and at the same time the soldier’s friend. Virginia will rank him in her roll of fame with Lee, with Johnston, with Jackson they love as Stonewall; and mourners for the noble and gallant gentleman, the able and accomplished soldier, are legion.

These were the tributes of friend and enemy – if any man, though he fought him on the field of battle, could be called his enemy. Rivers of blood did not quench the flames of the campfires of Mexico and the West. My Soldier’s comrades under the old flag were still his comrades through the crucial test of that most deadly warfare, a conflict between the opposing sections of the same country.

To me the legacy of love that he left in his letters and in the memories of his daily life is greater than any riches earth could give. The nobility of soul with which he met

the problems that come to men in the arena of the world is a treasured possession in my heart even greater than his magnificent heroism on the field of battle. The radiance of the stars in the blue sky of peace eclipse the crimson glow of the fiery comet of war. The heart of "My Soldier" is mine to-day as it was in that long-gone yesterday when I awaited the messages that link the battlefield with tomorrow's Eternal Harmony.

La Salle Corbell Picket