

General A. C. Litchfield left yesterday to attend the re-union of his old command, the 7th Michigan Cavalry, at Battle Creek.

We have no occasion to tell this story, but we are going to tell it all the same and take our scolding afterwards if necessary. Last week the first re-union of the 4th Michigan Cavalry was held in Battle Creek, though a small meeting for organization was held last year. This year about 200 survivors of the old regiment met there for the first time since the Command was mustered out of service. Most of them were gray headed, but all were as frisky as a lot of boys. On the second morning Gen. Litchfield once Colonel of the regiment stepped into the wash room of the hotel office and saw a comrade sitting in the boot-black's chair waiting for the coming of that fuctionary to black his boots. The General bethinking himself of the New Testament account of how the brethren washed each others feet, grabbed up a brush and proceeded to polish his comrade's boots, finishing off one in good style before the regular operator returned.

That evening at the banquet, among others called out for speeches was Mr. Albert Crane the law partner of Mayor Uhl, of Grand Rapids, and he proceeded to make an eloquent speech full of telling points. Among other things he said that once after days of fatigue he was stationed at Germania Ford or special duty with orders to keep his eyes open sharp all night on the ford and approaches. He kept awake and watched until daylight came, when overcome by fatigue he dropped on the ground and went fast asleep.

Presently up dashed Colonel Litchfield and roused him from his slumber, and, said the Speaker, "never in the whole course of my life was I talked to as I was on that occasion. The words sharp and severe cut me like a knife, for I had reached as I thought the limit of endurance by way of fatigue and want of sleep, and ever since then the memory of those words has been with me, and has made me feel sore. I've been sore for more than twenty-five years. I was sore this morning, but somehow when I saw that same Colonel kneeling down before me blacking my boots this morning the soreness all left, and I'm a sound man once more."

Only an old soldier can understand why, when he told this, there was an old kind of a jumble of cheers, and laughter and wet eyes withal, for only an old soldier can understand how much the stern necessity of military discipline cost sensitive and proud men sometimes. The one thing that made the American soldiers of the late war the best the world has ever seen, was the intelligence which enabled him to recognize for himself the necessity of discipline and the subordination of personal pride and independence to that necessity. Yet today while the soreness is gone, we can remember how much it cost us sometimes to efface ourselves at the call of duty.

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A.C. Litchfield

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Mrs. A. C. Litchfield, in company with the venerable mother of General Litchfield, left on Tuesday night of last week for Pittsburg, Pa., intending a visit to her son, Dr. Laurence Litchfield. She will be absent about a month.

Litchfield

Litchfield-Smith.

On Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock in the Presbyterian church, Mr. Lucius C. Litchfield was married to Miss Catherine L. Smith, the Rev. Albert H. Dodge of East Jordan performing the ceremony. There was no effort at display and all the arrangements were simple, elegant and in perfect taste, while the rendition of the marriage ceremony by Mr. Dodge was solemn, impressive and beautiful. From 8 to 9 o'clock a reception was given by General and Mrs. Litchfield in their new home "Simla," which was attended by many friends of the bride and groom, and marked by its quiet elegance. Miss Kate Smith came with her mother, Mrs. Catherine Smith, to Petoskey six years ago, and has always held a very high place in the affection and esteem of Petoskey people. Mr. Lucius C. Litchfield, the youngest son of General and Mrs. Litchfield, is a young man of high character and fine promise, who has entered into business in Pittsburg, and the future holds out for the young couple the fairest prospects for a happy and successful life. The bride was remembered by many friends who sent beautiful and valuable gifts. Their home will be on Nevelle street, Pittsburg.

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Dr. Laurence Litchfield of Pittsburg, Pa., came up last week to attend the wedding of his brother Lucius. The doctor has won a high place among the physicians and surgeons of Pittsburg and is enjoying a lucrative practice.

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Litchfield
Blanda

General Litchfield has been in Pittsburg for some weeks visiting his sons, and is expected every train with his daughter Myra, who has been in school there for the past year.