



Volume 19 Issue 2 Spring/Summer

Article 18

6-15-2000

## Richmond

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## Recommended Citation

McEver, H. Bruce (2000) "Richmond," Westview: Vol. 19: Iss. 2, Article 18. Available at: https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol19/iss2/18

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## Richmond

by H. Bruce McEver

Undeterred by over a century of industrial progress since the War the cold stone-cobbled James runs through this city's heart.

The river floods the brick-clutter relics of old cannon foundries, tumbled tobacco warehouses, and wracked bridges, dams, and locks.

Now on the banks, modern glass towers taint pink toward sunset and shadow Corinthian columned porticos.

It's charming and everywhere:

I negotiate with a landed banker whose family financed the Cause or casually chat with an ex-Marine cabby back to the airport. His great-granddaddy dug and manned those earthworks strongholding and surrounding this sacred capital.

It even seems alive in the glimmering eyes of the great generals' oils arrayed at the Commonwealth Club. JEB Stuart, Stonewall, and Lee whose stares of determination and damnation glow like the end of the day and secretly ember in the bosom of the citizenry:

that certain, courteous, soft-spoken southern character, somewhat deceptive, but capable of taking on vastly superior forces and sometimes whipping them.