

# *See Herald* Aimee Tourgee Dead

**ASHES OF DAUGHTER OF JUDGE  
ALBION W. TOURGEE WILL BE  
BURIED AT MAYVILLE.**

Pittsburg, April 20.—Miss Aimee Tourgee, the writer, lecturer and illustrator, died at the Homeopathic hospital at 8 o'clock yesterday morning of heart disease. She had lectured in Pittsburg last week and was on her way to Meadville and Irwin to lecture, when she became ill and returned here.

Miss Tourgee was 38 years old and was the daughter of Judge Albion Winegar Tourgee, the famous North Carolina reconstructionist, who died in 1905, while serving as United States consul at Bordeaux, France.

Miss Tourgee studied art in Philadelphia for a long time and was also a member of the Art Students' League in New York. Finding she was about to die, she asked her mother to have her body cremated, which was done. The ashes will be taken to Mayville, Chautauqua county, N. Y., the old family home, and will be buried there on May 2d.

[The Tourgee family was well-known in Erie, the late Albion W. Tourgee having been principal of Erie academy many years ago and having married here. Miss Tourgee delivered a lecture a few months ago before Miss Sarah Reed's study class.]

## MISS AIMEE TOURGEE.

A. O. Bunnell, editor of the *Dansville Advertiser* writes as follows of the late Miss Tourgee in his issue of May 6:

—“Ashes to ashes! Dust to dust!”

“Death loves a shining mark!” The ashes of Miss Aimee Tourgee, daughter and only child of the late Judge Albion W. Tourgee, were buried beside those of her famous father at Mayville, last Sunday, May 2, the anniversary of the father's birth. Judge Tourgee died May 21, 1905, while serving as United States consul at Bordeaux, France. His remains were cremated by his especial request, brought home by the wife and daughter, and buried at Mayville which had for many years been the family home. Here a monument to his memory was lovingly dedicated May 30, 1906. Miss Tourgee, who died in Pittsburg April 19, following the example of her father, was cremated. The daughter inherited much of the talent and spirit of her father, and became noted as writer, lecturer and illustrator. The writer of this column made the acquaintance of the family at Greensboro, North Carolina, in 1871, and this acquaintance ripened into a friendship which grew stronger and sweeter as the years passed. We held the infant daughter on our knee in Greensboro, and have ever since watched with growing interest her development. Her art studies, commenced in Philadelphia, were continued in France and Italy. One notable example of her genius as an illustrator, in our possession, is the marginal decoration of *An Outing with the Queen of Hearts*, the exquisite personal love story of Judge Tourgee. The illustrations are true to life, appealing to the sense of fitness, from “the quiet study over which the woodbine climbs, whose darkened windows shut out at once the sun's pain laden darts and the world's unceasing clamor,” to the portraits of the Queen of Hearts and her King, the swart Newfoundland, the eagle that robbed the fish-line, the fish, grasshoppers, bees and butterflies, and the flowers and vines; all adding to the charm of the letter-press, the outdoor sensations, languorous, vague and boundless. And now the wife and mother is left alone with the rich memories, sweet and bittersweet of almost unparalleled companionships. A woman of talent, her life has proved her also one of the bravest of women. Those familiar with her history during the terrors of the Ku Klux Klan which continually threatened the life of the brave soldier and judge and often attacked him, will recall the time when loading his revolvers, to repel his enemies, her hair grew white in a single night—but she never flinched nor faltered. Like the wife of Brutus, she was proudly husbanded, and the husband in turn could say with Brutus, “You are my true and honorable wife, as dear to me as are the ruddy drops that visit my sad heart.” There is no apprehension that such a woman, even in this her hour of complete bereavement of those nearest and dearest to her, will fail to bravely confront life, until she is called to meet them—and again is heard by crowding, crowning friends, the final, “Ashes to ashes!”