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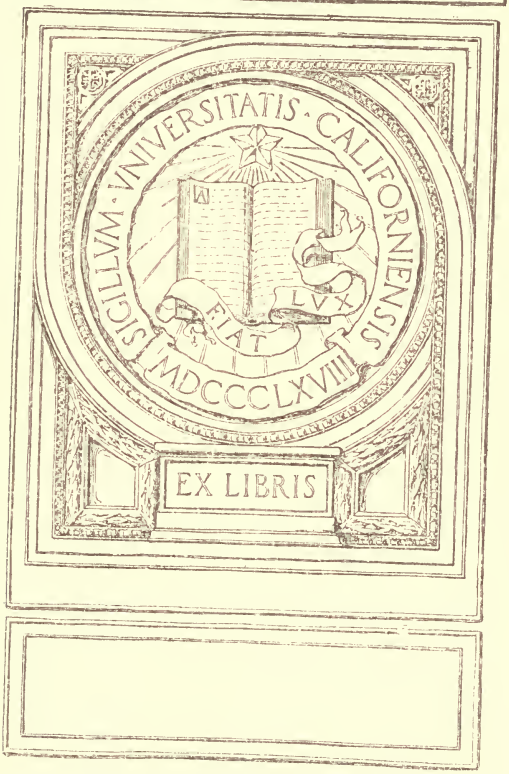

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE AFTER APPOMATTOX

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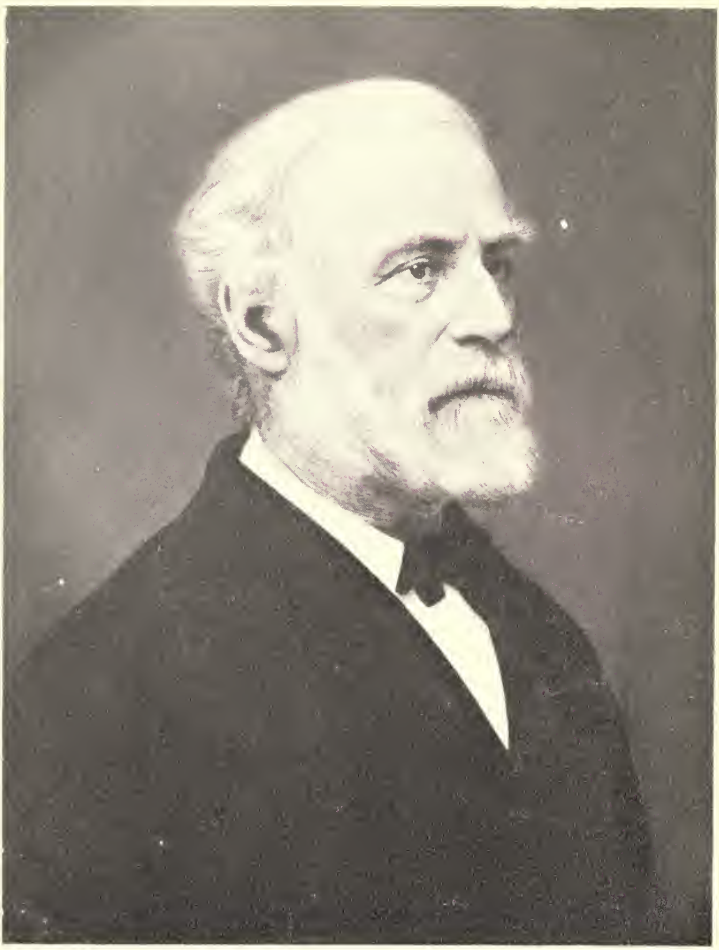

General Lee's Last Picture

Made by Mr. M. Miley, Lexington, Va., in 1869 and published by General Lee's son, Captain Robert E. Lee in his *Recollections and Letters of General Lee.*

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE AFTER APPOMATTOX

EDITED BY
FRANKLIN L. RILEY
PROFESSOR OF HISTORY, WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY

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THIS MEMORIAL VOLUME,

ISSUED FIFTY YEARS AFTER THE TERMINATION
OF THE INCOMPARABLE SERVICES OF
GENERAL ROBERT EDWARD LEE
AS PRESIDENT OF WASHINGTON COLLEGE,
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO THE
"LEE ALUMNI"
BY
THEIR ALMA MATER

PUBLICATION COMMITTEE
OF BOARD OF TRUSTEES:
Mr. William A. Anderson,
Dr. E. C. Gordon,
Mr. Harrington Waddell.

PREFACE

SHORTLY after the death of General Robert E. Lee the faculty of Washington and Lee University began the preparation of a "Lee Memorial Volume," but circumstances "delayed and finally prevented the publication" of this work. The manuscripts that had been prepared by members of the faculty and other papers that had been collected for this volume were turned over to Dr. J. William Jones and incorporated in his *Personal Reminiscences of Gen. R. E. Lee*, which was published in 1874. Among the "faculty contributions" to that volume were the valuable sketches by Dr. J. L. Kirkpatrick, Professor of Moral Science, by Dr. Edward S. Joynes, Professor of English, and by Col. William Preston Johnston, Professor of History.

In June, 1917, the trustees of the university decided to collect all facts, then available, on General Lee's connection with the institution. The executive committee of the board later requested the professor of history of the university to undertake this work. In carrying out his commission he sent appeals to all living "Lee Alumni," as far as their addresses could be obtained, asking for every item of information, however small, that they could furnish, relative to their college days. A suggested list of topics was also sent to aid the

alumni in determining the nature and scope of the information desired.

The responses to these appeals were hearty and generous, though it was impossible to overcome the handicap of a fifty years' delay in the prosecution of the work. It is safe to say that the contributions obtained in this way will perhaps be the last to be had from this source. They constitute a large part of the contents of this volume. Unfortunately, many alumni of this unique period had passed away before a systematic effort was made to gather and preserve their reminiscences for the benefit of future generations. At least two of the contributors to this volume, Mr. F. A. Berlin and Rev. Robert H. Fleming, have died since the inauguration of this work. In the course of a few more years the last of this honored group, who heard the voice and observed the daily movements of our great President, will cease to bear living testimony to his memory, and the record will be closed.

The contents of this volume have also been enriched by the reproduction of valuable contributions which have appeared from time to time in ephemeral publications. Documents of this class were written either by members of General Lee's faculty or by others who came in personal contact with him after the war. Two brief extracts have been taken from standard biographies of General Lee, because the volumes from which they were taken are now out of print.

Although the incidents and impressions here given will probably not alter the judgment of the reading

public on the character of General Lee, they will afford something more than corroborative testimony on the subject. They will explain, in part at least, the methods by which this great college executive in the brief period of five years achieved results that would have been highly creditable to the full life-effort of a successful educator.

FRANKLIN L. RILEY.

Washington and Lee University,
October 12, 1920.

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HOW LEE BECAME A COLLEGE PRESIDENT

By Prof. Alexander L. Nelson

This sketch, written by an honored and appreciative member of General Lee's faculty, is taken from the "Lee Memorial Number" of the *Wake Forest Student*, a magazine published in January, 1907, by Wake Forest College. It is here reproduced because it is deemed worthy of permanent preservation.—Editor.

WHEN the war closed Washington College was a wreck, but the board of trustees, animated by indomitable Scotch-Irish pluck, determined to resuscitate it. It was announced that the board would meet on the 4th day of August, 1865. The members of the faculty were present by invitation, as most interested spectators.

Several highly respectable gentleman and scholars were placed in nomination for president and their merits discussed.

At length the board seemed ready to take the vote.

Just then Col. Bolivar Christian arose and said, in a somewhat hesitating manner, that he deemed it his duty to make a statement, before the vote was taken, which might have some influence on the election. He then said that a lady friend of his, who was also a friend of Miss Mary Lee, daughter of General Robert E. Lee, recently told him that Miss Mary Lee had remarked to her that while the Southern people were

willing and ready to give her father everything that he might need, no offer had ever been made him by which he could earn a living for himself and family.

A member asked Colonel Christian if he nominated General Lee. No, he replied, he would not do that, but he merely wanted the board to know what Miss Mary Lee had said.

Then various members of the board said what a great thing it would be for the college if the services of General Lee could be secured, and wondered if there was any chance of doing so.

At length, after repeated urging, Colonel Christian did make the nomination. All other names were immediately withdrawn and the roll was called, and General Lee was unanimously elected.

Then there was a pause, and silence prevailed for some moments. The board seemed oppressed with the gravity of the situation, and seemed to feel that they had acted rashly. How could they announce to the world that they had elected to the presidency of a broken-down college not only the greatest man in the South, but in many respects the greatest man in the world? And yet it was only brave men who could seize an opportunity like this. "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune."

At length a member summoned courage to say that having taken that step, they must go forward, and he moved that a committee of five members, with the rector, be appointed to draft a letter to General Lee apprising him of his election and urging his acceptance.

Another member suggested that it would not avail to send a letter through the mail, but that it must be conveyed and presented by a personal representative, and that there was no one so well qualified for that mission as the rector.

Judge Brockenbrough, the rector, was a large man of imposing appearance, of courtly manners, a good talker and an eloquent speaker. He had been federal judge of the western district of Virginia, and had for many years conducted a flourishing law school in Lexington.

The judge arose at once and, thanking the member for his kind words, said that he could not go; and glancing down at his well-worn clothes, said he could not make an appearance in General Lee's presence dressed as he was, and that those were the best clothes he had, and that he had no money whatever to buy others.

Mr. Hugh Barclay, a member of the board, who also was a large man, replied that one of his sons who lived in the North had sent him a suit of broadcloth which he thought would fit Judge Brockenbrough pretty well and that if he would wear this suit he would be welcome to it. The judge thanked him, but said there was still another difficulty. It would be quite a journey to Powhatan county, where General Lee was residing, and would necessitate some expense, and he had no money and the college had none.

Colonel McLaughlin, another trustee, who was ever alive to the interests of the college, and who knew everything that occurred in town, said there was a lady

living in Lexington who owned a farm in Buckingham county and who had recently secured the money for a crop of tobacco, and that the college could borrow some of it.

Judge Brockenbrough, thus equipped and supplied, went on his mission. When he returned he reported that General Lee was willing to take the matter under consideration.

On the 24th of August General Lee wrote that he would accept the office of President of Washington College under certain conditions, one of which was that he could not undertake to give instruction to classes but could only undertake general supervision. The conditions imposed were readily accepted by the board and the announcement of General Lee's acceptance was made public.

Money was borrowed and every effort made to place the college in working order. On the 18th of September, 1865, General Lee rode into town on "Traveller." *

*In writing the name of his favorite war horse General Lee always followed the English spelling, using two l's instead of one.—Editor.

WHY GENERAL LEE ACCEPTED THE PRESIDENCY OF WASHINGTON COLLEGE

By Captain Robert E. Lee

The following extract is taken from Capt. R. E. Lee's *Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee*, pages 179–184. Unfortunately, this valuable life of General Lee is out of print.—Editor.

ABOUT this time my father received from the Board of Trustees of Washington College a notification of his election to the presidency of that institution, at a meeting of the board held in Lexington, Virginia, on August 4, 1865. The letter apprising him of the action was presented by Judge John W. Brockenbrough, rector of the college. This was a complete surprise to my father. He had already been offered the vice-chancellorship of the "University of the South," at Sewanee, Tennessee, but declined it on the ground that it was denominational, and to some suggestions that he should connect himself with the University of Virginia he objected because it was a state institution. *

* The following extract from a letter written by Mr. Wm. A. Anderson, present rector of Washington and Lee University, to the board of trustees under date of June 17, 1901, gives additional light on this subject:

"Informally, but none the less positively and effectively, the active interest of Rev. Dr. and Gen. William N. Pendleton, a lifelong personal friend

Washington College had started as an academy in 1749. It was the first classical school opened in the Valley of Virginia. After a struggle of many years, under a succession of principals and with several changes of site, it at length acquired such a reputation as to attract the attention of General Washington. He gave it a handsome endowment, and the institution changed its name from "Liberty Hall Academy" to Washington College. In the summer of 1865, the college, through the calamities of civil war, had reached the lowest point of depression it had ever known. Its buildings, library, and apparatus had suffered from the sack and plunder of hostile soldiery. Its invested funds, owing to the general inpoverishment throughout the land, were for the time being rendered unproductive and their ultimate value was most uncertain. Four professors still remained on duty, and there were about forty students, mainly from the country around Lexington. It was not a state institution, nor confined to any one religious denomination, so two objections which might have been made by my father were removed. But the college in later years had only a local reputation. It was very poor, indifferently

of General Lee, a member of his military staff during the war, and a minister of the same religious denomination, was at the instance of the trustees, who were in Lexington at the time of General Lee's election, enlisted in the effort they were making to prevail on General Lee to accept the presidency.

"At the request of Prof. James J. White, who acted as the authorized representative of the trustees, General Pendleton wrote to General Lee advising his acceptance of the position and assuring him, as he had been authorized to do by Prof. White, that the institution would in the future be absolutely undenominational."—Editor.

equipped with buildings, and with no means in sight to improve its condition.*

"There was a general expectation that he would decline the position as not sufficiently lucrative, if his purpose was to repair the ruins of his private fortune resulting from the war; as not lifting him conspicuously enough in the public gaze, if he was ambitious of office or further distinction; or as involving too great labour and anxiety, if he coveted repose after the terrible contest from which he had just emerged."†

He was very reluctant to accept this appointment, but for none of the above reasons, as the average man might have been. Why he was doubtful of undertaking the responsibilities of such a position his letter of acceptance clearly shows. He considered the matter carefully and then wrote the following letter to the committee:

"Powhatan County, August 24, 1865.

"Gentlemen: I have delayed for some days replying to your letter of the 5th inst., informing me of my election by the board of trustees to the presidency of Washington College, from a desire to

* The poverty of the institution at this time is shown by the following facts:

In their report to the trustees, June 20, 1865, the faculty said that the buildings had suffered serious damage from General Hunter's raid and that conditions had grown worse since that time, "owing to the want of material and means for making repairs, and partly to the impossibility of closing them against the depredations of mischievous persons." June 24, 1865, the trustees authorized the faculty to borrow $500.00 for repairs. In February, 1866, the treasurer of the college was authorized to have shelves put in the laboratory for minerals "provided the carpenter would agree to wait for money until the opening of the next session." See MS. Faculty Records under dates given.—Editor.

† Professor E. S. Joynes.

give the subject due consideration. Fully impressed with the responsibilities of the office, I have feared that I should be unable to discharge its duties to the satisfaction of the trustees or to the benefit of the country. The proper education of youth requires not only great ability, but I fear more strength than I now possess, for I do not feel able to undergo the labour of conducting classes in regular courses of instruction. I could not, therefore, undertake more than the general administration and supervision of the institution. There is another subject which has caused me serious reflection, and is, I think, worthy of the consideration of the board. Being excluded from the terms of amnesty in the proclamation of the President of the United States, of the 29th of May last, and an object of censure to a portion of the country, I have thought it probable that my occupation of the position of president might draw upon the college a feeling of hostility; and I should, therefore, cause injury to an institution which it would be my highest desire to advance. I think it the duty of every citizen, in the present condition of the country, to do all in his power to aid in the restoration of peace and harmony and in no way to oppose the policy of the State or general government directed to that object. It is particularly incumbent on those charged with the instruction of the young to set them an example of submission to authority, and I could not consent to be the cause of animadversion upon the college. Should you, however, take a different view, and think that my services in the position tendered to me by the board will be advantageous to the college and country, I will yield to your judgment and accept it; otherwise, I must most respectfully decline the office. Begging you to express to the trustees of the college my heartfelt gratitude for the honour conferred upon me, and requesting you to accept my cordial thanks for the kind manner in which you have communicated their decision, I am, gentlemen, with great respect, your most obedient servant,

R. E. Lee." *

To present a clearer view of some of the motives influencing my father in accepting this trust—for such he considered it—I give an extract from an address on

* By comparing this document with the photographic reproduction of the original the reader will note that Captain Lee made some slight changes in capital letters, of which his father made liberal use, following the custom of his day.—Editor.

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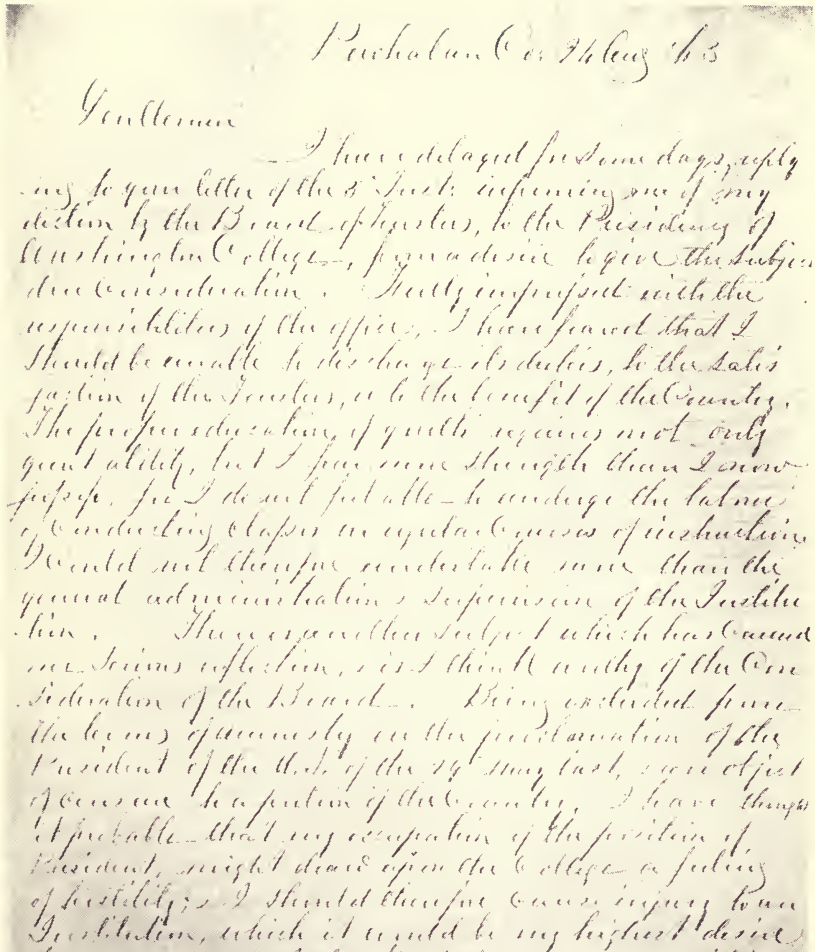
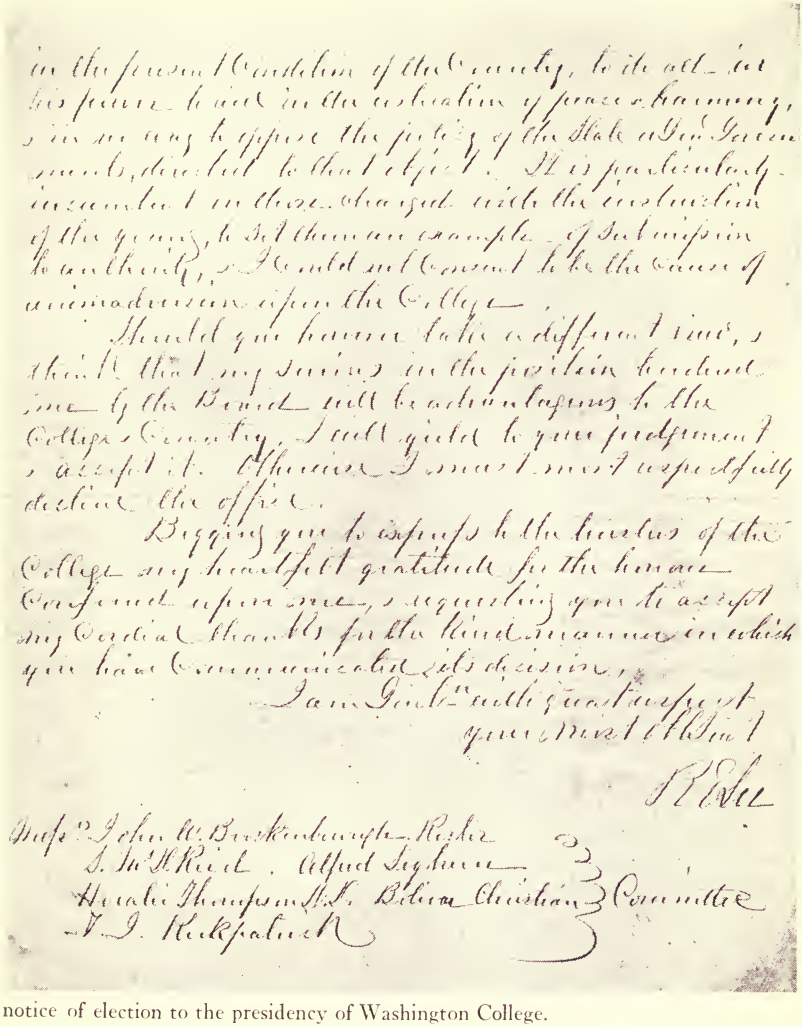


Reproduction of autograph letter of General Lee, replying to



notice of election to the presidency of Washington College.

the occasion of his death, by Bishop Wilmer, of Louisiana, delivered at the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tennessee:

"I was seated," says Bishop Wilmer, "at the close of the day, in my Virginia home, when I beheld, through the thickening shades of evening, a horseman entering the yard, whom I soon recognised as General Lee. The next morning he placed in my hands the correspondence with the authorities of Washington College at Lexington. He had been invited to become president of that institution. I confess to a momentary feeling of chagrin at the proposed change (shall I say revulsion?) in his history. The institution was one of local interest, and comparatively unknown to our people. I named others more conspicuous which would welcome him with ardour as their presiding head. I soon discovered that his mind towered above these earthly distinctions; that, in his judgment, the *cause* gave dignity to the institution, and not the wealth of its endowment or the renown of its scholars; that this door and not another was opened to him by Providence, and he only wished to be assured of his competency to fulfil his trust and thus to make his few remaining years a comfort and blessing to his suffering country. I had spoken to his human feelings; he had now revealed himself to me as one 'whose life was hid with Christ in God.' My speech was no longer restrained. I congratulated him that his heart was inclined to this great cause, and that he was spared to give to the world this august testimony to the importance of Christian education. How he listened to my feeble words; how he beckoned me to his side, as the fulness of heart found utterance; how his whole countenance glowed with animation as I spoke of the Holy Ghost as the great Teacher, whose presence was required to make education a blessing, which otherwise might be the curse of mankind; how feelingly he responded, how *eloquently*, as I never heard him speak before,—can never be effaced from memory; and nothing more sacred mingles with my reminiscences of the dead."

The board of trustees, on August 31, adopted and sent to General Lee resolutions saying that, in spite of his objections, "his connection with the institution would greatly promote its prosperity and advance the

general interest of education, and urged him to enter upon his duties as president at his earliest convenience."

My father had had nearly four years' experience in the charge of young men at West Point. The conditions at that place, to be sure, were very different from those at the one to which he was now going, but the work in the main was the same—to train, improve and elevate. I think he was influenced, in making up his mind to accept this position, by the great need of education in his State and in the South, and by the opportunity that he saw at Washington College for starting almost from the beginning, and for helping, by his experience and example, the youth of his country to become good and useful citizens.

In the latter part of September, he mounted Traveller and started alone for Lexington. He was four days on the journey, stopping with some friend each night. He rode into Lexington on the afternoon of the fourth day, no one knowing of his coming until he quietly drew up and dismounted at the village inn. Professor White, who had just turned into the main street as the General halted in front of the hotel, said he knew in a moment that this stately rider on the iron-gray charger must be General Lee. He, therefore, at once went forward, as two or three old soldiers gathered around to help the General down, and insisted on taking him to the home of Colonel Reid, the professor's father-in-law, where he had already been invited to stay. My father, with his usual consideration for others, as it was late in the afternoon, had determined to remain at the hotel that

night and go to Mr. Reid's in the morning; but yielding to Captain White's (he always called him "Captain," his Confederate title) assurances that all was ready for him, he accompanied him to the home of his kind host.

INAUGURATION OF GENERAL LEE, AS PRESIDENT OF WASHINGTON COLLEGE

By CORRESPONDENT of the *New York Herald*

The following account of the simple exercises inducting General Robert E. Lee into the presidency of Washington College, October 2, 1865, was sent to the *New York Herald* by a staff correspondent and the story was republished in the Lexington *Gazette* of October 11, 1865.—Editor.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE was to-day installed president of Washington College. There was no pomp of parade. The exercises of installation were the simplest possible—an exact and barren compliance with the required formula of taking the oath by the new President, and nothing more—was in accordance with the special request of General Lee. It was proposed to have the installation take place in the college chapel, to send invitations far and wide, to have a band of music to play enlivening airs, to have young girls, robed in white and bearing chaplets of flowers, to sing songs of welcome; to have congratulatory speeches, to make it a grand holiday. That the proposed program was not carried out was a source of severe disappointment to many. But General Lee had expressed his wishes contrary to the choice and determination of the college trustees and the multitude, and his wishes were complied with.

The installation took place at 9 A. M. in a recitation room of the college. In this room were seated the faculty and students, the ministers of the town churches, a magistrate and the county clerk, the last two officials being necessary to the ceremonial. General Lee was inducted into the room by the board of trustees. At his entrance and introduction all in the room arose, bowed and then became seated. Prayer by Rev. Dr. White, pastor of the Presbyterian church, directly followed. To me it was a noticeable fact, and perhaps worthy of record, that he prayed for the President of the United States. Altogether it was a most fitting and impressive prayer.

Brief Eulogy Upon General Lee

The prayer ended, Judge Brockenbrough, chairman of the board of trustees, stated the object of their coming together, to install General Lee as President of Washington College. He felt the serious dignity of the occasion, but it was a seriousness and a dignity that should be mingled with heartfelt joy and gladness. Passing a brief eulogy upon General Lee, and congratulating the board and the college and its present and future students, on having obtained one so loved and great and worthy to preside over the college, he said he could say more had it not been voted against speech-making. During the delivery of these few words—and they came, despite the prohibitory voting, very near culminating to the dignity of a set as well as eloquent speech, General Lee remained standing, his arms

quietly folded and calmly and steadfastly looking into the eyes of the speaker. Justice William White, at the instance of Judge Brockenbrough, now administered the oath of office to General Lee. For the benefit of those curious to know the nature of this new oath to which General Lee has just subscribed, and as it is brief, I give it entire. It is as follows:

"I do swear that I will, to the best of my skill and judgment, faithfully and truly discharge the duties required of me by an act entitled, 'An act for incorporating the rector and trustees of Liberty Hall Academy,' without favor, affection or partiality. So help me God."

To this oath General Lee at once affixed his signature, with the accompanying usual juriat of the swearing magistrate appended. The document, in the form stated, was handed to the county clerk for safe and perpetual custodianship, and at the same time the keys of the college were given by the rector into the keeping of the new president. A congratulatory shaking of hands followed and wound up the day's brief but pleasing and memorable ceremonial. President Lee and the trustees, with the faculty, now passed into the room set apart for the former's use—a good-sized room, newly but very plainly and tastefully furnished.

General Lee was dressed in a plain but elegant suit of gray. His appearance indicated the enjoyment of good health—better, I should say, than when he surrendered his army at Appomattox Court House, the first and only occasion before the present of my having

seen him. His looks and bearing have been often and minutely described, and I will not dwell upon them here. Most pictures of him on exhibition come up to the average of fidelity of this class of likenesses.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE AS COLLEGE PRESIDENT

By Professor Edward S. Joynes

The following article was taken from the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, XXVIII, 243–246, and first appeared in the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, January 27, 1901. It was not intended by the writer, Professor Edward S. Joynes, as a formal contribution, but was part of a letter to a friend. His more formal and elaborate contribution on this subject will be found in Joynes' *Personal Reminiscences of General Robert E. Lee*, 118–129. Professor Joynes held the chair of Modern Languages at Washington College while General Lee was president and later held the same position at the University of South Carolina. He died June 18, 1917.—Editor.

MY recollections shall be chiefly of General Lee as college president. It is as such that he is chiefly present to my memory—always for admiration, sometimes for contrast with later experiences. I will not enlarge upon the quiet dignity and patience with which he always presided over our often wordy and tedious meetings, his perfect impartiality, and unwearied courtesy, his manifest effort to sink his own personality, as if to minimize the influence which he knew attached to his own views, and to leave to the faculty as a body, and to each member of it, the fullest sense of authority and independence.

Indeed, nowhere else in all my wide experience have I found so much of personal dignity and influence attached to the professorship as at Lexington; and this was largely due to the courtesy and deference with

which General Lee treated the faculty, and every member of it, in both official and private relations. Yet none the less, on those rare occasions when it became necessary, did he assert the full measure of his authority. He rarely spoke in faculty meetings, and then only at the close of debate—usually to restate the question at issue, seldom with any decided expression of his own opinion or wish.

I remember on one ocasion a professor quoted a certain regulation in the by-laws. Another replied that it had become a dead letter. "Then," said General Lee, "let it be repealed. A dead letter inspires disrespect for the whole body of laws."

On another occasion a professor appealed to precedent, and added, "We must not respect persons." General Lee at once replied: "In dealing with young men I always respect persons, and care little for precedent."

When General Lee became President of Washington College it had been required that students should occupy the college dormitories; only a few of the older students were permitted to lodge in town. General Lee reversed this rule. As a measure of discipline it was required that all students board and lodge in the families of the town; to lodge in the dormitory was accorded as a privilege. He said the young boys needed the influence of family life; the dormitories he regarded as offering temptations to license. The result vindicated the wisdom of his view.

In dealing with the young men General Lee had a

truly marvelous success. The students fairly worshipped him, and deeply dreaded his displeasure; yet so kind, affable, and gentle was he toward them that all loved to approach him. Still, an official summons to his office struck terror even into the most hardened.

A young fellow, whose general record was none too good, was summoned to answer for absence. He stated his excuse, and then, hesitatingly, he added another and another. "Stop, Mr.——," said General Lee, "one good reason should be sufficient to satisfy an honest mind," with emphasis on the word "honest," that spoke volumes.

Another, an excellent student, now a distinguished lawyer in Tennessee, was once beguiled into an unexcused absence. The dreaded summons came. With his heart in his boots he entered General Lee's office. The General met him smiling: "Mr. M., I am glad to see you are better." "But General, I have not been sick." "Then I am glad to see you have better news from home." "But, General, I have had no bad news." "Ah," said the General, "I took it for granted that nothing less than sickness or distressing news from home could have kept you from your duty." Mr. M. told me, in relating the incident, that he then felt as if he wished the earth would open and swallow him.

To a recalcitrant student, who was contending for what he thought his rights as a man, I once heard General Lee say: "Obedience to lawful authority is the foundation of manly character,"—in those very words.

On rare occasions of disorder, actual or threatened,

General Lee would post a manuscript address to students on the bulletin board. These were known among the boys as his "General Orders." They never failed of their effect. No student would have dared to violate General Lee's expressed wish or appeal—if he had done so the students themselves would have driven him from the college.

I wish to add one other important fact, illustrating General Lee's view of discipline, in a case of frequent occurrence. He held idleness to be not negative, but a positive vice. It often happened that the plea was made that an idle student was doing no harm and indirectly deriving benefit, etc. General Lee said, "No, a young man is always doing something; if not good then harm to himself and others." So that merely persistent idleness was with him always sufficient cause for dismissal.

General Lee's ideal of education was the training of manly character, and that, for him, meant Christian character. To a venerable minister of Lexington he said: "I shall be disappointed, sir—I shall fail in the leading object that brought me here—unless these young men all become consistent Christians." When he came to Lexington the old president's house was in a sadly dilapidated condition. The trustees desired to build at once a suitable home for the president's residence. But General Lee insisted that the first money collected should be devoted to building a chapel, and he would not allow the president's house to be begun until the chapel had been completed and furnished—that

chapel beneath which now rests his own beautiful mausoleum. Here daily religious services were held at an early hour by the ministers of Lexington in rotation —but not on Sunday, for General Lee preferred that the students should go to the church of their parents in the town.

General Lee had very well defined opinions on educational subjects. In quoting some of these it might, perhaps, be unjust to apply them to present conditions, which, of course, could not then be foreseen. He was a strong advocate of practical, even technical education, as was shown by his plans for Washington College; but he was equally firm in his support of training studies and liberal culture. I have often heard him say it had been his lifelong regret that he had not completed his classical education (in which, however, he had a respectable scholarship) before going to West Point. Also, he did not believe in separate technical schools, but thought "that scientific and professional studies could best be taught when surrounded by the liberalizing influence of a literary institution." Hence, he sought to unite all these in the development of Washington College.

Especially, General Lee did not believe in a military education for others than army officers. Military education, he used to say, is an unfortunate necessity for the soldier, but the worst possible preparation for civil life. "For many years," he said, "I have observed the failure in business pursuits of men who have resigned from the army. It is very rare that any one of them has achieved success."

One incident finally, which I witnessed, illustrates the General's playful humor. A new roadway of broken stone had just been laid through the college grounds. Colonel J. T. L. Preston, then professor in the Military Institute, came riding through on his way to town. As the stones were new and rough, the Colonel rode alongside on the grass. As he approached where the General was standing, he halted for a talk. General Lee, putting his arm affectionately around the horse's neck and patting him, said: "Colonel, this is a beautiful horse; I am sorry he is so tenderfooted that he avoids our new road." Afterwards Colonel Preston always rode on the stone-way.

GENERAL LEE AT LEXINGTON

By Professor C. A. Graves, University, Virginia

This interesting address was delivered at the centennial celebration of General Lee's birth, held at the University of Virginia, January 19, 1907. It was published in the *University of Virginia Bulletin* of April, 1907.—Editor.

ON August 4th, 1865, the trustees of Washington College, Lexington, Va., elected General Robert E. Lee president of the institution. On August 24, from his temporary home in Powhatan county, General Lee accepted the office, and on September 18 he rode into Lexington on his famous war horse "Traveller."

On October 30th, 1865, General Lee wrote: "I accepted the presidency of the college in the hope that I might be of some service to the country and to the rising generation; and not from any preference of my own. I should have selected a more quiet life and a more retired abode than Lexington, and should have preferred a small farm where I could have earned my daily bread."

The town of Lexington during General Lee's presidency of Washington College was a congenial home for the great chieftain of the "Lost Cause," and was not inaptly called the "Headquarters of the Southern Confederacy." Here had been the home of Stonewall Jackson, and here was his tomb; here resided, when

General Lee arrived, Hon. John Letcher, the strong and resolute war governor of Virginia; General Francis H. Smith, the founder and superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute, the "West Point of the South"; General William N. Pendleton, chief of artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia; and Judge John W. Brockenbrough, one of the five commissioners whom Virginia sent to the peace conference which met in Washington in February, 1861. And to Lexington there came later during General Lee's life Colonel William Preston Johnston, son of General Albert Sydney Johnston; Colonel William Allan, chief ordnance officer of Jackson's corps; Commodore Matthew F. Maury, the geographer of the sea, who, next, perhaps, to General Lee, sacrificed most in order to share the fate of his people; Colonel John M. Brooke, of "deep sea sounding" and "Merrimac" fame; and shortly before General Lee's death, there came the profound lawyer and statesman, Hon. John Randolph Tucker, who had been attorney-general of Virginia throughout the war.

The faculty of Washington College before General Lee's accession to the presidency, had consisted of five men, the president, who taught moral philosophy, and four professors, teaching Latin, Greek, mathematics, and chemistry and natural philosophy. The number of students had been less than one hundred. During the five years of General Lee's presidency the number of professors was more than trebled; the number of students was quadrupled, and the endowment of the institution was increased many fold. He found it a college,

and left it a university, worthy of the proud title which links the names of Washington and Lee.

It is an interesting fact that General Lee's first home in Lexington had once been the home of Stonewall Jackson. This was the "Old President's House," in which General Lee lived for several years until the present "President's House," was erected. In the "Old President's House" had resided before the war the then president, Dr. George Junkin, whose daughter was General Jackson's first wife. And in this house General Jackson, both before and after the death of his wife, had resided as an inmate of his father-in-law's family.

But whether in the old or new house, the home of General Lee was always open to the students; and whatever awe "the President" may have inspired, Mrs. Lee and her accomplished daughters were able to make even the most diffident forget their embarrassment. General G. W. Custis Lee, at that time professor in the Virginia Military Institute, was also an inmate of his father's family. He had the reputation among the students of the college (whose president he was destined to become) of being the most courteous of gentlemen, and the most brilliant of mathematicians.

And now it may be proper to describe briefly some characteristics of General Lee as a college president, especially in relation to the students.

1. *Religion.*—There was one place where General Lee could always be seen and that was at the daily prayer service in the college chapel. Compulsory attendance, however, was abolished by him after the first

General Lee's Campus Homes at Washington College

The building to the right was occupied by the Lee family until the completion of the President's home, which is the large building in the foreground.

General Lee's Office in the Chapel

The furnishings, papers and books still remain as he left them.

year of his presidency. He took a deep interest in the Young Men's Christian Association and an account of its work, as a matter of great importance, always came first in his annual report to the board of trustees. On one occasion he said: "If I could only know that all the young men in the college were good Christians I should have nothing more to desire. I dread the thought of any student going away from the college without becoming a sincere Christian."

2. *Work.*—General Lee could not tolerate idleness. He believed that a student who did not work did harm both to himself and to others. He thought the place for drones was at home, and he did not excuse them on the plea that they were "good fellows." His views with reference to a student of this class were once expressed as follows: "He is a very quiet, orderly young man, but seems very careful not to injure the health of his father's son. Now, I do not want our young men really to injure their health, but I wish them to come as near to it as possible."

3. *Total abstinence.*—On this subject extracts from two letters will suffice. To an organization among the students called "Friends of Temperance," General Lee wrote: "My experience through life has convinced me that, while moderation and temperance in all things are commendable and beneficial, abstinence from spirituous liquor is the best safeguard of morals and health." And from Arlington, on May 30, 1858, he wrote to his son: "I think it better to avoid it (spirituous liquor) altogether, as its temperate use is so difficult."

4. *Literary Societies.*—In these days, when so many neglect the opportunity afforded by the debating society, these words of General Lee are timely: "There is scarcely a feature in the organization of the college more improving and beneficial to the students than the exercises and influence of the literary societies; and the good they do renders them worthy of encouragement by the friends of education."

I may add that the only address I ever heard General Lee make (aside from informal remarks while he was presiding at commencement) was at a joint meeting of the literary societies of Washington College. He spoke standing on the floor, surrounded by the students. He was very brief. All that I now remember is that he declared it "the duty of the students to do all in their power to give *éclat* to the exercises of the approaching commencement."

It was generally believed in college that General Lee was acquainted with the standing of each student in all of his classes. Certain it is that his knowledge of the students and of their work was wonderful. He kept up with the absences and was quick to mark a change in a student's grades, whether by way of improvement or the reverse. His signature was on all the monthly reports sent to parents; and he frequently wrote them personal letters concerning their sons, sometimes of praise, and sometimes of censure. The catalogue of those days declared: "The President attends all examinations." In performance of this duty General Lee never failed to be present during the "oral," which at

that time formed a part of all examinations. I have recited in the presence of General Lee many times, and (especially in mathematics at the blackboard) it was a severe ordeal. I have often wondered how he found the patience to endure the many hours of attendance on the many classes. The last year of his presidency I conducted the "oral" in certain classes in the presence of General Lee, and I do not know whether the embarrassment was greater to the student or to the teacher.

But it was not only the students with whom General Lee kept in touch, and whom he expected to do their duty. He required the professors to be at their posts and was displeased if they were absent from their classes without his knowledge. Nor did he hesitate to rebuke such a breach of discipline, as the following instance will show, which illustrates also his usual indirect method of conveying censure. Meeting Captain——, an assistant professor, who had been absent without leave for several days, he thus addressed him: "Good morning, Captain. I am glad to see you back again. It was by accident, Sir, that I learned that you were away." It may safely be presumed that Captain —— (a gallant Confederate soldier, by the way), obtained permission from the president the next time he desired to leave town.

I may relate here a conversation with General Lee, which shows how much he had the success of all the students at heart. He met me one morning, the winter before his death, when I had been teaching only a few months, and inquired how I was getting on with my

work. I replied that I hoped I was doing fairly well. "May I give you one piece of advice, sir?" Of course, I said I should be delighted to receive it. "Well, sir, always observe the stage driver's rule." "What is that, General?" "Always take care of the *poor* horses." Since this interview with General Lee I have been a teacher many years, and I have tried to remember that it is the poor students who most require care, and that for the success of even the poorest, loving hearts are hoping and praying; and I have not dared to despair.

A word may be said of General Lee's interest in the community in which he lived. No one was ever more punctilious in the performance of social duties, and all strangers visiting Lexington who had the least claim on his attention, were sure of a visit from him. His public spirit led him to accept the presidency of the Valley Railroad, which he held at the time of his death, and he made a visit to Baltimore in its interest. He was also president of the Rockbridge Bible Society and took an active part in its affairs.

It is not generally known that General Lee once prevented a lynching in Lexington. In the spring of 1866, while I was a student at Washington College, a report reached the campus that an attempt was being made to force the jail in order to lynch a horse thief named Jonathan Hughes, who, in the troublous times after the war, had been plying his vocation in the neighborhood of Lexington. Horse-stealing had become common, and by a then recent statute (enacted February 12, 1866) "to provide more effectually for the punish-

ment of horse-stealing," the punishment had been fixed at death, or, in the discretion of the jury, confinement in the penitentiary for a period of not less than five nor more than eighteen years. The discretion of the jury to inflict the death penalty for the crime was repealed in a short time, the occasion for it passing away.

When I reached the courthouse yard, within which stood the jail where Hughes was confined, it was filled with a crowd of men who had ridden in from the country to take the law into their own hands. At the top of the jail steps, in front of the locked door, stood the old jailor, Thomas L. Perry, holding the jail keys high above his head, and facing, with grim and resolute aspect, the would-be lynchers who surrounded him. For some reason, perhaps respect for the old man's gray hairs, the men next to him had forborne to seize him and snatch from him the jail keys, as they could easily have done.

What I have described above, the eye took in with a glance, and I was not at first aware of the presence of General Lee. But there he was (having evidently preceded me), moving quietly about among the crowd, addressing a few words to each group as he passed, begging them to let the law take its course. This scene continued for some time and is indelibly impressed on my memory. The end was there. Those stern Scotch-Irishmen, whose tenacity of purpose is proverbial, abandoned their enterprise, remounted their horses and rode out of town. They could not do a deed of lawless violence in the presence of "Marse Robert," whose

standard they had followed on many a battlefield. It may be of interest to record that Hughes was duly brought to trial for horse-stealing, and on April 20, 1866, was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for eighteen years.

And now it only remains to speak briefly of General Lee's last illness and death. On March 18th, 1870, he wrote: "My health has been so feeble this winter that I am only waiting to see the effect of the opening spring before relinquishing my present position. I am admonished by my feelings that my years of labor are nearly over." His condition caused great anxiety to all connected with the college, and later in the spring he was persuaded by the authorities to try the effect of a visit to the South. On his return his health seemed improved and he was able to preside at commencement.

The session of 1870–71 began on September 15th, the sixth year of General Lee's presidency, and he entered as usual upon the duties of his office. We fondly hoped that the danger was past and that his life would be prolonged. But in less than two weeks the summons came. On Wednesday, September 28th, he had presided over a protracted vestry meeting and reached home late for tea. As he was about to ask the blessing his lips refused their office and he sank down in his chair. From the first he seemed conscious that the stroke was fatal and to desire to withdraw his attention from earthly affairs. Though for the most part rational and able to speak, he lay for fourteen days in almost unbroken silence; and then "This mortal put on

immortality," and he passed "to where beyond these voices there is peace."

General Lee died October 12, 1870, at 9:15 A. M. I shall never forget the knock at the door of the lecture room and the notice handed in:

"General Lee died this morning. Academic exercises are suspended." I read these words to the class and dismissed them. Already the church bells were beginning to toll.

REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL LEE AS PRESIDENT OF WASHINGTON COLLEGE

By Professor M. W. Humphreys, University, Virginia

The following contribution was prepared for this publication by an honored "Lee Alumnus"—one of the few surviving instructors in Washington College during General Lee's presidency.—Editor.

I ENTERED Washington College about the first of April in the session of 1865–6.

General Lee tried to learn the names, or to seem to know the names of all the students, and would avail himself of any opportunity to congratulate a student on his standing in his studies if it was high.

He kept himself as well informed as possible on the financial condition of students; who and what their parents were;—in short all their home affairs. He made use of this information in his management of the students. On one occasion he happened to see a student from Nashville throw a stone against the upper part of the cupola of the chapel and knock a shingle off. He knew that the student's father was wealthy, and required the student to have the shingle replaced. This was done by a number of mechanics, who built scaffolding up to the necessary height. The expense was said to be thirty-odd dollars.

He learned in some way that a certain student was squandering money. He sent for him and among other

things said, "The money that you are squandering represents the sweat of your father's brow."

He often gave students advice concerning their studies. I will cite illustrations to show his conception of education.

A very young, poorly prepared man (Parrott) once reported to him for matriculation. As was his wont, he asked the applicant if he had any definite object in view or desired any special line of studies. The applicant replied, "I have come to take M. A." There was a twinkle in General Lee's eye, but he commended the applicant's purpose, and said, "Mr. Humphreys here will tell you what studies to take up for the present." (We had preparatory classes in those days.) I think it required six years, but Parrott took his M. A.

One cold morning a few of us were gathered at the source of heat in the chapel, waiting for the preacher, about 7:40 A. M. It was about Christmas time. General Lee came in and joined us. A young man asked him for permission to drop Latin and take up chemistry instead, stating that it was his last session; that he was going to Texas to try to make his fortune, and that he wanted to be learning *practical* branches. General Lee pointed out to him at some length the absurdity (he did not call it that) of supposing that in a half session he could learn enough chemistry to be of any practical use to him, and told him that if he would, here in Virginia, do the work and undergo the privations necessary for success in Texas, he would succeed at least as well as he would in Texas. He then told us about life in Texas, as-

suring us that he *knew* by personal observation the truth of what he was saying. Long afterwards (1883–7) I found his portrayal to be still remarkably accurate. I do not think the minister came that morning. I will here say that when the minister acting as chaplain failed to appear General Lee would sit till nearly 8 o'clock (when lectures began), and then, without saying a word, get up and walk out. He always attended chapel. This I know, for I always attended, even when I boarded 1½ miles in the country and often went without my breakfast. A pious friend of mine once said to me, "I am afraid you were worshipping Lee rather than Jehovah." I replied, "I was."

I wish to be very clear, positive, and explicit. I once published a statement which was quoted in an article by Professor E. S. Joynes, who in turn was quoted by the author of a book the title of which I have forgotten. This author had not seen my article (in *Wake Forest Student*)* and almost expresses doubt of the correctness of my statement, though, assuming it to be true, he devotes considerable space to a discussion of the subject.† I will presently repeat the incident. First, however, I wish to say that General Lee's discipline was just the opposite of what one would naturally expect from a man who had received military training and had exercised military authority for many years. In fact, he seemed to have an aversion for military usages. It

* This article appeared in the *Wake Forest Student* for January, 1907.—Editor.

† See Bradford's *Lee the American*, 233–4.—Editor.

sometimes happened that the faculties of the college and the military institute followed by the students and cadets marched in a joint procession. On such occasions General Lee and General Smith (superintendent of V. M. I.) marched side by side. General Smith always held himself in an exact military posture and brought his feet, especially the left one, down firmly in perfect time, whereas not even the beating of the bass drum could make General Lee keep step. He simply walked along in a natural manner, but although this manner appeared so natural, it seemed to me that he consciously avoided keeping step, so uniformly did he fail to plant his foot simultaneously with General Smith or at the beat of the drum.

When the reports (at first weekly, afterwards monthly) were handed in by the professors and other instructors, General Lee carefully examined every detail in each student's report. If marked neglect of study or irregularity of attendance at lectures or recitations was indicated, he summoned the student to his office and had a talk with him. If this method of reforming him proved hopeless, he wrote to the student's parent or guardian, requesting that the student be called home. A roommate of mine was called home in this way, though, so far as I knew or had reason to believe, he was not guilty of any positive vices except that he wrote verses so persistently that he was dubbed "The College Bard" by his fellow students; but he simply could not make himself study, though he resolved and re-resolved to "stand at the head of his classes,"

recording his resolutions at short intervals in his diary.

In cases where positive vices were concerned he was careful to have the facts established with absolute certainty. A good illustration of this was an incident which I did not witness, but which I learned from several professors. A student was charged with habitual dissipation. Much hearsay evidence was adduced by various professors, one of them declaring it to be "*fama clomosa*" that the accused habitually frequented barrooms and was often intoxicated. Not a voice was raised in his favor and it was evident that, if it were put to a vote, he would be unanimously dismissed. But General Lee, instead of taking the vote, asked two questions: "Have any of you *seen* this young man intoxicated?" No response. "Have any of you *seen* him entering barrooms?" No response. Then General Lee startled the faculty. He said in substance: "We must be very careful how we are influenced by hearsay. During the war at a time when my physical and mental strain was intense, *I was reported to the executive as being habitually intoxicated and unfit for the discharge of my duties.*" A motion to lay on the table was unanimously adopted. The student remained in college. It was currently reported that General Lee had an interview with him which led to permanent reformation.

In the session of 1866–7 the students petitioned the faculty for a week's holiday at Christmas instead of the single day that had been adopted in imitation of the

University of Virginia (as it then was). The petition was declined. A paper was started around for the signatures of students pledging themselves not to attend any lectures from Christmas to New Year's day. When sixty-nine students, including my roommate but not myself, had signed this paper, news of the movement came to General Lee's ears, and he merely said in the hearing of two or three students: "Every man that signs that paper will be summarily dismissed. If all sign it, I shall lock up the college and put the keys in my pocket." I told my roommate about this and he ran to college (a mile and a half) to scratch his name off; but he could not find the paper. It had been destroyed.

I now narrate, in greater detail than in the *Wake Forest Student* the incident mentioned before, and I wish to emphasize the correctness of my statement. I cannot be mistaken about a thing that astounded me more than anything else ever did in my long life of many varied experiences.

When I was assistant professor of Latin and Greek and taught four daily classes (each six times a week), a great evil became prevalent. Very often a student, when called on to recite, would say "unprepared," and then, after the class was dismissed, would tell me that he was sick the night before, or rarely would offer some other excuse. I undertook to put an end to this demoralizing custom. I called at General Lee's office, stated the above facts to him and told him that I wished to try a remedy for the evil, but that the rule I

wished to adopt as a remedy would be hard to enforce unless it had his approval. The rule was this: If a student was unprepared, he must write his excuse concisely on a slip of paper and lay it on my table (or desk) before the recitation began. If he failed to do this and answered "unprepared" when called on, he must take zero no matter what his excuse might be. General Lee pondered a moment, gave his approval and added in substance: "But as a general principle you should not *force* young men to do their duty, but let them do it voluntarily and thereby develop their characters." I suppose I showed some surprise, for, making some remark that showed he had read my thoughts, he added these exact words: "*The great mistake of my life was taking a military education.*"

Whether men can or cannot conjecture what course General Lee thought he ought to have pursued, is a matter of no concern to me; he certainly used the above quoted words.

As to the effect of General Lee's presidency on the number of students (and professors, for that matter) it is sufficient to note that during the session of 1860–61 there were 83 (eighty-three) students (if my count was correct, no catalogue, so far as I know, having been published). There were a president, four professors (Latin, Greek, mathematics, and chemistry), and two tutors (for freshman mathematics). The president taught "Moral Philosophy" and "Belles Lettres." A foreigner gave private instruction in French (and possibly German) to such as cared to pay him for his instruc-

tion. The professor of mathematics taught applied mathematics.*

Just once it was my lot to receive a severe rebuke from General Lee. While I was an undergraduate my health seemed to become impaired, and he had a conversation with me about it, in which he expressed the opinion that I was working too hard. I replied: "I am so impatient to make up for the time I lost in the army—" I got no further. Lee flushed and exclaimed in an almost angry tone: "Mr. Humphreys! However long you live and whatever you accomplish, you will find that the time you spent in the Confederate army was the most profitably spent portion of your life. Never again speak of having lost time in the army." And I never again did.

* The report of the faculty to the trustees under date of June 20, 1865, says: "The institution has been kept open during the past session chiefly as a preparatory school. The number of pupils in attendance has varied from 30 to 45." The next session opened Sept. 15, 1865, with 22 students. These facts are taken from the MS. volume of *Records of the Meetings of the Faculty of Washington College commencing Feb. 24, 1857.*—Editor.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL LEE

By F. A. Berlin, Oakland, California

The author of this sketch died September 3, 1920, a few months after sending it to the editor of this publication.—Editor.

I MUST preface my remarks by saying that when I entered Washington & Lee University I was only seventeen years old, and like everybody else in Virginia, I venerated the name of General Lee. As I was quite young at that time and took a somewhat pretentious course at the university, I was busy every moment of the time that I was there. I did not therefore have much time for social or recreational duties, and, of course, because of my age, and because I was a freshman, I had a subordinate standing. Consequently there is not very much that I can speak of from my own knowledge.

About September 1st, 1864, I entered Roanoke College at Salem, Va., and remained there until the college closed in April, 1865, immediately after the surrender of General Lee. I had expected to return to Roanoke College again whenever it opened, but it became known before the next term opened that General Robert E. Lee would become president of Washington College. As my parents and I thought that the influence and example of General Lee would be of inestimable value to the young men of the South, it was decided that I

should enter Washington College on the first of September, 1865.

At that time my family was living at Bridgewater, Rockingham county, Virginia, and the only means of communication between our town and Lexington was by stage. So I traveled to Lexington by stage and arrived there I think on the last day of August, supposing that the term would open the next day. But when I reached Lexington there was no one there whom I knew, and upon inquiry at the college buildings I found out that the buildings would not be ready for the occupancy of the students for about two weeks, as the property had been very seriously damaged by the Federal troops during their raid into that town. When I learned these facts I at once became homesick, and as the stage had left, determined to walk home, a distance of about sixty miles. So I left my trunk in storage and started to walk and did walk almost the entire distance home. On the way Mr. Ruffner, who was then state superintendent of schools in Virginia, with his wife, in a one-horse buggy, overtook me and very kindly allowed me to crouch in the front part of their buggy, for some few miles.

On arrival at home of course my family was very much surprised to see me. But at the end of two weeks, when I learned definitely that the college was ready to open its exercises, I took the stage again and returned to Lexington and was present on the opening day, somewhere about the 15th of September, 1865. A few days after I arrived there General Lee was installed as presi-

dent of the college. I remember very well the installation exercises took place in the south end of the building. I think it was called "South Hall," but of this I am not sure. However, it was next to the south dormitories. And on the second floor of that building, in a room which had been used or prepared for a lecture room, and where afterwards I attended lectures under Professor John Campbell, in the physics course, and there General Lee was inaugurated as president of the college. As I remember, there were not more than thirty persons present at that inauguration. It seemed to us a rather solemn occasion. General Lee looked very serious at that time. He doubtless felt that the whole world was looking upon him as a defeated soldier. I do not remember now who administered the oath to him, but I remember that the oath was administered in the usual form, to the effect that he would faithfully fulfill the duties of the office of president of the university. I do not recollect that there was any speech making on that occasion, probably a mere introduction.

As I remember, we were not engaged in the room more than ten or fifteen minutes, and then all retired to our respective homes and to the tasks assigned to us for our opening studies. I think the room adjoining this lecture room of Professor Campbell's was selected for General Lee's office. I know he occupied an adjoining room during the whole time I was at the university.

I entered the college when it opened, immediately after the war, September, 1865, and remained there for two sessions, that is, 1865–66 and 1866–67. In the

summer of 1867 my father concluded, as there were five younger children in our family and as I had had the benefit of three years at college, that I ought to give some portion of my time to the instruction of the younger children. I did not, therefore, re-enter Washington College again, but taught at home for one year, and I then entered the University of Virginia, session 1868–69, where I remained for two years in the academic course and finished the law course at the end of the third year, taking the degree of B. L. in June, 1871.

It is not necessary for me to say anything about the devotion of the people of Virginia and of the entire South to General Lee and how they regarded him as on a pinnacle by himself as one of the truest, bravest, and noblest men, and yet in a certain way he was an effeminate man because he was so extremely kind, gentle, and considerate of everybody, and always had a spirit of deference for others. I remember often seeing him cross the street at the corner between his residence and the Episcopal church. In winter that crossing was very bad in those days, and the only means of crossing, to keep out of the mud, was by a board plank about a foot wide. I have frequently seen General Lee crossing that plank and stepping off to the side when some one was coming in the opposite direction.

General Lee was in very close touch with all the boys. He tried to be their friend and comrade, and in the kindest manner made suggestions to them and in every way encouraged them in the performance of their duties. He would always make his appeals to them on

the ground of their duty to their parents, who were making sacrifices for their education and that they should take advantage of the educational opportunities afforded them at college.

As I was very young I never had the opportunity of attending any social functions at his home. He had in the town of Lexington the reputation of being the most devoted of husbands to his invalid wife. I think that during the time I was in Lexington there was very little, if any, entertaining done at his home because of Mrs. Lee's ill health.

Of course, the president's house was not built during the first year I was at college and I do not remember exactly when it was built, but I know that while I was there arrangements were made for erecting this building on the west side of the street opposite the Episcopal church.

During the second year I was at college I was fortunate enough to live in the home of Governor Letcher, who had been the war governor of Virginia. I happened to be there because Mrs. Letcher was my mother's first cousin. She was one of the most charming women I ever met, and she made my stay there as pleasant as if I had been in my own home. At that time Governor Letcher was in active practice of the law in Lexington, and was one of the most prominent lawyers in that section of the state. He was a jolly good fellow. Mrs. Letcher was an ideal housekeeper and an ideal wife and mother. At that time her oldest daughter, Miss Lizzie Letcher, was a young lady and was one of the

belles of Virginia, and exceedingly popular throughout the state and particularly among the students. General Lee was very fond of Mrs. Letcher and Miss Lizzie and often came to visit them, and therefore I frequently had the pleasure of meeting him socially in their home. General Lee visited that home in the same free and easy manner as if he were a member of the household.

I do not remember that in all my experience I have ever heard a harsh word or criticism of any kind spoken of General Lee. All of the students loved and revered him, and it was a great pleasure for us to meet him on the street or on the campus and doff our hats in honor to him.

During the session of 1865–66 there were comparatively few boys of the South who were able to attend college because of the financial reverses caused by the war. If I remember correctly, there were not more than 150 students there during that year, and for that reason we were more of a little family at college than subsequently; for the next year, about 400 students matriculated. As there were then no boarding houses on the campus and only a few dormitories the boys were scattered all over the town and vicinity and we could not be brought into close contact with them all. As a result many cliques and coteries were formed among the students.

I remember several times purchasing a number of small photographs of General Lee and going to his office and asking for his autograph to them, which he always very kindly and promptly gave. I think this was the

practice among the students. One day I purchased half a dozen small photographs of him, which I thought to be good, and took them to his office and asked for his autograph. He very kindly told me that he was very busy that day and requested me to leave them, which I did, and that I should call another day, which he specified, and he would have them ready for me. A few days after that I called upon him and he had signed his name to all the photographs which I had left (some of which I still have). He then went to his secretary and took therefrom another photograph which had recently been made at Washington, D. C., by Gardner, and he said to me "I think this is one of the best photographs of myself that I have seen. I want to give you one of them," and he signed his name at the bottom of it and gave it to me. This photograph I still have and prize very highly. In those days at college it was customary to send out a report of the student's standing at the end of each month, so that my father received every month a report of my standing at college. During the first year I was at college my report was very good. It was customary to post on Saturday in the South Hall a list of the students with their relative standing, and I remember that F. J. Snyder, whose name was Flavius Joseph Snyder, always stood at the top of the list. He had been a Confederate soldier and was somewhat older than the rest of us and came from West Virginia. I also remember that I was very frequently second on that list, and always had a good standing. During the session of 1866–67 I had a good many studies and there-

fore my standing was not so high, although very fair. I remember a letter that General Lee wrote to my father, telling him that I was undertaking to do too much "notwithstanding excellent capacity." I prized this letter very much, but this and other letters from General Lee were burned in my office in San Francisco in 1906, the time of the great earthquake and fire, and has been regarded as an irreparable loss to me.

I met General Lee a number of times after I had left college, and he seemed to remember me and my name and was always very kind and cordial to me.

I remember when I was at the University of Virginia I heard one day that he was going to pass the university on a train, on the way to Richmond. As the train always stopped a few minutes at the university station I went down to the station determined to see him. I got on the car there and rode down to Charlottesville. This was the last time I had the pleasure of meeting him personally.

Therefore, you can well understand that the sweetest and dearest memories of my college career, and of my life in fact, are associated with General Lee. I do not remember ever passing him upon the street or on the campus at Lexington but that he stopped and spoke to me often about some commonplace matter, but just enough to show me that he knew I was a student there and that I was one of his wards in the college, and enough to assure me that he felt an interest in me as he did in all the other boys. All that I know personally of General Lee is these little personal contacts.

When I determined to enter the University of Virginia in 1868, I thought that as I had been at Washington College it would be proper for me to take to the University of Virginia a letter of commendation, or at least some statement to the effect that I had been a student at Washington College and what my character and standing were there; and I had a very lovely letter from General Lee, which came very promptly in answer to my request for the same, commending me to the officers of the University of Virginia. That letter, unfortunately, also went in the fire.

Of course, I have read a great deal about General Lee and have read many books relating to him, but if I had written a biography of General Lee when I was eighteen years old, the above is about what I would have said. These memories come back to me with the spirit of a boy, not as a treatise on history or ethics or biography. I do not know that these random thoughts will be of any advantage to you, but since I have always been loyal to Washington and Lee University, and am willing to say and do whatever I can in memory of our immortal Lee, I write these thoughts to show my loyalty to the cause.

TRIBUTE OF AN APPRECIATIVE STUDENT

By W. W. Estill, Lexington, Kentucky

I HAD a cousin, who at the time of my reaching Lexington was an assistant professor. He kindly allowed me to become an inmate of his home. As he was a resident of the town, an ex-Confederate officer, and well acquainted socially, I was soon by him introduced to all the homes where he visited. I well recollect my first visit to the home of General Lee. Just before we entered the house my cousin said, "It is the custom here to introduce a stranger to the first member of the family we meet and after that you will allow that member to do as seems best." I met Miss Mildred Lee that night and was charmed with her manner and conversation. Subsequently I met all the family and was more than once invited to social gatherings at the house. I was never before so close to General Lee. I was struck with his looks and bearing. I thought then and still think that he was by far the handsomest man I ever saw. His splendid physique, grand carriage without "airs," universal politeness, and evident kind heart, impressed me greatly, and to this day I can see him as plainly as then.

Every afternoon, rain or shine, he mounted "Traveller" and had a ride. He always, as I recall him, wore a double-breasted gray coat, buttoned to the throat, with

black buttons, top boots, a pair of spurs, gauntlet gloves, a large light-colored hat with a military cord around it. His poise was perfect, and I enjoyed looking at him every time he passed, and I suspect I stopped and looked at him hundreds of times.

He was very approachable, easy to talk to and always appeared willing to hear. I have seen little girls go up to him on the street, take his hand, and walk and talk with him as with a parent.

Once a Scottish gentleman, a Mr. McCrea, I think, came to Lexington and called on General Lee. He proposed to give a lecture at the Franklin Library and turn over the proceeds to its treasurer. I went to hear him and fortunately had a seat by the side of General Lee. The lecture was very humorous and excited General Lee to laughter several times. This did not attract attention, but being so close to him I could see his body quiver with suppressed laughter. He thoroughly enjoyed it, and said so afterwards.

A young man from Baltimore was drowned just below the dam in the river while I was there. As soon as I heard of it, I instinctively wanted to see General Lee, so I went directly to his house in company with a companion, and we asked what we could do. I do not now remember his words, but he seemed to be master of the situation, quickly told us what to do and we passed out. How very careful and thoughtful he was of the students can best be illustrated by telling how he treated me when my mother died. I was too far from home to attempt to return when I received a telegram

announcing her death. I handed it to my roommate, asked him to take it to General Lee and tell him I would not attend any classes for two or three days. At the end of the month when my report came out there was not a single absent mark against me. This can only be accounted for by General Lee's going to each professor to whom I recited and telling him. To me this is a remarkable illustration of his kindness to and care for the boys entrusted to him. If I had no other reason, I would love him for that yet.

Everyone obeyed him, not because they feared but because they loved him, and I don't think there was one of the about 800 boys who were there but would have died defending him if necessary. I was never called to his office, but I have heard the boys who were say his admonitions were as tender as a mother's and his warnings and instructions always fatherly and wise. In all the years that have passed I have thought of him and to this day the things I learned from listening to his conversation, watching his bearing and example I carry with me as a most important part of my education.

Some years ago I visited the rooms of the Virginia Historical Society at Richmond chiefly to see if there was on its walls a good likeness of General Lee. I am sorry to say that I did not see one that pleased me and so told the lady in charge. I have a picture of him, which he gave me and to which I saw him attach his autograph.

I don't want to close this bad sketch without telling

of a meeting General Lee had with one of his old soldiers in Richmond, Virginia, a few months after the surrender. His daughter, Miss Mildred Lee, told me this incident and said that she witnessed it. She and her father were sitting one day in the back of the front hall when the door bell rang. Her father walked to the door and opened it. There stood in the door a long, tall, lean man, dressed in homespun and his shoes and lower part of his trousers covered with dust. He grabbed the General's extending hand and spoke about as follows: "General Lee, I followed you four years and done the best I knowed how. Me and my wife live on a little farm away up on the Blue Ridge mountains. We heard the Yankees wasn't treating you right, and I come down to see 'bout it. If you will come up thar we will take care of you the best we know how as long as we live." Before this was over the soldier held both of General Lee's hands and tears were dropping from the eyes of each. Pretty soon General Lee released one of his hands and reached out and took up a box containing a suit of clothes that had never been opened and spoke about as follows: "My friend, I don't need a thing. My friends all over the country have been very kind and have sent me more clothes than I can possibly use, so I want to thank you for coming and give you this new suit." The man snatched his hand from General Lee, crossed his arms, straightened himself up and said, "General Lee, I can't take nothin' offen you." After a few moments he relaxed, put one hand on the box and said, "Yes, I will, General, I will carry them back home,

put them away and when I die the boys will put them on me."

This has nothing to do with his college life, but it is too good to die. His own daughter told me of it and I am sure it is true. I have never seen it in print, so presume it has never been printed.

I have taught my sons—I have no daughters—my friends and my neighbors to love General Lee and honor his memory. I have never seen his equal upon this earth and never expect to. What he was, I ardently wish all men could be.

REFLECTIONS OF A LEE ALUMNUS

By Judge Robert Ewing, Nashville, Tennessee

IT is my recollection, though it has been a long time since I studied classical literature, that when Queen Dido commanded Æneas to describe to her what had taken place at Troy, the old hero said that in doing so she ordered him "to renew his grief." At least, that is the way my dear old professor of Latin, Carter J. Harris, of blessed memory, used to require me to translate those lines of Virgil. How different is my feeling from that of the Trojan leader when, at your request, I attempt to send a few lines embodying some of the memories of the years 1867–8, which I spent at Washington College, filled as they were with the keenest pleasure.

When I read General Lee's modestly couched agreement to accept from the trustees the presidency of the college, and thus to continue to serve his country in a different, though equally as great a way as he had just ceased to serve it, I was, though a mere lad and wholly unprepared for entry, fired with the desire to serve under him, and, if possible, learn to know him as he was, and catch from him some inspiration.

My father had died in Atlanta in 1864, serving the same cause which General Lee had served. His fortune had been swept away at the fall of Nashville, and I had

been compelled to work to support myself. By hard work I had saved a little fund and felt that I could not better invest it than by going to Lexington and placing myself under General Lee. Though I have since sadly realized that I did not study while there as I should have done, and as the General was solicitous to have all who attended do, I count not as lost the time spent there, for at my impressionable age and with my intense feeling, simply to have met General Lee and to have watched so noble a hero daily performing such high duties, was almost equivalent to the beginning, at least, of acquiring a liberal education.

A majority of the students were young men who had, four years before, entered the Southern Army as mere boys. They had served as soldiers under General Lee, and at that time had the spirit of grown men. They needed no spur to endeavor, other than their reverence for General Lee and their own determination to seize upon the only opportunity existing to prepare themselves for useful lives. That they worked to a purpose, their after careers in life, some of which I have kept up with pretty closely, clearly demonstrated; in fact, the spirit of all was admirable.

But little attention was paid to dress, or the securing of personal comforts. Students knew the strained financial situation of their home people at that time, and were too proud to call for any but the most necessary aid. Under the circumstances, entrance to the college was made easier then than it is or should be now. The faculty consisted of men of ability and strong common

sense, whose sole purpose seemed to be to take hold vigorously of the situation as it existed, and without any sort of friction they supported General Lee very wholeheartedly in his purposes.

Though the General himself had expressed some doubt as to his suitability to serve as president, no one else, I am sure, ever had occasion to feel that he was other than the ideal executive. The college started out lacking money, of course; but the services of very able men were then to be obtained for comparatively small compensation—men who truly appreciated what the times called for and what General Lee was seeking to accomplish. They were loyal to the core, both to him and to the college. Then, too, it was not a difficult matter for so great a leader of men and so accomplished a scholar to marshal us the way he desired us to go. We were not exactly afraid of the General, but we were so unwilling to do anything which would justly merit his censure that this respect really amounted to fear. I never remember to have seen him smile. He seemed borne down by an overwhelming sorrow, the nature of which all knew. Besides, he was gravely intent on what he regarded as very grave duties. I do not mean to convey the idea that he was austere or loftily unapproachable. Far from it! In a smiling way, I would say that he only seemed so to those whose low marks in their studies caused him to send for them for "personal consultation." It is needless to say that such interviews generally ended with pretty sincere promises on the part of those sent for to do better. I do not remember a

single case where a student actually sought to deceive him, though many culprits came away from his office with his signed photographs. That was quite a popular, transparent dodge, though such souvenirs were really very much prized by the boys and their home people as well. I remember sending one to my sister, and one to another fellow's sister, though I am not going to say what was the exact occasion for my purchasing them at Miley's photograph gallery. I will admit, though, that the General's close scrutiny of the progress being made by each student was such that he did not overlook even me.

Self-confidence in his ability to do great things in a great way may possibly have appeared to some to have been lacking in General Lee, but this was only an appearance easily accounted for by his excessive modesty. He knew what he had accomplished as a military leader and what ability under such adversities had been required. He knew that he could perform efficiently the duties of president of the college, or he certainly would not have accepted the office. It was not with him a mere lending of his great name to an institution engaged in a great cause which he himself had been strongly advocating—the education of Southern youth. His hesitant acceptance was simply an honest notice to the trustees not to expect too much of him in purely technical matters. I venture to say that the most trained executive living at that time could not have accomplished as much good as he did, simply because he had the power to bring out, and did bring out, the

very best that there was in every student. He individually was able to do this because of the profound esteem in which he was held by all. I believe the work was agreeable to him, because he knew that the people he loved were earnestly seeking that which he knew to be to their best interests. I believe that those young men who went from the halls of Washington College, the University of Virginia, and other institutions, had very much to do with the recovery of the South and getting her on the plane she now occupies before the world.

As soon as the recumbent statue of the General was finished and placed in the chapel, I obtained a large photograph of it, and it has ever since hung in my hall as one of my prized possessions. I see it daily, but I never gaze upon it without feeling that I was indeed fortunate to have known in life THE IDEAL MAN OF THE WORLD, for such I always considered him.

REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL LEE AND WASHINGTON COLLEGE

By Richard W. Rogers, Zebulon, Georgia

EARLY in September, 1867, a party of young men composed of David L. Anderson, who died as a Methodist Missionary in China; W. W. Collins, Louis Bond, John Powers, J. Frank Rogers, J. W. Lockett and the writer left Macon, Georgia, to enter Washington College. We went via Richmond to Lynchburg, where we took a canal boat for the remaining thirty miles of the journey. This canal trip was a novel experience for us. The boat was propelled by mule power, the mules walking along the tow path on the bank. In spite of the new experience, the trip was slow and tedious.

When we reached Lexington, we sought Dr. Kirkpatrick, professor of moral philosophy, to whom we had letters of introduction from Dr. David Wills, a Presbyterian minister of Macon. Dr. Kirkpatrick became a true friend to the "Macon club" and remained so as long as we were in college. He soon secured board for us at the home of an elect Virginia lady, Mrs. Estill. The next morning, with some trepidation, we repaired to General Lee's office to matriculate. He received us very graciously, made inquiries about our studies, and the classes we expected to enter. We were somewhat

awed in the presence of "the great Virginian," so we answered in rather few words. We were all greatly relieved, however, to know that our certificates from Professors R. M. McClellan and R. A. Slaughter, our Macon instructors, would admit us without examination to the classes for which we applied. It is a source of pleasure to recall that each one of our number made a creditable record in all his work.

I have often been asked about General Lee as a teacher. He heard no classes; in fact, I never saw him enter a recitation room, except during the intermediate and final examinations. These examinations lasted from nine in the morning until the last man handed in his papers, which in some instances was near midnight. Some of the professors served lunch at noon; in other rooms we fasted. General Lee would come in during the day and sit an hour or two, but took no part. The examinations were both oral and written; I stood several oral ones in his presence. He knew the class standing of every student, and there were over four hundred of us. On inquiry of a father once as to his son's standing, General Lee replied: "He is careful not to injure his health by too much study." Among my most highly prized possessions is a letter from him to my father, Dr. C. Rogers, in regard to my class standing.

Inquiries are often made of me about General Lee as a disciplinarian. Never was there a body of young men under finer control, and yet there was never any evidence of control. General Lee's slightest wish was law for the student body. We all honored and respected

him, and obeyed, yet no word was ever said of discipline. At the end of each month, a list of names was published on the bulletin board with the request to call at General Lee's office. These were the boys who were not making good, either in class standing or in deportment. Each one was interviewed privately, no one on the outside ever knowing what passed. It was the rarest thing that a student needed a second interview. In a few instances, young men were quietly sent home, and no mention made of it in public. I once asked a student what General Lee said to him in his interview. He declared that he did not remember, but said that he talked to him like a father. He said: "I was so frightened when I first went in that I forgot to say 'Good morning.'"

About the only mischief the boys ever got into was an occasional callithump or mock serenade. It was a noisy time sure enough, as we used horns, fifes, tin pans, bells and so on. The entire town was visited and the citizens seemed to enjoy it, too. No property was ever damaged, nobody ever hurt, though night was sometimes made hideous. Innocent pranks were often played on the new boys, especially by the "Sons of Confucius." However, there was never any hazing.

There were two literary societies, the Graham and the Washington. I belonged to the former. We met every Saturday night and generally closed about twelve. Some of the boys were fine debaters. How we boys were thrilled by the eloquence of George B. Peters and the remarkable logic of Clifton Breckenridge! The

entire student body belonged to these societies and the deepest interest was taken.

There were four churches in Lexington then. General Lee, by the way, was a devout Episcopalian. General Pendleton was rector of the Episcopal church; Dr. Samuel Rogers was pastor of the Methodist church; Dr. J. William Jones, of Confederate fame, was pastor of the Baptist church, and Dr. John Pratt was pastor of the Presbyterian church. The Presbyterian church was the largest. Most of the students attended it, even those belonging to other denominations. On one occasion General Pendleton at a vestry meeting complained to General Lee that the Episcopal students did not attend their church as they should. He said, "even my son goes to the Presbyterian church; I suppose he is attracted by Dr. Pratt's eloquence." "I rather think," replied General Lee, "that the attraction is not so much Dr. Pratt's eloquence as it is Dr. Pratt's Grace," referring to his attractive daughter of that name who was a favorite of the students. Rev. H. Waddell Pratt, a worthy son of a noble father, is now pastor of the Presbyterian church in Abbeville, S. C.

Our commencements drew immense crowds; the orator was always a man of national fame. R. A. Holland delivered on such an occasion the most scholarly address I ever heard. Sometimes the speakers eulogized General Lee; this was always offensive to him.

In personal appearance, General Lee was a fine specimen of Southern manhood. His manner was grave and dignified. As I recall, I never saw him laugh.

I used to meet him daily after the day's work was over, mounted on his old gray warhorse, accompanied by his youngest daughter, Miss Mildred. As they passed up the streets of Lexington, he had a word of greeting for every one.

I shall never forget the last time I saw him. Just after commencement in June, 1869, a crowd of us boarded the stage, about nine o'clock at night, for Goshen where we were to take the train for our distant homes. The stage stopped in front of the Lee home, the driver informing us that one of General Lee's daughters was to be a passenger. While we were waiting, the other boys decided to go in and bid General Lee good-bye, I alone remaining in the stage. He met them and invited them in. He chatted with them awhile, then, on learning that I was in the stage, he came out and spent the remainder of the time with me. Boy-like, I was very proud of this.

General Lee came to Washington College at a crisis, both for himself and for the college. As he had been impoverished by the war, his property confiscated, his ancestral home at Arlington made a national cemetery, it was necessary that he seek employment. Numerous positions were offered him at fine salaries, simply for the use of his name. But he turned from all of these. He wanted work, not charity. In Washington College, the man and the opportunity met. Her halls were empty, her faculty scattered, her treasury empty, her equipment deficient. At this crisis General Lee came. He opened and repaired the buildings, gathered a faculty of

thoroughly equipped men, and then waited for students. And they came, from every part of the South, and even from the North. Under his wise administration, Washington College rose from the ashes of her poverty, and from a small denominational college grew into a splendid university, the inspiration being the lofty character of her president. While I was there a magnificent chapel was built, which afterwards became the "Lee Memorial chapel." His office was in the basement, near the mausoleum where he was buried.

To the few of my schoolmates left I send greeting. I have pleasant recollections of George B. Peters, John Martin, S. R. Cockrill, Ruperto Gonzales, and others. I am proud of the fact that in my youth I came in touch with Robert E. Lee, great in war and sublime in peace.

A COLLEGE BOY'S OBSERVATION OF GENERAL LEE

By Mr. John B. Collyar, Nashville, Tenn.

The following contribution was published in the *Confederate Veteran*, I, 265 (1893). It is here reproduced not only because of its historical interest but because the volume of the publication in which it appeared is no longer accessible to the general public.—Editor.

A FEW years after General Lee accepted the presidency of the then Washington College, I was sent to be entered in the preparatory department, along with an older brother who was to enter college. The morning after we reached Lexington we repaired to the office of General Lee, situated in the college building, for the purpose of matriculation and receiving instructions as to the duties devolving upon us as students. I entered the office with reverential awe, expecting to see the great warrior, whose fame then encircled the civilized globe, as I had pictured him in my own imagination. General Lee was alone, looking over a paper. He arose as we entered, and received us with a quiet, gentlemanly dignity that was so natural and easy and kind that the feeling of awe left me at the threshold of his door. General Lee had but one manner in his intercourse with men. It was the same to the peasant as to the prince, and the student was received with the easy courtliness that would have been bestowed on the greatest imperial dignitary of Europe.

When we had registered my brother asked the General for a copy of his rules. General Lee said to him, "Young gentleman, we have no printed rules. We have but one rule here, and it is that every student must be a gentleman." I did not, until after years, fully realize the comprehensiveness of his remark, and how completely it covered every essential rule that should govern the conduct and intercourse of men. I do not know that I could define the impression that General Lee left on my mind that morning, for I was so disappointed at not seeing the warrior that my imagination had pictured, that my mind was left in a confused state of inquiry as to whether he was the man whose fame had filled the world. He was so gentle, kind, and almost motherly, in his bearing, that I thought there must be some mistake about it. At first glance General Lee's countenance was stern, but the moment his eye met that of his entering guest it beamed with a kindness that at once established easy and friendly relations, but not familiar. The impression he made on me was, that he was never familiar with any man.*

I saw General Lee every day during the session in chapel (for he never missed a morning service) and passing through the campus to and from his home to his office. He rarely spoke to any one—occasionally would say something to one of the boys as he passed, but never more than a word. After the first morning in

* Dr. Reid White, son of Professor White of the Washington College faculty, tells me that whenever his father was asked if he was not "intimate with General Lee," his invariable reply was: "No, sir, no man was great enough to be *intimate* with General Lee."—Editor.

his office he never spoke to me but once. He stopped me one morning as I was passing his front gate and asked how I was getting on with my studies. I replied to his inquiry, and that was the end of the conversation. He seemed to avoid contact with men, and the impression which he made on me, seeing him every day, and which has since clung to me, strengthening the impression then made, was, that he was bowed down with a broken heart. I never saw a sadder expression than General Lee carried during the entire time I was there. It looked as if the sorrow of a whole nation had been collected in his countenance, and as if he was bearing the grief of his whole people. It never left his face, but was ever there to keep company with the kindly smile. He impressed me as being the most modest man I ever saw in his contact with men. History records how modestly he wore his honors, but I refer to the characteristic in another sense. I dare say no man ever offered to relate a story of questionable delicacy in his presence. His very bearing and presence produced an atmosphere of purity that would have repelled the attempt. As for any thing like publicity, notoriety or display, it was absolutely painful to him. Colonel Ruff, the old gentleman with whom I boarded, told me an anecdote about him that I think worth preserving. General Lee brought with him to Lexington the old iron-gray horse that he rode during the war. A few days after he had been there he road up Main street on his old war horse, and as he passed up the street the citizens cheered him. After passing the ordeal he

hurried back to his home near the college. . . . He was incapable of affectation. The demonstration was simply offensive to his innate modesty, and doubtless awakened the memories of the past that seemed to weigh continually on his heart. The old iron-gray horse was the privileged character at General Lee's home. He was permitted to remain in the front yard where the grass was greenest and freshest, notwithstanding the flowers and shrubbery. General Lee was more demonstrative toward that old companion in battle than seemed to be in his nature in his intercourse with men. I have often seen him, as he would enter his front gate, leave the walk, approach the old horse, and caress him for a minute or two before entering his front door, as though they bore a common grief in their memory of the past.*

* Mr. Senseney, the village blacksmith, who died in Lexington in Dec., 1915, told the editor of this volume that General Lee always took Traveller to the shop to be shod, never trusting him to the care of a servant while undergoing this ordeal. As the faithful old war horse was spirited and nervous, the General always stood by his side while he was being shod, talking to him and enjoining patience on the part of the blacksmith. On these occasions the General would say: "Have patience with Traveller; he was made nervous by the bursting of bombs around him during the war."—Editor.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF GENERAL R. E. LEE

By J. W. Ewing, Rome, Georgia

ANY incident connected with the life of the great Lee will, I apprehend, be of interest to your readers. The writer, in his young manhood, in company with many others was a student at Washington College, Lexington, Virginia, now known the world over as Washington and Lee University.

The great soldier, after the close of the Civil War, had accepted the presidency of this college, and his name had brought from all parts of the South a great number of the youths,—among them, eleven young Tennesseans from Nashville and its vicinity. Jno. M. Graham, the father of our John and Sam, was one of these. We had reached Lexington some three weeks before the opening of the term and to amuse ourselves determined to go over to the Rockbridge Baths, a famous resort in that day, under the management of Major Harman.

While we were stopping at a spring on the side of the road to drink and rest, who should ride up but General Lee on old "Traveller." He stopped and asked for a drink. We introduced ourselves and handed him the letters of introduction we had brought from home, written by General Ewell and other of his former officers. These he read without dismounting, asked

where we were going and upon being told, took from his pocket an envelope and resting it on the pummel of his saddle, wrote this to Major Harman: "My Dear Major. These are some of my new boys. Please take care of them. Yours, etc. R. E. Lee." Armed with this, it's safe to say that nothing was too good for us during our stay at the Baths, and when we were leaving and wanted to pay our hotel bill, we were informed by the clerk that Major Harman had told him we owed nothing.

After the term opened and winter had set in, Graham, Allison, Cockrill and I rented a private room in the college buildings where we could study and keep warm between recitations. We would each in turn buy a load of wood, as needed. This was sawed into stove lengths and piled up in the corner of the room. The winter was a bitter one, with snow on the ground for eleven weeks successively. It had been Graham's turn to buy a cord of hickory. This was disappearing faster than ever. So fast, in fact, that all realized our stove was not the only one that was being fed. The college wood pile was nearly 200 feet from the building and the janitor lazy, and Graham had his suspicion. He selected a round hickory stick, bored into it with a big auger, filled the hole with powder and sealed it with clay. This was put back on the wood pile by Graham, who warned us under no circumstances to put that particular stick in our stove. The next morning early there was a tremendous explosion in the room of the professor of modern languages, Dr. Edward S. Joynes. His stove

was blown to pieces and the college building set on fire. Of course, it created something of a sensation.*

Before the services in chapel, General Lee prefaced his remarks with the statement that the faculty had promulgated no rules for student government, that each and every one was presumed to be a gentleman and that by tacit agreement the control of the students was left to the student body and the individual sense of honor of each student. He then said he would be glad to have any one who knew about the explosion call at his office during the forenoon. Graham knew, or felt, that it was his "depth charge" that had done the work, so at his request, about 11 A. M. he and I together went to the General's office.

Lord Wolseley, the commander of the English armies, was in Lexington, where he had come to pay his respects to our General. Seeing that the General was engaged, we were about to leave when we were called back and asked to take seats in the adjoining room, where we could hear everything that was said. I remember the Englishman asked General Lee whom he thought the greatest military genius developed by the war, to which General Lee answered without hesitation "General N. B. Forrest, of Tennessee, whom I have never met.

* The following interesting corroborative statement is taken from the MS. Diary of Dr. M. W. Humphreys: "Tuesday, Dec. 4, (1866) . . . Joynes had an explosion in his room which he regarded as a malicious attempt at a great crime and made fuss in proportion; but it turns out that a Mr. Graham plugged some wood with powder for some person who was stealing it occasionally, and the negroes stole the piece and put it in Joynes' fire-place—a good sell for Joynes."—Editor.

He accomplished more with fewer troops than any other officer on either side."

When Lord Wolseley took his departure we were called in. Graham at once said: "I heard, General, what you said this morning before chapel." He then told about his missing wood and the course he had pursued to find out who was stealing it, winding up his remarks, "But, General, I didn't know that it was Prof. Joynes."

This was one of the very few times I've seen the General laugh. To close the incident he said, "Well, Mr. Graham, your plan to find out who was taking your wood was a good one, but your powder charge was too heavy. The next time use less powder."

General Lee frequently had students whom he knew at his home to tea. His family made no false pretensions, but lived simply. The town of Lexington in my day was a kind of Mecca where the world came to pay tribute of love and respect to the living Lee and the dead Jackson. This little town in the Virginia mountains is now the resting place of both.

In common with the great body of the youths of the South my reverence for him was a matter of inheritance. We revered his name little short of worship, and three years of association with him increased rather than diminished this feeling. He was one of a very few men I have known who impressed me as being GREAT. I know of no other word that expresses the idea I wish to convey.

I was particularly fortunate in having been armed

with a letter of introduction from General Ewell, who had married a Nashville lady, and whose son, Major Campbell Brown, was a particular friend of the General's daughter, Miss Mildred. This gave me an acquaintance with the family that made it very pleasant to a boy away from home, and I have always felt honored in having had this good fortune. This acquaintance was of course not intimate, but gave me an insight into a circle, that was as charming as it was simple and unpretentious. General Lee was not a man who carried his heart upon his sleeve, yet he had the happy faculty of making those around him at ease during his hours of relaxation.

I think I can safely say, without fear of contradiction, that he was both beloved and revered by the faculty, the citizens of the town, and the entire student body.

Probably he was more on terms of intimacy with the Rector of Grace Church, who had been, as I now remember, the head of the Artillery Branch of the Army of Northern Virginia, than with any one else. They were often seen together, walking or riding. The General was a most regular communicant at his church, which was then located near a corner of the college campus.

I never heard of any code of laws or discipline for the student body. All knew they were regarded as gentlemen, and this feeling acted upon the students and in its results must have been gratifying to him.

All felt an interest in old "Traveller." If there was ever any unbending it was towards this old horse. They were friends, and it was very pretty to see them to-

gether. Old Traveller was always at home in the front yard, and acted like a sentinel on guard. One could almost say that the toss of his head, whenever the General appeared, was both a military salute and an expression of love and admiration for his great master. Certain it is there was love on both sides.

In this I do not pretend to give you an analysis of one of the great characters of history, but simply the impressions made upon one of the many youths of the South, who felt and still feel a proprietary interest in his greatness and immortality.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE'S ADMINISTRATION AS PRESIDENT OF WASHINGTON COLLEGE, VIRGINIA

By Edward Clifford Gordon, St. Louis, Missouri

The Recollections herewith given were, for the most part, reduced to writing soon after the author's official connection with General Lee and Washington College ceased. Subsequently they were enlarged and delivered as a lecture in Missouri. For the publication of them, now authorized by the board of trustees of Washington and Lee University, they have been revised, and a few interesting incidents and ancedotes omitted, because it is believed that General Lee himself, if he could be consulted, would so advise on account of his respect for the wishes of others.

SOME years before the Confederate war, Southern Episcopalians projected what at that time was the most comprehensive educational scheme which had been proposed by any church in this country. General Winfield Scott was asked if he knew of a suitable man to be placed at the head of the enterprise. He replied: "Yes, I know a man who would suit, but you cannot get him because the army needs him. He is Colonel Robert E. Lee of Virginia."

It is probable that General Lee's election to the presidency of Washington College may be traced to a remark made by his eldest daughter in Staunton, Virginia, in the early summer of 1865, in the presence of Colonel Bolivar Christian, who was a member of the board of trustees of the college. Miss Lee said: "The

people of the South are offering my father everything but work; and work is the only thing he will accept at their hands." So far as I can learn, Miss Lee, at that time, was not aware of Colonel Christian's connection with the college; and her remark was not made with any reference to the vacant presidency; but it was made a short time before a meeting of the trustees, and suggested to Colonel Christian the idea of securing General Lee for that position. The trustees once seized of the idea did not rest until it was realized. Judge Brockenbrough, then rector of the board, was sent to inform General Lee of his election; and, after full consideration, he accepted the position. In October, 1865, the new president rode quietly into Lexington on his favorite horse, Traveller, took the oath of office and entered upon the discharge of his duties.

The hopes of the trustees were soon realized. Money was given to refit the college buildings and grounds. Students came from all parts of the South. The faculty was increased; extensive additions were made to the courses of study, to the apparatus and the library; and much needed improvements to the campus were begun and carried on according to a well-considered plan.

During two years of General Lee's administration I served the college as proctor, secretary to the faculty and librarian; and one year as treasurer. I was also a sort of secretary to the president, helping him with his mail and otherwise in routine matters as he might direct. But I must add that General Lee answered most of his letters with his own hand, and that my

duties as secretary were confined chiefly to copying letters in an old-fashioned letter-press book. Still I was brought into daily intercourse with the president. I had many, and at times unusual, opportunities of observing him under various aspects and conditions, and of comparing him with other men, some of whom were distinguished for their abilities and learning. I heard him express his opinion on a great variety of subjects. I saw him in his home, in the privacy of his office, at the meetings of the faculty, in his intercourse with the students, on the commencement platform. After two years of official relationship which was cordial and pleasant from the beginning to the end, I left the college to pursue my professional studies with the conviction that in all the elements of true greatness General Lee was far in advance of any man I had ever known. I have known many great and good men since; but I have had no good reason to modify the judgment I then formed. If extensive knowledge, if far-seeing wisdom, if a wondrous self-control, if ability to manage great enterprises and to master minute details, if the spirit of meekness and of self-sacrifice, if simplicity in thought and speech, if courtesy and an exquisite sense of honor, if ability to estimate other men and to mold them to his will, are elements of greatness, then General Lee was, and is, my beau-ideal of the highest type of Christian gentleman. I may add that this is the estimate formed of him by all who were so fortunate as to know him intimately.

Just here it may be worth while to correct some

popular errors in regard to him. First as to his size and personal appearace. He was strikingly handsome, but not a very large man. I have read accounts of him which described him as being over six feet high and weighing over two hundred pounds. He stood five feet and eleven inches in his cavalry boots. His maximum weight was one hundred and seventy pounds. He carried himself very erect; had broad shoulders and narrow hips. His neck was short and very thick, forming a fit support for a massive head. His arms were long, his hands large and his feet small. These features gave him the appearance when on horseback or seated at a table of being a very large man. The same impression is made by half-length photographs of him; whereas, among men of the Scotch-Irish race in the Valley of Virginia where I knew him, he was constantly overtopped by men taller and heavier than himself. His clothes were always well fitting and extremely neat. He did not use tobacco in any form, nor partake of intoxicating liquors, except an occasional glass of wine. He never used slang nor told a joke which his wife and daughters might not have listened to with perfect propriety.

It is also supposed by many that General Lee was a man of an easy temper, naturally calm, mild and gentle, with no special propensity to violent expression. This was not the case. He had unquestionably great delicacy and tenderness of feeling, constantly manifested in his regard for animals, his love for children, his consideration for the distressed. But these characteristics

were combined with what I may call a fierce and violent temper, prone to intense expression. When I knew him he had almost perfect control of this temper; but in the Confederate Army it was an open secret that, when he was organizing Virginia's forces at the beginning of the war, he was regarded by the militia and other colonels who brought their regiments to Richmond as a sort of "bear," that when aroused should be avoided by wise people. It is also certain that he was fond of war. He deliberately chose the career of a soldier. In this respect he was a true son of his race. He plunged with ardor into the Mexican war. When the Federal hosts were driven back from the heights of Fredricksburg, an officer said to him: "Isn't it splendid?" He replied: "Yes; but it is well war is so terrible, or we would become too fond of it."

There was one peculiarity of his temper which I, as well as others, had occasion to observe. It constituted about the only foible in his character which I could detect. When annoyed by visitors or others he generally managed to allow the culprits to escape without displaying his annoyance in any way. But the next comer, unless he was unusually wary, was apt to catch the fire. I once suffered vicariously in this way. It was near the close of the college session; and he, like the rest of us in office, was very busy. Some committee waited on him soon after he entered his office in the morning; and, after transacting their business, continued to sit and talk with him. About dinner time they went away and with them went the last drop of the president's

patience. I was ignorant of the precise situation, but also rejoiced at their departure because I desired to ask a favor of the president. The letter-book into which were copied the reports and letters of his office and mine was at his residence for his use at night in the preparation of his annual report to the board of trustees of the college. I needed a bit of information from that book; and as General Lee was the kindest man in the world, I did not hesitate to ask him to make a memorandum from it for me. But I made my request at an inauspicious time. He said to me very sharply: "I do not want the book; you can come and get it whenever you like." I at once discerned that, to use our college slang, he had been "sat upon" by that committee, and I hastily beat a retreat. The next morning when I entered his office he said in his kindest manner: "Mr. Gordon, here is that memorandum you asked me to make for you."

It is well known that General Lee was distinguished for mental and moral courage of the highest order. This was conspicuously displayed in more than one great crisis of his life. It is not so well known that he also had what we call "nerve," or physical courage, which never failed him. This was signally displayed in his personal scouting adventures in the Mexican war; and also to his staff when he passed from safe to very dangerous positions in the terrific battles of the Confederate war. One of these staff officers told me he could never discover by any word, gesture or change of countenance on the part of General Lee that he had any

consciousness of personal danger. While president of the college he had a somewhat singular adventure which signally displayed his "nerve." Colonel Ross had a fine farm near Lexington and the General used to ride out to this farm and talk "farming" with his friend. The times were unsettled and Colonel Ross had a pack of rather vicious dogs to protect his property from petty thieves. These dogs were usually confined during the day, and turned out at night. One afternoon the Colonel seated in his hall heard these dogs barking in his front yard. Knowing that they had no business there, he hurried out and saw this scene: General Lee had ridden up on Traveller, dismounted, entered the gate, and was standing with his back to the gate, confronted by several dogs, the largest and fiercest of which stood on his hind feet with his front feet on the General's shoulders, and their noses not six inches apart. The General stood like a statue calmly looking into the dog's eyes. Colonel Ross called and beat off the dogs, and apologized for their attack. He told me that General Lee was entirely unruffled. He playfully chided him for not keeping his dogs tied up in the daytime. There was no change in his countenance; and, in the opinion of his host, his pulse had not quickened one beat a minute.

This remarkable "nerve" was also highly expressed, in my opinion, very often during the commencement exercises. In those days every orator, graduates and visitors, felt called upon to refer to our President, his career, character and reputation. The adulations at

times were not in good taste, and I used to wonder why he did not issue a general order prohibiting all public references to himself. Self-protection is said to be the first law of nature. He issued no such order; and no one could tell at the time of utterance that he heard the references to himself. He neither smiled nor frowned. His face was as impassive as the Sphinx. Apparently the orators might have been commenting on the man in the moon. But he did hear; and privately admonished the young orators that their speeches were too long; that their references to himself were distasteful to him; that their reflections on the "Yankees" would provoke ill-feeling and might injure the college; that their compliments to the ladies had better be said in private.

His intellectual powers were as remarkable as his "nerve." His observation was keen, minute and accurate. His memory was marvelously retentive, and his stores of knowledge correspondingly great and at his instant command. He could look at a mass of mortar and at once detect whether it had too much or too little sand or lime in it. If a step-stone was half an inch out of line he noticed it. He remembered every child in Lexington whose name he had heard and whose face he had seen. It seemed to me he knew all the cows in Lexington; for he used to say to me, when he saw cows grazing on the yet unfenced lawn of the college, "I wish Mr.——, and——" (others whom he would name), "would keep their cows at home." He soon came to know all the students by name and face, their class standing and general reputation.

But his mind was not burdened with details. His plans for the extension of the college were comprehensive and far reaching. All the resources of his opulent knowledge, of his varied experience, of his practical good sense, as well as his incessant industry, were fully used for the advancement of the institution. His wisdom, his ability to adapt means to ends, was unsurpassed. I have known men who knew more Latin, Greek, mathematics and philosophy than he did; but I never knew any one who knew men as well as he did. There was something uncanny about his ability to read other men's thoughts. Others as well as myself observed this remarkable characteristic, as did his opponents in war. It was a common saying in Lexington: "It is no use trying to throw dust into Marse Robert's eyes."

One proof of his wisdom was his unwillingness to express his opinion on a subject which he had not carefully considered. On subjects which he had considered he was the most dogmatic of men. But not infrequently at the meetings of the faculty he would say: "Gentlemen, this is a new question to me; I cannot venture an opinion. I prefer to hear what Dr. K. or Col. A. or Professor M. has to say about it." In every case he would name the man who ought to have been, and who generally was, most familiar with, and best informed on, the subject under discussion. The same unerring judgment enabled him to use members of the faculty in dealing with the students. He soon came to know which professor had most influence with any

particular student or set of students, and the leaders among the students themselves.

Here it may be said that the rigor of military discipline was utterly abandoned as impracticable in such an institution as Washington College; and the principles of truth, honor, courtesy were mainly relied on to maintain good order. There was no attempt at compromise between two systems of discipline wholly incompatible with each other. At the same time both faculty and students soon learned that a master sat in the president's office. When the students circulated a petition for a week's holiday at Christmas, instead of one day, which had been ordered; and when this petition had been denied and another circulated pledging the signers not to attend lectures during the Christmas week, and when some members of the faculty were disposed to yield to the students' demand, the president announced that any student whose name appeared on that paper would be sent home; and that if every student signed it, the college would be closed and the key to the door placed in his pocket. There is a tradition that lectures during that Christmas week were well attended.

On one occasion an orator of the radical stripe proposed to address a political meeting which would be attended mostly by negroes. A rumor got abroad that the orator proposed to make invidious reflections on General Lee, and some of the students swore that they would break up the meeting. The president somehow was informed as to the situation. Just before

the dinner hour on the day of the meeting he placed in my hands the names of a dozen or more students with directions to see them all as soon as practicable and instruct them to report to him at his office promptly at 3:30 that afternoon. It was a motley array of names. Some of the men had been Confederate soldiers; some were leaders in college religious work; some were foremost in college sports and pranks. All, for various reasons, were surprised at the summons, but they all reported, received their instructions, and not a student attended that meeting, which passed off as orderly as a funeral service.

I have the original manuscript, written with his own hand of a sort of general order or appeal addressed to the students who were contemplating an April-fool celebration. It reads as follows:

"The faculty have learned with regret that some of the students are making preparations to organize a tumultuous and disorderly procession though the streets of Lexington on the eve of the first of April. Similar processions have heretofore occasionally occurred and have always resulted in greatly disturbing the good order and quiet of the town; in alarming and disturbing the sick; in the wanton destruction of property; and in endangering human life. Those who have participated in or witnessed these disturbances are asked to consider whether such proceedings have in any way tended to elevate the character of those concerned in them, to promote the welfare of the community, or to give real pleasure or satisfaction to the actors themselves. When

students of a college engage in such disorders, it injures them in the eyes of the world, sullies the reputation of their Alma Mater, and tends to diminish its efficiency and usefulness. Such conduct can only proceed from thoughtlessness and want of reflection, and the President earnestly appeals to all the students of Washington College to avoid such assemblies both as actors and as witnesses; and he calls upon those whose character and standing justly entitle them to the confidence and esteem of their comrades to point out to them the evil they unintentionally commit against their college and the citizens of a town who are always ready to promote their pleasure and to administer to their comfort and relief.

"He trusts, therefore, that the students will unite now and at all times to preserve good order and quiet in the community in which they dwell, to protect the property of the citizens, and to maintain the fair reputation of Washington College."

By such means as these our President maintained order and discipline. Occasionally there were pranks and "callithumps." Among four hundred students some were weak and some were wicked. These had to be admonished or suspended; and some, now and then, had to be sent home. This last phrase was the President's word for expulsion. But these affairs were only ripples on the even flow of college life. There was no espionage; little or no cheating at recitations and examinations. If a man were caught cheating, his life was made so intolerable by the students that he was glad to

go home. I can recall but one such case; in that one the guilt of the student was doubtful in the mind of the professor whose testimony was solicited by the class.

General Lee's wisdom was constantly displayed in the management of his personal and domestic affairs. His household was one of the best ordered I ever knew. He was what the Virginia farmers called "forehanded" both as to plans and expenditures. In a letter to me in 1868, after giving some directions about college work, he wrote: "Should you see Mr. Womeldorf, ask him if he can furnish me with thirty cords of hickory as he did last year." He had a great fondness for seasoned hickory wood and would burn no other when he could get it. Subsequently he wrote me: "I am sorry Mr. Womeldorf cannot supply me with wood. I prefer hickory to oak, and there was a gentleman whose name I cannot recall that supplied Mr. Campbell and myself with some year before last. If he or any one can furnish me with 30 cords of seasoned wood at a fair price, please engage it for me. If you cannot engage hickory engage some oak. I prefer red to white oak."

In these and other ways he sought to provide for every emergency. In order to protect the students from excess charges for wood (it was before the days of railroads and coal in Lexington), he had a woodyard, protected by a high fence, set off and filled with wood bought at a moderate price in the summer or early fall when the county roads were in good order. This wood was sawed up and sold to the students at actual cost.

Here I may mention his keen sense of the fit, the be-

coming, the beautiful. This sense was manifested in many ways: in his clothes, his personal neatness, his dealings with other men; in his ideas respecting buildings and grounds. Most of the trees which now adorn the front campus were planted under his direction. I once asked him about the arrangement of these trees. He said: "Not in rows: Nature never plants trees in rows. As far as possible imitate Nature." He himself selected many of the spots where trees were planted. Similarly as to colors. We had to build a fence along the front campus on the south side. It was and is now one of the most conspicuous parts of the college grounds; but, because of the scarcity of money, it had to be a plain board fence. I consulted him about the color to be used in painting the fence. He said: "A fence is a blot on any lawn. We must have a fence; but select a color which will render the fence as inconspicuous as possible: one that will harmonize with the surrounding colors."

It is well known that General Lee's experience as an engineer and as superintendent of the West Point Military Academy, fitted him to discharge his administrative duties as president of the college to which he devoted himself. He taught no class, but personally overlooked everything that went on: work on the buildings and grounds; in the class rooms; at the examinations, as well as to the matters of personal and general discipline. He himself "toed the mark," and he insisted that everybody else should do so. This remark suggests some observations as to his moral qualities: his

sense of duty, the carefulness with which he responded to its call; his conscientiousness and his courtesy in his dealings with others.

I shall never forget my first interview with him. After accepting the position offered me by the college authorities and winding up the business in which I had been engaged, I reported to General Lee in his office. Somehow I got the notion that he was surprised at my youthful appearance, for I was little more than a beardless boy. But he had taken me on the representation of men who knew and trusted me and whom he knew and trusted, so he made no comments on my appearance, and proceeded at once to explain to me my duties especially as proctor. He then said: "The first thing for you to do is to see Mr. Shields who is now in charge of the property of the college used in repairing the buildings and improving the grounds. Get from him a complete list of all the property in his hands, verify it, then give him a receipt for it, after which you will be responsible for it." I left him somewhat oppressed with a sense of the responsibilities I had assumed and determined to "make good" if it were possible for me to do so.

Soon we began to lay off the roads and walks on the front campus the lines of which are now about the same as those marked out by General Lee himself. In "setting" the broken stones on these walks I needed a maul. It was before the days of steam rollers. In grading the campus, several large locust trees had been taken up by the roots. I directed two of the workmen to saw off the

butt end of one of these trees, trim it up into the shape of a maul, and have its base rimmed with a heavy band of iron. In a day or two the maul was at work. General Lee observed it and said to me! "Mr. Gordon that is a very good maul, where did you get it?" I told him, and he immediately exclaimed: "What! Cut up one of those locust trees to get a maul! I intended that tree for a gate post. You might have got a maul from New York, or imported one from Liverpool at less cost." That was all and enough. I learned a lesson which I have never forgot, and which I have endeavored ever since to practice. I might waste my own property if I chose to do so; but the college property and other property with which I was charged was not mine, and I was responsible for its best practicable use down to the smallest particular.

Another incident will illustrate his uniform courtesy and regard for the rights and feelings of others even in small matters. When the time came to pay for those thirty cords of hickory wood which I had secured for him, he had me go with the man who had furnished it to the pile in the back yard of his house and measure it carefully, and then make the needed calculation as to the amount of money due for it. Not for a moment did he propose that his own estimate was to be taken as a matter of course.

In his home he was the most courteous of hosts. I had many occasions to observe this; and on one of these I was particularly impressed. My father came to Lexington on some church business and to see me; and,

I have no doubt, to see General Lee. He was old and very deaf, and I tried to persuade him to give up his visit to the president's house. But he insisted and I arranged his visit. It so happened on that evening that there was a number of other guests. All the members of the family were engaged, and so General Lee himself undertook to entertain my father. He drew him to one side, sat close to him and did his best to make himself agreeable. Here I may tell of his plan to dismiss his guests when they were disposed to stay too late, as not infrequently was the case. I have known professors to ring a bell at ten o'clock in order to indicate to guests that the hour for their departure had arrived; and, on one occasion, I learned that a distinguished colleague was in this way invited to leave. General Lee did not pursue this plan. Two rooms in his home were devoted in the evenings to the entertainment of guests. These rooms opened to each other. In one, the dining room, Mrs. Lee and the General usually sat after supper, while the front room was occupied by the younger people. It was understood that every visitor would spend at least a few minutes with the heads of the family, whoever might be the person he or she came particularly to visit. When ten o'clock came, if the guests seemed indisposed to leave, the General would come into the front room, sit down by the side of a man who was enjoying a *tête-à-tête* with one of the young ladies. In a moment or two she would join Mrs. Lee in the dining room. The young man had not come for the purpose of monopolizing the General, and so found it convenient to make

his bow and depart. The General, then proceeded to employ the same plan with another man until it was evident to all that the president thought it was time for sensible people to go to bed. I may add that some plan to dismiss guests in a polite fashion was imperative, because the hour for the family breakfast was fixed unalterably by college duties.

General Lee had great natural benevolence and tenderness of feeling. This was expressed in many ways. His salary was a moderate one; prices were high; the calls on the hospitality of his family were incessant. Yet he avoided debt and his gifts to the poor and the church were large. His last official act was an added gift to make up a deficiency in his pastor's salary. He himself declined gifts except from his near kinsfolk and his most intimate friends. In 1866 he wrote to a Baltimore firm: "I am much obliged to you for your kind offer to send me a hat, and I appreciate most highly the motives which prompted it. When so many are destitute, I dislike to have more than I actually require, and yet am unwilling to appear insensible to your sentiments of friendship and sympathy. I have a very good hat, which will answer my purpose the whole year, and I would, therefore, prefer that you would give to others what I really do not require." I know that he often wrote similar letters. "Give," he would write, "to the Confederate soldiers; or, if you wish, to the college. As for myself, I have enough and am content."

His tenderness of feeling was expressed towards animals. He was very fond of horses and of Traveller.

In a letter to me, dated Aug. 3rd, 1868, he wrote: "How is Traveller? Tell him I miss him dreadfully and have repented of our separation but once and that is the whole time since we parted." Later he wrote me: "I hope Traveller is well and wants for nothing. I want him more than ever now that I shall be alone." *

Here I may mention his keen sense of humor. This enabled him to contribute to the enjoyment of his family and friends; and mildly, though keenly, to administer rebuke. To illustrate: In 1867 he wrote to an absent daughter: "I must leave to your sisters a description of all the gayeties and also an account of the 'Reading Club.' As far as I can judge it is a great institution for the discussion of apples and chestnuts, but is quite innocent of the pleasures of literature. Our feline companions are flourishing. Young Baxter is growing in gracefulness and favor, and gives cat-like evidence of future worth. He indulges in the fashion-

* Mrs. S. P. Lee tells the following beautiful story:

"One afternoon in July . . . the General rode down to the canal-boat landing to put on board a young lady who had been visiting his daughters and was returning home. He dismounted, tied Traveller to a post, and was standing on the boat making his adieux, when some one called out that Traveller was loose. Sure enough, the gallant gray was making his way up the road, increasing his speed as a number of boys and men tried to stop him. My father immediately stepped ashore, called to the crowd to stand still, and advancing a few steps gave a peculiar low whistle. At the first sound, Traveller stopped and pricked up his ears. The General whistled a second time, and the horse with a glad whinny turned and trotted quietly back to his master, who patted and coaxed him before tying him up again. To a bystander expressing surprise at the creature's docility the General observed that he did not see how any man could ride a horse for any length of time without a perfect understanding being established between them."—Editor.

able color of moon-light-on-the-lake, apparently a dingy hue of the kitchen, and is strictly aristocratic in appearance and conduct. Tom, surnamed The Ripper, from the manner which he slaughters our enemies the rats and mice, is admired for his gravity and sobriety, as well as his strict attention to the pursuits of his race. They both feel your absence sorely. Traveller and Custis are both well, and pursue their usual dignified gaits and habits, not led away by the frivolous entertainments of lectures and concerts."

In a letter to me from the White Sulphur Springs in the summer of 1868, he wrote: "Tell Misses M. and N. that I am greatly alarmed about their sister E. There is a young Presbyterian clergyman just arrived, who has taken a seat by her at table. He may do so at other times too, and she would not tell me." I could give at second hand some illustrations of his use of humor to administer rebuke; but, as a negro preacher once said to his master, who desired him to preach to his fellow servants on the Eighth Commandment, I cannot do it because it "might throw a coldness" on some who may read these recollections.

I pass on to record his high regard for what was just, right and honorable. This, as is well known, was manifested in the highest degree when in 1861 he cast in his lot with Virginia and the South. He could not have foreseen the world-wide reputation he would achieve as a soldier. He could not fail to foresee the immense losses, financial and otherwise, which he must inevitably incur. He carefully looked over the whole

situation and then offered himself and his sword to his native state, because he honestly believed she had the right to choose her own political associations and alliances. Here he was sustained by the example of his own heroic father and those who stood with him in the break between England and her American colonies.

These same high and noble characteristics were constantly manifested in the conduct of his private business. They caused him to refuse over and over again the use of his name in business enterprises after the war when he was desirous of work which would enable him to provide for his family. Large sums of money were offered to him only for the use of his name. He was to have no work, no trouble, no responsibility. It was the absence of these things which made him decline these flattering offers. In his opinion it was dishonest to lend his name and reputation for the purpose of inducing his friends and admirers to put their money into a business over which he was to have no control and in which he had no experience.

This delicate sense of honor gave him a horror of debt. This is all the more noticeable because he was fond of elegance of every sort: fine houses, furniture, plate, clothing, ornaments, horses, equipage. But he could and did deny himself and his family the enjoyment of such things when he did not have the money to buy them. I have seen him in garments which many men of smaller income and far less reputation would have been unwilling to wear. He was not ashamed to eat a plain dinner plainly served with his friends. He

impressed these ideas and habits on his family. Mrs. Lee's usual occupation in the dining room I have mentioned during the evenings was mending her husband's and son's underclothing. After I became a minister, I met one of his daughters at a railway station. She had a basket of very fine pears, on the beauty of which I commented. "Yes," she said, "they are nice and I would offer you one; but I have just enough for my dessert to-morrow." She then laughed and said: "I want this inscribed on my tombstone:

> 'Although on pleasure she was bent,
> She had a frugal mind.'"

This keen sense of honesty and honor, this abiding consciousness of perfect rectitude of intention, were, I believe, one source of that calm courage which was so characteristic of General Lee. He was no stoic, no haughty patrician, looking down upon and disregarding the sentiments of others. He loved his fellow men. He desired their esteem; but, as it seemed to me, he had never done anything of which he was ashamed and which it was necessary for him to conceal; and so he never feared to face any man or set of men: not even General Grant and his imposing staff, flushed with victory, at Appomattox. When cross-examined at President Davis's preliminary trial for treason, counsel for the United States' Government tried to get him to exculpate himself by seeking to make the Confederate President responsible for the war and General Lee's conduct of it. He at once perceived the counsel's de-

sign. He admitted that President Davis was the commander-in-chief of the Confederate army; and, of course, was often consulted by him and other officers. He then added: "I am responsible for what I did; and I cannot now recall any important movement I made which I would not have made had I acted entirely on my own responsibility."

While President of Washington College General Lee met in Baltimore, Md., the Rev. Doctor Leyburn. Doctor Leyburn conveyed to him a pressing invitation from Mr. Cyrus H. McCormick, who had made a very handsome donation to the college, to visit him in New York. General Lee felt constrained to decline the invitation; and somehow Doctor Leyburn got the idea that the refusal to accept it was due to General Lee's unwillingness to incur the publicity of a visit to New York. He endeavored to remove this fancied objection by showing how all publicity could be avoided. An apartment in a Pullman car could be reserved; he would arrive in New York in the morning; he would be met by Mr. McCormick and be taken at once to his home. When the General understood what the Doctor meant, he said: "Oh, Doctor, I couldn't go sneaking into New York in that way. When I go there, I'll go in the daytime and like a man."

The supreme test of a man's greatness is his ability to control other men; to draw them to himself, to secure their constant loyalty, to have them execute his will. General Lee stood this test. Unfortunately, his plans, committed to subordinates for execution, were not

always executed as he wished and directed; but his direct influence over others was imperial. It was confined to no class and limited by no circumstances. One of his sons testified that when a boy he sometimes disobeyed his mother, but that it never occurred to him to disobey his father. War incidents illustrate this same power. It was felt in Lexington by proud citizens, by the students, by the faculty, by the negro man who waited on him. Perhaps the highest illustration of this power is presented in the fact that his surrender at Appomattox brought speedily the Confederate War to its close. For a brief period after that surrender the Confederate counsels were divided. In North Carolina, as President Davis and his cabinet were moving south from Richmond, I heard him say in a public address that he expected soon to be at the head of sixty thousand troops. Imagination staggers when we calmly consider what would have been the result of a continued prosecution of the war. The North went wild over the assassination of President Lincoln. Had the war continued, the South would have been swept with fire and sword without mercy, and to the North's everlasting dishonor. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, in his Lee's Centennial Address, has testified that "from that crown of sorrows Lee saved the country. He was the one man in the Confederacy who could exercise decisive influence."

These recollections of General Lee would be incomplete and inaccurate should they fail to emphasize the Christian elements in his character. He was born,

baptized and reared in the Protestant Episcopal Church and represented the best type of piety in that communion. After the Mexican War he was "confirmed" by Bishop Johns of Virginia, who said to him on that occasion: "If you will be as faithful as a soldier of the Cross as you have been of your country, when your warfare is over I shall covet your crown." The good bishop's condition was fulfilled. As a confirmed Christian he served God with the same unfaltering devotion as he had served and continued to serve his country. His piety was of the Cavalier type rather than that of the Puritan; but it was unaffected and earnest. He loved and honored his own church and supported it heartily with his money and his example. As has been stated, his last official act was that of a vestryman of Grace Church in Lexington. But he sincerely believed in, loved and served Jesus Christ as his Saviour and Lord; and he respected all who did. If there were no services at his own church on a Sunday, he was usually found at some other church. He studied the Bible and was a man of prayer, in the closet, at his own family altar, in public worship. Whoever, whether professor or student, was absent from the morning chapel service, he was always present unless unavoidably detained.* He respected piety and abhorred cant. On one occasion some one asked his opinion as to the practice of fasting during Lent and at other times. He spoke reverently of

* General Lee invariably occupied, during chapel exercises, the seat next to the wall on the second bench from the rostrum on the north side of the main floor of the building.—Editor.

the church's requirements of its members as to this practice, but added: "The best way for most of us is to fast from our sins and to eat what is good for us." The religious phase of his character may be summed up in three short sentences. He trusted and loved God. He loved his fellow men. He believed in Jesus Christ as his Saviour and Lord, and manifested the Christian spirit towards enemies as well as friends.

Attention has been called to his self-conquest. This was chiefly due to Christian motive-power. Intellectually he was cast in a gigantic mold. Naturally he was possessed of strong passions. He loved excitement, especially the excitement of war. He loved grandeur. But all these appetites and powers were brought under the control of his judgment and made subservient to his Christian faith. This made him habitually unselfish and ever willing to sacrifice himself on the altar of duty and in the service of his fellows. If there was anything which unfitted him for the leadership of a great revolution it was that he lacked or suppressed that intense ardor, that persistent and overpowering energy and determination, which comes from great personal ambition, and which prompts men to use any means needed to secure success. He would not use his influence over the army to coerce the civil government of the Confederate States and compel it to do what he thought ought to be done in order to secure its independent existence. He would not make a dictator of himself. He would not violate the modern usages of war in laying waste his enemy's country with fire and

sword. All this may detract from his merits as a soldier and a revolutionist. It immensely exalts his character as a Christian. He would not do what his enlightened conscience told him was wrong to save either himself or his country.

During and after the war General Lee manifested in the highest degree the Christian spirit of forgiveness. He hated all wrong and wrongdoing with all the ardor of his intense and passionate nature. He regarded the attempt of the federal government to force Virginia into a war against her southern neighbors as an enormous political wickedness, to be resisted at whatever cost of blood and treasure. Yet he cherished no sentiments of personal hate against the authors and promoters of this wickedness. A Greek poet has said:

> "The finest mind will fall
> Beneath misfortune's stroke; and, stunned,
> Depart from its sage plan of action."

This was not the case with General Lee. After the war he was indicted for treason though never tried. He would have been punished but for the respect General Grant had for his own word pledged at Appomattox. He asked for amnesty. It was refused. He died a prisoner of war, disfranchised, in a country which gave the right of suffrage to the negro who could neither read nor understand its laws, and to aliens who could not speak its language. Yet he did not depart from his sage plan of action. One day a man asked alms at his door. He gave him money; and, what was more, a kind word. As the beggar went off, he pointed to him and said:

"There goes one of our old soldiers. True, he fought on the other side, but we must not remember that against him now."

Soon after the passage of some of the so-called reconstruction acts, so objectionable to the southern people, two of the college professors in General Lee's office conversed with him about them. One of them expressed himself in very harsh and bitter terms against the dominant party in the federal government. The General took from his table some sheets from a manuscript which formed a part of the Memoirs of his father which he was preparing for publication, and read:

> "Learn from yon orient shell to love thy foe,
> And store with pearls the hand which brings thee woe.
> Free, like yon rock, from base vindictive pride,
> Emblase with gems the wrist that rends thy side.
> Mark where yon tree rewards the stoney shower
> With fruit nectarious or the balmy flower.
> All Nature cries aloud; shall man do less
> Than heal the smiter and the railer bless."

He then said: "These lines are a translation from the pen of a Mohammedan, the immortal Hafiz. Ought not we, who profess to be governed by the principles of Christ, to rise at least to the standard of the Mohammedan poet, and learn to forgive our enemies."

Such was Robert Edward Lee: a man great and good among the greatest and best of the sons of men, in every position and in every respect in which we regard him. His most intimate friends, his bitterest enemies, sought in vain to find any seriously weak spot in his character, any just ground for serious condemnation of his con-

duct. He devoted his life, his matchless abilities, to impersonal ends: not to be served but to serve.

> "Vanquished, he was yet a victor.
> To honor virtue is to honor him.
> To reverence wisdom is to do him reverence.
> In life he was a model for all who live;
> In death he left a heritage for all.
> One such example is worth more to earth
> Than the stained triumph of ten thousand Cæsars."

On one occasion some Confederate soldiers were gathered about a camp fire discussing the Darwinian theory of evolution, which had recently been brought to their attention. After a variety of opinions had been expressed about this famous speculation, one of the soldiers, who had remained silent, delivered his as follows:

"Well, boys, the rest of us may have been developed from monkeys, but I tell you only God Almighty could make a man like Marse Robert."

The word was well spoken, because General Lee gave convincing evidence that he was a "Twice-born man." He is an illustrious example of those whose clear moral judgments no glory can obscure; whose integrity no temptation can corrupt. He is an epistle, written of God and designed by God to teach the people of this country that earthly success is not the criterion of merit, nor the measure of true greatness. It may be that a heart as bold as his led the charge of the Confederates up the steeps of Gettysburg; that a hand as skillful as his hurled the battalions of the South against the Federal

right wing at Chancellorsville. But when the wars of factions shall succeed the war of principle; when true lovers of freedom all over the country shall be called on to stand together in order to make good a common cause against tyranny, whether of the man or of the mob; then, in that hour of supreme trial, will brave and true men earnestly desire and fervently pray for that sobriety of judgment, that self-control, that perfect rectitude of intention, that patriotism, that heroic spirit of self-sacrifice which were so splendidly combined in the character and conduct of Lee.

Among the books which he left behind him is one which there can be no doubt his family fondly cherish. It is a translation of Homer's *Iliad* by Philip Stanhope Worsley, a distinguished Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, England. Mr. Worsley belonged to that large number of Englishmen, comprising some of the most accomplished men of that country, who sympathized with the Confederate States. When his translation of the *Iliad* was published he sent a copy to General Lee. On the fly leaves were written the following words, which it was my privilege to read as they were traced by the hand of the author, now gone, like General Lee himself, to that tribunal before which the questions at issue between the North American States will be settled by the All-Wise God:

"To General R. E. Lee, the most stainless of living commanders, and except in fortune the greatest, this volume is presented, with the writer's earnest sympathy and respectful admiration;

Ὅιος γὰρ ἐρύετο Ἴλιον Ἕκτωρ

The grand old bard that never dies,
Receive him in our English tongue.
I send thee, but with weeping eyes,
The story that he sung.

Thy Troy is fallen; thy dear land
Is marred beneath the spoiler's heel.
I cannot trust my trembling hand
To write the things I feel.

Ah! Realm of tombs! But let her bear
This blazon to the last of times:
No nation rose so white and fair,
Or fell so pure of crimes.

The widow's moan, the orphan's wail
Come round thee, yet in truth be strong.
Eternal right, though all else fail,
Can never be made wrong.

An angel's heart, an angel's mouth,
Not Homer's, can alone for me
Hymn well the great Confederate South
Virginia first, and Lee."

BRIEF STATEMENTS BY "LEE ALUMNI"

The following brief contributions were sent to the editor by more than a score of loyal alumni who were students of Washington College in the five-year period of General Lee's presidency. The numerous incidents and impressions here given bear testimony, after the lapse of half a century, to General Lee's ability to make on his students impressions that were indelible and uniformly wholesome. No greater tribute could be paid to this great college executive than these statements from men, now mature in years, who since their college days have come in contact with other great men in every section of our country.—Editor.

Rev. W. Strother Jones, St. Thomas's Church, New York City:

That he [General Lee] was the greatest man this country has produced I have no doubt; and the proudest thing in my life is that I have seen, talked with and shaken hands with him. I do not believe he ever forgot a face or a name, or the locality of his seeing anyone and the circumstances. My roommate shook hands with him at a reception in Baltimore in which were thousands, but, later, coming to Lexington and reporting to the General, the whole past was recalled before my roommate could say one word.

I saw him riding Traveller the last time. I was at his funeral and recall that Traveller, draped in black, was led immediately behind his former master. I was among the first who had the honor of guarding his office and explaining to visitors his last hours there. I never

knew him to be absent from chapel service. On one occasion, I was told, that the General was noticed as deeply affected on coming out from prayers in the chapel. Some one ventured to ask, "What is the matter, General?" To which he replied: "I was thinking of my responsibility to Almighty God for these hundreds of young men."

In my short day at college there was a tradition that four young men from New Hampshire were among the student body when some rather forward Southerners "of the baser sort" attempted to ridicule them by publicly proclaiming them as "Yankees" and "out of their element" in a Southern college. This coming to the attention of General Lee greatly incensed him. He sent for all whose names he could ascertain and denounced their cowardice and gave them limited time to leave college.

Mr. Mike G. Harman, Kansas City, Missouri:

In September, 1870, Col. Wm. Allan, then professor of applied mathematics, my boyhood friend, accompanied me to the office of General Lee and introduced me. General Lee turned from his desk in his swivel chair (which was uncommon at that day), shook hands with me and asked me to be seated. He inquired for my father, Major John A. Harman, whom he had specially detailed to his staff as chief quartermaster for the Gettysburg campaign, asked me as to my studies and my aims, told me that I must not let him lose sight of me, said "Good morning," bowed and

turned to his desk. Colonel Allan, seeing my embarrassment, arose and we left the office.

I met the General at the chapel a number of times, always saluted and to my great delight, he always said "Good morning, Mr. Harman." Later I learned that he knew every student by name and invariably addressed them personally unless there were several together.

Mrs. Lee sent for me to come to see her. When I called the General was at work in the back parlor and did not join in the conversation, but he shook hands with me when I left, saying "Come often to see us."

Mrs. Lee did not have one of her favorite pictures when I left Washington and Lee, but said she would send me one, which she did with this indorsement in her own handwriting: "To my young friend, Mike G. Harman,—Mary Custis Lee." It has been one of my proud possessions all these years.

One of the pleasures of my life was that I knelt at the altar of Grace Church, Lexington, Virginia, on the first Sunday in October, 1870, with General Lee.

Rev. Frank Bell Webb, First Presbyterian Church, Talladega, Alabama:

When I was a student at Washington College, I would often see General Lee in conversation with the janitor of the grounds, and giving him instructions, evidently, as to his work about the lawn and grounds. It was remarkable to see him thus engaged, when he had so many other important duties to meet. I had the honor of being a dinner guest of his, on my return-

visit to Lexington, on one occasion; and I was impressed by the grace and ease with which he presided as a host. He made us all feel at home,—both the young and older men, who were his guests.

As far as I know, his chief recreation was horseback riding every afternoon; and many, many were the afternoons that we pedestrian students would meet him, as he was out for his five or six miles ride; and we all invariably lifted our hats to him, which he responded to with a smile and salute. He almost always rode "Traveller" in a sweeping walk, and sat as straight as an arrow in the saddle; and our boyish eyes always viewed him with the most intense admiration. His soldierly bearing and gentle spirit drew it from us.

Mr. John Blackmar, Columbus, Georgia:

When I left Columbus, Georgia, for college in 1868, General R. H. Chilton of our city (a friend of my father's), who was General Lee's Aide-de-Camp during the war gave me a letter of introduction to General Lee. He received me very kindly and I was fortunate in enjoying many social evenings in his home circle. Seeing the home life of the greatest man and soldier the world has ever known, I was much impressed by the gentleness and simplicity of the family, the General reading his books, or papers, and occasionally making remarks. Mrs. Lee in her roller chair coloring photographs or doing other light work, I a boy of fifteen years, off to the side talking to Miss Agnes and Miss Mildred, made an ideal home circle I will never forget.

General Lee had only kindness and consideration for the boys of the school as well as others. Only once was I called before him for a lecture, having "cut" recitations for one day. When asked why, I said "To go hunting," he said, "Why you went hunting and yesterday was such a pretty day, and you would kill the birds that enjoy the day so much. I don't think I would do so again." That was all of the lecture.

When leaving for home at the end of the session, I called on General Lee to secure his autograph to a photograph of himself. Seeing with it a photograph of Mrs. Lee, he said "Take this to Mrs. Lee and she will sign it for you."

When I called at the residence Mrs. Lee asked me in, and said: "Though an old woman I have some vanity and I do not wish my picture to go to your people looking that way." (The photo was taken with a light dress only showing the face and faint outlines of the dress.) "Leave it and call again before you go home." I asked her if she could give me something of the General's as a keepsake. When I called again and received the picture bearing her signature I found to my delight that she had painted a stand at the side with a vase of flowers which brought out the dress, giving its outlines. She also gave me a lock of General Lee's hair in an envelope on which was written "General Lee's hair from Mary Custis Lee" saying, "I have been his barber for some time," and a brass button, saying, "this was from his coat, it went all through the war with him."

One night the boys had gathered on the campus to

initiate a new student in the "Sons of Confucius" when word came that our beloved president was ill. Nothing was done, but we all separated sadly and very soon after his death occurred.

Mr. C. W. Hedger, Sweet Springs, Missouri:

Of all men I have ever known, I think General R. E. Lee by far the greatest as a soldier, a citizen, an executive officer and a Christian gentleman. In my humble opinion he stands without a superior. As president, he displayed distinguished ability, showing his greatness of soul not only by refusing many far more lucrative positions that he might be of more benefit to the rising generation, but also by his interest in all the students, financing some of them through college, and looking after their physical, mental, moral, and spiritual welfare. His influence over the whole body of students was remarkable. To illustrate, the boys once had planned a monster callithump, but on the night it was to be "pulled off," Mr. J. Harvey McCleary, president of the Graham Lee Society, of which I was a member, rose from his chair and said: "Gentlemen, nothing doing to-night, Marse Robert says not," and every boy went straight home, and not a sound was heard to disturb the quiet of the town.

I have often seen him on the campus or on the street with a group of children clinging to both his hands.

In discipline he was firm and exacting, but kind and just. Socially, he was very genial, cordial and very entertaining in conversation.

I boarded a short time in the home of the widow Cameron in the country north of town and as Traveller was temporarily kept there, he made regular weekly visits to see his faithful war horse. Traveller was a dark iron-gray. General Lee had another horse, a big sorrel, named Ajax.

Dr. T. H. Somerville, Oxford, Mississippi:

After the War of Secession the generosity of a kinsman afforded me the privilege of selecting a college at which to complete my education. I chose Washington College because of my admiration for General Lee who had become its president. At Lexington I found many who had followed the General during the eventful years of the war. Among them was Colonel Charles T. O'Farrell, in whose hospitable home my student friend and I secured board and lodging. When we returned for the session of 1869–70, Colonel O'Farrell had leased and opened the Lexington hotel. With some degree of hesitation we put up at the hotel, where we had many friends and had a pleasant time.

About two months later, however, I received a note from General Lee containing an invitation to call at his office. I hid the note, but attended promptly to the request. The General received me kindly, and after a few remarks, reminded me that my grades were not as good as usual, and said that he had sent for me to talk the matter over. I admitted that the marks were low, but, as I remember, ventured the opinion that they were not materially below my former grades. He thereupon

took from the drawer of his table several cards upon which were written the grades for the current term and those for corresponding months of the former session. I admitted the damaging contrast. The General said I should have known it was against the rule for students to board at a hotel. I promised to make a change without delay. He drew from the same drawer a small photograph of himself on which he wrote his name, and then gave it to me.

I found a room which had been the office of Major Dorman in the court-yard, and boarded at the home of the Misses Waddell nearby. The General had no occasion to summon me again. I still have the photo and autograph, which have been carefully preserved as mementos of the visit.

Rt. Rev. James R. Winchester, Little Rock, Arkansas:

I entered Washington College in the fall of 1869 with a letter of introduction to the great President, Robert E. Lee. I went into his presence with much timidity, but immediately felt from the warm pressure of his hand, and the loving sympathy that flashed from his eye, and his words of fatherly counsel, that I was blessed indeed in having the privilege of matriculating as one of his students. There was no time that he ever failed to recognize me, and had always a kindly word of cheer to say at the right moment. There will always be in the memory of the students who attended chapel services the inspiration of the Christian Presi-

dent, regularly in his place; and also in the Episcopal church he never failed to be present in his pew and take part in the services.

One of the proudest moments of my life, as a student, was during an examination in geometry when General Lee was present at the oral examination and listened with interest to the demonstration which I was fortunately able to give perfectly. His smile of approval was worth more than the class distinction that year.

General Lee knew each one of the students personally and watched his college career with a fatherly interest. In those days Lexington had open saloons, and some of the students were disposed occasionally to pass the bounds of sobriety, but General Lee knew exactly how to bring the wandering one back to himself with a high ideal erected in his mind. May I cite an instance: My friend——, indulging a little too freely, staggered on the street when he noticed the splendid horse, "Traveller," passing by, bearing the Hero of the South. He immediately straightened himself hoping he might have escaped the glance of the eagle eye. Nearly a week passed when he found his name on the bulletin board in the list of those asked to call at the president's office. He went apprehensive of a stern rebuke. General Lee said: "Mr———, I had occasion to write to your mother some time ago and it gave me great pleasure to tell her how well you were getting along in college." This kindly greeting threw my friend entirely off his guard, and his reply was: "I trust I may ever live worthy of your commendation." The General, kindly

looking at him said: "Mr.——, did it ever occur to you that when you reach middle life or a time of sickness, that you may need a stimulant, and if you have accustomed yourself to taking stimulants in your early life it will require so much more to have the desired effect at a time when you may need it?" And he then suggested how much better it would be if he would abstain from intoxicants during his college life. My friend spoke of it in after years, and hanging on his wall was that letter the General had written to his mother. He was deeply affected, and said he never forgot that interview, which was a benediction to his whole life.

General Lee led us all by cords of love, and through him the great honor system of Washington College was established and universally practiced. At the end of the session of 1869, the commencement exercises being over, I met him in front of his house, and though I was one of the insignificant freshmen that year, he knew exactly what I had done in my class work, and congratulated me upon my success, referred to my mother and hoped I would find her well upon my return home.

I value the certificate received that year, when I completed the English course, bearing his signature, beyond my degrees of later years. I also treasure the same kind of letter alluded to above to my mother which she gave me to keep as a special treasure.

General Lee as college president was great because of his sympathetic touch, and because he understood boy life.

The greatest blessing that ever came to my educa-

tional life was the course of study under such a leader at Washington College, afterwards Washington and Lee University. And I learned to love his son and successor in office, General Custis Lee, with the same affection that I felt for his father.

Mr. Hubbard G. Carlton, Richmond, Virginia:

General Lee's interest in the student body, in my judgment and experience, was the crowning feature of his administration. What could be more vital to the hundreds of students, composed of youths—some mere boys—young men, and battle-scarred veterans who had fought under him, than the parental interest he felt and showed to all alike? To the youth he was indeed a father, gently admonishing, if wayward, encouraging, if backward, and praising, if successful,—always mindful of our moral and physical welfare. To the mature he was both friend and counselor, exercising the same watchful care—encouraging, complimenting, and admonishing, if necessary. To all he was the *same*, a peerless model, influencing by wise precept and noble example.

Among the incidents in my four years of college life, few were brighter than his annual letter to my father at the close of each session. At first he used to write these himself. Later, they were written by the clerk of the faculty, but General Lee always signed them,—thus showing his personal interest. Though fifty years have passed, I still hold and prize them among my brightest jewels.

To his unfailing interest in the student body I owe my "degree." Becoming discouraged in "math," I gave up algebra and geometry. General Lee, ever watchful and interested, soon discovered this and sent for me. In the interview, he emphasized the great importance of a thorough knowledge of mathematics, and in his usual gentle way advised and urged me to reconsider the matter. I could but yield—and was richly rewarded when, three years later, June, 1870, in the dear little chapel, erected to him, and to which his mausoleum was *soon* to be added, I received from *his* hands my A. B. diploma.

Mr. Graham Robinson, Lexington, Virginia:

I was a student under him for three years, 1868 to 1871, and saw him frequently, but as a boy of 16 years did not appreciate at that time the privilege I enjoyed and was not old enough to note the great qualities he possessed.

I remember only trivial matters in connection with him—that he always recognized us boys when he met us on his strolls through the town or the grounds of the college and *called us all by name*. It seemed remarkable to me that he was able to remember our faces and names among as many as four hundred and ten students. I also recall that his custom was to write to the parent of each boy a letter, sometimes in his own handwriting, about once a year, concerning the young man's conduct, and that he wrote such a letter to my father commending me for good conduct, etc.

His method of discipline was kind and parental, and if any one of us committed any offense he was summoned before the General for reproof, and while I, myself, do not remember being called before him, I have heard the experience of other boys who were. He, they said, spoke kindly to them, gave them good advice and was so kind and fatherly that the boys never again gave him cause to reprove them.

He had a custom of inviting us in batches of four or five to his home for "tea" (as it was then called) and I remember very distinctly an evening spent there when we met Mrs. Lee and his daughters, Miss Mildred and Miss Agnes, and the General entertained us with such talk as one would expect under the circumstances, and as a boy I recall that they gave us as refreshments the finest pecans I have ever seen, which were sent to the General by some admirer.

Rev. Robert H. Fleming, Baltimore, Maryland:

There stands on the mantle in my room at Hillsdale—framed, "R. H. Fleming has permission to be absent from his recitations to-day. R. E. Lee, Pres." I met General Lee at the entrance to the chapel, stated why I wished to be absent. "Certainly, Mr. Fleming," he replied, "You write it and I'll sign it." On a leaf torn out of my scratch pad I wrote the above and General Lee signed it.

John S. VanMeter of New York and I were the first students assigned by Prof. White, as a Guard of Honor in General Lee's study, immediately after his death.

Rev. William Boyle, Presbyterian Church, Livermore, Iowa:

I entered the University in the fall of 1870, and spent four years there, graduating in 1873, and spending another year in the prosecution of some special studies. General Lee died, if my memory serves me right, just two or three months after I went there. I regret that for some reason or other, I was never introduced to him personally. I saw him, of course, at chapel exercises, or riding around the environs on his white horse, or wheeling his wife back and forth on the veranda at his home.

The funeral exercises in front of the Lee chapel have lingered in my mind, closing with the hymn, "How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord."

The institution of the code of honor in connection with examination exercises is, of course, well known, I presume it still continues in the university. It had a tremendous influence on the students. I remember that on one occasion, when a young man had violated his pledge, and it became publicly known to the students, a mass meeting was called, and a resolution passed not to have anything more to do with him as long as he remained in the university. He tarried only two days after that.

Mr. A. H. Hamilton, Staunton, Virginia:

When I applied for matriculation in September, 1866, he asked me what studies I wished to take and I told him Latin, Greek, and mathematics, he expressed

his approval and gratification at the selection of studies that I had made.

I regard him as the noblest specimen of manhood I ever came in contact with. I often mention with pride that I received my diploma from his hands in June, 1870.

Mr. Jo Lane Stern, Richmond, Virginia:

In the winter of '69–'70 General Lee went South with Miss Agnes for his health. Miss Mary sent for me one day and told me if I would go out to Dr. Ruffner's farm for some celery to be used in the salad at the Episcopal church fair, then going on, I might ride old Traveller, the General's war horse. Bargain was never sooner made, and in a few minutes I was mounted, and with the General's saddle and bridle. When I got to the courthouse corner a lot of students on the street saw me, and immediately gave chase in order to share my glory, but I was selfish and Traveller was too fleet of foot for them.

While the people at Dr. Ruffner's were getting the celery I was pulling out handfuls of Traveller's mane and tail, and had pockets full when I came back. Some vandal stole it from me years afterwards, but the memory of being the only person outside of the Lee family as far as I ever knew, to ride Traveller abides with me still.

Mr. Willa Viley, Wiley, Georgia:

As to my dear General Robert E. Lee, what can I say? He was almost a second father to me. I do not

know how to express my deep admiration for him. I was not there when he became connected with the university. To me he was the grandest of men. His unobtrusive demeanor; his dignity and gentleness; his firmness in and devotion to principle, elevated, graced and gave dignity to official and personal associations.

Mr. Albert L. Rees, Savannah, Georgia:

I don't know of anything I could write about General Lee that would aid you in your work, or that could possibly make Southerners think any more of him than they do. He was, in my opinion, the greatest man that ever lived. His private life was as great or possibly greater than was his public life.

I have a letter written by him, dated February 6, 1867, to my mother about me, which I prize most highly. When in Lexington, as a student, I boarded with the family of the Rev. Mr. Wm. McElwee, the place secured for me by General Lee. Mrs. McElwee, who visited the Lees took me with her on several occasions and in this way I met Mrs. Lee and the Misses Mildred and Agnes Lee. I have a daughter whose name is Mildred Lee Rees. I could talk an hour or more on this subject, but don't know how to write.

If I remember correctly, and I think I do, General Lee never issued *an order* to or for the students, but we would find on the bulletin board, "General Lee requests the students to do or not to do such and such a thing," always in the form of a request, and with the students, a request from him was *Law*.

J. Parry McCluer, Superintendent City Schools, Buena Vista, Virginia:

The first impression made on me during my student life under General Lee was his knowledge of the boys; not only their names but their home and family ties. When he met us on the street or campus, he not only recognized us as students, but called us by name. When I asked for leave of absence, if he thought it best that I should go at that time, he would write on my application, "Granted, R. E. Lee." He would then express a wish that I might find my father and mother well and that I might enjoy my visit.

On April 1st of one of the years I spent at college, there was an incident which showed clearly the influence he had on the boys, and the respect they had for his wishes. All arrangements were made by the "fast set" to have a big "callithump." This was done several days ahead. When we went to college that morning we found on the bulletin board something like this: "The young gentlemen will please not make any unusual noise to-night, as there are quite a number of sick people in town. R. E. Lee." So far as I know, not a boy tried to carry out the program.

Mr. James H. McCown, Lexington, Virginia:

I became a student at Washington College in September, 1870, going from my home every day to college, a distance of between five and six miles. I kept this up until after General Lee's death, when I decided to board in town. I saw General Lee only a few times

before his death, when he was out on the campus, and hence my opportunities of learning anything about him were very limited.

He showed his interest in me as a student by writing a letter to my father, commending my work as a student, as I am told by a member of the family. This letter was not preserved, and I never saw it, very much to my regret now. I presume he wrote to the parents of other boys in the same way.

I was in the class room under Professor Milton W. Humphreys as teacher, at the moment of his death and I distinctly remember the feeling of awe and solemnity that seemed to spread over the class when the news was brought to the class that General Lee had passed away.

Mr. John F. Ponder, Los Angeles, California:

When I entered college I was a bashful, unsophisticated youth, having received most of my previous education from tutors at my home. I was unaccustomed to many companions and had a further handicap of poor health. So, owing to my bashfulness and poor health, I did not mingle with the others to the extent that would probably have furnished many varied experiences.

The students and entire population of Lexington had not only the highest respect but the deepest love for General Lee. One cause for this was the very real interest he took in everyone. I well remember my own feeling of gratification over an interview I had with him.

One morning while attending Professor Massie's class in French, I was informed that General Lee wished to see me. The announcement almost took my breath away. I immediately commenced conjuring up all the little wanderings from the straight and narrow path that I might have committed and that good students were expected to keep from. Having somewhat neglected my studies by indulging too freely in a new found pleasure, that of skating, I concluded the wasting of my opportunities was what he wished to guard me against. I went to see him with a great deal of trepidation in his little cramped office in the two-story building at the extreme right wing of the college. As I walked in, introducing myself with the statement that I had been informed by Professor Massie that he wished to see me, he immediately arose from his chair, came forward, grasped me by the hand, and invited me to have a chair. He at once inquired about my family, about what I had been doing before coming to college, how I liked it, and what calling I thought of following after leaving college, my views of life, etc. As he talked to me in such a kind, fatherly and business way, giving me advice for the future, gradually my bashfulness and fear left me and then he capped the climax, just before bidding me good-by, by complimenting me on my standing in school. In leaving the room I felt as if I walked on air.

General Lee, being of a religious nature, took much interest in the moral welfare of the students, and tried to keep them in good, respectable homes and away from hotels and other like public places.

As to his family relations I think they were of the happiest kind. His wife, I always understood, was much of an invalid. I never saw her, but often saw his daughters.

As memory turns back a long forgotten page, I can see myself with dozens of fellow students standing in front of the old Presbyterian church taking off our hats with heart-felt pleasure to General Lee as he rode by on his old war horse, that he loved and rode so well.

Mr. W. H. Tayloe, Uniontown, Alabama:

I arrived at Lexington on the 9th day of October, 1869; a green country boy, who had never before ventured far from home; seventeen years of age, ignorant not only of books but of the world, its ways and by-ways. With other boys I first went into the office of Mr. J. M. Leech, the secretary of the faculty. There I registered. After that Mr. Leech took us in and introduced us to General Lee. I have always been near-sighted. The room was dark. I saw nothing much; nothing that impressed itself on my memory. It seemed to me very perfunctory. That may have been the result of a "nil admirari" spirit on my part. The interview left just no impression on me. That is all.

I took all my time to learn my lessons. I had no time for chapel; and so I missed seeing the General there. Occasionally I saw him on his way to and fro, but not closely. The impression left on me is that of a stout old man who had no too great strength. Our paths never crossed in the ordinary course of life.

I soon learned that Lewis, the negro janitor, passed around with little notes every Monday morning. They were sinister, and contained requests for visits to the General. That meant a lecture for some misfeasance or malfeasance. I did not want one of them. Such interviews were not at all prized. So I devoted most of my time to books. This incident shows how carefully the General kept up with the career of each particular student.

I remember Lewis so well. The students should erect a monument to him. He was quite efficient and such a gentleman. He probably knew the General better than any of us. We were all devoted to Lewis in my day. I found him there upon my arrival and he was there when I left in the month of August, 1878. Peace to his ashes. His memory is as fragrant with me as was that of the other gentleman from Kentucky of whom Hopkinson Smith writes so lovingly.

I did very well in my studies and stood at or near the head of my classes. I was in a class in mathematics under Professor Lyle. He was tutor under Professor Nelson. The General made it a practice to visit each room where an examination was held at some time during the morning. The best students were held for this visit. On the day of the examination I was afraid of that ordeal. At last, I was called to the board and given a problem. I hoped to finish before the General came in. But the professor held me until he did come. And so I had to rehearse the problem before him; much to my fear and horror. However, I stood the ordeal

well, as I knew the problem fully. After that, it was the usual thing for me to recite when the General was in the room. I could never see that any impression was made upon him. Nor did anything occur to make me have any particular impression of the person. I had no idea but one of fear and distance.

I never spoke to him nor he to me after that first interview until commencement, 1870, and then only for a minute. I saw him once on Traveller. He was passing just as I came out of the gate at the Episcopal church. I saw him but a moment; the picture is with me yet. Traveller moved as if proud of the burden he bore. To me the horse was beautiful and majestic. It was the only time that I was impressed with the greatness and beauty and power and glory of the man. He sat erect in the saddle. The gloved hand held the bridle, the other hung gracefully at his side. He was every inch a king. It was only a moment, but the impression will last a lifetime. It is one of the joyous moments of life on which my memory loves to dwell.

At commencement, I won the scholarship in Latin, Greek and mathematics and was also pronounced a "Distinguished Undergraduate." The signed paper to this day hangs now framed upon my wall. It is the only paper that I have with his signature. This honor was conferred the week before commencement day. The announcement was made towards the close of that week. That morning I had nothing to do, my examinations being over. About the middle of the forenoon I was standing alone before the door of the main building

that faces the chapel. I saw the General coming up the walk towards the college. I hid behind the last pillar of the portico in front of the main building. I had no idea that he had noticed me. I considered myself safely concealed and there was no one in sight. My back was turned to the door of the main building. I heard a voice, turned and found him with hand extended to me. His soft notes of congratulation fell upon my ears and the hope that I would return the next session. That was all. I hardly knew what had happened. I was so utterly confounded I knew not what to say or do. The moment was soon gone and only the memory is left. Vacation carried me home. I returned in September. My recollection is that he was late in getting back to his work. I hardly saw anything of him even at a distance.

One morning, as I was coming from the old mess hall up the path by the chapel to the college he passed on his way toward home, bent and broken. He never passed that way again in life. The next day we knew that he was ill, and then he passed to that mysterious realm.

Judge D. Gardiner Tyler, Holdcroft, Virginia:

In the autumn of 1867, after an absence of two years from America, I entered Washington College, under the presidency of General Lee. It was my privilege, and I shall count it always a blessing, to be intimate with his charming family during my student life, and to see the General nearly every day at his home or in the class room. My reverence for the great soldier deepened into a personal attachment for the noble gentleman,

the kind and gracious friend, so human and sympathetic with all his greatness. His very presence seemed to make purer the atmosphere around him, and there was in him a blended dignity and sweetness that made a man feel better for the seeing. The admiration and respect in which the students held him was universal, and during two years at college I never heard a jesting word spoken of General Lee. He took a personal interest in the students, and he was always open to approach in his home or his office. His influence with the wildest and most careless was wonderful, and yet no harsh word fell from his lips. A gentle reprimand to the most thoughtless was sufficient. I remember an incident that occurred the first year of my course in college that showed the remarkable control he could exercise over the student body at a time when the worst passions had been aroused among them.

A very popular young student, a son of Judge Brockenbrough, professor of law, got into a difficulty with a negro and was badly shot. His life was despaired of. As soon as the news of the assault reached the college, four hundred students, with a brother of the wounded boy at their head, searched for and captured the trembling wretch, and with a rope around his neck, marched through the streets of the town to the courthouse square, with intent to wreak their vengeance on the man.

It was in vain that the college and town authorities sought to calm the frenzied mob and induce them to turn over the negro to the officers of the law. Just then

General Lee appeared. Immediately the tumult was hushed, and the General, standing in the midst of the excited throng simply said: "Young gentlemen, let the law take its course." The quiet words had the effect of a military order, and the negro's life was saved.

During the final examinations, it was the custom of the General to request students to visit his office in the college building, so that he might talk with them and encourage them about their work at this crucial stage of their collegiate life.

I recall a very pleasant interview I had with him after finishing my examinations and whilst waiting to learn the result. He was sitting at a table as I entered the room, and partially rising from his chair, asked me to be seated. He began to question me as to the branches I had been examined on, and when I told him that Spanish was one, his face lighted up, and with a humorous twinkle in his eye he exclaimed: "Why, I know some Spanish myself; you know I was in Mexico." He then talked for some minutes in the most interesting way about the beauty of the tongue and the richness of the literature of Spain. When he finished I discovered that he knew far more Spanish than Professor Joynes had been able to impart to me!

In the late spring of 1870 I saw General Lee for the last time. He was on his way to the South under the advice of his physicians for the benefit of his health, which had begun to fail. I was painfully struck with the change in his appearance since I had left Lexington the year before, and I think he had little hope of re-

cuperation. His face showed the deep lines, made more, I think, by grief for his people, than by disease, and he seemed weary and broken. In a few short months afterwards the South was weeping over his grave. The hero "whose name is a blessing to speak" had become an eternal memory!

Mr. Joseph John Allen, Louisburg, North Carolina:

I, myself, was the recipient of a proffered kindness of General Lee, as he offered me every inducement to return to college and graduate. I was introduced to him by Gov. Letcher and I told him of my being the youngest of six sons and having to quit school when all but me had left for the service of the Confederate States and that my time came at the age of seventeen and that I had not seen a book for years. At this he almost broke down and said, "*That is bad.*" He invited me to dinner with him and I very absent-mindedly declined his invitation on the ground that I wanted to get to work, and had not a moment to spare. He was delighted with my record.

There was a poor boy in my class in intermediate Latin whose name was Harvey Butler Fergusson who had walked from Alabama to Washington College with all that his father could give him, viz.: a gold watch and three hundred dollars in money. He told General Lee of his condition, and that he wanted to go to college. At this General Lee almost *melted* but soon pointed out the way for the boy to get through. Fergusson obtained board and lodging with a Mr. Holden out on the

road directly south of Lexington and walked to school every day over a distance of two or three miles. When vacation came he hired himself to two farmers of the neighborhood and worked as a field hand or at anything to make a livelihood.

He went through college with distinction, and as well as my memory serves me, was given General Lee's scholarship, and taught in the college. He settled in New Mexico, where he was elected to Congress for several terms. The last I ever heard of him was that he was living in Washington, D. C. They called him Judge Fergusson.

Mr. David J. Wilson, Emmorton, Maryland:

I regret that as a student of Washington College during the presidency of General Robert E. Lee, I was not called upon sooner for information; as at an earlier date after leaving college I could have remembered more incidents and could have furnished more of the facts desired.

I did not enter Washington College until the second year of General Lee's presidency. As a student of the college for two years I can give as facts the following:

It was a general belief in all the Southern States, including Maryland, as expressed by the students therefrom, that the example of General Lee would weigh far more in the restoration of normal conditions and true peace than any other factor in a war-distracted country. The number of students was greatly increased, and it soon became evident that the college buildings

would not accommodate all. When this was known, nearly all Lexington families, whose homes permitted, offered to board at reasonable prices as many students as chose to accept their offer. Many did accept, and found pleasant homes.

General Lee took great interest in the personal comfort and welfare of the students while they were under his care. This was manifested from the time of the arrival of each student in Lexington until he had returned to his home. When a student was introduced to the General, addressing him as "Mr.——," he inquired what course of study he desired to take. His choice was accepted, but he was required to take as many studies as were prescribed in the college rules. The student was then put in charge of some instructor, who helped him find a suitable boarding house.

His interest in the moral and spiritual welfare of students can be shown perhaps by one incident. Several of my friends thought of making a trip to the Natural Bridge (fourteen miles away) on a Sunday. It was suggested that one of our party should see General Lee the evening before, make known our intention, and secure his assent. But when the General heard of the plan he refused his assent, and said it was not only against the college rules to leave the town on Sunday, but it was wrong to spend Sunday in traveling for pleasure.

His chief recreation, and I know of very little else, was horseback riding. This was generally between certain hours in the afternoon. On these occasions

"Traveller" was always his mount. For this horse he showed a great fondness.*

His discipline as college president was mild. The students knew that while he trusted to their honor to obey the rules of the college, if they intentionally broke a rule they would be called upon for an explanation. If the explanation was not satisfactory, the student was warned to be careful in the future, and told that a second offense might cause his dismissal.

He did not show a marked preference for any particular study, but it was generally thought his chief interest was in mathematics. He took great interest in beautifying the college grounds, and in the plans for new buildings. The new chapel was completed during his presidency. He showed and expressed interest in the construction and was often seen inspecting the work.

The effect of General Lee's example and influence upon the student body was for their good, and was lasting. The students took the impressions received from his example and instruction to their states, and it goes without saying, future generations will reap benefit therefrom.

I doubt if there ever lived a president of an institution of learning in our republic who during a space of time as short as that in which he was president of Washington College, used his influence in a greater degree, and

* When the new President's home was built for General Lee a comfortable and commodious brick stable was added on the back premises, next to the street. This was particularly gratifying to General Lee, who expressed much satisfaction over living "under the same roof" with Traveller. The two buildings were connected by a covered passageway.—Editor.

General Lee on Traveller

Last Homes of General Lee and Traveller

Traveller's stable on the left side of this picture was connected with the President's Home by a covered passage way.

with greater success in the making of good citizens than did Gen. Robert E. Lee.

Dr. Chalmers Deadrick, Knoxville, Tennessee:

After General Lee's administration at Washington College began, I do not suppose a single student matriculated who was not a warm admirer of him. Close observation and personal acquaintance with his methods and manner, fostered a spirit of profound love and devotion. There were no kickers among the students. General Lee's personal and professional sublimity drew them unanimously and grappled their souls "with hooks of steel."

The citizens of Lexington were also unanimous in their appreciation of General Lee's coming. Their welcome of the new president was cordial and enthusiastic. They appreciated the honor that had fallen upon the town. They were proud in the consciousness that the greatest public character in history was their fellow citizen.

General Lee's interest in the student body began with the beginning of his service and continued, unabated, up to the time of his death. His quiet, kindly manner when talking to a student, was always profoundly impressive. A timid student was invariably put at ease by a few minutes' talk. A wayward student, when summoned before him, was always positively benefited, unless he was made of impenetrable stuff.

During the fall of '67 a student left the hill, without leave, and spent the whole day off duty. When sum-

moned before General Lee to give an excuse for his absence, he frankly admitted that he was fox hunting. Very quietly General Lee remarked: "We did not come here to hunt foxes, Mr.——." Then followed some wholesome advice, which effectually settled the fox hunting matter for good. That boy never even *wanted* to go after foxes any more.

Many times I have seen General Lee manifest affection for Traveller, and Traveller always seemed to appreciate it. I have seen General Lee stand and gaze at the faithful old animal, apparently recalling scenes of the war. Then he would stroke Traveller's nose and hand him a lump of sugar. Traveller was his pet. A comrade and I frequently walked the road leading toward the "Peaks of Otter." We often saw General Lee riding on the same road alone.

The effects of General Lee's presidency were manifest from the very beginning. The patronage increased rapidly. Hundreds of boys went to Washington College from all over the South, because General Lee was there. A large majority of the students present in the fall and winter of '65–'66, were ex-Confederate soldiers, who had lost several years of schooling by the war. They resumed their studies earnestly, and made good students, both as to application and deportment.

As the years went by, the effects of his administration became more and more manifest. Had he lived longer, a large increase of accommodations would have been necessary in order to house the hundreds of new students. The southern people were soon convinced that

General Lee's influence upon their sons was an asset of immense value. His spirit overshadowed everything about the college and community. The profound respect and love of the students, was wonderful. They were eager, at all times, to obey his slightest wish.

On one occasion they announced a great callithump to come off on a designated night. Much interest was manifested and extensive preparation was made. Some of the professors went among the boys with the warning and threat that General Lee would expel every student who took part in it. But General Lee had issued no order concerning it and the preparation continued. About thirty-six hours before the set time arrived General Lee posted a very polite notice on his bulletin board. I do not remember the wording, but it was addressed: "Young Gentlemen:" and ended: "I would rather you would not engage in another." There was no word of threat in it, but it was enough. The tin horns, tin pans and other paraphernalia promptly disappeared and the callithump was a thing of the past. A student from California wanted to go on with it, arguing that General Lee had not *ordered* it off, but he could get no followers and came near getting into serious trouble for proposing a thing so preposterous. General Lee's slightest wish was law. He led the students by the same cord he had used upon his devoted soldiers during the war.

The fact that General Lee was once its president, will have a lasting influence in favor of Washington and Lee University. I doubt whether, in the world's history, a

college president ever exercised as powerful an influence for good over his students and faculty as did General Lee.

Rev. C. C. Brown, Sumter, South Carolina:

There are only a few left among us who can proudly say, "I followed Lee." Well, that is exactly what I did when I was a boy of seventeen years. I passed by other and more easily accessible schools in this and in neighboring states, and went to Lexington to follow Lee. It pleased my old father, who was then eighty-four years old, and it pleased me; for I was a southern boy, full of every southern instinct, good or bad.

Jim Aldrich and I made the long trip to Lexington together from our homes in Barnwell, S. C. Jim afterwards became a judge on the bench—I became a Baptist preacher. Jim has gone on to join the big majority, and I am reaching out to lay hold of my seventieth year.

Lexington could boast of no railroad in those good days, and we rolled into town one evening, in 1869, in a stage coach. I had never been among the mountains before, and the slow journey gave me a chance to see what I had never seen—the mountains face to face and close up.

General Lee's office was then where they tell me it still is. If no hand has disturbed it, I know full well how it looks. The morning after my arrival, fortified with and emboldened by a letter of introduction from

General Johnson Hagood, who had known General Lee on the field, and who afterwards was made governor of South Carolina, I stood at the office door of the man I had been taught to believe was the greatest man in the whole world. My heart cut all kinds of capers, and my knuckles could make but a very gentle tap on the office door. I was not sure what would happen when I really stood face to face with the General. I did not know what his manners were—how he treated boys—frightened boys like me—nor had I been able to make up any sort of set speech for the occasion. My approach was to be purely *ex tempore*. But I did at last timidly rap, and the voice which told me to come in seemed to bring with it a sort of strengthening and sustaining power. Within two minutes, I was seated in a chair, talking to the General as if I had known him and had played at his feet from childhood. After reading General Hagood's letter, he told me of some of his experiences with Hagood during the war. Then he asked me questions about my studies, and when I went away from his office, I carried with me a determination to go back and talk with him again. The truth was he had won my love and admiration, and I was ready to take my place among his worshipers. He called me "Mr. Brown." That was the first time in my life "Mr." had ever been prefixed to my name, and it gave me a feeling that was quite peculiar.

After that, I met General Lee on the streets, in his home, on the campus, and in his office, but it was never necessary to be introduced to him a second time. He

had the remarkable faculty of recognizing faces and knowing names. If he met one or two of the students walking on the street, it was his custom to call each by his name. If he had had no other gift for the college presidency, this would have gone far towards qualifying him.

It came to pass that the professor who taught us senior Latin was given an assistant. The intermediate examination was raging like a forest fire. The young professor said the nearest he could come to the word *examination* in a Latin sound was *examen apum*, and he called upon us to translate the two words which he had written on the blackboard. While thirty or more of us were struggling over the words, General Lee walked into the room. The professor stated our trouble—that we could not translate those two words on the board—a senior class at that. General Lee read the words, then turned to us and said. "If one of you young gentlemen will undertake to give us the meaning of the first word, I think I can supply the meaning of the second." It was manifest that he was stumped, just as we were. The professor came to our help by saying, "How will *swarm* do?" "Ah, then," said the General, "we'll make it *a swarm of bees*."

I thought the old man was so far away from school-days and school-books, and had been so mixed up with blood and battles, that he didn't know a Latin word on the earth.

Whether General Lee died during the night or early in the morning, I cannot now recall. I remember well,

however, that I had entered the gate to the campus just in front of the President's house, and was about halfway to the main building, about nine o'clock, that October morning, when a fellow student from Texas said to me, "General Lee is dead!" I had known he was sick, and we had daily bulletins about his condition. But to know that he was dead! It produced a subdued state of mind that I cannot now describe. I went to my room, and commenced to write. I wrote letters to my parents, to friends and acquaintances, and filled every letter with all kinds of encomiums of our dead President.

The funeral I need not describe, more than to say I was there to keep step in the great procession that followed him and old Traveller down by the V. M. I. and back to the chapel. What went on in the chapel, I never knew, as I stood outside under the trees because of a house that was more than full.

I went often to his grave beneath the chapel to look upon it and reflect upon his greatness; and to this day, after fifty years have passed, I can say from a grateful heart, I am glad I was able to look upon the form of Robert E. Lee and to hear the sound of his living voice.

PRESIDENT LEE AND THE STUDENT

By Dr. S. Z. Ammen, Baltimore, Md.

GENERAL LEE was an efficient president and used his influence in the collegiate world, of faculty and students, with admirable results. He was not, it is true, a college president of the type now prevalent. He was not an academic man whose life had been spent on the campus and in the lecture-room, with an environment of civilians; he had been educated at West Point, among officers, accustomed to obey and be obeyed, enforcing discipline under a tradition of aloofness. Recently he had commanded large armies and decided great issues, having to do with men under hard conditions. It was, accordingly, not to be expected that he could all at once drop the habits of a lifetime, and appear in a new rôle. He had all the great virtues, with most of the minor ones. His dignity of demeanor, his courtesy, his *savoir faire*, were remarkable.

He was not, however, of ardent temperament, or expansive, or particularly affable. He did not mingle much with us students. To us he was an Olympian, remote, seen in a haze of great deeds, in a great and tragic past. We knew him in the routine of collegiate duties as a just, firm, polite administrator, whose

lightest word was law. Undoubtedly his presence was stimulative to professors and students. It was also restrictive. The boys were kept from many a bit of cantankerous disorder to which the student, reacting to dull drudgery, will sometimes turn. There was a feeling of awe inspired by the ex-commander of the C. S. army. The respect for him was profound. A word of disapproval quelled the most determined callithump.

We likened him to Agamemnon, and we were his Achaioi, battling on the windy plains of Troy. Spiritually, then, he thoroughly dominated us, however reticent, and in manner remote.

The respect in which we held General Lee is illustrated in a "poem" written by a student at Christmas, 1866, describing an alleged faculty meeting held to decide whether our request for a week's holiday should be granted. It will be observed that the professors are jocularly treated as faddists absorbed in their several specialties, but General Lee is pictured as the students' friend, an awful monarch, Atreus' son, King of Men, far superior to his subordinate chiefs.

WHY WE DID NOT GET HOLIDAY

The Scene is laid in Agamemnon's tent at Troy. "Latium's King" was Prof. Harris. The "Argive" was Prof. White. "Th' Adventurous Chief" was Prof. Joynes. The "Lord of the Hypothenuse" was Prof. Nelson. The roamer of the "shoreless ethereal sea" was the Professor of Physics. The expert on "loams"

was the much-loved Prof. Campbell. It is to be observed that General Lee, the "King of Men," favored the petition. He could do no wrong.

High on his throne, in awful state,
Apart sits the King of Men.
His mighty Chiefs about him wait,
Scratching each one his learned pate,
As not to scratch were pain.

Now first out-spake the sceptered King,
Basileus of all the Greeks,
"*Scriptor Scriptorum*, haste straight to bring
The petition hither. 'Tis a little thing
They ask—not even two weeks."

Then *parvus scriptor*, with prologue brief,
Stood forth, and standing read:
"To Atreus' son, each mighty chief,
Who rules supreme to turn the leaf,
Be due obedience paid."

"Now we all wearied with ceaseless war
'Gainst Idlesse fair and Love—
Love and longing for homes afar,
Where house-hold gods and sweethearts are,
Would ask your leave to rove."

"Rove would we, to return again,
With undiminished wrath,
To conquer oft, on the Trojan plain,
Dull exercise and problems vain
In Latin, Greek and Math."

Scriptor Scriptorum solemnly read
This simple prayer, tho' hardy,
While Latium's King inclined his head,
Twirled his pencil and dixit "*Sed*—
But the Argive King said "*tade*,"

"Assembled Kings of"—"*Pas du tout,*"
Outcried th' adventurous Chief
Whose Kingdom lies extended through
Those lands where men say "*Parlez-vous,*"
"It is my firm belief"—

"Belief! I know it," exclaimed in wrath
The Lord of th' Hypothenuse;
"Here's the equation of the very path
They'd take! O lovely Math,
How thou dost suffer abuse!"

"Abused be Math forever and aye
By all whose heads are level,"
Said Nestor then, recalling the day
When long ago, as poets say
Math was wife of the Devil.

"Level! That means," said he who roams
The shoreless ethereal sea,
"In a plain which"—"But," said another, "loams
With HCl make abundant foams,
For CO_2 is set free."

Thus the wordy war went round,
Till—as it leaks out now—
The petition forgot, Math knocked down,
Language triumphing, with deaf'ning sound,
The Faculty broke up in a row.
December 18, 1866. —Pindar (S. Z. A.)

REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL LEE

By Edward V. Valentine, Richmond, Virginia

This interesting contribution was written by the honored sculptor, still living, who made the celebrated "Recumbent Statue" of General Lee. The greater part of the article was published in *The Outlook* of Dec. 22, 1906, though Mr. Valentine has kindly added a few concluding paragraphs for this publication.—Editor.

IT was Thorwaldsen's good fortune (he may have thought it at the time his ill fortune) to model a bust of Lord Byron. Be that as it may, the sculptor had no little difficulty in the prosecution of his work, for before the sittings had fairly begun trouble had already developed. The genial artist himself tells the story of the morbid poet's posings for him. He says: "When this nobleman came to sit for me in my atelier, he took a seat opposite me and put on directly a strange expression entirely different from his natural one. 'My lord,' I said to him, 'please keep perfectly still, and I beg of you do not look so disconsolate.' 'It is my natural expression,' replied Byron. 'Really,' I said; and without paying attention to this affectation, I began to work in my own way. When the bust was finished, everybody thought it a striking likeness, but my lord was dissatisfied. 'This face is not mine,' he said. 'I look far more unhappy than that'—for he was positively bent on looking miserable!"

Possibly, if I were asked to name the most character-

istic feature of General Robert E. Lee, who sat for me for a bust in 1870, my answer would be, "A complete absence of the melodramatic in all that he said and did." And I may add that an artist, above all other men, is quick to observe the faintest suggestion of posing; the slightest indication of a movement or expression which smacks of vanity he is sure to detect. Such weaknesses (which, as far as I know, are shared by many who are called the "great ones" of the world) were totally lacking in General Lee.

In my diary (which, with the omission of a single entry, I have kept since 1857) I have endeavored to note down the very words of my sitters at times; and only on one occasion did General Lee make the slightest remark in regard to the likeness which would lead me to believe that he had critically been watching the progress of the work, and this was when the bust was in an unfinished condition.

On the 25th of May, 1870, General Lee was at my studio in Richmond, and it was my great privilege to make accurate measurements of his face for the bust. His stay in the city was a short one. I was able to take only this important preliminary step, yet it was on that occasion that I experienced for the first time his quiet sense of humor. During the conversation I had with him on that day I spoke of how my fortunes had changed since the war, possibly with the expectation of hearing some very sympathetic words from him; but to my surprise he simply remarked that "an artist ought not to have too much money." I am sure that he had at

the moment no conception of the condition of my purse, for in less than ten days after this conversation I had to borrow from a relative the necessary funds to go to Lexington to model the bust which I have mentioned. Maybe, however, it was for my consolation that later in the conversation he said, "Misfortune nobly borne is good fortune." At the moment I thought the sentiment was original with him, but some time after his death while my wife was reading aloud the "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," I discovered that it was a quotation from that author. At any rate, no more appropriate epitaph could be carved on the tomb of the great Virginian.

Just before parting with the General I remarked that I would go to Lexington then or in the fall, and he replied that he would have more time at the latter season, but that I had better go then. The fact of his appointing an early date for the sittings made the impression on my mind that he was at the moment thinking of the uncertainty of life. Had I waited until the fall, possibly I should never had him pose for me. He died October 12.

On June 3, 1870, I left Richmond for Lexington by way of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, going via Goshen Pass, made ever memorable by the words of another great Virginian, Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury, who on his death-bed asked that his remains be taken through this beautiful defile "when the laurels are in bloom." I arrived in Lexington by stage early the next morning, and called on General Lee

at his residence. He was very kind in his manner; showed me the portraits hanging on the wall; and then I started to seek a room where I might model the bust. After an unsuccessful search for this temporary studio, I reported to the General, who possibly from my manner saw that I was disappointed in not finding one. At any rate, he said, "You can work in here," speaking of the room on the left of the front hall. I at once remarked that there was a carpet on the floor. "I will have that taken up," he said. But I preferred not to accept his kind offer, and in a further hunt I found a vacant store under the hotel on the main street. Unfortunately, it had been closed I know not how long, and I feared the dampness. Although it was in June, I had a fire lighted, for I had noticed that the General would put his hand on his breast from time to time, probably suffering with a heart trouble that followed an attack of pneumonia after the battle of Fredericksburg.

The day of my arrival the General walked with me up into the town. Stopping at a store he espied an acquaintance (Mr. Archibald Alexander), he said, "Mr. Archie, here is a young gentleman from Richmond who has come to make a bust of me. I wish you would sit for him."

All such jokes could but be reassuring to me, and I began to feel less dread at being closeted for days with this great man.

After the sittings began we were in reality closeted. I had been requested by him not to allow any one to come into the room—"no one but Professor White and

my son Custis," he said. That suited me exactly. Seeing the earnest manner in which I went to the work, he gave me every advantage. I carefully studied the face, and told him I would like to see his mouth. He knew what that meant, and I raised his mustache and took measurements of his lips. While the work was progressing he would from time to time entertain me with reminiscences and anecdotes. He seemed to be fond of speaking of his boyhood, swimming in the Potomac—of his teacher, Weir, at West Point, and of the Mexican War. I was also much interested in hearing his comments on persons and things of a more recent date.

I think from the beginning that the General must have seen that I was fond of humor. So I am, but it is very doubtful whether there was much levity about me when I approached for the first time this grand idol of the South. I had been told of his noble simplicity, of his gentle and kindly bearing, but I confess that I could never appreciate how these qualities could ever neutralize the inquietude which I felt until I was once in his company. He who poses for a bust or a portrait may be expected to look his best, or what at least may appear to him his best. I could observe no difference in General Lee's manner when he was sitting for me from that which was his ordinary bearing. After I had made some progress with the work, he very quietly remarked, "They say Custis is like me. Let him come now and sit for you."

One day during the sittings he asked me if I knew a

certain sculptress, and then began repeating, or trying to repeat, some syllables of the name. I knew whom he meant as soon as he asked me the question, but I let him shoot at the name two or three times before I called it, and on doing so he said: "Oh, that is the name! Well, the lady wrote me a very polite letter in which she asked if I would give her sittings for a bust, at the same time inclosing photographs of some of her works which were not too profusely draped. In her letter she also asked when she could come to make the bust, and a friend, who had been looking at the pictures, suggested July or August, as the most of her works seemed to have been done in the summer-time."

Every artist of experience in portraiture appreciates the advantage of being able to work from a costume which he knows has been worn by the subject whom he has to represent. I could not expect to get a whole costume, but I did desire to be the possessor of a pair of the General's military boots. The question was how to get them. I at last thought of the expedient of approaching the subject by telling my sitter an anecdote of an office-seeker who begged that President Andrew Jackson would consider his claim as a Minister to England. In reply the man was told that there was already a Minister at the Court of St. James. Then the applicant desired to be sent as Secretary of Legation, but was told that that office was also filled. Then he wished to be sent as Consul, but there was no vacancy. "Well, then," said the importunate man, "will you give me the place of Vice-Consul?" "And there is

no vacancy there either," said "Old Hickory," sharply. "Well, then, Mr. President, would you give me a pair of old boots?"

"That is what I would like to have you do for me, General," said I.

"I think there is a pair at the house that you can have," said he. And the next morning the General brought them under his arm to my working-room, and they are now safely stored in a bank in Richmond. While I prize them most highly, they were not exactly what I wanted. I was in hopes that he would give me a pair of military boots similar to those which I have often worked from, though I have found difficulty in getting a man of any size who could pose in them for me. They were too large for the General. The size of the pair he gave me is Number 4½ C, and they are dress boots. Written on the lining is the following: "R. E. Lee, U. S. A."

While on the subject of costume, I may mention that the General wore a colonel's uniform in the army. There was scarcely any possibility of his ever being mistaken for an under officer, however, but on one occasion a subordinate seemed not to recognize him. It was a little captain, and I have the story from an old soldier who witnessed the incident. A road had been very badly blocked by wagons, and General Lee, seeing that it was impassable, rode up and ordered the said captain to have it cleared. With an oath, the little fellow refused to obey the command. The order was repeated, and again disobeyed. "General Lee orders

you to remove those wagons!" said the Commander. And no sooner had the name fallen upon the ears of the refractory captain than his shoulders fell upon the wheels of the wagons with all the strength he had. My informant, who had been highly amused at this scene between the Southern leader and his subaltern, stated that after the General had disappeared he approached the captain and asked him in a whisper, "Who's that old gem'man you was talkin' to jest now?"

The experience of an acquaintance of mine is another illustration of the humor of the General. When hostilities were about to begin, this gentleman, in great despondence, reported to the General that it would require some time for the old flint-lock "shooting-irons" of his company to be changed into percussion locks. He was in a dilemma, and the only way that the General could suggest to get him out of his difficulty was to "Telegraph to Mr. Lincoln to have the war put off for three weeks."

As far as I could judge, with the exception of the General's family, my friend the late Professor J. J. White, of Washington and Lee University, was the closest person in Lexington to him. The two were accustomed to take long rides on horseback together. On one of these rides they were overtaken by darkness, and had to stop overnight at a farmhouse by the road. It so happened that there was only one vacant room in the house and one bed in that, which, to his horror, the professor found that he had to share with his old commander. It had to be done, but he said that he

"would as soon have thought of sleeping with the Archangel Gabriel as with General Lee." He lay for the night on the very edge of the bed, and did not sleep a wink.

While General Lee never posed himself, I thought it would be to my advantage to secure pictures of him in different positions. He kindly consented to go to a photograph gallery, and I had several taken of him.

On one other occasion during my visit to Lexington he passed through another ordeal. Mrs. Lee, being an invalid, could not go to the room where the bust was modeled. It had to be removed to her parlor, where were assembled a number of visitors. There he was by the good wife turned in different positions and the bust compared with the original, all of which he submitted to without a murmur.

The last time I ever saw General Lee was on a summer's afternoon when I called to take leave of him at his house. A gentleman and two ladies were in the parlor at the time. During the conversation the General made a remark which was calculated to startle the company. "I feel that I have an incurable disease coming on me," he said—"old age. I would like to go to some quiet place in the country and rest."

In my profession I meet many intelligent strangers from all sections of this country and from abroad, all of whom I find genuinely interested in everything connected with General Lee. Those who had the privilege of his personal acquaintance at once recognize a charac-

ter in which were blended the noblest qualities of mind and heart.

A few expressions of his which are so far probably unknown tell the story of his life, and I cannot close without adding them:

THE TEST OF A TRUE GENTLEMAN

The forbearing use of power does not only form a touchstone, but the manner in which an individual enjoys certain advantages over others is the test of a *true gentleman.*

The power which the strong have over the weak, the magistrate over the citizen, the employer over the employed, the educated over the unlettered, the experienced over the confiding, even the clever over the silly—the forbearing or inoffensive use of all this power or authority, or a total absence from it when the case admits it, will show the gentleman in plain light. The gentleman does not needlessly or unnecessarily remind an offender of a wrong he may have committed against him. He can not only forgive, he can forget; and he strives for that nobleness of self and mildness of character which impart sufficient strength to let the past be the past.

A true gentleman of honor feels humbled himself when he cannot help humbling others.

To conclude, the whole is summed up in one single remark which I shall never forget. To those who have read that most entertaining book, *Four Years with Marse Robert*, by the late Major Robert Stiles, the following sentence will be of interest. It forcibly indicates what General Lee thought "the best thing in the world." During the sittings I spoke of Major Stiles, of his cleverness, his culture, his bravery and other attractive qualities, and the General added: "and, better than all, he is a Christian gentleman."

I have been asked whether the "Recumbent Figure"

represents "Sleep or death." The lines written by my sister, the late Miss Sarah B. Valentine, express the idea which I wished to convey, and you can use them in your volume if you desire to do so. They are as follows:

ON SEEING VALENTINE'S MONUMENTAL FIGURE OF LEE

Lines by Miss Sarah B. Valentine

I came to weep at a sculptured tomb,
But, lo! no death was there;
For I saw Life's mystical touch illume
Each shadow of deep, sepulchral gloom
With light celestial fair:
With light celestial fair, in whose gleam
My troubled soul grew blest,
As its glory fell on the marble dream,
Of that sleeper who lay at rest.

WHAT GENERAL LEE READ AFTER THE WAR

By Franklin L. Riley, Washington and Lee University

GENERAL LEE read very few newspapers and made little effort to inform himself about the political storm that raged throughout the country after the war. When he appeared before the Reconstruction Committee of Congress in March, 1866, he knew nothing about the Stewart plan of reconstruction or the proposed Fifteenth Amendment, then before Congress, saying "I scarcely ever read a paper." The substance of this pending legislation had to be explained to him before his examination could proceed. Throughout this examination he emphasized the fact that since the war he had lived "a very retired life," that he had had "but little communication with politicians" and that he knew nothing more than from his "own observation" and from such facts as had come to his knowledge.

With the exception of a single reference to the Washington *Star*, the New York *Times*, the *Watchman*, and a few casual references to other papers, not named, his letters never referred to current newspapers. In a letter of October 28, 1867, he said of the Seven Weeks' War: "At the time of the occurrence, I thought I saw the mistake committed by the Austrians; but I did not know all the facts." In the same letter he refused

to review a book on this war because he did not have time to "sufficiently study the campaign." A letter to his wife, (August 14, 1879), contains a passing reference to the Franco-Prussian War. That he was interested in this war more from a moral than from a military point of view, is shown by the following extract from a letter of August 23, 1870:

"I have watched, with much anxiety, the progress of the war between France and Germany, and without going into the merits of the question at issue, or understanding the necessity of the recourse to arms, I have regretted that they did not submit their differences to the arbitration of the other Powers, as provided in the articles of the treaty of Paris of 1856. It would have been a grand moral victory over the passions of men, and would have so elevated the contestants in the eyes of the present and future generations as to have produced a beneficial effect. It might have been expecting, however, too much from the present standard of civilization, and I fear we are destined to kill and slaughter each other for ages to come. . . . As far as I can read the accounts, the French have met with serious reverses, which seem to have demoralized the nation and are therefore alarming. Whatever may be the issue, I cannot help sympathizing with the struggles of a warlike people to drive invaders from their lands."

From these facts and many others which might be cited, one feels warranted in saying that General Lee spent no time after the war in the study of military strategy or in the serious study of any of the European wars of that day. There are many evidences that he became a civilian in the truest sense of the word. One will suffice: "For my own part," he wrote, "I much enjoy the charms of civil life, and find too late that I have wasted the best years of my existence." Yet his life as a civilian was not one of ease. It was filled

with numerous exacting duties and grave responsibilities which left little time for literary recreation. The following brief extracts, taken at random from his letters, will suffice: "I have been continuously occupied in business relating to the institution"; "My present duties occupy all my time"; "My duties are so constant and correspondence so large, that I am unable to keep pace with their demands"; "I cannot undertake to do more"; "I am so tired sitting at my table I must conclude"; "I can scarcely keep pace with my current correspondence."

For the most part, his letters afford only negative information about the subject-matter of his reading. For instance, he wrote (October 25, 1865), to some gentlemen at Hartford, Conn., "I have not read the histories of the late war to which you refer," and to his cousin, Dr. Charles Carter, of Philadelphia he also wrote (April 17, 1867), that he had not read Pollard's *Lost Cause*. Yet this latter book, by his fellow Virginian, editor of the Richmond *Examiner*, had been published in 1866. A few months later (October 28, 1867), he wrote to Dr. A. T. Bledsoe, then editor of the *Southern Review*, acknowledging that he had not read an article in that magazine on the battle of Chancellorsville and adding, "nor have I read any of the books published on either side since the termination of hostilities. I have as yet felt no desire to revive my recollections of those events, and have been satisfied with the knowledge I possessed of what transpired." His contempt for "catchpenny" books about the war

was shown by his reply to an enterprising agent who sought his indorsement in exchange for a complimentary copy of a so-called history: "You must excuse me, Sir, I cannot recommend a book which I have not read and never expect to read."

These statements will not warrant one in concluding that General Lee was not interested in history. He made personal appeals to many former Confederate officers to record the histories of their campaigns. He advised his daughter, Mildred: "Read history, works of truth, not novels, and romances. Get correct views of life and learn to see the world in its true light." In one of his most sublime paragraphs, he said: "It is history that teaches us to hope." In a letter expressing a hope that Generals Beauregard and Johnston would write histories of their campaigns, he said: "Everyone should do all in his power to collect and disseminate the truth, in the hope that it may find a place in history and descend to posterity." His interest in a true history of the war was further shown by his criticism of a glaring inaccuracy, which, as he "learned from others" had appeared in the works of "various authors of the 'Life of Jackson.'"

It is interesting to note that General Lee's literary ambitions were along the lines of history and biography. The first of these was the preparation of a complete history of the Army of Northern Virginia. Soon after the surrender at Appomattox he began collecting materials for such a work. In the summer of 1865 he sent a circular letter to many of his old officers asking

for their assistance and co-operation, saying: "I am desirous that the bravery and devotion of the Army of Northern Virginia be transmitted to posterity. This is the only tribute that can be paid to the worth of its noble officers and soldiers." Dr. J. Wm. Jones makes the following valuable comment on this phase of General Lee's literary activity:

"Up to his fatal illness, General Lee was busily engaged in collecting material, and seemed very anxious to write a history of his campaigns; but his object was to vindicate *others rather than himself*. He said to one of his generals, in a letter asking for his official reports: 'I shall write this history, not to vindicate myself, or to promote my own reputation, I want that the world shall know what my poor boys, with their small numbers and scant resources, succeeded in accomplishing.'"

General Lee was more fortunate in his second literary ambition, which was the preparation of a biographical sketch of his father for a new edition of the life of Gen. Henry ("Light Horse Harry") Lee. The manuscript of this "Biography," carefully written in General Lee's well-known chirography (105 pages), is now in a drawer of the book-case in his office at Washington and Lee University.* It was published by the University Publishing Company under the title: "Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States, by Henry Lee . . . with Revisions

* With his characteristic modesty, General Lee said in the preface to this book: "The incidents from which the biography has been prepared were furnished to the editor of the present edition by his oldest brother, Charles Carter Lee, so that he had only to select from the materials prepared for him what he deemed appropriate for the purpose." But the facts as set forth in another part of this paper will show that the editor evidently studied the subject for himself.

and a Biography of the Author by Robert E. Lee." This work seems to have been finished June 1, 1869, less than eighteen months before General Lee's death. His numerous footnote references not only in the Biography * but throughout the volume, the latter of which are designated by the abbreviation, "Ed.," indicate that his investigations were characterized by his usual patience and thoroughness.

Were there any relaxations from these arduous literary tasks, which evidently consumed much of General Lee's rare intervals of leisure? I am glad to say there were occasions when he permitted himself to read for sheer pleasure.

In the winter of 1866 Mr. Worsley, an English admirer, contributed a copy of his translation of the *Iliad* to the General's meager library. In acknowledging the receipt of this book, General Lee wrote:

"Its perusal has been my evening's recreation, and I have never enjoyed the beauty and grandeur of the poem more than as recited by you. The translation is as truthful as powerful, and faithfully reproduces the imagery and rhythm of the bold original.†

* These references in his biographical sketch embrace the following books: Marshall's *Life of Washington;* Sparks' *Life of Washington;* Irving's *Life of Washington;* Sparks' *Correspondence of Washington; Life of Charles Lee;* Johnson's *Life of Greene;* Lee's *Observations on the Writings of Jefferson;* Elliott's *Debates;* Ramsay's *American Revolution,* and Custis' *Recollections of Washington.*

† Does General Lee's appreciative reference to the "original" convey the idea that he was sufficiently well versed in the Greek language to appreciate "the imagery and rhythm" of the Iliad? Undoubtedly, since General Lee could not perpetrate a fraud by pretending to have accomplishments which he did not possess. His biographers give an account of his early training under Mr. W. B. Leary, an Irish teacher, from whom, before entering West Point, he "acquired that knowledge of the classics and fondness for them

"The undeserved compliment to myself in prose and verse on the first leaves of the volume, I receive as your tribute to the merit of my countrymen who struggled for constitutional government." *

One of his sons, Capt. R. E. Lee, gives a delightful glimpse into his father's family circle shortly after the removal to Lexington: "That winter," says he, "my father was accustomed to read aloud in the long evenings to my mother and sisters 'The Grand Old Bard,' † equally to his own and his listeners' enjoyment."

General Lee must have derived much pleasure from reading also the *Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius*, a copy of the second edition of which came from Professor George Long, another English admirer.‡

Mr. Valentine, the sculptor, treasured the following remark made by General Lee while in the artist's studio in Richmond, May, 1870: "Misfortune nobly borne is good fortune." This sentiment was so appropriate to the subject of their conversation that Mr. Valentine thought it was original with General Lee until sometime after his death. In after years this quotation was found in the *Meditations of Marcus*

which surprised some of his friends who knew only of his military education." General Lee's son says that "even with Greek he seemed somewhat familiar and would question the students as to their knowledge of this language, much to their astonishment."

* Reference is here made to Mr. Worsley's dedicatory poem, which was written on a fly leaf of this book. See page 105, *supra*.

† The expression, "The grand old bard," is taken from the first line of the beautiful poem in which Mr. Worsley dedicated his volume to General Lee.

‡ It is interesting to note that Professor Long also sent with his book a message, expressing a hope that General Lee would "leave behind him some commentary to be placed on the same shelf with Cæsar's."

Aurelius. General Lee was so averse to every appearance of pedantry that he used this noble sentiment without giving the source from which it came.*

Captain Lee gives us a further glimpse into his father's family circle by the statement that General Lee would often read to his invalid wife in the evenings.

General Lee's private library after the war was very small, since the books left at Arlington had been scattered during hostilities. The meager salary, from which he supported his family and made liberal contributions to religious and charitable objects, evidently afforded little means for the purchase of new books for his own private library, though he bought "a collection of suitable books" for the library of the newly organized Y. M. C. A. of the college. His principal reliance for books while in Lexington was the small library of Washington College and the more important library of the Franklin Society.† Fortunately the manuscript records of both of these libraries for this period are still accessible, the Franklin Society library having been presented to Washington and Lee University a number of years ago. These records show that General Lee made constant use of both of these libraries, except in the summer months, from February, 1866, until December, 1869.‡

* See Mr. Valentine's article in this volume.

† The library of the Virginia Military Institute had been destroyed when the buildings were burned by General Hunter.

‡ January 21, 1918, Dr. E. C. Gordon, who was librarian of Washington College in the late 60's wrote: "He [General Lee] never talked with me about books, . . . I do not recall ever seeing General Lee in the Library. I think,

The first library book he used after his removal to Lexington was Goldsmith's *Rome*.* It was read about the time, probably immediately after, he had finished reading Worsley's *Iliad*, referred to above. An examination of this book will suggest reasons why it appealed to General Lee. Chapter I treats of the rise of Julius Cæsar and the overthrow of the Roman Republic. Chapter II treats of the period of anarchy which followed Cæsar's death and the final settlement of the constitution and the organization of the Empire under Augustus. Chapters III and IV contain many suggestive passages which would have appealed to ex-Confederates in the late 60's, when they had many reasons to fear wholesale confiscation, disfranchisement and even the loss of life. He must have read and pondered many sentences like the following: "The most sacred rights of nature were violated; three hundred senators; and above two thousand knights were included in this terrible proscription; their fortunes were

as a rule, he gave me lists of books he desired and I brought them to him or took them to his house. . . . He was, of course, a member of the Franklin Society. I never saw him at any of the meetings, held always on Saturday night; and I suspect he never attended; though now and then we discussed subjects in which he must have had some interest; e. g., this, 'Should American colleges and universities open their doors to women?' The discussion of this ran through several successive meetings of the society and set the town by the ears. The truth is, General Lee was too busy, and his failing energies too much taxed to do a good deal of reading. I suspect most of the books he read bore on the two works which I think he would have liked to complete and publish: Memoirs of his father, and an account of his own campaign, or war-life."

* It was Volume II of the edition of 1809, now in the library of Washington and Lee University. It seems that Volume I was never acquired by the Franklin Society.

confiscated, and their murderers enriched with the spoil." (Page 38.)

General Lee was reading this book when the clouds of Reconstruction had begun to appear above our political horizon. Was he studying the causes which led to the overthrow of the Roman Republic in an effort to see whether similar dangers were then threatening his own country? Was he trying to get light from ancient history on the possible course of events in his own day? He could not then know, of course, that there was not another Augustus Cæsar awaiting an opportunity to overthrow the liberties of his country. Perhaps he was testing his axiom, cited above: "It is history that teaches us to hope."

In April or May, 1866, soon after his return from Washington, where he was examined by the Reconstruction Committee of Congress, he read the writings of Rev. Alex. B. Grosart, which he had received from the author, in Liverpool, England. This reading was only an act of courtesy, however.

The second library book he used was the *Memoirs of the Duchess D'Abrantes* (Madame Junot). Unfortunately the particular volume which he read cannot now be found. The three-volume edition of this work now in the University library came as a gift from the library of Dr. Mercer of New Orleans.* Probably General Lee's interest in this book, came from his desire to write an account of his own campaigns. He

* Dr. Gordon suggests: "After this one-volume copy was displaced by a three-volume copy from the Mercer library, it somehow disappeared."

may have examined it for the purpose of learning particularly of the campaigns of Napoleon as treated by the wife of one of Napoleon's generals. On the other hand, he may have been interested in the conditions which produced this modern despot, as the book treats of the rise of Napoleon and the events leading to the establishment of his Empire. I do not think that there are any sentiments in the work which would have appealed to a man of General Lee's character. We must note, however, that this was the beginning of a study of biography which extended through a period of almost a year and a half.

Several weeks later he was earnestly at work on his father's *Memoirs*, as is shown by a letter of August 30, 1866, in which he said among other things, "I have long wished to see some points in the chapter on Sergeant Champe in the 'Memoirs' cleared up." * Then follows a discussion of sources and problems connected with the relations between Sergeant Champe and Benedict Arnold. This letter, which was written to Mr. William B. Reed, author of a *Life of General Reed*, closes with a request for "any facts tending to decide the matter." The biographical sketch of his father shows that he made liberal use of documents which he obtained from Mr. Reed.

The third book, in chronological order, charged to General Lee on the library records, was Sparks' *Washington* (volume omitted), which was taken out the day after he had written the letter just referred to.

* This was Chapter XXX of the book he was editing.

While he was devoting his brief and irregular periods of leisure to the study of history, his wife * and daughters at Rockbridge Baths,† eleven miles distant, were doubtless reading the three books which followed on the record: *Bleak House*, and *Leo the Tenth*, Vols. III and IV. Shortly after Mrs. Lee's return home a volume of Hood's *Works* was also taken out of the library.

In December, 1866, he took out Marshall's *Washington*, Vols. III, IV and V, and Sparks' *Washington*, Vol. X, and *American Constitution* (edition not given). These books were all returned December 27 and 30. This must have been the period of General Lee's most intense literary activity while in Lexington. It is worth recording that in this period he wrote a very notable letter to Lord Acton.‡

With the beginning of the new year (1867) he must

*Mrs. Lee was fond of reading, and was "remarkably well read in general literature." Her son says that she was "constantly occupied with her books, letters, knitting and painting, for the last of which she had great talent." Mrs. Lee wrote a Memoir of her father, General George Washington Parke Custis, which was published in Philadelphia (1859) in Custis' *Recollections and Private Memoirs of Washington* (pages 9–72). She also prepared the writings of her father for publication, as they appear in this volume under her copyright. The Washington and Lee University library now contains a copy of this work, on the fly leaf of which is the following, in the handwriting of Mrs. Lee: "The Franklin Library, from Mary Custis Lee. Lexington, 12th July, 1869."

† Captain Lee says that "every summer of their life in Lexington" General Lee arranged that his wife "should spend several months at one of the many medicinal springs in the neighboring mountains, as much that she might be surrounded by new scenes and faces as for the benefit of the waters."

‡ This letter will be found in the Appendix to this volume.

have been busy with college duties, as the library record shows that he did not resume his literary work until February 19. He then took out of the library Walburn's *Biographical Dictionary* and a *Gazetteer of the United States* (edition not given). March 14, he turned his attention to Ramsey's *American Revolution*, Vols. I and II, and later (March 30) to Henning's *Statutes*. About this time he wrote that he had received "from Fitz Lee a narrative of the operations of his division of cavalry," and he asked his son, General W. H. F. Lee, for a full report of his war operations. These glimpses give us the picture of a busy college executive utilizing his small fragments of spare time at work on his twofold literary task.

Up to this time he had made use of the Franklin Society library exclusively. During the next two years he used books only from the college library, not returning to the Franklin Society library until February 24, 1869.

April 3, 1867, he found diversion in a copy of *Calculus*, his first choice of books from the college library. Three weeks later he procured from the same source a copy of Webster's *Unabridged Dictionary*, which as far as the record shows was not returned.

In July and August of that year he was at White Sulphur and Old Sweet Springs with his family, primarily for his wife's health. At the latter place he was taken ill. This prevented his return to Lexington until the middle of September, just before the opening of the session. He wrote to one of his sons (September

20): "I am still so feeble that I cannot attend to the business of the college." A month later (October 25) he wrote: "I have been quite sick but am better now." Yet, a fortnight before this latter date he had returned to his literary task, using Marshall's *Life of Washington*, Vols. III, IV and V. With the return of these three volumes (November 14) I find no evidence from the library record of any further serious study on his part, though he did not send the "Biography" of his father and the notes to the volume he was editing to the press until June 1, 1869, judging by the date of the Preface.

The Christmas season of 1867 found only two library books in his home. These were Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. What appropriate selections for Christmas reading! One wonders whether the General still read aloud to his family "in the long evenings" of that winter, as he had done in other years.

As intimated above, there was a marked change in the character of his reading after 1867. From that date he used no more library books on American history or biography. Poetry, choice fiction, current magazines and European history fill the remainder of the library record. Did he regard his recent sickness as an evidence of failing strength and a warning that his literary activity must cease? Possibly so, though Captain Lee felt sure that by the latter part of January his father "had fully recovered." It is more probable that this change from his own unfinished task was prompted by the literary tastes of his invalid wife, who

as he said, suffered that winter and spring "more than usual . . . from her rheumatic pains." His son, Captain Lee, tells us: "He sat with her daily, entertaining her with accounts of what was doing in the college, and the news of the village, and would often read to her in the evenings."

The college library contributed, January 7, 1868, two large illustrated volumes of *Favorite English Poems* * to the entertainment of the household. These books, still in the university library, are "illustrated with 300 engravings on wood." Volume I contains a collection of choice poems from Chaucer to Pope, Volume II, from "Thomson to Tennyson." That they were read with interest in indicated by the fact that they were renewed January 24 and were kept out until February 11. *Robinson Crusoe* then came in for a six days' reading, perhaps by General Lee's little niece, who was a member of his household that session.

But General Lee was a man of action, and books alone could not supply the recreation he needed. He wrote (March 10): "Our winter which has been long and cold I hope now is over," adding "My only pleasure is in my solitary evening rides, which give me abundant opportunity for quiet thought." Within a fortnight he was able to write that two or three rides on Traveller "in the mud" had, he thought, benefited him.

About this time (March 28), he received from the

* The entry on the record, "Favorite Poets of England, Ill., 2 vols.," is evidently a mistake, as there were no books with that title in the library.

library a two-volume edition of the *Life of Goethe* to be followed, two days later, by a copy of *Faust*. All of these were returned May 4. He then read, with much interest, I am sure, the first volume of Dr. Kane's *Arctic Expedition*. Probably the author, who saw service as an army surgeon in the Mexican War, was a personal acquaintance. The last library book used that spring was a volume of Shakespeare's *Works* (edition not given). As there were then four editions of Shakespeare in the college library, it is impossible to say which plays of that great author were read.

In the summer of 1868, he made another effort to find recreation and restoration of health for his invalid wife at some of the many celebrated health resorts near Lexington. Additional cares also came with the sickness of his daughter, Mildred, who had typhoid fever while at Warm Springs. He nursed her back to health in time to return to Lexington for the opening of the session of 1868–9.

Then followed a period of over six months in which he read nothing from the library, except current magazines, three issues of the *New Eclectic* * and nine of *Blackwood's Magazines*.† In the August (1868) *New Eclectic*, he found a criticism of George Bancroft's theory as set forth in his *History of the United States*

* Issues of August, September and October, 1868, which were taken out October 14 and returned November 14.

† Issues of February, April, May, July, August, September and October (1868), which were taken out December 17 and returned January 13, following. The issues for December (1868) and January (1869), were taken out in January and February respectively.

that the influence of the Cavalier element in Virginia was insignificant on the events leading to the American Revolution. The critic indorsed the view of Mr. Rives in his *Life of James Madison* that many leaders of the Revolution in Virginia were descendants of the loyal supporters of Charles I against the Long Parliament, among whom were the first cousin of Washington's grandfather, the paternal ancestor of George Mason, the ancestors of Archibald Cary, the Lees, the Blands, the Carters, the Randolphs, the Digges, the Byrds, etc. This issue also contains Father Ryan's poem on "The Downtrodden Land." The September *New Eclectic* has articles on "Free Religion" and "Luther and Germany." The October issue of this same magazine contains articles on "The Northern and the Southern Poet" (Oliver Wendell Holmes and Father Ryan), "The Unsettled State of Europe" and a poem by Sidney Lanier, entitled "Life and Song."

Blackwood's Magazine for September, 1868, was taken out November 14 and "returned" (date not given). Then, December 17, it was taken out again with six other issues of the same magazine. In January, 1869, he also took out the December issue and in February the January issue of the same magazine. It is evident from an examination of the contents of these issues that the reader was interested in only one article, since it appeared by installments in the copies taken from the library. Other copies, those of March, June and November, 1868, would also have been taken,

if he had cared to read the magazines in chronological order, without reference to any particular article. This article is entitled "Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II." A perusal of it will convince one of the importance of this somewhat neglected period of English history, and of the excellence of the literary taste of a reader who finds pleasure in it. The sub-title of the first installment is "The Queen" (Caroline); of the second, "The Minister" (Sir Robert Walpole); of the third, "The Man of the World" (Lord Chesterfield); of the fourth, "Lady Mary Wortley Montagu"; of the fifth, "The Poet" (Pope); of the sixth "The Young Chevalier" (Charles Stuart, the Pretender); of the seventh, "The Reformer" (John Wesley); of the eighth, "The Sailor" (Admiral Anson); of the ninth, "The Philosopher" (Bishop Berkeley). The issues for March, June, and August, 1869, in which appeared the remainder of the series, on "The Novelist" (Samuel Richardson); "The Sceptic" (David Hume); "The Painter" (Hogarth), do not appear on General Lee's library record.

Four days after taking out the issue of *Blackwood's* which contains the sketch of Admiral Anson, he turned to the fifth volume of Macaulay's *England*. This choice shows that, though still interested in English history, the reader went from the reign of George II back to the last days of William III. Eight days later this book was returned.

A book entitled *Queens of the Country* then follows on the record (March 7). It was probably

Mrs. Jameson's *Memoirs of Celebrated Female Sovereigns*, since this is the only volume now in the University library, whose title resembles that given in the record. This volume may have been chosen for its sketch of Queen Anne, in order to link together the periods of English history which had already received attention.

The remainder of the spring of 1869 was devoted to French history. From March 15 to April 4 use was made of volumes 1 and 2 of Miss Pardoe's *Louis XIV;* April 7 to June 19, of Beauchesne's *Louis the Seventeenth.* Meantime Houssaye's *Men and Women of the Eighteenth Century*, Vol. II (French biography), had been used from May 2 to June 2. Interest in French history was undoubtedly aroused by the then strained relations between France and her northern neighbor, which soon culminated in the Franco-Prussian War.

That summer General Lee was at home until after the middle of July to attend a meeting of the Virginia Education Association, which was held in Lexington. In the latter part of that month he took Mrs. Lee to Rockbridge Baths, which she had "made up her mind to visit." "After seeing her comfortably located" he expected to go with two of his daughters to the White Sulphur Springs for a few weeks, on the advice of his physicians. He wrote to his son, General W. H. F. Lee, "I am obliged now to consider my health." The sudden death of his brother upset his plans while at Rockbridge Baths. This took him to Alexandria to attend

the funeral. He decided to return to Lexington by way of Richmond, making a short visit to his son at the "White House" on the James River. August 10, he wrote to his wife from White Sulphur Springs, giving his objections to the plan of the publisher of his father's *Memoirs* to insert a portrait of himself in the volume and asking for her "suggestions." By the end of August he was back in Lexington. That autumn his rides on Traveller were less frequent and more fatiguing, and there were other evidences that his strength was failing. In November he contracted a severe cold, which was the beginning of the attack that was to prove fatal. In December he wrote that he was better, adding "The doctors still have me in hand, but I fear can do no good." In fact, he seemed to realize from the beginning that this attack was mortal.

Under these circumstances, one would not expect to find evidence of extensive reading. Yet on November 20 two issues of *Blackwood's Magazine* were brought to his sick room. One of these, the issue of July, 1864, contained articles on "The Education and Training of Naval Officers" and "The Napoleonic Idea in Mexico." The other, the issue for January, 1860, contained an article on "Rambles at Random in the Southern States," which gives the observations of an English traveler of keen though sympathetic mind, who had spent some time in the South before the war.

Here the library record closes. It reveals the fact that his library reading, during his five years in Lex-

ington, which had carried him into many countries and into different periods of history and literature ended with a delightful article on his own beloved Southland.

This sketch would fall far short of a true presentation of what General Lee read after the war, if it should omit his two favorite books, which he always kept in his small private library, and which were in constant use. These were the Episcopal prayer book and the Bible. His appreciation of his prayer book is shown by his desire to supply copies to the soldiers who wished for them, and his present of a dozen copies,—all he had, save one, to as many soldiers. One of his sons says that "family prayers . . . were read every morning just before breakfast," which was served at seven o'clock, and another son warned his wife that "to please his father, she must be always ready for family prayers." His daughter-in-law said that "she did not believe that General Lee would have an entirely high opinion of any person, even General Washington, if he could return to earth, if he were not ready for prayers!"

But the greatest of all books in his estimation was the Bible. Upon appropriate occasions, he quoted its precepts, but never in the spirit of cant. In reproof of a minister who had said harsh things about the North in connection with General Lee's indictment for treason, he said: "Doctor, there is a good book, which I read and you preach from, which says: 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to

them that hate you and pray for them that despitefully use you.'"

During the war, "even amid his most active campaigns, he found time to read every day some portion of God's Word." The habit, followed so tenaciously on the field, was never given up in the quietude of the home; for he could then have his "regular seasons for this delightful exercise." His appreciation of the Bible was shown by his interest in the Rockbridge County Bible Society, of which he was president from the time of its reorganization after the war (1868), until his death. In his letter, accepting this position, he spoke of his desire to help extend "the inestimable knowledge of the priceless truths of the Bible." In acknowledging the receipt of a Bible from some English admirers he referred to it as "a book in comparison with which all others in my eyes are of minor importance, and which in all my perplexities and distresses has never failed to give me light and strength." In a letter acknowledging the receipt of a beautiful Bible for use in the college chapel he said, "it is a book which supplies the place of all others, and one that cannot be replaced by any other." The day after his death a watcher by his body noticed on the table "a well-used pocket Bible, in which was written, . . . 'R. E. Lee, Lieutenant-colonel, U. S. Army.'" * He says: "As I turned its leaves and saw how he had marked many passages, especially

* See Dr. J. William Jones' article in this volume on "The Christian Character of Robert E. Lee."

those teaching the great doctrines of Salvation by Grace, Justification by Faith, or those giving the more precious promises to the believer, I thought of how, with simple faith, he took this blessed Book as the man of his counsel and the light of his pathway; how its precious promises cheered him amid the afflictions and trials of his eventful life; and how its glorious hopes illuminated for him the 'valley and shadow of death.'"

APPENDIX

Books taken by General Robert E. Lee from the Franklin Society Library and the Washington College Library.

*—Franklin Society Library. †—Washington College Library.

Date Taken Out	*Titles*	*Date Returned*
1866		
* Feb. 20th	Goldsmith's Rome	Apr. 4th
* June 5th	Madame D'Abrantes	July 1st
* Sept. 1st	Sparks' Washington	Jan. 4, 1867
* Sept. 12th	Bleak House	Nov. 10, 1866
* Sept. 24th	Leo the Tenth, Vols. 3 and 4	Nov. 10, 1866
* Nov. 10th	Hood's Works	Nov. 19, 1866
* Dec. 1st	Marshall's Washington, Vol. 3	Dec. 30, 1866
* Dec. 6th	Marshall's Washington, Vols. 4 and 5	Dec. 30, 1866
* Dec. 22nd	Sparks' Washington, Vol. 10	Dec. 27, 1866
* Dec. 22nd	American Constitutions	Dec. 27, 1866

Date Taken Out	*Titles*	*Date Returned*
1867		
* Feb. 19th	Walburn's Biographical Dictionary	Mch. 9, 1867
* Feb. 19th	Gazetteer of the United States	Mch. 9, 1867
* Mch. 14th	Ramsey's American Revolution, Vols. 1 & 2.	Mch. 23, 1867
* Mch. 30th	Henning's Statutes	Apr. 4, 1867
† Apr. 3rd	Calculus	May 16, 1867
† May 16th	Webster's Dictionary, unabridged	
* Oct. 12th	Marshall's Life of Washington, Vols. 3, 4 and 5	Nov. 14, 1867
† Dec. 13th	Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield	Jan. 10, 1868
† Dec. 13th	Pilgrim's Progress	Jan. 24, 1868
1868		
† Jan. 7th	Favorite Poets of England. Ill. 2 Vols.	Jan. 24, 1868
† Jan. 24th	Favorite Poets of England. Ill. 2 Vols.	Feb. 11, 1868
† Feb. 11th	Robinson Crusoe	Feb. 17, 1868
† Mch. 28th	Life of Goethe, 2 vols	May 4, 1868
†	Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition. Vol 1	June 3, 1868
† May 6th	Shakespeare, III	
† Oct. 14th	New Eclectic, Aug., Sept., Oct., 1868	Nov. 14, 1868
† Nov. 14th	Blackwood's for September	"Returned"
† Dec. 17th	Blackwood's for Feb., Apr., May, July, Aug., Sept., and Oct	Jan. 13, 1869
1869		
† Jan. 13th	Blackwood's for December	"Returned"
† Feb. 20th	Blackwood's for Jan	Mch. 4, 1869
* Feb. 24th	Macaulay's Eng., Vol. 5	Mch. 3, 1869
* Mch. 7th	Queens of the Country	Mch. 15, 1869
* Mch. 15th	Louis XIV., Vols. 1 and 2	Apr. 4, 1869
* Apr. 7th	Louis Napoleon and His Times	May 6, 1869

Date Taken Out	*Title*	*Date Returned*
1869		
* May 8th	Louis the Seventeenth	June 19, 1869
* May 2nd	Women of the Eighteenth Century Vol. 2	June 2, 1869
* Nov. 20th	Blackwood's for July, 1864	Dec. 15, 1869
* Nov. 20th	Blackwood's for January, 1860	Dec. 15, 1869

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER OF ROBERT E. LEE.

By Rev. J. William Jones

This contribution appeared in the "Lee Memorial Number" of the *Wake Forest Student*, published in January, 1907.—Editor.

THERE is a natural tendency to conceal the faults and exalt the virtues of great men. Those whose lives gave no evidence whatever of Christian or even moral character have been written up, by their eulogists, as saints whom the world should warmly admire if not worship. There have been in these later years some very sad examples of this, which might be cited if it were proper to do so. This makes intelligent readers disposed to receive *cum grano salis* what may be said of the Christian character of any public man.

Some years ago an intelligent minister in one of our Southern States wrote an elaborate article in one of the papers on the question: "Was General R. E. Lee a real Christian?" He seriously doubted whether he was more than a mere formal professor of religion. Now I think I can answer this question from intimate personal acquaintance and observation. During the four years of the great War between the States, as private soldier or as chaplain, I followed the standard

of Lee, coming into somewhat frequent contact with him, and learning much of his character and actions.

But especially during his five years' life in Lexington, Virginia, as one of the chaplains of Washington College, over which he presided, I came into almost daily and intimate association with him, and learned to know and love the great soldier as a humble, consecrated follower of the Captain of our Salvation.

I speak, therefore, not from hearsay, or the statements of others, but I speak from intimate personal acquaintance when I write on the Christian character of Robert Edward Lee, the greatest soldier of history, and the model man of the centuries.

I can never forget my first interview and conversation with General Lee on religious matters. It was in 1863, while our army was resting along the Rapidan, soon after the Gettysburg campaign. Rev. B. T. Lacy and myself went, as a committee of our chaplains' association, to consult him in reference to the better observance of the Sabbath in the army, and especially to urge that something be done to prevent irreligious officers from converting Sunday into a grand gala-day for inspections, reviews, etc. It was a delicate mission. We did not wish to appear as either informers or officious intermeddlers, and yet we were very anxious to do something to further the wishes of those who sent us, and to put a stop to what was then a growing evil, and, in some commands, a serious obstacle to efficient work of the chaplain. The cordial greeting

which he gave us, the marked courtesy and respect with which he listened to what we had to say, and the way he expressed his warm sympathy with the object of our mission, soon put us at ease. But, as we presently began to answer his questions concerning the spiritual interests of the army, and to tell of that great revival which was then extending through the camps, and bringing thousands of our noble men to Christ, we saw his eye brighten and his whole countenance glow with pleasure; and as, in his simple, feeling words, he expressed his delight, we forgot the great warrior, and only remembered that we were communing with a humble, earnest Christian. When Mr. Lacy told him of the deep interest which the chaplains felt in his welfare, and that their most fervent prayers were offered in his behalf, tears started in his eyes, as he replied, "I sincerely thank you for that, and I can only say that I am just a poor sinner, trusting in Christ alone for salvation, and that I need all the prayers you can offer for me."

The next day he issued a beautiful order in which he enjoined the observance of the Sabbath, and that all military duties should be suspended on that day except such as were absolutely necessary to the safety or subsistence of the army.

General Lee always took the deepest interest in the work of his chaplains and the spiritual welfare of his men. He was a frequent visitor at the chaplains' meetings, and a deeply interested observer of their proceedings; and the faithful chaplain who stuck to

his post and did his duty could always be assured of a warm friend at headquarters.

While the Army of Northern Virginia confronted General Meade at Mine Run, near the end of November, 1863, and a battle was momentarily expected, General Lee, with a number of general and staff officers, was riding down his line of battle, when, just in the rear of Gen. A. P. Hill's position, the cavalcade suddenly came upon a party of soldiers engaged in one of those prayer-meetings which they so often held on the eve of battle. An attack from the enemy seemed imminent; already sharpshooting along the skirmish line had begun, the artillery was belching forth its hoarse thunder, and the mind and heart of the great chieftain were full of the expected combat. Yet, as he saw the ragged veterans bowed in prayer, he instantly dismounted, uncovered his head, and devoutly joined in the simple worship. The rest of the party at once followed his example, and those humble privates found themselves leading the devotions of their loved and honored chieftains.

It is related that as his army was crossing the James, in 1864, and hurrying on to the defense of Petersburg, General Lee turned aside from the road, and, kneeling in the dust, devoutly joined a minister in earnest prayer that God would give him wisdom and grace in the new stage of the campaign upon which he was then entering.

I was one day distributing tracts and religious newspapers in our trenches below Petersburg when I noticed

a brilliant cavalcade approaching. Generals Lee, A. P. Hill, and John B. Gordon, with their staffs, were inspecting our lines, and reconnoitering those of the enemy. I stepped to one side, expecting simply to give them the military salute as they passed. But the quick eye of Gordon recognized me, and his cordial grasp detained me as he eagerly inquired after my work. General Lee reined in his horse, the others also stopped, and the humble chaplain found himself surrounded by a group of whose notice he might well be proud. A. P. Hill, my old colonel and life-long friend, said: "John (as he always familiarly addressed me), don't you think the boys would prefer 'hard-tacks' to tracts just now?" "I have no doubt that many of them would," I replied, "but they crowd around and take the tracts as eagerly as they surround the commissary when he has anything to 'issue'; and besides other advantages, the tracts certainly help them to bear the lack of 'hard-tack.'" "I have no doubt of it," he said, "and I am glad that you are able to supply the tracts more abundantly then we can the rations."

General Lee joined in the conversation, and presently asked if I ever had calls for prayer books. I told him that I frequently had, and often distributed them. He replied, "Well, you would greatly oblige me if you would call at my quarters, and get and distribute a few which I have. I bought a new one when in Richmond the other day, and upon my saying that I would give my old one, which I had carried through

the Mexican war and kept ever since, to some soldier, the bookseller offered to give me a dozen new prayer books for the old one. I accepted, of course, so good an offer, and now I have a dozen to give away instead of one." The cavalcade rode away, and the chaplain felt a new inspiration in his work.

I called at headquarters at the appointed hour. The General was absent on some important duty, but he had (even amid his pressing cares and responsibilities) left the prayer books with a member of his staff, with directions concerning them. In each one he had written in his well-known handwriting, "Presented to . . . by R. E. Lee." Had I been disposed to speculate I could easily have sold these books, containing the autograph of our great chieftain, for a large sum, or have traded each for a dozen others. I know that the soldiers to whom I gave them have treasured them as precious mementos, or handed them down as priceless heirlooms. I saw one of these books several years ago in the hands of a son whose father was killed on the retreat from Petersburg. It was not for sale. Indeed, money could not buy it.

I could fill pages with quotations from General Lee's orders and dispatches, expressing his "profound gratitude to Almighty God"—his "thanks to God"—his "gratitude to Him who hath given us the victory"—his sense of "the blessing of Almighty God"—his "grateful thanks to the only Giver of victory"—and his "ascribing unto the Lord of Hosts the glory due unto His name." And I regret that my space will not

allow me to quote in full his beautiful Thanksgiving-day, and fast-day orders, which breathed the spirit of the humble, devout Christian, and were not mere official proclamations. But as a specimen of them I quote the conclusion of his order for the observance of the 21st of August, 1863, after the Gettysburg campaign, as a day of "fasting, humiliation and prayer." He says:

"Soldiers! we have sinned against Almighty God. We have forgotten His signal mercies, and have cultivated a revengeful, haughty, and boastful spirit. We have not remembered that the defenders of a just cause should be pure in His eyes; that our times are in His hands, and we have relied too much on our own arms for the achievement of our independence. God is our only refuge and our strength. Let us humble ourselves before Him. Let us confess our many sins and beseech Him to give us a higher courage, a purer patriotism, and a more determined will; that He will convert the hearts of our enemies; that He will hasten the time when war, with its sorrows and sufferings, shall cease, and that He will give us a name and place among the nations of the earth.

"R. E. Lee, *General.*"

He was emphatically a man of prayer, was accustomed to have family prayers, and had his season of secret prayer which he allowed nothing to interrupt. He was a devout and constant Bible reader, and found time to read the old book even amid his most pressing duties. He became president of the Rockbridge County Bible Society, and in his letter of acceptance spoke of "the inestimable knowledge of the priceless truths of the Bible."

In a letter to Hon. A. W. Beresford Hope, acknowledging the receipt of a Bible from friends in England,

he speaks of it as "a book in comparison with which all others in my eyes are of minor importance, and which in all my perplexities and distresses has never failed to give me light and strength." In a letter to Col. F. R. Farrar, who presented a Bible to the college chapel, he speaks of it as "a book which supplies the place of all others, and one that cannot be replaced by any other."

As I was watching all alone by his body the day after his death I picked up from the table a well-used pocket Bible, on the fly-leaf of which was written in his well-known and characteristic chirography, "R. E. Lee, Lieutenant Colonel, U. S. A." As I turned its leaves and saw how he had marked many passages, especially those teaching the great doctrines of Salvation by Grace, Justification by Faith, or those giving the more precious promises to the believer, I thought of how, with simple faith, he took this blessed book as the man of his counsel and the light of his pathway; how its precious promises cheered him amid the afflictions and trials of his eventful life; and how its glorious hopes illumined for him the "valley and shadow of death."

He was a very "son of consolation" to the afflicted, and his letters of this character were very numerous and very beautiful. I can give only several specimens. On the death of Bishop Elliott of Georgia, he wrote his wife a touching eulogy on one "whom for more than a quarter of a century I have admired, loved and venerated," and concluded by saying, "You have my

deepest sympathy, and my earnest prayers are offered to Almighty God that He may be graciously pleased to comfort you in your great sorrow, and bring you in His own good time to rejoice with him whom in His all-wise providence He has called before you to heaven."

To the widow of Gen. Geo. W. Randolph he wrote on the death of her husband:

"It is the survivors of the sad event whom I commiserate, and not him whom a gracious God has called to Himself; and whose tender heart and domestic virtues make the pang of parting the more bitter to those who are left behind. . . . For what other purpose can a righteous man be summoned into the presence of a merciful God than to receive his reward? However, then, we lament we ought not to deplore him, or wish him back from his peaceful, happy home. . . . Mrs. Lee and my daughters, while they join in unfeigning sorrow for your bereavement, unite with me in sincere regards, and fervent prayers to Him who can alone afford relief, for His gracious support, and continued protection to you. May his abundant mercies be showered upon you, and may His almighty arm guide and uphold you."

He wrote Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge, of Richmond, Va., the great Presbyterian preacher, after speaking of matters connected with the Virginia Bible Society, the following concerning the death of his wife:

"And now, my dear sir, though perhaps inappropriate to the occasion, you must allow me to refer to a subject which has caused

me great distress and concerning which I have desired to write ever since its occurrence; but to tell the truth I have not had the heart to do so. I knew how powerless I was to give any relief and how utterly inadequate was any language that I could use even to mitigate your suffering. I could, therefore, only offer up my silent prayers, to Him who alone can heal your bleeding heart that in His infinite mercy He will be ever present with you; to dry your tears and staunch your wounds; to sustain you by His grace and support you by His strength. I hope you felt assured that in this heavy calamity, you and your children had the heartfelt sympathy of Mrs. Lee and myself, and that you were daily remembered in our prayers.

"With best wishes and sincere affection, I am very truly yours,

"R. E. Lee."

General Lee did not believe in forcing the students to attend chapel, but sought to influence them to do so, and I have known no other college where the simple exercises—singing, reading the Scriptures, and prayer—seemed to be so warmly appreciated or so thoroughly enjoyed.

At the faculty meeting one day a member of the faculty, who rarely attended himself, made an eloquent speech on the importance of inducing the students to attend chapel, and when he closed General Lee quietly remarked, "The best way that I know of to induce students to attend is to set them the example by always attending ourselves."

Accordingly, his own seat, near the front, was always filled. I never knew a college president to exert himself more actively for the religious good of the students than did General Lee. I give herewith one of the letters he was accustomed to address to the pastors of Lexington, asking their co-operation:

Washington College,
Lexington, Virginia, 11th September, 1869.

Rev. and Dear Sirs:—Desirous of making the religious exercises of the College advantageous to the students, and wishing to use all means to inculcate among them the principles of true religion, the Faculty tender to you their cordial thanks for your past services, and request you to perform in rotation the customary daily exercises at the College Chapel. The hour fixed for these services is forty-five minutes past seven o'clock every morning, except Sunday, during the session, save the three winter months, December, January and February, when the hour for prayer will be forty-five minutes past eight. The hours for lectures are fixed at eight and nine o'clock respectively during these periods. On Sundays the hour for prayer during the whole session is fixed at nine o'clock.

The Faculty also request that you will extend to the students a general invitation to attend the churches of their choice regularly on Sundays, and other days, and invite them to join the Bible classes established in each; that you will, as may be convenient and necessary, visit them in sickness and in health; and that you will in every proper manner urge upon them the great importance of the Christain religion.

The Faculty further ask that you will arrange among yourselves, as may be convenient, the periods of the session during which each will perform the Chapel services, and that during those periods the officiating minister will consider himself Chaplain of the College for the purpose of conducting religious worship, prayers, etc.

The present session will open on the 16th, inst. and close on the 25th June, 1870.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee.

To the Ministers of the Baptist, Episcopal, Methodist and Presbyterian Churches of Lexington, Va.

I prize beyond price the following autograph letter:

Washington College,
Lexington, Virginia, 4th March, 1868.

My Dear Sir:—I enclose fifty dollars of the fund contributed by the Faculty and students for the religious exercises of the College,

not in compensation for your voluntary services, but in grateful testimony of them.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee.

Rev. J. Wm. Jones.

He wrote similar letters to the other pastors of the town, and frequently talked with us about the religious interest of the students. He was accustomed to make lists of the denominational preferences of the students, giving each pastor a list of the members of his church, and of the men whose parents belonged to his church, and would ask him afterwards if he had visited them, and if they attended his Bible class and his church, and thus he would seek to promote the interests of each student.

He said to Rev. Dr. W. S. White soon after coming to Lexington: "I shall be disappointed, sir, I shall fail in the leading object that brought me here, unless these young men become real Christians, and I wish you and others of your sacred calling to do all in your power to accomplish this."

He said to Rev. Dr. Brown, one of the trustees of the college, "I dread the thought of any student going away from the college without becoming a sincere Christian."

At the "Concert of Prayer for Colleges" in 1869 I made an address in which I urged that the great need of our colleges was a genuine, all-pervasive revival, which could only come from above by the power of the Holy Spirit. At the close of the meeting General Lee came to me, and said with more than his usual

warmth, "I wish, sir, to thank you for your address; it was just what we needed. Our great want is a revival that shall bring these young men to Christ."

During the great revival in the Virginia Military Institute in 1869, when there were over one hundred professions of faith in Christ, he said to me with deep emotion, "That is the best news I have heard since I have been in Lexington. Would that we could have such a revival in our college, and in all of the colleges."

He said to Rev. Dr. Kirkpatrick, the able and honored professor of moral philosophy in the college, when they were conversing about the religious interests of the students, his voice choking with emotion and his eyes overflowing with tears, "Oh! Doctor, if I could only know that all of the young men in the college were good Christians, I should have nothing more to desire."

He sent for me one day to consult about organizing a Y. M. C. A. in the college, and after we had organized it he took the liveliest interest in its success, and contributed to it every year $50 from his own scant resources. With the first money that he raised after he went to the college he built a substantial and beautiful chapel, as, in his judgment, the most important building needed (more important than a president's house, he insisted), and it seems a fortunate providence that he lies beneath that chapel, which he builded almost with his own hands, for he almost saw every block of granite placed in position, every brick laid, and every nail driven.

General Lee was an Episcopalian, and sincerely

Exterior View of the Lee Memorial Chapel

Interior View of the Lee Memorial Chapel, Showing the Recumbent Statue

attached to the church of his choice, but his large heart took in Christians of every name, and not a few will cordially indorse the remarks made by the venerable Dr. W. S. White,—Stonewall Jackson's old pastor,—who said with deep feeling during the memorial services, "He belonged to one branch of the church, and I to another. Yet in my intercourse with him—an intercourse rendered far more frequent and intimate by the tender sympathy he felt in my ill health—the thought never occurred to me that we belonged to different churches. His love for the truth, and for all that is good and useful, was such as to render his brotherly kindness and charity as boundless as were the wants and sorrows of the race."

If I have ever come in contact with a sincere, devout Christian—one who, seeing himself to be a sinner, trusted alone in the merits of Christ—who humbly tried to walk the path of duty, "looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith," and whose piety was constantly exemplified in his daily life, that man was the world's great soldier, and model man, Robert Edward Lee.

His illness was of such a character that he left no "last words," but none were needed—his whole life was "a living epistle" known and read of men, and there can be no doubt that he laid aside his cross and went to wear his crown—

> "That crown with peerless glories bright,
> Which shall new luster boast
> When victors' wreathes and monarchs' gems
> Shall blend in common dust!"

TRIBUTE TO GENERAL LEE AS A MAN

By Mr. Wm. A. Anderson, Rector of Washington and Lee University

Extract from remarks made at a banquet at Washington and Lee University upon the Centennial of the birth of Robert E. Lee, January 19th, 1907.

WE have presented to us here to-day a striking and most gratifying evidence of the restoration of good feeling between the sections in the pilgrimage to this Mecca of the South of a distinguished son of Massachusetts who worthily bears a name honored and illustrious in the history of our country, through five generations, to lay upon the tomb of Lee the tribute of his just praise and admiration.*

* Reference is here made to the visit of Mr. Charles Francis Adams and his address at the centennial celebration of General Lee's birth, which celebration was held in the chapel of Washington and Lee University, January 19, 1907. In after years Mr. Adams wrote: "The *Lee Centennial* is my one effort . . . which I now regard as having been somewhat better than a mere waste of time and force. Indeed, from the literary point of view, I should put it in the forefront of anything I may have done." It has "since been for me one of the pleasantest things in life to look back on. . . . This occasion was in every way a success and constituted a very grateful incident in life—good and altogether pleasant to look back on. It was not marred, as I afterwards realized, by a single untoward incident. . . . What I offered was received with a warmth of applause which I have never elsewhere or on any other occasion had equalled. Most of all, I gratified a large number of most excellent people. Altogether pleasant at the time, it was in

Those who were once his enemies in war, and their descendants, have come to recognize the greatness and goodness of him who was the very incarnation of the Confederate cause, and whom the educated civilized world is beginning to regard as the greatest man of the century which gave him to mankind.

While they begin to discern the beauty, the symmetry, and the majestic proportions of his character, they can never see or know him as the Southern people saw and knew him, in all the grace, and manliness, and glory of his perfect manhood; for to us he was what a true and loving father is to his children, guide, counselor, benefactor, and devoted friend.

And it is this which measurably explains what is, as well the most marked feature of his career as one of the strongest proofs of his true greatness, namely, that he was and continues to be the most beloved man among the masses of the people among whom he lived and whom he served, that this land has ever known.

Not only his soldiers, but the people of the South loved him and still love him with a devotion which is

retrospect an occasion yet more pleasant." See *Charles Francis Adams, 1835–1915, an Autobiography*, 206–208.

In June, 1916, there was placed on the wall of the Lee Memorial Chapel a bronze tablet which bears the following legend:

"Charles Francis Adams
Presented by Southern Men
In Appreciation of
His Friendship for the South
And His Noble Tribute to
Robert Edward Lee."

Above the inscription is a profile of Mr. Adams in bas relief.—Editor

very nearly akin to adoration. Thousands of his soldiers would have esteemed it a privilege to die for him. The world would understand this, if the world could have seen and known him as we saw and knew him.

It would be difficult to conceive of a nobler presence or a more attractive personality than his! A form "of noblest mold" crowned by a countenance perfect in its calm benignity, and manly beauty. Large lustrous dark brown eyes, kindly eyes—honest, earnest eyes—which you saw at once were the windows of a great soul. Eyes that gleamed with a high unfaltering purpose, and a dauntless courage, and could serenely look impending disaster and death in the face; and anon would beam with a loving sympathy and a tenderness which were almost divine. A bearing, simple, graceful, and natural, in which there was modesty without diffidence, and supreme dignity without self-assertion.

It was this actual personal Lee whom his soldiers, and hundreds of thousands of the women and children of the Southern States knew and loved as no leader of men, certainly none of this continent, has ever been loved, before, or since his day.

And this was the Lee who made his home here in Lexington for the last five years of his life on earth, and whom it was the priceless privilege of the men, women and children of this community to see and know, and to honor and to love as no man has ever been beloved by the generous and devoted hearts of a loyal and a grateful people.

This was the Lee who, while the people whom he had led to victory after victory, had been compelled, by exhaustion, to surrender to overwhelming numbers and resources, sitting amid the ashes of their homes and their hopes, still benumbed by the shock of their great disaster, were slowly gathering up their energies to wrest a livelihood for their children from a wasted and desolate land, bade them to trust in God, take hope, and be of good cheer. It was even then that with a prescience which stamps him not only as a statesman, but as a prophet, he saw clearly that immeasurably the most important interest of the South was the education of her children; that through their right training and education alone the people of these states could regain their preëminence and attain to a degree of surpassing prosperity, power and usefulness.

He determined to devote, and he did devote, what was left to him of strength and energy and enthusiasm for the remaining years of his life, to this great cause—the cause of education, and primarily to the education of the young men of the Southern States.

This was the Lee who then accepted the presidency of Washington College.

The institution had then already been enriched by patriotic associations and memories, and appropriately bore the name of the Father of his Country, till then its greatest benefactor; but its walls had been dismantled, its apparatus and educational appliances destroyed, and its small endowment diminished in value, so that the work of its regeneration was almost

as difficult as the building up of a new school would have been.

Here he came on that lovely autumn day of 1865, and from that moment till now, and for all coming time, if the custodians of this university are faithful to their high trust, the influence of his personality, of his character, and his name, is, and will be, a part of the very atmosphere and life and being of this university, as it is now, and must ever be, its most precious possession.

His life and the lessons of his example served while he was here, and will serve for all time, to inculcate in the minds of the ingenuous youth of the country who, if we are true to his memory and his teachings, shall in increasing numbers gather here as the years and the centuries go by, not only the lessons of devotion to civic duty, of duty to man,—but the higher lessons of piety, and religion, of duty to God; for of all the Godly and Christian men who have been connected with this venerable institution as academy, college and university, none were more Godly, none more devout, none more sincere, consistent and humble followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, than the modest Christian gentleman who lies buried over yonder by the chapel for the worship of the living God, which he caused to be erected there.

Well may we cherish his memory.

Well may we again and again recall the lessons of his life and repeat those lessons to our children and our children's children.

Well may we remember the measureless debt of gratitude which the people of this whole land, but particularly the people of Virginia and the Confederate South, and most of all the alumni, students, faculty, and trustees of this university owe to him who was their greatest benefactor.

I have spoken of Lee as a prophet. His was the optimism which came not merely from hope, but was founded in faith,—faith in God, faith in his countrymen, and faith in the free institutions of his country.

In perhaps the darkest hours which followed the surrender of the armies of the Confederacy, when the vials of sectional wrath were being poured out upon a helpless and almost defenseless people, and dark and darkening clouds seemed to cover the political and commercial horizon of the lately Confederated States, General Lee wrote as follows:

"Although the future is still dark, and the prospects gloomy, I am confident that if we all unite in doing our duty, and earnestly work to extract what good we can out of the evil that now hovers over our dear land, the time is not distant when the angry clouds will be lifted from our horizon, and the sun in his pristine brightness shine forth again."

And here to-day, and for all coming time, we who are Virginians can have no nobler motto and no more inspiring call to patriotic duty than the eloquent reply which our immortal commander made to a despairing young Virginian who had inquired of him, "what the

future had in store for us poor Virginians," an answer which deserves to live forever in the hearts of all Virginians:

"You can work for Virginia, to build her up again. You can teach your children to love and cherish her!"

TRIBUTE TO GENERAL LEE AS AN EDUCATOR

By Dr. Henry Louis Smith,
President of Washington and Lee University.

Extract from remarks made in opening the exercises of the Founders' Day celebration, January 19th, 1921.

AMID the wreck and ruin of 1865 the immortal leader of the Confederate armies, a soldier from his youth, finding himself without a professions, ought to re-invest his life for the benefit of his stricken land.

Offers of ease, wealth, leisure, and high position poured in on him from every side. The headship of the Egyptian armies, with a rank next to that of the Khedive himself, a princely estate in England, with all its revenues, a fabulous salary as the nominal head of a great Southern corporation, all these, with the rest and freedom from care which his worn soul and body craved, were laid aside at the call of duty.

Across the Blue Ridge mountains in a borrowed coat, riding a borrowed horse, his traveling expenses met by borrowed funds, the representative of the board of trustees of George Washington's bankrupt and war-wrecked college had come to offer to him the headship of his great kinsman's institution, promising him a salary of $1,500 per annum, but admitting that the institution was already $4,000 in debt for unpaid

salaries and must trust to the General's success as an administrator for its future solvency.

At the opening of the war, with sublime self-sacrifice, General Lee had refused the headship of the Union Armies, and with full knowledge and foresight of the inevitable future, had elected to tread the fiery path to ruin with his native State rather than prove false to his ideals of patriotism and duty.

His choice at its close reached even higher levels of heroic self-sacrifice, and I know of no more pathetic and sublime picture in American history than General Lee, on his warhorse Traveller, making his way alone across the Blue Ridge mountains, and riding quietly into the little village of Lexington to take up the burdens of a new profession and rebuild in a time of universal bankruptcy the fortunes of a disorganized and impoverished institution.

His immortal kinsman, being rich, had endowed the college with his money; General Lee, like his divine Exemplar, being poor and without a place to lay his head, followed His divine example and gave himself—thus enriching the institution for all time.

With tireless devotion, he threw himself into the work of education and administration. With an educational originality many years in advance of his time, he added to the old-fashioned classical curriculum of Washington College, schools of engineering, journalism, commerce, and law; gathered students, teachers, buildings, and endowments on Washington's foundation; fixed for all time the institution's ideals of char-

acter and chivalry; and then, worn out by his ceaseless and indefatigable labors, fell at his post and bequeathed to it his ever-widening influence, his sacred dust, and his incomparable name.

Thus the five years' work of Lee the Educator fittingly crowns and supplements the five stormy years of Lee the Soldier, and undoubtedly, when the long roll is finally called and his contribution to the uplift and betterment of the human race finally assessed and determined, his self-sacrificing labors at Lexington will outshine and outweigh all the more transient glories of his amazing military career.

DEATH AND FUNERAL OF GENERAL LEE

By Col. William Preston Johnston

This contribution by a member of General Lee's faculty was prepared for a Memorial Volume which Washington and Lee University contemplated publishing shortly after the death of General Lee. When this plan was abandoned the manuscript was turned over to Dr. J. William Jones and published in his *Personal Reminiscences of Gen. R. E. Lee*, 446–459. It is here reproduced because Dr. Jones' book in which it appeared has long been out of print.

Death of General Lee

THE death of General Lee was not due to any sudden cause, but was the result of agencies dating as far back as 1863. In the trying campaign of that year, he contracted a severe sore-throat, that resulted in rheumatic inflammation of the sac inclosing the heart. There is no doubt that after this sickness his health was always more or less impaired; and, although he complained little, yet rapid exercise on foot or on horseback produced pain and difficulty of breathing. In October, 1869, he was again attacked by inflammation of the heart-sac, accompanied by muscular rheumatism of the back, right side, and arms. The action of the heart was weakened by this attack; the flush upon the face was deepened, the rheumatism increased, and he was troubled with weariness and depression.

In March, 1870, General Lee, yielding to the so-

licitations of friends and medical advisers, made a six weeks' visit to Georgia and Florida. He returned greatly benefited by the influence of the genial climate, the society of friends of those States, and the demonstrations of respect and affection of the people of the South; his physical condition, however, was not greatly improved. During this winter and spring he had said to his son, General Custis Lee, that his attack was mortal; and had virtually expressed the same belief to other trusted friends. And now, with that delicacy that pervaded all his actions, he seriously considered the question of resigning the presidency of Washington College, "fearful that he might not be equal to his duties." After listening, however, to the affectionate remonstrances of the faculty and board of trustees, who well knew the value of his wisdom in the supervision of the college, and the power of his mere presence and example upon the students, he resumed his labors with the resolution to remain at his post and carry forward the great work he had so auspiciously begun.

During the summer he spent some weeks at the Hot Springs of Virginia, using the baths, and came home seemingly better in health and spirits. He entered upon the duties of the opening collegiate year in September with that quiet zeal and noiseless energy that marked all his actions, and an unusual elation was felt by those about him at the increased prospect that long years of usefulness and honor would yet be added to his glorious life.

Wednesday, the 28th of September, 1870, found General Lee at the post of duty. In the morning he was fully occupied with the correspondence and other tasks incident to his office of President of Washington College, and he declined offers of assistance from members of the faculty, of whose services he sometimes availed himself. After dinner, at four o'clock, he attended a vestry-meeting of Grace (Episcopal) Church. The afternoon was chilly and wet, and a steady rain had set in, which did not cease until it resulted in a great flood, the most memorable and destructive in this region for a hundred years. The church was rather cold and damp, and General Lee, during the meeting, sat in a pew with his military cape cast loosely about him. In a conversation that occupied the brief space preceding the call to order, he took part, and told, with marked cheerfulness of manner and kindliness of tone, some pleasant anecdotes of Bishop Meade and Chief-Justice Marshall. The meeting was protracted until after seven o'clock, by a discussion touching the rebuilding of the church edifice and the increase of the rector's salary. General Lee acted as chairman, and, after hearing all that was said, gave his own opinion, as was his wont, briefly and without argument. He closed the meeting with a characteristic act. The amount required for the minister's salary still lacked a sum much greater than General Lee's proportion of the subscription, in view of his frequent and generous contributions to the church and other charities; but just before the adjourn-

ment, when the treasurer announced the amount of the deficit still remaining, General Lee said, in a low tone: "I will give that sum." He seemed tired toward the close of the meeting, and, as was afterward remarked, showed an unusual flush, but at the time no apprehensions were felt.

General Lee returned to his house, and, finding his family waiting tea for him, took his place at the table, standing to say grace. The effort was vain, the lips could not utter the prayer of the heart. Finding himself unable to speak, he took his seat quietly and without agitation. His face seemed to some of the anxious group about him to wear a look of sublime resignation, and to evince a full knowledge that the hour had come when all the cares and anxieties of his crowded life were at an end. His physicians, Drs. H. T. Barton and R. L. Madison, arrived promptly, applied the usual remedies, and placed him upon the couch from which he was to rise no more. To him henceforth the things of this world were as nothing, and he bowed with resignation to the command of the Master he had followed so long with reverence.

The symptoms of his attack resembled concussion of the brain, without the attendant swoon. There was marked debility, a slightly impaired consciousness, and a tendency to doze; but no paralysis of motion or sensation, and no evidence of softening or inflammation of the brain. His physicians treated the case as one of venous congestion, and with apparently favorable results. Yet, despite these propitious au-

guries drawn from his physical symptoms, in view of the great mental strain he had undergone, the gravest fears were felt that the attack was mortal. He took without objection the medicines and diet prescribed, and was strong enough to turn in bed without aid, and to sit up to take nourishment. During the earlier days of his illness, though inclined to doze, he was easily aroused, was quite conscious and observant, evidently understood whatever was said to him, and answered questions briefly but intelligently; he was, however, averse to much speaking, generally using monosyllables, as had always been his habit when sick. When first attacked, he said to those who were removing his clothes, pointing at the same time to his rheumatic shoulder, "You hurt my arm." Although he seemed to be gradually improving until October 10th, he apparently knew from the first that the appointed hour had come when he must enter those dark gates that, closing, reopen no more to earth. In the words of his physician, "he neither expected nor desired to recover." When General Custis Lee made some allusion to his recovery, he shook his head and pointed upward. On the Monday morning before his death, Dr. Madison, finding him looking better, tried to cheer him: "How do you feel to-day, General?" General Lee replied, slowly and distinctly: "I feel better." The doctor then said: "You must make haste and get well; Traveller has been standing so long in the stable that he needs exercise." The General made no reply, but slowly shook his head and closed his eyes. Several

times during his illness he put aside his medicine, saying, "It is of no use," but yielded patiently to the wishes of his physicians or children, as if the slackened chords of being still responded to the touch of duty or affection.

On October 10, during the afternoon, his pulse became feeble and rapid, and his breathing hurried, with other evidences of great exhaustion. About midnight he was seized with a shivering from extreme debility, and Dr. Barton felt obliged to announce the danger to the family. On October 11th, he was evidently sinking; his respiration was hurried, and his pulse feeble and rapid. Though less observant, he still recognized whoever approached him, but refused to take anything unless presented by his physicians. It now became certain that the case was hopeless. His decline was rapid, yet gentle; and soon after nine o'clock, on the morning of October 12th, he closed his eyes, and his soul passed peacefully from earth.

General Lee's physicians attributed his death in great measure to moral causes. The strain of his campaigns, the bitterness of defeat aggravated by the bad faith and insolence of the victor, sympathy with the subsequent sufferings of the Southern people, and the effort at calmness under these accumulated sorrows, seemed the sufficient and real causes that slowly but steadily undermined General Lee's health and led to his death. Yet to those who saw his composure under the greater and lesser trials of life, and his justice and forbearance with the most unjust and uncharitable,

it seemed scarcely credible that his serene soul was shaken by the evil that raged around him.

General Lee's closing hours were consonant with his noble and disciplined life. Never was more beautifully displayed how a long and severe education of mind and character enables the soul to pass with equal step through this supreme ordeal; never did the habits and qualities of a lifetime, solemnly gathered into a few last sad hours, more grandly maintain themselves amid the gloom and shadow of approaching death. The reticence, the self-contained composure, the obedience to proper authority, the magnanimity, and the Christian meekness, that marked all his actions, still preserved their sway, in spite of the inroads of disease, and the creeping lethargy that weighed down his faculties.

As the old hero lay in the darkened room, or with the lamp and hearth fire casting shadows upon his calm, noble front, all the massive grandeur of his form, and face, and brow, remained; and death seemed to lose its terrors, and to borrow a grace and dignity in sublime keeping with the life that was ebbing away. The great mind sank to its last repose, almost with the equal poise of health. The few broken utterances that evinced at times a wandering intellect were spoken under the influence of the remedies administered; but as long as consciousness lasted, there was evidence that all the high, controlling influences of his whole life still ruled; and even when stupor was laying its cold hand on the intellectual perceptions, the moral nature,

with its complete orb of duties and affections, still asserted itself. A Southern poet has celebrated in song those last significant words, "Strike the tent": and a thousand voices were raised to give meaning to the uncertain sound, when the dying man said, with emphasis, "Tell Hill he *must* come up!" These sentences serve to show most touchingly through what fields the imagination was passing; but generally his words, though few, were coherent; but for the most part indeed his silence was unbroken.

This self-contained reticence had an awful grandeur, in solemn accord with a life that needed no defense. Deeds which required no justification must speak for him. His voiceless lips, like the shut gates of some majestic temple, were closed, not for concealment, but because that within was holy. Could the eye of the mourning watcher have pierced the gloom that gathered about the recesses of that great soul, it would have perceived a Presence there full of an ineffable glory. Leaning trustfully upon the all-sustaining Arm, the man whose stature, measured by mortal standards, seemed so great, passed from this world of shadows to the realities of the hereafter.

Funeral

On the morning of Wednesday, October 12th, the church-bells tolled forth the solemn announcement that General Lee was dead. A whisper had passed from lip to lip that he was sinking; and the anxious hearts of the people understood the signal of bereave-

ment. Without concert of action, labor was suspended in Lexington; all stores, shops, and places of business were closed; and the exercises at the college, military institute, and schools, ceased without formal notice. Little children wept as they went to their homes; the women shed tears as if a dear friend had gone from among them; and the rugged faces of men, inured to hardship of war, blanched as the sorrowful word was spoken. The courtesies and little kindnesses that the departed had strewed with gentle hand among all classes of the community came back; and memory recalled his stately form, not surrounded with the splendor of his fame, but in the softer light of a dear neighbor and friend who had vanished from sight forever. The sense of national calamity was lost in the tenderer distress of personal grief. General and heart-felt mourning followed, and the ordinary pursuits of business were not resumed until the next week.

In all the Southern States the people felt that the death of General Lee was a loss to every community and to each individual. By a common impulse they met in whatever bodies they were accustomed to assemble; and in mass-meetings, corporate bodies, and voluntary societies, passed resolutions and voted addresses of respect and condolence. The pulpit, the bar, the bench, the halls of legislation, municipal authorities, benevolent associations, and all the organizations through which men perform the functions of society, spontaneously offered tributes to the memory of the illustrious dead.

The chosen orators of the land came forward to eulogize his fame. A whole people, who at his counsel had borne in silence five years of accumulated sufferings, gave way to sorrow at the death of their loved leader; but it was a sorrow in which tenderness was exalted by the dignity of the dead, and the bereaved felt that they shared in the heritage of an undying name. It might seem invidious to select from testimonials so general and so honorable any even to serve as illustrations or examples of the universal sorrow; but it may be said of all that never was the sense of public calamity more completely chastened in its expression by deep and real feeling.

The authorities of Washington College having tendered to Mrs. Lee the college chapel as a burial-place for General Lee, the offer was accepted; and 1.30 o'clock P. M. on the 14th of October was the time fixed on for the removal of the remains from the residence of the deceased to the chapel, where they were to lie in state until Saturday, the 15th of October, the day appointed for the burial. At the hour named, the procession to convey the body was formed under the charge of Professor J. J. White as chief-marshal, aided by assistants appointed by the students. The escort of honor consisted of Confederate soldiers, marshaled by the Hon. J. K. Edmondson, late colonel of the Twenty-seventh Virginia Regiment. Following the escort came the hearse, preceded by the clergy, and attended by twelve pall-bearers, representing the trustees, faculty, and students of Washington College,

the authorities of the Virginia Military Institute, the soldiers of the Confederate army, the citizens of Lexington. Just in the rear of the hearse, Traveller, the noble white war horse of General Lee, with saddle and bridle covered with crape, was led by two old soldiers. Then came in order the long procession composed of the college authorities and students, the corps of cadets with their faculty, and the citizens. The body was borne to the college chapel, and laid in state on the dais; the procession passing slowly by, that each one might look upon the face of the dead. The body, attired in a simple suit of black, lay in a metallic coffin, strewed by pious hands with flowers and evergreens. The chapel, with the care of the remains, was then placed in charge of the guard of honor, appointed by the students from their own number. This guard kept watch by the coffin until the interment, and gave to all who desired it the opportunity of looking once more upon the loved and honored face.

On Friday morning, October 14th, the college chapel was filled at nine o'clock with a solemn congregation of students and citizens, all of whom seemed deeply moved by the simple exercises. Rev. Dr. Pendleton read from Psalm XXXVII, 8–11, and 28–40, and with deep feeling applied its lessons to the audience, as illustrated in the life and death of General Lee. The speaker had for forty-five years been intimately associated with this great and good man as fellow student, comrade-in-arms, and pastor; and testified to his singular and consistent rectitude, dignity, and excel-

lence under all the circumstances of life, and to that meekness in him that under the most trying adversity knew not envy, anger or complaint. "The law of God was in his heart," therefore did "none of his steps slide." "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." The minister powerfully illustrated the text of his discourse in the career of this great and good man, and urged his hearers to profit by the example of this servant of the Lord.

The venerable Dr. White, Stonewall Jackson's pastor, and the Rev. John William Jones, of the Baptist Church, who had served as chaplain in the Confederate army, and had since been intimately connected with General Lee, followed with brief but interesting remarks on the Christian character of the deceased.

On the 14th of October, General W. H. F. Lee, Captain Robert E. Lee, and other members of the family, arrived; and on this and the following day delegations from the Legislature of Virginia and from various places in the Commonwealth reached Lexington over roads almost impassable from the ravages of the recent great flood. The flag of Virginia, draped in mourning, hung at half-mast above the college, badges of sorrow were everywhere visible, and a general gloom rested on the hearts of old and young.

Saturday, October 15th, was the day appointed for the funeral. A cloudless sky and a pure, bracing air made a suitable close to the splendid and unsullied career of the man who was now to be consigned to the tomb. It was desired to avoid all mere pageantry and

display, and that all the honors paid should accord with the simple dignity of the dead. This spirit prevailed in all the proceedings, and gave character to the ceremonies of the day.

It was thought proper that those who had followed his flag should lay the honored body of their chief in its last resting place, and the escort of honor of Confederate soldiers, much augmented in numbers, and commanded by General B. T. Johnson, assisted by Colonel Edmondson, Colonel Maury, and Major Dorman, was assigned the post of honor in the procession.

The following account of the ceremonies is taken from a newspaper letter, written at the time, by Rev. J. Wm. Jones:

"The order of the procession was as follows:

Music.
Escort of Honor, consisting of Officers and Soldiers of the Confederate Army.
Chaplain and other Clergy.
Hearse and Pall-Bearers.
General Lee's Horse.
The Attending Physicians.
Trustees and Faculty of Washington College.
Dignitaries of the State of Virginia.
Visitors and Faculty of Virginia Military Institute.
Other Representative Bodies and Distinguished Visitors.
Alumni of Washington College.
Citizens.
Cadets Virginia Military Institute.
Students Washington College as Guard of Honor."

"At ten o'clock precisely the procession was formed on the college grounds in front of the president's house,

and moved down Washington Street, up Jefferson Street to the Franklin Hall, thence to Main Street, where it was joined, in front of the hotel, by the representatives of the State of Virginia and other representative bodies in their order, and by the organized body of the citizens in front of the courthouse.

"The procession then moved by the street to the Virginia Military Institute, where it was joined by the visitors, faculty, and cadets of the institute, in their respective places. The procession was closed by the students of Washington College as a guard of honor, and then moved up through the institute and college grounds to the chapel.

"The procession was halted in front of the chapel, when the cadets of the institute and the students of Washington College were marched through the college chapel past the remains, and were afterward drawn up in two bodies on the south side of the chapel. The remainder of the procession then proceeded into the chapel and were seated under the direction of the marshals. The gallery and side blocks were reserved for ladies.

"As the procession moved off, to a solemn dirge by the institute band, the bells of the town began to toll, and the institute battery fired minute-guns, which were kept up during the whole exercises.

"In front of the National Hotel the procession was joined by the committee of the Legislature, consisting of Colonel W. H. Taylor, Colonel E. Pendleton, W. L. Riddick, Major Kelly, Geo. Walker, Z. Turner, H.

Bowen, T. O. Jackson, and Marshall Hanger; the delegation from the city of Staunton, headed by Colonel Bolivar Christian and other prominent citizens; and such other delegations as had been able to stem the torrents which the great freshet had made of even the smaller streams.

"It was remarked that the different classes who joined in the procession mingled into each other, and that among the boards of the college and institute, the faculties, the students and cadets, the legislative committee, the delegations, and even the clergy, were many who might with equal propriety have joined the soldier guard of honor; for they, too, had followed the standard of Lee in the days that tried men's souls.

"Along the streets the buildings were all appropriately draped, and crowds gathered on the corners and the balconies to see the procession pass. Not a flag floated above the procession, and nothing was seen that looked like an attempt at display. The old soldiers wore their ordinary citizens' dress, with a simple black ribbon in the lapel of their coats; and Traveller, led by two old soldiers, had the simple trappings of mourning on his saddle.

"The Virginia Military Institute was very beautifully draped, and from its turrets hung at half-mast, and draped in mourning, the flags of all of the States of the late Southern Confederacy.

"When the procession reached the institute, it passed the corps of cadets drawn up in line, and a guard of honor presented arms as the hearse passed. When

it reached the chapel, where an immense throng had assembled, the students and cadets, about six hundred and fifty strong, marched into the left door and aisle past the remains and out by the right aisle and door to their appropriate place. The rest of the procession then filed in. The family, joined by Drs. Barton and Madison, the attending physicians, and Colonels W. H. Taylor and C. S. Venable, members of General Lee's staff during the war, occupied seats immediately in front of the pulpit; and the clergy, of whom a number were present, faculty of the college, and faculty of the institute, had places on the platform.

"The coffin was covered with flowers and evergreens, while the front of the drapery thrown over it was decorated with crosses of evergreen and immortelles.

"Rev. Dr. Pendleton, the long intimate personal friend of General Lee, his chief of artillery during the war, and his pastor the past five years, read the beautiful burial service of the Episcopal Church. No sermon was preached, and nothing said besides the simple service, in accordance with the known wishes of General Lee.

"After the funeral services were concluded in the chapel, the body was removed to the vault prepared for its reception, and the concluding services read by the chaplain from the bank on the southern side of the chapel, in front of the vault.

"There was sung, in the chapel, the 124th hymn of the Episcopal collection; and, after the coffin was

lowered into the vault, the congregation sang the grand old hymn,

'How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord.'

"This was always a favorite hymn of General Lee's, and was, therefore, especially appropriate upon this sad occasion.

"The vault is constructed of brick, lined with cement. The top just reaches the floor of the library, and is double capped with white marble, on which is the simple inscription:

'ROBERT EDWARD LEE,
Born January 19, 1807;
Died October 12, 1870.

"This temporary structure is to be replaced by a beautiful sarcophagus, the design of which has been already committed to Valentine, the gifted Virginia sculptor."

The simple services concluded, the great assemblage, with hearts awed and saddened, defiled through the vaulted room in which was the tomb, to pay the last token of respect to the mighty dead. Thus ended the funeral of General Robert E. Lee.

GENERAL LEE'S LAST OFFICE

By Dr. J. William Jones

This brief contribution from the pen of a former Chaplain in the Army of Northern Virginia, who was also a noted author and editor of books and magazines relating to the War of Secession, was published in the *Confederate Veteran* for Sept., 1899.—Editor.

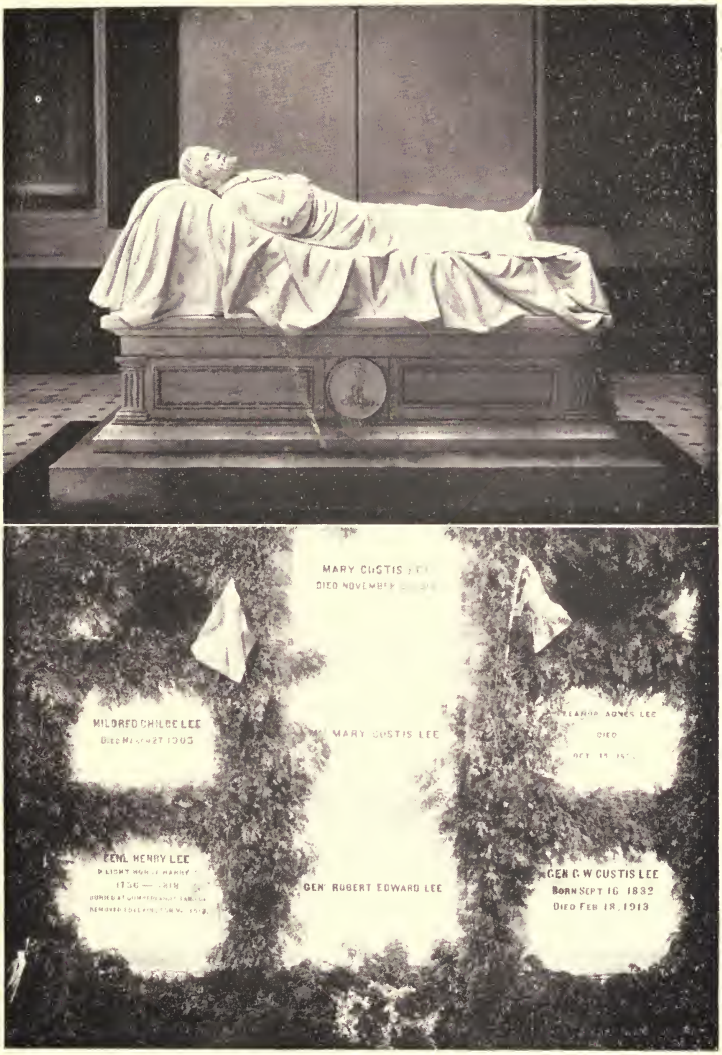
WHEN our great chieftain, after the close of the great "War between the States," turned his back upon offers of pecuniary assistance and positions with large salaries and bright promise of rich emoluments, and went to preside over Washington College, at Lexington, Va., in order, as he expressed it, to "teach young men to do their duty in life," he built with the first money he could secure for the purpose a commodious, neat, and substantial chapel. In the basement of this chapel was the college library, the office of his secretary, and General Lee's own office. This latter was neatly but not extravagantly furnished with desks, bookshelves, chairs, and especially a large round table at which the President sat in an arm-chair, and on which he wrote, with letters, pamphlets, stationery, etc., conveniently arranged and always kept in that neat order which so eminently characterized the man.

Here he received members of the faculty, students, or other visitors with the cordial, easy grace which made a visit to the office so pleasant.

On Wednesday, September 28, 1870, President Lee was at his post of duty, and after attending morning chapel service, as was his wont every day, he went into his office and was busy all the morning with his correspondence, etc. At 3 o'clock he went to his home for dinner, leaving a half-finished letter on his table. At 4 o'clock he presided over an important meeting of the vestry of his Church—Grace Episcopal Church—from which he did not return home until 7 o'clock, finding the family waiting tea for him. He started to ask a blessing, when he was smitten with the fatal disease from which he died soon after 9 o'clock on the morning of October 12.

His office has been kept ever since just as he left it. The half-finished letter, the inkstand, pens, letter heads, pamphlets, packages of letters, college reports, etc., all remind one of the great President who on that day left his busy workshop to enter so soon upon his glorious rest.

The visitor to this Mecca of our Southland—the tomb of Lee and the grave of Stonewall Jackson, Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia,—will be sure to enter this beautiful chapel and look with interest on the pew the lamented President always occupied. Then he will gaze long and with intense gratification on the pure white marble just in the rear of the college platform, in which the genius of Edward Valentine has produced one of the most superb works of art on this continent and given us a veritable "Marse Robert asleep."



Recumbent Statue of General Lee, by Valentine

Mausoleum Beneath the Recumbent Statue

He goes below and gazes with solemn awe on the vault in which sleep the ashes of America's greatest soldier, the world's model man; and then he turns into the office where there are such precious mementos, such hallowed memories of the greatest college President which this country ever produced.

May the office be ever preserved just as he left it, and future generations of students draw inspiration from the precious memories which cluster there!

THE MAUSOLEUM AND RECUMBENT STATUE

By Col. William Allan

This description of the Mausoleum and Recumbent Statue and account of the dedication of the latter was written by a member of General Lee's faculty and of the executive committee of the Lee Memorial Association which was organized to provide a suitable monument expressing the love and veneration of the South for its great leader. It is taken from a pamphet published by the Washington and Lee University shortly after the dedicatory ceremonies in 1883.—Editor.

MRS. MARY CUSTIS LEE was requested by the executive committee [of the Lee Memorial Association], to indicate her preference in regard to the monument to be erected by the association, and at her suggestion, Mr. Ed. V. Valentine, the distinguished Virginian sculptor, was sent for. Mr. Valentine had, the preceding summer, modeled a bust of General Lee from life, which was considered an admirable work of art. Mrs. Lee, after examining a number of drawings and photographs of celebrated works of art, suggested, as a suitable design for the monument, a recumbent figure of General Lee lying asleep upon the field of battle. The design was suggested to her by Rauch's figure of Louise of Prussia in the mausoleum at Charlottenburg. This figure of Lee, somewhat above life size, was to be placed upon a sarcophagus suitably inscribed and decorated. The

whole was to be of white marble and was designed to be placed over the remains of General Lee.

* * * * * * * * *

On April 1, 1875, Mr. Valentine reported the work done, and the association took steps to have the monument brought to Lexington. At this time the students of Richmond College made application for the "privilege of taking charge of the monument when it is sent up to Lexington, and bearing the expenses of its transportation." This kind and courteous proposal was cordially accepted by the executive committee, and the monument was brought by canal from Richmond under an escort of the students of Richmond College. The escort was composed of Messrs. J. T. E. Thornhill, W. M. Turpin, R. H. Pitt, A. M. Harris, H. C. Smith and J. W. Martin, of Virginia; S. S. Woodward of New Jersey; R. T. Hanks, of Alabama, and C. N. Donaldson, of South Carolina. As the figure was being taken from the artist's studio to the boat landing in Richmond, on April 13, a large number of the citizens of Richmond, headed by the students of Richmond College and the First Virginia Regiment, followed in procession to honor the memory of Lee. The monument reached Lexington, April 17, 1875. Mr. Thornhill, in appropriate terms, delivered it to the committee, on whose behalf ex-Gov. John Letcher responded. Addresses were also made on this occasion by Lt. Gen. Early and Col. W. Preston Johnston. The monument was temporarily stored in a room upon

the grounds of Washington and Lee University, and confided, for the time, to the guardianship of the students of that institution.

When the completion of the figure had been assured, the executive committee turned their attention to providing a suitable mausoleum in which it might be placed. Gen. R. D. Lilly was appointed agent to collect funds for this purpose in the winter of 1874–5. . . .

A year now passed, and in May, 1877, J. Crawford Neilson, Esq., a leading architect of Baltimore, offered to furnish a design for the mausoleum. Mr. Neilson's kind offer was accepted and he was invited to visit Lexington. After full conference and investigation Mr. Neilson proposed as the design for the mausoleum a rectangular apse to be placed in the rear of the chapel of the university, where General Lee was buried. His plan was approved and adopted by the Association. As described at the time, it "consists of a fire proof apse, an addition to the rear of the chapel, conforming in material and design to the chapel itself. The lower story is a crypt of massive stone masonry, and the superstructure is built of brick. The interior is encrusted with brick and Cleveland stone, of subdued tints, and is lighted from above. The whole constitutes a solemn and tender memorial of the warrior who rests in peace beneath, surrounded by the ashes of those who were dearest on earth."

* * * * * * * * *

The final arrangements having been completed under the supervision of the architect, Mr. Neilson,

and the artist, Mr. Valentine, the monument was formally transferred to the association by Mr. Valentine on May 7, 1883, and was accepted on their behalf by the Hon. W. A. Anderson, who in fitting terms gave expression to the appreciation and admiration felt by all present as they looked upon the beautiful creation of the genius of Valentine and realized the perfection of the arrangements made by the skill and taste of Mr. Neilson for its preservation and display.

The dimensions of the mausoleum on the ground plan are 31x36 feet. The lower story, which is constructed of coraline limestone to correspond with the basement of the chapel, is a crypt containing cells or receptacles for twenty-eight bodies. Three of these contain the ashes of Gen. R. E. Lee, Mrs. Mary Custis Lee, and Miss Agnes Lee.* Adjoining the crypt, but underneath the chapel, is the room used as an office by General Lee during the later years of his presidency of Washington College, which is preserved as he left it on the day he was taken ill.

The chamber containing the monument is directly over the crypt and is of brick like the corresponding part of the chapel. "The floor of the chamber is tessellated with white-veined marble and encaustic tiles. The walls consist of panels of grayish Indiana marble

* In more recent years the remains of other members of the Lee family have been added, as follows:

Gen. Henry ("Light Horse Harry") Lee, father of Gen. R. E. Lee; Gen. G. W. Custis and Capt. Robert E. Lee, sons of Gen. R. E. Lee; Misses Mildred Childe and Mary Custis Lee, daughters of Gen. R. E. Lee, and Mrs. Julia Carter Lee, second wife of Capt. R. E. Lee.—Editor.

enframed in dark Baltimore pressed brick, and surmounted by semicircular compartments which can be used for *basso-rilievo* medallions. In one of these compartments, immediately facing the chapel, is inscribed the name of General Lee, together with the dates of his birth and death. Immediately around the base of the sarcophagus is a border of dark tiling. The tessellated floor is on the level of the platform of the chapel, which is raised three feet above the floor of the audience chamber.

The figure and couch, which are of statuary marble, are mounted on a sarcophagus simple almost to severity in its order, and which rests on a granite base course. The sides of the sarcophagus are composed of two marble panels each, the space between the panels bearing, in *basso-rilievo*, on the one side the Lee coat of arms, and on the other the arms of Virginia. The head and foot consist of one panel each, the former being ornamented by a simple cross, the latter bearing the legend:

ROBERT EDWARD LEE
Born
January 19, 1807;
Died
October 12, 1870.

"The figure is over life size, and rests upon a heavily draped couch in an attitude of easy repose, the head being elevated to a natural position, with the face turned slightly to the right. The feet are lightly crossed. The right forearm lies across the breast—

the hand holding by simple weight the blanket which covers the lower part of the body—while the left arm is fully extended along the couch, this hand holding the hilt of a sword." The contour of the limbs is easily discerned through the covering which falls over the lower part of the body.

An anti-chamber connects the monument chamber with the chapel and is separated from the former by iron doors. A large arched opening, heavily curtained, leads from the chapel into this ante-chamber. The monument is so placed and the light, which falls from the room, so arranged, that when the curtains are drawn and the iron doors open, the figure can be seen from nearly every part of the floor and galleries of the chapel.

The 28th of June, the day for the public opening of the mausoleum, was the day after the Commencement of Washington and Lee University, the exercises of which had already drawn many persons to Lexington. In addition to these a much larger concourse of ex-Confederate soldiers gathered from every quarter on the day itself. All old Confederates and all admirers of General Lee were invited to attend, and special cards were sent to all former cabinet officers of the Confederate States, the general officers of the Confederate army, the principal officers of the Confederate navy, the members of General Lee's staff, the Governors of the Southern States, the executive and judicial officers of Virginia, and the representatives in Congress and the senators from Virginia. No effort was spared

by the people of Lexington and Rockbridge county to honor the day. Business was suspended, and the people devoted themselves to the exercises of the day, and to entertaining the crowds that came from a distance. Special trains on the Richmond and Allegheny and the Shenandoah Valley railroads brought numbers from every point within reach. A large number of the survivors of the Stonewall Brigade, as well as other commands of the Army of Northern Virginia, were present. Prominent among those on the ground were the Maryland Line, consisting of the survivors of the soldiers and sailors of that State, who had served in the Confederate army and navy. Besides residents of the town and county, there were present among the distinguished persons from a distance, Gen. Wade Hampton, Gen. J. A. Early, Gen. Fitz. Lee, Gen. W. H. F. Lee, Gen. Wm. Terry, Gen. Geo. H. Steuart, Gen. M. D. Corse, Gen. R. D. Lilly, Col. Wm. Norris, Chief of the Confederate Signal Bureau, Col. H. E. Peyton and Col. T. M. R. Talcott, of General Lee's Staff, Col. W. H. Palmer, of Gen. A. P. Hill's Staff, Capt. R. E. Lee, Capt. J. H. H. Figgat, Maj. E. L. Rogers, Judge H. W. Bruce, Judge J. H. Fulton, Hon. C. R. Breckinridge of Arkansas, Father Ryan, Rev. Dr. Alexander, Leigh Robinson, Esq., John J. Williams, Esq., C. W. Button, Esq., and D. Gardiner Tyler, Esq. Mrs. Gen. Stonewall Jackson, Mrs. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, Mrs. Gen. Geo. E. Pickett and Mrs. Carlisle (formerly Mrs. Gen. Geo. B. Anderson), were also present. The

venerable philanthropists, W. W. Corcoran, Esq., of Washington, and the venerable ex-Gov. Wm. Smith, of Virginia, honored the occasion by their presence.

In the morning a procession was formed under General Hampton as chief marshal, which visited the grave of Stonewall Jackson in the Lexington cemetery. Here were seen many touching evidences of the devotion of his people to this great soldier. The soldiers of the Maryland Line, under Gen. G. H. Steuart, who had shared in many of Jackson's campaigns, brought a handsome bronze tablet inscribed with the arms of Maryland, which they placed at the head of his grave. The grave itself was covered with flowers and immortelles placed there by a number of ladies under the direction of Miss Edmonia Waddell. The railing around it was similarly decorated, and at each corner was a shield surrounded by an evergreen wreath, and containing a motto furnished by Mrs. Margaret J. Preston. These mottoes were:

1. "Faith that could not fail nor yield,
Was the legend of his shield."
"Port Republic."

2. "From the land for which he bled,
Honor to the warrior dead."
"Manassas."

3. "From the field of death and fame,
Borne upon his shield he came."
"Chancellorsville."

4. "In the Valley let me lie,
Underneath God's open sky."
"Lexington."

More precious still was the silent tear which forced its way to the eye of many an old soldier as the green grave brought the scenes of twenty years ago before his sight. Among the beautiful incidents of the day was the following: The daughter of Ex-President Davis, Miss Winnie Davis, had sent to General Early two floral designs composed entirely of immortelles and made to represent the Confederate battle flag. They were exquisite in design and finish. One was intended for the grave of Lee and the other for that of Jackson. General Early selected Miss Carrie W. Daniel, the little ten-year-old daughter of the orator of the day, to place the tribute upon Jackson's grave. The tomb of Lee had been beautifully decorated with evergreens and flowers by a committee of the ladies of Lexington under the direction of Mrs. Gen. Edwin G. Lee. Amid these decorations was placed the Confederate battle flag in immortelles. After the ceremonies of the day were over, many a bronzed and gray-headed soldier might have been seen culling some of these beautiful immortelles from the graves of Lee and Jackson to commit as a sacred memento to the keeping of his children.

The procession returned from the cemetery to the grounds of Washington and Lee University, where in front of the chapel a stand and seats had been placed for the accommodation of the audience and speaker. The day was a propitious one. It was rainless, cool and bright. By 11 o'clock a mass of from 8,000 to 10,000 people filled the grounds. As many of them as

could get within sound of the orator's voice gathered about the stand, and listened with absorbed attention. In the absence of Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, who was detained at home by serious illness, Lt. General Early introduced Maj. Daniel, who for three hours held his audience by the spell of his eloquence, moving it now to applause, and now to tears. At the close of the speech, General Early called upon Father Ryan to recite his poem, "The Sword of Lee." As the poet's voice gradually rose and spread over the throng the intense emotion with which his form and his words were filled spread, too, and fairly thrilled the great audience.

The moment for the unveiling of the figure was then announced by a salute fired by the survivors of the "Rockbridge Artillery," who used for the purpose two guns which had constituted a part of their armament at the first battle of Manassas. These guns were part of the cadet battery used by Stonewall Jackson when a professor at the Virginia Military Institute, and are now again in the keeping of that institution. Some fifty of the former members of this famous artillery company had assembled for the occasion, and under Col. Wm. T. Poague, who had long been their captain, for a few moments resumed their former organization and duties. What memories of the past, what deeds of daring, and what days of toil, what moving incidents of camp and field did the sound of those guns recall as those old soldiers looked into the faces or grasped the hands they had not seen or felt for eighteen years!

As the guns opened fire the chapel and mausoleum were thrown open, the figure was unveiled by Miss Julia Jackson (daughter of Stonewall Jackson), and the vast throng began to move through the building to view it. For many hours the current continued its steady flow, and indeed only ceased at nightfall. Meantime the hospitable town and county was entertaining the crowd of strangers. The houses of citizens of the town were everywhere thrown open, and handsome entertainments were provided at many of them. In addition to this, a lunch, provided by the citizens of the county and town, was served on the university grounds to several thousand people.

The evening fell upon a day forever marked in the annals of Lexington. It was felt by all that Valentine's chisel had created a worthy memorial of Lee, and that Daniel, in words not less fitting had committed it to the keeping of the future.

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APPENDIX

Letter of General Lee to Lord Acton

This letter, written while General Lee was President of Washington College, is unique, since its author was extremely cautious and reticent among his own people on the subject which he here discussed freely with his foreign correspondent. It will be found in Lord Acton's *Correspondence*, I, 302–305.—Editor.

Lexington, Vir.,
15 Dec., 1866.

Sir,—Although your letter of the 4th ulto. has been before me some days unanswered, I hope you will not attribute it to a want of interest in the subject, but to my inability to keep pace with my correspondence. As a citizen of the South I feel deeply indebted to you for the sympathy you have evinced in its cause, and am conscious that I owe your kind consideration of myself to my connection with it. The influence of current opinion in Europe upon the current politics of America must always be salutary; and the importance of the questions now at issue in the United States, involving not only constitutional freedom and constitutional government in this country, but the progress of universal liberty and civilization, invests your proposition with peculiar value, and will add to the obligation which every true American must owe you for your efforts to guide that opinion aright. Amid

the conflicting statements and sentiments in both countries, it will be no easy task to discover the truth, or to relieve it from the mass of prejudice and passion, with which it has been covered by party spirit. I am conscious of the compliment conveyed in your request for my opinion as to the light in which American politics should be viewed, and had I the ability, I have not the time to enter upon a discussion, which was commenced by the founders of the constitution and has been continued to the present day. I can only say that while I have considered the preservation of the constitutional power of the General Government to be the foundation of our peace and safety at home and abroad, I yet believe that the maintenance of the rights and authority reserved to the states and to the people, not only essential to the adjustment and balance of the general system, but the safeguard to the continuance of a free government. I consider it as the chief source of stability to our political system, whereas the consolidation of the states into one vast republic, sure to be aggressive abroad and despotic at home, will be the certain precursor of that ruin which has overwhelmed all those that have preceded it. I need not refer one so well acquainted as you are with American history, to the State papers of Washington and Jefferson, the representatives of the federal and democratic parties, denouncing consolidation and centralization of power, as tending to the subversion of State Governments, and to despotism. The New England states, whose citizens are the fiercest oppo-

nents of the Southern states, did not always avow the opinions they now advocate. Upon the purchase of Louisiana by Mr. Jefferson, they virtually asserted the right of secession through their prominent men; and in the convention which assembled at Hartford in 1814, they threatened the disruption of the Union unless the war should be discontinued. The assertion of this right has been repeatedly made by their politicians when their party was weak, and Massachusetts, the leading state in hostility to the South, declares in the preamble to her constitution, that the people of that commonwealth "have the sole and exclusive right of governing themselves as a free sovereign and independent state, and do, and forever hereafter shall, exercise and enjoy every power, jurisdiction, and right which is not, or may hereafter be by them expressly delegated to the United States of America in congress assembled." Such has been in substance the language of other State governments, and such the doctrine advocated by the leading men of the country for the last seventy years. Judge Chase, the present Chief Justice of the U. S., as late as 1850, is reported to have stated in the Senate, of which he was a member, that he "knew of no remedy in case of the refusal of a state to perform its stipulations," thereby acknowledging the sovereignty and independence of state action. But I will not weary you with this unprofitable discussion. Unprofitable because the judgment of reason has been displaced by the arbitrament of war, waged for the purpose as avowed of maintaining the union

of the states. If, therefore, the result of the war is to be considered as having decided that the union of the states is inviolable and perpetual under the constitution, it naturally follows that it is as incompetent for the general government to impair its integrity by the exclusion of a state, as for the states to do so by secession; and that the existence and rights of a state by the constitution are as indestructible as the union itself. The legitimate consequence then must be the perfect equality of rights of all the states; the exclusive right of each to regulate its internal affairs under rules established by the constitution, and the right of each state to prescribe for itself the qualifications of suffrage. The South has contended only for the supremacy of the constitution, and the just administration of the laws made in pursuance of it. Virginia to the last made great efforts to save the union, and urged harmony and compromise. Senator Douglass, in his remarks upon the compromise bill recommended by the committee of thirteen in 1861, stated that every member from the South, including Messrs. Toombs and Davis, expressed their willingness to accept the proposition of Senator Crittenden from Kentucky, as a final settlement of the controversy, if sustained by the republican party, and that the only difficulty in the way of an amicable adjustment was with the republican party. Who then is responsible for the war? Although the South would have preferred any honorable compromise to the fratricidal war which has taken place, she now accepts in good faith its constitutional

results, and receives without reserve the amendment which has already been made to the constitution for the extinction of slavery. That is an event that has been long sought, though in a different way, and by none has it been more earnestly desired than by citizens of Virginia. In other respects I trust that the constitution may undergo no change, but that it may be handed down to succeeding generations in the form we received it from our forefathers. The desire I feel that the Southern states should possess the good opinion of one whom I esteem as highly as yourself, has caused me to extend my remarks farther than I intended, and I fear it has led me to exhaust your patience. If what I have said should serve to give any information as regards American politics, and enable you to enlighten public opinion as to the true interests of this distracted country, I hope you will pardon its prolixity.

In regard to your inquiry as to my being engaged in preparing a narrative of the campaigns in Virginia, I regret to state that I progress slowly in the collection of the necessary documents for its completion. I particularly feel the loss of the official returns showing the small numbers with which the battles were fought. I have not seen the work by the Prussian officer you mention and therefore cannot speak of his accuracy in this respect.—With sentiments of great respect, I remain your obt. servant,

R. E. Lee.

Sir John Dalberg Acton.

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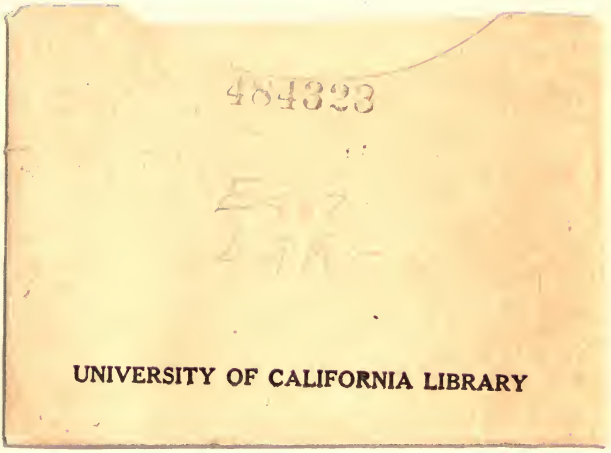
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