

had so long been raging between the Northern and Southern States on the question of slavery, was then about to blaze up into a furious fratricidal war. How carefully the Southern leaders had prepared for this event, or how well they laid their plans to secure the independence of the South need not here be noted. Lee was not a politician; but he was endowed with the true spirit of Southern chivalry; he was an aristocratic Virginian, and his patriotism prompted him to place his sword at the service of his native State. On the 25th April, 1861, he therefore resigned his commission in the United States Army, and repaired to Richmond, where he was placed in chief command of the Virginia quota of the Confederate Army. His summer campaign in 1861 in the mountain regions of Virginia was not very important, the organization of the army at that time being but very incomplete. On his return to Richmond he was placed at the head of the War Department, and busied himself throughout the winter in completing the organization of the Confederate Army and preparing for the summer campaign of 1862. On the 31st May of that year, General J. E. Johnstone, of the Confederate Army, having been wounded at the battle of Fair Oaks, General Lee was appointed to the chief command of the army charged with the defence of Richmond, and thus found himself confronted with his old friend and companion in arms, General McClellan, who was by long odds the best military leader the North ever sent into the field. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that had not McClellan been thwarted by the politicians, wirepullers and jobbers who then carried on the Government business at Washington, General Lee's military career would have been shorter and somewhat less brilliant. McClellan was advancing on Richmond with a formidable army; but he was trusting to, and had sent urgent messages to Washington for supports that never came; and Lee fell upon him, June 1st, within the very sight of Richmond, when ensued the ever memorable Seven Days' fighting. This unparalleled series of engagements—fighting by day, and retreating or following up by night—closed with Lee's decisive victory at Malvern Hill, when McClellan had to betake his battered and beaten troops to the boats on the James River and land them at Alexandria. The political bitterness which had helped to defeat McClellan and confer upon Lee the laurels of such an unexampled triumph, still further favoured the success of the latter by removing the only soldier of the North fit to contend with him, and placing the braggart and incompetent Gen. Pope in chief command of the Potomac. With a largely increased force Gen. Pope advanced, his "headquarters in the saddle," as he pompously announced, and as some wag has remarked, where "his hindquarters ought to have been." His rout by the Confederate forces under Lee was finished at the second battle of Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862, and was one of the most complete and—to the North—the most disgraceful which the whole history of the war records. Pope's shattered and disorganized army fled precipitately upon Washington within about two months of his having taken command; and the advance of Lee's army into northern territory—a questionable move—in Sept. of the same year, compelled the Washington authorities to again invite McClellan to take the supreme command. McClellan endeavoured to check the Confederate advance, and early in September contested, unsuccessfully, the battle of South Mountain. The victorious Confederates, under Lee, with the famous "Stonewall" Jackson, Longstreet, Stuart, and other illustrious characters in high command, advanced northward, captured Harper's Ferry with eleven thousand prisoners, and invaded the State of Maryland. On the bloody field of Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862, Gen. Lee's forces sustained a severe check at the hands of Gen. McClellan's command. Though the battle was what may be styled a "drawn" one, neither party losing ground, yet the substantial victory remained with the North, for Lee, unable to hold his position in the enemy's country, immediately retreated to the south bank of the Potomac; that he was not pursued is, perhaps, the best proof of the severity of the engagement. On the 5th November of the same year, McClellan, whose wise caution was distasteful to Northern stupidity, was again removed, and a second edition of Pope was put in command of the Northern army, in the person of General Burnside. The battle of Fredericksburg, fought between the 12th and 16th of December, 1862, in which the Northerners were completely routed and slaughtered like sheep, added another to the many laurels already won by Gen. Lee; though in this case, as in some others, it can hardly be said that he met a "foeman worthy of his steel." Lee was yet destined to dispose of another Northern general. Burnside, overcome with the disgrace which attached to his name from the murderous slaughter at Fredericksburg, immediately asked to be relieved, and in the following month, January, 1863, he was succeeded by General Hooker. "Fighting Joe," as he was familiarly called, was a brave soldier and

a good man, but a general he certainly was not. After some months' delay, probably spent in the effort to repair the damage caused by the disasters of his predecessor, Hooker again advanced upon Lee's line of the Rappahannock, which that sagacious general had chosen as his line of defence. On the 30th of April Hooker crossed the Rappahannock, and the following day began the great battle of Chancellorsville. The defeat of the Northerners during the three or four days' fighting which ensued was complete—it was, in fact, a second Fredericksburg—and the only event which embittered its recollection to the Southern heart was the fall of the redoubtable "Stonewall" Jackson, who was mortally wounded on the second day. General Lee was now destined to meet another commander of the Northern army; and, perhaps, the only one next to McClellan who really was fitted for the command of troops. "Fighting Joe," having been utterly disgraced by the disastrous battle of Chancellorsville, was succeeded by General Meade. Lee made another dash across the Potomac, and this time invaded Pennsylvania. Meade gave him battle at Gettysburg, and though through the first day's fighting, July 1st, 1863, the Confederates were successful, yet the operations of the two following days, having exhausted the Confederate ammunition and otherwise inflicted severe losses upon them, left General Meade the undoubted conqueror of the field, and Lee was fain to retreat across the Potomac as best he could after the severest reverse that up to that time had ever befallen him. General Grant was the next Northern commander whom Lee, with his exhausted army destitute of supplies and thinned by the fortunes of war, had to meet. Grant took the field with a force immensely larger than any other Northern General. He again tried to break the line of the Rappahannock in spite of the sad fate of Pope, Burnside, and "Fighting Joe;" but three or four terrible defeats from Lee's army, including the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, &c., in which it is recorded that the North lost more than one hundred thousand men, taught him that Lee's strategy was superior to any dogged resolution to "fight it out on this line." Grant made a handsome tribute to his own incapacity, to Lee's genius, and to McClellan's generalship when he abandoned that "line," on which he promised to "fight it out," and fell back upon McClellan's strategy of two years before, by crossing the James River and investing Petersburg. Even in this movement Lee again outgeneralled Grant in as far as his diminished forces would permit. The Northerners, now reinforced by the negroes, still suffered disastrous repulses, in one of which they lost six thousand men. At length, by the operations of other Federal Generals—such as Sherman and Sheridan—in the heart of the Southern States, the Confederacy was completely riddled; Sheridan came to the support of Grant at the siege of Petersburg; Lee's entrenchments had to be surrendered, Petersburg, and, by consequence, Richmond to be abandoned. Grant, by a rapid movement, cut off Lee's retreat towards Lynchburg, and overtaking the flying Confederates at Appomatox Court House, demanded their immediate surrender. Lee and Grant had a conference to arrange terms, and on Sunday, April 9th, 1865, the army of Northern Virginia capitulated, Gen. Lee surrendering his sword to Gen. Grant. The conditions granted were most liberal, the whole force being at once paroled, with permission to return to their homes, and the officers permitted to retain their side-arms, and each of the field officers one horse. This ended Gen. Lee's military career for ever.

The sympathy and admiration which his heroic defence of Richmond had created, did not desert him when the cause was lost. On the contrary, both in North and South of the once again united Republic, his genius and his virtues were freely acknowledged and loudly praised. After the war much regret was expressed for the spoliation of his magnificent mansion on Arlington Heights, on the south bank of the Potomac. Lee had been, before the war, a very wealthy man; at the close of the struggle he found himself penniless. Life had been risked and fortune sacrificed for what he considered the cause of his native State. But the people soon found a mode of shewing their appreciation of his merits, and in a manner which must have been equally gratifying to his tastes and grateful to his feelings. The Presidency of Washington College, Lexington, Va., was handsomely endowed, and General Lee was invited to take the office. He yielded to the general wish, and on the 2nd of October, just six months after he had been compelled to abandon his entrenchments at Petersburg, he was installed as President of this seat of learning, which soon afterwards was crowded with students from all parts of the country, but especially from the South. Up to the hour of his death he continued unostentatiously to discharge the duties belonging to this office, losing none of the respect or esteem which his honourable career had won for him. We close our somewhat long account of his career with

the following extract from a graphic sketch which appeared in the *Montreal Daily News*:

"Lee, physically, was a perfect man—full six feet high, and of an imposing appearance; he had an eye as bright as the eagle, it was clear black, and with a world of kindness and sympathy; his hair and beard, time, care and anxiety had whitened. In his dress he was decidedly negligent; he cared nothing for the insignia, the splendour of rank. The stars on his shoulders were the only evidence of his exalted position. Feathers and lace he left to Stuart and others. And yet how nobly dignified, how affable, how modest, how chivalrous, how perfect a Bayard he was; the humblest soldier might obtain a hearing, and justice at his hand every man might be assured of."

JAMES SYME, F.R.S.E., D.C.L.

The name of Syme has been identified with British Surgery for over forty years; without doubt he occupied a foremost position amongst modern surgeons. His natural endowments were such as to render him more than ordinarily successful in whatever he undertook. He was cool and collected, ever ready at resources, clear in judgment, and not biased by whatever might be considered authoritative. Ever ready to act, and act on his own judgment, he possessed great originality, which was tempered by unusual sagacity. He has given to surgery many improvements in operative procedures which bear his name, and which have done more for suffering humanity than all the discoveries of modern times. How can we compare the lasting benefits derived by excisions of joints which he reintroduced into practice with the discovery of anaesthetics, the one giving to the patient a permanently useful limb, the other equally beneficial, though of temporary good in saving shock to the nervous system, and thereby seconding, as it were, the surgeon's knife. Mr. Syme could not be called a showy operator. His operations were performed with care and deliberation, as he always kept in view the safety of his patient; but though deliberate and perhaps slow, his operations were characterised by quiet decision; on all occasions he seemed to have decided exactly what he intended to do, and in doing it there was neither hurry, nor unnecessary delay. Mr. Syme was fully alive to the importance, to the practical surgeon, of a careful study of anatomy. It appears that the collateral branches of Medical Science had for him no special interest. Nearly all his writings have reference to the nature and treatment of such diseases and accidents as are amenable and capable of benefit through the surgeon's knife, or by external mechanical contrivance. He fully knew his *forte* and followed it wisely. As a bed-side teacher he was unequalled; his diagnostic skill was at times almost miraculous and his explanations simple, graphic and to the point.

His powers of imparting knowledge were very considerable, as he not only taught by speech but by example. Many of the best operators of the day owe to Mr. Syme suggestions received during their pupilage, which have been found invaluable in after life, and which they freely acknowledge.

James Syme was born at Edinburgh on the 7th November, 1799. He was educated chiefly at the High School in that city, and as his father was in good circumstances he enjoyed the advantage of a private tutor. As a boy he had few associates, and was especially fond of chemical experiments and anatomy. He at first selected the legal profession, but soon relinquished that vocation and commenced the study of medicine under the instruction of Dr. Barclay. Within the first year of his pupilage he discovered a new solvent for caoutchouc, by distillation from coal-tar. By means of this solvent he rendered a silk cloak water-proof, and also made flexible tubes of the same substance. He was advised by his friends to seek for a patent, but in those days all considerations of trade were regarded as inconsistent with the pursuit of a profession, and he wrote a letter to Dr. Thompson, editor of the *Annals of Philosophy*, describing the whole process. Subsequently Mr. Mackintosh, of Glasgow, obtained a patent for making water-proof cloth, using the same material as a solvent that had been described by Syme, some two years previously—Syme shortly afterwards entered as a pupil at a private school of anatomy, opened by his cousin, Mr. Liston. He very shortly accepted the post of Demonstrator of Anatomy to the school.

In 1822 he obtained the Membership of the College of Surgeons of London; returning to Edinburgh he took Mr. Liston's place as private lecturer on anatomy. The following year he obtained the Fellowship of the College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, and from that time forth set himself earnestly to work, having but one object in view, that of becoming a thorough practical surgeon. In 1829, after failing to obtain an appointment in the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, he established at his own expense a private hospital, as he knew that without a hospital no man could become a practical surgeon; one great inducement to this step was the fact that at that time his lectures on surgery were attended by a large class of students, this was more remarkable as competition was keen between himself and other surgeons of acknowledged eminence, who were lecturing on the same branch. His surgical lectures and clinical instruction was recognized by the College of Surgeons, London. In 1833 he effected an arrangement with Mr. Russell, who held the chair of Clinical Surgery in the Edinburgh University; this was with consent of the University authorities, and he succeeded that gentleman as Clinical Professor. From this time he continued to teach Clinical Surgery in the University, and secured so high a reputation as a clinical teacher, that a requisition was made to him on the death of Mr. Liston to remove to London. This offer he was induced to accept in 1848, and he received the appointment of Professor of Clinical Surgery in University College. This office he shortly afterwards resigned and returned to his former seat of learning, and again received the Clinical Chair in Edinburgh, which was still vacant. Here he continued his labours with unremitting energy up to within a few months of his death. In 1868 his judgment was clear and vigorous, and in bodily strength, considering his age, he was robust. He was able to make frequent journeys by rail between Edinburgh and London, as he was a prominent member of the Medical Council of Great Britain, and so clear was his intellect that his colleagues in the Council had marked him out to be the successor to Dr. Burrows in the Presidential Chair.

Early in April, 1869, he suffered an attack of partial paralysis, which obliged him to relinquish all public appointments. A second attack which he suffered from early in this year, was quickly followed by a third and fourth seizure, which terminated in death, on the 26th June, 1870, his intellect remaining clear and unimpaired to the last.—*Canada Medical Journal*.