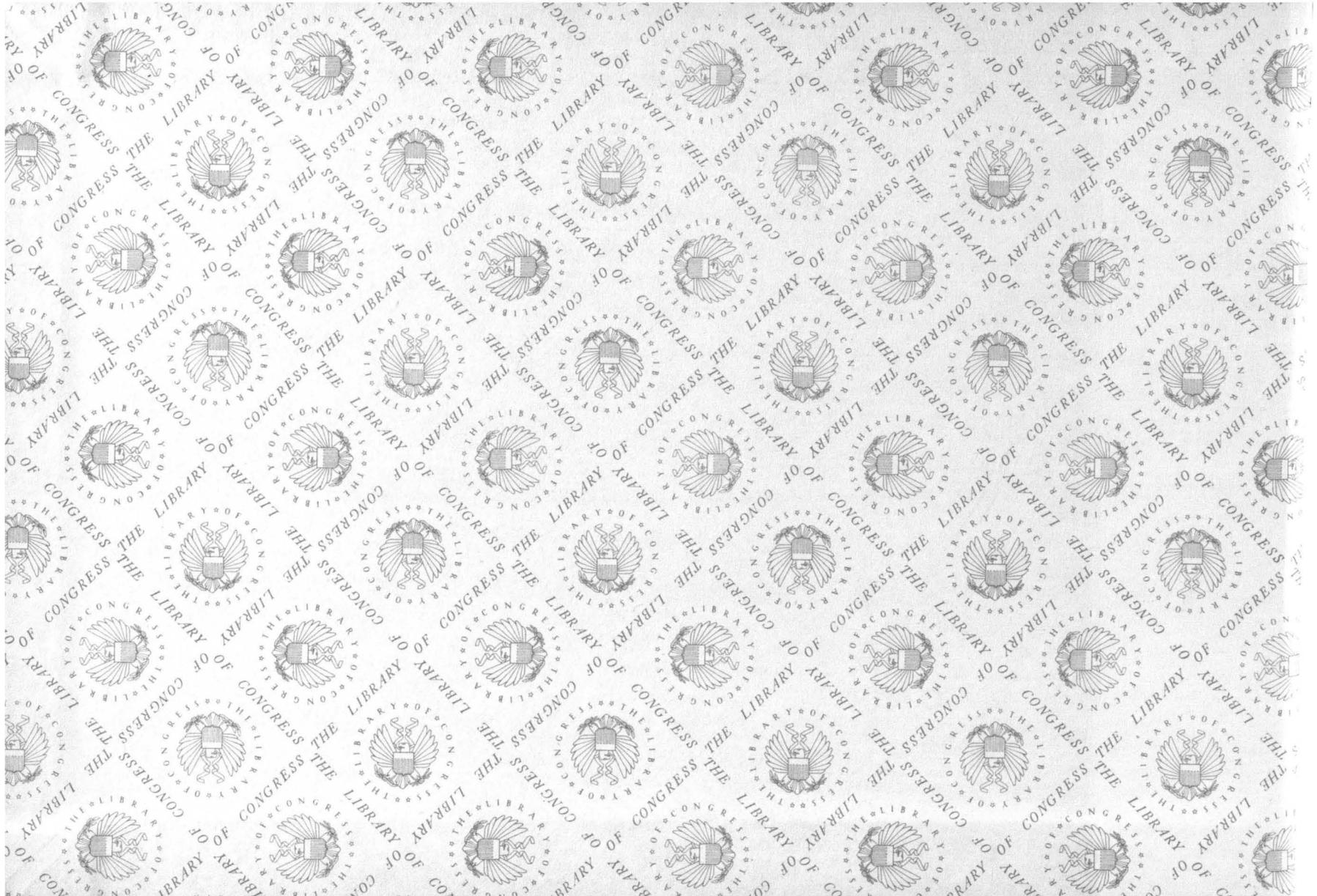


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UNITED STATES
NATIONAL MILITARY CEMETERY
ARLINGTON

3/15/88

ILLUSTRATED, COMPILED AND PUBLISHED BY
WILLIAM V BENGOUGH for
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DESCRIPTIVE SUMMARY.

ARLINGTON is located upon the south side of the Potomac River opposite Washington, two hundred feet above and half a mile distant from the river, and may be reached from Washington by four routes, all beginning at the bridge connecting Georgetown with the Virginia shore of the Potomac. The oldest and most picturesque road leads past the front of the estate to Alexandria, and entrance may be had at any of the three memorial gates and thence up the winding road to the front of the mansion. The electric cars also run past the front of the grounds parallel with this old road, stopping at the Sheridan gate.

Leading to the rear of the grounds on to their level is the military road through Fort Myer, in dry weather in excellent condition. Electric cars also land passengers at this entrance, running hourly and returning ten minutes after each hour.

Arlington is the largest of all national cemeteries, containing the remains of almost seventeen thousand soldiers, many having been buried here since the war. The graves of the private soldiers are designated by the small plain headstones, adopted for all national cemeteries in 1872, inscribed with the name of the soldier, the state he served and his number on the rolls of honor kept in the War Department, and containing in all the names of 250,000 dead.

The officers' memorials are of various designs, some of them very beautiful and dignified. Many of the wives and daughters of those resting here have by the privilege accorded them been buried beside their loved ones. The remains of eleven revolutionary officers are also here.

On the walls of the old mansion are maps showing the location of each grave, and also framed copies of President Lincoln's famous Gettysburg address, and other notable extracts from orations delivered on fitting occasions.

The principal features of the cemetery are illustrated in the following pages.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

ARLINGTON was originally part of a grant of 6,000 acres, given to Robert Howsen by the colonial governor in 1669. After passing through various hands, 1,160 acres was purchased by Hon. John Custis for eleven thousand pounds. It passed from him to his son, Daniel Parke Custis, who married Martha Danbridge. Upon the early death of her husband she became the wife of George Washington, and together they cared for the estate until her son, John Parke Custis, became of age. He was married and lived here, but died at the siege of Yorktown, leaving two infants, who were adopted by Washington. In 1802 George Washington Parke Custis attained his majority, and began the erection of the present mansion, finishing it the following year. Here he lived with his wife and children fifty years, entertaining in the generous manner of his time. Colonel Robert E. Lee married Mary Custis in 1831, and they continued to live here until the Civil War began, when, upon their departure, the United States government took possession and converted it into a military camp and hospital, and finally in 1864 the cemetery was established.



VIEW OF WASHINGTON

As seen from the Flagstaff.

The towering shaft of Washington's Monument rising glittering in the sun, the distant Domes of the Capitol and new Congressional Library outlined delicately against the sky to the right, the War and Navy Departments upon the left, and the softened details of the whole city lying together clear and ethereal as a dream.



THE McCLELLAN GATE.

UPON THE OLD ROAD FROM GEORGETOWN TO ALEXANDRIA, WHICH WAS THE ORIGINAL ROAD OF ENTRANCE TO THE GROUNDS, ARE THREE BEAUTIFUL MEMORIAL GATES. THE PICTURE ABOVE SHOWS THE ONE IN HONOR OF MC'CLELLAN, IN SUMMER BEAUTIFIED BY THE CLUSTERING MASSES OF GREEN VINES, WHICH RELIEVE ITS SOLIDITY AND GIVE IT A GREAT APPEARANCE OF AGE. -

ARLINGTON.

LIFE'S fight is past, and here upon this old historic spot have come the weary ones for rest, their last long peaceful sleep beneath the smiling sun, out under these spreading oaks, and amid the cedars and the pines of lasting green. The squirrels play in safety here around the little headstones, the birds carol their bright notes, and the sunlight sparkles through the leaves, and all in peace watch over the long, long rows of graves, where seventeen thousand heroes lie, their bodies joining again with the elements whence they came, but their spirits living on forever in the hearts of all.

From far and near they have been gathered here, to lie in honor, facing the Capital, which embodies all they died to save. Beautiful City! softened by the distance, stretching out before the view in all its delicate splendor, the huge white shaft to Washington's memory overtopping all the scene, pointing upwards, and leading our thoughts up to the high ideal of patriotism, which, begun by him, has been sacredly followed by these thousands who lie about us here.

Intimately connected, too, is the early history of this beautiful spot with Washington's name and with many



**THE MANSION FROM THE
FRONT OF SHERIDAN'S
MONUMENT.**

**War's reverses are nowhere
exhibited with greater force than
here, where the proud monu-
ment to Sheridan stands fronting
the very entrance to his enemy's
former home.**



GRAVE OF THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

The Inscription on the Memorial Reads:

BENEATH THIS STONE REPOSE THE BONES OF TWO THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED AND ELEVEN UNKNOWN SOLDIERS, GATHERED AFTER THE WAR FROM THE FIELDS OF BULL RUN AND THE ROUTE TO THE RAPPAHANNOCK. THEIR REMAINS COULD NOT BE IDENTIFIED BUT THEIR NAMES AND DEATHS ARE RECORDED IN THE ARCHIVES OF THEIR COUNTRY, AND ITS GRATEFUL CITIZENS HONOR THEM AS OF THEIR NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS. MAY THEY REST IN PEACE. SEPTEMBER, A. D. 1866.

others of the great names at the beginning of the century, and the story of the manner in which this old estate came into its present use is filled with interest, forming a connecting chain between the old colonial life of Virginia down through the early days of the Republic, to the culmination of the civil war, which fixed its destinies for all time.

The earliest records of the estate describe it as being part of the original patent of 6,000 acres granted by the Colonial Governor of Virginia, Sir William Berkeley, in October, 1669, to Robert Howsen. About that time General Robert E. Lee's ancestor, Richard Lee, and the founder of the family in Virginia, also received various land grants in York County from this generous governor. This portion of Robert Howsen's estate, consisting of 1,160 acres, was subsequently sold to Gerrard Alexander, who devised it to his son on August 9, 1700.

Colonel Daniel Parke, also a native of York County, became attached to the English army, serving as aide-de-camp to the first Duke of Marlborough. He took part in the famous battle of Blenheim, and was selected for the honor of bearing the news of victory to Queen Anne. He was rewarded by her by being made Governor of the Leeward Islands, and he returned eventually to Virginia to enjoy the repose of his declining years. His daughter

Early
History.



**THE ORD AND WIETZEL
GATE.**

This perfectly graceful memorial is the most northerly of the gates on the Georgetown road, giving entrance to the lower end of the Cemetery, where the rows of little gravestones run close to the old stone wall.



THE OLD STABLE.

THIS IS IN THE REAR OF THE MANSION, SEPARATED FROM IT BY A SLIGHT HOLLOW IN THE LAWN, AND LIKE ALL THE ORIGINAL BUILDINGS IT IS IN HARMONY WITH THE DESIGN OF THE MANSION ITSELF. IT IS SCREENED FROM VIEW BY A CRESCENT SHAPED HEDGE WHICH HAS GROWN HIGH ENOUGH TO SECLUDE THIS HOMELY OLD SPOT FROM THE OFFICERS' GRAVES WHICH LIE IN FRONT.

married the Hon. John Custis, of Virginia, and they took up their abode on the eastern shore of Virginia in the county of Northampton, but upon purchasing this estate from Gerrard Alexander for the sum of eleven thousand pounds they came here to live.

Mrs. Custis evidently inherited her distinguished father's martial spirit, for their domestic life appears to have been a long campaign, in which the peaceful gentleman seems to have been put to rout, for in making his will he left explicit instructions to his son and heir, Daniel Parke Custis, for the erection of a monument to cost five hundred pounds sterling, upon which was to be inscribed:

“Under this marble tomb lies the body of the Hon. John Custis, Esq., of the City of Williamsburg and Parish of Bruton, formerly of Hungar's Parish, on the Eastern Shore of Virginia, and County of Northampton, aged 71 years, and yet lived but seven years, which was the space of time he kept a bachelor's home at Arlington, on the Eastern Shore of Virginia.”

So while he may been subdued when alive, he succeeded in getting “The last word in the ear of posterity.”

Before his death his heir had also given him cause for complaint by his headstrong refusal to marry the high-born heiress who had been chosen for him by his parents,



THE SHERIDAN GATE

Rising dignified and glistening white in the sun or relieved in delicate shadow against the lighter sky, as in a picture, this monument to the dashing Sheridan frames the distant shining and all pervading monument to the first great soldier of the land.

Martha Dandridge. and defiantly insisted upon marrying Martha Dandridge, the beautiful belle of the Colonial capital, Williamsburg.

This threatened a serious break in the discordant family, but upon an occasion arising, which gave Martha an opportunity to display her charms, she captured the old gentleman's heart and good will, and he surrendered unconditionally, and gave the young couple his blessing, and the marriage took place in due time.

Thus, upon the father's death, the young couple came into possession of the Arlington estate, but their happiness was all too short, for in a few years the young husband died, leaving his widow with two young children, John Parke and Eleanor Custis. The blow was severe, but youth and health and wealth were still her own, and when grief's first shock was past her neighbor, young Colonial Colonel George Washington, then enjoying the recent fame of his part in Braddock's expedition, while living with his mother at Mount Vernon, became interested in the charming and beautiful Mrs. Custis, and partaking of the nature in which love and prudence mingle, his heart went out to the lovely, lonely widow, and she, being won by the nobility of his nature, consented to again take up the gentle joys of matrimony.

Washington's Marriage.

They removed to his Mount Vernon home, and, fulfilling the conditions of her first husband's will, which en-

tailed this estate upon his son, they acted as managers for the child until he should become of age. Their care for the homestead brought them frequently to it from their own home, and it is pleasant to go back in imagination and see these two gentle souls, strolling arm in arm amid the pleasant walks, the children playing about them as they go their rounds.

In December, 1778, the young man attained his majority, and came into possession of his beautiful home. He married a Miss Calvert, and was blessed with ~~two~~ children, Nellie and George Washington Parke, but going from here to serve upon his father-in-law's staff during the latter part of the revolution, he lived only six months after the birth of his son, dying at the siege of Yorktown in the year 1781, aged twenty-eight, leaving his widow with two infants, as his father had done before him.

ll
John Parke Custis.

Washington has indeed been well named the country's father, for he had the paternal instincts in a pre-eminent degree, and he promptly adopted the children, who, however, retained their own names.

Then again followed eighteen notable years in which the estate was cared for by Washington, and three years after his death the adopted son, George Washington Parke Custis, in his turn took possession of the old estate, and at once began the erection of the present mansion in

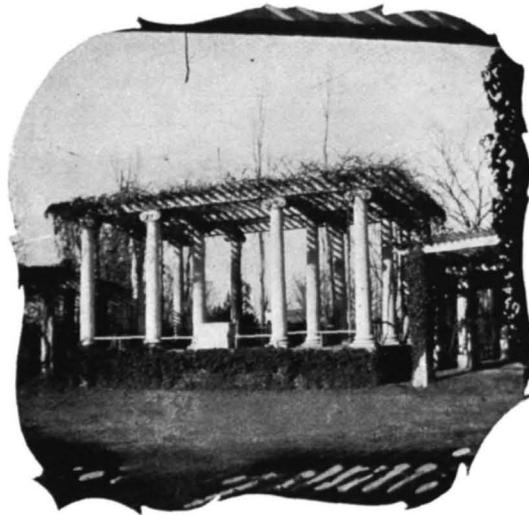
Building of Mansion.



THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

To Washington, Lincoln, Grant and Farragut, whose names appear on the cornice, and to Thomas, Meade, McPherson, Sedgwick, Reynolds, Humphreys, Garfield and Mansfield, inscribed upon the columns.

From the lofty flagstaff through the gathering storm, high over the old mansion, Old Glory waves.



THE ROSTRUM.

THE CENTER OF THE BEAUTIFUL AMPHITHEATRE, UNDER A SYLVAN ROOF OF VINES, TRAILING AND CLUSTERING OVER TRELIS AND PILLARS. THE MEMORIAL SPEECHES ON DECORATION DAY ARE HEARD FROM HERE, THE GREEN OF THE VINES AND THE WHITE PILLARS HARMONIZING WITH THE GAY COLORS OF THE DRAPING FLAGS.

1802. It was completed in the following year, and bringing his bride home, they entered beneath these massive pillars to begin here their long life of family peace.

Mrs. Custis's maiden name was Mary Lee Fitzhugh, directly descended from the Richard Lee, who came from Shropshire in 1641 with Sir William Berkeley, when he became governor of Virginia for Charles the First. So the name of Lee became associated with the home from the beginning. Here four children were born, but only the daughter Mary survived to cheer the declining days of her parents, who lived happily here together just fifty long years, Mrs. Custis being the first to die in 1853. In 1857 Mr. Custis followed her, being mercifully spared the pain of the storm which broke in upon the household four years later.

During their long life here Arlington was the centre of a continuous generous hospitality. A more ideal life can hardly be imagined by lovers of the quiet joys of home and society. In a commodious house, built in the most elegant style of the period, being modeled after the temple of Theseus at Athens, situated within a magnificent estate, beautifully located, with ample means for the enjoyment of all the material comforts of life, with the high social position which the family life with Washington had made possible, with the sterling qualities of mind



**THE AMPHITHEATRE AND
ROSTRUM.**

Undoubtedly the most beautiful feature on the grounds. Here art and nature have joined hands and formed one of those delightful combinations which touch the heart, and upon the hollowing velvet turf the companies who have come here upon Memorial Day have their patriotism quickened by the recital of the valorous deeds of those who died.



THE OLD HOUSE-SLAVE QUARTERS.

ON EITHER SIDE OF THE BACK OF THE MANSION ARE THE COTTAGE ROWS WHERE THE SERVANTS EMPLOYED ABOUT THE HOUSE HAD THEIR QUARTERS. OVERGROWN WITH LUSTY VINES THEY PRESENT A VIEW OF SLAVERY DAYS WHICH IS FAR FROM DISAGREEABLE. THEY ARE NOW OCCUPIED BY THE WORKMEN ABOUT THE GROUNDS AND THEIR CHILDREN, WHITE AND BLACK, PLAY IN FREEDOM TOGETHER AROUND THE DOORS.

and heart which brought the esteem of friends for their own sakes, and added to this the refinement of a decided taste for art and literature, which Mr. Custis followed with fervor. Truly no gem in its setting would seem to be more complete than the life here in the lovely surroundings of house and grounds and friends.

Here were entertained all the distinguished men who passed through or rose in those fifty years. Here Lafayette stood looking out across to the distant young city of Washington, then beginning to embody in visible form the noble idea he had helped to fight for. Here came the old Revolutionary heroes to linger over the memories of the days with Washington, leaving behind them rich stores of information descriptive of the historic battles, for the guidance of Mr. Custis in his patriotic labors to perpetuate the scenes upon canvass.

**Early Life at
Arlington.**

Gathered here were Washington relics of priceless value, which have since become the property of the government. All of the arts in turn received attention from Mr. Custis. He delighted in poetry, and wrote several dramas which were very popular in their day. The violin gave expression to his love of music. He composed numerous musical pieces, among them, it is said, the original air from which the tune of "Hail Columbia" was taken. Each succeeding year upon Washington's



REAR OF MANSION

Showing the servants cottages enclosing the kitchen yard where the old well still serves the house, while the circular tank adds to the convenience of the water supply, and contributes a picturesque feature to the view,

birthday he contributed reminiscences of his foster father's life to the *National Intelligencer*. Nor did he neglect his duty as a farmer amid all these various calls upon his time, for the Arlington sheep shearings for prizes were centres of attraction, and were held near a spring by the river, under Washington's tent, the same one which is now in the National Museum.

Robert E. Lee

From early boyhood Robert E. Lee was a welcome visitor to this happy home, and together he and Mary Custis grew to maturity. They were quite distantly related, as has been seen, and seem to have been singularly suited to one another. Among their other youthful pastimes was the planting of the noble avenue of trees to the right of Arlington. Robert became a cadet at West Point, and as time passed on their attachment to one another deepened, until the divine spark descended and touched the flame of love which united their lives in tender devotion.

It was on one of his visits that he sat together with Mrs. Custis and Mary reading aloud in the big hall, while from without through the open door came the peaceful woodland sounds. The birds busy at the delights of their nest-building, the distant cawing of the crows, the gentle mysterious stirring of nature in the air, a gentle stirring also of the young hearts, for it was one of Scott's moving

romances which he read. With the true intuitions of her sympathetic heart the mother must have felt the influences of the tender passion around her, for taking advantage of a pause in the reading, she told Mary where to go and find a piece of cake for Robert, and he, accompanying her in the search, discovered when they had reached the cake, that he had found something to offer her, and in his gallant, whole-hearted way he proceeded to lay it at her feet, and so together they shared their cake, and hearts, and kisses, and began as one their long eventful life together.

They were married in 1831, two years after he had graduated at West Point, the ceremony being performed in the room to the right of the hall of the mansion, under the centre arch.

Marriage

Here they lived for thirty years, in company with the old folks the greater part of that time. Their children were all born here, and Colonel Lee's life of active military duties alternated with periods of quiet retirement and rest at home.

The gathering clouds of war made it necessary for him to decide upon his course, and after long and sad deliberation he decided that his duty lay with his native state. So resigning his commission as colonel of the First Regiment of cavalry in the United States Army on April 20,

Civil War.



THE RECEIVING VAULT.

Surrounded by a ledge covered with laurels and spruce, pines, cedars and noble oaks, in quiet retirement, this chaste, white structure rests secure.

1861, he was appointed Major General and Commander of the forces of Virginia four days later, and he left his wife and children at Arlington to take command of his new troops.

On May 24th the Union forces crossed to the south side of the Potomac over the long bridge (seen far upon the right in the view from Arlington), and took possession of Alexandria, and here Colonel Ellsworth, of New York, the first Union soldier to fall in the war, was shot while hauling down the first Confederate flag encountered, and here began the cruel chain of events which made necessary the conversion of this fair spot into the tomb of the dead.

Shortly before this in a letter written by General Lee's second daughter Annie from Arlington to a friend in Georgia, she mentions a reply she sent to a dear friend in the North. "She asks me," she writes, "if we intend to make Virginia a graveyard, and I have replied, 'Not for us, but for you.'" Prophetically true, alas!

**Flight from
Arlington.** Upon the approach of the Union troops Mrs. Lee was compelled to leave at last the home made sacred by all the tender associations of life.

The home of her ancestors made glorious by the memory of Washington, the fair spot where she first looked out upon the world, the scene of her childhood's

happy days, of her early love and marriage, the birth-place of all her children and their home through their years of growth to maturity, the treasury of all the rich collection of relics of Washington and her parents; all was torn away from her, and forever. Once only, some years afterwards, when enfeebled by illness, she came back to visit the old home, but the transformation affected her so that she could not stay, but asked that they should let her "get a drink of water from the spring," and then take her away. She had always said that she could not die in peace away from Arlington, and in her last hours in the valley of the shadow she fancied herself back again, with her little children wandering amid the old fond memories, gathering the violets which grow along the hillside.

The war cloud rolling on swept before it all tender ties, and in her carriage, driven by the faithful colored coachman, the little party started to the "White House," the home of her great-grandmother, Martha Washington. They stopped at Cedar Grove plantation on the Potomac, and again at Fairfax, and before they had time to become accustomed to their new surroundings the steady advance of the Union forces compelled her to start away again for Richmond, and after being taken prisoner and detained a week at Hanover Courthouse, at



MONUMENTS TO OFFICERS.

The number of graves grows constantly, and among many others here and before the mansion are the remains of Generals Sheridan, Walter Q. Gresham, Crook, Baxter, Gibbon, Berdam, of sharpshooter fame, Doubleday, Ricketts, Paul, Gregg, Quartermaster Meigs, the originator of the Cemetery, Harvey, Quartermaster Ingalls, Secretary of War Belknap, Hazen, and Kelly, and among the naval officers are Admirals Stephen, Queen, DeKraft and Porter.

General McClelland's orders she was driven by a Union soldier under a flag of truce to the Confederate lines. From there the journey was continued with a Confederate soldier as driver to "The Mess," the house at 707 East Franklin Street, Richmond, which became the family headquarters throughout the war.

**Army
Headquarters.**

Immediately upon their departure from Arlington the government took possession and the troops poured in. Everything of historic value was seized and removed, and are now to be seen in the National Museum. The estate was converted into a huge camp, with the mansion as a headquarters and hospital, and the first grave was dug for the body of a Confederate soldier who died in the hospital.

Here General Geo. B. McClellan reconstructed the disorganized troops after the first battle of Bull Run, and his severe course of drill and discipline resulted in the formation of the famous Army of the Potomac.

The occupation of the place during the dark years of the war is part of the nation's history, and need not be dwelt on here. The increased needs for a fitting cemetery for the hosts of the dead, led President Lincoln, on

the earnest recommendation of Quarter-Master General M. C. Meigs to decide upon the establishment of the military cemetery, but as the estate was entailed it could not be confiscated, but the non-payment of taxes gave the government the power to sell it at public auction, and on January 11, 1864, it was bought in by the United States for \$26,000. The heir, George W. Custis Lee, successfully contested the ownership in 1877, and brought action for ejection, but was barred from taking further action by the court, and his claim was adjusted to his satisfaction by the payment to him by the government of \$150,000.

**National
Cemetery
Established.**

And now, under Time's softening touch, buried and overgrown are all the rancorous feelings and broken homes, as these poor graves are overgrown with flowers and waving grass.

Mute tongues are these which teach brotherhood and love to all who make this pilgrimage, for in the cause of unity they gave up all they had, and only by following humbly in their spirit and promoting the great brotherhood of man can we carry forward the work which they began.

**Arlington's
Lesson.**



**"ON FAME'S ETERNAL CAMP-
ING-GROUND,
THEIR SILENT TENTS ARE
ARE SPREAD."**

**The most impressive sight of all,
for here at once we see dimly
what endless heartaches follow
along each separate little stone
in these long, long rows. Here
lies the strength which was spent
to give freedom to the black
boy sitting here, representa-
tive of his race.**



A SOLDIER'S FUNERAL ENTERING THE GROUNDS.

From the neighboring Fort Myer comes this solemn last parade, slow moving and silent but for the muffled drums and hushed music of the funeral march; the firing squad preceding the flag-draped coffin drawn upon the caisson. About the open grave they form and with bared heads listen to the solemn service for the dead.

On bronze tablets about the grounds are scattered verses of Col. Theodore O'Hara's beautiful poem, the melodious lines of which so tenderly conclude all that can be written or thought about the dead that it is a fitting ending to the memory of this sacred pilgrimage.

THE_BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.

On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind.

No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn, nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past.



**"REST ON, EMBALMED AND
SAINTED DEAD."**

Last scene of all. The services are over. The bugler blows the call to "rest." The command is given, three volleys are fired over the open grave, and "the weary are at rest,"

**Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave!
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.**

**Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.**

**Nor wreck, nor change, nor Winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.**

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