

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

his original research: Jackson drawing a diagram in the sand for Lee with the toe of his boot, stamping down the diagram and calling for his horse as he exclaimed, "We've got him"; Lee finding his own son Robert asleep under a caisson. At Second Manassas a powder-blackened gunner accosted him. "Well, my man, what can I do for you?" It was Robert again. A soldier asked him for a chew of tobacco—which he never used, or whisky either; two foreign observers perched in a tree; "dusty sweating courier on a frothing horse." In the last year of his life the tired old General, although he was only sixty-three, visited several southern cities. At Augusta the people thronged him. A boy of thirteen made his way through the crowd until he stood by his side and looked up at him in wondering reverence. The boy's name was Woodrow Wilson. Even Lee's horses are not neglected, *Richmond*, the *Roan*, *Ajax*, *Lucy Long*, *Traveller*: no horse ever received such a tribute as Lee awarded to *Traveller*, his companion since 1861, and his survivor. The skeleton of that noble animal is yet rather blatantly displayed in the museum of the University of which Lee came to be president.

"I was at Appomattox, Sir;" that was the final pride of the Southern soldier. The surrender of Lee at Appomattox: the account of the event which Dr. Freeman gives is as exciting and piteous as the account Thucydides gives of the Athenian disaster at Syracuse. It is too solemn for summary. The text must be read. Lee had entered the parlour of a Virginia home; he sat down at a table; he put his hat and gauntlets upon it. A man of middle height, slightly stooped and heavily bearded, came in alone. Lee walked across the room to meet General Grant. They shook hands with brief greetings. A dozen Federal officers entered, Sheridan amongst them. They were unnoticed.

The conversation began. "I met you once before," General Grant said in his normal tones, "when we were serving in