

## QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

was denied to the wounded. For three days before Appomattox the army had subsisted on parched corn, and the animals were without fodder. Pressure from command of the sea was the cause of the German failure also.

A reader of this book whose only experience of war was two years on the western front, ranging from Ypres to the Somme, never more than three miles from the German trenches except on his half-yearly leave of ten days, two years from the Base to Cologne, and the nearest he came to seeing the Commander-in-chief was his motor car with his flag up but only the chauffeur inside, will wonder at the ubiquity of General Lee and his familiarity with his men. During the recoil from Pickett's charge Lee moved amongst the broken ranks with cheer and exhortation. A wounded enemy prisoner lay upon the ground. Lee dismounted, extended his hand and said, "My son, I hope you will soon be well." Similar incidents by the score are strewn through the book, which for the moment make one forget how brave a soldier he was, but discern how good a man.

A peculiar merit of Dr. Freeman's book is the swift description of every general officer: the nervous impetuous A. P. Hill; the small vigorous and soldierly Pender; Pickett a romantic person who loved to wear his hair in ringlets; Wilcox a slow meticulous and scholarly soldier; John Letcher, Governor of Virginia, a bald-headed, florid, bottle-nosed lawyer; Hood a physically magnificent brigadier; Hampton prince of the Caroline planters; the queer cynical Jubal Early; Longstreet, 41, low of stature, heavy, slightly deaf; D. H. Hill, small, stooped, critical and caustic; and Jackson, 38, gaunt, bearded, quiet, soft spoken, neither able in conversation nor magnetic in manner, bearing in repose no mark of genius.

Dr. Freeman does full justice to Jackson. What would have happened if something else had not happened is always a problem of infinity; if, for example, Jackson not Lee were