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McN - McZ, 1919- 1938

**FILE 481**

**McN - McZ**

45

McNeill  
Dwyer

February 22, 1921.

J. D. McNeil, Esq.,  
420, Cambie Street,  
Vancouver,  
B.C.

My dear Jack,

I have your letter of the 14th, and am sorry to say that I have not read the book you mention. I am ordering it to-day, and will read it as soon as possible.

I missed very much not seeing you in Vancouver last fall, for I have not forgotten how kind you were to me when I was there the year before, nor how thoughtful you were in writing to me from time to time during the war. I was in Vancouver for two days and one night, and during that time I spoke to the McGill graduates on two occasions and also addressed the Canadian Club. There was a splendid turn-out of graduates, and I am glad to tell you that the Vancouver Society is probably the most active one we have. There was also a very large attendance of members at the Canadian Club, and I was very glad indeed to meet there so many of my old friends.

I am very glad and proud to be the Principal of McGill University. I know of no position in Canada that offers greater opportunities for useful service than this. It is a strange work for me as you can understand, and takes a good deal of time to become thoroughly familiar with the routine and needs. As time goes on one will have to pay less attention to that sort of thing and will thus be free for more educational work. One must mount to the steep hills though or else you are acting in the dark.

I shan't be going west this year as in June I intend to go to the Old Country for a couple of months. I am anxious to get to know more about the Universities of the Old Country, and to establish some liaison with them. Should you ever come to Montreal, Jack, I shall look forward to having you stay with me.

J. D. McNeill, Esq.,

Feb. 22, 1921.

With all good wishes,

I am,

Ever yours faithfully,

J. D. McNEILL  
PRES. AND MAN. DIRECTOR

N. WELCH  
TRAFFIC MANAGER

F. C. WHITEHEAD  
SECRETARY-TREASURER

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VANCOUVER, B. C.,

Feb. 14th. 1921

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General Sir Arthur Currie.  
Pres. McGill University,  
Montreal, Que.

Dear Sir Arthur:-      Private and Personal.

If you have not already read "In Tune With The Infinite" by Ralph Waldo Trine, I would like to suggest that you get a copy at once, and read it. To me it is the most wonderful book I have ever read. My Wife made me a Christmas present of it, and I have read and re-read it evenings almost continuously ever since.

I see that you are now a Director of The Bank of Montreal. I have watched your meteoric flight with more pleasure than I can tell you. I think also that I have watched it with a better understanding and more profit ( for I am trying to profit by your success ) than most of your friends.

I was in Ottawa last Fall when you were in Vancouver, and, consequently did not see you.

With many kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

J.D.McN/L.

*J.D. McNeill*

R. BRUCE TAYLOR, M.A., D.D.  
PRINCIPAL

GEO. Y. CHOWN, B.A.  
TREASURER

45  
Queen's University

KINGSTON, ONT.

November 25/20.

General Sir Arthur Currie, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., etc.  
Principal,  
McGill University,  
Montreal, Canada.

Dear General Currie -

It looked like old times to see your face in the big gathering last Saturday. It reminded me of Tinques. I am enclosing you three tables showing imports and exports of Portland cement during the years 1914 - 18 inclusive. They are copied from the annual report of the Trade of Canada for the fiscal year ended March 31, 1918. From these tables you will see that we are large importers of cement particularly from the United States and that we export only a negligible quantity. Perhaps the story arose from the \$3 worth of cement which we exported to the Netherlands in 1914.

I have not the figures at hand for the amount of cement exported from the United Kingdom but I doubt very much whether any appreciable portion went to Holland and thence to Germany. Cement does not lend itself to smuggling or contraband trade. I expect to have the figures for the exports from the United Kingdom in a few days and will send them to you as soon as I get them. I am practically certain that none was sent to Holland from any of the British colonies.

Yours faithfully,

Alexander Macphail

AM/S

*Imports for Consumption*

CEMENT, PORTLAND AND HYDRAULIC OR WATER-LIME.

Imported from -	1914 Cwt.	1915 Cwt.	1916 Cwt.	1917 Cwt.	1918 Cwt.
United Kingdom	182,245	90,335	1,063	4	-
British Oceania					
New Zealand	1				
Hong Kong	12,000				
Belgium	722	6,803			
France	2,104				
Germany	1,270				
Japan		40			
United States	510,672	190,224	93,073	63,070	26,243
<b>Total</b>	<b>709,014</b>	<b>287,402</b>	<b>94,136</b>	<b>63,074</b>	<b>26,243</b>

Recapitulation.

British Empire	194,246	90,335	1,063	4	-
Foreign Countries	514,768	197,067	93,073	63,070	26,243

	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$
United Kingdom	65,767	34,388	472	5	-
British Oceania					
New Zealand	1				
Hong Kong	5,957				
Belgium	202	2,695			
France	2,687				
Germany	856				
Japan		20			
United States	257,094	86,510	36,576	29,714	17,417
<b>Total</b>	<b>332,564</b>	<b>123,613</b>	<b>37,048</b>	<b>29,719</b>	<b>17,417</b>

Recapitulation.

British Empire	71,725	34,388	472	5	
Foreign Countries	260,839	89,225	36,576	29,714	17,417

*Exports of Canadian Products*

CEMENT

Exported to -	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918
	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$
United Kingdom					
Bermuda			25		
British S. Africa		265			
British E. Indies					
India					232
British Oceania					
Australia			10		
Brit. West Indies		5		604	971
Newfoundland	1,327	350	3,217	487	7,821
Brazil			2		
Denmark			155		
Danish West Indies					675
France					
St. Pierre and Miquelon	2		95	279	103
Netherlands	3				
United States	1,061	445	1,635	1,154	7,107
Alaska				203	
<b>Total</b>	<b>2,393</b>	<b>1,065</b>	<b>5,139</b>	<b>2,727</b>	<b>16,909</b>

Recapitulation.

British Empire	1,327	620	3,252	1,091	9,024
Foreign Countries	1,066	445	1,887	1,636	7,885

*Exports of Foreign Produce.*

CEMENT

Exported to	1914 \$	1915 \$	1916 \$	1917 \$	1918 \$
United Kingdom		2			
Newfoundland	20	1,018		40	720
France					
St. Pierre + Miquelon	15	167	132	29	16
United States	479	109	533	1,351	1,547
<hr/>					
Total	514	1,296	665	1,420	2,283

Recapitulation.

British Empire	20	1,020		40	720
Foreign Countries	494	276	665	1,380	1,563

50 Clergy Street  
Kingston.  
April 12<sup>th</sup> 1926

Dear General,

I am shocked more than I can say at the news of Louis Herdt's death. He was a classmate of mine, 1893, and we were all very proud of him, as he was, perhaps the most brilliant and "successful" of us all.

He will be a great loss to the Regiment. I trust he was not in financial difficulties.

The Vimy Dinner was a great occasion. Your address and the address of this Excellency made a most profound impression. What a pity it is the last. Perhaps the idea may be perpetuated in some way.

Yours very sincerely,

Alexander Macphail

April 15th, 1926.

Colonel Alexander Macphail, C.M.G., D.S.O.,  
50 Clergy Street,  
Kingston, Ont.

My dear Colonel:-

Poor Herdt's death has been a very great loss to McGill and to all his many friends. For the past year and a half he has been in poor health and has not met his classes in that time. His trouble was largely mental, a strange sort of depression having seized him. He had many delusions which he himself knew were false, but, apparently, he could not help being influenced by them. I think he thought of suicide on more than one occasion. The only thing he ever said to me which indicated the trend of his thoughts was "what is the good of going on like this". I do not think the family were greatly shocked and I have not heard that he was in financial difficulties. He suffered from nervous prostration twenty years ago and I am told it is more or less a family failing.

I am glad you liked what I said at Ottawa, but I cannot see how the Vimy Dinner as such can be perpetuated. A Vimy Dinner without Byng would be like caviar without the onion. Perhaps we can hold another some time and induce him to come across to it.

You will be interested to know that we have made an offer to Bisson.

With all good wishes, I am,  
Yours faithfully,

**DOCKET STARTS:**

MACPHAIL, SIR ANDREW

139  
August  
Seventeenth  
1922.

Sir Andrew Macphail,  
Orwell, P.E.I.

My dear Sir Andrew:-

Lady Currie and I appreciate very much indeed your letter of August 12th asking us to spend a month with you at your home on the Island.

It is true that we have been here all summer with the exception of three weeks in June when I went to Winnipeg for the Conference of Canadian Universities. Montreal, though, has been delightfully fine. In fact I think it ranks very highly as a summer resort.

There is always something to do in connection with University work. I did look forward to taking it very easy for the next month or so, but the Board of Governors are now urging me to join the trip of the Montreal Board of Trade to the coast during September. They believe that it provides an opportunity for meeting the McGill Graduate Societies across the continent. Such a trip is one to which I cannot look forward with much pleasure. It is a constant rush, a constant meeting new and strange people and a constant effort to be nice to those who make up the Board of Trade party. I hate to look forward to a month when the manner of spending every minute is practically outlined and settled before leaving Montreal. I know I may want to spend a few hours longer in Port Arthur, whereas I might be satisfied to skip Moose Jaw altogether. I feel now that it will end up in my going. If I do I hope some benefit will result to the University, for I cannot see that any other institution or person is likely to

Sir Andrew Macphail      - 2 -

benefit very much.

I had a visit from Professor Seecomb yesterday who was inquiring about you.

Please remember me very kindly to the Colonel, and with all good wishes to yourself, Sir Andrew, and many thanks, I am,

Ever yours faithfully,

Ottell, Prince  
Edward Island

216 Peel St.

12 August

Montreal.

1922

Dear Sir Arthur,

I learn  
by chance that you are  
yet in Montreal, - I understood  
that you were going to  
England. You ought to  
have a month in the  
country, and I hasten  
to say that I have  
here a house ready for  
you. For many years  
I have kept it for  
such purposes; but this  
summer it has remained  
unused. There are three

bed-rooms; and you,  
and baby Curie, and  
the children could march  
in at any moment. My  
brother and I would count  
it the greatest pleasure  
to care for you. This is a  
very lovely place, and  
you would gain great  
strength for the winter  
that is coming. The  
journey is long but not  
difficult: Montreal at  
11 a.m. by Maritime Express,  
Charlottetown at 5.30 p.m.  
next day. A telegram to  
"Charlottetown Telephone  
Kinross" would reach  
me. You would think  
you were in a new

- and very beautiful world.

I hope you will come

as ever

John Mayhew

Owll, Prince  
Edward Island

27 July 1973

Dear Sir Arthur,

I completed  
the task you entrusted  
to me. It was not hard  
to find a Theme: The  
place of speaking was  
in sight of Sir William  
Dawson's old home. I  
am sorry you were not  
of the party. You would  
have come here. Sir Archibald  
Macdonell  
came for a few days; he  
professed himself highly  
pleased. The Island paper  
did what it could by

Spelling his name McDoTtNEll.  
It was on the safe side.  
I hope you are having a  
rest. My brother is better  
in health. The Byngs are  
coming on the 23rd of  
August. If you came too,  
the celebration would be  
better than at Pictou; and  
you could finish the  
summer here.

as ever

Amos Macphail

York Harbor, Maine, August 19, 1926.

Sir Andrew Macphail,  
Orwell, P. E. I.

My dear Sir Andrew:

Thank you very much indeed for the kind invitation expressed in your letter of the 11th. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to come to Orwell to which you have so many times invited me. I have an engagement to fulfill on the 28th at Amherst with the Nova Scotia War Veterans. On the 29th I am unveiling a memorial tablet at Parrsboro, on the 30th I open the Nova Scotia Exhibition while on the evening of the 31st I am meeting McGill graduates in Halifax.

After such a strenuous program I would indeed be glad to come to Orwell but I feel that there is much work waiting for me in Montreal. However, this is not a definite refusal and if I can arrange to spend a day or so with you, I shall. I shall send you word from Amherst.

With all good wishes to you and the Colonel, I am

Ever yours faithfully,

AWC:DP

August 18th, 1931.

Mrs. Dorothy Lindsay,  
Orwell,  
Prince Edward Island.

My dear Mrs. Lindsay:-

It was very kind of you to tell me how Sir Andrew is getting along. I hope that by this time all danger has passed and that he is well on the way to recovery.

His many friends in Montreal have been much concerned and are looking for better news. Please remember me most kindly to him. I might also intimate that I am greatly surprised that anyone ever becomes ill on the Island - certainly anyone so young as he.

Give him our love and with best wishes for your own and your children's health, I am,

Ever yours faithfully,

ORWELL  
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

August, 11.

Dear Mr Arthur.

It was most kind  
of you to write to Father  
your good wishes. I should  
have acknowledged it before  
now. Father has been &  
still is most dreadfully  
ill and we have been

extremely anxious about him.  
It has all been a hideous  
nightmare, but we are hoping  
the anxiety is over although we  
cannot yet get the doctors  
to admit that he is quite out  
of danger. Today, however, he  
does seem to be a little better.

I have kept your message  
to show him when he is better  
he will be much pleased.

With many thanks

Sincerely yours

Dorothy Lindsay

September 26  
1935

Dear Sir Andrew,

You are right in thinking that I am most interested in anything which fosters a love and practice of the drama by the people, and if there is anything that I can do within the scope of time at my disposal to help the movement I should be delighted to lend my name. Perhaps you will be kind enough to let me know more specifically what would be involved before we come to a precise arrangement.

Yours sincerely,

Sir Andrew Macphail,  
2016 Peel Street,  
Montreal, Que.

15 Sept.

1935

216 Peel St.

Montreal

Dear Mr. Principal.

Knowing, as I do from your book and from Sir Harry Jackson, your profound knowledge of the drama and your interest in it, I am tempted to ask if you would lend your prestige in an honorary way to the Montreal Repertory Theatre and to the Drama Festival in Ottawa, organized by Howard Bershovinsky. On the first suitable occasion I would give you all information about these two enterprises, both of which are remarkably successful.

Ever yours sincerely

Andrew Macphail

MCGILL UNIVERSITY  
PRINCIPAL AND VICE-CHANCELLOR  
L. W. DOUGLAS

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25th March 1938

MADE IN U.S.A.

My dear Sir Andrew Macphail,

How very kind of you to send me the Spring  
number of the Queen's Quarterly and thus give me the  
great pleasure of reading your review of Dr. Freeman's  
monumental work on Lee. I do congratulate you upon  
the clarity and penetration of your article.

Yours very sincerely,

Sir Andrew Macphail,  
2016 Peel Street,  
MONTREAL.

Clarity and penetration, yes.

But the paragraph "a reader..." page 6 is an example, I think, of how Sir Andrew mars his great literary gifts by a quality that it is hard to name but which runs through everything he does.

Comparing Lee and his troops with the vast numbers of troops dealt with by Haig in the late war, without the necessary qualifying clause.

And there's no need to do it: anybody who has ever read even bits of the history of the Civil War, knows that Lee did this. And we all know that Haig didn't.

And too, he refers to himself without saying that his service was not among the fighting troops but in the hospital services back of the lines. In those services if he had been in the Civil War even he might not have seen Lee at all.

OFFPRINT FROM QUEEN'S QUARTERLY, No. 1, SPRING, 1938

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ROBERT EDWARD LEE

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BY SIR ANDREW MACPHAIL

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 309

## ROBERT EDWARD LEE

BY SIR ANDREW MACPHAIL

**A**FTER these seventy-five years, and all their wars, R. E. Lee remains the soldier hero and martyr, yet dearest to the public heart. These four volumes<sup>1</sup> explain that phenomenon. Lee was a great gentleman, too great a gentleman to prosecute war to its inherent and logical conclusion, lacking the ferocity of the traditional conqueror. He did not believe that war was an uncontrollable force of nature like the tides of the sea, the storm of the heavens, or stress of the earth. "Had forbearance and wisdom been practised on both sides," Lee said, "the national tragedy of 1861 might have been averted."

Forbearance and wisdom are not yet universal human qualities. Until that heavenly state of mind prevails war will be inevitable. A senseless hatred of war will not prevent it. Edward Grey in 1914 repeated three times "I hate it"; and we all know what happened. Woodrow Wilson based his League of Nations upon the forbearance and wisdom of mankind. Based upon that illusion collapse was obvious from the first.

Lee looked upon war as an instrument of peace. Utter military success was to him, and to Grant also, worse than failure. They looked to the conciliation that was bound to

<sup>1</sup> *R. E. Lee*. By Douglas Southall Freeman. 4 vols., pp. 2421. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, London. \$30.

## QVEEN'S QVARTERLY

come. In this mood Lee carried on the war, and that was one cause of his military failure. After all was over, he said: "I believe I may say, looking into my heart, and speaking in the presence of God, that I have never known one moment of bitterness or resentment." To the South he counselled "silence and patience". It was not until Gettysburg that he permitted himself to refer to the Federals as "the enemy"; up to that time they were always "those people". Not all officers were so reticent. In the Cuban war of 1897, at Las Guásimas, when the Spaniards broke from their trenches, Fighting Joe Wheeler reverted to the more general Confederate mood as he exclaimed "We've got the damn Yankees on the run."

Lee was too gentle; he did not enforce that inner discipline upon his subordinates, compelling obedience to his orders by which alone his calculated tactics could succeed. His verbal instructions were at times forgotten or garbled in transmission; his written orders, not always clear, were frequently neglected. To Pender at Chancellorsville he was obliged to say, "I tell you what to do but you don't do it." His cavalry was always out of hand. J. E. B. Stuart, that picturesque young officer not yet thirty years old, entered joyfully into a plan for a reconnoissance in the rear of McClellan's army. With 1,200 picked troopers he rode off "as happily as if starting on a honeymoon". Disregarding the orders written by Lee's own hand he conceived the idea of riding completely around the Federal army. In two days he found himself on the wrong side of a river, and was calling upon Lee for help. At Gettysburg Lee was without his cavalry. "I cannot think what has become of Stuart," he said; "I am in ignorance of what we have in front of us." For six momentous days Stuart with 9,000 cavalry was away upon a wild exploit and only returned when the battle was at its height, his horses and men utterly worn out. Yet to the end Lee retained his admiration and affection for Stuart.

## ROBERT EDWARD LEE

Lee at the same time was compelled to create an army and fight the enemy. His military status was ambiguous. To the end he was merely in command of the Northern Army of Virginia. President Davis assumed the virtual office of commander-in-chief, and superseded Lee at First Manassas. So Bull Run is known in the South; Antietam, Sharpsburg; and Shiloh, Pittsburg Landing. At a more famous battle Davis was rash enough to issue direct orders. Lee observed under heavy fire a cavalcade composed of President Davis, his excited staff-officers, cabinet members and politicians. "Who is all this army, and what is it doing here?" Lee asked, and warned them away. There is always the eternal problem, not yet solved, of the line between civil and military authority. A similar rumour persists that some such dubiety existed in the minds of Douglas Haig and Lloyd George.

Let it be repeated, Lee was too gentle and generous. After the failure at Gettysburg of Pickett's disastrous charge with fifteen regiments of 15,000 men, Lee rode up to him and said, "Come, Pickett, this has been my fight and upon me rests the blame. Your men have done all that men could do; the fault is entirely my own." To Wilcox he said, "Never mind; all this has been my fault, and you must help me out of it the best way you can." In a sense he was correct. This book solves many problems in that light. It makes painful reading but Dr. Freeman does not wince: "Longstreet remained listless and despairing . . . in black dismay . . . gloom on his countenance . . . did not believe that success was possible . . . obstinacy, tardiness, and irresolution. For the supreme effort of all his warring Lee had to act through a sullen, despairing lieutenant." During his delay the Federals were heavily reinforced and deeply entrenched. Lanrezac on the Marne displayed a similar behaviour, but Joffre promptly sent him to Limoges, and replaced him with Franchet d'Esperey. Even Foch himself had been *Limogé*, and Nivelles, and Joffre too. Yet Pickett

## QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

must have known something of the circumstances, and he never blamed Longstreet. To the end of Lee's life Pickett was bitter against him for having "massacred" his men.

The American Civil war for thirty years aroused slight interest in the military mind of Europe; there was little to be learned from the conduct of civilians engaged in that pursuit, although the civilian Cromwell was coming into notice. In the recent great war, except in the Dominion forces, not one British civilian soldier rose above the rank of brigadier. But forty years ago the Boer war created some alarm over the possible capacity of civilians. The American war as a result became a subject of intense study. Strange parallels began to disclose themselves, between Jackson and De Wet or Botha, between American and British disasters.

An ingenious essayist might develop the theme that all wars are the same war, a series of errors on both sides, victory an accident when the mistakes do not coincide. At Frederick a patrol picked up three cigars wrapped in a piece of paper upon which was written Lee's order for Antietam; and yet McClellan did not move for sixteen hours. Before Second Bull Run Pope's cavalry captured an officer bearing a letter that revealed the plan of battle, but he was not thorough enough to escape. Lee had no maps covering the area ten miles from Richmond. It may be remembered, however, that in the British retreat from Mons maps had been left with the transport, and the cypher code in the luggage rack of a railway carriage.

Buller allowed the Boers to escape from Ladysmith although for two days 2,000 of their wagons were observed upon the road; at Colenso he abandoned 10 guns without a move. Gatacre, a brigadier at Atbara, was the first to reach and tear down with his own hands the zareeba of the Mahdists; and yet at Reddersberg he lost five companies, and at Stormberg the most of his force. At Maggersfontein

## ROBERT EDWARD LEE

Methuen making an advance in the dark in quarter column left 700 of the Highland brigade dead upon the ground in five minutes. At Nicholsons Nek the mules bolted with the ammunition and heliographs, leaving a thousand men from two veteran regiments to surrender. Doubtless similar analogues could be discovered if one were to search the records of the more recent war, which would temper criticism of Lee's misadventures.

The military charge against Lee is that he did not follow up his victories. No general ever did; not after Austerlitz, Jena, Sadowa, Wörth, Passchendaele, the Somme. There is one exception, as C. R. Ballard in his admirable essay points out, Waterloo; and that because two fresh corps of Prussians had arrived. After First Bull Run or Manassas, as it is known in the South, Jackson, who there earned the name of Stonewall, exclaimed as the surgeon was dressing his wound, "Give me 10,000 fresh troops, and I will be in Washington to-morrow." He had no fresh troops, and there is a limit to human endurance. To march is more than to walk. Let any man walk carrying a burden of 59 pounds as the British soldier did in the recent war, and he will make that discovery for himself. Even Jackson was late on two occasions in the Seven Days by reason of the fatigue of his troops. In the last year of his life Lee broke his habitual silence to explain why he had not moved on to Washington after Second Bull Run: "Because my men had nothing to eat; they had nothing to eat for three days; I went into Maryland to feed my army." War is as simple as that.

There were deep reasons for Lee's failure: hunger, cold, nakedness, fatigue, despair. The institution of negro slavery was hard to justify in the eyes of the world. From the first Lee's task was impossible. When the South was refused access to the Atlantic and the Mississippi, and cut athwart by Sherman's devastation, the end had come. Even chloroform

## QVEEN'S QVARTERLY

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

## ROBERT EDWARD LEE

in command, and if he had not been killed at Chancellorsville. As early as October, 1861, he set forth what should be the Confederate aim; namely, to occupy Baltimore and Maryland, to isolate Washington, destroy industry, mines and commerce as far north as Philadelphia, subsist upon the country, "and make unrelenting war amidst the homes of the people of the North." Lee saved the United States from that: yet he did not escape calumnies all of which are recited by Dr. Freeman and disproved.

The relation between Lee and Jackson is faithfully described by Dr. Freeman. When Jackson fell in the moment of his victory Lee wrote, "I would have chosen for the good of the country to be disabled in your stead." As Dr. Freeman records, "Lee on his knees implored Heaven to grant to his country the mercy of the deliverance of Jackson from death." To the chaplain he said, "Give him my love, and tell him that I prayed for him last night as I never prayed for myself." But Jackson's last words were, "Let us pass over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees." Jackson, too, was a religious man but in his own way; yet he never allowed his religion to obscure his genius for deceiving the enemy; he always managed to convince them that he was twice as strong as he really was. Unless as a work of necessity or mercy he would not break the Sabbath by opening a letter or fighting a battle. On one occasion he had an urgent summons to confer with Lee. The Sabbath intervened. He spent the day attending religious meetings. At midnight he mounted his horse and rode fifty-two miles in the next fourteen hours. Jackson was of the Old Dispensation: Lee, of the New.

Not in vain will one look in these volumes for light upon problems that have vexed students these seventy years. If he does not find the solution he will see all the evidence displayed. Whence, for example, came the shot that killed Jackson. Dr. Freeman has missed nothing in the wide range of

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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

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Mexico." He continued to revive old memories as if he had forgotten the purpose of the meeting. Finally, Lee said, "I asked to see you to ascertain upon what terms you would receive the surrender of my army." The terms were stated, surrender of arms and a general parole. Some papers were signed. "This will have a very happy effect upon my army," Lee said, and enquired if the men would be permitted to retain their horses. "I shall arrange it so that the men may take home their horses to work their little farms." "This will do much toward conciliating our people," Lee concluded. Throughout the interview Dr. Freeman observes "Grant's fine consideration, the noblest of his qualities and the surest evidence of his greatness." Brooding over that scene was the spirit of Lincoln too. Three years before his second inaugural address, made memorable by his great saying: with malice toward none; with charity for all; he had written, I shall do nothing in malice; it is too vast for malicious dealing.

Those who desire may compare with this the conduct of Marshal Foch when he was about to accept the German surrender on a railway train in the forest of Compiègne. "What do you want," he asked of the two German emissaries. The terms were handed to them, "dished out as to a dog, as Erzberger said, to swallow whole. If I refused it meant the loss of ten thousand lives every day. Cold sweat broke out upon me. I signed the terms and then went out and was sick." Even Clemenceau for all his "tigerish" temper declared that Foch lacked a magnanimous heart. They may also compare the calm of that "Virginia home" with the atmosphere of hysteria, hatred, and revenge that prevailed in the Palace of Versailles, when the thing that was signed was not a treaty but merely a truce, which after twenty years the world yet awaits to be finally broken.

The spirit of Lee and Grant soon vanished. It was replaced by a spirit of cruelty against the South. Dr. Freeman

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recalls the procedure during the following years with incredible restraint in a man born in Lynchburg, without bitterness even when he relates that when President Davis was put on trial at Richmond there were five negroes on the jury. Why victors do such things; why the French at the Rhine quartered black troops upon a descendant of Queen Victoria, that is a problem in national psychology.

Much remains to be said about the form and technique of the book. It is in four volumes of 2421 pages, 9 by 6 inches, 36 lines, 11 words to the line, near a million words, and not a word too many. The weight is over 9 pounds. It is issued by Scribner's in their best style; it costs 30 dollars, and is worth the price. Dr. Freeman has done a work that needed to be done; it is well done; and the life of Lee will never have to be written again. He brought to the task many academic distinctions, a long editorial experience, and the patient industry that historical research demands. There are ten pages of acknowledgments, amongst them to John Buchan, Winston Churchill, Lloyd George, Marshal Foch. The bibliography occupies 26 pages, the index 47. The index is too detailed for easy reference.

For nineteen years Dr. Freeman has been engaged in a vast field; he has missed nothing. With the eye of an artist he adorns every page. Towards the end he lightens the winter of growing despair by touches of pathos and humour. Lee forbade presents of food being sent to his table. With his own hand he carried his last portion of turkey to a sick officer "who had nothing to eat but corn bread and sweet-potato coffee." The book is one for every reader, but for full effect it demands a preliminary knowledge of the general history of the war. This present trivial review is merely the impression of one person who has read these million words with a profound and solemn emotion, and with gratitude to the author who has permitted him to come so close to the heart of a great and good man.

MCGILL UNIVERSITY  
PRINCIPAL AND VICE-CHANCELLOR  
L. W. DOUGLAS

2nd April 1938

My dear Sir Andrew Macphail,

Thank you so much for the two copies of your  
review on the life of "Lee", which I am glad to have.

I will bear in mind what you are kind enough  
to say about dinner.

Yours very sincerely,

Sir Andrew Macphail,  
2016 Peel Street,  
MONTREAL. QUE.

SIR ANDREW MACPHAIL

30 March

1938

216 Peel St.

Montreal

Dear Douglas, Here are two copies of "Lee",  
of which you spoke kindly. - And,  
please, remind Mrs Douglas of her  
contract to bring you to dinner any  
night when you both are free.

as ever

Andrew Macphail

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**DOCKET ENDS:**

MACPHAIL, SIR ANDREW



CANADA

Department of National Defence

Ottawa, Canada,

August 23, 1924.

Dear Colonel:

I wrote you on July 28th asking for information as to the maximum, minimum and average age of the entrants to the Faculty of Applied Science in McGill University for each of the past two or three years.

I would be much obliged if you would let me have this information at an early date as we need it in connection with some proposals for the antedating of university students entering the Permanent Force.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

Lt-Colonel Wilfred Bovey, OBE, DSO.,  
P.O.Box, 636,  
Montreal, P.Q.

September 3, 1924.

Brig.-General A.C.L. McNaughton, C.M.G.; D.S.O.  
Department of National Defense.  
Ottawa.

My dear General;

I am very sorry that your inquiry as to the entrance/age regarding the Faculty of Applied Science was not answered before this, but unfortunately it was addressed to my Post Office Box instead of to the University, and I only got it yesterday.

As the cards are at present we could not give you any but the ages of last year's men, unless we put a clerk on for a week's extra work. This may seem a little absurd, but the system is not designed to meet this particular type of inquiry.

If, nevertheless, this information is essential, I will arrange for some additional help to get it out, and will be glad to do so if in your opinion this is necessary.

I could give you the ages of last year's class, but I do not suppose that this would be of much use to you.

Yours faithfully,

Wilfrid Bovoy.

September 11, 1924.

Brigadier-General A.G.L. Mellaughton, C.M.G., D.S.O.  
Department of National Defence,  
Ottawa.

My dear General:

Referring to your letter asking for information as to the maximum, minimum and average age of the entrants to the Faculty of Applied Science in McGill University last year, I have made inquiries on this point and our records show that the average age of students entering in the fall of 1923 was 18 years, the maximum age was 35 years and the minimum age was 16 years.

Yours faithfully,

Wilfrid Bovey.

Personal and  
Confidential



Department of Militia and Defence

Ottawa, Canada,

October 9, 1922.

Dear General:

I am writing to you personally in your capacity as Honorary-Colonel of the Montreal Regiment of Artillery.

As you know the Regiment has not been going well, largely due to friction between the Regimental Headquarters and the District Headquarters. I think, and so does Creelman, that the only chance to pull it together is to get Dodds to take over the Command, for a time anyway. To this step Armstrong is agreeable, but he has never been able to persuade Dodds.

I have, however, written Dodds a long personal letter, putting the whole situation up to him, and if you can bring any pressure to bear to induce him to give a favourable decision, we will all be very grateful.

With kind regards,

Yours very sincerely,

General Sir Arthur Currie,  
G.C.M.G., K.C.B., etc.,  
Principal McGill University,  
Montreal, P.Q.

October  
Tenth  
1922.

Brigadier-General Andrew McNaughton, C.M.G., D.S.O.,  
Department of Militia & Defence,  
Ottawa.

My dear McNaughton:-

I have your letter of yesterday  
regarding the Montreal Regiment of Artillery.

Of course, I have known that for months  
there has been friction in this regiment and cannot  
regard either side as being entirely free from blame.  
However, the main thing is not to let the regiment  
suffer any more than it has. I shall see Dodds and do  
my best to get him to take over the command, until the  
regiment has made a solid beginning.

Everything is going very well at the  
University, although we have some ninety less regis-  
trations than last year, a falling off having occurred  
in our two large faculties - Medicine and Science.  
That, of course, was to be expected. Engineers have  
found it difficult in the last few years to get suitable  
employment, while in Medicine the new standard of entrance  
went into effect. A most healthy sign, though, is the  
increased registration in Arts, particularly in the  
number of men taking Arts. This I consider a very good  
sign indeed. A factor responsible for lower registration  
is that this year's freshmen class does not include any  
returned soldiers.

With all good wishes to MacBrien and  
yourself, I am,

Yours faithfully,

258 Prince Arthur Street West,  
Montreal.

13<sup>th</sup> November 1919.

The Secretary,  
McGill University,  
Dear Sir,

I am keenly interested in the science of Astrology and was wondering whether it might be possible to give a course of, say, 20 lectures as an Extension Course at the McGill University during the Spring term.

I believe that Astrology has a great future before it if once people of scientific and critical ability took an interest and studied it. I would treat of the methods of erecting the horoscope and its interpretation with special reference to the reading of character and the diagnosis of disease.

If you think fit, I would be much obliged if you would bring this to the notice of the authorities for consideration.

I am,

Yours truly,  
Duncan Macvaughan.

November 17 1919

Duncan MacNaughton Esq.,  
258 Prince Arthur Street West,  
Montreal.

Dear Mr. MacNaughton:-

Your letter under date of  
November 13th addressed to the Secretary of  
McGill University has been handed to me for  
reply.

Our curriculum is so congested at  
the present time that it is quite impossible for  
us to arrange for a course of lectures on the  
Science of Astrology, as you suggest. The  
study is undoubtedly an interesting one, but  
I regret that, at the present time, it is  
impossible for us to provide for it in the  
McGill curriculum.

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

FDA/MC.

Acting Principal.

258 Prince Arthur Street West,  
Montreal.

18<sup>th</sup> November 1914.

Principal Frank D. Adams L.L.D., etc.

Dear Dr Adams,

I have received your letter of yesterday's  
date for which I thank you.

I note that you are unable at present  
to arrange for a course of lectures on Astrology in the  
high school curriculum. If later on you feel justified in including  
it I shall be very glad to offer my services in this connection.

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

Duncan Macnaughton.

April 2nd 1924.

Dear Mrs. MacRae-Gilstrap,

I was very much interested in the splendid Memorial which you have prepared as a tribute to the Clan MacRae. It must indeed have been a work of great difficulty to obtain all these details and a labour of love to put them in such attractive form.

Your gifted kinsman, Colonel John McCrae, the words of whose beautiful poem are known wherever the English tongue is spoken, was a man whom none who knew him will forget and your tribute to him is one which we all appreciate.

With very many thanks for your kindness in sending me your book,

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

Principal

Mrs. John MacRae-Gilstrap,  
Ballimore, Argyle,  
Scotland

# St. Patrick's Orphanage

COTE DES NEIGES WEST

CHAIRMAN'S OFFICE:  
280 DORCHESTER ST. WEST



Montreal, March 10th, 1923.

Sir Arthur Currie,  
McGill University,  
Montreal, P. Q.

Dear Friend:-

You don't like "Tag Days" - nobody does! But we have to resort to them until other means are furnished us of meeting the annual deficit that we have been facing since the War.

In the attractive institution shown on page 1 of the enclosed leaflet, we house, clothe, feed and educate 210 English-speaking children, all from Montreal. This cost us last year \$56,346.16 or an average of \$268.00 per child. Our revenue for the current year including the Government Grant was \$38,315.24, leaving a deficit of \$18,330.92. This was partly covered by the "Tag Day" receipts of March 17th last of \$14,700.00.

It's no disgrace in Montreal to incur deficits and make public appeals; such institutions as the General Hospital, the Children's Memorial and the twenty-seven charities included in last winter's campaign can testify to this.

A cheque from you will help to lift the burden from our shoulders. It will be expended in a way to secure 100 cents on the dollar of value, and this grand old work founded 73 years ago will not be crippled in its endeavour to furnish our country with fine types of Canadian citizens.

Yours very sincerely,

on behalf of

The Board of Trustees,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Gerald J. McShane".

GERALD J. McSHANE,  
Chairman, Board of Trustees.

March  
Twenty-fourth  
1923.

Rev. Gerald J. McShane,  
280 Dorchester Street West,  
Montreal.

Dear Reverend McShane:-

With reference to your letter of March 10th asking me to respond to the appeal of St. Patrick's Orphanage, let me say that the small contribution I was able to make I handed to one of the Tag Day collectors. I congratulate you most warmly on the generous response to your appeal.

I would like to add that last night I saw a Company of Cadets who performed their movements most smartly and cleverly and I was informed they were "McShane's Company".

With all good wishes, I am,

Yours faithfully,

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS  
HOTEL SYSTEM



THE FORT GARRY WINNIPEG



PRINCE EDWARD BRANDON



CHATEAU LAURIER OTTAWA



PRINCE ARTHUR PORT ARTHUR



THE MACDONALDS EDMONTON

HIGHLAND INN  
ALGONQUIN PARK, ONTARIO  
NIPISICH LODGE  
ORIENT BAY, ONTARIO  
MINAKI INN  
MINAKI, ONTARIO

GRAND BEACH HOTEL  
GRAND BEACH, MANITOBA  
JASPER PARK LODGE  
JASPER, ALBERTA

CHATEAU LAURIER

OTTAWA, ONT.

August 29, 1927

My dear Sir Arthur,

I found that you were in the  
West when I was in Montreal  
Saturday. I hoped to have had  
the pleasure of calling on you  
and paying my respects.

I had not seen McGill for  
twenty years. The development  
of plant and grounds is re-  
markable. It is a great thrill  
in order both to the University  
and Canada. May we not expect  
you to come to Kentucky soon?  
Very sincerely  
Frank L. Kervey

September 6th, 1927.

President Frank L. McVey,  
Central University of Kentucky,  
Danville, Kentucky.

My dear President McVey:-

Thank you very much for your note of August 29th, which I found on my desk when I returned to the office this morning. I am extremely sorry that I was not here a week ago to welcome you to McGill.

I appreciate greatly your kind remarks about our University and for the improvements you were good enough to notice. While I would like very much to go to Kentucky some time it is impossible for me to give any indication as to when that pleasure will be mine.

With all kind wishes,  
I am,

Yours faithfully,