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p. 1547

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Chapter IIBOARDING-SCHOOL DAYS

Barrie
1864-1867
Barrie

*Requiem
in sequence
with Chap I*

*Oct
1864
Aet. 15*

Thus William Osler came to be sent away the next fall to boarding-school, and following the footsteps of his brothers was entered in the grammar-school at Barrie, a town on the western arm of Lake Simcoe, half-way between his old home at Bond Head and Penetanguishene. The Rev. W. F. Checkley, a famous school-master of the day and a friend of the boys' father, was Principal, and under him many sons of the early settlers in Upper Canada spent their first year away from home, though by this particular time the school's reputation had somewhat waned and its numbers dwindled. Of the mischievous boy who had come from Dundas there is little but hearsay record, for the school no longer exists, and the old brick building after many vicissitudes has been demolished. One may gather from his mother's weekly chronicle of home news that his wants were few, and it is hoped that he secured some slippery 'elem' in Barrie and that his brother ^{Frank} who had been rusticated got his skates by Christmas.

From his mother to W. O.

Dundas. October [1864]

My dear Willie

I can excuse you if you begin to think of yourself in a small degree slighted, for I ought to have written last week but could not manage it and we were for some days expecting a letter from you before it came. I am

Oct.
1864Oct. 1864
aut 15

sorry to find you had such a bad cold but hope it will not wind up with another attack of Intermittent, we too all of us have or have had colds indeed who has not during this changeable weather. Charlotte has written you all the news of the day and the Pater told you how well the Ancastrians did at their Bazaar. \$400 was more than any of us expected to make. ***

I bought a winter necktie for you which I will try to enclose in this letter but both Papa and I think it will be useless to send up a box, as apples are scarcely to be had and Franke's expedition for nuts the other day was only productive of one quart so if Papa sends you up a dollar it must do instead and I dare say you could get a tooth brush and a packet of slippery Elm (not Elem) bark at Barrie nor can we find ^{your} 'Horace' in the study to send up. I am glad your clothes suit. Frank went down by Boat last week to Toronto and got a suit of clothes at Walkers and Felt hat; they make him look quite the young man; nothing yet has turned up for him to do, but all are looking out for him.

* * * * Papa is going to take this down town to get a dollar note and a stamp to enclose, if we can find the 'Horace' we will send it up by post next week.

Give my kind regards to Mrs. Checkley and love to Mrs. Stewart when you see her and with my best love to you hoping that you are on terms of love and friendship with your books I am ever

Your affectionate Mother

Ellen Osler

Frank left his skates at Barrie. Mind you take care of them to bring home at Christmas.

Oct.
1864

The school was divided into day pupils and boarders, the latter living with Mr. Checkley who does not seem to have left any deep and lasting impression, upon one of them at least. But no matter how slack his observance of regulations, a boy, who is affectionate, chivalrous and generous, who has no difficulties with Scholarship ~~culty in standing high in his classes~~ and at the same time excels in sports - such a boy becomes a leader wherever he may be put to school, and makes fast friends. Indeed one of the outstanding characteristics of William Osler was his tenacity for friendships which, once made, were never forgotten, and with his particular friends of this early school period he kept up a running correspondence during his subsequent migratory life and even till his last days, never failing to send messages of greeting on holidays and birthdays, nor to hold out a helping hand when they or their families were in trouble or want.

The mere transfer from one institution to another does not suffice to subdue the effervescent spirits of a fun-loving boy, and there were three youngsters among the fourteen or more in the school who earned the appellation of 'Barrie's Bad Boys' - Ned Milburn, Charlie Locke and Willie Osler - and the last-mentioned, in his later years, used to recount with glee to his special children-friends the pranks of these Barrie days. One of them writes:

Oct.
1864

"Sir William used to tell me stories of his boyhood as I sat on the floor at his knees by the library fire, but I am afraid they were all either lacking in details of time and place. . . . I was in the garden with him one day and dared him to throw a stone and hit something that was a long way off, and he hit it true with the first stone, and told me that on his way to school one day with three other small boys, Ned Milburn dared him to hit a pig with a stone. The pig was a long way off, but with the first stone he hit it directly behind the ear and, to his chagrin, killed it instantly. He would always laugh till the tears came into his eyes at the thought of how 'that old pig looked as he rolled over on his back with his four legs stiff in the air', and of how the farmer came out and took ^{him} ~~Uncle Willie~~ by the scruff of his neck straight home; and his father had to pay eight dollars for the pig. . . . During those last sad years I never saw him laugh so heartily or look so happy as when he forgot the present and lived again his old pranks."

Mr. Milburn, who of these three boys alone survives, writes as follows of those days, passing over in a few words, as taken for granted, that 'Osler easily ranked first in the whole school,' owing to his remarkably retentive memory and exceptional powers of concentration; also, that even when at Barrie he was notably proficient 'in that greatest of books the Bible.'

. . . The spirit of fun was well marked in him - real fun that hurt nobody but sometimes caused a little annoyance to the victims of the joke.

16 The fact is we were often blamed for the misdoings of ill-conditioned boys belonging to the town, even though we could prove a perfectly good alibi. At times a zeal for study would seize us, especially when exams were imminent, and as our study hours ended at 9.30 at which time all lamps were taken away, we would jump out of our dormitory window some six feet above the ground and study our Xenephon, Virgil or Caesar by the light of the full moon, then we would go down to the Bay, distant a little over 100 yards, and disport ourselves an hour or two in the cool water. . .

37 Sometimes we would wander into Barrie only a mile from the school and, if occasion offered, have some fun. On one of these night prowlings, to our great delight we found an assortment of clothes on the wharf, which O. at once seized and made off with, I following at his heels. The swimmer proved to be Dalton McCarthy, afterwards M.P. for North Simcoe. Of course when he climbed upon the wharf his clothes were not there. Well, we kept him prisoner for nearly an hour, and then O. came out of hiding, walked near the pier and asked what was the trouble. MCC., who knew us well, recognized O's voice and decided to come to terms at once. These were to take us on an excursion by boat to Orillia on Saturday and not let it be known to Mr. Checkley that two of his boys had been down town at 1 a.m. The treaty was faithfully kept. . .

Not far from the school was a large cottage, the residence of Sheriff Smith, with a fine garden in which the gardener took great pride. In it was a fine melon patch. We determined to have a melon, so taking advantage

Fall
1864

of the absence of the household we secured each a melon, but just as we came to the road, up came the gardener. As the Sheriff insisted on our punishment, the result was we were gated for a week and had to write out the text of Virgil, Bk. I. O. said little, but watching his chance he got on the roof and put a board over the chimney - soon the excitement began. The Barrie Hook and Ladder Co. with what we called 'Cataract No. I' came tearing along - only to find no fire - only smoke. This was our reprisal, so to speak. . .

One of the last tricks, indeed the last I think, we played, was on an American who had advertised for a wife. In our Toronto papers O. noticed the advertisement and suggested the following plan - to answer the advertisement, describing ourselves as a brunette and a blonde respectively - so that he could make choice according to his fancy. We had some trouble in fitting ourselves out with girls' clothes, but with my sister's help we developed into pretty fair specimens of the genus girl.

In due time the farmer arrived at the Grand Trunk Station where we had agreed to meet him, for the station we knew was badly lighted which would be of great advantage to us. All went well - we resisted his request for another meeting by daylight and asked him to make his choice then and there. He did so, and as he rather liked blondes his choice fell on me. I wonder at it, for O. made a beautiful girl with his clear-cut features and olive complexion. We never knew what became of the farmer - he left us, promising to return in a month, as this would give him time to fix up his house. I hope he got a blonde.

~~Fall~~
1864

As has been said, young Osler, possessing a remarkably supple body, greatly excelled in all youthful sports and the elastic swinging step of a boy characterized him to his last days. He at one time won a school prize for kicking football, and after leaving school and when in college played in matches with the Hamilton cricket team during his summer vacations. Mr.

continues:

Milburn says:

We were all very fond of athletics and were big boys for our age. . . . Nothing could tire us. We were all bone with steel bands for muscles. On one occasion we three essayed to swim across Kempenfelt Bay, there (at Barrie) I fancy about a mile and a half wide. Accompanied by a boat we started on the trip. I managed to cover about a mile when my fingers began to cramp and I climbed into the boat. O. and Locke kept on and accomplished the feat, a very difficult one due to the many cold springs in the Bay. ^{He} ~~Willie~~ was also good at cricket. On one occasion I saw him throw a cricket ball 115 yards, a throw never beaten I think, at least by an amateur.

1865) Aet. 16
1866)WESTON.

The reputation of the Barrie school, as stated, was at this time on the wane. It, moreover, was far from Dundas, and these things must have influenced the parents in favour of a change. A circular had been received by them describing a new school recently opened at Weston, a town on the Humber, twelve miles west of Toronto, and a paragraph in the circular stated that senior boys would go into the drawing-room in the evening and be taught music, dancing and painting. If this was the lure, it seems to have been a vain one, for in the capacity to learn these arts William Osler was by inheritance deficient, but to this school he was sent, and here something not advertised but far more important than these parlour accomplishments was found - namely a real master, 'who knew nature and knew how to get boys interested in it.'

The Rev. William Arthur Johnson was born in 1816, in Bombay. His father, then a Quartermaster-General to the Bombay forces, was an engineer officer, who ^{not only} from 1784 to 1817 had a distinguished military career in India. ~~He~~ had served earlier as an aide-de-camp to Arthur Wellesley (first Duke of Wellington) for whom this, his second son received his name Arthur. On retiring with the rank of Colonel, he returned to England and lived at Down House, where, later, Darwin

cf. "A happy life"
(I think) that he never
"had any vocal or pedal
accomplishments" A.E.M.
cf. I.E. 26.

Jan 1866
at 16

Mar.
1866

lived and died, and he became a friend of Turner and of Landseer and was 'no mean artist himself.'

The son William Arthur for whom Wellington had stood as godfather, had been sent to the military school at Addiscombe,* and, it is said, was later

*His elder brother had been there before him; had gone into the army; seen service in Arabia; been advanced to Captain, and was drowned at Surat in his twenty-seventh year.

offered a commission by the Duke, but disliking the army he abandoned this career and with the Jukes family migrated to Upper Canada in 1831, and here his father soon followed, to take up one of the land grants for retired officers near Port Maitland. Johnson subsequently entered the church and became curate under Archdeacon Bethune (subsequently Bishop of Toronto) then at Cobourg. From the first he was apparently influenced by the Oxford Tractarians, and had he been in England instead of Canada in 1851, the year he was ordained, he would doubtless have joined ^{forces with} Newman's ~~forces~~. Some of his 'low church' parishioners both at Cobourg and at his subsequent parish in St. Paul's Church, Yorkville, made trouble for him on these grounds. Bishop Strachan exonerated but did not support him, and he was finally inducted as the Rector

Mar.
1866

at St. Phillip's, Etobicoke, a remote hamlet across the river from Weston.

In this parish he became much beloved, though he remained, to the end, more or less of a thorn in the flesh to his bishop on account of his ritualistic proclivities which he defended both in pulpit and press. Having a family of three boys of his own to educate and there being no distinctly church school in Toronto at the time, he determined to start one himself. Accordingly, at his own expense and on his own responsibility a school known as "Weston" was opened in a small building on the west bank of the Humber overlooking the ruins of an old mill, traces of which still stand in the lowlands of the picturesque river valley.

The project thrived, and in 1864 Johnson proposed to the governing body of Trinity University that the school come under their supervision, that it be called the Trinity College School and serve to prepare boys for Trinity University. For himself he proposed that 'as a master he should teach French, drawing and water-colour painting, without remuneration,' and, what is more, would make himself responsible for the expenses of the establishment provided he might use the name of Trinity College in the circular of announcement, to which reference has just been made.

Mar.
1866

There were many pourparlers and it may be assumed that Bishop Strachan had some misgivings regarding the unruly priest he had been tempted to discipline. However, the Corporation on the 8th November, 1864, sanctioned the arrangement and the school formally opened the next May with about a dozen boys, a greater number than had been expected or could well be cared for. As there was no room for them available in the village, the pupils, soon twenty-five in number, were somehow accommodated in the parsonage, the half-basement of which was fitted out with rude desks, a large upper room being converted into a dormitory.

In this school William Osler was entered on January 18, 1866. "I can see him now," writes one of his mates, "soon after he arrived at the rectory - with a red pocket-handkerchief round his neck and a sling in his hand taking a survey of any chance birds in the garden."

To W. O. from his mother.

Dundas, Mar. 2nd /66.

My very dear Willie

My scrap of a note enclosed in Papa's to Mr. Johnson crossed your last which thing is always a matter of provocation in the way of letter-writing though not of great consequence in this instance.

Mar.
1866

I fancy the first thing you wish to know is about the Music and after all the Pros and Cons we have decided that you may take the first quarter as a trial, you will then see whether you have really time enough for it or like it enough to persevere through the up-hill work which you may expect to find it for a time. Will you have any opportunity of practicing or be dependent on the weekly lessons of an hour? If so you must not expect to make very rapid progress. By this time I dare say you are in good working order in the school routine and are going on steadily with your studies able to rise early without great effort and doing whatsoever your hand findeth to do heartily as unto the Lord I should rejoice to hope; and do not forget the good old Mr. Hainsel's advice which also is the God inspired advice of the wisest Man, none go wrong who follow it in case you should have allowed it to slip your memory I may as well write it - "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

There have been two grand Concerts this week one at Ancaster on Tuesday eveng. to assist in raising funds for the New Chancel, the other at Flambro to help get an Organ - both were very successful, that at Ancaster was stylish beyond anything before in Ancaster and a splendid supper was much patronized after Papa drove Mrs Bab. and the girls up there and took me to Flambro last night so we have had enough of Music for the time. * *

Papa I dare say will be at Weston next week and then will give you the V for the quarters music if it is still your mind to learn. Ellen and Charlotte unite with me in best love.

Ever your loving Mother

Ellen Osler

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1866

But it was not to be through his advertised courses that Johnson came to mould and influence the thoughts and subsequent career of his young pupil, in whose attitude toward life a great change took place in the short space of the next eighteen months. But years are longer at seventeen than later in life, and fortunate the schoolboy who at this impressionable age makes contact with such a guide, philosopher and friend as the Rev. W. A. Johnson proved to be. It was an association never forgotten, and to his indebtedness the pupil in later years made repeated reference in his writings and addresses.

Side view.

As a boy it was my good fortune to come under the influence of a parish priest of the Gilbert White type, who followed the seasons of Nature no less ardently than those of the Church, and whose excursions into science had brought him into contact with physic and physicians. Father Johnson, as his friends loved to call him, . . . illustrated that angelical conjunction (to use Cotton Mather's words) of medicine and divinity more common in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries than in the nineteenth. An earnest student of Sir Thomas Browne, particularly of the 'Religio Medici', he often read to us extracts in illustration of the beauty of the English language, or he would entertain us with some of the author's

Mar.
1866

quaint conceits, such as the man without a navel (Adam), or that woman was the rib and crooked piece of man. ^u The copy which I held in my hand [J. T. Field's edition of 1862], my companion ever since my schooldays, is the most precious book in my library.*

*The Religio Medici. An address delivered at Guy's Hospital, October, 1905.

'Father' Johnson though the founder and Warden of the school, and its real influence among the boys, was not the Head Master. This position, filled by the Corporation of Trinity, was occupied by a tall, austere young man with 'long black whiskers and a very decided mouth,' a classical scholar and recent graduate of Trinity College who had learned during a subsequent sojourn in England, it is said, how a good Church School should be conducted on the long-established traditions of the great English Public Schools. Being a martinet and addicted to the birch, believing that the way to reach a boy was through his hide, the Head Master was as unpopular as the Warden was otherwise. He lived in rooms built off the parsonage and from them could see the windows of the schoolroom in the half-basement, which put the boys to the great disadvantage of never knowing

cf. the photo
from R. Johnson
J.G.

Spring
1866

when his eye was on them. The consequences of any misbehaviour ^{has been} ~~is~~ so

vividly recalled in ^{an article} ~~the following paragraphs~~ written by one of these boys*

*Arthur Jukes Johnson. Trinity College School Record, 1915, p. 57.

that one feels he may have had experience ^{which was one of the strong points of the School:} ~~in 'caning' and canes which were~~

"Caning was one of the strong points of the School, and was done in this way: It was a long process; first it was decided that a certain boy should be caned; there was no theory about this, it was a matter that was worked out by the master, who thereupon sent the poor little trembling wretch to the Head Master's room to inform him, and to select the particular cane that he thought looked the most kindly. ^{***} ~~It was, in course of time, brought back to the School; then the boy's left shoulder was gently grasped by the left hand of the master, who applied the cane in the most approved form.~~ The ceiling of the basement in which the School was carried on, was probably not more than seven feet from the floor. Mr. Badgeley, standing six feet, there were times when he could not do justice to some of the work he had to perform for want of head-room. ^{***} ~~For instance, when a boy was to be caned it was not always possible that he could swing the cane with that peculiar swiftness which makes it most efficacious. Many of the boys of that date are probly still thankful to the architect who built that house.~~

✶ The canes, too, were peculiar. They were ~~very small, being only about three eighths of an inch in diameter, and were made of fine~~ straight, beautifully polished, round strips of what was known as second

possible
omission
too much
m.c.g.

Apr.
1866

growth Walpole hickory. They were practically unbreakable, and would bend like a bit of India rubber, warranted to be felt over every spot they touched. There was a decided advantage to the culprit in his being sent for the cane; in the first place, it gave the master, supposing that he had been somewhat ruffled, time to get thorough command of himself, and it also gave the boy an opportunity of preparing for the ordeal. Having to go through a long passage outside the house before he reached the Head Master's room, opportunities might occur to his mind of so arranging matters that the caning was not so hard to bear. . . .

With the object, it may be, of escaping from such tyranny Osler and one of his mates early in his Weston career contrived an ingenious and effective method of enjoying a sojourn at home, by deliberately exposing themselves to a boy who was in quarantine with chickenpox - a fact now made public for the first time, as the one surviving member of the conspiracy no longer feels bound by their oath of secrecy.

The school gradually increased its numbers until it was no longer possible even for an elastic parsonage to encompass it all. Hence a new building had been secured some little distance away, for classrooms and dormitory, where the Head Master reigned supreme. He had engaged a housekeeper, an old woman, and her buxom daughter, both of whom came to be

Apr.
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heartily disliked, and thereby hangs a tale, for to be disliked in a boys' school is to invite molestation. The story can be found in the county court records of the Toronto Globe for April 8-13, 1866, under the caption

"School Row at Weston. Pupils Turned Outlaws. They Fumigate the Matron

with Sulphur." A mild rendering of the episode has been ^{Printed elsewhere #} ~~given as follows~~

([#] Trinity College School Record, Jubilee Number 1915, XVIII, p. 63,
by the Warden's eldest son, one of the culprits, but a

School was held in the room immediately below the large front room on the second floor in which these ladies sat in the afternoon, and a pipe-hole passed through the ceiling of the school and the floor of their room. On almost the first occasion in which four or five boys were kept in on a half-holiday, they discovered that this pipe-hole was at times not covered. Naturally such an opportunity to make this a mark through which paper darts, etc., could be shot was at once seized upon, more particularly as the aforesaid maiden lady, notwithstanding her qualities, was not appreciated by the boys. Things were no doubt said, the ladies probably had the first say, and, of course, had the last. The engagement lasted probably half an hour, as the boys understood it, an amusing episode which served to pass away an otherwise tedious hour of detention. Imagine our surprise when the school was served with a summons which stated that certain boys were charged with having committed an aggravated assault on a certain maiden

lady, by which grievous bodily harm had been sustained. This was accompanied by an order that these boys should present themselves before a bench of magistrates at the Court House on Adelaide Street East, in the City of Toronto, to answer this charge.

A somewhat more lively version comes from the little girl to whom stories of his boyhood used to be told by Sir William before the library fire in Oxford. In this rendering, the assault was in revenge for a specific offense, the despised female the day before having upset a pail of slops on the stairs, which soused one of the boys. Hence, on the day in question, the coast being clear and at Osler's instigation, they barricaded 'the old girl' in her sitting-room and made a paste of molasses, mustard and pepper which they put on the schoolroom stove, so that the fumes rose to her room through the stovepipe hole. The prisoner stuffed the hole with some clothes, which the boys pushed back with ^{joistens.} poles. Being resourceful, and to avoid suffocation, she sat on the register and screamed for help while the boys poked at her from below as they had done to the clothes. Ultimately she was rescued by the Head Master, and the boys as can be imagined duly experienced the effects of the Walpole hickory strips.

19

April
1866

But this did not satisfy the Matron who demanded their arrest for assault and battery. Unable to get a warrant issued in Weston she finally secured one in Toronto, with the result that the ^{nine}~~hine~~ boys, including the Warden's two sons, passed a few days in the Toronto jail and were defended by the young Osler's elder brother, Featherston, before the magistrate in the county council chamber, with the result of a reprimand and payment of a dollar and costs. At all events they had effectually 'smoked the old girl out', for she refused to stay ^{longer} at the school, ~~any longer~~.

William Osler ~~From his mother~~ ^{to W.O.}

Dundas, April 19th, 1866.

My dear Willie

I heard from Hennie that you had been there on your way to Lloydtown and I suppose that you will be journeying back to school again this week. ~~I meant to have written yesterday and enclosed some more money but the Boulbees were here at dinner and I could not find time. I do not know exactly when the school re-opens but hope you will not be behind the right time in returning.~~ It was an unfortunate affair that of all you boys being brought into public notice in such a disreputable manner and although

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1866

I do not think it was meant to be more than a mere school-boy freak, such things often tell against a person long after, and I hear many say they think it will injure the reputation of the school. We are told to do unto others as we would wish them to do unto us and if we only followed this golden rule we should be more careful not only in our outward actions to others but of our thoughts and words. We heard from Mr. Badgely the same day we had your letter last week telling us of the matter, and since then we have had the school report which on the whole was satisfactory. Could you only know my dear boy how earnestly my heart longs to see you walking in the paths of holiness you would I think strive to do well but there is One who loves you with a love far stronger than mine who gave Himself to die for you. He is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life" in Him and only in Him is true peace and happiness to be found.

This warm weather is making everything start into fresh life, we have begun gardening in earnest. Papa is up every morning early at work, the things in the hotbed are growing beautifully...

~~Let us know about the things you get at Walkers if they suit etc.~~

~~Your sisters send their love and believe me~~

/ Your ever loving Mother

Ellen Osler

[P.S.] Enclosed you will find \$2 and a stamp.

There were a few others beside the Warden, his wife, and this Head Master. The last-named had an assistant, and a Mr. Sefton came out for the week-ends and gave music lessons. There was also a Mr. Carter who, when not engaged in the classics, taught ~~the boys~~ cricket and football; and a 'Captain' Goodwin an old Waterloo veteran and great favourite with the boys not only drilled them every Saturday afternoon but taught them the manly art of self-defense with fist and cudgel.

It was a humble setting at Weston, a square, two-storied, plastered house, which served as parsonage as well as school, in which Father Johnson, his wife and three children lived together with as many boys as could be crowded in; and their names to-day can be seen scratched with some one's diamond on the low windows. There was a playground near by, and also the Warden's private chapel, while the woods on one side and the little town on the other stretched along the bluff overlooking the river valley. In this setting the effort was being made by the Head Master to reproduce on a small scale something of Eton, Harrow or Rugby, by trans-

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planting to new soil the traditions of these and similar foundations as little modified as possible, to make them fit in with or to neutralize the democratic ideas which were beginning to take hold of the country. Though 'fagging' had not been introduced, the school discipline was maintained by the 'prefect system' whereby the boys were placed on their honour and practically governed themselves under the supervision of four prefects chosen from their own number. The prefects, of whom Osler was soon made head, held their positions as long as they could retain the boys' confidence, and there were ways of superseding a prefect if he showed himself unworthy of his position. They exercised large authority in the school and dealt with all such petty incidents as squabbling, Billingsgate exchanges, bullying, and so on, - occurrences which may make the life of an unprotected small boy in a school utterly wretched. As one of Osler's mates recalls:

The process was simple. A sharp voice would ring out, "Stop that you muckers." If that didn't stop - "Well, we must settle this business at once." If the lads were evenly matched, well and good; if not, the heavy-

1866

weight must submit to some handicap, or the light-weight might call upon his particular pal and the thing would be fought out - "Queensberry rules - shake hands - now to it." The prefect would see fair play and when in his opinion enough punishment had been given the fray must cease, the warriors shake hands and as a rule be fast friends - for a time at least. Sometimes two rooms of boys would have to settle their differences in this way, but general engagements of this kind were frowned upon by the Head Master.

The boys were garbed in a sort of Eton attire and were expected to appear in public wearing top-hats. This must have been particularly tantalizing for the town boys of this small country village; and to wear a top-hat certainly puts one at a great disadvantage in a snowball battle. Christian names of course were ignored and nicknames discouraged. Jones was 'Jones' in classroom, on cricket field or at roll-call, and this last was a duty which devolved upon the prefect, who had to recite from memory the list of names at fixed hours, even during play time, to ascertain whether any boy was out of bounds without leave of absence. As one of the surviving prefects of Osler's day recalls, this was easy enough if there

was only one Jones, but otherwise the senior Jones would be 'Jones Max'; and after fifty-five years he recalls like an old tune the roster of his time: "Anderson Max, Anderson Major, Anderson Minor, Beck, Boulton, etc., etc."

But as a man is more important than his workshop, so the Warden was more important than his school, and it is to him that this story must return. For the Rev. W. A. Johnson's conception of education did not lie in the greatest number of facts which could be drilled into his boys but in the ideas which centrifugally would radiate from them under varied stimuli not necessarily confined to the schoolroom. He must have been the despair of his Head Master.

He was an artist, among other things, and sketched well; he was a wood carver, and the products of his chisel some of which still adorn the parish church at Weston can perhaps be best seen on the carved altar table of St. Matthew's, Toronto. He was a nature lover, not in the casual sense of admiring her beauties from afar, but in the sense of the scientist who

thinks nature even more beautiful and thrilling if seen close at hand under the microscope. With all this he was an ardent high-churchman, given to genuflections, to prayer and meditation in his private chapel adjoining the school,* and was such a punctilious observer of high-church

*This chapel (St. John's) removed from its former site beside the old rectory, now stands encased in brick on the north side of Main Street, Weston.

ritual that it kept him in more or less hot water. The head prefect of these Weston days, nearly fifty years later in an address* dealing with

*The School World, London, 1916, p. 41-44.

science in the public schools, expressed himself as follows:

Single sheet

"As a boy I had the common experience of fifty years ago - teachers whose sole object was to spoon-feed classes, not with the classics, but with syntax and prosody, forcing our empty wits, as Milton says, to compose "Theams Verses and Orations", wrung from poor striplings like blood from the nose, with the result that we loathed Xenophon and his ten thousand, Homer was an abomination, while Livy and Cicero were names and tasks. Ten years with really able Trinity College, Dublin, and Oxford teachers left me with no more real knowledge of Greek and Latin than of Chinese, and without the free use of the languages as keys to great literatures. Imagine

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the delight of a boy of an inquisitive nature to meet a man who cared nothing about words, but who knew about things - who knew the stars in their courses, and could tell us their names, whose delight was in the woods in springtime, and told us about the frog-spawn and the caddis worms, and who read to us in the evenings Gilbert White and Kingsley's 'Glaucus', who showed us with the microscope the marvels in a drop of dirty pond water, and who on Saturday excursions up the river could talk of the Trilobites and the Orthoceratites and explain the formation of the earth's crust. No

more dry husks for me after such a diet, and early in my college life I kicked over the traces and exchanged the classics with 'divers' as represented by Pearson, Browne and Hooker, for Hunter, Lyell and Huxley. From the study of nature to the study of man was an easy step. My experience was that of thousands, yet, as I remember, we were athirst for good literature. What a delight it would have been to have had Chapman's 'Odyssey' read to us, or Plato's 'Phaedo', on a Sunday evening, or the 'Vera Historia'. What a tragedy to climb Parnassus in a fog! How I have cursed the memory of Protagoras since finding that he introduced grammar into the curriculum, and forged the fetters which chained generations of school-boys in the cold formalism of words. How different now that Montaigne and Milton and Locke and Petty have come into their own, and are recognized as men of sense in the matter of training youth."

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So the interest of these early days centre on Father Johnson and his microscope in so far as they relate to a boy who was expected to follow his father's footsteps and enter the ministry. Two months after entering the school he had been confirmed by the Warden at St. Phillip's; and that he had strong leanings toward the Church is apparent from one of his mother's letters written toward the end of the spring term.

From his mother to W. O.

Dundas, May 30th, 1866.

My dear Willie

When I tell you that we are without the shadow of a girl in the house to do the work, that Ellen Mary is very poorly so that Charlotte and I have it all to do, you will not wonder that I have not written since my return home. Papa was away all last week at Barrie, ~~Went~~, and he saw many old faces and the old home. . . .

Papa had your letter a day or two ago and will probably write to you soon and as well to Mr. Badgely about your remaining another year at school. And now my dear boy let me have a little serious chat with you about entering the Church which you say you have made up your mind to do. My first impulse was to thank God that he had heard my prayer and inclined one of my six boys to make choice of that as his path in life. It is a matter not to be decided on hastily any more than is any other profession - take your time for consideration and above all search your heart for the motives inducing your decision, for remember that God always judges of us by our

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motives while man can only judge of our actions. ^{^ ^ ^} If you ask of God He
 will give you wisdom and guide you in the right path, and without His
 guidance in all things we are sure to err. I am quite sure that if you
 do seriously and in earnest desire to be fitted for the service of God in
 His Church Papa will do all he can to help you forward by giving you a
 liberal education and both of us will bid you God speed. I do always
 beg of God to keep you from evil and lead you to all things profitable for
 your salvation. / I send you a volume of good advice which was given many
 years ago by a good man to his son at Shrewsbury School it is good for
 boys in all ages and at all schools read it carefully and follow it fully
 and in the Book of Proverbs which the wisest of fathers wrote for the bene-
 fit of his Son and which is meant for you as well as for him you will find
 far better advice than I can give. May God incline your heart to love and
 serve Him through His beloved Son is the prayer of your loving Mother

Ellen Osler.

[PS] I see your name flourishing in the Games of Monday, it was a bad
 day, nevertheless I hope you all enjoyed the fun.

[P.S.] My dear Willie - I must just scribble ^{another} ~~the~~ line to tell you how proud
 we all were to see 'Osler 1st' so many times in the paper today and I
 was so sorry to see the rain yesterday but it does not seem to have made
 much difference; we hope to have a long account of the day's proceeding
 from you soon; the notice in the Leader was very short. You will have a
 long letter from me as soon as I can find time for such a proceeding.

Bye-bye.

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His name indeed 'flourished', for according to the Toronto Leader he came out number one in the majority of the athletic contests which had been staged for the preceding Monday - the hurdle race, the 200- and 400-yard flat races; the 100-yard hop race, the mile steeplechase, and throwing the cricket ball, though there seems, from the following recollection of one of his schoolmates, some doubt about its having been a record throw.

Physically Osler was rather undersized but extremely wiry and well proportioned, a fine all-round athlete, without being a champion in any particular line. I believe though, he did break the record for throwing the cricket ball at one of our term-end sports. Unfortunately, however, the Campus (if we may use a word I don't like, which our college athletes have today taken over from the Yankee vocabulary) proved too restricted for his prowess, and the ball hit the high fence near the top. Such a throw was never dreamed of. But Professor Jones of Trinity, possibly not an unprejudiced referee, came to the rescue, and by the aid of most compelling mathematical calculations - no doubt they were absolutely accurate as became the dictum of an exact science - demonstrated to our entire satisfaction that if that wretched fence had not been in the way, the ball would have hit the sod at a distance that neither Rugby nor Eton had ever achieved. Anyhow, it is not on record that our English schools yielded their claim to the championship on the strength of Professor Jones's verdict.

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But the excursions on week-ends in the beautiful valley through which the Humber flows, and the expeditions to more distant places during vacation time in company with the nineteenth-century edition of the 'sage of Selborne who had a like taste for observing and recording natural phenomena, served to deflect him from his drift toward the Church. One of his boyhood companions, the Rev. Arthur Jarvis of Toronto, has written some reminiscences of their school days at Weston.

It was our greatest treat when 'Old Johnson' could be led to take a squad out for a field day, hunting fossils, and he did not need much persuasion. I can still see the Warden wielding an old prospector's pick, and Osler the most eager boy of the lot to secure a perfect orthocera-tite, or whatever Lower Silurian relic the soft stone about Weston might yield. Some of us were keen to retrieve a few good sections of orthoceras to be diligently polished and converted into prodigious sleeve-links at 'Kent's store' in Yonge St..

Osler, however, was the scientist of the expedition. To him was entrusted the delicate work of grinding down and mounting specimens for microscope slides. Sometimes he might graciously, after the manner of Tom Sawyer, delegate some of this protracted mechanical grinding on the Water-of-Ayre stone to our less skilled hands - it wasn't every day

that a boy had a chance to help in the construction of valuable scientific exhibits! - Nevertheless, experts pronounced them exceptionally fine - after Osler had put the finishing touches.

Father Johnson was an omniverous naturalist, ranging widely with no attempt at specialization. Everything interested him, the structure of the hair of different animals from the caribou to the flying squirrel, the structure and growth of wood, the study of fossils and minerals, the finer anatomy of moths and butterflies and insects of every kind, some of which he unblushingly transferred from his own person or bed to the stage of the microscope; seeds and shells, ferns and mosses, bones and teeth of vertebrates, from those of a thirty-pound 'Masquenonge' caught by his son-in-law, to the molar of an old cow killed on the railway track. He was an amateur, it is true, and dabbled in many fields, but the flame nevertheless burned brightly, and he knew how to transmit it to others. His field notebook with the tabulation of his microscopic slides all carefully enumerated and indexed, tells the story better than words, and it is a pity that it cannot be quoted in full, particularly during the year when the young Osler begins to appear on its pages. He took the Microscopical Journal, and con-

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sulted other books of reference as can be seen by some of these illustrative entries.

- #122. 23/I/65 Zaphrentis bilateralis a diagonal section, the structure is very pretty as seen with a watchmaker's eyeglass, or other low power, the specimen was among small stones from the North Shore of Lake Huron & in shape something like a pear. Nat. size see Dana, pg. 236. It appears to be a radiated Polyp & is better seen in a larger specimen wh I obtained from I. Noble's well.
- #153. 20/2/65 Dry seeds of Echinosperra lapulla, picked in mid winter still attaching themselves to everything that touches them. Growing on the dry gravel at the Vestry door of St. Mark's Ch. Carlton.
- #493. 16/I/67 Aspidiotus conchiformis, or 'oyster shell bark louse'. For a description of this little destructive thing see Harris pg. 254 & Practical Entomologist at pg. 31 of Vol ii: where there is a good drawing & description.
- #494. 16/I/67 D[♂] D[♀] D[♀] these were taken off the apple branch where they are usually found: & along with them on slide N^o 394 are some of the jet black eggs so plentiful round the buds of the Barberry which grows alongside. The eggs are perfect & are not yet hatched: what they may do in consequence of being in a heated room I can not tell as yet.

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- #733.12/XII/67 Fossil wood. On the 8th Nov/67, Mr. W. Grubb gave me a roughly ground seal wh. he said was fossil wood, an oak? tree from Craigleigh Quarry n^r Edinburgh, Scotland, at about 100 ft. below the surface: he got the bit of stone himself. See pg. 40, & pg. 375, Lyell's Elementary Geology, 6th edition, 1837.
- #749. 7/I/68 Larva (aquatic) Palpicornes // Hydrophilus, with curious head, tripartite shovel on head. Taken in July, 67 in W. Holley's pond on G. T. Railroad Weston. See Animal Kingdom, by I. R. Jones, p. 125.
- #1430. 15/II/71 Leg bone of a Crane, Hern or Heron shot Sept^t 28: 1867. Note these two are ground on glass with pumice stone wetted & put up with Balsam. See Qualy Journal microscopical science.
- #1437. 11/IV/71 Trigonocystis orbicularis? tricornis; see Hassell plate lxxxiv. I found these today at the Whitebridges on the G. T. Railway while walking out from town. They were in a little scum wh I put in a bit of paper. See sketch of this date to shew the different forms.
- #1488. 15/I/73 Insects in a book - In the first page of Carpenter's Comparative Physiology. This intensely cold weather seems a strange time for them to be about. Unknown to me at this date, except by sight. This stellate form, wh is often so plentiful in watery collections is from the seeds of the Mullein collect^{ed} about Oct. 1st ~~& see 1873.~~

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Accordingly, though Johnson's library of five or six hundred volumes was chiefly ecclesiastical, the boys in the parsonage had access to Lyell and Dana, to Gray, Harris, Hogg and Carpenter, which in the hands of the Warden probably interested them more than did the Principia Latina, Arnold, Anthon and Todhunter in the hands of the Head Master whose tasks consisted largely in the committing to memory of countless lines of Homer and Virgil, read with the aid of Schrevelin's lexicon and Ross's grammar in which the definitions were in Greek and Latin respectively.

Oseri
How ~~his~~ powers of concentration, that did him such good stead in later years came to be so highly developed, is indicated by this recollection of one of his schoolmates.

Imagine a room full of IV Form enfants terribles at 'prep', where the Prefect's ideal of discipline was to limit noisy demonstration so that the sound-waves shall in no wise break upon the ear of the Head Master. Then maybe a few moments of intense application to the work of the hour, a little surreptitious scribbling of imposition lines, a generous exchange of tips as to the translation of a 'rotten' line, ~~or the solution of a 'beastly rider.'~~ Such serious toil soon pro-

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duced a demand for relaxation, taking the form of practical jokes played by the shirkers upon those, especially, making some effort at a semblance of study. In the pandemonium Osler might be seen grasping his head, with thumbs in his ears, oblivious to everything but his book; till perhaps a paper dart, with or without an inked point, roused him to a consciousness of outward things. Retaliation followed as a matter of course, but the deaf adder pose would be resumed so soon as circumstances might permit. After one or two such experiences the pose was like^e to be treated with due respect.

[*Letter from Rev. Arthur Jarvis of Toronto, 1921.

The much dreaded Head Master established a rule that roll-call would be held every two hours on holidays, but nevertheless the boys on these days would take to the woods for bird-nesting or hunting chipmunks, and one of them recalls the chance discovery in the late autumn of a nest of hibernating chipmunks which were slipped in his shirt and carried to chapel, whereupon they revived and raced around his anatomy, which must have kept him awake but doubtless took his attention from the lesson.

Among some of the early entries in ^{Dalhousie Journals Field} ~~this~~ note-book of ~~W. A. Johnson~~ there is found a name which will frequently recur in this story:

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1859. Vine: transverse section, given me by Dr. Bovell.

1864. Part of scale of a dog-fish, given me by Dr. Bovell.

1865. Fossil chalk from Barbadoes, given me by Dr. Bovell.

And in the summer of 1866 when he seems to have become engrossed in mosses, there is this. "#384. 18/6/66. Leaf of moss (Dr. Bovell took it)" - and it is probable from what is known of him that he forgot to return it; but these entries will suffice to introduce another character whose influence upon Osler came in time to be even greater than that of Father Johnson himself.

One of the warden's sons writes:

"One thing I remember vividly - Old Bovell and my father were (as usual) on days Bovell spent at the Rectory, working at the microscope case, which had many tempting little drawers in it, and I (boylike) opened one of these drawers and seeing a small bone took it out - when old Bovell said in his fash, impetuous yet loving manner - "Don't take that - that is one of the bones of Nebuchadnezzar's Cat and you must not have it.' It made an everlasting impression on my boyish mind. That probably occurred on one of those days when Osler and myself were rewarded by being allowed in my father's study for bringing home a good haul of ~~of~~ frogs - ~~in these days~~ used by Bovell and my father for studying the circulation of blood in the frog's foot. . . ."

Doubtless drawn together by their mutual interests in natural science, as biology was called in the days before Huxley, Dr. James Bovell and the Rev. W. A. Johnson had been acquainted for several years, and when the school at Weston was projected and became accepted as the Trinity College School under the authority of the Bishop, Bovell was appointed its medical director. Though in practice in Toronto and a teacher in the medical college, it was his habit to spend a part of each week-end in Weston, quite forgetful of his patients in all likelihood, absorbed with Johnson in collecting, staining and mounting specimens for microscopical study. In this pursuit he must first have encountered the dark-eyed enthusiastic Head Prefect who used to accompany the Warden on his collecting expeditions.

Though a high-spirited boy and the ringleader in many escapades, Osler is said by his contemporaries to have been so straightforward, manly and clean - 'unobtrusively good without sanctimonious pretense' - that he exerted a splendid influence on the morale of the school. Moreover, at the end of the spring term, as head of his class he had received the Chancellor's Prize, and it is not to be wondered at that Father Johnson had set his heart

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on having him, as well as another of the prefects - 'Jones Max' of the roll-call - return for an extra year, although both had passed the subjects necessary for college.

Osler had returned to Dundas for the summer, and apparently it was during this vacation, possibly as a by-play in connection with the excitement caused by the Fenian raid, that he is supposed to have drilled at St. Catherine's ^{near} ~~near~~ Dundas a company of boys as Confederate soldiers. Though he had little of the warlike spirit in his make-up, and though the episode is not recalled by his family, he at least used to tell years later in Baltimore, where the Civil War was often a topic of conversation, how, under the influence in all likelihood of 'Captain' Goodwin's tutelage, he had volunteered for this task; and Dundas, it may be recalled, was not so far from Fort Erie which in June 1866 had been captured by O'Neil's band. However this may be, of another episode of the summer there exists written record. For there were a number of attractive cousins, both Canadian and English, who were visiting at the parsonage, and with each of whom, as is the way with seventeen, he probably fell successively in love. This at least is

The town of
Albany is at
least 10 miles
from Dundas (toward
Niagara)

June
1866

to be gathered from letters of warning against entanglements, which he received from his elder sister after his return to school.

Meanwhile, during this summer vacation of 1866, Father Johnson returns to his collecting and the entries begin with "June 20. Diatomes, desmids and congregating algae put up in glycerine, water & spirit and fastened immediately." Although he turns aside to examine the stomachs of the katydid and dragonfly and to investigate butterfly eggs, the spores of rust, and much else besides, by the time school reopened, the diatomaciae, algae and polyzoas seem to have become the dominant interest.* In this new

*"A History of the British fresh-water algae." by A. H. Hassal, London, 1857, is still among Father Johnson's books and probably was the source of this new interest.

subject, as would appear, the Head Prefect on the reopening of school was quickly fired in turn, and the valley of the Humber on many a half-holiday afternoon doubtless saw the two together in quest of specimens, in the collection of which the younger was the more persistent as time will show.

Oct.
1866

Oct 17

The home letters of the period (unfortunately none of his own have been preserved) indicate that there are cricket matches, visits from the cousins, and a Grand Shine, regarding which his mother writes a breathless sentence on October 29th.

"I do not know whether I can send you the wished for Dimes because Papa is not home and I have no notes in the house however if he comes in time I will enclose it as I suppose you want it before the grand day of Games. And now what will you say when I tell you that Marianne, Jennette, Ellen Mary and Charlotte are to be with you on that day - and if you can escape from the Games to meet them at the Station they will be glad to see you there they are (if all be well) to leave this by the morning train, lunch at the Toronto Station, and on to Weston, and if they should get an invitation to remain the evening at the Grand Shine they would sleep at the Hotel at Weston, returning to Toronto next morning if not they will return to Toronto and mean to stay there till Saturday or perhaps Monday, if it is possible I would like you to write directly you get this, so that we might get it by Wednesday eveng. telling us if the Games are really to come off and at what time in fact tell us all about it and if it will be possible for the girls to put up comfortably in case they stay the night, they anticipate quite a pleasure trip and are anxious to see their cousin Willie. I think you'll like them, we all do."

Oct. 27.
1866
ad '7

It was this autumn that in a Rugby football scrimmage he injured his shin so badly that he was laid up for some weeks with what evidently was a severe osteomyelitis. Affectionate and unbosoming letters which have been preserved were received from many of his old schoolmates - from Ned Milburn one of the 'Barrie Bad Boys' who was at the time in his first year at Trinity, and from 'Jemmy' Morgan another intimate of the Barrie days who, being a few years his senior, was at this time teaching school in Oakville half-way between Toronto and Dundas.

William Oaler From his mother *to W.O.*

Dundas Novbr. 30th [1866].

My very dear Willie

I was from home when your letter came to Jennette the day before yesterday telling us of your accident and would have written at once only I found Charlotte had done so and posted the letter so I thought I would wait to get some tidings of the socks which I gave to a person at the upper end of the Town to knit - one pair I have and she promises the others tomorrow or Monday so there is some prospect of your having them before long. I am meditating a trip to Toronto next week and it is very likely I may also find my way out to Weston and see you and bring the wished for socks and ointment with me. I am very sorry you have such a hurt on your

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act 1/67

shin it is a troublesome place to heal unless you keep it up and make no attempt to walk about, which I know will be a difficult thing for you to do. You are in good hands with kind Mrs. Johnson to nurse you but I really hope you will not be laid by much longer it is an exercise of patience which I dare say you would rather have excused especially when so near the holidays. All of us are more than usually occupied just now with this said Bazaar which is to come off next Wednesday fortnight, (shall you be home then?)

Your loving Mother

Ellen Osler

From C. H. Morgan to 'Master W. Osler'.

Oakville

1 A M Saturday [Jan] 11/67

My dear, dear Willie

Here it is one oclock in the morning and I am sitting down to write to you. . . . You say I brought up that old affair about the Navy again, as if it were something that I Knew you disliked and yet always persisted in teasing you with. Now, I do not think I ever said anything to you about it before & nothing w^d have induced me to say anything then had it not been that at any risk I would have told you what lay before you. I believe that

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you are to a great extent what you ought to be, as firmly & as well as I know that I am not, and so perhaps I should never have spoken to you about it. I don't think that you'll ever enter the Ministry from any other but the best motives, and I do not believe that these expressions will do you (I know they would me) any harm, however You know, let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall, and I only thought that you ought to be very careful. . . . You

must in your letter tell me all about the school, how M^{rs} Miles is, how they all are, and most particularly how your poor leg is conducting itself. You must be careful of it my boy or it may yet give you a very great deal of trouble. . . . ~~I think I shall take to doing as much work as ever & to going without my lunch just to spite you, for you abraid me when I did these misdemeanors & when I tried to amend I did not receive a single word or syllable ever of encouragement and praise.~~ There is not a Bairds Classical Manual in town but he will have them very soon and as soon as they are to be had I shall send you one. As to the notes I shall send you nothing that you can find in any of the best editions of Cicero, for these if you know all the rest of your work you will have time to learn when you come with me but I have sent you things of general importance such as you will not find in many text books in any subject. The school has got very large now, I have to get some more seats in it. M^r Fletcher has gone today to your fathers to the Missionary Meeting & will return on Thursday ~~(this part of the letter is written on Tuesday)~~. You little scamp how can you have dared to forget my overshoes? Going out in the snow without them has given me a cold for the concert. Remember me to all of them most kindly. . . .

Y^r very best friend

Jemmy

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Oct 17.

Father Johnson rigged up for his damaged leg 'a common kind of rest such as is used in England largely by men who suffer from the gout - a thing you could put your foot on and it changes its position with your position in the chair.' During these weeks of enforced inactivity he sat much of the time in the Warden's study, where the microscopical specimens were prepared, and it is probable that the man and boy had long talks together and that the boy's interest in the microscope and what it might reveal was ^{further} aroused at this time. It is probable, too, that, being his patient, he came more intimately at this time in contact with Bovell during the latter's week-end visits at the school.

But troubles meanwhile were brewing for Father Johnson. The daily control of the school was naturally in the hands of the Head Master, but a number of the boys still lived ^{with the Warden} at the rectory and so came under the Head Master's eye during school hours only. This division of authority ~~led to~~

was an inevitable source of

friction, for it is quite probable that some of the school regulations were

disregarded by the ^{Warden} Rector, and as time went on relations became strained. *It was a*

case of incompatibility of temperaments.

One can easily appreciate the lack of sympathy or understanding on the part

Jan.
1867

of a classicist for a clergyman who was in a position to engage the attention of his pupils in such occupations as grinding bones and teeth, the structure of which seems to have aroused Father Johnson's enthusiasm early in 1867. *II post note of pg. 50*

The first ^{entry} ~~item~~ in his ^{Specimen -} ~~note~~-book which mentions the name of his favourite

pupil was on January 22nd, and ^(the relic of) ~~other entries~~ ^{on the same day} follow, a few of which are

been mounted for study:
~~given in illustration.~~

512 #505. 22/1/67. Crocodile scale ground by Osler, ground through (dry).

#506. 22/1/67. Longitudinal sections of bone of a cat, brought from the Pyramids of Giza (dry). Supposed to be 4000 years old. The bone was given me by Dr. Bovell. ~~["Nebuchadnezzar's Cat" doubtless]~~

#511. 28/1/67. Tooth of Bear, transverse, this had lain a long time in an Indian mound near ^{to} Lampton, C. W. Turpentine and Balsam.

#512. Bone of Deer, superior maxillary found at the same time & place as 511. Balsam.

#524. 29/1/67. Transverse section, half of Palatal tooth of fish: Given me by Dr. Bovell: Extremely hard: In the sac.

#530. 7/2/67. Dentine and enamel of beaver incisor tooth, dry.

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1867 *246*

#540. 11/2/67. Long¹ section, leg bone of wild swan having a small portion of the hard part of the cuticle. Dry. The bone is more brittle, and the haversians are more regular than in the Goose.

~~#549. 12/2/67. Section of the nut shaped bone in the inner portion of the Beaver's ear.~~

#550. 12/2/67 Trans^e Section, Human Fibula. This bone must have lain many years in the ground: it was taken from an Indian burying mound at Woodbridge, C. W. Put up in inspissated Balsam (changed to Balsam, pure).

~~#565. 28/2/67. Lower extremity of one of the fangs of a Cow's molar tooth transverse, ground by Jimmy.~~

#566. 28/2/67. Transverse section leg bone of a cat, very thin, dry. Cat was killed on the railway Track during the winter. Very pretty. Ground & finished by Jimmy.

The 'Jimmy' of these notes was the Rector's second son, James Bovell's namesake, who, living in the parsonage far from the Head Master's reach could be called upon to grind bones ^{and teeth} for his father at irregular hours without fear of a birching. His elder brother Jukes had already gone up to Trinity College for a course preliminary to medicine, ^{where} and ^{from Allen} appeals, apparently reached him ~~there~~ for bones of a variety Weston did not afford.

to during time

Spring
1867W.O. From Arthur Jukes Johnson to W.O.Trinity College Toronto
April 2: 67.

Dear Willie

James just reminded me tonight of my promise to you concerning my bones. (~~not my fleshy bones, but my clean bones~~). I did up all that I have here in a carpet bag & directed them to you & took them down to Best's. He promised to send them out by the first chance, if therefore you hear of any one coming in you might ask them, to get the bag for you - If however they come out, you will find them at Kemp's or Eagle's. You may keep them until next July & take them home with you if you wish, but I only want to make one bargain with you wh^h is that you will scratch Jones with the little hand & so frighten him. x x x

If I dont see you before you go home, you must come & see me here & let me know when you are coming. I am grinding Most beastly hard as I have not been out of the house this week till tonight & then I only went down with the bag & then went up to the Med. Sch. just to see how it looked. I wish all my classical work was over & I was again at Medicine but I try to fight shy of it just now, or else I won't do my reading. I am reading now from ten in the morning till my gas goes out at 12 so you may imagine I am at it pretty severely - In fact I always was rather severe on classics.

I had the pleasure of seeing Charlie Locke the other day & find him a very nice fellow - * * * I enclose the Key of the bag; give my love to all at home & Believe ME

Ever Y^r most aff^{te} compatriot

A. Jukes Johnson.

Spring
1867

Presumably Father Johnson's interest in bones and teeth must have been awakened either by the "Odontography" (1840-5) of Sir Richard Owen, or his "Anatomy and Physiology of the Vertebrates" which had just appeared, though it is doubtful if he could have afforded to possess such expensive volumes; but his note-book shows that he had access to the Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science, the official organ (?) of the Royal Microscopical Society of which Owen was the first President (1840-1) and of which William Osler subsequently became a Fellow.

During these winter ~~and spring~~ months of 1867, it may be assumed that a goodly number of teeth ^{inaccessible} were also being ground in the Head Master's room though they did not come to be listed among Father Johnson's specimens. Far from it, for the unsuspecting Warden ere long had his school taken away from him by ^{the} ~~his~~ ^{annihilation of the} Head Master ^{elsewhere} (and transferred to Port Hope; but this is perhaps another story.*

*The school was finally removed from the auspices of its founder and established at Port Hope. 'Father' Johnson was encouraged by his many supporters to organize another school and this he attempted, with the Rev. Mr. Checkley, formerly of Barrie, as Head Master, ^{and with} W.O's friend James Morgan ^{as} one of the ^{junior} masters. The venture was unsuccessful and was abandoned after a year or two.

By Spring

under by 53

Spring
1867

Only in so far as it concerns one of their pupils is the incompatibility of these two men of moment to this biography, and where the Head Prefect's sympathies lay would be easily surmised even had he not years later established a scholarship at Trinity College School in memory of its likely-to-be-forgotten founder, the Rev. W. A. Johnson. Doubtless Mr. Badgely had his own troubles. He was certainly thwarted in his programme for introducing into the school such demoralizing ideas as theatricals.

From his mother to W.O.

Dundas, Feb^y 25th [1867].

My dear Willie

~~It was my intention to write to you on Friday last week, but it failed, then on Saturday I made sure of doing so and could not after all I was glad as your letter and mine would then have crossed which is always provoking.~~

. . . Most thankful am I my dear boy to hear that you are so much better and able to knuckle to your work, do not be discouraged at being rather behind and not able to compete for prizes - it was not your fault you were ill and perhaps the time has not been all lost when we are laid by from our

Referred to
later.
Improve:
H.C.

Spring
1867

duties it is meant for our good, and our own fault if we are not bettered by it. I trust that now you will be quite strong and able to make up in a measure the work before you. * * * We have had Jemmy with us from Friday till this morning when Frank drove him into Hamilton to meet the early train; he has a very bad cold poor fellow and I fear the cold drive would not improve it. Edmund was up too and Mr. Ballard came so we were pretty full. BB took two home with him to sleep; Carrie went to Toronto on Friday and is expected home tonight (Tuesday) with Janette, etc., etc.,

I must find time in a day or so to send a note to Mrs. Johnson to thank her for all her kindness to you. I am sure I need not say do all you can in any way to make yourself useful to either her or Mr. Johnson. Enclosed is a dollar for the purpose you wish. Let me know what the boys give him. Write about your new master. I hope you'll go on swimmingly in your studies. Were you glad or otherwise when the Theatricals were given up? I know who was glad - I can never fancy they can do good to any one but have a tendency to do ill; when I hear those advocating such things who profess to serve a Heavenly master I think of the words which He spake to His people by His beloved disciple "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world if any one love the world the love of the Father is not in him". Surely had Jesus or any of his apostles gone to a Theatre it would have been to do good not for the pleasure of witnessing or taking part in any of its mummeries. I am sorry Mr. Badgely advocates the evil - but truly thankful that it is at any rate for the present set aside. And now my own dear boy I must say good-bye. ~~I think M.B. means to write a note, and with very much love I am ever~~

Your affectionate Mother

Ellen Osler.

Whether it was of this new teacher or some other, the story at least is told that on a hot afternoon some under-master was endeavouring to hold the attention of the school upon some intricate and perplexing problem.

Master (insinuatingly): "Now Jones, do pay attention for a moment, please. Can you tell me what . . .?"

Osler, interrupting: "Yes sir."

Master (furiously): "Well, sir, what is a parallelepiped?"

Osler (promptly): "A biped with four equal and parallel extremities."

Master: "Oh indeed; not quite correct however. You will be good enough to write me out a hundred copies of Playfair's definition, before roll-call."

Osler (with subdued cheerfulness): "Yes, sir, thank you sir."

The half-hour bell rings, and Osler proceeds to take it out of Jones for being so infernally stupid as to need prompting when asked such a simple little question.

the Head Prefect
By Spring his much-discussed lame leg *and so far as the two legs kept* does not keep him from his

favourite expeditions, nor apparently from engaging in cricket matches,

to judge from ^{this} a letter to his cousin.

May
1867To Miss Jennette Osler from W. O.

[no date]

Dear old Typos I have just been up to Mr Johnson to get a couple of sheets of paper to write to that small parcel of feminine goods called Jennette. How are you? where are you? and what have you been doing? . . . I have splendid times with Mr Johnson out after specimens of all sorts I wish you had been with us last Tuesday down at the Peat Swamp, there are such splendid flowers down there and the Moss is so nice and springy one would like to make a bed of it. We got the smallest and rarest variety of Ladies Slipper or Indian Moccasin plant. I would so like you to see them they are the most beautiful of all Canadian wild flowers there are none about Dundas not being the right sort of soil for them to grow in And if you could only see the Algae, that green stuff that you see on ponds and stagnant water, it is so beautiful, the thousands upon thousands of small animals all alive and kicking that are in it. We got some dirty looking brown stuff that at this time covers all the stones of the river and we found that on every pins point there were one hundred of the small creatures, fancy what there would be on a square inch and on a square mile. But I suppose you will think this sort of thing rather dry so I will stop it and turn to something perhaps nicer. We are having such a splendid run of Cricket Matches this term. We played Toronto yesterday and gave them such a thrashing you will see it in Mondays Leader. Frank played with the Toronto fellows. Jemmy Morgan came out with them to see us all We play Trinity on Thursday but I am afraid we will be badly beaten as they have the best Club in Toronto, but we have such a jolly player here

June
1867

a regular old Englishman called Mr Carter, he has been out here for about ten years roughing it in the backwoods; he is at present our third Master. . . . Believe me ever your affec cousin

Willie

Spots and natural history have their due share of his time
So ^{though} working hard for a scholarship, there is yet time for outings.

~~During May and June the diatomaciae again become the object of interest,~~

he began during May and June to tabulate and study his
and in conjunction with Father Johnson ~~Osler begins to tabulate and list~~
~~collection of the diatomaciae, which are long~~
his own specimens which, in the course of a few years, constituted the

basis of his first scientific publications.

In furtherance of this quest after the

~~At the close of school the Warden paid a visit to Dundas where he~~
and his disciple frequented the Desjardin marshes and the adjacent waterways
in search of specimens, *the number of which* ~~They had begun the preceding May to study and~~
~~collect the freshwater polyzoas, and the number of new species in the list~~
~~increases by leaps and bounds. They may be pictured setting out on their~~

daily expeditions with their nets and old-fashioned tin candle boxes as

and he long their attention to a still more exposing topic - the freshwater polyzoas.

specimen-containers slung over their shoulders, *In a paper on this subject of the polyzoa which was put together ten years later ^{Osler} drew upon his note books for the following description which*
Presented in 1877 before the Natural History Society of Montreal, but for some unaccountable reason not published. ^{the following is the} "Canadian freshwater polyzoa" Canadian Naturalist 1872 x 399-405

The specimen in the lake is

cone

evinces the real flame of a genuine naturalist:

The polyzoas were worked up into a paper which was presented at the Natural History Society in Montreal in 1877, though for some unaccountable reason not published till 1882.* The article is so interwoven with mat-

*"Canadian freshwater polyzoa." Canadian Naturalist, 1882, x, 399-405.

ters of biographical interest that much of it deserves quoting in full.

The specimens on the table show well the hyaline gelatinous nature of the coenaecium and the arrangement of the Polyps upon the surface. This is perhaps the most abundant fresh-water Polyzoon in the country, being found in the quiet waters about the mouths of the numerous streams, and in the small lakes. It is not very abundant in Quebec, but it has been found near St. Andrews, and I obtained a beautiful specimen from Lake Memphremagog. I have not seen it in the neighborhood of Montreal. This species prefers quiet, still waters, not too much exposed, nor of large extent and subject to commotion from waves. Thus I have never found it in Lake Ontario itself, but always in little sheltered marshy bays, where it is found encrusting logs, upright sticks, and the stems of rushes. My attention was early directed to this form as it exists in extraordinary profusion in the Desjardin canal, which leads from Burlington Bay to my native town of Dundas. The wooden sides of the canal basin in the months of July and August are almost uniformly covered with this magnificent species. The growth begins about 1 1/2 to 2 feet below the surface and extends in depth for the same distance or even further, rarely, however, deeper than six feet. The masses form extensive sheets usually a few inches in thickness, or else

Style dec.

Some photo of this
masses from the canal we
transcribed.

beautiful symmetrical projections, 6-12 inches in thickness, which spring either from a bed of the Polyps or are isolated. In the summer of 1867, during a visit of my friend, the Rev. W. A. Johnson, of Weston, I showed him the masses, and we agreed to subject them to examination with the microscope, not having any ideas as to their real nature. Judge of our delight when we found the whole surface of the jelly was composed of a collection of tiny animals of surpassing beauty, each of which thrust out to our view in the zoophyte through a crescent-shaped crown of tentacles. Recognizing it as a Polyp we were greatly exercised as to its position, presenting as it did, in the method of growth, such variation from the ordinary species described in our zoological text books. Happily in the American Naturalist for that year we met with Mr. Alpheus Hyatt's papers on the Fresh-water Polyzoa, then in course of publication, and obtained full information therefrom. * * * In some seasons the luxuriousness of the growth of these creatures is extraordinary. In the still quiet water in the marsh on either side of Desjardin canal, just before it passes through the Burlington heights, I have met with masses which would not go into a pail. The largest I have ever seen lay at the bottom in about nine feet of water. I could hardly believe it was a mass of polyps, but, to satisfy my curiosity, I stripped and went in for it. With the greatest difficulty I brought it up in my arms, but could not get it out of the water for the weight, which must have been close upon 25 lbs. It resembled in form one of those beautiful masses known as brain coral.

On Father Johnson's departure there followed a visit to the Osler
cousins in Lloydtown, and ^{late in} ~~in the end of~~ July, ^{to judge} ~~judging~~ from his mother's
letter, he must have stopped at Weston on his way to Oakville where the
remainder of the summer seems to have been passed.

^{F. M.} ~~at the~~ ^{the} end of July found mother and father once more together in Weston
^{doublet} ~~where~~ ^{where} collecting ^{again} ~~so~~ ^{and} ~~resumed~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{letters} ~~were~~ ^{sent} ~~to~~ ^{him}
it can may judge from the following:

July

1867

Aet. 18

From his mother to W.O.

Dundas, July 31 [1867]

My own dear Willie

Will stare to see this Yankeyish looking paper from me but I have been searching in vain for a sheet of more respectable paper and as I want to post this to you today I thought it better not to be too particular about appearances. It seemed so long without hearing from you and though very sorry to find you were not at all well was glad to get your letter last week and only hope your hurried rush into Town to see the girls did not make you or the poor leg worse. What a pity you forgot the P. W. Bark - that I think will do you good when you get it which I hope will be soon. You will doubtless get all the Lloydtown news from some of the numerous cousins up there so I need say nothing about them - but will try to chat a little about home matters. * * * Papa goes to Oakville on Monday next all well. I will then send Jemmy the ointment promised. I have your shirts in hand and will forward them to you as soon as I can but I have a new girl to shew about her work and cannot get much time to sit down. * * * Write soon and tell me all about your dear self. I cannot write more just now as Carrie and Freddie are here. My kind regards to Mrs. Johnson and with best love am ever your loving Mother

E. Osler

During their rambles, he and Father Johnson must have talked freely about his future, and it was decided apparently that he should go up to Trinity College with the expectation of entering the ministry. Another of the school prefects, L. K. Jones, had made a similar decision, and they determined together ~~to go to Oakville~~ ^{together} instead of taking the holidays, to go to Oakville and read up for the matriculation examinations. ^{remainder of the} The summer, therefore, was passed at the house of the Rev. Mr. Fletcher on the lake shore at Oakville, where they enjoyed the companionship of 'Jemie' Morgan who recalls their ^{that after} ~~persons they would all sit~~ sitting up till midnight watching under ^a the microscope, borrowed from Dr. Bovell, the activities of freshwater algae.

Meanwhile in this year of 1867 the Canadian Confederation came into being, and ere long Ontario and Quebec came, in the people's minds, to take the place of Upper and Lower Canada, and a sense of national life began for the first time to be felt even in the smallest of communities in the Dominion.