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*Part III
Chapter XXV
Oxford*

Part III
Chapter XXV

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OXFORD *Beginnings*

No transition could have been greater. From a noisy Baltimore corner and the hurly-burly of the preceding month to the quiet of an Oxford suburb where they were kept awake by the wood-pigeons which sat on the chimney and cooed; from sweltering Maryland to an English May so cold and raw ^{it penetrated to} ~~they near-~~ ^{was bones} ly perished. They promptly built a fire in the dining-room which greatly shocked the warmly-dressed Oxonians, ^{who} ~~the~~ first to drop in on them.

We have had our first Sunday [Mrs. Osler soon writes her mother] and are feeling very happy and not so strange as you might imagine. We have been wonderfully favoured. . . We found everything ready - butler at the door - maids in the hall - rooms ready and a delicious dinner. Mrs. Max-Müller has been most kind in every way. The house is comfortable. There is a little lawn with broad flower-beds and shrubs and lovely trees. It looks into the Park and nothing could be more wonderful than the lilacs, laburnum and hawthorn. It is one huge mass - up and down every street and in every garden, hanging from the roofs. It is really wonderful. We were up early this morning [May 24] and all four attended service at 11 o'clock at Christ Church. . .

She does not mention that on this first Sunday W. O. took two of his late steamer companions to supper at Christ Church - thereby for the first

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time breaking a rule of the House he never seemed able to remember. And, after the usual dinner and the formalities of toast-water, taking their napkins the Dons and Osler's guests adjourned to the Common Room for fruit and nuts, port, coffee and snuff; and then for their tobacco to another. And about the time Big Ben tolled they repaired to Osler's rooms, barren except for many boxes of books which they began to unpack sitting meanwhile on the floor - a memorable evening; with a full moon outside, and the distant sound of chimes and of undergraduates singing in their rooms, ~~and Big Ben without.~~

~~And~~ Two days later the Regius sends this to W. S. Thayer:

. . . Everything is new and strange of course, and it will take months to shake down and feel at home. Evidently the Bodleian will have to be my chief work-shop. The clinical facilities are good as far as they go, but there has not been any attempt made to foster practical work. A good deal is going on of interest in the physiological laboratory. I went to London on Monday to the College Club dinner, an old and unique organization among the fellows of the College going back two hundred years. Very select (only 22 members) and most interesting. ~~xx~~ The birds are wonderful - such choruses at 4 a.m. - but the doves are a nuisance when they perch on the sill at 3.30 and bill and coo until 5.30.

And the next Friday to another of the deserted 'latch-keyers':

We had a splendid crossing - sun - even seas & skies. We had not a very good set of Doctors aboard - except Klebs, but it was not like the

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N.A.M. Soc. of last year. We were horribly homesick for two days - the quiet was rather oppressive. Tom said do let us go out & shout. Evidently I shall have to settle down in a quiet academic life but in time I shall like it very much. Thomson the Anat. Prof. is a trump & has been guide & friend. The Radcliffe Inf. is very nice & I shall be able to have a group of the junior students to introduce to the art. I enclose you the notice to the Bodleian meeting, my first official act & I have to appear in cap & gown. The Radcliffe Lib. has some treasures. I have been browsing several afternoon^s. The current journals & new books very good also. Thank you so much for all the trouble about the MS. I hope it has not taxed you over much. Deal freely with it as you wish. . . .

His Regius Professorship* made him automatically a Curator of Bodley's

*Osler's Chair was one of ^{many} 500(?) Regius Professorships founded by Henry VIII in 1546 to each of which a yearly stipend of £40 was assigned. James II augmented this stipend in the case of the R.P.M. of Oxford by annexing to the Chair in 1717 the Mastership of the Hospital at Ewelme in Oxfordshire. Later the Aldrichian Fellowship of the Practice of Medicine with an endowment of £13 was also annexed. He was officially Examiner in all examinations for degrees in medicine given by the University.

and the summons from the Vice Chancellor to this 'first official act,' dated from Lincoln College, May 30, 1905, was responded to eagerly. "A special meeting of the Curators of the Bodleian Library will be holden in the Delegates' room on Friday next the 2nd day of June at 5 o'clock." 'Will be holden' delighted him always. And the same day he writes C. P. Howard in a way that does not bode well for 'a quiet academic life:'

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We are now getting into pretty good shape but it will take months to settle down. You did find out the figures of the abdominal tumours did you not? I would like copies of them all. I am preparing a lecture on the subject, and have an article for Keen's New System of Surgery. I wish you would ask "Buch" to look over the figures in their [J. W. Williams's] department and let me have anything that is specially striking or useful. Ask Bloodgood if you could not look over his list. . . . Tommy has the sweetest looking tutor about his own age and size. Love to the boys.

It was 'eights' week, with Oxford filled with people, and they ~~are~~ were amused and delighted with the Englishness of everything - even to the 'tweeny' among their domestics, - and soon "there are many callers every afternoon and last evening we had our first Rhodes students." There was an early beginning, too, of the succession of guests in a home which for the next fifteen years was rarely without one or two at least. Among them were his late colleagues Halsted, Welch and Kelly; and all four on the 9th had their first sitting with Sargent, who remarked on seeing Osler that he had never before painted a man with an olive-green complexion. "They all met me at lunch at the Carlton," wrote Mrs. Osler, "and reported it as intensely interesting. ~~as~~

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Sargent was worried ever posing them and evidently did not think them beauties. W.O. tried to make Dr. Kelly drink a whiskey-and-soda but he said he was just starting on a tour of temperance lectures." The tempter may have had in mind that Kelly and Halsted were soon to go north of the Tweed to receive honorary fellowships at the quarter-centenary celebration of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh.

On the 13th a novel ceremony was conducted in the old Divinity School, that most beautiful room in Oxford, when for a brief period he was matriculated as a student. Quo die comparuit coram me ~~Willelmus Oster~~ ex Aede
Willelmus Oster
Christi Gen: Fil. et admonitus est de observandis Statutis hujus Universitatis
et in ~~Matriculum~~⁴ Universitatis relatus est. Then by special decree in Convocation the Oxford degree of M.D. was conferred upon him, for which like any other student he paid the customary £30. On the card of matriculation he has written, "I was matriculated today before the Vice Chancellor and was an undergraduate for about half an hour, while the Dean of Ch. Ch. and I waited outside for the convocation to pass on my incorporation as D.M. Then I was taken in and given a seat with the Dons."

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But he can be more easily followed by his wife's letters; ~~which state that~~

*cf. p. 47, top line.
repetition -*
'~~every mail brings a dinner invitation.~~' She writes on June 19th:

Saturday Willie and I paid a visit to the much talked-of Almshouse - at Ewelme - It is a most interesting place - fourteen miles from here, two miles back from the Thames. In 1437 the Countess of Suffolk who was I believe a granddaughter of Chaucer the Poet gave three manors the incomes from the farms to support the Almshouse and 13 men occupants - and built a chapel adjoining. We have not discovered when the Regius Professor was made Master - but he has been so a long time. There are rooms for the Master but they have been altered & look painfully modern. The building nearly 500 years old is very picturesque & looks its age. The men have two rooms each & if married can have a wife there or a daughter to care for them. The surgeon who looks after them met us & we visited each member - It was most amusing. We carried tobacco and illustrated papers for each and they were enchanted. I am sure Willie will make them all fond of him & be good to them. It is a long drive, and we had luncheon at the Inn and tea in our own sitting-room - and got back in time to go out to dine at New College with the Warden and Mrs. Spooner - the name seemed familiar.

There was a garden-party at Blenheim, a dinner for them in town by Mr. Parkin an old friend and now Secretary of the Rhodes Fund, the wedding of Mr. Phipps's daughter and Captain Guest, a reception at Lord Strathcona's on

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Dominion Day. "There is hardly a mail without a dinner invitation," she writes. "I have now 113 visits to return. Revere and his Dad went off early fishing but they got nothing not knowing the best place."

^{Janice}
To his cousin from W. O.

22 Clarges St., Mayfair, W.
Saturday [June 24th]

Dearest Gwen I am delighted to hear that you have parted with that useless bit of a girls machinery - the heart. I am sure you have picked a nice good laddie and hope with Ma's approval. Give him my love & blessings & ask him to write me about his prospects, &c. Have you known him for long? has he blue eyes? has he a mother? there are a thousand questions to be asked - How excited B. will be & Bill. . . . We are very comfortably settled. Tommy likes the life here so much. Rachel & Amy are with us at present & Marjorie Howard. I have just come up to town for the Whitelaw Reid dinner & have no stilo. so excuse pencil. I hope you got some things at Murrays. Ask them to send the bill to Professor Osler, 7 Norham Gardens Oxford. I will send your July allowance next week. Tell me all about your laddie's prospects. Many blessings on you dear. Your affec. Old Doctor.

And there were Oxford dinners galore, one for example with the Vice Chancellor. "There were twenty guests," wrote Mrs. Osler, "and the old dining-room was really enchanting - all the College Heads can use the tankards or bowls belonging to their college and they are wonderfully handsome. 'Paul Revere'

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would have to take a back seat." By this time there were two nieces staying with them from Canada, and Revere's little friend Doris from Baltimore, the gift-girl Osler had named in September of 1895, she also of the Guy Fawkes conspiracies with whom, now, 'Revere has just returned with five good fish and much joy naturally.' And on the 27th she writes,

Yesterday afternoon we had a real 1 W. Franklin St. time. I was entertaining the President of one of the colleges when in walked Mr. Camac and his wife - Dr. C's brother. I have not seen him or her for years. In a moment W.O. came in with five doctors, Examiners for the Medical School - they come from other colleges to examine at Oxford, then some people to call on the Gwyns - through some Canadian friends. I think William the butler thinks we are quite mad - I have already had to pay all the servants extra, as Mrs. M-M is a family of one.

The examinations had caused him to break an appointment in town, where a man, whose profanity in all likelihood is entirely confined to a rubber stamp, emphatically cancelled the note announcing this fact; and, shortly after, J. William White of Philadelphia who dropped into the studio pilfered the thrice-damned missive from the artist's desk and forwarded it to his wife as a memento of two celebrated men.*

*Dr. White, according to his biographer Agnes Repplier, had sailed for England June 16th to consult W.O. owing to his ill health which Osler regarded as a neurosis. In this fascinating biography
cardiac

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she says: "Never in his correspondence with Dr. White did Sargent consent to sully his pen by writing the word 'damn.' He always stencilled it in large letters, red or black as the fancy seized him. When red, it took on a lurid significance. When black, it had an impressive solemnity, reminding the reader of that clergyman whom Thomas Fuller commended, inasmuch as 'he could pronounce the word damn with such emphasis as left a doleful echo in the hearer's mind a long time after.'"

There were many interesting stories told of the painting of this portrait;*

[*Cf. Johns Hopkins University Circular, 1907.

of the trouble Sargent had at the outset with the grouping; of the enlargement of the canvas by a piece at the side and another at the top; how Welch's head and his blue beard was painted in practically at the first sitting; how the book he is supposed to be reading is a seventeenth-century edition of Petrarch; how Osler's likeness gave him the greatest trouble and was once scraped out and done again; how Sargent became discouraged and finally brought from another studio the old Venetian globe which could not be got through the door until part of the casing was chipped away. Welch had asked Sargent if he might wear his Yale robe and the painter acquiesced, but when Osler spoke of wearing his red Oxford robe, Sargent said:

"No, I can't paint you in that. It won't do. I know all about that red. You know they gave me a degree down there, and I've got one of those robes." Musingly he went on. "I've left it on the roof in the rain. I've buried it in the garden. It's no use. The red is as red as ever. The

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Soon after his arrival he paid an early visit to Cambridge, and as Professor Nuttall writes: "He dropped in upon us like a breeze, made a bee line for the nursery, and within five minutes by the clock had my daughter Carmelita, aged three, on his back with her arms around his neck, and one boy - aged nine and ten - on each knee. The four were uproarious." Nuttall of course had been one of the early Johns Hopkins group, with whom intimacy was natural enough, but with Osler intimacy spread rapidly, and among his Cambridge friends, whom he numbered by the scores, for none had he a greater attachment than for Sir Clifford Allbutt. Allbutt subsequently wrote of him*:

[*Cf. Nature, Jan. 8, 1920, p. 472.

A quality that made him so fascinating a companion, his teaching so vivid and telling, and his parts in debate so lively, was his wit and humour; the sharpness of the wit tempered by the sweetness of the humour. Indeed, much of his playfulness and whimsical mystifications were, in naturalist's phrase, 'a protective colouring' that covered deep sensibilities. In its finesse his conversation resembled that of Henry Sidgwick, not a more or less laboured deliverance of epigrams but a light and nimble play of insight and fun. Much of its piquancy lay in the half concealment of the treasures of the mind.

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So it was not merely the skilful doctor, the great scholar, the
research student, or often the wise and tactful reformer, but far more
the sympathetic friend which made him what he was to others - and as a
brother to the Regius of Cambridge. There is a story told, indeed,
of their arriving ^{together} at a reception somewhere in London and proceeding up
the broad stairs arm in arm, ^{they} entering the room ^{ed} where ^{together} they were asked
their names, whereupon ^{the ushers} Osler murmured a word into the ear of the usher
who in a stentorian voice announced "The Brothers Regii!" who advanced
together and made a low, stage bow.

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stuff is too good. It won't fade. Now, if you could get a Dublin degree?
The red robes are made of different stuff, and if you wash them they come
down to a beautiful pink. Do you think you could get a Dublin degree? - No,
I couldn't paint you in that Oxford red! Why, do you know they say that the
women who work on the red coats worn by the British soldiers have all sorts
of trouble with their eyes, etc., etc."

It was an occasion when both painter and painted seem to have hit it off
amazingly, and through the farseeing generosity of Miss Mary E. Garrett the
Johns Hopkins University thereby has come into possession of one of the
greatest of modern portrait groups.

Osler's recovered letters for the time are few and cryptic. Thus a
postcard on July 7th from Oxford says, "See very good lecture on purpura by
Bramwell in his "Clinical Studies" July 1st 1905. All well with us. I am
getting rested. Outlook for a peaceful life most attractive Yours W.O."

Yet that same night his wife writes from London that:

Willie came up early for a sitting - he's delighted with Sargent's
likeness of himself - does not care much for Drs. Kelly or Halsted. He
delights in Sargent - finds him most interesting to talk to. . . We

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are spending the night at Dr. Pye-Smith's - he's an old friend of Willie's - they are giving us a dinner, and we sleep here at least I do - W.O. goes down on the midnight train as he has a university engagement at 10 o'clock.

Attractive outlook for a peaceful life.

I really have so much to tell [she writes her mother July 18th] I hardly know where to begin. I must tell you about a dinner we went to Friday night. Mr. Boyd - the Principal of Hertford College is the son of an old friend of Willie's father. He was a rich old man with many sisters - Edmund was named for him - E. B. O. The Oslers always stayed with these Boyds ^[they & the missionary boys sent to Bond Head] when they came home and at Chattie's there are pictures of the family. Of course Mr. Boyd found us out and is most friendly. He is delightful - is a parson but the merriest kind - he paints delightfully & travels everywhere - knows America by heart. He invited us to dine Friday, and Rachel and Amy. He has one of the charming college houses, but not very very old. An antique sister (he is not married) came from Birmingham to meet us and Miss Gavilin of Hamilton (Canada) whom we knew. There was no one else & we had such a delightful time. Two funny old servants and the College Carver carved the dinner - standing behind the table in the corner arrayed in white - & cuffs up to his elbow & a white cap on - it was enchanting. Such fruits and flowers from the College greenhouses - and such port wine! I haven't touched a bit yet but it looks so good. After dinner Mr. Boyd showed us his treasures & paintings. The maiden sister looked as though her dress had been kept

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in lavender since 1850. The Gwyns were fascinated by the quaintness of it all. Saturday was boiling hot. We got a good train to Cambridge across country and reached there at 4 o'clock. The Allbutts are the people who stayed at 1 W. Franklin St. when W.O. had been ill and we left them there while we went to the Conynghams - you remember.

And she adds in a postscript, "When you get this W.O. will be at Leicester for the British Medical Association." The visit to the Allbutts was one of many to his 'brother Regius' of Cambridge, and one may assume that they talked 'medical education in London' which was to be the topic of an important address soon to be given by Allbutt in which he dwelt on education versus instruction, on the functions of a university, on the examination question, and much else in a manner after Osler's own beliefs. However, he tucks this away in a foot-note:

It is some thirty years since I read a paper to the Leeds Philosophical Society to illustrate what I believe to be the truth - namely, that the greatest achievements of the human mind have nearly always found their consummation not in the earliest but in the riper decades of life. Thus Regius Professors may supplement each other's researches.

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By this time Osler had begun to get at some of his unfinished papers: the spirit of work was again stirring and his brief letters were mostly to his young friends in Baltimore asking for photographs of some old cases to illustrate a paper on Aneurysm which he appears to be finishing.* He had

[*Cf. The Lancet, Oct. 14, 1905, ii, 1089-96.]

accepted, too, the post of Thomas Young Lecturer in Medicine at St. George's Hospital, London; ^{the} which carried the obligation of a series of lectures and he had decided to talk upon abdominal tumours which necessitated getting at some of his old ^{Johns Hopkins} ~~Baltimore~~ records. He no longer had a secretary who could take shorthand with facility and his missives had become more laconic than usual.

The B. M. A. met at Leicester the week of July 24th, and in company with C. N. B. Camac who had been in Oxford for some time engaged in making a book,*

*"Counsels and Ideals from the Writings of William Osler." Boston and N.Y., Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1905. Before leaving Baltimore Osler had had considerable difficulty in forestalling the publication of a collection of his medical aphorisms - clinical obiter dicta which had fallen from his lips during ward rounds and had been jotted down by his students. This volume of excerpts from his writings which he permitted Camac to publish was something of quite a different order and has doubtless saved from the oblivion of medical journals many of his picturesque turns of thought. Though the collection was received most critically by the reviewers it had a most unexpected success, was three times reprinted, and since Osler's death has gone into a second edition.

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he attended the meeting, took part in some discussions, read a paper as part of a symposium on meningitis, and presided at the annual luncheon of the Continental Anglo-American Medical Society, a body organized for the purpose of fostering international amities.

To H. V. Ogden from W. O.

7, Norham Gardens,
Oxford, July 28, 1905.

Dear Ogden: How are you getting on? How is Mrs. Ogden? I hope she has had no recurrence of the trouble. We are comfortably settled here in the Max-Müller house for a year, and I am beginning to learn the ropes. Fortunately, we have had satisfactory weather, and Mrs. Osler and the small boy have enjoyed it very much. How is our *ochronotic* friend? I was reminded of him at Leicester yesterday by finding at the hospital ^{Some} coloured drawings of a most remarkable case in which the pigmentation of the face had been wide-spread and the diagnosis of Addison's disease had been made.

Sincerely yours,

~~Wm Osler.~~

As usual he evidently visited the local hospital ^{leaving} and left new-found friends

behind him, and as an aftermath to this visit there appeared ere long in the Lancet (Jan. 6, 1906) the report of "A Case of Ochronosis" accompanied by a coloured supplement by Dr. Frank M. Pope of the Leicester Infirmary,

who writes that Professor Osler had drawn his attention to the true nature of the condition; and it may be assumed that this was done at W.O.'s expense and in the hope of spurring Dr. Pope to describe the case. There are traces of another characteristic visit he made at the time, in company with Dr. A. G. Gibson one of his new-found young colleagues at Oxford - a visit to a little town of Burnley near Manchester. Of this, Sir James Mackenzie writes: "One of Osler's great charms was the kindly interest he took in obscure workers in any field of medicine; and in 1905 when I was a general practitioner in a remote town in Lancashire he paid me a visit; and though my work was not that in which he was directly interested, yet his appreciation was in itself a very great encouragement." And of this visit Osler's companion adds two incidents of a non-professional character - "one, that Osler drew up an examination-paper in English for Mackenzie's two little daughters; and, ^{two} ~~that~~ night, that he and they made me an 'apple-pie bed' ^{that night} and put lumps of sugar in my pyjamas."

July
1905To Sir John W. Moore from W.O.

July 28th, 1905

Dear Sir John: I have such a press of work already for October that it would be quite impossible to accept your exceedingly kind and flattering invitation to give the opening address at the Meath Hospital [Dublin]. I shall certainly be present on St. Luke's day. I was afraid too that that might be prevented, as I thought the unveiling of the monument of Sir Thomas Browne had been fixed for that date. I am glad to hear today that it is on the 24th. It is really a great regret to me to feel that I could not comply with your request, as both Graves and Stokes are among my special professional "friends." Of course I shall be only too delighted to stay with you. Sincerely yours,

Wm Osler.

Needless to say, Graves and Stokes were the two great physicians who had brought the Irish school into prominence the century before, but the letter shows that Osler was becoming involved, for when possible he always responded favourably to such invitations. Sir John persisted, but Osler begged off on the ground of his other engagements, adding, "Mentally, too, I am rather desiccated having had a most trying year" - which was probably the real reason, and which may account for his few recovered letters. Those from his wife, therefore, must continue the story. She writes on July 31st:

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1905.

Willie met Mr. Abbey the artist at Sargent's in London, and the other day I had a note from Mrs. Abbey asking us to come to Fairford about 20 miles from here for a cricket match & tea at their place and to bring friends. We started out at 12.30 - took Mrs. Eckstein and Mrs. Taft, Drs. Parsons and Camac - lunched at an inn - went to see a lovely old church, and reached the Abbeys' at 3.30. In the meantime a man had joined us, who said he had met W. O. at Cambridge, a Mr. Schofield one of the professors of literature at Harvard who is working at Oxford this summer. We had a most enchanting afternoon and only reached home for dinner at 8.30. The Abbeys have a dear old place and he an enormous studio. They lived there all the time he was doing the Grail pictures for the Boston Library - you know he is an American - born in Philadelphia, and Mrs. A. in New York. We saw the huge studies he is doing for the Dome of the State House at Harrisburg. The cricket was between the Artist Club and some Fairford men. The eleven Artists stay all the week at the Abbeys'.

Other outings followed. They attended the Cowes regatta under most favourable happy auspices on ~~Mr. Johnston's~~^a palatial yacht ~~"Rothschilds"~~^{they} - a particularly gala week with sixty battleships, French and British in line - a sight which must have given comfort to those who may have listened a few days before, at the Mansion House, to Lord Roberts's speech of warning against the lethargy of England and her unpreparedness for war. But of all this he makes scant

Get medals for
1905 also in

16-a

Aug.
1905

mention in the following letter to Weir Mitchell.

We are here for a week with
Mr W Johnston on his yacht.

Cowes,
S.Y. "Kathales" R.N.Y.C.
Aug. 6th [1905].

Dear Dr Mitchell We have now been two months in Oxford and I send you my impressions. We have had a very cordial welcome, and the round of dinners & teas became rather irksome, but in it all there was a heartiness and sincerity very pleasing to strangers. We are very comfortable in Mrs Max-Müllers house, which we have taken for a year. We have seen nothing as yet to suit us. The weather has been glorious & we have enjoyed the birds & flowers in our little garden. Early in June there were thirty different birds in song in the park near us. At 4 am. the chorus hymeneal began. I had forgotten how wonderful they were in the spring. By the middle of June, most of them had ceased to sing and now the blackbirds, robins & thrushes are quiet. We are taking much pleasure in the river and go out nearly every afternoon usually with the tea basket. The boy has a tutor who gives him lessons in the morning & is teaching him the river in the afternoon. He is a crazy fisherman & thinks of nothing but his rod & reels & lines. He has caught about eight of the fish Isaac Walton describes - roach, tench &c. It is a very good life for him and he is very happy with one or two young friends. Mrs. Osler seems happy which delights me of course. She will miss many things and the life will not be too quiet. We have had a succession of visitors and many chance callers.

I have been resting as much as possible, and trying to pick up the medical threads - not an easy task, as they are all twisted and knotted.

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The Departments of Physiology, Anatomy & Pathology make up the Medical School - separate Laboratories, all fairly active. There is also a small Pharmacological laboratory. The men go to London for the 4th & 5th years. The Radcliffe Infirmary has 160 beds and I have arranged with the Staff & Committee to do what teaching I like - a junior class of 15 or 20 men for elementary work. The Radcliffe Library is very good, - chiefly medical and scientific. I am one of the curators of the Bodleian, and am beginning to search out its treasures. I hope to take great pleasure in my connection with Christ Church of which I have been elected a student, or fellow. On another occasion I must tell you of my 15th century Hospital at Ewelme of which I am Master - built in 1436 by the Duchess of Suffolk. I will send you photos shortly.

Thanks for your letter from the woods. What a remarkable dream! The memories of your ~~recent~~ great kindness linger sweetly, and I shall always feel that it was the most fortunate day of my life when I met you & Mrs Mitchell in London. How much it has meant to me! . . .

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August 15th finds them at Inverness about to leave by motor for Beaufort Castle for a week with the Phipps' - 'Revere very much excited over the Highlands brilliant with heather, but still more over promising streams.' They visited Glendae, Lord Lovat's shooting-lodge - an incomparable spot - where Revere and his dad fished with ill luck, while the others shot grouse with far better. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Yates-Thompson - she a Smith-Elder - with whom the Oslers struck up an enduring friendship which is the reason the Dictionary of National Biography finally came to the Clarendon Press, but this is another story. On the day of departure word went to Camac:

We are leaving here this afternoon for Skye. Dr. Osler will write you from there. We have had a most glorious week - only occasional showers. Revere has fished to his heart's content but with not much luck. Dr. Osler is looking so brown and robust - it has been a splendid outing for him. We had one day on the Mora on Loch Ness with most wonderful views. We have motored in all directions - there have only been a few guests in the house and we have had much independence, which you know I consider real hospitality.

Later in the day Revere finally caught a record pike with which he triumphantly returned, saying "Really Muz, I thought I should die of nervous

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perspiration."

Then to Loch Alsh through the glorious scenery of the Highland Railway which ten years later came to be transported to France at a time when rails were more needed there than in North Britain.

To F. C. Shattuck from W. O.

The Highland Railway Station Hotel,
Kyle of Loch Alsh, 21st.

Dear Shattuck Thank you so much for your kind letter. I have not yet seen my lay sermon ["Unity, Peace and Concord"] in print. It was written rather hurriedly but from the heart as I have always felt deeply the miserable misunderstandings which are so common in the profession. I suppose a good hater has his joys but he must have a good many uneasy moments which a man of my temperament escapes. The migration so far has been a success. . . . ^{Small} My work will be very easy - much indeed what I care to make it. I hope to have a group of 10-12 good men each term to whom I can give tri-weekly demonstrations at the Infirmary. The Committee and the Staff have placed the entire material at my disposal for teaching and are most anxious that I should take an active part in the work of the place. There are 160 beds and a very active out-patient department. At Christ Church where I have been elected a student (Fellow) the conditions seem most attractive. I am one of the managers of the Bodleian and have already begun an inspection of its treasures. I hope to see you in Oxford before long.

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I shall certainly try and be at the A M A in June if the date does not clash with our examinations, which seem to be the most important part of the work of the Regius Professors. Everything must come thro their hands - a most antique arrangement.

Greet George Cheyne with my congratulations. How satisfactory that he did so well. We are touring the land of lakes - Isaac Walton Jr (Revere) is learning the gentle art & has had good sport at pike & trout
Ever
yours

W.O. Love to the G. C's & greetings to Mrs. Shattuck & the girls.

Finding the hotel uncomfortable and the fishing bad except for conger eels, they ^{finally} ~~firstly~~ crossed with their trunks in a rowboat to Kyleakin, Skye, ~~for a~~ ^{where a week was passed at} ~~week,~~ a quiet little place with houses clustered about a green ~~and~~ the King's Arms an old-fashioned whitewashed hotel. There they three played, ~~and~~ fished and walked on the moors, where one ~~day they met~~ ^{morning they encountered} a young man botanizing and he has never forgotten the day. He proved to be the son of the school-master at Kyleakin and when Osler found that he was an Edinburgh medical student he promptly gathered him in. He is now a distinguished ophthalmologist, but recalls:

I had not then begun the study of clinical medicine, but the eminence of Osler in medicine was not lost on me. I had read some of his addresses and they had served greatly to exalt in my eyes my profession & its great

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ones. I readily conceded that position to Osler, and if further explanation be needed as to why I succumbed so completely to his undoubted charm, it should be remembered that the lumen sicca of science may become almost an object of adoration, some share of which falls to the priesthood, and that I was of a race that does not consider itself superior to a wholesome hero-worship.

The following week or two I regard as a remarkable period of my life. I saw Osler daily. He was a Celt (Cornish) and I was a Celt (Scottish) and we were in a land where ancient customs die hard and where Gaelic is still the mother tongue. A common theme of conversation was the Celtic character. Osler loved to hear stories of the intense love of learning of the Gael, his natural aptitude for speculation and for poetic expression. But there was hardly anything, I think, that we did not speak of, - Mendelism, Herbert Spencer, antiquities, religion, literature, are a few of the things I can recall. I am confounded now when I think of the marvellous patience with which he listened to my ideas - crude and often extreme - but I suppose he recognized the enthusiasm inseparable from youth in process of education and his wise and kindly tolerance served as a corrective and a guide. Needless to say, we talked much of medicine and I received much sage advice and wise information, all the more impressive in that it was so little academic.

Afterwards, we corresponded frequently, and I have now no doubt he suffered a great deal from being made my unprotesting confidant in several successive enthusiasms. He never forgot me; he was always kindly and humorous; always interested, always wise, and also always great.

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The last week of August found them with the Howards on the lonely island of Colonsay in the ^{Lesser} Hebrides at the entrance to the Firth of Lorne. To reach there they had left Kyleakin and taken the marvellous passage through the Sounds of Sleat and Mull to Oban where they were met by Strathcona's yacht and taken to the island. Palmer Howard's eldest son Jared, the elder half-brother of Osler's three particular wards and in whose company in 1884 he had passed one of his brain-dusting summers among the Continental clinics, had long before married Strathcona's only daughter. The island, a unique possession, had come only recently into Strathcona's hands, and, as Mrs. Osler writes her mother:

If you look at the map you will see how far west it is & the broad sweep of the Atlantic before us. ~~It is~~ Such an interesting place; the late owner was Sir John McNeill whose people had owned the island for generations. He was equerry to the Queen for 25 years and went to Canada with the Lornes and was a great friend of Lord Strathcona. I fancy Lord S. has help^{ed} him financially for years, for when he died last year the Island fell to Lord S. It is about 8 miles long and 3 wide, and all rocks and heather except a few acres of fine trees in which the quaint old house is nestled. It looks like a Virginian house with wings on either side. The Gulf Stream flows on either side of the island so that vegetation is like the south of England - high hedges of fuschia, roses climbing, and

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lemon-verbena trees above the window-tops. Figs, peaches and plums ripening on walls in the open. Everything in the house came to Lord S. even the silver. He gave the family all presents that were here from Royalty and all the portraits, but everything else is left the same - so all the Howards did was to walk in - even cook and housekeeper here. Lord Strathcona has his big castle at Glencoe in the Highlands and as much of the responsibility falls on Mrs. Howard she is enjoying the freedom here tremendously.

The partly fossilized prow of an old Viking ship was discovered
Here there was more fishing and golf, and an excursion was made to see

an early Christian cross and the ruins of an ancient monastery on the adjacent island of Oronsay which looked three thousand miles across an open ocean to where Baron Komura and M. Witte were struggling over the final terms of a treaty of peace. From Colonsay House Osler writes to W. S. Thayer.

I have had a quiet summer, getting rested. I was very much used up after arriving - just squeezed dry but I am now feeling in good form. Things look hopeful at the Radcliffe - there are several nice young fellows who are willing and anxious to work & I think there will be material enough to keep us going. Camac was with us off & on for several weeks. ~~He seems in very good form.~~ Ike has fished all the good pools on the Char & at Beaufort caught his first big fish - a huge pike. Welch we hope to see again on his way from the Continent. The picture bids fair to be a success. Welch is very good. I do not like Halsted or Kelly, & H. says

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mine is awful, I think that when hung & looked at from a distance it will be a good representation. We sail about Dec. 10th - to spend Xmas in Boston & I hope to spend Jan with you all at the Hopkins. Do set to work at the heart material, so as to have it all ready for the articles. I forget in which volume you come, 3rd I think.

They were back in Oxford on the 8th, and a few days later Mrs. Osler

writes:

We have been in London all day and are back with Doris Reid to stay until Friday. After writing yesterday I went to Christ Church with Willie to arrange about his rooms - It is the custom for ^athe students or fellows to have rooms in the college he is associated with. W.O. has a sitting-room and wee bedroom - he can put up any man friend there any time he wants. We arranged to have the room repapered and are now getting some old furniture - to make it look attractive as it was built about 1500. He can have some of his books there and has wonderful plans of what he will do down there. He also has rooms in the Museum where other books are to be stowed so he will gradually get all his books here. - As we were driving home we discovered Dr & Mrs. Sinkler and the two girls, from Philadelphia. They came in the afternoon and had tea. Each day since we came home some Americans have been here. &c. &c.

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To L. F. Barker *from W.O.*

7, Norham Gardens,
Oxford, 15th

Dear Barker Just a line to welcome you to the J.H.H! What a happy life you will have there! It is a unique position. You will be very much at home with the young fellows & the students. Keep an eye on the societies and begin to report & show cases early, - even the simpler ones. Do not feel over-modest about your clinical knowledge, - 'tis much greater than you appreciate. I hope to spend the month of Jan. quietly at the Hospital with you all. I wish to look over some of the typhoid material. I know you will find Thayer congenial. 'Tis a rather hard place for him, so encourage him. Cole & Boggs, Howard & Emerson are jewels. Love to your wife & to Johnnie (2nd). We have had a very nice holiday in Scotland. I am well rested & am beginning to feel at home here. There will be enough clinical material to keep the rust away. Yours ever,

W. O.

To J. William White.

Saturday Eve

Dear White What an S of the D you are! Why did you not send word you were coming? Please come on Tuesday. Mrs Osler has written. I have not a free day to come out before you leave. I am so glad to have such good accounts of you. With love to your afflicted wife & greetings to the Abbeys, I am

Yours

W^m Osler

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To William White for W.D.

7, Norham Gardens,
Oxford. Saturday.

Dear White Please tell Mrs. Abbey that I had a most interesting visit at Whitney. I found mine host of the Fleece a very good fellow, who told me all the gossip of the town & showed me the way to Coggs Church. I attended Vespers - ask Mrs. White that that word means - and made one Theophilus among six Dorcases - one of whom, dear soul! near whom I sat discreetly skipped from verse 5 to verse 19 of the CIX Psalm, - from which you got your favourite execrations!

I met my nephew at 6¹⁹ full of enthusiasm over his visit. Do thank Abbey for his kindness to him. I will see you tomorrow evening. ~~Sin-~~
~~cerely yours,~~

~~Wm Osler~~

To James R. Chadwick from W. O.

7, Norham Gardens,
Oxford. Sept. 22, 1905.

Dear Chadwick: Thank you so much for the memoir of your father and for the address on Cremation. Did I ever get for the library a copy of Ward's Diary? I have rather an idea that I did. It is a wonderful old book. If you have not a copy, please send me word at once and I will send it to you. It is a book which has become exceedingly rare because of the Shakespeare references. Sincerely yours, &c.

This letter never reached his old friend, ^{who} for two days later ~~he~~ met his death from an accident; and on hearing of this Osler not only sent off the

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touching obituary which appeared (unsigned) in the Lancet, but wrote to F. C. Shattuck, "How sad about Jim Chadwick's death! Why did we not have the portrait last winter? Not too late now. His friend Lockwood would do a good one. Let us arrange it. It should be in the Library to which he devoted so much time and which he loved so dearly."

Meanwhile, by the better half, Mrs. Revere of Canton, Mass., is told that she would laugh could she see her grandson established in an English school, where he particularly enjoys football. "I hope he does well with his books but can't expect too much - he is so good and obedient and such a happy soul that I shall try to keep from worrying about his lack of interest in books and pray that it may come," which it did. Then, people were put at work getting "the Master's rooms in order at Ewelme so we can stay there when we want to," and also the Christ Church rooms were being done, and those at the Museum "where he attends to all University matters ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~no~~ ^{no} idleness about ~~him~~ ^{here}

I assure you." ~~All this while~~ "W.O. and Willie F [Francis] are in Fairfield ^{ord}

for lunch with the Abbays to meet the J. William Whites of Philadelphia, and

And on September 26th ^{Search} "I've had a great time clearing out the rooms ~~W.O. has~~

at the Museum, which were packed full of things belonging to the Regius Pro-

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fessor for years back - old bottles and old rags galore."

On the following day a postcard to W. S. Thayer, though brief, tells the essentials.

27th.

Delighted with your Cotton Mather - just received today. I hope you have had a good summer. We had a splendid month in Scotland. We are just off to Paris for the T.B. Congress. Yours W.O.

The Congress was a great success. Paris always stages these things well.

The congressists were welcomed at the Hôtel de Ville, that incomparable municipal ^{municipal} ~~palace~~; the meetings were held in the Grand Palais; there was a banquet and reception at the Elysée by Emile Loubet; there ^{also} ~~was~~ a gala performance at the Châtelet Theatre, where among other items "Un Médecin Malgré Lui" was presented; and much else.

These international congresses seemed fated to be the occasion of some startling ^{announcement} ~~statement~~ by an eminent bacteriologist as was true of the preceding Congress of 1901 when Koch ^{proclaimed} ~~made his pronouncement~~ regarding the non-transmissibility of bovine tuberculosis. This Congress was no exception, and Emil

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von Behring the discoverer of the antitoxin treatment of diphtheria announced that he had discovered a new remedy ^{for tubercular "buvovaccine" which was} both prophylactic and curative.*
'buvovaccine.' He made the curious statement that it was long before his antidiphtherin ^{had been} fully accepted and this new remedy might take a still longer time to receive general recognition. It has.

But there was another and pleasanter incident of this Congress worth remembering - one which also ^{was editorialized in} ~~went into~~ the press though not until after it had happened. ^{was the source of relations in} ~~It was the sort of thing which deeply touched French sentiment.~~

~~At a luncheon, where~~ Some twenty of the American Congressists had gathered together ^{for a luncheon, and,} on Thursday October 5th, acting on an inspiration, Osler suggested that they make a pilgrimage to Louis's grave and place a wreath upon it.

But ^{as} no one, not even the French physicians who were consulted, had any idea of where Louis was buried, ~~and~~ it was some time before the site of ^{the} his forgotten tomb, of the 'Famille Louis' where lie Louis, his wife and son, in the cemetery of Mont Parnasse was disclosed. There the band of sixteen Americans repaired, by one of whom the story subsequently was most feelingly told.*

*A. C. Klebs: "Osler at the Tomb of Louis." Journal of the American Medical Association, 1906, xlvi, 1716.

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Crowded in the narrow room of the door-keeper's house they waited for an autumnal downpour to cease, while a few rain-soaked gendarmes peeked through the window wondering that these foreign-looking gentlemen could intend. The shower had ceased and as the band of intimate friends, bound together by a great common interest, stopped at the door of the mausoleum which held Louis's remains, Osler placed a wreath of autumnal leaves on the steps and told in a few words the simple story of Louis's life which has no parallel in our profession; of the sad death of his son at the age of 18 from tuberculosis; of his own death from the same disease at the age of eighty-five; of his special claims to remembrance - not so much his attempt to introduce mathematical accuracy into the study of disease, as his higher claim to have created the American School of Clinical Medicine through his pupils. *and*

It was my privilege on several occasions [he said] to hear Henry I. Bowditch speak of Louis and of his extraordinary kindness to the young men from America who frequented his clinic, and Dr. Alfred Stillé, whose death a few years ago removed the last of his notable band, has often told me of the lifelong affection which he and all of the American pupils had for their great French master. *It is*

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It is not too much to say that it was the direct inspiration derived from him that laid the foundation of accurate clinical methods in the United States. At this Congress concerned directly with a disease so accurately studied by Louis, it seems appropriate that we should gratefully acknowledge, on behalf of our brethren in the United States, the deep ^{debt} ~~deep~~ we owe to this great Frenchman, and in loving memory lay a wreath on his tomb.

And after paying this tribute of deep solemnity and meaning to the great

French master, ~~of Medicine~~, back they went ^{Silently} to their work at the Congress. *No further act
could have been done - sentiment - more deeply.*

~~They are back in Oxford by the 9th and Mrs. Osler writes: "Willie has so~~

many things going on - the new edition of the Text-book is just out and No.

100,000 has been given to Revere. Isn't that a splendid sale." ^{Source Mrs. Osler from Oxford on October 9th, and three days later:} ~~And in a letter~~

~~of the 12th,~~ "W.O. has gone to town today to lecture and have a dinner given

him." As he had written Sir John Moore, October was to be a full month, and two

of 'the things that were going on' related to that amplissimus vir his beloved

Sir Thomas Browne, the tercentennial of whose birth fell on October 19th.

^H Osler had been asked by the students of Guy's Hospital to speak before their Society - the same Society indeed which, according to tradition, had been the first, a century before, to ask Jenner to give a public pronouncement regarding vaccination. Originally a faculty society, it now bore the unusual

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name of Guy's Hospital Pupils' Physical Society, and in matter of fact its foundation in 1772 made it the oldest medical society in London of continuous existence.

Accordingly, on the evening of October 12th in the Physiological Theatre of the famous old hospital across London Bridge, Osler opened the winter session with the address which first brought him prominently before the British public and which showed them the kind of professor Oxford had secured.*

*Cf. Pall Mall Gazette. "Professor Osler and the 'Physical Pupils.'" Oct. 13, 1905, p. 8.

There was a certain fitness, he said, in his introduction to London there, seeing that he professed himself a Guy's man, if not by birth at least by adoption and grace, as, while yet in his pupilage he had sat at the feet of a Guy's man [Bovell, of course] and had received unto himself the traditions of the school.

"The 'Religio Medici'" was of course his title, and some fragments of the address, of a biographical character, have already been quoted. He

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gave an interesting account of 'the man' who in his wanderings 'pierced beneath the shell of nationalism into the hearts of the people, feeling at home everywhere and in every clime'; of his home life in Norwich, his children and grandchildren. He passed on to 'the book', his own collection of the fifty-five editions now being nearly complete, and with them before him on a table he ~~gave an illustrated bibliography.~~ ^{in his usual manner a bio-bibliography repeating, for example the} ~~And he repeated the~~ story of the "Observations" of Digby, 'who holds the record for reading in bed,' adding: "This little booklet of Sir Kenelm has floated down the stream of literature, reappearing at intervals attached to the editions of 'the Religio', while his weightier tomes are deep in the ooze at the bottom." His third section of the address was an 'appreciation' of the man whom Rowell called 'our most imaginative mind since Shakespeare,' and who was at the same time naturalist, philosopher, scholar, physician and moralist. And he closed with this counsel - born of his own experience - to his young hearers:

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For the student of medicine the writings of Sir Thomas Browne have a very positive value. The charm of high thoughts clad in beautiful language may win some readers to a love of good literature; but beyond this there is a still greater advantage. Like the 'Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius' and the 'Enchiridion' of Epictetus, the 'Religio' is full of counsels of perfection which appeal to the mind of youth, still plastic and unhardened by contact with the world. Carefully studied, from such books come subtle influences which give stability to character and help to give a man a sane outlook on the complex problems of life. Sealed early of this tribe of authors, a student takes with him, as compagnons de voyage, life-long friends whose thoughts become his thoughts and whose ways become his ways. Mastery of self, conscientious devotion to duty, deep human interest in human beings - these best of all lessons you must learn now or never - and these are some of the lessons which may be gleaned from the life and from the writings of Sir Thomas Browne.

~~It~~ ^{had come to have}
~~But~~ Osler had a no less sane outlook on the complex problems of life than

his famous seventeenth-century prototype, and it is not surprising to find him the next day distributing prizes to the students from a school of an altogether different sort - of the Royal Dental Hospital of London; a school which had only thirty-three entering students whereas the country needed thousands.

There can be no doubt ^{but that} ~~why~~ Osler willingly complied with the invitation. One

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of the sessions of the recent Leicester meeting of the ^{British Medical Association} B. M. A. had been given over to a discussion by Victor Horsley and others on maladies supposedly of dental origin, neuralgias for the most part. But there were more important things than this relating to the teeth, and he had always been distressed and shocked by the habitual neglect of their teeth by the English people as a nation, and though a new-comer, at the risk of giving offense, he told some plain truths to the young men before him whose duty it was 'to convert the enormous percentage of bolters and make chewers of them,' and to 'preach the gospel of cleanliness - cleanliness of the mouth, of the teeth, of the throat' for reasons of personal hygiene as well as comeliness. And there were sensible remarks about the routine inspection of the mouth and teeth of school-children, all of which ^{was} ~~is~~ made the subject of a lengthy editorial ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ the Lancet which admitted that "in the land upon which he has so recently turned his ^{back} ~~face~~ the individual citizen pays more attention to the teeth than in this country. ~~-----~~ The question, as Professor Osler remarks, is a national one and he made the remarkable statement that if he were asked to say whether more physical de-

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terioration was produced by alcohol or by defective teeth he should unhesitatingly say 'defective teeth.'" And these were days long before arthritis and other infectious maladies were even under suspicion of being due to dental disorders.

They were still house-hunting, and on October 17th his wife writes to

Thomas McCrae:

Dr. Osler is just off to Norwich for the unveiling of Sir Thomas Browne's statue. I am sending the Pall Mall Gazette with the account of his lecture at Guy's. Your friend Dr. Shadwell 'of Tortoise Fame' has been elected Provost at Oriel. We thought we could get his house which is fascinating inside and was once the priory of St. Mary's and Dr. Shadwell claims that Erasmus lived there, but he declines to leave until they build him a decent house at Oriel.

The ceremonies at Norwich were on the 19th* and opened with a meeting

*Fully reported in the British Medical Journal for October 28th. There was published for the occasion a souvenir volume by Charles Williams of Norwich, who also prepared a complete bibliography of 'The Religio.'

in the museum of the local hospital where for seventy-five years the relic had reposed, 'to express to Professor Osler the thanks of the hospital for the

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handsome casket and pedestal for the reception of the skull of Sir

Thomas Browne.* Later on, the statue was unveiled by Lord Avebury and

*Report of the W. in
the earlier part note*

*To Osler who appreciated no less than did Thomas Browne himself 'the tragical abominations escaped in burning burials' nothing could have given greater satisfaction than the knowledge that the skull which 'had been knaved out of its grave' was one day to be re-interred. The re-burial, with every mark of reverence, took place at St. Peter Mancroft in July, 1922.

there were appropriate addresses, followed by ^a luncheon at Blackfriars' Hall at which Sir Peter Eade ^{presiding,} presided, and there were many toasts, to one of which Osler's reply is thus ^{in part} recorded:

~~I claim to be a pilgrim who came to this city of Norwich thirty-three years ago to visit the place hallowed by the memory of Sir Thomas Browne.~~
There are three lessons to be gathered from the life of Sir Thomas Browne, all of them of value to us today. First, we see in him a man who had an ideal education. He was thoroughly versed in the classics; he lived abroad for two years, and thereby learned the hardest lesson in life, for he became denationalized as far as his intellect was concerned, ~~and also so far as~~ ^{and} his human sympathies were concerned. ~~He became not a citizen of England, but a citizen of the whole world.~~ All places made for him but one country, and he was in England everywhere. The second important lesson we may gain ~~from the life of Sir Thomas Browne~~ is that he presents a remarkable example in the medical profession of a man who

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mingled the waters of science with the oil of faith. I know of no one in history who believed so implicitly and so simply in the Christian religion, and yet it is evident from his writings that he had moments of ardent scepticism. One might have wished he had been a little less credulous, and I was glad to hear Lord Avebury defend him so warmly from the charge brought against him in regard to the trial of the witches; but it must be remembered that a man must be judged by his day, by his generation, and by his contemporaries. There were very few men in the medical profession at that time who followed the teachings of Reginald Scott, who was the first Englishman to come forward and speak out honestly and say, "Stop burning those poor ^{wretches} women."

The third lesson to be drawn ~~from the life of Sir Thomas Browne~~ is that the perfect life may be led in a very simple, quiet way. Norwich, ^{then} in the days of ~~Sir Thomas Browne~~, was provincial and small, and yet here is a man who lived perfectly, and who lived his life successfully, not only doing good, but also being able through his industry to carry out those extensive literary works which are now our pride and our joy. May I bear witness also to the work of two other men, as I feel Sir Thomas Browne would not have liked their names to be passed over? I refer to Mr. S. Wilkins, a Norwich man, who re-introduced Sir Thomas Browne to this generation, It is a good thing to remember that the books which Mr. Wilkins collected will be in the Norwich Museum; and ~~will bear witness to the life and work of Sir Thomas Browne.~~ The second name is that of Dr. Greenhill, who has studied the life and works of Sir

to call to his heroic mind
And the world is wiser be expected of him before to the world of and that also of Dr. Greenhill, then

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Thomas Browne more closely than any other man, and who will keep his memory alive by means of the superb edition of the Religio Medici published by Messrs. MacMillan.

~~In~~ ^{Monday} the evening there were services in the ancient church of St. Peter Mancroft - St. Peter in the Pasture, Magna Crofta castelli - with a sermon by the Master of Pembroke, ^{representing} the Oxford college which possesses one of the original manuscripts of 'The Religio', ^{who} and at the close, ^{read} as his blessing, ~~he read~~ Browne's "Evening Hymn."

To W. S. Thayer

7, Norham Gardens, Oxford,
Oct. 26, 1905.

Dear Thayer: I was just going to write to you this week when your nice long letter came. Rolleston is stirring us up about the revision of the malaria in Allbutt's System. It is an awful nuisance, but it has got to be attacked. I am so glad to hear that you will have it ready by the first of January... ~~Glad you had a good summer after the sad experience.~~ The time is getting close for us to sail, December 16th. I am looking forward to a month, spent quietly in the hospital, with the greatest pleasure. I wish you could have seen me yesterday - my first official duties, a ^{camp} class of fifteen at the Radcliffe, beginning on the old lines. I think there will be material enough to make a satisfactory clinical class. Mrs. Osler and Tommy are very well. Love to Sister Susan. . . .

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He was indeed 'beginning on the old lines.' Someone else had to say that
 the Sunday before "we had an invasion of callers - about 30 young men, - quite
 like Baltimore. ^{Carrying their} ~~several Rhodes scholars,~~ ^{He calls to} ~~He does not tell~~ Thayer ^{his story} that

two days before he had read a paper before the Leamington Medical Society
 on a topic* not often discussed by the physician; nor ~~does he say~~ that he is

*"Medical Aspects of Carcinoma of the Breast." British Medi-
 cal Journal, 1906, i, 1-4.

just leaving for Bristol where that same afternoon at University College as
 guest of the Medical Faculty he distributed prizes and certificates and made
 an address - and a good one, be it said - on the dual aspects of the student's
 life - and stayed for their dinner afterward, to the students' gratification.

But we ~~must not dog~~ ^{must not be dogged} his footsteps too faithfully.

By this time his rooms in ^(Christ Church) 'the House' had been fitted up, as the following ^{double}
^{written} notes to C. P. Howard from there the next evening indicate; - the first from
 his wife.

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Christ Church, Oxford,
Sunday Oct. 29, 1905.

Dear Campbell, Docci O's new old desk is being used for the first time to send a line to you. Marjorie is with me. We have just come from the service in the Cathedral and Reggie has gone into his own stall arrayed in surplice and hood and winking at M. and me as he came down the aisle. I wish you could see the rooms - they are really charming and it has been great fun getting them in order. We are now looking forward to showing you all the pleasures of Oxford and particularly your God-son - who is rapidly becoming an English boy with an accent

Dear Campbell These old fools have put me in a surplice and I had to go to chapel, but I wished I had been in the pulpit instead of the Regius Prof. of Divinity - who is a dry old stick. Yours, W. O.

Mayhap this ^{dryness} accounts in a measure for the fact that he soon gave up the

Cathedral for the Infirmary on Sunday mornings, and gave there each week his regular weekly consultation-clinic for visiting physicians from the countryside who preferred practice to prayer as a method of doing good in the world.

He had a pleasant surprise the following day, the nature of which is explained in a letter dated from Christ Church, Oct. 30, to his 'dear students.'

Last evening I was told that a box had arrived from America and in a few minutes there was brought in a handsom quarto volume with an inscription on the back - "Collected Papers of the Graduates of the Johns

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Hopkins Medical School." Naturally, I was delighted, and in a few minutes was deep in the contents of the volume, filled with gratitude that you had so kindly remembered me. When, a few moments later, the man came in and asked if he should bring the others, I looked more carefully at the back and found that I was reading only one of a series of twelve superbly bound quarto volumes, furnished with a good index, and each one with a table of contents. . . . a striking testimony to the success of an undertaking, which we all feel has already passed the experimental stage. . . .

And he goes on to give them, the students, the chief credit for what had been been accomplished in Baltimore and ^{what} could be reduplicated in other places animated with ^{a similar} ~~the~~ spirit of scientific research, reminding them at the same time to 'maintain an incessant watchfulness lest complacency beget indifference, or lest local interests should be permitted to narrow the influence of a trust which exists for the good of the whole country.' These thoughts must have led him to write a few days later to the man who had most to do with the undertaking before it had passed from its experimental stage.

To Daniel C. Gilman from W. C.

7, Norham Gardens, Oxford,
Nov. 5th

Dear Mr. Gilman I am settling into my new life very comfortably. We are in Mrs. Max-Müllers house for the winter & have not yet found a per-

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manent home. Houses are very scarce. I have very nice official rooms at the Museum, with two laboratory rooms attached, but I shall do all my work at the Radcliffe Infirmary. I have a class of 15 men and I am drilling them in the elementary work. There are 150 beds and a large out-patient department. I have been appointed an active consultant with a free range of all cases for teaching purposes - this at the request of the staff. So that I have ample material, and shall hold a weekly consultation for outside physicians. The local Doctors are very pleasant and friendly. I have rooms at Christ Church of which I am a "student" and a member of the governing body with a special stall in the Cathedral &c with the privilege of reading the lessons, if I like! The men at the House (as Ch. Ch. is called) are very nice and I shall enjoy my connection with it very much. My quarters are in the old building & I picture to myself that Burton or Locke may have inhabited them. I have been elected on the Hebdomadal Council, the governing body, 21 in number, of the University. I have only been at two meetings - most interesting & I shall get an insight into the workings of the complicated academical machinery. Officially I am a Curator of the Bodleian and have free range of the place. I have scarcely begun my excursions into highways and by-ways.

Mrs Osler and the boy enjoy the life here so much. He is at school & is very happy. We sail Dec. 16th. I hope to spend four weeks at the Hospital playing about with the boys & keeping in touch with the work. Give Mrs Gilman my love. Greet Remsen & Gildersleeve & Ames. Welch I have written to several times. Very sincerely yours,

Wm Osler.

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It was a mistaken notion on the part of his new colleagues that it would take Osler a long time to shake down among them. He adapted himself from the first, as though he ~~had been a~~ born ^{an} Oxonian, and took the keenest interest in every detail of the new life even to the work of the small committees. The Hebdomadal Board ^{when} ~~was~~ originally, 'a sort of council de-
~~vised probably by Archbishop Lord and~~ ^{vised} ~~instituted~~ ^{board} in 1631 by Charles I. ~~then~~ ^{ed} consisting chiefly of the Heads of Houses and Proctors; ^{the} ~~by~~ act of Parliament some two centuries later, changes had been made ~~in this Board~~ with the transfer of its 'powers, privileges and functions' to a new body, a Hebdomadal Council consisting of some official and some elected members, ^{Chosen for terms of six years} ~~elected~~ by the Congregation of the university, ^{This Council meets} ~~for six years and who met~~ every Monday for twenty weeks in the year, 'to deliberate on all matters relating to the maintenance of the privileges and liberties of the university, etc.', and thus ^{has} ~~have~~ the initiative in all ~~the~~ legislation, ~~of the~~ ~~university.~~ Osler had felt it his duty to accept the election to this Council as the best way of learning something of the complicated workings

*cf. Hebdomadal
Council
and by the way*

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not a position, for which his mind given to generalization rather than to logical details particularly fitted him:

of the university, though it was ~~the kind of task he loathed~~, and before

(Oct. 19 1905) on going abroad for the winter

his resignation three years later, he spent many ~~impatient~~ *long* hours writing during which

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"James Bovell M D" on the agenda of the tiresome meetings.

was often scribbled

But there were other things to atone for the tedium ~~of these Council~~ *he may have experienced in his*

attendance on official occasions:
meetings.

[under this also to her mother]

Revere had a half-term holiday Saturday and Monday ~~+~~ When I got home from town I found that he and his Dad had gone down the river in the morning as far as Sanford - trolling for pike. They were back to meet me at 3 p.m. - no fish but much pleasure. Yesterday the boys celebrated Guy Fawkes day with fireworks and a huge bonfire in the evening so the holiday was a great success. . . . We are occupied all the time and each day seems full, with dinner invitations ^{a head} ~~alone~~ until December 10th. They all send them out about a month beforehand as people entertain tremendously in term. We must begin the next term ourselves - I shall have much to learn as the etiquette is quite severe and the Heads of Colleges very particular about precedence. . . . The American undergraduates here are having a Thanksgiving dinner and have asked W.O. to preside and me to be present. Isn't that amusing?

And a few days later she writes:

Last eve we had a most delightful dinner in the Common room of Corpus Christi College - The Common room being a small dining-room where the Tutors

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and Dons lunch and have their dessert. There were some very interesting men who told me lots about the older Colleges. It was so mysterious & queer there. There was a dense fog and our coachman could hardly find his way. When we came out Willie and I walked about among the College buildings in the fog with the Moon shining through. Willie's delight in the College life is a joy to see. . .

He had been elected during the month to a select dinner club, the Tutor's Club, of which he has left this scrap of a note:

In Oct. 1905 a few months after coming to Oxford I was asked to join this Club which was started about 1820. The first meeting was at Wadham, and Wells the Secretary before dinner announced to the members that he had an interesting communication to make. He had received that morning from Dr. Bright the Master of Univ. a note stating that in clearing out the library before leaving Univ. College, he had come upon a MS. book belonging to the Club which had been mislaid by Bradley his predecessor in the Mastership and this, Wells said, was the long-lost book in which all the members of the Club had entered their names. It had been ^{missing} lost, much to their grief for 25 years. The first name in the book was James Jackson Lowe of Brasenose: each man had entered a sort of biography. Among the notable men were both the Arnolds, Benjamin Jowett, Archibald Tait, George Meberly and others. Goldwin Smith, Rait and Robinson Ellis were the only men whose names were in the book among existing members. When I joined the other members were Raper, Goudy, Dicey, Oman, Phelps, Anson, Heberden and Wells.

In the winter of '05-'06 we had six dinners, Nov. 6, '06, 1st dinner of club at Robinson Ellis' at Trinity - delightful evening, sat next

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Dacey who was full of stories. Told one of Wakeley: a student had come to him with an essay on some aspects of truth. W. said at our time of life we find so many who think truth is on their side, but precious *few* who are "on the side of truth."

Again and again to his friends of earlier days he reiterated in his brief notes that he has settled down and likes it very much; that 'the life of course is very different but very restful after the sort of racket I have had for some years.' On November 11th he writes one of the 'latch-keys':

I wish you could have been at the ^{*Perustration [a word in which he delighted]*} Annual ^{*^ visitation*} Visitation of Bodley's Library on Wednesday. It is a quaint ceremony. The curators first meet in the old Chapter House, where a Latin address of praise to Bodley is given by an M. A. of Christ Church. Then we proceed to seclude the librarian, that is, he retires to his room - and the curators hold a meeting at which the affairs are discussed, and then certain portions of the library are formally visited. It was really great fun. I am beginning to know some of the books, but it is an awful problem to know where to begin. . . . You should see my rooms at Christ Church! I hope, when you come over, that you will stay there. They are in the old part - the Old Library building - and I feel quite convinced, though I have no evidence for it! that they are the same as were occupied by John Locke, and I think Burton had them for a few years. I am beginning to know the men and get shaken down professionally. My work at the Radcliffe is very interesting, and there is enough to keep my hand in. . . .

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But he by no means looked upon his library connection as merely fun. One needs but recall his relation to the old Maryland 'Faculty' Library, and it is not surprising to find him writing as follows to Whitelaw Reid the American Ambassador a few days after this his first 'Perlustration!':

Many thanks for your letter of the 14th. The Bodleian is used so extensively by Americans and they are so well treated and so warmly welcomed, that this would be an appropriate occasion for some of them to express their appreciation in a practical manner.

But his activities were by no means confined to Oxford. Some of them can be easily traced - others less easily. On November 14th he was at the University of Cardiff, Wales, giving one of his stimulating and characteristic addresses ^{intended for} ~~to~~ ^{partly to the faculty, partly for the community - the church, for} the medical students, with whom he dined that night making himself one of them, and there is a ^{reminder} ~~trace~~ of this occasion among his books which contains a letter from one of his dinner companions saying:

You may perhaps remember my mentioning at our dinner on the 14th the book "Church and King" by your grandfather [uncle] I think. I have hunted up my copy, dated 1837, with Edward Osler's signature dated 1841 - by "Edward Osler, formerly one of the Surgeons to the Swansea

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Infirmary." Have you got this book? If not, and if you would like to have it, I shall be very pleased to transfer it from my keeping to yours. I picked it up at a bookstall for 6d. being attracted by the "Surgeon to the Swansea Infirmary," and by the name "Osler."

But it is less easy to keep on his track when, as was so often the case, he played an influential and helpful rôle behind the scenes while others occupied the stage. His method of helping to get things done when he saw the need was an admirable, indeed an enviable one. Few have the primary imagination, the knowledge of the right people whose interests at the outset should be enlisted, the ability to give the initial impulse, and the unselfishness to withdraw and let others take the credit of the fait accompli. This is of course the great secret of getting things done in the world, as many know; but he practised it, as many do not.

For many years sporadic efforts had been made to amalgamate under a single organization the twenty or more medical societies of London. Of these there were two of chief importance: one was the old London Medical Society founded by Lettson in 1773(?) as a protest against the Royal

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College of Physicians then at a low ebb. ^{In protest against} ~~From~~ this society in turn, there had ~~been~~ split off in 1805 ~~by~~ a group of the more influential physicians and surgeons of the time, Matthew Baillie, John Abernethy, Astley Cooper and others, ^{who founded} ~~another society,~~ the Medical and Chirurgical Society, which had subsequently received a Royal charter and of which Mr. (now Sir) ^{John} MacAlister was at this time the active Secretary. Both of these societies had accumulated large libraries and held other properties, the one at 11, Chandos Street, the other at 20, Hanover Square, where their respective meetings were held. They were noble rivals, these century-old societies, which divided between them the allegiance of Harley Street, to such an extent, indeed, that it even influenced its nursery-rhymes:

Hush little baby, Mother is nigh;
Father has gone to the Medico-Chi.

But all efforts ~~in the past~~ to reunite not only these two organizations of ^{Societies of medical and Surgical Specialists which had subsequently been formed} major importance but the many ~~special societies~~ into a real Academy of Medicine, undertaken from time to time, had fallen through.

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The medical journals of this year contain repeated references to a new proposal of consolidation, though neither the name of the man who had the idea nor of the man who gave him encouragement is mentioned; and doubtless those who played the more prominent ^{roles} parts in the organization of the Royal Society of Medicine finally consummated in 1907, had little knowledge of how it came about that so many of the individuals who had stood in opposition to this highly desirable movement finally came around to their way of thinking.

Osler, often ^{referred to} ~~described~~ Sir John Y. W. MacAlister as 'the man who pokes the embers.' Sir John in this case had also laid the fire, though it was given to Osler to light it and ^{periodically} ~~constantly~~ to add fuel at the right moment which gave the quondam Secretary of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society something to poke. Sir John gives this account of an early moment of discouragement:

It was probably some time in 1904, but as I think I told you, the only date I remember is the Battle of Waterloo, 1066. Anyhow, it was shortly after a disappointing conference I had had with some of our

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leaders on my pet subject of amalgamation which I had told W. O. all about, and he was keenly interested. Since Andrew Clark's death I had never found a single one of the leading men keen enough to take it up or even to encourage it. And perhaps to this was added a little hepatic congestion. Anyhow, he burst in on me in his dear old breezy way, with "How goes the Amalger?" and I replied, "Cut it out; it will probably come after I am gone, and so the sooner I quit the better!"

He sat down beside me with his old affectionate trick of embracing the shoulder, and got me to tell him all about it, and after a little thought he said, "It has got to come, and you are the man to do it, but you will have to get at the young men. Drop the old fossils and try to inspire the young men who have to look to the future." So we smoked and chatted, and whether the hepatic congestion was subsiding, or whether I was absorbing his faith and enthusiasm, I don't know, but the next day I sat down and wrote the first sketch of my new scheme, which as an official necessity, and, as I thought, a mere formality, I sent to Douglas Powell, who was then our President.

He was so interested that he suggested I should take a fortnight's leave to enable me to work out details, financial and otherwise, and I went away to Hastings, where I knew I should not be disturbed, and slogged at the job for a fortnight, and then sent him the detailed scheme, which at his request was printed and circulated, and from that we marched right on till success was reached within two years, after, of course, numerous meetings of all the various Societies concerned.

and two others no less than MacAlister observed his fault and
in this case!

That he was much in the way, in town and elsewhere, in apparent from an abundance of similar
from such episodes, which ~~may~~ have been supplied. But even in his absence
of Mr. Sanderson goes on as usual - already ^{just} here for the young ^{at} West Row which had been.

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[Leeds his wife] though

We had a lovely Sunday ~~but~~ W.O. was in Cambridge. Our Sunday after-
noons are astonishing - the men come pouring in from 3.30 and then again
at 8.30 after church for supper which is always informal and all on the
table - the chafing-dish being a great amusement and surprise to the
Englishmen. I met W.O. in town and tried to carry him off to see L---
but he had two consultations in the other direction and could not take
the time. He is dining in London tonight [Nov. 27th] & returns early
for Sir John Sanderson's funeral - & many men for luncheon who come to
the funeral.

To judge from the "University Acts" the

But even ~~the~~ funeral of a ^{former} Regius Professor ^{did not} ~~does not~~ interfere with uni-
~~versity~~ ^{has been permitted to} ~~interfere~~ ^{stated} with uni-

~~a scheduled university function~~
~~versity meetings, to judge from the "University Acts", for:~~

"In a Convocation holden on Tuesday, November 28th [1905] the fol-
lowing business was submitted to the House:" -

1. Nomination of Delegates to the University Press.

William Osler, D.M., Hon. D.Sc., Student of Christ Church,
Regius Professor of Medicine, was nominated by the Vice-
Chancellor and Proctor to be a Delegate of the University
Press, in place of William Sanday, D.D., Canon of Christ
Church who has been constituted a Perpetual Delegate there-
of, etc. &c

This added another to his slated weekly meetings, for the delegates of
the Press, ten in all, meet Friday at 2.00 p.m. for what is apt to be a

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long session. What he accomplished for the Press, which ^{to be become devoted attention to} ~~came to share with~~
 the Bodleian ^{satisfaction} ~~what was his chief official pleasure in Oxford,~~ can be gathered
 from the 'minute' upon the delegates' records, of the date "6 February 1920"
 which says in part:

When Dr. Osler became a Delegate in 1905 the medical books published
 by the Press were insignificant in number; today, in virtue of the Quar-
terly Journal of Medicine and of the Oxford Medical Publications issued
 in coöperation with Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, and including Osler's
System of Medicine, the Press stands in the front rank of medical pub-
 lishers both at home and in America. The Delegates owe their present
 position in great part to Sir William Osler's initiative and supervision,
 and to his unique influence in the medical world.

On December 8th at the Oxford Town Hall, Osler made what seems to have
 been his first and last appearance at a political rally. The meeting had
 been arranged by the Oxford University Tariff Reform League and Joseph
 Chamberlain was to speak. The President of Magdalen, a strong tariff re-
 former, had written to Osler a month before, begging him to speak, and he
 had replied: "Yes, if you think it will be all right. I should be very glad
 to say a few words, certainly not too many." Here the story may be taken up
 by Mrs. Osler, who writes:

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A lovely mild morning and the thrushes singing outside - evidently they think spring has come. E. B. O. [Osler's brother] came last eve and we all went to hear Mr. Chamberlain. It was tremendously exciting. The huge Town Hall was packed. Mary C- was there and she and Mrs. Warren with whom they are staying sat on the platform. W.O. offered the resolution of thanks for the Colonies. I met Mrs. C- afterward and had a nice chat - she was as attractive as always, just as Peahodyish and Salemy and refined as ever. What an interesting life she leads. His address was fine, and particularly interesting at the moment owing to the excitement in the change of government. Only one more letter to you after this!! I can hardly realize it -

Sir Herbert says that on this particular occasion in Oxford Town Hall Osler 'successfully and gracefully avoided the public issues in a few well-chosen words': he adds that in politics W. O. was a strong Imperialist and like himself a tariff reformer, but became in time an ordinary Liberal, so that in 1919 they endeavoured without avail to get him to stand as the Coalition candidate for Oxford to support the Lloyd George Liberals and the Unionists. But it is too soon to talk of Lloyd George and a Coalition Government. Indeed a mass meeting, with Lord Avebury in the chair, was being held this very month at Westminster for the promotion of better relations with Germany.

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Their first ^{Semester} ~~part-year~~ in Oxford was near its end - a happy time, yet they were eager to return to what for so many years had been home. The ties that bind are not cut so easily and ^{England was} ~~they were~~ still a little strange. Shortly after Osler had been ^{elected to} ~~chosen~~ by the Press, two elderly Dons strolling by the river one evening were heard to say: 1st Don - "How do you feel about this new Regius getting so many appointments?" 2nd Don - "Oh, a good thing. New blood." 1st Don - "Too untried: terrible risk; terrible risk." ^{And they} ~~found or.~~

During this early period of his transplantation, Osler may well enough have ^{Shared} ~~showed~~ the feeling so well expressed by his ~~fellow-Regius of Cambridge,~~ Clifford Allbutt, on his being called thirteen years before to the corresponding position ^{in Cambridge.} ~~there.~~ At the close of his inaugural address Allbutt had turned to the representatives of the university to express his gratification in returning to ^{the scenes} ~~his Cambridge~~ which he had known so well as an undergraduate:

If to you [he said] who have never left this home the roaring of the great loom of the laboring and sweating world without has become at times even inaudible; if at times you have been tempted to become a little too fine for common things, a little too high for low things, it is well that some of us, who have fought hard in the ranks of the Philistines, and

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learned to love them also, should return to you with hands perhaps somewhat rougher, opinions somewhat ruder than your own.*

*"The Standards and Methods of Medical Teaching."
British Medical Journal, May 14, 1892, 1, 1007.

Of the two, Osler's transplanted had been the more trying; yet neither the Cambridge nor the Oxford Regius Professor of Medicine ever showed, so far as is apparent, any roughness of hand or rudeness of opinion, to grate upon their highly refined surroundings.)

^{at this time}
One who was ~~then~~ a Fellow and Tutor of New College* has written:

*The Rt. Hon. Herbert Fisher, President of the Board of Education.

Though Oxford is proverbially hospitable and generous she does not easily capitulate to strangers, especially if their claim to distinction rests upon scientific rather than on literary grounds, but Osler left Oxford no choice, and from the first the surrender of the University was absolute and immediate. Of course his great reputation as a physician and medical writer had preceded him but we immediately discovered that finished competence in his own art and science was but a small part of the man, that the new Regius Professor was the least professional of doctors and the least academic of professors, that he was amazingly devoid of vanity and pedantic inhibitions, that his spirit was free, alert, vi-

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vacious, and that there was apparently no end to the span of his interests or to the vivid life-giving energy which he was prepared to throw in to any task which fell to him to discharge. Old and young alike acknowledged his mastery and never left his presence without feeling the magnetism of the man and that insatiable, but unobtrusive, appetite for helpfulness which made him the prince of friends and benefactors.