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The Great Sacrifice
Chapter XXXVII

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"The call is for silent sacrifice, of time, of habits, of comforts, of friends and of those dearer than life itself." So Osler had written in his Christmas letter to Lloyd's Weekly News. It expressed the spirit of the country during this trying winter. December had seen a change of Government. Asquith was out, and in the saddle at the head of a special War Committee of Five sat Lloyd George, a man desperately in earnest who with the simplicity of genius talked in terms the people could understand. Great Britain (bar Ireland) at last was really mobilized for war and the Dominions were called to the council table. "Because ye are sons of the Blood and call me Mother still."

Germany ~~h~~arrassed by the Somme battles and by Nivelle's easy recapture of the ground France had lost at Verdun, made new overtures for peace - maladroit as usual. "We have been wringing the neck of Wilson's peace dove," Osler writes later in the month; "he will be answered in Lincoln's words. We do not want peace except on terms that will guarantee

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its permanency and we all realize what they are."

Germany had failed in her original purpose and sought some compromise. She made an empty offer, a 'combination of bluster and whine,' which admitted of no possible agreement and, meanwhile, was deporting the Belgians to work in her factories and fields. Mr. Wilson had been reelected, seemingly on the grounds of having kept the United States out of the war and on a platform embodying the tenets of a League to Enforce Peace. The two were incompatible. What he had really meant by his 'Note' of December 18th, asking the belligerents to declare their rival aims - a note which so ^{annoyed} ~~riled~~ Osler on his sick-bed - time can only tell.

The Allies made a dignified and prompt response. Germany replied by ~~preparing for a~~ ^{the} resumption of ^a ruthless ^{Campaign underwater: and thus} ~~submarine activity.~~ This was her undoing, for it was what terminated America's patience.

The 'silent unit' meanwhile at 13 Norham Gardens goes on in its usual way. Oxford is full of wounded and the great war loan forces un-

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usual economy, and food is reckoned in terms of calories. One merely tightens his belt. Carmelita, aged fifteen, has a wounded brother in one of the Oxford hospitals, and Osler writes:

11th [Jan].

Dear Carmelita That is a lovely photograph - just like you, strange to say! & we love it. Thank you so much. Please come again soon as there are several other poems you really must learn. Unless you get all the good ones into your head (& heart) before you are twenty they do not stick. Winfred came to lunch today & spent the afternoon upstairs with Milton - Paradise Lost & Gilbert & Becketts Comic Histories & the Dictionary of National Biography. He is coming again tomorrow. He is looking much better & can stand on his legs, - which seems a natural thing to do! Love to the parent Yours affly Wm OSLER.

Winfred by
a Winifred girl?

a/

And probably Winfred (✓) Nuttall was entertained, too, by being shown the

living specimen of Anobium hirtum with which Osler had long been amusing

himself; for the parasites of books, though less common, may be no less

destructive, and for that matter no less interesting, than the parasites

of man and animals, ^{in which his} ~~in which his~~ ^{in them} ~~curiosity was~~ aroused by Father

^{had never been lost.}

Johnson It gives an opportunity to recall that, war or no war, institu-

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tions like the Bodleian - unless the fate of Louvain befall them - go

on largely unaffected. Even the Quarterly Record continues to be published, thanks largely to Osler's interest and support. Apparently it
for as the Editor states "Although we are not yet self-supporting, we hope to be so after the war, and meanwhile, the generous help of Sir William Osler and other friends prevents it from being a burden on the Society's finances."
 [The B.Q.R.]

was during his December illness that he wrote for the February issue his

account of the living book-worm he had found tunnelling in a copy of the

Histoire abrégée de la dernière persécution de Port-Royal, whose provenance

indicated that it came from the South of France. Quite a contrast to

the sapping, mining and burrowing going on in the North of France just

now, though Osler draws ^{Such} no comparison, and his interesting account is writ-

ten as in time of peace:

. . . Only once before, in the University Library, Utrecht, had I seen a living book-worm. The picture of the opened book was so striking that Professor Poulton, to whom I showed it, urged me to have a sketch made by the well-known artist Mr. Horace Knight, of the British Museum. Mr. Knight writes, September 4, 1916, "Herewith the drawing of the bookworm which more than a year ago you asked me to make. It has been waiting in hopes the larva would pupate, but it has not even commenced to make a case, and Dr. Graham thinks it may go another year. . . There are no eggs of this species in the British Museum and no drawing of any value." Mr.

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Knight's beautiful sketches are so superior to anything in the literature that Mr. Madan has kindly consented to have the plate reproduced in the Bodleian Quarterly Record. . . .

Insect book-worms are rare in Oxford, even in the most secluded libraries. Mr. Maltby, the well-known bookbinder, has the largest collection I have seen, made during the past twenty-five years, all of Anobium domesticum, except one unknown Lepidopteran larva. There are a few in Mr. Madan's possession. Though many of the old books in Oxford libraries are badly wormed, recent ravages are rare. One of the least used collections is that of Bishop Allestree, housed so quaintly above the cloisters at Christ Church. There have been books, badly damaged, but at a recent visit I could find no worms in the books, but one shelf had plenty of borers whose sawdust covered the tops of the books below. It may be mentioned that the Anobium is the genus of the 'death watch' beetles which make a clicking sound in wood, so that there is some basis for the statement of Christian Mentzel, an old seventeenth-century worthy, that he heard a book-worm crow like a cock. Bodley is singularly free from the ravages of book-worms - confirming the remark of Charles Nodier, "La bibliothèque des savants laborieux n'est jamais attaquée des vers."

But the B.Q.R., and the Science Room, and the Shakespeare Exhibit, and the re-purchase of the first folio, and the Richardson Correspondence, - "all these are trifles!" as someone has written. "His best work for the Bodlian was of a personal kind - helping the wheels go round. He was loved by the staff and the Curators alike, and his kindly words in season often pre-

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vented friction that from time to time appeared inevitable."

Osler kept to his word, and 'careered around' very little during January. "He has been angelic," writes Lady Osler; "only two or three times to town." The letters of the time show how great a solace and refuge was his library. He sends out countless flying missives on cards, such as these to Dr. George Foy of Dublin:

Most interesting. Do try to run down the references. I see a good notice of Higgins in the Dic. Nat. Biography. Is there a good 2nd hand book shop in Dublin? I want any of the works of Dr. Paul Hifferman (1719-1877) particularly his "Dramatic Genius in Five Books." W.O.

Many thanks. Why not write up Higgins. It has not been done properly. Let me know if I can look out anything in Bodley. Y'rs W.O.

I wish you could find an account of that last Witch trial in Ireland 1865 see Hayden Dic. of Dates. I have picked up two plays of Hifferman. W.O.

And many more follow about the burning at Ballyradlea scarce fifty years before of the woman thought by the peasantry to be a changeling. Nor does his interest in other people's affairs flag. He writes to Dr. John C. Hemmeter of Baltimore:

Thanks for the Haller references. I have read Huzel's Tagebücher &c. I will look up the others. He was a fine character. Glad to hear you are getting out your collected Historical papers. Thomas Young (not Sir Thomas - he was beyond titles!) was an extraordinary genius. I gave a lecture on him at St. George's Hospital ten years ago. England has produced no one to equal Harvey in our profession. W.O.

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And on January 24th to Dr. J. H. Pratt of Boston, who keeps up his
antituberculosis work there:

Dear J.H.P. That is a fine record! The papers came this morning
& I have read them with the keenest interest. I am afraid one element you
have not laid proper stress upon - your own personality. Confidence ^{and} faith
counts for so much with these cases. The personal supervision & care is
all important, and not taking too many cases. I will speak of your results
at the annual meeting of our County association next week. Gout papers
of course interest me - the incidence of the disease depends on the eyes
of the doctor in charge of the hospital. I was told by a well known
Scotch physician - "Oh, Gout has disappeared from Scotland!" I found
tophi in two of his chronic rheumatic cases. The multiple gouty febrile
arthritis is not uncommon here. I have seen two cases, both with tophi, in
soldiers. All well. Revere we hope back in rest billets. His battery has
been in action continuously since Oct. 21st. . .

And on the 30th in an encouraging note to A. D. Blackader, who plans as
a memorial for his son to found a library of works on the boy's profession
of architecture:

Dear Blackader I am so glad you have decided to hold the C.M.A.
meeting. It is a great mistake to let them lapse. I will speak to
Russell & one or two of the likely men who could send papers. Archibald
could give a splendid account of his heart work & he & Mayo have wonderful

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specimens. In the B.M.J. you will find reference to every article published in the Insurance Act & the Med. Profession. The best part about the act was the establishment of the Research Committee which is doing first class work. I will bear the matter in mind & let you know. It was a great regret to me not to see Mrs Blackader; but I was very hard pressed & much bedevilled over that C.A.M. corps row. My love to you both. I realise how your hearts must ache. Our laddie has been for three months in the Ancre, with his Battery in continuous action. He keeps well, but the worst is yet to come. I will remember the memorial library. What a nice thing to do! What a fine fellow he was! My love to his little wife - such a brave soul.

And there soon follows a rare volume by ^{Vitruvius} (F) from a book sale to add to the ^{Gordon Home} Blackader collection ^{at McGee's}. On a postcard of February 1st he writes to

H. V. Ogden:

Do send the paper of Farmer to us for the Quart. Jr. of Med. - Garrod is away in Malta. Poor fellow! few have had such knocks. I knew the boys well, such likely chaps. Good word from Revere - back in rest-billets after 3 months continuous fighting on the Ancre. I am all right again. My attack was pure pneumococci. W.O.

On January 22nd Mr. Wilson made his famous 'Peace without Victory' speech before the Senate, and a few days later the United States was

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called upon to face the long-feared crisis, when Germany on the grounds of the rejection of her peace overtures withdrew her pledge relating to submarine warfare. It was a desperate throw, and though Mr. Wilson still hoped for a peaceful settlement there was no alternative but to hand the German Ambassador his passports. On February 6th Osler wrote to his old colleague Henry M. Hurd of Baltimore:

. . . The action of the U. S. absorbs all attention here, it was inevitable. We shall have a hard time possibly, but a little tightening of the English waist-band will do no one any harm. I should like to see the plans of the Hurd Library. The situation you mention is admirable, I should like to have been able to leave my collection to the ^[John Hopkins] School, but it seems more appropriate to give it to McGill, where it is much more needed. After all for the older and rarer books the Hopkins has the Surg. Gen. Library at its door. . . . Revere is back in rest billets, about 20 miles from the Front. They have had three very hot months on the Ancre - salvoes and barrages day and night. It is wonderful that the guns stand it. He keeps well and writes very cheerfully. We may hope for a decision one way or the other before the end of the 3rd year, but Germany is not yet beaten and is very strong. What a cruel shame that her rulers have made outlaws of such good people as we know - at least in the profession. Lady Osler and her sister are hard at work and the hotel keeps open as we have many Canadians stationed here in the Flying Corps.

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On the next day he writes his bibliophile Bristol friend, J. A. Nixon, who has just finished his period of leave and returned to his military duties:

Dear Nixon Glad you have got back safely. So sorry to hear that there are enough self-inflicted injuries to have a separate camp. We are deep in winter - three days of regular Canadian weather - bright & clear getting towards zero. Creech was a rare old bird well known here - a Wadham man, a great translator, a disciple of Burton, profoundly melancholic and in 1700 sent his soul to ? thro' a noose. The Lucretius was very popular - orig. ed. 1682 - many reprints, best 1714. D.N.B. says 'that for six mos before his death he studied the easiest mode of self destruction"! This would be interesting - perhaps Wood gives details. Let me know at any time should you need special books. Yours sincerely
Wⁿ OSLER.

P.S.¹ The two New England women are rejoicing in the news from the U.S. & send martial greetings

P.S.² Lucretius comes in my Bibliotheca prima for his vision & for the atomic presentation & for the 'natural man' view de rerum naturam.

He engaged his young friends in literary pursuits whenever he could.

It kept them from talking war; and just now the Press has sent him an ad-

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vance copy of Archie Malloch's monograph on Finch and Baines. So on February 17th he writes to the author at No. 3 Canadian General Hospital: "'Tis an A.1. bit of work - hearty congratulations. A story well told & brim full of interest. I will see to a good review in the Lancet. How delighted your father will be." And he saw to both of these things when a month later the volume was issued.

Dear Malloch By this time you will have had Finch & Baines, and I am sure you will be delighted with the first serious product of Archie's pen. It does him great credit - a bit of solid work well done. We have had great fun with him over it. The story of the friendship has always interested me, so I am greatly pleased to have it so well portrayed. The Christ's College people are so delighted - Shipley, the Master, said to me the other day - is it not strange that we should have waited all these years to have the story told and then to have it done by a young Canadian. The work has been a good training for Archie and has brought him into contact with many nice people. It represents a lot of hard digging. The illustrations are splendid and the general 'get up' of the book is A.1. I am sure it will have a good sale though this is not a good time for books. All well here - I had a bronchitis at Xmas which housed me for three weeks, but the rest did me good. Revere has had a hard winter on the Ancre and instead of getting leave they have had to follow up the retreating Germans. - ~~single blanket, rubber sheet and bully beef for the past two weeks.~~ (Fortunately he has kept well, but it is an anxious business. . . .

Stet

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He forgot neither friends nor friends' children, and on March 1st
writes to Mrs. C. P. Howard in Iowa City:

Dear Otilie: We have just been talking of you and the darlings
and I have just had out the lassies picture which your mother gave me. Is
it not good! We miss you all so much. How I wish you were all at No. 64
Banbury Rd. Tell Muriel not to forget Docky-Wocky and give the boy a
tickle for me. Your mother and Marion were here a few weeks ago - both so
well. We expect Jean shortly. I am enclosing a letter to Campbell.
Leslie Pearce Gould has just been here, asking of course for you. Is it
not tragic about poor Collis! Such a dear fellow. Grace is heart broken.
Isaac writes cheerfully but it has been a weary winter I fear for him. He
hopes to get leave before the Battery goes back into action. We are doing
well on our rations - and the belts not yet tightened! Your loving

Doccie O.

^{in Malta}
- All this time in spite of the absence of its chief worker Captain
Charles Singer, ~~in Malta~~, the Science Alcove in the Radcliffe Camera has
been tided along,* and on March 3rd Osler writes him:

^{Footnote}
*In spite of all handicaps the first volume of Singer's "History
and Methods of Science" was published by the Clarendon Press during
the year. The volume, as Osler says in his Introduction, was 'the
outcome of a quiet movement on the part of a few Oxford students to
stimulate a study of the history of science,' and he goes on to enu-
merate the pieces of work which were under way, saying that: "With
rare enthusiasm and energy Dr. Singer has himself done a great deal of
valuable work, and has proved an intellectual ferment working far be-

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yond the confines of Oxford. I have myself found the science history room of the greatest convenience, and it is most helpful to have easy access on the shelves to a large collection of works on the subject. Had the war not interfered, we had hoped to start a Journal of the History and Method of Science and to organize a summer school for special students - hopes we may perhaps see realized in happier days. Meanwhile, this volume of essays (most of which were in course of preparation when war was declared) is issued as a ballon d'essai."

Osler had intended as his own contribution to the volume to collate the various MSS. of the 'Religio', and though the work had been started he did not wish to have the volume held up for this paper.

Dear Singer So nice to have your letter. I envy you the experience.

I am afraid Mrs. Singer will not be able to join you. She is working hard and looking well. What a trump she is! I think the Sc. room scheme will go through the Faculties at the next meeting. I am taking all the Sc. Professors to see the place. Balfour was very enthusiastic. I have nearly finished the Rel. Med. MSS. ^[Religio Medici] and it will be ready before Schiller's paper is printed. I will pass your letter on to Marat with the photos, as they will interest him very much. We must get him actively with us in the Seminar scheme. A year from next summer we should be able to have it. Two weeks intensive ⁷ lectures and demonstrations - and the whole summer for any special research students. We should get at least 6 men from the U.S. every summer. It will be a great missionary effort and you and that v. m. better-partner can do the job. Love to Garrod - fine type - good sense and no d--d non-sense. . .

During these weeks since February 1st America was being irresistibly

swept in. There had been sinkings; ~~and~~ finally the "Laconia" was torpedoed;

and ^{or} about this time a German plot to embroil Mexico and the United States

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was uncovered. A bill empowering the President to adopt a position of 'armed neutrality' had ~~been~~ passed the House and was being held up on the last days of the Session by a filibuster of ^{twelve} ~~Wilson~~ irreconcilables in the Senate. On March 7th Osler writes to W. S. Thayer:

Dear W.S. Yours of 20th here today. The boats are coming in - this is the 4th American mail this week. We are so excited about the news in America. What a pity that a doz. men should be able to block all legislation. It looks hopeful, & if America comes in the moral effect will be immense. Germany is not beaten yet & we are not in sight of the end. I expect to see Teddy over here with a big Division.

d/ All goes well here. We are worried all the time about Revere, who has been in the Ancre fighting ever since Oct. We hopes that he might have leave but I am afraid his Battery has been moved up towards Bapaume over the very bad country which the Germans have had sense enough to leave. He has kept well & writes very cheerfully. . . I shall look for your article. Mrs. Chapin is still with us Rolleston was asking for you the other day. He has done splendid work & as leading medical consultant to the Fleet his opportunities have been exceptional. . .

On March 16th he writes Fielding H. Garrison:

Dear Garrison I shall expect the 2nd ed. before long which you so kindly promised to send. I hope it did not go down in the Laconia. What

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^{Stew}
a ~~ferment~~ you must be in at the Capitol! We are following events with deep interest. It is hard to see how you can escape war. We had on Sunday a group of 16 nice Harvard men who braved the submarines to join their unit in France. It was a very sporting thing to do in the face of strong opposition from friends and relatives, - 17 nurses too. Singer is off in Malta - stirring the pool there. He is full of ferment. We are getting the science room in good order in the Bodleian and hope to make it a useful place for study. I am struggling with a proper catalogue of my library and have an ancient Vestal at work. My secretary has gone - and I am lost - our butler has just died of pneumonia in a war hospital - a perfect jewel, whom we can never replace.

I still lack Morton, Letheon, 1846, and his other pamphlets on Mode of Admin. Ether and in the Phy. effects. Keep your eye open please for them. Greetings to dear old Klebs who must be in despair. Have you heard anything of Sudhoff? What a chasm the war has opened - we shall not live to see it bridged. The boy has been on the Ancre since Oct. 1st and is now 'following up' with his battery. It keeps us anxious and worried. But that is the normal state. Greetings to the librarian & to all old friends. . .

In the section Bibliotheca Literaria in Osler's library is a book of poems entitled "First and Last" by George ^{B.}~~B.~~ Wood, one-time Professor of Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, and the uncle of H. C. Wood whose relation to Osler's ~~period in~~ ^{transfer in 1884 to} Philadelphia has been told. In this

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~~Volume~~
~~copy~~ Osler has written: "Rec'd Mar 31st from my dear old friend. This is the second copy I have had. H.C.W. gave me one about 1890. I happened to mention it to Weir Mitchell who immediately claimed the volume for the library of the College of Physicians. I gladly gave it to him. Not in the S.G.L." Enclosed is this letter:

Dear Osler, I am still alive, for which I do not thank God, but the Devil. I am much pleased that your boy has escaped injury. Right opposite to me lived an old man, now 87, who fought in the ranks and later as a non-commissioned officer, in 122 engagements during the four years of the Civil War; had his clothes many times cut with bullets, but never had the skin broken. Fate seems to be fate. I wish to God I had died young instead of living to be old and suffering. My secretary, Miss Paul, says I have two copies of George B. Wood's poems, so I will send you one, with a statement regarding it on the fly-leaf. If you want rare books, this book is a rara avis. Though rarity is liked by many in beef, I would rather be the author of a book like the last edition of the U. S. Dispensatory, of which twenty-thousand copies were sold before it was out.

If we had but a President who was a MAN! Roosevelt would have settled this thing months ago, but it does look this morning as if the country was going to settle it. For 103 years the rules of the U. S. Senate have been that one man could prevent the taking of a vote on a subject simply by talking. It is on record that Senator Lafollette some years since talked eight-

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een hours on a stretch; then a friend took up the talk; and so it went on until no vote could be taken; but this rule was yesterday altered so that the bills to arm American merchantmen will certainly pass into laws.

Osler's story could indeed be told from the provenance of books in his library.

There is another book of poems which was purchased at this time, the library card for which reads as follows:

Men-Miracles with Other Poems by M[artin] LL[uelyn] of Ch. Ch. in Oxon 1656 16^{mo}-. Bought Foster Sale Sotheby 23/IV '17 £3.10 See D.N.B. xxxiii 440

[^{See marks below} And a later note]: Revere was much interested in this little volume and knew of the Song (p. 53) "Breake thy rod." The marks in the book are his. He had been reading Cartwright and read the volume for the references to him. W.O.

[And still later]: At my suggestion we bought the first edition 1646 for the Ch. Ch. library for £5.5 June 1919. W.O.

Even in a biography It is unseemly to dog a man too closely and to intrude any more than necessary when he is under emotion. But ^{Cole} he laid bare the secrets of the heart in the covers of his books and these he has left for all

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to read. Mention has already been made of ^{his} Osier's relation to clubs,
his manner of using them, and his somewhat detached interest in ~~them~~ ^{their}
~~and their~~ ^{various} regulations. The histories of the more notable ones have been
kept in a small section of his library, even the annual membership lists
in many of which he made personal notes. As may be recalled, he had
been elected to the Athenaeum under a rule which permitted the election
each year of nine members whose names did not have to come through the
long waiting-list of ~~those who were~~ candidates for ordinary membership.
In his copy of the Rules and List of Members for 1916 there is a long
and graphic account of an election held on March 12th at which time the
name of someone he had proposed came up to be voted upon.

. . . The club [he said] is a very sensitive body reacting promptly
against any suspicion of bad breeding or poor morals on the part of a
candidate. Many men have been stupidly put up by their friends who
should have known that they had not the ghost of a chance. . . Some have
regarded rejection as an honour: e.g. the late Henry Stevens of Vermont,
the founder of the well-known house of booksellers. In his recollections
of Mr. James Lennox, 1886, on the title-page, among his distinctions oc-
curs, "Blackballed Athenaeum Club, London."

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Membership in the Athenaeum is of course a mark of distinction, and admission by the usual portals represents so long a wait that members are apt to have their sons' names entered when they go up to college, and so the name of Edward Revere Osler came to be placed upon the list of candidates, on his matriculation ^{as a commoner} at Christ Church. The sequel of this will *be told* follow.

And before the library is left, another book, "Human Temperaments" by Charles Mercier, ^{is} ~~will be~~ found to have on its fly-leaf under the date 30.III.'17 the following note:

ists?

Mercier was (is) a remarkable man, with marked individuality and a keen brain. A good talker, an incisive writer he was the terror of careless correspondents and of half-baked theories. For the past three or four years he has been raking the psychoanalysts fore and aft. Some of his letters in the Lancet have been rich reading. Poor fellow! he has had Paget's disease for some years and is now much crippled, with a large knobbed head, ~~and~~ greatly bowed spine, ^{and almost stone deaf.} He was with us last night on a visit to Oxford, and was in fine form, telling good stories, and so keen about everything. In spite of the increasing disability, a stone in the bladder, frequent haematuria, he insists that he is still in the ring and fit to do anything. He has had two operations for stone and says a third must kill him.

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He says he is going down with all flags flying. My respect for him, which has always been great, is enormously increased. The letter here appended is an acknowledgment of a box of cigars I sent him.

And the amusing 'letter appended' reciprocates for the gift by sending 'a certain quantity of piffle to amuse idle moments, if so busy a man ever has an idle moment.' Mercier did go down 'with all flags flying' two years later, and still writing; but if one were to pursue this distinguished alienist further in Osler's library it would lead to the 'Hell, Heaven and Death' corner already mentioned in these pages. For his "Spiritualism and Sir Oliver Lodge" published ^{at about this time} ~~this year~~ stands on the shelves beside "Raymond", a book which ^{just now} ~~at this particular time~~ was having an extraordinary appeal ^{for} ~~to~~ many heart-broken people. With the wave of spiritualistic revival which spread over the afflicted world as an almost inevitable outcome of the war, Osler had little sympathy, and felt that it had done many people enormously more harm than brought them comfort. There was nothing new in it. Saul had consulted the Witch of Endor. And his curt rejoinder was that Lodge should 'put up or shut up.' Pasted in the back

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of his copy of "Raymond" catalogued among the volumes on spiritualism, witchcraft, and so on, are the verses which begin:

Have we not earned our rest? Oh, hear them plead-
Whom death has drawn across the dividing line.
You should have kept their memory as a shrine,
A holy place where he who runs may read
The lovely record of a noble deed. . .

So Osler's library constitutes an intimate record. His communings were reserved for his books alone. Spiritualism was distasteful and appeared to him to be unreligious: just as psychoanalysis appeared to him undesirable and often unprofessional. But, as Mr. Hadley said, one is likely to be late for his engagements if ~~one~~^{he} permits himself to browse among Osler's books; and meanwhile much has been happening during the month of March.

No leaves had been granted to young artillery officers on the western front. Not since October; and there were often many anxious two-week intervals between letters - and then a bundle ^{of them} all at once.

At 13 Norham Gardens was a household into which telegrams and telephone

*I am a little
doubtful about
Hh 15-21. It
looks like continuity
of the story.
Dor*

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messages poured even at peace times; and now any one of them might bring bad news. But even the little telegraph-boy of the district knows what is ^{apprehended} ~~feared~~ and from afar shakes his head to reassure one who sees him from the gate or chances to meet him on the street. And when word does come, Osler writes:

"Very good letters from Revere, whose battery has been with the division following up the Germans. It has been a case of single blankets, rubber sheets and bully-beef for three weeks. He keeps well and writes in good spirits."

The Somme offensive, indeed, had been pressed, weather permitting, during the entire winter, and now Revere's battery was among those on the heels of the enemy who, from Arras to Soissons, were being hustled in the great retreat back of the newly prepared Hindenburg Line. If there are two things mentioned they are always the library, and Revere. Thus Stet
on the 28th of March he writes Professor G. H. Nettleton:

Many thanks for your suggestions - most useful. I hope I have not bothered you, but I always get something & several on your list I had not got. S. O. Jewett's "Our Doctor" is particularly good as it gives a

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Steel.
sketch of her father. I am hoping to make the Bibliotheca literaria a strong section of my library - the literary works of medical men and the medicated works of literary men. All goes well here - waist bands tightening a bit, but that will do us good. The boy has been on the Ancre since Oct 1st & is now in the thick of the 'follow up', which keeps us anxious. Greetings to the family & to Phelps.

On April 2nd the United States Congress had been convened in extra session and in his message Mr. Wilson stated that 'the present German warfare against commerce is warfare against all nations,' and asked for an immediate declaration of war. The next evening Osler writes to Mrs. Brewster: ~~as follows:~~

This is a wildly excited household tonight. I have just returned from town, and found the front porch bedecked with the Union Jack & the Stars & Stripes & the Revere girls dancing with joy. Wilson's speech is A.1. How glad Uncle Ned must be that he has come out so well. America has already done splendidly over here. I wish you could have visited with me today the American women's war hospital for officers - room for 50 & so well arranged. Lady Harcourt, who was a Miss Burns, has been the moving spirit. It is a branch of the big Hospital at Paignton. No word from Revere for five days, but we hope his battery has come to rest. He is with the advanced division & they may be moving on as the German

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retreat seems now to be forced. We have had some hard whacks lately - one of our very best boys has gone, such a dear. He was in & out constantly when up here, & we became so devoted to him. Another of my best friends has lost his 2nd boy. Hard days on the heart! I am glad your laddie has not twenty more years to his credit. Love to you all.

'Hard days on the heart' indeed. Little could he know what was going on in the region of Arras, the northern point of the Hindenburg Line where on the 9th the Canadians swarmed onto the crest of Vimy Ridge. No word of this had come on Easter Sunday when again he writes Mrs. Brewster:

One bright spot today - your photograph came as we were at breakfast! Such a delight to see you looking so well & with such a splendid boy. Is he not a darling? How proud & happy you must be! I have spent the first unhappy Easter of my life. We have had no letter for ten days & ^{only} know Rever's battery is 'on the move', so that we cannot but be worried. Still we keep up our courage & hope for the best. We are so rejoiced at the turn of events in America. You can scarcely realize what it means for the Allies. The moral support will be immense & I fear we shall need all the financial and physical help possible before the ghastly business is over. I am looking forward to 'Life' for Uncle Ned's editorials. How splendid they have been! He has sense enough for a syndicate of editors. I wish 'Life' was read over here more - though I should like to poison some of the writers who malign my beloved profession! . . . I will send a p.c. when we hear from the boy.

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And the next 'the p.c.' states: "Two letters from Revere today, dated a week ago - hurrying north for the new offensive, so I suppose his battery has been in the thick of it. No news since is good news & we hope for the best." But the taking of Vimy Ridge took its toll. The casualty lists were heavy and it was not for some days that the Roll of Honour carried the name of "Major Campbell Gwyn, Canadian Infantry, son of Col. Gwyn of Dundas, Ontario. Killed in action on the 9th April."

Dearest Sister This will be a hard blow for you to bear - the first of your children to be taken. Few Mothers have had an unbroken family of such size for so long; but to give up a dear fellow like Campbell is heartbreaking. We became very much attached to him and he got to feel very much at home with us. We had been dreading the past few days & opened every telegram with anxiety. Only a few days ago we had been hearing of him from one of his men who is in the Hospital here; & who spoke of the affection they had for him & what a splendid officer he was. He was a born soldier & knew his job thoroughly. It will be very sad for the girls who had really seen more of him than the others. I have not had the heart to write to Nona about poor Collis Give her my love. She knows how I feel for her. We are steeling our hearts against the possible blow to us, as Revere's Battery is in the thick of this fight.

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The anxiety is very wearing Grace keeps up splendidly, but she feels the loss of Collis & now of dear old Campbell. Poor Charlie will be hard hit as he must have felt a special pride in him Keep up your heart dear - he has died in a good cause. . .

But outwardly one would never have known that Osler was so deeply affected by these blows. "I am back in my old paths," he writes later in April, "away four days last week, very busy time about the hospital and rearrangements. America will save the situation!" His business was to show only a sunny side, and this he lived up to ^{as did many others} in spite of the aches and anxieties within. A cable came on April 25th that a fund had been established in his name for the purchase of books for the library of the Maryland Medical & Chirurgical Faculty, and he promptly writes to H. B. Jacobs:

Your cable just received bowled us over completely. Did ever any one have such friends! I am deeply touched. You know how much I love the old Faculty. I do not think that anything in Baltimore gave me greater pleasure than to see it established in a proper home, and to watch the progress of the Library. Think of the old days in those dismal rooms under

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the Hist. Soc! Dear Cordell! what a fine loyal soul he was! and Ashby, always so full of hope, & Randolph Winslow, a bit doubtful about the money! How much we owe, too, to those older men, Christy Johnston, Donaldson, Chew & Miles who made us, strangers, so welcome. Welch & Martin & Remsen paved the way, and it might have been so different! The Faculty was really the stock in the soup. I will write to the President as soon as I have the particulars. . . .

The hospitals kept him busy: "300 malaria cases sent here from the East last month - all convalescent but they started a blackwater case with intensive quinine - fatal with anuria." So he writes to George Dock on May 2nd; but his letters are mostly about Revere, and the growing Bibliotheca.

"The Persian Embassy sent me a fine Rhazes MS arabic the other day. I expect it came from my friend Sa'eed." He contracted another bad cold After an exposure in the camps at Folkestone which laid him up for a week and from Sidmouth Lady Osler writes one of their old Rhodes-scholar friends:

§ Sir William and I are down at the sea for a rest and a little change. I think we both needed it badly. This is a lovely spot in South Devon & it is hard to realize about the war here. Dear old Oxford is busier than ever - such an enormous number of men training and flying. The hospital packed. The Randolph Assembly Room is being used now. Briscoe has been

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turned into a ward for pensioners - most^{ly} Oxfordshire men, I believe, who will be sent to their homes when fit. . .

The much-needed change at Sidmouth probably found him writing his Fothergillian Oration* which was delivered May 14th, and which he intro-

*The annual oration before the Medical Society of London.
Cf. Lancet, May 26, 1917.

duced as follows:

With the flotsam and jetsam of the sale-room there came to my library the other day a book for the times, with the title "A Discourse of Constancy . . . written in Latin by Justus Lipsius, Containing Comfortable Consolations, for all that are afflicted in Body, or Mind. London, 1654." To have known of the "Discourse" through two admirable articles by Basil Anderton, of Newcastle, gave an added welcome to Humphrey Moseley's 12^{mo} 'in the original state.'

In the dialogue the two friends discuss the miseries of the age, which had made the Low Countries almost as desolate as they are today, and the great Louvain Professor a homeless wanderer. To the despairing Lipsius his friend urged that 'equal calamities and far greater had already fallen on the race,' and that after all it was the lot of man, his destiny, and that cities and people owe their ruin 'by Commission of Providence.' As a tonic to their constancy they rehearse through many chapters the wonderful slaughters, the strange cruelties, the plagues and famines and rapines; and the conclusion reached was that Good comes out of Evil, and that the right-

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eous are never forsaken. Having accepted this comfortable consolation, hard for us to read anywhere except on the title-page of the book, our neo-Stoical friends went in to dinner!

A disciple, himself, of the school of Zeno so far as ^{neo-}~~neo~~-Stoicism implies self-control and fortitude, Osler was not content to remain inactive in the process of letting good find its way out of evil. His subject was the campaign against syphilis and he spoke openly and effectively about 'the most formidable enemy of the race - an enemy entrenched behind the strongest of human passions, and the deepest of social prejudices.'

Nothing better, more appealing, more sympathetic, more hopeful could have been written on the subject, and it is a pity that ^{the address should have been written} for professional ears alone, ~~such an address should have been written.~~ His closing paragraph is as follows:

Most hopeful of all is the changed heart of the people. At last the sinner is to receive Christian treatment. Above the mantelpiece of his library hung what the founder of my old school, the Rev. W. A. Johnson (~~Trinity College School, near Toronto~~), used to call the Magna Charta of humanity. In the centre of the most dramatic scene in the Gospels stood the woman taken in adultery. About her thronged the Scribes and Pharisees, with eyes turned from her to the Christ, stooping as he wrote with his fin-

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ger on the ground the watch-words of the New Dispensation - "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." I should like to see a copy of this picture in every one of the new clinics in testimony that we have at last reached the full meaning of the priceless message, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, sin no more."

However the address may have been written, it must have been given with a light heart, for Revere had come ^{home} - on his first leave ^{in seven months.} - ~~actually~~ to sleep in a bed for the first time since October 10th. "He went away a boy and has returned a hardened man," ^{and on the} ~~the~~ next day his father writes:

To our great joy Revere got home yesterday, on ten days leave. His battery was dug in opposite Bullecourt and the Colonel thought they would be there for a fortnight & that he could be spared. You never saw such a burly looking fellow - so grown & filled out, with hands like a navvie and a face weather-beaten like leather. He has literally been in the open since October & physically it has done him no end of good. He is in very good spirits & has had a wonderful experience, as his brigade was the first to cross the advanced trenches beyond Arras. They had five weeks of incessant fighting & never more than two days in the one place. His nerves are A.1. but it has been a hard experience & it is not easy to get him to talk much. I do wish you could see him.

30

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~~But~~ ^{he would not take of the war, other than to like of the consular friends}
^{in his talking,}

Revere 'Dis. Iz. Wa.' had a happy ten days dangling ^{with success both} for fish and
^{one day landing a record trout at Cambridge Park Lake.}
for books. "He is beside me now," Osler writes on the 17th, "with his

latest treasure bought at auction yesterday - Philemon Holland's 1603

Plutarch's Morals - a great book." But this is over all too soon.

Artillery officers are needed in Flanders. And once more telegrams

must be dreaded and the casualty lists scanned with concealed appre-

hension. On June 4th ^{the boys' father} ~~he~~ writes to F. J. Shepherd:

Dear Shepherd Yours to hand this eve. I have sent word at
once to Ernest at No 4 General, & will see him if he is still there but
your letter was dated May 2nd! We are getting letters thro' now in
about 2 weeks - as a rule. I will let you know about E. We had Revere
home for ten days - his first leave since Oct. Such a big hardened
fellow. He had not slept in a bed for seven months. Fortunately he
is with such nice fellows in the R.F.A. It keeps us anxious. I have just
lost another nephew. I hope the Robertson (of Montreal) whose death I
see is not your nephew. Love to the girls. . .

The French attack on the Chemin des Dames during April had been a worse
failure than people were permitted to know, and now the British were pre-

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paring for a series of offensives on a huge scale for the ridges of Messines and Passchendaele - and then perhaps the Belgian coast! The latter part of May also saw the vanguard of the American Expeditionary Force, ^{consisting of medical officers} ~~hospital units~~ and engineers, for these were what the Balfour Mission in Washington said were most urgently needed. Certain base hospital units were the first to arrive, all of them officered by university teachers, old-time friends of the Oslers, for whom 13 Norham Gardens was a natural magnet. No bother was too great to take for them.

"Captain Norris and seven members of Philadelphia Unit Cambridge on Tuesday could you and Shipley look after them," he wires Nuttall. The 'Open Arms' was a far better place than the Army Stores to get warm pyjamas 'the kind Revere finds best,' and long bed-socks, and mufflers - for the nights in France are cold for people unaccustomed to bell tents. And busy as he was, he acted as intermediary between these raw medical officers and the much harassed War Office. "If there are any special worries let me know, as Keogh likes to hear of them quickly."

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The month of June saw the storming of the Messines ridge, and Osler writes: "Interesting letter from Revere about the Messines battle; evidently a great success: they had 48 hours of constant work and were half dead of exhaustion noise and heat." Meanwhile, ~~though~~ examinations were on in Oxford ^{though} one would not imagine from his notes ^{that - 13 Nathan Sanden was Felix with excursions and} ~~that he was thus~~ ^{convalescing Canadian Soldiers} ~~occupied~~ - nor from replies to his notes. Thus from Adami who has been giving the ^oCronian Lectures at the College of Physicians, probably to empty wartime benches: "It is like your dear good self to send me this note about your not being able to turn up; not one man in a thousand would have thought of this act of kindness and it goes to one's heart core." Then among the ^wshoer ^{big} of postcards are the following to J. Y. W. MacAlister:

For 25 or 30 years there was a Medical Botanical Society in London (of which I just learned). I saw advertised in a catalogue their minute books, and it seemed a shame to have this record of human effort adrift, so I sent for the volumes. Not of much value but someone will wish to know about the Society. Will you give shelfroom to the Vols. Hope to see you Wednesday.

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Sorry could not see you this week too busy. Have we the De motu cordis 1628? If not fine copy at Pearson's sale. Will fetch £30. I will go £5.

Why discourage me? not to have the 1628 Harvey in the R.S.M. is a reproach which I should like to see removed. I believe it is an exceptional copy. I will try. Will join you 4 p.m. Wed.

The Harvey has come and is really a beauty. The title page had to be repaired, and the leaf of Errata has been put in in duplicate. Like all copies it has been badly cut. When is the next meeting of the Library Committee at which I will present it? Have you issued the circular to those U.S. hospital units? It would be most acceptable I know. Col. Bradley, U.S. Leg. can give you their addresses.

And meanwhile the following laconic messages ^{are among many that} passed to Charles Sayle

of the University of Cambridge Library:

Medical diplomas - Cambridge. Have you a good list in the Library? Were they always of one form? When did they begin? And when are you coming to pay us a visit and inspect the B. O.?

I mean the 'parchments' issued by the Univ. M.B., M.D. or Diploma entitling men to practise. One came in the other day, 1681, I think. If you are good and come over soon, and if the Univ. Lib. has not got one, I will leave it in my Will! I collect diplomas - when possible - of different Universities. If you cannot come this month, the mt. must go to Md., as there are important queries - but I wish you would come. Revere's battery back in billets - two guns smashed to bits.

He had been sending many of these old illuminated diplomas to myself as he had picked them up from time to time.

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I am sending the Diploma for your inspection. We do not appear to have any Oxford ones in Bodley. There should be somewhere a good article on Univ. Diplomas - of course the North Italian form is attractive and appears to be the most common. Do come over - I wish you would make it a professional visit and let me use your bibliothecal brains for consultative purposes as I would an engineer. There are some points on which your wide experience would be most helpful.

In Bib. Literaria would you put the biography of a man? e.g. under Locke would you put the Fox-Bourne Life with Locke's books? Just a card please.

All right. I think too the Life should go with the man's books, and a reference under Biography. The Camb. Diploma came from E. Williams, 37 Newtown Road, Hove. R. pounding away - 4 barrages daily and nightly.

During his leave Revere had extracted a promise from his parents that they would get away for a breathing spell - from 'the people coming and going.'

So from Swanage at the end of a ^{brief} ~~short~~ sojourn, he writes on July 3rd to

Mrs. Brewster:

Here for a bit of rest and change. Delightful spot - the Isle of Purbeck - where we spent two summers when Revere was young. Such a sea & beach - I wish you were here with the darlings. How they would love the

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Aet. 68.

sands. Revere keeps well - got thro. the Messines fight safely & their brigade got called up for special praise. He is full of admiration for the men who stood 48 hours of incessant pounding before getting thro. He is now back in the wagon line as in the beautiful German dug-out with great steel & concrete emplacement for the guns the position was too exposed. They had 100 rounds a day on their position and lost three guns. We have been delighted with the American Hospital Units - men from Columbia, Harvard, Cleveland & Phila have been with us. It is splendid to see their enthusiasm. The two Boston women are beaming with delight. The final decision rests with the U. S. Germany is not beaten yet. Love to the children & to R.B; and to the wise man!

It was a brief outing for he had to be in London on the 4th and 5th for a meeting of the Welsh Commission, and while there sent from the Athenaeum a letter to George H. Simmons enclosing "A Note of Warning to Examiners of Recruits" for publication in the Journal of the American Medical Association. It concerned 'the unfit who furnish a large contingent in our hospitals and a needless burden of transport, care and pension - the mouth-breathers, the neurasthenics, thin-chested: "Cut out unsparingly the owners of these. If lungs and heart are not in a good case the head is of

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no use in war . . . is the experience of one whose work has been largely
 with the wastage of the recruiting office." ^{There was a success in the} ~~More of the~~ meetings of the Welsh
 Commission ~~followed, and there was doubtless~~ ^{with} a good deal of scribbling of
 "James Bovell M.D." on the agenda ~~of~~ ^{by} one of the members, ^{during the prolonged sessions.} One gets a rather
 glimpse of him in the diary of a Canadian M. O. who is on leave and pre-
 fers 13 Norham Gardens to London and the theatres:

Arrived Oxford. Sir Wm. in London finishing up Royal Commission on Welsh
 education. He returned after dinner looking, I think, a bit thin, but
 much better they say than before holiday in Swanage. His 2 vols. of Vin-
 cent of Beauvais' Speculum Naturale printed by 'R' printer in 1473 ^[?] have ar-
 rived - huge. Bought from Davis and Orioli in Italy about 7 months ago.
 He talked to us about the Catalogue which is to be very much 'raisonné'
 and books all bearing on the same subject, or suggesting it, will be found
 together, ^{a method open to criticism} ~~and critics may criticise it~~, but it will be as Sir Wm. wishes to
 have it. The history of the Council of Trent will be found under Harvey.
 Why? Because Paolo Petrius Sarpi is its author and he is one who has been
 put up as the discoverer of the circulation. Then there will be found W.O.'s
 views on the book or note as to author, donor, former owner, bargain,
 price, etc.

And the diary goes on to tell of dining at the Max-Müllers' and of Sir
 William playing cricket with the children afterwards.

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The week of July 29th-August 4th found him again in Wales, at Cardiff and Aberystwyth on the business of the Commission. On the last day of the month, the day of the first fateful battle for the Passchendaele ridge, he gave in Aberystwyth an address on "The Library School in the College" at the opening of the Summer School of Library Service.*

*Public Library Association Record, Aberdeen, Aug.-Sept., 1917, xix, 287-308. ¶ A 'School of Librarianship,' on the basis of suggestions received from the Council of the Library Association was subsequently opened by Sir Frederick Kenyon in October 1920 in connection with the University of London at University College. It was organized very much on the lines which Osler had laid down, though the prospectus makes no allusion to his earlier movement.

It was a new thing for the British Isles, such a school, though they had been successfully established elsewhere, and being a matter close to Osler's heart it must have been a great gratification that he could have played a part - perhaps the major part - in launching this one small feature of the work of the Welsh Commission, *in addition to his work in organizing the medical department,* ¶ It was an address on the profession of librarianship in which he told of the haphazard way that librarians for the most part had, in the past, come into being - not five per cent. of them college bred. "The condition confronting us," he said, "is that between two and three thousand persons, actively engaged in an all-important work, are in backwaters, and not in the broad stream

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of educational life. This is bad for them, bad for the libraries, and worse for the public." He spoke of Bibliography, of Classification, of Cataloguing; and in the last section of the address went on to elaborate his pet scheme of a School of the Book, concerning which ten long years before he had been writing to D. C. Gilman. Such a school, he went on to say, 'would prove an active ferment in the departments of literature and history' and in a vein reminiscent of his own methods with which Revere had been so successfully inoculated, he continued:

Take Milton, for example. The booklet with "Lycidas" - what a story in its few pages, and how it completes the fascination of the poem to know the circumstances under which it was written! Only a few libraries possess the 1638 edition, but in an enterprising seminar, one member would get a photograph of the title-page, another would write an essay on these college collections, so common in the seventeenth century, a third would discourse on Milton's life at Christ's College, while a fourth would reconstruct the story of Edward King. The 1645 edition of the Poems, with Milton's famous joke beneath the ugly reproduction of his good-looking youthful face, would take a term, while the Paradise poems and the prose writings considered bio-bibliographically would occupy a session. How delightful to deal with Erasmus in the same way! how helpful to the senior students! how

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stimulating to the teacher! Think of the virtue that would permeate a classroom if the teacher held up a first edition of "The Praise of Folly" and then threw on the screen Holbein's illustrative pictures. The man cannot be separated from his books - both must be taken together to estimate properly his position and his influence. A term could be spent with Sir Thomas More and his books, and the student would take on the way much of the helpful history of the Reformation. The great advantage of combined ^{biographical} biological and bibliographical concentration is seen in the awakening of a vital and enduring interest in which alone is the taste for good literature encouraged. The dry formal lecture rarely touches the heart, but in the conversational method of the seminar, or ^{in?} on the quiet evening at home with a select group and a few good editions of a favourite author the enthusiasm of the teacher becomes contagious. How different would be the attitude of mind of the average student towards the "Essay on the Human Understanding," if the splendid story of Locke's life served as an introduction. The man and the book must go together, sometimes indeed, as is the case with Montaigne, the man is the book, and the book the man!

His theme, too, ^{evidently} recalls to his mind the days in London thirty-five years before, when, uncertain as to his future movements, disappointed in his desire to take up ophthalmology, Bowman had advised him to enter Sanderson's laboratory - days ^{perhaps} when he, like the majority of mankind, ~~perhaps~~, spent too many odd moments on ephemeral literature.

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It is not often [he said] that one has a vivid enduring impression of a newspaper article; but one day in October, 1872, in a Tottenham Court Road tea-shop, I read in The Times a statement of Ruskin to the effect that no mind could resist for a year the dulling influence of the daily paper. Doubtless as an exclusive dietary the press and the magazine do lead to mental conditions the counterpart of what we know in the body as the deficiency diseases, scurvy, rickets, etc. The library through you supplies the vitamins which counteract the mental lethargy and anaemia which come from ^a too exclusive use of Northcliffe and other patent foods.

Back in Oxford, he writes on August 7th to Sir John Moore of Dublin that the address was 'purely educational, not medical,' and therefore not suited for a medical journal; and he adds: "I am grieved to hear that you have lost your boy. How terribly the profession has suffered in the war. Our boy is in the thick of it with the R.A.F."

† The Passchendaele battles were taking their heavy toll. Hospitals were again over-filled and in the Casualty Clearing Stations, placed some few miles back of the line, surgical teams detached from the American Base Hospital units now serving with the B.E.F. were getting their

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first experience with the real horrors of war. These American medical officers were all friends, not a few of them intimates, with the Oslers, and to one of them on August 19th Lady Osler writes:

"Revere was safe on the 14th. How badly you would feel if you should see him brought in wounded - but what a mercy it would be for him. He is near St. Julien I believe. One of his men passed through the McGill Hospital, wounded, and Billy Francis saw him. His captain is in a hospital in London. They are terribly busy and the weather has been too awful - mud as bad as the Somme and no dry rags for days on end. Poor W.O. is almost a skeleton and keeps busy every moment but sometimes can't sleep and it makes one very anxious. I dread the winter for him to say nothing of Revere - if it is to be as bad as last year." ¶ On the 25th Osler writes to

Mrs. Brewster:

All goes well - so far. Revere writes very cheerfully and has stood the hard times of these recent battles. This last affair beyond Ypres was complicated with torrents of rain which kept them soaked for four days.

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Their Major & Capt were both wounded so the subs had to take charge. We hope if a lull comes that he may get leave, as he has only been home once in the eleven months. It keeps us very anxious but we hold on & hope for the best. The Boston women came home last week from the parade of the American troops in London in a state of wild excitement. They had both cried hard on the curb-stone opposite the Embassy. The men took London by storm. Do let us know if any of your friends come over. We are having a stream of American visitors - so many over on special duties. How I wish I could have a peaceful visit with you all at Avalon! I just hate not to see the children as they grow up. I tried to send a recent photograph of Revere but they do not allow pictures by post I will get a chance by some friend.

Among two million men massed within and back of the dreaded Ypres salient, that any two of different ^{arms of the} services should chance to meet would be small; ^{so} and Lady Osler was written to for the number of Revere's battery and replied on August 29th:

I have wired Revere's address as far as I know it. His C.O. has changed & I do not know his name; could not wire it if I did. I have an idea ^{he} ~~is~~ is beyond [deleted by Censor] - he might get to you for a day on his horse. . . . He was all right on the 23rd taking two quiet(?) days off with a gas whiff inside. What a life you must be leading! we are nearly drowned here & blown out of bed. I must send you a warm jersey to sleep in later.

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That same afternoon Battery A of the 59th Brigade got 'a direct hit' -
too trifling an episode for the communiqués, but what happened has
been told in a diary:

~~From their position~~
They were just beyond Pilkem, ^{c/k} between Langemark and St. Julien, two
or three hundred yards this side of Hindenburg ^{Farm} Trench, ^{they} and were preparing
to move ^{up} the four batteries ^{on to the ridge.} today. Major Batchelor, Lt. Osler, and
eighteen men were bridging over a shell-hole in preparation for the move
of the guns in their battery. It was about 4.30 in the afternoon and
there had been no shelling. They were so busy they did not even hear the
scream of the first shell, which dropped in their very midst and wounded
or killed eight out of the twenty. It was difficult to get ^{them} back, but
they finally were brought to the Dressing Station at Essex Farm on the
canal - a 3000-yard carry, and then a short distance on an ammunition
narrow-gage ^{w/} - then the advanced post of the 131st Field Ambulance in front
of Canada Farm, and then by ambulance to No. 47 C.C.S. which was 'taking
in', - a matter of four hours.

To the officer who leaned over him, Revere's first word was: "This will take
me home." How often were those words - 'a Blighty one' - hopefully
spoken by the wounded of whatever rank! His field ambulance card, at-
tached at the forward Dressing Station, read: "G.S.W. multiple - chest, ab-

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domen, thigh." Late that night an operation was undertaken, and blood-transfusion from one of his own less seriously wounded men brought in at the same time. All in vain. And the diary continues:

m/ We saw his buried in the early morning. A soggy Flanders field beside a little oak grove to the rear of the Dosinghem group - an overcast, windy, autumnal day - the long rows of simple wooden crosses - the new ditches half full of water being dug by Chinese coolies wearing tin helmets - the boy wrapped in an army blanket and covered by a weather-worn Union Jack, carried on their shoulders by four slipping stretcher-bearers. A strange scene - the great-great-grandson of Paul Revere, and awaiting him a group of some six or eight American Army medical officers - saddened with thoughts of his father. Happily it was fairly dry at this end of the trench, and some green branches were thrown in for him to lie on. The Padre recited the usual service - a bugler gave the Last Post - and we had to leave him there.

Personal messages over busy official wires are slow to get through, and Osler working in his library that afternoon had just been writing to H. M. Hurd:

Congratulations and thanks for the [William H.] Welch Bibliography. It was a capital idea to have this done as his writings are so scattered. The book is a great credit to the Press. I am writing a note to Birket [the Editor] about it. I hope your eyes have improved. Trust you are able to use them a little. We have been delighted with visits from members of

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[to W.A.E.F.]

several American units. The Hopkins men went through, without stopping. We are kept anxious of course about Revere as he has been in all these heavy battles since April. Arras, Messines, Bullecourt, and now in the fighting near Ypres. He keeps well. His Major & Capt. were both knocked out and the battery has had a pretty hard time. He hopes to get leave when the fight slackens a bit. He has only had 10 days since last Oct. . . .
~~Q. McGrae is in charge of Medicine at the big Hospital at Orpington and has put things in fine order. Fatcher joins him shortly.~~

At 4.15 p.m., as he noted in his account-book, among the consultations and engagements, * London, * Folkestone, * Cliveden, * Torquay, * Paignton, * Cardiff, etc. - the dreaded message came. One may hope 'the seen arrow slackened its flight.' And possibly late that night he made this entry:

~~4.15 p.m.~~ I was sitting in my library working on the new edition of my text-book when a telegram was brought in, "Revere dangerously wounded, comfortable and conscious, condition not hopeless." I knew this was the end. We had expected it. The Fates do not allow the good fortune that has followed me to go with me to the grave - call no man happy till he dies. ^{the} War Office telephoned ^{at 9} in the evening that he was dead. A sweeter laddie never lived, with a gentle loving nature. He had developed a rare taste in literature and was devoted to all my old friends in the

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spirit - Plutarch, Montaigne, Browne, Fuller, and above all Izaak Walton, whose Compleat Angler he knew by heart and whose "Lives" he loved. We are heart broken, but thankful to have the precious memory of his loving life.

He began that very night to shield others - his wife, his friends, the medical officers whose efforts to save his boy had been futile.

"Poor Grace! it hits her hard: but we are both going to be brave and take up what is left of life as though he were with us." Notes, telegrams, cables expressing grief and sympathy of course poured in - chiefly from his countless American friends. The English in these days sorrowed in silence for one another. It was too common a story - one merely mentioned these things in an off-hand way:

31.VIII. 17.

(3) a? Dear MacAlister So glad to hear that you are better Harrogate is a great place for the Prima via ductus vitae. I will write to the G. A. Hard blow today. News of the death of my boy in France. Fortunately his great friend was at the C.C.S. when he was brought in. He was a great lover of books and a son after my own heart. Yours sincerely W.C.

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"Thank you and dear Mrs. Page for your kind message of sympathy," he writes the Ambassador; "we are hard hit but the blow must be taken bravely. Others have had to suffer more." With his intimates he did not ^{await their} wait first ~~for~~ words of condolence. "I wish you could have seen him of late years - so full of interest and mentally so matured," he writes Mrs. Brewster. "I will get my nephew Col Hugh Osler to take out a photograph to you. He 'chose for you' do you remember that day in the nursery in Baltimore when he was a little boy." And also on the 31st to the Jacobses, wishing that he 'could have spared them the grief the sad news would bring,' but 'after all these long years of prosperity in heart and head, for no man living had ever been so blest in his friends, the Fates had hit him hard at last.' "Poor laddie! the war was an awful trial. He had not the heart to shoot a partridge. The men and horses were his only solace - trying to make their condition less hard. Only his love for us & a sense of duty took him among the combatants. Fortunately he has been much happier of late and has been devoted to his men for whom he had the greatest

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admiration." And on the same day to his special protegés, the children of Palmer Howard and 'Harry' Wright:

Dearest Campbell & Otilie: You will be desolated, as we are, at the loss of the dear boy. We have been steeling our hearts for the blow, but now that it has come the bitterness is much more than we thought. Dear laddie! he loathed the whole business of war, and I dare say is glad to be at peace out of the hell of the past six months. Was it not a blessing that H---- was with him? This really softens the blow. We have had no details so far. We shall take up our shattered life and do the best we can. All our other dear children, among whom are you dears, will be a consolation. A little letter came from my darling Muriel - to whom give love and twenty kisses and some to the dear boy. Your loving

Doccie O.

For a day at least they had hoped to be left alone with their grief, and had wired, cancelling their engagements, but a Swiss physician, an old Philadelphia pupil who was attending the Empress Eugenie failed to get the message - came to lunch, ^{passed} ~~passed~~ a long visit afterward, and from Benning the chauffeur, now back a cripple ^{after} ~~from~~ his own period of service, he first learned ^{on his way to the station} of the shadow over 13 Norham Gardens. And Osler's

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neighbour Dr. Whitelock tells of meeting him that afternoon in the corridor of the Acland Home and Osler calling out: "Hello, Whitelock, how's my dear boy getting on?" Dr. Whitelock was so taken aback that he did not realize for a moment that it was his own son, Hugh, Osler was asking about, and then told him that Hugh had been sent from Syria back to Egypt with dysentery, and Osler said: "Be sure and let me know if I can do anything for him. You'll be glad to know that poor Revere fell into the hands of some of our American friends. Such a comfort. Do keep me posted about Hugh. Good-bye, old chap." And Dr. Whitelock says that in wonderment ^{but} he turned with an aching heart to watch him pass whistling down the corridor; not a trace of emotion - a lesson in manliness, restraint and breeding.

This could be carried out by day, even though at night he would be overwhelmed in the deep waters of sorrow. And occasionally even by day. ^{The next} On Monday, September 3rd he went to Taplow as usual, and the following letter of more recent times shows how difficult it is for his friends to speak moderately of Osler:

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I wish that I could have seen you and told you of our beloved Sir William at the hospital. Like all things that are wonderful and true and different, it is almost impossible to write of them - or to say in language worthy of him what one would want to. He made the whole difference to the hospital. Of course to the staff that was natural, but the patients waited for him and accepted his word as final, and it was never one of discouragement. I only saw him cross once - a young M.O. said before a patient that his case was practically hopeless, and that of course annoyed the Chief. I always felt that no case was hopeless and I waited for him to come and say so, too. That was the wonderful part about him - he really brought Healing and Health, Life not Death.

Then after Revere died - I shall never forget that day. We wondered if he could come back at once. We knew he would come soon, but at once _____. Yes, there he was in less than a week after he got the news which I feel really killed him. The men saw what had happened and we all knew his heart was broken. He went through the wards in his same gay old way, but when he got to the house - for luncheon alone with me - he sobbed like a child _____ it was so hard for us who loved him.

I know you only want from me something about his work at the hospital. It was like his whole life, wholly unselfish; and each Tommy got the attention which the Prince of Wales would have had from him. Colonel Mewburn could tell you about it, and Major Vipond in Montreal. He was so devoted to his Canadians, and he used to write me such wonderful letters about my kindness to them. They are too full of praise to be published but he was never too busy to thank me for some trifling thing,

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while he himself was doing small kindnesses all day, along with the big things he had to do.

I wish I could really write about him, but you see that I can't. My children adored him. They waited impatiently for his Monday visits - he called them 'the Darlings' and spoilt them most outrageously. . . . I can't really think of him without the feeling that all one can do in this brief passage is never really enough. He made us all want to give more. Waldorf shared my admiration for him, but my love began when I was fifteen, a patient at the Johns Hopkins. Sincerely,

Nancy Astor.

On the 7th they went again to Swanage for two weeks, perhaps to escape from the sight of Revere's room till it was easier to bear, taking with them as companions Mrs. Chapin and the little Max-Müller boys, who always called him 'William' as though he was their ^{own} age. ~~A letter from there says:~~ ^{Sady Cole writes shortly after} "We came here because we had promised Revere to do so and we needed the change badly. Sir William seemed to be shrinking away into nothing, but I think he seems better. He writes letters - goes out to walk ^{writes letters -} plays with the Max-Müller boys - and writes letters." True, most

A note has already been made regarding Cole's intention to write a book on my life which he has become accustomed to write during his last term of Oct 14 1917 his only first work. This piece of business was a voluminous manuscript. Dreamt of the boy for the 4th time.

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of them were brief: "Thanks, dear Perley, for your kind message of sympathy.

We are hard hit but shall face the blow bravely." But not all of them.

On the 13th to Mrs. Brewster:

You will be anxious to hear how we have stood the hard blow - well, better than we could have anticipated. I suppose the long period of apprehension had prepared us. Ever since the outbreak of the war 'Fear at my heart, as at a cup, my life-blood seemed to sip.' I never saw a wounded man without thinking of Revere, and since Oct. when he went out every telegram has been opened with dread. The difficulty is to realize that he has gone, and that we shall never see his dear face again. It was most fortunate that Dr. Darrach & Dr. Brewer of New York were at the Casualty Clearing Station, & ~~as I told you, --- was with him,~~ which is a great consolation. He was terribly wounded in chest & abdomen & I do not think there was much suffering. We have had such touching letters from all the men. I am copying an extract from Major Davidson's letter. Dear laddie! he was always so cheerful and he kept all horrid details from us as much as possible. We have come here for a couple of weeks rest & change Love to you all Affectionately yours, Wm OSLER.

Ext. from letter of his Battery Commander. 31. VIII. 17.

. . He was simply splendid the whole time. I feel rather shy of putting this down on paper when so many officers write letters to relatives of men who have fallen in action, which they could not have written had this not been so. Your son was as delightful and cheery a member of the mess as he

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was reliable, hard-working and efficient at his work. Nothing was too much trouble to do for the Battery. It was never too dark or late or wet to go out to the guns and do the various small duty jobs which abound out here, and the doing of which well, makes all the difference to a battery. He was always the same whether checking the sights of the guns or the 300 S.O.S. fuses which are kept always handy and set ready for any enemy attack, or unloading ammunition, or riding all over the country to get tarpaulin, timber, roof-wire, &c for the gun pits and the dug-outs. He worked with all his heart and looked for no praise. He had not an atom of conceit ^{and} ~~was~~ never lost his head or his temper with the men when things went wrong, which so many do. I hope I have not said too much but I feel my mother would like to hear any good about me when I get killed, and we all feel about your son what I've tried to express."

Is not that a nice letter to have been written from the dug-out the very day word reached them that he had died? W.O.

By the 19th Mrs. Chapin could write: "W.O. is sleeping better and I think he will be all right but his heart is broken and he cannot cease weeping - poor darling, it is so cruel for his later life. His great diversion has been having the little Max-Müller boys with him. He has dug in the sands - driven donkeys with them - and then turned to answering

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notes - over 500 Grace tells me he has written. We can't help him - and
as yet the American letters have not begun to come."

They stopped in London for a day or two on their return; ^{visited Revere's} ~~chiefly to~~
~~see Revere's~~ wounded Sergeant who had ^{by now had been evacuated to} reached a London hospital; and it

was probably at this time that Osler on his first visit ^{at} to the Athenaeum
^{change the bond in which} ~~contains~~ the list of candidates ~~as evidence for membership~~ and under the entry "Nov. 10 1866 Nov. 6th 1914"
Edward Revere Osler. Christ Church Oxford. London grad "wrote in a tremulous penultimate line - "dead". If a line did
wrote in a tremulous hand under the name of E. R. Osler proposed for mem-
not face on the page it ^{surely} fell in the deep & recesses of his heart. But it was no unusual thing - such an
bership, the word 'dead.' ^{in addition to} It was a word not unusual in this list of youthful candidates;

^{and a Osler} ~~young men and~~, as he said in so many of his brief letters, 'others have
had to suffer more.' On the 25th from Oxford he writes Captain Malloch:

Dear Archie We are back, and at work, as usual, only the sore
heart for the poor laddie. I knew it would come but that does not make
it less hard. I shall get a specimen page of each section of his li-
brary and of the index. Miss W. has been away finishing her vacation.
Unfortunately Miss Walpole has gone to the Athenaeum but I shall try and
get someone else to help. Push on with the Pneumonia work. Love to
Bill and the boys. . .

The first American mail came - greatly delayed - it had taken a month.

To acknowledge all the messages the postman carted into the house would have

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been impossible and he was reduced to having someone typewrite a form: "Thanks, dear Friend, for your letter of sympathy. It is a bitter blow but we must face the world bravely however much our hearts may ache." And as though this expression of feeling did not appear on the sheet, he would often add something utterly irrelevant below, in his own hand: "I do not believe I ever thanked you for that nice book - full of good sense," for example. Or to H. M. Hanna: "You must feel a proud man at the position the Cleveland school has taken. We owe this to one Mel Hanna!" Careless always about addressing envelopes, some of the notes found their way back to him, and he sent them again as though they were something quite impersonal. This to W. C. Davison, a former Rhodes scholar, ^{whom} they were devoted:

This has been returned today. I suppose wrong address. All well, very busy. Americans are pouring thro. & we catch a glimpse of a few old friends. 250 here in flying corps. We have 30 each Sunday for tea. Love to the L. of your L. Yours, W. O.

There is no indication in this ^{note} of how they had gone out of their way to give a home to these young aviators, though ^{it} ~~this~~ is betrayed in an earlier

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letter from Lady Osler which, in mentioning their arrival, says: "I spoke to some of them in the street yesterday afternoon and they took me for a German spy, but finally six ventured to come back with me to tea."

Meanwhile though ~~thin~~ 'a shadow of his former self' - he picked up the threads of his life. "We are taking the only medicines for sorrow - time and hard work," he wrote one of his former assistants. He took ^{active} an interest in the unvelling on October 10th of the Roger Bacon tablet on the south face of the city wall - 'as near as might be to the actual resting-place of the great philosopher.' On October 13th he sent off a reassuring letter to the Lancet on the subject of "Home-bred Malaria", which was agitating the community not a little:

. . . There are no grounds for alarm. A colony of patients from Salonika has fluttered the academic dovescotes in Oxford where mosquitoes are prevalent - even anopheles have invaded the bedroom of the Regius Professor of Medicine! Every precaution has been taken by Major Ormerod and Captain Dale, under the direction of Sir Ronald Ross, and, so far as I know, no infection has occurred. In temperate climates districts from which malaria has disappeared have not, to my knowledge, been reinfected. Italian labourers brought the disease to the New England States and there were a

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few cases but no serious outbreak; nor was the progressive fall in the incidence of malaria in Baltimore interrupted by the importation of many infected Italians. The slight risk, then, from our malarial soldiers in this country may be faced cheerfully. The same may be said of Canada, to which country many infected soldiers have returned. Parts of the Province of Ontario were hot-beds of the disease, which within my memory has disappeared from the districts about the western end of Lake Ontario and the northern shores of Lake Erie. The marshes are there and the anopheles are there, but the disease has gone. As in parts of Italy, the important factor appears to have been the cinchonising of the inhabitants. I retain lively recollections of the buzzing ears of my boyhood from the large doses of quinine administered to us in the spring and autumn.

Then there were the usual obligations to the Bibliographical Society, to the Radcliffe Infirmary, to the Press and to the Bodleian. On November 8th after returning from the Annual Visitation he made this note in the back of his Macray's Annals:

[in praise of Sir Thomas Bodley and the Study of the Hebrew Tongue]

Bodley Speech and Perustration. Always at 12 the Speech in Latin is delivered in Convocation House by one of the Students of Ch. Ch., one of the younger men. This year X---, a ^{former} classical tutor, who had once before delivered the address was the orator (Orator Madan called him). The Dean was there and one outsider, and of the Curators, Wilson, Allen and

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myself. The V.C., bedells, Registrar and Proctors came in at 12 sharp. The speech which is to be (see p. 105) 'in ^{praise} honour of Sir Thomas Bodley and as a panegyric and encouragement of Hebrew studies,' was good in substance but I never heard such a delivery, ~~had the Orator been the victim of multiple sclerosis his speech could not have been more staccato - almost every word spaced from the rest by a time interval of a few(!) seconds.~~ He dealt chiefly with the events of the year - the benefactions, and had the kindness to mention me in connection with the Bodleian Record. After the speech we all went to the Selden End for a meeting. The usual impression is that Bodley's Librarian is locked up for this meeting. We do meet without him at first and then one of the Curators fetches him. He gives an account of the losses of the year in books. This year he reported 32, most of which are misplaced, none of them important. Then we peruse, visiting special portions of the Library selected by the Standing Committee. W.O.

Osler makes no mention of an incident related by another Christ Church student which he describes as 'typical of the inimitable combination of unfailing good humour and kindness which made Sir William's frequent visits to the Common Room such a joy to his colleagues on the Governing Body of the House.' The Dean, hard put to it to lay his hand upon any younger man, for the Don population owing to the war was

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at a low ebb, bethought himself of one who knew little of Bodley and nothing of the Hebrew tongue. The candidate with misgivings consented to fill the breach; consumed much midnight oil racking his brains for forgotten tags of Latin prose; and duly presented himself at the Divinity School, oration in hand. The story continues:

Almost the first individual there to meet his somewhat troubled gaze was the Regius Professor of Medicine, whose familiar figure was sure to be seen at any function where the interests of the Bodleian, of which he was Curator, were concerned. Osler stepped across to him, as he walked up to the Orator's desk, and with a face as grave as a judge thrust a paper into his hand, saying, "Look here, X---, if you're hard up for something to say about Hebrew, this might be useful to you." On reaching the desk there was just time to glance at the paper before the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors took their seats. It was covered with the calligraphy of the heathen Chinese, and was in fact a Chinese washing-bill.

He plunged into a proper revision of his Text-book, largely neglected at the time of the last edition. He even accepted an invitation sent October 21st from Gilbert Murray in behalf of the Council of the Classical Association that he should act as the alternate President, to succeed Lord Bryce and give the Presidential address the following year. Work enough for the days though his nights were still ghastly. One may control his

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emotion before others, but not when alone. His wife, whose own loss was nigh forgotten in sympathy for him, could hear him sobbing night after night, till overcome by a restless sleep. But he found his chief solace in three things - in his avocational studies - in keeping ^{young} folks about him - in his devotion to other peoples' little children.

We are busy as usual [he writes to Dr. George Dock on November 17th], and greatly interested in so many Americans who are here. I am tied up with all sorts of Bibliographical affairs. My Catalogue of Incunabula to 1480 is under revision at the British Museum. I shall hope to have it out next year. I send you an Address on The Library School in connection with the College. Our historical section keeps up. I made a good haul at the Dunn sale a few weeks ago - ten Incunabula, among them the Ed. prin. of Averroes, which is excessively rare. I am sending you one of Revere's books with his book plate drawn and etched by himself. It is a bit rough but he meant to do it more carefully later. Dear laddie! he loved his books dearly.

"With a hobby a man is reasonably secure against the whips and arrows of most outrageous Fortune." So he wrote some months later in a review of a volume Parkes Weber had dedicated to him, but there were other things besides

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his hobby to engage him, things of which he makes no mention to Dock and for which one must turn to Lady Osler's letters. "Sir William has pitched in hard at his Text-book revision, and is working at other things as well," she writes. "I could better bear this grief were it not to see him suffer - such a tragedy for the end of his wonderful life." And on November 18th she writes: "Yesterday Sir William had all the American doctors working here* -

*These were ~~merely~~ casual medical officers who had been sent over to work on the reconstruction of the wounded under General Sir Robert Jones who had organized this important branch of work in the War Office. Captain Girdlestone was in general charge of the orthopaedic work in Oxford, and with him Major Ewing and the other Americans collaborated, Osler was most enthusiastic about this reconstruction work and wrote on "The Problem of the Crippled" for Lord Charnwood's journal Recalled to Life which had just been started - a journal 'devoted to the dissemination of information as to the care, reëducation and return to civil life of disabled soldiers and sailors.' Osler pointed out in his article that the mind as well as the body of the soldiers long hospitalized needed retraining, and in his last paragraph says that there is still another side to the problem. "Plato talks of a friend whose ill health had kept him out of the hurly-burly of public life to the great benefit of his mind. This 'bridle of Theages,' as he calls it, may have a real value. A physical burden bravely borne makes a strong man, whose moral force in a community is worth a score of mere men-machines." So likewise a mental burden bravely borne.

fourteen in all - at luncheon at Christ Church and then took them to the Bodleian where the Librarian showed all the treasures and W. O. gave them a talk on Radcliffe - a wonderful chance for them and I am sure they appreciated it." And again: "We are going on as usual, with the flying men here

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on Sunday afternoons in groups of thirty. They are most amusing and so happy to be in a home. It is a struggle but I feel we must keep at it. . . We are so fortunate as to know two Oxford nurses at a Casualty Clearing Station near Revere's grave. They have done everything and write me constantly. It comforts a woman's heart.

On December 4th he writes to the little grandson of Palmer Howard:

Dear Palmer Revere was your godfather and loved you very much, so Aunt Grace and I are making you and Bruce share the small savings he left. We are so sad that he has been taken away from us in this cruel war. You will know more about him when you grow up. I am sure you will be like him, so good and so kind. Your loving DOCCIE O.

There had been a fire at Dundas which had burned down the old homestead of the Gwyns and with it many family records including all of Osler's home letters. Of this he writes to his sister:

7. XII. '17.

Dearest Chattie What a blessing to burn down the old house! So you will say when you move into the new one and get it into good order. It must have been a bit of a heart-wrench all the same to see it go up in smoke. Grace will have kept you informed of the life here. We are very

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desolate at heart, but keeping up the old ways - as there are so many to help and make as happy as possible. She is splendid and has stood the trial so well. It is a great thing to be busy. 'Twill be a sad Xmas for us all with our laddies lost and gone. Your affectionate brother,

Willie.

He did one of his very kind acts on December 14th. The Library Association was giving a complimentary dinner to the President, J.Y.W. MacAlister, and nothing would satisfy them but that Osler should preside. He did so, and probably none were aware of his heavy heart. In speaking of Sir John MacAlister he used again the 'man with the poker' illustration',* and

[*Cf. Library Association Record, Feb. 15, 1918, xx, 49-51.

MacAlister in response told of how Osler with his cheery optimism had put fresh heart in him at a time when he had despaired of success in his project regarding the Royal Society of Medicine - 'so that without him that piece of work would have ended in failure.' And Osler promptly follows up the dinner with a note saying: "It was a great pleasure to have an opportunity of saying a few plain truths about you only I wish it had been before a medical audience. You have done a great work for us. I hope we shall see

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you tomorrow. Shall you be at the meeting?"

Then the first vacant Christmas, and soon Revere's birthday - days demanding particular fortitude. On December 26th he writes to Mrs. Brewster:

Such an Xmas! with desolation in our hearts, and as usual, the house full - two wounded friends, a nephew, Col. Fitcher (of Johns Hopkins) and Mrs. Chapin. In the evening 17 American doctors who are stationed here in training at the Base Hospitals. We have had to 'carry on' as usual, but it has been so hard, with our thoughts every moment on the dear laddie who has gone. Poor Grace! I wonder how she stands the double life. I wish you could have seen those nice boys last night - it was such a pleasure to have them. We were allowed extra rations as they were American soldiers.

. . . Sue Chapin is in charge of the American Red X distribution work in London & only comes for Saturday & Sunday. U.S. troops are pouring thro. - the censor would not I fear allow me to say how many last week. We are always told by the station-master as the trains go thro. Oxford from Liverpool to Southampton. They will finish the war but dear me! 'twill be a long business -but patience, courage & hope & all will be well. Is Uncle Ned's boy over yet? Let us know as we like to get into touch with our friends in France & this house is a regular distribution depot for comforts.

It was a double life they were leading. 'Those nice boys last night - such a pleasure to have them.' One of them recalls that: "We were at the Oslers'

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our first Christmas night overseas, a great crowd of us, and Sir William was very lively and entertaining." But someone else wrote the next day: "I don't see how Willie stood it. He looked like a ghost and I thought every minute he would break down and have to leave the table."