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Chapter XXXIX

The end.

Apart from their duration, their stage and scale, history ^{reveals} shows

~~that there is~~ no great difference in wars nor in their aftermath. In writing of those of Henry VIII, Frederick Seebohm says: "The long continuance of war is almost sure to bring up to the surface social evils which in happier times smolder on unmolested." So among the many things which

kept Osler busily engaged during the early part of the year was ^{an active revival of the} move-

ment which had ^{already} enlisted his ~~unqualified~~ support. the national campaign

against venereal disease. This, like the tuberculosis crusade, was largely a ^{question} ~~matter~~ of educating the public ^{- a difficult matter in the present instance as the subject was one though it was more difficult} upon a subject ordinarily treat-

ed by silence, concealment and taboo; and the proposals ^{for registration and prophylaxis} by the signers

of the December letter to The Times, had met with strong opposition ^{by the more conservative} ~~elements of the profession and Government.~~

An important meeting was held at the Royal Institute of Public Health, in London on January 8th, at which Adami read a paper entitled "The Policy of the Ostrich," in which with ungloved hands he attacked the programme of the National Council. Osler was unable to be present because of a local

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gathering at Oxford called to discuss the same matter, but wrote to him the day before, saying:

My regrets that I cannot be at the meeting. We have a Quarterly Rad. Inf. Court, at which for special reasons I must attend. We shall do three things re V. Ds.

- (1) Determine the incidence in this community by a special study.
- (2) Educate the public on the importance of prophylaxis.
- (3) Arrange for the cheap and efficient method of distribution.

This is work which the National Council could do without in any way diminishing the intensity of the moral campaign. I am writing a personal note to all the Editors of the London Dailies asking for a full report of the meeting.

And not long after, in commending Adami's paper as a valuable campaign document, he suggested a change in ~~the~~^{his} title, for otherwise, he said: "Your pamphlet 10 years hence will appear in a Zoölogical catalogue under Ostrich!"

During this crusade, which needed courageous leadership even more than the crusade against tuberculosis, Osler played his customary rôle in arranging for a number of meetings to focus the attention of the public on the subject and to bring before the profession their obligations in facing the issue.

¶ One other time-consuming matter which had long engaged his attention

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was the scheme for post-graduate medical instruction which had now ^{been temporarily} ~~re-~~
^{Sidetracked by a correlated} ~~solved itself into~~ a plan to launch ^{what was to be called a first known is the Inter-allied} ~~an Interallied~~ Fellowship of Medi-

cine for the immediate benefit of the overseas medical officers from
 the Dominions and the United States. Someone who could pilot the or-
 ganization through uncharted waters was needed, and Osler was the nat-
 ural choice but on the 8th he writes to J. Y. W. MacAlister:

I cannot take the Presidency of the Fellowship. I am tied up now
 with more things than I can attend to and I must finish the revision of
 my book this year. It seems hopeless with so many distractions that go
 on in the house to get anything done. I am awfully sorry.

His Text-book revision, a year overdue, was on his conscience, as was
 also his promised Classical Association address; but this post-graduate
 scheme was urgent and in spite of his first emphatic refusal he ^{attended the meeting of organization on January 9th and} was pre-
 vailed upon to take the helm, and ~~The Times~~ of January 14th says In re-
 gard to ^{this the Times of Jan. 14th stated:} ~~it~~

[The Fellowship of Medicine]
 The choice of Sir William Osler as President is one which the whole
 profession in America as well as the whole profession in Britain will wel-

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come. An international figure, he has been so closely identified with all that is best in American and Canadian medicine that our friends on the other side of the Atlantic claim him with as much pride as we do. His influence on medical thought during the last two decades has, indeed, been almost boundless, while his "Principles and Practice of Medicine" has enjoyed a vogue rarely attained by any professional work. Sir William Osler, too, has done more than any man of his time to secure a true perspective in health affairs; his outlook has always been of the broadest nature; his instinct for first causes as opposed to end-results has been singularly sure. Those who have enjoyed the honour and privilege of association with him in any capacity have invariably found their view-point enlarged and their imagination stirred. For Sir William is not only a great doctor, he is a great student and a great man. This has been illustrated especially in his dealings with the younger generation of doctors. Many a young man owes his success and the success of his ideas to a discernment which saw the gold among the dross at a time when other eyes missed it, and to a friendliness and warmth of heart which have never been stinted. No man is so capable as Sir William Osler of drawing together British and American medicine. No man has laboured with so single a purpose to this end through so many years. . .

The position entailed ^{added} ~~heavy~~ obligations but, as indicated in a let-

ter to Sir Edward Kemp, Osler set out with the primary idea of providing

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opportunities of post-graduate instruction for ^{medical officers from the Dominion and} ~~selected members of the allied~~
~~Medical Corps from America~~
~~C.A.M.C.~~ ^{overseas} who during their ~~four~~ years in the army had lost touch with the

details of civil medicine and surgery. "It seems only just," he said,

"to give these men a chance to add to their brain capital."

Meanwhile the 'Open Arms' were being outstretched as usual. He

sends on ^{January} ~~the~~ 10th to an overseas American an invitation typical of many,

with its three reactions: hospitality, Revere, and the library.

. . . We have been looking for you - hard. Do get a month here. We could do so much together. I hope they will send you home soon - it is high time & you have done your share Hugh Cabot & ^{George Shattuck} ~~H. C. Streeter~~ came this week-end. We have had such an interesting group of visitors - a steady stream. We are very well - You will have had the memorandum about the E.R.O. library at the J.H.U. I sent it about six weeks ago. ~~Perhaps you have not had it.~~ You will be interested & I am sure the dear laddie would have loved to have it so. Something new in every day - 3 nice original Pasteur papers from Strong this week. . .

"The Fellowship of Medicine"
A "Bulletin" was issued and courses were established which were at first largely patronized by American Medical Officers. "The Bulletin of the Fellowship of Medicine and Postgraduate Medical Association" continues to be published on ^{weekly} ~~weekly~~

^{In Oct. 24 1919 the Fellowship and the Postgraduate Association were amalgamated.}

(#) This organization which appears to have been first suggested by Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane and Francis ~~Mr. Philip Dowling, Sir J. W. MacAlister, Mrs. H. J. Paterson~~ were made secretaries jointly ^{secretaries} ~~issues a Bulletin which is, and continues to be of the greatest value~~ ^{fruit} as a source of information to medicine men visiting England. ~~London itself he was success by Sir J. H. Thompson &~~

Statistics of the issue Jan 3rd 1920 ^{contains a most touching and appreciative} ~~is a valuable volume, of the value which began with the statement: "The~~ ^{medical service"} ~~was succeeded by Sir N. D. MacAlister and he by Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane while Sir John~~
MacAlister continues to obey Allen's last injunction to him "to keep on pouring the fire".

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The next day he telegraphs Dr. MacAlister: "Harvard Unit Cabot in charge on way home after three years' service with British. Opportunity favourable for reception or dinner though may be too late as they sail Wednesday." Not at all too late; it was an opportunity for the 'new Fellowship' ^{legal into action} and a few days later: "Hearty congratulations on the success of the dinner. Let me know of any deficit which should be my perquisite and privilege. You are a trump!" Small wonder that he sends belated letters of New Year's greetings in which he says: "These are strenuous days in which I get very little time to myself. The outside claims are many and as the men are flitting west the steady stream of visitors keeps me pretty busy." One of these visitors supplies a diary from which a few notes may be transcribed. Thus, under January 9th:

Sunday supper at 'the House,' the first time in three years they have dined ^{in Hall} ~~there~~ - about a hundred undergraduates all told. We were at the high table of course with the Dons - I alone in uniform except one or two of the waiters. The war is surely over. It was very fine, Woolsey's dining-hall by candle-light. Beside me was the Professor of Moral Philosophy - John A. Stewart,

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a Greek scholar and Platonist, a fine old gentleman who for all the world looked like Newman, whom he said he had heard preach in the Catholic Church in Oxford the first time he had been back since his conversion 25 years before. In due course to the Common Room for fruit, nuts and port - excellent and seductive I may add. Here the Fellows rule, and the Dean comes by suffrage. Mr. Hassell sat at one end of the table where the mathematical Dodson of "Alice's Adventures" used to sit, invariably entertaining. It was all very pleasant, and they began to smoke after the port and ^{snuff, and} with the onset of coffee before going to the smoking-room proper a break in tradition which they lay at Osler's door - or to the war possibly, for the Fellows have dined in this room the past three years.

We went into the smoking-room later and there was interesting converse - all the way from Pope's skull, said to be in a strong-box in London and for sale! The story was told. It goes back to a purchase by Spurzheim for his collection, and many subsequent vicissitudes. Then Thomas Browne's skull at Norwich - Ben Johnson's also - and we pass on to a pomander produced by one of the Dons - and we get on to the Member from Oxford, for there is a vacancy and both parties, Unionists and Conservatives, have each begged Osler to stand as a fusion candidate, but he ^{has}/refused and is backing Asquith for whom he is trying to get unanimous support. Asquith a poor boy from ^{Yorkshire} Winchester, through Oxford to the Premiership, all on his brains. But Sir William will have a hard time in putting it through. All this is a far cry from prophylaxis against venereal disease but somehow it came up, on the heels of the 'bone dry' legislation of the U.S.A., and Osler ^{had} ~~said~~ ^{had} the Times ^{had} ~~protested~~ against the letter of warning which he and several others signed and which only after a personal appeal they finally published.

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So promptly at 9.30 home and to bed with a hot-water bottle supplied by Lady Osler, and Walt Whitman's "Memoranda during the Civil War" supplied by Sir William. They ^{have} a very modern sound - these memoranda. "The marrow of the tragedy," he says, "is concentrated in the hospitals. . . unnamed, unknown, remained and still remain, the bravest soldiers." And he goes on:

"Such was the war. . . It was not a quadrille in a ball-room. Its interior history will not only never be written, its practicality, minutia of deeds and passions, will never be even suggested. The active soldier of 1862-'65, North and South, will all his ways, his incredible dauntlessness, habits, practices, tastes, language, his appetite, rankness, his superb strength and animality, lawless gait and a hundred unnamed lights and shades of camp - I say, will never be written - perhaps must not be and should not be."

And the same diary gives an account of 'The Club' dinner on the 24th at Merton College as Sir Walter Raleigh's guest, which indicates that such functions were being resumed and that Osler despite his emaciated body was in good spirits; as does also this note of the next evening *from the same diary*:

Sir William says it's a cold day when he does not add something to the library. Today he's been simply cavorting over an Assyrian medical tablet with cuneiform text, baked in clay. Lady O. said: "Humph, it looks like a piece of Scotch Short-cake," and it really does; but we took it over to S. H. Langdon, late Reader in Assyriology, more recently private in His Majesty's Army, ~~and he~~ ^{who} fairly ate it up, which sounds a little as though he too held

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Lady O's view. It ~~came~~^{comes} from the temple library⁸ Sennacherib and is of the period of Sardonap^aplis^{a u} - one of the few medical tablets, apparently, to have been found at Assur - 'the place where the widows howled' as W.O. recalls. It has an interesting provenance and much has happened in the world between the capture by Sennacherib of Jerusalem in 701 B.C. and by Allenby in 1918 A.D. On the outbreak of the war the Germans were excavating at Assur. A German with this tablet in his pocket was taken prisoner by the Arabs in whose possession the tablet was subsequently found at Mosul. It was sent to Prof. Scheil of the Academie Française by his son from Assyria; thence to W.O.

At the annual meeting of the Bibliographical Society this month, he ^{for the first time} had again been reelected President, and the Secretary, Mr. Pollard, supplies this brief account of the resumption of another dinner-club meeting:

Many of us will remember Sir William most vividly as the President of the Colophon Club, ^{composed} ~~founded~~ of London members of the Bibliographical Society ^{who} ~~to~~ dine together two or three times in a session and entertain readers of papers, especially any who come from a distance. The Club takes its name from the Colophon or final paragraph in early books, giving details as to their authorship, printer, place and date. The Greek word taken over to denote this means a crowning stroke, and under Osler's chairmanship the Colophon dinners formed an extraordinarily pleasant climax to the Society's meetings. He was always in high spirits, always ready with some graceful compliment to the readers of papers, and full of friendliness and good stories. No dinners were held during the war ~~or for some time afterwards,~~ but he called for one in January 1919 and outdid himself

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in his efforts to make it a success, incidentally insisting on providing champagne on the patently false pretext that it was the Secretary's birthday! Many of those at this dinner never saw him again, but they could hardly have a brighter memory of him.

Evidently he was making a great effort to pick up the threads of his former life as though the world were the same, but Lady Osler in a letter confesses that 'he is too pathetic, and it is surprising that this everlasting "keeping up" does not kill him.' But there were other and more

serious things than club dinners and sojourning Americans to attend to;

though he was no more discursive through this agency than when scribbling a post card.

~~and~~ fortunately he had once more acquired a secretary, On January 21st

he writes to the Librarian of the National Library of Wales:

Dear Ballinger: Has the Celtic Studies Board done anything about the Summer School of Celtic Studies at Aberystwith this year? Even if they began in a small way with only a few outside lecturers to make a start ^{it} would stir the pool. What about a Professor of Irish? 'Tis a live subject. Do you know Flower, who read us a few months ago a remarkable paper on Brian Boru at the Bibliographical Society? He would be an ideal man - young well-trained, enthusiastic and a good speaker. Tell your boy to come and see us often. / /

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A series of letter written on the 31st deal with the usual variety of subjects. Thus to Sir Bertrand [now Lord] Dawson:

So glad you are back and well. Delighted with your letter in the Times today, and your suggestions are most practical. I am anxious that the overseas people should be given a chance to put all their venereal cards on the table . . . We should get the Canadian, N.Z. and Amer. experiences. Did you meet George Walker in France? He has succeeded Young, and perhaps, of all men living, there is no one who has studied the social and scientific side more intelligently. He did an extraordinary piece of work in Baltimore, and they tell me an equally good bit in France.

And pursuing the same topic; to Frederick E. Bradshaw:

I have forgotten exactly what I said but I daresay it is all right. The word 'disinfection' is perhaps better than prophylaxis. We had a great conference yesterday at the National Council of Public Morals at which they badgered me for two hours. We can never do anything until it is made a Public Health matter. . . Do you not think we should have a meeting this summer of the Association of British Physicians? We shall forget what we all look like! Your myelopathic albumosuria would do for a report. Sorry the Quarterly Journal is so late, but we ^{are to} have a double number with a fine article by Bradford.

And on the same ^{day} in answer to an appeal from Ernest Barker of New College:

Heavens! What a list of organizations! Why did not Plato succeed in his scheme of a Republic? All the same, so long as this is not another society, and you say it's all right, I will join and subscribe, par-

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ticularly as children are the only people in life worth talking to except an occasional College Fellow!

And to Mrs. Harry Marshall:

Dear Mon [Monica] Angelica You are a saintess - but no wonder with such a mother! Still I have known awful daughters with beatific mothers! I wish I ^{were} was with you in the sunshine, tho today Mentone could ^{not} have been brighter than Norham Gardens. Hurry home, you have been away a very long time. It is nice to hear that Ma is really better. Give her my love and say 'Absence only makes, &c.' She will remember the quotation from Burns! Barbara is better - still limps a bit but not much. Your old man has neglected us lately. Grace is very much better in her wrists - and still far too good for the 'likes o' me.' Love to you both. Affectionately yours,

Egerton Yorrick Davis.

An episode of this time serves to show how 'the firstlings of his heart were the firstlings of his hand.' It may be recalled that the blockade was still on and that a British military commission had been dispatched to Austria, rumours of whose desperate plight had reached England. On

February 5th Osler sent the following letter ^{to} Professor Wenckeback ^{who hardly} which

~~finally reached him a month later and, as he says, offered them their first~~

~~gleam of hope.~~ ^{to destination} ^{which} ^{the difference in Vienna} ^{before the outbreak of war} ^{has been called from Holland to} ^{become the Chair of Medicine in the Vienna School:}

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Dear Wenckebach Lord Parmoor's Committee is anxious to have first-hand evidence with reference to the food conditions in Vienna, particularly among the poor. Could you let me have as soon as possible your impressions. The people in this country are most anxious to do everything possible to relieve the suffering in Vienna which they feel must be very severe. I hope all goes well with you. Lewis has had a big Heart Hospital first at Hampstead and later at Colchester, to which Allbutt, Mackenzie and I have been attached. Do let me know should you ever get back to your native country. I should like so much to visit Holland in the spring. . . .

It took a full month for a letter from Oxford to Vienna, and full another for the answer which does not come till April 6th. Meanwhile much water runs under the bridge and he has other people to think of, not forgetting his adored children - 'the only people in life worth talking to except some college dons' - among them Rosalie's 'mother' who must not be neglected though she is growing up:

Dear Susan You have been on my desk for several months, looking perfectly angelic. I just love the picture and your face is so little changed. I have the other lovely one on my mantelpiece, and I often say "good morning" to you. 'Big Sue' & 'Little Sue' are here - both so busy. They sail before long. We keep well - though with aching hearts for our dear laddie. Love to your father & mother & it must be nice to have the boys home from the war. Yours affectionately. . . .

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He had an amusing proclivity for giving children nicknames and was never at a loss. There was a 'Tony' Draper who had come to live with his war-widowed mother in Postmaster's Hall opposite Merton Gate, and in whose nursery he was a frequent late-afternoon visitor, and who received on his second birthday a handsomely-bound book he may some day come to read - the Athenae Oxoniensis of Anthony à Wood, for the obvious reason that the author had once resided in Postmaster's Hall; and 'Tony' the child remains. Then, too, he tried to force a name upon the offspring of a young couple from Baltimore who had been engaged in war-work in Oxford the past two years and were much at home, meanwhile, at the 'Open Arms.' This child was born in Merton House and was greeted on its arrival with a note:

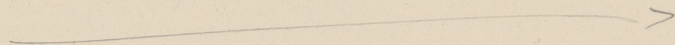
Feb. 15/19.

Dearest Walter I am so glad you have come to such nice people as Robt. & Rose, both old friends of mine in the old days in the Elysian Fields. I am so glad you are to be called after me, as this will give me the right to watch over your intellectual development, and perhaps in 1937 I may have the pleasure of welcoming you to my College as a Rhodes Scholar from Maryland. Affectionately yours,

Walter de Merton.

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The statement was made by someone that welcome as were Osler's brief notes they often called for a deal of effort before they could be answered. Thus a card to Edward Withington merely says: "Has the poem of Aripbron on Health - Athenaeum XV, 63, 702a ever been translated? Rabelais refers to it - introduction to bk. IV. If not translated why not do it - probably short - for the Annals? Love to daughter. W.O." If Mr. Withington cannot, someone else does, and so the translation duly appears in the Annals of Medical History.

Llewellyn
to the account of Nicholas de Cusa, written a year or so later by Dr. Henry Viets who at this time was ^{on service} ~~stationed at Trèves~~ with the U. S. Army of Occupation, is explained by the following note of February 21st - one of many on the same subject: 

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Dear H. V. Please occupy your, I hope, abundant leisure in making a study of Nicholas de Cusa, 1401-1463. The town is near Trèves, and he is stated to have founded there a hospital for 33 poor men in the Church, over which is his heart, to which pay my salutations, and in the hospital are a number of his MSS. Heller, Geschichte der Physik, p. 210, and in the libraries you will find several works upon him. Though chiefly remembered as a precursor of Copernicus, he really was a great experimental philosopher. I have just got his original ed. princ. to my great delight, and the conclusion of his wonderful de Docta ignorantia is appropriate - si me amas esto diligens: vale.

*Send Bill
notes*

Thus the library was constantly under-current in his thoughts, and he writes to Garrison on March 18th that he has the books divided and the catalogue made, but that 'it will take five years at least to furnish the notes, so that it's a race between the Catalogue and Pallida Mors.'

There was indeed scant time for this and his correspondence indicates that he was ~~continually~~ drawn into other things innumerable; letters, for example, to Sir George Newman of the Board of Education regarding the establishment of children's clinics, and he says: "Paediatrics should be

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taken up as a specialty and not left as at present in the hands of men almost half ashamed to be regarded as specialists. London could well afford to have five or six clinics as good or better than those of Howland at the Johns Hopkins."

Then, too, there ^{is} much about the resumption of the publication of Roger Bacon's writings which had been interrupted by the war - a long task, of which Charles Singer writes: "Steele thinks he can finish off the whole of Bacon in about six years if he gave full time to it." ~~And~~ ~~it is a far cry~~ ^{it is a far cry} from Roger Bacon to the Central Control Board of the Liquor Traffic on which at Lord D'Abernon's insistence he at first agreed to serve. But when at this juncture pressure was brought to bear by H. P. Davison and others to get him to attend the International Red Cross Conference at Cannes it proved a straw too much, ~~for at this juncture~~ ~~(as indicated~~ In a letter to Dr. MacNalty dealing primarily with some details concerning the epidemic of encephalitis ^{he adds:} ~~he was laid up with another of his~~ ~~periodic colds, which leads him to add~~ "I have had a pleo-poly ~~morphic~~ - ~~morphic~~ - cocco- bacterio- bacillary-upper-respiratory-passage infection

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lately. I have had all I can do to keep it from reaching my grey cortex through the cribriform plate." Though he could jest, there is little wonder that Lady Osler thought it time to rebel, and on March 6th she writes to Colonel R. P. Strong:

Sir William asks me to write, even before his letter goes - and tell you how much he regrets he cannot go into this new Red Cross Scheme. I honestly tell you it would be most unwise, ^{for he} ~~Sir William~~ is already too deeply involved. He has not made any visible progress with the Text-book - Tom McCrae writes and cables - Appleton writes and cables. Added to this there is an address for the Classical Association meeting here in May and it is now only half finished. You can't imagine what this winter has been with people - all the American hospital staffs breaking up in or near London have poured down here - and Canadians as well. It has been the greatest pleasure but it has been impossible to get steadily at any work - and not another thing must be undertaken until these things in hand are finished. Perhaps you will understand. I am very anxious that Sir William should not be over-tired - the strain of the four years and the tragic end and sorrow have told upon him. I am confident that with caution he should live to a good old age and I want to spare him all unnecessary effort, for the good of mankind. It would be wonderful to go to Cannes, but he must stick here and pray for sunshine - which by the way has come today. . . .

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under this domestic pressure

So he withdraws likewise from Lord D'Abernon's Board with one hand

and accepts further engagements with the other - even ones far ahead, as

in this note of March 7th to Dr. T. N. Kelynack which looks forward to

the June Tuberculosis Conference,

You see what a broken reed I am! I have not even got that note ready for you about chronic Tb. What a forgiving soul to ask me to preside at the Conference! It's a bad week for me as the Examiners are here, but as they finish on Friday evening, I could preside on Saturday the 28th.

Thus there ~~are~~^{were} duties in town as well as in Oxford, where on the following

day after a meeting of the Bodleian Curators he made this note in the

back of his Macray's Annals:

Madan said good-bye today, 8.iii.19, after a three year's extension on his term. He spoke of his work in the Library since he joined in 1880, succeeding Ingram Bywater as Sub-librarian. Nicholson served for 30 years, and his earliest work was the occupation of the old schools, and then he made the Catalogue rules. Until his day there were none - only tradition! New reading-room, the underground storage also his work. Madan said his chief work has been the Summary Catalogue, Western MSS., and the Curators have put a ring-piece about him for this purpose. He must have had a

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dog's life with Nicholson whose Madiana I have never seen. He spoke of the difficulties they had had during the war, with many inexperienced assistants who illustrated the immortal expression "not to know that they knew nothing." He spoke feelingly of the wonderful character of the place, of the buildings and of the spell it cast over all who worked in it and of its associations and marvellous contents. The most notable thing in his administration has been the shifting of the centre of gravity from the Librarian to the Curators in the new statute.

Early in March Osler had received formal notification from the Bishop of Southwark 'in accordance with the formula prescribed from the first by Gibbon' of his election to 'The Club' sometimes known as 'Dr. Johnson's Club' - the most famous of the dining clubs of the world. It had grown from its membership of nine in the day of Johnson and Reynolds to one of about thirty, its meetings being held fortnightly at Prince's Hotel, Jermyn Street, during the session of Parliament. Shortly after this he wrote:

Thrilled this week by my election to the Johnson Club. As I told you I missed it last year by one vote. I forget who it was who had the largest number, but I did not know that I was to be up again this year. There have been only six doctors in the club since its foundation - Paget

*cf. XXXII (1912)
Another Club
was elected to*

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the last - Goldsmith, Nugent & Fordyce were the early ones - Banks, Vaughan, Holland the others. I will let you know of our dinners. There is a fascinating book, published the year of the war. I hope you are keeping well, How nice to hear of you all 200 Am. boys here today to arrange Oxford courses. I picked up six & brought them for tea. Such nice chaps.

And on the back of his menu card of the dinner held April 1st ^{in this note:} ~~he wrote:~~

My first dinner at The Club. The Archbishop of York was to have been in the chair. There were present Sir Henry Newbolt, Kipling, John Buchan, Pember, Bailey, Oman, Kenyon and Fisher. All but Newbolt and Bailey I had known. N. was in the Chair and I sat between him and Fisher, the Minister of Education. Very good evening. The room is a special one in which the Club has dined for 20 years. Oil paintings of the Founders and lithographs of many old members on the walls. Rarely more than 10 or twelve members dine so a round table is prepared for that number. Kipling was in very good form and told many good war stories. He said he would not be surprised if in a few years the monastic life was revived - as men were seeking relief from the burdens of a hard world and turning more and more to spiritual matters. . . .

These were pleasant interludes for a man who, beset on all sides, was merely paying the penalty of his position - and his disposition. He writes Lord Knutsford on March 21st in reply to a query about the London Hospital:

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About the Professor of Pathology, a medical school rotates. We never could have gone far at the Johns Hopkins without Welch and his splendidly organized laboratory. I wish indeed I could find you a Rockefeller or a Johns Hopkins, but just think what you have done ~~without one!~~

And to another who sought advice he says:

That's a nice nut in morals you have sent me to crack! I do not believe a conference of Regius Professors could settle it. . . Why not go and have a frank talk with the man? He is not so much older than you - if he hear you, you have gained a brother, as St. Paul says.

An address before the Tuberculosis Society on March 24th; letters regarding the terms under which his library should go to McGill in order that its high standard should be kept up; pressure on the Government 'to get the Egypt Medical School into first-class order'; hints to the people at Amen Corner about promising publication^s; plans for the Summer Science School, and other things innumerable occupy his time. Some of them are indicated in a few of his letters of March 31st:

To Mr. Humphery Milford: "There is (will be) much money to the publisher of proper Motor Itineraries of this country, combining the delightful features of the old road maps (with the hotels and country houses named

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and marked) and such modern aspects as gradients repair-shops, &c. A really satisfactory motor road-book does not exist - not one to be put in comparison with my friend Theodore de Mayerne, who, when a medical student of 19, issued one of the first and the best in Europe (1599)."

To Dr. Charles Singer: "So glad to see by his reprint that you are joining Sarton on the "Isis." If it appears in England, I suppose it will save the multiplication of a journal. Get both your energetic minds on the question of a summer school here next year - two weeks of lectures and demonstrations and an additional four for the research students. I would see that Bodley gave every encouragement, and we could use my rooms at the Museum for overflow work and demonstrations. Possibly Garrison would come over and help, and Streeter. . . Gunther proposes to have a great show next month of all the scientific apparatus in Oxford. I hope he will have it in time for the Classical Association. . ."

To Dr. Francis Packard, Philadelphia: "I hear you are back and at work. Congratulations on Vol. I of the Annals ^[of Medical History] ~~I hope Hooper may be able to keep it up.~~ I have sent Dana a brief editorial note on the Currie and will send another on the early botanical work of de Cusa. I enclose a review of Parkes Weber's book which is a very remarkable study. A few months ago Lee, the physiologist, was looking over the cards of my works on the circulation which I have arranged in my Bibliotheca Prima in an interesting way, all under the 1628 de Motu Cordis as the fundamental contribution. He suggests that this might be useful as a sort of model for collectors if printed in the Annals. What do you think? It would take eight or ten pages at least."

* "Aspects of Death and Correlative Aspects of Life in Art Epigram and Poetry" - a volume with a unique dedication to ^(Third Edition) ~~to~~
Giulio Cesare, Medico peritissimo etc.

* The "Journal" of Dr. James Currie, editor of the collected works of Burns, purchased at Sotheby's July 24 1918. (The Annals of Med. Hist. Vol II p. 51) "W. Mitchell who had great admiration for Currie called my attention to his work, which he regarded as among the most valuable in English Medical literature."

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To the Hon. H.A.L. Fisher: "About our P.-g. ^{program} ~~meeting~~, last Thursday we had our final meeting of all the representatives of the London medical schools, the P.-g. colleges, and the special hospitals, and passed finally the scheme which we wish to launch properly on the 29th April, R.S.Med. I was commissioned to ask you to take the Chair. We hope to have the American Ambassador, the representatives of the overseas Dominions and of other certain public bodies interested, and a selected group of laymen. I do hope you will be able to come and give us your blessing by taking the Chair. I will make a few introductory remarks, then we shall ask Newman to speak, the American Ambassador and one or two others. It has been a long job to get united action, but the schools are now very enthusiastic, and the scheme is one that should have far-reaching benefits for the numerous American and overseas P.-g. students. . ."

To G. E. MacLean of the American University Union in Europe: "Yes, do cable the Trustees of how much importance I think this scheme is for the overseas students. Some such words as the following: 'Most important to have Union and home in London for American and Dominion students,' with which I hope may be included our medical P.-g. Association. You will receive a notice to attend a meeting on April 29th of our Post-graduate Medical Association at which I hope you will be able to say a few words. It would be much better to have one big Union with separate departments and it would do the medical men good to have fellowship with the other students!*"

*Osler presided himself at the meeting of organization of the Post-graduate Medical Association held April 29th at the Royal Society of Medicine. Hardly any other man than he could have secured the cohesion of so many divergent elements as were represented by the

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~~Appointed~~ ^{Concerns.} representatives of the many schools and hospitals present. In his address he gave an outline of what had gone before, and of what the Association proposed to do, saying that 'the important thing for them all was to pool their interests; energy, patience, and organization would do the rest.' Lord Dawson, Sir George Newman representing the Board of Education, Sir John Goodwin representing the Army, Professor MacLean, General Birkett of McGill, all spoke warmly in favour of the project, which, he it said, has since continued in active and successful operation.

Write and see whether

In a letter of Sunday evening, April 6th, Lady Osler writes to Dr. Malloch: "What do you think has happened this eve - Sir William and I are having supper alone!!!" and she goes on to say that calls are never-ending; that he will be in town for three days the coming week to attend the B.M.A. meeting for the Colonials and Americans; that she has been 'endeavouring to drag him off to Cornwall for a week but he won't go.' Also that he 'has just had a letter from Professor Wenckebach which says that they are nearly starving in Vienna - nothing but tough mutton and hard bread for the past ten days." So an answer had finally come to Osler's inquiry of February 5th, and the same night Osler not only cabled but wrote:

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Oxford. Sunday. [April 6]

Dear Wenckeback Yours of the 4th of March came today and I have sent it on at once to the Foreign Office. I telephoned at once to one of the Secretaries to ask what the action had been and he said food was being hurried through. I am trying to arrange with friends in Schweiz to forward some supplies directly to you. I shall try too to get a telegram through to you if possible. I have asked the Foreign Office if they would like to have a special interview with you in Schweiz. It has made us very sad to hear of all your sufferings. I will give your messages to Allbutt and Mackenzie and Lewis. Thanks for your papers. We lost our dear boy, killed in Flanders. . .

^{Prof.} As Wenckeback says, this for the Viennese was the historical letter

which brought them their first ^{glance} ~~tidings~~ of hope, for 'under Osler's personal initiative the conditions existing in Vienna were brought before the public and relief work was soon started.' ^{As far as I know, Osler wrote to say,} ~~And on May 1st after hearing~~ that Professor Wenckeback's daughter had during the war been in charge of the transference of Austrian children to Holland, Osler writes:

We are doing everything possible to hasten the sending of food supplies, and we very soon hope to have a special committee to meet the Minister of Foreign Affairs and ask to have supplies specially sent to Vienna hospitals. The American Red Cross people, through Mr. Davison, are also stirring. I sent your former communications directly to the Foreign Office,

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and copies were ^{also} sent to influential people so that I hope they will have done good. I could not possibly go to Holland this spring, but I daresay that very likely a member of the "Fight the Famine Council" would be glad to meet you if you go there. Ask your daughter to write from Holland if we could do anything to help her with the ^[Austrian] children.

He had written to ^{Mr. Balfour} ~~the Foreign Office~~ as follows:

In view of the extreme seriousness of health conditions in Vienna, (of which I have first-hand information from Professor Wenckebach), and the danger which consequently menaces the public health not merely of German Austria but of the rest of Europe through the spread of epidemics and disease, I am venturing to approach you to ask for Government support for concerted medical action.

In particular, we feel that the hospitals of German Austria, which, owing to the depletion of their stores are at present unable to give their patients the treatment necessary to save their lives, should at once be supplied with medical appliances, condensed foods, and the ordinary hospital requirements. I should therefore be very much obliged if you would have the kindness to receive a deputation, including Sir Alfred Pearce Gould, Sir Thomas Barlow, and myself, who are anxious to lay before you the desirability of the immediate despatch of medical help and of hospital supplies, including suitable foods for underfed patients, to Vienna, and the allocation of a Government grant to facilitate this purpose.

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And received from the Foreign Office this somewhat discouraging reply:

Foreign Office,
May 8, 1919.

Dear Sir William I would with pleasure see you and your friends at any time about the situation in Vienna if I felt that I could be of the slightest use. But in the F. O. here we have nothing at this moment to say or to do with the despatch of relief in any form, to Vienna. This is done exclusively in Paris - by the organization in which our chief representative is Lord Robert Cecil; and all we do here is to act as a Post Office and pass on communications to others.

It is obvious that an Allied undertaking such as this can only be carried out from the spot where the Allied representatives are in constant session. When therefore Mr. Balfour suggests as he not infrequently does, that matters of this sort should be dealt with here, all he means is that he is not doing them himself, which is true. But the man who is doing them is there, not here. Yours &c.,

Curzon.

It was no easy task, and ere long Osler went to far as to organize a town meeting in Oxford to solicit local contributions, a procedure which in spite of his popularity met with no little criticism, for with many, Austria was still 'the enemy.' Indeed it was not until after Osler's death that a number of British Relief Committees got ac-

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tively to work in Vienna, though ^{individuals like} ~~industrious little~~ Miss Jebb of the 'Fight the Famine Fund', Hector Munro, and others had been ^{already} ~~abroad~~ on the ground; but the Austrians as a whole continue to ascribe their relief to the prompt and energetic action taken by Osler in response to Professor Wenckebach's letter, and to the publicity which he gave to the movement. Was there any other course to pursue when children were starving, with the governments slow to act, and the people at Versailles haggling over peace terms? As late as September 2nd Lord Robert Cecil ^{wrote} ~~writes~~ to Osler among others:

I have been so deeply impressed by the accounts which have been received of the mortality and suffering among the children of Germany due to their totally inadequate milk supply that I view with dismay the prospect of the immediate cession by Germany, in accordance with a provision contained in the Peace Treaty, of a number of their cows and goats. In this connection it has been suggested to me that something might be gained by laying before the Reparation Committee in Paris the enclosed memorial on the subject. As the prospect of its success must obviously depend upon the position and influence of the signatories I most earnestly hope that you may be willing to sign it.

June
1919*British Medical Association*

The three-day special meeting of the *B.M.A.* which Lady Osler despairingly mentioned in her letter, was held in London April 10-12 under the presidency of his brother-Regius of Cambridge; ~~and~~ for this reason Osler would have attended if for no other. It was arranged purposely for the medical officers of the Dominions and the U.S.A. who were in England and still in khaki and they made an enthusiastic gathering. There were special sessions on a number of questions which the war had brought to the fore; on influenza, presided over by Colonel Haven Emerson, U.S.A.; on public-health measures relating to venereal disease, presided over by Osler; on cardiovascular affections, presided over by James Mackenzie; on malaria, with Ronald Ross in the chair; and so on. And there were demonstrations of many sorts such as of the Air Force tests and of the reconstruction work at the military hospitals like that at ^{Shepherd's} ~~Shepard's~~ Bush. At this meeting also, a protest was made against 'the Dogs' Bill' which the antivivisectionists, now that the war was over, had reintroduced into Parliament, and Osler had some cogent remarks to

referring

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make on the subject, ~~to the~~ⁱⁿ effect, that ' he yielded to no one in his love for the dog, but he had a still greater love for his fellow-man; that there should be a monument in every city to the ideal dog for the work which his kind has done in saving life by becoming the subject of experiment.' ~~At~~ ^I At the Association dinner, where were gathered most of those who had been leaders in the R.A.M.C. during the war, Osler ^{was chosen to propose} ~~pre-~~posed the toast of "The Medical Services of the Navy, the Army, and the Air Force," and in the course of his remarks paid ~~a special~~ tribute to certain people he thought deserving of special honour; first of all to Lord Haldane for his far-sighted organization of the Territorial Forces and their hospital services; to Sir Alfred Keogh 'who luckily had come out of his job alive!,' to Sir John Goodwin 'who to the coat-of-arms of the War Office had added a pair of scissors with which forever to cut red tape!,' and above all to the nurses, adding that 'a procession of the Guards in Piccadilly would not particularly appeal to him, but he would like to see the nurses who had served in the Casualty Clearing

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Stations marching in columns of four through that thoroughfare.' His ideas regarding service tributes were not those of the ordinary run of people, and on his return to Oxford he writes the Mayor: "Sorry I cannot be at the meeting about a War Memorial. Put every halfpenny you get into decent houses for the poor."

With the post-graduate scheme in hand, April was a ^{busy} long month, yet he finds time for those acts which are by now so familiar. He wrote on April 15th to Sir Robert Falconer of the University of Toronto: "Graham's appointment has been very well received over here, and I am asking all the ^Pprofessors of ^Mmedicine in the United Kingdom to meet him next week at dinner at the Athenaeum." And as a sample of the invitation to his many guests, he writes Sir George Newman:

I hope you will be able to come on Wednesday and see the subject of this cruel Whole-time-Professor experiment. I think this the first man to be appointed in a British School, so that I am asking the teachers of Medicine from the U. K. and Ireland to meet him. . . Do come and give the young man your official blessing.

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So this much appreciated tribute was paid to Professor Duncan Graham,
 though Osler, alas, was again laid low with ^{another cold} ~~an infection~~ and must needs
 hand over the office of presiding to his friend H. D. Rolleston. ~~And~~
 As usual, under these ^{leaving housed,} ~~circumstances~~ he has time to write somewhat more
 lengthy letters to his friends, as this on April 24th to Mrs. Robert
 Brewster:

It just made me homesick to have your Island letter. When the private
 night-mails are running à la Kipling I shall land there and spend a month
 with you and the darlings. Perhaps next year! And we have had a wretched
 winter - so cloudy & cold but the weather makes no difference in this house.
 Tell Robert the 'Open Arms' as the boys call it are wide open. We never
 have had so many - and such interesting fellows. Poor Grace! she has man-
 aged wonderfully, considering the food conditions. Sue Chapin goes back
 this week with 'little Sue' (Revere) as we call her. She has been here
 2 1/2 years and has been really a trump - such splendid work. She has
 promised to call on you at Avalon, and takes out for you three of my special
 books, as I should like to feel they are with you, and then to go to Sylvia,
 and when she is a very very old woman she can deposit them some day in Re-
 vere's library. I have written the directions in each volume. I bought
 them in London 1881, had them bound & they have been in my bedside library
 all these years. They are - a Shelley, In Memoriam, & Shakespeare's sonnets.
 Sylvia will be amused.

We take about 200 American students into residence tomorrow. We are
 looking forward to a busy term & shall have very lively Sundays. Do you

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realize that I shall be 70 in July? I am already beginning to get congratulatory telegrams from medical societies. I really do not deserve to have lasted so long. I am struggling with an address which I hope you will like - as President of the Classical Association - a body composed of all the professors & teachers of Greek & Latin. Every other year they have an ordinary citizen - that is how I came in; but as Bryce, Morley, Balfour & Asquith are the predecessors I am a bit nervous. I have a good subject, The Old HumanitiesSm & the New Science. Did you ever hear of The Club? founded by Reynolds and Johnson in 1764, a dining club. It has been going on all these years, and the other day I had the delightful surprise of my election as a member. Members chiefly political and literary. I knew nothing of it & I suppose as Rosebery proposed me I went through.

Things are settling well here - the Peace Congress is a bit worrying. I think Wilson will work out all right. I am backing Uncle Ned on him! . . . Such a late spring - the garden is only just beginning to look alive. I am writing in bed - a slight cold. Grace sends love.

And the next day he writes his old Montreal colleague whom he has prevailed upon to write his reminiscences of the old days at McGill:

Dear Shepherd I am delighted with your account of the old school and our old teachers. It is well that someone who had intimate knowledge should have put down their main features. Why not print it privately? 'Twould be worth while. The pictures of Frazer^S and Billy Wright are so good - poor dear 'Old Communicate' [William Fraser]! What a rare old bird he was! Your description of Fenwick is excellent. What an old darling he was! I

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wonder where that Quebec Med. Jr. is which he 'appropriated' for me, & which I borrowed from Judge Tiersier of Quebec. All so glad about [Sir Auckland] Geddes, who has really been one of the great successes as a Minister. Fisher the Minister of Education was here for the week-end lately & says they are all so distressed at the loss and not a little chagrined, that he should turn down so distinguished a political career. I think he is wise. It looks as if Whitnell would go from here as Anatomist - a keen bright fellow & a good investigator. He has an extraordinary sense of humour. Mrs. W. is charming. I have not seen Tait the man who will probably go as Physiologist. Schafer speaks very highly of him. Wyatt Johnson has been with us for 3 weeks. He will take his Anat. & Phys. here ⁱⁿ the Phy. honour school. We will lick him into shape. I have given him my rooms at Ch. Church. He has brains & I hope may develop as his father did. Love to Cecil & Dorothy. I wish I could spend a week with you at Como. The Library thrives - something new or old every day. Ever yours, W^m OSLER.

[And on the envelope]: Best of all I think is the sketch of Dawson. What a rare man he was!

^{John Osler}
~~This interruption~~ ^{his indisposition} was doubtless providential and forced upon him

the realization that if he was to get his Classical Association Address

completed before ~~May 16th~~ ^{away from} he must postpone other things, such as a lec-

ture on ~~Walt Whitman~~ he had promised Sir Walter Raleigh to give for the

course in English Literature. ^{May} ~~So~~ On the 13th Lady Osler ^{wrote to tell her} writes her sister:

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W.O. finished the address last evening and it is in the hands of the Press reader today. The meeting will be Friday and Saturday, and the guests stay Sunday when Sir Arthur Evans gives an afternoon party at Boar's Hill. The tea guests have grown to 200, so I have had to put the whole business into the hands of Weeks and hope all will be well. Two years today since Revere caught his famous fish - what a glorious day it was! Miss Cummins is now working on Revere's books in the evenings, cataloguing them. They will go out in the autumn when the shipping is better and the library ready. I had an hour in St. John's ^[garden] this morning with Mr. Bidder. Never have I seen it so wonderful. The blue poppies will be out in a week. I sent several Americans in to look at it. . .

The presidency of the Classical Association was not a position to fill lightly, but Osler had a special object in the subject on which he had chosen to speak, and he had finally settled upon "The Old Humanities and the New Science" as his title.*

*British Medical Journal, July 5, 1919; Classical Association Proceedings, 1919; John Murray, Lond., 1919; reprinted by Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, 1920; etc.

Probably no other living man would have ventured to deal with this topic in Oxford of all places, and before a national body of classical scholars

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- nor could ^{now} ~~any~~ other man have ^{succeeded in seeing} ~~so clearly seen~~ both the Scylla and

~~Charybdis of his subject as to steer~~ an equally safe course ^{through the narrow of his subject;} ~~between them.~~

~~for~~ he knew the rocks well and had been in the same channel many times

before. But there had been other things to attend to besides the mere

composition of his address. Drawing upon the Bibliotheca Prima section

of his library he had selected for exhibition twenty examples to illus-

trate what were practically the milestones in the evolution of science

and medicine; volumes representing the contributions from Plato to

Newton. Also, in conjunction with R. T. Gunther, Science Tutor at Mag-

dalén, he had arranged for an exhibition of the early scientific ap-

paratus, much of it of great historical interest, long stored away in

obscure corners of the Oxford colleges. These objects were temporarily

loaned to the Bodleian where - of all places - they were displayed;

and a catalogue of the ancient instruments used or invented by Oxford

chemists, astronomers, physicists and mathematicians, of days gone by,

was prepared and printed for distribution.

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~~etans.~~ Nothing could have served better than this exhibition to recall to the mind of classical Oxford that she had had a glorious and nigh-forgotten past in experimental science.* As Mr. Gunther

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*The Oxford University Press has since published the first two volumes of a work entitled "Early Science in Oxford" by R. T. Gunther, which ^{provides} ~~gives~~ an elaborate, illustrated catalogue raisonné (1) of the chemical, (2) of the mathematical, and (3) of the astronomical; ~~which gives an elaborate account of these various instruments which illustrate the history of the early scientific studies, at the University.~~
made (have been unearthed and which

writes: "Osler entered into this with his customary enthusiasm and energy; and to have been brought thereby into daily contact with his magnetic and charming personality was a privilege even greater than the invaluable assistance he gave ^{in getting the collection together} for it was a joy to have to do with him!"

Of the address itself Sir Frederick Kenyon has ^{this to say:} ~~written that:~~

Its delivery was a notable occasion. As can be seen by those who read it, it was full of learning, of humour, of feeling, of eloquence, and it contained suggestions of real weight with regard to the interconnection of science and the humanities. But it gained much in delivery from the personality of the speaker. No one could hear it without being impressed with his width of outlook, by his easy mastery of great tracts of literature and learning, by his all-embracing humanity in the widest sense of the

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term. I hope it made many students of science anxious to extend their knowledge of classical literature; I know it made one student of the classics wish that he had a wider knowledge of natural science. Osler himself was a well-nigh perfect example of the union of science and the humanities, which to some of us is the ideal of educational progress; and his address embodied the whole spirit of this ideal.

in an early morning in May, is likely to be
Oxford ~~in May was of course~~ at her best, and Lady Osler writes:

I can hardly endure your not being here. Never has Oxford been more wonderful - never. The birds are making such a racket I had to get up - partly that, and partly - one of our guests is a Classical chap who takes an hour in the bathroom and I had to get in ahead of him. Everything has come out at once - apples, pears, lilacs and all else, so that the streets and park to say nothing of the town and river look as though Nature had gone quite mad. You should see the High, and corn-market - Benning simply has to creep by. The congestion is quite the same in the 'Open Arms'. I hardly know how Willie got the address done - he was so beset the early part of the week. . . . In the meantime the Classics sent word they would like to come Thursday on account of the early meetings on Friday, so they all arrived at 6 p.m. . . .

There were, in addition, other unexpected guests, among them ^{his former colleague} Dr. Welch

who, on his return from the Cannes Red Cross Conference, had reached Ox-

ford unaware of the Classical Association meeting:

and in continuing her letter later on
(Lady Osler goes on

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to describe the gathering at the Divinity School, 'with the sun filtering through the Exeter trees and those ancient windows - Willie standing in that black oak pulpit and, in his scarlet gown and velvet cap, looking medieval and wonderful.' And Professor Welch who had turned to Lady Osler when the address was over, to say: "That was Osler at his very best," has given this recollection of the occasion:

There have been physicians, especially in England, well known for their attainments as classical scholars, but I am not aware that since Linacre there has come to a member of the medical profession distinction in this field comparable to Osler's election to the presidency of the British Classical Association. It was in recognition, not merely of his sympathetic interest in classical studies and intimate association with classical scholars, but also of his mastery of certain phases of the subject, especially the bibliographical and historical sides, and the relation of the work and thought of classical antiquity to the development of medicine, science and culture.

Osler told me that he had never given so much time and thought to the preparation of an address as he did to this one. The occasion and the whole setting were to me most interesting and impressive. At noon the audience of distinguished scholars and guests assembled in the 'Divinity School,' the most beautiful assembly room in Oxford. At one end of the

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hall the Vice-Chancellor of the University presided and halfway down one of the sides was the high seat of the orator. The distinguished company, the brightly coloured academic gowns and hoods, the traditional ceremonies for such an occasion in Oxford, the figure of Osler himself, the charm and interest of the address and its cordial appreciation and reception by the audience, all combined to make a scene of brilliancy and delight which I shall always carry in my memory. At the close of the address the vote of thanks was moved by Sir Herbert Warren, the President of Magdalen College, who described Osler as the modern Galen, and was seconded by Sir John Barran, the member of Parliament from Leeds, in felicitous words of discriminating praise. The audience responded most enthusiastically.

I shall never forget the hour which I spent with Osler just before the address, in inspecting the wonderful collection of scientific instruments of historical interest assembled from the various colleges at Oxford, especially from Merton, the old home of science. With what delight he showed me and told me the histories and associations of the astrolabes, armillary spheres, orreries, telescopes, lenses, microscopes, books, etc., which he had caused to be gathered together. You will recognize a characteristic touch and thought of his in arranging for such an original exhibit to interest a meeting of scholars.

When not long after the address I said goodbye I little thought that it was to be our final parting, but I rejoice to have been with him then and to remember him as I saw him last on that triumphal day.

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It was not the first time by any means that Welch had heard Osler give one of his addresses, but this, given before an audience less accustomed to hearing him speak, reached a wider public causing no little stir.

And as ^{his} ~~that~~ 'old and affectionate friend' J. Beattie Crozier, the author of "The History of Intellectual Development" wrote him shortly after:

"You have knocked me, the professional philosopher, out of the running altogether, and while holding tight to your own sceptre as a physician, have snatched away mine as well. Bad man!" About all they could get out of Osler in reply to such eulogism was that 'the Classical people seemed pleased to be scolded, and I had to poke a little fun at the Science men.'

But this was only the beginning of a three-day session, and the Association promptly devoted itself to a prolonged discussion of Greek curricula in schools until it was time for tea at 13 Norham Gardens, of which the person chiefly concerned writes:

I was told to expect 200 - so I employed Weeks the caterer person to do it and everything was very nice indeed except the waitresses who were dressed in bright green! and no caps! But it was a glorious afternoon and

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everyone outside. Marion was daughter of the house and did her duty nobly. I asked the American officers who were doing classics and they seemed to enjoy themselves. Thank Goodness that's done. And now for the Text-book. I had arranged a nice trip starting Monday in the car for Lyndhurst and on to Lulworth the next morning for the week. Willie seemed much pleased, but has just announced he can't go - must be in London two days. I am in despair and can make no more plans to go away. . .

And of events later on, she adds:

I forgot to tell you that Willie and the Vice Chancellor had an 'At Home' for the Classics at the Ashmolean - Friday evening. I had to go but escaped from the crowd and got in a quiet corner by myself, unseen, for nearly half an hour - everyone was congratulating me on 'Sir William's remarkable knowledge.' I thought it was a pity that so wise a Dr-man had shown so little wisdom in selecting so big a jackass for a wife. However - perhaps with his hospitable inclinations his house might not have been as comfortably arranged for guests had he selected an intelligent - artistic - sloppy wife. That's my one consolation.

If having a home that attracted people was a consolation she had it as a continuous performance just now, with 200 Americans in residence in Oxford, and on the Monday after the Association meeting Osler writes:

Strenuous days here - so many Americans & we are trying to see as much of them as possible. I wish you could have come on to the terrace

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yesterday afternoon - 25 splendid fellows, from all parts. It is such a pleasure to see them. Wonderful weather at last and Oxford is in its glory, but the fine days bring sadness as thoughts come thick about the laddie & his love of the out-door life.

No Lyndhurst or Lulworth with this sort of thing going on, and though undergraduates and Rhodes scholars might be side-stepped, a glimpse at his crowded engagement-book and a knowledge of his methods shows him as usual to be otherwise deeply involved. In the very midst of the Classical Association meeting he had written to Adami saying: "Wednesday next at the Historical Section W. F. Smith reads his paper on Rabelais - I hope you will be able to come. Do you know of any special Rabelais students who should be included?" In fact with almost every meeting of this sort he was apt to engage himself to such an extent by inviting others, that he was in duty bound to attend, when otherwise he might well enough have spared himself the effort. For ^{special} ~~occasions~~ such as this, as well as for other occasions, there were dinners to be arranged for - one in Falconer Madan's honour, for example - and as Osler seemed to be the one ^{most likely to originate} ~~who originated~~ the idea of these tributes, the duty of making the arrangements, gladly accepted, usually de-

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volved upon him. It consequently ^{Sure a feeling} ~~is something~~ of a relief to find him at a gathering which demanded no preparation on his part, namely of the Roxburghe Club on June 3rd, of which he has left this memorandum:

This was the first dinner since the war. Rosebery could not come - ill. Lord Aldenham was in the Chair, and in order round the table Lord Ilchester, John Murray, Churchill, Cockerell, Osler, Kenyon, Hagberg Wright, Hornby and Yates Thompson. The toast of the club and its founders was drunk and we toasted Yates Thompson on the success of his sale held today, 30 items, \$52,000! . . .

He had been drawn into a project to erect what was to be known as 'the American Hospital in Great Britain,' a quasi-memorial to the services rendered by the American medical officers attached to the British army, and he writes at length to Lord Reading who had accepted the chairmanship, giving in detail what he thought should be the policies of such an institution.

Another position which he had accepted is ^{mentioned in} ~~recalled by~~ a note to D'Arcy Power which says: "Singer tells me that you have a paper on the Botanical Society. Could you not give it to us at the Ashmolean of which I happen this year to be President?" This note recalls that at the beginning of his scientific life the first society to which he was elected was the Montreal Natural History Society, and that the first academic position he had been.

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offered was the Professorship of Botany at McGill. And so, near the end of his life, even though botany and its allied subjects had no claim upon him other than because of his interest in its historical aspect, he nevertheless was chosen President of the Ashmolean Natural History Society in Oxfordshire. His successor in this position, Mr. G. Claridge Druce, at the same time Secretary of the British Botanical Society, writes that Osler had chosen as the subject of his presidential address, to be given in January 1920, "Notes on the Life and Correspondence of William Withering":

It had seemed to him a good opportunity to draw attention to one who was not only a great botanist but a great doctor; for the use of digitalis in medicine we owe to him, and though curiously enough he did not seem to be acquainted with its action on the heart, yet it was in anasarca, often one of the results of heart disease - that he made many cures, and brought foxglove into repute. Withering's "Arrangements of British Plants," 1776, was the chief British botanical text-book for many years. It was through Osler's intuitive knowledge that a copy of Sibthorp's "Flora Oxoniensis" was secured, which was full of notes of Ewelme plants. These were found to be by Randolph, Bishop of Oxford, 1798, and they have been recently published in our Annual Report. Though we cannot claim Osler as a botanist, he had a liking for it, especially on the historic side, and shortly before his death he was making inquiries in regard to the earliest evidence of a dried plant other than those in the Egyptian offerings.

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May and June also saw the usual succession of meetings; of the Oxford and Reading Branch of the B. M. A. over which he had presided for the past six years; of the Editorial Board of the Medical History of the War at Adastral House when he with Sir Wilmot Herringham and Colonel T. R. Elliott were appointed a sub-committee to deal with 'Medicine'; meetings in regard to the restoration of the Louvain Library; the 'Commemoratio Annua Fr. Rogeri Bacon' on June 11th; a meeting in the Oxford Town Hall on the 13th to raise funds for starving Europe, at which he presided and said that 'as human beings they were face to face with a humanitarian problem, and now that the war was over should prove their Christianity and empty their purses to save their starving fellows.' There was also a meeting of the Council of the B. M. A. at which a 'Liquor Reform Memorial' was unanimously passed and submitted to the Government to this effect,

In view of the great advantages to the efficiency and well-being of the nations, and to public health and order, which have followed the restrictions placed on the sale of intoxicating liquor during the war, the undersigned earnestly request his Majesty's Government to maintain these restrictions until a permanent measure of reform has been enacted by Parliament.

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Osler, however, was not a teetotaler, as is evident from ^{his} letter to The Times of July 18th, in which, after admitting that the majority of the people of the United States have learned that the work of life is as well or better done without the use of alcohol in any form, he goes on to say: "Many wise men doubt the wisdom of total prohibition. There are virtues not worth having, and among them is that 'fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed' upon which Milton pours his scorn."

These among many other incidents of the next few weeks, not forgetting the spring examinations, may be recorded. ~~No wonder he writes in another letter to The Times, expostulating with someone who had asked "What Did Walt Whitman Teach?" - Whitman who had 'taught the average man the glory of his daily work, whether with hand or brain.'~~ Sundays alone on his crowded engagement-block were kept blank, with what result has been seen. So to the Professor of Arabic in Cambridge: →

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Dear Browne: Yes, I shall be at home on Sunday [28th]. Saturday I have to preside at a meeting in London [Tuberculosis Congress] in the morning, and attend one here in the afternoon and dine with the Electro-therapeutics in the evening. Please lunch with us on Sunday and dine with me at Ch. Ch. in the eve. Can I get out anything for you at Bodley?

On June 24th he writes to Mrs. H. B. Chapin:

Dearest Sister Sue How I wish you could have been here today - such a glorious Encaenia. How you would have enjoyed it. And to see Sister G. sitting in the seat of honour at the All Souls luncheon between Gen. Haig & Admiral Beattis & looking just the part - 'twas splendid. Poor dear Isaac! When these things come it adds to the burden of the sorrow to think how he would have appreciated it. Do have a good rest, & take care of yourself. Yrs W. G. will write full details of the Am. Invasion of No 13 today. Such a nice group of men

[And 'G.' writes in turn]: I am sending the papers. We were in an uncertainty about the Hoovers as no message came about Mrs. H. - but his wires said we so supposed it was Mrs., but she is in California and did not come. I was glad to think I needn't go, and asked Nancy Astor to take my place - but the Vice-Chancellor sent another ticket and asked me to be there. So I went of course. Pershing with General Biddle and three aides arrived at 10.45, also Col. Lloyd Griscom with an aide, also Mr. Hoover with a Captain Somebody - three big U. S. Army cars. Also an orderly to

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polish up the General, - you would have laughed to see the blue room and your bathroom. Twice during the day General Pershing was brushed and polished. It was a very cold morning and I had a nice wood fire in the drawing-room over which they all clung gratefully. There were sandwiches, coffee and drinks in the dining-room and they had a good meal as they had left town at 8 o'clock. Nancy arrived in the midst of it and kissed the General affectionately and said: "Do let's dance - you are the best dancer in the American Army." We dressed the degree-people up in scarlet gowns and velvet hats. And all went down in cars - Wanda had a seat with me. It was really a wonderful sight. Lord Curzon was gorgeous. The Prince did not come but the degree was given in absentia. Pershing had a splendid reception as did Mr. Hoover - but Haig was the hero. I never heard such a racket. Joffre looks old and sad - worn out I fancy. As the big doors were opened at the Sheldonian ~~Joffre was the first to enter~~ ^{the first to enter,} "God Save the King" was played and as Joffre stepped in he saluted. And one could see all the others in procession behind him - it was a gorgeous mass of scarlet and black, with touches of blue from French uniforms and M. A. hoods. After the ceremony the All Souls guests walked across the street into the big Quad. At the gate the plan of the table was handed you, and you can fancy my surprise when I saw Sir Douglas Haig was to take me in, and Sir David Beattie on my right. I said I felt I must be Great Britain, I was so protected - Army and Navy on either side and France and America in front. I got on very well with my friends. General Haig said everything that was charming about Bob Bacon. He said he had just had a letter from Billie H. telling him everything, and appreciated so much his writing. Then I had such a delightful time -

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the best of the day. Wright, our All Souls friend, stood just behind us - looking after the wine. I told Sir Douglas that there had not been a better warrior in the Army's forces, so when we got up Sir Douglas spoke to him - shook hands and thanked him. Wright nearly cried, and I did - I could see him carrying those poor things down the hospital steps. It is an awful thing to say, but I was much happier when the war was on and I was really helping. Now everything is upset, and fuss on all sides - strikes and fights - and daily horrors in Europe. Mr. Hoover was most depressing about the winter outlook, and had to leave directly after luncheon as he was called back - Huns holding up food for Poland. After luncheon General Pershing dashed over to Blenheim to see the place, etc., then back to the University garden-party at Wadham, then for a walk, and back here. He said he would like a nap, so I tucked him up on the blue-room sofa - an aide on the bed - and Griscom on your bed. At 7.30, having been dusted and polished again they all went to dine at Christ Church and left by motor for London at 10. - and back to France at dawn. So that's all - such a business!

Osler must have ^{got wind of the fact} ~~known for some time~~ that he was to be victimized

by his friends in some way on the occasion of his seventieth birthday.

These things can hardly be kept secret, but he at least ^{gave no intimation} ~~did not intimate~~

that he had any knowledge of what was going on. However, in one of her

letters his wife writes: "The seventieth-birthday business is out - no

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~~no~~ longer a secret, and Willie laughs though I thought he would be furious."

He had in fact by now been formally approached on the subject by the Oxford representative of the committee and writes to Adami: "Singer suggests that Friday [July 11th] after the meeting [Royal Society of Medicine] is a good time. Rolleston of course should be asked officially for permission.

It's wonderfully kind of all of you men to have taken so much trouble in

all this time of sorrow and anxiety." ^{was this quite out of mind} And to Dr. Charles Singer himself

on the preceding Tuesday:

Dear Rabanus Maurus So glad you have sciatica - 'twill do you good. Let me commend the writings of Brother Heape to you - just suited to ease a bodily affliction. You may remember how the 'Divine cloude of Unknowinge' comforted Andreas Perforatus in the Fleet Prison. I have been in bed since Sunday fighting a cold - so far with success.

Thank Mrs Singer for Levy's address. I must write him about Avicenna. In '14 we had almost completed arrangements for the repair of the Prince's tomb at Hamadan. We must take it up again. I have written Neligan, Phy. to the Embassy, to find out just how far he had proceeded, i.e. whether he really had the Shah's consent. Do you not think it should be done under the auspices of the Hist. Sec. R.S.M.? - possibly too the French Soc. He was a great man and the intellectual father of your friend Albertus magnus. Yours. W.O. I have a sure cure for sciatica but I hesitate to mention it at this early stage of the disease.

It was his turn to submit to the sort of thing he was accustomed to engineer for others, and at this very time he with James Bryce, John Morley, Frederic Harrison and others was planning to pay a tribute to John Beattie Crozier on his seventieth birthday, nearly coinciding with his own. But in Osler's case there was a presentation to be made, so his attendance must be assured, and he casually writes: "They are birthdaying me this week in London."

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Aet. 70.

Such an outburst of expressions of affection as Osler's seventieth birthday called forth ^{has rarely if ever been exceeded.} ~~few people have ever received.~~ The medical journals in the United States, in Great Britain, and her Dominions, issued special 'Osler numbers', and from near and far people vied with one another in paying him loving tributes. Only once or twice before had 13 Norham Gardens been so nearly swamped by letters and telegrams and cables from old and young, from within and without the profession. As Abraham Jacobi wrote: "Seventy years, or any age, is no period for you. You are eminently the one, the indispensable man in Medicine - the indispensable man! Everybody feels that, knows that. The world is crowded with nonentities, but even they realize your superiority and feel grateful for your existence. So do I. Keep on." To most of these messages as usual he attempted to do justice, long-hand, but so beset was he that recourse finally was had to a formula: "Your birthday greetings warmed my septuagenarian heart - many thanks."

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Even before the day arrived, editorials began to appear in the papers, and on the 5th the Lancet said:

It is only fifteen years ago that Sir William Osler was appointed Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford. If his friends on both sides of the Atlantic - and no man has more, or more attached friends, most of whom feel that he is their own private crony - had not united at this moment to give him certain anniversary volumes as an expression of their affection, and by so doing revealed his birthday, no one would have credited him with three-score years and ten. True, he has long been before the medical public and is steeped in the wisdom of the ages; more than twenty years ago a distinguished foreigner, meeting a Johns Hopkins physician inquired, "And how is your Osler? He must be centuries old." But he is always sympathetically of the same age as the person with whom he is talking; indeed he often remarks when anyone's age is discussed, "Oh, he is our age." Many a true word is spoken in jest, and as a practical joker of no mean ability the Regius Professor is well able to hold his own with even the youngest of us - but that is another story. . . [And after enumerating his many services, the editorial continues]: But in spite of all these multifarious activities no one can think of the man without recalling his love for books and their authors. As President of the Bibliographical Society, as an active curator of Bodley's Library, and as a judicious collector of incunabula and other considered treasures, he has enough work to fill up the spare time of most young men. Of his favourite authors, Sir

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Thomas Browne, Montaigne, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the Egerton Yorrick Davises, father, ~~and~~ son, and grandson (a family whom it is hardly an exaggeration to say he has rescued from oblivion) he probably most closely resembles the Knight of Norwich. There are few if any medical men who can give such charming addresses, full of kindly advice and graceful humour. To read his 'Aequanimitas' is a never-failing remedy for bad temper. Of his infinite variety there is much more to say, but this we hope to be here to do on the 100th birthday which is his by hereditary right; and in the meanwhile we may recall Oliver Wendell Holmes's prophetic dictum: "To be seventy years young is sometimes far more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old."

A year before, while the war was still in progress, a committee ^{had been} ~~was~~ organized with William H. Welch ^{as} Chairman, and Casey A. Wood ^a Secretary, with the object of issuing a memorial volume in honour of this birthday. To this many of his old friends and pupils to the number of 150(?) had found themselves able to contribute, and hundreds more in other times and circumstances would have been glad to. As it was, the proposed volume under the editorship of Charles L. Dana of New York had ~~grown~~ ^{grown} into two volumes, and the publisher, beset by printers' strikes and the uncertainty of the times, had been unable to complete his task, so that dummy volumes necessarily had to

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be presented when the day arrived, but this made little difference. It

*The actual presentation volumes did not reach Oxford till Dec. 27th when Calverley
too ill to see them.*

was a very brief and touching ceremony, before a small and devoted gather-

ing. Clifford Allbutt presided, saying:

To me as one of your oldest friends in time, and perhaps oldest in age, has fallen the honour of announcing our celebration of your seventieth birthday - one anniversary of many years of superb service in two kindred nations and for the world. The last lustrum of your three-score and ten, if now merged in victory, has been a time of war and desolation, of broken peoples and stricken homes; yet through this clamour and destruction your voice, among the voices in the serener air of faith and truth, has not failed, nor your labour for the sufferings of others grown weary. . . .

And Osler in his reply made it seem almost as though they had gathered to do Allbutt honour rather than himself. Fearing that his emotion would be too great to let him speak impromptu, he read the following reply; even so, his voice breaking two or three times to such an extent that it seemed he might not recover himself, but he managed somehow to get through with it:

. . . There is no sound more pleasing than one's own praises, but surely an added pleasure is given to an occasion which graces the honourer as much as the honoured. To you, Sir Clifford, in fuller measure than to any

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in our generation has been given a rare privilege: to you, then young, the old listened as eagerly as do now, when old, the young. Like Hai ben Yagzan of Avicenna's allegory, you have wrought deliverance to all with whom you have come in contact.

To have enshrined your gracious wishes in two goodly volumes appeals strongly to one the love of whose life has been given equally to books and to men. A glance at the long list of contributors, so scattered over the world recalls my vagrant career - Toronto, Montreal, London, Berlin and Vienna as a student; Montreal, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Oxford as a teacher. Many cities, many men. Truly with Ulysses I may say, "I am a part of all that I have met."

Uppermost in my mind are feelings of gratitude that my lot has been cast in such pleasant places and in such glorious days, so full of achievement and so full of promise for the future. Paraphrasing my lifelong mentor - of course I refer to Sir Thomas Browne - among multiplied acknowledgments I can lift up one hand to heaven that I was born of honest parents, that modesty, humility, patience and veracity lay in the same egg, and came into the world with me. To have had a happy home in which unselfishness reigned, parents whose self-sacrifice remains a blessed memory, brothers and sisters helpful far beyond the usual measure - all these make a picture delightful to look back upon. Then to have had the benediction of friendship follow one like a shadow, to have always had the sense of comradeship in work, without the petty pin-pricks of jealousies and controversies, to be able to rehearse in the sessions of sweet, silent thought the experiences of long years without a single bitter memory - to have and to do all this fills the heart with gratitude. That three transplantations have been borne successfully is a witness to the brotherly

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care with which you have tended me. Loving our profession, and believing ardently in its future, I have been content to live in and for it. A moving ambition to become a good teacher and a sound clinician was fostered by opportunities of an exceptional character, and any success I may have attained must be attributed in large part to the unceasing kindness of colleagues and to a long series of devoted pupils whose success in life is my special pride.

To a larger circle of men with whom my contact has been through the written word - to the general practitioners of the English-speaking world - I should like to say how deeply their loyal support has been appreciated. Nothing in my career has moved me more, pleased me more, than to have received letters from men at a distance - men I have never seen in the flesh - who have written to me as a friend. And if in this great struggle through which we have passed sorrow came where she had not been before, the blow was softened by the loving sympathies of many dear friends. And may I add the thanks of one who has loved and worked for our profession, and the sweet influences of whose home have been felt by successive generations of students?...

To the Committee and the Editors I am deeply indebted for the trouble they have taken in these hard days, and to the publisher, Mr. Paul Hoeber, for his really pre-war bravery; and our special thanks are due to you, kind friends - and in saying this also I would associate Lady Osler with myself - who have graced this happy ceremony with your presence.

Perhaps Lady Osler alone appreciated the added strain he was under,

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for he was not at all well. Indeed, as an entry in his account-book tells: "At the College Club dinner sat in a thro draught and got chilled & all week felt as if a cold had come on. Tues and Wed felt seedy and stayed in bed. Friday to town to the Assoc. of Br. Phy. and to the presentation of the birthday volumes. At the meeting in the afternoon I began to cough and by 8 had a high fever." So from a sick-bed he writes on July 15th to Sir Humphry Rolleston:

Thanks for all you did in connection with the Anniversary only we did miss you. Friday night my Pneumococcus struck in and I had a high fever and incessant cough & have been in bed ever since. No local signs no pain, but a great deal of irritative cough. Better today No fever. I cannot of course be at the Fellowship Meeting. I do not see how the Fellowship can do all we wish and aim at in our P. G. scheme, which is or should be a big educational and social combine. We should have to go to the schools again to ask for reorganization. It is a complicated business. Could we defer? Re. Am. Hospital. I have written Lord Reading. Money is everything No good starting without one million at least. Love to Lady Rolleston and tell her a kind friend sent the 1859 Fitzgerald Omar as a birthday present. I am crazy of course. Yours,

W. O.

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So there were other gifts besides the anniversary volumes; and, propped up in bed he writes his usual succession of letters, as the following to F. H. Garrison:

Delighted with your anthology idea, particularly as it falls in with an old wish of mine. I will look over the MSS with great interest and I am sure the Press will take it. The sale would be limited in England but in the U. S. there should be a fair demand. I shall be much excited to look over the list and will cut out - if any need! So interested in what you say about Lander, to whom my poor laddie was devoted. An original ed. of the Pericles and Aspasia he brought back with him from the Semme trenches. I must look up the volumes as I should like you to have them, with his book-plate. The Presentation was made by Allbutt, who looked and spoke as only my brother Regius can. He is unique. The volumes look very handsome. My friends have just showered presents of all sorts - the most interesting bibliographically, the 1859 Omar, presentation copy from Fitzgerald to Max-Müller, and the Regimen Contra Pestilentium 14?? from some of my Colophon Club friends. → Best of all have been the loving greetings from dear friends in the profession whose devotion has made my life so full and so happy.

And to Alfred W. Pollard:

Dear Brother Colophonist You will be interested to know how your President survived his admission into the ranks of the 'last lappers.'

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From our standpoint the birthday was a great success. The anniversary volumes with articles from 150 contributors are themselves a direct encouragement to bibliography. As for the Regimen sanitatis, which you and others so kindly sent, please accept my hearty thanks for such a gem - both author and printer have already stimulated my interest, which is the test of the value of any incunabula. An untouched 1859 Omar inscribed by Prof. Max-Müller with the compliments of the translator was a pleasant surprise on the breakfast table. A present of the snuff-box of our lamented friend Bannister, whose Vatican mixture had stimulated the pineal gland of all the chief continental bibliographers, has induced your President to take up a habit of such undoubted progeric value.

That a well ordered 70th birthday may have all the advantages of the final exitus is shown by the July number of the Johns Hopkins Hospital Bulletin, which leaves nothing to be said. The end of the number brought the thrill of the day, when I saw revealed the utter shamelessness of my life - and the true reason of our Secretary's attachment to me! A bibliography of my writings extending to 740 articles! An illuminated address from the staff at Bodley, (not to have worshipped at whose shrine I count the day lost) the promise of a medico-literary anthology in my honour, with greetings from scores of dear friends helped to complete a very happy day . . .

The issue of the Johns Hopkins Hospital Bulletin to which he refers, contained a series of twenty papers* written in a most admiring, friendly,

*Among them was the sonnet beginning: "William the Fowler, Guillaume l'Oiseleur" written by Basil Gildersleeve in his eighty-eighth year, and of which Prof. C. R. Lanman writes: "As I am

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greatly interested in the lore of surnames I had often wondered what 'Osler' might mean, and now it appears to be a name that I have been familiar with since I began the study of Sanscrit under Whitney at Yale in 1871, for the 'Laws of Man' were edited by a French scholar, Loiseleur Deslongchamps, in 1830; that is, by 'Fowler Longfields.' So here you are."

and sometimes amusing spirit, ending with the Herculean effort of Miss

Minnie Blogg to assemble his bibliography - a list of 773 titles! -

which he hands on to Dr. Cowley, Bodley's Librarian, saying: "Here is a

tragic record I should like to have buried in the Bodleian."

"It would have been so much better if my pneumococcus had carried me off," Osler jokingly said one day, pointing to the volume as it lay on his bed; "so dramatic; and what a relief to all those good fellows who have written my obituary notices - they would have been saved so much trouble." Unquestionably it was an embarrassment, and countless similar tributes appeared in various journals other than the Bulletin, lay and professional, to which Osler set himself to make proper acknowledgment.

I just loved your reminiscences in the surprise number of the J.H.B.,
[he writes to H. M. Thomas] only I wish you had said something of your

*Cf. p. 57-58. b. b.
says 7740.
773 must be the
number one.*

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father and all the good work he did. We do not half realize (& I know it has never been sufficiently acknowledged) - what spade work he did in those early days. I am glad you have put on record those early experiences with Counce & others. It was a great group. And what a mercy from heaven that such a man as Welch started the ball. It might have been so different. Think how he won over all the local people. We have had a great birthday, and but for the sorrow in our hearts such a joy. I am really surprised to have lasted on in this way, for I must have driven the machine hard in those early days.

Osler's personal memoranda of his illness show that he had a very sharp attack, like his old ones, of bronchial pneumonia which left him very shaky for some weeks. On the 20th he wrote to Dr. MacAlister: "Dear J. Y. W. I have been laid up ever since the 12th - an anaphylactic birthday bronchial shock! but am all right again - up today for the first time. For heavens sake 'reck your own rede' and get away. What the D. would the R. S. M. do without you." This was advice he was ^{now} more prepared to follow himself, as indicated in a letter of the same date to Thomas McCrae:

Dear Mac Three things: First, forgiveness for my shocking, inexcusable, unpardonable neglect, but just ask that dear Amy to inter-

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cede - though your dear kind letter and that generous article in the July Bulletin show me that your mind is still unhardened. Grace will have told you what a racket and a mess I have been in, but no excuses - it has been just a miserable shifting procrastination of which I am very much ashamed, particularly after all you have done.

Secondly, I hope to get my share of the Text-book finished this fall. We go to Jersey on the 28th & I shall have six weeks free for the Nervous System and some tags that are left over. . . .

Fully conscious of his procrastination, he nevertheless found it difficult to put his mind on the revision even after they reached Jersey. It was not entirely a matter of his illness, but rather that other things interested him more, and as years went on he ^{had} found it increasingly difficult to detach himself from his old associations. Dr. John Ruhräh, at this time President of the old Maryland 'Faculty', had casually mentioned the fact in an obscure paragraph of his presidential address that ten years had passed since the erection of the new building and that it was time a renewed effort should be made to clear the 'Faculty' of its debt. Though many had heard the address when delivered, and still others

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had probably read it, it was characteristic that Osler 3000 miles away should have been the first to act upon the suggestion, and out of a clear sky came a cheque for \$1000 which served as a campaign document to start a list of subscriptions for the object which Dr. Ruhräh had suggested. Even though Osler said in his note: "It is not a very good time to raise money - but it is really a worse time to save it." The episode was a good example of his adherence to his favourite adage, 'The flighty purpose never is o'ertook unless the deed go with it,' for he had written Ruhräh earlier in the day promising to make a payment in October, and promptly followed it by another letter saying: "On second thoughts I am sending a cheque at once." But there were other things less impulsive and which required more thought: things which had to do with the progressive movement in medical education not only in England but elsewhere. As a member of the Treasury Grants Committee he wrote on the 24th to Sir George Newman:

I had hoped to be able to come up tomorrow, but I am so hoarse that I think it would be safer not to. I have written to McCormick (Sir

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William] urging that the Committee (~~University Grants Committee~~) approve of the immediate formation of clinical units at Bart's, London, and University College and St. Thomas's. The Royal Free people should also be encouraged to proceed at once. They will need complete reorganization within the next year to meet the heavy clinical demands of the big classes that are coming on.

And from the programme in London he turns to his old school at McGill and sends to his ^{former} ~~old~~ friends and colleagues there some very plain talk, enclosing to each of them an open letter written to the Dean regarding the organization of 'up-to-date hospital university clinics at McGill.' "The matter is urgent if the school is to keep in the van. Do give it your careful consideration, as the matter is vital to the interests of all concerned. It will need whole-hearted and wise management." And in the 'open letter' he urges a reorganization on modern lines, with more sympathetic coöperation between the university and the hospitals; a self-denying ordinance 'on the part of the men at present in charge,' and a public appeal for funds, saying that 'it is a citizens' affair.' But nevertheless on his own responsibility he writes a personal note to

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Mr. Rockefeller, laying the situation before him and urging that the General Education Board take the matter under consideration.

Meanwhile, little was escaping him that had any bearing upon his library and ^{the} catalogue raisonné, for in one of the volumes, a novel entitled "The Modern Sphinx" which recalls his Montreal days he had written: "I was interested in Barry, as our old Dean, Dr. G. W. Campbell, used to tell us about her when she was stationed in Canada. She lived in the house at the corner of Durocher and Sherbrooke Sts - the one with pillars. Dr. C. said she was very popular, but a martinet and lived a secluded life. He knew her well and attended her professionally but had no suspicion that she was a woman." And so on the 26th he writes to Sir Edward Worthington:

You may have seen that a play - "Dr. James Barry" was produced at a matinee at the St. James Theatre. She was a very remarkable character, and I have been interested in her as we used to hear such remarkable tales about her in Montreal. She died in 1865, and the statement is that the report of the autopsy is in the War Office records, Victoria Street - at least, so Colonel Rogers says in a preface to the book "The

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Modern Sphinx." Keogh thinks the report would be in the Central Registry of the War Office. I should like very much indeed a copy if it is possible to get it.

On August 1st they left for a ^{Sir W. W. W.}sojourn at Jersey, and that evening he writes to Archie Malloch: "Mrs. Your Aunt - the kind lady met us. The pink cottage is very nice & we shall be very happy ^{St Brulader Bay} if no one calls. The sea & sands & rocks are just right." And Lady Osler writing the same evening says: "We have two writing-tables prepared - one ^{for}with the Nervous System and one ^{for}with Walt Whitman, ready for hard work." There is ^{no}doubt as to which of the two ^{tables}proved the most alluring and served to keep McCrae and the publishers of the Text-book uneasy, for he had not only promised Sir Walter Raleigh to give a lecture on Whitman before his class in English Literature, but had also ^{agreed to speak}~~promised to give one~~ at the City Temple on November 6th on the same subject; ^{then}which led him into a long correspondence with many people ^{- those}who ~~not only~~ knew the poet, ^{and those who knew}but also with ~~those who knew~~ Horace Traubel of whose book Weir Mitchell had remarked that 'it was less a biography than an autobiography of the biographer.'

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It was a peaceful spot they had found, 'with no telephone, no troops arriving; a glorious coast, bathing chez nous at any tide.' And, perhaps more important than all else, 'not a soul to speak to.' In a few days he wrote to G. C. Shattuck that he was "sweating out a new edition of his text-book long over-due; had knocked the Nervous System to pieces and written in ^{some} ~~a~~ new sections!' But the other work-table, without doubt, proved the greater lure, and the Walt Whitman lecture, never to be delivered, was written out so far as it could be without books of reference, before the Text-book revision had its just dues.

It began with this ^{incomplete} paragraph:

Chapter [] of (George Eliot's) [] has as its motto "Surely whoever speaks to me in the right voice him or her I shall follow as the waters follow the moon, silently, with fluid steps, anywhere around the globe." Those were the happy days when the novels of the great Englishwoman came out in parts and those were days when men were really young and impressionable. Beneath the lines were "Leaves of Grass; Walt Whitman." The lines stuck like a burr, the name of the book and the author vanished completely.

And from this he went on to give not only his personal reminiscences of the

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good grey poet but an appraisal of his work.

His early letters from St. Brelades confess that 'the last few years have been a heavy strain - not only the heart-breaking loss of Revere but a multiplicity of cares and anxieties associated with the war.' They were near enough to France to see after sundown the ^{many} flashlights ^{along the French Coast, and} ~~at St. Brienc, and~~ though their loss was brought home to them with increased poignancy during ^{their} this first vacation ^{since the war} ~~alone~~, they had chosen to fight it out in seclusion and, after all, rest was what he needed to put him on his feet once more.

The day's work he had planned was interrupted only by an occasional frolic with 'Cissie Le Bas' a black-and-white spaniel ~~that~~ he spoiled by over-feeding; ^{also} ~~and~~ by visits from a little girl the daughter of a neighbouring plumber at St. Hillers, ^{Hellers' Ok.} who could sing a plaintive French ballad and who would accompany him on his walks. Their evenings were given over to reading aloud and he writes: "Have you seen the Cambridge "History of American Literature" of which vols. I & II are out! We have been so interested & have got thro both vols in the evenings. Also the "Story of the Sat. Eve. Club" by Emerson is A. 1. Such good descriptions of the old Boston worthies."

So in this out-of-the-way but restful place far from a troubled world,

? right spelling

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no longer bedevilled by countless calls upon his time and sympathies,
 he began to regain his appetite and spirits: "Stout, twice a day! - to
and the lobster,
 say nothing of 10 piglets & 7 puppies to play with, & 28000 tomato-plants
 within sight!" And by the time the vacation is over he writes to his
 'Dearest Sister Sue' : "This place has been a great success. You should
 see Grace galloping in the sea! We have scarcely missed a day. Only
 3 bad ones in the 5 weeks. I have got back, I am sure, the 21 pounds I
 had lost, and no longer see my ribs. Make John read that History of Am-
 erican Literature about which I wrote. We have been so interested. The
 textbook is booming - so Sister is happy. I am a new man - & my handsprings
 in the sea are much admired."

During all this quiet time he had been catching up on the corres-
 pondence which had grown out of his having been somewhat 'over-birthdayed',
 as he expressed it. *But there were many letters on other subjects:*
~~There were more letters;~~ to his McGill friends in
 which he continued to urge the university authorities to take action on
 the hospital problems in Montreal; to Wenckebach through whom supplies and

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funds were being sent to relieve the starving Austrian children; to Dr. Cruikshank regarding the winter's programme of the Historical Section of the R.S.M. for which he promises a paper on The Centenary of Laennec's Traité; to others urging them to attend the B.M.A. meeting at Cambridge in 1920 for, since Allbutt was President, they must make it a great occasion; to Mr. John Ballinger, who says of Osler that 'he was the kind of man who could put his hand on the elbow of any other without offense and lead him where he ^{would,} will,' asking:

What about the Celtic summer school next year: (1) a group of the best teachers from all over the world, six at least as strong cards, (2) attractive courses of popular lectures in Celtic literature, (3) intensive technical courses 4 - 6 weeks duration.

Get the Celtic Committee to arrange the programme and select the men and form a budget. I think the Subs. and the Treasury Ed. Committee will provide funds - or should! Return to Oxford tomorrow. How is the Med. Student? Tell him to call at once when he comes up.

So even during his vacation he kept in active touch with many projects being planned for the next twelve month, ⁷ September 12th found them once

*Correspondents -
and his friends learning that he was returning like a second boy on
the sands at Jersey, looked forward to many more years of his
friendship and counsel. Alas! diu aliter visum.*

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more in Oxford, for the few weeks' quiet they so greatly enjoyed there before the distractions of term time. A note in his account-book tells how this was interrupted: "Left here the night of Sept. 22nd to see Mrs. M. in Glasgow with Drs. Ness, Cameron & Armstrong. Went on to Edinburgh, stayed with Lovell Gulland. Saw Harvey Littlejohn & others." And here the story may be taken up by his Edinburgh host.

[writes Dr. Gulland].

He stayed with me during his last visit to Edinburgh. I don't think I had seen him since the war began, and I was surprised to find how little the war and his son's death had changed him outwardly. He was just the same to look at, didn't seem to be older, unless you caught him when he didn't think he was observed. He was as cheerful and jolly as ever, and as enthusiastic. He was full of plans about his own work, talked with me about the new edition of his text-book, about cataloguing his library; insisted on knowing all that we were doing in Edinburgh - there was a great deal to tell him about that, and he cordially approved of all our plans and arrangements.

He was on the Treasury Committee for University Grants and a good deal of his time while he was with me was spent in seeing different professors and hearing about our needs. But he really seemed to be more interested in my small grandson (aged four), than in all the rest of us put together; got

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hold of him whenever he could, and the boy, who called him 'Willie Mosler' loved him, and was quite happy with him. One afternoon my wife found them in the nursery playing bears, with Osler easily the more active and infantile of the two!

I was very unwilling to let him travel on the night of the railway strike, but he was very anxious to get home and insisted on going.

Lady Osler's letter to her sister on the 29th, the day after Sir William's return, will recall to mind these trying days:

. . . Our beloved old Smith the inspector at the station won't 'go out' - is helping the volunteer workers in every way and says the strikers are quite mad. Even the Northcliffe papers that have been down on the Government say they are in the wrong, and trains are already being run by volun-

→

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teers, although only one a day from here. Aeroplanes are in full swing, bringing newspapers, and huge lorries with every kind of provision. Hyde Park is the base for the milk supply of London and the papers today - brought by aeroplane - show gentlemen helping to load and unload the huge cans. Willie left Edinburgh Friday night at 10 p.m. and when he awoke at 7.00 Saturday morning was in Newcastle. The crowd was terrific and as he could get no motor he went to see a doctor friend who borrowed one for him which he took, leaving Newcastle at 11 a.m. Saturday and reaching here Sunday at 3.00. He slept in an old inn somewhere and arrived with an awful cold and is now in bed trying to stop it. The motor was old and slow but got him home thank Heaven; and he telephoned en route so that I didn't worry, or pretended not to. I had my passport and everything ready for Flanders and was going this week, but of course cannot do so now. . . . The Government has swooped down on all petrol from garages. We had some but must turn it in, and I had to give the man 17 gals. to get back to Newcastle, 282 miles. What a world! Where is peace? Poor Lloyd George had a toothache Friday during the conference with the strikers and I felt so sorry for him. Mr. Wilson pegged out too!! We are rationed closer than ever - 1 lb. of meat a week - at least it says 1/8 pence worth - and beef and mutton are 1/8. per lb. 1 oz. butter, 2 of margarine, 2 of sugar - and very little bread this time; but no one is grumbling yet. We all know how to meet it now.

Osler, meanwhile, in bed with his cold, puts his mind on the Text-book and

writes on the 30th to Archie Malloch who is ^{doing some special work} ~~working~~ on pneumonia in one of the

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London hospitals:

Dear "Pfeiffer"- Please see enclosed [reference to Comby's paper on Acute Encephalitis in Children. Archives de Médecine des Enfants, Oct. 1907, p. 577] as to (1) is it the disease which starts with fever, convulsion and coma, & the child wakens hemiplegic; (2) what is the lesion described? (3) How many p.m.'s? Yours, W. O.

This is but a sample of the notes bravely written the first days of October. It was no new thing for him to be laid up after an exposure such as he had had, and he prepared to enjoy himself during the enforced confinement, in his usual fashion, reading and writing in bed, with books and papers and magazines accumulating on coverlet and table until they overflowed to the floor. Though he had always said in a half-joking fashion that the pneumococcus he had harboured so many years would some day carry him off, he had no premonition as yet that his time had come and writes on the 2nd to Thomas W. Salmon; "Please order for me Quixote Psychiatry by Victor Robinson, the review of which is in the July No. of the Mental Hygiene. I knew Clev²enger & should like very much to

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have the story of his life. Tell the press to send the bill." And a

few days later to Mrs. Chapin:

In bed, waiting for Sunday Bkfast with a cold, & no stylo - downstairs - but you will not mind a lead pencil. We have enjoyed your letters so much & hearing all about the family. . . Grace is in fine form. Jersey did her more good than Harrogate would have done. I am worrying her now with a cold - & cof caught on my way from Scotland - she will have told you no doubt. We are all so unhappy about Wilson - poor man no wonder he has broken down Think of the Strain of these years And the pity of it all is that had he come over as President of the U. S. & not as head of the Dem. Party, & had Root & Lodge with him, all this delay & trouble would have been saved. Damn Politics & Parties. We are having a little strike of our own which seems to demonstrate how well the country can get along without the R. R. union. . . . If you see Fred Shattuck or George my love to them. What F. S.* & Billy Thayer** wrote about me was the bestest.

*"A Vigorous Medical Septua-genarian." Boston Medical & Surgical Journal, July 10, 1919, p. 46. By F. C. Shattuck.

** "Osler the Teacher." Johns Hopkins Hospital Bulletin, July 1919, xxx, 198-200.

Aware by this time that he was in for something more serious than usual, he began to call off his engagements which were many, in Wales and elsewhere, and to withdraw from ^{a number} ~~many~~ of his official positions, as from the

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University Grants Committee ^{in whose interests he had just been} ~~which had just taken him~~ to Glasgow and
Edinburgh, ^{So} ~~and~~ on the 6th he writes to Sir George Newman: "Here I am
in bed again with a recurrence of that bronchitis which will prevent
my being at the meeting on the 9th. It would be very much better if
you and McCormick will allow me quietly to drop out of this business.
You need a younger man as representative of Medicine and I have writ-
ten to that effect."

He had begun having a good deal of fever by this time, with a ^{and} dis-
tressing cough, and his faithful colleagues of the Radcliffe Infirmary,
A. G. Gibson and William Collier, brought in to see him found him by no
means an easy patient. No easy task for younger men to attend their Chief
threatened with a malady of which he knew ^{much} ~~more~~ more than they, and whose
fever was likely to make him even more frolicsome than usual. He would
greet them by saying: "I had a good night, and smell the rose above the
mold this morning." And on being asked to explain, replied that Thomas
Hood's "Stanzas" was a good poem for doctors and all should know it.

? Spelling

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And so things dragged on, with increasing fever and cough; ^{and one day} ~~so that~~
~~he in the midst of his~~ ^{believe his} paroxysms ^{he} announced that 'pneumonia at seventy is
 fatal; here is a list of people to give my love and goodbye to.' But
 in spite of his premonition his irrepressible spirit and sense of humour ~~was usually~~
~~is~~ uppermost and it was rare that he 'smelled the mold above the rose.'

So, on Sunday, October 19th, to Mrs. Chapin:

Help! help! sister Sue! and several times over you must have heard
 my cri du coeur (though that was not really the place) sent across the
 waters. Why should I have had to wait for a 70th birthday to get practical
 knowledge of all varieties of Pelvic (Crown) Derby? I knew nothing of bedpans!
 nobody had ever lectured to me on their variety & uses - Is there a special
 course at Harvard on them? and in the U. S. are you allowed private ones
 like R. R. cars? Have they the variety combining all the advantages of a
 cradle and an incubator; and I hear that different cities have different
 rituals, and that at some Hospitals - like the Brigham - it is not a ritual
 but a true cult.

As for things called Water Bottles - they never told me the use of these
 highly ornamental & artistic bits. My Septuagen. committee has sent apo-
 logies for not including articles on them in the birthday volumes. Alto-
 gether I have had a ---- ---- of a time, yet with it all no pain, no head-
 ache, distress only when the heavy paroxysm of coughing gripped me in a con-
 vulsion. There is nothing I do not know of the varieties & vagaries of
 coughs & coughing - the outcome is far away. Shunt the whole pharmaco-

Shrey Dam?

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poesia, except opium. It alone in some form does the job. What a comfort it has been! Poor Sister! worried to death of course. For two days I felt very ill & exhausted by the paroxysms. We often talked of you & wished you could have been with us Archie has been here on & off - We expect Bill home on Tuesday or Wed Yours W.

P.S's -

1. Ask at Goodspeeds ^{Some} ~~one~~ day if Parkman's - the Historians - Essay on Democracy is to be had in separate form. It is not in the Ed. I have of his works.

2. The Revision of the Text-book is booming

3. 16 Curzon St. Mayfair will be free in May 1920. Let me know by Cable.*

^{Foot note}

*This refers to a long-standing joke with Mrs. Chapin that he and she should set up a rival establishment to 13 Norham Gardens.

4. The car comes on Wednesday.

5. Mrs Benning [the chauffeur's wife] is in the Radcliffe with swollen legs &c &c &c &c but should do well.

This E. Y. D.'ish outburst is no less characteristic of Osler than the detached way in which he would jot down clinical notes of the progress of his ^{illness} ~~malady~~ and send them with messages of greeting to his professional friends - much as though he were the physician in attendance on some patient in whose welfare he knew they would be interested. These bulletins were almost always hopeful ones and invariably had some amusing twist of expression. He seemed

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better by the first of November, and in a cheery round-robin sent to some of his Baltimore friends he reports: "No fever since the 16th but the cough persists and an occasional paroxysm - bouts as bad as senile whooping-cough. One night they nearly blew my candle out! No. 3 pneumococcus & M. Catarrhalis - the organisms. Practically no physical signs - a little impairment of resonance at bases but no râles or tubular breathing. I am mending now & should be up within a week." On November 5th he wrote:

Dear Pollard I have had a bad 'knock out.' Two days of last week I felt at the limit, but have gradually improved & am now without fever & with very little cough. It has been one of these low broncho-pneumonias so common after influenza. Lady Osler had instructions to ask you to come, as I should not have considered it proper to go without your blessing, & without a personal message to my friends in the Society. The experience has been encouraging - discomfort of course, but no actual pain and except for the worry about leaving dear ones, singularly free from mental distress. . . .

His illness had of course become noised abroad and letters of inquiry and sympathy poured in. "Better, thank you! though the cough persists & also the trained nurse," he writes Mrs. Chapin early in November. "I have been more than a month in bed - never before for so long. Poor Grace! she has had a tough time, but the nurse has been a comfort. Such a nice

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woman and she scrubs me like a kid." The 'nice woman,' Sister Edwards, has many touching recollections of these last months and writes:

When every night between the hours of 2.00 and 4.00 a.m. those dreadful attacks of coughing were at their worst, he never complained and, though utterly exhausted with the effort, his face would suddenly light up and his eyes flash as he made some humorous remark. He disliked mixtures very much and would, as he put it, only take something 'plain', such as strychnine or digitalis. "Why spoil a wonderful drug like opium by mixing it with inferior things," he would say; and I always had the greatest difficulty in persuading him to take some of the mixtures prescribed for him. He was very fond of lemons and always had a plate with small pieces by his bedside, and when he was lying apparently too ill to move he would quietly reach out his emaciated hand for a piece which would alight with unerring aim on Lady Osler's or my head. I think one of the most lovable things about him were these sudden flashes of fun. I am quite sure that he knew from the first that his illness would prove fatal. He knew every stage so well; and once after the consultants had left him, with a cheery word about his recovery to which he had as cheerily responded, he looked up at me and said: "Ah, Sister, we know, don't we." He loved to tease Dr. Gibson of whom he was very fond, and I remember one day his saying: "There really is nothing the matter with me, Gibson, except this bed-sore of mine." And when we got outside the room Dr. Gibson looked at me with great consternation and said: "His back is all right isn't it?" How Sir William chuckled when I ^{returned} ~~went back~~ and told him about it!

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He had his own little formulas to which he adhered. The last thing at night, after the hypodermic necessary to give him any rest, he would recite:

I rest so composèd, now in my bed,
That any beholder would fancy me dead:
Might start at beholding me, thinking me dead.

And he always spoke of the toddy which was prescribed for him, as his 'Edgar Allen'. ^{Then} And every morning, while waiting for his breakfast, he would call for 'the little darling' - a miniature of little Muriel Howard to whom he was devoted, and would hold it on his knee and talk endearments to her.

Lady Osler's devotion to him and their devotion to each other was very beautiful, and sometimes in the early morning when he had been coughing for nearly an hour he would say: "Poor soul, I'm sure she's awake. Just go in and say that I'm all right, and see whether she would like a cup of tea." And to me, his nurse, he was always most thoughtful and kind, and would always tell me where I was to go for my walk and what I was to notice; and he would always say: "Be sure and take big deep breaths, Sister."

Things looked better for a time at the end of the month. He was up for a short period each day and had begun to read again. On the 5th in a note to Sir Humphry Rolleston he says: "Paroxysms at longer intervals, but yesterday a.m. one that nearly blew the lid off. I get up for 3 or 4 hrs, but ex-

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ertion & talking bring on the cough. Meanwhile I am most comfortable and

have just finished Vol. VII of Lucas' Lamb. How I should have liked to

get drunk with Charles Lamb!" And with ^{brief quotations} ~~quotations~~ from Lucas's ^{Volumes} ~~Lamb~~ he

a page or two of his much worn where is it? book with notes not only of things which he
filled ~~several pages of his pocket note-book:~~ "Vol. I, p. 76 - 'the beau-
wishes to remember but of things which would have interested Revere - 'Vol I p 76 - the beautiful
tiful obliquities of the Religio Medici.'" "p. 249 - The purchase of

the Beaumont and Fletcher folios. Delicious bit which Revere loved."

"Vol. VI, p. 212 - Lamb's letter about Izaak Walton, not in Lucas' edi-

tion." "p. 526 - Refers to a Sonnet of Wordsworth on Iz. W." Thus

~~among the many things in which he himself was interested he noted the pas-
sages which would have interested Revere.~~

There was talk at this time of his being taken to the Riviera, for English houses were none too warm and comfortable in these days of enforced post-bellum economy, but he replied that he 'preferred to be translated to Heaven from his own bed,' and whatever attitude he held before others he was fully aware of the gravity of his malady, and made no concealment to his wife and the nurse of his own prognosis. "I am booked for Golders

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Green," he would say after one of his bad bouts of coughing; and when Pfeiffer's bacillus was finally identified he was greatly interested, but said: "There is never but one ending to these tragic influenza cases in old age."

There soon came a turn for the worse, and in a letter to Miss Humpton, his one-time secretary in Baltimore who had helped him with his early edition of the Text-book, he writes on November 9th:

I have been having a devil of a time - in bed six weeks! - a paroxysmal bronchitis, not in either of your books! Fever for a week, temperature to 102.5; practically no physical signs; cough constant, short couples and then bouts, as bad as whooping-cough. ~~One night they nearly blew my candle out!~~ . . . Then the other night, eleven o'clock acute pleurisy. A stab & then fireworks, pain on coughing and deep breath, but 12 hours later a bout arrived which ripped all pleural attachments to smithereens, & with it the pain, not a twinge since! but a dry rub which I can feel now as I breathe and hear like a rhonchus. Very ^{strange} straight attack. I am very comfortable except in the paroxysms. All bronchial therapy is futile - there is nothing my good doctors have not made me try, but the only things of any service whatever in checking the cough have been opiates - a good drink out of the paregoric bottle or a hypodermic of morphin. I have a splendid nurse.

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He expressed a desire to see Sir William Hale-White, who came on the 10th and found a sick man, as stoical as Marius, who was smelling the rose above the mould. There was evidently a pleurisy but no signs of fluid, and Osler very soon wrote to say: "Your visit was a great comfort. Lady Osler had become worried at the length of time &c. Report is -" and he jotted down his personal observations: "The pleurisy continues - dry friction a bit more extensive." In a letter to Mrs. Chapin on ^{Thursday} ~~the~~ 11th he says: "We thought of you and wished you were here in our touching two-minute silence. I have been worrying your sister not a little lately but there is no fever and the outlook is good. Call up Fred Shattuck and say I am better. I daresay there are rumours. Indeed there must be as I have been getting cables."

Two weeks passed with no great change. Those who thought themselves near to him and judged by his letters, were ~~more~~ sanguine of his recovery: ^{but} ~~than those farther removed.~~ ^{Others knew better,} Professor Sherrington tells of the old servant at the laboratory who said: "No sir, I don't think Sir William will

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get ^{was} better. You see, sir, it's like this: you know how Sir William mostly on his way down to the Infirmary of a morning would drop in for a few moments to see you and the rest. Well, in the old days, coming in, and likewise going out, he had always a word for me. You know his style, sir, like giving a man a cheery dig in the ribs. But now these last months I've noticed him greeting you quite merry-like; but in between -whiles his face has been grave as though he had something heavy on his mind and he has walked in and out without once noticing me. It's Mr. Revere, sir, and Sir William won't get better." So the old servant had long seen what others missed: that the hair which had been raven black was now this late in life showing gray, and the Osler with the buoyant step and ready banter carried a grief he could not throw off. ¶ He was still able to write his many postcards, and an occasional longer letter. To H. D. Rolleston on the 13th: "Still growing stronger - I mean the cough!" Appetite good & →

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am enjoying myself! In the recent life of Samuel Butler vol. I there is a notice of your N. Z. uncle. Love to Lady Rolleston." And the next day to Allbutt: "Better - less cough and paroxysms less severe - no fever. General condition good & very comfortable and happy. Love to Lady Allbutt."

Nor with all this did his thought of others lapse, and he writes:

Sir John MacAlister: "Send a card for the library and meetings R.S.M. to Dr. Edward Jenner Wood (Hotel Arundel, Strand) of Wilmington N.C. - one of the very best and a dear friend of mine. I make pleasant excursions from one side of the bed to the other and am enjoying life immensely.

It is not likely that I shall ever get up again!" So also, when the examination-time came round again, it was equally characteristic for him to insist that the examiners should stay at the 'Open Arms' as usual.

Among them was A. Salusbury MacNalty who at Osler's suggestion had been appointed Examiner in Public Health, and he writes: " I saw Sir William

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twice and my heart forbode me as I saw his face though he hailed me with the same cheery greeting. The influenza bacillus had just been isolated from his sputum and he was pleased about this. 'I knew,' said he, 'there was a nigger in the woodpile.' He was reviewing Sir Victor Horsley's Life by Stephen Paget for the Oxford Magazine. We had some talk on this, but I did not stay long beside his bed for I feared to weary him. And at our parting hand-clasp I think we both realized that we had parted in life for the last time."

A charming and sympathetic review of Stephen Paget's Life of Horsley written in pencil, 'pad on knee' as of old, was his last bit of writing for publication.* It ended:

[*Cf. the Oxford Magazine, Jan. 23, 1920.

Such was Victor Horsley, as many of us knew him, and as we love to think of him. Mr. Stephen Paget has performed a very difficult task with rare ability. As Lady Horsley says in a prefatory note, it would be hard to find two men more widely separated in their mental attitude - differing in religious convictions, in politics, in social ideas; and it was both courageous and gracious on her part not to attempt to suppress or to soften in any way the critical attitude of the author.

The peace which would have been denied him at home he finds in a sol-

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dier's grave in Mesopotamia - and perhaps better so: -

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
 Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
 And that unrest which men miscall delight
 Can touch him not and torture not again;
 From the contagion of the world's slow stain
 He is secure, and now can never mourn
 A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain.

The 'Anthology' which F. H. Garrison and Casey Wood had gathered to
 commemorate his birthday ^{called for a poem} ~~required a longer~~ answer, and he ^{managed to write} wrote on the 15th:

Dear Garrison Yours of Oct. 29th here today. Nothing yet from
 Milford - I suppose the MS is in process of purification! There are still
 many things in it I wish to see. The Press will follow your wishes as to
 format. I am sure the Volume will be most attractive.

I think I have sent a line since my illness.- Still in bed. End of
 the 5th week, but better - only an occasional paroxysm of coughing. It
 has been a slow business but not unpleasant. I love bed, and am very happy
 with four pillows & my legs drawn up. I have gone through Lucas' Lamb with
 great delight. How glorious it would have been to have known the dear man -
 & even to have got drunk with him now and then. Do you mean to tell me -
 through Halsted's article on Goitre - that the S.G.L. has not vol. one of
 the Detroit Clinic with McGraw's case of goitre - the one which became Myxo-
 dematous! I knew of it, having made the diagnosis of lach. Straun. for McG.
 who was an old friend. Horsley's Life just out and well done of course by
 Paget - but what a tragedy! Why could he have not collected umbrella handles

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instead of going into politics. Love to Wood and Noble. No chance of U. S. next year. Yours ever, W. O.

P.S. Since writing - indeed since it was closed - yours of the 28th Sept came up from 'below.' I have not been having my letters until recently & only get at pen & ink by stealth.

1. Shall be delighted with the Fletcher which has come, but has not yet reached my bed - Dear old man! How Chas. Lamb would have loved him!

2. I will see to the changes you wish. I have not yet had a proper 'go' at the MS.

3. 'Twas Lamb who started Revere in the old Elizabethans, about whom he picked up an extraordinary amount of information. He had some favourite quotations from Dikker's "Shoemakers Holiday."

4. 2nd Mayow. So glad that O.H.H. as I call him, has found an association with Laivisier but it is curious that Beddoes makes no mention of the fact when he criticizes L. for his neglect of M. (p. xxxiv Chemical experiments and opinions extracted from a work published in the last century. Oxford 1890). Beddoes was a great man - born out of due time. I collect his books.

5. Love to Streeter - so glad you have him at Historical work again - few do it so well. There is a fine touch in all his writings.

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He had also been reading or having read aloud ^{H.S.} Jones's Life of Samuel

Butler, which aroused his ire, and on the 25th he wrote Dr. Parkes Weber

saying:

Thanks for your letter & papers both most interesting. I have just finished S. B. Life - good but not pleasant reading. He was a selfish pig and his treatment of that poor woman Miss Savage was as he came to feel himself, shameful. . . . You are wrong P. W. in thinking 'contrast' is necessary. Life of course must be glukupicric - but then I am not a good judge - except in one particular I have had nothing but butter & honey. By the way that Butler poem on Immortality is A.1. & you used it very properly. Yours,
W. O. Reynolds' face was a bit Bardolphian but I did not connect it with B.

So in those last few November days before he was too ill to write, he sent brief notes to many people, in Canada, in the States, in England. One of his Oxford colleagues at the Bodleian, in sending Osler's last note to him which says: "Abed, coughing, comfortable, hopeful! Appetite good & plenty of books - which are the essentials of life. Greetings to the Selden End", adds: "He was indeed one of the Saints of God - how beloved of men! we never think or talk of him without feeling the thrill of encouragement that

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he spread around him." Nor did he forget his many adored children:

Dear Evelyn and Nadine and Betty Harty - Will you please take the enclosed slip of paper to the bank and get silver and copper for it and go to some shops and N. and B. buy a little Xmas present for E., and E. and N. buy a little one for B., and B. and E. buy a little one for N. with the dear love of Grace and Willie for Xmas, and while the presents are to be little they must smell good, taste good and look good - and you will be sorry to hear that I am still in bed but they say I do look ^{so} sweet done up in a pink shawl, and one of my special comforts is what we call Evelyn the lavender bag which you gave me I hug her all the time, and we miss you terribly and a very happy Xmas to you all Your loving WILLIE.

Puzzled at times just as were those in attendance, by the atypical progress of his malady, he admits in a letter to C. P. Howard that he is having a curious attack but adds: "I am always suspicious of the pleura with these hard recurrent bouts of cough after an acute pulmonary trouble." Lady Osler in her daily bulletin sent to Archie Malloch, says on the 27th after describing one of these fearful paroxysms of coughing which came in the early morning hours and left him utterly exhausted: "Do you know Tennyson's 'Tythonus'?" Sir William was reciting it as he had his hot milk - I have always expected this." And among his last notes was a touching let-

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[You shall see me there]

ter to Mrs. Brewster, saying: "The Harbour is not far off & such a happy voyage! & such dear companions all the way! & the future does not worry.

It would be nice to find Isaac there with his friends - Isaac Walton and

others!" But even his last, or nearly the last, scarcely legible missive,

written to Mrs. Chapin November 28th, shows his irrepressible spirit crop-

ping out:

Dearest B. S. Same old cough going on here! We are both very tired of it. My friend Hale White of London gave a good report yesterday, but it is a slow business - and so aggravating and distressing for Grace. The Nurse continues A.1. I am eating well - no fever & pulse good, so that the outlook is favourable. And on most days 'I smell the rose above the mould.' We are just waiting with real excitement to hear the results of Nancy Astor's election contest at Plymouth. I think it pretty certain. Love to you all.

Yours Affy ~~[?]~~ E. Y. D.

By December it was clear that the slow infection was progressing. A

second nurse was added. Dr. Malloch joined the household, and from his

daily notes and from the letters he sent off at Osler's request, the malady

can be followed in detail to the end: the aspiration of his pleurisy; an

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empyema; the identification of the influenza bacillus; an operation; a pulmonary abscess; another operation with its sudden tragic issue. On December 5th the day after his chest was first tapped, Dr. Malloch's notes read:

Later in the day he spoke of the flushed feeling about his head and I tried to explain it but he said: "Archie, you lunatic! I've been watching this case for two months and I'm sorry I shall not see the post mortem. ~~Well~~ At any rate the books are there; do you know about Michael Angelo and his tomb? So pathetic! Well, it's Michael Angelo and his tomb, and Osler and his Library!" He had me write to several people and tell about him, and also call on some others. After dinner he got me to fetch Sir Thomas Browne's Religio Medici, 'the 1868 edition,' but he meant the 1862 one and I got it. He looked for something in it. . .

What he looked for is apparent, for in this, the Ticknor and Fields edition,

his 'constant companion' for fifty-two years, remarkably free from ^{annotations} ~~marginal~~

~~notes~~ of any kind, considering that it had been so long in the possession of

a man who read pencil in hand, ^{he has written this marginal} ~~has~~ this note on page 345 of the 'Urn Burial':

"Wonderful page - always impressed me as one of the great ones in B. 6.XII.19

W. O."

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who

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can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Erostratus lives that burnt the Temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations; and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon. Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favour of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day; and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic, which scarce stands one moment.

On the fly-leaf of the volume beneath ^{an earlier} ~~this~~ entry, written in a vigorous hand: "This copy goes to E. R. Osler - not to McGill. W. Osler, Sept. 21, 1914," there is found in a shaky script in pencil: "I doubt if any man can more truly say of this book 'Comes via vitæque' W.O. 6. XII. '19." He must have remembered a note in his 'Where Is It?' book, made long before, which reads: "Sir William Browne left in his will: *On my coffin when in the grave I de-

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sire may be deposited in its leather case or coffin my pocket

Elzvir's
~~prints~~

Horace, 'Comes Viae Vitaeque dulcis et utilis,' worn out with and by me."

As talking was likely to bring on a paroxysm of coughing, he was apt to jot down observations on his condition for his attendants. So when Sir Thomas Horder was called in, he had written out for him:

10. XII. '19. 1. The infection is still strongly entrenched, and the irritative cough seems only to be kept in check by the morphia. 2. The heart has done well, but such bouts could only have one ending. 3. Whether or not the fluid has increased is doubtful - the flat note seems to me higher. 4. Very comfortable until about 7 p.m. when the flushed feelings begin and sense of discomfort and great heat without rise in temperature. Sometimes with this a feeling of nausea and retching. W. O.

He kept on his bedside table under his pad which he would let no one touch, many scraps of pencilled writing which he somehow managed during these last weeks to compose. It was usually done by stealth when Lady Osler or the nurse had been driven out to get some exercise. One of ^{these slips} them concerned the destination of certain special books and stated at the end:

"N. B. All these items should appear in my catalogue with the statement

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where they now are."

- 1) To the British Museum in appreciation of much valuable help and of my friendship with many members of the Staff, particularly my dear friend Alfred W. Pollard. The 1476 unique copy of Rhazes, should it have come in [time, if not] they may take the [never filled in].
- 2) To Bodley (1) the illustrated 1240 Arabic Dioscorides, which will comfort the heart of Dr. Cowley, one of - I believe - the three illustrated MSS of this Author in Arabic. (2) The Sir John Harringtons own MS. - of the school of Salerno, his well known translation. (3) Andrew Boode, whom I loved and to whom full justice has never been done in the profession - his MS. of the Peregrination of England.
- 3) To the Library of the Royal College of Physicians, (1st) The Rules & Regulations of the Gloucestershire Medical Society 1785-93 in the handwriting chiefly of Edward Jenner (2) The Theodore de Mayerne case book - which will rejoice the heart of the President (Sir Norman). These are really the only important items in my library which should not go out of the Country.
- 4) To the Faculté de Médecine de Paris, Paré's Anatomie Universelle 1555 of which no copy exists in the B. M. or in their Library and only two or three other copies known.
- 5) Royal Society of Medicine, Withering's letters, papers and diplomas 1762-1793. And I hope that some members of the Historical Section will edit them carefully.
- 6) To the University of Leyden, Boerhaave's quadrant presented to him with the table of latitude and longitude when he moved into his county house at ~~oud-Poelgeest~~ ^{at oud-Poelgeest} ~~(Paelquist)~~ with a gentle reminder that perhaps they scarcely

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deserve to have back the treasure which I bought for ~~++~~ [] gulden in Leyden.

7) Bibliotheca Lancēsiāna, Rome - The MS. letter book of Baglivi, the distinguished Roman Clinician with 126 letters from his scientific friends, among them Malpighi, Redi - ~~etc~~ ^{&c} and the drafts of his replies - no hurry about the return of this which I bought in Rome at auction for 500 lira. Before it returns someone should work up the letters.

8) To the Surgeon-General's Library in Washington - so difficult to give anything to a collection so rich but I thought that perhaps the MS. of my farewell address - the fixed period, which caused a little excitement, would find its best resting-place in a library to which I owe so much and some of whose members - Billings, Fletcher, and Garrison have been my intimate friends. It is the typewritten copy as I read it and I have put a note, the printing of which might be deferred a few years.

9) To the College of Physicians of Phila - the Montpellier MS. Text-book 1373. W. O.

He forgot no details - the disposition of his Text-book; of his manuscript writings; the completion of the Catalogue; the promise of his brain to the Wistar Institute; the post-mortem examination and by whom it should be conducted, and Edwin his boy at the Museum should be present; the cremation and disposal of his ashes. Directions for all these things were found with other

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notes, one of the last of which reads: "Nothing to worry about but leaving Grace & no Isaac to comfort her, & my inability to write letters to my dear friends & to the dear little darlings in Canada & to Marjorie's children - Muriel's - and Campbell's. W.O." He had become too ill for let-

ter-writing but would instruct Dr. Malloch to write in his stead to those ~~official friends~~ ^{who would be expecting some message from him} ~~who were left of his oldest friends~~ ^{to H. V. Ogden} ~~to~~ ^{and} Francis Shepherd.

~~and to 'Ned' Milburn.~~ And after his operations he asked to have a cable

sent to the Journal of the A. M. A. with a Christmas greeting to the Ameri-

can profession. ^{It was a species of broad casting, his farewell blessing.} His fever and the necessary morphia to control his paroxysms

gave him much of the time what he called 'a fuzzy-wuzzy feeling,' and though

in these last two or three weeks he could read little himself he enjoyed

being read to, and was decided as to what he would like to hear - from

Reach Blessin & Wine ^{The chapter in Gaston de Latour;}
Walter Pater's "Marius"; from Andrew Lang; from his beloved Plato; Matthew

Arnold's "On Translating Homer"; Sir Thomas Browne of course; and from

Bridges's Anthology, "The Spirit of Man", the things which Revere particu-

larly liked. And one night he asked for something from the Jungle Books,

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and after Malloch had read "The King's Ankus" and had sat quiet in the darkened room thinking his listener was asleep, came a whispered voice saying: "He was a fine boy."

On recovering from ^{the} his anaesthetic the day of his first operation he said to Malloch: "Well, it's good to have gone so long with so little wrong with me. But I feel with Franklin that 'I have been too far across the river to go back and have it all over again.' Did you ever read Franklin's Life? - ~~It's~~ a wonderful book." And at about this time there arrived a package forwarded from Boston by C. E. Goodspeed containing the numbers of the journals giving those early accounts of ether administration which he had been wanting so long for the Bibliotheca Prima, and he asked Malloch to ~~put the following~~ ^{wife} note in the 1846 volume: "All things come to those who wait, but it's a pretty close shave this time."

Mrs. Chapin had arrived, and his nephew W. W. Francis; and on Christmas Eve he asked to have Milton's "Nativity" ^{read} - wanted it read from his precious first edition indeed; but after a few stanzas he could bear no

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more, and whispered: "That's enough. Isaac and I have read that every Christmas Eve for years."

'The days of our age are three-score years and ten. . . so soon it passeth away and we are gone.' The end came at 4.30 on the afternoon of December 29th, after a haemorrhage from his wound ^{just as the end had come to} ~~as it had with~~ many ^{of his wounds} soldiers in the war - quietly and without pain. Dr. Francis writes that: "The night before, I read to him for quite a long time, things he called for out of the Anthology, and we ended with the last verses of 'The Ancient Mariner.' I thought at the time how well it fitted him, and afterwards, what an appropriate valedictory for this lover of men and books:

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small. . . .

When I kissed him, he said to me, as though I were a child: "Goody-
night, a-darling!"

*misses
rightly right*

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Christ Church has inherited for the daily worship of its members a chapel whose hallowed associations, long antedating the earliest of Oxford colleges, connect the present with Saxon times, when St. Frideswide erected her priory and last resting-place on the gravel bank above the meadows intersected by the streams of the Isis. Of the many historic services this ancient cathedral has heard, few could have been more simple or more moving than that of the afternoon of January 1st, 1920, over the body of the most greatly beloved physician possibly of all time.

Through Woolsey's quadrangle came silent tear-stained mourners and filled the church to the doors. Two hymns were sung: "O God, our Help in Ages Past," and Peter Abelard's "O Quanta Qualia," of which the man and his son had both been so fond. The Dean with deep feeling pronounced his brief benediction, and the rays of the low winter's sun, filtering through the ancient glass of the cathedral, rested on the bier of Osler, while the procession of the living filed out leaving him there - the University Marshall, the choir, the chaplins, canons, the Dean, the chief mourners, the Vice-Chancellor, ^{and} proctors; the representatives of the Government and

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of the City, the Mayor and members of the Corporation bearing the City Mace wreathed in crêpe; the representatives of learned societies, of scientific bodies, of institutions from all parts of Britain; the members of the University; then, those of less renown, whom he loved no less and through whose minds there ran;

He advanced the science of medicine, he enriched literature and the humanities; yet individually he had a greater power. He became the friend of all he met - he knew the workings of the human heart metaphorically as well as physically. He joyed with the joys and wept with the sorrows of the humblest of those who were proud to be his pupils. He stooped to lift them up to the plane of his royal friendship, and the magic touchstone of his generous personality helped many a desponder in the rugged paths of life. He achieved many honours and many dignities, but the proudest of all was his unwritten title, 'the Young Man's Friend.'

So they - the living - left him alone in the Lady Chapel over night - beside the famous 'watching chamber', the last shrine of the Saint. Guarded by the effigy of Robert Burton on the one side and of some sixteenth-century

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Dean on the other - lying in his scarlet gown of Oxford, his bier covered with a plain velvet pall on which lay a single sheaf of lilies and his favourite copy of 'The Religio,' comes via vitæque. ¶ And perhaps that New Year night saw, led by Revere, another procession pass through the 'watching-chamber' ^{of the Saint} - the spirits of many, old and young - of former and modern times - of Harvey, Sydenham and Linacre; of John Locke, ^{Genes} and Louis; of Bartlett and Beaumont and Bassett; of ^{John, Bruce & Howard} Stratheona; ~~and~~ of Mitchell and Leidy and Stillé; of Gilman, Billings and Trudeau; of Hutchinson, Horsley and Payne; ~~and~~ of the young men his pupils who had gone before - Jack Hewetson, MacCallum and McCrae; and in still greater number those youths bearing ^{scars} ~~scores~~ of wounds who more recently had known and felt the affection and warmth of the 'Open Arms' - ~~and~~ 'the doubly dead in that they had died so young.'