

C05417/8.1

DREAMS - Notes on my 1910.

Nov. 29.

At Saratoga, N.Y. (which I visited only twice) outside a Livery stable, on the slope of a hill not far away from the Gd. Union Hotel. The men were putting in a horse to an ordinary buggy with hood. My Brother B.B. and his wife were standing near. The horse was a new mechanical contrivance but made to resemble one in every respect. Eyes moved, tail frisked and it pawed the ground anxious to get off. The skin was most natural and moved and quivered to knock away the flies. Only on the right side showed a sort of steel plug about the size of a door knob and through this the new radium force was charged which gave life to the machine. The men had to hold its head while we got in. There was a bundle of old loose music on one side of the seat and my sister-in-law said put it beneath. When we started two men were at the horse's head and I had the loops attached to the reins around my wrists. B.B. and C. were very nervous. I was wedged between them on the seat, very excited as in some way the new horse was an invention of mine. It had a magnificent action and we flew down the road. The verandahs of the Hotels were crowded but I was mortified that the buggy was not in keeping with the horse or the occupants. We were speeding down the road in fine style when the horse suddenly bolted thro' the gateway of a large private estate. We narrowly grazed the posts and then - I awoke!

Dec. 1st.

I had sent a patient - Miss L. - to Dr Herz in whose X-ray work I had been interested. I called at his house hoping to meet her there by appointment as her mother had written worried at what had been discovered. Miss L. was not there but Dr H. said 'I told her it would not be necessary as I arranged for reproduction plates.' In his X-ray laboratory was the usual screen and apparatus and a long table beneath which were all sorts of appliances and two huge Crooke's tubes. He turned a crank, put in a large photographic plate and behold on the table was a full size reproduction of Miss L. - flesh and bones and blood - only the spirit, the intelligence, was absent. The pulse beat, the chest moved, and on exposing the abdomen we could see the viscera very plainly. The stomach was distended, and I could feel the splashing &c. We discussed the case very fully, taking everything for granted as if it was an every day affair. One thing only seemed peculiar - just beyond the opening of the bile duct there was a chalk mark, a + on the duodenum which stood out with great clearness. I asked if it meant anything and Herz replied "No, not in a woman, I find all sorts of these secret markings,

some in blue pencil, some in red, others in ink, very often in chalk. One of my students is making a research on them and believes they are connected with the secret societies which have become so common of late among women."

Dec. 2nd.

Awoke with a sensation of having had a great many dreams. Went to sleep with a determination to dream of S. but no recollection of having done so. Awoke with sensation of a very fresh dream:- In Baltimore walking down N. Howard St., passed the Franklin St. Corner to find that the next corner was Franklin St. New shops and new pavement - very hot afternoon. A man at door of shop called out to a friend "120° in sun, radiation on pavement, 80; temperature tomorrow will be 2° higher - I have never known it fail." I strolled down Franklin St., many nice new shops; the Eatons' house still standing I walked on, and to my surprise found myself in Centre Street near North Charles, two blocks away. I had nearly reached the corner when to my surprise I saw the chemists shop of Hynson and Westcott in the St. James' Hotel. They were both at the door and welcomed me most warmly. Nice new shop - rather low ceiling. Great many tables in the middle with nick-nacks and instruments. Took up an Eau-de-Cologne sprinkler and incenced the tables for luck. Then began to pick up the instruments; many of which I recognised. There was brutal looking compressor of steel with closed teeth. Mr H. said it was for breaking roots of teeth in the alveoli and then they are dug out with this chestnut-wood scoop - and he handed me a curious shaped wooden instrument. There were all sorts of new teeth pullers, and H. remarked, Great progress in dentistry here since you left. I then began twirling bottles and small articles on the tables and H. told a story of how I had twirled a plate of almonds at a dinner party so ingeniously that all of the almonds went into the soup plates and none on the floor. I remarked "More stories about Dr. Osler." I then went out with Hynson and strolled up N. Charles. Great changes - new shops everywhere. The place they had left was not occupied but a beautiful new shop - like the rest rather low. I asked why they had left. "Could not pay the rent, they ask as much per annum per square foot as we used to pay for the whole place." The Unitarian church had been pulled down and there were beautiful shops. Myehouse was at the opposite corner but I never saw (in the dream) the sky scraper which has been erected on it, nor did we allude to the change in any way, but walked down Charles St.

Dec. 3rd. Great many dreams.

Was acting as locum with another man in a factory town in the north, about 6 a.m. my comrade who was sleeping in same room wakened me by moving my head up and down and it made a noise like an old watchman's rattle. I heard it in my sleep, and knew he was doing it, and did not waken for a time, when I did I mere-

ly remarked "Some day you will shake those bones out." A woman came in with our breakfast - steaming hot, a big apple tart and an apple pudding! I went to the door and looked out on factory town scene - the work people in clogs hurrying to work in the dark sloppy streets. We were in a low brick house with wings and I could see the brass plate on the door with the name of the firm which employed us - suggested Dr -- place at Bolton.

N.Y. Sunday morning going to Gd. Central Station all sorts of big vans with great zinc and brass cauldrons and huge vats. Near the station a big freight shed with large placards - for Sunday use only.

Odd dream - a house something like that of the Parkins at Goring. A gentleman in brown velvet suit and knickerbockers, aged about 25, looking like an artist - an old friend of Grace, who talked very much of his father and of Dave Yandell. She said she had a little book upstairs which the father had given her - a vellum-bound book of verses. He said "I will run upstairs and get it." I met him on the stairs coming down and was rather surprised that he passed me without recognition. Going out on the lawn Grace said "Oh, you are your father after all" and he said "Yes, I was only fooling you about being my son" and he had changed and looked an older man tho' dressed the same. None of us seemed surprised - we took it for granted.

Dec. 4th.

Just before wakening crazy dream about Prof. Ritchie now of Edinburgh. We have been arranging for a new pathological Department at the Infirmary, and a few weeks ago the question was settled. I dreamt that there were two meetings - one of the University people to whom Dreyer (the present Pathologist) explained the situation, which was all very reasonable only he said that there was material enough to have a Saturday demonstration course as good as Virchow's at Berlin. The other meeting was at a private house to settle a claim of Prof. Ritchie's for £2000 for giving up the position of pathologist. There had been some discussion and this was the final meeting at which he was to be paid.. Mrs Horatio Symonds, H. Symonds, Mrs Osler, a couple of solicitors were present. I joked R. a good deal about his Scotch cleverness in finding an old law which gave him this claim. I was to sign the cheque - but for some reason I could not give one on the L. & Co Bank but it was on some bank at which I would have £2-3000 on Monday the 9th, we had great difficulty in getting a piece of paper suitable for the cheque but at last Mrs Symonds

found an old cheque form without the name of any bank but with all the writing in Russian - I said "No matter, this is Oxford, they will understand." I filled in - and when writing the 9 made an awful blot so that I had to write it on an upper level.

There was no psychological justification for such a dream. R. never gave any trouble.

Dec. 5.

Four or five dreams - woke after three of them. Tried to dream of M. and the baby. Passed thro' a room - may have been a lying-in room but it looked like the shambles, blood everywhere and cow-dung! and yet it had marble floor &c. I went out thro' a garden of a big place like a hospital and was shown the gate of a big field and told to peep in only - scores of cows with their calves - Marjorie was one of them!

Awful dream of a brute of a man, a big house, electric light - up all night trying to quiet a row between him and a huge woman his wife, a monstrous Jewess whom he was abusing and beating. The row was over her daughter whom he wished to make sleep in his room. One incessant brawl all night. In and out of my room the whole time, when daylight came I got them off to bed but the fat Jewess wished for safety to sleep in my room. She was a mass of bruises.

At E.B.O. different house - guests, came down to dinner in my shirt sleeves. Room at top of house - curious back stairs.

F. C. Smith - the politician - row with, over his abuse of a fellow lawyer. I was sliding down bank of a canal - very steep - but soft, when he and the friend came up in a motor boat having crossed the Atlantic to Canada - up the St. Lawrence and the lake to Dundas. I chaffed him about lawyers and their abuse as he seemed such friends with the man. "It's dinner we want," he said.

6th No dream remembered. I went to sleep determined to dream of N. Hazy recollection of a scene in church, nothing definite.

8th All sorts of queer dreams - dim memory of. One just before waking very remarkable. A Mrs Swann, whom I saw in London several times is very ill - dying in fact. I dreamt she was in at Rome in the Vatican. Mrs Ladenburg was there and Mr Swann and Miss Stevens. She had been in some way mixed up with the Pope, who was in and out of her room constantly. He looked a benign old man dressed in a long cassock. We had to go out every evening

and Mrs S. was left alone with the Pope and a couple of boys who nursed her - the rule was that no woman could stay the night in the Vatican. Mrs Ladenburg and I usually went out together and ran a race down a long passage which led to a side exit. All the doors had but one hinge, a huge one shaped like a key. The end I did not remember.

11th Extraordinary dream about Mrs Osler. We were in a large hall or church with two galleries - I was in a pew at the back with Mrs Bartlett and some other friends. A lady had just sung with a magic voice - we could not hear the music as it was out of range of ordinary ears, but we could hear the words which were most pathetic and nearly every one was crying. Next Grace appeared on the front gallery at the back, dressed in a cloak. She was to sing, but she said that she would tell a story instead and rambled on in a silly way telling about her life. Suddenly she threw off her cloak and appeared in tights and taking a short run sprang over the heads of the people in the gallery and landed in a netting in the centre aisle. Everyone was paralysed with fright as she squirmed and struggled in the net as tho' she had a fit, but she got up with a smile and bowed and said she was fooling. She went out of the back door and I could see by the expression on her face that she was disappointed not to hear any applause. I hesitated whether I should begin when Mrs. B. started, but it was very feeble. The girl in the pew in front of us had her dress cut very low in front, almost to the ensiform cartilage, and showed the inner halves of large breasts on which were symmetrical birth marks of very peculiar pattern.

13th Dreamt of Sir John Rhys, Principal of Jesus, - great discussion with him upon Diabetes, which he has. He had found in the Bodleian two large volumes of Willis (of the Circle) who did write on the disease. Beautiful plates - folio, showing the relation of the disease to the great sympathetic system. Done in colors. Nerves beautifully drawn.

Then some transaction with Jim Tyson who brought a receipt for \$87 I owed him. I said there was some additional items and gave him a cheque for 100, writing it on a bit of the green blotting paper of my pad. Of course the words were all blurred but he said it was valid.

16th Full of dreams - half memories of which remain. One pretty distinct. In an old book shop - did not recognize which - one of the clerks said "Mr Quaritch is upstairs and would like to see

you." I found young Q. in a tumble-down room filled with books. He had just married a middle-aged stout woman. The bed was in the room, breakfast things on the table and everything in great confusion. He apologised saying that he had brought his wife here on purpose as she must know the business. Then we went downstairs and he showed me a set of engravings of men of the 14th and 15th century who had the same type of features as my own. He said they were for a customer who was collecting moyen age faces to present to Mrs Osler as a Xmas present. Then Mr Q. said something about a revolution I had effected at the Royal Society.

22nd

A night of crazy dreams, - two sexual.

(1) a strange weird scene with flood and snow and ice - a mountain to climb, plank bridge to cross, and a rising flood on the slope of a mountain. Wading thro' it quite unconcerned in evening clothes, we had to pass thro' two little huts - one was guarded by a good-natured dog, the other by a half-grown bear. As I pass by the latter he caught me by the rump - clothing, flesh and all, and his sharp teeth hurt terribly. I yelled 'blue murder' but the others all laughed at me and told the bear to hold on.

(2) Mother and daughter in my bed-room quarrelling like fish-wives for the privilege of getting into my bed. I decided in favour of the old lady - on B. Franklin's principle. The daughter, Mrs F-n, went crying out of the room. I attacked the mother and had an anxious time.

(3) In Paris or some large foreign city, mixed up with a curious looking girl who would follow me about much to G.'s disgust. She came one day at 10 and stayed till 5, leaving her droschky (donkey?) at the door.

23rd

Many weird forgotten dreams. One in which we were in a big room settling an affair when a sudden knock came at the door, very sharp and clear. I called out 'Come in' and woke with the echo of my voice in my ears and my heart beating rapidly. For a moment I waited expecting to hear the knock repeated.

Jan. 9th.

Many dreams during the past week, few vivid. Last night curious mechanical one. Gt. theatre to which the carriages and motors drove up, and as in rapid succession the people got out, the carriages dropped thro' a trap door with extraordinary rapidity. At the exit they were all arranged in a subway, and as the man called the numbers, by pressing a button at the door up came the motor thro' a trap door and was off in a moment. Odd that any such idea could have come into my head.

Jan. 16th. All sorts of wild dreams. A great steel open trough leading from a terrace like with a house. A fine avenue of trees was near the trough and was filled with a waiting crowd - as one of them said for the machine to work. From the side of the trough the whole distance 150-200 feet came fine steel knives with razor edges - but shaped like the labyrinth of Crete (a model of which I had seen at Evans yesterday). They worked patiently in the trough and cut to mincemeat anything that was put in the feeders above. They had just put in Mark Twain whose white hat could be seen on the parapet. The people were waiting to see Kenneth Roosevelt put in. In a huge pen pigs anxiously waited for their next meal of mincemeat. A weird dream but no one seemed astonished.

3 other dreams. Bob Stevenson and others in a big car - a visit to Gatch's Laboratory with some friends - The men were doing sketches &c. an examination, and a visit to a friend of Shepherd's with Crozier and Mills. Shepherd pretended to be drunk - a lecture.

17th Many dreams. (1) an address of welcome to some Society meeting in Oxford. All had assembled. I was late - Not in Sheldonian. I spoke of the charm of Oxford &c. End with a hope that each one of them would before leaving say a little prayer beneath the picture of Bodley for some of the wisdom of the ancients contained in these books. (2) Big dream about Mussen who was personally conducting a big party thro' Oxford - Some trouble about not coming home. (3) Just outside Ch. Ch. a society lady's toy dog 'stuck' to a bitch about six times his size. Lady frantic. I helped her to get the dogs into a house near by.

21st. Very crazy dream. In the Park on the other side of the Cherwell - Grace and several people with me. Our attention was called to several huge birds flying towards us and many rooks after them making a great noise. One huge bird, a monster eagle, was in great distress as a big rook was mounted on his head and kept pecking at his eyes. He flew up and down and made great dives and moved his wings in an extraordinary manner. Everyone was so excited and we thought the bird would fall but he flew on and alighted on the top of our house, which appeared to have a turret and a small gallery. When we came into the garden (which was much larger than ours really is) we could see the huge bird, like an eagle only twice the height, standing in the gallery, and the eyes looked grey and there was blood on the beak. Grace said she would go up but he disappeared and in a minute down the steps came a huge brown bear. Revere was terrified but he seemed

very playful and came jumping over and smelt me and said 'You are all right'. In a moment he had changed to a dark Hebrew in a light tweed suit with a curl on his forehead, and he turned with a smile and said 'Am I not like Disraeli? How you were all fooled. That was my new aeroplane, shaped like an eagle. I was inside.' He made no explanation of the bear, we were all greatly pleased and he told us they had flown from London and were really much troubled by the rooks.

July 23rd/11. Interesting dream - repeated in same night.

I was in a kind of Institute for treatment which had been organised by Sir Almuth Wright, who had the appearance of (and was) Horsley and Rissian Russell was his assistant. I was in a big room which opened on a loggia descending to a garden. There was a big double bed. Grace was with me. I woke in the night with a sensation of something moving in my armpit. At first I thought it was a dream but gradually I realized from the movements that a snake had crawled up my arm and had coiled itself in my armpit. I was simply terrified and went into a sort of convulsion - trembling violently yet saying all the time to myself 'You must not stir or it may bite you'. In a few minutes, it seemed hours, the beast uncoiled itself and slipped out of my arm sleeve. I heard it drop on to the floor and immediately put out my hand and turned on the electric light. Grace was not in bed. I got up breathless, in I went and went to the loggia, where on a sofa covered with a blanket and leaves Grace was asleep. We roused the attendant, an old woman, who looked like E.W.B.N.'s servant. She sent for Russell who came in very cheery and said it was all right and would telegraph to Horsley. Meanwhile the attendant began to worry me about some charges which a patient of mine had refused to pay, 12 guineas for each treatment. He was insane and I told her the executors would settle. In a short time a messenger came in with a big yellow envelope, the return answer from Horsley. "Send for Wassermann Bro. who will remove all snakes" and with this was a new coloured photographic impression of what they had been doing that day. He was touring in Germany with his staff of vaccine physicians, the chief of which was a Russian Grand Duke. They were in four rows, five or six in each row - all with ringlets and looking very Jewish. They were all the top with carriages etc. - all in colour, and this had been printed off and came as a sort of souvenir with the telegraphic message which was below and typewritten. Russell said it was all right and they would send in the morning for the firm. He reassured me and said the old woman would keep watch. He was very cheery and said the snakes in any case were harmless. I went to bed again leaving the old woman sitting by the window. Again I woke in an agony, feeling the snake crawling up my left sleeve and squirming about to make itself comfortable. It was a bigger one and in the dim light I could see the tail crossing the back

of my hand obliquely. I was in terror and again had a sort of convulsion. My mouth was dry and I could not speak, but I could just see the shadow of the old woman with her head on the window sill. It seemed hours and the beast had evidently coiled in my armpit and his head was on my breast. Then it uncoiled and slipped away. By this time it was light and I saw its yellow body glide along the bed and down the post. I sat up and saw it run down a hole which led under the loggia. I shouted to the old woman and Grace came. I fell back in a sort of faint and when I came to Russell was there again. He was awfully kind and said he would arrange other rooms but he felt sure the treatment was necessary and would be effective. I had only had one injection. He said 'I had better reexamine you and see if the snake has bitten you.' I saw a disturbed look on his face as he said "Have you always had these large breasts Osler?" "No," I said, "I felt there was something curious." "My God," he said, "there's milk in them." He has given you the wrong injection." He put his hand on my abdomen, which for the first time I noticed to be very big, and said "We are ruined. You are in the family way, that injection should have been given to Mrs Edgecumbe. Now I understand why you have been bothered with the snakes - they smelt the milk in your breasts and will do anything for a drink." And he sat down very much upset, having turned pale. "Send for the messenger boy" and he wrote a long message to Horsley who was touring (as Wright) in Germany with the Grand Duke - "Stop all injection, vaccines are mixed, Osler pregnant" and the boy pulled out a little apparatus, touched a button, and took a photograph of us all which would be sent with the message. I protested that I was rather old to have a baby - but it did not seem strange on account of my sex, and Grace seemed quite pleased. "Now you will have a girl of your own." "I'll have a Caesarian done," I said.

Oct. 1st. All sorts of crazy dreams in the past 2 months - rarely have remembered one completely.

Oct. 2nd. Curious the silly little minutiae in dreams. 7.15 I have just wakened. Have been at a consultation in London, 2nd time and the same place. Dr., a square faced man with cut-round beard, i.e. upper and lower lip and part of chin free, very nice people and nice house. Great deal of talk - then Dr. said "Sorry I have a midwifery case and I must hand you over to my partner" a tall fellow with a limp, who had been in the room but I mistook him for a relative. We put on our hats but only went into another room across the hall, into which in a few minutes the patient came - a very thin girl, a consumptive. She lay on the sofa. I took her hand, which was very large, nails not curved. She had a spit cup and a handkerchief, and as she coughed I could see a

small goitre rising up and down. I stayed a little while asking her symptoms and then said 'We must go, I will wash my hands, nurse.' A tiny little basin, 2 bits of soap one a thin narrow fragment, which I took. It slipped from my hand and fell under the table. I would get it, saying "It might be wasted." Then Mrs ? the mother called out for a towel which the nurse brought, and Mrs ? took it saying "I always keep my towels in antiseptic gauze", and she unrolled it from an embroidered cloth with holes as big as marbles. The Dr. and I went out to see our patient - she was on the sofa in the room and I had been talking to her.

16 Nov. Very rare to dream correctly of future events. I saw Pres. of Magdalen in dream and apologised that I could not come to his Poetry lecture as I had three meetings in succession, the last at the Delegates room at the very hour.

Curious details two fancy dogs on the pavement, one with neck tied with blue ribbon.

I have had extraordinary dreams the past month but singularly unsuccessful in remembering. Some of shocking improbability yet I was not in the least surprised. M.'s husband was her father P-H. who was just going off on a trip. He had the same relation to me as of old. We saw him in the cab and went back to the house, when M. began to make love to me in a most improper manner.

iv. 25 14. On the 23rd Quaritch bought for me a MSS. of Sir Thos. Browne for £20 (with E.B.'s money). I was greatly interested as Browne MSS. are very rare. It came yesterday, and last eve. I was showing it to Revere. I dreamt that I was at the sale which was in a big room in a private house - beautifully furnished, and all the documents were put out on different tables to which the auctioneer went in turn. He had come to a long table at which only 5 or 6 persons were seated, I among them, and young Quaritch. Mr H. the auctioneer took his seat at the head and said "Not much of interest here, except that Browne MS. You will want that, of course, Professor." I had it in my hand. It was beautifully bound in old pig-skin, and inside had a number of printed slips, descriptive, - just as the original one has. Mr H. said "How much offered?" I said "£1". "All right" he said, "that seems all right. Nothing else offered, - going, going -" Just at this moment young Quaritch, who had been at the other side of the table, started up. "Wait a minute, wait a minute, I must bid on this for a customer" and he came round to my side of the table greatly excited, with his hands thro' his hair, picked up the MS. "£2" he said. Then began a lively contest between us. Three ladies at the table were very interested. Up, up went the price. 40, 50, 60, and at £64 it was knocked down to Quaritch. I was very disappointed, and evidently showed

it. One of the ladies came over and patted my hand and said it would be all right. When I got to the club in the evening I found a note from Mr Quaritch saying he had bought the MS. for me, but it had gone up beyond his expectations as there was a gentleman very keen for it. All the time I was bidding against my own order to Quaritch.

Aug. 9th 1914

As showing how little stirring events of the day may influence dreams I may mention that war was declared 10 days ago. Until last night I had no dream associated in any way with the soldiers or with the arrangement of the Hospitals. Last night a confused dream about the hospital at the Schools.

Aug. 26/14. Beatrice Francis came in great excitement "I've got him - come, hurry up, he's very ill, but quite safe." She did not look quite like Bea - sharper features and a gap between the upper teeth, but it was Bea all the same. We hurried thro' the streets of a town I did not know, - looked like N.Y., about Madison and 32nd St., a big R R on one side. We entered an hotel went directly to the lift, and were shown into a beautifully furnished bed room. Everything Parisian. On a big bed was an oblong bale, carefully roped, the outer covering a thick quilt, so that the ropes sank deep and were not visible. Bea hurriedly took off her hat and cloak, called a nurse from the next room and they began to undo the bale. Bea muttering "He's safe all right," "we've got him." I helped them with the ropes, which were very tightly drawn. I was filled with curiosity, and kept saying "What have you got here, Bea?" First the quilt, then blankets, at least half a dozen, two or three sheets, and then out rolled a great big burly brute, dead drunk and fast asleep. "There he is," Bea said - "now you cure him." "For heaven's sake" I said, "why did you wrap him up in that way?" I said. "That is our treatment," she replied, "we have done it every day for a week, but he is not better - so we thought we would call you." At this moment the unshorn horrid-looking face began to jerk, opened the eyes, the body straightened and gave a spasm - and died. I woke up.

Sept. 1st. I was talking with Barlow and a couple of men, and B. was saying how splendidly I have got the better of the Chinese Govt. in compelling everyone to be vaccinated against the hook-worm disease. I did not know anything about it! and was much mystified. Barlow was Barlow, and talked like B. but he had the face of Brunton. We were joined by Hale White, Rolleston, Herringham and others and were sitting round a table. Suddenly I began

to bring up great masses of black jelly-like material, which I spat out on to the table. No one seemed disturbed, least of all myself. They were inky black and I said my stylo could not have held it all. Hale White remarked "Of course, Osler, it's blood. We did not hear you cough, it must have come from the stomach," but I protested I had not felt it come up and that it was too black and that it was ink of some sort. At this Hale White cut a thin slice and held it up to the light and one could see the red through. Barlow said "Do not worry, Osler. I am full of these ulcers myself and often cough up clots like those. It will do you good, you are looking better already."

Sept. 14th/14. A huge plain in a valley beautifully situated, a river, and trees and lovely turf. Scattered on the grass in thousands were big bulls, of all breeds, all lying down and at the head of each one a patient breathing the exhaled air from its nostrils. This had been found to be a panacea in consumption, cancer, everything. It had to be bulls' breath, because it was so much stronger. Sometimes there were two patients at one bull's head. The animals were trained. At the heads of many the patients were only using one nostril, at the other a valvular machine was attached for collecting the air in reservoirs so that none of it was lost. This was sold in cylinders. An hour three times a day was the duration. I strolled about among the patients, many of whom I knew. All were doing well. It was a great cure!

Sept. 27th/14.

One constant succession of dreams and all weird. Dr Fussell brought his wife to see me, helping her to walk to the sofa. "Oh," she said, "Dr Osler, I have such a pain in my back." Looking at it there was from occiput to coccyx an incision, the edges in beautiful apposition. F. said "She has had for years persistent pain in the back and I have done my new operation for it, I take out each dorsal spine and attached part of the bone, so that I can massage the cord gently in its whole length." With this he pulled a buried suture out which opened the whole incision. He then began to pick out the spines and laid them on the table in order, saying "They must go back in the proper places." When he had the cord exposed the dura was opened in the same way and he gently massaged the cord. She seemed very unhappy about it. In a few minutes he had put all the bits back, stitched her up - and we could not but admire the neatness of the job. I said "J. William White of Denver could not have done it better."

Oct. 12./16

Does the same part of the brain work awake and asleep? Can we think of two things simultaneously?

Revere had just come on 2.30 a.m. from Newcastle for his last leave before going to France so that I was thoroughly awakened. When he went upstairs I tried to get off to sleep again but it took a long time. At one moment I was thinking of this submarine off the U.S. coast - and what would happen to the poor devils if their supply boat was sunk and their petrol gone, and wondering if any boat would attend to their signals of distress. At the same time in this drowsy stage I was at a camp in France an attendant in a kitchen where meals were being served and had a big flat dish of rice and custard. I had nearly helped it all when a man came with a plate and I scraped all the edge with the black surface of the custard and apologised to the man for giving so much of it, but he said "That is what I like, I waited on purpose for it." The two incidents were in my mind at the same time, of this I am reasonably certain, and as I caught this impression of something unusual and bestirred myself and put in the fixating mixture to have a permanent impression.

Dec. 8th /16

Walking over a wide stone bridge which spanned the most wonderful water-gardens - acres covered by the sea with every possible variety of sea plants and arrangements for zoophytes and fish. Everywhere people were walking about on paths about 2 ft. below the surface of the sea, and they wore waders for the purpose. We were looking over the parapet admiring the clear water, the seaweed, the polyzoa and the fish. Suddenly we heard a shout and about 200 yards away in one of the submarine walks a lady was shrieking and waving her hands and trying to escape from a big fish which was attacking her. We could see him biting her legs thro' the waders and then he would stand on his tail and bite her face and hands and arms. The snapping of his jaws when he missed her could be heard. To our horror we saw that it was Grace (my wife). Near by were stone steps leading to the water. We - Sue, Revere and I - rushed down - did not wait for the attendant - who offered us waders, but we plunged into the water, which scarcely reached our knees. A railing on either side indicated the position of the pathways and we could see that the water outside was in places quite deep. The fish had attacked her at the junction of two of these submarine walks. He had ceased the attacks and we could see people carrying Grace up stone steps. There was a great crowd, and it was difficult to move rapidly in the water. We followed the people to a big hotel just overlooking the water. Everybody was excited and talking. I forgot to say that as we crossed the place where she had been attacked men were looking into the water and pointing out the

fish, and sure enough, there he was, a huge pike, fully six feet in length. Revere said at once "That is the King of the Jacks. He is mentioned by Walton and is only seen once in 100 years. It is a very bad omen." They had taken Grace upstairs to a large room where she lay on a bed unconscious. Some women were taking off her clothes and a doctor was trying to make her swallow some brandy. Her face and arms and front of the body and her legs above the water level were thickly covered with bluish red points, from all of which blood was oozing. They corresponded to the punctures made by the teeth of the pike. Her face was a fearful sight as the teeth marks were everywhere. People were streaming in to look at her. When I told the Doctor she was my wife he paid no attention. He gave orders to the Manager who was standing at the foot of the bed to get a very hot bath ready. She just began to move and open her eyes when Bateman came and wakened me with the noise of the blinds.

I have never seen a more beautiful sight than this large sea garden, and the walks were arranged so remarkably.

14. x. 17. 4.30 a.m. My own Post-Mortem.

Extraordinary dream, I went with my brother Regius of Cambridge, Sir Clifford Allbutt, and Dr A. G. Gibson upstairs to the new p.m. room at the Radcliffe Infirmary. A body was on the table covered with a sheet, which was removed by the man and there I saw myself laid out. Gibson came up and said to me quietly "You had better not wait as it may embarrass Allbutt." I replied "Not a bit. I do not mind. I must see of what he died. Had he had many attacks?" "No," Gibson said, "only one or two and he died suddenly last night in a severe angina attack." "That is right Gibson, always say angina before Allbutt - he and Welch are the only men to whom I use the short i." Gibson proceeded with the post-mortem, and Allbutt discussed with me several points about my own case and I told him that years ago I often had substernal distress which I regarded as the initial step in the disease. By this time Gibson had the heart and aorta out. "Remarkably healthy-looking organ for a man of his age," said A., "and look at the aorta, as smooth as a child's, and the valves quite clear." "But," said Gibson, "see the root of the aorta," and in the sinuses of Valsalva and whole aortic ring the vessel looking like a bit of brown shoe leather, dry and hard. "Ah," said Allbutt, "that just fits my view, only the orifices of the coronaries and the first half inch of the aorta are involved. I never saw a more beautiful specimen - syphilitic, of course." "Well," I said, "Allbutt, it may be and it certainly looks it, but I know I have never had any symptoms of the disease. I may have had it innocently as a student." "The spirochetes will be there," said Gibson. Everything other part was normal, only an extraordinary arrangement of the branches of the pulmonary

arteries which twisted several times about the main divisions of the bronchi. The intima was very white and smooth. The lungs were coal black, at which I remarked I was not surprised, as I had inhaled cigarette smoke since 1874. I watched Gibson sew me up and jokingly said "I could have made a better job of that once upon a time." I saw Allbutt and Gibson talking quietly together, and the former came up and said "You do not mind, Osler, if I report the case - it can do you no harm as you are really dead. This appearance of yours is very unusual and quite difficult to explain," and then he button-holed me and whispered "For God's sake do not go to your own funeral. It would upset your wife terribly. Come back to Cambridge with me." I woke up just as we were going into the histological room to see the sections of the aorta.

21.xi.17.

My wife and I had just left the gate at No. 13 when a few yards down the street was a little man carrying a fishing rod of extraordinary length - fully 200 feet, yet he carried it quite naturally. He looked like a little Hebrew but we had never seen him before. He carried a bait can and passed us without looking up. The rod was most extraordinary, not larger at the base than an ordinary one and with a reel, but it seemed to reach far up into the sky, tapering to a fine invisible point. We turned to look, and as he passed the Griffiths' he paused, turned back, entered the gate, and laid the rod against the side of the house, thro' which it fell with a crash, splitting the house in two and falling on the trees in the part which were broken and splinters flew about. The rod had fallen thro' the bath-room, as steam began to pour out. The butt of the rod had been tilted over the fence and the little man rushed out and began to wind up the reel, bracing himself with one knee on the wall. I remarked "I hope the Griffiths were not at home, we must call on our way back."

26. xi. 17. Nightmare at once on falling asleep.

10.50. My wife had gone into her room and I had not noticed that she had gone to bed. Not more than a minute or two had passed when I heard a series of 'ouow, ouow, ouow' calls. I said "What is the matter?" but got no reply. The noise continued, like someone in distress. I went into the room, turned on the light and found her asleep, breathing shortly and calling as above. I wakened her by shaking and at first she was quite dazed, and then said "What is the matter? I have been asleep. I must have had a night-mare. It was something about Lloyd George." Certainly not more than two minutes passed between the time she left my room

and the beginning of the night-mare. She often fell asleep at once after turning out the light.

27. xi. 17. Dreamt of the boy - for the fourth time - he was blind, and I was helping him to throw a fly! The last time a few weeks ago I met him at the Birmingham Station. It was Revere but not the same in face. He was returning to duty at Newcastle. I had to tell him not to go as he had been killed on Aug. 30. He said it made no difference, and many went back to their depots after they were killed - they just put on new faces!

11. viii. 18.

Singularly few dreams of a striking character this year. I have not been sleeping quite so well as usual, tho' I still fall asleep at once after turning out the light. Have had several confirmations of the fact that I begin to dream immediately (see previous note).

? 10. viii. 18. Most distressing dream about the execution by hanging of a boy of 9 in London, at the instigation of the Italian Govt. for the murder of a Bishop in Rome the year before. The boy had been smuggled out of Italy and abandoned in London and picked up by a woman who kept a shop in the East End - not anything like a London shop as it had a clap-boarded front and a small window. The woman had a remarkable face, with an expression of concentrated grief such as I had never seen before. She lay in a wooden bunk at the back of the shop and an Italian sister was trying to comfort her. The side of the shop opened directly into a big church from which noises of a service could be heard. The woman rolled from side to side moaning "They tied his hands behind him, they put a rope about his small neck and they did not bandage his eyes." The sister explained that the boy had been executed that morning in front of the high altar. All day the face of the woman recurred.

11. viii. 18.

Naturally on such days one thinks a great deal of the great problems. Milton best expresses them.

In reality they have not bothered me much and yet as a judgement for some remark I had been given knowledge of what would happen for a year in advance. We were a merry party -

? Harry Osborne and May and the Kew girls Evelyn, Mabel and scores of friends - all in the ante-room through which a series of couples were passing to be married in groups at a sumptuous High Altar at which stood ex-President Taft in gorgeous vestments. To batches of 10 and 15 couples he read the entire Anglican service while we were talking loudly and smoking in the ante-room with wide open door. We got very bored with the length of the service, and at the clauses relating to the institution of matrimony we all laughed hilariously. We thought all was over when a belated couple arrived - a dark sinister looking man who has his hair brushed from two long wisps at the back, brought forward to cover his bald head. On his arm was a lovely looking girl, whom I at once recognized as C-a. N-t-l. As they passed thro' silence fell on all as it seemed a tragedy that so evil a looking man should marry a sweet young girl. Then as he passed thro', one of the wisps of hair had fallen and bedraggled as low as his shoulder exposing one half of an unusually bald head. Mr Taft roared out "Why are these people late?" and looking at the man called out to a man at a desk close by "Is this all right?" and without looking up he replied "Yes - go ahead." But Mr Taft left the altar and hurrying to where I stood talking to Mabel and Harry, he grasped me by the arm and said with a face furious with rage, "I will not do it unless you let me know what happens to him within a year." to which I replied "No cause for worry, she is already a widow to me. I have been attending her husband and the damned scoundrel died of aneurism more than a week ago." It was not that I was able to predict what would happen, but I lived just one year ahead as well as in the present, and had full knowledge of all that had happened. Only a few of my friends knew of this power and were sworn to secrecy and I had often refused to display my power as I dreaded lest people should get to know of it. Mabel knew and she turned pale as she heard Mr Taft whisper to me. He returned to the altar and instead of reading the service as he had done he simply said "I pronounce you man and wife." With this he threw off his vestments and came into the ante-room and joined Mabel and me and May at bridge - a game I do not play.