

Osler 15

W Gr. 6.

7642. 'A Visit to the Dismal Swamp';  
1900.

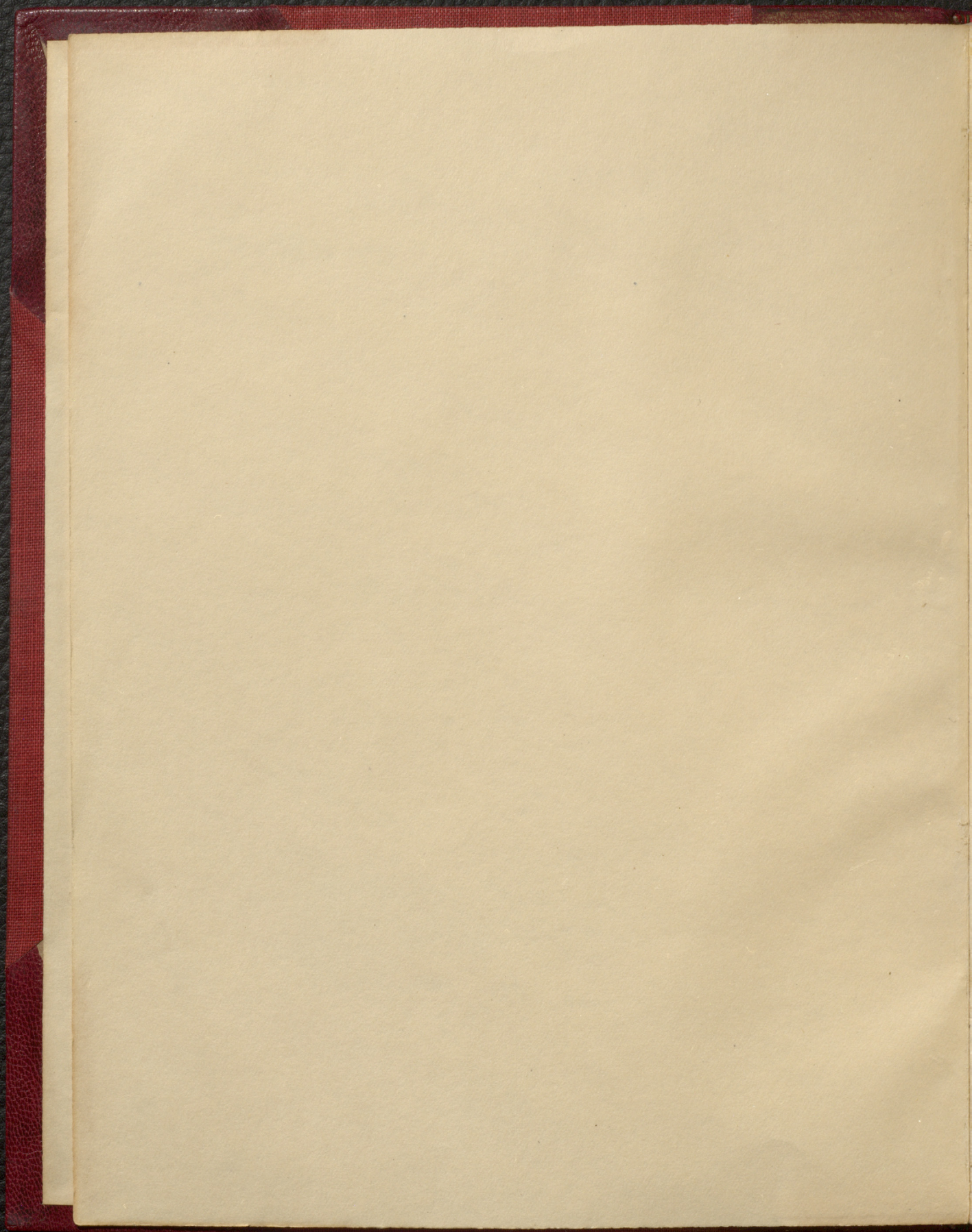
Typed transcript (1923) of the tale written on the  
flyleaves of vol. 2 of Burton, no. 4632 (see note).  
Unpublished.

7642

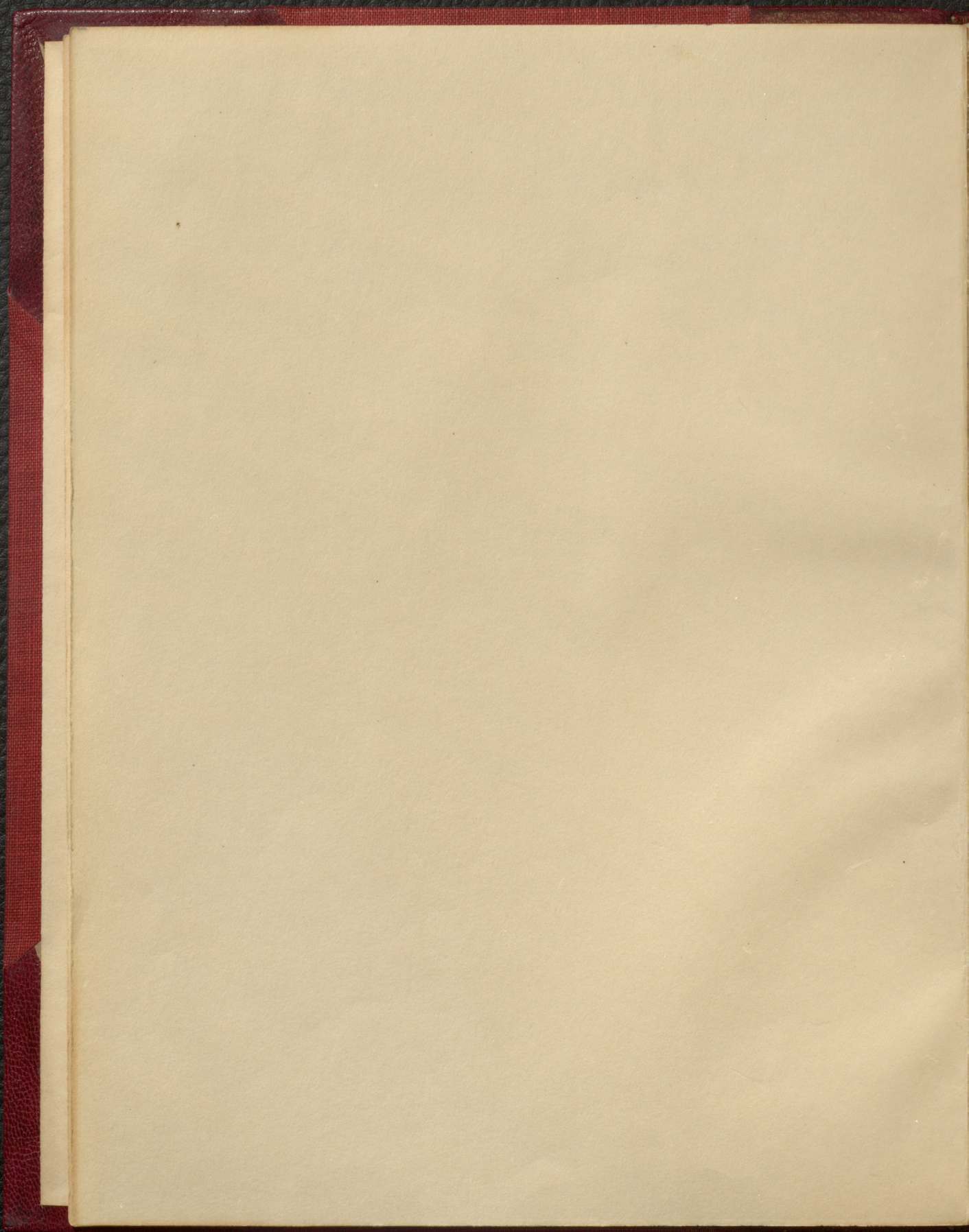
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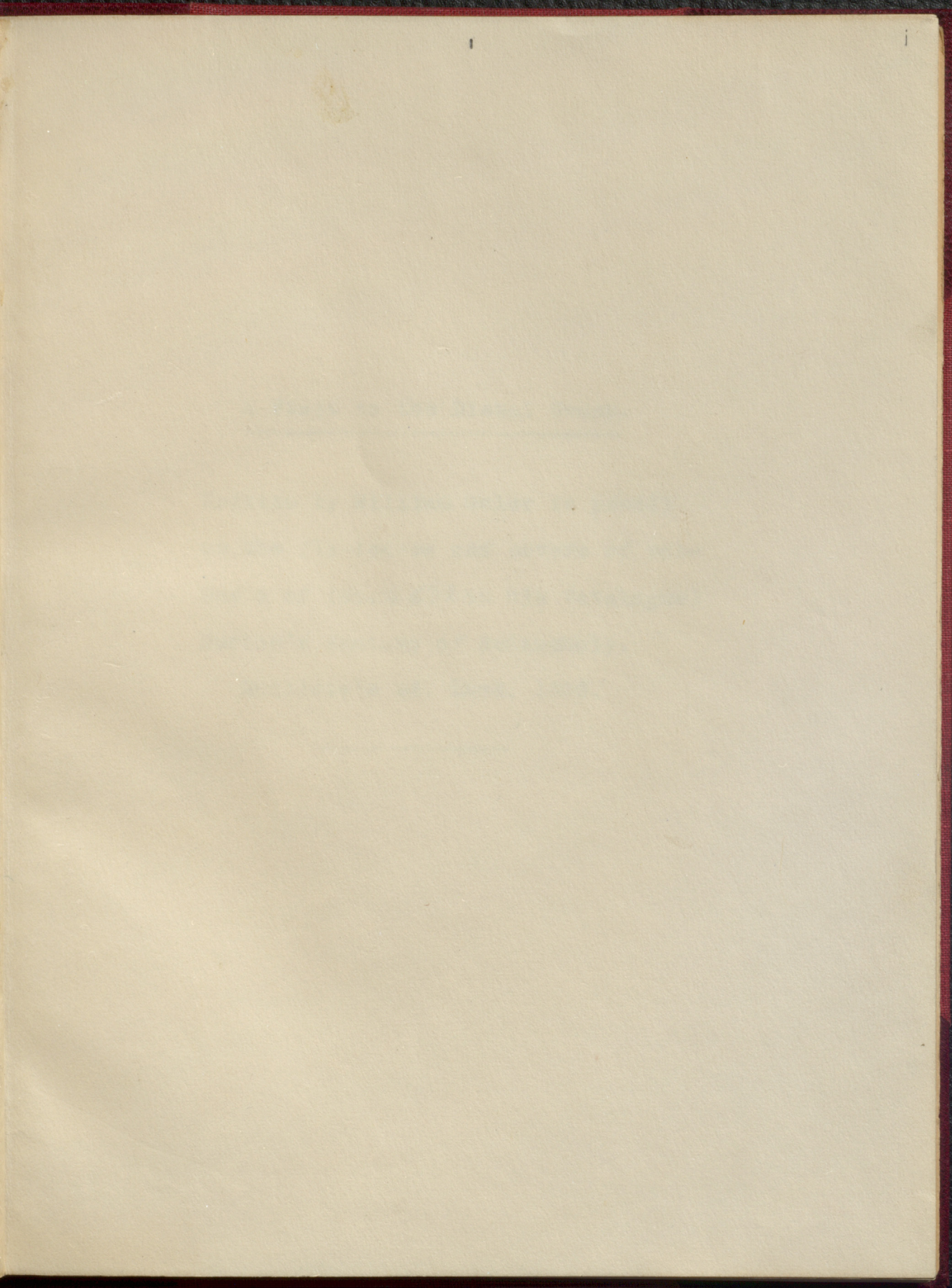
Two typewritten of this  
are in the "1900" folder  
in the casting material, # ~~85~~ 8303.  
L.W.D.  
1949.

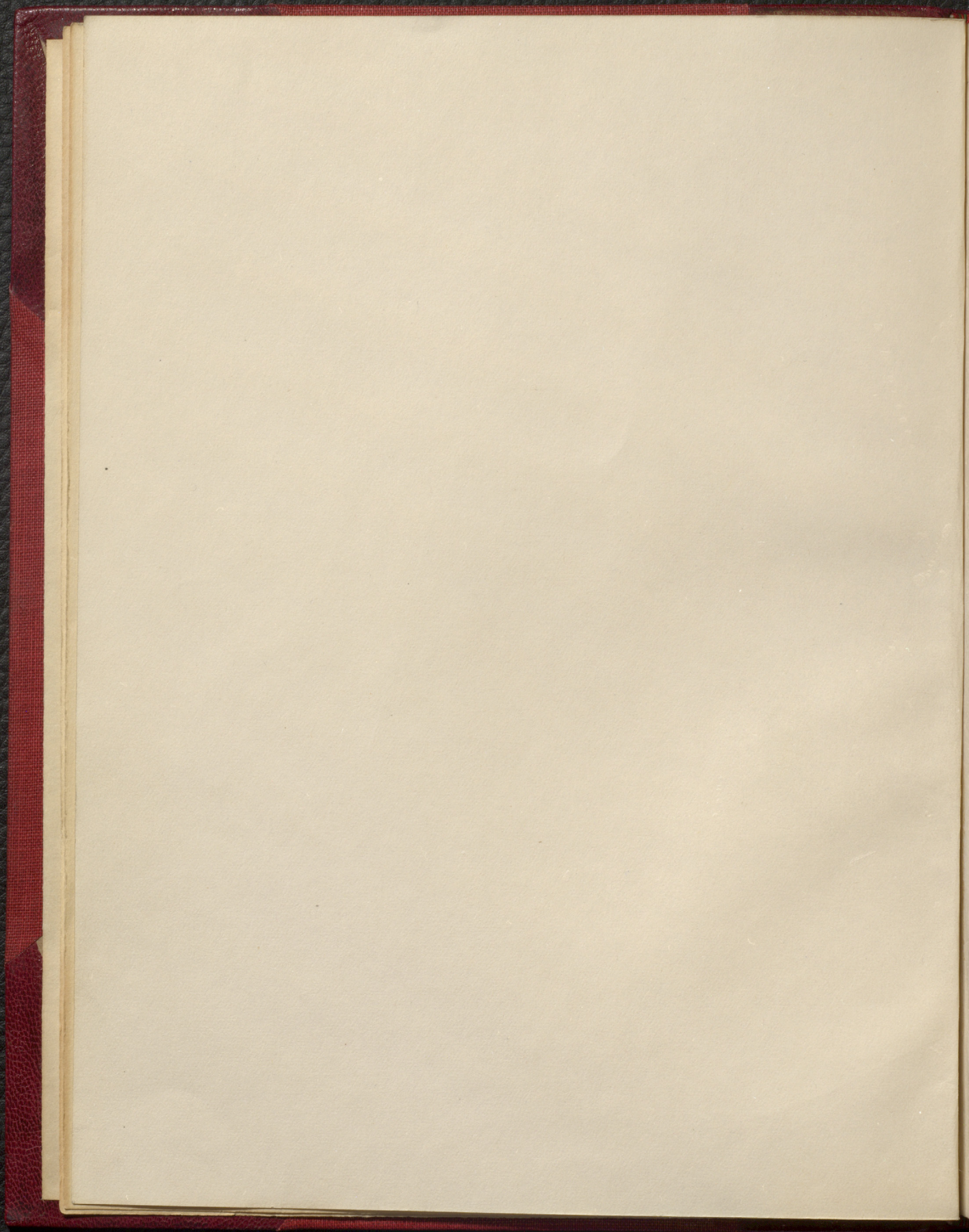
15 minutes to read.













A Visit to the Dismal Swamp.

Written by William Osler in pencil  
on the fly-leaves and covers of vol-  
ume 2 of (No. 4632 in his Catalogue)  
Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy,  
Shilleto's ed. Lond. 1893.

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THE HISTORY OF THE

... ..  
... ..  
... ..  
... ..  
... ..

...

To few men is given to see the strongest youthful desires fully realized. Mine have been. There were two. To see the giant's bed on St. Michael's Mount and to visit the Dismal Swamp. I could not have been more than four years old when on a glorious August day my sainted mother took me to the berry patch, on the skirts of the pine forest. The day was hot and after we had filled our baskets we went deep into the cool of the woods. On a bank of moss I sat at her feet as she told me the story of Jack the Giant Killer and how as a girl she had been brought up in Jack's own country and had often visited the castle on St. Michael's Mount, and had climbed into the great bed in which the giant sleeps and had seen his club and all the accessories. Deep in my waxen brain

The first part of the book is devoted to a description of the country and the people. It is a very interesting and well written work. The author has done his best to give a full and accurate account of the country and its people. The book is well illustrated and is a valuable addition to the literature of the country.

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the story was graven never to fade, and I do not think a year ever passed without a fervent desire to see St. Michael's Mount. As a student I spent several holidays in Cornwall but I always felt that a visit to St. Michael's Mount must be reserved for some sacred occasion. It came when a few years later I took my bride to see my Cornish relatives. Shall I ever forget that memorable day when we drove to the mount! So often had I looked at the pictures and the description was so vivid in my mind, that I almost led our pretty young guide to the giant's room! There was the gigantic bed with the gigantic posts, the curtains a little dingy it is true, but the steps were there with which one could climb to the bed. And by the side the enormous club which three men could scarcely lift! As I turned

The story was never meant to fail, and I  
to top it off a year later passed without  
returning home to see the school's count.  
as a student I spent several months in  
London, but I never felt that a visit to  
the school's count was by no means for some  
years ago. It was when a few years  
later I took a look at the school's count  
to see how well I was doing. I was  
this was what I had to do to the school. In  
other words I looked at the school's count and the  
information was so clear that I felt that  
I should let our people know about the  
school's count. There was no question of  
all the school's count, and the school's  
little story is in fact, but the story was  
there and what one could offer to the school.  
And so the story of the school's count is this  
There was only one question left! As I turned

away, having dropped a shilling into a soft palm, I saw my wife's eyes filled with tears of happiness as she felt that my childhood visions had been so delightfully realized.

This week-end of April 1900 a dream of my young boyhood has been fulfilled. I have seen the Dismal Swamp! My success in life began with a geography prize, one of Johnston's atlases. I have it and I prize it still. The old-fashioned school geography which we studied had many attractive pictures of the great natural objects - Niagara Falls, the caves of Kentucky, etc. but the picture which fascinated me and remains photographed in my mind was that of the Dismal Swamp, with huge cypress trees with snakes hanging from the boughs. Later I read 'Dred', a tale of the Dismal Swamp'

I can't find another poem by Southey.  
"Brad," a tale of the heart & animal  
"Promises," 1856 is a professional  
novel by Harriet Beecher Stowe  
W. W. F  
1948.

Try Tom Morris "Lake" as  
Fletcher has it in ending



and Southey's poem has rung in my ears these forty years. I could never pick up an atlas without turning to a map of the United States to refresh my imagination with the vastness of the area indicated, and I invariably made a mental resolve some day to see it. I had read much and thought more of the bands of runaway slaves that lived in its recesses and I knew there were many who had not yet heard of Lincoln's Declaration and I felt that perhaps some day I might be privileged to take the message to them. All this was long ago.

A few years after I moved to Baltimore, one evening after dinner a party of gentlemen were talking of the Dismal Swamp canal, and as a shock it came to me that I was within easy distance of realizing the dream



of my boyhood. Not until this week has it been possible, but the long delay has only made the reality more real and I have had the accumulated joy of years of anticipation. We left Deep Creek about nine one morning in the steam launch of the canal contractor, taking with us an ample supply of provisions and a copy of Lincoln's proclamation. Mentally I had four pictures in connection with the Dismal Swamp silent with deep sense of - the great cypress trees with divided roots far out of the water, the moccasin snakes, the red lizards that dropped from the trees on to one's hat, and the negroes deep in the recesses of the swamp to whom Lincoln's Proclamation was yet unknown. From Deep Creek the canal runs through an uninteresting portion of the swamp for ten miles and then the launch

of the world. The world is not  
it has been possible for the first time  
only after the first world war and  
have had the accumulated list of years of  
excitement. We have seen about  
some one working in the same fashion of the  
local movement, taking with us an effort  
spirit of provision and a hope of Lincoln's  
provision. However, I had seen before  
in connection with the first world war  
with the world of - The great changes  
times with slight notes for out of the  
where the process begins, the first time  
has brought from the press on to the  
of the world to the Lincoln's Provision  
was not known. The first time the world  
was brought an international portion of the  
world for the first and last the world.

entered a narrow ditch, the feeder of the canal from the lake, two miles in length. The banks of the ditch are literally roots and peat, with here and there white patches made up of oyster and clam shells of the post-tertiary period. A quarter of a mile from the lake is the main lock of the feeder, and here we found a group of men, chiefly negroes, making a new sluice. As we were locking through, my heart leapt up as I beheld a dug-out canoe, corresponding exactly to the picture in Southey's poem. The man in charge of the lock we called Sir Michael from an extraordinary resemblance which he bore to our distinguished friend the physiologist. He was both civil and humorous and offered us the hospitality of his garden, as his bungalow was small and full. He received

collected a number of birds, but the most of the  
... from the lake, the birds in the  
the banks of the river are literally covered  
and part, with ferns and other white flowers  
... of oyster and other shells of the  
... period. A number of  
... the lake in the main part of  
the forest, and here we found a group of  
... chiefly oysters, with a few shells  
... we were looking through, or near  
... up and I found a large one  
... results of the studies in  
... The sea in the part of the  
... called the ...  
... which we have to our  
... the physical  
... and ...  
... of the garden, as the  
... the ...

the daily papers which we offered with a visible start which was explained a few minutes later when he asked us to read a letter which the skipper had brought him from Deep Creek. Through the lock we quickly reached the shoreless lake of the Dismal Swamp, and no sooner had we left the ditch than the first of my visions came true. The launch ran close to the magnificent ruins of a huge cypress, with at least twelve tough roots, all separate, between which a canoe could go, reaching down into six or eight feet of water. The top was battered and leafless, the trunk was bare, but what of that? The giant roots did emerge from the water and light, much light, could be seen between them. The lake is surrounded by these remarkable trees which present a

The half-inch wide as shown in  
a white paper which was printed a few  
minutes later when he used to be read  
later with the printer but through the  
the paper there is through the ink as  
quaintly marked the general face of the  
black paper, and in some cases as the  
the other than the first of the visible  
case time. The paper has been to the  
significant value of a page number, with  
at least twelve page numbers, all arranged  
between which a case could be recorded  
from late six or eight feet of water.  
The top was prepared and finished, the  
turn and face, but what of that? The  
also note the course from the water  
and light, each light, could be seen  
through that. The ink is surrounded by  
those remarkable lines which present a



strange appearance to one accustomed to northern forests. Lifeless, silent, monotonous, not a habitation visible, and nowhere an apparent outlet, the lake of the Dismal Swamp is a -  
but I must say I returned to our launch a little disappointed.

It was six o'clock before we returned to the lock where we made arrangements to camp for the night. About dusk as we sat smoking around a camp fire, a fine looking young negro called Hamp came up and asked in a hesitating way if one of us was not a doctor. He had that sinplural malady known in Leviticus and among the colored folk as "running reins" for which Dr. F. provided him with substantial comfort. I was attracted by a remarkable conformation of his right eye which was

stayed together in our apartment  
for some time. My wife, child,  
and mother-in-law, and a few others,  
of the same family as I  
but I did not return to our house  
a little disappointed.  
It was the night before we returned  
to the lake where we had our  
to camp for the night. About half  
we sat looking toward a camp fire. A little  
looking toward the camp fire and  
and other in a beautiful way. It was  
we saw not a house. We had the  
which were in the distance and  
called for a "mountain view" for  
It is possible that this  
correct. I was attracted by a  
explanation of the view and

inserted vertically in the socket and gave to him a remarkably ferocious appearance. As I was examining him something in his aspect - the phenomenal optic - took me back six years ago to the ward for colored patients at the Johns Hopkins Hospital. I found at my visit an elderly negro, jet black but of remarkable intelligence, and with this still more remarkable conformation, at which, the head nurse assured me, the other colored patients were greatly disturbed as they dreaded such an eye as a hoodoo. After gaining the old man's confidence, he told me that he belonged to an important secret society among the negroes which had had its origin and was connected with the escape of runaway slaves into the Dismal Swamp. Members of this society knew each other by a secret digital

inserted vertically in the ground and gave  
to him a remarkably favorable impression  
as I was expecting his assistance in the  
report - the experimental error - took me  
back six years ago to the work for colored  
patients at the Johns Hopkins Hospital.  
I found as of visit an elderly negro, the  
black out of remarkable intelligence, and  
with this still some remarkable conduct  
that, at which, the best cases occurred in  
the other colored patients very greatly  
disturbed as they needed such as a  
Boston. After gaining the old man's  
confidence, he told me that he followed  
in an important school system, among the  
persons which had had the origin and pro-  
cessed with the course of many others  
into the social class. Another of this  
social class was given by a social class

sign of extraordinary simplicity, which, out of regard for my kindness, he showed me. In a flash all this had passed through my mind, as I saw the big negro boy by the camp fire with his cock eye. At a venture I gave him the sign, received a reply, and to our surprise he stooped down and grasped me by both legs in the attitude of a suppliant. He then motioned me to come aside and in a voice shaken with fear he asked how I happened to become a member of the society. It turned out that Hampton, the old colored patient in ~~the~~ Ward M, was his uncle and the whole family had this ocular peculiarity. I asked him where he lived. He said that his people were far in there, pointing towards the lake, and that he came out every week to work with the lock master.

and of extraordinary ability, which  
 out of regard for his character, he should  
 not be a slave to his own genius  
 through to mind, as I see the high  
 way by the camp that stretches out  
 at a distance of some miles from the  
 a noble, and to our surprise he is  
 found and granted me by with legs in the  
 attitude of a successful man. In the  
 national we are now doing and in a  
 manner which can be said to be  
 to secure a number of the world's  
 turned out that danger, the all-around  
 treatment for the world is not his work  
 the whole world, but this is the  
 to reach his work in the world  
 the people will be in the world  
 through the law, and that the  
 were used in the world

Here was the very opportunity I sought. In a few words I asked if he would not take us into the swamp in his dug-out. As he hesitated I gave him the sign and he at once said yes, but it must be at night. To-night then, I replied. "Be at the top of the lock at midnight." Too excited to sleep we sat by the fire, "amid a silence so profound it made the senses thrill". The ripple of the sluice alone broke the awful stillness. At twelve we found Hampton with the canoe, in the bottom of which we sat one in the middle and one at the bow while Hampton with a strong paddle sat on a low movable seat in the stern. It was one of those glorious nights at the full moon, the sheen of which was reflected along the entire length of the canal, and as we

that was the first opportunity I caught  
 in a few hours I asked if he would not  
 take me into his study in his day-out  
 as he finished I knew him the sign was  
 as if once said yes, but it was to be  
 right. So after that I replied, "Yes  
 at the top of the book is written, 'The  
 English to sleep we eat by the fire,  
 'with a silence as profound as when the  
 'wonder built'. The things of the  
 things alone have the great stillness.  
 At last we found ourselves with the cross,  
 in the bottom of water as one in the  
 little and one in the low white water  
 with a slight pause and on, for now  
 rest in the stream. It was one of those  
 glorious nights of the fall, the  
 moment when the perfect sleep was  
 and the night of the night, and as we



entered the lake the soft brilliancy of the light, just enough to show the low outlines in the distance, displayed in vivid weirdness the giant cypresses.

In the launch we had stood away from the shore, as one must call it, but Hampton paddled at once toward the south margin, and went in and out among the cypresses like a skilful driver in a crowded street. I asked him if it were possible to paddle between the roots of one of the large trees, to which he replied in one word, "Wait". After skirting the south side of the lake for about two miles, Hampton headed the canoe directly for one of the large trees we had seen, as if he meant to strike it. Turning suddenly to the left around a huge root and as suddenly to the right he passed into a wide channel

entered the lake the first brilliancy of  
 the light, just enough to show the low  
 outline in the distance, dissipated in  
 swift windings the light expression  
 in the land, as had good way from the  
 shore, as one must call it, but however  
 recalled at once toward the water surface  
 and went in the out among the ripples  
 like a faithful deliver in a crowded street  
 I asked him if it were possible to gather  
 between the roots of one of the large  
 trees, so which he replied in one word,  
 "No!" after extracting the small bits of  
 the bark for about ten miles, Kingston  
 headed the canoe directly for one of the  
 large trees we had seen, as if he meant  
 to strike it. Turning suddenly to the  
 left around a huge rock and an abrupt  
 to the right he passed into a little channel

made by eight roots to our right and seven to the left, all wonderfully symmetrical and uniform, coalescing about six feet above the water. Perfectly enchanted, I motioned to Hampton to stop but he shook his head. I insisted and he slowed the canoe against one of the roots. At that moment we heard a splash in the water and a moccasin snake at least four feet long dropped from one of the roots into the water just missing the edge of the canoe. Hampton gave a start but in a flash I seized a paddle, shouted to Dr. F. to steady the canoe, and with the flat side had pinned the snake to one of the roots just at the water line. Hampton yelled, "It is death to touch it, let me go on", but seeing that I had the creature firmly caught close to the head so that it

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could not possibly strike, I grasped it by the neck and lifted it into the canoe. It was a perfect beauty and shone in the moonlight with a wonderful lustre. The second of my boyish dreams about the Dismal Swamp was more than fulfilled. I had not only seen but caught a moccasin. In a moment, while Dr. F. held a lighted match, I made the snake harmless by extracting with my knife the fangs, and remembering a trick which Dr. Kelly had taught us I looped it in the coluber knot which not even a snake can untie, and laid it harmless and safe in the bottom of the canoe. From under the cypresses we emerged into a little bay of open water and heard a distant ripple as of a brook running out of the lake. In the thickest of the bushes, so thick that we had to duck

could not possibly be... I pressed it  
by the wood and lifted it into the center  
it was a perfect beauty and shown in the  
sunlight with a wonderful feature. The  
account of my father's dream about the island  
seems to have been fulfilled. I had not  
only seen but caught a magnificent... in a  
moment, while he held a lighted candle.  
I saw the eagle perched by extending  
with my hands the eagle, and remembering  
a little while for, with his wings out  
looked at in the center and when not  
seen a state can make and take it  
himself and also in the bottom of the  
center. From under the center he  
emerged with a little bit of open water  
and heard a distant voice as of a bird  
coming out of the lake. In the distance  
of the center, so that there was no...

our heads, we came upon a miniature rapid, up which with a strong effort Hampton forced the canoe and we found ourselves in a stream the outlines of which were scarcely visible, so thick were the trees above and about. Growing wider as we proceeded, we got once more into open spots in which the moonlight showed islands of moss supported by the spider-like roots of trees. After paddling for at least two hours, the trees seemed less tall, the islands larger and the proportion of land and water was reversed and we passed several large oases. On one of these Hampton stranded his canoe, gave a shrill whistle between his fingers and then helped us out. A fine looking half naked negro with a lighted pine knot in one hand came out to greet us, in evident terror until Hampton shouted "All right".

The first of these is a...  
 up with a strong...  
 found the...  
 in a...  
 especially...  
 those and...  
 regarded, as...  
 which is...  
 islands...  
 life...  
 at least...  
 half...  
 tion of...  
 to...  
 of...  
 a...  
 them...  
 could...  
 and...  
 far...



In a few minutes Hampton's mother joined the group and both were much excited to learn why he had come at such an hour. Speaking to them for a moment, he asked me to step forward and as I did gave the sign, at which they bowed and made signs of the greatest respect. The house was a small two-roomed log structure, very comfortable, quite rain proof, but devoid of ordinary furniture; neither bed nor bedding, table nor chair. I was not interested in any of the externals, one thought alone absorbed me. Had these poor souls heard of Lincoln's proclamation or not? They had both been born in the swamp, how long ago they did not know. To the question to whom they belonged the man replied, "Massa Ransom", and fortunately added ~~that~~ "Old Aunt Letty", meaning his



mother, would tell all about it. In a few moments the woman came out - we had lighted a fire - leading a much bent old woman, evidently of great age, who was one of the last of the runaway slaves in the swamp. She and her husband had escaped years ago from the Ransom plantation in the Roanoke, and aided by the secret society had reached the slave resort in the Dismal Swamp where they had lived and brought up a large family. As I had been at the Ransom plantation and knew something of them I cross questioned her and gathered that she must have escaped as far back as 1840, as she knew nothing of the Mexican War in which the Ransoms were engaged. Her mind was extraordinarily bright and she told some touching incidents in the life of the

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family of the truth of which I knew. Then I put the question - did they know of the war? Yes, they replied, Silas had told them of it and said he would like to be a soldier. Of the war of secession they had never heard as when I suggested that it would be better for Aunt Letty to return to the Ransoms, she said that she preferred a free life in the swamp and that she was no good nohow at her time of life. The third of my dreams was realized - here were negroes in the Dismal Swamp which had not heard of the Lincoln Declaration. With trembling hand I took out my copy and by the light of the camp fire read the historical proclamation. When I came to the memorable words "All men are born free and equal", Aunt Letty raised her seamed and seared face and with

history of the world of which I was  
 that I put the question - did I see  
 of the world. The way which I  
 had said that it is not the world  
 live to see nothing. At the end of  
 occasion that had never heard of when  
 I suggested that it would be better for  
 that I had to return to the business, the  
 said that she possessed a first life in the  
 things and that she was to good with it  
 her time of life. The kind of my dream  
 was called - there were persons in the  
 several years when that part of the  
 historic foundation. The foundation had  
 I look out my way and by the light of the  
 map. The end of the historical foundation  
 that I came to the scientific world. The  
 was the first time that I saw the world  
 raised the second and third part of the

a chuckle said "No sah, dat ain't so, dere's a heap of difference 'twixt my son Job and his boy Silas". As it was just four o'clock and Dr. F. and I were starving, I asked Silas if he thought there was anything to eat in the house. He suggested that Aunt Letty would like nothing better than to cook the moccasin which was considered a great delicacy in the Swamp, but I was loath to give up my prize. Silas' mother came out in a few minutes with the shells of two terrapin, as I thought perhaps to give to us as a remembrance, but she raked the hot ashes from a corner of the fire and as she put the shells into them I saw they were three-fourths full. It was terrapin on the half shell! The real Dismal Swamp Diamond-Back, which feeds on the succulent roots of the mangoves and therefrom gets a flavor far superior to the Chesapeake Bay variety. Smoking hot we - but I forgot I

## ADDENDUM

written on the letter found in 1928 and now inserted opposite p.302 of the Burton volume.

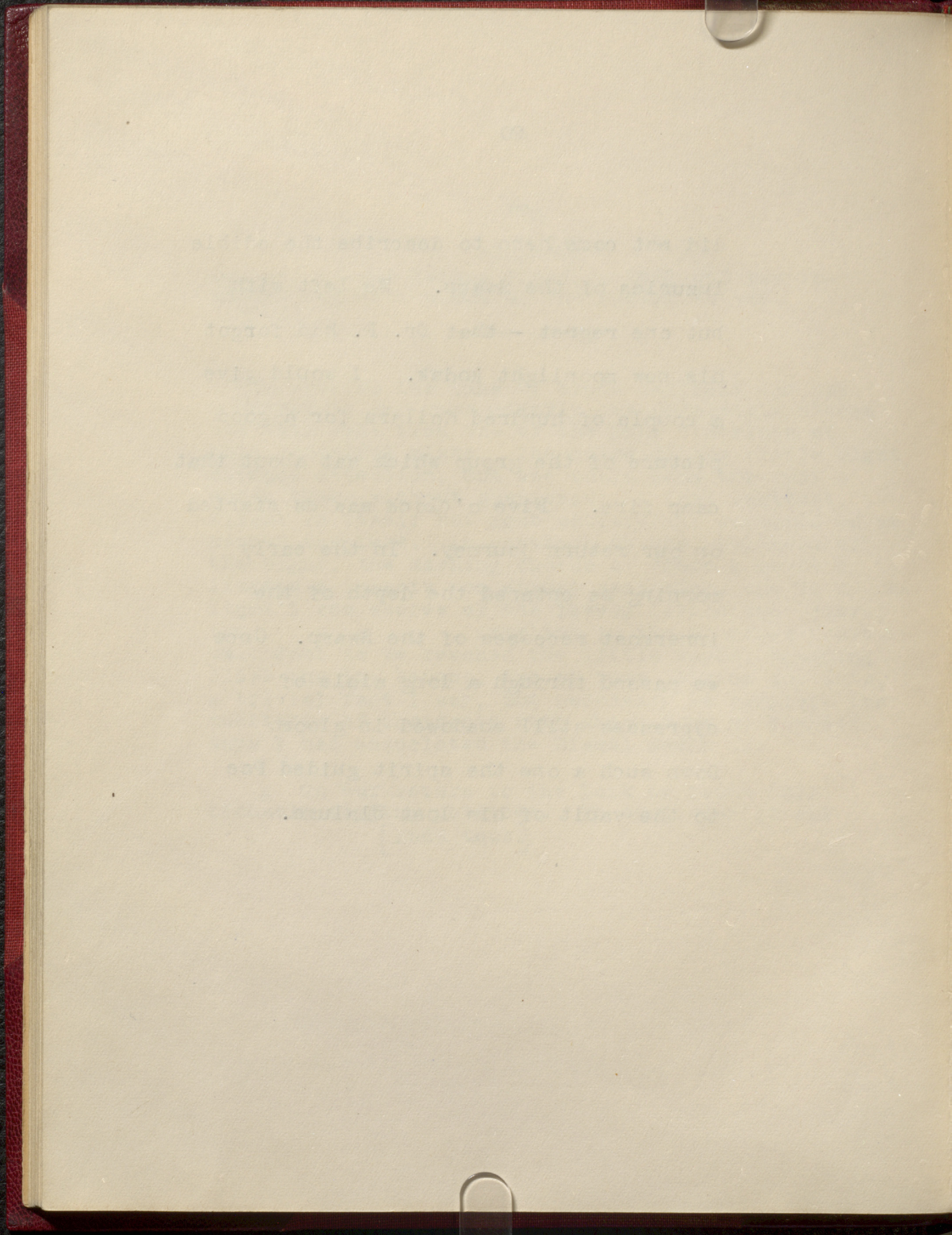
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We entered the lake by broad daylight and had a chance to see more clearly how completely hidden was this exit from one of the many districts of this wonderful place. The noise of the ripple might attract attention, but one could pass the spot a dozen times without suspicion. A last incident, slight in itself but most satisfying, occurred as we neared the lake. In contrast to the stillness of the night, the morning chorus of frogs & newts & lizards & insects was almost deafening, and to my delight I saw scores of the lovely little red lizard, the \_\_\_\_\_, crawling in the branches above us. Just as we reached the little rapid, brushing close the low boughs, two of them fell on our hats, a trivial fact I say, but necessary to complete the quartette of incidents with which from my boyhood days I had associated the Dismal Swamp ...

x On our return to the Lock we found 'Sir Michael' digging potatoes. No suspicion of our  
[Ends thus.]



did not come here to describe the edible luxuries of the Swamp. We left with but one regret - that Dr. F. had forgot his new moonlight kodak. I would give a couple of hundred dollars for a good picture of the group which sat about that camp fire. Five o'clock saw us started on our return journey. In the early morning we entered the depth of the innermost recesses of the Swamp. Once we passed through a long aisle of cypresses still shadowed in gloom. Down such a one the spirit guided Poe to the vault of his lost Ulalume.



Notes (by W. W. F., 1923).

The Original has no title.

Page 8, sinplural is perhaps a 'portmanteau' word, compounded of singular and plural with more than a soupçon of sin?

Page 19, 'Mangoves', perhaps a local hybrid of the mangrove and the mango?

Dr. F. is T. B. Fatcher, who accompanied W. O. to Old Point Comfort, Va., in April 1900.

*P. 3, line 3: Lady O's snort of disision when she read this was worth hearing.*

Notes (1911-1912)

The material was as follows:

1. Staphylinid specimens - 10 specimens

2. Beetle specimens - 10 specimens

3. Other specimens - 10 specimens

etc.

These specimens, perhaps a local hybrid

of the various and the same.

Notes to the specimens, was recorded

to the Journal, 1911.

in April 1911.

(P.T.O.) ← country to the Albemarle Canal. After purchasing some cheese, crackers and fruit at a little country store, we hired the gasoline launch of the contractor (the canal was then under construction) for the day. We went along the canal for about two hours and arrived at the 'feeder' which is the only outlet of the lake. This is a deep ditch about fifteen to twenty feet wide and two or three miles long. The banks are eight to ten feet high and made up of a rich vegetable humus aeons old. Just before the lake is reached, there is a small lock which raised us up to the level of the water in the lake. Passing along this stream for a few hundred yards, we finally reached the lake, which has no visible banks, the waters of the lake seeming to merge with the trees of the swamp surrounding it. The weird cypress trees, with their numerous roots rising out of the water and merging to form the trunk several feet above the water's level, extending far out into the lake, produce the illusion that the lake has no shores. We motored about the lake in the launch for about an hour and then started on our return trip. On our way back, and while we were eating our frugal lunch, the Chief wrote a most imaginative account of our experiences for Revere on the blank pages in the back of Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy' which he had brought along with him. In this he described how we passed between the roots of the cypress trees; how brilliant-hued moccasin snakes had dropped into our boat from the limbs of the trees as we passed under them; how we had met a man with a 'vertical eye'; and also of the negroes who had not yet heard of 'Emancipation'. We tried to persuade W. O. to publish this amusing tale in *St. Nicholas*, but he never did.<sup>1</sup>

There was another episode of the Chamberlin Hotel, one which Futcher does not mention; it concerned a celebrated actress of the day named 'Cissie', who having jumped off the pier one night, conveniently near a passing rowboat, was immediately fished out, and brought to the hotel in hysterics. 'The Chief', when subpoenaed by the manager, said: 'How fortunate! We have Dr. Futcher here; he is our specialist in drowning, at the Hopkins. I will send him.' And from this there grew up a story, more or less credited, probably attributable to 'M'Connachie', of how Futcher had plunged into the bay and had swum

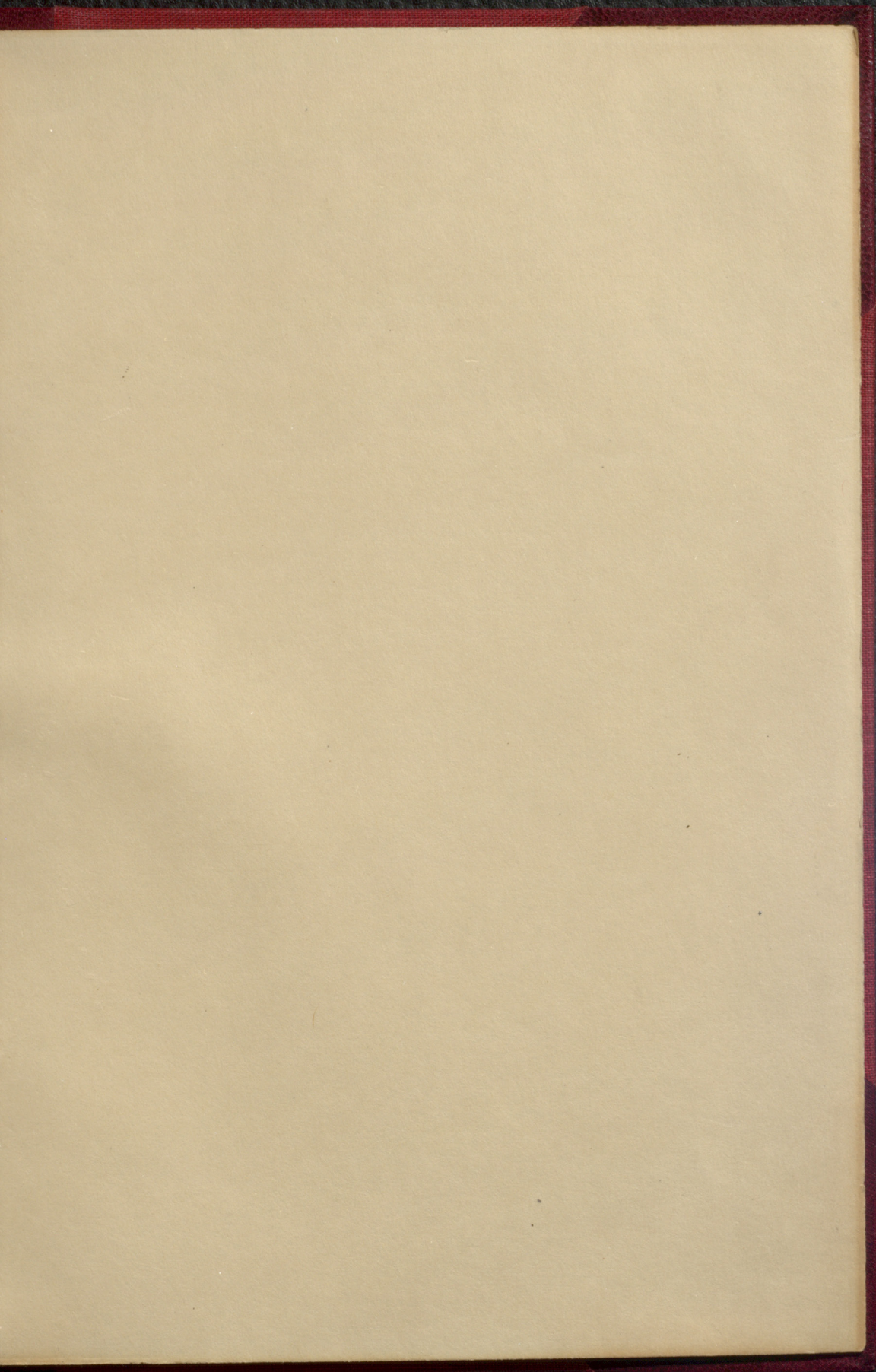
<sup>1</sup> The original account, written on the fly-leaves of A. R. Shilleto's 1893 edition of Burton, had long been lost, but the volume has turned up among those Osler placed in the collection of Burton's works at Christ Church, with no expectation that its added contents would ever be deciphered, if indeed they had not been forgotten. This book has kindly been restored to the Osler library.

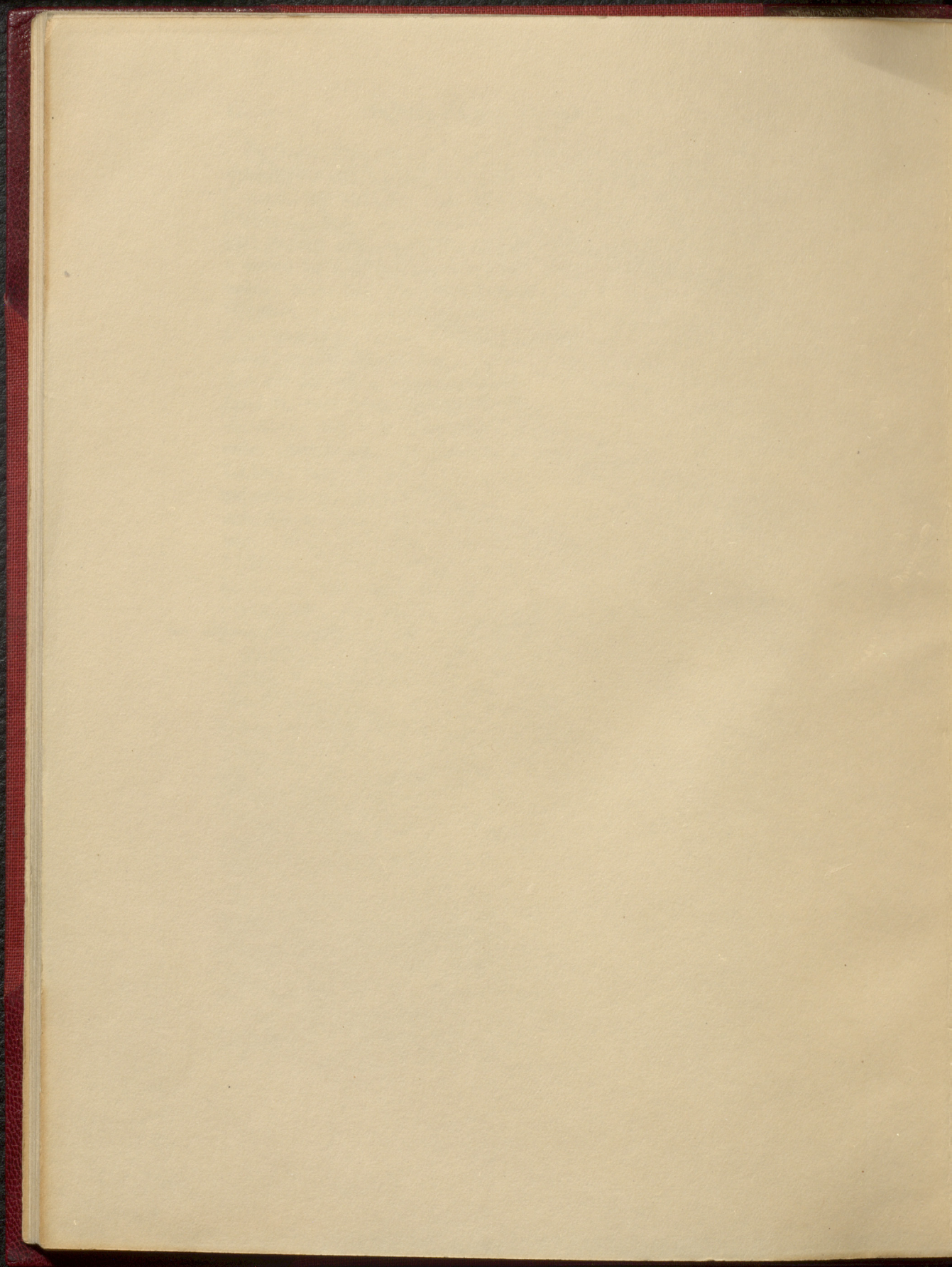
A short three months later (May 1900) on the recommendation of General Sternberg, a board composed of Reed, Carroll, Agramonte, and Lazear was sent to Quemados, Cuba, to pursue investigations relating to yellow fever which had broken out among the troops stationed in Havana. By a series of painstaking experiments conducted on human beings who had the moral courage to volunteer for the purpose, they first disproved conclusively that the disease was contagious in the ordinary conception of the term, and subsequently demonstrated, before the end of the year, that the female of a certain species of mosquito (*Stegomyia fasciata*) was alone responsible for its transmission. Had the discovery not been made, had one of the soldier-volunteers who contracted the disease (rather than the lamented Lazear, one of the Commission) died as a result of the experimental inoculations, one can imagine what a howl would have been raised on the floor of the Senate in Washington. Had there not been an intelligent and courageous Military Governor in Havana willing to take the responsibility for the carrying out of these experiments without getting the permission of Congress—well, the Panama Canal project would have been an impossibility.

During the Easter recess, April 4-10, a much needed outing to recuperate from his influenza, no less than from the Edinburgh distraction settled only a few days before, was taken with H. B. Jacobs and T. B. Futcher—Thayer's successor as Resident Physician. They departed together for Old Point Comfort, and put up at the old Chamberlin Hotel,<sup>1</sup> whence they made various amusing trips by boat to Mobjack Bay, Virginia, and also to the Dismal Swamp, which accounts for a telegram to Mrs. Osler stating: 'SAW DREDS MOTHER YESTERDAY.'

W. O. [writes Futcher] had always been fascinated by Tom Moore's poem, 'The Lake of the Dismal Swamp', and had always wanted to visit the lake. Accordingly, he planned a trip for Easter Monday. We (the Chief and I only) left by boat early for Portsmouth, Virginia, where we hired a conveyance and drove about five miles across

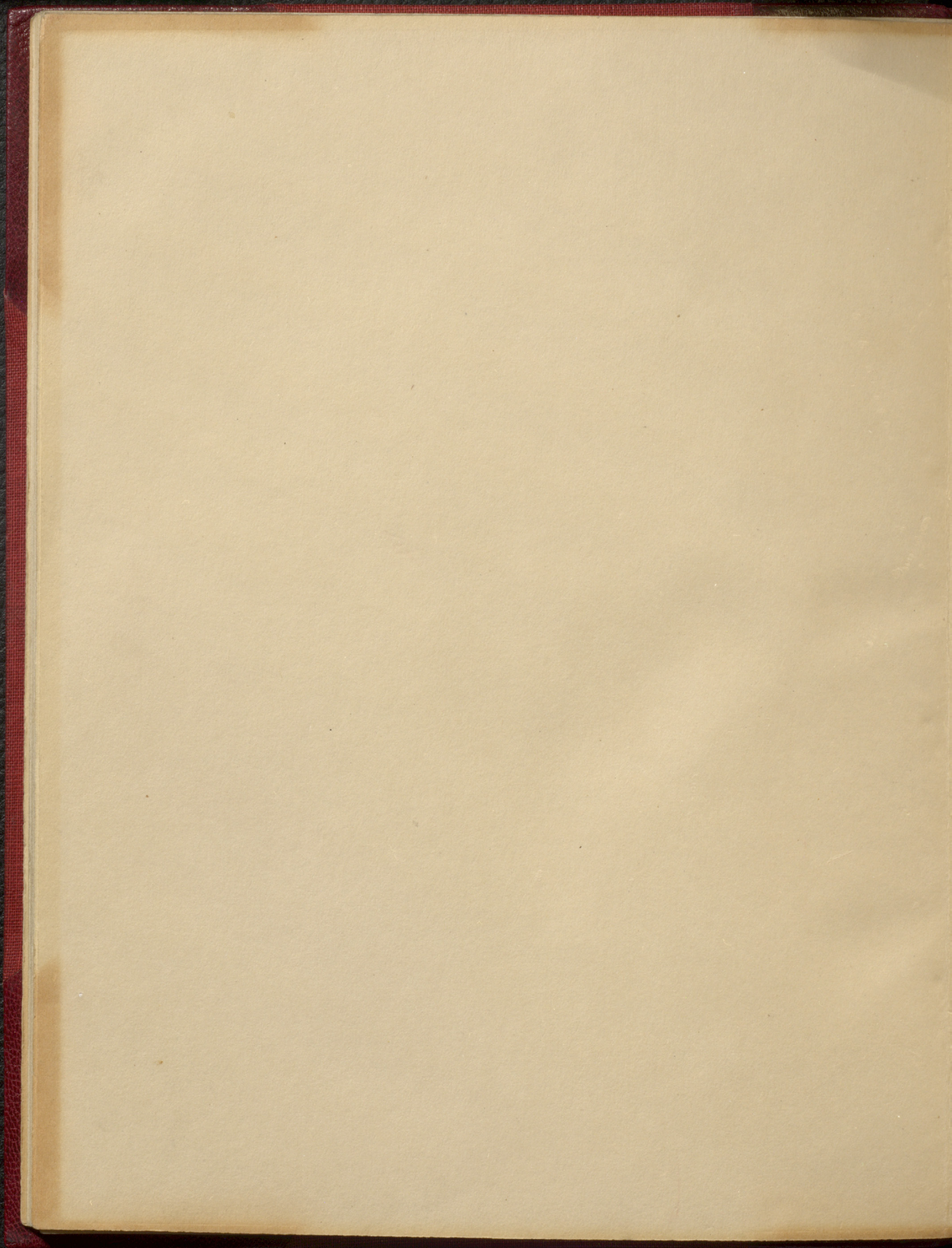
<sup>1</sup> It was at this time that he saw in consultation with the Post Doctor, a patient, Miss Mabel Tremaine (Mrs. Robert Brewster), which began a friendship providing many letters for this biography.











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