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Chapter XXIV

Valuedelay Address.

During the few months that remained Osler had his hands full. Besides, he was very much in the public eye; in demand on all sides; the centre of interest wherever he might appear. This was not only embarrassing for a man accustomed to go about unknown and unmolested, but placed him in a situation, in those fallen times of journalism, when a slip or an imagined slip on his part was likely to be pounded upon by a feline press. There was written some years later an article entitled "The Confessions of a Yellow-Journalist," in which the forgotten author cited Admiral George Dewey and Dr. William Osler as the two best-known examples of persons who in his time had been victimized for the purpose of 'copy' - popular idols one day; held up to scorn and ridicule the next, and for so long as discussion would keep the topic alive. Not all the press participated. There were some notable exceptions, and even Life made ample amends for some things it had once said. According to its editor it was "a dull time time, when no other lively news was obtainable. The President had said or done nothing surprising for a

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week or two, Congress was in the doldrums, newspaper readers were yawning a little, and along came Dr. Osler and filled a gap." A man with less philosophy in his make-up, less charitableness toward his fellows, and of a less well-bridled tongue than Osler might not have lived it down.

The Johns Hopkins University celebrates its own birthday with that of the 'Father of his Country' on February 22nd, and it was inevitable that this year the ceremonies in connection with the event should resolve themselves into an outburst of tributes to the greatly beloved man who was soon to leave. For the occasion Osler had prepared with even more than his usual pains a farewell address which in an ill-starred moment he entitled "The Fixed Period," having Anthony Trollope's little-read novel of the same name in mind. Indeed, his interruptions had been so many and so unavoidable that on or about the 20th, in despair, he had fled to New York where in the seclusion of the library of the University Club the address was put in its final form. On his return he did what for him was an unusual thing: before the assembled 'latch-keyers' at tea the next afternoon he read the address aloud and no one of his hearers even suspected the brink

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he was standing upon. Only a single criticism was made, and that by his wife who remarked, "I'm not sure, Willie, that I exactly like what you said about 'the old ladies in cap and fichu'" - a sentence he promptly amended.

The 21st was a very busy day given over to the formal opening of the Phipps Dispensary. It was the culmination of his efforts in the local fight against tuberculosis, which began six years before when in despair over the perfunctory treatment of pulmonary consumption as practised in the out-patient clinic he had finally appointed one of the students as a domiciliary visitor who was to follow these patients to their homes and to report upon their living conditions. There was no place in the world where social and academic functions were more happily combined than in hospitable Baltimore in those days. There were many invited guests: Mr. Henry Phipps himself was present; Hermann Biggs of New York gave the principal address, but there were others, by Osler, Welch and H. B. Jacobs; and one of those famous Maryland Club dinners followed. It was all very simple, very dignified; and Mr. Phipps glowed with pleasure at the cordiality of his reception, for he was made the central figure.

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The next day, the 22nd, was throughout an Osler day. Such an unrestrained outpouring of appreciation for what he had done, of regret at his departure; such a demonstration of love and affection on the part of students, alumni, faculty and community few teachers have ever received. Most men would have to live after death to know how others really regard them, but it fell to Osler's lot several times in his life to have paid to him in public the embarrassing tributes usually reserved for obituary notices.

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The university had never seen such a gathering of alumni. McCoy
Hall was packed to the window-sills. Osler was the centre of the stage,
at fifty-five with not a gray hair in his head, surrounded by his devoted
and adored friends of the past and present faculty, several of them like
Basil Gildersleeve already beyond the allotted three-score years and ten.
Suppressing his emotion, but with unwonted colour in his cheeks, Osler
read his valedictory.

... Who can understand, [he said] another man's motives? Does he al-
ways understand his own? This much I may say in explanation - not in
palliation. After years of hard work, at the very time when a man's
energies begin to flag, and when he feels the need of more leisure, the
conditions and surroundings that have made him what he is and that have
moulded his character and abilities into something useful in the com-
munity - these very circumstances ensure an ever increasing demand upon
them; and when the call of the East comes, which in one form or another
is heard by all of us, and which grows louder as we grow older, the call
may come like the summons to Elijah, and not alone the ploughing of the
day, but the work of a life, friends, relatives, even father and mother,
are left, to take up new work in a new field. Or, happier far, if the
call comes, as it did to Puran Das in Kipling's story, not to new labours,
but to a life 'private, unactive, calm, contemplative.'

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And he went on to discuss the several problems of university life suggested by his departure - the dangers of staying too long in one place; the beneficial effects upon faculties of changes in personnel; the advantages of a peripatetic life particularly for young men; the fixed period ^{for} ~~of~~ the teachers, either of time, of service or of age, *rather than an appointment ad vitam aut culpam.*

I have two fixed ideas [he said] well known to my friends, harmless obsessions with which I sometimes bore them, but which have a direct bearing on this important problem. The first is the comparative uselessness of men above forty years of age. This may seem shocking, and yet read aright the world history bears out the statement. Take the sum of human achievement in action, in science, in art, in literature - subtract the work of the men above forty, and while we should miss great treasures, even priceless treasures, we would practically be where we are today. It is difficult to name a great and far-reaching conquest of the mind which has not been given to the world by a man on whose back the sun was still shining. The effective, moving, vitalizing work of the world is done between the ages of twenty-five and forty - these fifteen golden years of plenty, the anabolic or constructive period, in which there is always a balance in the mental bank and the credit is still good. In the science and art of medicine young or comparatively young men have made every advance of the first rank. Vesalius, Harvey, Hunter, Bichat, Laennec, Virchow, Lister, Koch - the green years

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were yet upon their heads when their epoch-making studies were made. To modify an old saying, a man is sane morally at thirty, rich mentally at forty, wise spiritually at fifty - or never. • The young men should be encouraged and afforded every possible chance to show what is in them. If there is one thing more than another upon which the professors of this university are to be congratulated it is this very sympathy and fellowship with their junior associates, upon whom really in many departments, in mine certainly, has fallen the brunt of the work. And herein lies the chief value of the teacher who has passed his climateric and is no longer a productive factor, he can play the man midwife as Socrates did to Theaetetus, and determine whether the thoughts which the young men are bringing to the light are false idols or true and noble births.

My second fixed idea is the uselessness of men above sixty years of age, and the incalculable benefit it would be in commercial, political and in professional life if, as a matter of course, men stopped work at this age. In his Biathanatos Donne tells us that by the laws of certain wise states sexagenarii were precipitated from a bridge, and in Rome men of that age were not admitted to the suffrage and they were called Depon-tani because the way to the senate was per pontem, and they from age were not permitted to come thither. In that charming novel, The Fixed Period, Anthony Trollope discusses the practical advantages in modern life of a return to this ancient usage, and the plot hinges upon the admirable scheme of a college into which at sixty men retired for a year of contemplation before a peaceful departure by chloroform. That incalculable benefits might follow such a scheme is apparent to any one who, like

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myself, is nearing the limit, and who has made a careful study of the calamities which may befall men during the seventh and eighth decades. Still more when he contemplates the many evils which they perpetuate unconsciously, and with impunity. As it can be maintained that all the great advances have come from men under forty, so the history of the world shows that a very large proportion of the evils may be traced to the sexagenarians - nearly all the great mistakes politically and socially, all of the worst poems, most of the bad pictures, a majority of the bad novels, not a few of the bad sermons and speeches. It is not to be denied that occasionally there is a sexagenarian whose mind, as Cicero remarks, stands out of reach of the body's decay. Such a one has learned the secret of Hermippus, that ancient Roman who feeling that the silver cord was loosening cut himself clear from all companions of his own age and betook himself to the company of young men, mingling with their games and studies, and so lived to the age of 153, puerorum habitu refocillatus et educatus. And there is truth in the story, since it is only those who live with the young who maintain a fresh outlook on the new problems of the world. The teacher's life should have three periods, study until twenty-five, investigation until forty, profession until sixty, at which age I would have him retired on a double allowance. Whether Anthony Trollope's suggestion of a college and chloroform should be carried out or not I have become a little dubious, as my own time is getting so short. (~~I may say for the benefit of the public that with a woman I would advise an entirely different plan, since, after sixty her influence on her sex may be most helpful, particularly if aided by those charming accessories, a cap and a fichu.~~)

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From this he went on to the second part of the address which dealt with what the Johns Hopkins foundation had already done and might still do for Medicine; and he told wherein lay his chief pride - in the re-introduction of the old-fashioned method of practical instruction. "I desire," he said, "no other epitaph than the statement that I taught medical students in the wards, as I regard this as by far the most useful and important work I have been called upon to do."

At the close, Dr. Welch in a few moving words presented him, 'as the chief ornament of our Medical Faculty' to President Remsen as the single candidate of the year for an honorary degree and the university LL.D. was conferred. It was a memorable occasion.

That evening the lighter side of Baltimore broke loose, and at the alumni gathering which had swelled to unparalleled proportions there were lively speeches made and poems read and jests passed, many of them at his expense ^(as was) ~~early~~ possible in view of the intimacy ~~which existed~~ in those days between Hopkins teachers and students. Under it all there lay, however,

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the deep feeling ^{well} expressed in an editorial in ^{that evening} ~~the local~~ paper, which said

in part:

In making his last appearance at a public function of the Johns Hopkins University as a member of its faculty, Doctor Osler accomplished the remarkable feat of making an address which, both in its entertaining and semi-humorous part and in its retrospective and fully serious part, so fastened his hearers' interest as to divert their attention from the thought which would otherwise have been predominant in their minds - the thought of the loss the University and this community are about to sustain in his departure. No ingenuity of argument can diminish the feeling of what is the keenest part of that loss; for, while much may be said for the good that can come to a University from a change of professors, from the infusion of new blood, it remains an unescapable fact that there are some personalities that play a part which is unique, and for which no equivalent can be found by any formula. It is not simply by the estimate of his tangible and measurable services that the value of the presence of such a man as Osler is to be judged; and, when the delight of listening to his address was over, the first thought that came to many a mind was that the man who made the address is a man whose loss it is impossible for this community to think of without the most acute regret.

The storm did not break until the next day, when it was headlined throughout the country that 'Osler recommends chloroform at sixty;' and for

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days and weeks there followed pages of discussion, with cartoons and comments, caustic, abusive, and worse, with only an occasional word in his behalf lost in the uproar. Day by day there were columns of letters contributed by newspaper readers none of whom, in all probability, had read the innocent paragraphs said half in jest which have been quoted above; until to "Oslerize" became a by-word for mirth and ^{of the brain.} ~~seem~~.

Knowing nothing of the whimsical reference to Trollope's novel, interposed to mask his own pain at parting, nor of the rather pathetic allusion to his own advancing years, the public at large felt that it was the heartless view of a cold scientist who would condemn man save as a productive machine. Few of these things could he have seen, for news clippings were sedulously kept from him; even the abusive and threatening letters which by the wagon-load poured into 1 West Franklin Street from all over the country never reached him but were consigned to the basket by a devoted secretary.

He gave the famous address [writes ex-President Remsen] at my request, though I had no idea what he was going to say. I presided on the occasion of its delivery, and it never occurred to me that he was getting into hot water. It went to boiling in a few days and in spots it

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was super-heated. I happened to meet Mrs. Osler and him one morning when the temperature was high, and Mrs. Osler said, "I am escorting the shattered idol home from church."

It required no great degree of intelligence to distinguish between the serious and the ^{secular} ~~jocose~~ in what Osler had said, and if rightly read certainly no one's feelings even were he past life's meridian should have been ruffled in the slightest. It was regrettable that so admirable an address, the significance of which could hardly be over-estimated as an authoritative expression of opinion on matters relating to medical teaching, should, because of paucity of other news or some motive equally trivial, have been brought to the public eye in such ridiculous guise. Efforts were made in vain to get him to refute his statement; and though there can be no question but that he was sorely hurt, he went on his way with a smile, and with his characteristic gesture waved off in after-years the many playful allusions to chloroforming which were subsequently made in his presence. He broke his silence on only one or two occasions: one of them was two years later when in Oxford he penned the preface of the second edition of his "Aequanimitas":

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[the note]

To this edition I have added the three Valedictory addresses delivered before leaving America. One of these - The Fixed Period - demands a word of explanation. "To interpose a little ^Ecase," to relieve a situation of singular sadness in parting from my dear colleagues of the Johns Hopkins University, I jokingly suggested for the relief of a senile professoriate an extension of Anthony Trollope's plan mentioned in his novel The Fixed Period. To one who had all his life been devoted to old men, it was not a little distressing to be placarded in a world-wide way as their sworn enemy, and to every man over sixty whose spirit I may have thus unwittingly bruised, I tender my heartfelt regrets. Let me add, however, that the discussion which followed my remarks has not changed, but has rather strengthened my belief that the real work of life is done before the fortieth year and that after the sixtieth year it would be best for the world and best for themselves if men rested from their labours.*

Dr. ^{copied from Mr. Gice}
*Among the few volumes from Osler's library, of which in his last days he made special disposition, was the bound copy of the manuscript of this address which he bequeathed to the Surgeon General's Library. In which he had written this quotation from Samuel Johnson: "No man adds to his stock of knowledge or improves much after forty."

Though he loved young people more, and felt that the future lay in their hands, his love for the aged was scarcely less. Few men during their lives had gone out of their way farther and more often to pay them tribute. By inheritance he should grow happily old himself: his mother was soon to see her

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ninety-^{ninth} spring, and one need not go far to find record of his real feeling. Not ^{many months} long after this trying time, at a complimentary dinner given in Providence, Rhode Island, in honour of Dr. J. W. C. Ely on the occasion of his eighty-fifth birthday, ^{there was read an} ~~this~~ ^{in the form of a letter prepared} unsolicited tribute from Osler, was read:

Allow me to join in the joy of your colleagues of Rhode Island that you have been spared so long to grace the profession which we love and in which you have been so devoted a worker. The life you have lived is an encouragement to us all. Setting at naught both the psalmist and the preacher, you have taught us that the strength of old age may be neither labour nor sorrow when the golden bowl remains unbroken and the silver cord retains its tenseness. What a satisfaction it must be to have reached the rare reward, vouchsafed to so few - the frosty yet kindly old age and all that should accompany it, with at the same time a mental and bodily vigour that makes you a still notable figure in our midst. I call it a reward, and yet rather is it not a legitimate interest which many more should earn? As I read it, the great lesson of your life is that you have had the art to grow old gracefully, a lesson so hard to learn and so often a bitter mistake. Lear was right. "Age is unnecessary" - not an inevitable and grievous burden which death alone unloads. You had the good sense to recognize early that life is a progressive evolution, that the times change, and that if we do not change with them the stream leaves us on the banks with no one to lament our fate but a querulous old man sighing for the days that are

which Osler had written for the occasion ^(#) on the art of growing old gracefully. ^{It ended in this way. "You} ~~which ended thus~~

^(#) See ref to journal.

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no more. And so it has been granted to you to escape that tragedy so often seen and so vividly depicted by Matthew Arnold in "Empedocles on Etna."

But he whose youth fell on a different world
From that on which his exiled life is thrown,
Whose mind was fed on other food, was train'd
By other rules than are in vogue today,
Whose habit of thought is fix'd, who will not change,
But in a world he loves not must subsist
In ceaseless opposition.

You met the coming generation with a helpful smile, not with a scowl, knowing well that the problems it had to face differed from those with which you battled; and, grasping this truth, it was given you the rare privilege of retaining a sympathetic interest in all the phases of life. The young man has found in you a trusty guide, the middle-aged a philosopher, and the aged a true friend. The beauty of your life has been in its freshness, in the keenness with which you have entered into the work of our profession and the readiness with which you have accepted responsibilities too often shirked by men who reach a certain stage and age. I can conceive of no more enviable position in a community than that which you have reached. You remember one evening at dinner that I taxed you with having written sonnets. It was my dullness that made me suggest it. I should have known better. You have written man's best poem which your friends know by heart and which will remain as a precious memory long after you have 'crossed the bar.'

For such generous acts as this many old people knew and loved Osler, and heeded not the views popularly ascribed to him. One of them, indeed, who sat on the platform on the 22nd of February, whose life has also been

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a poem, and who, too, has made sonnets in days since his eyes began to fail,

fourteen years later
composed this for what proved to be Osler's last birthday.

William the Fowler, Guillaume l'Oiseleur!
I love to call him thus and when I scan
The counterfeit presentment of the man,
I feel his net, I hear his arrows whirl.
Make at the homely surname no demur,
Nor on a nomination lay a ban
With which a line of sovran lords began,
Henry the Fowler was first Emperor.

Asclepius was Apollo's chosen son.
But to that son he never lent his bow,
Nor did Hephaestus teach to forge his net;
Both secrets hath Imperial Osler won.
His winged words (words) straight to their quarry go.
All hearts are holden by his meshes yet.

And this same greatly honoured gentleman, Dean of the classical world,
now in his ninety-third year, has this to say of the Fixed Period episode:

My relations with Osler were friendly but not close. From the beginning of our acquaintance I fell under the spell of his personality and though not one of those who stood nearest to him, I yield to few in my affection for the man, and my admiration for his rare gifts. . . . As in the case of such wonderful men, such complex natures ever claimed a clearer understanding than is possible by the average acquaintance, and so I fancied that I understood him better than some of those who worshipped him. His famous speech which made some of the auditors grieve for me, did not cause me a flutter. In 1905* I sat opposite to

*Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve, Professor of Greek, Johns Hopkins University, 1876-1915. Litt.D. both Oxford and Cambridge, 1905.

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him at the Christ Church gaudy and in reply to a light remark about his McCoy Hall performance he said, "The way of the jester is hard." I know that he always maintained that he was in earnest, when he propounded his Thesis, but the whole matter is an old story to one who knows that the antique floruit was forty. One of my favourite poets commends turning the fair side outward - but in Osler's case it is hard to say which is the fairer, the jest or earnest.

That Osler was able to touch upon the episode with an apparent light heart is evidenced from his contemporary letters, of which these are samples:

1 West Franklin Street,
Wednesday

Dear Mr. Phipps Thanks for your kind note. I am glad to see that you have got back safely. I hope Mrs. Phipps is much improved by the trip. The Times Editorial is very much to the point. What a tempest my innocent & jocose remarks raised! Such a torrent of abuse & misunderstanding began to flow in that I took my old Master, Plato's advice & crept under the shelter of a wall until the storm blew over - working hard and reading nothing about it. I shall be in New York next week on my way to Montreal & shall call if you are to be in town. Many thanks for asking for a memo of my visit I will have it sent by my secretary in a few days.

With kind regards to Mrs Phipps Sincerely yours,

Wm Osler

One
is
enough
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To Edward Milburn.

1 West Franklin Street,
Feb. 28th, 1905.

Dear Ned: I will let you know when I hope to be in Toronto. It is somewhat uncertain at present. The newspapers have taken my chloroform joke altogether too seriously. I am surprised and mortified at it. I thought there was a greater sense of humour in the community. Give my love to your wife and daughters. Ever yours,

W^m Osler

1 West Franklin Street,
Mar. 2nd, 1905.

Dear Pratt Thanks for your letter & for the references. They are most interesting. We shall expect you to stay here on Monday. I hope you are hurrying, as the years are flying and you will soon be forty. Sincerely yours,

W^m Osler

On the Monday referred to, the 16th, there was a symposium at the Johns Hopkins Medical Society on the subject of blood platelets, at which Osler gave a résumé of the history of the subject, and there were papers by *George T* Kemp of Champagne, Illinois, and J. H. Pratt of Boston who was 'soon to be forty.' *Kemp had been studying below platelets on the tops of Paris Peak and found them to contain haemoglobin and in the discussion Osler remarked that he had seen a few many blood platelets but none that bled.*

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1905To Professor Arthur Thomson1 West Franklin Street,
March 3rd.

Dear Thomson Many thanks for your kindness in the matter of the house. I think we have settled upon the Max-Miller one for June & July which will give us time to look about. I am sorry to hear that Sanderson has not been so well. I hope my rehashed Anthony Trollope joke of chloroform at 60 years has not been taken seriously by the English papers. The Yellow journals here have raised a deuce of a row over it & over my jests about men of 40 & men of 60. I have had a very hard time of it, but the tempest is subsiding. With many thanks for your trouble, Sincerely yours, &c.

P.S. I am glad to hear that the money is coming in for the pathology professorship. Have Mountstephen and Strathcona been asked? I might be able to do something with them.

On March 4th in New York a dinner of the Charaka Club was held in his honour, each guest being presented with a bronze ^{plaque} medallion of him struck from the Vernon medallion and bearing on its obverse, "The Charaka Club to Dr. William Osler medico illustri, literarum cultori, socio gratissimo." He was subjected to undue banter regarding Oslerization which he bore cheerfully enough. Gracious! Why should he not? Had ^{not} Sir Thomas Browne written 'that piece of serene wisdom' the Religio Medici at thirty? ~~for nothing?~~ And at the end Weir Mitchell read a charming poem, "Books and the Man," a few stanzas of which may be recalled.*

*There is a brief account of this gathering in the British Medical Journal, April 1, 1905, p. 728.

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Show me his friends and I the man shall know;
This wiser turn a larger wisdom lends;
Show me the books he loves and I shall know
The man far better than through mortal friends.

Do you perchance recall when first we met -
And gaily winged with thought the flying night
And won with ease the friendship of the mind, -
I like to call it friendship at first sight.

And then you found with us a second home,
And, in the practice of life's happiest art
You little guessed how readily you won
The added friendship of the open heart.

And now a score of years has fled away
In noble service of life's highest ends,
And my glad capture of a London night
Disputes with me a continent of friends.

To Dr. Charles L. Dana

1 West Franklin Street,
Sunday Eve.

Dear Dana I cannot go to bed without sending you a line of heartfelt
thanks for that delightful evening. It was really a most memorable oc-
casion, one which I shall cherish while 'Memory holds a seat' &c I
enjoyed your remarks hugely & I hope to have a chance to read them
Mrs Osler is enchanted with the Medallion - indeed the whole affair was
worthy of the club. Ever yours,

W^m Osler

During all this, when not struggling over the Text-book revision or being
called upon in the last hour for important consultation, he had been sitting,
when time allowed, for a bust ^{to go in} for the university, ^{falls; two} for subscription portraits,
one to hang in the Medical & Chirurgical Faculty, ^{and} another for the University

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of Pennsylvania; and Miss Garrett was arranging with Mr. John Sargent for a group picture of the four senior clinicians, to be presented to the Johns Hopkins. Then there were at least three important addresses still to prepare, and in the midst of it all he notes laconically in his account-book opposite March 14-22: "Influenza in bed. Fever 4 days, pains in joints & back. Coryza, larynx, bron." ~~He must have recovered sufficiently to attend the Faculty Meeting on the 24th, when the choice of his successor was finally made.~~

As usual he went to Atlantic City to recuperate, and put up at one of the more obscure hotels, probably registering under an assumed name if not that of E. Y. Davis; but he was back on the 3rd and writes to A.C. Klebs of Chicago: "Yes I am going to sail incog, but I do not mind telling you we are going by the White Star Line, Cedric on May 19th. It would be delightful if you could join us."

To L. F. Barker from W. O.

1 West Franklin Street,
Wednesday [April 5]

Dear Barker I have not had a moment free since yesterday morning to send you a line of congratulation. Everyone here is much pleased, & I think the way the announcement has been made has softened the disappointment to Thayer You will get a very hearty welcome from Faculty & students, & you have so many friends in the profession here that it will be like coming home. I hope you will be able to come on before I leave as there

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are many things to talk over & arrange. The work of the clinic has grown enormously & the teaching has increased to a serious degree - the classes being larger this year than we have ever had & next year the wards will be crowded. The private work, so important for the hospital also grows & takes much time of the 1st & 2nd assistant. In a way it is a burden but it is most essential to foster for the income it brings to the Hospital. The heavy work of it must be thrown on the assistants - the chief cannot possibly do more than general direction. Of course Thayer, Fitcher & McCrae make a very strong trio. I do hope Mac will stay - he is very strong as a teacher & full of sense. Fitcher is a saint, you know him well. Cole the 1st assistant is a fine fellow. Emerson & Howard could not be better & Boggs who has the bacteriology is A.1. The new clin room & your new rooms - a private one & two private laboratories will be most convenient. Much remains in the way of organization for higher lines of work - & this you can do. ~~I leave on the 19th of May~~ If you could come a couple of days before the Meeting in Washington it would be nice or when you can, ~~Love to your Family!~~ Yours ever,

W. O.

his nephew.
From W. O. to Rev. H. C. Gwynn

1 West Franklin Street,
April 5, 1905.

Dear Herbert: Thanks for your letter. We are off about the 20th of May. I think it will be delightful to settle down in Oxford, and a great part of the pleasure will be in seeing all our relatives and friends who come over. We shall miss, of course, many things on this side, and I am pretty old to transplant, but I love the old country so well that it will not be difficult to shake down in my new surroundings. The tempest in a teapot,

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over my remarks, has gradually subsided, and has not done any harm. We saw Norman on Sunday at Atlantic City. He is looking very well and very happy and busy in his work at Philadelphia. I send you a photograph, &c.

The next week he was in the south for consultations - in Columbus, Georgia; Savannah; and Richmond. We may from now on follow him in other letters, which as usual are brief.

April 5, 1905.

Dear Shepherd: I am to be in Montreal on Friday the 14th and shall come up by the Delaware and Hudson from New York. I have arranged with Roddick that I am to talk to the students at 12 o'clock and have the dinner in the evening. I shall have to leave on Saturday morning, as I have to go to Toronto to say good-bye there. I am, as you may suppose, rushed to death. I shall come directly to your house. Love to Cecil. ~~Sincerely yours,~~

Wm Osler

The usual Monday medical meeting of April 7th finds him in attendance taking part with W.G. MacCallum and Rufus Cole in a symposium on Bronchiectasis as though there was nothing out of the ordinary to occupy his mind. He even finds time to write a commendatory review for the American Journal of Medical Sciences of H.D. Rolleston's recent volume on "Diseases of the Liver": or at least E.Y.D. found time, for it is signed with these initials.

On April 11th a few days before he left to pay his farewells in Montreal

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a last meeting of the Stultifera Navis Club was held, and as a parting gift he was given a magnificent copy of La Henriade bound by Padeloup and inscribed with a presentation verse from Voltaire to his friend Dr. de Silva, physician to Louis XV - a proper gift to one who always acted himself on the principle that a true bibliophile has a keen pleasure in seeing an important document in its proper place - not necessarily in his own library. To the existing provenance of this volume W.H. Buckler had added the following lines to William Osler:

Your messmates in the Ship of Fools
Drink to your health and offer you
This product of the pen and tools
Of Voltaire and of Padeloup.

A famous leech received it then,
And now once more it feels content
Because in you it finds again
An owner no less eminent.

In Montreal on the 14th, as he had written Shepherd, he gave the second of his three valedictories which was intended as a farewell to his former students, Canadian and American.* By this time one might know whereof he would

*The address appears to have done double duty and to have been given also at the University of Pennsylvania sometime during the month.

speak, and when the address came to be published there was prefixed to it from

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the Sermon on the Mount, "Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." "The Student Life" it was entitled, and from start to finish it is an intimate though unconscious betrayal of Osler ^{himself} and the things for which he ^{himself} stood since those early days in Weston when he first became aflame with a desire for knowledge and learned that education is a life course.

You have all become brothers in a great society, not apprentices, since that implies a master, and nothing should be further from the attitude of the teacher than much that is meant in that word, used though it be in another sense, particularly by our French brethren in a most delightful way, signifying a bond of intellectual filiation. A fraternal attitude is not easy to cultivate - the chasm between the chair and the bench is difficult to bridge. Two things have helped to put up a cantilever across the gulf. The successful teacher is no longer on a height, pumping knowledge at high pressure into passive receptacles. The new methods have changed all this. He is no longer Sir Oracle, perhaps unconsciously by his very manner antagonizing minds to whose level he cannot possibly descend, but he is a senior student anxious to help his juniors. When a simple earnest spirit animates a college, there is no appreciable interval between the teacher and the taught - both are in the same class, the one a little more advanced than the other. So animated,

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the student feels that he has joined a family whose honour is his honour, whose welfare is his own, and whose interests should be his first consideration. . . .

Everywhere now [he continued] the medical student is welcomed as an honoured member of the guild. There was a time, I confess, and it is within the memory of some of us, when, like Falstaff, he was given to 'taverns and sack and wine and metheglins, and to drinkings and swearings and starings, pribbles and prabbles'; but all that has changed with the curriculum, and the 'Meds' now rear you as gently as the 'Theologs.' On account of the peculiar character of the subject-matter of your studies, what I have said upon the general life and mental attitude of the student applies with tenfold force to you. Man, with all his mental and bodily anomalies and diseases - the machine in order, the machine in disorder; and the business yours to put it to rights. Through all the phases of its career this most complicated mechanism of this wonderful world will be the subject of our study and of your care - the naked, new-born infant, the artless child, the lad and the lassie just aware of the tree of knowledge overhead, the strong man in the pride of life, the woman with the benediction of maternity on her brow, and the aged, peaceful in the contemplation of the past. ^{your?} Almost everything has been renewed ^[he said] in the science and in the art of medicine, but all through the long centuries there has been no variableness or shadow of change in the essential features of the sick which is our contemplation and our care. The sick love-child of Israel's sweet singer, the plague-stricken hopes of the great Athenian

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statesman, Elpenor, bereft of his beloved Artemidora, and 'Tully's daughter mourned so tenderly,' are not of any age or any race - they are here with us today, with the Hamlets, the Ophelias and the Lears. Amid an eternal heritage of sorrow and suffering our work is laid, and this eternal note of sadness would be insupportable if the daily tragedies were not relieved by the spectacle of the heroism and devotion displayed by the actors. Nothing will sustain you more potently than the power to recognize in your humdrum routine, as perhaps it may be thought, the true poetry of life - the poetry of the commonplace, of the ordinary man, of the plain, toil-worn woman, with their loves and their joys, their sorrows and their griefs. The comedy, too, of life will be spread before you, and nobody laughs more often than the doctor at the pranks Puck plays upon the Titanias and the Bottoms among his patients. The humorous side is really almost as frequently turned towards him as the tragic. Lift up one hand to heaven and thank your stars if they have given you the proper sense to enable you to appreciate the inconceivably droll situations in which we catch our fellow creatures. Unhappily, this is one of the free gifts of the gods, unevenly distributed, not bestowed on all, or on all in equal proportions. In undue measure it is not without risk, and in any case in the doctor it is better appreciated by the eye than expressed on the tongue. Hilarity and good humour, a breezy cheerfulness, a nature 'sloping toward the southern side,' as Lowell has it, help enormously both in the study and in the practice of medicine. To many of a sombre and sour disposition it is hard to maintain good spirits amid the trials and tribulations of the day, and yet it is an unpardonable mistake to go about among patients with a long face.

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Quotations do not suffice. It is an address to be read and re-read, not only by every doctor young and old but by those in any way interested in doctors, better by far than his other two valedictories. Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers. "Of the well-stocked rooms," he says, "which it should be the ambition of every young doctor to have in his house, the library, the laboratory and the nursery - books, balances and bairns - as he may not achieve all three, I would urge him to start at any rate with the books and the balances." And there followed advice on reading, on an avocation, on a 'quinquennial brain-dusting' and a picture of the type of doctor needed in the country districts - that best product of our profession. And at the close come some most touching paragraphs of the long line of students whom he had taught and loved and who had died prematurely - mentally, morally or bodily, ~~the~~ the many young men whom he had loved and lost.

undergraduate
the students' banquet in the afternoon where he again spoke
What transpired at ~~'the dinner in the evening'~~ may be easily imagined;

and later he met with his old friends of the 'Med-Chi' Society and read a further paper on Aneurysm which smacks of his activities of the 70's while *he was* the boy-professor at McGill.

Book of HC.

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To Edward Milburn from W. O.

1 West Franklin Street,
Tuesday [April 18]

Dear Ned: I was only in Toronto for Sunday, so that I did not think it worth while to telegraph you. I hope to be out here in January and February to spend some time in Canada, and I hope to see you then. We leave on the 18th of May. My address will be just Oxford. With love to your wife and the girls,
Sincerely yours,

Wm Osler

Evidently after Montreal he had paid a flying visit ^{to Toronto to say goodbye to his} ~~to his mother,~~

~~Ellen Pickton Osler was now in her one-hundredth year,~~ ^{meaning her century mark} and her parting admon-

ition to her youngest son was, "Remember, Willie, the shutters in England will

rattle as they do in America."

^{are common in all places and} Rattling shutters ^{live idle toys, get on the} ~~news~~: human nature is much the same everywhere. "The shutters in England will rattle as they do in America". ^{was} was a lecture on patience, charity, and tolerance ^{too} better epitomized than in these few ^{parting} words of Ellen Pickton Osler near her century mark.

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In the account of these last few years in Baltimore, little has been said of the old Medical & Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland, a Society he had done so much to revivify and in whose behalf he had continued assiduously to labour. The library of the Faculty had for the second time outgrown its quarters and a movement was on foot to raise money by popular subscription for a building suitable for a real Academy of Medicine and which was to bear his name. How this larger project fell through after his Fixed Period address because of the many subscriptions which were withdrawn need not be related, though it may be said that the main assembly room of the new building when finally erected came to bear his name. It was before this old Society at their annual meeting that he gave on April 26th the third of his valedictories as a farewell to the medical profession of the United States.

He drew upon Corinthians XII for his title "Unity, Peace and Concord"; and to judge from the manuscript, still preserved and from which he read, this must have been an after-thought, as titles so often are. The address without title, though originally typewritten became much interlined with script before

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its delivery, and still more before its publication, and when he came to add the title he started to write "by James Bovell" instead of "by William Osler" but checked himself.

. . . Century after century from the altars of Christendom this most beautiful of all prayers [the petition of the Litany] has risen from lips of men and women, from the loyal souls who have refused to recognize its hopelessness, with the war-drums ever sounding in their ears. The desire for unity, the wish for peace, the longing for concord, deeply implanted in the human heart, have stirred the most powerful emotions of the race, and have been responsible for some of its noblest actions. It is but a sentiment, you may say; but is not the world ruled by feeling and by passion? What but a strong sentiment baptized this nation in blood; and what but sentiment, the deep-rooted affection for country which is so firmly implanted in the hearts of all Americans, gives to these states today, unity, peace, and concord? As with the nations at large, so with the nation in particular; as with people, so with individuals; and as with our profession, so with its members, this fine old prayer for unity, peace and concord, if in our hearts as well as on our lips, may help us to realize its aspirations. What some of its lessons may be to us will be the subject of my address.

They were the same old truths which he hammered home in new guise: the welding together of the profession to promote unity by interstate reciprocity,

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by consolidation of ^{rival} ~~rural~~ medical schools, by opening the door to the homoeopaths; before peace can be attained the physician like the Christian must overcome the three great foes - ignorance which is sin, apathy which is the world, and vice which is the devil, - and he prophetically adds that "perhaps in a few years our civilization may be put on trial and it will not be without benefit . . . if it arouses communities from an apathy which permits mediaeval conditions to prevail without a protest." And finally of the ways of promoting concord in the profession by friendly intercourse; by avoiding the vice of uncharitableness, 'which Christ and the Apostles lashed more unsparingly than any other,' and by listening to no wagging tongues.

And he ended by saying:

It may be that in the hurry and bustle of a busy life I have given offence to some - who can avoid it? Unwittingly I may have shot an arrow o'er the house and hurt a brother - if so, I am sorry, and I ask his pardon. So far as I can read my heart I leave you in charity with all. I have striven with none, not, as Walter Savage Landor says, because none was worth the strife, but because I have had a deep conviction of the hatefulness of strife, of its uselessness, of its disastrous effects, and a still deeper conviction of the blessings that come with unity, peace, and concord. And I would give to each of you my brothers - you who hear

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me now, and to you who may elsewhere read my words - to you who do our greatest work labouring incessantly for small rewards in towns and country places - to you the more favoured ones who have special fields of work - to you teachers and professors and scientific workers - to one and all, throughout the length and breadth of the land - I give a single word as my parting commandment:

'It is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off. It is not in heaven, that thou shouldst say, Who shall go up for us to heaven, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it? Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldst say, Who shall go over the sea for us and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it? But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it' - CHARITY.

Naturally, at the meeting Osler was the chief centre of interest, but he had ways of his own of dodging ^{personal tributes} attention, so at ^{a session} ~~the meeting~~ of the House of Delegates, recourse was had to another method, and a telegram was sent to his mother asking her to share the sentiments of the Medical & Chirurgical Faculty in parting with her son, and congratulating her, first, on his distinguished career, "but most on the innate qualities which have endeared him to his associates in Maryland."

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To this came a reply from 83 Wellesley Street, Toronto, signed "Jennette Osler", stating that Mrs. Osler, unable because of her great age, to write, had asked her to express her heartfelt thanks for the message which had given her great pleasure; "more especially in the expression of affection and appreciation called forth by the personal qualities of her son, since these are in her eyes more precious than all his honours."

A year or two before this time a medical club of a distinctly new order had been started by a group of surgeons, to the first meeting of which, held in Baltimore, Osler had been invited. Struck by the possibilities of this novel organization, which ^{had} ~~were~~ ^{possibilities} equally great for the physicians, he ^{was instrumental in launching} ~~he~~ launched a similar society himself which came to be called The Interurban Clinical Club, and which held its first meeting in Baltimore on April 28-29 of this year. One of the purposes of these clubs, which have since been widely copied, is to introduce objective rather than subjective methods of conveying information, and at this first meeting of the interurban club the Johns Hopkins medical clinic, its teaching

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methods, its research problems, and so on, were fully paraded. Those who made up the programme naturally called upon Osler for many of the events, and they saw him make for what was to be practically the last time at the Johns Hopkins one of his famous ward visits, and hold an out-patient clinic as well as his celebrated Saturday noon amphitheatre clinic for the third- and fourth-year students; and for perhaps the last time, too, he was host at the Maryland Club for a large doctors' dinner in the evening.

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On the 2nd of May in England plans were being laid for Osler's reception as the following letter indicates.

Oxford,
May 2/05.

My dear Osler, By the time you receive this I shall be performing my last duty as Reg. Professor - that of presenting for the Degree of D.M. a very able candidate, Mr. Turnbull. The only other matter that I shall have to concern myself with is the bidding farewell to the old men in Almshouse at Ewelme. This I will do as soon as we get anything like summer weather. Just now Oxford looks very beautiful when the sun shines but we have as yet had very little of this enjoyment.

In a month we hope to have the pleasure of welcoming you and Mrs. Osler. I am anxious to engage you for Friday June 9 when we think of asking all and sundry to Magdalen College Hall. There will no doubt be other plans for entertaining you but I daresay none of the same kind. I am very glad to hear that you have arranged to occupy Prof. Max-Müller's house during the summer. Our plan will be to see as much of the summer as we can. During our long life we have scarcely seen anything of England during the months that it is most beautiful - June and July. Freedom to enjoy the long days may be some compensation for many drawbacks. Very sincerely yours,

J. Burden Sanderson.

On the 2nd of May in America there was a great public dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York to bid ^{Osler} him farewell. To this dinner, organized

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"I have had three personal ideals. One to do the day's work well and not to bother about to-morrow. It has been urged that this is not a satisfactory ideal. It is; and there is not one which the student can carry with him into practice with greater effect. To it, more than to anything else, I owe whatever success I have had - to this power of settling down to the day's work and trying to do it well to the best of one's ability, and letting the future take care of itself.

"The second ideal has been to act the Golden Rule, as far as in me lay, towards my professional brethren and towards the patients committed to my care.

"And the third has been to cultivate such a measure of equanimity as would enable me to bear success with humility, the affection of my friends without pride and to be ready when the day of sorrow and grief came to meet it with the courage befitting a man.

"What the future has in store for me, I cannot tell - you cannot tell. Nor do I care much, so long as I carry with me, as I shall, the memory of the past you have given me. Nothing can take that away.

"I have made mistakes, but they have been mistakes of the head not of the heart. I can truly say, and I take upon myself to witness, that in my sojourn among you: -

"I have loved no darkness,
Sophisticated no truth,
Nursed no delusion,
Allowed no fear." "

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This was his L'Envoi, and to the transcript of what he had said, when published later on, he prefixed the line from Tennyson's Ulysses: "I am a part of all that I have met."

To judge from the following letter to Shepherd he must have said some things at the dinner not included in the printed version of his response - things which were apparently garbled by the press, at whom he begins to show some irritation.

To F. J. Shepherd from W. O.

1 West Franklin Street,
8th [May, 1905]

Dear Shepherd) It is very hard to keep up with these D--fs of the press! I referred to the M.G.H. & the R.V.H. as the two great advantages McGill had in medicine & stated most emphatically that all my success in life dated from the advantages I had enjoyed in the former. Nothing could have been more emphatic than my remarks about the old Hospital which of course I love as dearly as any. I doubt if it is worth while trying to correct any wrong impression which the press gives. All who know me know how in season & out of season I have referred to the good work of the M.G.H. and to my great debt. You may send this letter to the Committee. The fools also had the statement that I urged University Professors to stop working & advocated a group of University loafers - just because I said that the colleges worked the teachers too hard & did not

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give them time to think - 'Tis a wonder that they omitted to say that I urged them also to drink hard & pay no attention to the 7th commandment.

Love to Cecil. Ever yours . . .

Your remarks at the dinner were most happy. Your old Dermatological friend I E Atkinson was speaking of them a few minutes ago. If you see fit you might send extracts of this to the Star.

From E. L. Trudeau to W. O.

Saranac Lake,
May 9th.

My dear Dr. Osler, You were very good to read that report of mine (most people put such things in the waste-basket unread) and very good to write me that nice letter. It came at a specially opportune time as I have been pretty low in my mind of late by reason of a relapse which has confined me for two months to my room and porch and made me absolutely helpless and useless. I am getting better again, however, the fever and cough are going and I drive out every day, but what a relentless enemy tuberculosis is! . . . I enjoyed "Confessio Medici" immensely, but it seems to me the author might easily write his name William Osler so much in it is so like you. The chapters about "retirement" pleased me most as they naturally appeal to me most. Velox and Prudens each struggling against disability in their own way are real and pathetic types. The book gives the student with startling clearness, the main features of the struggles of the doctor's life, its achievements, and disappointments, and what it says about the possibilities of the professor of medicine it says admirably, but does it say all? Are there no

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other ideals than efficiency and success? I know you hate sentiment, but with some of us sentiment stands for a good deal and is a real factor in the problems of life: it is often the very spirit of that mysterious "ego" which governs our actions and shapes our lives after certain ideals, and to my mind no field offers such possibilities for the development of high ideals as does the medical profession. Excuse my rattling on in this way. I hope I may see you at the Congress if I am better by that time. Most sincerely, . . .

I am glad you are pleased with the work of the two B's - they are a good pair. E.L.T.

On Sunday the 15th he wrote his last notes from the corner of Franklin

Street, ^{and} as this to his niece.

Dearest Gwen We are all in the midst of packing cases &c, such a bustle. I leave tomorrow a m Grace on Wednesday I do hope you are keeping well & enjoying the Island. I enclose \$100 for general expenses You must need many little things. Send me a line how you are. I hope someone will write to the Steamer Cedric but May will bring us all the news. Many blessings on you. Your loving Old Doctor.

With a small handbag he left ^{early} the next morning for the meeting in Washington, leaving the bustle ^{behind him}, and ^{also} the remark ^{in his own} that Willie's motto might well be aequanimitas because he always fled when things like this were

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going on. He was not seen again by his family till they met for dinner

Meanwhile in these three days the
two days later in New York. ~~The~~ old Hoffman house, for seventy-five years a

landmark in Baltimore, ~~in those three days~~ was emptied of its contents, and

she who had been matron thereof for thirteen years, with the characteristic

reaction of a New England housekeeper *finally* introduced at the end a battalion of

scrub-women who scoured it from attic to cellar. ~~this~~, despite the fact

that its demolition to make way for an ugly apartment-house was to begin

early the next morning. Furniture, books, *china,* pictures and memorabilia *ball seats* not des-

tinued for Oxford *had been* *to people who covet treasure there,* were given away. The huge sideboard, for example, relic

of the senior Gross and *familiarly* known as 'the grandstand', a familiar sight to the

legions of people who had broken bread at the table before it, went to the

dining-room at the J.H.H.; *one of the catch-keepers inherited his desk, another his book covers, and to another went another his formal chairs* a set of the first twenty Atlantic Monthlies with

'St. Robert' Winthrop canonized *in a velvet* on the back of the familiar old black covers, *-cloth*

~~went to one of the 'latch-keepers' next door,~~ the following lines having been

on the fly leaf
inscribed within the cover of Vol. I, 1858, containing "The Autocrat":

This set came from Phila with the Widow Gross when she undertook the care & education of one Egerton Yorrick Davis to whom the volumes were a daily comfort at breakfast at 1 West Franklin St. Baltimore.

W^m Osler.

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And finally, as the curtain fell on the Wednesday, ^{someone} ~~one of the 'latch-~~
~~keyers'~~ unscrewed and took away the unpretentious 'Dr. Osler' door-plate,
behind which for all these years the faithful Morris had stood to welcome
many a patient and many a friend.

Trudeau fortunately was well enough to attend the meetings in Washing-
ton - indeed, he was President, this year, of two Societies Osler had
helped to found - of the Association of Physicians, and of a younger Soci-
ety as well. He thus speaks of the occasion in his autobiography.

When the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tubercu-
losis, in which Dr. Osler was so prominent, was formed, I met him re-
gularly at the early committee meetings, and it was no doubt greatly
through his influence that I was elected the first president of this
splendid national movement against tuberculosis. It was another red-let-
ter day in my life when, at the first meeting of this National Associa-
tion, in Washington on May 18, 1905, I stood on the platform with Dr.
Osler and Dr. Hermann M. Biggs and addressed the great, earnest body of
physicians and laymen before me.

The 'Physicians' met the 16th and 17th, the N.A.S.P.T. on the 18th and
19th. In his presidential address on the 16th, Trudeau very feelingly spoke

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of Osler's departure in the usual terms: 'brilliant attainments', 'indefatigable energy', 'genial disposition', 'striking personality', and so on, adding that "after he has left us his heart will by no means be the only one to show 'cardiac cicatrices'" - an allusion to what Osler had said in his Montreal address. Osler probably was writing "James Bovell" on a pad while this eulogy was delivered, and later took part in the discussions of some of the scientific papers as though his work in America was just beginning instead of ending. And so it was with the meeting of the N.A.S.P.T. which opened on the 18th, when not only Trudeau, but Osler and Biggs as Vice-Presidents all gave addresses. Osler particularly stressed the further education of both public and patient, saying that "no greater mistake is possible in the treatment of tuberculosis than to keep from the patient in its early stages the full knowledge of its existence" - a radical point of view for those days. A long programme of scientific papers followed, and thus this very successful and important Society was launched. With it from the outset Osler had much to do, and now he must begin all over again in a similar campaign of education in Oxfordshire.

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He had somehow during this time finished the sixth ^{revision} edition of his Text-
book, and in the preface dated May 17th* and which may therefore have been

*To show the necessity of these constant revisions it may be noted that on this very day, May 17th, a paper by Schaudinn and Hoffmann was read before the Berlin Medical Society, modestly announcing the discovery of the spirochaete pallida as the cause of syphilis - a discovery almost as important as that made by Koch twenty-three years before, of the tubercle bacillus.

written in Washington, he says that 'so many sections have been rewritten and so many alterations made that in many respects this is a new book.' *

*It was this edition that provoked the amusing doggerel poem signed "S. S." - "The Student's Guide to Osler" that appeared in the Guy's Hospital Gazette for October 2, 1907, p. 420. 'S. S.' was a brilliant Cambridge and Guy's man. H. O. Brockhouse who died in 1917.

It was left with W. W. Francis to see ^{the edition through} through the press; and these things done he fled to New York. In his account-book sometime or other he subsequently wrote this brief note:

Sailed from New York on the Cedric on the 19th almost dead!! Arrived in Oxford Saturday evening [May 27] went directly to Mrs. Max-Müller's house 7 Norham Gardens which we had taken furnished. I felt blue as indigo for the first two or three days. I was thoroughly worn out and it was six weeks or more before I felt myself.