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Chapter XXIX

OLD WORLDS AND NEW

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Chapter XXIX

*Osler's and New*  
1909

To Dr. H. V. Ogden of Milwaukee

Jan. 1st - 09  
[Carte postale]

Happy New Year to you & yours. I have been in Paris since Oct. 1st. Now off to Italy via Lyons & Montpellier. Am having my Sabbatical year at last. I hope to be out in America in May. Poor Arthur Browne had a stroke two weeks ago, - aphasia &c. He is too good a fellow to be stricken so early. I hope the baby thrives. Perhaps two babies. Oxford is our address. Yours ever,

W<sup>m</sup> Osler.

To Dr. Albert Chatard of Baltimore.

44 Ave d'Jena, Paris.  
2nd.

Dear Chatard / Yours of the 10th came last eve. I am delighted that the meeting has been postponed as I should have been greatly disappointed not to have been able to give the Oration [before the Maryland 'Faculty']. I shall sail from Genoa about the end of April, giving myself time, I hope, to be at the Assoc. of Amer. Physicians. You will I am sure have a great deal to do before you can get ~~at~~ the inside of the building in order, and the question of entertainment is a serious one. Make a special point of [inventory] the other 18th century Associations - the College of Phy, Phila, the N. Y. and one of the N. E. societies, there are only four or five. Their Presidents should have places of honor. I should think the Committee could go to prominent citizens and ask for subscriptions for entertainment. . .

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*Mr.*  
To Edward Milburn, Esq., of Belleville, Ontario.

Paris, 4th Jan.

Dear Ned It was nice to have the Xmas reminder from you. Did you get my volume of essays - The Alabama Student? . . . I hope to be out in Canada in June. I must arrange to see you. It would be such a pleasure. I hope you are all keeping well. Do you ever hear from Jemmy Morgan? I have heard nothing of him for years. I often think of the happy days we had as boys. Are any of the Checkleys alive? What a good time we had that winter! How far you could throw stones on the ice! I suppose you still have muscles like iron. I keep pretty well - not quite the energy of some years ago but I have much to interest me in my new life at Oxford. How I wish I could go with you for a row on the Thames. My boy at 13 (now with us for Xmas) pulls an excellent oar. Dear me your heart must ache for your boy. . . . Your affec' friend W<sup>m</sup> OSLER.

To Prof. H. P. Bowditch, Boston.

Jan. 8th.

Dear Bowditch I am sending you the Berthel<sup>20</sup> address at the Académie Française in which you will be interested. It was a famous occasion, I had never seen the reception of a new member & the ceremony was interesting - first a post mortem and then a vivisection <sup>of the new immortal</sup> (by the President <sup>who furrows a sketch</sup> of the new immortal). I have had a delightful three months here - Hospitals chiefly but taking in a few lectures at the Sorbonne, a course by Bergsen on Berkeley & one on Rabelais by LeFranc. Bergsen paid a remarkable tribute to William James whom he called the most distinguished and stimulating of living thinkers in Philosophy. I have been working at my System of Medi-

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cine - wretched thing! five vols of which are out & two to follow - and at some other back articles. You never were the same soft hearted fool and accepted everybodys invitation to write. . . ~~We are off this week to Lyons, Montpellier, Avignon, Nîmes, Arles, & so on to Italy.~~ I hope to sail for G. O. C. May 1st. Love to Mrs. Bowditch & the girls. I hope the young Doctor is progressing. Yours ever, W<sup>m</sup> OSLER. Richet by the way is in Brazil - back next month.

And on January 11th he writes H. B. Jacobs:

Dear Jacobs . . . Mrs. O. and Tom have gone back to Oxford. T. had a great time here. The aeroplane show was a great treat. The Wrights have captured the town. Wilbur is the hero of the country. I have been very busy - every afternoon at the Library - so much to see and to read. I have got to know Huber and his two associates quite well. I show the Harvey diploma at the Historical Club tomorrow. I am so sorry to leave - everyone has been most kind. 'Tis a great town - lacks only trained nurses! . . .

To Dr. Wm. H. Welch of Baltimore.

44 Ave d'Jena,  
January 11th.

*Just made a date.*

Dear Welch We are off on the 13th - to Lyons first to see Symphorien ~~friend of father of Servetus~~ Champier and Rabelais. I understand their cliniques are the best in France. We shall stop at Vienne to call on Servetus and Apollos Revoire, the father of the late Paul Revere. (I have just been going through the Servetus trial for Astrology, 1437. 'Tis given in full in du Boulay's History of the University of Paris). Then on to Montpellier to see Rondibilis, from whom I

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shall take a course in ichthyology. We shall take in Nîmes and Avignon on the way. I have had a very good time here and have got beneath the shell in some places, but it is very difficult. Bouchard rules the roost, and there is an active revolt and a great row. It is too long a story - I shall write it out. B. has been most kind and as President of the Institute has sent us tickets for all the ceremonies... ~~The successor of Berthelot at the Académie Française made a fine speech last week. I sent it to Remsen. (There is a p.m. and a vivisection at the same séance, and the President gives a sketch of the new immortal.)~~ I have had great fun at the Library and have looked over a great many papers and books of interest. Bichat's lecture notes and the MS. of the Genl. Path., Laennec's lecture notes, private letters of Broussais, and the whole story of the surgical war of 500 years are to be seen in the papers. The most extraordinary are the well known Faculty Commentaires the annual reports of the Dean, 1395, to the Revolution - an interrupted series.

Mrs. Osler has taken the boy back. He had a good Xmas with us. By the way, Young's friend, Seymour Thomas, has painted a splendid picture of me - less saturnine than Sargent's. I will send a photo. (We go to Naples about the 28th from Genoa; then Rome, Florence and the North Italian towns. I shall sail about the end of April to get out in time for the Maryland Faculty meeting. Greetings to the Major and Halsted. Sincerely yours,  
W<sup>m</sup> OSLER. Dr. and Mrs. Rush are just coming in to dine. I wish you could see this library. I have wasted hours browsing. I have read through six volumes of Swinburne. I did not know before of his Children's Poems.

cf. Bouchard  
& Berthelot

Maryland  
(XXVII, 70)

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Before dismissing Swinburne's Vol. V and the Children's Poems, a carte postale which went off this same Monday morning of January 11th may be recorded, though its interpretation must wait for Rome.

Dear Mrs. Baker Grace will not be back till Tuesday eve late. She tells me that you and Susan & Marguerite and the darling of my heart were coming to lunch. Alas! I have accepted an invitation. So sorry. I hope you will come in for tea on Wednesday. We leave Thursday a.m. Yours sincerely, W<sup>m</sup> OSLER.

*His friend of Paris Symphonien Champier, as well as Calvin who turned his friend of Paris, Calvin who turned him at the Hotel, here at the State*

Symphorien Champier, Servetus, Calvin and Apollon Revoire live together

in many rare editions ~~and~~ in handsome covers in a section of <sup>Calvin's</sup> W.O.'s library,

but he was not destined to visit them on this trip in spite of his letter to

Dr. Welch. The explanation lies in the following note in his account-book:

"Left Paris for Cannes on the 15th.\* I had a tonsillitis <sup>on and off</sup> on and off and felt

Jan 15<sup>th</sup> 1906

*attached to*

\*~~This~~ is the date ~~given for~~ the long ~~account, in the form of a "letter"~~ entitled "Impressions of Paris", sent to and buried in the Journal of the American Medical Association, and published in the issues of February 27th and March 6th, in which he gave a graphic picture of the school, the teachers and the students. The letter was probably completed in Cannes and he had evidently intended to write more of these travel-notes for the consumption of 'the brethren at home'. ~~just as he had done as a young man.~~ The opening paragraphs <sup>which deal with</sup> on French reverence, which in him struck a most sympathetic chord, ~~for autobiographical reasons~~ <sup>and</sup> deserve to be re-~~printed~~ <sup>re-issued</sup> here ~~because of their biographical interest.~~ *Down not a cold. ~~Cherchez~~ Angl. - Soyau.*

Paris, Jan. 15, 1909.

After a stay of three and a half months, I am leaving Paris with many regrets. I am sorry not to be a member of the Faculty of Medicine; I should be glad to put after my name Medecin des Hôpitaux; the position of chef de clinique at the Hôtel-Dieu with Professor Dieulafoy would suit me admirably; I could be quite happy as an interne with Professor

*Stat.*



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Raymond at the Salpêtrière, or as an externe with Professor Pierre Marie at the Bicêtre or even as a stagiaire at the Cochin with Dr. Chauffard! Best of all, I should like to be a P.C.N. at the Jardin des Plantes, a student who is working at physics, chemistry and natural history in the year preliminary to medicine. I should like to do the vice versa trick of Anstey's story, and change places with the young P.C.N. in this year's class who will go through the grades of my regrets just mentioned and who about the year 1940 will become Dean of this ancient and remarkable medical school.

It would be pleasant to see the superstructure which the next two generations will build on the scientific foundations of the nineteenth century - but these are fancies, not impressions, and it is the latter which I wish to give to my brethren on the other side of the Atlantic, impressions of a long-desired medical holiday among some of the older universities of Europe. Asked the strongest single impression made on me here, I should reply: "The extraordinary reverence of the French." The streets, the squares, the churches, the public buildings, the schools, all tell the same story; the books repeat it, the newspapers echo it, and with it the lecture-rooms resound - reverence for the great men of the past. The Pantheon, with its inscription, Aux Grands Hommes La Patrie Reconnaissante, is but a great expression in stone of this universal sentiment. The history of science is writ large in the city; in monuments, in buildings dedicated to the illustrious dead and in streets called by their names. There are more statues to medical men in Paris than in Great Britain and the United States put together; many of the hospitals are called after the men who have shed glory on France - Bichat, Laennec, Broussais, and Claude Bernard - and in the hospitals themselves each ward is dedicated to the memory of some distinguished man. Every Frenchman is a hero worshipper, and has a master, dead or alive, whom he adores. Among the men of this generation you can tell very quickly who have been under Claude Bernard or Trousseau or Charcot or Potain. The lecture, the clinic, the casual conversation, is almost certain to bring in a reference to 'my honoured master'; and this delightful feature is seen in all circles. Even in the salon-catalogues, after the name of painter of a picture is put the name of his master.

But to realize what the sentiment means to Frenchmen, one must be in Paris on All Saints Day - Toussaint - the fête of the eternal absent, which is kept in a way that appeals with extraordinary sympathy to the heart of one who believes in the immanence of the mighty dead 'who live again in minds made better by their presence.' During the last week of October the streets begin to tell of the great festival. In stalls along the boulevards, in temporary markets, in the ordinary flower-shops, there is a rich display of decorations - crowns, crosses, stars in fresh flowers, or leaves, with which to decorate the graves. November 1st fell on a Sunday.

Though a stranger within the gates, I had a little pilgrimage of my own to make on Saturday afternoon to the cemetery of Montparnasse. The main avenue leading to it was an open flower-market, and for three or four hundred yards the cemetery wall was lined with booths for the sale of

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every sort of emblem and of fresh and dried flowers. Through the 'Gates of Grief' a steady stream of people poured, each one bearing some tribute to the memory of a loved one. I stood for several minutes just inside, watching the procession. A group of young schoolgirls passed, each one bearing a bunch of chrysanthemums to lay on the tomb of a fellow pupil or of a loved teacher; close at hand were two Sisters of Mercy arranging wreaths on a vault that looked one of the oldest in the cemetery - perhaps the annual devotion of the guild to a loved member. A little laddie of eight hurried by with a bunch of violets in his hand, running with the ease of one who knew his road. A young mother in deep mourning with a baby in her arms, an aged couple arm in arm, each with a little basket of flowers, two young students, a little old lady with her daughter followed by a footman carrying large wreaths, workmen in rough clothes, soldiers, sailors - a motley group, a touching sight, but on the whole not a sad one. Here and there we could see the stricken heart in the pale set features, but the general impression was one of cheerful festival, and the glorious sunshine, the bright flowers and the merry voices of the children helped to dispel the gloom of the city of the dead.

Then I turned and sought the tomb of a man whom my teachers taught me to honour. In Odessa a young Frenchman met with an experience which has happened to every thoughtful physician. An epidemic of diphtheria with its awful mortality struck the terror of helplessness and hopelessness into his heart, and he decided to return to Paris, again to take up the student life and to endeavour to know more of disease before he undertook its treatment. An old friend at the Charité Hospital gave him the opportunity he sought, and for years he worked quietly at the problems of disease. With the publication of his books on typhoid fever and on tuberculosis, Louis found himself famous, and he ranks today with the great French physicians who laid the foundation of modern clinical medicine.

My old teacher, Palmer Howard, a man of the same type, taught me to reverence his memory, but my pilgrimage had another inspiration - gratitude to the devoted teacher and friend of the veterans whom I loved in the profession in the United States - W. W. Gerhard, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry I. Bowditch, George C. Shattuck and Alfred Stillé. But as I laid my wreath in front of the grille of the tomb it was not of these men I thought, but of young James Jackson whom Louis loved as a son and who was stricken at the very outset of a brilliant career, and whose memoir by his father should be in all medical libraries, as the story of his life is an inspiration to all young men. And to Louis himself came a similar tragedy. Inside the tomb is a slab of marble to the memory of his only son, a medical student who died of tuberculosis in his eighteenth year. At dinner one evening Dr. Bucquoy, President of the Academy of Medicine, who was Louis' last interne told me the story of the illness - a sudden hæmoptysis and then a long lingering progress to the grave!

To the famous cemetery of Père Lachaise all Paris flocks on Toussaint and the following day. Hundreds of thousands visit the tombs of the great men who lie there, and the place is literally strewn with flowers. We went on both days, as it takes time to see the tombs and to find

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those of interest. Here I had a special mission, to see the tomb of that rare genius, Bichat, who started a revolution in medicine before he was 30, and who died at 32, leaving a name which is revered throughout the world. It was good to see that his simple grave was not neglected - a wreath, fresh flowers, and several plants showed that his memory was still cherished, and I added a bunch of pansies 'for thoughts'.

Toussaint gives an indication of the spirit which makes France great. Present in the daily life and everywhere in evidence it breaks out into this magnificent demonstration of loyalty to the family and of reverence to the men who have helped the nation and the race. To the cold-blooded Anglo-Saxon this festival of the dead is a revelation, which he cannot witness without profound emotion and without a regret that England and America miss in great part the moral and intellectual inspiration associated with such celebrations. France sings one song: "Glory to Man in the highest! for Man is the Master of things," with which words Swinburne (who has been of all modern Englishmen the most sympathetic interpreter of the French) ends his famous "Hymn of Man."

In the medical world of Paris at a first glance the men only are recognizable; everything else is different, and so very different! But here is the charm; and it does one good to get into an atmosphere charged with novelty, where the burning questions are for a time unintelligible. There are four factors of the first importance - the medical school, the hospitals, the medical societies and the Pasteur Institute.

*[There he went on to describe  
how both  
...]*

very seedy. Just redness, swelling and soreness. It <sup>persisted</sup> ~~kept up off and on~~

at Cannes. We stayed at the Mont Fleury Hotel - excellent place."

Though his letters from Cannes <sup>were</sup> ~~are~~ enthusiastic - "a glorious <sup>spot</sup> place - such sunshine and I had no idea the vegetation was semi-tropical" - yet he continued to be very 'seedy' for the next two weeks. The local physician is reported to have said he had a 'Cannes sore-throat' and must take some calomel - that everyone coming to Cannes had to begin that way: and he went on to di-

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late upon medical practice in Cannes which divided itself into two parts -

(1) practice for the American ladies, (2) practice for the English ladies. *but since*

*Ladies knew, well*  
~~However,~~ every American lady has Osler's Practice of Medicine in her trunk

so one has to be very cautious in prescribing, but in any event it is safe

to begin with calomel. *2* Accordingly he left a large pill for the Regius.

The pill was found unaltered in the patient's bed the next morning and when

*scrutinized it and*  
the fact was called to his attention he *re*marked: "That was a peculiar pill."

The Regius had his own way of treating, or not treating, his personal indispositions.

A long letter to McCrae on the 31st indicates that Volume IV of the Sys-

tem is about to receive the MS. for its last chapters.\*

\*The volume was issued by the publishers in May 1909. Osler had taken upon himself the task of writing upon a difficult group of vasomotor and trophic disorders whose pathology is so obscure that they constitute a group of 'eponymic' maladies, in which he was always interested - Raynaud's disease, Weir Mitchell's erythromelalgia, Milroy's hereditary oedema, Friedlander's endarteritis, Quincke's oedema, *Morvan's* disease, etc.

*Morvan's*

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. . . I hope you got the angeo-neurotic-oedema. I am finishing the erythromelalgia and scleroderma - and the whole should go the end of this week. I have considered the multiple neurotic gangrene and the obliterative endarteritis forms in the diagnosis of Raynaud's disease. I hope I shall not have caused delay, if only 200 pp. are printed I hope you may not have reached my section. I do not think I shall be more than the 50 pp. I could not go to Lyons and Montpellier. I had a sore throat, tonsils and larynx and it hung on here in this heavenly climate for ten days - just raw and sore and a huskiness. ~~S---~~, the Doctor here, says it is gouty - possibly. I have been better for the past three days. . . .

On a picture postcard showing the Pont du Loup, postmarked February 5th,

he repeats:

This is a great coast. Such sunshine. We have been here 2 1/2 weeks - delighted with everything. This is a gorgeous spot; where I put the x is a little town of Gourdron. They had to get high up on account of the Moors. I am thinking of settling at Monte Carlo - they say there is a good opening. I lost ~~£25~~<sup>£25</sup> in five minutes and then stopped. We go on to Rome on the 7th. So far as women are concerned this is the Remnant Counter of Europe. Love to the darlings for me.

Though in his letters <sup>he</sup> constantly refers to the Riviera as 'an earthly paradise' he has noted in his account-book: "Feb. 9 Rome - Hotel Royal. Sore

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throat & hoarseness kept up nearly all the time I was in Cannes, not a good place for a cold - winds high and a hot sun." And two days later one of his postcards reads:

Feb<sup>y</sup> 11.

Rome at last! Wonderful What pigmies we are in comparison with these old fellows. So much to see & everything intensely interesting. I have not yet been to the Vatican Library. Splendid bookshops here. I have already got some treasures. Redi and Vallesneri - splendid editions. So glad of your letter today (11th). Love to the darlings. Yours, W. O.

He began promptly with books as can be seen. Indeed, the Opera di Francesco Redi which had come from the Duc Massimo's library were on the mantel at the hotel when they arrived, and in the volume Osler has written: "When in Rome Feb<sup>y</sup> 1909 I heard a great deal of 'talk' about this Duc who is known as the wicked Duke and is believed to have the evil eye. Many people will not mention his name. Once at a big reception just as he came into the room the chandelier fell and killed 3 people. A prominent lady said to me that they were 'poor as mice' and lived like pigs."

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On this same February 11th his wife writes to a Baltimore friend:

. . . Oslers in Rome!! It is really wonderful - our tour. We spent three weeks in Cannes which was an ~~(sur)~~<sup>un</sup>expected treat. Dr. Osler left Paris with a sore throat & I would not budge from Cannes until he had got well, and also until he finished his various articles for this awful System of Medicine. Cannes was exquisite and as we had a delightful motor at our disposal we saw the country very comfortably. We are settled here for a month and if we continue to have good news from Revere I shall be very content. We have come into midwinter, which is rather a trial after Cannes but the sunshine is delicious, and for sightseeing I much prefer it to hot weather. One's breath is really taken away by the wonders of Rome - and by the horrors of modern Rome - Fancy a hotel just being finished called "The Select Hotel" - a large sign in English in gilt letters - it makes one shudder. Of course one meets Americans everywhere. . . . Mother's friends the Bakers are here. . . .

~~and~~ With this reminder of the Bakers <sup>and</sup> in explanation of a letter of January 11th, it is appropriate to return to the little girl of ~~six~~<sup>eight</sup> who had been left in Paris, and to forget for a moment Servetus, Franciso Redi, the <sup>awful</sup> System of Medicine, and the wonders of Rome. She is now grown up and has real instead of play-children, but this is what she recalls. It has

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something to do with Rosalie a pudding-faced and disheveled doll of  
 early vintage, and her daughter Wilhelmina; with Marguerite a gorgeous  
 and talkative creature from a Christmas window, <sup>the Paradis des Enfants</sup>  
<sup>- l'île au mot, on the rue de Rivoli;</sup> ~~on the Boulevard des~~  
 Italiens; with their maternal 'parent' and their 'grandparents' - and with *Colin*  
 'M'Connachie.'

Dr. Osler first became acquainted with Rosalie and her 'mother' in  
 Paris in December where he entertained them both very often and loved so  
 to feed the latter (aged <sup>six</sup>) on her heart's desire, chocolate éclairs,  
 that she nearly always returned to her mother in not very good health,  
 but happy nevertheless. On Christmas of that year S. B. acquired a new  
 doll, Marguerite, who was a real Parisienne with beautiful clothes and  
 real hair, and Dr. Osler felt that she was altogether too dressy and too  
 spick-and-span. He used to say her face was too clean and she had no  
 spots on her apron and that she was really unbearable. As for Rosalie,  
 she was more than ever before the darling of his heart, and would be always.

Later on that winter, Rosalie and Marguerite with their 'mother' and  
 'grandparents' stayed in Rome at the Hotel Royal where Dr. and Mrs. Osler  
 were for a <sup>to</sup> short while. Dr. Osler used to write notes to the dolls, or  
 if Rosalie were passing the night with him, as she did frequently, he would  
 write news of her to her mother. Mrs. Osler was afraid the chambermaid  
 would think Dr. Osler had lost his mind when she discovered a doll in his  
 room, carefully put to bed according to instructions from its mamma. . .



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'Its Mamma' still treasures these messages from the Hotel Royal,

Rome:

Miss Rosalie sends her love to her Grandmother and is very sorry to say that she is not very well this morning. As she had not her night-clothes she had to sleep in her day clothes, and in consequence has a headache. She has sent for the Doctor and is staying in bed, & would like to see you.

From Rosalie to her 'mother'.

13th

My dear Muz, Your letter came this morning. I am very well but the baby was upset this evening. Her little breadbasket turned upside down on the floor - spilt everything there was in it. The wet-nurse is still very wet and good. We hope you will like the name I have given to the baby, Wilhelmina. Dr. Osler was not very good today - he laughed when Wilhelmina upset herself on the carpet, and tickled me at the dinner table & I choked when I had a mouthful of soup. Give my love to grandmother and grandfather Baker. Your affectionate daughter ROSALIE. Thank you for the new hat. I want new pantilettes very very badly.

Rosalie's mother continues, to say: "He would give up an important engagement, to have five o'clock supper with a little girl and her dolls, and no little girl could ever forget the joy of his presence, for he entered into the make-believe so genuinely." Rosalie's 'grandmother' too, recalls that one of the most amusing incidents she ever witnessed was when a member of the Archaeological Society, which was meeting in Rome, came to

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the hotel one afternoon to request the Regius Professor to participate in one of their sessions. He was shown into the nursery where he found the object of his visit with Susan on one knee, Rosalie on the other, and Marguerite in disgrace on the floor, and when it was made clear in nursery language that someone had come to Rome to play with his granddaughter Rosalie and that he could not be induced to write any papers, the expression on the archaeologist's face was to be remembered.

Then, too, while this story of Ancient Rome was being elicited many years later, Rosalie's 'grandfather' granted from behind his newspaper, and said: "That man, Osler, sent me to a doctor in Rome because I was complaining of rheumatism in my arm. The doctor used to bake it and I was compelled to go every afternoon, with great loss of time and unheard-of expense. After this had gone on <sup>at some length</sup> ~~for some time~~ I overheard Mrs. Osler ask her husband if he thought that young doctor was doing me any good, and he said: "Not in the least, but the poor man has a child five years old and needs to get her some toys."

"And the strange thing is," he added, "that I continued to go to the doctor <sup>listening in at</sup> ~~after overhearing~~ this conversation." <sup>Guidance</sup> ~~Unlike Games, practice in Rome~~ ~~did not~~ ~~begin with calemel.~~

Unlike Cannes, practice in Rome evidently did not necessarily begin with calomel. Osler could not entirely escape from consultations even on this well earned holiday. In the Lancet for May 15th there is a brief report\* of a remarkable case he had seen at this time with Dr.

\*"The Relation of the Capillary Blood-Vessels in Purpura."  
Lancet, Lond., 1909, i, 1385.

G. Sandison Brock, an occurrence which makes it possible to introduce another little girl variously named Muriel, Marjorie or Maude, who was found in Dr. Brock's nursery and whose table-manners were corrupted; but though introduced she may wait until later on lest Rosalie and her 'mother' become jealous.

He must early have looked up an Oxonian, the Rev. H. M. Bannister the authority on the paleography of music who was accustomed to pass his winters in the Vatican and his summers at Bodleys, poring over ancient liturgies. Osler once said that he was the only amphibian Catholic he knew - Roman one half the year and Anglican the other (which may not be the reason he bequeathed his silver snuff-box to Osler),

*At the Calce summer is my be added saw  
the Rev. Mr. Bannister with his friend Mrs. Ratti  
at work in the Bodleian - also at play in  
Osler's library and at his table.  
Susie*

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*Monsignor Achille*

but Bannister, being an intimate friend of Ratti then the Vatican Libra-

*- now merely Pope! -*

rian (~~now only Pope~~), had keys to the shelves and could therefore intro-

*Just not meet at*

duce his friend to the innumerable treasures of the library. In Osler's

note-book is this fragmentary sketch of the reading-room, dated February 17th.

It was opened under the auspices of Leo XII in 1885 and is used only for MS. It is a room about 70 by 80 ft. with four windows opening on to one of the courts. At one side between the central windows Padre ~~Elisio~~ <sup>Achille</sup> ~~Elisio~~ [?] has his desk. At a special desk <sup>the</sup> at end of room are places for members of the Vatican with easy-chairs. There are only four readers' tables, with <sup>Space</sup> ~~places~~ for about ten readers. The walls are covered with pictures of the old Cardinal Librarians. The MSS. are very accessible. There are full catalogues and it takes only 15-20 mins. to get any special vol. The rooms are only open from 8.30-12 daily. There are more ecclesiastic than lay readers. Next to me was an ancient Padre with a long grey beard and flowing hair which reached to his shoulders. He was working at <sup>the</sup> great MSS. and about every 5 mins. stimulated his gray cortex with a big pinch of snuff. Opposite sat a monk in brown and a young Englishman. The room is warm but had also the odour of unwashed humanity to a marked degree, that ~~smell of clothes soaked in sweat~~. Even at 9.45 on entering the room it was evident, and it became intensified as the morning wore on. ~~the~~ - He - *Stell*

*Just note!*

*Text on pg. 10.*

Rome, 1909.

*Presidential address before the*  
~~Oster said, later on, In his~~ Bibliographical Society address on the  
*Some ~~time~~ later Oster said,*  
earliest printed medical books, that he 'had seen in Rome a few years ago  
a famous book that had just started from its home where it had lain peace-  
fully nearly 450 years in the very house in which it was printed - the "De  
Civitate Dei" of St. Augustine, from the press of Schweinheim and Panartz.'  
*The summary is my head and*  
~~Both another~~ *was* ~~was~~ *seen* ~~was~~ *Benussi* ~~was~~ *his friend* ~~was~~ *Palte* ~~at~~ *times* ~~in~~ *the* ~~was~~ *Bodleian* -  
*and at* ~~was~~ *in* ~~was~~ *Oster's* ~~was~~ *library* ~~and~~ *at* ~~was~~ *his* ~~was~~ *table.*

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A pity he did not continue, but in a letter to McCrae shortly after, he says: "He had out for me their oldest Hippocrates and Galen MSS. - to my surprise none antedating the 11th century. It is interesting to see so modern a place - the reference library for workers is most complete and ~~but~~ the Index does not touch it curiously enough - perhaps all the prohibited books go there for inspection. The Museum treasures are wonderful and so well arranged."

The following <sup>a</sup> letter to H. B. Jacobs on the <sup>February</sup> 24th tells <sup>Something more</sup> of their

doings:

Feb. 24th, Rome.

Dear Jacobs: So glad to hear of your plans but I am afraid we shall not meet. I sail from Naples on the 21st of April and shall either take the boat (Canopic) at Genoa, or go to N. for a week before hand. Mrs. Osler will go back to Oxford about April 10th as Revere gets his holidays. It is quite possible that you may get to the North of Italy before I go South ~~but I doubt it.~~ . . . I am delighted to hear of W<sup>m</sup> Marburg's gift - how good of him! He is a generous soul. That will help a great deal. Did my brother, E. B. Osler, give anything or was he asked? He might like to do a little, and a letter from the Committee stating the case would be no harm. He has rather a big job on hand at present - building and endowing a home for aged women in memory of my mother in our old home, Dundas. We

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are working hard here but there is so much to see. I have just begun to get involved with the doctors - Machiafava, Celli & the Bastianellis. The Hospital is A.I. but they need new buildings for the school. I am to see the malaria work with Celli next week - the Campagna is gradually getting healthy. Enormous reduction in deaths from the disease in 20 years - 24000 in 1887, 4000 in 1907! The weather has been fine but the days are cold & Rome is the dirtiest place I have ever seen - dust everywhere. It must be awful in summer. We had a great day yesterday at Frascati and the Alban Mountains. Countess Andro<sup>e</sup>zz<sup>i</sup> took us into her old villa - nephews of the 17th century popes, the builders! Wonderful views. Cicero had a choice spot here for a country seat. We have seen something of the Garretts. Mrs. John is an old friend & patient. She is very attractive & is already a favourite & it is nice that she knows Rome. We are going together on Saturday to the Island to say our prayers to Aesculapius - whose serpent in stone, at one end, is all that remains of this famous temple. . . I have found a few good books, but the shops are not first class with the exception of Lang Bros. I hope<sup>d</sup> to find incunabula at every corner.

His reference to Professor Celli and to the Roman Campagna - that hotbed of malaria which probably had more to do with 'the Fall' than Gibbon could even have surmised - recalls his own active rôle in the studies of the disease, begun at Blockley Hospital in 1886. He became so impressed by the

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results the Italians had obtained that before leaving Rome he sent a long account of this 'lesson in practical hygiene' to The Times\*, some

\*"Malaria in Italy: a Lesson in Practical Hygiene." London Times, March 15, 1909.

~~paragraphs from which deserve inclusion here.~~

Use use much [to write]



(Letter to the London Times, Mar. 15, 1909)

## MALARIA IN ITALY: A LESSON IN PRACTICAL HYGIENE.

Rome, Mar. 3.

To the Editor of the Times.

[The whole]

Sir: - We owe much to the Italians for their contributions to our knowledge of the cause of malaria. Laveran's great discovery was promptly fathered by Marchiafava and Celli and Golgi, and it was through their writings that we obtained the fullest details of the nature and structure of the malarial parasite. As an old student of the disease and deeply interested in the practical problems of its prevention, one of my first visits in Rome was to the Laboratories of Physiology and of Hygiene, to find out from the directors, Marchiafava and Celli, the progress of the battle. It was not enough to know the cause; we had to know how it worked before effective measures could be taken, and the demonstration by Ross of the transmission of the disease by the mosquito at once put malaria on the list of easily preventable infections. Just ten years ago the Italian Society for the Study of Malaria was founded, and I was able to get a full report of the work.

But before speaking of it, let me give the graphic picture of the ravages of malaria, which I found in an interesting volume by M. R. de la Blanchère - "Une Chapitre d'Histoire Pontine: état ancien et décadence. Paris: Imprimerie Nationale, Paris, 1889" - for which I am indebted to Dr. Ashby, director of the British School.

Speaking from sad personal experience, Blanchère expresses the hopelessness with which this terrible scourge was regarded and the tragic consequences of an infection: -

Qui peut lutter contre la fièvre? Il faut n'avoir jamais senti le froid profond dont elle vous enveloppe, l'abattement étrange où elle jette les plus braves, la faiblesse, le dégout général, la misère intérieure qu'elle laisse après elle, pour croire que, de gaieté de coeur, des hommes ont put s'y exposer. Le fiévreux, au moment del'accès, est retranché de l'existence; il ne leverait pas un doigt pour écarter la mort de lui, viendrait-elle sous la figure d'un train, du feu, d'une bête féroce. Ensuite, sous le coup d'accès nouveau on attendant leur venue périodique, sans appétit, trouvant le vin mauvais, le pain pâteux, les viandes amères, il languit parfois des années - s'il ne peut changer de climat. Puis le cachexie s'établie, le foie s'engorge, la rate gonfle, le coeur se distend, le teint est jaune, le ventre énorme, tant qu'un jour une fièvre pernicieuse enlève l'homme en quelques heures, s'il n'est pas mort plus lentement de souffrance et de consommation. En pays malarique, tout est fièvre; malaise, blessures, accidents, maladies de toute nature so compliquent de cet élément; elles le trouvent maître de l'organisme, on l'y éveillent, on l'y laissent. La fièvre de malarie est un véritable Proteus, elle revêt toutes les formes, elle attaque de mille façons. Tantôt brutale, soudaine, ou même instantanée, elle foudroie; j'ai vu des malheureux tomber dans le sillon, mourants, au milieu même de leur besogne; tantôt elle s'insinue doucement, d'abord éphémère, puis fréquente irrégulière comme incertaine, puis tierce ou quatre, puis prenant une périodicité à longs termes. Alors elle ne quitte plus son homme, pendant trois ans tous les vingts jours, j'ai eu une semaine de fièvre. Si pleinement, si douloureusement, que l'étranger l'expérimente, il la ne connaît pas dans toute sa cruauté. . . . Anémique, hypersplénique, bilieux, les

reins à demi atrophiés ou hypertrophiés, au contraire, les poumons désorganisés, les muscles flasques et mal nourris, le sang chargé d'un pigment noir qui empâte tous les viscères, il n'est plus à recevoir le miasme; il offre un terrain préparé, véritable milieu de culture; il est saisi presque en naissant. Son facies n'est pas encourageant pur le travailleur de campagne qui descendu des Montagnes samnites, vient labourer ou moissonner les champs du Vélitème ou de l'Antiatese - triste champs où, comme dit le poète: -

Tra è solchi rei de la Saturnia terra,  
Cresce perenne una virtù funestra,  
Che si chiama la Morte.

20 A graphic, first-hand, and not over-drawn picture! But his opening question, "Que peut lutter contre la fièvre?" is answered on the spot by the splendid work of the Italian Society for the Study of Malaria. In Professor Celli's lecture-room hangs the mortality chart of Italy for the past twenty years. In 1887 malaria ranked with tuberculosis, pneumonia, and the intestinal disorders of children as one of the great infections, killing in that year 21,033 persons. The chart shows a gradual reduction in death-rate, and in 1906 only 4,871 persons died of the disease, and in 1907 4,160. This remarkable result has been very largely due to the sanitary measures introduced by the Society. It has long been known that malaria disappears "spontaneously". The Fen country is now healthy; parts of Canada, about Lakes Ontario and Erie, which were formerly hotbeds of the disease, are now free. This cannot be attributed altogether to cultivation and drainage. I have known places on the shores of the lakes just mentioned in which the conditions today are identical with those which I remember as a boy. The Desjardin Canal Marsh at the extreme end of Lake Ontario was a wellknown focus of the disease. The marsh remains, the mosquitoes are there, but a case of malaria is almost as rare as in England. The settlers early recognized the important fact that malaria was a disease liable to recur, and it became a common practice to take Peruvian bark every spring and autumn for a year or two after an attack. This is a point in prophylaxis which the work of the Italian Society has brought into prominence. From the summary of the decennial report just issued the following paragraphs are of interest: . . .

The society has <sup>improved</sup> made the prophylaxis of malaria, and has introduced into practice the new mechanical measures based on the defense of the habitation and the individual from the bites of mosquitoes. This being a relatively expensive procedure, the Society has occupied itself chiefly with the improvement of the antiplasmodic prophylaxis - the administration of quinine.

For this purpose it has promoted and defended legislation for the gratuitous distribution of quinine, to the poor and to all workers in malarial localities.

In order to render possible the prophylaxis and prolong the treatment, it has prepared the quinine in its most agreeable forms - namely, that of comfits and chocolates, the latter containing tannate of quinine, which has little taste, and is better tolerated by children.

The results have been that since 1902, when the law on State quinine was promulgated, while the consumption of quinine has been yearly increasing the mortality from malaria has diminished from about 16,000 to about 4,000

(London Times, Mar. 15, 1909 - 3)

yearly; and in the army, Custom House Offices, and in some communes where the new laws have been better applied, the morbidity from malaria has been greatly diminished.

By these measures, and "by means of the agricultural and agrarian transformation of the land and colonization, rather than by the destruction of mosquitoes (a thing impossible to be done by us on a large scale)" Italy may be freed from the scourge.

Malaria illustrated the stages through which so many of the great discoveries in medicine have had to pass. At first a period of doubt - that the actual germ had been discovered seemed too good news to be true, and for ten years or more there was much, and perhaps justifiable, skepticism. Except for the great help in diagnosis, we did not get much further until 1898, when the experiments of Ross demonstrated the truth of the old suggestion of Lancisi (revived by King and by Manson), that the disease was transmitted by the mosquito. And now we are in the stage of prevention - the practical application of the knowledge of the cause and the method of its action. It would be hard to name any single event of the 19th century of greater practical importance to the race than the discovery of Laveran. In the words of Colonel Gorgas, it has made the tropics habitable by white men. The Panama Canal zone is astonishing witness to the success of modern sanitary measures against malaria. The monthly reports of Colonel Gorgas give a death rate (among nearly 50,000 workpeople) lower than that of any large city - it has been as low as 12 per 1,000! And let us not forget that Holland dates this triumph to the men who introduced experiment into medicine, to the Harveys, the Hunters, the Majendies, and the Claude Bernards - the arch-vivisectors whom it has become fashionable to abuse! and who have thus enabled us to wring from nature what Harvey calls "her closet-secrets."

William Osley.

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On another morning with G. Bastianelli he visits the Bib. Lancisiana,  
goes over the Lancis<sup>si</sup> MS. and ~~notes among other things that there are~~ *makes many fragmentary notes on that:*

"7 books published before 1480: there is no copy of the De Motu Cordis 1628;  
one of 1652 Religio Medici; none of Caius; one only of Linacre; there are  
only two old portraits - one of Lancisi and one of John Howard, who probably  
visited the hospital - look it up!" etc.

To W. G. MacCallum of the Johns Hopkins.

*Hotel Royal, Rome.*  
Feb. 28th.

Dear Mac. I have only just heard of your appointment at Columbia - hearty  
congratulations! It was not unexpected as Butler had written some months  
ago. It will be a great wrench to leave Baltimore, but you are wise. You  
should have your own position - you have earned it. What ever will Welch  
do without you! I hope you do not leave before the summer. I should not  
like to see the J.H.H. without you - the last of the old guard in the house.  
This is a fascinating place. Marchiafava, Celli, Bignami and the Bastia-  
nellis are charming. The pathologists are in practice - and the labora-  
tories tell the tale. . . . Do give your father my kindest regards. ~~Sin-~~  
cerely yours.

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(In his pocket note-book)

March 1st, 1909.

Went to the Sant Agostino, Rome, and saw the 'Madonna del Porto', the famous Madonna which helps the pregnant women. It is a large gaudily be-decked figure - like a fashionably dressed queen with a crown on her head and an infant in her arms. The figure and the whole wall of the end of the choir was covered with votive offerings: pictures dealing with circumstances in which the Madonna had been helpful - a man falling off a broken ladder and who had time to pray ~~and beg~~ and so fell easy, and was not hurt - ships - pictures of raised [illegible], models of eyes, hands, feet, chiefly in metal - of gaudy gilt or silvered - crutches on the side of the stand, braces, trusses, etc., watches, chains, etc, in the greatest profusion. Two pregnant women were praying before her and several men and boys. The toes of her left foot are worn away by the kisses of the faithful and are now coated with silver. In the same church over the High Altar is the picture painted by St. Luke and in a chapel to the left is the tomb of St. Monica.

To Dr. J. William White of Philadelphia.

2nd [March]

[Cosmas and Damianus]?

Dear White I enclose you a little prayer to St. C. & St. D. our patron Saints which may may be useful. I have made a pilgrimage to their mother church and have burnt a candle - a small one - for my surgical colleagues. The instruments with which they cut off a leg which had a cancer & transplanted the sound leg of a just dead man are carefully preserved in the

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church - with an arm of each saint and a bottle of the milk of the Virgin Mary. We are having a delightful visit. ~~I had 3 1/2 months in Paris, three weeks in Cannes.~~ We have been here for a month. . . I hope to see you in May or June. I sail about April 22nd. I hope you are in good form & still appreciating the fact that you would have been a wretched Adullamite had it not been for the fostering care of that long-suffering saint to whom greetings and love from us both. . .

To Leonard L. Mackall, Esq., at Jena.

Hotel Royal, Rome.

[March 3-1909]

Dear Mackall I have put your note in the hands of a man who says he can (possibly) be of help. - A Mr. Bannister who knows Italy thoroughly. He leaves for England for 3 weeks but returns April 1st. There should be no difficulty in tracing the descendants of so notable a man as Medwin [the friend of Byron and Shelley]. There are probably genealogical journals in which a note could be inserted. Schiff the Librarian at Florence may be able to help. We leave for Florence tomorrow (via Perugia & Assisi Hotel du Nord) for two weeks. Rome has been delightful. I have enjoyed everything. Several of the Book-shops are A.1. I got a splendid Aristotle <sup>[Venice]</sup> 1476 - de animalium partibus, and several good sets relating to Medical History - de Renzi's School of Salernum &c. I got a fine Gessner - Dictionary Greek & Latin. Wonderful man! well called the German Pliny - Bibliography, Philology, Medicine, Chemistry, Natural History - & above all a most lovable soul. When in Oxford in Aug. remind me to show you a touching tribute which I found to his character.\* He died at 45. I have a very good collection

\*Cf. Osler's "Evolution of Modern Medicine," p. 131. (From H. Morley's Cardan, II, 152-3). *Also letter to Peter Coler in notes of p.*

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of his works. I look forward to seeing you in Oxford. I shall be back from America July 1st. Oxford always finds me - letters are forwarded twice weekly

Yours sincerely

W<sup>m</sup> Osler.

"This place looks hopeful," he writes from Florence on a p. c.,

March 4th, "I go to Grocco's clinique tomorrow and to Banti on Monday."

A few days later, however, he was dragged back to the capitol where all by himself and with no one to check him, except perhaps 'Rosalie,' he

evidently had an orgy in the book-shops.

. . . I was recalled to Rome (stranded American) and I sanctified my fee by buying 3 copies of Vesal, 2nd edition, fine one for myself, a 1st for McGill (300 fr. was stiff, but it goes for 500!) and another for the Frick library. I was sorry to miss the Rhazes, the Brussels Library secured it. I have two copies also of the Venice edition of the Vesal. Have you one? I bought one Imperialis for the sake of the Vesal picture - they have another which I will ask them to send. . . I have a set of votives for the [Maryland] Faculty - terra cotta arms, legs, breasts, eyes, ears, fingers - which the votaries hung in the Aesculapian temples in gratitude to the god - the modern R.C. ones are wretched (tin) imitations. . ."

Thus he 'sanctified his fee' largely in donations to other than his own library

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and in the copy of the 'Fabrica' of 1543 forwarded to McGill through Francis J. Shepherd, is a note of presentation dated from Rome, March 9th, "to the library of my old school in which anatomy has always been studied in the Vesalian spirit - with accuracy and thoroughness." Evidently he had forgotten that six years before he had already given them a copy. And once more in Florence, at the Hotel Paoli, he writes:

This place is of overwhelming interest - libraries, pictures &c. The Laurentian Library is just too splendid for words 7000 chained MSS. All in the putei or caves designed by Michael Angelo. I have a photo of an end of one for you. The book-shops are good. Olschki one of the best in Europe. He has 500 incunabula on the shelves, a Silvaticus a cuss of no moment - of 1476 - a superb folio, one of the first printed in Bologna - fresh and clean as if printed yesterday & such a page! but he asks 1500 francs!! His things are wonderful but really auction sales [are] is the only economical way to get old books. . . I am in a state of mental indigestion from plethora - it's really bewildering - so much to see & to do. . . .

Sometime during this month he must have written <sup>for the Yale undergrads' daily paper (10)</sup> at the request of the editors a letter

~~Yale Daily News, the students' paper at New Haven, a letter\* of advice to~~

[\*Cf. Yale Daily News for March 31, 1909.



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prospective candidates regarding ~~the~~ Rhodes Scholarship; - he being, in the introductory words of the Editor, 'the friend and advisor of all the American Rhodes Scholars.' In this letter, ~~a most opportune one,~~ tinged though it ~~is~~ possibly <sup>over the</sup> by his own recent brain-dusting, ~~he~~ emphasizes that 'the more a man brings to Oxford the more he will take away,' and he went on to outline 'the academic life of a young fellow who means business' and comes 'prepared between the short Oxford terms to get an education neither Oxonian nor Anglican, but European.'

[the Rhodes scholar]

He gets settled in Oxford by the middle of October and his first term is one of bewilderment, sometimes of discouragement. He has settled on his course - history, classics, law, literature, medicine, etc. - and then about November 20 he should hold that great inquisition which Descartes says every man should make for himself once in his lifetime. If a sensible fellow the main result of this will be a determination to get the best Europe has to offer in his subject. With this object in view, the day after term closes sees him in a 'pension' in Paris and alone - no other student with him, or he will not learn to speak French. As there is practically no Christmas vacation at the Sorbonne he will have six weeks during which he can hear three or four lectures on any study he may have selected, and he can begin to get interested in its French literature. After the Winter term

Put this log  
away for me?  
100.  
Print in lower  
case

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in Oxford April 14 sees him again in Paris for a second period of six weeks. The note-books begin to show that he understands the lectures and he has completed the analysis of a couple of French monographs in his special subject. Living in the Latin Quarter he will soon appreciate its delightful life; but he will be wise and careful as he <sup>will</sup> have left his affections at home, either in the safe-keeping of some Neaera - or in cold storage. The Summer term in Oxford will open his eyes to the possibilities of English college life, but early in June he is back again in Paris with two clear months ahead in which he should get a good reading and speaking knowledge of French, hear the lectures of the best men on his specialty, and he will have become familiar with its French literature. From the middle of August to the 10th of October is spent at the seaside in a French family, looking after his health and studying four or five hours a day. Returning to Oxford for the second year he begins to feel that he understands a little of English and French life. The short eight weeks' term passes and December 7 sees our scholar with a ticket to Berlin or Leipzig prepared to spend his vacation in mastering the German language and getting in touch with the German side of his work. He will go back to the same place in April for another period of six weeks, and in these two visits he should have a fair knowledge of the language - enough at any rate so as to be able to understand lectures. Back to Oxford for the delightful Summer term during which there is so much to do that no one can do any work. The middle of June, Leipzig or Berlin again for the long Summer semester. From the middle of August to the middle of September he will be in a German family part of the time, and for a few weeks he will join some of his fellow students in a walking tour in Switzerland. At the beginning of his third year our young Rhodian should have his eyes opened.

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It may be urged that so rapid a change of diet would bring him to death's door with a 'mental dyspepsy' and, in Lowell's phrase, 'without power of combining, arranging, discerning, he could not digest the masses he learned into learning.' I am speaking of a man who is following a post-graduate course for a research degree and who is working a very limited field; but men reading for the ordinary degrees could follow the same plan. The last Christmas vacation? Yes, Paris again, a few more lectures at the Sorbonne and two or three hours a day at the Bibliothèque Nationale working at the literature of his thesis. The Easter vacation will puzzle him - where? Let him find the man who is making the greatest stir in his subject in Europe, and put in the last continental visit to him. Then for the saddest of all the Oxford terms - the one before graduation; but the Western light will be in his eyes and the longing for the home which (if he is sensible) he has not seen for two years and nine months. Of this period he will have spent about seventy-two weeks in England and about sixty-four abroad. Perhaps if there is any money left he should see Scotland before he sails. Oxford offers a delightful life for the Rhodes scholar - a more carefully selected group of his countrymen than he will meet in any American college, a fine body of colonial students, and the pick of young Englishmen will be his associates. Many things are different - the men, the studies, the methods, the sports - all will test his adaptability or, in other words, his capacity to meet new conditions, wherein lies the secret of success in life. He will have these powers still further tested under the more novel environments of France and of Germany. Carrying out this programme - and it is a possible one - the man will return knowing the best England has to offer, the best France has to offer, the best Germany has to offer. If after this he does not turn out 'a truly good man,

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four square and without flaw,' to use Aristotle's expression, he must be a 'dull and muddy mettled rascal' who should have chosen other parents and a different career.

All this may have made him a little homesick, for in a letter of the 15th he says, "We have been here [Florence] for two weeks - seeing the galleries under trying circumstances of cold & rain. We go to Bologna, Venice & Padua and my plans are to sail from Naples on the 21st. I have not seen the boy since Xmas and now my heart begins to fail, and I may go to England and sail from Southampton April 14th." Evidently he has longings for a sight of Revere, and so far as Naples was concerned his heart did fail, as is evident in a letter sent a week later to his old Gower Street room-mate of the London days of 1870 who has suffered a stroke.

To Dr. Arthur Browne of Montreal.

Hotel Paoli, Florence,  
22nd [March, 1909]

Dear Arthur I was so glad to hear from Francis this week that you were better and able to be up. What a sad trial this illness has been. It must be some consolation to you to feel that your many friends have been so full of sympathy with you and Mrs. Browne. I am sailing for New York next month and hope to be in Montreal early in June. We have had a very good winter in Italy - everything delightful but the weather. I had a month in

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Rome and saw nearly everything but the Pope I spared him. The Vatican Library is wonderful; though for old Manuscripts (is it) not so rich as the Medici Library here. Today I saw the MS. of Celsus which had been lost for so many centuries. The Laurentian collection is kept in the same putei or caves which were designed by Micahel Angelo. → We go back to England for Easter to see the boy who is preparing for Winchester. He is not much at books - prefers butterflies & fish. I never saw such a devoted Waltonian, & the Compleat Angler is one of his favourite books - complete conversation book he calls it. With much love to you both Ever yours,

W<sup>m</sup> Osler.

A few days in Bologna were enough to let him scour the University Library and the Museo Civica to which the card of a Curator of the Bodleian gives him ready access; then Venice whence he writes:

To Albert Chatard of Baltimore.

Grand Hotel Britannia,  
30th [March]

Dear Chatard I shall be out earlier than I had anticipated, but I do not suppose now the committee would wish to make any change in the date. I have to go to England next week unexpectedly, so that I shall sail from Southampton and not from Naples, ~~as I had intended~~. I wish I had known of this before, but the business is quite unexpected. I have provisionally taken passage for April 13th, which is a week earlier than I had intended. I sent you the other day a reproduction of an Avicenna MS. page. I saw the original at Bologna wonderfully coloured - the text is in Hebrew, XI century I think. I am bringing a set of the old Votive offerings of the Aesculapian

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temple which will be of interest. I can get a suitable show case. It would be well to get out some of the special editions for the meeting. I am sending the 1st edition of Vesalius, de humani corporis fabrica to the Frick Library. Those Edinboro theses would make a good show. Coming earlier, I shall be able to spend a longer time in Baltimore. I must meet your Avicenna Club. We have had a splendid visit in Italy. Rome was wonderful, Florence enchanting. I have seen Bologna thoroughly and shall see Padua, Venice and Pavia. I am glad you like the Paris letters, there are more to follow. My greetings to your mother and uncle. Yours sincerely,  
W<sup>m</sup> OSLER. Mrs. Osler sends love.

There is little record of Venice except that his pocket note-book is filled with jottings from the "Bib. San Marco. Dr. Frati Librarian;" and the same is true of Padua, where on March 30th he notes:

Library of Univ., very old building - Ducal palace, good catalogue. No MS. of Mundinus' anatomy. Two fragments of XV sec. MSS. of his - not important. . . Montagnanus edition 1498, with his two plates. Vesal - no letters, no MS. No autograph copies of works. The 1543 of the de humani corp. fab. is well worn. At lower right hand margin is "Fabritius sibi & suis." Probably the copy belonged to F. . . Harvey de motu cordis orig. ed. not there. . .

Univ. Court. Not so fine as the <sup>Soggia & the</sup> ~~Architecture~~ <sup>Archiginasio</sup> of Bologna. Same style. The stemmas are chiefly in stone and not coloured. The aula is splendid, the walls brilliant with coloured stemmas. A good many old portraits.

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Could not find Harvey's stemma - went twice round (bitterly cold and had to give it up). Lecture room given by Fabricius in 1595 - the one in which Harvey heard his (F) dem. of the valves of the veins - is very remarkable - 6 tiers of places, very steep - standing-room only - curious open woodwork of the places. The well is very narrow, no entrance, except a communication with the cellar by which the body could be lifted up on the table. The lecture room very small, accom. 75-100.

No old book-shop.

Probably due to the inclement weather <sup>the stay in Venetia</sup> Venice is cut short, and April

1st finds them in Milan, whence to a former Travelling Radcliffe Fellow, now a physician in Nairobi:

To Dr. A. J. Jex-Blake at Oxford.

Gd. Hotel de la Ville, Milan.  
April 1st.

Dear Jex-Blake On May 20th I hope to be in Boston! I sail about the middle of next month. My leave is for the annus medium so I don't return until the end of June. I am sure you will have a very pleasant dinner. - I hope Curzon will come. Do express my regrets. I saw Malpighi & Morgagni at Padua the other day - Wonderful Aula - over the doorway Ichabod/Ichabod/ - in large letters - I could see them. Yours sincerely  
W<sup>m</sup> OSLER. Congratulations on your election.

*Truly the glory had departed from Padua; but on*  
And the following day he squeezes on a postcard the following to L. L.

Mackall in Jena:

*Ichabod Ichabod My glory had departed. Written about Street Station*

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I have the Gesner. I will look up the Johnston when I get to Oxford. He was a most prolific poet I believe. I got the 3 vol Historia animalium of Gesner for 5 fr. at Bologna. I have a fine copy so I shall send this one to the Coll of Phy - who have not one. I have had great luck in Florence & Venice - several gems - an Aristotle de animalium partibus 1476, a Pierre d'Abano 1474, Arnould of Villanova Sch. of Salernum 1480. Olschki of Florence has the finest collection of old books I have seen 600 incunabula Prices sky-high Martelli of Bologna very good. Hoepli here very disappointing. I was told he had a large stock but he has very little & is really not an antiquariat. I sail April 13th, back about July 1st. Yours,

W. O.

To H. B. Jacobs of Baltimore.

Hotel de la Ville, Milan,  
2nd [April]

Dear Jacobs . . . I have changed my plans. Some matters came up about our proposed new laboratories & clinique & rooms at the Radcliffe, which it is important for me to try to settle before the end of next term. An old cove called Briscoe, aged 88, formerly surgeon to the Hospital, surprised everyone by leaving £80,000 to it. The managers have agreed to put up laboratories, but there is a hitch about the land, & I may be able to induce the Trustees of the Radcliffe Fund to give a bit of land next the Infirmary. We had a splendid month in Florence. Wonderful city! . . . Altogether I have had some fine hauls - particularly of the good old Italians. Bologna & Padua were <sup>not</sup> quite up to my expectations. Padua is perhaps a bit disappointing - the Aula is wonderful. We had nearly a week in Venice and three glorious days. I saw the unique, 1538, six plates of Vesal - very

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interesting in comparison with his 1543 work as the drawings, though done by Calcar, are much inferior. Many years ago, Sir Herbert Maxwell had them reproduced, but his copy is very rare. I shall get an estimate from the Press - they would be worth reproducing. The Italians are very up to date in Library work - the catalogues are excellent. We spent the day at Verona - not much there except the amphitheatre. They had not even a copy of Fracastorius poems in the Library. I saw the Spedate Maggior <sup>iore?</sup> here *Saw the in Museum* this A.M. greatly changed internally since John Morgan's description in 1759. It is one of the largest in Europe. I am going to see Golgi at Pavia tomorrow. . . . We leave here Sunday night and will be at the Grand Hotel Trafalgar Square Monday night.

Two days later, the day before their departure, he says on a p. c.:

Nothing much in Pavia - nothing in comparison with Bologna and Padua. Library good - no Vesal items of moment, not even the 1543 <sup>ed.</sup> ~~ed.~~ of Mundinus, but no plates. I have not been able to locate a single Mundinus MS. - I wonder where they can be. The Ambrosiana here is a fine collection. I had 5 original MSS. of Cardan to look over - the autobiography is complete - he wrote a wonderful hand - no wonder the printers liked to get his copy. Hoepli here has no large stock - tho' the best publisher in Italy. Love to the bairns. . . .

On the 9th, from 13, Norham Gardens, he writes to Mrs. Brewster:

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Here I am, at home again, and very glad indeed to see my boy, & my books. Revere has had such a good winter & has grown so big - butterflies fish & sketching are his special fancies. He will never do much with his books, but he is a dear good lad. We enjoyed Venice so much. I saw Verona & Padua & Pavia and we stayed a few days at Milan. After all there is nothing so superb as a fine Gothic cathedral, and we came to the conclusion that about the best thing we saw in Italy was the last - Milan cathedral. I have picked up a great many treasures in the way of old books - a few fine incunabula, but they are getting scarce and usually fetch prices beyond my purse. . . . I sail by the Adriatic (White Star) on the 14th (next Wednesday) and should reach New York about Thursday a.m. I shall go to the University Club. . . .

There is an entry in his account-book opposite April 9th which reads: "I took a heavy cold, was in bed 10th 11th 12th & 13th fever & schnupfen. No cough. Was to have sailed on 14th gave up passage." This entry accounts for the following sent to the S. S. "Adriatic":

13, Norham Gardens,  
12th [April]

My sweet Rosalie Will you please tell your Ma, Susan Revere Baker, that I am laid up with a heavy cold and shall not be able to be on the steamer with you. I am so sorry. Do not wash your face on the voyage, & if you are seasick make that horrid Marguerite wait on you. Give your mother my love, and say I shall see her in Boston very soon Your loving grandfather W<sup>m</sup> OSLER.

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As usual during such times, many notes were scribbled to his friends.

In one of them he speaks of his Paris letters to the *Journal of the American Medical Association* saying, ~~the A. M. A. and says:~~

"I have been so busy that I have not had time to finish the others - I hope to do so on the steamer, " optimist that he was - with three addresses to prepare! He writes to Mrs. Brewster on the 13th:

I am not sailing until the 21st (Majestic). At present I am enjoying the luxury of a few days in bed after a sharp attack of grippe. We have had a wonderful Easter - such sunshine. I wish you could see the garden - everything bursting into bud or bloom. I am sending you the Times notice of Swinburne - so good! I did write to you about the children's poems - did I not? They are exquisite. I am sure he describes Sylvia's toes to the life!

So he finally sailed on the 21st after two weeks at home. No wonder that doggerell verses were sent by English friends - "Little Willie's on the Hop" - and others.

We shall see him no more at the meeting,  
Where he gave us his lip and his cheek;  
We shall catch but a far away greeting  
To remind us of how he could speak.  
Ah, heartless and cruel deceiver,  
Ah, wooer that comes not again;  
Poor Oxford! oh why did he leave her  
Alone in the rain?

For  
Mrs. Brewster  
Warrington

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To J. George Adami of Montreal.

On board R.M.S. "Majestic",  
Wednesday [April 28]

Dear Adami Your nice bundle of reprints came the other day and I be-  
guiled several bed-hours with them. A lot of good work! I was laid up  
for ten days with influenza and could not sail on the 13th. I hope to meet  
you perhaps in Washington. In any case, I shall be in Montreal about the  
12th of June and hope to have the best part of a week with you. I am an-  
xious to see the new buildings, and all the changes in two years. You will  
be sorry to hear that [J. Wesley] Mills has been doing well. I saw him  
last Wednesday, 21st, just before sailing - he was better - no fever but the  
operation was, I fear, not very successful. He looks well and has borne the  
suffering most heroically. It will be very nice to see you all again. Love  
to L. M. C. and the chicks. Yours,

Wm Oster.

He must have gone promptly to Baltimore, possibly in time to hear  
the last of Prof. E. A. Schäfer's series of Herter Lectures, and was put  
up by the McCraes in what he terms 'the prophet's chamber,' <sup>where he writes</sup> ~~and~~ letters  
~~issue from 809~~ <sup>935</sup> St. Paul Street in regard to further contributions for  
'that awful System'. On Monday evening the 10th he gave his paper on  
Servetus before the Hopkins Historical Club. It was evidently incomplete,

<sup>of the series</sup>  
\* Vol. VII was issued by the publisher for distribution on May 27<sup>th</sup> 1909.

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for he gave most of it impromptu and read only the opening section, *as follows:*

~~but this~~ <sup>what he read</sup> is well worth reprinting:

The year 1553 saw Europe full of tragedies, and to the earnest student of the Bible it must have seemed as if the day had come for the opening of the second seal spoken of in the Book of Revelation, when peace should be taken from the earth and men should kill one another. One of these tragedies has a mournful interest this year the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of its chief actor; yet it was but one of thousands of similar cases with which the history of the sixteenth century is stained. On October 27, shortly after twelve o'clock, a procession started from the town-hall of Geneva - the chief magistrates of the city, the clergy in their robes, the Lieutenant Criminel and other officers on horseback, a guard of mounted archers, the citizens, with a motley crowd of followers, and in their midst, with arms bound, in shabby, dirty clothes, walked a man of middle age, whose intellectual face bore the marks of long suffering. Passing along the rue St. Antoine through the gate of the same name, the cortège took its way towards the Golgotha of the city. Once outside the walls, a superb sight broke on their view: in the distance the blue waters and enchanting shores of the Lake of Geneva, to the west and north the immense amphitheatre of the Jura, with its snow-capped mountains, and to the south and west the lovely valley of the Rhone; but we may well think that few eyes were turned away from the central figure of the sad procession. By his side, in earnest entreaty, walked the aged pastor, Farel, who had devoted a long and useful life to the service of his fellow-citizens. Mounting the

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hill, the field of Champel was reached, and here on a slight eminence was the fateful stake, with the dangling chains and heaping bundles of faggots. At this sight the poor victim prostrated himself on the ground in prayer. In reply to the exhortation of the clergyman for a specific confession of faith, there was the cry, "Misericordia, misericordia! Jesu, thou Son of the Eternal God, have compassion upon me!" Bound to the stake by the iron chain, with a chaplet of straw and green twigs covered with sulphur on his head, with his long dark face, it is said that he looked like the Christ in whose name he was bound. Around his waist were tied a large bundle of manuscript and a thick octavo book. The torch was applied, and as the flames spread to the straw and sulphur and flashed in his eyes, there was a piercing cry that struck terror into the hearts of the bystanders. The faggots were green, the burning was slow, and it was long before in a last agony he cried again, "Jesu, thou Son of the Eternal God, have mercy upon me!" Thus died, in his forty-fourth year, Michael Servetus Villanovanus, physician, physiologist, and heretic. Strange, is it not, that could he have cried, "Jesu, thou Eternal Son of God!" even at this last moment, the chains would have been unwound, the chaplet removed, and the faggots scattered; but he remained faithful unto death to what he believed was the Truth as revealed in the Bible. The story of his life is the subject of my address.

This was all serious enough, but during these Baltimore days Osler the debonnaire, in a grey frock-coat, a top-hat and the inevitable nosegay in

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his buttonhole, missed no corner either in Baltimore or at the Hopkins without a visit and the leaving of a touching or humorous recollection in someone's mind. He must also have been in Washington to see an old doctor-friend who was ill - "very much 'gone at the top', so distressing, for he bursts into tears when he sees his old friends; but the young doctor is doing well and is evidently a very fine fellow," [~~whom~~ W.O. had started <sup>him</sup> on his career], and he adds, "I saw Lois who has got as far as the 2nd coat of paint on the President - Mrs. Taft spoke very hopefully about the picture - I did not see the President, who was golfing."

On the morning of Thursday the 13th came the dedication of the new building of the Maryland Medical & Chirurgical Faculty held in connection with the annual spring meeting - "the greatest day," as was said, "in the history of medicine in Maryland"; and Osler's fifteen years in Baltimore had had much to do - indeed nearly everything to do - with making it possible. ~~At the morning exercises, attended by the Governor of the~~

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State, the Mayor, General Leonard Wood commanding the Department of the  
 East, and other notables, <sup>(were in attendance)</sup> ~~among whom were Abraham Jacobi representing~~ <sup>in addition to the representatives to the</sup>  
 the N. Y. Academy, James Tyson the College of Physicians of Philadelphia,  
~~and John W. Farlow of the Boston Medical Library, John S. Billings now of~~  
 the N. Y. Public Library, and Robert Fletcher of the Surgeon General's  
 Library. <sup>(at the morning exercises of the afternoon)</sup> Cardinal Gibbons, Osler's friend and former neighbour, gave the  
 invocation; ~~and~~ Weir Mitchell delivered the <sup>principal</sup> ~~dedicatory~~ address; <sup>which is and in the</sup> In the  
<sup>were held the ceremonies</sup> evening special exercises were held to dedicate "Osler Hall." The  
 President, Dr. Bruce W. Goldsborough, presided and, <sup>in due course</sup> ~~after his own ad-~~  
 dress, called on Osler for his oration. <sup>In this address,</sup> This he had entitled "Old and New"  
 and he said in part:

In the collegiate churches and cathedrals of England before the  
 sermon, the preacher, in what is known as the 'bidding prayer,' asks the  
 people, often in very quaint phraseology, to pray, among other things  
 for the estates of the realm, and then he offers a special prayer of  
 thanks for the liberality of founders and benefactors, 'men in their gen-  
 eration famous and in ours never to be forgotten.' At Oxford in the  
 University church every Sunday in term it is interesting to hear recalled  
 the memory of the Duke Humphrey, the Lady Margaret and other worthies.



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And whoever the preacher may be he finally mentions the founders and famous men of his particular college. Following this happy custom I would ask you in the first place to be profoundly thankful to the men of 1799 who gave this Faculty to the country and who made this day possible. . . . It would take a long bidding prayer to express the thanks of an academic wanderer like myself, who has had so much given to him in so many places. In deed rather than in words I have tried to be thankful, but it is hard to find gratitude enough to go round. My heart resembles one of those old manuscripts, the parchment of which has been used over and over again and while it looks as if there was only one writing, the expert is able to decipher beneath the palimpsest, as it is called. It is hard on the parchment and it is not always easy to decipher the writing, but the characters traced by my associations in this city must ever remain fresh and clear. . . . ~~A unique opportunity indeed was the founding of the Johns Hopkins Hospital. That those of us entrusted with its organization should have won your esteem and should have been adopted by the city and by the State is by far the best testimonial of our character and of our work. Considering the circumstances it might easily have been otherwise. . . .~~ It does not often happen that a man is called upon to participate in the dedication of a Hall to himself. More often it is a posthumous honour for which the thanks are tendered by relatives or friends. It is difficult for me to express the deep gratitude I feel for this singular mark of affection on your part. The distinction is not a little enhanced by the association with corresponding halls in other cities of the names of some of the most distinguished of American physicians. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in Boston, David Hossack in New York, and S. Weir Mitchell in Philadelphia. If by any process from the large lump of your

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gracious kindness the grains of merit on my part could be extracted they would be found to consist of that all-precious material faith - the pure gold of faith which I always had in the future of the Faculty. Just twenty years ago I joined this society and began my professional life here by giving the Annual Oration. Its history and tradition appealed to me strongly and I soon began to find my way to the old quarters under the Historical Society's Hall.

. . . As a boy, some of my happiest recollections in the early sixties are of school days in a small Canadian town, where in the summer evenings we paraded the streets, company formation, with a bonnie blue flag bearing a single star and singing "Maryland, My Maryland." Little then - or later - did I dream that my affiliation would be so close with this State, and that with it, through your gracious act today, my name may find its most enduring remembrance. These festivals illustrate how quickly the memory of a name perishes. In how many minds did the mention of David Hossack arouse a thrill of remembrance? His works, - and they were good ones - have perished, and his more enduring association is with the Hall of the Academy of Medicine which bears his name - and this is likely to be my fate. We can imagine a conversation in a library - 2009 - between two assistants wearily sorting a pile of second-hand books just sent in. "What are we to do with all this old rubbish by a man named Osler? He must have had very little to do to spoil so much paper. Where did he live any way?" "Oh, I don't know. Baltimore, I think. Anyhow they have a Hall there that bears his name."

And now that you see fulfilled the desire of your eyes in the possession of the beautiful new building, what is the special message of such an occasion? A double one - to the profession at large, and to ourselves in parti-

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cular. This is the home of the physicians of this State, with all the advantages and association which we connect with that word. The Faculty, as has already been remarked upon, represents a unique type of organization in this country. State societies exist everywhere, state examining boards are universal, and libraries are multiplying rapidly, but only in this State are the three so combined as to give to the profession its proper solidarity. This means much more than is represented by the Academy of Medicine, New York, the Library Association of Boston, and the College of Physicians, Philadelphia, which are local civic institutions. Here the organized profession of the entire State is in control. . . . This Faculty represents an organic pattern in which the old and the new form the warp and the woof of the life of the profession of this State. Father Time, who plies the shuttle to and fro, has inserted webs of innovation as in 1895 and 1909, but the pattern remains essentially the same. We, the members, pass on, the Faculty endures, the lives which make it die, but its life survives. The past has a charm and a use not always evident to ordinary eyes. In the orderly evolution of nature the old and the new are never dissociated. Of this our bodies offer many illustrations. In the very temple of the mind itself, stowed away in its depths, lies the mysterious pineal gland, the seat of the soul, said the old philosophers; but to him who can read, here, in the presence of the latest and most complicated bit of nature's mechanism is a remnant of the very old, of a third eye which was of use to an early vertebrate ancestor as he flopped about in the primeval marshes. Why should it be there? Of what use? Why should we be full of these vestiges, useless, often harmful? It is part of the purpose of life ever in this way to blend the old with the new. Habits,

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customs, opinions, beliefs influence us out of the past, sometimes helpfully, at others hurtfully. For example, in any medical organization on such an occasion as the present, when a device was needed for the beautiful medal which has been designed by Max Broedel, it was not possible to use anything else but the Aesculapian serpent, an emblem which speaks to us of a long past, when we took our origin in the most gracious and useful of the Greek cults. Every prescription we write tells of the days when the Arabian was our master, when Avicenni swayed the profession to a unit. And still more does our everyday language call back theories and opinions which have long since passed into oblivion and are as useless as the pineal gland or the vermiform appendix.

The secret of success in an institution of this kind is to blend the old with the new, the past with the present in due proportion, and it is not difficult if we follow Emerson's counsel: "We cannot overstate," he says, "our debt to the past, but the moment has the supreme claim; the sole terms on which the past can become ours are its subordination to the present." Let me indicate very briefly how the old and the new may be interwoven in the Life of this Faculty. . . . In one of his Hibbert Lectures last year at Oxford, William James made a remark that clung - "We live forward, we understand backwards. The philosophers tell us that there is no present, no now - the fleeting moment was as we try to catch it." In the opening of this new building we have today made a happy addition to a happy past. Towards this day we have all lived forward, and the future should still be in our thoughts. This old Faculty must continue to be our rallying ground - once inside its portals, schools, colleges, hospitals, societies, all other

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affiliations are absorbed in something vastly greater, which includes all and claims from all devoted service, the united profession of the state. The progressive evolution of such an organization demands the loyal support of every member. In all societies differences of opinion are not only inevitable but salutary. From time to time many of you will not approve the policy of the officers of the day - do not let your annoyance dim your loyalty. Professional politics have never been, and I hope may never be, a marked feature of this body, but whenever any of you feel sore at the action of those in charge let me ask you to find a cure in devotion to the scientific work of the sections or to the library. . . .

~~There was a~~ <sup>He was subjected to a</sup> ~~large public reception followed; and the next evening the annual~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~dinner; and he was probably glad to escape from further personal tributes.~~ <sup>came</sup>  
*There followed a large and active attention from which he finally escaped though it was from the burning from into the fire.*

Four weeks later, on the 11th of June, from the University Club, Montreal, he writes to H. B. Jacobs who was still abroad, and to whom he had apparently sent an account of the Baltimore festival:

Since my last letter I have had a strenuous time - Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Buffalo, & Toronto. I had a great day at Harvard Med. School, and in the eve. sat between the out and the in President. Both spoke charmingly. I had a good talk next day with Lowell, who is most sanguine about the School & the Brigham Hospital. I talked quite plainly about the absolute necessity of a close affiliation and a joint appointing board. The M.G.H. and the B.C.H. men are not very anxious for a new large

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general Hospital and there is a bit of a hitch. I spent three days at the M. G. and a Sunday with the Brewsters at Mt. Kisco where they are building a summer home. (~~mansion!~~). Starr is nearby and it is a lovely country. They come to E. this summer. Cole and the new plans of the Rockefeller appear to fit each other. Flexner is in very good form. Mitchell is wonderfully well. The new Coll. Phy. building is splendid, but not any more convenient than the Medical & Chirurgical. I went over a good many things with Miss Noyes. Really when one thinks of 10 or 12 years ago and present conditions, we cannot be but thankful.

Bill and Margery Howard come over with me. B. [W. W. Francis] has just brought <sup>out</sup> my new edition which you will find on your return. The new buildings here are splendid - a fine library & a superb anatomis<sup>cal</sup> dept. What an age of growth everywhere! I do hope we may see you in England. I sail Empress of Great Britain on the 18th and should be in Oxford on the 26th. Mrs. Revere and Mrs. Chapin are with Mrs. Osler.

The 'great day at the Harvard Medical School' refers to an alumni gathering which the new Dean of the School, Henry A. Christian one of his old pupils had invited him to attend\*, and there ~~remains~~ <sup>remains</sup> one touching reminder of this

*He must have spent some time with the "in President" the next day in looking at the treasures in the Harvard Library \*\* to which two years later he made a gift.*

\*It would appear from contemporary letters that pressure had been brought to bear on him to act as Medical Advisor of the new hospital which was soon to be erected adjacent to the Medical School on the Peter Bent Brigham foundation.

\*\* 4. Call 7 April 1911

Boston visit - a photograph of his old friend H. P. Bowditch, <sup>became</sup> now a victim of Parkinson's disease, standing on his front steps supported on either side by

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Osler and J. Collins Warren. <sup>Then</sup> There followed a brief sojourn with Weir Mitchell in Philadelphia, and from there he went to Toronto stopping en route in Buffalo <sup>to</sup> where in all probability he spent a few hours with his bibliophilic friend and former patient R. B. Adam. While in Toronto visiting his relatives he attended the annual gathering of the Ontario profession, before whom on June 3rd, as their invited guest, he gave another carefully prepared address, choosing "The Treatment of Disease" as his topic.\*

[\*Cf. British Medical Journal, 1909, ii, 185-9, and elsewhere.

How he had <sup>found</sup> ~~made~~ time for its preparation is not apparent, <sup>but it proved to be</sup> ~~though somehow~~

he had got it done, possibly on his voyage over, for during his month's sojourn he could hardly have found the quiet necessary for composition.

A most inspiring address, ~~it was,~~ and like most of the things he wrote

in his later days on general topics it called forth much editorial com-

<sup>"As in our pathology so in our practice" was his theme and after speaking of the</sup>  
ment. ~~"As is our pathology so is our practice," he said, and he spoke~~

~~of the three great conceptions of the nature of disease~~ <sup>Earlier</sup> ~~the view of~~ <sup>beginning with</sup>

'sin and sickness' against which even the wisdom of Solomon could not

prevail and which today sends more people to the shrine of Ste. Anne

de Beaupré than to all the hospitals of the Dominion." <sup>Following</sup> ~~Then there was~~

~~the long traffic in hypotheses, from Hippocrates to Hunter, and only in~~

he passed us to the times of modern times.

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recent times have we learned to approach the problem of prevention and cure in a rational way through the discovery of the <sup>cause</sup> ~~course~~ of the great scourges. "These are glorious days for the race, [he said] nothing has been seen like it since the destroying angel stayed his hand on the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite," <sup>and he proceeded to point out the</sup> ~~He went on to~~ speak of the five directions in which our modern conception of disease had radically altered our practice: how in a disease like tuberculosis we had substituted the open air and dietetic treatment for the nauseous mixtures with which our patients were formerly drenched; of how the study of morbid anatomy combined with careful clinical observation [so true in his own case] had taught us to recognize our therapeutic limitations.

To accept [he said] a great group of maladies, against which we have never had and scarcely ever hope to have curative measures, makes some men as sensitive as though we were ourselves responsible for their existence. These very cases are 'rocks of offence' to many good fellows whose moral decline dates from the rash promise to cure. We work by wit and not by witchcraft, and while these patients have our tenderest care, and we must do what is best for the relief of their sufferings, we should not bring the art of medicine into disrepute by quack-like promises to heal, or by wire-drawn attempts at cure in what old Burton calls 'continue and inexorable maladies.'



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He went on to speak of the newer organotherapy which 'illustrates at once one of the great triumphs of science and the very apotheosis of charlatanry'; and here, nevertheless, he makes a prophesy, saying: "As our knowledge of the pancreatic function and carbohydrate metabolism becomes more accurate we shall probably be able to place the treatment of diabetes on a sure foundation." It would be pleasant to imagine a young man named ~~Fred~~ Banting, preparing to enter the Toronto Medical School, who, aware that his parents had been neighbours of the Oslers in the frontier days at Bond Head, had dropped in to the lecture in time to hear these words which rested uneasy in his mind until insulin was discovered - too late, alas! for Osler to applaud. But the speaker continued in a retrospective vein:

Upon us, whose work lay in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, fell the great struggle with that many-headed monster, Polypharmacy - not the true polypharmacy which is the skilful combination of remedies, but the giving of many - the practice of at once discharging a heavily-loaded prescription at every malady, or at every symptom of it. Much has been done and an extraordinary change has come over the profession, but it has not been a fight to the finish. Many were lukewarm; others found it difficult to speak without giving offence in quarters where on other grounds respect and esteem were due. As an enemy to indiscriminate drugging, I have often been branded as a therapeutic nihilist. . . . I bore this reproach cheer-

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fully, coming, as I knew it did, from men who did not appreciate the difference between the giving of medicine and the treatment of disease; moreover it was for the galled jade to wince, my withers were unwrung. The heavy hands of the great Arabians grow lighter in each generation. Though dead, Avicenna and Averroes still speak. not only in the Arabian signs which we use, but in the combinations and multiplicity of the constituents of too many of our prescriptions. We are fortunately getting rid of routine practice in the use of drugs. How many of us now prescribe an emetic?

\*Lest an impression of Osler's so-called 'therapeutic nihilism' lead to the impression that practical instruction in therapeutics <sup>had been</sup> was neglected in his Johns Hopkins clinic, reference may be made to his discussion of the subject on October 5th/this year before the Therapeutic Section of the Royal Society of Medicine. He gave ~~at this time~~ an account of the system which had been in operation and of the exercises conducted by H. B. Jacobs and Thomas McCrae - a system <sup>to</sup> which <sup>another</sup> a later speaker <sup>at the time</sup> referred ~~to~~ as one <sup>which</sup> filled him with 'admiration tinged with envy' for it was an impossible system to introduce in London. (Cf. Proceedings Roy. Soc. Med., 1910, vol. iii, Part IV, Therapeutic Section, p. 7).

He went on to discuss With his characteristic and picturesque frankness two other matters, one of them 'the specious and seductive pamphlets issued by pharmaceutical houses' which 'indicates a thralldom not less dangerous than the polypharmacy from which we are escaping; the other 'the outbreak of faith-healing which has the public of the American continent in its grip.' "The less the clergy have to do" he said "with the bodily complaints of neurasthenic and hysterical persons the better for their peace of mind and for the reputation of the cloth." And, with a memory of Rome in mind, he continued:

Credulity in matters relating to disease remains a permanent fact in our history, uninfluenced by education. But let us not be too hard on poor human nature. Even Pericles, most sensible of men, when on his deathbed, allowed the women to put an amulet about his neck. And which one of us, brought up from childhood to invoke the aid of saints and to seek their help, - which one of us under these circumstances, living today in or near Rome, if a dear child were sick unto death, would not send for the Santo Bambino, the Holy Doll of the Church of Ara Coeli? Has it not been working miracles these four hundred years? The votive offerings of gold and of gems from the happy parents cover it completely, and about it are grateful letters from its patients in all parts of the world. No doll so famous, no doll so precious! No wonder it goes upon its ministry of healing in a carriage and pair, and with two priests as its companions! Precious perquisite of the race, as it has been called, with all its dark and terrible record, credulity has perhaps the credit balance on its side in the consolation afforded the pious souls of all ages and of all climes, who have let down anchors of faith into the vast sea of superstition. We drink it in with our mother's milk, and that is indeed an even-balanced soul without some tincture. We much acknowledge its potency today as effective among the most civilized people, the people with whom education is the most widely spread, yet who absorb with wholesale credulity delusions as childish as any that have ever enslaved the mind of man.

He says further that: "Having recently had to look over a large literature on the subject of mental healing, ancient and modern, for a new edition of my

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a temple, or for us a hospital or its equivalent, with a skilful nurse. Thirdly, suggestion, either of the 'only believe', 'feel it', 'will it' attitude of mind, which is the essence of every cult and creed, or of the active belief in the assurance of the physician that the precious boon of health is within reach.

One can easily get lost in the things Osler said and wrote, and forget the things he was doing, and it is pleasant to think of a visit paid to 'Ned' Milburn in Belleville on the way to Montreal, and of his visit there with Shepherd whose daughter gets married and from whose house he writes on June 17th:

I am off tomorrow from Quebec. Many thanks for the books which I shall enjoy on the steamer. I have had such a busy visit here - scores of old friends to see, and all sorts of meetings, about the University and the medical school. I am glad these strenuous days are over, but it has been a great pleasure to get back to my old home. I had ten very happy years here and owe everything to the dear old men who gave me such opportunities for work. . .

The 18th finds him in company with his nephew and one of the Howard children on the "Empress of Britain" reading and making notes from ~~Brontols~~ <sup>Shollis' "Growth" life and letters of the Brontës"</sup> (1907)

<sup>a long</sup>  
# In an editorial on his last address the Lancet of Oct 2nd says, "Professor Osler has well earned the title of the Master of British Medicine." "By his words of counsel or encouragement to the young practitioners and sympathy and understanding with the older which have on many formal occasions fallen from his lips Professor Osler has well earned the title of the Master of British Medicine."

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*from which he later excerpts for Mr. Bell  
the article he was preparing on the  
in the "Personages of America" & it of. foot note 1909  
an article never published.*

~~Shorter Life~~, The three reached Oxford June 26th, the "Open Arms" being  
already well filled with <sup>family</sup> guests. It had been practically a nine  
months' absence and his library and office can be imagined: desks piled with  
unanswered letters; floors, by now, knee-deep in unopened book-parcels.

Both are in due course attacked. This on June 30th to a former pupil:

Dee-lighted! I am so glad. This will give you what you deserve.  
I am writing to R. and congratulating her. When is the happy event? Why  
not this summer? and go to Ewelme for a post- ( ? ) honeymoon? What a  
curious infection it is! I do not know of any proper psychological study  
of the mental state of man a few weeks after acceptance. Plato hits it  
off - I wish James would study the condition. Of course you feel like a  
new being - never felt the same! Love to you both & many blessings.

*Remind me to  
write Jan Pratt*

And the books begin to find their proper owners. In a copy of  
Conrad Gesner's Historiae Animalium sent to George Dock he wrote these  
lines, an unconscious autobiography of himself.\*

\*When questioned subsequently by Dr. Dock, Osler had for-  
gotten the source of the quotation. He used it again in his  
address at Aberystwyth in 1917 on "The Library School and the  
College" and asked in a foot-note if any reader knew the source  
to let him know. It also used it in the Silliman Lectures without even  
their having traced it to Henry Morley's Life of Jerome Cardan vol II p. 152 whence  
where he must have found it & failed to note the source.  
he must have transcribed it to his note book

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Aet. 60.

Oxford July 1st, 1909.

Conrad Gesner who kept open house for all learned men who came into his neighbourhood was not only the best naturalist among the scholars of the day, but of all men of that century he was the pattern man of letters. He was faultless in private life, assiduous in study, diligent in maintaining correspondence and good will with learned men in all countries, hospitable, though his means were small, to every scholar that came into Zurich. Prompt to serve all, he was an editor of other men's volumes, a writer of prefaces for friends, a suggester to the young writer of books in which they might engage themselves, and a great helper to them in the progress of their work. But still while finding time for services to other men, he could produce out of his own study as though he no part in the life beyond its walls.

See also the splendid eulogy by Johanne Caius in his de libris propriis. W.O.

Meanwhile he drops back into the old groove. "I knew you would be pleased with Midhurst - it was very nice to have the day with you," he writes Mr. Phipps on the 10th; and to his old pupil T. R. Boggs two days later: "I wish you could have been with us yesterday at Ewelme." And on the 23rd this to the son of his old friend in Hamilton, Archibald Malloch, showing that he keeps track of the next generation:

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Dear Archie When you go back to McGill keep an eye on a freshman called Harry Wright from Ottawa son of the late Dr. H. P. Wright whom your father knew well. Perhaps he could get rooms with you, in any case be kind to him and make him work. I am sending you a German English medical dictionary and the new Neurology section of Quain's Anatomy which will stretch your pia mater. . . .

A further illustration of the working of Osler's ferment (though it did not have as enduring an effect in England as it had in America) was the foundation of an Association of Medical Librarians. <sup>under his presidency,</sup> they met this year, 27 of them,

for the first ~~and only~~ time, ~~with twenty-seven members under his presi-~~

<sup>on July 25<sup>th</sup></sup> ~~dency,~~ in unofficial connection with the <sup>British Medical Association</sup> ~~B. M. A. meeting~~ at Belfast,

~~July 28th,~~ just as had the loyal group of librarians in The States met

in connection with the <sup>American Association</sup> ~~A. M. A. meetings,~~ as at Saratoga in <sup>June 1</sup> 1902. ~~77~~ An

account of the meeting says:

Professor Osler gave one of his characteristic addresses.\* He began by

\*"The Medical Library in Post-graduate Work."  
British Medical Journal, Oct. 2, 1909, ii, 925-8.

referring to the honourable record of English physicians as book-lovers and collectors since the thirteenth century, and said his experience had been that there were more medical libraries in this country than in any

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other. He emphasized the importance of reading as a part of post-graduate study. There had been men whose only book was nature, but they were the exceptions. The average non-reading doctor might play a good game of golf or of bridge, but professionally he was a lost soul. The driven and tired practitioner might plead that he could not find time to read. He could not unless he had formed the practice in less busy days; then the habit of reading, like any other habit, became his master. He should get away from the notion that it was necessary to read much. One or two journals and a few books every year were enough, if read properly. Journals should be kept and filed for reference, and all reading should be done with that mental concentration which made reading <sup>profitable</sup> ~~work~~. It was easier to buy books than to read them, and easier to read them than to absorb them. He urged on the meeting the collection of books on a definite system as the best of hobbies for the medical man.

There had been arranged, too, an exhibit of medical MSS., incunabula ~~or~~ ~~and books arranged in several sections~~ to which he had added a collection of books relating to Servetus in view of this being his <sup>quater-</sup> ~~quater-~~centenary; also books by Ulrich von Hutten the scholar-knight, and a series of ~~books~~ <sup>volumes</sup> relating to consumption, beginning with Celsus and ending with the Countess of Aberdeen's "Ireland's Crusade Against Tuberculosis." But this is all



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very dry: one despairs of properly abstracting Osler's paper. "One of the  
[he said]  
best features I find in my 'old country' colleagues is the frequency with  
which they have hobbies. No man is really happy or safe without one and  
it makes precious little difference what the outside interest may be -  
botany, beetles or butterflies; roses, tulips or irises; fishing, mountain-  
eering or bicycling - anything will do so long as he straddles a hobby and  
rides it hard." Naturally he makes a plea for 'the pleasant paths of bib-  
liography,' and on the habit of reading: *but the*

More than once I have referred to the three essentials in the house  
of the general practitioner - the library, the laboratory and the nursery -  
and of these the first is much the easiest to get, as he starts with a  
nucleus in his student's text-books. Effort and system gradually train a  
man's capacity to read intelligently and profitably, but only while the  
green years are on his head is the habit to be acquired, and in a desultory  
life, without fixed hours, and with his time at the beck and call of every-  
body, a man needs a good deal of reserve and determination to maintain it.  
Once the machinery is started, the effort is not felt in the keen interest  
in a subject. As Aristotle remarks, "In the case of our habits we are only  
masters of the beginning, their growth by gradual stages being imperceptible,  
like the growth of a disease"; and so it is with this habit of reading, of  
which you are only master at the beginning - once acquired, you are its slave.

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And ~~the~~ address may be left after quoting a <sup>Further</sup> single paragraph, a reminder of his recent months in Italy.

Were there time I should like to say a few words on the subject of how to read, but the essence of the whole matter I found the other day in the Bibliotheca Lancisiana, Rome (founded in 1711, and containing the books of the famous Lancisi). In the opening address, 1714, De recto usu Bibliothecae, the Abbé Carsughi discusses the subject in three sections, and gives some good rules. The first section, Librorum scilicet delectum, need not detain us, but in the second, Legendi methodum he urges two important points - to read in a certain order and with a definite object, and lente festinans, 'unhasting but unresting.' In the third section, Adnotandi modum, he urges the necessity of careful note-taking, quoting the praise of Clement of Alexandria, 'Oblivionis medicamentum, monumentum senectutis et adjuvamentum memoriae.' He dwells upon the importance of study in the morning, which was all very well in those days, but is not one hour after six in the evening worth now two before eight in the morning? (I am sure it is to me!) With half an hour's reading in bed every night as a steady practice, the busiest man can get a fair education before the plasma sets in the periganglionic spaces of his grey cortex.

All of which from its length forbids reference to the rest of the Belfast meeting, except to mention Osler's discussion of the paper by his 'brother

Regius' of Cambridge, on <sup>the subject of</sup> Angina <sup>the correct pronunciation of which word was missed previously</sup> ~~or is it Angina?~~\*

"I wish I could say more on the point of W. O.'s generous and modest reticence on his own work and published opinions [writes Sir

Clifford Allbutt of this episode]. Although I noticed it many times, yet there were fugitive instances hard to pin down. One small point does remain in my mind because it put me to a little shame. I once on some public occasion declaimed about angina pectoris, that it was no uncommon disease if one included mild degrees of it, and I described a mild form, and so on. W. O. was there and spoke also in agreement, never mentioning any work of his own; and some weeks later I turned up A.P. in W. O.'s last edition, and to my dismay found he had formally divided A.P. into (four?) divisions (I write away from books), of which No. I was my 'angineuritis'(!) I say to my dismay because I might have seemed to him to be a poacher; or was I over-awed by his magnanimity? A little of both, but such minor points as these cannot be formally recorded - they are too evanescent or unsubstantial."

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There followed three weeks of comparative quiet, or of as much quiet as the "Open Arms", well filled even in the summer session, afforded. A breakfast guest brings good news of McGill and a note is promptly scribbled to F. J. Shepherd, with "If Dr. Shepherd away Mr. E. Shepherd to open" on the envelope.

30th [July]

Dear Shepherd [Principal] Peterson has been here to bkfast to tell me the good news of the 1/2 million bequest [from Strathcona] for the completion of the building - This is magnificent! Congratulations! This should clear all difficulties Yours ever W<sup>m</sup> OSLER Tell Ernest's wife to tell Rita to tell my godson Hobart to keep an eye on her.

A photograph came from a little girl in New Hampshire, with this result:

2nd [August]

Dear Susan Your picture with the pigeons came today and I am delighted with it. You are an angel to have sent it. I never saw a sweeter picture. I do wish you were here that I might give you a hug and a kiss. How is my sweet Rosalie? Do be very kind to her & please do not wash her face too often - once a month is enough. You must come over next year - perhaps your mother would allow you to stay with us. Bring the dear Rosalie too - the other horrid girl can stay at home! unless she promises to be awful kind to Rosalie. My love to your mother and father. Your affec friend

W<sup>m</sup> Osler.

Aug.  
1909*Sanatorium*

The usual trips were made to the ~~Sanitarium~~ at Midhurst; the Servetus

paper was finished and read before the summer-extension-course people,

*in number and most of them it would appear subsequently*

some 3000 of them, a good part of whom came to tea; a rare incunabula or

*learned*

two was added to the library\*; Sir John Stirling Maxwell ~~sent~~ his father's

\*This: Leoniceus (Nicolaus). Libellus de Epidemia, quam vulgo morbum Gallicum vocant. Sm. 4to., Roman letter, with Greek passages, 28 leaves (a-c<sup>8d</sup>); olive morocco extra, gilt edges, from the Syston Park Library. Venice, Aldus, 1497, etc. Bt. Quaritch July 31, 1909. "A rare and curious book believed to be the first work printed on the ugly subject with which it deals . . . ."

*Vesal's*

copy of the Tabulae Sex, ~~of Vesalius~~, in care of the Bodleian for Osler, and

one of ~~the~~ <sup>his</sup> visitors to see and collate, and Sir John was persuaded to

part with six of the twenty-eight copies his father had had made and

which were sent to six libraries that Osler named; <sup>for successive visitors</sup> there <sup>was</sup> trips on the

river; <sup>and to</sup> Ewelme of course was visited, <sup>as well as to</sup> and all the old college libraries

and gardens; ~~Dr. Fitcher one of the old latch-keyers became engaged to~~

~~Miss Howard~~; and from all this they escaped for two weeks <sup>as far away as they could get on</sup> again to the

Cornish coast, whence he writes to H. B. Jacobs:

Aug.-Sept.  
1909Sennen's Cove, Cornwall.  
Aug. 28th.

We have had a long summer - people coming and going all the time. . . .  
We came here a few days ago - such a lovely spot. We have a house for a couple of weeks and are enjoying the bathing. It is a mile from the Sand's End - such rocks & sea and so far glorious weather. The motor will meet us at Exeter and we shall take a week in Devon & Somerset on our way home. . . . I have my Servetus lecture ready for the Bulletin. I wish I could have gone to the Vienne celebration. Love to Mrs. Jacobs from us both & from Isaac Walton Jr. who took us out fishing yesterday & we were both seasick.

Back in Oxford, there are many things to engage him - one of them the needed preparation for the Shorstein Lecture he was to deliver, and on September 10th he writes Dr. Maude Abbott of Montreal:

I have just returned from a holiday in Cornwall. I wrote you I think about the Strathcona gift, was it not splendid? I do hope that you will now be able to get the Museum in as short a time as possible. I shall have a talk with Dr. Shepherd about the demonstration room, etc. for the Museum, to which it should certainly be adjacent. It seems to me there is a great opportunity for a model scheme. . . . I know of no museum in which suitable provision is made for this work, and certainly there is an opportunity to show what can be done.

Have you got that old specimen of mine of perforation of the aorta, formation of aneurysm, and perforation into the oesophagus? If so you

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could get Klotz or someone else to make a section of the edge and of the aorta in the neighbourhood, to determine the histological lesion. Then you speak of two other cases of the same character - have they been studied histologically? I am giving a lecture <sup>[Shorstein]</sup> on the 19th of October on aneurysm, and I would like very much to have the reference early in the month. . . . Dr. Peterson will be here next week, and I shall have a talk with him too on the museum question. Gardner also comes on the 15th. I think everything will go smoothly.

A shadow passed over him early in September in the death of Sir Stephen MacKenzie whom he had first come to know in 1873 when studying in Berlin, and with whom he had since been fast friends, <sup>in</sup> ~~and of whom he~~ wrote <sup>he said</sup> in an obituary note, "that the true gold of the man was shown in

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the heroism with which for years he fought an ever-strengthening foe - always cheerful, always facing his fate with unbowed head." But from such a

shadow Osler always quickly passed to sunlight, *He usually says diversion in children* however hard hit he may

*and just now it* have been. His diversion is the little girl named Muriel Brock who was

introduced in Rome <sup>the</sup> last February *at*.

13, Norham Gardens,  
Sept. 11th/09.

Dear Muriel: So glad to hear that you are coming to see me on Wednesday next. It was very nice to get your letter. I am sending this typewritten as on Saturdays I always write a very bad hand. I see you wrote yours on Wednesday which accounts for its goodness. Of course I have not forgotten you three saintly children, never did I meet such angelic, sweet, amiable, well-behaved, polite, neat, tidy, well-mannered creatures. Please when you come bring your very best manners, because I have a boy whom I should not like to see you eat with your fingers and suck your thumbs at tea! Affectionately yours, W<sup>m</sup> OSLER.

Sept. 20th/09.

Dear Muriel Wicked girl! I was very glad you left your Klyyyyyyy-doscope [kaleidoscope]. I have been playing with it ever since. I am so sorry for your poor Auntie Margaret, she tells me that your behaviour there was even worse than at the Oslers'. I have not yet got leave from the Lord Chancellor to send that letter about children's behaviour at tea. He is a horrid old pig & perhaps it would be best if you wrote directly to him. Give my love to your Father and Mother. Affectionately yours,

W<sup>m</sup> Osler.



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Sept. 24, 1909

The Secretary of the High Cockolorum Lord Chancellor presents his compliments to Miss Muriel Brock and begs to inform her that the Lord Chancellor himself is at present engaged upon a handy manual dealing with the whole subject of table manners for children. He asked me to say in addition, that being once at the Gaudy dinner at Christ Church he sat next to Professor Osler, & was made painfully aware of the horribly teutonic character of that gentleman's table manners, and he has instructed the Solicitor General to bring an action against Dr. Osler should he dare to bring out his proposed tea-table manners for children.

Signed, OBADIAH TWEEDLEDUM,  
General Secretary.

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These letters may be explained by a note from a young woman, who says:

The first time he came to tea with me and a few of my friends he behaved in a manner such as we had never before come across and which delighted us immensely. For instance, he insisted upon cutting the cake from the inside, in squares, and gave us cups filled with sugar, in which there were only two or three drops of tea. He also assured us (contrary to all previous teachings!) that it was absolutely the correct thing to lick all one's fingers one after the other after eating anything sticky, and that the only enjoyable way of having bread and jam was a pile of jam on the plate with a few crumbs of bread in it, the whole of which one ate with a spoon! He also said that the way to eat chocolates was to open your mouth and shut your eyes and have them thrown in by someone at the other side of the table. Every time he came he would invent some new amusement and we found these things so pleasing that we asked him to write a treatise on "Table Manners for Children" as he said our manners were atrocious and he felt we ought to have some sort of manual to guide us. He managed after some years' correspondence, to evade it by making up the letter of the Lord High Cockolorum. That is how it all came about, as far as I can remember.

The only satisfactory explanation of Osler's unforgetting memory for

all the pet and play names he <sup>concocted</sup> ~~made up~~ on first acquaintance with the many

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children who came to know him because of his habit of invading the nursery

wherever he might be, and not only the names but the incidents - lies in

the reality of his play; and his carryings-on for years with 'Susan' and

Rosalie, with 'Muriel' and her table-manners, are merely examples <sup>chosen from</sup> of many

*Similar episodes.*  
~~other instances of like kind that deserve a volume to themselves, could one do better~~  
*and of 'this the down and main beam' for of such elements according to one of his playmates the episodes*  
*largely consist.*

To Thomas McCrae.

October 11, 1909.

Dear Mac: How goes the System? So glad to have the proofs coming so rapidly, which means I suppose that you will finish very soon. I suggested to the Leas a sort of summing up which would give an opportunity of adding certain recent additions. Did they ever speak to you on the subject? Arthur Lea I think was not very favourable. It would not do of course to make it too long. All well here. I am busy with the Schorstein Lecture on Syphilis and Aneurysm and a Tropical School Introductory Lecture. Comfort T. B. F. Marriage is not such a hopeless state as many suppose. The "Open Arms" has had a good season. I wish we could see you both here before long. Love to Amy. Sincerely yours,

Wm Osler.

The first of these lectures with which he was 'busy', the Schorstein Lecture, was delivered at the London Hospital four days later, October 15th, at which time he also formally opened the new laboratories for

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physics, chemistry and physiology at the London Hospital Medical College.

There was a good deal of opposition, it may be said, among the local

profession to giving <sup>a great amount of</sup> ~~so much~~ time to laboratory studies, but Osler took

the opposite view. Subsequent comments upon his remarks say that they

were divided between <sup>an appeal for</sup> ~~research~~, and <sup>an</sup> ~~impeachment~~ of the University of Lon-

don for not having found a way to provide a readily accessible M. D. de-

gree for the industrious London student. Of research, he said every

student should cultivate it without thought of examinations; <sup>of the other subject,</sup> ~~and saying~~

that there was 'something rotten in the State' <sup>and</sup> he advised the students

present to organize and agitate in some constitutional manner, and insist

upon their just desserts. The Vice-Chancellor, Mr. Sidney Holland, of

that mysterious body the University of London which had been reconsti-

tuted nine years before, supported Osler in this, saying that he had had

occasion to look up the archives of the University which consisted of a

room full of documents all labelled "Medical Grievances" and in this room

was written, "All hope abandon ye who enter here"; adding that during the

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nine years no definite proposal had been put before the Senate by the Medical Faculty - all of which refers to a matter which was soon to be thrashed out <sup>at the hands of</sup> by a commission appointed by Lord Haldane (?).

The Schorstein Lecture followed - a <sup>an</sup> most important and scholarly address on <sup>an</sup> the 'ugly subject' Nicolaus Leonicensis <sup>for the first time</sup> had first dealt with in the incunabula <sup>by a recent accession</sup> ~~so~~ recently added to Osler's library, <sup>recently added</sup> ~~written by one~~

There are those [he said] who see only dark clouds lowering on the horizon of the newly opened twentieth century; but already within its first decades we may boast of three achievements of the very first rank, each illustrating in its special way the spirit with which humanity is tackling its eternal problems. The dream - no, the carefully thought-out plan of Leonard da Vinci has been realized in the conquest of the air; the final tribute to the enterprise and endurance of man has been paid at the North Pole; and a Sphinx has been forced to break the silence of four centuries.

Syphilis has been one of the great riddles of the race. For generations it shared with malaria the peculiarity that we knew the cure without knowing the exact cause. As prevalent today as a century ago, problems of its origin and prevention have remained insoluble. In one direction our knowledge has widened greatly: it added terror to an already terrible disorder to know that such implacable and cruel foes as locomotor ataxia and general paralysis of the insane, to say nothing of a host of less important

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affections of the nervous system, were of syphilitic origin. And now after long years of patient research, the riddle of its origin has been read, and the brilliant work of the much-lamented Schaudinn has opened a new and hopeful chapter in the history of one of the greatest of human scourges. . . .

Mention of The "Tractatus de Epidemia" of Levicenus (Aedus 1497)

on a recent accession to  
recently  
has been added to his library through Gerard's

The provenance of the volumes in Osler's library will some day furnish  
give occasion to speak of the  
again

for someone an interesting subject of study. One of them has an association

where death occurred in the  
25<sup>th</sup> of the  
October 23<sup>rd</sup>. He

with an aged Don, who had been since 1842 a Student of the House, as Christ Church

'the House' and incidentally was

is colloquially called. He had been a great Alpine climber and trav-  
in distinction from the other colleges  
er

eller, and was Vicar of Binsay a small Christ-Church-living near Oxford.

Osler had formed a particular attachment for this old gentleman, 'who could

be as excited as any youngster when the House went the head of the river,'

and at his death, which occurred on October 23<sup>rd</sup>, left a sad gap at the high

table, where Osler so regularly took his Sunday evening dinner and brought

often bringing with him

more guests than the rules allowed. In the copy of Dr. Lachmann's T. Lucreti

Cari de Rerum Natura, Berlin, 1550, is written "T. J. Prout, Ch. Ch. Oxford

1852", and below in Osler's hand:

When I joined Ch. Ch. in 1905 Prout was one of the Senior Students and had lived in the House since 1842. Shortly after my election he called, and when he found that I knew his father the well known physician "Prout on

the Stomach" there was at once a bond of sympathy. He sent me the engraving of his father, now in my rooms at Ch. Ch. He was stone deaf so that it was very difficult to make oneself intelligible and he kept very much to himself. He died in his 87th year. His sister asked each one of his fellow students to choose a book from his Library and I took this one today, Dec. 1st, 1909. There is a good notice of him in the Oxford Magazine.

W. G. W.

*Secretum, Dr. Sackman's greatest work was the main occupation of the last five years of his life from the autumn of 1845 to November 1850. Unfortunately he had the full use for many months of the late Sydney Miss*

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The 'Tropical School Introductory Lecture' was given October 26th under the auspices of the Seamen's Hospital Society, and in connection with the opening of the winter session of the London School of Tropical Medicine. <sup>(also connected with the</sup> ~~University of London).~~ His friends Sir Patrick Manson the Principal of the London School, Major Ronald Ross, Principal of the Liverpool School, and many other notables were present. The American Ambassador, Whitelaw Reid, <sup>and introduced the chief speaker on</sup> ~~presided, and, in introducing Osler, said he was~~ a very excellent example of what America could do with a Canadian when caught young. Osler's address, entitled "The Nation and the Tropics," as someone subsequently said, well illustrate the delightful manner in which he could present important and sometimes unpalatable facts. <sup>It</sup> ~~in~~

a few strokes he gave a comprehensive sketch of the partitioning by Europe of the tropics, whereby "the children of Japhet have gone forth with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other, conquering and to conquer, taking the uttermost parts of the earth for their possessions."

~~And he showed this significant table which he had prepared.~~

*perhaps been his reference to the partitioning of the tropics - 'the children of Japheth  
The unpalatable facts ~~which~~ ~~he~~ ~~said~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~partitioning~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~tropics~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~children~~ ~~of~~ ~~Japheth~~.*

*have gone forth taking the uttermost parts of the earth for their possessions.*



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inculcating our morals; a doubt also as to the wisdom of trying everywhere to force upon them our religion; but you will, I think, agree that the second great function of the nation is to give to the inhabitants of the dependencies, Europeans or natives, good health - a freedom from plague, pestilence and famine. And this brings me to the main subject of my address, the control of the tropics by sanitation.

He went on to describe what he termed 'the new crusade.'

Quietly but surely [he said] this great work has been accomplished by a group of patient investigators, many of whom have sacrificed health and life in their endeavours. Let us pause a moment to pay a tribute of gratitude to these saviours of humanity who have made the new mission possible - to Pasteur, to Koch, to Laveran, to Reed and his fellows, to Ross, Manson and Bruce. And let us not forget that they built upon foundations laid by thousands of silent workers whose names we have forgotten. A great literature exists in the contributions published during the past century by the members of the medical department of the old East India Company service and ~~the~~ the army in both ~~the~~ the East and West Indies. I should like to awaken in your memories the names of Lind, Annesley, Moorehead, Pringle, Ballingall, MacGregor, Hillary, Waring, Cheevers, Parkes, Malcolmson, and Fayrer. Many did work of the very first quality with very little recognition at home or abroad. I sometimes think of the pathetic letters received from that splendid investigator Vandyke Carter of Bombay, the first in India to confirm the modern studies upon malaria in the early days when we were both working at the subject, how he spoke of his isolation, the

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Table

It is no light burden [he said] for the white man to administer this vast trust. It is, indeed, a heavy task, but the responsibility of Empire has been the making of the race. In dealing with subject nations there are only two problems of the first rank - order and health. The first of these may be said to be a specialty of the Anglo-Saxon. Scarlet sins may be laid at his door - there are many pages in the story of <sup>his</sup> the world-exodus which we would fain blot out; too often he has gone forth in the spirit of the Old Testament crying 'The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon.' But heap in one pan of the balance all the grievous tragedies of America and Australasia, the wholesale destruction of native races, all the bloodshed of India, and the calamities of South Africa, and in the other pan put just the one little word, 'order', which has everywhere followed the flag, and it alone makes the other kick the beam. . . . There may be a doubt as to the grafting of our manners, and still greater doubt as to the possibility of

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difficulties under which he struggled, the impossibility of arousing the apathy of the officials, and the scepticism as <sup>to</sup> the utility of science.

No one has expressed more deeply this sentiment of lonely isolation in the Tropics than Ronald Ross in his poem "In Exile":

Long, long the barren years;  
Long, long, O God, hast Thou  
Appointed for our tears  
This term of exile.

Few have been able to sing with him the paean of victory when he discovered the mode of dissemination of malaria through the mosquito -

Seeking His secret deeds  
With tears and toiling breath,  
I find thy cunning seeds,  
O million-murdering death.

And the pathway of victory is strewn with the bodies of men who have cheerfully laid down their lives in the search for the secrets of these deadly diseases - true martyrs of science, such as were Myers, my friend and former assistant, Lazear (both of whom died from yellow fever), Dutton, and young Manson. Of them may fitly be sung in words from the noblest of all American poems, that in which Lowell pays a tribute to the young Harvard men who fell in the war of secession:

Many in sad faith sought for her,  
Many with crossed hands sighed for her;  
But these, our brothers, fought for her,  
At life's dear peril wrought for her,  
So loved they that they died for her.

He went on in <sup>with</sup> equally picturesque phrases <sup>he went on, told</sup> to tell the story of the Pana-

ma Canal, and though expressing some doubt as to whether the nations would

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ever find an outlet for their increasing populations by settlement in the tropics, he nevertheless outlined a wise plan of campaign and ended with this paragraph:

When Isiah was discussing the burden of Babylon, the burden of Tyre, and the burden of Egypt, I wonder what he would have said could his prophetic eye have glanced at the map on which is depicted the burden of the British Empire. Surely no nation in history has ever had such a load of responsibility. But fit as it has been in the past it will ever be fit so long as salus populi remains suprema lex. It only behooves us to see that we are well equipped for the second great task - the task of the future, to give to the teeming millions of our great dependencies that greatest of all blessings in life, good health.

Osler was of course addressing those who were experts on 'the health side of the Empire', but nevertheless handled his important subject in its broad aspects with an intimacy no less than their own, and his words must have heartened those self-sacrificing people who with scant recognition from their Government were engaged in the warfare against the plagues of the tropics. ~~and~~ We made an appeal for an Imperial Institute 'to repre-

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sent the general staff of an army of sanitation, the expeditionary force of which could concentrate at any place and be used for education, investigation and supervision.' "For church missions alone [he said] millions are contributed annually. It is not too much to ask for rich endowments for the missions of science."

Sir Ronald (then Major) Ross, in seconding the vote of thanks for Osler's 'eloquent address' said he had known the speaker for a long time, that he had a lot of grudges against him which he would not work off at the moment for he had come to praise Caesar not to bury him.' It is possible that he had in mind an episode of No. 1 West Franklin Street, It must have been in the fall of 1904 when Ross was on his way to ~~visit Gorges to~~ see what was being accomplished <sup>by Gorges</sup> toward the sanitation of the Canal Zone, and stopped <sup>en route for a few days visit with</sup> ~~visit~~ Osler in Baltimore. The Oslers had not yet returned from Pointe-à-Pic, but he was put up for the night by the faithful Morris, and early the next morning the neighbouring household was aroused by shouts of delight and saw from their windows overlooking Osler's back-

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yard an Englishman engaged in an investigation of the various empty but water-holding window-boxes, flower-pots, and so on, and on being questioned as to his occupation, said with glee, "I have found more mosquito-larvae in the back-yard of the Professor of Medicine of the Johns Hopkins than I expect to find in the entire Canal Zone."

But 'the sword of the Lord and of Gideon!' Despite the King's visit to Berlin where Bethmann-Holweg had succeeded Prince Bülow as Imperial Secretary of State, this year had seen no abatement of the popular apprehension almost amounting to hysteria of the designs of a nation that felt she had no 'place in the sun'. There had been a play - "An Englishman's Home" - produced at Wyndham's theatre; there were disquieting rumours about the 'two-power standard' and a party in the Cabinet was demanding large reductions in the navy estimates - four <sup>instead of eight</sup> Dreadnoughts or more; the War Minister, Mr. Haldane, was advocating an Imperial Army to include the Dominions and was booming a Territorial Force; the suffragettes were making politicians exceedingly uncomfortable; Zeppelins were being built in Germany; and

Bleriot a Frenchman had actually flown in an aeroplane across the protecting Channel; <sup>and</sup> the Balkan volcano was in its perennial state of threatened activity.

The country greatly needed some wise psychotherapy for its state of nervousness, but governments had as yet <sup>provided</sup> no cabinet <sup>portfolios for</sup> minister capable of this particular task. <sup>'Order' is necessary for the sanitation of the tropics and all these things were threatening a state of order.</sup> The only quieting thing was the fact that a young man, <sup>to disrupt</sup> 'devout and serious in character' had succeeded to the throne of Belgium.

J.  
From Seymour Sharkey to W. O.

22, Harley St., W.,  
Oct. 28, 1909.

My dear Osler, It is many years ago now since I first met you with Ross at St. Thomas's, and since then you have known a good many members of our Staff and shewn an interest in the School and Hospital. We should all very much like to mark our appreciation of your connection with us and of your great services to Medicine, if you would permit us to do so. The School Council, a mixed body consisting of selected Members of the Staff and Governors, have passed a unanimous resolution inviting you to accept the position of Honorary Lecturer on Medicine, and they have requested me to convey this invitation to you. This is an entirely new departure as we have never given such an invitation before, and we shall be immensely gratified if you will accept it. Of course there are no duties necessarily connected with the Post; but if you should find it convenient and to your liking to give a few lectures at any time during the course of the year, we should be delighted to give you every facility for doing so, and would put all the Medical beds of the Hospital at your disposal for that purpose. Hoping I may have the pleasure of greeting you as a Colleague,

Believe me, Yours very sincerely,

Seymour J. Sharkey.

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What may have been his reply to this note from his friend of many

years Sir Seymour Sharkey, is not known, <sup>He must have seen his eyes, much as he would have thought</sup> but Osler loaned himself widely

<sup>appreciated the chance to come in contact with the undergraduates at St Thomas's, made a strong appeal. For every occasional</sup> and evidently regarded it as a duty to accept invitations to speak. <sup>address he</sup>

<sup>Some few of them may be recorded.</sup>

One despairs of recording them. Thus, only a week after his Tropical

School address he is found delivering the 'annual inaugural oration',

as it is called, before the York Medical Society, \* <sup>He spoke on</sup> "The Beginning of

\*Quoted in extenso in the Yorkshire Herald for Nov. 3rd,  
P. 8. <sup>The title of this address (unpublished) is among Osler's papers. He used it again</sup>  
Nov. 1910 as a lecture in Prof. Gilbert Murray's course.

Medicine" - perhaps better 'Medicine's debt to Greece' - a scholarly

flight over the history of medicine, and evidently, to judge from the

tenor of the customary vote of thanks and its rejoinders, Osler had mis-

taken his audience <sup>for,</sup> and expecting a purely medical one, he found the Dean of

York and other divines, with many laymen, <sup>not to say laywomen</sup> and lay-ladies if there are such, <sup>in the hall</sup>

before him. <sup>at the time of his</sup> Not even in the recent address in London did he <sup>did not</sup> escape from an

allusion to the "Fixed Period", and so here the gentleman who proposed

the vote of thanks was 'glad to see that the speaker had not yet reached

the age when he should be chloroformed out of existence (laughter and ap-



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plause). Osler in reply simply said that he owed the major part of his audience an apology and having forgotten that he was expected to give a popular address he feared they had suffered from a very dull lecture; still they could have the satisfaction of not having understood him. For, when attending lectures beyond his own understanding he always felt that the lecturer must be a man of considerable attainments (again laughter and applause). But one had to know Osler exceedingly well to know when he was bored. A banquet followed, with much afterward by the Dean of York <sup>Concerning</sup> about the Church and Doctors, and Osler in his turn picked out some notable Yorkshire physicians for special comment: Martin Lister, <sup>James Atkinson,</sup> Dr. Burton, the original of Dr. Slop ('Dr. Slot' the Yorkshire Herald quotes him as saying), ~~James Atkinson,~~ and Lawrence Sterne himself "who should have been a doctor," and as his bicentenary was coming so soon he needed a monument which he (Osler) would like to design. So much trouble was he willing to take for others: it was a red-letter day for the York Medical Society. But in these ways he came to know at first hand the profession of 'the old country' better than any other physician in it.

*was previous to the*  
Some ~~time~~ earlier in the year he had written Mr. Phipps an undated

79<sup>a</sup>

*from Oxford*  
letter saying:

So sorry I did not know you were in town as I passed through this afternoon from Midhurst. I cannot possibly come tomorrow as I have returned for a Bodleian meeting about the extension and as I am chairman of the sub-committee in charge I must be present. I hope you have enjoyed your Switzerland trip. The young men at the Sanatorium spoke very appreciatively of your visit. I am just stirring up an anti-tuberculosis fight here. We are to have a big exhibit in November under the auspices of the University (I hope).

*was since the brief vacation or holiday in Cornwall he had been*  
Accordingly on his return from the vacation he is deep in preparation

for this <sup>exhibit</sup> occasion. He had joined - indeed had been responsible for the

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the organization of an <sup>for</sup> Oxfordshire <sup>at whose meetings he usually presided over</sup> antituberculosis Society of which he  
 remained till his death the most active member. <sup>& a branch of the National Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis</sup> It was something of a  
<sup>in scale,</sup> contrast, <sup>was a modest contrast</sup> the activities of this small society with the great national

movement in the United States with which he had been identified: But  
 he would never have stopped to make such a comparison himself. At the  
 same time he was encouraging the work elsewhere,\* and on learning that

\*He wrote, for example, the introductory Historical Note  
 for Arnold C. Klebs's 'Treatise on Tuberculosis by American  
 Authors,' N. Y., D. Appleton & Co., 1909.

the Irish Association was meeting with opposition in regard to compulsory  
 notification of the disease, even among the profession, he <sup>had written</sup> wrote a widely  
 published open letter on the subject, meeting the arguments of the oppon-  
 ents in an emphatic but friendly way.

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The long-planned 'tuberculosis exhibition and conferences' were held in Oxford November 8-13, for which occasion Horace Hart reprinted Osler's Dublin address given the year before for Lady Aberdeen. It

was the beginning of the <sup>local</sup> campaign in which he took so prominent a part in Oxfordshire and of which <sup>there will be</sup> more will be said <sup>to say</sup> later on. The

only trace of this particular meeting is a page of memoranda, evidently the basis of his spoken address, divided into seven headings: <sup>the first</sup> I. A General View of the Tuberculosis Campaign; <sup>and the last, Miss Price</sup> II. Work of the Association

for the Past Six Years; III. Its Results; IV. Finance; V. What We Have left Undone: (1) City and Council Work; (2) Establishment of a Sanitarium; (3) A Hospital for Advanced Cases; VI. Home Treatment; VII.

Miss Price - from which it is evident that Miss Mabel E. M. Price received some well-deserved compliments for her share in the work. Of all

this he soon writes to Mr. Phipps, saying: "We have had a great tuberculosis meeting here. We are trying to stir up interest and get a dispensary started on proper lines. The exhibition was a great success."

*So it was and sent by Sir Robert Philip*  
*Indeed it was of more than local significance for one of it found the proposal to hold the idea in his mind and that of Sir Robert Philip of London as a national meeting of the national association*  
*Similar lines the next one took in Edinburgh rather than in London to be conducted on similar lines, Edinburgh rather than London being suggested as the next place of meeting.*

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There was a book sale at about this time, which included <sup>the</sup> the works  
of Etienne Dolet one of the martyrs of the Renaissance, <sup>was commended the banner</sup> which accounts for  
the following letter to H. B. Jacobs and its allusion again to Servetus -  
not a person to be easily dropped.

13, Norham Gardens,  
Nov. 9th, '09.

Dear Jacobs: We have not yet got the Dolet catalogue from Sotheby's.  
The American copies are sent out several weeks in advance of the English.  
I will bid for you in any items that I think would be of interest, and  
likely to go at a reasonable rate. The Vienne celebration did not come  
off at all though advertised for August [~~Dedication of Servetus Monument~~].  
The sculptor failed them, and there appears to have been a pretty mess. I  
was anxious to have a photograph of the new statue for my article, and  
wrote twice about it to the Mayor and to Wolf, the Paris photographer. I  
only heard about ten days ago from Maiot of Vienne that the celebration  
had been postponed for a year.

I wish you would ask Miss Noyes to get for me the height of the Osler  
Room and the entrance hall. I am going to order a reproduction of the  
Aesculapius now at Naples, which formerly stood in the Temple on the Is-  
land of the Tiber. I suppose it would have to go upon a pedestal. If it  
is much more than a life-sized figure it might be like the Vicar of Wake-  
field's portrait. Sincerely Yours, W<sup>m</sup> OSLER. Glorious weather - after  
a shockingly wet season.

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It was a sad day when he went to the Dolet sale three weeks later,  
or he wrote,  
for the books ~~all~~ went in one lot to Quaritch, whether for single purchase  
or for sale I did not find out. The other items I wanted also went far  
above my bids. The two books of Champier (a man whom I collect) went  
for very high figures." *and professional engagements*

*F. So, in spite of the many meetings which called over Britain and sea,  
these interests were by  
So there runs an <sup>over strength</sup> undercurrent of bibliophile interests thro' all this period. But they were not*

~~In the course of all the year's enumeration of meetings which called  
concentrated on his own library no means limited to his own private collection,  
Osler hither and yon, the more important, of which possibly have to be~~

called to mind, it is not to be forgotten that he is having fun with him-  
self whether abroad or at home, whether at the Press, the Bodleian or at  
Christ Church. At all these places his spirit was contagious. "He was  
the life of the place" is the usual comment. At the Press the great Dic-

tionary was in progress - indeed had been in progress since the early  
80's, and the workers, from James Murray down through the thirty sub-edi-  
tors and their helpers were kept cheered and amused in their stupendous

task by the <sup>constant</sup> cheering visits of the R. P. M. <sup>whose pranks as one of them recalls made their</sup> and his not infrequent pranks.

*the life of the place,*  
With Horace Hart the Controller no less than with Henry Frowde <sup>the Publisher to the University and his</sup> and the

people at Amen Corner in town he was on most intimate terms; and during  
this fall there was issued 'at the Clarendon Press' a new edition of the

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Religio Medici with Digby's Observations "printed from copies lent by Professor William Osler, the text following that of the first authentic edition of 1643, page for page and line for line." Osler distributed many copies of this beautifully printed book, ~~for Christmas gifts,~~ explaining in the note accompanying them that "it is printed with, perhaps, the oldest font of type in use in England, that designed by Bishop Fell about 1660." Then, too, the Burton books had been got together and there is a

tradition in the Press that he had planned for <sup>a new printing</sup> ~~an~~ edition of the Anatomy ~~with~~ <sup>collaboration of all the editions, a stupendous task.</sup>

which would have been a far greater task, considering the errata.

On November 15th, the Monday after the close of the tuberculosis meeting, he gave ~~in town~~ a paper on the "Library of Robert Burton"\* ~~at~~ <sup>before</sup> the invitation of the Bibliographical Society, which holds its monthly meetings in London, at 20 Hanover Square, \* <sup>of this paper, making brief mention is made in a letter and of which he had been a member.</sup>

<sup>Then</sup> \*This Society was founded by Walter Copinger, Professor of Law at the Victoria University, Manchester, and apparently was the outgrowth of a paper which he read before the Library Association at its annual meeting in Reading, September 1891. In the following July he convoked a gathering of persons interested in bibliography, and in October of that year the Society was inaugurated, Copinger being elected the first President; Lord Charles Bruce, Dr. Richard Garnett of the British Museum, the Earl of Crawford and Mr. Christie being Vice-Presidents. The first Hon. Treasurer was Mr. Alfred Hoag <sup>both</sup> owner of the Hoag Library, and the first Secretary Mr. Talbot Baynes Reid. <sup>Second on</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>the Council</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>January 1910;</sup> Osler was elected to membership <sup>March 19, 1906;</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>the Council</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>January 1910;</sup> was made Vice-President in December 1911, and President January 20, 1913, in succession to ~~H. B. Wheatley~~ <sup>Osler</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>held</sup> this office for the next seven years, until his death, when he was succeeded by Falconer Madan, Bodley's Librarian.

A summary of ~~the~~ <sup>Osler's</sup> paper, subsequently published in the News Sheet of the Society and lost there to general readers, deserves to be rescued here for it ex-

his  
plains the results of Osler's browsings in the old college libraries in Oxford, more especially at Christ Church.

On Monday, November 15th, the President, Mr. Fortescue, in the Chair, a paper on "The Library of Robert Burton" was read by Professor Sir William Osler. It is hoped that this may be printed separately later on, with lists of Burton's books at the Bodleian Library and at Christ Church. Meanwhile the usual summary is here printed.

SUMMARY.- Migrating from Brasenose College to Christ Church, Robert Burton lived, as he says, "a silent, sedentary, solitary, private life" in the University, dying in 1639. Having Saturn as lord of his geniture, and "fatally driven" (to use his own expression) upon the rock of melancholy, to ease his mind, and out of a fellow feeling for others, he composed his immortal work, THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY. He calls it a cento, a patchwork, laboriously collected out of divers writers, but SINE INJURIA. He says with Macrobius "Omne meum nihil meum" - "It is all mine and none mine."

THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY has not always been understood, it is much more than

A mire, ankle deep of deliberate confusion,  
Made up of old jumbles of classic allusion.

It is a great medical treatise (the greatest ever written by a layman), orderly in arrangement, intensely serious in purpose, and weighty beyond belief with authorities. The sources are to be found in sacred and profane literature, to the time of Burton. There is probably no English author who quotes from so many writers on so many subjects.

As he says, he had access to good libraries in the Bodleian and Christ Church. His own library as disposed in his will, went in part to friends, in part to the Bodleian, and in part to Christ Church.. His books are readily identified, as the name "Robertus Burton" or "R. B." is written on the titlepage of each, usually across the middle. Photographs were shown of some of the title-pages, and particular attention was called to Burton's curious cypher, usually at the bottom of the page, which looks as though it were made up of three R's. The Bodleian books have been picked out and number 580. The Christ Church books, 429, have been collected together, and now surround a portrait of Burton, copied from the original in Brasenose College.

Only a few of the books are annotated. There is a memorial verse for the tomb of King James, numerous astrological memoranda, a horoscope of Queen Elizabeth, and Burton's own horoscope, practically the same as that on his tomb in Christ Church. The most important part of the collection at the Bodleian is composed of seventeenth century plays and pamphlets, the "baggage books" which Bodley thought might bring scandal were the library stuffed with them.

Though by profession a divine, by inclination Burton was a physician, and there is no English medical author of the seventeenth century whose writings have anything like the same encyclopedic character. The first two partitions form a great treatise on mental aberrations, preceded by a remarkable introduction, and diversified with digressions as he calls them, one of which on "Air rectified" is a treatise on climate in relation to health. There are about 86 medical works among the Burton books, none of which are of very great importance. Part III of the ANATOMY examines all the kinds of love, its nature, difference, objects, etc., and forms the most elaborate treatise ever written on the subject. Reference to all the love stories of sacred and profane literature are to be found in these pages. Among the Bodley books are scores of contemporary plays and an interesting 1602 edition of the VENUS AND ADONIS. Burton's favorite poets were Chaucer, Spenser, Daniel, Buchanan, Sydney, Ben Jonson, Toftes, and Challoner.

In many places Burton apologises that he should have been carried away by a by-stream "which as a rillet is deduced from the main channel of my studies." He had



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ever been desirous to suppress his studies in Divinity. More than one half of the books are theological. From some of these he gets a few details for his remarkable section on Religious Melancholy, in many respects the most original in the work.

A complete set of the seventeenth century editions, eight in number, was exhibited.

Professor Osler's paper elicited an unusually interesting discussion. Among other speakers, MR. STEELE suggested that Burton not only borrowed quotations, but borrowed some of his references as well. He had counted the authorities quoted in the first half of the book and found that they came to at least eight hundred. MR. FALCONER MADAN mentioned that besides his bequest to Bodley Burton had presented books to it during his life, and showed that the three "R's" of his cipher fall into the relative positions in which they are found when his Christian name (beginning with a lower-case "R") is written above his surname. He commemorated also the work done by Shillito in tracing Burton's quotations. Dr. PAYNE agreed with the lecturer in regarding THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY as the most important medical work written by a layman - if Burton had been a physician he might not have found time to write so good a book! With reference to the fact mentioned by Professor Osler that Burton followed Galen and ignored Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, he showed that during Burton's life Harvey's theory made no impression even in London, the earliest reference to it coming about 1660.

In acknowledging a cordial vote of thanks offered him by the President, Professor OSLER mentioned that save for Sterne's borrowings for TRISTRAM SHANDY and a reference by Dr. Johnson, there is no evidence of any interest having been taken in Burton during the eighteenth century, and no edition of the ANATOMY was produced. ~~The~~ revival of the book was probably due to Ferrier's criticism of Sterne's ~~liftings.~~ [G.K. Jortescue]

*written a*  
A few days later he writes to one of the 'latch-keyers' in Baltimore

to whom he is evidently sending gifts:

Your books will leave next week - Morley has been so slow in repairing &c I will send direct to B. by a London steamer. Too big for the Smithsonian. Very busy - all sorts of things on hand - T.b., books &c. I had a great meeting at the Bibliographical Society I had a good set of slides. My new Fraülein has gone over the 1080 Burton books looking for MS notes - only a few - his own very interesting - all the leading Bibliographs of London. I was their guest and as a member I took W. Buckler. We had a great eve.

And shortly after to the same, on learning that a small surgical society was contemplating, as a body, a Randreise in the British clinics the following summer.

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I think it would be great fun for the Wanderers to visit England next year, particularly in June, and you must give me a date for a dinner, wives etc. included, at Christ Church; and we could have a medical seance in the amphitheatre of the Infirmary, and Thomson could demonstrate some of his anatomical treasures in the afternoon. I could get out a fine set of Bodley books so that they could have a profitable meeting, and we could finish up with a picnic on the River, and a late supper at the "Open Arms"! It will be a great spree. Give me the dates and I could arrange with the men in the different places with a minimum of friction. You would get a great reception everywhere, and the London men would be delighted.

All well here, in midst of exams, but not hard work. I have been going over some of the Ch Ch drawings of Raphael, L. de V. and Michael A. I forgot in my haste when you were here to show them. Marvellous collection & with them many anatomical sketches. The Windsor L de V drawings must have been made from first class dissections - whether done by L de V himself or Towe. You have seen them of course in the fasciculus at the Peabody. I got it the other day in Paris. They are the first modern dissections of the muscles - just compare them with all the early 16th century ones until Vesal. L de V was quite as capable of doing good dissections as he was of doing everything else & we know that he did plenty of dissections for his work in flight. . . Yours sincerely, W. O. P.S. Deuce of a time at the Bodleian over fixed immovable cases for the new storage rooms. All sorts of complications

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On December 8th the Oxford and Reading branch of the ~~B. M. A.~~ met at

Oxford and Osler gave the main address, on Arteriosclerosis, and probably as usual provided entertainment other than intellectual for the members of the small society, which made it during his period as Regius one of the best attended of these subdivisional meetings of the B. M. A. In an undated letter to H. B. Jacobs of about this time he says:

Everything here is in full swing - so many meetings &c. Bodleian, T.b., Royal Med Soc., so that we have had a very long term. The weather has been splendid until recently. I have been keeping the examiners in good form this week. Did you see in Sotheby's catalogue the Jesse Foot Hunter, grangerized to three folio volumes. I lost it yesterday by 10s - worse luck! They might have had the sense to extend my bid a pound or two. I hope it has gone for one of the libraries. I could not find out. I have had the 1643 Religio reprinted at the Press and am sending copies as Xmas presents. You will have one next week. Ike is very well and beginning to work hard. We have a French girl living with us this winter - a great success. I am so glad you are arranging a suitable celebration for Welch. He deserves all he gets & more. Yours ever

W. O.

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The examiners whom he 'had been keeping in good form' refers to the conjoint Oxford-Cambridge board(?) who were always put up at 13, Norham Gardens, during the Oxford examination week and had a very enjoyable time, though they did not <sup>know</sup> one and all approve of <sup>their hosts' behavior toward</sup> his ~~informal~~ ~~ways~~ with the candidates, <sup>when he treated with no less informality than their examiners</sup> ~~Per he took pains to keep the examinees in~~ ~~no less good form,~~ as many of them 'Trotula' for example - will testify.

I was at that time <sup>[she says]</sup> working for the second M. B. and had been introduced through two mutual friends, the one a medical student, the other an aspiring lawyer who had recently left Oxford. To them Dr. and Mrs. Osler stood for the ideal man and woman, to them No. 13, Norham Gardens, was a place of rest and delight known as the "Open Arms". Race, nationality, profession, creed mattered little, so wide and catholic was the warm-hearted hospitality there, but to those who belonged even as students to his own profession, Sir William was always especially kind. I am speaking from my own experience. In every stage of my medical life, from the day of my first meeting, Sir William stood by me, a very present help in all days of need. The rare week-ends I spent with them, stand out as the most delicious moments of rest in strenuous student days. The charm of the house, the daintiness of the room in which I slept, the inspiration of the wonderful library; but all dependent for their magic on the personality of the host and hostess. When I became engaged, my home being far away in

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Canada, my fiancé and I were both invited to spend a few days at the "Open Arms", and we were urged to have our wedding from the house and to be married at Christ Church. Of course Sir William chaffed us very much, insisting that my career was ruined, that I no longer needed any head, having allowed it to give way to heart, and was mortally offended that my choice should have been a surgeon instead of a physician.

The amusing examination paper was written just before I went up for the Physiology exam. It was to discourage me in my hopes of being able to pass. He gave me the name of Trotula at my first meeting and never called me anything else. His delight was great at the general mystification of all my friends, including my medical friends, as to who or what Trotula was, and it was months before a friend managed to unearth her history for me in the Library of the Royal Medical & Chirurgical Society. It turned out that she was a female surgeon of Salerno who lived about the middle of the sixteenth century, was suspended for quackery but later emerged triumphant and wrote several books.

The 'amusing examination paper' was a fictitious <sup>test</sup> examination in physiology for "The Hilary Term, 1660," signed "Thomas Willis ex. Ae. de Christi" - giving six impossible and imaginary questions, and ending with a P. S.: saying: "Where necessary explain anachronisms" - all written out in Osler's *unmistakable* hand. *So later on he writes:*

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13, Norham Gardens,  
December 20.

Dear Trotula I am delighted to hear from you, I thought you were dead, and for months have had your memory enclosed in a melanotic border. What are you doing for Christmas? We should be delighted to have you here, and you could work hard, and I would guard your heart! Sincerely yours,

W<sup>m</sup> Osler.

*Since later*  
And later on, to the same:

Dear Trotula I am so glad to hear - though not surprised - that the examiners were deceived. Considering how little you know of the higher physiology, as illustrated by my paper, you must have had shocking duffers as examiners in that subject. I still have hopes that you may be rejected at the University examination. Mr. Fenwick wrote the other day not very encouragingly, speaking of the London Hospital as the stone wall, but that is not much of an obstacle nowadays to women. I will come in and see you before long. Sincerely yours,

W<sup>m</sup> Osler.

He writes again to Jacobs on December 17th in regard to the 'Aesculapius' which he supposes should have a small pedestal.

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. . . Have you ever seen Plimpton's collection in New York, chiefly of the old arithmetics? The Catalogue 'Rara Arithmetica' has just been published. He is a member of Ginn & Company, and a very interesting man. He happens to be in Oxford just now, and lunches with us today. We are deep in a Bodleian fuss over the new underground storage room, whether to have fixed or movable cases, and the whole scheme of a new policy. I enclose you a slip about a big gift by one of the South African diamond merchants (Otto Beit's memorial to his brother Alfred Beit, £215,000 for Medical Research Fellowship). We had a dinner last night of the Trustees of the advisory Board, a most interesting gathering. I hope you may have a good Christmas.

Christmas draws near, and a card from her 'affectionate friend' goes to his 'dear Susan' which says: "I send my love and 15 kisses for sweet Rosalie. I hope the dear thing has had her face washed since I saw her last! And one on December 20th to a variously named Muriel Brock.

Dear Marjorie I thought your photograph so good and saucy. You looked just as if you had landed a piece of soft mushy cake in the middle of your forehead. I have been behaving so much better since I saw you, & Mrs. Osler often says how good your influence has been. No wonder your father and mother are such sweet people. I wish I could get away to Rome this winter but it is impossible. If I get my lectures ready on Table Manners I shall certainly come in the spring. Your Affectionate friend,  
W<sup>m</sup> OSLER. My love to those other dear sweet-behaved angels.

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On a postcard stamped December 28th, he writes H.B. Jacobs:

[The Gold Headed Cane].

I will look at the Maggs G. H. Cane. It seems steep. The Hunter was magnificent - with original drawings &c. I believe it has gone to the R. C. Surgeons, so I am glad. Hoe's books are to be sold, & Plimpton tells me some in Paris, some in London. There will be a great scramble for the Groliers of which he has ten or twelve. We are having a gay Xmas. Perkins of Cleveland has been staying with us, & Ottalie Wright & a niece. This is Ike's birthday - 14 - He goes to Winchester next month. Love to Mrs. Jacobs, and if you can get Fatcher out of the way, a kiss and a hug for Marjorie.

And on the last day of the year: "We are having a very happy winter - the house full for Xmas and the New Year." ~~Six young people just now - such a jolly crowd.~~ <sup>an excruciating</sup> A pleasant ending for a busy year; and beginning for a new

~~one.~~