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GRACE REVERE OSLER

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MEMOIR

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The year 1775 that witnessed the first clash of arms between Britain and her young colonies in America was charged with stirring romance for the ancestors of Grace Revere Osler. On April 18 of that year her paternal great-grandfather Paul Revere made his memorable midnight ride to Lexington to warn New England towns of the approach of the British. On June 17 at Bunker Hill her maternal great-great-grandfather - a scion of a younger branch of the Earls of Crawford - Captain John Linzee, from his English man-of-war "The Falcon," was pounding the colonial defence works, while General Joseph Warren, M.D. (after whom her own grandfather Joseph Warren Revere was named) was killed valiantly rallying the colonial forces. Lady Osler was thus able to claim - with a pride that drew no invidious distinction - direct lineal descent from each nation, which was an eminently fitting inheritance for one who in later life was to be a means of bringing about a better understanding between them. Naturally and unassumingly she became a "beloved and ideal interpreter of each to each."

Among the many Hugenots who fled from France as a result of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes was one Simon Rivoire, son of Jean and Magdelaine Rivoire. Simon, after a short stay in Holland, settled in Guernsey whither there came to be under his protection on Nov. 21, 1715 his thirteen year old nephew Apollos, son of his brother Isaac and Serenne Lambert. With the exception of a memorial in Vienne Cathedral to an earlier Apollos Revere, no traces of his antecedants seem to exist. Apparently the uncle could find in Guernsey no suitable opening in life for his nephew, for almost at once Simon sent Apollos to Boston and instructed his correspondent there to apprentice Apollos to John Cony a goldsmith, agreeing to defray all his expenses. Although Apollos returned to Guernsey

in 1723 on a visit to his relatives, he had quite determined to make Boston his home and was already established in his own business as a gold and silversmith. All that is known of these relatives and their descendants is that in 1775 a John Rivoire, who corresponded occasionally with his cousins in America, was Harbour Master and Receiver General of Customs of the Island, but unfortunately a fire in later years destroyed all the harbour records. About this time Apollos changed his name to Paul Revere, the reason for which his son explains in a letter many years later, 'My father made this alteration mainly on account the Bumpkins should pronounce it easier.' In 1729 he married Deborah Hitchborn and their third child (born Dec. 21, 1734) was Paul Revere, the American patriot and great-grandfather of Lady Osler.

Paul Revere's fame has never rested solely on his exploits as a soldier and patriot; he was also a silversmith and copperplate engraver examples of whose beautiful work are eagerly sought after by collectors. He was a pioneer in America in the use of copper and founded the Revere Copper Company which played a great part in the expansion of American industry.

The Huguenots must certainly have brought a much needed 'leaven' into the life of the Colonists. Paul inherited all their love of the beautiful, their cheerful courage and sense of humour, and his house in North Street was a popular meeting place for countless friends. At the same time, from the sturdy colonising stock of his mother, he had a strong will, positive opinions and a delight in emergencies which called forth all his powers and energies. Lady Osler was to inherit much from him.

Paul's second wife was Rachel Walker by whom he had eight children of whom the third son and eldest to survive was Joseph Warren Revere (1777-1868) named after the patriot who fell at Bunker Hill. Joseph's eldest son John

Revere, born March 31, 1822 married in 1847 Susan Tilden Torrey granddaughter of the aforementioned Captain John Linzee, who after his fighting had married Susannah Inman and had settled down with her in America. Their second child and elder daughter Grace Revere was born at 103 Boylston Street, Boston, on June 19, 1854.

Her grandfather, Joseph Revere, Lady Osler remembered quite well for he was in his 92nd year when he died. A model son who had not married until after the death of his parents, he was a disciple of the old school which viewed with distrust the great changes that were taking place in American life during the first half of the century. But his sober and upright character, affection for his family and friends, and courtly bearing endeared him to many. Lady Osler used to tell how as a girl she remembered seeing his gouty toe being dressed by her Aunt Harriet, and how she herself was sent down to the cowshed with a glass containing sherry and a little sugar to obtain warm milk direct from the cow for her Grandfather's 'Sillibub.'

John Revere, Lady Osler's father, was a man of a quiet and sensitive nature who was really happier reading or writing in his study than working in the Copper Company of which he eventually became President. The literature and records of the Civil War were his main interest. A desire to help others which had been given public as well as private expression by Paul Revere when he founded the Massachusetts Mechanics Charitable Association was by this time a tradition in the Revere family. John Revere was a man of unquestioning sympathy and generosity who wore himself out in the service of his friends. He was loyally supported by his wife, an alert active woman who, outliving him by thirty years - She died in 1911 at the age of eighty-

five - loved her home and all the little details connected with it and helped unobtrusively her less fortunate neighbours. It is therefore not surprising that Lady Osler possessed that ingrained sympathy which made her almost as a matter of course help others.

When she was old enough to go to school and until she was about ten years of age, Grace Revere attended the school, a few doors away in Boylston Street, kept by a Miss Catherine Tilden, a distant relative. The Civil War made a deep impression on her youthful mind and she well remembered the prolonged grief caused in her own family and in the homes of others. After the Great War she said that she had lived through too many wars and that another would kill her. Two of her uncles were killed and in connection with them an earlier and amusing episode is recorded. In 1862 her Uncle, Paul Revere, had been taken prisoner and Grace overhearing her elders talking about it very naturally concluded that he had been taken in the "Black Maria" to Charles Street Gaol. Her chagrin and wounded family pride were such that she felt she couldn't face her schoolfellows, and her Mother found her some hours after weeping quietly under an old sofa with green fringes.

From the age of ten to eighteen she was a pupil at Miss Foote's private school in Boston. Miss Foote had had her training under Miss Elizabeth Sewell a remarkable woman who, by her books and the atmosphere she created in her school in the Isle of Wight, did much to further the higher education of women in the second half of last century. Miss Foote was evidently an enthusiastic disciple who in her turn inspired in her pupils an ardent love of English ways and traditions which in the case of Grace Revere was to be an inestimable possession in later years when she came to settle in England.

As a consequence, Lady Osler all her life used many English phrases and adopted the English spelling of a word in preference to the American. The girls were brought up on lines which to-day would no doubt be considered conventional enough but they were definitely encouraged to read widely and to have opinions on events of the day. Perhaps not the least useful lesson was the importance attached to letter writing: certainly Lady Osler developed a clear, pungent and witty style which made her letters very vivid reading. She was by no means a brilliant pupil but she had a memory which even to the end was remarkably retentive especially for the names of people she had met - and those were legion. Her home training was no less important and far reaching. From her Mother she learned all the details of housekeeping, and to the very end of her life Lady Osler interviewed her cook, arranged the meals, ordered in the food and supervised generally the domestic details of her house. She always took a great pride in the management of her household and had no use for any wife who from incompetence or lack of interest left the housekeeping to others. An amusing story is told of how when 13 Norham Gardens was being built and she was at some showrooms looking at baths, she quite scandalised an assistant by clambering into one to be sure that it was the right size! This incident was typical at once of her thoroughness and of her utter lack of self-consciousness.

In addition to these qualities Grace Revere had great personal beauty and charm. All who knew and remember her at this time are unanimous in saying that she was absolutely lovely with a merry smile and winning manners. 'Imagine,' writes one, 'a tall graceful fair-haired girl with pretty features, blue eyes in which there was a sparkle of fun, and the loveliest pink and white complexion.' She had a great capacity for enjoying herself and enter-

ing into the spirit and fun of everything and yet at the same time retained that natural dignity of manner which was so marked in later life. She hated shams and was always ready to "mimic" and "take off" people for the amusement of her friends; no one derived more enjoyment than herself from ridiculous and incongruous situations and she never wearied of recalling such occasions and chuckling over them. Curiously enough she herself, even as a young girl, was never fond of dancing although she encouraged others and often arranged parties to take to balls.

After she had left school, she "came out" in the usual way of Boston girls and lived with her family at Commonwealth Avenue during the winter. In the summer they divided their time between the Revere house at Canton and a cottage at Bar Harbour which was a popular summer resort for Bostonians. She also went on visits, and it was while staying with family friends the Pauls in Philadelphia that she met Dr. Samuel Gross who was to be her first husband. He was fond later of telling the story of their first meeting, of how in the middle of an evening party he suddenly noticed a most beautiful girl in an evening gown of pink velvet who had not been dancing - a "vision" - how he watched her from every angle, how at last asking his host, who she was he learned she was Grace Revere of Boston, how he was introduced and after talking to her a short while made up his mind to win her. He met her again that summer at Bar Harbour, and on Dec. 19, 1876 they were married in Boston. She was twenty-two years of age and he seventeen years older. He was a tall distinguished looking man with a full rolling moustache, large head and flowing hair, and had much charm; together they made one of the most handsome and remarked couples in Philadelphia.

Dr. Samuel Gross was himself the very able son of one of the most famous pioneers of surgery in the United States. His father Samuel Edward Gross of Dutch origin had had a rural upbringing in Pennsylvania but an an early age had determined to be a surgeon. At the age of fifteen he knew only the mixed German-English language but by ardent zeal and incessant work and spurred on by ambition, poverty and marriage with an accomplished and courageous woman of English descent, he had by the age of thirty-four written one of the first books in English on Pathological Anatomy. His two volume 'System of Surgery' was a classic in America for thirty years and before he died he was the acknowledged master of surgery in America, had with conspicuous success filled four Chairs as an inspiring and omniscient teacher, had reformed the methods and teaching of surgery and had by the extraordinary felicity of his own writings given the necessary fillip to American medical literature. An affectionate though dictatorial father, and of very striking and handsome appearance, he was delighted with his new daughter-in-law who, as his wife was dead, often acted as hostess in his house where he extended generous hospitality. She and he had a mutual love of flowers. With her they were a lifelong passion, a symbol of some deep and profound emotion which could not be transmuted into words and after 1919 and the death of here"two darlings" they were her one real comfort and joy. Her faculty for arranging them was always a special gift with her.

Samuel Weissell Gross whom Grace Revere married inherited in full measure his father's genius. After studying medicine at Louisville University and Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia he settled, with an interval of four years' service during the Civil War as Brigade Surgeon, in practice

in Philadelphia where he speedily established a reputation as a surgeon and a clever diagnostician. However, there is no doubt that in Grace Revere he found the helpmate he needed and that she fired him to greater efforts at a time when ambition and spirit were flagging. Certainly he accomplished his best work after his marriage, as his book and many papers contributed during this time bear ample witness. He was specially interested in malignant tumours and at a time when there was widespread pessimism, struck a note of hope by announcing his conviction that certain cancerous growths could be cured if an operation was made while the trouble was still local and before the growing cells had had time to spread throughout the system. On the resignation of his father in 1882 from the Chair of Surgery at Jefferson he was elected in his place to hold it jointly with Dr. Brinton.

Those who knew Lady Osler only in later years should realise that the extensive entertaining which was such a recognised feature in Baltimore and Oxford had its counterpart in the Gross circle. Dr. Gross, Senior, was the doyen of surgeons in America and his house was thronged by personal and professional friends, surgeons, doctors, scientists and students with letters of introduction. These he liked to receive and entertain, and the younger to encourage also, and therefore in his house and in her own on a lesser scale Mrs. Gross began early to dispense that gracious and easy hospitality for which she was rightly famous. Both as the wife of one of Philadelphia's leading surgeons and on her own account also she was in demand for committees with social, charitable and welfare schemes, while she was ever in unobtrusive ways doing countless acts of kindness for her less fortunate fellow-citizens. By putting into practice this inherited tradition of helping others, her own simple philosophy of life found, as it were, a justification for her existence.

Amid this busy and useful life there were of course holidays: weeks spent together at the Isle of Shoals in the summer, visits to her mother in Boston and Canton, and in 1881 she paid her first visit to London when she accompanied her husband and father-in-law to the Seventh International Medical Congress and later went to Oxford. Old Dr. Gross had told her that England was cold and that all Englishwomen wore satin dresses with high collars which she accordingly took with her, but in a hot July she found these almost unbearable! They stayed with Sir James and Lady Paget, and Mrs. Gross remembered attending a dinner at which the then Prince and Princess of Wales and the future Kaiser were present.

Dr. Gross had held his chair only seven years when he was taken ill with a sudden attack of pneumonia of a particularly virulent type. He was ill a very short time and died on April, 16, 1889 at the comparatively early age of fifty-two when he was just at the height of his powers and giving to the profession the fruits of his considerable experience. For thirteen years Dr. and Mrs. Gross had been happily married. He worshipped his wife, and when at her death nearly forty years later her will was opened, it was found that she had left £5000 to establish a lectureship in surgery at Jefferson in memory of her first husband - a legacy which was not only the result of her fortune from the Grosses but a tribute of her very real affection.

Five years earlier Dr. Gross had been largely instrumental in persuading Dr. William Osler, whose fame was already spreading, to leave Montreal and accept the Chair of Clinical Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania. During the five years that he held this appointment, Dr. Osler had been a frequent and welcome guest at the house in Walnut Street and the sudden death of his friend and colleague must have come as a severe and additional

pang to those he was laready experiencing in leaving Philadelphia to become chief of the Medical Department of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore. Dr. Osler was one of those three doctors attending him in his fatal illness from whom Dr. Gross, as he lay dying, exacted a promise that they would look after Mrs. Gross and do all they could for her. Dr. Osler in his Valedictory Address to the University of Pennsylvania made sympathetic reference to Dr. Gross's death and praised his courage, zeal and industry. 'We mourn the loss sustained in the death of one of her most distinguished teachers, a man who bore with honour an honoured name and who added lustre to the profession of this City. Such men as Samuel W. Gross can ill be spared.'

For the next three years Osler was fully occupied with organising the Medical Department at Johns Hopkins and, when that was running smoothly, with the writing of his text book of medicine. However, he managed to find time to run over at intervals from Baltimore to Philadelphia to visit at the house in Walnut Street but how long before their marriage these two had come to an understanding is unknown for they kept their secret well; besides, the text-book had to be finished and the doctor was with praiseworthy disinterestedness bidden to get on with that first. However, on February 24, 1892 the day of publication Osler, with a copy under his arm, is reported to have entered the house of mutual friends in Baltimore where Mrs. Gross was staying and to have thrown the volume into her lap with the words 'there, take the darn thing! now what are you going to do with the man?.' The families were told in April and the marriage took place on May 7, 1892. The unruffled calm with which Mrs. Gross and Dr. Osler entertained an unsuspecting doctor to lunch an hour before they were to be married reveals,

perhaps, the psychology behind their marriage. His own words were 'I feel very safe.' They were no longer quite young, they had known each other for some years and Mrs. Osler was admirably fitted to be the wife of a famous doctor. A younger woman would not perhaps have felt so confidently happy with a man who at the age of forty was rather set in his ways, who seemed to put his work before anything else, who would suddenly be called away for days at a time on consultations and who as likely as not would bring in hosts of friends and visitors to meals which were often her only chance of seeing him, and then slipping away would leave here to entertain them. There must have been weeks on end when they could have seen very little of each other except in the company of others. But Mrs. Osler from the first realised the world's prior claim to the services of one of its great doctors and healers, and with unselfish comradeship and true magnanimity of spirit did all she could to further those services. The complete understanding between them as to their respective spheres and their loyal and unshaken confidence in one another enabled them to render that remarkable service and friendship which will long remain memorable in the annals of medicine.

It is interesting to note Osler's conception of the ideal doctor's wife whom he portrays in a letter to a young medical friend who had just taken the plunge. 'There must be trust, gentleness and consideration. A doctor needs a woman who will look after his house and rear his children, a Martha whose first care will be for the home. Make her feel she is your partner arranging a side of the business in which she should have her sway and her way.....Consult her and take her advice about the house and children and keep to yourself as far as possible the outside affairs relating to the practice.' In his address "The Student Life" he said 'What about the wife

and babies if you have them? leave them! Heavy as are your responsibilities to those nearest and dearest, they are outweighed by the responsibilities to yourself, to the profession and to the public - your wife will be glad to bear the share in the sacrifices you make.' Both believed that life was a gift to be expended not only on furthering their own happiness but also in contributing to the progress and relief of their fellows: both were endowed with an unselfishness out of the ordinary and both made personal sacrifices and willingly accepted the heavy demands on their leisure, interest and energies. But all this rather increased than lessened their devoted attachment to each other, to their son and to their home, and the true counterpart to Osler's previous words on marriage is to be found in "L'Envoi" (Remarks at a Farewell dinner given him by the Profession of the United States and Canada, 1905): 'Of the greatest of all happiness I cannot speak - of my home. Many of you know it and that is enough.'

But this is to anticipate. Their honeymoon was spent partly in Canada and partly in England. It was on this trip that Mrs. Osler paid the first of many visits to Cornwall to which she completely lost her heart, not the least of its attractions for her being its close associations with Dr. Osler's ancestors. On their return in August they settled at No. 1 West Franklin Street which was to be their home for the remainder of their stay in Baltimore. There from the first all were made welcome, from the relatives, friends and foreign visitors staying in the house to colleagues, friends and young students resident in Baltimore. Osler himself was known as the "Students' Friend" and the title was equally merited by his wife. Many people recognise in Youth their potentialities of ministering to the needs of mankind, but few go out of their way, as Dr. and Mrs. Osler did, so wholeheartedly to encourage, sympathise with and direct the younger generation, especially of his own

profession. He gave them the maturer judgment born of his experience: he inspired them with enthusiasm for their present task and with reverence for those who had balzed the trail before them. He knew that many a man could be won to lifelong service by an encouraging word, started on interesting and useful researches by a friendly hint, saved many of the temptations to which a lonely medical student is often subjected by an open invitation to his own home and library. In his home there was no malicious gossip, no backbiting, no professional jealousy and no snubbing. He knew the unfortunate effect on a young student of a snub from an elder man, knew that it took the heart out of him and often lost a good worker for the profession, realised that most of a young man's faults were caused by an excess of enthusiasm or from ignorance, and after giving praise where praise was due quietly pointed out unexplored avenues of research and knowledge which once more reduced the young man to a sobered and proper sense of his limitations. Mrs. Osler ably backed him up and as it happened shouldered the main burden of the responsibility; but she never complained for she too had seen the vision of the unending procession of eager-eyed students. She it was who arranged dinner parties for Osler's friends and wrote out the invitations - sometimes as many as thirty - who was left to entertain the guests when her husband had slipped away to a meeting or to work in his study, who answered the many questions of young students concerning their beloved Chief which in his presence their shyness or his modesty had left unasked or unanswered, who supplemented the scrappy notes or cards sent by Osler to his friends with newsy letters of her own, giving the longed-for details and intimate touches for which her busy husband rarely had the time or the inclination. His marriage had never cut Osler off from his friends, but rather brought them - especially those

at a distance - into closer association with him. To one of them Mrs. Osler writes: 'It has pleased me so much that you found your old friend "Unchanged by marriage," for I should not like any of Dr. Osler's friends to find him at all changed.' She it was whose tact and management saved him from bores and who ensured him that peace and immunity from petty worries and annoyances which enabled him to accomplish in twenty-four hours an amount of work which was always the marvel and envy of his colleagues.

Between them they instituted the privileged order of latchkeyers, a chosen few who were each given a key to the front door of No. 1 West Franklin Street with free and encouraged access at all times to the house and library; a coveted privilege as generous as it was unique.

Dr. Osler was often away for consultations or for meetings of associations and societies, but his wife, remembering perhaps the strictly prosaic time the wives had led at the meeting of the British Medical Association at Nottingham on their honeymoon, accompanied him only on the rarest occasions unless it were abroad, and preferred to stay at home making up on arrears of correspondence and to be ready to welcome him when, tired out by long journeys, he eagerly and thankfully resought her and the haven of his own home. She looked forward immensely to the holidays at the sea or to trips abroad when she felt that for a few weeks at least she had her husband to herself without fear of his being called away suddenly. No man was ever a more devoted and cheerful husband or a more delightful and playful father and it was no wonder that these family holidays were so eagerly anticipated and so wholeheartedly enjoyed.

A son born to them in February 1893 lived only a few days and Osler with his usual attempt to mask his feelings - "I laugh not to weep" -

and with a desire to console his wife for her disappointment sent her a letter full of tender whimsicality purporting to come from Heaven from the baby describing his happy surroundings and begging his mother not to worry. However, on Dec. 28, 1895, another son was born and was christened Edward Revere (after a favourtie brother). On Jan. 3rd Mrs. Osler wrote to her mother: 'I have only one disappointment and that is that you cannot see him while he is so tiny. He has the most complete little face and head, very well shaped. His hair, I think, promises to be fair; his eyes are quite a good blue now and he weighed just seven pounds.'

To most women the additional responsibility of a son would have meant that some other interests would have been abandoned, but it was not so with Mrs. Osler. She not only continued to entertain, to help her husband and to look after Revere - with the aid first of a black mammy and then of an English governess - but she interested herself in many activities in Baltimore and in Maryland generally. She served on committees and interested herself especially in the work of the Nurses who then had neither the liberty nor the standing they enjoy to-day. Many a nurse, feeling a stranger in the city to which the fame of Osler's hospital had attracted her, found a warm welcome in her house and had reason to remember with gratitude the friendly greetings and helpful advice she received from Mrs. Osler. For many years she was on the Board of Directors of the Instructive Visiting Nursing Association of Baltimore, and in the year they left Baltimore for England when a general campaign against the public apathy towards tuberculosis was being waged, she successfully launched a dollar scheme among the women of Maryland to establish a fund for training nurses especially for dealing with tubercular patients, and for the erection of model homes for consumptives

in the Blue Ridge Mountains. Her achievements and her tireless energies were as remarkable as her husband's, and one can readily appreciate the pointed truth of a sentence from a letter of this time which says 'I have been loafing since I came here and you know that is quite unusual for me.'

As the strain of overwork, of consultations and of entertaining grew greater, they increasingly sought relief in holidays abroad where there was a better chance of isolation and freedom from professional calls. Revere was no longer a baby in arms and could therefore more easily be taken about with them. Mrs. Osler's letters on these holidays have an unusually buoyant air and reveal a spirit of untrammelled enjoyment. With her keen eye for detail and her sense of humour, she was able to get plenty of interest and fun out of her travels, and her correspondents must have rejoiced and chuckled over the letters they received from her. Here is an extract from one describing a visit to Holland and Scotland in 1901. "Dr. Osler became utterly disgusted at every place where old books were not forthcoming and promptly wanted to leave. We went far North into Friesland and came to a most fascinating place, Leeuwarden, where we had the good fortune to hit on a Kermese and saw the natives in their charming prosperity and beauty. There also we found a factory for 'antique' silver and know why it is so plentiful. The spoons cost almost nothing there..... We have very nice rooms (at North Berwick) and no bother with housekeeping - the woman sends in the slate every morning and we pay so much per day for food. But the place cannot hold a candle to Swanage in any way except for the golf which of course is second only to St. Andrews. It really is not a pretty place - the back country is flat with superb farms. There are no bathing arrangements of any number and men cannot bathe after 8 a.m. - they would get

pneumonia if they bathed before!..... Dr. Osler is having some golf with a professional and likes the links immensely. I join a Gallery and watch the good players!

Now she is at Harrogate taking the waters and making fun of herself and of the other visitors who take themselves so much more seriously. 'You would not know me - I am alone in a very dignified hotel and have assumed a British matronly dignity and tone that are quite becoming I assure you. After the freedom of Guernsey it is a bit oppressive....' For she liked no place better for a holiday than Swanage or a quiet retreat in Guernsey where they could have a small house by the sea and bathe and laze and play with Revere.

There is constant mention in her letters of Revere as he gradually grows up. 'Revere is a perfect "tough" and has been happy every moment. I do not think he has cried three times this summer.' Now she repeats the remarks of Revere whose seven summers resent the defection by marriage of a grown-up friend. 'Don't talk about marriage here, we have had too much of weddings all the Spring' or his plan for feeding the newly arrived baby of friends, 'I have been so busy thinking about fish and conger eels that I nearly forgot about the baby. I do hope they'll put a pipe over to the Walker Gordon place and give him plenty to eat.' Now he is being seen off to Scotland for a holiday with his governess and after keeping up a brave front at parting cries out at last 'Oh I do care - I feel so queer in my heart under my arm.' His mother adds 'He's so dear and merry.'

Holidays were all very well, but even they could not stem the constantly increasing inroads that were being made on Dr. Osler's services and time. His wife began to feel anxious lest he would not be equal to standing the

strain until he reached sixty, the age at which he had always declared he would retire to England - a step also dictated by their desire that Revere should receive his final education there. It was therefore with profound relief that she heard of the likelihood of the Oxford Chair being offered him. She at any rate had no doubt in her own mind what was best for him and her telegram from Canada to him in England 'Don't procrastinate: accept at once' was the decisive factor in helping him to make his choice. She knew that the change would mean an awful wrench for them both, but she knew it must be braved if the years ahead were to be secured. 'We both anticipate woeful days..... but when I think of the strain of increasing work of the last three years I cannot but be glad to think a chance has come to make a break and to put a comparatively restful life into Willie's way.' And then with her usual unselfish thought 'I am grieved for my mother more than anything else, but she will learn I suppose to enjoy the niceness of it.' (She did for she visited Oxford twice - the second time in her eighty-second year!) To their friends who felt deserted and sore at the prospect of their departure she wrote in her desire to shield her husband 'Do pray ask all Dr. Osler's friends to make it easy for him. He will find it so hard to say adieu..... We will all be putting a smiling face on the situation this winter and will not look forward to the gloomy day.'

She herself was deeply moved by the last minute and almost desperate attempts of friends to keep Dr. Osler in America, as well by the tributes of affection showered upon them both. She had always been tremendously proud of the honours given to him and of the general esteem in which he was held. She had written a year or two earlier 'I sunned myself in my husband's glory and, as he departed at dawn Thursday, not waiting to hear what was said

of his address, I was inflated with pride and left very humble minded and impressed with my utter inability to cope with my position as spouse to such an admired object.' Now she wrote; 'All that you and the others express for Dr. Osler, all that you say of his influence, etc., touches me deeply and during these days of diversified feelings I hardly know how to express my appreciation and sympathy, and you can well know what a struggle it has been and such hard work to encourage Dr. Osler to do what I know was really best for him. I am sure he can never regret this.'

Dismantling the house at Franklin Street was a doleful business but was a triumph for Mrs. Osler's flair for organisation. Friends and institutions were not forgotten in the disposal of surplus books and belongings. When all the vans were loaded there still remained in one van room for a large piece of furniture to keep the rest from rolling about, and Mrs. Osler used to tell later how she bought at the last minute from an antique dealer she knew an enormous Dutch Tallboy on the condition that it was delivered at her house within two hours! And so at last after farewell luncheons, dinners and receptions, on May 27, 1905, they arrived more dead than alive in Oxford, at 7, Norham Gardens, which they had taken furnished from Mrs. Max-Muller.

Both Dr. and Mrs. Osler slipped easily into their new life and immediately won a host of new friends. Oxford, usually rather aloof with strangers, responded in a more than ordinarily cordial manner to two persons so genuinely appreciative of atmosphere and tradition and so ready to take their part in all its activities, learned, social and philanthropic. It was Oxford in all the glory of the summer term and Mrs. Osler wrote enthusiastically to her mother of the gardens that were a revelation, of the wonderful lilac, laburnum and hawthorn up and down every street and in every

garden, of the birds that she fed and that became very tame, of the river during Eights Week, of the services in Christ Church Cathedral with the sun coming through the old windows, and of all the pageantry of the University such as the conferring of degrees in the Sheldonian Theatre. She found enchanting too the dinners given in their honour by Heads of Houses when the old college silver, 'hallowed by long usage,' was displayed on the dining table and there were tankards and bowls so beautiful that she admits that 'Paul Revere would have had to take a back seat.' All these first reactions were to become intensified during the next twenty years and she feelingly wrote: 'If Revere does <u>not</u> grow up a man of tender refined feeling it will not be from lack of surroundings from nine years of age.'

She took amused delight also in describing the novelties of her surroundings; the "tweeny," the horrified looks of the English servants when she ordered fires to be lit after the spring cleaning had been done, the people who seemed to think it criminal to set aside the tradition of having a frigid house, the discovery that the windows in college were washed only once a year, the servants who were unused to a "racket" and had to be paid extra because of the number of people coming to the house, the housemaid who said 'Madam, I think that we'd better keep <u>all</u> the beds <u>always</u> ready in this house,' visits to Cowes and Scotland during the season when she finds 'it is always amusing to be doing things exactly as one reads about them in English novels.'

Soon they moved into their last and final home at 13, Norham Gardens which from its ever ready welcome and lavish hospitality was lovingly christened "The Open Arms" by its numerous friends, and as such ever affectionately remembered by them. Here, for the next eight years before the shadow of War fell darkly and menacingly across the threshold, the Regius and his wife

welcomed all who cared to come, from the scientist with world wide reputation to the youngest freshman, and it was not unusual to find as many as fifty persons at tea on Sunday afternoon. Here as in Baltimore Osler was a friend to hosts of younger men and his wife wrote that it always seemed to her that 'the satisfaction of having young men devoted to Dr. Osler is doubled by his devotion to them.' Rhodes Scholars especially found it a home in a strange land and a haven of comfort in time of loneliness or difficulty. The rawest of them also received sage advice from Mrs. Osler who did not hesitate to tell them, in as kindly but as plain a manner as possible, that the surest way to get the most out of Oxford was temporarily to forget their own country, to cease to boast and not to run down English ways. Gradually "Open Arms" came to be regarded as an Oxford insitution and there was universal rejoicing when the Regius was made a Baronet in the Coronation Honours List, an honour which both he and Lady Osler bore easily and unassumingly. Of her presentation at Court in the previous month Lady Osler had written an amusing account, and of all the preliminaries with dressmakers in London 'which were such a waste of time when Oxford was lovelier than ever and in a punt on the river we can have so much more pleasure than dressed up like a Jumping Jack.' She wrote that she looked like Katherine of Aragon, and that when her turn came to be presented she strutted like an old peacock and didn't mind a bit, and that the girls she was with said she looked as though she owned a palace and was about to ask the King and Queen to spend a few days!

There were delightful holidays during these years with Revere somewhere by the sea in Cornwall or Wales, trips to America and once even a winter in Paris with her husband. But they had a refuge closer at hand to which for twenty-four hours or longer they could occasionally escape frmm the almost

embarrassing popularity of "Open Arms." One of the offices held by the Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford is that of Master of the Almshouse at Ewelme, a lovely village a few miles out of Oxford. This almshouse, with a Church attached, was founded in the early fifteenth century by Alyce, Countess of Suffolk and supports thirteen men occupants who, if they are married, may have a wife or daughter in the cottage to look after them. There are also rooms for the Master, and the New Regius and his wife at once took steps to make them habitable and comfortable and then stayed there frequently. They both took the greatest interest in the old people, and in their turn became much beloved by them. Lady Osler found the whole place "enchanting," and one may imagine the quiet restful hours and days spent there while her husband read or wrote or browsed among the old deeds and papers belonging to the Charity which he had had put in proper order.

Her letters contain constant references to Revere at school, first at Lynam's in Oxford and later at Winchester. She tells of his first Eton suit, of how he has become an ardent if not very successful disciple of Isaac Walton and of how he disappears on every possible occasion to fish, of reports sometimes good sometimes bad, of a boy who is a happy and cheerful little soul and who requires very little disciplining. His mother had to be the stern parent because Sir William was notoriously softhearted and could never bring himself to punish Revere! She tried not to worry about him but to let him do exactly what other boys did, and felt 'we have been quite successful in not pampering him and when I see some only sons I am sure it is the best way.' Especially she liked 'the early darkness and nice long time between tea and dinner when there is a bright and warm fire and I don't have to go out for tea, and Revere studies for an hour and then we have cosey times.'

Next he is a "Winchester man" and doesn't care for his books but loves fishing, butterflies and cricket and is a good bowler. Then gradually this lack of interest in books which his mother - and, we may feel sure, his father too, - noted anxiously and prayed would not last, disappears and he begins to be interested in English Literature, starts to collect books, haunts bookshops, pores over catalogues and, in a word, is "bitten" with the fever. Now he looks forward to the day when he will soon matriculate as an undergrad at the "House" - an expectation to be fulfilled, alas, in very differing circumstances.

On July 31, 1914 Revere and his mother had set out all unsuspectingly on a visit to Revere's Canadian relatives; while they were yet on the ocean, the War had begun. While few at the outset foresaw its length or guessed the extent of the bereavement and desolation ahead, many saw and knew their immediate task. Lady Osler returned by the same boat 'now painted black and every port and window covered with blankets at night,' to find Oxford in the peace of its long vacation transformed and Examination Schools already turned into a base hospital. She found herself elected President of the Needlework Guild which from its quarters in one of the University Museum laboratories, was for four years to supply all the needs of the hospitals in Oxford in bandages, bed clothing, mattress covers, pyjamas, shirts, socks and the like. From nine in the morning to late in the afternnon she would direct the work of the voluntary helpers who numbering fifty in the early days, became later as many as a hundred, and surprised all by what her husband called "her New England energy." Nothing perhaps was more remarkable or showed more clearly how Oxford and all that was British had won her allegiance than the way she, a great-granddaughter of Paul Revere, immediately

identified herself with Britain's cause and gave all her energy, her time, her money and her services for it. Seeing the sacrifices made unhesitatingly around her she wrote 'the loyalty makes one squirm and weep. If I was not so busy I should yell because I cannot stop it (War). The mockery of it all - glorious weather, roses, carnations, everything rampant. I almost wish I were in a hideous place. It seems so useless to look on a lovely garden when one's friends are suffering.'

Nor was her sympathy denied to Britain's allies. When the sack of Louvain had appalled the world, and its University Professors and their familes with homes, possessions and money lost, had escaped to England and had been welcomed in Oxford, she it was who, when an appeal to help them had been launched, found houses and clothes for them, begged gifts of her friends and made her own house a clearing station. 'Two of my rooms upstairs are like junk and old clothes shops.' Better still she begged successfully from her many rich friends in America - 'I call myself the boss collector' she writes - and by her influence was able to interest the Rockfeller Trustees in the fortunes of the University Professors. So, in November, 1914 in a letter to the Editor of <u>The Times</u> to thank him and numerous other friends for help so generously given, she could write: 'We have taken small furnished houses for them and have been able to make them comfortable - thanks mostly to the generosity of our American friends. At present we have fifteen Profewsors with their families, making about eighty persons under our care. A regular monthly stipend is given for their expenses, and now that warm clothes have been provided and various comforts, they are happier and have settled down to a regular life and show a wonderful appreciation of all that has been done. The Oxford University has opened its

Laboratories and Libraries for the use of the Professors and private schools have taken in the children of suitable age. The Rockefeller Educational Foundation has generously sent a grant which will enable the Science Professors to carry on their investigations.....' She also summed up her efforts less seriously by telling her friends that whereas a few months previously she scarcely realised Professors existed in Louvain, she now knew what size in underwear each Professor needed! That first Christmas when she was giving no presents to relatives or friends because every penny was needed for others, she had presents for all the Belgians and a Christmas tree and party for the children.

All this might have seemed enough for one person to do but it was only a part. Letters had to be written to her sister and other relations and friends who were clamouring for news, visits were paid to cheer wounded soldiers in hospitals and to comfort bereaved friends in Oxford and occasional journeys were made on business to London. 'Such a changed place you would not know it. Many people in the streets but all in dark clothes or black. Almost every other man in uniform. Taxis empty, busses reduced in number as many have been taken abroad. Every now and then one sees Red Cross Ambulances, six at a time driving to the station. Troops training in the Parks, barracks or Hospitals put up in the private squares, shop windows full of khaki clothes or wool for socks and at night terrific searchlights shooting in all directions.'

And all this time "Open Arms" was more than ever meriting its name. In addition to the usual visits of old and intimate friends, Canadian nephews and cousins and the sons of old friends on their way to France or on leave came for a night or week-end - often longer if they were sick or

recovering from wounds - nieces too and other women engaged on war work stole down to Oxford whenever they could get away, nurses and wounded soldiers came for tea and to enjoy the garden, while at any time three or four men might unexpectedly turn up for a meal, for all the officers of the Canadian Expeditionary Force seemed to have come armed with letters of introduction to "Open Arms." Although catering was no easy matter in the days of restrictions and food tickets all received a warm welcome and went away refreshed in mind as well as body and with renewed optimism in their hearts for Lady Osler and Sir William, whatever their own thoughts and fears were, kept up a cheerful and brave front to the world. 'I have no ear for pessimists and scandalmongers,' wrote Lady Osler, 'and I find this rule makes life much less fatiguing.' And as if all these activities were not enough, we find her persuading her servants to invest in War Loan, sending parcels to men at the front and to prisoners of war, and distributing the many gifts of money, clothes and kind (two hundred barrels of apples alone came one Christmas) that kept pouring into the house chiefly from good Canadian and American friends. No wonder when she grumbled at being "old and poor" her husband told her she was doing enough.

In addition she had to bear the constantly increasing strain of anxiety for her husband and her son. Although Sir William was sixty-five years of age at the outbreak of the war he willingly and unsparingly gave his services wherever they were asked or could be of use. It was difficult to shield him from the constant calls upon his services by War Office, Hospitals, Committees, Camps, and consultations, and several bouts of his old bronchial trouble, helped on by nervous and physical strain, did nothing to allay his wife's anxiety. Then at the back of everything, like a perpetual nightmare,

was their dread for Revere. When they could not take up the Casualty Lists without reading names they knew, when they had lost nephews and their dearest friends mourned sons, what could they hope would be their fate when it was Revere's turn to be in danger? 'Willie runs when I mention it' writes his wife, and so their ever present fear remained with them unspoken: their days were fortunately too busy to leave much time for thinking but the night watches brought wakeful hours of apprehension. Revere after serving in the O.T.C. at Oxford had received a commission with the Canadian Medical Forces in France - the McGill unit - as Quartermaster, but this service could not satisfy for long one with his loyal instincts and he was transferred to the Artillery, and after a short period of training in England was serving with his battery in France. During these years he had come, like so many other boys, to sudden physical and intellectual maturity and, in his heroes and love for old books, had become a son after his father's heart. His father in a letter to Revere, celebrating his twenty-first birthday on the Ancre, wrote: 'You have been everything that a father could wish, a dear good laddie. And it is not often I am sure that Father and Son have been so happy together.....' Again when Revere came home on short leave in May, 1917, with what pride his father recounts Revere's book purchases at an auction and the catch of a record trout. The letters of Lady Osler too are filled with all the details of a mother's pride and fears. Revere hated to think of their anxiety and 'Don't let Mus worry' is a constant refrain in his letters. At the end of August, 1917 the long dreaded blow fell, and Revere was carried into an advanced dressing station where, by what must have seemed a miracle and blessing to his parents but agony to the watcher, he died from his wounds in the presence of an American surgeon who was one of the dearest friends

of his parents and had himself known and loved Revere. 'Our one comfort is that you were with him,' writes Lady Osler, 'No one in the world could have done as much and no one been fonder of him..... It is very hard and we are getting old. There was a fine life in store for the boy but it couldn't be. I always expected this but I never could be ready.' And then with all the protective instinct of a woman she turns to shield her husband: 'I could better bear this grief were it not to see him suffer. Poor dear, such a tragedy at the end of his wonderful life. So often he had said "The worst is yet to be."'

(continued on page 29)

Each sought to carry on by plunging more deeply into the work that mercifully was always at hand and tried to let no outward action betray the aching heart. Least of all did they wish their sorrow to affect the character of "Open Arms" and that Christmas they had the house full as usual and twelve Americans to dinner. But sometimes the spirit can only triumph at the expense of the body and Sir William's brave front cost him two stone in weight and kept his wife in a state of continual anxiety. The days too of March 1918 with Haig's memorable "Backs to the wall" message were dark for England and Lady Osler wrote feelingly: 'My father had an expression he used when anything went wrong, - when he hammered his thumb or someone stepped on his toe - "Hell, damnation and scissors." and that's the way I feel now about the War.' When the Armistice brought liberation and relief to humanity, they rejoiced for others but for themselves could only remember the son who would never return, and, although Oxford soon began to resume some of its old normal life, they knew it would never be the same for them again.

And so began the year 1919 which was to bring an unparalleled demonstration of love and praise for a living and dead physician, and proud joy and proud sorrow to wife and widoW. In May Sir William was President of the British Classical Association and his address "The Old Humanities and the New Science" met with an unusually cordial reception. It was Osler at his best as his oldest friends realised and as they and others took care to tell his wife at the "AT Home" that followed. Overwhelmed by congratulations on her remarkable husband and perhaps a little overcome by the learned atmosphere she wrote that evening: 'I thought it was a pity that so wise a

doctor man had shown so little wisdom in selecting so big a jackass for a wife. However, perhaps with his hospitable inclinations his house might not have been as comfortably arranged for guests had he selected an intelligent, artistic, sloppy wife. That's my consolation.' A very modest claim for a woman who had not only made possible "Open Arms" but who, by arranging many details which most husbands have to attend to themselves and by shielding him from troublesome guests and even the too great importunity of friends, enabled her husband to devote all his time and energies to his life's work. She too by her tact had often helped, especially in the early days of their marriage, to smooth over awkward moments sometimes resulting from her husband's rather flippant and seemingly offhand manner. Loving wife and helpmate she had indeed been to him in every way. And when on his seventieth birthday in July, he replied to the tributes of love and devotion paid by young and old of the profession such as no physician in his lifetime had ever received before, he made loving and touching reference to his wife as one 'who has loved and worked for the profession and the sweet influences of whose home have been felt by successive generations of students.'

But pride could not lessen her anxiety, and although he regained some of his lost weight that summer during six weeks spent in Jersey he was in no fit state to withstand - as the result of a railway strike - a long and cold journey by motor car from Newcastle in September. Although during his long illness he continued to joke, and his friends had hopes of his recovery, he and she knew better. 'The reason I have been and am so depressed' wrote Lady Osler in November, 'is because Sir William told me from the beginning it would end fatally and he is always right.' Before the old year had quite faded, telegrams and letters were once more pouring into "Open Arms" but the tributes of praise, unlike those of the previous July, were this time

mingled with expressions of universal grief, and added consoling words to her who, among the bereaved friends of their beloved physician, was most bereft of all. And so a few days later she once more felt 'the proudest of women' as through a mist of grief she saw among the fitting and beautiful surroundings of Christ Church Cathedral 'the mass of faces - men representing all that he loved, men who had come to do him honour.'

To her it seemed futile that she ("this lump" as she called herself) should be left when both her husband and son had been taken. But the "Way of Life," the habit that had been the rule of her house for thirty years, now stood her in good stead and, hard though it often was, she somehow managed to carry on because she knew Sir William would have wished it. Moreover, she soon found that, even if his body were ashes, his Spirit was still actively at work and that a glamour and a legend were growing up around the name of Osler which were to influence the life of many an eager young student. Whatever she herself may have felt at first about "Open Arms," the decision was speedily settled for her. Relations and old friends still begged and delighted in her hospitality, young men still brought their letters of introduction and the local calls upon her for practical help and sympathy were as numerous as ever. The house therefore deservedly retained its name and as much of its character as, with its chief actor gone, she who was left could with the aid of the spirit and atmosphere maintain. When she learned too that men, travelling from distant parts of the world, would break their journey at Oxford especially to see the house (sometimes only the outside) where Osler had lived, she saw plainly that it was possible for her, by fostering the Osler spirit, to win young men and their enthusiasms to the cause of medicine and humanity, and to this task she devoted the rest of her life.

Accordingly Sir William's death did not put an end to the "latchkeyers," and there were always three or four of these privileged and lucky young men. They were given the free run of the library - which really meant the whole of the house -, were encouraged to use the tennis court and were welcome to come and go as they liked. This privilege and the traditions of the house were together without parallel in Oxford and it is not to be wondered that, on Lady Osler's death, many considered that an epoch in Oxford was ended and that, for them, Oxford would never be the same again. These latchkeyers not only enjoyed all the wealth and inspiration of the Library (to say nothing of its devastating example for one or two who thereby became confirmed bibliomaniacs!), and absorbed some of the spirit of Osler and his work which pervaded the house but had also the rare opportunity of meeting the many interesting and often famous persons staying in or calling at "Open Arms." Then best of all there might perhaps be a few minutes for a quiet talk alone with Lady Osler herself when she would reminisce enchantingly about Sir William or herself, or ask questions about the latchkeyer's work and by her constant interest stimulate enthusiasms.

In one or two she took a special interest. She was desperately lonely at times, and it seemed to ease her spirit to be able to give to one or two of her favorites some of the generous devotion and personal interest she was unable to lavish on her own son. In their cause no trouble was ever too great, no difficulty ever unsurmountable. She seemed always to be thinking of them and of how she could serve them, planned delightful surprises and showered a thousand kindnesses upon them. She believed in her young men and woe betide any Professor or Don who, unfortunately for himself, didn't share her opinion of their capabilities or who would not stir themselves on their

behalf! These privileged ones adored her. They realised that it was not so much by reason of any particular virtue in themselves that they were singled out, as that they were inheriting something that, but for a world war, would have been Revere's and they repaid her with all the devotion that men, who were not actually her sons, could give her. When a latchkeyer went down she always missed him. 'It seems very unnatural' she writes to one, 'not to see you walking in at odd times and on the spot to help me at the tea-table. It has been a pleasure and is a pleasure to have had your young friendship. I am very interested for you and your future.....You will always find a warm welcome here.' And in the same way she followed their careers with continual encouragement and interest, and rejoiced in their success: 'I love to see you stepping up and up.' They looked for her letters - lesser replicas of her conversation - which were witty, pungent, almost staccato, evoking an instant picture and always containing some humorous and half depreciatory account of herself and of her own doings. In them would always be found Oxford news of special interest to any of "her boys," and two young men buried in a tiny village in Devonshire in the Easter vac of 1923 remember being excited to wild enthusiasm and gratitude by a telegram from her saying Oxford had won the Boat race. This was just a typical example of the many ways she thought of those whom she had taken in. Can any wonder that they thought there was no one else like her in the world?

And one of them now turns his thoughts back to the first time he met her and remembers, amusedly now, that he was a little frightened. She had all the air and manner of a Duchess as she sat stiff and straight at the tea-table and dispensed strong, very strong tea and often appeared abrupt in manner. In later days she was troubled with deafness and would suddenly

shoot out a question, and then she would suddenly hitch herself up and finger the folds of her dress - a mannerism that must linger in the memory of many others who knew her. Then she would relax and smile approvingly or appreciatively and one instantly forgot that one had ever felt uneasy. She was an incomparable hostess and no matter how many there were at her table she was always in command of the situation and knew exactly and instinctively how everything was going. She herself was a fascinating raconteuse and her listeners congratulated themselves when they had perhaps quite unsuspectingly given the conversation a turn or mentioned a name that awakened a chord in her memory. She had in the course of her long and "Official" life met most of the celebrities of the English speaking world, and her democratic New England upbringing allowed her to bring to bear on them an attitude that was fresh and entirely unprejudiced by ideas of snobbery or by false values. Her reminiscences were accordingly always unusual and pointed and her sense of the ridiculous keen but always kindly. In later years she became much less reserved and delighted her hearers with an apparently inexhaustible fund of anecdote. Her reminiscences would have made good reading as her friends often chaffed her.

After Sir William's death two special tasks were imposed upon her; the preparation of his biography and the carrying out of his wishes with regard to his Library. Her choice of Dr. Cushing as the biographer of her husband was a most happy one for he proved himself as skilful a writer as a surgeon and no one rejoiced more than Lady Osler when he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize (in the U.S.A.) for the best biography of the year. The four years prior to its publication certainly proved exacting in the constant calls upon her for material and details which of course allowed no chance for her wound

to heal. Of her own estimate of the Biography it was difficult to get more than a hint, or more than a statement that it was wonderfully done and that she thought people would like it, but she was highly gratified by its great suggess and its unexpectedly wide appeal. At first she seemed rather horrified that she and especially her letters figured so much in it but later she became reconciled and even joked about it. She gave away well over fifty copies of the Biography to friends and young students and of the many reviews and letters she received none pleased her so much as the enthusiastic appreciations from young men who, though they had never known Sir William in the flesh, felt after reading the biography that he was their friend, mentor and inspiration.

By his Will Sir William Osler had bequeathed to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, Montreal, the major portion of his library, - some 7600 bound volumes - illustrating the history of medicine and science. He also suggested that the books should not be sent to Canada until the catalogue, already painstakingly begun by him on original but strictly bibliographical lines, should have been completed; for he knew that continued reference to the Bodleian Library and to the British Museum would be necessary. Unfortunately for Lady Osler's peace of mind, the period necessary for completing the catalogue was very seriously underestimated from the outset. Had Sir Silliam fully realised the magnitude of the task, he would undoubtedly have left directions for the books to be handed over only at Lady Osler's death as the only alternative - negatived at once by the needs of the catalogue - would have been for the books to have been removed from Norham Gardens immediately after his death. As the years went by, Lady Osler anticipated with increasing apprehension the inevitable removal of the books, for it

really entailed the dismantling of the house, and at her age she very naturally became less and less anxious to contemplate moving from the house that had been her home for over twenty years and had such intimate associations for her; moreover she viewed with dismay the prospect of so many rooms with empty shelves and felt the character of the house would be lost. Yet when her friends urged her to keep the books until she died, she replied 'My New England conscience tells me it is due to McGill to let the books go.' So she bravely veiled her own anguish of spirit and set herself to carry out Sir William's wishes: the completion of the catalogue became her absorbing interest and legacy. She was constantly consulted about the purchase of books needed to fill important lacunae and herself generously contributed many volumes. She took a special interest in choosing bindings for Manuscripts and books that had remained unbound at Sir William's death and paid many visits to Mr. Maltby's bindery. Above all she was deeply moved by the interest in the catalogue taken by old friends of Sir William and herself and by her young "latchkeyers," all of whom vied one with another to contribute, whether in the erudite solution of some knotty point or in the mere verification of a reference. Visitors were frequent, for the Osler Library was widely known and many collectors and bibliographers, spending pleasant and useful hours among the books, will ever remember the ready and gracious welcome and hospitality they received. As the catalogue neared completion she felt comforted in considerable measure by the unstinted praise that came from all the experts who had seen the proof sheets, and she felt proud and happy that the Osler Catalogue would be a great and lasting contribution to medical bibliography. Although it had often sorely irked and mortified her sensitive and impatient spirit that the room at Montreal was ready and that the books were not there, yet in her heart

she deeply appreciated the mimute care and the determined and devoted labours of her nephew, Dr. Francis, to make the volume in every way worthy of its great collector.

Two gifts to the library gave special pleasure to her, and extracts from her letters relating to them give some idea of the intense interest and enthusiasm she took in the collection. The first letter relates to the gift of the 1653 edition, - the first in English - of Harvey's book "De Motu Cordis" describing the circulation of the blood.

Nov. 27. 1926. S. W. Hotel,
Southampton.

"I have just sent a cable, I am here to see the Mallochs off, - and the wonderful Harvey gift came just before we left Oxford. I hardly know what to say or how to thank you. Bill was jumping and Archie is still bursting with excitement. You know how the Harvey was needed and I am sure you will rejoice that you've been the one to fill the vacancy...Even Quaritch wrote an enthusiastic letter about it. Again my heartfelt appreciation of your gift.....

The second refers to the 1688 Dutch edition of the Works of Sir Thomas Browne, which alone was needed to complete Sir William's collection of "Religios." Only eight copies are known and this was the first copy to come into the market since 1900. Several collectors, learning the intended destination of this copy very generously refrained from bidding against the donor.

Mond. 19 Dec. 1927. "The Open Arms"

These have been two days of wild excitement. Yesterday morning a cable came from Mackall saying the longed for Treasure of 1688 was on its way from the Hague to me. It was a thrilling moment I can tell you....This morning the book arrived by post. My hand shook so I could hardly open it. It was not all joy because I felt sad to think Sir William was not here to open it and rejoice. It is in splendid condition - bound in vellum. Bill soon came in and has been holding tight on to it all day. He took it to Bodley and showed it to Mr. Gibson and Dr. Cowley - he says both were quite enthusiastic.

And I am sure in their hearts they were both envious. ..... I can never thank Mackall enough. It was truly splendid of him to give it.

The first boxes in which the books were to be packed for their transference to Canada arrived the day before Lady Osler died and she personally superintended their arrangement. She had previously, in her thoughtful, generous and methodical manner left a list containing the hundred names of friends, helpers and libraries to whom she wished a copy of the catalogue to be sent. Although she was not to see the catalogue in its final form, she could reasonably feel that her task was done - a task to which the dedication itself of the catalogue sets the final seal of true appreciation.

"TO THE MEMORY OF

DAME GRACE REVERE OSLER

IN ADMIRATION OF

HER COURAGE, PATIENCE, AND DEVOTION

THIS HER LAST TASK ACCOMPLISHED

IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED BY

THE EDITORS."

Of her many services to Oxford that to the Radcliffe Infirmary must be especially mentioned. She was on the Executive of the Committee of Management from 1920 until her death and one of her colleagues on the committee writes: 'her counsel was extremely valuable because of her capacity in the general management of affairs. She could see at once the right thing to do in any matter which concerned the domestic arrangements.' Another wrote at her death 'Others may take up her task but no one will replace those qualities of heart and mind which have made her what she was to every one of us at the Radcliffe - a very very dear friend and counsellor.' But perhaps what

endeared her to everyone were the informal visits at odd times, her many spontaneous and unobtrusive acts of kindness, her enthusiastic interest in all that concerned the welfare of the hospital. She was never sparing with her purse if money were needed for some immediate purpose but her gifts were always made quietly and very few had any idea of the extent of her benefactions during these years. She was a staunch friend of the Matron and nurses and when the Osler Pavilion was created for them, was continually providing some new comfort or small luxury of a personal nature to make their surroundings happier and pleasanter.

Her interest in Ewelme became greater than ever because upon Sir William's death she had been elected a Trustee of the Charity, the first woman to be so honoured. She often took friends out to see the almshouses and to attend the service at the Church, and made gifts at Christmas to all the almsmen. Of her other interests such as the Christ Church Mission, the Acland Home, the Tudor and Stuart Library in Baltimore founded in memory of Revere, the Osler Clubs and Societies to which she gave photographs of Sir William, etc., to mention only a few, there is no space here to write in detail; but everybody connected with them knew her sympathetic help and interest to be unflagging and felt the poorer when she died.

Once or twice a year she would visit Poperinge to see Revere's grave, and realising how much these visits comforted her she enthusiastically supported the Association that organised and made possible the visits abroad of poorer women to the grave of husband or son. At least one woman from Oxford can bear testimony to help personally given as a result of this bond of sympathy. War Memorials impressed her tremendously and she wrote and spoke feelingly of the services she attended, of the Burial of the Unknown

Warrior in Westminster Abbey, of the opening of the Scottish War Memorial in Edinburgh Castle, and of the dedication of the Menin Gate - 'its wonderful beauty, grandeur and solemnity. I nearly expired over the pipers standing in all their grandeur on the wall and playing that heart-breaking lament "The Flowers of the Forest." Unlike many who had also lost sons, she remained uncompromisingly hostile to the Germans and thought it dreadful when a party of them was welcomed to Oxford.

All these activities were really too much for a woman of over seventy years of age, and her friends became increasingly anxious. She herself felt the pace was too hot - 'Such a nice young man has just come to study medicine and brought various letters to me but I am really too old now to begin with new ones and I am always yearning for my old pets.' -, but she would not rest or give in for she knew that resting only meant remembrance of Sir William and Revere. Especially just before Christmas the strain would become intense: she would suddenly remember she hadn't sent a gift or a card to this or that person, and would dash out to a shop or sit down again at her desk. She had too much conscience and humility just to accept the homage and remembrance which, without any desire for acknowledgment, those who loved her delighted in paying. On Dec. 23, 1927 she had a slight stroke. Even then her actions were characteristic. On recovering, in case of a recurrence, she immediately wrote out a cheque that there should be no lack of money in the house, and refused to have her Christmas guests - otherwise homeless put off. A severe attack of "intestinal influenza" made it March before she was about again. Those who were with her immediately noticed a difference. Whereas formerly she had always joked about and made light of her ailments - she suffered especially from arthritis in her knee joint - ,

she now dwelled on them, and attempts to distract her attention from them always failed in the end. 'I've never been ill in my life,' she wrote 'and I'm not enduring it very patiently.' It irked her to be forced to breakfast in bed and she hated the other interferences with her daily routine. Visits to Cornwall and Scotland did nothing to mend matters though every now and again she seemed like her old self, and there would be a sudden flash of Humour in any letter she wrote. 'We have a most diverting waitress, looks like an old maid from Cape Cod. I think of buying her and sending her home for Julia to sell as an antique.' But she was always glad to be home again and hated to be away from the garden.

Two fears were now ever present. What would happen to her when the books went? Although she dreaded the thought of empty shelves, she felt equally that it was impossible to leave "Open Arms" and live anywhere else. 'A thousand plans enter my head for the future but I hardly dare think until I am well.' Her second fear was that she would be a cripple and permanent invalid and be a burden to her relations. Death seemed infinitely more tolerable. Especially she hated the thought of being given over to women. Although she had many women friends and many came to her for consolation and while her love for her sister was a very real and important part of her life, she had lived and moved more among men, and as she understood them so was understood by them. Probably she never realized how "downright" she was, a characteristic that perhaps appeals more to men than to women. She herself said she ought to have been a man.

On August 31, 1928, two days after the eleventh anniversary of Revere's death, she woke feeling rather more discomfort than usual. At breakfast time she asked her sister and Dr. John Fulton who were both in the house to go up to her. Their presence seemed to reassure her and she even joked about herself.

Suddenly her pulse stopped and there were signs of an onset of a left hemiplegia: without recovering consciousness and without any pain she died a few minutes later. Three days later her beloved Christ Church Cathedral was once more crowded to its doors by those who came to do homage to her memory: once more the copy of the 1862 edition of the Religio lay upon a purple pall and Peter Abelard's "O Quanta Qualia" was sung by a sweet voiced choir. Her ashes mingled with those of Sir William now rest in the library at McGill.

For all their grief and shock at her sudden death, those who loved her could only rejoice that she had been taken before her glorious vitality had suffered the eclipse she and all dreaded. With her passing many felt that a chapter in their lives and in the life of Oxford had ended, and that never again would they or Oxford meet with one in whom so many good qualities were combined. But her spirit lives on in the homes and hearts of these who knew and loved her; in homes which are sweeter and more earnest because the men and women who live in them once felt the spell and influence of "Open Arms"; in hearts that are richer and braver because they received the example of her selfless devotion, the lesson of her unflinching spirit and the benediction of her gracious personality.