

J. White's illness

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From one friend, Dr. White was never to hear again. Henry James lay very ill in London, his keen mind dimmed, his eager spirit groping in the dark. The English Government had conferred upon him the Order of Merit, and Lord Bryce carried it to his bedside on New Year's Day. Happily, the sick man was fully conscious of the honour done him. "He knew his old friends," wrote Miss Emily Sargent to Dr. White, "and said a few words of thanks and appreciation, quite in his old style. We are so very glad he could grasp and enjoy this pleasure."

Osler, writing a few days later, expressed the same generous satisfaction in this final recognition of great qualities. "Was it not splendid that they gave Henry James the O.M., - really the highest literary distinction in England? Everybody is delighted. Mrs. Asquith was asking for you the other day. Your martial spirit made a great impression upon those politicians. I wish you and Roosevelt were in the Cabinet. This house is still a junk shop. A hundred and ninety barrels of apples, and two thousand dollars, came to Grace at Christmas from Canada and the United States. We had the house full of men from the front, chiefly relatives. Eighteen members of my family are serving.