

FROM H. C.'s DIARY.Sunday, Jan'y 19th, 1919.

The Oslers'. A week-end party of a Sue Chapin of two generations, Marion Emmons, Willie Francis, Jason Mixter and Miss Fay. Very much like old times. Sir William in his old form. The great Index going on apace, with many accessions every day ranging from an Assyrian medical tablet to some small tract or other.

He and Lady O. are planning to set aside a fund for an E.R.O. Library in Baltimore, in purpose something I judge like the Elizabethan Club in New Haven. Revere's Tudor and Stuart books are to be the nucleus and Sir William will add much more from his own collection.

I cannot imagine anyone ever having gathered a more personal library than his - hardly a volume without some interesting association or some attached letter or notes which give it great value. I picked up the thin Edgerton Y. Davis volume last night and read his note with great delight. Someone, some day, is going to be greatly puzzled. There is also an extraordinary collection of Walt Whitman things - a large volume of personal clippings - most interesting.

In the afternoon to see Singer who is getting on well with the Memorial Volume. His own contribution a new find in an MS. belonging to the Royal Society - a miniature painting of Cosm^os and Damian showing the transplantation of the leg of a negro to a white man, with God in a sea of Cherubims looking on from above.

Sunday the 19th Jan'y; later. A dinner at Christ Church in the Hall -
 the first time in three years they have dined there - about a hundred stu-

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dents all told. We sat at the high table - Dons and Fellows - I alone in uniform except one or two of the waiters. The war is surely over.

It was very fine, Woolsey's dining hall by candlelight. I sat by the Professor of Moral Philosophy - Stewart, a Greek scholar and Platonist, a fine old gentleman who for all the world looked like Newman, whom he said he had heard preach in the Catholic Church in Oxford the first time he had been back since his conversion 25 years before. In due course to the Common Room for fruit, nuts and port - excellent and seductive I may add. Here the Fellows rule, and the Dean comes by suffrance, - a fine room too, with a few paintings, one by Franz Hals and a treasure it is, but mostly engravings and mezzotints - one wall with Governor Generals of India from C. C. - another with Prime Ministers ditto - Salisbury being the last. Mr. Hassell sat at the end of the table where the mathematical Dodson of "Alice's Adventures" used to sit, invariably entertaining. It was all very pleasant, and they began to smoke after the port and with the onset of coffee before going to the smoking-room proper, a break in tradition ^{which they regard as a custom} ascribed to W. O. - ^{to} or the war possibly, for the Fellows have dined in this room the past three years.

We went into the smoking-room later and there was interesting converse - all the way from Pope's skull, said to be in a strong-box in London and for sale! The story was told. It goes back to a purchase by Spurzheim for his collection, and many subsequent vicissitudes. Then Thomas Brown's skull at Norwich - Ben Johnson's also - and we pass on to a pomander produced by one ^{of the Dons -} ~~Earter~~, reader in law - and we get on to the Member from Oxford, for there is a vacancy and both parties, Unionists and Conservatives, have each begged Osler to stand as a fusion candidate, but he refuses and is backing

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Asquith for whom he is trying to get unanimous support. Asquith a poor boy from Winchester, through Oxford to the Premiership, all on his brains. But Sir William will have a hard time in pulling it through. All this is a far cry from prophylaxis against venereal disease but somehow it came up, on the heels of the "bone dry" legislation of the U.S.A., and Osler said the Times protested against the letter of warning which he and several others signed and which only after a personal appeal they finally published.

So promptly at 9.30 home and to bed with a hot-water bottle and Walt Whitman's "Memoranda During the ^{Cine} War". It has a very modern sound. ~~He~~ ^{"the song"} says: "The marrow of the tragedy is concentrated in the hospitals" - - - "unnamed, unknown, remained and still remain, the bravest soldiers." } ^{aw-hopes on} In the summer of 1864, when on his daily and nightly rounds of the hospitals, he wrote:

"We have undoubtedly in the United States the greatest military power - an exhaustive, intelligent, brave and reliable rank and file - in the world, any land, perhaps all lands. The problem is to organize this in the manner fully appropriate to it, to the principles of the Republic, and to get the best service out of it. In the present struggle as already seen and reviewed, probably three fourths of the losses, men, lives, &c., have been sheer stupidity, extravagance, waste. The body and bulk came out more and more superb - the practical military system, directing power, crude illegitimate - worse than deficient, offensive, radically wrong."

I wonder if Walt Whitman had been acting as a Red Cross worker in one of our hospitals, say at Evacuation No. 7 at Coulommiers in 1918, whether he would not have written the same lines.

"Such was the war. It was not a quadrille in a ball-room. Its interior history will not only never be written, its practicality, minutia of deeds and passions, will never be even suggested. The active soldier of 1862-'65, North and South, with all his ways, his incredible dauntlessness, habits, practices, tastes, language, his appetite, rankness, his superb strength and animality, lawless gait.

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and a hundred unnamed lights and shades of camp - I say, will never be written - perhaps must not be and should not be."

We speak of the Civil War as a war between gentlemen, but I fear the passions aroused in men are the same and always will be. Witness the story of Moseby's band and the ambulance train as told by W. W.