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Mar 3 '18  
H.C.  
Dunn

Oxford and wintry cold, though things are growing and prunus blossoms are out. Even the wall peaches in bud. The usual miscellaneous gathering here. Sir James Fowler who quickly gets in mufti - Miss Nutting's young nephew a Canadian signalier convalescing from wounds - Sue Chapin and me. Tea and many appear, including the Robert Chapins; then much over books in the library, where enters a strange pair - the enthusiastic Charles Singer, he of the "Studies in the History and Method of Science" which begins with the visions of St. Hildegarde, - young, aggressive, Hebraic; the other an aged and shriveled University Professor of Spanish with some rare medical incunabulas under his arm. Singer, whose wife is another like him, wants to roto-graph all the notable medical manuscripts and have them deposited in America for the benefit of future scholars - much easier to work from than the originals. He and his maxillary Mrs. are now cataloguing all the Anglo-Saxon texts and incidentally going through the several thousand manuscripts in the Bodleian which is a good year's work begun on a basis of some 40,000 cards; he wishes too edit the medical history of the war, and a few other aspirations burn within him.

And W. O. sails through <sup>there</sup> the interruptions as though they were the very things he cordially longed for, with no secretary and <sup>unfinished notes</sup> on his letter pad - papers everywhere - that is everywhere there were no books. Meanwhile he finds time among other things to write for the Veterinary Review an account of Lucien Dorbon's "Essai de Bibliographie Hippique" which happens to have crossed his path. ~~But the poor man is a shadow of his former self.~~

<sup>Some of the USA, orthodoxists - n fer.</sup>  
Thaxter and Van Corder in after dinner, and then more books till it's over late. The rare MS of the Canons of Avicenna and the strange way it was acquired from Persia by Dr. Sa'erd, a Christianized Kurd. The state of the catalogue and its divisions B. prima; B. secunda; B. historia et biographia; B. literaria ~~it~~ - it will be as large as a volume of the index catalogue. Among the accessions, such as this: Averroes (1126-1198) 1482 folio; Gothic characters; two columns; 50 lines; 116 leaves; no pagination; signatures a-q. 20 lines - 82 mm. So that it does not correspond with any of Proctor's measured types, etc., etc., with Hain #2189 - Copinger - Pellechet; what Mrs. Dunn the former owner says about it and the colophon and then W. O's note which I copy as a sample -

"Considering the extraordinary vogue of Averroes it is remarkable how few copies there are of the original Padua edition of the great commentary and of this ed. prim. of the Calliget. At the Dunn sale, 1917, the B.M. withdrew their bid (having spent all their <sup>available cash</sup> money I-H.C.) which enabled me to get this copy. I hesitated a long time whether or not to put Averroes in B.P. I have done so less on medical than on general grounds: (1) because the history of the profession offers no parallel to the influence he exercised for more than 400 years on human thought; (2) he was the great heretic; (3) he was the "great commentator" on Aristotle, to whose writings scholars still turn for the interpretation of dark passages; (4) he blazed a trail seemingly back to Aristotle but actually leading forward to nature (Neuberger).

Renan's "Averroes and Averroisme" (1852-1866) depicts the struggles of the mediaeval mind and its relation to Arabian thought. It is surprising to read "Albert (Albertus Magnus) doit tout à Avicenne; Saint Thomas, comme philosophe, doit presque tout à Averroes" p. 236. Of Renan's book Gauthier says: "Après plus d'un demi-siècle, ce bel ouvrage n'a plus cessé de faire autorité" in La Théorie d Paris, 1909; from the introduction to which the student will have an idea of the difficulty of getting really at the heart of the Arabians.

(Told me 3.1.18 by Prof. of Moral Phil. Oxford.);

The above is just a sample of the cards and their contents. And then much about Thomas Bodley who "concluded at the last to set up my Staffe at the Library doore in Oxford; being thoroughly persuaded that in my solitude and surcease from the commonwealth affaires, I could not busy myself to better purpose, &c" - this at the end of his autobiography of sixteen pages - one of the best autobiographies ever written. He first got all his friends to bring books, and they would tell prelates who might be visiting Oxford to take an armful of books to Bodley - which they would do, pilfering them from their church stores of M.M.S., and hence in the Bodleian are rare manuscripts from Exeter and Cairo and everywhere which were really stolen, and which these other places have moved Heaven and Earth to get back.

So to bed reading an amazing privately printed and rather vitriolic volume called "Astarte - a Fragment of Truth Concerning George Gordon Byron" as Recorded by his Grandson the Earl of Lovelace.

W. O. and Sir James to supper at Christ Church. Ours at home, and afterward a long talk with Lady O. about Revere and their tragedy - the months of dread - of the telephone, the messenger boy, the postman. Whenever she met the little telegraph boy, he used to shake his head - not for you today. In Revere's kit which finally came was his pocket-book with the names and addresses of W. O.'s former German friends Müller, Ewald and others, in case the boy was taken prisoner - no thought that it might have gotten him into trouble if found on this side of the wire.

Monday, Mar. 4th. 10.30 A.M.

A cold, still, leaden day - no rain nor snow, but might have brought either. W. O. in his Lt. Col.'s uniform and to Clevedon to visit No. 15 Canadian. By the old Oxford-London turnpike; the Harcourt place; Dorchester Abbey; the Chiltern Hills; Chillingford and the Thames; the Henley mile, Henley and the hill over the river; Maidenhead; Taplow. Very beautiful; the elms just pink with their buds, the gorse in yellow bloom, the many forests of lovely beech trees.

Col. Mewburn from Calgary in charge of the Surgical Division - a visit to the neurological cases with the whole group of the Surgical Staff - very good cases - Mrs. Astor pops in and abuses one of the "Tommies", a huge Yorkshire man - tells him to get up he hasn't any guts. He does and she belabors him with her riding whip. He roars with delight. She's doubtless the best psychotherapist in the establishment; they all adore her. Everyone thinks it's the best military hospital over here; I rather think so too.

Lunch in their mess, I having to make a speech. Then picking up Harry Wright, and to the house where Mrs. Astor and the children and two English friends of hers are eating American hash. Adorable children - two of them rowdies, she says, like her. Very full of politics and Lloyd George and Bonar Law and the Labour leaders and manufactueres who were at the house the night before for a conference. They too, apparently eat out her hand.

Then to Marlow and with some M. D.'s on to a consultation with an African diamond King who now has hobnails in his liver. So back over the Chiltern Hills where they are cutting much timber - through Stotenchurch - home to tea where are many people as usual. W.O. slips away and takes me on a round of visits, evidently to people who have children - some of his many darlings who find things in his pockets and cuddle about him while he tells a story before they go to bed, when he flits to the next, and sends me to see the Wrights who are very nice and the Singers who are very peculiar but shower me with historical books and pamphlets.

Supper and a quiet evening over books - his collection of anaesthesia papers and how they are to go in the catalogue - the Memorandum of Post-graduate Medical Teaching -

poor Singer's difficulties with Magdalen, his own college - and everything else under the sun except Revere. Then he goes to bed while I write this, but he has just slipped in with a small notebook bound in vellum and put it here - Revere's book purchases with the dates and occasions. Such entries as this - "I sent the bid for this from <sup>from</sup> Manquet Farm on the Somme, Dec. 6th, '16. Poems on Several Occasions; Chas Cotton Lond. 1689, 1st ed. Sotheby H 3-12-6". The last note, May 14th <sup>made during</sup> ~~on his last leave~~ <sup>"May 14/17"</sup> ~~just before~~ <sup>we came over.</sup> "Dobell's Meditations on the four last things, Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, 4th ed.<sup>n</sup> H 2-2-0" .