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Bibliotheca Osleriana.

I

Introduction.

The Collection of a Library.

A country parson's house in Canada in the fifties of sixties had rarely a literary atmosphere. My father's library, of about 1500 volumes, was chiefly theological the usual commentaries, Scott, Henry and others, with Bingham, Pearson and the common run of the English divines. There were a few old books, a Breeches Bible, and an early Stow's Chronicle. Having been at sea, he was fond of books of travel of Layard, of Rawlinson, of Livingstone. Sunday reading is remembered as a trial. Even now to see a person with a novel on Sunday gives a reflex shock a reminiscence of early training! George Borrow was a delight. As a missionary his books could not be hurtful, even on Sunday, and the Bible in Spain, Gipsies in Spain and even Lavengro were not taboo.

No little pride was taken in the books of my father's eldest brother, Edward, a Surgeon in Truro, whose Life of Lord Exmouth, Church and King, and a volume of poems seemed to confer a literary flavor on the family; and at Church what a pleasure to see his name opposite certain well known hymns! Later to know that monographs by him had appeared in the Transactions of the Royal Society was an additional source of pride.

At Weston, with the Warden and Founder of the Trinity College School, the Rev. W. A. J. Johnson, came the first opportunity to see scientific books elementary manuals on Geology, botany and microscopy.

Griffith's Micrographic Dictionary, Ehrenberg's Infusoria, Smith on Diatoms, Ralf on Desmids, Carpenter and Beale on the Microscope introduced us to a book world very different to Arnold and Anthon and Todhunter. Mr. Johnson was a Canadian White of Selborne, and knew the ways and works of nature. A good field botanist, a practical palaeontologist, an ardent microscopist, he had a rare gift for imparting knowledge and inspiring enthusiasm. One of his books is kept, Beale's How to Work with the Microscope (), in grateful memory of happy school days.

The year at Trinity College, Toronto, ('67 '68) put me on the right track. To Weston, Dr. Bovell of Toronto had been a frequent visitor as his friend, the Warden had an enviable technique with the microscope. He would arrive on Saturday with materials for section, or with a small animals for injection. To be interested was enough to enlist one's help, if only in clearing up the shocking mess, stained with the carmine that was left on the study table. Arthur J. Johnson, the Warden's son, had already begun the study of medicine, and it became our custom to spend the Saturdays with Dr. Bovell, cutting section, with Valentin's knife, grinding bones or teeth for microscopic slides, or keeping the aquaria stocked with pond material likely to contain good specimens of algae, amoebae etc. In the late afternoon Dr. Bovell would often take me to his lecture at the Toronto School of Medicine. In this congenial atmosphere what wonder that Euripides, Aeschylus, Livy and Horace, were dull; conic sections and trigonometry became an abomination and Pearson and Hooker a delusion. In October 1868, I entered the Toronto School of Medicine.

In 1836 copy

It has been remarked that for ^a young man the privilege of browsing in a large and varied library is the best introduction to a general education. My opportunity came in the winter of '69 '70. Having sent his family to the West Indies Dr. Bovell took consulting rooms in Spadina Avenue, not far away from his daughter, Mrs. Barwick, with whom he lived. He gave me a bedroom in the house, and my duties were to help him to keep appointments an impossible job! and to cut sections and prepare specimens. Having catholic and extravagant tastes he had filled the rooms with a choice and varied collection of books. After a review of the work of the day came the long evening for browsing, and that winter gave me a good first hand acquaintance with the original works of many of the great masters. After fifty years the position in these rooms of special books is fixed in my mind Morton's Crania Americana, Annesley's Diseases of India, with the fine plates, the three volumes of Bright, the big folios of Dana, the monographs of Agassiz. Dr. Bovell had a passion for the great physician naturalists, and it was difficult for him to give a lecture without a reference to John Hunter. The diet was too rich and varied, and contributed possibly to the development of my somewhat "splintery" and illogical mind; but the experience was valuable and aroused an enduring interest in books. In such a decade of mental tumult as the sixties, really devout students, of whom Dr. Bovell was one, were sore let and hindered, not to say bewildered, in attempts to reconcile Genesis and Geology. It seems scarcely credible, but I heard a long debate on Phillip Henry Gosse's (of, to me blessed memory) Omphalos, an attempt to untie the Geological Knot. A dear old parson, Canon Read,

stoutly maintained the possibility of the truth of Gosse's view that the strata and the fossils had been created by the Almighty to test our faith! A few years ago reading Father and Son which appeared anonymously, the mention of this extraordinary Omphalos work revealed the identity, and, alas! to my intense regret, the personality of the father as Philip Henry Gosse.

Of this mental struggle the students reaped the benefit for Dr. Bovell was much more likely to lecture on what was in his mind than on the schedule, and a new monograph on Darwin or a recent controversial pamphlet would occupy the allotted hour. One corner of the library was avoided. With an extraordinary affection for mental and moral philosophy he had collected the works of Locke and Berkeley, Kant and Hegel, Spinoza and Descartes, as well as those of the moderns. He would joke upon the impossibility of getting me to read any of the works of these men, but at Trinity, '67 '68, I attended the lectures on Natural Thology, and he really did get us interested in Cousin and Jouffroy and others of the French School. Three years of association with Dr. Bovell were most helpful. Books and the Man! the best the human mind has afforded was on his shelves, and in him all that one could desire in a teacher a clear head and a loving heart. Infected with the Aesculapian spirit he made me realize the truth of those memorable words in the Hippocratic oath, 'I will honour as my father the man who teaches me the Art'.

The first book bought was the Globe Shakespeare, the second the 1862 edition, Boston, of the Religio Medici, both of which were close companions of my student days. The Skakespeare was stolen and the

curse of Bishop Ernulphus have often been invoked on the son of Belial who took it; the Browne, bought in 1867, is the father of my Browne collection. In it is a touching association, as in this volume only of this section of the library is found the book plate of my boy, his own design and etching. He claimed it for his life time, promising that it should should the collection at his death. With the Brownes is Varia or Readings from Rare books by Friswell, (given me by my eldest brother) the article in which introduced me, I think to the Religio.

In 1870 my kind preceptor joined his family in the West Indies, and urged me to go to Montreal for better clinical opportunities. He sent word to Arthur Johnson and me to take a selection of books from his library, but it was sold before we had the opportunity. A few of his books, which he had lent me, have been carefully kept (). The Niemeyer (English translation), Simon's Pathology, Chambers' Renewal of Life, can still be read with pleasure.

The long vacations were periods of profitable study, with a borrowed microscope and books from Mr. Johnson and Dr. Bovell, Lyell's Principles of Geology, Darwin's Voyage and the Origin were read, and in collecting Diatoms, Desmids, Algae and fresh water Polyzoa the available literature on these subjects was studied. My first appearance in print was in connection with the finding of diatoms etc. in a frozen spring on the road between Dundas and Hamilton and it is amusing to note, even at the very start of my ink pot career, a fondness for tags of quotations this one from Horace, in those days a familiar friend (Science Gossip).

The summer of 1871, spent at Montreal, brought me into almost filial relations with Dr. Palmer Howard, whose library was at my disposal. Wilks' Pathological Anatomy was my handbook, and the post mortems were worked out from its pages. The old system prevailed of writing a thesis for the degree a most perfunctory and evil habit, as then carried out, but it served me in good stead. Mine was a report, with the specimens, on fifty post mortems. So profuse in his praises was Dr. Fraser, the Professor of the Institutes of Medicine, who had read the thesis that the Faculty voted me a special prize of books, all of which remain in the library for "the sake of auld lang syne". One of them, Sanderson and Klein's Handbook for the Physiological Laboratory, became a stand by. From October to Jan. 1873 in the Chemical Laboratory of the Pathologisches Institut, Berlin, the patient soul of the good Salkowski was sorely tried in helping me to work through Lauder Brunton's section on physiological chemistry. Taking with me to London an order for the books on S. and J. Nock, for years, indeed from the foundation of the school, the Faculty's agent, I proceeded to Hart Street, Bloomsbury. The shop was an indescribable clutter of books, and the brothers Nock, far advanced in years, were wierd and dessicated speciments of humanity. They had a keen interest in the Faculty, and had remembered Howard, Wright and MacCallum when they were students in London in 1849 50. During the winter session I lived with the much loved Arthur Browne, a fellow student, afterwards Professor of Obstetrics at McGill, a keen lover of English literature to whom I owe my introduction to Coleridge and Lamb.

Many books were used but few bought in the two years spent in Europe. The Students' Library at University College was very good, and for the special work in the Physiological Library, Professor Burdon Sanderson or Mr. (now Sir Edward) Schafer got the monographs and works of reference. Luther Holden introduced me to the College of Surgeons Library, and Arthur Durham to the Library of the Medico Chirurgical Society. One book ^{Physiologie Researches} (John Davy M.D. 1863) _{SS. 4. 10} is an interesting souvenir of this period and of a notable man. Professor Sharpey had resigned the previous year but was much about the laboratory, and often came to my desk in a friendly way to see the progress of my blood studies. One evening he asked me to dinner; Kölliker, Allen Thomson and Dornh were there. When saying goodbye he gave me Davy's Researches with an autograph inscription. There were cobwebs in my pockets in Berlin and Vienna and only the most necessary text books were bought. On leaving Vienna I could not resist Bilioth's Coccobateria septica, an expensive quarto, with beautiful plates a curious pre Kochian attempt to associate bacteria with disease, and now of value only as illustrating the futility of brains without technique.

Returning to Canada in July 1874 a berth was waiting the Lectureship on the Institutes of Medicinem which necessitated an immediate course of predatory reading in preparation for the delivery of 100 lectures!

The McGill Library, founded by Dr. Holmes, the first Dean, had many old books, and a pretty complete file of the English Journals,

with a few French, as the Archives Generales de Medicine, but no recent German periodicals. A Book and Journal Club, started about 1876, lasted for a few years and helped with new books and foreign journals. Palmer Howard was the only free buyer in Montreal, and from him one could always get the French monographs and journals. Complete sets of Virchow's Archiv, the Deutsches Archiv f. Klin. Med., the Centralblatt f. d. Wissenschaften Med., Wagner's Archiv., and Max Schattze's Archiv., were collected, and a good many valuable books on Medicine and Natural History. Canadian Journals on Science and Medicine were bought, and a nearly complete set, collected. All that remains in the present collection is the Canada Med. and Surgical Journal, vols. 1 () which are kept for the sake of my early contributions. The Quebec Medical Journal, 1827, the first published in Canada, was not in Montreal. Wishing to see it I asked Judge Tessier of Quebec, a son of the editor, to send me his copy, which he did. This was in 1883. One day Fenwick, our Professor of Surgery, who had an excellent Journal Library, saw it on my table. I never saw it again; nor did Judge Tessier. He wrote to Philadelphia repeatedly, at first politely, and then bitterly. Though particeps criminis in this disgraceful transaction, I could do nothing with the dear old rascal. Only please, to ease my soul, as I have never been able to replace it, will my librarian, should opportunity offer, buy the Quebec Med. Journal, 1827, and give it to any descendant of Dr. Tessier, or failing him to one of the Quebec Libraries. What became of the copy?

Except my student text books () a few of Dr. Bovell's books, and a few special treasures as Virchow's Gessamnelte Abhandlungen, nothing remains of my Montreal Library. A few books in general literature were bought. Connected with one is a good story. One leaving Berlin, Dec. 1873, while ordering Virchow's Archiv at Reimers I saw on the desk the prospectus of Schmidt's Skakespeare's Lexicon, which I asked to be sent to me as soon as published. In Oct. 1875 I moved from Victoria Square up Beaver Hall Hill to rooms with Mr. King, an Englishman, employed in the Custom House, who had but one thought in life Shakespeare. He had an excellent library in which I very often spent a pleasant hour. He was a dear old man, much esteemed, and always ready to spend more than he could afford on his hobby. One afternoon at the College, just before my lecture, the postman left on the table a parcel from Reimers and to my delight it was Schmidt's Concordance, which had really been forgotten. My first thought was "how happy Mr. King will be to see it". I looked at it hurriedly, but with much anticipatory pleasure. On my return to the house, Mr. King, who had just come in, was sitting by the fire and greeted me in his cheery way with "What's that you've got?" "Something that will rejoice your heart", I said, and deposited the work in his lap. The shock of the realization of a life long dream a complete concordance of Shakespeare seemed to daze the old man. He had no further interest in me and not a word did he say. I never again saw my Schmidt's Concordance! For months he avoided me, but helping him one day on the stairs, my manner showed that Schmidt was forgotten, and he never referred to it again. The

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work went to McGill College with his Shakespeare collection. When in the Library in 1912 I asked for the first edition of Schmidt, and was glad to see my book again after nearly forty years. This story is written on the fly leaf as a warning to bibliomaniacs!

^{my?} Former association ^{is(?)} books of this period there remains a deep affection. In Vienna von Brucke, to whom I had a letter of introduction, asked me to attend his lectures on Physiology, but the clinical courses made it impossible, except occasionally. The Vorlesungen, advertised to appear before I left Vienna, was ordered, and in the autumn of 1874 anxiously awaited. To prepare four lectures on physiology and one on pathology each week was a heavy task, Dr. Drake, my predecessor, very kindly offered me his set, but I struggled through until Christman, working often until 2 a.m. To my delight Brucke's Volessungen arrived in the vacation. The problem of the lectures for the next term became a simple business of translation!

Leaving Montreal in 1884 my collection of Canadian scientific and medical Journals, which was fairly complete lacking however the Quebec Medical Journal! went to the McGill Medical Faculty, where they escaped the fire, and are still housed. If I remember aright, they were well bound, and the collection cost me not a little time and money. It was a useful job which put me into touch with the scientific side of Canadian life, especially in Geology, the study of which had fascinated me at school.

The five years spent in Philadelphia, 1884-1889 were fruitful in two directions. I became associated with a first class medical

library. The College of Physicians, founded in 1787, had for one of its special objects the establishment of a library. In the discourse delivered 6 February 1787, by Benjamin Rush on the objects of the institution, he states that "the library has already been established, and now consists of a number of valuable books". In 18 I joined the library committee of the college, and had as my colleagues, among others Weir Mitchell, Minis Hays and F.P. Henry.

A library is usually the result of the enthusiasm of one or two men. Billings made the great library in Washington; the Boston Medical Library grew up about Chadwick. The Philadelphia College library had not prospered very greatly in the middle of the century, but in 1864 Dr. Samuel Lewis, a West Indian, and an Edinburgh graduate, came to Philadelphia and for years devoted time and money to extending its scope. He was an old man in 1884 but still active mentally, and it was his habit to go to the library every morning and look over the catalogues and see the new books that had come in. An important section of the library is rightly called after his name. It was about this time, too, that Dr. Weir Mitchell became interested in the library and to him more than anyone is due the extraordinary growth of the collections and the ever increasing devotion of the profession of Philadelphia to the college. In Charles Perry Fisher the college found an ideal librarian, intelligent, civil, and helpful. The honorary librarian, Frederick P. Henry, was a man of keen judgement in the matter of books, and a scholarly student of the best literature. It has been a pleasure to keep in touch with the college and its interests, and now and then I have been able to get a special treasure for

its library. I induced them to buy the Huth copy of the Editio Princeps of Celsus, 1478 a superb copy, the best I have ever seen except the famous Grolier copy in the British Museum. Quaritch asked a shocking price for it, as the binding was of special value, at the Huth sale he only paid £ for it. One of the most interesting books I procured for the college was Rosslin's famous Der Frawen Rosengarten, the first book published on obstetrics. Lang of Rome sent an unknown 1508 edition on approval. It came bound with a group of early 16th century pamphlets. It proved to be the 1513, the impression, and curiously enough, he had mistaken the old fashioned ten () for five. On account of the binding and the included pamphlets, he asked a very high price, £80, which we reduced considerably. An item of peculiar interest to the college was an extensive set of plates and pamphlets relating to Siamese Twins which I bought at the George Dunn sale in 1915, as the specimen from the twins is in the college museum. I sent the collection on condition that it should be made as complete as possible.

The atmosphere of Philadelphia was literary; in college circles everyone wrote, and my pen and brain got a good deal of practice. I worked for Lea Bros. on the Medical News with Minis Hays, the Editor, Sam Gross and Parvin; and I devilled for Pepper for his System of Medicine, writing, in addition to my own sections, those of Janeway on certain of the diseases of the heart.

The other direction referred to was in general education. My practice was to read for an hour at the Club (Rittenhouse) after dinner. The library was good, and many standard works were read for the first

time, particularly American authors, as Emerson, Lowell, Franklin. My commonplace book dates from 1882, but the entries did not become numerous until after 1884. My library grew rapidly; important German and French sets were completed. At this time my interest began in the American Masters of Medicine, and some of the special treasures as Jones, (), Morgan, (), Cary () were picked up in Philadelphia. On leaving in the spring of 1889, nearly 1000 volumes, chiefly journals which I knew were in Baltimore, were distributed to various libraries.

To the date of my transfer to Baltimore with a comparatively small income (but quite sufficient for my needs) only the more important books and journals could be bought. With a bigger salary and a library represents the mind of its collector, his fancies and foibles, his strength and weakness, his prejudices and preferences. Particularly is this the case if the characters of a collector he adds or tries to add the qualities of a student who wishes to know the books and the lives of the men who wrote them. The friendships of his life, the phases of his growth, the vagaries of his are all represented, increasing income I began to buy (1) the early books and pamphlets relating to the profession in America; (2) the original editions of the great writers in science and in medicine; and (3) the works of general authors as Sir Thos. Browne, Milton, Shelley, Keats and others. Catalogues, German French and English appeared at the breakfast table, and were always in my bag for Railway reading. Summer trips to Eng; and the Continent, often of three months' duration,

gave time for reading, and my interest got deeper and deeper in then history of medicine and in the lives of the great men of profession. The association with Billings and Welch was a stimulus, and the Historical Club of the Johns Hopkins Hospital awakened no little enthusiasm. In the class room more and more attention was paid to the historical side of questions, (see) and at my Saturday evening meetings, after the difficulties of the week were discussed, we usually had before us the editions of some classic. Altogether the foundation was laid for an successful avocation without the addition of which to his vocation no man should be called successful (so President Gilman used to say). Buying freely English and foreign books, and with a subscription list of more than forty Journals the house was soon overrun, but except special ones they were passed on to my friends or to the libraries. My collegeaes in the old Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of the State of Maryland and very soon found that I was really fonder of books than of anything else, and to help its library escape from the dingy quarters in St. Paul Street, first to the bright house in Hamilton Place and then to the present handsome building, was one of the great pleasures of my life. That my name is associated with the Hall of the Faculty, as Oliver Wendall Holmes is with the Boston Medical Library, as David Hossack's with the Academy of Medicine in New York, and as Weir Mitchell's with the College of Physicians, Philadelphia, is a touching tribute of affection from men who knew me and whom I loved. We owed much to Marcia Noyes, the first whole time librarian and to the devoted Dr. Eugene Cordell, the historian of the Faculty.

The bidding rose rapidly and crossed this limit to be knocked down very precipitately at, I think, £3400. We could easily have sold duplicates up to £500 or raised the extra money. There were many good items in the collection and I am glad for the sake of Dr. Payne's memory that it has been kept together and it is well housed in the Welcome Historical Museum. To have now the Library of the School and Hospital united in a building named after Dr. Henry M. Hurd is a fitting acknowledgment of his devotion to the literary side of our foundations,

On leaving Baltimore in 1905 sets of Journals, Monographs and many works on general literature were distributed among friends and the Libraries. A good beginning had been made in an attempt to get the original editions of the great authors in Medicine. The Sir Thomas Browne collection was nearly complete. For some years Dr. Harvey Cushing and I had bought everything of Vesalius that was offered. We had six copies one evening of the Ed. prin. (1543) on exhibition. With the cash in pocket the book is impossible to resist, and I have distributed six copies to Libraries. Forgetting what I had done, I took out in 1907 a copy to McGill, and showed it with pride to Dr. Shepherd, the librarian, who pointed out in one of the show cases a very much better example presented by me some years before! Thinking it would be a very acceptable present to the Boston Library Association (in which I had a personal interest through Dr. James Chadwick and Dr. E. H. Brigham), I took the volume to Dr. Farlow who looked a bit puzzled and amused. "Come upstairs" he said, "and there in a case in the Holmes room, spread open at the splendid title page was the

1543 edition, and on a card beneath, "the gift of Dr. Osler". I had better luck at New York, where the volume found a resting place in the library of the Academy of Medicine.

An association book of rare interest () is connected with my departure from Baltimore. My messmates in the "Ship of Fools", a social club, gave dinner, and presented me with Voltaire's *Henriade* bound by Padaloup and with an autograph verse of Voltaire's to his physician Da Silva.

The years spent in the United States, 1884 1905 brought "troops of friends" whose affection is part of my life; they brought me too into sympathetic touch with another company, those firends of the spirit, the great and good men of the past who through much tribulation handed on the torch to our generation. It was the height of my ambition as a teacher to live up to the ideals of Morgan and Rush, of Hossack and Gerrard, of Bartlett and Drake, of Jackson and Bigelow. To know and to make known students the lives and works of these men was a labor of love. Their works were collected and, what is more, read, and a regret remains that lack of time prevented the completion of many projected bio-bibliographical sketches.

Oxford brought two things leisure and opportunity. Not that more time necessarily means more work. My literary output from 1905 1915 is noy yo be compared with that between 1895 1905, but there were heavy arrears to make up in general and special reading, without which this catalogue (still far from completion) could never

have been attempted. The opportunity was great. A Curator of the Bodleian (ex officio) and a Delegate of the Press is forced into the most bookish circles of the University. Very soon there was the feeling that a day had not been^well spent if altogether away from Bodley. I envied the men who could be there all day and every day. There are greater libraries, there are more convenient libraries, but for solid comfort and "atmosphere" give me a seat in Duke Humphrey or a table at the Selden end! In his autobiography (perhaps the best ever written, all the essentials in 16 pages!) Bodley gives the four qualifications which encouraged him to set up his staff at the library door of Oxford: leisure, knowledge, friends and purse ability. His letters between shew how successful he was in laying the foundation of one of the great libraries of the world. And the blessing of the liberal soul has followed his endeavours.

Gradually as the collections grew plans for its disposition had to be considered. Already at the outbreak of the war my son, Edward Revere, aet. 18, who had just "come up" to Christ Church, had shown unmistakably the direction of his tastes, and it was agreed that he should take the works in general literature while the medical and scientific books should go to McGill. During the first three years of the war, while he was with the McGill unit and afterwards with the Royal Artillery, his interests in English literature developed rapidly. I sent on the catalogues, and he began to buy on his own account, and it was a diversion to send bids to the sales and to pick up bargains out of the second hand catalogues. I bought for him several nice collections as, the originals of Ruskin, and some Whitman items from the

Dowden sale. When on leave, a few weeks before he was killed, at the sale, Oxford, he was so happy over the purchase of the Holland Plutarch and a number of special books in which he was interested. What he had collected, and my original editions of Milton, Fuller, Donne, Shelley, Keats, make the nucleus of a good library of English Literature, and this section his mother and I have decided to dedicate as a memorial to him.

Though a wanderer, living away from Montreal for some than half my life, the early associations have never been forgotten. The formative years were there with the strong ties of head and heart. As a young, untried man McGill College offered an opportunity to teach and to work; but that is more, the members of the Medical Faculty adopted me, bore with vagaries and aggressiveness, and often gave practical expression of sympathy with schemes which were costly, and of doubtful utility. That they believed in me helped to a belief in myself, an important asset for a young man, but better had by nurture than nature. Alma mater too counts for much, and as a graduate of McGill I am proud of her record. Had I not seen the day of small things did I not graduate in the days of the Cote St. School? I may quote Fuller's sentiment towards his college. "He conceived himself to hear his mother college always speaking to him in the language of Joseph to Pharaoh's butler. "But think on me, I pray thee when it shall be well with thee". Then there is the natural feeling of loyalty to the country of one's birth and breeding. These are the considerations which decided me to leave the special collection to my old school at Montreal. With some of Bodley's qualifications

it seemed possible gradually to gather a modest collection of books not likely to be either in the general library of the University or in the special library of the Faculty, or indeed in the country. There will be, of course, duplicates but for special reasons.

To get shelf room ^{for} the new books, many monographs etc., have had to be given away. The monographs and reprints on diseases of the heart, arteries, blood, and the tuberculosis items go to the Library of the Johns Hopkins Hospital. There is left over a motley collection of miscellaneous works which may remain in the house to help fill the shelves, and to please or worry, as may be, my successor to the Regius Chair.

Gradually as the books increased, the hope matured into a scheme for a library which would have, (a) a definite educational value, (b) a literary, and (c) an historical interest. To break a collection into sections is hazardous, but I considered that after all this would form a special part of the Medical Faculty library just as it is a section of the University library. So I decided to follow my own plan and group the books in the following divisions.

I. Prima, which gives the chronological order a bio bibliographical account of the evolution of science, including medicine.

II. Secunda, the works of men who have made notable contribution, or whose works have some special interest, but scarcely up to the mark of those in Prima.

III. Literaria, the literary works written by medical men and books dealing in a general way with doctors and the profession.

- IV. Historica, the stories of institutions etc.
- V. Biographica.
- VI. Bibliographica.
- VII. Incunabula, and
- VIII. Manuscripts.

Then came the ambitious desire to prepare for printing a catalogue raisonne () somewhat on the line of Ferguson's *Bibliotheca Chemica*, with biographic and bibliographic notes. The introductions to the individual sections will explain to students how they are to be used. The task is perhaps too heavy for one man to undertake; but I am assured by expertys that there is no inherent difficulty in such a catalogue, providing there is a good index. Should I die before its completion, which is not at all unlikly, the catalogue could be finished and printed under the supervision of Mr. S. Gibson of the Bodleian, and Lady Osler with my good friends L. L. Marchall, W. W. Francis and T. Al. Mallock would see that my wishes were carried out.

The library is for the use of students of the history of science and of medicine, without any other qualifications, and I particularly wish that it may be used by my French Canadian Colleagues who will find it rich in the best of French literature. I hope to make provision for its extension and upkeep.

The books have come from three sources sales, catalogues, and second hand book shops.

The following notes may be of interest as a record of how a sale is conducted. The Library was collected by W^m C Van Antwerp of New York, and was sold ~~Mar 22-28~~¹⁹⁰⁷ The sale began at 1 p.m. sharp. One was impressed by the extremely decorous character of the proceedings, without the slightest noise or bluster, such as one is accustomed to think of in connection with sales. The auctioneer, Mr. Tom Hodge, presided at a raised desk at the end of an oblong table about which were seated some twenty buyers, the principals or the representatives of the leading English book sellers. Around the room were twenty five or thirty onlookers, mostly seated, and a few standing about. Bids are offered only by the dealers and by a man who has a catalogue marked with the bids sent directly to the firm. The auctioneer, with a soft voice and a good natured manner, called out the numbers and, as a rule, offered no comments upon the books, in fact, he did not often have to ask for a bid which was started spontaneously. Occasionally, of course, he could not resist a remark or two. Some times he would suggest a bid. It was astonishing the rapidity with which the different items were sold. Evidently the dealers just knew what they wanted, what they wished to give, and one could easily see that in many cases they had been given a limit by those who had sent the orders. The first work of special interest sold was the 1817 edition of poems of Keats, a presentation copy, with an inscription by the author. Starting at £20 it rose quickly to £70 and £80 and in less than a minute was knocked down to Quaritch at £90. I say knocked down, but it was altogether too dignified a proceeding to "knock anything down", and to final rap was ever given. The catalogue

of the Rowfant Library brought £7. Two books of Richard Pynson's Press brought high figures. It was remarkable, too, to see a ragged, rough looking, unbound, but uncut, play of Philip Massinger knocked down to Stevens at £48. Next to the famous the *Comus* is the rarest of Milton's works. Bidding upon the copy was started by Quaritch at £50 and ran up pound by pound with the greatest rapidity to £100, and finally to £162. Nothing was heard but the monotonous repetition of the figures by the auctioneer who simply watched the nodding heads of Mr. Quaritch and his rival Ellis, Bond St. The "*Paradise Regained*", an uncut copy and a great rarity in this state, so much so that the auctioneer remarked, "Uncut, and need I say more? All you can ask?" was secured at £94 by Maggs. Three beautiful first editions of some of Pope's works did not bring very high prices, though the Windsor Forest in sheets loosely stitched together, entirely uncut, brought £48. One of the finest sets of the collection was Purchas, his Pilgrimes, in five books. As the auctioneer remarked, "It is one of the finest copies ever sold and Mr. Van Antwerp had had a most detailed and complete collation made". The volumes were in the original vellum, absolutely perfect. Starting at £50 the fifth bid reached £100 and the set was knocked down to Maggs at £170 against Quaritch, one of the few instances in which Mr. Quaritch gave up. There was a splendid set of Scot, the quarto volumes of the Poems, and though in the original boards, uncut, and all from the Rowfant library, option was given whether the volumes would be sold separately or all together. They preferred the latter, and starting at £100 they quickly rose up to £200, to

£260, and were finally secured by Tregaskis at £300.

Then after the sale of No. 189 came the remarkable set of original Shakespear folios. Just as a foil, it seemed, and to show the contrast between the new and the old, Sydney Lee's facimile reprint of the first folio, issued by the Clarendon Press in 1902, was put up 2.12.01. When No. 191 was called out there was a stir among the auditors, not such as you could hear, but it could be felt, as the famous first folio of Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories and Tragedies was offered. It was in a superb red morocco binding by Bedford and enclosed in a new crushed red morocco slip case by Bradstreet. In "My Confidences", page 203, Locker Lampson tells the story of this volume: "Some years ago I was offered a splendid copy of the folio Shakespeare, 1623; it was one of the tallest, largest and cleanest copies in existence, but it lacked the verses (i.e. the leaf with Ben Johnson's verses). The owner guaranteed that if I would buy it he would before long get me the missing leaf, and it was upon this assurance that I closed with him". Then follows a most amusing account of a journey to the West of England to try to secure the leaf from an "illiterate booby". After spending two unhappy days the "grimy Gibeonite" would not give up the leaf, though the volume was much mutilated. Finally he found an example of the missing leaf pasted in a scrap book, but he had to pay £100 for it.

"Language fails me, Sirs", the auctioneer said, "I can only ask you to look at the book and give your bids". Special interest existed whether the record price, paid by the Bodleian, of £3000,

would be exceeded, but in this case the circumstances were exceptional, as the copy had originally been in the Bodleian (see no. for the story of this volume.) Previously as much as £1720 had been paid for the first folio, and £3000 was thought to be a fabulously extravagant price. I may remark that the folio would never have returned to the Bodleian had it not been for the extreme generosity of Lord Strathcona who contributed £500. It cheered the book lover's heart to hear Quaritch lead off with a bid of £1000, followed immediately by the representative of Stevens with £1500, and then the figures ran £1800, £1900, £2000, £2400, £2800 and at the £3000 there was a pause. Then Stevens said £50 and the previous record price was passed, then £3200. At £3500 Stevens stopped, and a record, long let us hope to remain so, was made, when Quaritch secured it at £3600. Everyone in the room applauded Mr. Quaritch's victory. The second folio only brought 210 guineas, Stevens. The third folio brought £650 and the fourth £75. The quarto copies of the individual plays did not bring such very high prices as were realised last year. Sindey's Arcadia brought £315. When Swift's Gulliver's Travels were offered it was stated that the signature of Oliver Goldsmith, 1766, was on the Lilliput title. Leighton spoke up and said that Goldsmith's name was not written on this copy when he had it and he asked why it should be mentioned in the catalogue, to which the auctioneer replied, "in order to make a proper copy of it". It came from the Rowfant library and Leighton said "I should know, as I sold it to Mr. Locker Lampson." There was much fun over this incident, but it did not diminish the liveliness of the bidding which was started at £50 and the treasure was secured at £132 by Stevens. When No. 235

was called, a man inside the arena help up a small 8vo. in the original sheep jacket, as Locker Lampson says, a most commonplace, ordinary little book, one of the great treasures of English Literature which brings the highest price known in the auction room with the exception of the Shakespeare folios Walton (Izaak) The Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation; being a discourse of fish and ifshing, not unworthy the perusal of most Anglers. Simon Peters said, I go a fishing; and they said, We also will go with thee (John XXXI?E), First Edition sm. 8vo. Printed by T. Maxey for Rich Marriot in S. Dunstan's Churchyard, Fleet Street, 1653.

THIS COPY HAS ALWAYS BEEN SPOKEN OF AS ONE OF THE FINEST. IF NOT THE FINEST COPY KNOWN. IT IS QUITE PERFECT AND IN THE ORIGINAL STATE AS ISSUED. The late owner, Frederick Locker, has written a note or two in the fly leaves. The auctioneer remarked, "It is impossible to over estimate this copy, an absolutely unique and perfect specimen in the original binding. Not a copy like this has been in the sale room for many years." Amid suppressed excitement the bidding began. Quaritch started at £200, then it ran to £500, £600, £700, £750, and £800. Then began a most interesting duel between Quaritch and the representative of Pickering and Chatto, and after a little while no thing was heard but the counting which ran up the bids as follows: I took them down verbatim: 30, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90 900; 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90, 90 1000; 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90 100; 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90 1200. Then there was a halt, but Mr. Massey started bravely and the 10, 20, 30, was reached, and then to the auctioneer's sorrow all stopped and he said "Dear me! Dear me,

Mr. Massey", which encouraged him to go on 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90. When £1290 was reached by Mr. Quaritch the auctioneer said interrogatively, "come, Mr. Massey, £1290?" again £1290? and when there was no reply simply said "£1290, Mr. Quartich", adding in a quiet voice "that is one of the numerous records we are making every day."

This was a remarkable increase over the £415 paid in 1896, which had up to this date held the record.