

We have paid out \$125,000; and \$15,000 will complete our building and furnishing; thus bringing the total cost up to rising \$140,000. Sixty-seven thousand dollars are still due; but we have \$25,000 to meet this, in land we own, unsold, leaving a balance of debt of \$42,000. We have mortgaged this library, building and land, for \$50,000.

Our younger members have generously guaranteed the interest on \$25,000 for five years. And this leaves us a yearly burden of interest of about \$1,000. We are not so badly off then. Fifty thousand dollars would clear us of debt.

But looking forward to the future we need an endowment to buy books. Many physicians have given us their libraries; others will do so as time goes on. But we need modern contemporary books. We ought to have on our shelves every modern treatise and textbook, in English, French or German, as soon as published; medical students and doctors alike need this. The interest of a modest sum would buy all the new books worth buying. We need a fund with a yearly income to enable us to receive students freely; to give them a room to themselves. We want students to come here as well as doctors, and we want to be able to give them good facilities for study.

Our hall for business meetings has been beautifully fitted up in memory of Dr. Richard Sprague, by his mother and by the Hon. C. F. Sprague. Mrs. Fifield, the widow of our late genial associate, has furnished a room, as a memorial. Holmes Hall speaks for itself. I need not describe its excellence. Would that some one might decorate and furnish the hall we occupy this evening. From the walls of Holmes Hall, from other rooms, look down upon us the portraits of many of our medical forefathers and teachers: The Warrens, Bigelows, Jacksons, Homans, Shattucks, Wymans, Bowditchs, Cabots, Putnams, Storer, Ellis, Buckingham, Holmes! How can I cease the enumeration? These were scholarly doctors. We need to continue this patrician *Gens*. Science enlightens, but does not wholly satisfy; the humanities in education soften manners, nor allow them to be harsh.

The moral effect produced on the patient and the community by the learned, as well as gentlemanly, physician, is great and wholesome. Let the doctor cultivate books, and let the influence of this library help him to do so.

It is now my privilege to introduce to you our librarian. If any one man were named who had collected and created our library, it is he. He is a bibliophile, who travels over Europe with a list of missing numbers always in his pockets. Persistent as the bee, he never comes home without honey.

ADDRESS

BY

JAMES R. CHADWICK, M.D.,

Librarian of the Boston Medical Library.

"*Horæ periunt et imputantur.*" "The hours perish and you must account for them." These words, taken from the sun-dial at Oxford University, seem to express the sentiment with which you give me your attention today, when I speak to you, fellow-associates, in the name of the governing body of this library. Hours have lengthened into days, days into years, and

years have spanned the quarter of a century, since you laid upon our shoulders the burden of creating and building up a library to meet the wants of our profession in this community. Most of us have become silverites in the process of time and regard the ratio of sixteen to one as very moderate. A few are in position to follow the example of a friend of mine, who has discarded a brush and comb from his toilet set and claims that all he needs to do in the morning is to dust off the top of his head. A few, happily but few, of our early collaborators have fallen by the wayside and are no longer with us today to enjoy the full consummation of their efforts. I cannot mention them all; you know them—the impetuous, high-minded Bowditch, the beneficent Shattuck, the quiet, persistent Ellis, the sturdy Buckingham, the erudite Fifield, that dazzling genius Bigelow, and among the younger men, the scholarly Curtis, the wise Hooper, the wholehearted, witty Wigglesworth.

Last to be mentioned, but first in all your minds today, is he who lent us the prestige of his name at the inception of our undertaking—Oliver Wendell Holmes, our first president, litterateur, poet, wit, and for thirty-five years professor of anatomy at the Harvard Medical School. Our debt to him can never be paid, but we intend to keep it alive in our memory by dedicating to him our principal reading room, to be known through all time as Holmes Hall. His bust in bronze, a replica of that made by R. E. Brooks for the Boston Public Library, looks down upon us from over the mantelpiece at one end, his portrait by Billings at the other. We have many mementoes of him scattered through the hall; the latch of the house in which he was born; the earliest known portrait of him, a daguerreotype taken by Whipple & Hawes about 1845; his fist cast in bronze for me by the sculptor, T. H. Bartlett, with regard to which the latter tells an amusing and characteristic story. When Dr. Holmes was asked if he would hold a pen while the mould was being made, he said, "No," doubling up his fist like a prizefighter's. "Take it that way, which does not show the wrinkles of old age, does it?" His medical library of nearly 1,000 volumes, including many superb tomes of anatomical plates in which he took the keenest delight, will there find a suitable abiding place in accordance with his dying bequest in 1894.

In his poem "To the Portrait of a Lady" he says:

"I love sweet features; I will own
That I should like myself
To see my portrait on a wall,
Or bust upon a shelf;
But Nature sometimes makes us up
Of such sad odds and ends,
It really might be quite as well
Hushed up among one's friends."

His wish is gratified by us, his friends.

Happily, some of us, men of '75, survive to enjoy the pleasure of this moment, when we welcome you to the regal abode which your bounty has provided, in recognition of the library which our labors have brought together.

"The longest life" is said to be "a parcel of moments," so the largest library is but an aggregation of individual books. Exclusive of duplicates for home circulation, we have today upon our shelves about 33,000 volumes and 30,000 pamphlets; yet these figures give but a partial idea of our resources. To make this more clear I must bring to your minds the

change which time has brought about in the literature of medicine. Without dwelling upon the ponderous tomes in which was buried the medical lore of the early centuries after the discovery of printing, which your orator and president of twenty-two years ago dilated upon so learnedly and so wittily, I would ask you to come with me for a moment into the market place of Venice in the early part of the sixteenth century to scan a document, written in a legible hand, posted there and elsewhere in the city, for the perusal of those merchants who chose to pay a *gazetta* for the privilege. You would find that it gave the news brought back to Venice by some one of its adventurous captains, who had strayed beyond the limits defined in his rude chart, and made another land discovery in the far West or the far South. "The arrival of the ship in the Adriatic, the contents of its cargo, the price of commodities abroad, together with some account of a newly discovered island, its wonderful people and marvellous products would form the staple of the news-sheet of the hour."

When in 1536 the Venetian possessions in the East were attacked by the Turks, the first regular monthly journal was established by the government to supply news from the fleet, and men were paid to read the particulars at the principal points of the city, but no sheets were issued except such as were sanctioned by the Doge and his council. The officials were so jealous of the printing press, however, that it was nearly fifty years after this time that the first printed newspaper was published in the city and dispersed every month into most parts of Christendom.

It is probably true, as claimed by the Germans, that their nation was the first to actually publish a printed newspaper, a certain *Relation*, which appeared in Strassburg, fifty-two numbers of which, dating from the year 1609, are preserved in Heidelberg. The *Frankfurt Journal* was not published until 1615; the first English paper, the *Weekly News*, in 1623; the first French journal in 1630.

Be that as it may, the now universal *Gazette* is seen to have come from the small coin originally paid for the perusal of its manuscript predecessor. From this modest beginning has developed the enormous mass of periodicals which characterize the literature of medicine and most other branches of science at the present day. In medicine the greater part of this change has taken place in the nineteenth century.

When six of us young men met on December 21, 1874, to discuss the possibility of founding this library, and when we actually did found it on August 20, 1875, we were fully cognizant of this change that was rapidly taking place in the character of medical literature; we knew that the era of theories and systems in medicine was being pulverized into nothingness by the accumulation of crude facts and that these facts were to be found chiefly in periodical literature. Periodicals were then increasing at so rapid a rate that few private individuals could afford to obtain, or even give, them shelf room.

We did not at that time foresee that this difficulty was to be increased a hundredfold, not merely by the multiplication of individual periodicals — great as that might become — but by the publication of a colossal index to all previous medical literature, including every article in every one of the numerous periodicals.

In 1879 the library of the Surgeon-General's Office

in Washington, under the charge of an army surgeon, Dr. John S. Billings (whose presence here today is a fresh manifestation of his warm interest in our library), began the publication of an index catalogue of its collections, which comprised practically all medical literature up to that date. The first series of sixteen volumes, quarto, was completed in 1895; the new series comprising accessions since the publication of the first series has already reached the fifth volume.

Its value to medical scholars is inestimable, superseding, as it does, all the time-wasting labor that used to be expended in bibliographical research. By its aid we obtain a reference to every rare case that has been recorded since printing was discovered in A. D. 1450. But by indexing the articles and reports of cases in every periodical, past and present, obscure and famous, this catalogue has immensely extended the scope of medical research and created a demand for an array of books, and especially of periodicals, that is simply appalling.

I have dwelt at some length on this peculiarity of the medical literature of the present day that you might understand why it has been the constant aim of your librarian, during the past twenty-five years, to complete the files of all the important periodicals. His efforts have been attended with such success, despite the small funds at his disposal, that more than half of the volumes upon our shelves belong to that category. We are able to supply about seven-eighths of all the references to current literature demanded by our readers, even though they avail themselves of this great universal index.

It may pertinently be asked how our association, with practically no invested funds, has been able to achieve such results in the accumulation of books; for the table of curves suspended above me shows that in twenty-five years we have been able to outstrip many of the libraries which antedate us by many years in their foundation. Our library is already the fourth in size in the country, being exceeded only by that of the Surgeon-General's Office in Washington, that of the College of Physicians in Philadelphia, and that of the Academy of Medicine in New York.

I will tell you briefly. In the first place, we were fortunate enough to secure, at the onset, the custodianship of the libraries of all the societies pre-existing in the city. In the second place, most liberal contributions were made to us by many private individuals. In the third place, the completeness of our files of journals and transactions I attribute largely to the existence of the volume which I hold in my hand, my "want book," wherein, upon the left-hand page, is entered every periodical of which we have any part, while on the opposite page is entered every volume or number needed to complete the file of that particular journal. By invariably carrying this with me upon my travels in this country and Europe, I have been able gradually, at a trifling expenditure of money, to complete the files of all the leading periodicals of the world. I submit this to your special attention if you wish to know how to build up a medical library with practically no funds for the purchase of books.

So much for our accomplishment in the chief purpose for which we were brought into being. In some other ways we are making ourselves of use to the profession and to the community. For over twenty years we have been conducting a *Directory for Nurses*, which has been of immense value in putting,

at the shortest possible notice, the nurses of the State into communication with the physicians and their patients who wish to secure their services. Incidentally we have been able to raise the standard of nursing by putting a premium upon competence and training.

We have added to the amenities of professional life by supplying suitable halls for the meetings of the various medical societies and by hanging upon our walls the portraits of past worthies.

Within the past month we have received from Dr. Horatio R. Storer, of Newport, R. I., formerly of Boston, the gift of a most remarkable collection of medical medals, numbering 2,300 pieces. Only two other collections exist in the world at all commensurate with this, that of Dr. Joseph Brettaur, of Trieste, and that belonging to the library of the Surgeon-General's Office in Washington. Of the six other great collections that have been formed during the past two centuries, all have been scattered except that of Rueppelli, which was bequeathed to the *Sanckenbergische Gesellschaft* of Frankfurt. Considered either from its historic interest, its esthetic merits, or its pecuniary value, I consider this gift as the most noteworthy that this association has thus far received. It is to be known as the Storer Collection of Medical Medals in memory of Dr. D. Humphreys Storer, the father of the donor, and is to be in charge of a son of the donor, Dr. Malcolm Storer, an accomplished numismatist.

We have a collection of many thousand autograph letters of past and present medical writers and practitioners, only awaiting the appearance of a custodian with time and enthusiasm to classify them and thus make them available to students of history at its original sources.

To recapitulate briefly: We started in, twenty-five years ago, with the one purpose of supplying the needs of the medical profession in the way of literature properly catalogued and otherwise made available to all students. The gift of this spacious building from the profession of this city is the best evidence that we have achieved our purpose. Shall we rest contented with the laurels which we have won? I venture to hope not. I think that we acted wisely in limiting the expenditure of our energies and of our money to the one purpose of building up a library, so long as that was the one thing most needed in the city. Now that we have secured the library and the best equipped building in the country in which to store it, we may properly consider whether the time has not come to enlarge the scope of our functions by assuming the rôle of a society in addition to that of a library.

A rich merchant of Athens gave the use of his house and gardens on the outskirts of that city to several philosophic friends for the site of their reunions. There Plato instructed his numerous disciples. This place was called "Academy" from the name of the owner, *Academus*. Cicero gave the same name to his country place near the lake of *Avernus* and devoted it to the same purpose. Now that we have a similar spacious domicile, surrounded by gardens, which we owe to the munificence of the city, I would propose that we follow the example of our remote ancestors and invite our philosophic brethren to hold their reunions in our halls, not as guests merely, but as integral parts of our association, and that we assume the name as well as the obligations of an academy.

It is not merely on account of the archeological parallel, over which my fancy thus plays, that I make this proposition to extend so radically the sphere of our activity. I have watched for many years the careers of similar institutions in other cities and have come to believe that the conjunction of the double attributes of a library and a society much more than doubles the usefulness of the institution. The authority and prestige enjoyed in their respective cities by the Academy of Medicine in New York, and the College of Physicians in Philadelphia, have no analogue in Boston. I remember being greatly impressed with this lack of an authoritative body of medical men in our midst when I was reading many years ago of the spread of a yellow-fever epidemic. The question of a quarantine against it was under discussion in Philadelphia by the State and city authorities, who referred the whole subject to the College of Physicians, which appointed from its numbers a committee of experts whose report was accepted by the government as final and its recommendations carried out. I could not help thinking at the time that had our State and City Boards of Health, in which we take justifiable pride, needed guidance, or even the support of popular opinion, in such an emergency, they would not have known to what body of medical men they could appeal with the assurance that the public would recognize that body as authoritative. Apart from this important rôle, which we have a chance to fill, our new building will enable us to develop the social side of the physician's life. We may become to a fuller extent than heretofore the centre of all activity among the medical men of the State.

But this subject requires more study and deeper consideration than it can receive on such an occasion as this, and it needs moreover the enthusiasm of youth to bring it to a happy issue. It is time that we, men of '75, stepped down from our official positions and laid upon more stalwart shoulders the burden of accomplishing the latter part of our dream.

"And ye who fill the places we once filled,
And follow in the furrows we once tilled,
Young men whose generous hearts are beating high,
We who are old and are about to die,
Salute you; hail you; take your hands in ours,
And crown you with our welcome as with flowers!"

"How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With illusions, aspirations, dreams!
Book of Beginnings, story without end,
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!
Aladdin's Lamp and Fortunatus' Purse,
That holds the treasures of the Universe!
All possibilities are in its hands,
No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands;
In its sublime audacity of faith,
'Be thou removed!' it to the mountain saith,
And with audacious feet, secure and proud,
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud!"

PRESIDENT CHEEVER: We hope to make this building the permanent home of the Massachusetts Medical Society. The cohesive and conservative force of our parent organization is well represented in its president — the medico-legal pathologist, may I not say, of New England.

REMARKS

BY

F. W. DRAPER, M.D.,

President of the Massachusetts Medical Society.

It is a congenial official duty, Mr. President, and an enviable personal honor, to respond to your call,