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Book Collecting

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# Book Collecting

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**B**OOK collecting is a very old cult, but has been made to appear a modern fad by sensational prices paid recently in the auction room and by the popularizing articles of Newton, Rosenbach, and others. Contemporaries of Dibdin at the beginning of the nineteenth century probably considered it new then, as did those of Evelyn in the seventeenth or of de Bury in the fourteenth. It is not appropriate here to trace its history, further than to observe that book collecting shows a well-defined periodicity, the full tide corresponding seemingly to the periods of history when the world is preparing for creative effort. Thus Petrarch, Boccaccio and Richard de Bury, as collectors, were heralds of a renaissance in literature, as were eighteenth century antiquaries of romanticism. So much can be urged in refutation of Dean Swift's criticism that you might as well collect old clothes as old books.

According to reviews of Seymour de Ricci's recent work on English book collectors, the mainspring of collecting is personal vanity, to acquire something that no one else possesses. De Ricci has had a great deal of experience with very wealthy collectors, but his charge is too sweeping a generalization to be accepted as a satisfactory explanation for all collecting. Equally damaging as seeming to reveal a tendency of to-day is the title-page of the latest catalogue of the Ulysses Book Shop (London, 1930). *First Editions (1530-1930) for Students, Collectors, Investors and Speculators*. Perhaps, after all, such a title-page but states with unusual candor the good and bad motives that may enter into any commercial transaction, which, in the final analysis, the purchase or sale of books or artistic treasures, necessarily is.

The amenities of book collecting do not as a rule include gifts of rarities. They do, of course, occur. Many of Menéndez y Pelayo's treasures were given to him by friends and admirers. Every collector has had similar generosity shown him. A fine example was Morgan's gift to Huntington of the unique copy of the earliest extant edition of the *Celestina*, 1499. The book appeared in an English saleroom early in this century, and was purchased by a Lancashire collector, who gave instructions to his dealer that his name should not be divulged. The disappearance of the work, a dialogued novel which in its use of everyday speech may well be considered the first modern book, caused grave concern among students of literature. A few years later it turned up in a lot of rare books purchased by J. Pierpont Morgan. As bibliophile to bibliophile, Morgan announced his find to Archer M. Huntington, a collector of Hispanic books. He called to see it; told Morgan that a unique edition of a literary masterpiece was too valuable for any one person to own, and that he would have it reproduced in facsimile. Morgan demurred, but

Huntington placed the rare volume in his pocket and went away. In due time he returned it with a copy of the reproduction. Whether this lowered the book in Morgan's estimation does not much matter. At any rate when Huntington reached home that evening he found the rare book on his desk with the compliments of Morgan.

Most fortunate indeed of collectors was de Bury, as he naively recounts in a chapter of his *Polybiblon*, entitled "Of the numerous Opportunities of the Author of Collecting Books from all Quarters." This was in the good old days of the fourteenth century when there were only seven deadly sins and graft wasn't one of them.

"As there is a time and opportunity for every purpose, we will now proceed to particularize the numerous opportunities we have enjoyed, under divine propitiation, in our proposed acquisition of books. For, although from our youth we have ever been delighted to hold special and social communion with literary men and lovers of books, yet prosperity attending us, having obtained the notice of his Majesty the King, and being received into his own family, we acquired a most ample facility of visiting at pleasure and of hunting as it were some of the most delightful coverts, the public and private libraries both of the regulars and seculars. Indeed, while we performed the duties of Chancellor and Treasurer of the most invincible and ever magnificently triumphant King of England, Edward III, . . . after first inquiring into the things that concerned his Court, and then the public affairs of his kingdom, an easy opening was afforded us, under the countenance of royal favour, for freely searching the hiding-places of books. For the flying fame of our hobby had already spread in all directions, and it was reported not only that we had a longing desire for books and especially for old ones, but that anybody could more easily obtain our favour by quartos than by money. Wherefore, when supported by the bounty of the aforesaid prince of worthy memory we were enabled to oppose or advance, to appoint or discharge, crazy quartos and tottering folios, precious, however, in our sight as well as in our affections, flowed in most rapidly from the great and the small, instead of new year's gifts and remunerations, and instead of presents and jewels.

Moreover, if we would have amassed cups of gold and silver, excellent horses, or no mean sums of money, we could in those days have laid up abundance of wealth for ourselves; but indeed we wished for books, not bags; we delighted more in folios than florins, and preferred paltry pamphlets to pampered palfreys."

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The most noticeable change in book collecting fashions of the present century is the inclusion in collections of first editions of contemporary authors. This is characteristic especially of English and American collectors, and finds no counterpart on the continent, except, of course, in the case of de luxe or limited editions. Some first editions of Italian writers like Pirandello and D'Annunzio are hard to find, but the bibliography of Pirandello is complicated and the works of D'Annunzio have sometimes appeared in special editions. In Spain, first editions of contem-

porary authors with autograph inscriptions can often be obtained at second-hand prices.

The cult for first issues of first editions of contemporary authors follows logically enough upon a realization of the fact that such copies of Shelley's or Keats' works are worth thousands of dollars. Galsworthy's *Captures* of 1923 well illustrates the extremes to which the craze for first issues of living authors may go. The hesitant publisher sends impressions of new books to the binder in batches. Slight changes, not in the text but in the tegumenta, may thereby be introduced. These the bibliomaniac distinguishes as successive issues. In Galsworthy's *Captures* the so-called first issue had a list of books by other authors, to which he objected. This list was torn out of such copies as had not got into circulation, with the result that a copy with the list is valued at two hundred pounds, and one without it at six.

This is, however, only a new phase of the same subtle distinctions made in the title-pages of the several first issues of *Paradise Lost*. A remarkable case was the return in 1927 of a copy of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, which had been bought for \$34,000, on the ground that it was not the first issue, as it contained on the last page a list of errata not included in the first issue of the last sheet. The scholar, by the way, who is interested in the contents of books, notes that in old works where the printing was done slowly by hand presses, corrections could be introduced as the work was being printed, with the result that there may be almost as many issues of the first edition or impression as there are copies. The bibliomaniac does not realize this, a fortunate circumstance for his peace of mind, as he has quite enough anxiety now about title-pages, false paginations and other superficial errors. A connoisseur of books while looking at mine pounced eagerly on a certain work merely to see whether it had the rare engraved title-page. I was glad to know that it had.

First issues, uncut, with autograph inscriptions or letters, gave the Jerome Kern collection, sold in New York last year, its special appeal, and created sensational prices, Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*, 1813, with her name on the title-page bringing \$4,800, Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson*, 1791, uncut, with autograph letters, \$5,250, Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *The Battle of Marathon*, 1820, with letters inserted, \$17,500.

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There are also zealous collectors still of bindings (especially in France, although La Bruyère long ago chaffed collectors for turning their libraries into tanneries), presses, all kinds of -ana, including especially Americana, and Canadiana, old plays, novels, newspapers, schoolbooks (the extent of Henry Ford's bibliomania), curious items, and sundry other specialties. Bigger game like incunabula, especially the Gutenberg Bible, the First Folio of Shakespeare, and manuscripts, ancient, mediæval, and modern, are chiefly the quarry of the very rich. Such rare material, known as pedigreed books and manuscripts, is still available. The Phillips collection of manuscripts, the largest private collection the world has ever known, al-

though in process of dissolution in the auction room for nearly half a century, still has 20,000 manuscripts. Recently Hoepli of Milan offered at auction a large collection of medieval manuscripts, the record of which is preserved for us in a sumptuous catalogue. From the report of purchases for the Pierpont Morgan collection, it appears that since 1924 there have been additions of a ninth century codex of the Latin Gospels, an illuminated manuscript of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, autograph originals of John Locke's *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*, Scott's *Antiquary*, Balzac's *Eugénie Grandet*, and no less than 356 incunabula. Within recent months the Library of Congress has secured from Dr. Vollbehrl of Berlin 3000 incunabula, the gem of the collection being a Gutenberg Bible on vellum, a copy that came from the Benedict Abbey of St. Paul in Carinthia, Austria. Only twelve copies on vellum are known to exist, and all are now in public libraries. Another event of recent months was the gift of the extensive Folger collection of Shakespeareana to Amherst College, with provision for a building for it in Washington and a generous endowment.

In the Folger collection are almost all of the Shakespeare quartos and folios that have appeared on the market during the past quarter of a century, and especially the Burdett Coutts copy of the First Folio, the most perfect copy known. This was bought at Sotheby's in 1922 for £8,600—\$43,000,—a huge sum but not the highest price at which a book has been sold in the auction room, the record for the present being \$106,000, paid in 1927 for the Melk copy of the Gutenberg Bible. This copy was resold for \$123,000 to Mrs Harkness, who presented the precious work to Yale University Library. Those who witnessed the sale of this book in the Anderson Galleries of New York compare it with the occasion in 1812 of the sale of the first edition of Boccaccio's *Decamerone* for £2,260, as described by Dibdin. The sale of the First Folio at Sotheby's in 1922 was an exciting experience, but although intense it was all very quiet and subdued. An attendant passed the book, open at the title-page with its familiar and rather staring portrait, down the aisle of the "u"-shaped table, around which the English dealers were seated. Philip Rosenbach, brother of the better-known Dr Rosenbach, stood behind them. The auctioneer announced the awaited number in the sale catalogue and read the item. Bidding started at £2,000, which was quickly raised to guineas, the auctioneer acknowledging in an almost inaudible voice, accompanied by a nod of the head and a tap of his pencil the successive bids as they were made by Maggs, Quaritch, or Rosenbach, the amounts rising rapidly by pounds to guineas, until there was a brief but significant pause at £8,600, the auctioneer deciding that the battle had been won by Rosenbach. The sale lasted only three or four minutes, and one left the room breathless at the nonchalant way in which pounds and guineas had been bandied about.

This copy was bought for Folger of New York, and, like the incunabula mentioned, is now stored in a public institution. This is the fate eventually of most rare books and manuscripts that have been rescued by dealers and collectors. Of course, they do not always stay there. Like other chattels they suffer many vicissitudes, especially during the economic decline of empires. The Melk and St Paul

Gutenbergs have both come from Austria. The National Library of Vienna has sold duplicate copies of its rare books,—a dangerous procedure when it is realized that of old books copies are rarely exact duplicates.

Books have many enemies, and these are not restricted to moths and fire. Boccaccio in the fourteenth century found the door of Monte Cassino's library broken off and dust piled high on the manuscripts. This Benedictine monastery had done more to preserve Latin classics than any other single institution. Similar conditions of neglect in England are described by de Bury:

"Then the cabinets of the most noble monasteries were opened, cases were unlocked, caskets were unclapsed, and astonished volumes which had slumbered for long ages in their sepulchres were roused up, . . . Books heretofore most delicate, but which had now become corrupted and abominable, lay lifeless, covered indeed with the excrements of mice and pierced through with the gnawing of worms; and those that were formerly clothed with purple and fine linen, were now seen reposing in dust and ashes, given over to oblivion, the abodes of moths."

In the municipal library of Cadiz, as recently as 1909, there was a large room in which the remains of moth-eaten books and manuscripts were piled several feet high. Of Harvard's original library of three hundred books, fire in 1767 destroyed all but one,—Downname's *Christian Warfare*. We recall the fate of our own university library in 1891, and the more serious destruction by fire early in the present century of the valuable national library of Turin, with its precious manuscripts. Most libraries suffer at some time from losses through venal employees. Noticeable examples are the thefts that have occurred recently in two famous libraries in Paris.

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It is difficult to estimate the probability of a book's survival. Many ancient and medieval literary works are preserved in only one complete copy, as for example the *Chanson de Roland* and the *Cantar de mio Cid*. Many others have undoubtedly perished. Survival of older literature is dependent upon revivals of learning, during which periods new copies are made. Most copies of ancient classics do not go beyond the Carolingian period, and none are older than the fourth century. During the nineteenth century the literature of medieval times was given a new lease of life in reprints, a process that is still going on to-day in the republication of even secondary authors of the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Of the first ten incunabula included in the *Gesamtkatalog der Wiegendrucke*, three exist in only one copy, and one of these is incomplete. Of the Gutenberg Bible about fifty-seven copies have survived, but many are defective. Duff has estimated that only one half of the books printed in the fifteenth century have survived. Of the First Folio of Shakespeare's works there are extant about one hundred and fifty-six copies of an edition of five to six hundred copies. Its size and price (£1) account in part for its survival in such large numbers. The book has no external beauty, is a poor piece of printing, but contains twenty plays never before

printed, a special reason for its careful preservation. It is a well-known fact that the more difficult a book is to obtain the more carefully preserved it will be. Cheap books disappear more easily than expensive ones. Popularity and the subject matter also determine the fate of books. The Gutenberg Bible went unobserved by bibliophiles until the time of Cardinal Mazarin, who collected twenty-five copies of it. Very popular books like Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, novels, popular verse and school-books get thumbed to pieces and few copies survive in first editions. Even comparatively recent works get read to pieces. I have some first editions of Becquer's poems in periodicals, but have never seen a copy of the first collected edition (1871). The poems have a strong accent of personal sorrow, relating to a drama of love, and make such a strong appeal to the Spanish youth between the years of fifteen and twenty, that the pages of the first edition were dissolved in tears. Of the *Amadís de Gaula*, one of the huge tomes of romances of chivalry of the sixteenth century, only two copies have appeared on the market in my time, and one (1533) I succeeded in getting.

Pollard has made an intensive study of the output of English books in 1623, the year of the First Folio, and what has survived of it (*Times Lit. Supp.*, 1923, p. 872). The total number of new works entered on the Stationers' Register was 168. Excluding ballads and "currants," or newsletters, there are 145 entries of books. In all, 116 books out of 145 have been traced. Among those which have apparently not survived are: *A Short Method for declyning of French Verbs*; *Brittaines Joy for the Happy Arrival of Prince Charles*; *Mephibosheth's Hearts Joy upon his Sovereign's Safety, to be Imitated upon the Happie Return of our Prince Charles*; *A Glasse for Papists and Puritans*; *A Sweet Poesie for God's Saints to Smell on*. These were probably for the most part pamphlets, certainly not large folios or quartos.

The fate of the Grolier collection provides valuable information on the survival of books even when well protected by magnificent bindings. Grolier (1479-1565) acquired choice copies of the best works, and had them tastefully bound in brown calf, ornamented with floral arabesques, and stamped with the generous inscription *Io. Grolieri et amicorum*. He possessed no less than 3,000 books and of these only about 350 have come to light. They are among the most precious prizes of the bibliophile and appear only at rare intervals. A current catalogue of Baer's offers one for \$4,000. This copy has passed through the Heath, Heber, Vernon and Halford collections, truly a pedigreed thoroughbred. Grolier's instruction to his protégé Aldus on the printer's responsibility is so interesting that although not altogether relevant, deserves to be reproduced here:

"You will care with all diligence that this work, when it leaves your printing shop to pass into the hands of learned men, may be as correct as it is possible to render it. I heartily beg and beseech this of you. The book, too, should be decent and elegant; and to this will contribute the choice of the paper, the excellence of the type, which should have been but little used, and the width of the margins. And if this decency and elegance shall increase your expenses, I will

refund you entirely. Lastly, I should wish that nothing be added to the original or taken from it."

Libraries like individuals may suffer from fatigue and ennui which bring on neglect and indifference to their possessions. It is then that they are rifled of their contents. This does not usually result in the loss of books, but only in a transfer of ownership. Someone recently asked at the Vatican Library for a certain manuscript and found written on his slip, "manca dal 1682" (missing since 1682). Menéndez y Pelayo maintained that many book collectors about the middle of last century enriched their collections from the spoils of neglected libraries. Libri and Gallardo in particular were accused of this. Libri, who was called a lover of books and a book-keeper, was chief inspector of public instruction in France, and had himself made superintendent of state libraries, from which he abstracted manuscripts and sent them to England. The catalogue of his thefts fills a large quarto volume. Most of the manuscripts passed into the Ashburnham collection and were subsequently restored by purchase to the Bibliothèque Nationale.

Gallardo, in a nation of bibliographers, is the greatest of them all. It may be doubted indeed whether he has anywhere had his peer. He was interested in books largely for their contents which he transcribed accurately. His bibliophilism was vehement, his character irascible, his tongue and pen sharp. In consequence, he made many enemies for himself, and this may explain away the charges of book thieving laid against him. At any rate he has been the subject of an interesting sonnet and some anecdotes. The sonnet is by Estébanez Calderon and reads as follows:

Ha! cacus, cuckoo, bibliopirate, bat,  
Pincer of volumes, filcher, magpie, rook,  
Out of my papers get your sneaking crook,  
You ferret, bookworm, borer, moth, and rat!  
Weasel with sabre-claws, librivorous cat,  
Loader of treasures with your crane and hook,  
Algiers of libraries, galley of the book,  
My shelves are shores that you depopulate.  
Your belt can stow an archive: for a tie  
You wear a Gladstone bag; your pockets hide  
A Vatican, and never look awry.  
A thirsty sponge you are; and if the wide  
Atlantic were one sea of books, you'd sop  
It dry within an hour, nor spill a drop.

—Trans. S. G. Morley, *Sat. Rev.*, March, 1927.

The Colombina Library in Seville, the famous collection made by Christopher Columbus' bookloving son, Ferdinand, had a very rare manuscript *cancionero*, which Gallardo coveted. Gallardo, who used to study there, wrote marginal notes on the manuscript, and then spread the insinuation that the manuscript had been stolen from him and bought by the Colombina Library. The naive but honest



librarian examined the copy, was convinced by Gallardo's marks of ownership and handed over to him the precious work.

According to another story, the keepers of the Chapter Library of the cathedral of Toledo became weary of watching Gallardo while working in their library, and as there were no other readers, decided to lock him up in the library each morning and examine him upon leaving in the afternoon. This method worked very well, until one day it was discovered that books were being thrown from a window and picked up by a boy who carried them to Gallardo's lodgings. According to Puigblanch, Gallardo was denied access to English private collections because of suspicions which he aroused. Gallardo, this unfriendly critic explained, believed that English libraries were rich in old Spanish books because Drake had carried them off in the sixteenth century, and felt justified in restoring them to his native land. Drake sacked Spanish cities like Cadiz and took away valuable loot, but one would like to have better evidence of his bibliophilism.

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Books are bought and collected in various ways. They can be found occasionally at bargain prices in the popular open-air markets of Europe: Farrendon Road, near St Paul's, the quais of Paris, the Campo dei Fiori in Rome, the Rastro and Atocha in Madrid. I have some trifles from each of these, but one gets little there for a great deal of labor and time spent. In the penny box outside of Bernard Quaritch's shop, Rossetti found FitzGerald's *Omar Khayyám*, but this was the monetary value set upon the brochure at the time by an as yet unappreciative public. The least likely place for finding bargains is in the picturesque boxes of books displayed on the Seine embankment,—picturesque, chiefly because of the background of bridges, and the Ile de la Cité. On each recurring visit one is disappointed to see that Parisians have not yet caught up with the supply of Gessner's bucolic poems.

On a barrow in Farrendon Road I chanced upon a book of travels in Spain bearing Lord Acton's signature. Lord Acton jeopardized his financial position by excessive buying of books, and had to be rescued by Carnegie, who gave him the use of the library for life, subsequently presenting it to Lord Morley, who in turn passed it on to Cambridge University. Acton had the generous habit of lending books, and it bothers one's conscience a little to know that Cambridge University has asked for the return of them.

Once in a lifetime one should ransack the old bookstores of Europe. They are often dirty and dusty places. In Charing Cross Road I got for a small sum Ocampo's *Crónica*, the Holinshed of Spain, and an autographed set of Manzoni's works in the definitive edition. The bookseller didn't know what language they were in. "It is nought, it is nought, saith the buyer; but when he hath gone his way, then he boasteth."

Lamb enjoyed deliberating over the purchase of old books. In his time no one but himself was interested in buying the quartos of Elizabethan dramatists. Nowadays one has to act quickly, and even rashly. I once lost through over-

deliberation the opportunity of a lifetime to secure Shelley's copy of Calderon's plays. Calderon was his favourite author during his last years, and this copy had Shelley's autograph notes and translations in the margin. I happened to be in Quaritch's just after the book had come in from the provinces. It was the period of financial depression after the close of the war and the volume was offered for \$30. To make my deliberation the more inexcusable, this was the very work that I had been looking for in connection with a study of Calderon's obvious influence on Shelley's diction and imagery. The problem had been to find the particular volume of Calderon's works which Shelley possessed. It turned out to be a factitious collection of 18th century reprints.

Another method of collecting is through advertising desiderata in trade journals. This business is best organized in England. One comes across dealers in London who sell no books over the counter, but deal exclusively through trade journals.

The very rich can employ dealers to make collections. Voynitch makes a specialty of this. He has a flair for finding books and is very successful. Some years ago he collected over a thousand unrecorded incunabula. They were purchased for the British Museum Library largely through the generosity of Lord Strathcona. A well-known collection of Shakespeareana is another of his achievements.

The auction room is the most exciting medium. You subscribe to Sotheby's catalogue at five shillings per annum or to the Anderson and other auction rooms and submit offers direct or through an agent. English dealers have a ring which only the Rosenbachs can break through. My best luck came through a German auction catalogue which in a large collection of miscellaneous books of no value, listed Barahona de Soto's *Angélica*, 1583, a work so rare that it has been reproduced in facsimile. I offered 48 marks and got it for 50, the higher amount representing the usual but purely fictitious reserve bid. This book is one of the few included in Salvá's select list of books, the possession of which gives a collection distinction.

But the most delightful and satisfactory way to buy books is through book-sellers' catalogues, those paper-covered pamphlets of which Silvestre Bonnard says: "I know of no reading, easier, more attractive, sweeter than that of a catalogue." In England they are sent out to reach their destination on Saturday afternoon or Sunday morning. They don't reach Canada on any specific day, but for a first rapid perusal they take precedence on arrival over all other reading matter, and are an unending source of delight after breakfast, when they can be scanned at leisure. Now that they are sent abroad a fortnight in advance of their distribution in Europe, the old-world collector must often be disappointed to learn that his order has been anticipated by cablegram. The most coveted treasure in my collection was achieved by the almost blasphemous words "Myerlibri, Diablo," which being interpreted means, "Myers, Book-seller in London, Please send me as quickly as you can from your catalogue no. 60, item no. 482, *El Diablo cojuelo* by Vélez de Guevara, Madrid, 1641; but don't observe that it is one of three known copies, the last prose romance of Spain's Golden Age, the source of Le Sage's *Diable boiteux*

and all the 'devils upon two sticks' who limped so friskily through European literature, novellistic and dramatic, during the 18th century."

On receiving a catalogue you glance feverishly through the items, looking anxiously for the Calderon, Lope de Vega, Italian plays and *Rime*, Italian and Spanish periodicals, or whatever else you or your university library most need at the time, then more leisurely through all the numbers in the hope that something valuable may be concealed under some unsuspected rubric. Bookdealers like to classify their wares under headings like Americana, Shakespeareana, and so on, to attract wealthy buyers.

In books all things come to him who waits, if he knows what he is waiting for. One marvels at the continuous succession of offerings and wonders whence they come and whether they will ever cease. Some ten million books have been printed, and although collectors' books form only a small portion of this vast number, there are still enough to keep up the excitement of their pursuit. Many get a final abode in public libraries, not to appear again in catalogues, at least for a while, but there always seems to be an unfailing supply, and oddly enough, more and more real desiderata are coming on the market every day. Higher prices and the economic distress of their owners lure them from their hiding places.

The best catalogues, even for Italian and Spanish books, still come from England. Recently I secured from the catalogue of a dealer in Tunbridge Wells a volume in a series of seventeenth century Spanish plays, only a few of which have survived. On the title-page in faded ink is the name Henry Warren. Was he a curious traveller in the Peninsula during the seventeenth century, or was he a soldier in the Peninsular War? Certainly the book has not come from Spain in recent years. From England I have also obtained within the last few months the first volume of Italian *Rime*, 1545, the first in a series of anthologies that started the Pléiade of Ronsard, du Bellay and others, Spanish poets like Mendoza, and Elizabethans, in the second phase of Petrarchan versifying. For this particular volume I have had to watch a quarter of a century. English homes are still apparently the storehouse of treasures artistic and bibliographical.

From the perusal of catalogues one readily perceives that some booksellers have a better instinct for what is rare than others. Most catalogues, like libraries in general, have only commonplace contents, books that can be bought by the dozen like bananas, and that will be no more valuable to-morrow than they are to-day. Among the more discriminating dealers in books are: in England, Barnard, the Dobells, Grafton, McLeish, Myers, Thorpe, Webster; on the continent, Davis and Orioli (with a London branch), Lubrano, Nardecchia, García Rico, Molina, Rodríguez. In a class by themselves, as purveyors to the opulent, are Maggs Bros., Quaritch, Baer, Hiersemann, Weiss, Gilhofer and Ranschburg, Hoepli, Olschki. One cherishes their magnificent catalogues and preserves them for their valuable bibliographical information.

Booksellers are sometimes collectors as well as dealers. Their feelings toward their wares naturally vary. Bernard Quaritch died in 1899 a poor man, but with an unrivaled stock of rare books. In Florence some years ago I saw a store in

which books had been hoarded and not sold. They filled a back room to the ceiling. The Salvás made it a rule not to sell their best copies, and so while still carrying on a profitable business succeeded in making a valuable private collection. Rosenbach seems also to be a private collector as well as a dealer. Baroja in *Las furias* tells the story of an ex-cloistered monk who set up a second-hand bookshop in Barcelona and fell into such a despair when anyone bought one of his books that he would follow the purchaser through the narrow streets, murder him and regain possession of his treasure.

Books are the memory of the world, and must be preserved. In their preservation, collectors, despite all their eccentricities and their mixed motives, play the most important part. Librarians have to consider the needs of students and cannot afford to make the extra effort or to pay the extra price for collectors' books. They can only hope to receive such rarities through gifts. Bibliophiles may know only title-pages and appreciate only perfect states of rare issues; they may go about with a foot rule like "Measure" Miller, who created the Britwell collection; they may cast suspicious glances at visitors to their collections or permit no one to wander unescorted among them. They may, like Gallardo, visit other collections and pray for the demise of their present owners. They may, like Richard de Bury, have an uneasy conscience about the pursuit of their hobby and desire to be prayed for. They may have the detached, unselfish attitude of Hoe or Jones, who placed their treasures under the hammer in order to afford to others the pleasure of acquisition which they had enjoyed; or they may, like Grenville, Chorley, Morgan, the two Huntingtons, Folger, Clements, Osler and many others collect in order to enrich the resources for study of their native cities or countries. Whatever the impulse that actuates them, collectors serve to prolong the life of books, to make them accessible, and that is a sufficient service.

