The Alvinza Hayward Residence, San Mateo, ca. 1886

The photograph reproduced above is one of a suite of six views of "Hayward Park" acquired recently as a gift of the Friends of The Bancroft Library. These albumen photographs by the San Francisco photographer I. W. Taber are mounted on their original ruled mats, and bear annotations which suggest the original owner's detailed knowledge of the building and its contents. The architect, G. W. Percy, of the firm Percy & Hamilton, is twice identified; and we learn, for example, that the woodwork in the
A Tribute from France

The Association Internationale de Bibliophilie, with headquarters in Paris, publishes a Bulletin which in a recent issue printed a nice tribute to the Friends and Bancroftiana in particular. It reads:

La société The Friends of The Bancroft Library (University of California, Berkeley, California, 94720) doit être encouragé dans ses entreprises de soutien à l'institution dont elle se recommande. Elle poursuit notamment la publication d'un bulletin, Bancroftiana, dont le numéro 93 est sorti en janvier dernier. On y trouve d'intéressantes études sur des personnalités américaines comme Hildegarde Flanner, le poète, sœur de Janet Flanner, célèbre observatrice des milieux parisiens: les archives de la première ont entièremenent le fonds de la Bancroft Library. Sous la signature d'Anthony Bliss, une amusante évocation, intitulée A Berkeley First? The Loan Book Exhibition of 1884, nous renseigne sur les débuts d'une activité—l'exposition de livres rares—qui, depuis, a fait ses preuves aux États-Unis. . . . A la même plume, nous devons l'éclairage d'un ensemble d'ouvrages masculins sur les femmes, acquis récemment par la bibliothèque: Early Modern Women retrace une curieuse rétrospective, depuis la publication à Augsbourg, en 1517, de Ob aimer sey zu nehmen ein erlich Weib d'Albrecht von Eyb jusqu'au rarissime et anonyme traité publié à Paris en 1784: L'Influence de la Philosophie sur l'Esprit et le Coeur des Femmes. A propos d'une exposition consacrée au cinquième anniversaire de Bret Hart, auteur californien, dont The Luck of Roaring Camp ou The Outcasts of Poker Flat charmèrent dans les années 1870, le directeur de la Bancroft, James D. Hart définit le rôle de cette personnalité: "What Bret Harte did, he did very well, but it did not extend far since he possessed no guiding philosophy or large vision of life. Despite his limitations, Bret Harte created a concept of a time and of a place: California in the days of the gold rush." Ce trop bref aperçu donne une idée de la richesse et de la diversité de chaque livraison. Il serait à souhaiter que toutes les bibliothèques puissent être à l'origine de telles informations.

The Founding of The Bancroft Library

This supplement to Bancroftiana Number 98, is issued to commemorate the creation of The Bancroft Library in 1859, just 150 years ago. The text is by the founder, Hubert Howe Bancroft, a San Francisco book-seller and book publisher, who published it in 1890 as Chapter VII of his Literary Industries, "From Bibliopoliast to Bibliophile." It tells of the start of a collection that became the unpremeditated source material for Mr. Bancroft's so-called "history factory" that under his guidance wrote and published 33 stout volumes of texts initially documenting "The Native Races" but having as their central subject a seven-volume History of California.

Fifteen years after he wrote of its beginnings Hubert Howe Bancroft's library was acquired by the University of California in 1905, partly by purchase and partly as a gift from Mr. Bancroft. It was moved to the attic of the newly constructed California Hall on the Berkeley campus in 1906. Over the following years it has been augmented by acquisitions in keeping with the founder's statement that he had made "the western half of North America my field, including in it the whole of Mexico and Central America."

Of its early administrators, particularly important were two Directors; Herbert E. Bolton, appointed Professor of History in 1911 and from 1916 until 1946, both the leading scholar of the Spanish-American frontier and head of the Library, and his student, George P. Hammond, also a Professor of History, who guided The Bancroft Library from 1946 to 1965, concentrating on his fields of the western United States and Latin American history, as well as presiding over the founding of the Friends of The Bancroft Library.

As the next Director, whose appointment began on January 1, 1970 I was the first head to come from a department other than His-
From Bibliopolist to Bibliophile

HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT

To begin at the beginning. In 1859 William H. Knight, then in my service as editor and compiler of statistical works relative to the Pacific coast, was engaged in preparing the *Hand-Book Almanac* for the year 1860. From time to time he asked of me certain books required for the work. It occurred to me that we should probably have frequent occasion to refer to books on California, Oregon, Washington, and Utah, and that it might be more convenient to have them all together. I always had a taste, more pleasant than profitable, for publishing books, for conceiving a work and having it wrought out under my direction. To this taste may be attributed the origin of half the books published in California during the first twenty years of its existence as a state, if we except law reports, legislative proceedings, directories, and compilations of that character. Yet I have seldom published anything but law-books that did not result in a loss of money. Books for general reading, miscellaneous books in trade vernacular, even if intrinsically good, found few purchasers in California. The field was not large enough; there were not enough book buyers in it to absorb an edition of any work, except a law-book, or a book intended as a working tool for a class. Lawyers like solid leverage, and in the absence of books they are powerless; they cannot afford to be

“The Founding of The Bancroft Library,” which introduces this article by Hubert Howe Bancroft, begins on page 3.

“Teaching with Bancroft’s Masterpieces of Early Photography,” which begins on page 4, concludes on page 30, following the article by Mr. Bancroft.
FROM BIBLIOPHILE TO BIBLIOPHILE.

without them; they buy them as mill-men buy stones to grind out toll withal. Physicians do not require so many books, but some have fine libraries. Two or three medical books treating of climate and diseases peculiar to California have been published in this country with tolerable success; but the medical man is by no means so dependent on books as the man of law—that is to say, after he has once finished his studies and is established in practice. His is a profession dependent more on intuition and natural insight into character and causations, and above all, on a thorough understanding of the case, and the closest watchfulness in conducting it through intricate and ever-changing complications. Poetry has often been essayed in California, for the most part doggerel; yet should Byron come here and publish for the first time his *Childe Harold*, it would not find buyers enough to pay the printer. Even *Tuthill’s History of California*, vigorously offered by subscription, did not return the cost of plates, paper, presswork, and binding. He who dances must pay the fiddler. Either the author or the publisher must make up his mind to remunerate the printer; the people will not till there are more of them, and with different tastes.

By having all the material on California together, so that I could see what had been done, I was enabled to form a clearer idea of what might be done in the way of book-publishing on this coast. Accordingly I requested Mr. Knight to clear the shelves around his desk, and to them I transferred every book I could find in my stock having reference to this country. I succeeded in getting together some fifty or seventy-five volumes. This was the origin of my library, sometimes called the Pacific Library, but latterly the Bancroft Library. I looked at the volumes thus brought together, and remarked to Mr. Knight, “That is doing very well; I did not imagine there were so many.”

I thought no more of the matter till some time after-ward, happening in at the bookstore of Epes Ellery, on Washington street, called antiquarian because he dealt in second-hand books, though of recent dates, my eyes lighted on some old pamphlets, printed at different times in California, and it occurred to me to add them to the Pacific coast books over Mr. Knight’s desk. This I did, and then examined more thoroughly the stocks of Ellery, Carrie and Damon, and the Noisy Carrier, and purchased one copy each of all the books, pamphlets, magazines, and pictures touching the subject. Afterward I found myself looking over the contents of other shops about town, and stopping at the stands on the sidewalk, and buying any scrap of a kindred nature which I did not have. Frequently I would encounter old books in auction stores, and pamphlets in lawyers’ offices, which I immediately bought and added to my collection. The next time I visited the east, without taking any special trouble to seek them, I secured from the second-hand stores and bookstalls of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, whatever fell under my observation.

Bibliomaniac I was not. This, with every other species of lunacy, I disliked. I know nothing morally wrong for one possessing the money, and having an appetite for old china, furniture, or other relics, to hunt it down and buy it; but it is a taste having no practical purpose in view, and therefore never would satisfy me. So in books; to become a collector, one should have some object consistent with usefulness. Duplicates, fine bindings, and rare editions, seemed to me of less importance than the subject-matter of the work. To collect books in an objectless, desultory manner is not profitable to either mind or purse. Book collecting without a purpose may be to some a fascinating pastime, but give it an object and you endow it with dignity and nobility. Not half the books printed are ever read; not half the books sold are bought to be read. Least of all in the rabid bibliomaniac need we look for the well read man.
FROM BIBLIOPOLIST TO BIBLIOPHILE.

It is true that thus far, and for years afterward, I had no well defined purpose, further than the original and insignificant one, in gathering these books; but with the growth of the collection came the purpose. Accident first drew me into it, and I continued the pastime with vague intent. "Very generally," says Herbert Spencer, "when a man begins to accumulate books he ceases to make much use of them;" or, as Disraeli puts it: "A passion for collecting books is not always a passion for literature."

And the rationale of it? Ask a boy why he fills his pockets with marbles of different varieties, willingly giving two of a kind of which he has three for one of a kind of which he has none, and his answer will be, "To see how many kinds I can get." Collectors of old china, of coins, of ancient relics, and of natural objects, many of them have no higher aim than the boy with his marbles, though some of the articles may be of greater utility. At the residence of a gentleman in London I once saw a collection of old china which he affirmed had cost him twenty thousand pounds, and his boast was, simply, that his was the best and largest in existence. I remember with what satisfaction he showed me an old cup and saucer, worth intrinsically perhaps half a crown, for which a certain nobleman was pining to give him fifty guineas. "But he cannot have it, sir! he cannot have it!" cried the old virtuoso, rubbing his hands in great glee. After all, what are any of us but boys?

I had a kind of purpose at the beginning, though that was speedily overshadowed by the magnitude the matter had assumed as the volumes increased. I recognized that nothing I could ever accomplish in the way of publishing would warrant such an outlay as I was then making. It was not long before any idea I may have entertained in the way of pecuniary return was abandoned; there was no money in making the collection, or in any literary work connected with it. Yet certain books I knew to be intrinsically valuable; old, rare, and valuable books would increase rather than diminish in value, and as I came upon them from time to time I thought it best to secure all there were relating to this coast. After all the cost in money was not much; it was the time that counted; and the time, might it not be as profitable so spent as in sipping sugared water on the Paris boulevard, or other of the insipid sweets of fashionable society? It was understood from the first that nothing in my collection was for sale; sometime, I thought, the whole might be sold to a library or public institution; but I would wait, at least, until the collection was complete.

The library of Richard Heber, the great English bibliomaniac, who died in 1833, consisting of about 140,000 volumes, cost him, when rare books were not half so expensive as now, over $900,000, or say seven dollars a volume, equivalent at least to fifteen dollars a volume at the present time. Two hundred and sixteen days were occupied in the sale, by auction, of this famous collection after the owner's death. And there are many instances where collections of books have brought fair prices. The directors of the British Museum gave Lord Elgin £35,000 for fragments of the Athenian Parthenon, collected by him in 1802, worth to Great Britain not a tenth part of what the Bancroft collection is worth to California. And yet I well knew if my library were then sold it would not bring its cost, however it might increase in value as the years went by.

I had now, perhaps, a thousand volumes, and began to be pretty well satisfied with my efforts. When, however, in 1862 I visited London and Paris, and rummaged the enormous stocks of second-hand books in the hundreds of stores of that class, my eyes began to open. I had much more yet to do. And so it was, when the collection had reached one thousand volumes I fancied I had them all; when it had grown to five thousand, I saw it was but begun. As my time was
short I could then do little beyond glancing at the most important stocks and fill a dozen cases or so; but I determined as soon as I could command the leisure to make a thorough search all over Europe and complete my collection, if such a thing were possible, which I now for the first time began seriously to doubt.

This opportunity offered itself in 1866, when others felt competent to take charge of the business. On the 17th of August I landed with my wife at Queenstown, spent a week in Dublin, passed from the Giant's causeway to Belfast and Edinburgh, and after the tour of the lakes proceeded to London. In Ireland and Scotland I found little or nothing; indeed I visited those countries for pleasure rather than for books. In London, however, the book mart of the world—as in fact it is the mart of most other things bought and sold—I might feed my desires to the full.

During all this time my mind had dwelt more and more upon the subject, and the vague ideas of materials for history which originally floated through my brain began to assume more definite proportions, though I had no thought, as yet, of ever attempting to write such a history myself. But I was obliged to think more or less on the subject in order to determine the limits of my collection. So far I had searched little for Mexican literature. Books on Lower California and northern Mexico I had bought, but Mexican history and archaeology proper had been passed over. Now the question arose, Where shall I draw the dividing line? The history of California dates back to the days of Cortés; or more properly, it begins with the expeditions directed northward by Nuño de Guzmán, in 1530, and the gradual occupation, during two and a quarter centuries, of Nueva Galicia, Nueva Vizcaya, and the Californias. The deeds of Guzmán, his companions, and his successors, the disastrous attempts of the great Hernan Cortés to explore the Pacific seaboard, and the spiritual conquests of the new lands by the society of Jesus, I found recorded in surviving fragments of secular and ecclesiastical archives, in the numerous original papers of the Jesuit missionaries, and in the standard works of such writers as Mota Padilla, Ribas, Alegre, Frejes, Arricivita, and Beaumont, or, of Baja California especially, in Venegas, Clavigero, Baegert, and one or two important anonymous authorities. The Jesuits were good chroniclers; their records, though diffuse, are very complete; and from them, by careful work, may be formed a satisfactory picture of the period they represent.

Hence, to gather all the material requisite for a complete narrative of events bearing on California, it would be necessary to include a large part of the early history of Mexico, since the two were so blended as to make it impossible to separate them. This I ascertained in examining books for California material alone. It was my custom when collecting to glance through any book which I thought might contain information on the territory marked out. I made it no part of my duty at this time to inquire into the nature or quality of the production; it might be the soundest science or the sickliest of sentimental fiction. I did not stop to consider, I did not care, whether the book was of any value or not; it was easier and cheaper to buy it than to spend time in examining its value. Besides, in making such a collection it is impossible to determine at a glance what is of value and what is not. The most worthless trash may prove some fact wherein the best book is deficient, and this makes the trash valuable. The thoughtful may learn from the stupid much respecting the existence of which the possessor himself was ignorant. In no other way could I have made the collection so speedily perfect; so perfect, indeed, that I have often been astonished, in writing on a subject or an epoch, to find how few important books were lacking. An investigator should have before him all that has been said upon his subject; he will then make such use of it as his judgment
dictates. Nearly every work in existence, or which was referred to by the various authorities, I found on my shelves. And this was the result of my method of collecting, which was to buy everything I could obtain, with the view of winnowing the information at my leisure.

Months of precious time I might easily have wasted to save a few dollars; and even then there would have been no saving. I would not sell to-day out of the collection the most worthless volume for twice its cost in money. Every production of every brain is worth something, if only to illustrate its own worthlessness. Every thought is worth to me in money the cost of transfixing it. Surely I might give the cost for what the greatest fool in Christendom should take the trouble to print on a subject under consideration. As La Fontaine says: "Il n'est rien d'inutile aux personnes de sens." Indeed no little honor should attach to such distinguished stupidity. A book is the cheapest thing in the world. A common laborer, with the product of a half day's work, may become possessor of the choicest fruits of Shakespeare's matchless genius. Long years of preparation are followed by long years of patient study and a painful bringing-forth, and the results, summed, are sold in the shops for a few shillings. And in that multiplication of copies by the types, which secures this cheapness, there is no diminution of individual value. Intrinsically and practically the writings of Plato, which I can buy for five dollars, are worth as much to me, will improve my mind as much, as if mine was the only copy in existence. Ay, they are worth infinitely more; for if Plato had but one reader on this planet, it were as well for that reader he had none.

Gradually and almost imperceptibly had the area of my efforts enlarged. From Oregon it was but a step to British Columbia and Alaska; and as I was obliged for California to go to Mexico and Spain, it finally became settled to my mind to make the western half of North America my field, including in it the whole of Mexico and Central America. And thereupon I searched the histories of Europe for information concerning their New World relations; and the archives of Spain, Italy, France, and Great Britain were in due time examined.

In London I spent about three months, and went faithfully through every catalogue and every stock of books likely to contain anything on the Pacific Coast. Of these there were several score, new and old. It was idle to enter a shop and ask the keeper if he had any works on California, Mexico, or the Hawaiian islands: the answer was invariably No. And though I might pick up half a dozen books under his very eyes, the answer would still be, if you asked him, No. California is a long way from London, much farther than London is from California. None but a very intelligent bookseller in London knows where to look for printed information concerning California. The only way is to examine catalogues and search through stocks, trusting to no one but yourself.

Believing that a bibliography of the Pacific States would not only greatly assist me in my search for books but would also be a proper thing to publish some day, I employed a man to search the principal libraries, such as the library of the British Museum and the library of the Royal Geographical Society, and make a transcript of the title of every book, manuscript, pamphlet, and magazine article, touching this territory, with brief notes or memoranda on the subject-matter. It was necessary that the person employed should be a good scholar, familiar with books, and have at his command several languages. The person employed was Joseph Walden, and the price paid him was two guineas a week. My agent, Mr J. Whitaker, proprietor of The Bookseller, engaged him for me and superintended the work, which was continued during the three months I remained in Lon-
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Don, and for about eight months thereafter. The titles and abstracts were entered upon paper cards about four inches square; or, if one work contained more matter than could be properly described within that space, the paper would be cut in strips of a uniform width, but of the requisite length, and folded to the uniform size. The cost of this catalogue was a little over a thousand dollars. In consulting material in these libraries, which contain much that exists nowhere else, this list is invaluable as a guide to the required information. It might be supposed that the printed catalogues of the respective libraries would give their titles in such a way as to designate the contents of the works listed, but this is not always the case. The plan adopted by me was to have any book or manuscript, and all periodicals and journals of societies, likely to contain desired information, carefully examined, the leaves turned over one by one, and notes made of needed material. By this means I could at once learn where the material was, what it was, and turn to the book and page.

From London I went to Paris, and searched the stalls, antiquarian warehouses, and catalogues, in the same careful manner. I found much material in no other way obtainable, but it was small in comparison with what I had secured in London. Dibdin speaks of a house in Paris, the Debures, bibliopolists, dealers in rare books, who would never print a catalogue. It was not altogether folly that prompted the policy, for obvious reasons. Leaving Paris the 3d of January, 1867, I went down into Spain full of sanguine anticipations. There I expected to find much relating to Mexico at the stalls for old books, but soon learned that everything of value found its way to London. It has been said that in London any article of any description will bring a price nearer its true value than anywhere else in the world. This I know to be true of books. I have in my library little old worthless-looking volumes that cost me two or three hundred dollars each in London, which if offered at auction in San Francisco would sell for twenty-five or fifty cents, unless some intelligent persons who understood books happened to be present, in which case competition might raise the sum to five dollars. On the other hand, that which cost a half dollar in London might sell for five dollars in San Francisco.

There were not three men in California, I venture to say, who at that time knew anything either of the intrinsic or marketable value of old books. Booksellers knew the least. I certainly have had experience both as dealer and as collector, but I profess to know little about the value of ancient works, other than those which I have had occasion to buy. Let me pick up a volume of the Latin classics, for example, or of Dutch voyages, and ask the price. If the book were as large as I could lift, and the shopman told me half a crown, I should think it much material for the money, but I should not question the integrity of the shopman; if the book were small enough for the vest pocket, and the seller charged me twenty pounds for it, I should think it right, and that there must be real value about it in some way, otherwise the man would not ask so much. There may be six or eight dealers in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, who know something of the value of ancient books; but aside from these, among the trade throughout America, I doubt if there are three. A collector, devoting himself to a specialty, may learn something by experience, by looking over his bills and paying them, regarding the value of books in the direction of his collecting, but that must be a small part of the whole range of the science of bibliography.

I thought the London shopkeepers were apathetic enough, but they are sprightly in comparison with the Spanish booksellers. To the average Spanish bookseller Paris and London are places bordering the mythical; if he really believes them to exist, they are mapped in his mind with the most vague indistinct-
NESS. As to a knowledge of books and booksellers' shops in those places, there are but few pretensions.

Opening on the main plaza of Burgos, which was filled with some of the most miserable specimens of muffled humanity I ever encountered—cut-throat, villainous-looking men and women in robes of sewed rags—were two small shops, in which not only books and newspapers were sold, but traps and trinkets of various kinds. There I found a few pamphlets which spoke of Mexico. Passing through a Californian-looking country we entered Madrid, the town of tobacco and bull-fights. If book-selling houses are significant of the intelligence of the people—and we in California, who boast the finest establishments of the kind in the world according to our population, claim that they are—then culture in Spain is at a low ebb.

The first three days in Madrid I spent in collecting and studying catalogues. Of these I found but few, and they were all similar, containing about the same class of works. Then I searched the stalls and stores, and gathered more than at one time I thought I should be able to, sufficient to fill two large boxes; but to accomplish this I was obliged to work diligently for two weeks.

To Saragossa, Barcelona, Marseilles, Nice, Genoa, Bologna, Florence, and Rome; then to Naples, back to Venice, and through Switzerland to Paris. After resting a while I went to Holland, then up the Rhine and through Germany to Vienna; then through Germany and Switzerland again, Paris and London, and finally back to New York and Buffalo. Everywhere I found something, and seized upon it, however insignificant, for I had long since ceased to resist the malady. Often have I taken a cab or a carriage to drive me from stall to stall all day, without obtaining more than perhaps three or four books or pamphlets, for which I paid a shilling or a franc each. Then again I would light upon a valuable manuscript which

relieved my pocket to the extent of three, five, or eight hundred dollars.

Now, I thought, my task is done. I have rifled America of its treasures; Europe have I ransacked; and after my success in Spain, Asia and Africa may as well be passed by. I have ten thousand volumes and over, fifty times more than ever I dreamed were in existence when the collecting began. My library is a fait accompli. Finis coronat opus. Here will I rest.

But softly! What is this inch-thick pamphlet that comes to me by mail from my agent in London? By the shade of Tom Dibdin it is a catalogue! Stripping off the cover I read the title-page: Catalogue de la Riche Bibliothèque de D. José Maria Andrade. Livres manuscrits et imprimés. Littérature Française et Espagnole. Histoire de L'Afrique, de L'Asie, et de L'Amérique. 7000 pièces et volumes ayant rapport au Mexique ou imprimés dans ce pays. Dont la vente se fera Lundi 18 Janvier 1869 et jours suivants, à Leipzig, dans la salle de ventes de MM. List & Francke, 15 rue de L'Université, par le ministère de M. Hermann Francke, commissaire priseur.

Seven thousand books direct from Mexico, and probably half of them works which should be added to my collection! What was to be done? Here were treasures beside which the gold, silver, and rich merchandise found by Ali Baba in the robbers' cave were dross. A new light broke in upon me. I had never considered that Mexico had been printing books for three and a quarter centuries—one hundred years longer than Massachusetts—and that the earlier works were seldom seen floating about book-stalls and auction-rooms. One would think, perhaps, that in Mexico there might be a rich harvest; that where the people were ignorant and indifferent to learning, books would be lightly esteemed, and a large collection easily made. And such at times and to some extent
has been the fact, but it is not so now. It is charac-
teristic of the Mexican, to say nothing of the Yankee,
that an article which may be deemed worthless until
one tries to buy it, suddenly assumes great value.
The common people, seeing the priests and collectors
place so high an estimate on these embodiments of
knowledge, invest them with a sort of supernatural
importance, place them among their lares and penates,
and refuse to part with them at any price. Besides,
Mexico as well as other countries has been overrun
by book collectors. In making this collection Señor
Andrade had occupied forty years; and being upon
the spot, with every facility, ample means at his
command, a thorough knowledge of the literature of
the country, and familiarity with the places in which
books and manuscripts were most likely to be found,
he surely should have been able to accomplish what
no other man could.
And then again, rare books are every year becoming
rarer. In England particularly this is the case. Im-
portant sales are not so frequent now as fifty years
ago, when a gentleman's library, which at his death
was sold at auction for the benefit of heirs, almost
always offered opportunities for securing some rare
books. Then, at the death of one, another would add
to his collection, and at his death another, and so
on. During the past half century many new public
libraries have been formed both in Europe and Amer-
ica, until the number has become very large. These,
as a rule, are deficient in rare books; but having with
age and experience accumulated funds and the knowl-
dge of using them, or having secured all desirable
current literature, the managers of public libraries
are more and more desirous of enriching their collec-
tions with the treasures of the past; and as institu-
tions seldom or never die, when once a book finds
lodgment on their shelves the auctioneer rarely sees
it again. Scores of libraries in America have their
agents, with lists of needed books in their hands,
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part with it except for the consummation of a grand purpose. It was ever the earnest desire of the unfortunate Maximilian to advance the interests of the country in every way in his power; and prominent among his many praiseworthy designs was that of improving the mental condition of the people by the elevation of literature. Scarcely had he established himself in the government when he began the formation of an imperial library. This could be accomplished in no other way so fully or so easily as by enlisting the cooperation of Senor Andrade, while on the other hand the intelligent and zealous collector could in no other way reap a reward commensurate with his long and diligent researches. It was therefore arranged that, in consideration for a certain sum of money to be paid the owner of the books, this magnificent collection should form the basis of a Biblioteca Imperial de Mejico. By this admirable and only proper course the fullest collection of books on Mexico, together with valuable additions from the literature of other countries, would remain in the country and become the property of the government. But unfortunately for Mexico this was not to be. These books were to be scattered among the libraries of the world, and the rare opportunity was forever lost. Evil befell both emperor and bibliophile. The former met the fate of many another adventurer of less noble birth and less chivalrous and pure intention, and the latter failed to secure his money.

When it became certain that Maximilian was doomed to die at the hands of his captors, Senor Andrade determined to secure to himself the proceeds from the sale of his library as best he might. Nor was there any time to lose. Imperialism in Mexico was on the decline, and the friends of the emperor could scarcely hope to see their contracts ratified by his successor. Consequently, while all eyes were turned in the direction of Querétaro, immediately after the enactment of the bloody tragedy, and before the return wave of popular fury and vandalism had reached the city of Mexico, Senor Andrade hastily packed his books into two hundred cases, placed them on the backs of mules, and hurried them to Vera Cruz, and thence across the water to Europe. Better for Mexico had the bibliophile taken with him one of her chief cities than that mule-train load of literature, wherein for her were stores of mighty experiences, which, left to their own engendering, would in due time bring forth healing fruits. Never since the burning of the Aztec manuscripts by the bigot Zumárraga had there fallen on the country such a loss. How comparatively little of human experience has been written, and yet how much of that which has been written is lost! How many books have been scattered; how many libraries burned: how few of the writings of the ancients have we. Of the hundred plays said to have been written by Sophocles, only seven are preserved.

M. Deschamps says of Senor Andrade's collection: “The portion of this library relating to Mexico is incontestably unique, and constitutes a collection which neither the most enlightened care, the most patient investigation, nor the gold of the richest placers could reproduce. The incunabula of American typography, six Gothic volumes head the list, printed from 1543 to 1547, several of which have remained wholly unknown to bibliographers; then follows a collection of documents, printed and in manuscript, by the help of which the impartial writer may reestablish on its true basis the history of the firm domination held by Spain over these immense territories, from the time of Cortés to the glorious epoch of the wars of Independence. The manuscripts are in part original and in part copies of valuable documents made with great care from the papers preserved in the archives of the empire at Mexico. It is well known that access to these archives is invariably refused to the public, and that it required the sovereign intervention of an en-

THE LEIPSIC SALE.
lightened prince to render possible the long labors of transcription."

Such is the history of the collection of which I now received a catalogue, with notice of sale beginning the 18th of January, 1869. Again I asked myself, What was to be done? Little penetration was necessary to see that this sale at Leipsic was most important; that such an opportunity to secure Mexican books never had occurred before and could never occur again. It was not among the possibilities that Señor Andrade's catalogue should ever be duplicated.

The time was too short for me, after receiving the catalogue, to reach Leipsic in person previous to the sale. The great satisfaction was denied me to make out a list of requirements with my own catalogue and the catalogue of Andrade before me. Yet I was determined not to let the opportunity slip without securing something, no matter at what hazard or at what sacrifice.

Shutting my eyes to the consequences, therefore, I did the only thing possible under the circumstances to secure a portion of that collection: I telegraphed my agent in London five thousand dollars earnest money, with instructions to attend the sale and purchase at his discretion. I expected nothing less than large lots of duplicates, with many books which I did not care for; but in this I was agreeably disappointed. Though my agent, Mr Whitaker, was not very familiar with the contents of my library, he was a practical man, and thoroughly versed in the nature and value of books, and the result of his purchase was to increase my collection with some three thousand of the rarest and most valuable volumes extant.

There were in this purchase some works that gave me duplicates, and some books bought only for their rarity, such as specimens of the earliest printing in Mexico, and certain costly linguistic books. But on the whole I was more than pleased; I was delighted. A sum five times larger than the cost of the books would not have taken them from me after they were once in my possession, from the simple fact that though I should live a hundred years I would not see the time when I could buy any considerable part of them at any price. And furthermore, no sooner had I begun authorship than experience taught me that the works thus collected and sold by Señor Andrade included foreign books of the highest importance. There were among them many books and manuscripts invaluable for a working library. It seemed after all as though Mr Whitaker had instinctively secured what was most wanted, allowing very few of the four thousand four hundred and eighty-four numbers of the catalogue to slip through his fingers that I would have purchased if present in person.

But this was not the last of the Andrade-Maximilian episode. Another lot, not so large as the Leipsic catalogue, but enough to constitute a very important sale, was disposed of by auction in London, by Puttick and Simpson, in June of the same year. The printed list was entitled: Bibliotheca Mexicana. A Catalogue of an extraordinary collection of books relating to Mexico and North and South America, from the first introduction of printing in the New World, A. D. 1544, to A. D. 1868. Collected during 20 years' official residence in Mexico. Mr Whitaker likewise attended this sale for me, and from his purchases I was enabled still further to fill gaps and perfect the collection.

Prior to these large purchases, namely in December, 1868, Mr Whitaker made some fine selections for me at a public sale in Paris. This same year was sold in New York the library of A. A. Smet, and the year previous had been sold that of Richard W. Roche. The library of George W. Pratt was sold in New York in March, 1868; that of Amos Dean, at private sale, in New York the same year; that of W. L. Mattison in New York in April, 1869; that of John A. Rice in New York in March, 1870; that of S. G.
FROM BIBLIOPOLIST TO BIBLIOPHILE.

Drake in Boston in May and June, 1876; that of John W. Dwinelle in San Francisco in July, 1877; that of George T. Strong in New York in November, 1878; that of Milton S. Latham in San Francisco in April, 1879; that of Gideon N. Searing in New York in May, 1880; that of H. R. Schoolcraft in New York in November, 1880; that of A. Oakley Hall in New York in January, 1881; that of J. L. Hasmar in Philadelphia in March, 1881; that of George Brinley in New York, different dates; that of W. B. Lawrence in New York in 1881–2; that of the Sunderland Library, first part, in London in 1881; that of W. C. Prescott in New York in December, 1881; and that of J. G. Keil in Leipsic in 1882;—from each of which I secured something. Besides those elsewhere enumerated there were to me memorable sales in Lisbon, New York, and London, in 1870; in London and New York in 1872; in London and New York in 1873, and in New York in 1877. The several sales in London of Henry G. Bohn, retiring from business, were important.

The government officials in Washington and the officers of the Smithsonian Institution have always been very kind and liberal to me, as have the Pacific coast representatives in congress. From members of the Canadian cabinet and parliament I have received valuable additions to my library. From the many shops of Nassau street, New York, and from several stores and auction sales in Boston, I have been receiving constant additions to my collection for a period of over a quarter of a century.

From the Librairie Tross of Paris in April, 1870, I obtained a long list of books, selected from a catalogue. So at various times I have received accessions from Maisonneuve et Cie, Paris, notably quite a shipment in September, 1878. From Trübner, Quaritch, Rowell, and others, in London, the stream was constant, though not large, for many years. Asher of Berlin managed to offer at various times valuable cata-

THE SQUIER COLLECTION.

logues, as did also John Russell Smith of London; F. A. Brockhaus of Leipsic; Murguia of Mexico, and Madrileña of Mexico; Muller of Amsterdam; Weigel of Leipsic; Robert Clarke & Co. of Cincinnati; Schedle of Stuttgart; Bouton of New York; Henry Miller of New York, and Olivier of Bruxelles. Henry Stevens of London sold in Boston, through Leonard, by auction in April, 1870, a collection of five thousand volumes of American history, which he catalogued under the title of Bibliotheca Historica, at which time he claimed to have fifteen thousand similar volumes stored at 4 Trafalgar square.

In April, 1876, was sold by auction in New York the collection of Mr E. G. Squier, relating in a great measure to Central America, where the collector, when quite young, was for a time United States minister. Being a man of letters, the author of several books, and many essays and articles on ethnology, history, and politics, and a member of home and foreign learned societies, Mr Squier was enabled by his position to gratify his tastes to their full extent, and he availed himself of the opportunities. His library was rich in manuscripts, in printed and manuscript maps, and in Central American newspapers, and political and historical pamphlets. There were some fine original drawings by Catherwood of ruins and monolith idols, and some desirable engravings and photographs. Books from the library of Alexander Von Humboldt were a feature, and there was a section on Scandinavian literature. In regard to his manuscripts, which he intended to translate and print, the publication of Palacio, Cartas, being the beginning, Mr Squier said: "A large part of these were obtained from the various Spanish archives and depositories by my friend Buckingham Smith, late secretary of the legation of the United States in Spain. Others were procured during my residence in Central America either in person or through the intervention of friends." I gladly availed
myself of the opportunity to purchase at this sale whatever the collection contained and my library lacked. Of Mr Squier's library Mr Sabin testified: "In the department relative to Central America the collection is not surpassed by any other within our knowledge; many of these books being published in Central America, and having rarely left the land of their birth, are of great value, and are almost unknown outside the localities from which they were issued."

The next most important opportunity was the sale, by auction, of the library of Caleb Cushing in Boston, in October, 1879. This sale was attended for me by Mr Lauriat, and the result was in every way satisfactory.

Quite a remarkable sale was that of the library of Ramirez, by auction, in London in July 1880, not so much in regard to numbers, for there were but 1290, as in variety and prices. The title of the catalogue reads as follows: Bibliotheca Mexicana. A catalogue of the Library of rare books and important manuscripts, relating to Mexico and other parts of Spanish America, formed by the late Señor Don José Fernando Ramirez, president of the late Emperor Maximilian's first ministry, comprising fine specimens of the presses of the early Mexican typographers Juan Cromberger, Juan Pablos, Antonio Espinosa, Pedro Ocharte, Pedro Balli, Antonio Ricardo, Melchior Ocharte; a large number of works, both printed and manuscript, on the Mexican Indian languages and dialects; the civil and ecclesiastical history of Mexico and its provinces; collections of laws and ordinances relating to the Indies. Valuable unpublished manuscripts relating to the Jesuit missions in Texas, California, China, Peru, Chili, Brasil, etc.; collections of documents; sermons preached in Mexico; etc., etc. Ramirez was a native of the city of Durango, where he had been educated and admitted to the bar, rising to eminence as state and federal judge. He was at one time head of the national museum of Mexico; also minister of foreign affairs, and again president of Maximilian's first ministry. Upon the retirement of the French expedition from Mexico Señor Ramirez went to Europe and took up his residence at Bonn, where he died in 1871. The books comprising the sale formed the second collection made by this learned bibliographer, the first having been sold to become the foundation of a state library in the city of Durango. The rarest works of the first collection were reserved, however, to form the nucleus of the second, which was formed after he removed to the capital; his high public position, his reputation as scholar and bibliographer, and his widely extended influence affording him the best facilities. Many of his literary treasures were obtained from the convents after the suppression of the monastic orders. From the collection, as it stood at the death of Ramirez, his heirs permitted A. Chavero to select all works relating to Mexico. "We believe we do not exaggerate," the sellers affirmed, "when we say that no similar collection of books can again be brought into the English market." Writing me in 1869 regarding the Paris and London sales of that year, Mr Whitaker says: "If I may argue from analogy, I do not think that many more Mexican books will come to Europe for sale. I remember some twenty-five years ago a similar series of sales of Spanish books which came over here in consequence of the revolution, but for many years there have been none to speak of." Thus we find the same idea expressed by an expert eleven years before the Ramirez sale. In one sense both opinions proved true; the collections were different in character, and neither of them could be even approximately duplicated. With regard to prices at the respective sales of 1869 Mr Whitaker remarks: "Some of the books sold rather low considering their rarity and value, but on the whole prices ruled exceedingly high." Had Mr Whitaker attended the Ramirez sale he would have been simply astounded. If ever the prices of Mexican books sold prior to this memorable year of 1880 could in comparison be
called high, such sales have been wholly outside of my knowledge. I had before paid hundreds of dollars for a thin 12mo volume; but a bill wherein page after page the items run from $50 to $700 is apt to call into question the general sanity of mankind. And yet this was at public sale, in the chief book mart of the world, and it is to be supposed that the volumes were sold with fairness.

Notice of this sale, with catalogue, was forwarded to me by Mr Stevens, who attended it in my behalf. I made out my list and sent it on with general instructions, but without special limit; I did not suppose the whole lot would amount to over $10,000 or $12,000. The numbers I ordered brought nearer $30,000. Mr Stevens did not purchase them all, preferring to forego his commissions rather than subject me to such fearfully high prices. My chief consolation in drawing a check for the purchase was that if books were worth the prices brought at the Ramirez sale my library would foot up a million of dollars. And yet Mr Stevens writes: "On the whole you have secured your lots very reasonably. A few are dear; most of them are cheap. The seven or eight lots that you put in your third class, and which Mr Quaritch or Count Heredia bought over my bids, you may rest assured went dear enough." There were scarcely any purchasers other than the three bidders above named, though Mr Stevens held orders likewise for the British Museum. There was no calling off or hammering by the auctioneer. The bidders sat at a table on which was placed the book to be sold; each made his bids and the seller recorded the highest.

Referring once more to Mr Walden and his work, Mr Whitaker writes in April, 1869: "The delay in sending off all the Andrade books arose from the desire to have them catalogued. Mr Walden has been terribly slow over the work, but it was difficult to stop. He has now finished all that I bought first, and I told him that he is altogether to suspend operations upon your account after Saturday, May 1st, to which date I have paid him. It appears to me that you will now have enough materials in the books you have bought and the sale catalogues, etc., to enable you to get all the information you require. Walden sees his way to seven years' more work." And from Mr Walden himself a month later: "It has afforded me great pleasure to hear at different times from Mr Whitaker that you are satisfied with the slips received, and the manner in which I have catalogued the books. In following out your instructions much time must evidently be taken up in searching for works on the various subjects, and the time and money thus spent will assuredly repay itself in having such a list of books on the various subjects required, and on that part of America; it will not have its equal in any catalogue yet made. I have not yet catalogued the whole of the manuscripts relating to your subjects in the British Museum."

Thus it was that in 1869, ten years after beginning to collect, after the Maximilian sale, but before those of Ramirez, Squier, and many others, I found in my possession, including pamphlets, about sixteen thousand volumes; and with these, which even before its completion I placed on the fifth floor of the Market-street building, I concluded to begin work. As a collector, however, I continued lying in wait for opportunities. All the new books published relative to the subject were immediately added to the collection, with occasional single copies, or little lots of old books secured by my agents. Before leaving Europe I appointed agents in other principal cities besides London to purchase, as opportunity offered, whatever I lacked. There were many other notable additions to the library from sources not yet mentioned, of which I shall take occasion to speak during the progress of this history of my work.
photographs of the highest quality. We meet in the Library's seminar room, and with the help of Lawrence Dinnean, Curator of Pictorial Collections, I get out eight or ten of the most precious portfolios of photographs in the collection, and spread out a selection on the table and on special stands. Because of their fragility, the students may not handle the original photographs; but I carefully rearrange and juxtapose them as the discussion proceeds.

The highlight of this first meeting, and the model for the students' approaching assignment, is a selection of mammoth plate photographs by Carleton E. Watkins, originally the property of George Davidson, Head of the United States Coast Geodetic Survey of the California Coast (1850-57). Such plates are very rare, and these examples are on their original mounts, in perfect condition. For the students (and, to tell the truth, for me also) the most exciting of these are the photographs Watkins made in Yosemite Valley in 1861. These are contact prints from the 17x21 inch glass plates he sensitized by the collodion wet-plate process. After Watkins had chosen his view and set up his camera he had to coat the four-pound plate in his dark tent, give it a long time exposure, and develop it before it could dry. His expedition required about a ton of equipment brought into the Valley on pack animals over primitive trails.

The practical difficulties were formidable, but what matters is that Watkins had a clear vision of what he wanted to accomplish in landscape photography. As he had explained on a previous occasion, he "selected the spot which would give the best view." He wanted to present the grandeur of God's handiwork, as many writers described Yosemite at the time, in the most direct manner possible. He had no artistic education or pretensions. His was the naive simplicity of genius, which the students soon realize is equally characteristic of later landscape photographs made by Watkins shown to them for comparison.

To provide further historical perspective, I also show examples of Charles C. Weed's photographs, the first to be made in Yosemite. Weed was there two years before Watkins but he did not have a sufficiently wide angle lens to do justice to the setting, and his salt prints are weak and poorly preserved by comparison with Watkins' superb albumen prints. The obvious differences between comparable views are more technical than artistic, but to establish a clearer sense of the artistic personality of Watkins I show views similar to his that were made by Eadweard Muybridge eleven years later. Until quite recently these were much better known than those by Watkins, and a common concept of Yosemite was confirmed by their slightly more romantic interpretation. An exhibition of comparable scenes by artists equally expert in technique gives the students a chance to follow up our class discussions preparatory to writing analyses of the photographers' differences.

By these means the students come to appreciate the bold direct presentation of Watkins, his near-symmetry and his severe geometry in contrast to the gentler and more complex path for the eye that is characteristic of Muybridge's work. Of course the students cannot approach such standards when they try their own landscape photography, especially when they use ordinary 35 mm. cameras, but they learn a lot through this combination of discussion, written analysis, and their attempts at imitation.

David Wright
Professor of the History of Art
Desiderata

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American Type Founders Company. Specimens of Type. Minneapolis: 1895. (The first specimen type book issued by American Type Founders).
Davis, William Watts. El Gringo; or, New Mexico and Her People. Santa Fe: Rydal Press, 1938.