

# BENJAMIN TIGHE, BOOK SCOUT, 1895-1975

## In Two Parts

### *An Account of His Life, With His Memoirs*

Introduced and Edited  
by Marcus A. McCorison

#### *Part I, A Brief Biography*

I. R. (Ike) Brussel of Brooklyn, New York, was not, as he billed himself, L.O.G.S., “Last of the Great Scouts,” although he certainly was a representative of an endangered species, the denizens in a corner of the American used and rare book trade. Brussel and his fellows were book scouts—energetically peripatetic, invariably intelligent, sometimes only rudely educated. These men (and sometimes women) were driven by curiosity and an inextinguishable passion for gathering up printed matter. They scoured second-hand shops, charity stores, yard and rummage sales, local auctions, flea markets, and library duplicate shelves in their hunt for the saleable, (and the sometime unusual or important) book, manuscript, or print. Their efforts brought to light materials that could produce new historical insights or bring delight to the minds and the eyes of collectors.

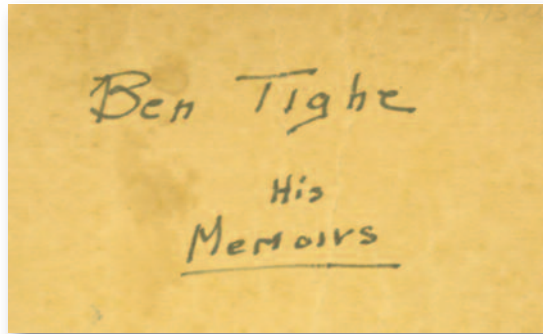
Benjamin Tighe, book scout of Worcester and Athol, Massachusetts, was a member of that all-but-extinct, if not obliterated by the Internet, circle. By incessant laboring in his far-ranging vineyard, Benny Tighe successfully picked the fruit of it while actively patrolling its borders to suppress poachers. Like his New England successors of the final generation, Kenneth Leach of Brattleboro, Vermont, Douglas Harding of Wells, Maine, and Matthew Needle of Newburyport, Massachusetts, Benny was constantly on the road pursuing books, manuscripts, and ephemera; establishing contacts, following leads, and making deals.

Benjamin Tighe (the Irish family name came by some mischance) was born in Woonsocket, Rhode

Island, on November 7, 1895, the son of Joseph and Mary (Schlansky) Tighe.<sup>1</sup> The family moved to Millville, Massachusetts, where, according to Ben, he played baseball with Gabby Hartnett, later the great catcher of the Chicago Cubs baseball team. If so, the hyperbolizing Ben must have been athletically precocious because he left home at the age of fourteen. He was precocious otherwise also, reporting that he began to collect books at the age of twelve – among them Gibbon’s *Decline and fall of the Roman empire*, which he read in its entirety, and the *Genuine works of Flavius Josephus*, the ancient Jewish historian.

Benny arrived in Worcester in 1912. He earned his living as a sign painter for the city’s three Fox-Poli theaters, his shop being located at the Palace Theater. Although he claimed to be a “collector,” not a dealer, by 1919 Ben was scouting seriously for books and a revealing event in 1927 surely would have encouraged him to continue. In response to one of his advertisements, Ben located in rural western Massachusetts a mint lot of at least fifty books printed for children. Some had been issued by Isaiah Thomas, printer of Worcester, in 1786 to 1788.<sup>2</sup> To continue the fiction of “collector,” Benny stated he had given the books to the Society. He had not. He had merely informed Clarence Brigham, the Society’s librarian, of their existence in Oakham, Massachusetts. This coup led a local newspaper gossip columnist in “The Worcestershire Sauce” to call Ben, “Truly a man of letters who knows his books.”

The subject of a 1933 feature article in the *Worcester Telegram*, Tighe, who was still painting



theater signs, insisted he was *not* a dealer. The interviewer wrote that “many years in one of the most fascinating hobbies has given [Ben] an encyclopedic store of information about books and their makers all through the history of them.” Described as, “short and dark and quick of movement, ... he tells us he is ‘one of God’s chosen people.’ [That is true, he was!] He’s witty and a ready conversationalist — particularly if you get him started on the subject of books. Mr. Tighe’s main interests as a collector have been in Americana ... including New England primers, and he acquired a considerable and valuable collection which he ‘gave’ [quotation marks added] to the American Antiquarian Society.” His “finds” included a title by Cotton Mather in its first edition that found its way to Cleveland, Ohio, to William Gwinn Mather (now at the library of the University of Virginia); a 1752 pamphlet proposing the establishment of King’s College (now Columbia University), and a foundation document of our republic, *The Federalist* (New York, 1788), as well as curious works on religious cults, and American history. The remainder of the article was about lost opportunities — the best books in a lot had been burned; others had been thrown down an old well. [Illus.] Once he commissioned a junk dealer to collect books printed before the year 1821. The junk man and his accomplices thereupon accumulated a huge weight of them to be sold to Ben for \$1.00 a pound. The lot proved to be exactly junk which Benny declined to buy. The irate junk men then declared Benny to be a “fakir”!<sup>3</sup>

In 1938 Ben Tighe gave up sign painting. No longer a “collector,” in his new work he became another kind of artist. Benny Tighe was often crude and loud, talked incessantly, and told bad jokes. Those factors could disguise his better qualities of intelligence, remarkable memory, generosity, and loyalty. He earned a well deserved reputation for honesty and

fair dealing. Even so, a bookseller told me he once called on Benny. Ben chattered away so long about children’s books the listener was driven to distraction and never returned, despite the presence of a stock of good, saleable books. Ben told me he once took some material to show to the impeccable and imperious Philip Hofer of the Houghton Library at Harvard. Hofer threw him out of his office. It was a mistake. Hofer would never know what he lost for Harvard’s graphic arts collections because of his impatience. Ben’s selling technique was direct when a price was in dispute — slamming a \$5.00 bill down on the desk he would say, “If you know



Worcester Telegram, April 16, 1933

more about this book than I do, take the money or take the book at my price!” Members of the trade who knew him continue to hold him in high regard. Henry Hurley, in Westmoreland, N.H., recalls Ben as “a great character; bigger than life, and of real help to beginning booksellers,” including himself. Matthew Needle of Newburyport, who began business in 1969, thinks of Benny in only good terms, as honest and generous. Like Hurley, Ben helped Needle in the early days by giving Matt his list of librarian customers. Benny dealt with many New England dealers, now gone to a better place — George Gloss of the Brattle Book Shop in Boston; John Walsh, another scout; Steven Rasamas of Spencer, Mass.; Sam Morrill of Edward Morrell & Son; Ephraim’s Book Store in Worcester; Arnold Silverman who unerringly assessed Goodspeed’s incoming stock at its Milk Street Branch, Sam Murray of Wilbraham, Mass.<sup>4</sup> Those at a distance such as Richard Mohr at International Book Finders in Beverly Hills, and Roger Butterfield of Hartwick, N.Y., did not have to suffer Benny’s one-liners, such as the one in which Benny would ask his auditor to name the famous person who had originated the profound-sounding aphorism, just uttered by Ben. When the auditor could not respond, Ben triumphantly

said, "I did!" It was a hard life dealing with Benny Tighe!

According to Benny, a book scout's life also was hard. He described the skills needed to achieve success. "A feller has to be a diplomat, and a salesman, and an optimist, and a stoic all in one.... He has to be hardened to rebuffs and persistent in following all scents. He gets into uncomfortable and even frightening situations.... It's a sort of a game, this quest for books. You buy a book in Worcester and the woman who sells it tells a friend in Old Lyme, Connecticut. The word spreads and soon you have a regular list."<sup>5</sup> He was on the road constantly, driving an estimated 50,000 miles a year (in a very large Lincoln Continental, once he could afford more than basic transportation) in pursuit of his quarry. On annual, winter automobile trips with Mrs. Tighe to Florida,<sup>6</sup> he developed a series of regular visitations to antique or secondhand dealers who would hold material for him, awaiting his next visit. To smooth the way with ephemera dealers, he maintained a very large inventory of postcards (he claimed to disdain them) which he used to trade for material he wanted. Thus, Benny had strategy for building his stock.

One of his deep interests was in the field of American children's literature (perhaps encouraged originally by Brigham), a field that until the late 1950s was, by and large, largely ignored by collectors and the trade. One can think of a few "early" collectors – Clarence Brigham, Wilbur Macey Stone, Edna Greenwood Little, d'Alté Welch, Elisabeth Ball, Ruth Adomeit, Ludwig and Vera Ries, Ruth Baldwin, Col. D. M. McKell, Dr. Norman Clarke, Betsey Beinecke Shirley, and Lloyd Cotsen – or of dealers, Walter Schatzky, Dr. A.S.W. Rosenbach, Peggy Christian, Katherine Gregory, Milton Reissman, and Justin Schiller. It was a small club. Benny's tactic, which ultimately made the market in children's literature, was built on his contacts who put material aside for him and on his constant advertisements in the trade journals, *AB Bookman's Weekly*, *The New Town Bee*, *Yankee Magazine* and others. It worked very well, as we shall see.

Benny found excellent material of all kinds. Michael Ginsberg (of Western Hemisphere) reports, "The first time I visited Benny Tighe in Athol it was in the mid-1950s with Eugene Schwaab of J. S.

Canner & Co. I was seventeen or eighteen. Ben had a pile of Elbert Hubbard's Roycroft Press books on a shelf. I went through them and found a copy of Lyman Goff's *An 1862 trip to the west* (Pawtucket, R.I.: Boys Club Press, 1926). I bought it for \$10, less discount, and sold it for \$1,000. That was over 50 years ago!" Charles B. Wood, expert in antiquarian architectural books, visited Benny and found "a copy of *The rules of work, of the carpenters in the Town of Boston*. (Boston: Samuel Etheridge, 1800). It is a very scarce book. Benny knew exactly what the book was. He was a bookseller's bookseller." Stephen Foster's first published song, one of the great rarities of American published music, appeared in 1844 bearing the unfortunate title of "Open Thy Lattice, Love." The score was there in Benny's safe when the visiting Roger Stoddard, then Curator of the Harris Collection of American Poetry and Plays at Brown's John Hay Library, snatched it out and put it in the University's superb collection of American sheet music.<sup>7</sup>

The relations between Ben Tighe and the American Antiquarian Society went back to his beginnings as a book scout. I have alluded to the episode in 1927 concerning that wonderful cache of children's books published in the 1780s by Isaiah Thomas, the Society's founder. Over the years, Ben and Brigham developed close relations. As Benny wrote in his memoirs, "... prior to 1954, when I moved from Worcester, there was hardly a Sunday when I did not appear with a group of items, most of which were 'wants.' We met at his office at exactly 10:30 AM and usually completed our business by noon. Besides selling him items, he would generally allow me to purchase duplicates."<sup>8</sup> Brigham bought what must have been thousands of books from Benny and sometimes acted as a go-between for Benny and dealers or collectors with whom Benny was unacquainted. For example, I suspect that Brigham directed that Cotton Mather title to William G. Mather in Cleveland and Brig assisted Benny in the sale of a major item to the New York City bookseller, Lathrop C. Harper. Ben did his part, also, alerting Brigham to the availability of three pastel portraits by William M. S. Doyle of members of the Isaiah Thomas family, then (1945) in the hands of an antique dealer.<sup>9</sup> In 1949 Benny bid for AAS at the auction sale of reference books of the late Kittery Point, Maine, antiquarian, Joseph W.P.

Frost. Ben was the source of a large, oaken book case containing 121 volumes of the American Sunday School Union's 1838 "Select Library." A remarkable survivor, the case is intended to be hung on a wall of a Sunday school room. Although children's literature played a significant part in transactions between our librarian and the bookseller, it was not all. In 1946 Brigham bought a file of the Chicago temperance newspaper, *Watchman of the prairies*, 1848-1852. A \$50 lot consisted of a large broadside of the 1830 schedule of the Boston & Keene Stage Coach line, illustrated with a wonderful cut of a coach — plus Benjamin Tanner's engraving of the battle between the war ships *United States* and *The Macedonian*, 1814. One lot of nine titles Ben sold in 1947 to AAS included an early edition of *The story of Chicken Little*, the 1811, Philadelphia edition of *Whimsical incidents, ... of Old Mother Hubbard*, engraved by William Charles, and *A new primer*, Springfield, 1786. Brigham bought a collection of 512 book plates and 32 bookseller's labels in the 1950s. By then, Brigham was paying for purchases with his own funds, as he did in this case for \$250. In the summer of 1957, Benny brought in 230 titles of children's books, priced from \$50.00 (one item) to \$1.00 (many items), making a total of \$1,500. Those were the days!

With the retirement of Clarence Brigham in 1959, relations between Ben and AAS underwent a change. His successor, Clifford K. Shipton, did not share Brig's unbridled enthusiasm for collecting. Rather, his strengths lay elsewhere. In 1947 when Shipton held the office of Librarian, Benny quoted him a copy of John Hill's *Young secretary's guide: or, A speedy help to learning*. (Boston in N E: Printed by B. Green, for Nicholas Buttolph, 1707) at \$2,000. which was declined. Later, Ben proposed the sale for \$50.00 of a bound volume of manuscripts from Edward Tuckerman pertaining to his book collecting to his very close friend Christopher Columbus Baldwin (the great, early librarian of AAS). Shipton refused the offer, "We have never bought manuscripts and I certainly shall not change our policy at this late date." Then alluding to a group of Civil War fractional currency in which Benny was interested, Shipton went on, "I shall be very glad to trade it for some good imprints you used to bring in, before you turned traitor and give Bill Jackson [librarian at the

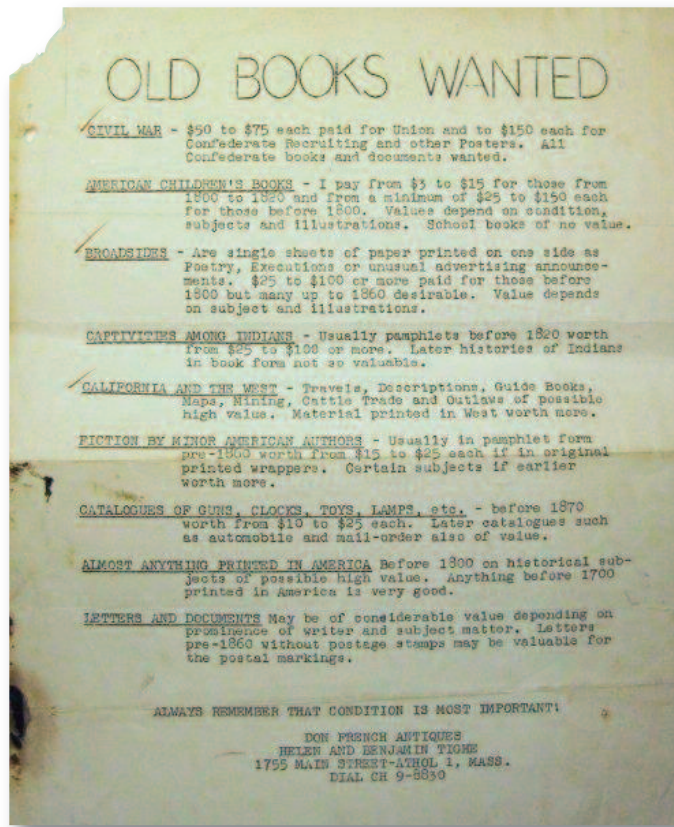
Houghton Library] first call."<sup>10</sup>

When, in the summer of 1960, I came to the American Antiquarian Society from the University of Iowa, the first bookseller to call on me was Benjamin Tighe. It marked the beginning of a friendship between us, as well as a series of transactions between the bookseller and the Society that continued until his death fifteen years later. My first letter to him was a request for quotations of materials on the history of American printing and typography. As I recall, Benny's scouting skills proved to be something of a disappointment in that area, but these books are truly a matter of catch-as-catch-can. As the years passed our correspondence increased and included Benny's regular inquiries for bibliographical information which came on 3 x 5-inch cards. The answers came from Avis Clarke, the Society's brilliant and long-time head cataloger, and Mary Brown, our talented and indefatigable head of Reader's Services and bibliographical expert. (Once he asked for the mailing addresses of the "fair ladies" in order to send them cumquats from Florida.) In one request for bibliographical citations Benny added, "I shall try my serendipity skill in order to see if they may produce some pearls of great price." As recompense for our help, he made gifts to AAS. For example, a unique ca.1820 theatrical broadside announcing a musical presentation of *The Children in the Wood*,<sup>11</sup> or gifts of children's books. Louise Scheide Marshall, daughter and granddaughter of two great book collectors and then head of our graphic arts department, responded (too modestly) to Benny that, while she was not a credit to her grandfather or an expert, she could answer his question about an incunable of 1490. Her letter also suggests that Benny had sold to her father a copy of *A Narrative, of the excursion and ravages of the King's troops ... on the nineteenth of April, 1775* (Worcester: Isaiah Thomas, by order of the Provincial Congress, 1775). It was safe in the safe at Princeton, she wrote.

Following decades-long practices of Clarence Brigham and Ted Shipton (and many other librarians of the time), I did a good deal of trading with Ben Tighe, as we each did with other trusted dealers. Running accounts were maintained by both parties. At one point in our transactions I became worried about the precarious state of my acquisition funds, just

having acquired some forty-one newspaper carriers' addresses, dated 1813-1876. Benny reassured me by writing that he was more interested in obtaining stock through exchange than in the immediate reduction of my debt to him; "if not in immediate future, let it go until future future." Not too long afterward, he confirmed the debt had been paid, now he owed AAS \$400. Reverting to that 1947 quotation to AAS of *The young secretary's guide*. (Boston, 1707) at \$2,000., I bought it from Benny in 1967 for \$3,500. Is it possible that he had held this unique imprint for twenty years, awaiting the arrival of some unwary spendthrift? Benny made collections of early American watermarked paper and illustrated wrappers used by paper mills to enclose reams of paper. These found their way to AAS.

Although Ben and Helen Tighe made many annual winter trips to Florida, we rarely obtained a Southern book from Benny. An exception was *A true and authentic account of the Indian war in Florida* – but note – it was printed in New York City in 1836. Nonetheless, it is a considerable rarity dealing with onset of the Seminole War of 1835-1842. Taking advantage of his travels to the South, Benny and his wife, Helen French, attempted a tour de force in book accumulation using the tried and true techniques of advertising in the trade journals and scouring the sources. They began to assemble books on the Southern military history of the Civil War; for example regimental histories, biographies, and a remarkable lot of thirty-four letters from Genl. John H. Morgan (of Morgan's Raiders) to his wife. When they sold the collection, reputedly to a dealer in New Hampshire, in 1961 it amounted to about 1,500 volumes, valued at \$25,000.



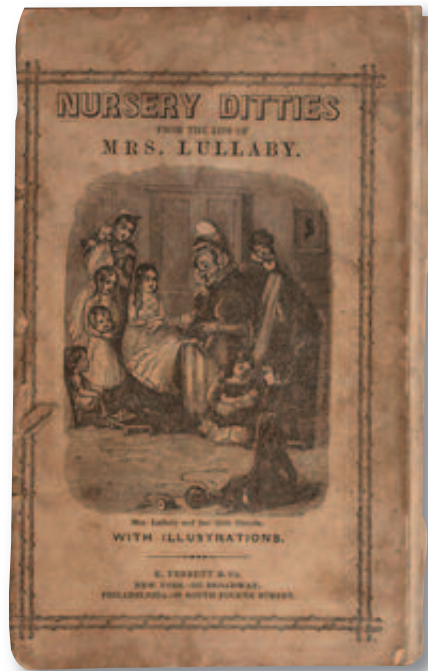
Courtesy of Matthew and Cheryl Needle

In the early 1960s Benny and Helen decided to build yet another collection of early American children's books. Helen was a dealer in antiques who Ben once accused of collecting "insipid" things – to which unkind statement Helen replied somewhat acidly that "if it had not been for women like me 100 years ago, collectors like you would go around empty handed!" It became their fourth such collection. Two had been sold to AAS, the third to Michael Papantonio, the outstanding bookseller, of Seven Gables Bookshop.<sup>12</sup> Ben began by spending \$60 a week for advertisements in the usual trade journals and made surprising progress. Benny wrote to me in early 1969 that with "the liberal prices I offer and pay, I suppose I am getting rich while going broke. Now that I have reached 534!!!!, I have also become not only broke but busted!"

They were still buying three to five examples a week, and this was after several years of effort. Benny proudly stated their accumulation was the third or fourth largest then in existence. That May, citing age and health, they decided to offer the Helen and Benjamin Tighe Collection of American Children's Books to AAS. In October when the books were delivered the collection numbered 605 examples. AAS was to able select from them the pre-1821 outright lacunæ, as well as better or variant copies of titles already present at AAS. In the end we chose 167 items, fifty-nine being unique, including Isaiah Thomas's first Worcester edition of *The renowned history of Giles Gingerbread, a little boy who lived upon learning*, 1786. In order to establish the purchase price for our desiderata, by agreement with Ben and Mrs. Tighe, d'Alté Welch, the greatest collector of the genre, came east from Cleveland and Michael

Papantonio came up from New York City. They determined the price to be \$20,000. Then, I went to Muncie, Indiana, to ask Elisabeth Ball for the money to buy the books. Generously, she gave it. Benny and Helen's books bear a bookplate celebrating the name of the collection and the generosity of the donor. The purchase of the Benjamin and Helen Tighe Collection was one of the high points of my own career at AAS. The remainder of the Tighe collection was sold to Ruth Baldwin who incorporated the books into her own splendid collection located at the University of Florida at Gainesville.

But, Benny was not through yet. In November, 1969, he brought in sixty volumes in excellent condition of the series, "Juvenile Classics," published by Munroe & Francis of Boston in 1827-1829. These we obtained by exchange. Still later, Benny thrust at me cartons containing several hundred, small, American children's books dated 1821 to about 1850. Being a perspicacious acquirer, I told him that I did not want to bother with them. He told me that I must take those we lacked. Reluctantly I relented. The staff searched the lot and found some hundred or more desiderata. He charged us \$3.00, each. So much for *my* book collecting skills! In making another gift in 1971, Benny wrote, "I am pleased to present you with the 1846 edition of *Nursery ditties from the lips of Mrs. Lullaby* (Philadelphia & N.Y.) which jumps the date of the first American appearance of the rhyme of "Simple Simon" back another five years. Should I become the indefatigable serendipitist who will find a still earlier American printing, I promise to present such a book to you."



*Nursery ditties from the lips of Mrs. Lullaby*, 1846

By this time, however, Benny's health began to deteriorate and the activities of the last few years of his life were much reduced. In fact, at the time of his death his safe was bare. Still, following his death, Swann Galleries of New York City auctioned the stock of Benjamin and Helen Tighe. In Swann's sale 1015, "Children's Books, including the collection of Benjamin Tighe," was held in three sessions on March 26-27, 1976; 1,005 lots were sold (many being lotted) from Benny's stock. In the sale, but not of Benny's stock, was an unrecorded, 1789 imprint of Isaiah Thomas — *The advice and counsel of Deacon Samuel Goodhue, ... to his children*. We bought it as the gift of Ruth Adomeit. Benny's remaining books were mixed into various sales and sold over the next two years.<sup>13</sup> Benjamin and Helen French had been married in the Congregational Church in Athol in 1954 and he was a member of Worcester's Morning Star Masonic Lodge. Even so, Benny had not abandoned his Jewish heritage. He supported the State of Israel by investing in its bonds and chided his brother, a successful dentist in Worcester, for failing to do so.

Following Ben's death on April 29, 1975, a memorial service was held at Perlman Funeral Home in Worcester and his body was buried in B'nai B'rith Cemetery there. These solemnities were followed by a traditional memorial week observed at home in Athol.<sup>14</sup> So closed a life in books and an era in New England's bibliographic tradition. With that closure, the American Antiquarian Society lost a good and steadfast friend.

# BENJAMIN TIGHE, BOOK SCOUT, 1895-1975

## *Part II, His Memoirs*

### Introduction

Benjamin Tighe was an ebullient, non-stop talker, a characteristic that vividly comes through in his narrative. He describes himself as, “I am by nature, of the voluble and volatile type.” This observation is reflected in his text which come to us in the manner of a stream of consciousness and, dare I say, sometimes in a quite confusing way.

The date of the composition of the memoir is uncertain. Probably, it was written in the late 1960s or early 1970s. He wrote his text on 102 recto pages, plus some mis-numbered pages and extra pages (17-22 versos), in a Grant’s dime store, spiral-ringed, school composition book, on 11 x 8 inch, lined paper. It is usually inscribed on the recto of a sheet, but other thoughts intrude from time to time, causing some versos to be covered with text, both sides. Like Benny’s conversation, his hand is a hurried, looping scrawl that is usually easy to understand, except when recovery or lapses of his memory intrude with second thoughts or blanks, resulting in cancellations, interlinations, and the like.

The history of the manuscript is partially clouded in mystery. Gregory Gibson, proprietor of the Ten Pound Island Book Company of Gloucester, Massachusetts, found it at the “Bernice Show” (also known as the “shadow show” held during the official, November, 2010, Boston International Book Fair of the Antiquarian Booksellers’ of America Association.) It was located in the booth of Val Auger, a bookseller of Marlborough, Massachusetts. He reported to Gibson he had picked it up at a nearby auction five or six years earlier in a pile of papers that apparently originated in Worcester (perhaps from a member of Benny’s family — e.g., from Benny’s widow, Helen French, an antiques dealer of Athol, Massachusetts, or from Benny’s brother, a dentist in Worcester). Gibson then shared his discovery with Matthew Needle of Newburyport Rare Books, himself, a still-active book scout (but not as active as he had been in former days). The two colleagues divided its cost, generously promising to give it to the American Antiquarian Society following the completion of its editing.

The text was prepared for editing by Gregory Gibson who read it thoroughly to familiarize himself with Tighe’s handwriting. He then read the text into Dragon verbal recognition software, thereby producing a typescript. Following Gibson’s own corrections to the text, this editor and his assistant read Tighe’s manuscript aloud against the typescript. Gibson’s diligent and careful work produced a remarkably reliable result and the editor is grateful to Gibson for his arduous efforts. This editor’s method of attempting to decipher and to capture Benny’s original intentions fail to meet the standards of the Modern Language Association’s rules for scholarly editing. Rather, the editor who knew Benny well, has taken liberties with his punctuation, grammar, ellipses, and sometimes syntax, as well as filling in holes in Benny’s manuscript, not all of which have been flagged for the reader. One or two aimlessly rambling stories have been shortened. Nonetheless, your editor believes he has remained reasonably close to Benny’s original intentions (which can be confusing) and hopes the result is comprehensible and interesting. To assist future readers of the manuscript, in this edited version numerals within curved brackets, for example {3}, indicate page breaks in the manuscript.

In addition to exposing Benny Tighe’s character, the memoir offers insights into the workings of a book trade which, now a half-century later have become all but unknown — due to fading memories of a generation, now passed or passing — and to the advent of the ubiquitous Internet. The latter has largely destroyed face-to-face interactions which deny, in large measure, the ability of the transacting partners to establish friendships and trust (or the loss of it), as well to learn the methods of their partners’ business practices.

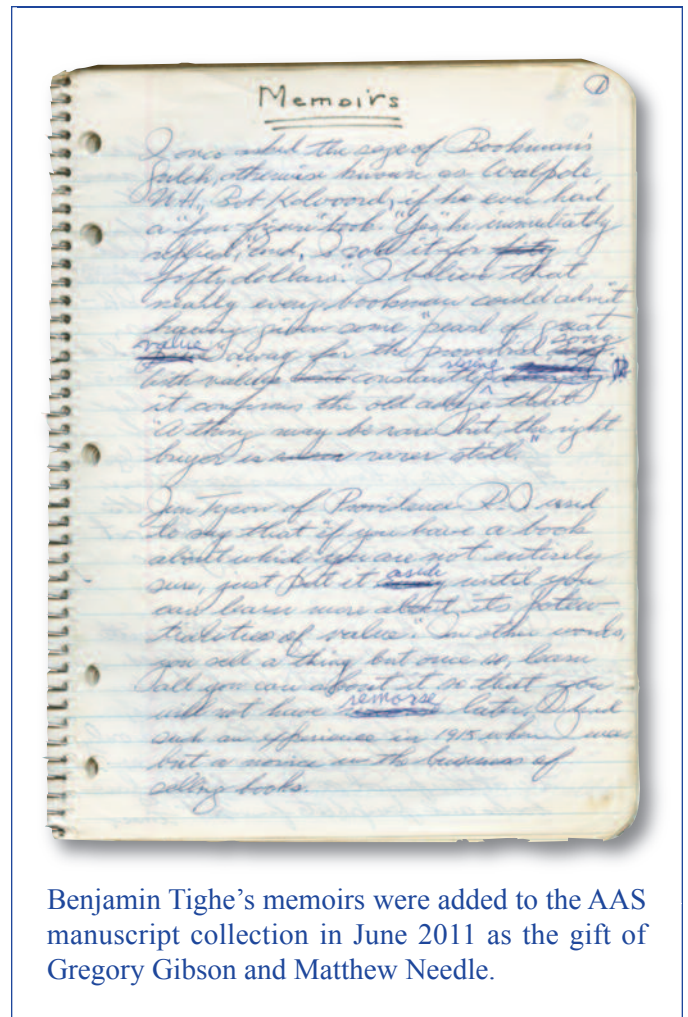
The editor believes Benjamin Tighe’s irrepressible and good hearted character comes shining through in his text. The editor has been effectively helped by a host of members of the trade, by librarians, and by curators whose essential contributions are acknowledged at the conclusion of this work.

## Benjamin Tighe's Memoirs

{1} A NUMBER OF YEARS AGO in a conversation with Mr. Michael J. Walsh of Goodspeed's Bookshop in Boston<sup>15</sup>, I mentioned something about his writing an account of his experiences in about fifty years of buying and selling rare books. I recall his immediate reply that he could not do so because "his hands would be tied." Of course, this implied that he could not truthfully recount episodes whereby he had made a big strike by obtaining a number of "pearls of great price" for some small amount. Furthermore, it would be folly for a dealer to let out all the stops without fear of repercussions [, such as a lawsuit,] in an instance where the seller was to learn of the purchaser having sold something for more than a reasonable profit.

{2} I once asked the sage of Bookman's Gulch, otherwise known as Walpole, N.H., Bob Kolvoord<sup>16</sup> if he ever had had a "four-figure" book. "Yes," he immediately replied, "and I sold it for fifty dollars." I believe that nearly every bookman could admit having given some "pearl of great value" away for the proverbial song. With values constantly rising, it confirms the old adage that "A thing may be rare, but the right buyer is rarer still." Jim Tyson of Providence, R.I.,<sup>17</sup> used to say that "if you have a book about which you are not entirely sure, just put it aside until you can learn more about its potentialities of value." In other words, you sell a thing but once so, learn all you can about it so that you will not have remorse later. I had such an experience in 1915 when I was but a novice in the business of selling books.

{2a} I was an omnivorous reader when in grammar school, having read Plutarch, Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," and similar historical works before I was thirteen years of age. I would go to the few secondhand or antique shops around at the time seeking books to read. Before long, I learned that many books had more than an intrinsic value. I gradually acquired some knowledge of books by reading dealers' catalogs. By 1912, when I was seventeen, I had learned of the Hoe sale and had a complete set of all the catalogs and prices realized. I became acquainted with Fred Forehand<sup>18</sup> of Worcester, Massachusetts, where I then lived. He had an office where he sold books, coins, stamps, antiques, etc. {2b} I first met him in a Salvation Army store. I had one of the two volumes



Benjamin Tighe's memoirs were added to the AAS manuscript collection in June 2011 as the gift of Gregory Gibson and Matthew Needle.

of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in my hand. Forehand had the other. He asked me to give him my copy, but I countered by offering to purchase his. Neither one of us had paid for our respective volumes, so he was smart enough to suggest that we purchase them separately and afterwards meet outside. This was effected and, as he expected to buy my odd volume for only a few dollars because I was but a boy and he was about forty years old, I refused to let him have it. As I told him of my interest in old leather covered books, he told me to come to his home where I found some books in exchange for the "Uncle Tom". During the following years, I either sold or purchased books from him. There were only two or three such dealers in Worcester at this period, so I would purchase books and pamphlets from time to time. As there were but few bibliographies at that time, compared to today, especially on early American music, I may be excused for having sold a copy of the "Patriotic" song "My Country 'Tis of Thee,"<sup>19</sup> the first printing, for only \$25 to the Library of Congress. I am sure that



their records can confirm this statement. Since this episode, I have made other mistakes in my pricing of rarities, which I should describe in later chapters. But, as no one likes a “loser” or cares to hear unpleasantries, I shall now endeavor to write of some of my many “coups.”

Immediately after World War I, I commenced advertising in the *Worcester Telegram* for old books. In June 1919 I received a letter from a Mrs. Robbins of Charlton St., Worcester.<sup>20</sup> I called {3} at her home and met a very pleasant, elderly lady. She had many fine antiques of all sorts, but as I had no interest in such material, she showed me an eighteenth-century English Bible that had the births, deaths, and marriages of members of her family. Among several other leather-covered volumes was one containing about eight or ten pamphlets. One pamphlet was entitled “Some serious remarks concerning the advisability of erecting a College in the city of New York.” by Hippocrates Mitheridates, printed by Peter Zenger in 1749. Another was “Poems by W.S.” (William Sherington) Antigua, W.I.<sup>21</sup> This volume, with several others, a couple of which were from Ben Franklin’s press, immediately aroused my interest. Mrs. Robbins, however, did not appear {4} interested in selling this book. Instead of importuning her to do so, I changed the subject by discussing the Bible’s particular interest, especially to her. I mentioned the fact that I was prepared to pay a high price for the latter as I figured that if she was to dispose of anything it would definitely not be the Bible. After a while, she said she wanted a high price for the volume of pamphlets so, when I offered in excess of one hundred dollars, she accepted my offer.

Although I had met and sold some items to Mr. Clarence Brigham, Director of the American Antiquarian Society,<sup>22</sup> I did not show him this book but proceeded to check it out at the Worcester Public Library as they had a very good reference library such as Evans, Sabin and Book Prices {7} Current. I soon learned that the Zenger imprint was unknown to Evans and “W. S.” of Antigua was mentioned but the author was presumed to be Governor William Shirley of Massachusetts, although no copy had been located. Had I known of Mr. Henry De Puy<sup>23</sup> and his interest in New York State material I might have offered him the Zenger title. The sale of his collection did not take place until some years later. I did intend writing to

Columbia University since Columbia was the outgrowth of Kings College.

In view of the fact that I had heard of Mr. P. K. Foley of Boston,<sup>24</sup> I wrote him of my [find] and a week later I brought it to him. He was a very distinguished appearing gentlemen with a rich, Irish brogue. I shall always recall his {8} deep sonorous voice as he exclaimed, “Hello,” upon seeing the Zenger and Antigua titles. Unlike many other impassive, taciturn and emotionless buyers, I was impressed by Mr. Foley as I am by nature, of the voluble and volatile type. When I told him that I expected \$750 for the volume he appeared a little surprised, but when I mentioned some salient facts that I had learned regarding some of the pieces, he complimented me on my knowledge and gave me his check for the amount I asked. A year or so later, the Zenger title appeared in the Francis Fabyan sale at Anderson’s<sup>25</sup> realizing only \$600. Mr. Foley stated that several other institutions and collectors had not bid on it so that Columbia might acquire the pamphlet. I never learned where the Antigua {9} piece went, although MWA<sup>26</sup> has a large group of imprints of this island.

A month after obtaining the volume [from Mrs. Robbins], I purchased “A Copy of Verses on the Death of Mr. Joseph Brisco.”<sup>27</sup> A copy, presumably the only other surviving one, had appeared in Dr. Greene’s [sale? ] This, which I sold with several other rare tracts to Mr. Foley, was also in the famous Fabyan Sale. This broadside of 1657 was the earliest seventeenth-century piece I ever located although I did get the second part of William Hubbard’s *Narrative of the troubles with the Indians*,<sup>28</sup> as well as possibly a dozen or so late seventeenth-century pieces. Among the latter was Cotton Mather’s *A Midnight Cry* of 1692.<sup>29</sup>

{10} Sometime in [1926-7] I received a letter in reply to my ad in the Worcester paper from an elderly gentleman named Loring in Oakham, Massachusetts. When I drove up to his home, he asked if I had come alone. When I answered him that this was the case, he informed me that he had a cudgel that he would not hesitate to use on anyone whom he did not want there. After this rather frigid welcome he allowed me in to see a closet shelf upon which were at least fifty Isaiah Thomas juveniles of the 1786–1788 period all in their original wrappers or covers, just as fresh as if they had come off the press that day.<sup>30</sup> A number of

them were in duplicate such as copies of the *Royal Primer*, *Goody Two Shoes*, and others. Although these rarities did not command much of a price in those days, I realized the great importance of this find. Apparently Thomas had agents in various towns who sold {11} productions of his press. This was such a place. I asked Loring how much he expected, but he replied that as he was expecting Mr. Brigham to see the collection, he did not intend to dispose of any of them until Brig had seen them. Although I had a considerable amount of cash with me, I realized the futility of my trying to consummate a deal. Loring tried to have me give him an offer and, as Brig told me later, no matter how much I might have offered, he surely would have topped it. After some thought, I decided to do “the graceful thing” by calling at the Society and telling Mr. Brigham what had, or had not, transpired between Mr. Loring and me. Several days later, Brig phoned me that he had obtained the entire lot of fifty for considerably less than any individual one of these treasures is worth {12} today. However, he did offer me several of the duplicates but, as I was not collecting juveniles at that time and, my salary as a commercial artist was not more than \$100 per week, I declined to accept the duplicates!

A number of the books were known to Dr. Nichols in his bibliography of Worcester<sup>31</sup> from contemporary advertisements in other Isaiah Thomas juveniles or in the *Massachusetts Spy*, published by Thomas. Thus, the addition of many unique copies rounded out the collection of the Society. The publisher, Isaiah Thomas, did not save many of these ephemeral publications [in] the collection of his imprints which he bequeathed to the American Antiquarian Society of which he had been the founder. He kept but one juvenile that he had printed.<sup>32</sup>

{13} As an ironic anticlimax to the foregoing, I must mention Mr. Hamilton Wood, a printer of Worcester at the Commonwealth Press, who collected Isaiah Thomas imprints. . . . Mr. Wood mentioned Mr. Brigham’s good fortune in securing that collection of Thomas juveniles, so I told Mr. Wood of my part in the affair. When the name Loring came up, Mr. Wood almost collapsed. He told me that the housekeeper at his summer home in Oakham was a daughter of the Mr. Loring who had sold the books. Despite my protestations that I could not have done any different, Mr. Wood wanted to know why I had not gone to him

instead of Mr. Brigham. I told Mr. Wood that I was trying to be altruistic. His reply was “You are not an altruist. You are a sapaltruist.” I suppose {14} the moral of all this (if any) is that “Lo, the poor bookman cannot please everyone.” However, I am happy to state that I continued to enjoy happy relations with both Mr. Wood and Mr. Brigham for many years after.

For a number of years I brought most of my “finds” to Mr. Brigham, much to the dismay and discomfiture of directors of several of the largest New England institutional libraries, as well as a few of the larger dealers. I would try to explain to these people that it was to my advantage to be “the fair-haired boy” at AAS, as Mr. Brigham was constantly giving me the names of large collectors besides giving me occasional “leads” of people who had old books to sell. {15} In fact, I acted as his agent on several occasions, when he became too old to drive far. I represented him at the dispersal of the library of Otis G. Hammond of Concord, New Hampshire.<sup>33</sup> [Brig’s] daughter gave me the catalogue of the library from which he selected material he wanted, thus allowing me to acquire the items they did not want. Over a period of a great many years, prior to 1954, when I moved from Worcester [to Athol], there was hardly a Sunday when I did not appear with a group of items, most of which were “wants.” We met at his office at exactly 10:30 a.m. and usually completed our business by noon. Besides selling him items, he would generally allow me to purchase duplicates or books that were of extraneous interest to the society. I recall having some book or pamphlet {16} of great value I showed to him, and said “This will cost you folding money. He pulled out a few dollar bills saying, “Here is your folding money.” Although Brig had once told me that it would be inconceivable for him to think of my offering something to others without first consulting him, I must say that I did not abide by this on a number of occasions in which I felt certain that I could, and generally did, obtain a great deal more than he would have paid me, I did not let him know of certain items. After Mr. Shipton<sup>34</sup> became Director, apparently he tried to restrain Brigham’s purchases of materials on certain subjects, possibly because of a shortage of funds. So, Mr. Brigham would get around this by having me bill the Society for books he purchased under different classifications than they actually were.

{17} To relate all the leads given to me by Mr. Brigham may appear rather repetitious, but some of the dealers and librarians who will read these memoirs can now understand why I favored Brig. To mention just a few incidents that proved highly profitable to me, I shall start with the library of the late George Francis Dow of Topsfield, Massachusetts.<sup>35</sup> Sometime after his demise, Mr. Brigham gave me a letter of introduction to Mrs. Dow. She was a most charming lady who invited me to call as she had previously refused to sell anything to others. As there was a wealth of books and documents, Mrs. Dow would only allow me to call about once or so a month. One of the back rooms in her home had numerous sealed packages which Mrs. Dow said contained documents and manuscripts which were to go to the Topsfield Historical Society after her demise. Although I was permitted to select whatever I wanted in this room, I respected her wishes and never opened a single one {18} of these parcels. I purchased a large group of letters of the Presidents which had been assembled by Mr. Dow, besides innumerable seventeenth and eighteenth-century documents. These were in large scrapbooks which I still have after disposing of the contents. Among the varied pieces was an original letter written by [blank]<sup>36</sup> who was executed during the witchcraft delusion in Salem in 1692. She had apparently written several of these appeals for help as I compared my copy with a similar one in the Salem courthouse. I sold it to Charles Hamilton of New York<sup>37</sup> who later resold it to the William L. Clements Library at the University of Michigan. Besides many books on the sea, I acquired an almost complete set of the Marine Research Society publications, but the prize item was the unique broadside trade card engraved by [Nathaniel Hurd] and described and illustrated in {19} *Old Time New England*, the quarterly periodical of the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, as well as in *The Colonial Scene*, by Lawrence C. Wroth and Brigham.<sup>38</sup> I let Brigham have it for a low price in appreciation of having the introduction to Mrs. Dow. After she passed away, her brother-in-law from Florida had me call to sell me more material including a collection of old stamps.

My first meeting with Col. Lawrence Jenkins of the Peabody Museum of Salem<sup>39</sup> was in 1944 when I sold this institution two watercolor drawings [of the ship, *Argo*] by Abel [sic, i.e., Ashley] Bowen<sup>40</sup> of

[Marblehead], one showing the sails furled and the other with sails unfurled. These are prized possessions of this museum. I shall relate circumstances of my obtaining these, after which I shall write of Col. Jenkins. George Dyer of 14 Park St., Greenfield, Massachusetts, was a retired, well-to-do businessman<sup>41</sup> who collected everything {20} from coins to the more valuable antique furniture. He was a very knowledgeable person and had a large library of reference books. He had no shop as his collections were kept in every room in his home. I called to see him one day and stated my interest in old books. He invited me in, and thus began a friendship that endured for many years until his death. I purchased some things in early Americana amounting to several hundred dollars. I had noticed two ship pictures when I first entered so, as I was leaving, I asked if they were for sale. He immediately replied that he had been waiting for me to speak of them ever since I came into the room. Furthermore, they were not for sale as he was not in need of money. I had never heard of [Ashley] Bowen, the artist, but the subject and date intrigued me. I asked Mr. Dyer if he had learned anything about the {21} pictures and, when he said no, I asked him if he had received any offers. He replied that he had bought the two from a secondhand dealer for only five dollars and that he might sell same if he received a high price. I immediately asked what was his high price was, but he then said, instead of a price, he might consider an offer. As all this occurred in 1944, when values were ridiculously low, I was a bit hesitant at first but finally I said “I give but one offer only and, instead of giving a low figure, my first offer is the final one—\$200 for the pair.” I had hardly finished telling him this when he almost shouted, “Give me your money.” I had spent all my available cash, so I phoned my brother in Worcester who telegraphed me \$200, and I still have Dyer’s receipt for the deposit I made.

From this time on the latch string was always out for me as he gave me endless leads and kept producing all sorts {22} of interesting items most of which I bought. I intended offering the pictures to President Franklin D. Roosevelt as I had learned of his interest in marine pictures, but I sold them to Peabody Museum for a handsome profit. After Colonel Jenkins retired, Mr. Brigham suggested my writing to him regarding his personal library. He

never wrote me, but a number of years later I received an invitation to call to the home of his son, Benjamin Jenkins in Wellesley. Although the Colonel had apparently given a number of things to the Peabody, the son sold me quite a large and varied collection of items such as many “Billy Cook” pamphlets,<sup>42</sup> as well as two oil paintings by this Salem, Massachusetts, author and publisher who is written up in Pearson’s “Queer Books.” I asked Mr. Jenkins how he had heard of me. He replied that his father had kept the letter I had written the Colonel years before. It pleased me know that this was but another instance of Mr. Brigham’s value to me.

[*N.B. Here the ms. returns to p.23, following p.17*]

On several occasions, I was obliged to tell Mr. Brigham that I did not relish his disclosing certain things to other Librarians, such as occurred in the following instance. A former CPA, Mr. Rupert Jaques in Marblehead, Massachusetts,<sup>43</sup> invited me to call and see him, as he was disposing of some books. He told me that he had called in some of the Boston “bhoys” but he did not do much selling to them. As he had a great many reference books and dealer’s catalogs, he appeared to have ample knowledge of current values of the books he showed me. Despite this, some of his prices were far too low according to my ideas of values. As I endeavored to make a favorable impression with Mr. Jaques, so that I might be able to continue purchasing from him, I decided on a course of action which proved very much to my advantage. When he priced a nice copy of Williams’ [sic.] “History of {24} Maine,” complete with map, Boston 1793<sup>44</sup> at only \$15, I told him that I would not pay this price. He then said that I did not have to buy it. I replied that I did want the volume, but not unless he would accept \$25 or \$30 for it. Mr. Jaques looked me in the eye, stating he did not understand. I then explained that my reasons for doing this was to forestall his having regrets should he learn later that his idea of price was too low. Being a somewhat laconic sort of person, after some thought, he finally told me that I could suit myself. My “modus operandi” apparently worked as I continued to buy more and more books by giving him my offers which he usually accepted.

This led to our very frequent meetings as Mr. Jaques had been obliged to give up his work as an accountant because of a coronary condition, from which he expired about two years later. Thus, he was dis-

posing of his library which consisted of many “pearls of great price.” Over a period of almost two years, I actually visited his home about twice a month. After every visit and my buying material, Mr. Jaques, accompanied by Mrs. Jaques, who drove their car, would meet me in some nice restaurant for a sumptuous dinner, after which {25} I would drive home to Worcester where I then lived.

On one of my visits at his home, he showed me a carton of very old leather covered books mainly of the 18th century most of which were of nominal value. However I picked up a duodecimo volume containing about ten early 18th century American pamphlets. Two were printed by James Franklin in Newport, Rhode Island, in 1727. One was *John Hammett’s vindication and relation*, while the second was *A letter from John Hammett to John Wright*.<sup>45</sup> Then followed {26} an [unidentified but] unique Cotton Mather title.

I had not seen John Alden’s bibliography of Rhode Island,<sup>46</sup> which had appeared a short time before, but did realize that the Hammetts were early. Mr. Jaques asked me to give him my offer. I came near saying something like \$500-\$750 which might have pleased him but, in making an offer the thought always arises it may be too high or too low. If considerably more than an owner may be expecting, he may then decide to do further checking. Perhaps, I hesitated a bit too long as Mr. Jaques finally said “Ben you have more time and knowledge than I have so take the book and I shall go fifty-fifty with you.” I immediately told him that I would purchase a “half-interest in the book.” He declined this and, when I told him that I was overwhelmed and wanted {27} to give him a receipt for the book he merely said “All I need from you is a handshake.” Mrs. Jaques, who was present, can vouch for all this. After reaching my home, I listed each title on separate cards and placed the book in my safe deposit box. I then went to the American Antiquarian Society to check Evans and other bibliographies. Mr. Brigham saw me and tried to learn what “treasure” I had located. I told him that I would enlighten him in due time. When I phoned Mr. Jaques that night to tell him that I had been checking possible value of the pamphlets, he asked if the volume might be worth \$500. I said I would see him on Sunday morning. I must admit to the temptation of paying him the price he placed upon the book, but

for Shakespeare's "To thine {28} own self be true." That and fact that we had sealed the deal with a handshake prevented me from doing something which to me would be unethical.

I drove to see Mr. and Mrs. Jaques Sunday morning and, after a breakfast, we went into the parlor. I remarked that this being Sunday, a "sermon" might be appropriate, the title of which would be "The wise guy." I proceeded to say that I was not the sort of wise guy who is generally crooked but, I was wise as to the possible value of the little book. I then said "instead of your valuation of five hundred dollars, we shall get nearer five thousand dollars." Mr. Jaques sat in front of Mrs. Jaques and me and remained silent for a few minutes, then he started barking like a dog and crawled around the room on his hands and knees, much to the astonishment of Mrs. Jaques and me. {26a} Some years later, I gave a prominent dealer a full account of the particulars and, he as much as told me that I was foolish for not buying the book for the price Mr. Jaques valued it at. I told this dealer of our handshake and ideas of honor at which he laughed.

As Mr. [Thomas] Streeter's book<sup>47</sup> had appeared at this time which indicated his great interest in "first printings," I wrote to him about the two unique Hammett pamphlets, asking \$2500 and requesting him not to mention anything about this to any librarians or dealers, particularly in New England. Mr. Brigham told me later that he knew all about the negotiations, immediately after I had written Streeter. {27a} Mr. Streeter asked me to bring the book which I did a while later. When I called at his home in Morristown, New Jersey, I was introduced to Mrs. Streeter and Mr. Howell Heaney<sup>48</sup> who was then his Librarian. Despite Streeter's remarks about the two pamphlets being priced too high, I was adamant in demanding my price. We finally sat down to lunch and Mrs. Streeter asked me how we were getting along. When I told her we were at an impasse she smiled and said "Make him pay, he's got it."

A while later, I sold the Hammetts to Rhode Island Historical Society for the price I asked. Despite his protestations, Brig paid me a thousand dollars for the unique copy of the [unidentified Cotton] Mather title. Of course, I was in continuous contact with Mr. Jaques and after a few months I disposed of the remaining lot of pamphlets, for a total of about forty-

five hundred dollars, which I divided with Mr. Jaques. I continued purchasing more material {28a} from Mr. Jaques until he passed away a few years later.

About this time which was in the early fifties, I became acquainted with a Mrs. "Augie" Horton an old-time antique dealer of Berlin, Connecticut.<sup>49</sup> Despite this lady's reputation for being very honest, she was rather blunt and this abrupt in her speech. When I first called to see her, she asked what I was especially interested in. Instead of saying "old books," I replied my interest was in early juveniles. She shouted "I suppose you are just another one of these cheap guys looking for sleepers." Although there was an impulse to turn around and leave I told "Augie" that I would like an opportunity to prove I was unlike many others. After giving her my offers on several of the children's books she showed me, she shouted "You and I are going to do a lot of business." For over a period of 10 or more {29} years, Mrs. Horton not only sold me many books, but she gave me numerous "leads," one of which might have terminated in my becoming married to a well-to-do elderly lady. I shall recount this episode in the life of an old bachelor which I was at this time. On a day in 1950, when I was driving to New York, I stopped to see an antique dealer named John Whitlock, living in Florence, Massachusetts.<sup>50</sup> He had just acquired an 1849 California guide book for which I paid him more than a nominal sum. I then stopped to see an interior decorator in Hartford to whom I had been recommended by Mrs. Horton. He was disposing of the antiques in a colonial home in Hartford and, as I had purchased a number of books a month previously, I stopped to see if he may have located some more {30} material. When I called, he introduced me to a lady from New Haven who was one of the heirs to the estate which the decorator was selling. She had found a California gold rush map which was in the bottom of an old trunk. Although she had intended to give this map to Yale, I persuaded her to let me have it for fifty dollars. I continued on to New York and, as there was another antique dealer in Wilton, Connecticut, from whom I occasionally purchased books, I stopped and obtained another gold rush guide book. Although this may be straining the credulity of the reader, Charley Eberstadt of New York<sup>51</sup> can corroborate my selling him [one] guide book and the map at one time. Monty Hankins of Summit, New Jersey,<sup>52</sup> purchased the other

guide—all acquired and sold in one day. I may have set some sort of a record in acquiring THREE such items in one day but, I do not expect to duplicate such an accomplishment again. However as I can sub- {31} stantiate having owned and sold copies of the two rarest Pike’s Peak guides a few years later, it may be proper to relate this feat here.

A great many years ago, I learned of a family whose ancestor had gone West in “the days of old, the days of gold.” As they were apparently quite opulent, I wrote a letter stating my interest, instead of first calling in person. I received an invitation to call on a certain day and purchased a few books of nominal value. I was then shown a fine copy of the Pike’s Peak guide and map,<sup>53</sup> known by only one other copy in Library of Congress. I expressed an interest at once but, I was immediately told that they had no desire to part with this heirloom. Instead of importuning the family, I thanked them for allowing me to call and said I would be pleased to hear from them should they locate other material that might be of extraneous {32} interest to them. But, as they had already received two offers, they might consider another offer. I was prepared to offer “up in three figures” but, if my offer was considerably higher of the other bookmen, whose names they would not divulge, I stood a chance of losing the book. At just about this time, I read Eberstadt’s article stating the amount they would give for the McGowan guide. I wracked my brain as to some method of getting the book, just short of a “second-storey job.” I thought of devious ways that might have proved successful and one day, a month or two after my visit, like Archimedes, I shouted, “Eureka.” The Want List in those days reported prices realized at Parke Bernet sales of books. I had a copy of some sale of the same year devoted to Western Americana, I checked off in ink about ten guide books of 1849-1859 period with prices realized, ranging from a low of fifty dollars to a high of two hundred dollars. I then wrote the owners stating that I had something of great importance to show them, asking if I might call. {33} An immediate reply induced me to call at once. I brought along considerably more than two hundred dollars and felt certain that I would purchase the book. Soon after I arrived, a stately looking gentleman who appeared to be a lawyer, appeared. I was introduced to him and, I might add that most of my sanguinity left me. He was told by one of the family the object of my visit. I then

said, “Mr. ... your relatives have had two offers for the book and I hardly imagine they are obliged to dispose of anything so, here is a catalog of a recent sale that gives the prices realized for similar material. I throw myself on the mercy of the Court and shall appreciate your becoming an arbiter in this matter.” He smiled, saying he was not an attorney, and after looking over the catalog and having a whispered conversation with his friends, shouted, “Two hundred dollars.” I looked from one to the other without indicating any expression of pleasure. I picked up a couple of other items of no value in order to increase the price to two hundred fifty dollars which apparently pleased everyone. Then, I asked how much the other two offers had been and was told one offer was thirty five dollars while the other was seventy five dollars. Sometime later, I wrote Mr. William Robertson Coe of New York<sup>54</sup> and received a Special Delivery stating he was leaving for South America immediately and requested me to bring the book to him at once. Of course, this must have indicated his eagerness to get the unique McGowan although as I purposely did not show up {35} for a week or so in order to have Mr. Coe appreciate it all the more. Although I had never met or sold anything to Mr. Edward Eberstadt (he was introduced to me by Mr. Coe), Mr. Eberstadt was apparently greatly displeased at my selling the guide directly to Mr. Coe as I learned later that the former was advisor and agent for Mr. Coe.

*[N.B. Because of Benny’s discursiveness and vagueness, the following portion of the text {pp.35-41 in the manuscript} have been roughly dealt with by the editor, through elisions or rephrasing. It is included to demonstrate Ben’s ever present concerns with dealing with the psychological, professional, and ethical considerations in striking the right price to make the “buy” with sellers who are not in the trade or with his wily co-members of the trade, as well as his eagerness to practice reciprocity within the trade.]*

{35} Now I shall relate the particulars connected with my purchase and disposition of the first and earliest Pikes Peak guide book and map by Parsons (Lawrence, Kansas).<sup>55</sup> The only copy known was in Library of Congress. An antiques dealer, who had more than a passing knowledge of rare books had checked Wright Howes’ *U.S.iana* <sup>56</sup> ... had found the second known copy and noted that the title is listed as a “C” book, indicating a value of three to six

hundred dollars. He brought the book to me, ... {36} apparently because I had gained his confidence because of an incident that took place a dozen or so years previously. ... [at that time he had ] asked me what I might give him for a pamphlet that he casually tossed across the table to me. ... The pamphlet was a rather ragged copy of Ebenezer Fletcher's narrative of his captivity, New Ipswich N.H. about 1820.<sup>57</sup> As a digression, I might add I later had the first printing of this title, Amherst N.H., 1798, as well as second edition of Windsor Vermont, 1813. In fact all of these are quite valuable. ... With an eye to the possibilities of future purchases, I said, "Fifty dollars." After a little hesitation, the dealer said I could have it. ... Some years later, I asked this antique man if he recalled this incident and, when he answered "I surely did," I asked what he would have done if had I offered some nominal price such as twenty five dollars. He immediately replied "you would have got it but you would never had a chance to buy anything else from me." I have always had this in mind when buying from someone who appears knowledgeable. ... "Know an antique dealer or a bookman by the reference books or dealers catalogs you might discern lying around the purveyor's office."

{37} So, to get back to the Parson's guide,<sup>58</sup> after my "antiques dealer friend" showed it to me, I asked how much he was going to ask. ... Howes was manifestly in error by rating it only a "C" book. Thus, I cannot blame the owner for ... saying he was going to Boston the day after he showed it to me. I could not help but think that someone of "Boston Bhoys" would get the guide away before I had a chance so, ... I drove to my friend's shop and met him just as he was returning from Boston. ... I asked what he might take, but he merely said he thought it was worth more than Howes' valuation. I then asked what he would do if someone offered him seven hundred and fifty dollars. ... Then ensued the most uncomfortable three hours I never hope to experience again. ... {40} Finally,... I asked, "What is your decision on the pamphlet." He immediately responded, "Oh, you can have it." I almost collapsed after this ordeal of waiting. This brings to mind another episode that took place with this same person. I once arrived at his home rather late in the night after a long trip to Maine. As I knew it would take a few hours to see whatever books he had to show me, I asked if he might give me a

drink as I was somewhat fatigued. He poured some whiskey in a glass and set it before me. Instead of immediately taking the drink, I looked at the material he had assembled for me to see. An hour or more may have elapsed by the time we concluded our business and, as I had not touched the drink, my friend asked the reason for my doing so. I told him that I got as much satisfaction in knowing that it {41} was there and looking at it as if I had drank it. He replied, "Okay tell me when you have looked at it enough so I can pour it back in the bottle."

I recall offering the Parsons guide to Ernest J Wessen of Mansfield, Ohio,<sup>59</sup> the finest and most liberal book dealer whom I have ever known. We had met in 1952 or 1953, when he and Mrs. Wesson were on a trip East and he had stopped in Worcester to see Mr. Brigham at the American Antiquarian Society. Brig entertained the Wessens and me at a cocktail party at his home, after which I took them out for dinner. We became very friendly, as a consequence of which, I henceforth sold everything that I found relating to west of the Alleghenies to "E. J." as he liked to be called, instead of Ernie or Mr. Wessen.

The price I asked from E.J. was apparently more than he cared to pay, but I believe he told Mr. Wright Howes {42} of the guide book. At any rate, I wrote to [Everett Graff of Chicago]<sup>60</sup> who immediately bought it. I called to see the antiques dealer who had sold me the guide some time later. I had five brand-new fifty dollar bills folded in my hand. I shook hands with him leaving the money in his hand, and telling him to buy himself a present as it was near Christmas. He smiled and said "You must have done well with pamphlet." I replied that he was correct but, percentage wise, he had undoubtedly had made more than I had. I might add that my reasons for having given him this extra amount were of a two-fold nature, one being to gain his confidence in me and, also, hoping to {43} appease any thoughts he might entertain of being "robbed" should he later learned of the real value of the guide. A somewhat similar incident took place, at a later time when I purchased a fine copy of the first Catholic prayer book, published in what became the United States of America. This is described in Wilfrid Parsons' *Early Catholic Americana*.<sup>61</sup>

[*N.B. Tighe continues in this vein, in a lengthy {pp.43-45 of the manuscript} and rambling narrative*

of his relationship with “this antiques dealer” (unnamed) from whom he purchased Parsons’ Pikes Peak guide. His narration indicates how seriously Ben took his reputation in the trade for fair dealing and mutual reciprocity. Tighe did gain satisfaction in another episode in which neither Hiram Fuller of Foxboro, Mass. (a collector-bookseller of antiques and books) nor the title of the book in question are identified.]

Although I did buy some other books from the antique dealer who sold me the Pikes Peak guide (properly, *The gold mines of western Kansas*, 1858.) by W. B. Parsons and gave him some good leads where he bought antiques, he never was quite the same to me as previously. ... {45} This antiques dealer had a great many catalogs of guns, clocks, toys, autos and other collectibles which have become quite valuable in recent years. I told him of Mr. Richard Mohr<sup>62</sup> on the West Coast to whom I had been selling catalogs because he was more liberal than anyone else in this field. The subject of my commission was not mentioned but, as I had paid him generous amounts on several occasions for leads, I assumed he would do likewise with me. But, such was not the case. ... Later, after an exchange of greetings and purchase of a few books, he casually mentioned that Mohrs had paid him \$4000 for his collection of catalogs. I expected him to do the graceful thing by {46} giving me a commission of some sort. As nothing was forthcoming, I calmly said that I must have done my “Boy Scout good deed for the day.” This remark did not elicit an change of expression, nor even a “thank you.” ...

It may be apropos to here state the methods used by Mr. Robert Lull<sup>63</sup> of Newburyport who was a very fine old gentleman. He had a bookshop in his home at No. 1 Chapel St. {47} for many years. He paid very little for books and, as he knew little about values, he sold material for very low prices. As he did not issue catalogs and never advertised, but few people knew of him. One of those who did was Mr. Joseph W. P. Frost of Kittery Point, Maine, a direct descendent of Sir William Pepperell of Louisbourg fame.<sup>64</sup> Mr Frost undoubtedly has the largest library of seventeenth and eighteenth-century books, pamphlets, and documents of all kinds. Mr. Lull generally would advise him of any new material of this sort as soon as he located it. I became a sort of “fair-haired

boy” with Mr. Lull almost the first time I met him. With my usual penchant and eagerness to give offers, which generally exceeded his own valuations, we became very friendly. Besides selling the many fine books, he would send me on many “leads” as he had no car and was quite elderly. He would be pleased and amazed at prices I would give him. In fact, I was {48} ... I met Mr. Frost through Mr. Lull. I sold the former many fine colonial titles ...

I once asked Mr. Lull what he would do, when after buying some books, he had learned later that they were considerably more valuable than he had thought. He replied that he would never go back and pay more money, but if he felt that he should have paid more money, or if his conscience troubled him, he would find some excuse to return and to select a few books of little value and leave a substantial amount of money. ... {49} While on this subject, I shall narrate an incident with a Mr. May of Groton Massachusetts.<sup>65</sup> This gentleman, who was a prominent citizen in the town, had written me to call to see his books. Besides the library in his house, he had several hundred others arranged on shelves in his barn. These were mainly New England authors of mid-nineteenth century. Every one of the literary lights of “the Athens of America” were present, but there was not one first edition among them and most were by minor authors of little value. I told Mr. May that I felt certain that at some time, this library had been “creamed” of the really valuable items. He replied, “Young man, you are right.”

Prior to moving in the late thirties to Groton from Cambridge, where his family had resided for generations, he called on a Mr. Jackson, a prominent {50} Boston dealer<sup>66</sup> who had published [*A Primer of Rare Books*.] Mr. Jackson had paid him what he considered a very good price for the titles he had taken but, sometime later, Mr. May received a fairly large check from Jackson stating he had found the books worth more than he had paid. Mr. May said he knew then that he had been robbed. Although I had never met Mr. Jackson, who had passed away, I defended the latter by saying that it would be difficult for anyone to arrive at a proper evaluation all the time. “Not by a darnsight,” replied Mr. May. ...

Mr. Edward E. H. Whitlock, a fine old gentleman whose sons Reverdy and Gilbert<sup>67</sup> are the same, once told me had purchased a quite valuable pamphlet



from a close friend and had paid the latter a high price. As the item, which I believe was by {51a} [Tom] Paine, proved to be worth a great deal more, Mr. Whitlock either gave or mailed an additional amount to his friend. The latter's reaction was to "advertise" Mr. Whitlock all over New Haven as a so-and-so and all that. {50b} I might mention at this point, the only dealer who ever gave me a bonus or an extra amount was Howard Mott.<sup>68</sup> I once sold him a group of books and some manuscript material by a nineteenth-century writer on socialism. Howard not only paid the thousand dollars I asked, but a few months later sent me a check for \$500. This unexpected and unsolicited gift earned him my appreciation but also the opportunity of buying a number of other good items.

To conclude these episodes of obtaining commissions or paying extra money, I must mention the unscrupulous people to whom you give a lead. Such a person will go to the place, but instead of buying anything, he passes the lead on to "number three" who buys the material. The buyer pays the commission to "number two," thus cutting out the "number one" tipster. One of the worst offenses of "clean cricket" that I recall experiencing was that of a knowledgeable Connecticut coin dealer who reported to me the deal had been a poor one, he having overpaid for the lot, thereupon he denied me a commission. ...

*[N.B. Here {at pp.50a-52} follows yet another sad (but excised) tale of an ungrateful bookseller who denied Benny his rightful commission for providing a fruitful lead.]*

{52} This reminds me of Major John Connor, late of Front Street, Plainfield, N.J.<sup>69</sup> This person had acquired the famous autograph and manuscript collection of a New Jersey collector many years ago. Besides coins, stamps, books, documents, he had a number of choice antiques. He had no shop. He was retired and disposing of some of his loot, some of which was sold at an auction of his estate in 1971. He was of a "testy" nature and rather rude. In fact, he told me of having refused to sell some antiques to the late Henry DuPont.<sup>70</sup> I learned of the Major from Mr. Philip Nordell of Ambler, Pennsylvania,<sup>71</sup> the collector of lottery tickets. I am indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Nordell for their hospitality as I {53} frequently called at their house. Through my friendship with these fine people, I learned a great deal about early

lottery tickets and located quite a few of them, but because of the scarcity of the eighteenth-century ones, I seldom find any now.

During the period of 1948 to about 1956, my records show that I spent several or more thousands of dollars mainly for books pamphlets and documents from Major Connor. As usual, my offers were generally greater than his expectations. I saw him about once a month during these years. It may be interesting to mention that in the years 1948–1960, I actually drove about 45,000 miles per year as I exchanged my [very large] cars every two years. Most of my buying was along the way from Maine to Pittsburgh and Maryland. It would have been manifestly impossible for me to stop at every book and antique shop, but as {54} I was content to only visit a selected group of dealers, I was not as ubiquitous as may appear. As I usually met the Major in late afternoon or early evening, I would take him out for dinner after transacting our business. Of course I paid for these dinners as he was quite parsimonious. I did obtain some really valuable material from him. Monty Hankins of Summit, New Jersey, and the late George MacManus of Philadelphia<sup>72</sup> as well as Bill Baldwin of West Chester<sup>73</sup> could not understand how I managed to make a profit buying from the Major as they had tried but finally gave him up as being "too tough."

The Major knew the two, aged brothers Henry and George Landis who were on the point of selling their large collection of early Pennsylvania-Dutch antiques, primitives, books etc. which was eventually purchased or given to the state of Pennsylvania. My only interest was in the books {55} which were housed in a huge barn and, as Major Connor had somehow learned that the Landis Brothers might sell the books separately, we drove out to see them. In fact, we called twice. I learned some years later that the Landis Museum<sup>74</sup> had received an offer of \$25,000 from Mr. Hackett of the Brick Row Book Shop.<sup>75</sup> Whether any Pennsylvania dealers had made offers was unknown to me. At any rate, nothing was accomplished on first visit, so, when the Major and I called at the Museum the second time I had decided to spend several days to go over the books. I had brought along a certified check for five figures to leave as a deposit. We did not know that the Landis Brothers were negotiating with the state of Pennsylvania at the time, so when we arrived, we met the late

Mr. Carl Drepperd<sup>76</sup> who told us that the State had concluded the deal. Mr. Drepperd became Director so I never had a chance to buy {56} the books and, thus Major Connor did not get a commission from me.

Despite the fact that such an inordinately avaricious person as Major Connor must surely have found me a more liberal buyer than many others, our relationship terminated all of a sudden because of the following incident. Mrs. Tighe purchased some antiques when she visited and called to see him several times while with me. I had no interest or knowledge of such things, but one day after I had bought a number of books and old papers, he showed me an old lamp or lantern for which he wanted only \$25. As it only involved such a modest price, I bought it. When Mrs. Tighe saw it, she found that the fount was missing so, I wrote a short letter stating that I would bring it back and accept something else of equal value in exchange. A few days later I received a note stating that he made no exchanges, even if the article was imperfect. {57} After reading his reply I completely forgot my resolve not to allow paltry matters to disconcert me and, wrote the Major a letter which after reading most any self-respecting person would have either sued me or jumped off the Empire State Building and, turned to the right in the descent as the view is usually better. I suppose I had an only Pyrrhic victory over “the old buzzard.” ...

Perhaps, the reader may tire of my recounting so many incidents in which I appear to be an “innocent victim” of ravenous wolves and holding up the mirror of myself as a paragon of liberality. I shall therefore tell of some incidents that come to mind that are substantiated by my daily journal. Among the many dealers, librarians and collectors {58} with whom I have had business, either buying or selling, the following immediately come to mind as being both liberal and agreeable in all respects: Clarence Brigham, Jack Bartfield, Marcus McCorison, Howard and Phyllis Mott, George Richards, Mike Walsh, E.J. Wessen and Laurence Wroth. It was always a pleasure to do business with all of these people without any rancor or they either paid me my prices or I was able to purchase material from them that allowed me to make a decent profit.

From my observations and experience, I have always maintained that it is an exceptional case when

two dealers can carry on cordial relations for five years or more. Either the seller may think he can get higher prices from someone else or the buyer thinks the seller too exacting. Of course, there must be exceptions to this dictum.

{59} Despite the fact that I have been a “collector–dealer” since 1915, I have never run a bookshop or issued catalogs or lists of books for sale. My work since that time has been in the field of publicity or advertising display, mainly with theaters. I had considered opening a shop after a serious coronary attack in 1960 but, the thought of preparing catalogs, packing, wrapping and shipping books, billing and all the other amenities, just appalled me. Furthermore – the “pleasure of the chase” has always appealed to me regardless of the fact that many of the “leads” were mainly of a nebulous nature. Despite all this, I must have derived a vicarious satisfaction in gaining the goodwill of many, many “scouts,” pickers, dabblers, dealers, auctioneers, bank executors, and other assorted highwayman and women, as I am still able to buy books from a number of people after friendly relations of a decade. Mike Walsh as well as several other “big time” {60} dealers who had heard of some of my finds, have asked me how I succeeded in getting so many valuable items. My answer usually was “the hard way.” I seldom publicized my “hits” but, some of these larger dealers, collectors and librarians probably learned of my occasional finds from Mr. Brigham.

Although I sold most of the more valuable pieces to different dealers, collectors, and librarians, I did favor Brig for the information and leads he gave me which I have explained in another chapter. This may be an appropriate time to mention that just before the Annual Meeting at AAS in either 1950 or 1952, Brig told me to look at the two exhibition cases upstairs in which the prize accessions of the year were displayed. Although my name did not appear on any of the books, pamphlets or broadsides shown, I recognized sixteen of the twenty-two exemplars, most of which were of the five hundred to \$1000 or more sort. I knew then that I had reached the zenith of my serendipity powers. Some time later, I mentioned this to Charley Eberstadt {61} who said, “When you arrive at the summit of Mount Everest you cannot go any higher.

My method of trying to acquire (and gaining)

the confidence and goodwill of dealers and others was generally due to my buying something of more than nominal value, the first time I called. Unlike many other “visiting firemen” who take up the sellers time, looking over entire stock and usually dicker over price, I would state my specific interests such as Americana, the West, early juveniles, etc. thus saving myself and dealer much time. I would then select something priced at from ten to fifteen dollars (usually a great more than its real value, thus showing seller the color of my money. I would stop to see him the next time I was in his area and, by again buying something, and, after repeating this a few times, the owner would show me a book or pamphlet of real potentialities of value. In such a case, even if he set a price which was fair, I would repeat the “stratagem” that gained me the {62} goodwill and friendship as described in my relations with Mr. Jaques on pages 25-27. Naturally, this procedure of “raising the ante” by giving offers greater than seller’s price did not always work. There were many cases that were tantamount to pulling one’s self up by your bootstraps so, I would then make one or two more efforts. If they proved ineffectual, I dropped the dealer at once. All this reminds me of the apt title to a book on gambling “Gamblers do not Gamble.” I once told Mike Walsh of this method of trying to get and hold goodwill of people. His reply was “You can go broke ‘two-bitting’ yourself to death.” Which anyone conversant with poker playing will readily understand. I recall telling him in reply that he was not obliged to resort to such drastic methods, whereby “desperate situations required desperate remedies.”

{63} Mr. Brigham in his collecting Americana for fifty years<sup>77</sup> mentions me several times, particularly in my forming and selling AAS various collections such as early American watermarked paper, typeset book labels, early watch papers. He might have also mentioned my turning over a number of other things in the nature of ephemeral material such as old sentiment cards, rewards of merit, early Valentines etc. etc. Due to Brig’s perspicacity to collect and preserve such things, AAS has the largest collections in many fields. Among some old papers which I obtained at about the time of the appearance of Dard Hunter’s book, *Papermaking in Early America*, was a deed of William Pennybaker with the fleur-de-lis and the arms of Pennsylvania which was the earliest specimen

described by Mr. Hunter.

I commenced advertising in a number of the magazine *Antiques* for laid paper documents and, over a period of several years, had accumulated several hundred {64} examples of the laid and pre-1820 woven papers. As Mr. Hunter was at Massachusetts Institute of Technology at this time, I called to see him with a catalog of my collection. He was amazed at the fruits of my labors and asked how much I usually paid. When I told him “a minimum of several dollars” he replied “You will never get your money back.” I answered that most people who answered my ads would not have replied had I offered them only a dollar or two so I was obliged to pay a decent price. After some years, I endeavored to dispose of the entire collection with no results. I finally wrote to the DuPont [Winterthur Museum] in Wilmington, Delaware. They appeared to be interested so, as I was driving to California in 1957, I brought along the entire collection but, as they only wanted some of the best examples, I did not sell them any. However, I made a trade with Brig for some books of extraneous interest to AAS, but I did not receive {65} anything near the cost to me. While on the subject of paper I must mention the fact that a certain autograph dealer in Boston offered me a sheet of George Washington’s private stationary for \$50. I was pleased to have this, but thanks to Brig who told me some years later that this dealer had obtained five hundred sheets of the George Washington paper from an estate. As I had sold a number of fine autographs and documents to this dealer, he can now learn why his frequent importunations for material went unheeded.

{66} Among my most pleasant recollections are memories of my business with Mr. Edgar Hawthorne a well-known antique dealer of Concord, New Hampshire.<sup>78</sup> I became acquainted with him about 1950. In the succeeding years, until his passing about 1965, it was always a great pleasure to meet him and, as we usually went out to dinner, we had more leisure to discuss different matters. He was a bachelor and lived in a large old house with nothing to indicate that it was an antique shop. Although Mr. Hawthorne was rather laconic, after we became acquainted, he would become more voluble to the extent of telling me entertaining experiences in his life. He preferred to do business with a “good” dealer than with collectors, many of whom were only “lookers.” As an example

of this, he told of a limousine and chauffeur with two elderly ladies stopping at his house. As he was generally upstairs unless he had visitors, he looked out of a window when his bell rang and saw the ladies at the door. He came down and, after opening the door, he bowed down and, {67} in his deep sonorous voice said “Yes?” very slowly. One of the ladies asked if they could come in and browse and according to him, he replied “Only cows browse.” and closed the door.

I first learned of him from a gentleman named Samuel Edes who was a prominent citizen of Newport, N.H.<sup>79</sup> The latter had sold me some books and told me of a lady who lived near Lake Sunapee. After writing this lady, I called to see her and purchased some books and a Civil War diary kept by a Col. Dana of Portsmouth, N.H.<sup>80</sup> Before I left, this lady showed me a pair of Colt revolvers, in a box with a presentation metal plate on it from Colt. Of course, I was interested but, she wished to see whether her nephew wanted the pistols or not. As it appeared doubtful whether they could be purchased I told an antique dealer friend about them. Some time later, the latter told me he had succeeded in buying the firearms. Although I had given him leads on several occasions, he gave me {68} no commission, not even a thank you but, as I was buying books from him I did not mind. Now, the plot thickens as this antique dealer had sold me a group of Civil War letters by this same Col. Dana, which he had bought from Mr. Hawthorne. The latter had been buying various things from the lady who had sold the Colt revolvers so, when he learned that this antique man had purchased them, he accused the antique man of trading the Dana letters to the lady on Lake Sunapee. When I learned of all this, from the purchaser of the guns, I said that I would immediately see Hawthorne and explain the whole thing. He said no, “Hawthorne was so indignant, he just would not listen to any explanation.” I naturally felt bad at being the innocent cause of disrupting the friendship between two friends. I continued seeing Mr. Hawthorne and buying books until one night, about a year later, he {69} bluntly asked if I had told the antique dealer about the pistols. I immediately explained the whole thing which satisfied Mr. Hawthorne as he spoke no more of the incident. An interesting climax to the whole story is the fact that I sold the Dana Civil War letters to an autograph

dealer for a modest price. This occurred some years prior to the years of the Civil War Centennial when prices soared. The antique dealer who had sold them to me saw these letters listed in a catalog of the autograph dealer at about 500% advance over the price I had received, so I had a tough time explaining that I had made only a small profit. Such are the vagaries connected with the book and antique trade.

Mr. Hawthorne would never write a letter informing me of people to see nor would he accept a cash gratuity that I would offer him. On one occasion when I called {70} after an absence of several months, he told me that he had been waiting for me as a Mrs. Clara Bugbee of School St., Concord,<sup>81</sup> had a collection of coins to show me. He showed me the inventory of the estate, listing several \$3 gold pieces as well as many other choice pieces, totaling only \$300. I instantly told Mr. Hawthorne that I would be glad to have the collection for \$1000. On the way to see the owner I mentioned the fact that I did not have much money with me as I had not anticipated spending much money. After introducing me to Mrs. Bugbee, he told her that he would back my check for any amount I would pay! He then left. Mr. and Mrs. Bugbee told me that they had been visited by a coin collector who was connected with a local bank. It is obvious that he had learned how much the collection had been appraised for as he offered a figure but a little more than appraisal price. {71} Mrs. Bugbee had obtained a copy of the latest Whitman “Red Book”<sup>82</sup> which gave the current valuations. After looking over coins, basing prices on the “Red Book,” the price came to exactly \$1102. When I was writing the check I paused after writing \$1100 and jokingly said “my pen appears to be dry, is \$1100 all right” the lady replied emphatically “I want \$1102!!! I have kept the canceled check as a souvenir.

I shall leave Mr. Hawthorne for a while to recount a somewhat similar episode that took place when I was collecting Civil War material. A lady in Portland Maine invited me to call as she had a collection of relics, letters, mementoes and a Confederate Flag. I arrived at her home about 10 a.m. and found a number of boxes which held the relics that were assembled by a Congressional {72} Medal of Honor veteran in the years following the “War Between the States.” Although there were no firearms, there was the C.S.A. flag, a letter written by Henry Wirz,<sup>83</sup> just

before his execution, patriotic envelopes with stamps, newspapers etc. After an hour or so, I told the owner that I required about two hours more to complete my examining the material and, as there was a fine restaurant nearby, I would be pleased to have her company for lunch. She said she would be delighted, but by tarrying a bit, I was able to conclude the checking about 12:30. We then sat down and I arrived at a figure of \$600 for what I had selected. This amount was acceptable so, when I was writing the check, the lady said she decided not to go to lunch with me, but, she wished me to tell her about how much I had intended to spend for her luncheon. I replied about \$3.50 to \$5 so, the lady said as long as she would not have lunch with me, would I add the {73} amount to the check. I still have the canceled check for exactly \$605!!! Some seven years later, I purchased some early juveniles from a Mr. and Mrs. Paul Henderson, prominent real estate dealers and appraisers of Nashua, N.H.<sup>84</sup> I paid Mr. Henderson \$508 for a small group of children's books and in the course of my conversation, Mr. Henderson remarked that I must have occasional interesting experiences while pursuing my avocation. I replied that I did and mentioned some anecdotes, one of which was the above incident about the luncheon. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson both burst out laughing and when I inquired the reason for this, they stated that the lady of the luncheon episode was a friend of theirs who had told them how she had extracted an extra five dollars from a book dealer!!! {74} To return to Mr. Hawthorne, I was pleased with his frequent recommendations and, as he would not accept any emoluments, I gave him a number of reference books on antiques. Perhaps, the best item I ever bought from him was a scrapbook that contained a half dozen or more original printed or manuscript letters from the Governors of various Confederate States giving their reasons for seceding, all dated at the beginning of the War. I might add that despite the fact that other bookmen came to see him, he told me that he would refrain from letting others see the "treasures" which he sold to me.

As the foregoing concerns Civil War material, it may be proper to recount incidents connected with the several collections of Civil War books that I found. About 1957, I recalled having read an article by "Dr. R[osenbach],"<sup>85</sup> written years before, that the next boom in books would be those {76} relating to

the "War Between the States." I commenced advertising for such books at about this time in the Sunday book review sections of *The New York Times* and the *Chicago Tribune*, as well as in *Yankee Magazine* and in other periodicals. Also, I advised my antique and book dealer scouts and others of my interest. So, I got a head start on many dealers in collecting in this field. By 1961 or 1962, I had about every regimental history published in New England and a hundred or more of New York and Pennsylvania, as well as of other states. At one time I owned over a dozen complete sets of Official Records<sup>86</sup> as well as fifty or sixty complete annual bound volumes of *Harpers Weekly* for the war years. Besides, I had complete runs of the *New York Times*, the *New York Tribune*, and the *New York Herald* for 1861-1865. I sold, the price amounting to several thousand dollars, one collection of regimental and other Union books to Frank Reynolds now of Portsmouth, N.H.,<sup>87</sup> as he issued catalogs. Another collection of Confederate books was sold to Mr. and Mrs. Sutter of Birmingham, Alabama,<sup>88</sup> for \$2200. I was constantly selling to Mr. Winston Broadfoot of Duke<sup>89</sup> as well as to {77} other large libraries and private collectors. The last collection entirely of C.S.A. books was bought by [?] for \$8000. With the formation of numerous Civil War Round Tables, prices of Civil War material advanced quite rapidly in 1961 to about 1963. Many book dealers predicted that the interest would remain strong until 1965 or later but, my friend Mike Walsh once saw some of my holdings at top of my barn about 1963. I recall his saying "Ben, don't get caught with all this." So I am glad that I heeded his advice as prices started to decline before the expiration of the Centennial period of 1961-1965. During this time, besides the books, I owned a number of important broadsides and manuscript material. Among these "introuvables" was a copy of the first [?] for which the Motts paid me four figures, {78} and an unique broadside, unknown to Crandall,<sup>90</sup> which was published in Charleston, South Carolina.

At one time I must have owned as many as a dozen small and large elephant folio broadside recruiting posters, as well as the unique Chicago printing of a Lincoln election poster of 1860 which had a "campaign life" unknown to E.J. Wessen. I sold this to my friend "E.J." who resold it to Streeter. It appeared in the latter's sale.<sup>91</sup> Still another unique

item was the original bronze maquette from which a smaller medal of Lincoln was made. The original bill of sale of this in the 1890s stating that it had belonged to [?]. One of the better items was the original letter written by President Lincoln to Governor [Horatio Seymour] of New York {79} on the night following the first day of the New York Draft Riots in 1863. This, as well as an original, franked envelope signed by Lincoln to [?], enclosing a printed card informing the recipient of the death of his son, Todd, were sold by me to the Rockefeller Library at Brown University. I might add the best piece of all was the original, manuscript constitution of [a provisional state] entirely in the hand of John Brown.<sup>92</sup> It was sold by me to the Eberstadt in New York. {80} I also sold the Rockefeller library a copy of the broadside first printing of “My Country Tis of Thee” (Boston) . . . , besides a number of sixteenth-century books of a scientific nature. Dave Jonah<sup>93</sup> once told me that over a period of many years, I had supplied Brown with more broadside fugitive poetry, many of them eighteenth-century, than all the other dealers combined.

While on the subject of Brown University’s Rockefeller Library, I can mention my dealings with the late Mr. Lawrence Wroth. I believe that I first became acquainted with him about 1945 or thereabouts when he purchased a fine copy of the Hodder Arithmetic published by Franklin in Boston.<sup>94</sup> He also bought the finest copy known of the Salem printing of the Bloody Massacre.<sup>95</sup> This was the correct first issue as described by Streeter in his book [*Americana-Beginnings*, item 41]. Although Mr. Wroth seldom questioned my prices he did not wish to pay the \$500 I asked, this copy being in beautiful condition. He finally said “All right, there must be a virtue {81} in round figures.” Shortly after, I acquired the collection of over one hundred seventeenth- and eighteenth-century maps – all of North America, mostly in color and in beautiful condition. They had been collected many years ago. I had been recommended to the owner by a relative and almost gasped when I was shown several large packages in which the maps were laid. I intended making a high offer but the owner told me what the collection had been appraised at. The figure was ridiculously low. Of course I paid the amount, but I did what Mr. Robert Lull of Newburyport had told me he did in such a case. I stopped to see the former owner a number of times over a

period of years and paid very liberally for material of nominal value. By doing this, I sort of made amends. I gave Mr. Wroth first crack at the entire collection and as many were duplicates, I sold the balance to the Misses Hamill and Barker of Chicago.<sup>96</sup>

{82} Some years in the late 1950s went by without my locating anything worthy of the attention of Mr. Wroth. One day, Dave Jonah told me that Mr. Wroth could not understand why I had not been in to see him. He thought that I had become angry at him. I told Dave, that I had not found anything of great importance and that Mr. Wroth was incapable of hurting anyone’s feelings. Mr. Wroth had been told by Brig of my selling the latter a unique imprint I had purchased from a small dealer who lived at 33 Charles St. in Hagerstown, Md. whose name was Zimmerman although he was known as “MacZine.”<sup>97</sup> He and his wife were wonderful people and as I had made a hit with him by making liberal offers, he usually contacted me first on items he located. We carried on the most amiable relations until Mr. Wroth passed away in the early fifties.

{83} Whenever I drove to Providence, I always stopped to see a wonderful friend the late Jim Tyson on Empire St. He was a very amiable person whose wife had been an invalid for a great many years. Jim never opened his office until about one P.M. as his mornings were spent in faithful attention to Mrs. Tyson. Jim passed away a few years ago, either the day following her death or on the day of her funeral. I also would see Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Dana<sup>98</sup> whose shop was on Weybossett Street. His stock of the older and more valuable items were kept in a large room several stories above the store which was in a basement. A smaller room led off the main room upstairs in which he kept the more valuable books and documents. As I had evidently proved myself to be a liberal buyer, I was favored with the privilege of seeing the better material whenever I called. Among some of the many choice items that I acquired was the Day Book of an eighteenth century book publisher<sup>99</sup> {84} which I passed on to Marcus McCorison. How this ever escaped the notice of Mr. Wroth or the Rhode Island Historical Society [I do not know]. While on Rhode Island, I must tell of a beautiful lot of books that got away from me. My friend, Mr. Herbert Hosmer of Lancaster Mass.<sup>100</sup> had recommended me to a relative named Paul Rogers in Newport.

[*N.B.* {pp.84-85} *Here follows a story of no substance. The seller is unidentified, the books are not described, and Ben did not buy any of them.*]

{86} Some years later, I heard from a lady in Newport whose husband was a famous Polish violinist. As they had a number of antiques to sell Mrs. Tighe accompanied me. We made two trips and spent considerable money as these people were on the point of moving. Besides a great many English and American Revolutionary War titles, I obtained Venegas' California<sup>101</sup> as well as other fine Western pieces. Mrs. Tighe purchased a number of pieces of early jewelry and other things. The lady had shown me a fine war letter from Washington upon which a large amount of ink had been spilled. I believe the letter was to Anthony Wayne. She had no intention of disposing of the letter so, I did not leave an offer but, when we were called later, she said she had sold the George Washington letter to a large Boston dealer. In some manner she had found some other Revolutionary War letters which I was able to purchase, thus proving that "the early bird" does not always get the worm—or, good autographs.

{87} George Richards, formerly of Hanson, Massachusetts,<sup>102</sup> but now of [?] was someone with whom it was always a pleasure to meet and do business. I met George about 1955 and since then, I have purchased many high-priced items or, sold him collections of gold coins, early large cents, postage stamps, used patriotic envelopes with stamps etc. In turn, I have found him a most agreeable person to buy from. I recall buying an exceedingly fine copy of the Nuremberg Chronicle<sup>103</sup> which I placed with the beloved, late "Aldie" Johnson of the Barre Press.<sup>104</sup> He gave it to the Choate School which he had attended as a youth.

When the Civil War Centennial was on I purchased endless material from George Richards. Among the finest items he sold me was the rare Lincoln holograph described on page 49, together with the manuscript of John Brown's "Constitution." I paid him up in four figures for these two pieces. George became ill about 1958 and finally entered a Veteran's hospital in Roxbury, Massachusetts, as a multiple sclerosis patient. I called to see him several times and, on a particularly hot day in June 1960, {88} I stopped to say hello, one afternoon on my way home from Maine. He was in bed when I asked him how he

was. When he replied "lousy," I told him to move over. About a week later I suffered my third coronary attack, and, when I saw George later, he reminded me of my visit to see him at the hospital and my remarking "move over." He maintained that my coronary was due to the fact I had made such a remark. Aside of George and the late Mr. Edward Ford<sup>105</sup> of the Careswell shop in Marshfield, Massachusetts, there was hardly anyone else along the South Shore whom I "cultivated" but for Gus Westerling of Pembroke, Massachusetts.<sup>106</sup>

Mr. Ford was a descendent of one of the first settlers of this town and he lived in the Winthrop House which was a seventeenth-century building. Besides being head of local historical society, "Ed" was an appraiser for an insurance company in Canada. He only dealt in the very choicest early furniture, silver, pewter and paintings. {89} He was one of the very few antique men who was thoroughly conversant with rare books. With my usual penchant for giving offers, I became very proud and happy when he told me one day that he had a special corner in which he hid the books for me to see. In fact, he asked me once, how I could pay him more than his own ideas of valuation. I replied that it was principally a matter of being able to place with the right buyer. Furthermore, as he had told me of various "coups" he had made, I said "I am a highwayman just like you, but when I buy from you, I place a halo on my head with wings on my shoulders." One of his best tales shall probably cause regrets when read by a large dealer. Ed called on a lady whose husband years before had been a collector of rare books on ornithology. The library was a very large one with numerous large folios with colored plates. The lady stated she had called this dealer to {90} dispose of the entire library and, a representative had appeared. As this man started examining the books, the lady asked him how soon they could be removed as she was selling out to go abroad. The poor fellow cannot be blamed for assuming that this was a real "pushover" so, after looking at just a few volumes, he gave the lady an offer of \$750. According to Mr. Ford the lady told him that she immediately ordered the man from her home. Some time later the "Mr. Big" of the bookstore came to see her, profuse in his apologies and all that. She told him that she had assisted her late husband in collecting the botanical library and knew he had paid hundreds of dollars,

each, for many of them.

Mr. Ford continued the account by adding that the owner told him she had intended sending the library to New York to be auctioned but, as time became short, Ford could have {91} the entire collection for the price she had been offered. He said he was standing in the middle of the room and upon hearing this, he slowly backed up so that he leaned against the wall, as the thought of acquiring such a splendid group of books for a song almost overwhelmed him. The rigidity of the wall kept him erect. As this took place in the years following the Depression, Ford, stated he “lived” on the proceeds for several years. Whenever I called to see him and Mrs. Ford, they had a nice luncheon prepared for me and, this continued for a number of years. Finally, about 1965, I received a letter from Mrs. Ford advising me that Ed had passed away, asking me to call and see her

I stopped to see my friend George Richards as he lived only about 15 miles from the Fords. George said he knew where I was going as Mr. Winsor White of Duxbury, an antique dealer and associate {92} of Mr. Ford had appraised the books and suggested that George get them, as George and Mr. Ford had been friends for many years, buying and selling to each other. George assumed he was getting the library so, when I appeared, he appeared surprised and disappointed. He was nice about it and, as I felt compassionate about him as he had lost the sight of one eye because of the multiple sclerosis, I told him that I would endeavor to get him in on the deal. I then drove to Mrs. Ford who had a breakfast prepared. I told her of my sympathies and added that seeing that she had invited me, I was most grateful. She told me that Mr. Ford had a full-page writeup in a Boston paper the previous summer, and after his death, most of the Boston bookmen made ineffectual efforts to purchase the books. After breakfast I tried to have Mrs. Ford allow George to buy the books with me, explaining my interest would only be in the rare items. She became indignant and I {93} was obliged to placate her, as she intimated that she could get plenty of others to see the books. However I spent over \$750 for a relatively few items, consisting of early documents, bibliographies and a nice letter of F.D.R. The material I saw was in an attic over the antique shop in the most disorderly manner imaginable. I made two more trips

spending more money and when I had completed my buying Mrs. Ford told me the total of my purchases was considerably greater than the amount of Winsor White’s appraisal. I succeeded in having Mrs. Ford permit George to buy a truckload {94} of books, papers etc. after I was through. As I have a tendency to go over books too rapidly, I missed the best item of all, a fine copy of [?]. Copies of Anderson and Parke Bernet catalogs all with prices realized were there in an almost complete file of their catalogs on antiques and books from about 1920 to 1960.

Mr. Herbert Hixon of West Medway, Massachusetts,<sup>107</sup> had been an antique dealer for many years, retiring from business about 1940. He had seen my ad in the *Yankee Magazine* and had written me regarding a group of early juveniles he had assembled over many years. He was the head of the historical societies in West Medway and Mendon, Massachusetts, and was greatly interested in colonial history. I called to see this scholarly gentleman and was shown the children’s books {94} which were laid out on a table in his house. While I was looking them over, he started to go upstairs to get some others. I immediately followed him up saying that I made a practice of never looking at material unless the owner was present, not because I might be tempted to take anything, but with thought that if something was found missing later, that may have been mislaid, the owner could not but help suspecting me. Being a very honest person, he could not get my point at first but, after I explained thoroughly, he got the message. I gave him offers for the books individually which pleased him as it generally did many others

{97} Mr. Hixon and I became very friendly as he enjoyed discoursing on many phases of colonial history and life. As I was familiar with a number of facts on such subjects, I was invited to call often. He had a summer house in Amherst, New Hampshire, from which I purchased many books. Furthermore, through his acquaintance with a number of the older residents, I was able to get into their homes. I bought books from Mr. Donald Sawyer, Mrs. Norwin Bean, Miss Honora Spalding<sup>108</sup> and others whose names I have forgotten – All this transpired in the years of 1940-1960. Amherst was settled immediately after the Revolution, mainly by wealthy people of Boston, long before neighboring towns such as Manchester, Nashua and Milford. {98} Although most of the



houses were furnished with early colonial antiques, the attics were usually quite bare of books or other things, proving that the more opulent people did not save “junk.” Despite the fact that there were several printers in Amherst who produced quite a few publications, mainly of an ephemeral character, I have never found such material in the homes of the more affluent people. Several of these mansions had the library shelves filled with the original, gilt, English books, mainly in sets, such as Stern, Johnson, and similar standard authors.

[95] When there was an attic in a house with trunks and boxes or cartons containing books, I would usually make a blanket offer telling the owner that I was only taking the ones I wanted so that owner could give the balance to a local rummage sale, or church bazaar, [96] or to the Salvation Army. Paul Rowland of Clinton, Massachusetts,<sup>109</sup> about more anon, once told me that when buying in a home where books were in a book case, he placed the selected books on the floor or scattered them about. Asked why, he stated that when this was done, there was less chance of the owner bothering to stoop and select a volume that may be of high value. I never practiced this as I once had the experience of the person selling me a few books and then claiming I had taken one that was of sentimental value. Therefore I usually told the seller to look over material that they intended to keep to see if there was something he or she did not care to part with. Usually such a book was of no extrinsic value although dear to the seller. I know of one dealer who had to appear in Court several times as the seller had claimed he had taken a book or books they wished to keep.

However, in Amherst, I did secure [six] parts of the first printing of Irving’s *Sketch Book* in original printed wraps, uncut.<sup>110</sup> Despite running a display ad in *Antiquarian Bookman* for almost a year for the missing part, I sold this incomplete set to Hamill and Barker of Chicago.

This was about 1948–1950, which reminds me of owning an almost complete set of the very {99} rare Thomas and Wild “Valley of the Mississippi,”<sup>111</sup> complete with all the black and white lithographs, some being folded. I believe only the final part was wanting yet my standing ad in *Antiquarian Bookman* failed to bring the missing part for which I would have gladly paid a very high price. A dealer

named Garnier in St. Louis<sup>112</sup> published a facsimile of this rarity, known only by the Herschel Jones<sup>113</sup> copy in original wrappers. Garnier had made a census of surviving copies yet he could not locate the part I lacked. Some years later, Mike Walsh had a complete set without the wraps, which was bought by Doctor Bauer.<sup>114</sup> At the dispersal of the latter’s library Mike tried to buy it back. I have forgotten to whom I sold my incomplete set. I may have sold it to a large print dealer in Manhattan [Harry Shaw Newman at the Old Print Shop?],<sup>115</sup> as I located a great many rare prints and paintings in the forties and fifties, most of which I sold to him

To name a few pieces, there was {100} the original large oil view of Tufts college showing a train of cars and foreground which serves as frontispiece to [?] the history of Tufts, three large folio colored engravings of West Point by [?], a set of eighteenth-century reverse paintings on glass of the Seasons, as well as many, many other choice Currier and Ives, and other lithographs. The print dealer once wrote me how pleased he was with the material I kept bringing to him and, as I think back, my prices to him must have been very low. Although, I was not obliged to dispose of anything, I was content to take a profit and as George Richards once said “we could pay more and sell for less.” The friendly relations between this dealer and I terminated of a sudden on account of his “not being fair to Our Nell” [?]

After a great deal of effort and expense, I had acquired a large oil portrait, signed by [Solomon Nunes Carvalho]. Beside Lincoln, seated, it showed in the bottom corner {101} Diogenes with a lantern.<sup>116</sup> I believe that I had written Dr. [Warren] of Lincoln Life in Ft. Wayne, Indiana but for some reason, he did not buy the oil. I told the New York dealer about it, a year previous to my getting it. He apparently had learned that the artist had descendants in Hartford who eventually purchased it from him. Rather shamefacedly, I confess to getting only \$200 for the painting after reducing my first price of \$250. I had paid \$100 for it and in my naivete, because this was in 1948-1949, I was content. As I look back at my dealings, I have no regrets or remorse for disposing of various items too low.

There be those who grieve at just thinking of having sold items at the low prices prevailing years ago but, in my case, whether anyone will believe me

or not, I have always been able to pull down “an invisible curtain” to hide and completely forget unpleasant incidents of all kinds. {102} I may have acquired this stoicism from the days when I could play poker all night and wind up broke and still get some sort of satisfaction, vicarious or otherwise, in just thinking that at least I had the pleasure of playing. Of course, this is not conducive to becoming wealthy but, as I look back at my past, I can’t and don’t complain. I made a host of friends even if I did not become wealthy.

To return to the print dealer and the ... [and here, at page 102, Tighe’s narrative comes to an abrupt end.]

### Acknowledgments

First, those of us who are interested in the history of American book trades are indebted to Gregory Gibson of Gloucester, Massachusetts, and to Matthew Needle of Newburyport, Massachusetts, for their perspicacity in recognizing the interest in Benjamin Tighe’s narrative of his career as a book scout. Further, Greg’s long hours spent in establishing the text for editing is of great value. Not the least of the contributions of Gibson and Needle is their generous decision to place the manuscript in the library of the American Antiquarian Society.

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## Endnotes

1. Birth data derived from *Worcester Sunday Telegram*, August 20, 1961, Feature Parade, pp.3-4, by Ivan Sandrof; includes photograph of Ben & wife. Ben's birth (by name) is not recorded in the City Clerk's office, Woonsocket, R.I., nor at the R.I. State Archives office, which does record the birth of the fourth child of Joseph (age 26) and Mary (age 27) Tighe, in 1899 in Woonsocket. Both parents were from Russia, Joseph being a peddler. Data *via*, Ken Carlson, R.I. State Archives, Aug. 7, 2008. Ben m. Helen (Stephens) French, 1755 Main St., Athol, Mass., Oct. 16, 1954. Benjamin Tighe is included in Donald C. Dickinson's *Dictionary of American antiquarian bookdealers* (Westport, Conn.: Greenwood Press, 1998) p. 219; but Athol is misplaced in the State of Maine.

2. *Worcester Telegram*, Apr. 16, 1933, pp. 6, 8; Deborah March, "Benny Tighe's hobby," also "Benny Tighe 'chases' old and rare books." A coup related by Tighe in the 1933 *Worcester Telegram* feature story. For a more accurate account of this episode, see his autobiographical *Memoirs*, p. 10.

3. *Worcester Telegram*, Apr. 16, 1933, *op cit*.

4. For notices of some of these persons, including Tighe (misplaced in Maine), see Donald C. Dickinson, *Dictionary of American antiquarian bookdealers* (Westport, Conn.: Greenwood Press, 1998).

5. *Worcester Telegram*, Apr. 16, 1933, *op cit*.

6. He reported to me that his first trip to Fort Pierce, Florida, was with Clarence Brigham in 1947, which brings up yet another tale; that of Brigham's regular trips to Florida with his crony, A.S.W. Rosenbach, the great bookseller of Philadelphia.

7. These reminiscences by Matthew Needle, Henry Hurley, Justin Schiller, and others were communicated to the author while the essay was in preparation in the Fall of 2008 and Winter of 2009.

8. In 1954, Ben married Helen (Stephens) French, 1903-2002, of Athol, Mass., a widowed antiques dealer. Ben moved into her large home (with barn) at 1755 Main Street. There, Helen and Ben operated their separate businesses under the name of "Don French Antiques." See *Worcester Telegram and Gazette*, April 29, 2002. (Courtesy, Ellen S. Dunlap.) Events described in these paragraphs are drawn from correspondence between C.S. Brigham, C.K. Shipton, myself, and Benjamin Tighe, located in folders devoted to Tighe in the AAS archives.

9. Apparently the pursuit was unsuccessful because these pastels

are not at AAS. Those at AAS came to a dealer by way of George R. Minot. For the Minot family connection, see Lauren B. Hewes, *Portraits in the collections of the A. A. S.* (Worcester, 2004), p. 334. Brigham asked Benny's help in locating Isaiah Thomas's autobiographical fragments and apprenticeship papers, once in the hands of B. F. Thomas. Through the ministrations of AAS president Carleton Richmond, Mrs. Samuel Bennett, a Thomas family descendant, gave them to AAS in 1960. The documents were published in 1962 at the time of the 150th anniversary of the Society's founding.

10. AAS correspondence, Dec. 9, 1960.

11. *Theatre. Mr. Mestayer and Company, from the Philadelphia and Baltimore theatres, respectfully inform the ladies and gentlemen ... will be presented, the much admired musical piece of the Children in the wood.* [Philadelphia: J.R.M. Bicking, printer, 1820 or 1826.]

12. See d'Alté A. Welch, *A bibliography of American children's books printed prior to 1821* (AAS, 1972) pp. xviii-xix.

13. Ivan Sandrof in the *Worcester Gazette or Evening Telegram*, Feb. 26, 1976. Telephone conversation with George Lowery, Swann Galleries, Jan. 2009.

14. *Worcester Telegram*, Apr. 30, 1975.

15. Michael Joseph Walsh, 1894-1984, one the nation's greatest booksellers of Americana, at age 15 entered Goodspeed's Book Shop in 1909; he led its Americana department from 1915 until 1980 and was a significant factor in making Goodspeed's the leading rare book shop in New England, while earning an international reputation for excellence. The shop was opened in Boston in 1898 by a Cape Cod Yankee, Charles E. Goodspeed, 1867-1950, following his apprenticeship in a hardware store. He settled at 5A Park Street and later moved up around the corner to 18 Beacon Street. George T. Goodspeed, 1903-1997, followed his father as principal in 1950. The establishment and its Milk St., branch (managed by Arnold Silverman) were happy places of retreat for generations of bookmen and women until Goodspeed's closed in 1993; Walsh published the authoritative bibliographical account of the earliest, separate distributions of the American Declaration of Independence, as: *Contemporary broadside editions of the Declaration of Independence.* (*Harvard Library Bulletin*, III: 1, winter 1949.) pp. 31-4; *Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society*, (here after, *PAAS*), 94:2, 1984, pp.227-29; Donald C. Dickinson, *Dictionary of American antiquarian booksellers*, (Westport, Conn.: Greenwood Press, 1998.) pp. 223-24.

16. Rense (Bob) Kolvoord, 1907-1987, proprietor of the Old Settler Book Shop and a nationally known, skillful, knowledgeable bookseller, and bon vivant to whom many professional colleagues and collectors regularly repaired for bibliographical and social sustenance, e.g., E.J. Wessen, Howard Peckham, and John S. van E. Kohn; a native of Michigan and a graduate of Battle Creek College, he moved to the Upper Connecticut River Valley in the late 1930s, and thence to Walpole in 1943. His death was lamented by all who knew him. *The Walpole*, N.H., *Gazette*, 21 Nov. 1987, p.12. Courtesy, Henry Hurley, Westmoreland, N.H.; Dickinson, *Dictionary*, p.113.

17. James A. Tyson, 1901-1970, a Yorkshire man who, by his late in his twenties had become a bookseller in Providence, R.I.; working from his shop in Empire Street, he became well known in the trade. C.S. Brigham (himself originally of Providence) made a great strike for AAS at Tyson's by buying the second known copy of James Fenimore Cooper's pseudonymous novel, *Tales for fifteen; or imagination and heart*, by Jane Morgan. (New-York: C. Wiley, 1823.) BAL 3830; Dickinson, *Dictionary*, pp.261-62.

18. Frederic Forehand, 1860-1928, bookseller of Worcester, Mass.; donor of books to AAS.

19. Samuel Francis Smith, 1808-1895. *America! My Country 'Tis of Thee*. (Boston: C. Bradlee, [1832]).

20. M. Louise Robbins in 1920 is listed at 7 Charlton St.; widow of Shepard K. Robbins; she died Feb. 8, 1924. *Worcester house directory and family address book* (Worcester: Sampson & Murdock Co., 1920.); also listed as above in Worcester city directory, 1924.

21. [William Livingston, 1723-1790], *Some serious thoughts on the design of erecting a college in the province of New-York. By Hippocrates Mithridate. Apoth.* (New York: John Peter Zenger, 1749.) [5], 9 pp. Evans 6366.

[William Shervington, d.1763], *Occasional poems*, by W. S. (Antigua: Printed by T. Smith for the author, 1749.) 88 lvs. ESTC T74890; Bradford F. Swan, "The spread of printing. Western hemisphere." *The Caribbean area*. (Amsterdam: Van Gendt; N.Y.: A. Schram, 1970.) p.21, reports this as "the first Antiguan book that has been discovered."

22. Clarence (Brig to his many friends) Saunders Brigham, 1877-1963. Bon vivant, bibliographer, and a premier institutional collector of his generation, Brigham devoted his life to AAS, overseeing in 1910 the construction of a new library building (plus stack additions in 1925 and 1950) and, during his long

tenure as Librarian, 1909-1930, and Director, 1930-1959, he single handedly built, through purchase and gifts (including his own), the collections of the Society into an exceptional resources for research in American history and bibliography. *PAAS*, 73.2, 1963, pp.328-340.

23. Henry Farr DePuy, 1859-1924. A native of Bath, N.Y.; retired in 1906 from the engineering company of Babcock & Wilcox; an enthusiastic collector of Americana, he accumulated a very valuable library which was sold in a series of four sales at Anderson Galleries in N.Y.C., beginning Nov. 17-18, 1919 and concluding in the Spring of 1920, with the sale of his Andrew Jackson material; the return of the first sale brought \$160,300, meriting an approving comment. Elected a member of AAS in 1917, at the time of his death DePuy was engaged in compiling a bibliography of William Bradford's New York imprints. His bequest to AAS established a fund of \$180,000, the income from which is used for the purchase of books and manuscripts relating to American history. A collection of his personal papers is held by AAS. Geo. S. McKay, *American book auctions, 1713-1934* (New York Public Library, 1937.) entries xxx-xxxx. *PAAS*, 34, 1924, pp.148-49.

24. Patrick Kevin Foley, 1856-1937. Bookseller, born in Ireland, emigrated to the U.S. in 1881; a traveling book salesman and general agent for subscription book houses, he started his own business in Boston in 1896, becoming an outstanding antiquarian bookseller with expertise the bibliography of New England authors; in 1897 published *American Authors, 1795-1895, a bibliography of first and notable editions chronologically arranged with notes*, (Boston: Printed for subscribers, 1897.) 4to.; AAS staff thoroughly annotated it; Foley and Clarence Brigham had extensive dealings, becoming close friends, and Foley made numerous gifts of significant books to AAS which received a collection of his papers from his estate. Charles F. Heartman, "The death of P. K. Foley" in *Book Collector Notes*, May-June, 1937, pp.27-32; Dickinson, *Dictionary*, pp.68-9.

25. Francis Wright Fabyan, 1871-1937; successful Boston businessman with the firm of Bliss, Fabyan & Co., trustee and life corporator of MIT; North Shore yachtsman; clubman; serious collector of early American imprints; American Art Association sold his collection at auction, Feb. 17, 1920, in two sessions, the second being an *Illustrious collection of Americana rarissimus*. McKay, *American book auctions*, entries 8187 and 8188; *N.Y. Times*, obit, 4 Sep. 1937.

26. MWA = "MassWorcesterAntiquarian," being the location symbol used by the National Union Catalogue to identify hold-

ings of the American Antiquarian Society. Tighe used MWA regularly, but hereafter, AAS will be used.

27. John Wilson, 1588-1667. *A copy of verses ... on the sudden death of Mr. Joseph Brisco, who was translated from earth to heaven Jan. 1. 1657.* [Cambridge: Samuel Green, 1658?] Broadside. Evans 48.

28. William Hubbard, 1621/2-1704. *A narrative of the troubles with the Indians in New-England, from the first planting thereof in the year 1607 to this present year 1677.* (Boston: John Foster, 1677.) 4to. Evans 231.

29. Cotton Mather, 1663-1728. *A midnight cry, an essay for our awakening out of that sinful sleep, to which we are at this time too much disposed.* (Boston : Printed by John Allen, for Samuel Phillips, 1692.) 12mo. Thomas James Holmes, 1874-1959, *Cotton Mather, a bibliography of his works.* (Cambridge : Harvard University Press, 1940.) 3 vols.; item 235; Evans 622.

30. Benny's enthusiasm runs awry of the facts. Oscar T. Loring, sold Brigham a lot of books for \$350 on Apr. 25, 1927, including 16 Isaiah Thomas juveniles and 52 other, miscellaneous juveniles. Later, Feb. 16, 1928, Brigham bought for \$30 a few more Thomas juveniles and an engraving by Oliver Eddy [of Greenbush, Vt.]. AAS invoices and acquisition records. For Tighe's other version of this incident, see pp. vi-vii of my brief account of Tighe's career. Courtesy, Laura Wasowicz, Curator of Children's Literature, AAS.

31. Charles Lemuel Nichols, 1851-1929; a native of Providence; physician of Worcester; book collector and benefactor, among whose books, were volumes of the "set" of the Juvenile Library which he bequeathed to AAS; elected president of AAS, 1927-1929; compiler of *Bibliography of Worcester, a list of books, pamphlets, newspapers and broadsides, printed in the town of Worcester, Massachusetts, from 1775 to 1848.* (Worcester: Privately printed, 1918.) and *Isaiah Thomas, printer, writer & collector.* (Boston: Printed for the Club of Odd Volumes, 1912.) *PAAS*, 40:1, 1930, pp.3-15.

32. *Tom Thumb's play-book; to teach children their letters as soon as they can speak. Being a new and pleasant method to allure little ones in the first principles of learning.* (Boston: Printed for and sold by A. Barclay in Cornhill, [1764]) 48mo. AAS copy annotated by Thomas: "Printed by I. Thomas when a 'prentice in 1764, for A[ndrew]. Barclay."

33. Otis G. Hammond, 1869-1944; of Concord, N.H.; Director of the New Hampshire Historical Society, 1913-1944; Brigham wrote of him, "He had much to write and to edit, and he contin-

ued his researches to the end." *PAAS* 54:2, 1944, pp.125-27.

34. Clifford Kenyon Shipton, 1902-1973; scholar and bibliographer; Custodian, Harvard College Archives, 1938-1969; Librarian, AAS 1940-1959, Director, 1959-1967; during his quarter century at AAS Shipton's greatest contribution to American historical scholarship, was his editorship of the project to microfilm and to distribute (in association with Readex-Microprint Corp.) all American imprints in book form, issued from 1640 to 1821; author of "Sibley's" *Biographical sketches of those who attended Harvard College.* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1933-1975), which he resuscitated by continuing the series from vol. 4, 1690-1700, through vol. 17, 1768-1771. *PAAS*, 84:1, 1974, pp.24-29.

35. George Francis Dow, 1868-1936; artist, antiquary, and author of several books, including *The arts & crafts in New England, 1704-1775, gleanings from Boston newspapers.* (Topsfield, Mass.: Wayside Press, 1927.) *PAAS*, 46, 1936, p.122.

36. Possibly Mary Towne Esty, 1665-1692; whose petition is printed in *The Salem witchcraft papers*, ed. by Paul Boyer and Stephen Nissenbaum (N.Y.: Da Capo Press, 1977.) pp.304-5.

37. Charles Hamilton, a popularly known dealer of manuscripts; published an exposé of some of what he had learned in the business in *Great forgers and famous fakes, the manuscript forgers of America and how they duped the experts* (N. Y.: Crown Publishers, ©1980.)

38. An examination of these sources suggest Tighe may refer the engraved trade card of Joseph Parker & Co., ships's chandlers, which is illustrated and credited to Geo. F. Dow in his article, "Trade cards, " in the S.P.N.E.A. periodical, *Old time New England*, .26:4, p.121. However, this trade card does not appear in *The colonial scene (1602-1800), a catalogue of books exhibited at the John Carter Brown Library in the spring of 1949, augmented by related titles from the library of the American Antiquarian Society.* (Worcester: AAS for the Associates of the John Carter Brown Library, 1950.)

Lawrence Wroth and Clarence Brigham (a member of the JCB Committee of Management) were colleagues and competitors, each being brilliant leaders who jealously guarded their institutions. Wroth, a Marylander by birth, Librarian of the JCB Library, 1923-1957, was the more learned of the two, being a profoundly knowledgeable bibliographer and prolific writer, but Brigham held his own against Wroth in other ways, owning a very broad scope in a field of more than 250 years of American culture and history.

39. Lawrence Waters Jenkins, 1872-1961; long associated with

the Peabody Museum in Salem where he was Curator, Director, and officer, 1900-1950; an active member of the Mass. State Guard, he held the rank of Lt. Col., and so was denominated, "Colonel." Highly regarded by Brigham, they had much to do professionally with one another. *PAAS*, 71:2, 1961, pp.238-39.

40. Identification of the two water color paintings of the ship, *Argo*, courtesy, Daniel Finamore, Curator of Maritime Art, Peabody Essex Museum.

Ashley Bowen, 1728-1813, a Marblehead mariner whose journals were published by the Colonial Society of Massachusetts in 1973, as vols. 44-45 of its Collections: *The journals of Ashley Bowen ... of Marblehead*, edited by Philip Chadwick Foster Smith. (Boston: Colonial Society of Massachusetts, 1973.) xxiv, 737 p. in 2 vols., colored ill. The journals are located at the Peabody Essex Museum, acquired, perhaps, from Rupert W. Jaques, bookseller of Marblehead, Jaques having lectured on the journals there in 1943. Bowen's manuscript diary is at AAS.

41. George Dyer, 1887-1964; a member of a Yankee family of brick manufacturers in Baldwinville and later in Greenfield, Mass.; in retirement he was devoted to picking and hoarding antiquarian material, thereby accumulating a very large corpus of it and, from time-to-time, selling items from it, by which he was able to purchase more, through which practice Ben was able to profit. Courtesy of Steve Finer, Greenfield, Mass.

42. William (Billy) Cook, 1807-ca.1876; eccentric poet and illustrator who published his own charming (if untutored) works; Lawrence W. Jenkins, "William Cook, of Salem; preacher, poet, artist and publisher," *PAAS*, 34:1, 1924, pp.22-39, includes a bibliography; Edmund Lester Pearson, 1880-1937, *Queer books*. (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, Doran and Co. 1928.)

43. Rupert Ward Jaques, 1886-1953; excellent bookseller and a close friend of Benny's; known for collecting children's books and dealing, generally, in very good material; his wife, Helen, collected paper dolls, and toys; he was active in the Lynn Historical Society, a member of the Sons of the American Revolution, and a Rotarian; they lived at Doliber's Cove, Marblehead. Courtesy, Ellen S. Dunlap, AAS.

44. Probably, Tighe refers to: William Bingham, 1752-1804. *A description of the situation, climate, soil, and productions of certain tracts of land in the District of Maine and Commonwealth of Massachusetts*. [Philadelphia? 1793.] Evans 25720

45. These are the earliest known Rhode Island imprints, viz: John Hammett, 1680-1773. *John Hammett's vindication and relation: giving an account, I. Wherein he was misrepresented in a letter lately printed in his name. ... IV. Of his separating him-*

*self wholly from the Baptists, and joining himself in unity with the people called Quakers*. (Rhode-Island: Printed and sold by James Franklin., 1727.) Evans 2877, Alden, J.E. Rhode Island imprints, 2; the other is, *A letter from John Hammett to John Wright ... Wherein are discovered the devices and temptations of the Devil. Published from his hand-writing, for a caution and information to al unsteady professors John Hammett's vindication.; and A letter from John Hammett to John Wright*. (Newport, Rhode-Island: Printed by J. Franklin., 1727.) Bristol B728; Evans 39860; Alden 1b; see Bradford F. Swan, "Two Rhode Island Imprints of 1727," Rhode Island History, 12:2, pp. 33-43.

46. John Eliot Alden, 1914-1991. *Rhode Island imprints, 1727-1800*. (New York: Published for the Bibliographical Society of America [by] R.R. Bowker, 1949.) Alden had a distinguished career at the Wm. L. Clements, Houghton, University of Penn., Boston Public, and John Carter Brown libraries. At JCB he was editor of its series, European Americana, 1493-1600. *PAAS*, 102:1, 1992, pp.15-21.

47. Thomas Winthrop Streeter, 1883-1965. *Americana-Beginnings, a selection from the library of Thomas W. Streeter, shown in honor of a visit of the Hroswitha Club on May 3, 1951*. (Morristown, N.J., 1952.)

Streeter of Morristown, N.J., a graduate of Dartmouth College, was an attorney and financier while becoming the greatest Americana collector of the twentieth-century; a bibliographer, his superb collections included early and often unique books, pamphlets, and maps, with concentrations in Texas history and transportation; the seven auction sales of some 5,000 volumes selected from his library was held during 1966-1969 in 21 sessions, a sensation because of its quality; President of AAS, 1952-1955, and a trustee or officer of many libraries and historical societies. His extensive papers, 1920-1965, are at AAS and include correspondence with all the leading collectors and dealers of Americana, the catalogue of his library, lists of gifts (with appraisals) to his preferred institutions; occasional commentary on the distress of the Great Depression (during which he lost one of his fortunes) and the U.S. Presidential leadership of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, as well as much family news. The collection was the gift in 1970 of his widow, the remarkable, Ruth Cheney Streeter. *PAAS*, 75:2, 1965, pp.218-220

48. Howell J. Heaney, 1912-1991; during the years 1955-1983 he was a member of the Rare Book Department of the Free Library of Philadelphia, and was its head from 1971 until his retirement; also he was engaged by Thomas Streeter as his personal librarian in Morristown, preparing Streeter's collection for the great auction sales, an intelligent and thorough scholar, he

was well suited to Streeter's demand for accuracy; he compiled with Rudolph Hirsh, "Selective checklist of bibliographical scholarship, Series B, 1956-1962," for the annual *Studies in Bibliography* of the Bibliographical Society of the Univ. of Virginia. *Philadelphia Inquirer*; June 27, 1991. Courtesy of Katherine Chandler, Free Library of Philadelphia.

49. Mrs. August Horton of Berlin, Conn., is not identified, but August W. Horton, 1915-1943, of nearby Meriden is recorded, as is his wife, Edna Mae Normandie, 1920-1987; in view of Tighe's description of Mrs. Augie Horton as being "an old-time antique dealer," however, these identifications may not quite fit. Courtesy, Ellen S. Dunlap, AAS

50. John Whitlock, Florence, Mass., unidentified

51. Charles Eberstadt, 1912-1974, and his brother, Lindley, 1909-1984, were successors to their father, Edward, 1883-1958, in the book selling company of Edward Eberstadt & Sons, located just up Madison Ave. at 72nd St. from the Parke-Bernet Galleries, with whom they did a great deal of business. The Eberstadts were among the nation's primary dealers in western Americana, of which they were most proud, until their retirement in the 1970s. The papers of the company are located in the Humanities Research Center at the University of Texas. Courtesy, Wm. S. Reese, "Some Early Dealers in Americana," 1983?, unpubl. ms.; and Ellen S. Dunlap, AAS.

52. Montague Hankins, 1892-1974; a retired businessman, turned bookseller, who specialized in Americana and sporting books; his principal customers were Thomas W. Streeter, Donald A. Sinclair of Rutgers University library, and Princeton's Firestone Library; well regarded in the trade, he was a member of the N.Y.C. Old Book Table. Courtesy, Joseph J. Felcone, Princeton, N.J..

53. D. McGowan and George Hildt, *Map of the United States west of the Mississippi showing the routes to Pike's Peak, overland mail route to California and Pacific rail road surveys.* (St. Louis, Leopold Gast & Bro., 1859.) Map, accompanied by text of 7 pp. Wagner-Camp (4th ed.) p.334.

54. William Robertson Coe, 1867-1955; an Englishman by birth, premier collector of Western Americana whose splendid collection (and endowment) is now in the Beinecke Library at Yale; began his business career in insurance and branched out into railroading; his second marriage to Mai Rogers, daughter of H. H. Rogers of Standard Oil, may have been of significant help in supporting his successful interest in race horses, and leading him, perhaps, to purchase Buffalo Bill's hunting lodge in Cody, Wyoming, (now the Buffalo Bill History Center)

which, in turn, led him to becoming a benefactor of the library at the University of Wyoming. However, a harbor tug boat named in his honor by "his" Virginia R.R. company, ended its career carrying the name of a presidential successor. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* *PAAS*, 65:1, 1955, pp.7-8.

55. William Bostwick Parsons, 1833-1885. *The gold mines of western Kansas being a complete description of the newly discovered gold mines, different routes, camping places, tools & outfit, and containing everything important for the emigrant and miner to know.* (Lawrence, Kan.: Printed for the author, at the Lawrence Republican Book & Job Printing Office, 1858.) Wagner-Camp (4th ed.), 305b.

56. Wright Howes, 1883-1978; a native of Georgia and a highly accomplished and much admired bookseller of Chicago who specialized in Americana. His detailed files of his stock led him to publish in 1954 his guide to Americana; becoming a trusted resource in the field, in spite of its quirks, it is entitled: *U.S.iana (1650-1950): a selective bibliography in which are described 11,620 uncommon and significant books relating to the continental portion of the United States.* Rev. and enl. ed. (New York: R.R. Bowker Co. for the Newberry Library, 1962). Although this 1962 ed. was overseen by Howes, a final edition, edited from his own copy, was published in 1994. His papers are at the Newberry Library; AAS has Robert G. Hayman's annotated copy, received as a 1999 gift from Hayman, who himself, was an excellent bookman located in Carey, Ohio, and who was a protégé of Ernest J. Wessen; Dickinson, *Dictionary*, pp.102-3.

57. Ebenezer Fletcher, 1761-1831. *A narrative of the captivity & sufferings of Ebenezer Fletcher, of New-Ipswich, who was severely wounded and taken prisoner at the Battle of Hubbardton, Vt. in the year 1777, by the British and Indians, at the age of 16 years, after recovering in part, made his escape from the enemy, and travelling through a dreary wilderness, followed by wolves, and beset by Tories on his way, who threatened to take him back to the enemy, but made his escape from them all, and arrived safe home.* 4th ed., rev. and enl. (New-Ipswich, N.H.: Printed by S. Wilder, 1827.) Shoemaker 28889; This ed. is at AAS; perhaps Tighe is referring to the 3rd ed. Other eds. to which Tighe refers are first ed., Amherst, N.H.: Printed by Samuel Preston, 1798, Evans 33740; and the second ed., Windsor, (Vt.): Printed by Charles Kendall., 1813, McCorison, 1498.

58. For citation to the Parsons item, see note 55.

59. Ernest James Wessen, 1887-1974; producer at the Mansfield Manufacturing Co. of a highly alcoholic, patent medicine, named Parry's Vegetable Compound; legendary bookseller, ad-

venturer, raconteur; the mimeographed catalogues of his Midland Rare Book Co. are treasured for the richness of his stock and for their bibliographical lore. Clarence Brigham famously bought by telephone the entire contents of Wessen's first catalogue which featured American almanacs, thereby creating a lifelong bond between Mansfield, Ohio, and Worcester, Mass. See *Rare book lore, selections from the letters of Ernest J. Wessen*, edited by Jack Matthews (Athens: Ohio University Press, ©1992.) *PAAS*, 84:1, 1974, pp.38-46; Dickinson, *Diction-ary*, pp.229-30.

60. Everett Dwight Graff, 1885-1964; pres. of the Ryerson Steel Co. of Chicago, closely associated with the Newberry Library of which he was chairman of the trustees; formed a major collection of western Americana, now at the Newberry as his gift, described in its 850-page *Catalogue of the Everett D. Graff collection of Western Americana, compiled by Colton Storm*. (Chicago, Published for the Newberry Library by the University of Chicago Press, 1968.) *PAAS*, 74:1, 1964, pp.7-8.

61. *A Manual of Catholic Prayers*. (Philadelphia: Printed for the subscribers by Robert Bell, 1774.) 272 pp.; item 25 in Wilfrid Parsons, 1887-1958, *Early Catholic Americana, a list of books and other works by Catholic authors in the United States, 1729-1830*. (New York: Macmillan, 1939.) A copy (this?) is located at JCB.

62. Richard E. Mohr, 1921-2002, owner of International Bookfinders of Pacific Palisades, Cal., opened his business with his wife, Martha, in West Los Angeles in 1950; flourishing and gaining high regard amongst his colleagues in the trade; it closed due to Mohr's ill health not long after 1992; memoir by his son is located at <http://sevenroads.org/Profiles/Mohr.html>; *Palisades Post*, Sept. 16, 2010. Courtesy, Ellen S. Dunlap, AAS.

63. Robert W. Lull, 1874-1953; a native of Bangor, Me., a good friend of Ben Tighe's; an effective bookseller of Newburyport, Mass., 1919-1953; formed a relationship with C.S. Brigham, a collection of his papers are at AAS. Obituary in *Boston Herald*, July 14, 1953.

64. Joseph William Pepperrell Frost, 1923-2008, antiquary of Kittery Point, Me.; descendent of William Pepperrell; lived in the ancient ancestral home; cousin to the poet, Robert Frost; generous donor to the Portsmouth Athenæum; learned beyond all reason in N.H., seacoast history but his only separate publication appears to be that of a 1951, Newcomen Society pamphlet on Pepperrell, Governor of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, and leader and financier of the Massachusetts, 1745, campaign that captured Fortress Louisburg from the French.

65. Frederic G. May, 1861?-1954; of Dorchester, Mass., owned a "print [printing?] shop" before moving to Groton in 1913; his farm there on the Old Ayer Rd. was named Underhill, following; the name of his Dorchester shop. Virginia A. May, 1897-1970, *A Plantation called Netapawag*; also, her *Groton houses, Some notes on the history of old homesteads in Groton, Massachusetts* (both – Groton, Mass.: Groton Historical Society, 1976 and 1978.); the author was the daughter-in-law of Frederic May. Courtesy, Jeffrey Pike. Groton Public Library.

66. Guy Atwood Jackson, b. 1878. *A primer of rare books and first editions, ten lectures by the Bibliophile*. (Boston : G.A. Jackson, 1930.) xv, [17]-106 p.; 500 copies printed by Van Press of Boston, Mass.

67. Whitlock's Book Barn, located in remote, rural Bethel, Conn., was frequented by booksellers and book lovers of all shapes and sizes, despite the fact that the large and varied stock of used books was housed in the farm's former milking parlor and in old chicken houses.

68. Howard S. Mott, 1913-1995; he began book collecting as a child; following Harvard ('35) opened a bookshop in Tenafly, N.J., then at 8 W. 48 St., N.Y.C.; wife, Phyllis, 1912-1997, gave up medicine to join Howard in the business in 1953, handling mss. and art; outstanding booksellers who 1956 moved to Sheffield, Mass.; the shop has always had good American lit., emphasizing the South, and fine quality stock; the business continues under leadership of their son, Donald ("Rusty,") and his wife Roswitha, Courtesy, Donald N. Mott. Dickinson, *Diction-ary*, pp.149-50.

69. John Connor, 1887-1969; dealer, Plainfield, N.J.; operated privately out of his house, specializing in Americana; significant customers were Donald A. Sinclair, head of special collections at Rutgers, and Geo. C. Rockefeller, a major collector and pioneering bibliographer of New Jerseyana; his stock was sold at auction by his estate in 1971. Courtesy, Joseph J. Felcone, Princeton, N.J.

70. Henry Francis DuPont, 1880-1969, a scion of the E. I. Dupont de Nemours family of Wilmington, Del.; dairy man of a farm of 1,000 acres and 300 Holsteins; extraordinary collector of American antiques and founder in 1930 of the Winterthur Museum, Gardens and Library which opened to the public in 1951; *American furniture, Queen Anne and Chippendale periods and American furniture, the Federal period, in the Henry Francis du Pont Winterthur Museum* (New York: Viking Press, 1967 and 1966.) 3 vols., partially document the Museum's collections in those fields. *PAAS*, 79:1, 1969, pp.13-15.



- 71 Phillip G. Nordell, 1894-1976, a sometime historical writer in *Harper's* and the *New York Times*, before becoming a leading collector-dealer of American lottery tickets; author of "When lotteries were legal," in 1968 annual program of the Philadelphia University Hospital Antiques Show," pp.65-69; "The Dartmouth lottery" in the *Dartmouth College Alumni Magazine*, May, 1953. Courtesy, Ellen S. Dunlap, AAS .
72. George S. MacManus, 1906-1967; initiated his eponymous Company in the early 1930s with Ben Wolf, 1914-1996, an artist, as a silent partner; first located near the Univ. of Penn., and ultimately settling in Irving St. behind the "new" Library Company of Philadelphia on Locust; the varied stock of the shop has always been of high quality and well maintained; Norman Kane was an apprentice to MacManus; following MacManus's death, Ben Wolf became active in the business which was incorporated in 1940; Ben's son, the irrepressible Clarence, a sometime boxer, became the shop's principal in 1971, in 1999 moving the business to Bryn Mawr on the Main Line of the Penn. R.R.; each of the principals of the business owned personalities that encouraged the success of the business. Courtesy, Clarence Wolf; Roger E. Stoddard; Dickinson, *Dictionary*, pp.135-36.
73. William C. Baldwin, 1910-1988; Baldwin's Book Barn opened in 1946 in Chester County, Penn.; Bill Baldwin was an energetic and skillful bookseller whose open shop was a famous source of good antiquarian books, however his best material went to private collectors, such as the neighboring DuPonts; it continues, diminished, under the leadership of Baldwin's son, William, but in 2011 the business is for sale. Courtesy, James Green and John Dann.
74. Established in 1925, by George and Henry Landis on their home farm; the Landis Valley Village and Farm Museum, Lancaster, Penn., is devoted to the preservation and history of Pennsylvania's German heritage, 1750-1940; the collections of local Pennsylvania-Dutch fractur, book imprints, and antiques are significant; owned and managed since 1953 by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, Historical and Museum Commission.
75. Edmund Bryne Hackett, 1880-1953, founder of the peripatetic Brick Row Book Shop of New Haven, Conn., 1915-*ca.*1935 and Princeton, N.J., 1916-*ca.* 1935, New York City, 1916/7-1954; specializing in English and American literature and antiquarian bibliography; his successors, Franklin Gilliam and later, John Crichton, took the business to San Francisco. Courtesy John Crichton; Dickinson, *Dictionary*, pp.89-90.
76. Carl William Drepperd, 1898-1956; authority and author of a number of books on American antiques, including *American drawing books*. (New York: New York Public Library, 1946.); first director of the Landis Valley Museum.
77. Clarence S. Brigham, *Fifty years of collecting Americana for the library of the American Antiquarian Society, 1908-1958*. (Worcester: AAS, 1958.) 185p.
78. Edgar S. Hawthorne, 1884-1963; owner of the Rumford Antique Shop, 1930s-1940s. Courtesy, Ellen S. Dunlap, AAS.
79. Samuel H. Edes, 1881-1967; associated with the local newspaper, prior to going into insurance and books. Courtesy, Ellen S. Dunlap, AAS.
80. Col. Dana; a Civil War veteran, is unidentified.
81. Clara Bugbee is unidentified.
82. "The Red Book of United States coins." *A guide book of United States coins*. (Racine, Wis.: Whitman Publishing Co., v.d. )
83. Col. Heinrich H. Wirtz, 1823-1865, a Swiss; commandant of Ft. Sumter, the infamous Confederate prison near Andersonville, Ga.; executed in Nov. 1865 for murder and negligence of Union military prisoners incarcerated there, 13,000 of whom died of starvation and sickness.
84. Paul W. Henderson, 1912-2001, banker and insurance co. owner; prominent citizen of Nashua; collector and appraiser; following retirement worked for a time with Ken Langdell, auctioneer, of West Milford, N.H.; then operated "Paul Henderson, Books." *Manchester Union Leader*, Sept. 11 & 28, 2001, both p. A6; Courtesy, Ellen S. Dunlap, AAS, Douglas Harding, Wells, Me.
85. Abraham Simon Wolf Rosenbach, 1876-1952; of Philadelphia, member of the Rosenbach Co., begun by his brother, Philip, in 1897; took possession in 1903 of the book stock of their uncle, Moses Pollock, leading to a career as the greatest and most famous American bookseller of his generation whose clients included the richest, most sophisticated collectors of his day; Clarence Brigham became a crony of his. John Fleming and Edwin Wolf, II, *Rosenbach, a biography*. (Cleveland, O.: World Publishing Co., ©1960.); *PAAS*, 62:2, Oct. 1952, pp.113-17.
86. U.S. War Department. *War of the Rebellion, a compilation of the official records of the Union and Confederate armies*. (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1880-1901.) 61 vols. in 3 series.
87. Frank Reynolds, book dealer in various places in Vermont and New Hampshire where he bought and renovated significant

old houses, winding up in Newburyport, Mass. Courtesy, Douglas Harding, Wells, Me.

88. Mr. and Mrs. Sutter, unidentified.

89. Winston Broadfoot, 1920-1985, director of the G. W. Flowers Collection of Southern Americana in Duke University Library. With his son, Thomas, he concurrently dealt commercially in the same materials. Courtesy, Elizabeth B. Dunn, Research Services Librarian, Duke Univ. Library.

90. This “introuvable” (Benny’s unique word for a treasure) cannot be identified without more data. See Marjorie Crandall, *Confederate Imprints, a checklist*. (Boston: Boston Athenæum, 1955.) 2 vols.

91. *The Republican standard*. (Chicago: Rufus Blanchard, 1860.) Folio broadside; includes “Life of Abraham Lincoln,” in 5 cols. in upper half of the folio sheet; lower portion includes “National Republican Platform” and “Republican song,” illus. with 10 cuts. Parke-Bernet Galleries, *The celebrated collection of Americana formed by the late Thomas W. Streeter*. (New York: Parke-Bernet Galleries, v.d.) Vol. III, lot 1745,

92. John Brown of Osawatomie, 1800-1859; radical abolitionist; convened a Constitutional Convention in Chatham, Ontario, on May 8, 1858; prior to the Convention Brown wrote a Provisional Constitution for a state in which slavery would be prohibited; he intended the western portion of Virginia to form the site of the new state; following his unsuccessful raid on the U.S. armory at Harper’s Ferry and his failed fomenting of a slave rebellion, for his troubles he was hanged. Tighe acquired the original manuscript of Brown’s still-born Constitution. “John Brown (Abolitionist)” in Wikipedia.

93. David A. Jonah, 1909-1981; native of the Province of New Brunswick, member of the staff of the library of Brown University, 1935-1974; an authority on Abraham Lincoln and John Hay; at his retirement he was University Librarian and the John Hay Professor of Bibliography. Courtesy, Gayle D. Lynch, Brown Univ. Archives.

94. James Hodder, fl.1661, *Hodder’s Arithmetic, or, That Necessary art made easy*. (Boston: J. Franklin for S. Phillips, N. Botolph, B. Elliot, D. Henchman, ... 1719.) Evans 2026.

95. *Bloody butchery, by the British troops; or the runaway fight of the regulars*. [Salem, 1775.] Black bordered broadside. Ford, Mass. broadsides, 1792-93. Streeter auction catalogue, vol. II, lot 758.

96. Frances L. Hamill, 1904-1987, and Marjory Barker, 1901-1980; born and bred mid-westerners, they were knowledgeable

partners in a book shop located (when your editor knew them) in the handsome Carborundum Building on Michigan Ave. where they maintained a stock of high quality books and gave first rate service; known and admired as “the girls,” they were greatly esteemed by their colleagues in the trade and by a host of discriminating clients; Frances was President of the ABAA in 1954-56.

97. Zimmerman, a dealer called “MacZine,” but otherwise unidentified.

98. Douglas P. Dana, 1921-2006, book dealer of Providence; son of a dairy farmer of Pomfret, Vt.; died in Dighton, Mass. Courtesy, Ellen S. Dunlap, AAS.

99. John Carter, 1745-1814, “The wages of John Carter’s journeyman printers, 1771-1779,” ed by Marcus A. McCorison. *PAAS*, 81:2, (Oct. 1971) pp.273-303. Carter was a Providence, R.I., printer of the Revolutionary stripe and a life-long friend of Isaiah Thomas.

100. Herbert Hosmer, 1913-1995; eccentric Yankee; producer of puppetry at his Toy Cupboard Theater in So. Lancaster, Mass.; collector and hoarder of children’s toys and books; much interested in the publication of *The Remarkable story of Chicken Little*, of which he owned the original manuscript (now disappeared) written by his ancestor, John Greene Chandler; his collection of office copies of the McLaughlin Brothers’ brightly illustrated and enduringly popular children’s series (with some original art work) was acquired by AAS.

101. Miguel Venegas, 1680-1764, *A Natural and Civil History of California*. (London: James Rivington and James Fletcher, 1759.) 2 vols. AAS copy – vol. I, the bequest of Kenneth G. Leach; vol. II, the gift of Wm. S. Reese.

102. George Richards, of Hanson, Mass., ?1887-1967?; an accomplished dealer and a close friend of Tighe’s; the identification is tentative; Richards may have been from Louisiana and the person whose last Social Security check was sent to Roxbury. Courtesy, Ellen S. Dunlap, AAS.

103. Schedel Hartmann, 1440-1514, *Lib[er] Cronicarum, cu[m] Figuris et Ymagi[ne]bus ab Inicio Mu[n]di*. (Nuremberg: Anton Koberger, July 12, 1493.)

104. Alden Porter Johnson, 1914-1972; Worcester businessman and publisher of the *Barre Gazette*; his involvement in the latter led to interest in printing history, graphic design, and into book publishing as the Imprint Society; his interest in micro-printing led to funding unsuccessful experiments in that area; an active leader of AAS, his Barre Press co-published with AAS d’Alté.

Welch's *Bibliography of American children's books*, 1972; he funded the preparation and funding of *A dictionary of colonial American printers' ornaments and illustrations*, ed. by Elizabeth C. Reilly. (A.A.S., 1971, as a tribute to Alden Porter Johnson.) *PAAS*, 82:3, 1972, pp.305-09.

105. Edward C. Ford, 1886-1963; antiquarian dealer and owner of the Careswell Shop; active in the town's historical interests; his bequest enabled the Marshfield Historical Society to renovate the old school house on the Winslow family's ancient property, becoming the Society's headquarters. Courtesy, Ellen S. Dunlap, AAS.

106. Gus Westerling is unidentified.

107. Herbert N. Hixon, 1877-1967; town historian of Medway, Mass.; dealer and compiler of books on local history; owner of an extensive library that was intended for the Medway Historical Society; at his death it was detoured from that course into the stocks of neighboring book dealers. Courtesy, Ellen S. Dunlap, AAS.

108. Elizabeth (Nichols) Bean, 1874-1967; lifelong resident of Amherst, descendant of owners of a whip factory there; married well to Norwin S. Bean who, with Elizabeth, established a foundation to support good works in Amherst and Manchester, N.H.

Honora Spalding, 1881-1965; a member of the "first families" of Amherst; involved in charitable works in N.Y.C. and Amherst and is buried in Amherst's Meadow View Cemetery. Courtesy, Ellen S. Dunlap, AAS.

109. Paul Rowland is unidentified.

110. Washington Irving, 1783-1859, *The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.* (New York: C. S. Van Winkle, 1819-1820.) Issued in 7 parts. BAL 10106

111. John Casper Wild, ca.1804-1846, *The Valley of the Mississippi, illustrated in a series of views, edited by Lewis Falk Thomas, painted and lithographed ... Accompanied with historical descriptions.* (St. Louis: Published by the artist, printed by Chambers and Knapp, 1841-1842.) 145 pl. Sabin 103, 972.

Editor, Lewis Faulke Thomas, 1808-1868, a nephew of Isaiah Thomas, was the son of Ebenezer Smith Thomas of Providence; later of Cincinnati and Louisville, Ky.; Lewis followed his father and was involved in newspaper publishing in both cities during the 1830s; Lewis became a lawyer and died in Washington, D.C. His oil portrait by John Peter Frankenstein is at the American Antiquarian Society. Lauren Hewes.

112. Joseph Garnier, a St. Louis rare book dealer, reprinted Wild's work in 1948; he is listed in the St. Louis city directory

of 1947-48 at West Pine Blvd. but is not listed in 1952 and is otherwise unidentified. Courtesy, Jean M. Gosebrink, St. Louis Public Library.

113. Herschel V. Jones, 1861-1928; Minneapolis collector of an outstanding array of Americana; a small selection of his library was catalogued by Helen Fagg, with the advice of Wilberforce Eames, as *Adventures in Americana, 1492-1897.* (N.Y.: Privately printed by William E. Rudge, 1928.) 2 vols., facsim.; in 1938 Eames compiled a more complete, but less detailed, checklist of the collection.

114. Lester E. Bauer, M.D., Detroit, MI.; Parke-Bernet sold his collection of "Rare and Desirable Western Americana" on Dec. 2-3, 1958, sale 1860; his copy of Wild (lot 477) was that of Herschel Jones and is described as being in parts, complete with all printed pages and illustrated leaves present. The price list indicates it was the most expensive lot in the sale at \$5,100. Courtesy Roger E. Stoddard who found Bauer's auction catalogue in a current bookseller's catalogue.

115. Harry Shaw Newman, 1896-1966; founder of the Old Print Shop, N.Y.C.; established a solid reputation for expertise in American prints. In 2011 the business continues unto the fourth generation under the direction of his son, Kenneth.

116. Kenneth Newman of the Old Print Shop, N.Y.C., located records of this painting in the company archives which indicate it was purchased in the early 1950s with Charles Childs of Boston. They sold to Edw. Eberstadt & Sons, N.Y.C., in May 1958. A portrait of this description is now owned by the Rose Art Museum at Brandeis University. The artist is Solomon Nunes Carvalho, 1815-1897. It is displayed on the website of the Jewish-American History Foundation, <http://www.jewish-history.com>. Kristin Parker, Collections Manger of the Rose Art Museum, reports the painting is an oil on canvas, measuring 44 x 34 inches. It came to the Museum in 1958 as the gift of John J. and Celia Mack, as well as from Rose Turner and Justin G. and Gertrude Turner. As for the Lincoln National Life Insurance Co., of Ft. Wayne, Ind., it supported an important, historical research office and collection on the life of Abraham Lincoln. Louis A. Warren was its long-time director and the editor of its publication, entitled *Lincoln Lore*, which found much favor with Lincoln "hobbyists." Identification of the portrait, courtesy of Lauren B. Hewes, the Andrew W. Mellon Curator of Graphic Arts, AAS.