ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF

THE STOCKWELL MEMORIAL LIBRARY

AT ALBION COLLEGE, JUNE 4, 1938

by

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ALBION COLLEGE
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LIBRARIES in America lean heavily toward the distaff side. Any mere male who may be interested in entering the library profession, is apt to be appalled when he examines the membership list of the American Library Association. It is probably no exaggeration to say that nine-tenths of the eleven thousand librarians who belong to that organization are women. About the only comfort a man can take from the statistics is the fact that of the fifty-four presidents the American Library Association has had since its foundation, fifty have been men and only four have been women.

I am not one of those who view this situation with alarm. I was brought up in a household in the city of Philadelphia, where women's rights were the subject of almost daily conversation and progressive thinking in this field was taken for granted. After all, the Society of Friends had been accustomed to permit women to speak in Meeting for more than two centuries. Of the books on the subject which I read as a boy, the most stimulating were John Stuart Mill's famous essay—*"The subjection of women,"* and Mary Wollstonecraft's *Vindication of the rights of women.* Both of these filled me with youthful

indignation, because even as recently as the beginning of the present century, when I started to read such books, women still suffered under many of the legal and political disabilities against which Mill and Mary Wollstonecraft had so eloquently protested. However, in the early twentieth century something was really being done to remedy these conditions, and so I turned to a more cheerful book which proved what a woman could do if she made up her mind not to suffer in silence. That book was *The story of a pioneer* by Anna Howard Shaw.

It is hardly necessary to introduce Dr. Shaw to an audience at Albion College, but it may not be amiss to suggest that her autobiography is a book which should be read and re-read by every new generation on this college campus. Anna Shaw was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1847; she was brought to America when she was four and at the age of twelve came a-pioneering into the north woods of Michigan with her mother, two sisters and two brothers. The log cabin in which she lived during her early years in this state was about a hundred and forty miles north of Albion, near the town of Ashton, where today there is a monument to her. The story of the hardships endured by the Shaw family in the 1860s may be an epic, but these hardships were no more nor no less than those experienced by hundreds of others in Michigan at that time. Anna's mother was an invalid, and her father, who was seldom with his family, was a dreamy and idealistic kind of person who would rather count the number of grains of corn in a bushel and then calculate mathematically how many grains might be produced therefrom, than actually to get out and plant the corn. So the girl, Anna, had to learn how to cut wood, to make furniture, cook, plant, reap and keep the other children away from parties of marauding and drunken Indians. Upon one occasion, she and her young brother, aged eight, made one hundred fifty pounds of maple sugar and one barrel of syrup for the winter's supply. Have you ever tried to figure out how many gallons of maple sap are required to make one gallon of syrup? If you have, you

will realize how many hundreds of buckets of sap had to be carried from their one hundred thirty trees to the boilers.

Yet with all of this, Anna Shaw managed to get an education. From her own story one cannot but conclude that she was an avid reader and that she acquired a large part of her education from books. I have often heard it said that education comes from life rather than from books. It is about time, I think, that someone admitted that smug remark to be a trifle hackneyed. To a large extent, it is nonsense. Our jails are full of people who have been educated in the University of Hard Knocks. Life, to be sure, is an educative process, but only in the same sense that the lower animals learn through experience. One of the essential differences between man and the lower animals is the fact that man keeps records. Each generation of men can begin where the previous generation left off, because it has the recorded experience of the past upon which to work. But each generation of dogs has to begin where the previous generation began. No, there is a great deal more to education than life and experience, and that great deal comes from books.

The not-very-practical Mr. Shaw, while he left his family to fend for itself in the north woods, did manage to send in supplies of books, and these were so appreciated and used by Anna Shaw that at the age of fifteen she was offered and accepted a position as a local school-teacher. Then came the Civil War when the men went off to join the army and Anna Shaw was left as the sole support of her mother and sisters. During those four years there was no time for school, but when peace returned she moved to Big Rapids and went through high school. She must have had an infinite capacity for hard work, and she once wrote, "as for pleasure, I found it, like the heroine of fiction, in my studies." That statement could hardly have been made by one who was not deeply immersed in books.

As a young girl, when she had been rebuked by her father for spending the day in the woods reading and thinking, she had justified herself by the prophecy that she was going to college. It was not until 1873 that the opportunity came which per-

mitted her to make good this prediction, and in that year she entered Albion College. That she profited considerably by her reading is amply illustrated by the following passage from her own story, an anecdote which must be well known to every man and woman at Albion:

"As I had not completed my high-school course, my first days at Albion were spent in strenuous preparation for the entrance examination; and one morning, as I was crossing the campus with a History of the United States tucked coyly under my arm, I met the president of the college, Dr. Josclyn. He stopped for a word of greeting, during which I betrayed the fact that I had never studied United States history. Dr. Josclyn at once invited me into his office with, I am quite sure, the purpose of explaining as kindly as he could that my preparation for college was insufficient. As an opening to the subject he began to talk of history, and we talked and talked on, while unheeded hours were born and died. We discussed the history of the United States, the governments of the world, the causes which led to the influence of one nation on another, the philosophical basis of the different national movements westward, and the like. It was the longest and by far the most interesting talk I have ever had with a highly educated man, and during it I could actually feel my brain expand. When I rose to go President Josclyn stopped me.

" 'I have something to give you,' he said, and he wrote a few words on a slip of paper and handed the slip to me. When, on reaching the dormitory, I opened it, I found that the president had passed me in the history of the entire college course!"

At Albion she struggled for, and succeeded in asserting the equal rights of men and women students. From Albion she went on to that remarkable career in national and international achievements in the fields of education, philanthropy and politics, which mark her as one of the greatest American feminists.

Two years before Anna Shaw came into the world, there was born in Albion, Madelon Louisa Stockwell. While it is possible that Madelon Stockwell's early residence in Albion and

Kalamazoo did not subject her to the rigors which were the lot of Anna Shaw, yet the social environment in Michigan was much the same in the small towns as in the country in those days. The careers of the two women are closely parallel, for Madelon Stockwell also entered Albion College. Like Anna Shaw, she was deepy intellectual, of a scholarly turn of mind, and at an early age became a protagonist of women's rights in the world of men. Although her career of good works was not, like Anna Shaw's, conducted upon an international stage, yet to us today, the career of Madelon is more interesting and more significant because she observed that ancient adage that charity begins at home.

When she had graduated from Albion, Madelon Stockwell applied for entrance at the University of Michigan, which, for some years, had been agitating the question of whether or not to admit women. At the time, 1870, Henry Simmons Frieze was acting president and was in the process of trying to induce President James Burrill Angell of the University of Vermont to accept the presidency of the University of Michigan. In some trepidation it seems, Dr. Frieze wrote to Dr. Angell:

> "We have already admitted a young lady here, under the recent action of the Board [of Regents]. We shall endeavor to manage the business so that no harm will result, and hope that it may even turn out a good thing. The press of the country, I see, is quite unanimous in favor of it."

There may have been misgivings in the mind of the Regents upon taking this step. It would seem to have been something of a concession on the part of Dr. Frieze to call Madelon a "young lady." Earlier he had spoken more brusquely of the "woman question" and his colleagues were still using the expression "females." In any event, Madelon Stockwell was the first of her sex to matriculate and the first to receive a degree in the College of Literature, Science and the Arts at Ann Arbor.

There are conflicting stories as to the reception given to Madelon upon her entrance into the University. There are

legends to the effect that certain students still believed Michigan should be a man's university and that they did not hesitate to express their opinions on the subject. Regent Edward C. Walker of Detroit also saw fit to break the news to prospective President Angell of the arrival of a woman, and he did so in these words:

> "The 'coming woman' in the person of Miss Stockwell *came* . . . Her advent seems to have caused no more excitement among the boys than though she had been a boy."

At the recent centennial in Ann Arbor there came to light a story to the effect that Madelon's first recitation was so successful that afterward, when the class was over, the boys formed a double line outside the classroom and the biggest and brawniest of them took Madelon by the arm and escorted her down the double row of applauding boys.

No matter what they called Miss Stockwell—a "female," a "woman" or a "young lady," there is no doubt that she was an innovation. There are those in society who believe every innovation is wrong, but in the case of women at Michigan this is a matter no longer subject to debate. Albion was more progressive than the University, since it admitted women much earlier. In passing, we may remark that Oxford University in England lagged behind Michigan by another half century, and not until after the world war were women admitted to that venerable seat of learning. When I called up a colleague of mine who had graduated from Oxford to verify this statement, he hastened to comment that there are still many Oxonians who regard the admission of women as a grievous mistake. But here in Michigan, we have colleges and universities aplenty where the woman student is taken as a matter of course.

There can be no doubt that Madelon Stockwell was precisely the kind of person who should have gone to college. Throughout her life she maintained her interest in matters of scholarship and when she passed away in 1924, it was found that she had left to Albion College the money with which this library has been built.

The writing of a definitive biography of Madelon Stockwell must necessarily be left to the historians of Albion College. We are here to dedicate the library which is her memorial to her mother and her distinguished father, who was one of the early presidents of Albion. I would call your attention to the fact that it is a college library. There are in these United States above nine thousand public and semi-public libraries. Nearly two-thirds of these are "public libraries" in the sense that they are maintained by cities, towns, townships or counties and supported by the tax-payers. There are eighteen hundred libraries which are attached to institutions of higher learning, such as colleges and universities, and this library is one of them. These eighteen hundred college and university libraries are further subdivided into junior college libraries such as those at Grand Rapids and Bay City; university libraries like that at Ann Arbor, and college libraries like the one we are dedicating today at Albion. Each of these has its especial work to do and, if you are troubled by insomnia, I would recommend that you begin a course in reading which will give you an understanding of the many functions of the college library.

In an issue of the *Michigan Librarian* for June, 1937, there appeared a serious article on "The Future of the College Library." The author was one who had studied the problem for many years and had been instrumental in building up many college libraries, and I read what he had to say with some interest. As I read on, my interest deepened into pessimism and finally collapsed into despair. The college library has so many functions and such restricted funds, that it performs its tasks under the greatest handicaps. You may find the facts about the functions of a college library analyzed and tabulated in hundreds of articles and monographs. I want to call attention to a few notions about libraries in general, and college libraries in particular, which I believe are true, and to emphasize certain aspects of the college library problem which seem important to me.

In the first place it is my firm conviction that in any library a reader has no rights. He has only privileges. A library is not

a place where he can go and ask for a book and receive it at once. A library is a place where there may be a book, which, under certain circumstances, he may have earned the right to consult or read. In some instances where the book is readily replaceable, he may even borrow it for a short period of time. But these privileges depend upon the book, upon the reader, and upon many other factors. There is no presumption that it is the right of a reader to remove a book from a library building. If he is so privileged, he must have done something to be entitled to it.

There is an old, old story about a college librarian who never approved of permitting the books to circulate. Naturally, he was a rather harrassed and unhappy man. The students and faculty presumed that the books were put in the library to be used, and that use meant they might take the books home with them. This outraged the sense of order and decency of the librarian. Although he kept records of the books thus withdrawn, he always felt that his library was somehow incomplete because of this nefarious practice of "taking books out" on the part of the very people whom the library was designed to serve. As I say, he was a rather grim person, because inevitably, a large proportion of his charges were at all times out of his immediate reach. One day, so the story runs, he was seen walking across the campus—and he was actually smiling. When a friend enquired as to the cause of this unaccustomed cheerfulness, he replied, "Because every book is back in the library except one, and I am on my way to get that one."

The subject of this anecdote is said to have been John Langdon Sibley, who was for thirty-six years a librarian at the Harvard College Library. He has often been used to exemplify that old-fashioned librarian, the eager collector, whose idea of his function was the hoarding of books. This type of functionary is usually considered as a first cousin to a miser, and as being more interested in gathering and conserving books than in permitting anyone to examine them. To him, it is said, books were

not meant to be read; they were meant to be collected. I have never met such a man and I doubt whether there ever was one. But there can be no doubt that a certain unpopularity has been attached to every college librarian because in the discharge of his duties he has occasionally to try to get a book back from a borrower.

While, as I say, I have never met that older type of librarian, there are times today when I wish there were such people. The thirst for knowledge in America and the demands of the reading public have long since rendered impossible even the thought of the miser type of librarian. Unfortunately today, one does not always think of a librarian as a collector of books. He is a person whose job it is to make information, in the form of books, available to the largest number of people, in the least possible time, at the smallest possible cost. In other words, the ideal of *collecting* has been supplanted by that of *service*.

But with our progress in both juvenile and adult education, with the astonishing progress of schools, colleges and universities, and the necesssary accompanying growth of libraries, other factors emerge which make us yearn for that legendary older type of librarian who thought much more of collecting and conserving his books than he did of advertising his wares for use by the entire literate population of the country. An inevitable accompaniment to the modern trend is that books get worn out in service. There have been studies in just how many times a book can circulate before it has to be "retired." Naturally this varies with clientele and locale, for it is obvious that books in a public library in Pittsburgh are not going to last as long as those in a library where the air is conditioned, and where readers are carefully scrutinized as to their qualifications for using the books.

There can be no doubt that libraries, whether public or semi-public, exist primarily for the service of the public, but this does not necessarily mean that the public must have free and unrestricted service. Democracy may mean that every man and

woman, above a certain age, has a right to a voice in picking the rulers of the country. Democracy certainly implies an obligation to do everything possible to educate those men and women so that they will make wise selections. But does Democracy mean that what the public wants, the public should have? Obviously, it does not. In many respects a large proportion of the people in the world are like children; they need guidance. To give unrestricted and unregulated service would be neither meritorious nor beneficial. A reader may demand a book, but a librarian may be conferring a greater benefit upon society by enquiring why the applicant wants to see the volume rather than by trotting obediently to the shelves to fetch it.

Here we must keep in mind another feature of our kaleidoscopically changing civilization. While the emphasis upon education is making America more literate, still the accelerated speed with which knowledge is being divided and sub-divided is making all of us more and more relatively ignorant every day. Until recently it was quite possible for a man to write a history of the United States in eight or ten volumes. I doubt whether that can ever be done again, because the number of things the historian must know has so increased that a single lifetime is quite inadequate for digesting them.

Everyone who is even faintly interested in education must be aware of the shocking confusion existing today in our educational philosophies. Conflicts and controversies as to the proper means and methods of education have always existed, but of late the multiplicity of new subjects with which educators are confronted, has not only confused the problem of how to teach, but presents the problem of what to teach. There are so many things one must know in order to live at all, that no one human mind can possibly encompass all the details of all of them. What is more, this situation is getting rapidly worse.

Now the library has an important job here—it must help sift out human knowledge so that it can best serve its community; its card catalogue must be arranged by subjects as well

as by authors, and it must elect to do a comparatively small job and do it well. In doing its small job, in following its specialty, any library is apt to get certain unusual books which are not readily available elsewhere, and it is to the matter of these unusual books that I want to call your attention.

In every library, however small, there is now a locked-up section containing books which, for one reason or another, the librarian has wisely decided shall not be available for use by anyone and everyone who makes a request for them. In other words, there is already a library principle that every reader may not be entitled to everything he may happen to want, even though the library has the book. Volumes go into this lock-up section for a variety of reasons. The impropriety of allowing certain scientific books to fall into the hands of people who have not learned that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, will occur to anyone. Books containing expensive plates and illustrations should not be handed out to every little boy with a jackknife, lest the pictures find their way out of the library into the little boy's scrap book.

As a function of the college library, I should like to advocate an extension of this business of having certain books carefully segregated and conserved, not for all comers, but for especially qualified readers. Here I have no thought of the contents of the book, of morals or creeds. What I have to suggest has solely to do with the book as an element in our social and cultural heritage. It involves the principle that one edition, or one copy, of a book is not the same as another edition or copy, even though the textual contents may be identical. In other words, a first edition of Shelley's poems is not to be handed out to everyone who wants to read Shelly, but an inexpensive modern reprint may be. A very important part of this business of conserving and segregating is that of saving a certain copy of a certain book for the proper person at the proper time. Yes, there is much more to a book than its mere factual and textual content.

Let us take as an example the first book printed in the United States of which any copy survives. That is the *Whole booke of psalms,* printed at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1640. It was a translation of the psalms of David into "New English" meter, by a group of puritan divines, among whom was Richard Mather. Now this Richard Mather was the progenitor of a long line of that name,—Increase Mather, Cotton Mather, and others, who make up one of the most remarkable families in all of American intellectual history. It was entirely proper that the first sizable book printed for use in colonial New England should be a portion of the Old Testament, so dear to the heart of the Puritan. As a piece of printing, the book has little to recommend it. Any job printer today could probably do a better piece of work. But you must remember that it was printed when the Massachusetts Bay colony was only ten years old, and only twenty years after the Pilgrims had landed at Plymouth. You must remember also that the members of the Massachusetts Bay Colony had something else on their minds besides cultivating the graphic arts. All glory to the men who printed at all while they were still clearing the forests to build homes. As a piece of literature, the Bay Psalm Book has even less appeal. After all, the translators were not poets; they were clergymen who had mastered the elements of Greek and Latin prosody at Cambridge and Oxford universities in England. A familiarity with the technique of metrical composition does not make a poet. What, then, is our interest in the book today? It is an important book for reasons that have nothing whatever to do with its factual and textual contents. It was the first book printed in our country, and our admiration for the men who printed it dispels any aesthetic objections we may have as to the form, or format of its publication.

I do not know what you would have to pay for a copy of the Bay Psalm Book today. There are only eleven surviving copies, and a number of them are defective. Eight of the eleven are already locked up, forever, in public institutions. As a conservative guess, I should say that you would have to pay

anywhere from $25,000 to $75,000 for any one of the three copies which are still at large. But in fact not one of these three is for sale, so the price the book might fetch is anybody's guess. Any American library which possesses a copy of the Bay Psalm Book should regard that book as its choicest treasure.

But there is one copy of the Bay Psalm Book which, to me, has a greater interest than any of the other ten. In the John Carter Brown Library at Providence, Rhode Island, is the copy which once belonged to Richard Mather himself. In summing up the so called "points" about this volume, we find that it was the first verse written *and* printed within the confines of the present United States; it was the first book printed in that area of which any copy survives; it was actually owned by one of the men who wrote it; it was printed from the first type ever brought to what is now the United States; its crude and rough binding was probably carefully wrought by the first book binder this country ever saw. Here then, is a perfect example of a book which ought to be preserved for reasons that have very little to do with its contents. Yet, I would not have you forget that the Psalms of David are, in the King James version, among the classics of English literature; that the Psalms of David, in their original Hebrew, are among the greatest inspirational works of the literature of all time. You will understand, therefore, why we attach so much significance to this first crude American effort to bring the message of the Psalms to the people of America.

If you wish to read a copy of the Bay Psalm Book, you may procure a copy in photofacsimile and see what it looks like with all its glorious imperfections. You will find a copy of such a facsimile in the Albion College Library, which, I am sure, the librarian will be glad to show you. If you wish to read it, you will probably be the first person in your generation who has done so.

Now it is perfectly obvious that Albion stands a poor chance of ever getting a copy of the original Bay Psalm Book. The book was printed in 1640, whereas Albion College did not come

into existence until two centuries later. No librarian of Albion, no loyal alumnus nor alumna could have bought the book in Matthew Daye's shop in Cambridge in the seventeenth century. Madelon Stockwell herself was not born until two hundred years later. But,—where is the first book or pamphlet printed in Albion? Do you have it in your college library—do you have it in your public library? Do you even know what it was? Remember that by the time the first item was printed in Albion, your city and your college were already fifteen years old.

It seems to me that one of the neglected functions of the college library is to collect, to preserve and to make available for properly qualified readers, those unusual books which belong uniquely and appropriately to the community in which the college is located. There have been millions of books printed in these United States. There is no one library in America which contains all of the books ever printed in this country. I am going farther than that; I am going to say that there is not one library in these United States which contains even a fraction of the books which have been printed in the Americas since the first Mexican printing press was established in 1539. Even today there is but one library which gets a copy of each one of the modern books copyrighted in the United States, and that is the Library of Congress in Washington. But there are many books which are never submitted to copyright and the copyright law was not established until more than a hundred and fifty years after printing was started in this country. Even today there is not a single library in America that gets a copy of everything printed in America.

Therefore we must have more and more *local* centers of book collecting and book preservation. That seems to me to be a peculiarly important function of a college library. There is a great stirring in the library world today to provide better and more reading material for the people of America. The last session of the Michigan state legislature passed an act for very definite and very direct aid to Michigan libraries. What is more, it provided for raising the standards of the people who work in

libraries. There has been before the Congress of the United States an act which will provide federal aid for libraries. But both these laws, and the aid that may come with them, are designed to help out with supplying more reading material for the ordinary man and woman and boy and girl. There are many counties in this state which have no adequate library service at all. There are great cities like Grand Rapids and Detroit where the supply of books for the millions is utterly insufficient. There is one of our greatest industrial towns, Flint, where, thirty-five years ago, there was built a library to serve a town of 15,000 people. Flint now has more than 150,000 people and it is still striving to serve them with a library system geared to a population of one tenth of what it has. Situations like these must come first, when public funds are being expended. This leaves the public librarian very little time to think about, and no money to spend upon the collection and preservation of those unusual and important books which one expects to find in a growing civilization like that of Michigan, which one ought to find here, and which ought to be here.

I suggest this as the function of your college library—collect what we expect you to have here. There are twenty-eight college libraries in Michigan outside of the University collections at Ann Arbor. Each of these colleges was placed where it is because there was a demand for matters of greater cultural concern there than elsewhere in the state. There are college libraries at Albion and Alma, at Houghton and Marquette, at Ypsilanti and Mt. Pleasant, at Grand Rapids and Holland, at Kalamazoo and in Detroit, because each of these communities decided a long time ago to take itself seriously in matters of culture and the intellect. In these centers we may expect to find a greater appreciation of the books most worth preserving for the proper and qualified reader.

I am less and less inclined to think that the public library in America should concern itself with the preservation of unusual books. I am less and less inclined to think that it is even the proper repository for such books. Of course, if the public

library has great endowments and has already been entrusted with such collections, as have the New York Public Library, the Free Library of Philadelphia, the Cleveland Public Library and the Public Library of Boston, it will carry on. But on the whole, the public library today has the great job of taking care of more reading matter and providing better service to the boys and girls and the men and women who want simple and textual information. Supplying these things to the five million people in Michigan is a full time job to the one hundred and seventy public libraries which we have in this state. These agencies are doing their level best to take care of the training of the citizens of Michigan that democracy may be made to work at all.

But what of the institutions which are charged, not with the training of citizens, but with the training of the leaders of citizens? That is the function of higher education,—and it seems to me that college and university libraries are the institutions in which the unusual books, books demanded by potential leaders, should be placed. Regardless of what I may say, such books are being placed in these institutions of higher learning. All of the great *universities* in America are sedulously taking care of such books. But what is not so apparent is the fact that many *colleges* are also doing this same thing. Williams in Massachusetts, Baylor in Texas, Pomona in California, Oberlin in Ohio, Allegheny in Pennsylvania, to name but a few, are already repositories where you may find books which you can find nowhere else.

Upon the occasion of the dedication of the Stockwell Library, I have suggested to a few friends in the antiquarian book business that the word dedication means giving something. I have also suggested to them that the collection of books at Albion College is worthy of the principles, the sentiments and the ideals which I have stated here. It is my privilege, therefore, in concluding my remarks, to announce the titles of certain rare items which have been given to the Library of Albion College upon this occasion.

(1) I am told that Albion College Library has not one single letter of Anna Howard Shaw. My early training in feminism came from my first teacher, my aunt, Miss Lida Stokes Adams of Philadelphia, who fought valiantly and for many years for women's rights, shoulder to shoulder with Dr. Shaw. Upon this occasion, Miss Adams presents to Albion College an "autograph letter, signed" by Miss Shaw, the contents of which relate to her life's work for the liberation of women in America.

(2) In Philadelphia there also lives one of the greatest of the antiquarian booksellers today, Dr. Abraham S. W. Rosenbach. If you are a book-collector or a librarian you have heard of him many times. But if you are neither of these, and most of you are not, at least you have read his fascinating articles in the *Saturday Evening Post* on the great game of books. In any case, Dr. Rosenbach heard that Albion College Library did not possess a specimen of an ***incunabulum.*** Incunabula, let me explain, are books printed in Europe in the first half century during which any books were printed at all. Printing was invented in Europe sometime about the middle of the fifteenth century and all books printed between then and the end of the fifteenth century are called "incunabula," or "cradle books," because they were printed in the very infancy of printing. Dr. Rosenbach knows that you teach history here at Albion, and he believes that one of the most important events in the history of the world was the invention of printing. Your professors here every year tell your boys and girls about the invention of printing and its tremendous consequences in world history. But your professors have not been able to show the students a specimen of that early printing. Therefore, upon this occasion, Dr. Rosenbach presents to Albion a copy of Rolewinck's *Fasciculus Temporum,* printed by Erhardus Ratdolt in Venice in the year 1485,—which is a book printed more than four hundred and fifty years ago.

(3) The next gift I have to announce comes back again to the subject of women. There were feminists long before

Anna Howard Shaw and Madelon Stockwell. One of the greatest in Colonial and Revolutionary times was Mercy Otis Warren, sister of the great patriot leader, James Otis, and wife of a revolutionary leader in Massachusetts, James Warren. Mercy Warren was a poet and an historian. But what interests us is the fact that she lived through the American Revolution and wrote a three volume history on the subject. Her passionate attachment to democracy explains the fact that she wrote the book at all. Mercy Warren had uncommon facilities for writing about the American Revolution because there were aspects of it which only she knew. Her book was published in 1805 and drew down upon her the wrath of one John Adams who had been President of the United States and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and who thought he knew something about the American Revolution. His main objection to Mrs. Warren's book was that it was not in the province of women to write history. Later critics have agreed that there were things about the American Revolution which Mercy Warren knew better than John Adams. Since the book is not in the Albion College Library, it is now presented by Mr. Alexander Davidson, Jr., a dealer in Americana in New York.

(4) Now let us get to Michigan. Mr. Lathrop C. Harper of New York, one of the most respected and loved of all antiquarian booksellers in America, is a specialist in early printed books. He has helped build up the John Carter Brown Library in Rhode Island, the Huntington Library in California, and almost every important library in between. When Mr. Harper was told of the dedication of the Stockwell Memorial Library, he came down out of the fifteenth century and remarked that Michigan ought to collect Michigan. He, as a learned scholar, knew perfectly well that Michigan was not surely and safely a part of these United States until after the second war with Great Britain in 1812-1815. The struggles of the Michigan men who fought and suffered, who won and lost, in the years 1812 to 1815 are worthy of record by those of us who calmly accept the results of what they did. One of the few books

which tell the story is William Atherton's *Narrative* of the army of General James Winchester, published in Frankfort, Kentucky, in 1843. The book is important not only because few books were being printed in Kentucky at that time, but because your boys and girls at Albion can never know what sacrifices have made possible their present opportunities unless they know this book. There is no copy in your library, so it is hereby presented to you by Mr. Harper.

(5) Another book should be on your shelves along with that which tells the story of General Winchester. The story of General William Hull, of Lewis Cass, and of the struggle for Detroit itself during the war of 1812, is best told in the *Memoirs of the campaign of the northwestern army of the United States, A. D. 1812,* Boston, 1824, by General Hull. It is a rare book today and especially rare in the frail, green-blue paper wrappers in which it was originally issued from the press. A copy is herewith presented to Albion in memory of the late Tracy W. McGregor of Detroit, one of Michigan's great book-collectors and philanthropists. Incidentally, this copy was from the library of the American orator, Edward Everett, and bears his name.

(6) A gift comes also from Boston. Mr. Charles E. Goodspeed of that city, who is proud of being a "Yankee Bookseller," thinks it is all wrong that Albion has no copy of the *Travels* of Captain Jonathan Carver. This romantic associate of Major Robert Rogers described that part of Michigan which centers around old Fort Michilimackinac at the present Mackinaw City, Michigan—and he wrote his book before the American Revolution. In the recently written historical novel, *Northwest Passage,* Kenneth Roberts generously acknowledges that he studied Captain Carver's work intensively. There is no copy of the first edition of Carver's travels, London, 1778, in the Albion College Library,—but there should be, and Mr. Goodspeed hereby repairs that deficiency.

(7) In New York there is an antiquarian bookseller who believes that people get much of what they know and what they

think from magazines, or as the librarian says, from periodicals. Because periodicals are issued in paper covers and because everybody reads them, few copies survive long enough to get into libraries at all. Hence all early American periodicals are regarded as rare and scarce. Mr. Charles Everitt thinks that the boys and girls of Albion might profit by knowing that people in the Middle West thought about a hundred years ago. He offers, therefore, a file of the *Enquirer into Truth,* a magazine published in Canton, Ohio, in 1827-28, of which only three sets are known to exist—one in the library of Ohio State University, one in the Library of Congress, and the third hereby goes into the library of Albion College, Michigan.

(8) But I would not have you think that all these gifts come from the East. One of the most enterprising dealers is my young friend Forest H. Sweet of Battle Creek, Michigan. Mr. Sweet thinks that autographs are more interesting than books. When he heard of the dedication of the Stockwell Library, he considered a book which is well known in this state. Annually there is issued from Lansing the *Michigan Manual,* a volume which contains in exhaustive form every item of statistical information about the state that anyone is likely to want to know. The volume printed in 1937 may indeed be a common book, but how many libraries in Michigan have a complete file? Therefore, Mr. Sweet presents a copy, bound in red morocco, of the *Michigan Manual* for 1875—sixty-three years ago. At the end of this volume the binder placed several blank leaves upon which appear the veritable autographs of every member of the state legislature for the session of 1875-1876.

(9) From Detroit the Library of Albion College hears from Mr. Henry Schuman, who is a dealer torn between being interested in Michigan books and books relating to America long before Michigan was ever heard of. He thinks Albion should know that Florida was discovered by Ferdinand deSoto long before Grosse Pointe society discovered Miami Beach.

He therefore presents a copy of *Histoire de la conqueste de la Floride,* Paris, 1709. He also sends a second gift—a map of the state of Michigan by H. S. Tanner in 1836, showing the state as it was at the time Albion was founded.

(10) One of the most important of Michigan's true humorists was an author whose works seem better known outside that state than in it. Charles B. Lewis, otherwise known as "M. Quad," is known in American literary history as "The Detroit Free Press man." He was a newspaper man of the second half of the last century of the school of Bill Nye and Eugene Field. One of the rarest of his books, in its first edition, is a volume called *Goaks and Tears.* Yes, I said "Goaks," not "oaks" nor "goats." Mr. Howard Mott, a New York dealer who specializes in American humor, presents a copy of the first edition of *Goaks and Tears* to the Library upon this occasion.

(11) We also hear from one of America's principal dealers in western Americana, Mr. Edward Eberstadt of New York. He has noticed that one of the first travel books which ever mentioned the University of Michigan and gave the name of the first President, John Monteith, is a volume entitled *A pedestrious tour, of four thousand miles, through the western states and territories, during the winter and spring of 1818,* Concord, N. H., 1819, by Eastwick Evans. There is no copy of this important book in the University collections at Ann Arbor, and therefore Mr. Eberstadt takes an impish delight in presenting a copy to the Albion College Library.

(12) One of the few books which we know were actually used by Louisa Stockwell, in whose memory this library has been named, was Daboll's *Arithmetic,* a highly popular text book of the 1830s. Since there were so many editions published we cannot be sure which was used by Louisa Stockwell, but Professor Louis C. Karpinski, expert in the history of mathematics at the University, has studied the matter and decided that she probably used that printed in Utica, New York, in

1831. A copy of this edition, in its original binding, is herewith presented to the Library by Professor Karpinski.

Here at Albion you are making a considerable effort in connection with your department of Fine Arts. I hope you will remember that printing is one of the fine arts. The copy *Fasciculus Temporum* given to you by Dr. Rosenbach contains many of the best examples of fifteenth century woodcuts, which were so tastefully used by the early printers as book illustrations. But when you exhibit the history of printing, you should have a few specimens of each century. You have in your library some excellent examples of printing in the eighteenth century, so the following examples of the work of printers in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are now handed over to your library:

(13) In the history of printing in the sixteenth century, there is no printing and publishing house better known than that of Aldus in Venice. To the library at Albion College there is presented a book which typifies the "points" which have little to do with the textual content of the book. This is the *Epitome orthographiae Aldi Manutii,* Venice, 1575. It was a form-book to standardize the spelling of well-known words as practised by the elder Aldus, and compiled and printed by his son. The following "points" make it important. It was printed at the Aldine Press in Venice (Goldschmid, No. 694); the title vignette is the well-known portrait of Aldus Manutius; the verso of the title shows the "Aldine Anchor," the trade-mark which has been copied by other printers for four hundred years; the book is encased in the original limp vellum which illustrates a typical sixteenth century binding still in excellent condition. Finally, the volume has a characteristic marking. Besides the words "Aldi Manut Epitome Orthog" on the back, there is on the bottom edge of the leaves "Compend Orthog Manut." This second title was so added because in sixteenth century libraries books were often placed on the side, instead of upright on the shelf and the edges of the paper, rather than the back of the book, would come to the front of the shelf. This placing of the

book prevented the careless from breaking the back by pulling the book from the shelf by the head-band. Yes, there are many "points" to this book besides the fact that it was a form-book for standardizing orthographic practice in printing offices.

(14) Since, in any exhibition of books, it is important to display the "Aldine Anchor," as well as the portrait of Aldus, a separate book showing the anchor on the title page is necessary. There is given to the library a thoroughly unimportant book, which nevertheless becomes important because the title page shows the anchor in its most artistic form.—Antonio Bernardo Mirandulo's *In logicam universam instituo,* Rome, 1562.

(15)-(16) The library should also have some specimens of seventeenth century books. Two such are herewith presented —two books which in literature are inseparable, but which in library practice cannot be put next to one another. One is four and a half inches high, while the other counts eleven inches. The smaller is the *Mari libero* by Hugo Grotius, published by Elzivir, in Leyden in 1633. It is Grotius' work denying the English claim to control the fisheries around the British Isles and in the North Sea. The larger volume is the *Mare clausum* by John Selden, published in London in 1635. These two books are the very foundation stones of the whole doctrine of the freedom of the seas, as divergently interpreted by maritime powers. From them has been derived much of that principle of neutrality whereby the United States has striven to steer clear of entangling European wars. Familiarity with these books is essential to every student of international relations.

(17) While we are on the subject of the book as a specimen of a fine art, there should be in the library an example of one of the great artist printers of two centuries ago, Giambattista Bodoni. And so there is presented a copy of *Agnese martire del Giappone,* Parma, dalla stamperia reale, 1773. Here is a book the mere contents of which mean nothing to me, but the type, typography, ink, paper and the clever use of tiny copper plates to print the initial letters, certainly make it a work of art.

It gives me particular pleasure upon this occasion to pay tribute to the antiquarian booksellers of this country, who, I believe, have had as much to do with building up our libraries as have any other group in society. What I like about these men is that they would rather not sell a book at all than let it get into the hands of the wrong person. In each case the book presented is one which an expert—and these dealers *are* experts of a high order—has concluded is the kind of a book which Madelon Stockwell would have welcomed to the Albion College Library.

I feel the college library, as such, has the definite function of properly preserving books of especial and appropriate interest, as well as supplying books for ordinary readers and reading. Moreover, college libraries, depending as so many of them do, upon gifts, rather than the appropriation of tax moneys, have got to do something to show themselves worthy of such gifts. More and more friends and alumni of colleges are collecting books of which they will ultimately wish to dispose. Time and again, I have heard such book collectors express a desire to give books to libraries, but have recoiled from the idea because so many librarians have so little conception of the function of the collector and are not well trained in the treatment of unusual books. As I have remarked above, I am coming to despair of the public librarian's ability (often through no fault of his own) to take care of rare and uncommon books.

The hope of the future lies, I think, in the college library, and it is with especial confidence in the ability of Albion College to fulfill its obligations in this regard that the Trustees of the College have decided to spend Madelon Stockwell's bequest in giving you a new library building.