

Van Antwerp Sale, Friday, March 22, 1907.

W.O.'s writing in fly-leaf of this bound catalogue: - *He graphically  
Sylvestre Bannard in mind  
J.P.C. d'arr.*

A Record day at Sotheby's.

The final stages of that distressing <sup>(Bibliomania)</sup> ~~malady~~ of which John Ferriar sang in his well known poem <sup>Bithem</sup>, and so graphically depicted by Dibdin, the unfortunate victim is found in the auction room, noting with envious eyes the precious volumes as they are handed about for inspection, or chuckling with joy as he hears the bids rise higher and higher for some treasure already in his collection. Last symptom of all, not mentioned by Dibdin, and <sup>indicating</sup> a final enthraldom is when auction catalogues become his favourite literature and when he no longer reads of the new arrivals of Mr. Murray or of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., skips the advertizing pages of the 'Spectator', gives up his subscription to the 'Book-Lovers' or to the 'Times' Library, and devotes all his spare moments to the perusal of literature issued from the auction houses - Anderson of New York, Müller & Co., and Burgersdijk & Niermans of Holland, Hodgson & Co. of London, but above all to the light yellow-covered pamphlets issued by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge of Wellington Street, Strand. No longer a frequenter of stalls and of book-shops, and eschewing as evil all dealings with the trade, nothing will tempt him to go into <sup>some shops</sup> or or Ellis or Maggs or even Quaritch. I have watched his struggles on the Quai <sup>at Hong Kong</sup> as he saw some coveted volume in the seclusion <sup>seclusion?</sup> of <sup>[illegible]</sup> and I have known him go for three days in succession taking me to <sup>[illegible]</sup> but once in the final stages of the disease he is like the secret drinker with the full bottle beside him <sup>him?</sup> and the kettle in the ? he indulges his passion alone <sup>and</sup> and (unfinished)

(Below: - There is method in his <sup>mania</sup> madness and the spirit of the gambler is upon him  
One strong conviction possesses him - that <sup>somehow</sup> all comes to the hammer salted.

(This is very illegible - E.F.S.)

This must have been scribbled on the "yellow cover pamphlet volume of Sotheby's to be seen in the hall when the William Van Antwerp Sale of the Robert Library came under the hammer. There must be four two more folios, to finish his note and tell about the record sale (2<sup>nd</sup> day's sale of Mar 23 1907) and then among business transactions to mention a first (exclusive) sale of Mr. William Stables fine leather was likewise done at \$3600 with some of these and a Central Angles "one of the finest of the finest of the finest" at \$1290 to Mr. Quaritch





