

**BOOKS FOR THE
BIBLIOPHILE. BOOKS
AND BOOKMEN**

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Books for the Bibliophile. Books and bookmen by Andrew Lang

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ANDREW LANG

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Books for the Bibliophile



BOOKS AND BOOKMEN



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By ANDREW LANG

Author of "The Library," etc.



NEW YORK
GEORGE J. COOMBES

3 East Seventeenth St.

1886

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College
Library

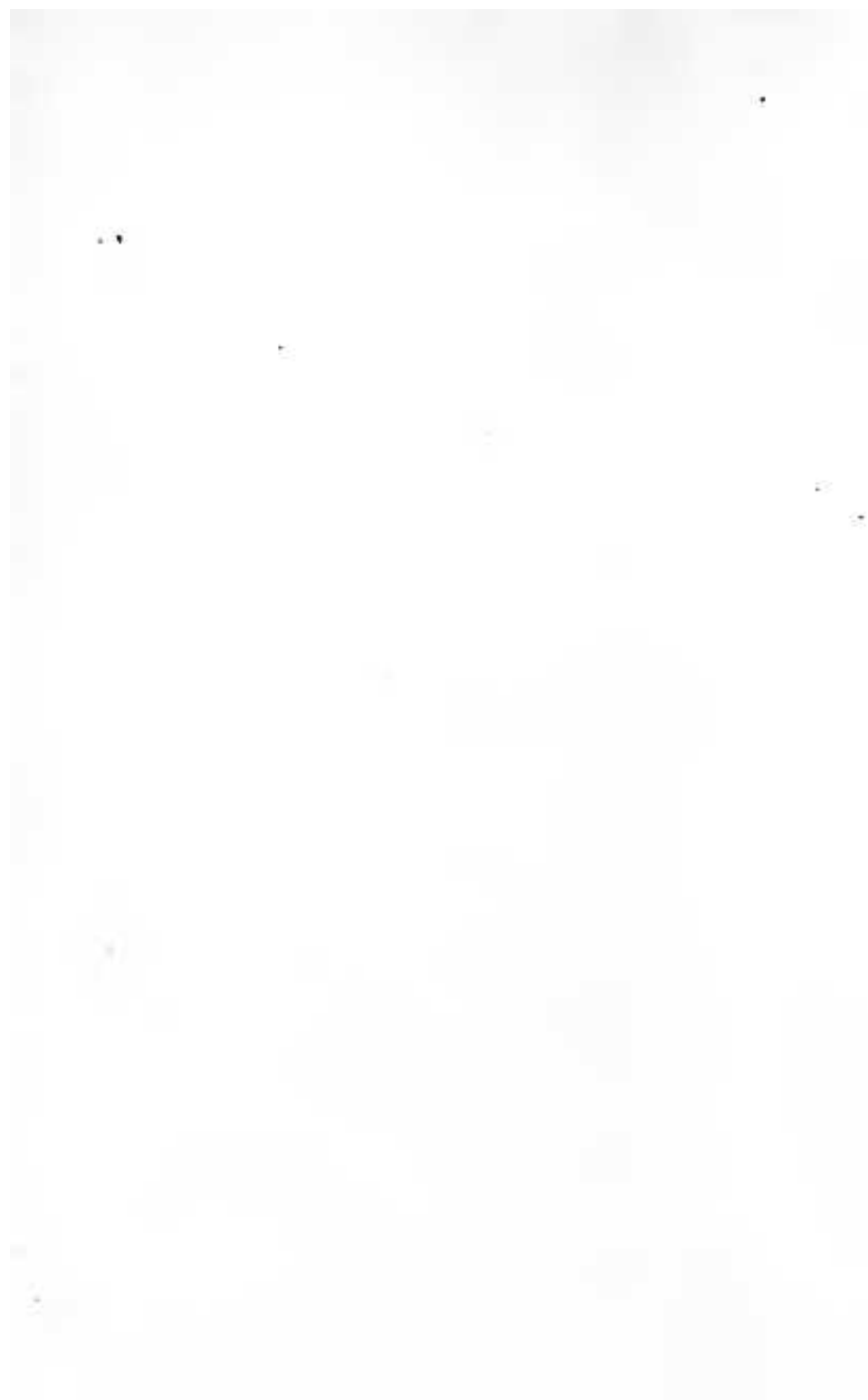
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1886

To

BRANDER MATTHEWS



*You took my vagrom essays in,
You found them shelter over sea;
Beyond the Atlantic's foam and din
You took my vagrom essays in!
If any reader there they win
To you he owes them, not to me.
YOU took my vagrom essays in,
You found them shelter over sea!*





Prefatory Note



I AM asked to say a few words of introduction to this little volume of collected pieces, the swan-song of a book-hunter. The author does not book-hunt any more ; he leaves the sport to others, and with catalogues he lights a humble cigarette. The game has grown too scarce ; the preserves are for the rich ; the cheap book-stalls hold little but 'The Death of Abel' and 'Sermons' by the Rev. Josiah Gowles, or 'Charles XII.' by M. de Voltaire. I have ceased to hope for better luck ; let younger or more sanguine men pursue the fugitive tract and the rare quarto. I can pass the very dirtiest stall and never turn over a page ; I am too wise to be lured by cheap Elzevirs, those snares of inexperience. As the old cricketer hangs his bat in the hall, and, for the future, looks on at "the game he has not strength to play ;" as the veteran angler, afraid of rheumatism, keeps his feet far from the water-side, so I am taught to avoid sales by auc-

tion, and Sotheby's knows me no more. *Adieu, paniers*, the vintaging is over; we go no more a-roving, by alley, and court, and lane. Others may wander, and linger, loiter, and hope, and buy. For my part, the first editions of Tate and Brady's singular psalter is my only purchase this twelvemonth. It sings of simple pieties, and is very curiously bound in black morocco, with heads of angels, sunbeams, and other appropriate emblems. My books are all German treatises on Mythology, stoutly half bound in rude leather. From these I learn to know (like Cornelius Agrippa) "the vanity of science;" in these I study the vagaries of the learned, the follies of the wise. No more morocco for me, or tooling, nor first editions; all these are vanity and (as a rule) bad bargains. Be not in a hurry to buy, ye young men and maidens, or your shelves, like mine, will be overcrowded with the melancholy harvest of inexperience and young desire. In prefaces, and places where they sing, here followeth the Ballade:—

Ballade of the Real and Ideal

(DOUBLE REFRAIN.)

*O visions of salmon tremendous,
Of trout of unusual weight,
Of waters that wander as Ken does,
Ye come through the Ivory Gate!
But the skies that bring never a 'spate,'
But the flies that catch up in a thorn,
But the creel that is barren of freight,
Through the portals of born!*