

The Library.

The Property of a Gentleman who has given up
Collecting.

O H blessed be the cart that takes
Away my books, my curse, my clog,
Blessed the auctioneer who makes
Their inefficient catalogue.

Blessed the purchasers who pay
However little—less were fit—
Blessed the rooms, the rainy day,
The knock-out and the end of it.

For I am weary of the sport
That seemed a while ago so sweet,
Of Elzevirs an inch too short,
And First Editions—incomplete.

Weary of crests and coats of arms,
“ Attributed to Padeloup ”
The sham Deromes have lost their charms,
The things Le Gascon did not do.

I never read the catalogues
Of rubbish that come thick as rooks,
But most I loathe the dreary dogs
That write in prose, or worse, on books.

Large Paper surely cannot hide
Their grammar, nor excuse their rhyme,
The anecdotes that they provide
Are older than the dawn of time.

Ye bores, of every shape and size,
Who make a tedium of delight.
Goodbye, the last of my goodbyes.
Goodnight, to all your clan goodnight !

ANDREW LANG.