

ANDREW LANG—"THE GREATEST BOOKMAN OF HIS AGE"

By ROGER LANCELYN GREEN

"WE ARE TO BE occupied, not so much with literature as with books, not so much with criticism as with bibliography, the quaint *duenna* of literature, a study apparently dry, but not without its humours." So Andrew Lang wrote on the threshold of his book about book collecting, *The Library* (1881), calling the first chapter "An Apology for the Book-Hunter." Though Lang himself collected books, he cannot rank among the great collectors: in book-hunting as in other things he was, as Oscar Wilde called him, "the divine amateur." He had neither the money nor the patience to collect either rare books as such or even to wait until he could find perfect copies of the books that he actually wanted. "When I collected books," he wrote in the Preface to the second edition of *The Library* (1892), "I got together a wonderful heap of volumes, hopelessly imperfect"; and he advises the true book collector that "It is far wiser to buy seldom, and at a high price, than to run round the stalls collecting twopenny treasures. This counsel was not taken by him who gives it." And further in "Bibliomania" (an article that appeared first in *The Cornhill Magazine*, July 1902, and was later printed privately in pamphlet form for Paul Lemperly of Lakewood, Ohio, in 1914) he concludes that "the person who, in the first place, wants to *read* his books for pleasure or for purposes of history is hardly a collector at all."

Until recently Andrew Lang's own works have been collected only by amateurs such as he was—"amateurs" in the sense in which he used the word and Wilde meant it to be taken, are those who are inspired by love. For the secret of Lang's charm lay in the fact that he wrote only about those things which interested him, multitudinous though they were. Even in the most learned study of an obscure corner of Scottish history, or the most controversial point in Australian totemism, Lang's joy in what he was writing about is apparent, and the indefinable touch of personality comes through to rejoice the heart of the reader who is "sealed of the tribe" of "dear Andrew with the brindled hair."

The collection of his books now housed in the Lilly Library is the fruit of the loves of two such book-hunters, C.M. Falconer of Dundee, Scotland, and Frank G. Darlington of Indianapolis—both of whom began to gather Lang's works at some time between the publication of *The Library* in 1881, and the publication of its revised version ten years later. It is not certain how big a collection Darlington had made by the time he bought Falconer's collection (which was sold at Sotheby's on December 11, 1907, for £150), but he retained most of Falconer's copies while continuing to add most items published up to Lang's death in 1912.

Comparing such early volumes from his own collection as remained to augment or replace Falconer's copies, it seems that Darlington did the right thing in subordinating what he had already collected to what he obtained in 1907.

From soon after 1880 Falconer purchased every new book by Lang as it appeared and, so far as he could discover, every book to which Lang contributed in prose or verse. If there were special editions on large paper or any other form

intended for the collector, Falconer bought these, too—the single exception, apparently, being in the case of the “Border Edition” of the Waverley Novels (1897-99) in thirty-four volumes, of which he got only the large paper edition. He does not seem to have owned the forty volumes of *The Works of Charles Lever*, published in 1894 by Little, Brown of Boston, and Groscup of New York, to which Lang contributed a forty-five page Introduction, “The Novels of Charles Lever,” nor several other collections published in the United States, such as *The Library of the World’s Best Literature* (1897), thirty volumes, for which Lang wrote contributions.

Not only did Falconer make this almost complete “Lang Library,” but he made it of books which were, and remain in, mint condition. He read them—for most of the books are “opened”—but he protected them in thick paper covers over the original dust-wrappers, thus preserving these, as well as the books themselves, in their pristine state—an almost unique achievement for books of this period.

When Falconer began collecting him, Lang had been writing for some years, though he had not yet produced a great many books. Consciously or unconsciously he seems to have prepared himself for his amazing literary career by stocking his mind with knowledge and writing little before he was thirty.

Andrew Lang did not come from a learned, or even a particularly literary family. His father was the Sheriff Clerk—the Sheriff’s deputy and right-hand man—of Selkirk in the Scottish Border Country, and his grandfather had held the same office when Sir Walter Scott was Sheriff and had been his trusted friend.

Their home was a long, low house on the bank above the river Ettrick, which flows into the Tweed at a few miles distance. It still stands, with a commemorative plaque on the gate post, and has been a nursing home for many years.

Here Andrew Lang was born on March 31, 1844, the eldest of a family of seven sons and a daughter, and heard "Tweed murmur like my cradle song" to make him in love with the Border Country and its traditions—both fairy and historical—all his life. There, could he have had his wish, he would have been buried, "like Scott, within the sound of Tweed"; but stern bureaucracy forbade it, and he was laid to rest in 1912 in "the little town" which grew as dear to him—"St. Andrews by the Northern Sea"—in the grave which he described as "so dull—you can't see over the wall."

The Lang children passed their early boyhood at Selkirk and went in due course to the local grammar school. Most of their spare time was passed in out-door occupations—exploring the countryside, fishing, and playing cricket.

"The majority of dwellers on the Border are born fishers," wrote Andrew Lang in *Angling Sketches* (1891). "Like the rest of us in that country I was born an angler . . . My first recollection of the sport must date from about the age of four." But he confessed that his progress was checked "by a constitutional and insuperable aversion to angling with worm. If the gardener or a pretty girl-cousin of the mature age of fourteen, would put the worm on, I did not much mind fishing with it. Dost thou remember, fair lady of the ringlets?"

This was his cousin Janet, to whom he gave a copy of his *Books and Bookmen* on its publication in January 1887,

which is now in the Lilly Library. In it he wrote the following lines, inscribed "With A.L.'s affection and best wishes."

Who, when a Child, with anxious look,
I spoiled the Worm, and spared the Trout,—
Who fixed the former on the hook,
And helped to lug the latter out?

Who exorcised the Ghostly Fears
That flocked about my Bed in dozens?
Why she that, after Many Years,
Remains the Best of Many Cousins.

Lang's interest in cricket began when he was six. "The first time I ever saw ball and bat must have been about 1850," he wrote. "The gardener's boy and his friends were playing with home-made bats, made out of firwood with the bark on, and with a gutta-percha ball. The game instantly fascinated me." And elsewhere he declared that "to play cricket when you are young, and look on when you are old, is the best thing that the gods have given *mortalibus aegris*." In 1900 he contributed his recollections of "Old Cricket at Selkirk" to a *Jubilee Bazaar Album* sold for the benefit of the Selkirk Cricket Club, of which Falconer secured the only copy recorded in any Lang collection.

But besides these outdoor occupations Andrew had another and a more abiding love which was with him from an early age, and was much more strongly developed in him than in any of his brothers and playfellows. Of the beginnings for him of "the Love of Books, the Golden Key/ That opens the Enchanted Door," he tells in his "Ballade of the Bookworm," which he wrote as a "Proem" to the collection of *Ballads of Books* edited by his American friend,

Brander Matthews, and published by George J. Coombes of New York in 1887:

Deep in the Past I peer, and see
A Child upon the Nursery floor,
A Child with book, upon his knee,
Who asks, like Oliver, for more!
The number of his years is IV,
And yet in letters hath he skill,
How deep he dives in Fairy-lore!
The Books I loved, I love them still!

This love of literature, wrote Lang in "Adventures Among Books," which first appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* in 1891, and gave its name to a volume of essays published in 1905, "was probably derived from forebears on both sides of my family, one a great reader, the other a considerable collector of books which remained with us and were all tried, persevered with, or abandoned in turn."

There is no record as to which of the Langs was the book-collector; but Andrew had one very eminent scholar on the distaff side, his mother's brother William Young Sellar (1825-90), professor first of Greek at St. Andrews and then of Latin at Edinburgh, and author of three important works on the ancient Roman poets. For the last of these, *The Roman Poets of the Augustan Age: Horace* (1892), Lang wrote a "Memoir," of which an off-print with a special title page was made for private distribution—a rarity of which Falconer was able to secure one of the only two copies known to survive.

Andrew Lang's omnivorous reading added many interests to his boyhood which remained with him all his life. First came fairy tales, which were still told orally on the Border—"people believed in fairies," wrote Lang, "even

when my father was a boy"—and then the romance of the Border itself, as contained in the verse and prose of Sir Walter Scott.

"It was worth while to be a boy then in the south of Scotland, and to fish the waters haunted by old legends, musical with old songs," wrote Lang in *Angling Sketches*:

Memory that has lost so much and would gladly lose so much more, brings vividly back the golden summer evenings by Tweedside, when trout began to plash in the stillness—brings back the long, lounging solitary days beneath the woods of Ashiestiel—days so lonely that they sometimes in the end begat a superstitious eeriness. One seemed forsaken in an enchanted world; one might see the two white fairy deer flit by, bringing to us, as to Thomas the Rhymer, the tidings that we must back to Fairyland.

And in *Adventures Among Books* he added that:

Scott peopled for us the rivers and burn-sides with his reivers; the Fairy Queen came out of Eildon Hill and haunted Carterhaugh; at Newark Tower we saw 'the embattled portal arch'—'Whose ponderous grate and massy bar / Had oft rolled back the tide of war' . . . there was usually a little volume of Scott in one's pocket, in company with the miscellaneous collection of a boy's treasures.

From Selkirk Andrew Lang went to Edinburgh Academy at the age of ten, first living for two years as "a rather lonely small boy, in the house of an aged relation," and then in "a master's house"—that of the scholar and writer of nonsense verse, D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson (1829-1902). Here, besides reading a great deal more Scott, Thackeray, Lever, Dickens, and other novelists, and discovering Tennyson, Longfellow, and Poe among the poets, he acquired the ground work of his considerable knowledge

of Greek and Latin. "Up to a certain age," he wrote in 1891 ("Homer and the Study of Greek" in *Essays in Little*):

I hated Greek with a deadly and sickening hatred; I hated it like a bully and a thief of time . . . Then we began to read Homer; and from the very first words, in which the Muse is asked to sing the wrath of Achilles, Peleus' son, my mind was altered, and I was the devoted friend of Greek. Here was something worth reading about; here one knew where one was; here was the music of words; here were poetry, pleasure and life.

Proficiency in the classics carried Lang to the University of St. Andrews late in 1861, where he dwelt in the newly-constituted St. Leonard's Hall. This, he tells us in his essay "Old St. Leonard's Days," contributed to another Bazaar Book, *Alma Mater's Mirror* (1887), compiled to raise funds for the St. Andrews University Student Union:

was, in effect, something between an Oxford Hall, and a Master's House at a public school, rather more like the latter than the former. We were more free than school-boys, not so free as undergraduates. There were about a dozen of us at first, either from the English public schools, or the Edinburgh Academy. Fate, and certain views of the authorities about the impropriety of studying human nature in St. Andrews after dark, thinned our numbers very early in the first session. Then we settled down to work a little, and play a great deal.

Of particular interest is Lang's account of *The St. Leonard's Magazine*, of which he was editor and to which he was also the largest contributor during its earlier years—"the editor's duty was to write most of the magazine—to write essays, reviews (of books by the professors, very severe), novels, short stories, poems, translations, also to

illustrate these and to 'fag' his friends for 'copy' and drawings."

"When Friday night arrived and no contributions had come in, we feared we should have no magazine that week," recalled Allan Menzies, who was with Lang at St. Leonards. "But it was there, nevertheless; the editor shut himself up on Friday night and had the twelve pages ready for us in the morning."

"In those days we had a weekly manuscript Magazine," Lang continued in "Old St. Leonard's Days."

It was published, that is, was laid on the table of the room in which we fenced and boxed, and played cricket (with a golf-ball and a poker), on Saturday mornings. I was the editor, and usually wrote two-thirds, or more, of the *Magazine* on Friday night by the glimmer of stolen candle-ends. My friend, the owner of the dark lantern, [A. G. Henderson] was the sub-editor; his part was chiefly to cut out my very worst things, but he *once* contributed an article which had a wild success. Perhaps he remembers a sketch called 'The Menagerie'; also a 'Defence on Philanthropic Principles of Negro Slavery.' Not even Mark Twain ever made me laugh so much as this delicious apology. It was originally delivered at the only meeting of the St. Leonard's Debating Society. The sub-editor arose like one inspired, and poured forth an impassioned and eloquent panegyric on Slavery, at the end of which his audience were rolling, in convulsive merriment, on beds (it was in a bedroom we met) or on the floor. Nobody replied, so convincing was the oration, nor did the Society ever again meet. For the rest, the *Magazine* (if I may say so, who wrote most of it) was perfectly amazing trash. I don't know whether the poetry or prose was most unutterably abject: the prose for choice. Some of the pictures (especially the series by Lord Archibald Campbell, illustrative of monastic life in the Middle Ages) were diverting enough. Perhaps a few of the transla-

tions in rhyme from Greek and Latin poets might also escape the universal bonfire . . .

Lang never reprinted any of his contributions to *The St. Leonard's Magazine*, but three poems found their way into the *Poetical Works* edited by his widow in 1923—two of them being, as he had prophesied, translations from the Latin.

So far as can be discovered *The St. Leonard's Magazine* continued to lead a sporadic existence from its beginnings late in 1861 or early the following year, until 1870. The first three volumes have not been traced, if indeed they still exist; Volume IV, from November 14, 1863 until the summer of 1864, nine numbers in all, is preserved in the University Library at St. Andrews, where Volume VI, 1868-70, may also be found. Of Volume V, like the final volume "issued at irregular intervals"—presumably between the autumn of 1864 and the spring of 1868—one number (9) was acquired by Falconer, and is now in the Darlington Collection at the Lilly Library. It is undated, but internal evidence suggests that it was written in 1867, since it contains a review ("very severe") of Professor Connington's translation of Virgil published in 1866. Lang contributed one poem, "Piscatrix," with a delightful drawing for the initial letter, and two humorous illustrations in the style of *Punch* of the period. Falconer also saw, but did not possess, No. 10 of the same volume, which he dated c.1868, and transcribed from it three parodies by Lang called "Reasons Why they don't Stand for the Poetry Professorship." These, though he did not know it, had already been published in *The Oxford Undergraduates' Journal* of March 6, 1867.

No trace of the first three volumes, written while Lang was a resident of St. Leonards Hall, can be found, but a

Piscatrix.



oot deep in wet flowers & grasses
Oh playmate of sunshine and shade,
What song has the stream as it flows,
What song does it sing to its maid?

Does it sing of the hills left behind it,
Does it sing of the woodland & mist
Of the mosses that break it & bind it
Of flowers that its waters have
kissed?

Does it sing how it runs to the river
Shall it greatly delight it to be
With the waters that murmur for ever
To the death of the depths of the sea?

Manuscript of Lang's earliest recorded poem.

(See note to B. 1.)

selection from the first two was actually printed in February 1863, and the only copy known to exist is among the rarest of the treasures in the Darlington Collection.

Concerning this slim blue-wrapped pamphlet of fifty-two pages, printed by J. Cook & Sons at St. Andrews, Falconer wrote in 1894:

When I first heard of the existence of this publication I went across to St. Andrews prepared to give even to the half of my kingdom if thereby I might possess a copy. On cautiously approaching Mr. Cook, I was astonished (though I did not show it) when he said he believed he had still a copy, and if so, he should make me welcome to it. Sure enough, he found one last copy in his desk.

Some time after I happened to mention to Mr. Lang that I had this copy, when he showed great interest; he said he had never seen it since it was published, and if I cared to send it to him he would identify the various articles. He returned it with the initials of the authors against their articles in the Table of Contents, and accompanied it with an explanatory letter.

In the letter (December 6, 1889) Lang says:

I wrote *Dawgley Manor*. Miss E. D. Cross (author of *The Old Story*, and sister of George Eliot's Mr. Cross) wrote *And Idyl*. Lord Lorne wrote *A Chamois Hunt*, Alec Low *Pink and Piebald*. I don't know who wrote *The Grand St. Bernard*, unless Mr. Rhoades, our Warden. I did all the rest, except the parody of Browning, by Miss Cross. It is odd to see the old trash with the innumerable misprints, and I feel as if I had been repeating it ever since. Apparently Bulwer Lytton was in favour then.

In his longest contribution, *Dawgley Manor: A Sensational Burlesque*, Lang shows little sign of latent literary genius. It is an improbable tale of the supernatural given a pseudoscientific basis and was obviously suggested by Oliver

Wendell Holmes's *Elsie Venner* (the heroine develops canine proclivities owing to a pre-natal dog-bite, as in the case of Elsie's mother and the rattlesnake), but presented rather in the style of Bulwer Lytton's *A Strange Story*—both new and popular books in 1862. His shorter prose parodies are more successful—of G.A. Lawrence's *Guy Livingstone*, Lytton's *A Strange Story*, Lever's *Tom Hinton*, Mayne Reid's *The Scalp Hunters*, and Thackeray's *Roundabout Papers*—and the one in verse about the American Civil War which was then raging, written in imitation of James Russell Lowell (to whom he dedicated his translation of *Aucassin and Nicolette* in 1887):

I says 'bout this here civil war, (though why they call it civil
I dunno, for it seems to me we're spiteful as the Divil);
I says then, why the thunder air we tryin' to keep fitting
Two bits of wood that others will keep cracking and keep
 splitting,
It's contrary to Nature quite that fellers ever shud
Regard as brothers them who've bin and tried to take their
 blood.
'Twould raise the dander of a skunk, 'twould turn a dor-
 mouse yeller,
When someone's shot your father for to shake hands with
 the feller.
What's more, our side must win, and then the side that ain't
 the victor
Will grow an everlasting spite agin the side that licked her.
The South would be just like the Poles, (a Polander where'er
 'e can
Is ollars a-conspiring; but a native born American
Should be above sich tricks as these), so I say, when we've
 blessed her,
That we should say "Make tracks away, you precious foolish
 sister",
And when you're sick of sticking fast in every sort of knavery,

And turn a bit ashamed o' that ere everlasting slavery,
Mayhap you'll pay attention to the truths I'm allars jawin',
And jine again the States that boast,

Yours,

Bird-o'-Freedom Sawin.

This parody of *The Bigelow Papers* is only of "period" interest. But the four translations from Catullus (of Odes V, LXXII, CI, and XXXI) are of permanent value, as is evident from Ode V (*Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus*), one of the two which Mrs. Lang did not include in *The Poetical Works*:

Let's love and live, O Lesbia mine,
Careless of savage sages' whine,
Nor value at a brace of straws
Their everlasting moral saws.
Suns when set can rise again;
We when once has waned our light
Sleep an everlasting night,
We, the race of mortal men.
Then kiss me kisses thousands three,
And thrice a hundred more,
And thousand thousands so that we
May never know the score;
And none may envy us our blisses,
Too curious to count our kisses.

The other, Ode LXXII (*Dicebas quondam solum te nosse Catullum*), though not so successful as an English poem, is of interest as an attempt at a literal version in the metre (elegiac couplets) of the original:

I was your lover, so you said, the only one,
Lesbia, nor would Jove have been dearer to you.
Well did I love you, not as other men love,
But as a father dearly loves his children.

Ay me, I know thee, though none the less I love thee,
Yet art thou lighter in my sight and lower.
How! Dost thou ask me, thou dost make a lover
Love thee all the *dearer*, the less he does esteem thee.

Lang left St. Andrews in the summer of 1863 and went into "undesirable exile" at Glasgow to compete for the Snell Exhibition—a scholarship in classics to Balliol College, Oxford, open only to Scottish members of Glasgow University. He has left a description of the black and inadequate old building in which the University was still housed in his time (though the fine building of today took their place almost immediately after he left) in *The Book of the Jubilee*, published in 1901 to celebrate "The Ninth Jubilee of the University of Glasgow: 1451-1901," his article being called "Glasgow in 1864."

This has not got the interest of his writings about St. Andrews, for Lang hated Glasgow, contributed to no magazines there, and turned in spirit to his first and favorite alma mater, sending many contributions to Volume IV of *The St. Leonard's Magazine*, usually signed "The Martyr," or "The Foreign Correspondent."

Lang won his scholarship and proceeded to Oxford late in 1864, matriculating at Balliol the following January. He took a Double First in classics and won the Open Fellowship at Merton College in December 1868, which he held until 1876.

He seems to have spent his time at Oxford in the sheer accumulation of knowledge. George Saintsbury doubted "whether anybody, undergraduate or don, Oxonian or Cantab, about the year 1869 possessed knowledge of ancient and modern literature as literature, coupled with power to make

use of that knowledge in a literary way, to a greater extent than Lang."

There are hardly any traces of literary work done by Lang as an undergraduate at Oxford. He records being asked to contribute humorous drawings to some unnamed magazine, but if he did so, no certain trace has been discovered. His only early contribution to the *Oxford Undergraduates' Journal* (March 6, 1867) has been noted: his first contribution to the London press, which earned him his first guinea, was the poem "The Sirens Music Heard Again," which was published in *Once a Week* on January 28, 1868.

His contemporary at Balliol, Lord Kilbracken, remembered (*Reminiscences*, 1931) "listening to an essay of his on Rabelais, which he read to an audience of two or three at the meeting of a small Essay Club to which he and I as undergraduates belonged: it filled me with amazement, and from that moment I always anticipated for him real greatness as a writer." This was probably his first prose contribution to a London journal, "Rabelais and the Renaissance," which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* of March 1870—to which he contributed an article on "The Kalevala" in June 1872, his earliest to be reprinted in one of his books: *Custom and Myth*, 1884.

On January 1, 1872, however, Lang's first book was published: *Ballads and Lyrics of Old France: with Other Poems*. The volume is divided almost equally between translations from the French and serious poems by Lang himself, most of them published here for the first time, though a few of each had appeared in *The Oxford Undergraduates' Journal* (1871), *Once a Week* (1868), *The Dark Blue* (1871), and *Macmillan's Magazine* (1871).

“Those of its friends who have known it all their lives,” said Professor Blyth Webster in 1937 in his lecture on *Andrew Lang’s Poetry*, “find few first books of verse this side of *The Defence of Guinevere* to wear so well.” It had a few excellent reviews, but sold very slowly: “Oh Poets! I also have been of your company,” wrote Lang in *Longman’s Magazine* (March 1895). “It only took me thirteen years to sell five hundred copies of my poems, in spite of the exertions of my relations.” And he wrote in a copy now at St. Andrews a set of verses beginning:

This first aesthetic lily
 Broke through the sandy plain,
In seasons bleak and chilly
 It bore the wind and rain;
 The critics came not nigh it,
 The Public did not buy it,
 In fact, I can’t deny it
Bloomed hopelessly in vain . . .

However, as soon as it was out of print, collectors began to value *Ballads and Lyrics*. In 1895 Darlington purchased a copy for his collection at the cost of £7, and apparently wrote to tell the author so. Lang replied on May 17:

My dear Sir,

I am pleased that somebody has an erroneously high opinion of me, but now I must contribute to the penny Press.

Sincerely yours,
A. Lang.

Lang, it must be confessed, was, for an erstwhile book-collector, apt to grow impatient with those who sought for first editions of his own works. “An author is vexed,” he wrote in the Preface to the 1892 edition of *The Library*,

“when his first edition is ‘quoted’ at twenty times its original value, while his second edition languishes in obscurity. Booksellers injure a man when they charge a pound for his first edition, while there are hundreds of that very issue lying forlorn on his publishers’ shelves.”

Lang did not stand for re-election at Merton when his Fellowship expired; indeed he left Oxford in 1875 because of his marriage to Leonora Blanche Alleyne on April 17 of that year, and they set up house at 1 Marloes Road, Kensington, London—their home for the rest of his life.

The decision to leave Oxford was not entirely due to his marriage. Lang was finding himself temperamentally unsuited to the rather narrow academic life of the University at that time. Early in 1874, while wintering in the south of France under the threat of serious lung-trouble, Lang had met Robert Louis Stevenson, and they soon became close friends. Stevenson stayed with Lang at Merton late that summer, and confessed his dislike of the academic atmosphere by calling it “the abhorred pedantic sanhedrin” in his well-known poem to Lang, “Dear Andrew with the brindled hair.” Lang was already taking steps to make a new career for himself in literary journalism, and began reviewing books for *The Academy* almost every week from January 10, 1874, onward.

He seems to have written little poetry at this period, but at the end of his time at Merton was at work on a prose translation of *The Odyssey*. A friend and contemporary Fellow of Merton, W.L. Courtney, recalled some years after Lang’s death (*Daily Telegraph*, May 25, 1923):

I always see him against a background of old walls and flowering shrubs in the gardens of Merton College, Oxford. I remember him sitting on a garden seat and translating the

Odyssey—interrupting, too, his work because a certain Miss Alleyne was coming to see him. . . . On those sunny occasions—it seemed to be always sunshine in the Merton gardens—Homer and the notebooks and the manuscripts were thrown incontinently into my lap till, perhaps, S. H. Butcher or some other friend came to the rescue of Homer and recalled the wandering lover to his task.

Courtney was probably wrong in suggesting that Butcher was among Lang's friends who visited him at Merton, since he did not come to Oxford until 1876. Moreover both he and Lang were engaged separately on prose translations of *The Odyssey* for some time before discovering the fact and deciding to collaborate. Lang went so far as to have his own individual translation of Book Six printed privately in 1877—an item so rare that even Falconer was unable to obtain a copy, though two are known to exist (one in the Bodleian, which Lang gave to Jowett, the Master of Balliol; and the other, which once belonged to Edmund Gosse, in the present writer's collection).

The Odyssey in its complete version was published in 1879, and there was also a limited edition of a hundred copies printed on large paper. When Falconer began collecting seriously and wrote to Lang about the rarer items, Lang replied (March 24, 1887) from 1 Marloes Road:

Dear Sir,

I shall try to find out about the L.P. editions of the Odyssey: I believe we have a very few—not for sale. . . .

However, he saw to it that Falconer received a copy. Falconer must have written thanking him for it, and wishing Lang a happy birthday (March 31), for Lang replied on April 1, 1887 [date added by Falconer]:

Dear Sir,

Glad the book reached you safely. But it is much the worst text, as we corrected in 2nd and 3rd editions. As to my birthday, I wish I had been drowned when a pup.

Faithfully yours,

A. Lang.

Another privately printed item which preceded a complete published version was the *Specimens of a Translation of Theocritus*. Of this Falconer wrote in his privately printed *Specimens of a Bibliography of the Works of Andrew Lang* (Dundee, 1889, twenty-five copies), page 21: "Pickering & Co. printed fifty-five copies at the Chiswick Press, in July 1879, for distribution among the author's friends." Edmund Gosse, however, wrote in his copy, "Only 36 copies printed," and this is repeated in the catalogue of his library prepared by E.H.M. Cox in 1924.

Falconer found difficulty in getting a copy of this, but Lang wrote to him on January 9, 1890, having by this time made his acquaintance during the previous year and having been asked about privately printed items:

My dear Sir,

In rummaging about I have found a poor copy of the *Theocritus Specimens*, which I send, *faute de mieux*.

Sincerely yours,

A. Lang.

The version is full of blunders in accuracy. The copy has had the second leaf torn out (Villanelle by Boulmier on recto, Poem by Gosse on verso), but Lang has copied out the Villanelle by hand, adding a note that Gosse's verses may easily be obtained from the ordinary edition. The Villanelle "Theocrite. A mon ami X" by Joseph Boulmier was not included in the published volume *Theocritus*,

Bion, Moschus (1880) as Lang considered it "too flattering for publication."

There is another, perfect copy, in the collection; but whether Falconer or Darlington was the original owner is not indicated. But it seems probable that it was Darlington's, since Lang wrote to him ("Aug. 21," no year. Lang never put the year on his letters, but Falconer usually added it in pencil. This was probably 1904):

Dear Sir,

I believe the list is correct—I am sorry I cannot remember the name of the shilling book of Golfing Sketches [either *On the Links*, 1889, or *A Batch of Golfing Papers*, 1892]. There is a privately printed Odyssey Book VI and a play, *The Black Thief*, but you are not likely to meet with copies. I certainly wish people would not "collect" these things, but if Ray's Poems sold, it would be of advantage to his people who are poor.

Believe me

Sincerely Yours,

A. Lang.

Pray remind Mr. Way and Mr. Hutton of my existence. If ever I am fortunate enough to visit America, it will not be with an eye to world's shows!

The reference to Ray's Poems is to a little volume of *Songs and Verses*, by Thomas Rae, of which Lang had two hundred copies printed in Edinburgh, by T. and A. Constable in 1890, in memory of their author, a boy from Galashiels near Selkirk, who died at the age of twenty in 1889.

"Mr. Way" was W. Irving Way, the dedicatee of *Letters on Literature* (1889) which is prefaced by an epistle to "W.J. (*sic*) Way, Esq. Topeka, Kansas." At his invitation Lang translated *The Miracles of Madame Saint*

Catherine of Fierbois, which was published in 1897 by Way and Williams in Chicago, and by David Nutt in London. "Mr. Hutton" is probably Maurice Hutton (1856-1940), whom Lang may have known in Oxford (he was a Fellow of Merton 1879-86, after gaining a Double First at Worcester College) before he moved to America to become Professor of Greek and afterwards Principal of University College, Toronto. Hutton was Chairman Designate of the Latin Section at the Congress of Arts and Sciences, St. Louis Exposition 1904—which would be the "world's show" to which Lang refers.

Meanwhile Lang had turned back to verse both grave and gay: the grave, his narrative poem *Helen of Troy*, had been maturing for many years and was not ready until 1882; but in 1880, encouraged by his friends Austin Dobson and Edmund Gosse, he produced a little volume of lighter verse, *XXII Ballades in Blue China*. The first edition of this, twelve hundred copies in all, is a bibliographical curiosity which Falconer was able to elucidate with Lang's aid, and probably that of the publisher.

There were four issues of the first edition: 250 copies printed in April; 350 printed in June; 250 in July, and 350 on October 8, all in 1880. The first issue may be known by the imprint at the foot of p. 80 which reads: "Chiswick Press:—C. Whittingham, Tooks Court, / Chancery Lane." The second and all subsequent issues have: "Chiswick Press:—Charles Whittingham and Co., / Tooks Court, Chancery Lane." The third and subsequent issues contain the Introductory Verses "A Ballade of XXII Ballades," signed "F.P." Falconer recounts the origin of this in a note on its inclusion in his privately printed *A New Friendship's Garland* (1899), consisting of forty-two poems by various

authors addressed to Lang: "Sir Frederick Pollock reviewed the first edition of Mr. Lang's 'XXII Ballades in Blue China' in the *St. James's Gazette*, 3rd July 1880, in which review this ballade appeared. Mr. Lang was so pleased with the lines that he asked to have them prefixed to his next edition, and they accordingly adorn the *third* and every subsequent issue." Falconer left no note on how to distinguish between the third and fourth issues of the first edition, so presumably there is no observable difference.

A more serious bibliographical problem is raised by the note in Gosse's library catalogue about the enlarged edition, *XXXII Ballades in Blue China*, which was published in 1881: "Contains an etching by W. Strang: very few copies exist with this plate, which was made to illustrate this (the third) edition, but was destroyed by fire when but three or four proof copies had been printed off." Falconer listed two copies in his *Catalogue*, one noted as "with etching," of the 1881 edition, and it may still be seen in the Lilly Library—but I have not seen a copy *without* the etching, and myself own two with it. The etching does not appear in the 1882 and subsequent editions. But in the large paper edition of 1888 (when the book was again augmented by nine new poems, but docked of five from the previous edition), of fifty numbered copies, a frontispiece did appear which is not included in all copies. This was called "The Blue Closet" and is signed "A.M.L." A pencil note in the copy which Lang gave to his friend and publisher Charles J. Longman (in my collection) reads: "The Blue Closet is from a drawing by Ada Mary Longman. The child sitting is Sybil Longman afterwards Sybil Govett." (This Sybil was Charles Longman's sister; their brother Frederick was Lang's friend and contemporary at Balliol,

and Lang, according to family tradition, was very much in love with her in his early Oxford days.) This picture does not appear in any other copy which I have seen, so perhaps it was of this, rather than Strang's, frontispiece that Gosse was thinking when he made his note—or gave the information which E.H.M. Cox took in 1924 from R.J. Lister's privately printed *A Catalogue of a Portion of the Library of Edmund Gosse*, 1893.

The *Ballades in Blue China* were much more popular than the volume of *Ballads and Lyrics* had been. But Lang still cherished his ambitions as a serious poet, and his "bid for the laurels," *Helen of Troy*, appeared in September 1882. "Perhaps his best work—certainly, I think, that on which he would have staked his name," wrote an anonymous friend two days after Lang's death (*Morning Post*, July 22, 1912), "a poem too refined, too truly classical, to achieve wide popularity. Yet for those who love equally Homer and Chaucer it is a long-drawn delight, with so sure and delicate a hand is the Greek spirit touched with the bloom of chivalry." But its reception was not encouraging: from a reading public embarrassed with the riches of the period, with the Medieval Classicism of William Morris and the Classical Medievalism of Swinburne, this is hardly surprising. But Lang took the lack of interest as a definite verdict on his attempt to take his place among serious poets and accepted too readily the role of occasional versifier, though the verse was still to give way from time to time to real poetry, notably in some of his later sonnets.

Helen of Troy continued to find readers (it went into its sixth edition in 1913), but Lang affected to treat it with mild mockery. In a copy of the 1892 edition which Falconer secured he wrote:

Of all my little books the sleepest,
Intending buyer, pause ere you invest,
For faint these echoes of the Trojan [War]
Must sound in Lady Mary Glynn's Bazaar.

(The word "War," obviously omitted by mistake, was restored by Falconer in his transcript of Lang's uncollected poems).

In his short life of *Alfred Tennyson* (1901), Lang speaks of himself as "conscious of an entire ignorance of the stage, and a lack of enthusiasm for the drama." Nevertheless he did once write a play (besides using the dramatic form for such short frivolities in verse as "The New Pygmalion" in *Longman's Magazine* for January 1883, of which a small privately printed edition was made in 1962 on the fiftieth anniversary of Lang's death), of which he wrote in *The Morning Post* on April 30, 1909:

"*The Black Thief*, an Original Drama, adapted from the Irish—in the true spirit of the Celtic Renaissance, I was determined to be as Irish as possible, even on the title-page. This drama is, I hope, *introuvable*, and was written for some children to act." This was included in the printed *Catalogue* of Charles Elton's Library (1891) and a copy (which may have been the same one) was sold among Lang's own books by Sotheby's in December 1912: "Very rare indeed, the author's only dramatic work," ran Lang's note in this copy.

Neither of these copies can now be traced, and the only example known is that which Lang gave to Falconer and which passed into the Darlington Collection, where it may still be seen in the Lilly Library.

Lang warned Darlington in the letter of 1904 quoted above that he was "not likely to meet with copies" of *The*

THE BLACK THIEF.

A New and Original Drama.

(ADAPTED FROM THE IRISH.)

IN FOUR ACTS.



LONDON:

PRINTED BY PEWTRESS & CO., 15, GREAT QUEEN STREET, W.C.

1882.

The Black Thief

(See B. 5.)

Black Thief and *Odyssey Book VI*, but he was able to find a copy for Falconer in 1897 when he wrote on "Oct. 4" from "Branxholm Park, Hawick, N.B.":

Dear Mr. Falconer,

Here is a Thief for you: it was acted by some children whom I knew. I am going back to London this week.

Yours very truly,

A. Lang.

Although in "Four Acts" *The Black Thief* would probably not play for more than about forty minutes. As might be guessed, it is based on the Irish fairy tale "The Black Thief and the Knight of the Glen," which may best be read on pages 54-66 of *The Red Fairy Book*. Lang made parts for three Princes and three Princesses, besides the King and Queen, Black Thief, Knight of the Glen, Hen Wife, St. Bridget, and An Old Woman. Some of it is written in exaggeratedly heroic blank-verse with lines of sudden bathos, as in the speech of Royal characters in *The Rose and the Ring*. There are also numerous topical references to the troubled state of Ireland in 1882—the period when Captain Boycott had just given his name to a new form of civil disobedience. The whole is an amusing mixture of schoolboy slang and heroics, as when the Princes address the Princesses on their first, unexpected meeting:

Ladies, or goddesses, or fairies bright.

We kneel, in dumb confusion at your feet;

The booby trap was never meant for you.

We knew not that your presence blessed the land.

And the Princesses answer: "Oh don't mention it. Great fun. We often make them at school."

The children for whom *The Black Thief* was written were Mrs. Lang's nephews and nieces, the "Babes of Branx-

holm Park," to whom Lang dedicated his first original fairy story, *The Princess Nobody*, in 1884. There were thirteen of them, "Winnie, Pop and Kate," the three mentioned in the "Ballade of Dedication" being Wyndham, Arthur, and Katherine, the second, fifth, and seventh. Two of the youngest, still alive in 1958, did not even know that *The Black Thief* had existed and had never to their knowledge seen a copy, though they had all been brought up on *The Princess Nobody* . . . "Perchance some Poor Man may light on it in the Fourpenny Box, that Fortunatus's cap of the lucky, that casket of Pandora, which always keeps Hope at the bottom of its dusty rubbish," as Lang wrote of the first edition of Perrault's *Contes de ma Mère l'Oye* (the item which he most desired—as true Lang collectors do *The Black Thief*) in later editions of *Books and Bookmen*.

This collection of bookish essays and poems was very much Lang's swan-song as a book collector. It appeared first in the series called "Books for the Bibliophile," edited by Brander Matthews and published by George J. Coombes of New York in April 1886. Coombes also issued an edition on large paper limited to one hundred copies. Of this Lang wrote to Falconer on December 17 [apparently 1886]:

Dear Sir,

Mr. George Coombes, 5 East 17th Street, New York, publishes the American *Books and Bookmen*. . . The New York edition is a mass of printer's errors. There is an American l.p. copy, out of print I believe. Many thanks for the kind things you say of my desultory scribblings: every one is always much too kind to them.

Faithfully yours

A. Lang.

Two essays, "Book Bindings" and "Bookmen in Rome," appeared only in the American edition, as did also the

triolet dedicating it to Matthews, which was never reprinted elsewhere:

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!

In the first English edition the two omitted essays are replaced by new ones, "Old French Title-pages" and "Lady Book-Lovers," and there are four additional poems. This first edition appeared in three forms: a large paper edition limited to one hundred numbered copies and bearing the date 1886 on the title-page, which was issued early in December; a "limited number" printed on hand-made paper, dated 1887, but issued on December 29, 1886, in an edition of two hundred copies; and the ordinary edition of fifteen hundred copies published on January 9, 1887.

According to Gosse's catalogue, the greater part of the ordinary first edition "was almost immediately called in, that the article on Parish Registers might be cancelled." This was done by printing new preliminaries, and replacing gatherings C and D (pp. 17-48)—which cover the offending essay—by new ones, filling the gap exactly with a new article called "Rich and Poor" (which was printed in the American periodical *The Critic* in the numbers for April 2 and 9, 1887) and a poem, "Doris's Books," which had appeared in *The St. James's Gazette* on January 29, 1887.

Another book which was published first in America—and, indeed, never appeared in England in the same form,

or under the same title—was *Ballades and Verses Vain*, published in April 1884 by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. A note printed on page viii reads: "Mr. Austin Dobson has been so kind as to superintend the making of the following selection from 'Ballads and Lyrics of Old France' (1872), 'Ballades in Blue China' (1880, 1881, 1883), and from verses previously unprinted or not collected." Falconer notes in his 1889 *Specimens of a Bibliography* and his 1898 *Catalogue* that there was a large paper edition of this book. There is no other evidence for it, however: Falconer has not marked it as "got" in his interleaved *Catalogue* in the Darlington Collection, nor was it listed in his sale catalogue, nor is there a copy in the Lilly Library—nor in any other known collection. Moreover Lang gave a copy of the ordinary edition to Mrs. Charles Elton, to whom the book was dedicated—and she and her husband Charles Elton were famous book collectors. A large number of books by Lang are included in their printed *Catalogue*, including *The Black Thief* and several large paper editions of other items by him—but only a small, presentation copy of *Ballades and Verses Vain*.

The "verses previously unprinted or not collected" were included in *Rhymes à la Mode*, with many additional poems, published in England in 1885 (the large paper edition of fifty copies was actually published in December 1884, as the certificate of issue notes, but the date on the title page is 1885, as in the ordinary edition: so Falconer should, strictly, not have dated either copy "1884" in his *Catalogue* (p. 3), but this may have been a slip in proof-correcting).

Falconer also owned a copy of the third edition of *Rhymes à la Mode* (1887), which he apparently purchased

at a bazaar. It contains in manuscript "*The Bazaarerie. A Poem By A. Lang,*" and the word "SOLD" is written on the jacket, under which Lang has added "Too true. A.L."

The manuscript lines on the flyleaf read:

Hos versiculos feci. Andrew Lang.

They are not in the fashion, the rhymes that I trolled
When the Public was neither so wise nor so old.
When famed William Watson was probably dumb
And it was not in Vogue to be dismally glum.
They're all out of fashion, the *Rhymes à la Mode*
And sixpence for these were too rashly bestowed.

Among the four sets of "verses previously unprinted" which appeared for the first time in *Ballades and Verses Vain*, the most famous is "*Almae Matres*," the poem for which Lang is still held as the greatest literary alumnus of St. Andrews. This poem, which hymns the "little city grey and sere," setting it in the poet's affection even above Oxford—"those fair halls on Isis side / Where youth an hour came back to me"—reappeared in *Rhymes à la Mode*.

There was also a strange edition of the poem alone published for and sold at the Bazaar for the Student Union, St. Andrews, August 25-27, 1887. Falconer gives a full description of it in his 1889 *Specimens of a Bibliography*, and there are two copies in the collection.

In some notes on his first meetings with Lang in 1889 published posthumously (*The Bookman's Journal*, London, May 1923, Vol. VIII. No. 20) Falconer records:

Another thing I wanted to be at the bottom of was where *Almae Matres* first appeared. Mrs. Lang thought it had appeared in some periodical, but Mr. Lang was positive it was first printed in the New York volume—the intention to publish it in a magazine having been departed from.

I mentioned having the St. Andrews copy of *Almae Matres*. "Oh, Mrs. Fraguair's?" [sic. Misreading for Traquair] said he, and they both laughed heartily over the recollection of the bad drawing and crude colouring. "She had been told to draw better than usual and had drawn worse than usual."

In his speech at the opening of the third day of the Bazaar, Lang told the students that the poem had been written in a hansom cab. He did not say when, but it seems almost certain that it was very shortly before the publication of *Ballades and Verses Vain* in 1884: Gosse's suggestion "written (I think) at Oxford in 1865" is definitely wrong [*The Sunday Times*, May 27, 1923], but Gosse was notoriously inaccurate, and even his article on Lang in *Portraits and Sketches* (1912) bristles with mistakes.

Although at its face value a poem of place, *Almae Matres* is at its heart an "In Memoriam" to Lang's closest St. Andrews friend, Henry Brown, who died while they were undergraduates there together in 1863. Lang hesitated over how obvious to make this in the poem, and there are interesting variants in the four main versions. These occur in the first and last lines of the second stanza, which read: "O, ruined chapel, long ago," and "How soon the Fates would sunder us" in *Ballades and Verses Vain* (1884), and the separate *Almae Matres* (1887)—Mrs. Traquair writes "Oh" and puts a capital to "Chapel." *Rhymes à la Mode* (1885) and all reprints of the book, including its amalgamation with *Ballades in Blue China* as *Ballades and Rhymes* (1911) give "St. Leonard's chapel, long ago," and "How hardly fate would deal with us."

Ballades and Rhymes appeared in May 1911, and four months later the poem was printed as Epilogue to *Votiva Tabella*, the volume issued to celebrate the quincentenary

of St. Andrews University. This seems to be the poem's last appearance during Lang's lifetime, and presumably shows his final decision on the lines. Nevertheless, when editing the collected edition of his *Poetical Works* in 1923 Mrs. Lang goes back to the 1884 and 1887 versions for the first of the lines, but retains the 1885 and 1911 reading for the second.

There is yet another edition of *Almae Matres*, of importance to the collector and bibliographer at least. At some date unknown a broadside nine by eleven inches was printed. It has been suggested that this accompanied the 1887 publication, but the version printed is the final one and not that transcribed by Mrs. Traquair and printed by Constable of Edinburgh for the St. Andrews Bazaar. Moreover, Falconer does not mention it, and had no copy of it—and he was presumably at the Bazaar in person when he purchased the two copies of the decorated pamphlet for his collection.

A copy of the broadside version, framed with a photograph of Lang, hangs in the University Library at St. Andrews—and it seems probable that it was printed for this purpose not long after Lang's death in 1912.

Thinking of such poems as "Almae Matres" and "Ballade of his Choice of a Sepulchre," George Gordon wrote in his D.N.B. article (1927): "He might have been a much more considerable poet had he made the necessary sacrifice, and been a poet only; but this he could not do."

Even had Lang not needed to earn his living by his pen, the multitude of his interests and enthusiasms—his "crazes" one might almost say—would have prevented him from devoting all his energies to poetry. However, when he first settled in London and became dependent on journalism, Lang had no choice but to "contribute to the penny

press," and proceeded to do so with a will, supplying reviews to *The Academy*, and literary leaders to *The Daily News* and *The Saturday Review* with great regularity for many years. When he ceased to write for the last of these about 1890 he transferred his allegiance to *The Illustrated London News*. How long he continued contributing (unsigned) articles to *The Daily News* is uncertain, but from 1900 until his death a signed article from his pen appeared weekly in *The Morning Post*.

Lang's contributions to *The Saturday Review* were unsigned, but a number of them (sometimes adapted) found place in such of his volumes as *The Library* (1881), *Books and Bookmen* (1886), and his volumes on mythology and folklore, while a series of direct translations into French appeared as *Etudes Traditionnistes* in 1890.

His anonymous leaders in *The Daily News* soon became famous—Thackeray's daughter, the novelist Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, going so far as to declare that when her husband had gone to the office in the morning, these leaders were her only pleasure in life. "We counted the day empty unless an article by Lang appeared," W. Pett Ridge recollected (*A Story Teller*: 1923, p. 10), and was so enthusiastic that he persuaded the publisher Kegan Paul to let him edit a volume of them: "The newspaper office did not wish its file to be inspected because the sum paid to each contributor was entered there, and I went day after day, in my luncheon hour, to the British Museum, and made a selection. When, at the finish, Andrew Lang reviewed the list, it was discovered that I had, in choosing the unsigned articles, made two errors: an early one I had credited to him was by William Black, and a later one by Richard Whiteing."

Pett Ridge's selection of thirty articles published between 1874 and 1886 appeared in 1889 as *Lost Leaders*. There was a large paper edition consisting of one hundred numbered copies: this is normally bound in rough white paper with title in black near the top left-hand corner of the front cover, and a blank spine. The copy in the Darlington Collection, however, is bound in grey paper over boards with white overlapping spine lettered in black with initial letters of the title in red—uniform with almost all the large paper editions of Lang's books that were published by Longmans. Whether this copy was bound specially, or whether a few were issued in this form is uncertain.

If Pett Ridge made two errors in selecting thirty "Lost Leaders" from a dozen years, it would be obviously dangerous to attempt any list of Lang's contributions to *The Daily News* over some thirty years. Falconer preserved a number of them clipped from the paper which are probably genuine; and of a dozen articles in Lang's holograph, collected by Darlington, most are probably from *The Daily News*.

One of these unidentified articles, "The Boyhood of Prince Charles," is the subject of a letter from Lang to Darlington dated from 15 Buckingham Terrace, Edinburgh, April 28 [Darlington has added a note: "Ack. June 3, 1908"]].

Dear Sir,

I do not remember having written any article on the Boyhood of Prince Charles. Nobody can remember such trifles. It may have been in *Scribner's*, an index would show.

In the St. Andrews Magazine I remember writing an article called *Flos Regius* and one on Scottish Fairy Tales, with two recovered from tradition and rhymes called I think, *Dei Otiosi*.

I remember writing in *Fraser's*, on Rabelais and Gerard de Nerval, on dates unknown. I do not know anything about "Waifs and Strays." Probably no mortal but Mr. Falconer did a bibliography.

Faithfully yours
A. Lang.

In this case the envelope has survived, addressed by Lang to:

F. G. Darlington, / 1218 North Delaware Street / Indianapolis (*sic*) / Indiana / U.S.

Lang did indeed contribute an article on "Prince Charles Stuart" to *Scribner's Magazine*, Vol. XVII, pp. 408-21, April 1895, but it is not that of which Darlington owned the manuscript. The other references in the letter are to *The St. Andrews University Magazine* which ran for a year from February 1863 to January 1864, and to which Lang contributed the poem "Sir Launcelot," signed "J.P.," and tions, the prose signed "W," and the verse "R.L.P." He also contributed the poem "Sir Launcelot," signed "J.P.," and another article, "Spritualism, Medieval and Modern," signed "J.P.L." The *Fraser's* references are to "Rabelais and the Renaissance," Vol. I, pp. 363-72, March 1870, and "Gerard de Nerval," Vol. VII, pp. 559-66, May 1873. None of the articles have been reprinted, but "Sir Launcelot" may be found in *Andrew Lang and St. Andrews: A Centenary Anthology*, St. Andrews, 1944, pp. 44-5, and "Dei Otiosi" in my *Andrew Lang: A Critical Biography*, Leicester, 1946, pp. 23-4. The Oxford magazine *Waifs and Strays* for March 1881 contained Lang's "Valentine in the form of a Ballade," reprinted in *Ballades in Blue China*.

Besides contributing literary leaders and book reviews, Lang was also art critic to *The Daily News* for some time.

"In those distant years, I also, much against the grain, was an 'art-critic,'" he wrote in *Longman's Magazine* (Vol. XXXVI, No. 214, August 1900). "The task was only alleviated by meeting Mr. [R.A.M.] Stevenson and others on Press view days, or by mocking the works that hung upon the walls of the galleries." Two articles in *Lost Leaders* come just within the category of art criticism: "Thackeray's Drawings" (September 25, 1875), and "Phiz" (July 11, 1882); and "Some Japanese Bogie Books" (*The Magazine of Art*, November 1884, collected in *Books and Bookmen*, 1886) just qualifies. Lang also wrote a few serious poems inspired by pictures which may be found in his earlier volumes of verse; but besides these he wrote a fair amount of light verse about art criticism, most of which remains uncollected, such as the three amusing "Idylls of the Dado" contributed to *The Pall Mall Gazette* in January 1882, beginning with a satiric ode to Oscar Wilde on his visit to the United States:—

For Boston waits at all her gates,
Impatient hour by hour,
A Pilgrim man, no Puritan,
Not *Mayflower* but *Sunflower*!

Lang was also concerned in a more sustained skit on art criticism, and one of some enduring value, the booklet *Pictures at Play, or Dialogues of the Galleries. By Two Art Critics*. Illustrated by Harry Furniss, London 1888. There was a large paper edition of this, of which a hundred copies were printed (unnumbered), and there were 10,000 copies of the ordinary edition—which is, nevertheless, extremely rare.

"He then went on to speak of *Pictures at Play*," recorded Falconer after meeting Lang in 1889, "confirming

what is an open secret, that he and W.E. Henley were the joint authors. . . [I] said I had often wished to know which parts of *Pictures at Play* came from his pen—were the songs not his? ‘No,’ Lang said, ‘most of the songs were written by Henley’ . . .” [*The Bookman’s Journal* (London) Vol. VIII, No. 20, p. 39. May 1923]. It seems almost certain, however, that Lang was responsible for the three songs on classical themes: “Julia’s Song,” which is an admirable translation of Ovid’s *Amores* III, iii, lines 1-14, “The Centaurs,” and the dialogue in verse, (No. VII) “Andromache in London”; and his hand is apparent in several of the prose dialogues, notably No. 11, “Two Statesmen” and No. IX, “On the Line.”

One other rare item from Lang’s days as an art critic survives in the thirty-two page catalogue *Notes by Mr. A. Lang on a Collection of Pictures by Mr. J.E. Millais, R.A. Exhibited at the Fine Art Society’s Rooms, 148 New Bond Street 1881* which, besides descriptions of the seventeen pictures exhibited, contains a good twelve-page essay on “Mr. Millais’ Pictures.” The pamphlet is commended and one of Lang’s notes quoted on pp. 180-1 of the official biography, *The Life and Letters of Sir John Everett Millais, 1899*, by the artist’s son.

Some years before *Pictures at Play*, Lang had collaborated in another anonymous skit, *That Very Mab* (1885). This, however, was more or less of a social satire, and his collaborator was a young poetess who was among the many aspiring authors whom he helped. May Kendall (1861-1943) was a writer who never fulfilled her early promise—either that of her two volumes of distinguished light verse, *Dreams to Sell* (1887) and *Songs from Dreamland* (1894) or her four volumes of fiction with their strong “period”

interest that illuminate the social and philanthropic movements during the last two decades of the century. After 1900 she gave up literature for practical work among the very poor, living among them in York for the rest of her life.

That Very Mab is largely by her. It was originally announced with an Introduction by Lang, but in fact (according to a note in Falconer's copy) he was entirely responsible for Chapters I and VIII: the first introducing Queen Mab's visit to contemporary London, and the second conducting her and the Owl round Burlington House where their remarks form an amusing satire on the methods of election and selection at the Royal Academy and on the Chantrey Bequest.

Lang found places for many of May Kendall's verses in *Longman's Magazine*, *Punch*, and other places, and about the same time was also interested in the early poems of Graham Rosamund Thomson (1860-1911), who was responsible for half a dozen volumes of charming verse, some essays and a novel, but never quite achieved the fame which he felt she deserved.

Lang's first association with Mrs. Thomson seems to have been over a volume of *Border Ballads. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Graham R. Thomson*, London 1888. An interesting manuscript note in Falconer's copy reads: "Most of the Introduction and all the Notes were written by Andrew Lang. A.L. told me so at St. Andrews 11th Jan/1891. C.M.F.," and in an undated letter in the Fales Collection (New York) Lang wrote to her, "I do not wish my name to appear in connection with the Ballad Book in any way." Lang's translation of "La Chasse" (which had appeared in *Ballads and Lyrics of Old France*

as "The Milk White Doe") is, however, included over his name in the Introduction (pp. xxvi-xxviii).

The publishing (and sometimes revising) of the verses of young literary aspirants sometimes led Lang into unexpected mistakes. In December 1905 Longmans published his last volume of verse, *New Collected Rhymes*, consisting of poems which had appeared in papers and periodicals over the previous twenty years, preserved by Falconer and apparently issued at his suggestion. In his copy there is a press-cutting of a letter from Lang to *The Athenaeum* where it was published on February 24, 1906:

I heartily agree with the praise which the reviewer of my *New Collected Rhymes* gives to a piece called "The Food of Fiction." It is charming. But it is not by me. The *Rhymes* were printed from a copy of a manuscript collection of my verses made by a friend, who had inserted several things which I detected as *non mea poma*. But "The Food of Fiction" I supposed to be my own until a lady told me that it was *hers*, and that it had appeared in "The Sign of the Ship" in *Longman's Magazine*. Then I remembered the circumstances. Unfortunately this was the lady's one flight in song.

I am sorry to say that another piece in the volume is by another lady: critical readers may detect it if they can. In excuse I can only plead the example of Sir Walter Scott who not only appropriated and published as his own some lines by a very different person, but attributed Cleveland's song in *The Pirate* to Byron, and announced that in a collection of his minor pieces published about 1818, he did not pretend to know exactly which were due to his fancy and which to his memory.

I also long since accused Mr. Austin Dobson of the authorship of verses of which he proved me to have been guilty.

A. Lang

"The Food of Fiction" appeared in *Longman's* in March 1889 signed "J.M.G."—the initials of Julia M. Grant, for many years headmistress of St. Leonard's School for Girls at St. Andrews: "Andrew put it into 'The Sign of the Ship' and paid me three guineas," wrote Miss Grant in a letter to me dated October 31, 1946. "When his *New Collected Rhymes* was published. . . I wrote thanking him for allowing me to collaborate with him, and he wrote back: 'What a dastardly thief I am! I quite thought I wrote those verses!'. . ."

The other poem not by Lang, "The Ballade of the Optimist," is by Graham Rosamund Thomson and appeared in *The St. James's Gazette* on August 4, 1887, signed "G.R.T." Another poem probably not by Lang was collected in the revised edition of his *Grass of Parnassus* (1892) and is reprinted in the *Poetical Works*, Vol. III, pp. 39-41: "Disillusions of Astronomy," which appeared in *Longman's Magazine*, November 1891, signed "F.M.P.," but the author has not been identified.

The verses of which Dobson was thought to be the author but which Lang confessed in print were his appeared in a copy of his edition of *The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe*, with an essay on his poetry (1881), which found their way into print in *The Bookman* (New York) Vol. VIII, p. 403, January 1899. They were reprinted in London in *The Academy* (January 21, 1899), where Lang admitted that he and not Dobson was the author, and run:

I wonder when America will know
That much her greatest bard is Edgar Poe;
I say this reminiscent and defiant
Of Boker, Tabb and Longfellow and Bryant.

When publishing poems by young and inexperienced contributors Lang seems occasionally to have used the editorial privilege of revising. His edition of *Cupid and Psyche* in the "Bibliothèque de Carabas," 1887, more than half of which is taken up with his Introductory Discourse on the legend, is prefaced with several commendatory poems. The manuscripts of these are in the University Library at St. Andrews and the poem by May Kendall shows that he revised several lines and virtually rewrote the last stanza: he did not, however, make any alterations in the poems by Frederick Locker-Lampson, J.W. Mackail, and W.H. Pollock—but he added a title to that by Robert Louis Stevenson which was originally headed "To Master Andrew Lang, on his re-editing of (here the name)"—Lang has crossed out "(here the name)" and written "Cupid and Psyche."

Concerning the poem by Stevenson there is an unsolved mystery. It appeared in the proofs, and in one copy of the large paper edition (No. 2, which belonged to its publisher, David Nutt, and is now in the Beinecke Collection at Yale), the proof copy, once in the possession of Col. W.F. Prideaux, has not been traced. Prideaux in his *Bibliography of the Works of Robert Louis Stevenson*, London, 1903, pp. 136-7, says simply that the verses "were rigidly suppressed before the book was published."

It is apparently to these Stevenson verses that a letter from Lang refers, dated "March 28" (Falconer has added "1906") from "The Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, Fife":

Dear Mr. Falconer,

Perhaps Mr. Nutt will let you have a copy of the verses.
As I told you I know nothing of the matter, and it appears

Mr. Stevenson did not wish them to appear for reasons unknown to me. I cannot interfere.

Yours very sincerely

A. Lang.

The most obvious reason for the removal of the verses seems to be that Stevenson, on realizing what the book was in which they were appearing, simply cancelled them as utterly unsuitable: "this unremembered tale / Restore, and this dead author re-inspire" is hardly apt for Adlington's translation of Apuleius, and later lines show that he imagined Lang was reprinting some obscure and forgotten Elizabethan text. But surely Lang would have known the reason!

It certainly cast no shadow on his friendship with Stevenson: he dedicated to him another volume in the "Bibliothèque de Carabus," Kirk's *Secret Commonwealth*, for which he wrote a Discourse in 1893, and in 1894 was supplying him with material for the novel *The Young Pretender*, of which only a chapter and a half was written.

In 1882 Lang wrote to his brother John who was in Australia, "I and another man plan a sensational novel which probably we won't write": this was *Where is Rose?*, of which Lang gives a description of the plot in his essay "Enchanted Cigarettes," which Falconer rescued from *The Idler* (February 1892) to be included in *Adventures Among Books* (1905). "We never, of course, could really have worked together," wrote Lang about this venture in his "Recollections of R.L. Stevenson" collected in the same volume. But he was already writing short stories of his own, and in 1886 produced his delightful "thriller" *The Mark of Cain*.

A.L. can scribble, A.L. can scrawl,
A.L. can rhyme all day.
But he can't hit it off with a shilling romance,
For—he never was built that way!

wrote Lang in the copy which he gave to Stevenson. But the book has always been a favorite with Lang enthusiasts, and there were enough of them at the time to call for numerous editions. Besides the original little volume (No. 13 in "Arrowsmith's Bristol Library")—one shilling paper-bound, one-and-sixpence in cloth, 10,000 copies—there was a limited large paper edition of 150 copies. There was an authorized edition in New York by Charles Scribner's Sons in their "Yellow Paper Series" at twenty-five cents, and a pirated edition by Munro at ten cents.

To secure the copyright in the title one of the rarest of all Lang's works was issued by Arrowsmith earlier the same year: *The Mark of Cain: A Tale of the Desert. By Herman Boscher, Ph.D., Bristol. 1886.* This was a pamphlet of eight pages containing a story in about nine hundred words, parodying "Ouida." The only known copy, now at St. Andrews, was preserved by Edmund Gosse who wrote on it in pencil: "By Andrew Lang; only 5 or 6 copies ever printed. Published, to secure copyright in the title, on the 26th of March 1886."

Falconer failed to obtain a copy, and realizing that he was never likely to do so, made an exact reproduction by hand from Gosse's copy, which is still in the collection.

Neither he nor Darlington were able to obtain copies of the pirated version, but the collection contains an even rarer piracy which does not seem to be represented even in the Library of Congress (the only other known copy was advertised in the Sale Catalog of Paul Lemperly's Library).

This was of a short story called *A Cheap Nigger* which was published anonymously in *The Cornhill Magazine* in August 1885, and collected in Lang's volume *In the Wrong Paradise, and Other Stories*, published in September 1886. The pirated edition was published by Arthur Hinds of 3 West 3rd Street, New York, 1886, in a little volume of 66 pages, and it is not possible to determine whether it appeared before or after *In the Wrong Paradise* (of which Harper published an authorized edition dated 1887).

All the stories in this volume had appeared in various periodicals named in the Preface, except that called "The House of Strange Stories," which consists of a number of ghost stories woven together. However, Lang refers to it in "At the Sign of the Ship" (*Longman's Magazine*, Vol. XII. p. 412, August 1888) as "a budget of ghost stories for an American magazine," in which apparently it appeared—though I have been unable to trace it.

The pirated editions of British books in the United States caused a good deal of ill-feeling at the time, but have added greatly to the delights of the book-collector, since these ephemeral editions in bad print on worse paper were not made to last, and have seldom done so.

Over the water
Stolen "proofs" are mail,
Sell for a Quarter
Down on the nail!
Print, ante date 'em,
Spell as we spell,
Reviewers shall slate 'em,
But publishers sell!

wrote Lang to his friend Rider Haggard about 1889 (undated letter, previously at Ditchingham House, Norfolk,

now in the Lockwood Memorial Library, University of Buffalo); and he published a revised version of the last four lines in an anonymous article in *The Saturday Review* of February 22, 1890, called "Allan Quatermain's Revenge."

Haggard, one of the most popular authors of the day, suffered a good deal from the book pirates, on an average half a dozen unauthorized editions appearing of all his romances published before the Copyright Act of July 1891. This includes *The World's Desire* (1890) which he wrote in collaboration with Lang, and of which Falconer collected a number of editions. It appeared in *The New Review*, Vols. II-III (Nos. 11-19), April to December 1890, which he extracted and bound up with a special title page. This contains variations from the book editions, such as four lines in the introductory poem subsequently cancelled, but lacks the episode of the Laestrygon (pp. 300-303), which was added by Lang. The book appeared (Longmans, London) on November 5, 1890, and the authorized American edition (Harper, New York) was deposited in the Library of Congress on November 8. Besides these, Falconer secured George Munro's pirated edition ("United States Book Company") published in New York in December. Crawford & Co. published an edition in their "Seashore Library" in February 1891, but I have not been able to locate a copy.

Lang had been instrumental in finding a publisher for *King Solomon's Mines* in 1885 before he had even met Haggard. When he did so they became close friends, Lang dedicating *In the Wrong Paradise* to Haggard—who dedicated *She* to him, in both cases without knowledge of the other's intention. The wary Lang collector needs to examine several Haggard titles: *Allan Quatermain* (1887), for example, contains an epitaph on Umslopogaas in Greek and

English by Lang on the verso of the half-title; *Cleopatra* (1889) contains a hymn to Osiris versified by Lang, a song, and the translation of a poem by Meleager; and a letter at St. Andrews reveals that Lang wrote or revised another chant for Haggard, probably that on pages 55-6 of *Nada the Lily* (1892).

Even *She* contains a sonnet by Lang, though it did not find a place there until the reprint of 1896. But it appeared first as the dedication to an anonymous parody called *He*, which was published on February 23, 1887, barely eight weeks after *She* itself. This booklet of 128 pages appeared in an ordinary edition of ten thousand copies, and a large paper edition of twenty-five—and both are now exceedingly rare. The first ordinary edition claimed to be “By the Author of ‘It’, ‘King Solomon’s Wives’, ‘Bess’, ‘Much Darker Days’, ‘Mr. Morton’s Subtler’ and other romances,” but the large paper edition and subsequent printings of the ordinary edition read “Authors” and omit the last two “romances” [*Much Darker Days* was a parody of Hugh Conway’s *Dark Days* written by Lang (1884), and *Mr. Morton’s Subtler* appears to be a variant on Pollock’s “Mr. Morton’s Butler” in *The Recreations of the Rabelais Club* 1882-85]. One impression, presumably the earliest, misspells “Allan” as “Alan” in the dedicatory epistle.

In Falconer’s large paper copy Lang wrote: “This volume is the child of the inspired fancy of W.H. Pollock and A. Lang, aided by the kind but wholly impracticable advice of H.R.H.” But the authorship was no secret, though Lang was usually assumed to be wholly responsible, and a review in *The Pall Mall Gazette* on February 26, 1887, three days after the book’s publication, speaks of “this ‘respectful perversion’ by Mr. Andrew Lang of his friend’s book.”

The other three "romances" named on the title-page are simply parodies of the titles of *She*, *King Solomon's Mines*, and *Jess*, and did not exist. But in April 1887 appeared another parody, *King Solomon's Wives*. By *Hyder Ragged*, published by Vizetelly, with illustrations by Lancelot Speed, and this was assumed to be by Lang, and is still often advertised as his.

In a letter to Falconer (dated by him March 24, 1887), Lang wrote: "There is nothing heroic in *He*, nor have we anything to do with *K.S.W.* I don't know anything about it. Your *He* has not arrived, but will be attended to when he comes." Lang also wrote a letter published in *The Academy* (London) of December 17, 1892, disclaiming the authorship of *King Solomon's Wives*. He always professed not to know who the author was, but this seems to have been a pretense, for Sir Chartres Biron (1863-1940) writes in his autobiography *Without Prejudice: Impressions of Life and Law*, London, 1936, pp. 96-7: "Just after I left Cambridge I wrote a parody of Rider Haggard's classic *King Solomon's Mines*. . . That delightful writer, Andrew Lang, was the leading critic of the day. I had no sort of acquaintance with him, yet he took the trouble to write a short poem in praise of my book and sent it me with a charming letter." And Lang wrote to Haggard (no date): "The author of *King Solomon's Wives* has sent *me* a story for Longman and his magazine: I'll send it to the Row."

Biron quotes three lines of the poem, which is an amusing parody of Lang's sonnet "She. To H.R.H." in *He*. Biron's bound copy of the book, with the manuscript of Lang's parody (but not the letter) is in my collection: it was sold by Blackwell's of Oxford in February 1942 with the erroneous note in the catalogue that the book was by

Lang and the copy from Haggard's library. But at that time Miss Lilius Rider Haggard still owned her father's copy (later sold), and Lang's poem (contained in a letter to Mrs. Haggard) differs in three or four lines from the copy sent to Biron: as all the alterations in Biron's copy are for the better, it is reasonable to suppose that the copy sent to the Haggards was the earlier version.

"Dear Mrs. Haggard," wrote Lang (no date), "Mr. Pollock will not agree with me, but I giggled over *Solomon's Wives!* I have parodied my own sonnet as above, it may amuse the author of *She*. Sincerely yours, A. Lang."

The text of the poem, from Biron's copy, may be found on p. 123 of my *Andrew Lang* (1946).

Lang continued to delight in parodying his favorite authors in various ways (the volume *Old Friends: Essays in Epistolary Parody*, 1890, is his best sustained effort), and was ready to dash off a scrap of humorous or satiric verse or prose at a moment's notice. His well-known parody of "If the Red Slayer thinks he slays," beginning "If the wild Bowler thinks he bowls" was an impromptu of this sort thrown off as a douche of cold water to temper what he considered Gosse's over-enthusiasm for Emerson. Gosse was also present at the making of another of Lang's most brilliant impromptus, the *Lines on the Inaugural Meeting of the Shelley Society* (1886), which appeared anonymously and was printed as prose in *The Saturday Review* of March 13, 1886, and was printed privately in pamphlet form as verse, but still anonymous, by T.J. Wise, in an edition of thirty copies on hand-made paper and four on vellum.

In his copy Falconer inserted an interesting letter from Edmund Gosse (1849-1928) concerning the genesis of the lines:

. . . As to the Shelley Society lines—Andrew Lang wrote them in my room in Whitehall Gardens, stretched over one of my tables and scribbling and reciting. I shall never forget it—he was in one of his wildest explosions of mirth. I think that *two* of the lines were mine, adopted by word of mouth. Austin Dobson had nothing at all to do with it—wasn't present. I see Lang now, spread over the table in an incredible posture, the small of his spine acting as a kind of pivot, and rattling down the lines on a great sheet of blue official foolscap. As to my "editing" and "Augmenting" the thing, that is unfounded nonsense. . .

Wilfred Partington quotes a letter to Wise from Gosse on the same subject in his *Thomas J. Wise in the Original Cloth*, London, 1946, pp. 62-3, noting also that Wise "had written to Lang (whose name is not mentioned) about permission to print the *Lines*, but only received a cold, curt reply referring him to the publishers."

Partington makes no mention of whether Lang was more amenable (or even consulted) over the other item which Wise printed for private circulation, *The Tercentenary of Izaak Walton*, 1893 (reprinted, with Lang's name, from *The Illustrated London News* of August 5, 1893)—"30 copies" according to the prospectus (which number Partington queries in his "Bibliography").

Lang is not likely to have suspected Wise of the forgeries and book-mutilations revealed in recent years, but his description of the Book-Ghoul in *The Library* (1881), pp. 56-7 at least shows that Wise's methods were not new:

There is a thievish nature more hateful than even the biblioklept. The Book-Ghoul is he who combines the larceny of the biblioklept with the abominable wickedness of breaking up and mutilating the volumes from which he steals. . . He prowls furtively among public and private libraries, inserting wetted threads, which slowly eat away the illustrations

he covets; and he broods, like the obscene demon of Arabian superstitions, over the fragments of the mighty deed. His disgusting tastes vary. He prepares books for the American market. . .

Lang dealt with forgers both in *Books and Bookmen* (1886) and in the Introduction which he wrote to J.A. Farrer's *Literary Forgeries* (London, 1907), besides his late study *Sir Walter Scott and the Border Minstrelsy* (London, 1910).

"I missed my chance as a ballad forger," he wrote in the Introduction to Farrer (p. xxv). "I was working at MSS. in Abbotsford, when the ballad MSS. were being copied for Professor Child. By engaging an expert I might have had *The Young Ruthven* and *Simmy o' Whythaugh* (*mea carmina*) copied in an old hand on old paper, and thrust into the mass. Then we should have seen whether or not Professor Child could be taken in by a modern ballad forgery."

Lang had *The Young Ruthven* printed privately and anonymously in 1902, with no date or imprint, and at least in imitation of an old folio ballad. The date is given in the sale catalogue of Falconer's collection, but his copy seems to have disappeared, and is no longer in the Darlington Collection in the Lilly Library, and the only surviving copy that can be traced seems to be that in my own collection (purchased at the sale of Lord Esher's Library). *Simmy o' Whythaugh* was published in *The Cornhill Magazine* in January 1907, and both it and *The Young Ruthven* are reprinted in the last chapter of *Sir Walter Scott and the Border Minstrelsy*.

In the same Introduction to Farrer (p. xv) Lang says:

Perhaps the historical novelist may go too far, despite his privileges. In writing *The Monk of Fife* [*sic*], years ago,

I professed to have discovered the continuation, in French, of a genuine manuscript account of Jeanne d'Arc, begun in Latin by her friend, a Scot, and mysteriously broken off in the middle of a sentence. I even went so far as to forge extracts, in Old French, from the chapel register of St. Catherine of Fierbois, confirmatory of my narrative. Perhaps this was wrong. It was a blunder, if not a crime, for a learned medievalist could not make out whether he had a modern novel or a fifteenth century document in his hands, while the novel-reading public exclaimed, "Oh, this is a horrid real history!"

A Monk of Fife, / Being the Chronicle written / by Norman Leslie of Pitcullo, / Concerning Marvellous Deeds / That befell in the Realm of / France, in the Years of our Redemption, MCCCCXXIX-XXXI, Now / First Done into English / Out of the French by / Andrew Lang, was serialized in *The Monthly Packet* from March to December 1895. Falconer extracted this and had it bound in green morocco with a specially printed title-page (as he did also with others of Lang's serials). The American first edition in book form (which he did not possess) is dated 1895, the English first 1896 (published on January 17). Both of these contain three Appendices, not included in *The Monthly Packet*. In Falconer's copy of the English first edition is inserted a page from the proof copy with the note in his hand: "This page was cancelled on the advice of S.R. Crockett."

The page (originally numbered 393, and following directly after the p. 392 of the published version) was presumably omitted as overdoing the pretense that Lang was translating from an actual fifteenth century manuscript. It runs as follows:

The style, it will be observed even in the medium of our translation, is far more free and familiar than anything to which Leslie could have attained in Latin. Thus something is gained, though much more is lost, by his disuse of the learned language. For testimony to authenticity, (beyond the tradition of the Scots College, which cannot be traced further back than the French Revolution) Leslie's narrative must rely on the broken reed of 'internal evidence': evidence of manner, of tone, of ideas. Even these indications cannot be tested by the critical expert, till the original French text, with coloured reproductions of the miniatures, is published. Nor will a sober criticism rely even on these evidences, when it is remembered that a modern forgery of a popular contemporary icon of Jeanne d'Arc was for many years accepted as genuine, was exhibited at the Maison Cluny, and was even reproduced in the illustrated edition of M. Wallon's well-known biography of the Venerable Jeanne.

The editor and translator of "The Monk of Fife" thinks it necessary to anticipate these unavoidable reflections. He is content to render his text as best he may, not imitating, in manner, the almost contemporary English of the "Paston Letters", or the somewhat earlier English style of the Regent Bedford, but merely attempting to give a moderately old air to his version of a French which, genuine or imitative, is certainly, in character and spelling, antique.

ANDREW LANG.

Lang did not go to such lengths with his next historical romance, *Parson Kelly*, in which he collaborated with A.E.W. Mason, though the historical background is actually most painstakingly accurate and surprisingly well documented (though no mention is made of his sources). This was serialized in *Longman's Magazine*, January to November 1899, and Falconer once again made up a special copy of the monthly parts. This book also was published in America earlier than in England, and this time Falconer

obtained both editions (New York, September 22, 1899; London, January 8, 1900). He did not, however, spot Mason's mistake on p. 414 which was corrected in "The Silver Library" edition of 1902: "My partner represented Mr. Nicholas Wogan as rubbing his hands after a bullet at Fontenoy (as history and I made quite clear) had deprived Mr. Wogan of one of his arms," wrote Lang in his Introduction to the Swanston Edition of the Works of Robert Louis Stevenson (Vol. I, p. xxxix) in 1911.

Lang's last novel, *The Disentanglers*, was serialized anonymously in *Longman's* throughout 1902, and was published simultaneously in England and America in November. It contains a remarkable misprint: the name of the dedicatee, (p. [v]), HERBERT HILES, ESQ, should read HILLS. In Falconer's copy the page (which has a blank verso) is missing without trace, and the volume is so tightly bound that it is impossible to see how the page was removed.

A second impression was issued in 1903, identical with the first except for the change of date on the title-page and the addition of the words *SECOND IMPRESSION*, and a different catalogue at the end. But the dedication page seems to have been cancelled and a new leaf affixed to a stub (the return of the title-page), though in my copy there is the stub but no new leaf—unless the page has been removed by some reader who thought *this* was a misprint!

Lang's devotion to Jeanne d'Arc found its fullest and most famous expression in the biography *The Maid of France* which he wrote in 1908, spurred thereto by "the higher cynicism of Anatole France," whose biography had just appeared. France answered Lang in the next edition of his biography, and Lang replied with detailed historical evidence in a book published only in French, *La Jeanne*

d'Arc de M. Anatole France (Paris) 1909, the translator of which is not named.

These studies in French history were written when Lang had completed his major historical work, *A History of Scotland* (four volumes) 1900-1907, with the various shorter studies to which it gave rise. "M. France seems to me to have written fiction so long that he can scarcely understand how history should be written," wrote Lang to a friend. "It is a hard task for a late beginner." He himself had not taken it up seriously until he was fifty, when researches into secret Jacobite history for Stevenson's unwritten novel *The Young Chevalier* first revealed to him the identity of Pickle the Spy about whom he wrote a book in 1897.

His earliest writing about Jeanne d'Arc was the short life of her included in *The Red True Story Book* in 1895, presumably written just before *A Monk of Fife* which it may have inspired. Lang followed these with the translation of *The Miracles of Madame St. Catherine of Fierbois* (1897) and *The Story of Joan of Arc* (1906) for "The Children's Heroes Series" which his brother John was editing for T.C. and E.C. Jack of Edinburgh (published in New York the same year by McLoughlin Brothers).

Lang's rarest writing about St. Joan, however, is the contribution to the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, Part XXVIII, pp. 198-212, July 1895 called "The Voices of Jeanne d'Arc." An off-print with a special title-page was made of this, and the only known copy was given to Falconer by Lang on September 21, 1895.

Another off-print of which the only known copy is in the Lilly Library is of the special *Preface to the New Edition of Custom and Myth*, 1898. It appears in the edition of the

book published in February 1898, but was omitted in the next edition in 1901. In the 1898 volume of *Custom and Myth* the pages of the Preface, otherwise identical with the off-print, are numbered [vii] to xxv, [xxvi] being blank; in the pamphlet they are renumbered [i] to xix, [xx] being blank.

These off-prints form chips from what Lang considered his really important contribution to learning—his writings on anthropology (in the earlier sense of the word), mythology, folklore, totemism, and the investigation of psychic phenomena, ancient and modern, savage and civilized.

“If I could have made a living out of it, I might have been a great anthropologist,” Lang once said to R.R. Marett, showing his heart for a rare moment. His works on the subject have not lived as even Frazer’s have done, but they will always hold an important place in the history of his favorite study. “Lang has taught us,” wrote Reinach in 1913, “that folk-lore is not, what it still was for Grimm’s school, the debased residue of higher mythology, but that higher or literary mythology rests on the foundation of folk-lore. He who demonstrated that and made it a key to the darkest recesses of classical mythology has conferred a benefit on the world of learning, and was a genius.”

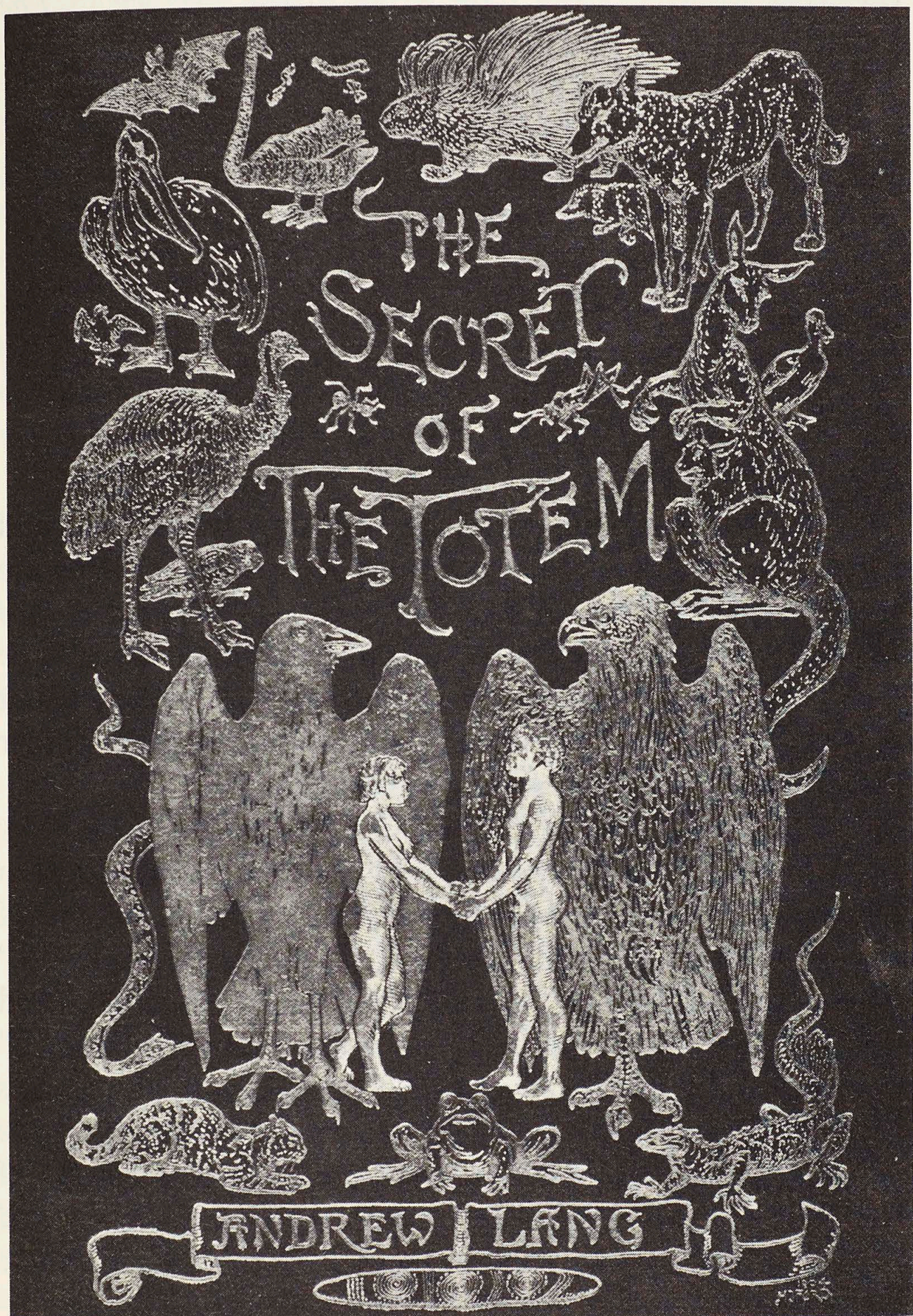
Lang’s article “Mythology and Fairy Tales” in *The Fortnightly Review* of May 1873—“the first full refutation of Max Muller’s mythological system based on the Veda, and the first full statement of the anthropological method applied to the comparative study of myths,” [Salomon Reinach: *The Quarterly Review*, No. 435. April, 1914]—was followed by *Custom and Myth* (1884) and *Myth, Ritual and Religion*, 2 Vols. (1887). His article “Mythology” in the ninth edition of *The Encyclopaedia Britan-*

nica (Vol. XVII), 1884, was translated into French, with several of his uncollected articles as *La Mythologie* in 1886, and is now rare. On the strength of these works he was made the first Gifford Lecturer at St. Andrews in 1888, the lectures forming the basis of his book *The Making of Religion*, published ten years later—by which time he had produced his studies in psychical research, *Cook Lane and Common Sense* (1894). After the beginning of the new century his chief anthropological interest centered in totemism and social origins as exemplified in the most backward Australian aborigines. His most important work in this field was *The Secret of the Totem* (1905) for which his friend H.J. Ford produced a beautifully decorated front cover.

Henry Justice Ford (1860-1941), who also illustrated *The Disentanglers*, is remembered best for his superb illustrations in the "Fairy Book" series which Lang edited for Longmans, twenty of which he illustrated entirely, and contributed considerably to all but one of the rest.

These are remarkably hard to obtain in good condition, and the set in the Darlington Collection must be unique—all being absolutely new, complete with their dust-wrappers. Seven of the series were accompanied into the world by large paper editions, which are also in the collection: two of these, *The Blue Fairy Book* (1889) and *The Red Fairy Book* (1890) being of particular interest since they contain introductions not included in the ordinary editions.

Lang's fame rests most widely and securely today on the fairy books. Though he did not himself retell many of the stories in them, his amazing knowledge of the folk-tales and legends of the world made this series unique among children's books. "The fairy books have been almost wholly



The Secret of the Totem
(See B. 23.)

the work of Mrs. Lang," he wrote in the Preface to *The Lilac Fairy Book* (1910):

My part has been that of Adam, according to Mark Twain, in the Garden of Eden. Eve worked, Adam superintended. I also superintend. I find out where the stories are, and advise, and, in short, superintend. *I do not write the stories out of my own head.* The reputation of having written all the fairy books (an European reputation in nurseries and the United States of America) is 'the burden of an honour unto which I was not born' . . . In truth I never did write any fairy books in my life, except *Prince Prigio*, *Prince Ricardo*, and *Tales of a Fairy Court*—that of the aforesaid Prigio.

Lang's own fairy stories are still very much alive and the first two have been reprinted frequently. There are large paper editions of *Prince Prigio* (1889) and *Prince Ricardo* (1893), now much sought-after; and also of *The Gold of Fairnilee* (1888) the story set in the favorite haunt of Lang's boyhood, and based on the traditions of the Border and the Border Ballads which he knew so well.

These three were collected in 1895 as *My Own Fairy Book*, published in Bristol by Arrowsmith and distributed in London by Simpkin, Marshall. The American edition of the same year has "New York: Longmans, Green & Co." where the English has "London: Simpkin, Marshall," and a different binding with a gay decoration signed "B.McM."

Both editions are in the collection—and so is Lang's rarest published book, also for children: *The Story of the Golden Fleece*. This retelling by Lang of the adventures of the Argonauts appeared in *St. Nicholas: An Illustrated Magazine for Young Folks* (New York) in three parts: December 1890, January and February 1891. Falconer extracted these and had them bound with a special title-page.

It was reprinted as a little book in 1903 by Henry Altemus Company of Philadelphia. For copyright purposes a few copies were issued in England with the name of Charles H. Kelly of London on the title-page instead of Altemus. The only known copies of this issue are in the British copyright libraries. Of the Altemus edition the only copies so far traced are in the Library of Congress, and that in the Darlington Collection. Doubtless there are copies in other libraries in the States, but no other private collector seems ever to have possessed either issue, and there is not even one at St. Andrews.

The Story of the Golden Fleece was included by Lang in his *Tales of Troy and Greece* in 1907—a volume which ranks with such immortal retellings of the classics as Kingsley's *The Heroes* and Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales*.

This was Lang's last children's book, except for editing further volumes of the fairy book series, the last of which appeared in 1913, the year after his death. But it shows that Homer could still inspire his very best work, as he had done at the beginning of his career. To Homer in the more scholarly sense Lang returned also at this time, and his *Homer and his Age* (1906) and *The World of Homer* (1910) were works of considerable importance in their field, and foreshadow much that recent discoveries in Mycenaean archaeology have revealed.

Lang was always faithful to his early loves—always ready to write of Homer or Scott or the Border Ballads. But he was also on the look-out for new authors, if their work pleased him, and welcomed Kipling and Bridges and Walter de la Mare on their first appearance, as well as Stevenson and Haggard, Weyman and Conan Doyle, and many lesser writers.

Nevertheless the older authors were those in whom he delighted most and wrote about most readily and memorably. *Letters to Dead Authors* (1886) remained his most popular book for many years:

This is the least detested by the town
Of all these little books at half a crown—

he wrote in Falconer's copy of the 1892 reprint. There was a large paper edition of 113 copies of this reprint, and in 1893 an American edition was published by Charles Scribner's Sons containing four additional letters never published in England. Of this also there was a large paper edition, limited to 212 copies.

In 1907 Longmans published *New and Old Letters to Dead Authors*, consisting of the twenty-two letters from the original edition, plus seven new ones. These seven were written for *The Chapbook* of Chicago, where three appeared in March, April, and June 1898 (also one to Nathaniel Hawthorne in February 1898 which has never been reprinted). *The Chapbook* came to an abrupt and unexpected end in July 1898, and there was no record of where the other four appeared—if anywhere prior to the 1907 volume.

But they did appear: in *The Evening Post*, New York, on June 10, 17, 24, and July 1, 1899—and were spotted by Darlington, who kept copies of the paper which survive in the collection.

That other assiduous collector C.M. Falconer persuaded Lang in 1905 to issue a volume of his miscellaneous literary essays, most of which he had extracted from the magazines in which they originally appeared and bound with special title pages. These appeared as *Adventures*

Among Books, with a dedicatory epistle to Falconer, and the essays range from "The Boy," *Cornhill Magazine*, March 1883, to "Recollections of R.L. Stevenson," *North American Review*, February 1895, and "Mr. Morris's Poems," *Longman's Magazine*, October 1896.

The two essays which gave their name to the volume had appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* in September and November 1891, and had been extracted and bound by Falconer. They had also been printed privately as a little book of eighty-four pages in an edition of fifty copies at the Marion Press, New York, for Paul Lemperly of Cleveland, Ohio, in October 1901. Lemperly gave Darlington a copy of this, and also of *Bibliomania* (*Cornhill Magazine*, July, 1902) of which he had sixty copies printed at the Chiswick Press, London, in 1914.

Although he had given up book-collecting even when he wrote "Bibliomania," Lang never lost his delight in the great literature of the world:

Take all, but leave my books to me!
These heavy creels of old we bore
We fill not now, nor wander free,
Nor wear the heart that once we wore;
Not now each river seems to pour
His waters from the Muses' hill:
Though something's gone from stream and shore,
The books I loved, I love them still!

To this he turned back during the last eighteen months of his life and wrote his *History of English Literature from 'Beowulf' to Swinburne*, which was published on July 22, 1912, two days after his death.

"It is a work of permanent value," wrote Robert Steele in *The Academy* (July 27, 1912), "—one every lover of our

literature, every teacher, and every student must read and put on their shelves—a summing up of the life's reading and thought of a cultivated, brilliant master of criticism."

"Nothing so agreeable, so mellow, and so humane has been produced in this kind in English," wrote George Gordon in *The Times Literary Supplement* on September 5, 1912; and fifteen years later, when assessing Lang's whole achievement in *The Dictionary of National Biography*, he concluded: "He was the greatest bookman of his age, and after Stevenson, the last great man of letters of the old Scottish tradition."

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