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academic life attracted him less than London journalism. In 1875 he married, gave up his fellowship, and started his astonishing career in London. He made his mark at once, as a man would who could write well about anything anywhere at any time. You sometimes hear journalism compared very unfavourably with literature—"Mere journalism." "Good journalism but not literature," and so on. The fact is there is no clear dividing line between the two. Journalism is often literature. Andrew Lang proved it, and he was only one of many. He touched nothing that he did not adorn. When he wrote, he wrote well, with charm, wit, style, and no scholar—and he was a very fine scholar—ever bore his learning more lightly. For years and years he was one of the shining figures in the world of English letters. His biographer in the *D.N.B.* calls him "the greatest bookman of his age, and after Stevenson the last great man of letters of the old Scottish tradition."

Anthropologist

It was his work in anthropology that Lang considered his most important. By comparing the folk lore of many countries, some of them separated by the width of the world, and drawing conclusions from this comparison, he changed the face of the science. He found that many tales were common to many peoples; the names were different but the stories were the same. This folk lore has been considered a literary offshoot of primitive mythology. Lang showed that it was the foundation of such mythology. Bear in mind that he did this before the late Sir James Frazer wrote his epoch-making work, *The Golden Bough*. Yet Lang could get fun out of this serious subject. Consider this "Ballade of Primitive Man."

*He lived in a cave by the seas,
He lived upon oysters and foes,
But his list of forbidden degrees
An extensive morality shows;
Geological evidence goes
To prove he had never a pan,
But he shaved with a shell when he chose,
'Twas the manner of primitive man!*

*He worshipped the rain and the breeze,
He worshipped the river that flows,
And the Dawn, and the Moon, and the trees,
And bogies, and serpents, and crows,
He buried the dead with their toes
Tucked up, an original plan,
Till their knees came right under their
nose,
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man!*

Jacobite

Lang was a Jacobite—with reservations. He wrote a biography of Bonnie Prince Charlie, and one gathers that the Prince wasn't quite so bonnie to Lang as he was to some other Scots. Lang preferred the Old Pretender. Two of his most poignant poems were written about the tragedy of the "Forty-Five," and Charles Edward. Here is Lang's picture of Charles Edward as a child, as a young man, and after. In the whole of Jacobite literature, is there anything more moving? These portraits describe the Young Pretender at different ages—11, 24 and 53.

THREE PORTRAITS OF PRINCE CHARLES

(11)
*Beautiful face of a child,
Lighted with laughter and glee,
Mirthful and tender, and wild,
My heart is heavy for thee!*

(24)
*Beautiful face of a youth,
As an eagle poised to fly forth,
To the old land loyal of truth,
To the hills, and the sounds of the North;
Fair face, daring and proud,
Lo! the shadow of doom even now,
The fate of thy line, like a cloud,
Rests on the grace of thy brow!*

(53)
*Cruel and angry face,
Hateful and heavy with wine
Where are the gladness, the grace,
The beauty, the mirth that were thine?*

*Ah, my Prince, it were well—
Hadst thou to the gods been dear—
To have fallen where Keppoch fell,
With the war pipe loud in thine ear!
To have died with never a stain
On the fair White Rose of Renown,
To have fallen, fighting in vain,
For thy father, thy faith, and thy crown!
More than thy marble pile,
With its women weeping for thee,
Were to dream in thine ancient isle,
To the endless dirge of the sea!*

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