

Andrew Lang's Parody [*He*] of H. Rider Haggard's *She*

He

[by Andrew Lang and Walter Herries Pollock.
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'*She*.'

To H. Rider Haggard.

Not in the waste beyond the swamp and sand,
The fever-haunted forest and lagoon,
Mysterious Kôr, thy fanes forsaken stand,
With lonely towers beneath the lonely Moon!
Not there doth Ayesha linger, --rune by rune
Spelling the scriptures of a people banned,--
The world is disenchanting! oversoon
Shall Europe send her spies through all the
land!

Nay, not in Kôr, but in whatever spot,
In fields, or towns, or by the insatiate sea,
Hearts brood o'er buried Loves and unforgot,
Or wreck themselves on some Divine decree,
Or would o'er-leap the limits of our lot,
There in the Tombs and deathless, dwelleth
SHE!

Dedication.

Kôr,
Jan. 30, 1887.

Dear Allan Quartermain,

You, who, with others, have aided so
manfully in the Restoration of King Romance,
know that His Majesty is a Merry Monarch.

You will not think, therefore, that the
respectful Liberty we have taken with your
Wondrous Tale (as Pamela did with the 137th
Psalm) indicates any lack of Loyalty to our
Lady Ayesha.

Her beauties are beyond the reach of danger
from Burlesque, nor does her form flit across
our humble pages.

May you restore to us yet prize of her
perfections, for we, at least, can never believe
that she wholly perished in the place of the
Pillar of Fire!

Yours ever,
Two of the Ama Lo-Grolla.

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Chapter 1.

Editor's Introduction.

As I sat, one evening, idly musing on memories of
roers and Boers, and contemplating the horns of a
weendigo I had shot in Labrador and the head of a
Moo Cow¹ from Canada, I was roused by a ring at
the door bell.

¹A literary friend to whom I have shown your MS.
Says a weendigo is Ojibbeway for a cannibal. And why
do you shoot poor Moo Cows? -- Publisher.

Mere slip of the pen. Meant a Cow Moose. Literary
gent no sportsman. -- ED.

All right. -- Publisher.