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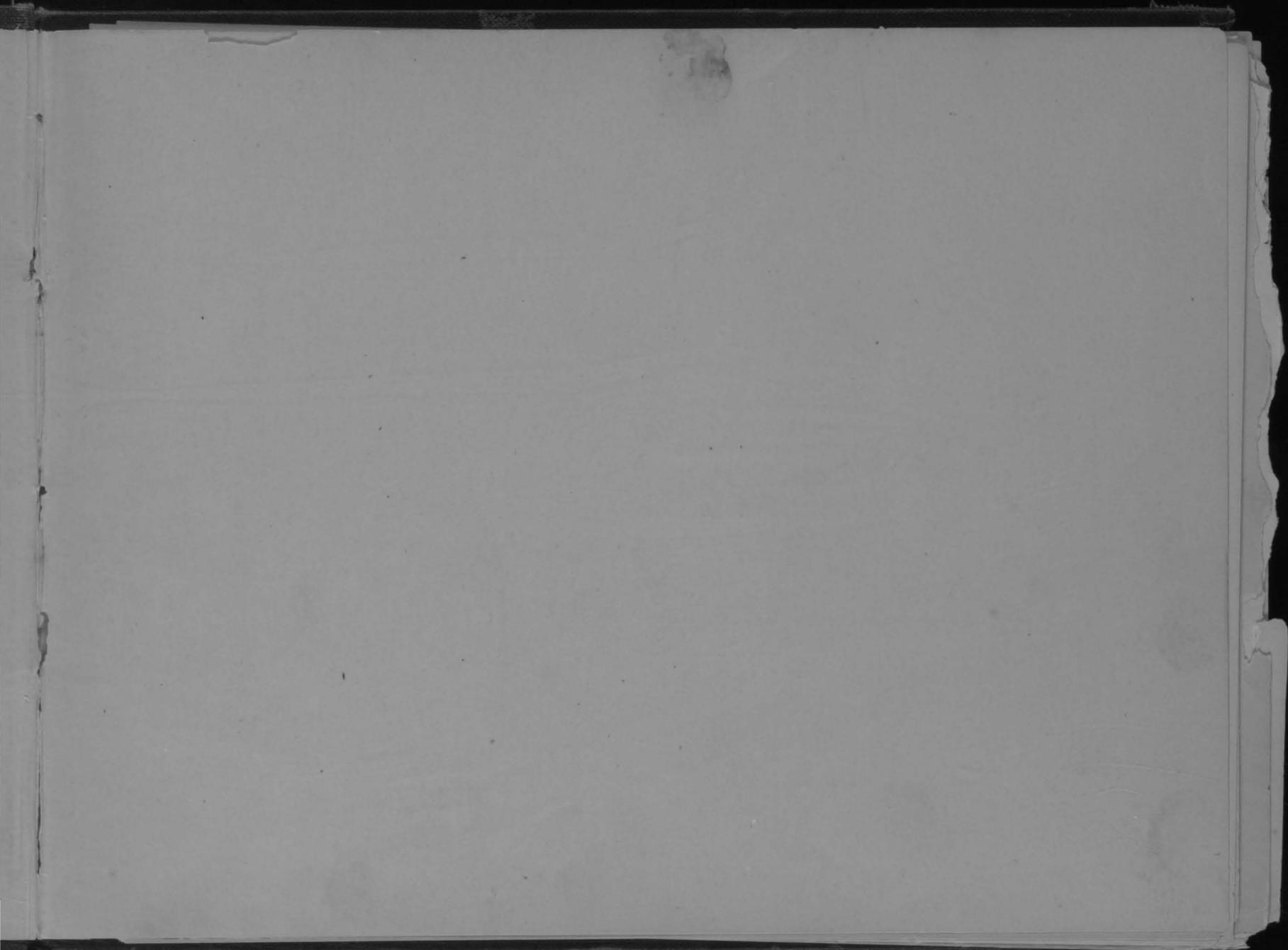


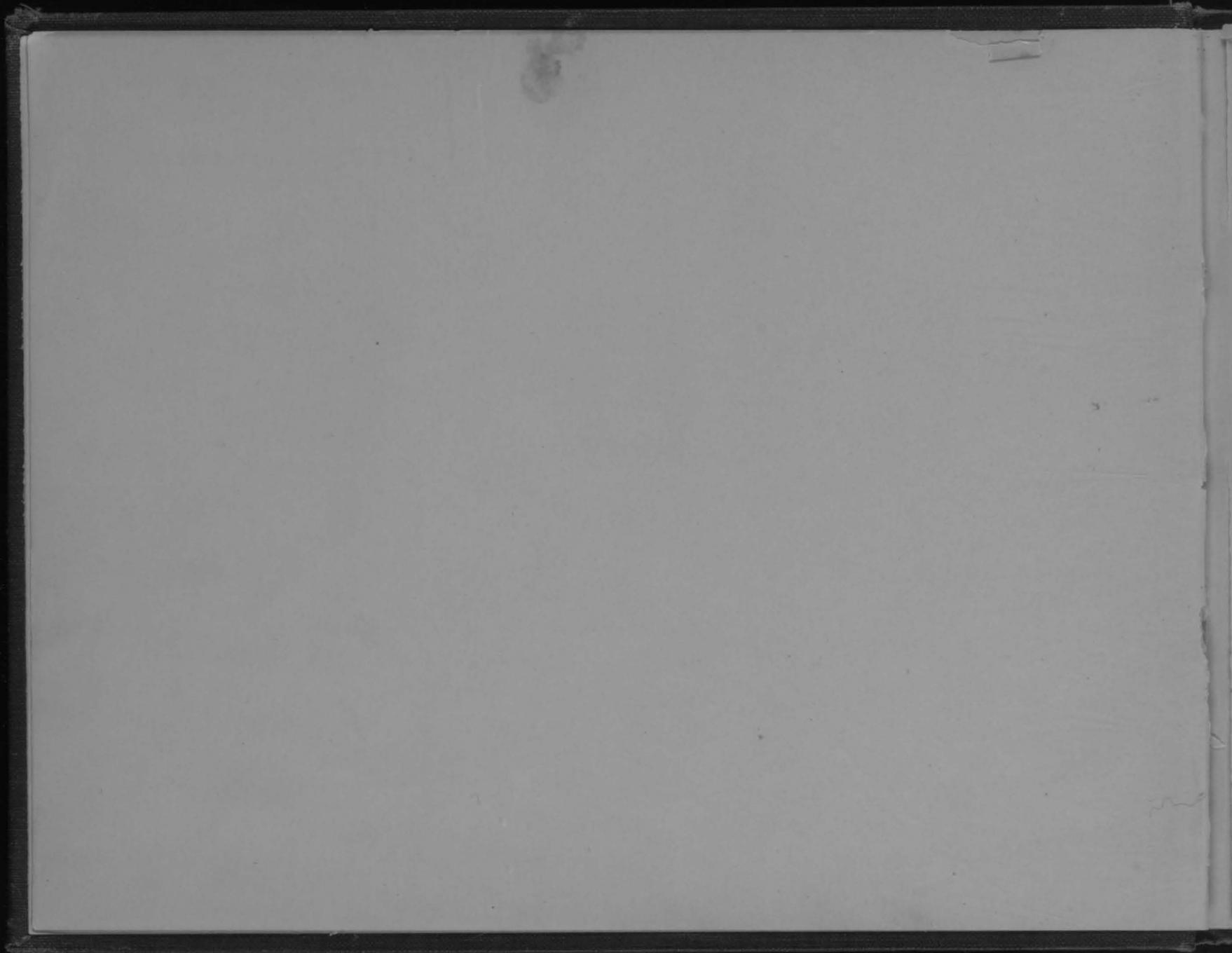
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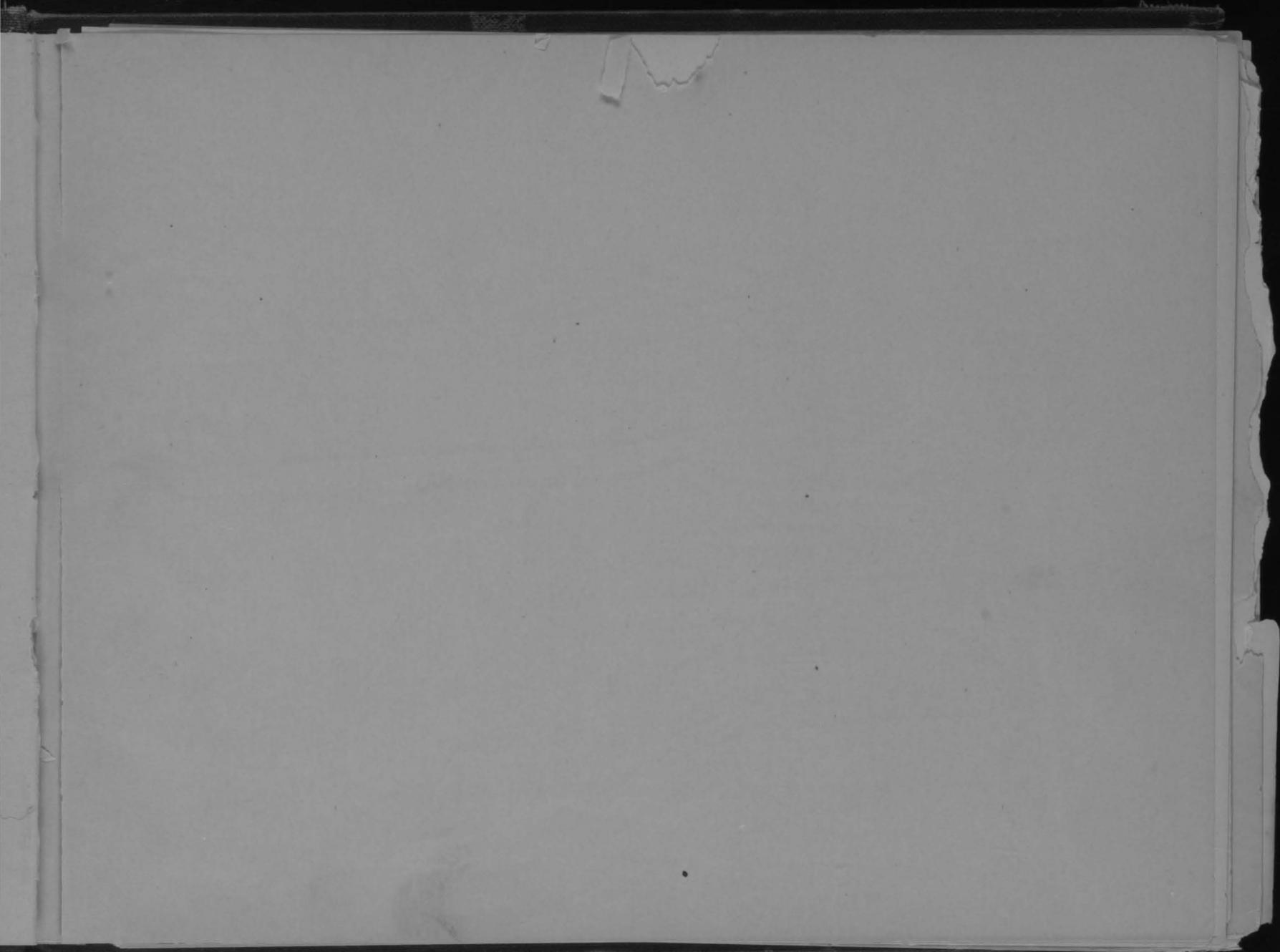


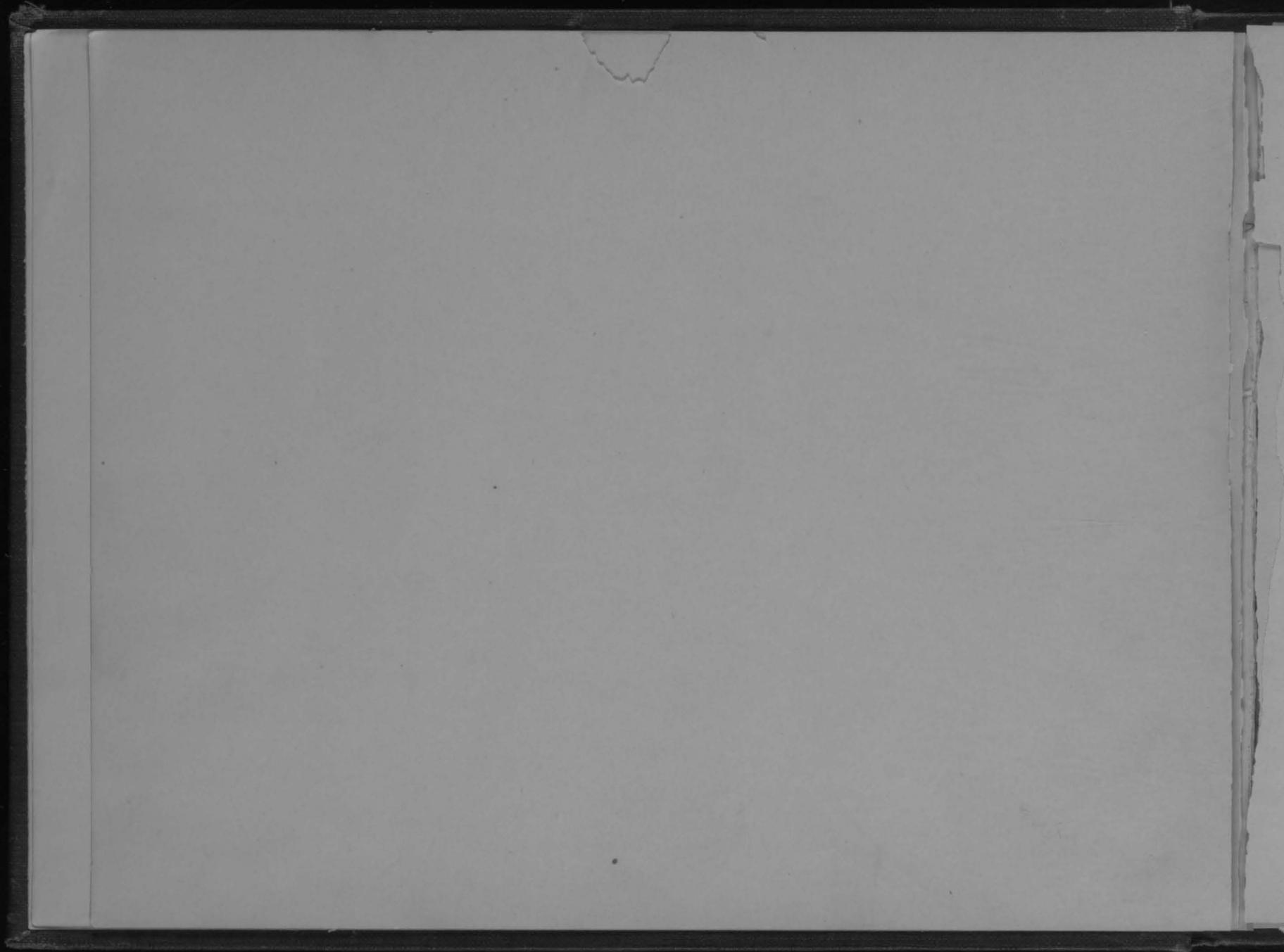
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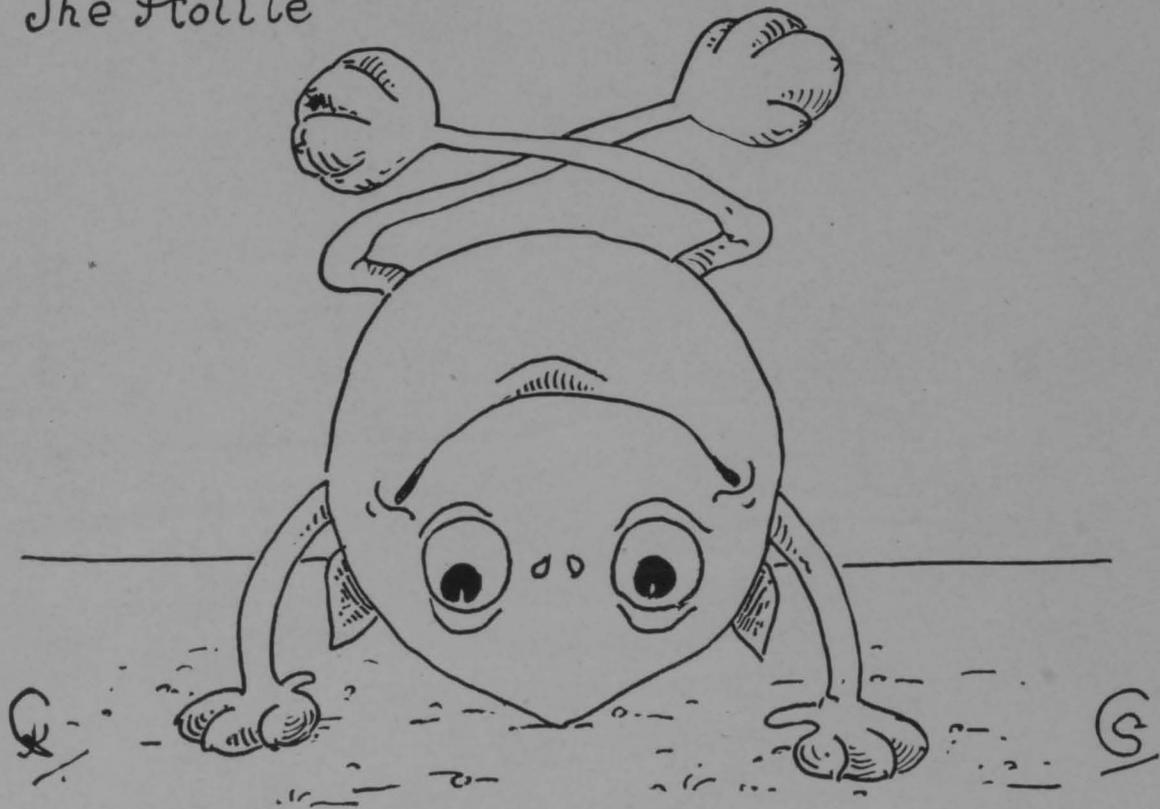








The Hottle



This Animal stands on its head and enjoys itself



ANIMAL LAND

WHERE THERE ARE NO PEOPLE

BY

KATHERINE AND SYBIL CORBET

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NEW YORK

E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY

31 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET

1897

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Astor Place, New York

INTRODUCTION

(No Child is to read this, and Grown-ups had better not.)

THE artist who illustrated "Animal Land" has asked me to say a few words on the book. It is difficult to touch the subject without injuring the bloom of these innocent inventions, but it is impossible to refuse a request so flattering. The author appears to possess, at the early age of four, a mature genius for pure Nonsense. This is not a common gift; we have few examples of perfect nonsensical inspiration. Mr. Lear, and the author of "Alice in Wonderland," are perhaps the only great modern instances, though Swift, in his Prophecy taken down from the lips of one slain by the Mohocks, exhibits distinguished success in this difficult field.

Our author owes nothing, I conceive, to her literary prede-

cessors. If she follows any one it is Mr. Lear, the creator of the Quangle wangle and of the Yonghi Bonghi Bo. On the habits of these creatures, especially on the sources of their food supply, Mr. Lear says little. But it is obvious that the nutriment of the fauna of her fancy preoccupies our author. The Dopple, whose staple is pumice stone, clearly inhabits a volcanic region of Animal Land. The Jumma, we are informed, "likes chocolate and rabbits." Here we touch on one of the inconsistencies common in early mythical legends. "In Animal Land there are no People," yet chocolate and toffee spontaneously abound; we hear of parks (the abode of the Ding), and the Kank comes up to the front door every day. A high moral standard prevails. The Jumma, we learn, "is a little blingey" (which appears to be a moral attribute). The Booba "makes no noise," clearly from ethical motives of discretion. "The dainty little ways" of the Weedle receive commendation. The wistful Stoop "looks at everything, but never touches." Carnivora seem to be rare. The Jactusturdus (doubtless the scientific, not the popular name of this quadruped) "tries to catch Didds," but as the Didd is a timid animal, has little success in the chase.

Thus human categories are applied to those creatures of Animal Land. It is described as being "quite near, only *you* can't see it." The author herself can see it, occasionally, and by aid of description, correction of design, and diagrams, instructs the artist. One beast in this collection is traditional in the artist's family. The author has never seen and does not believe in it. My own scepticism was aroused by a defect in the anatomical structure of this apocryphal creature, which the judicious reader will probably discover for himself.

About the author's literary habits, I only know that she produces "epiotic poetry," a kind hitherto unclassified by Aristotle and other critics. The peculiar technical feature of epiotic poetry is that, when rhymes prove stubborn the singer introduces a word of her own invention which does rhyme, and to which she attaches an arbitrary sense, to be gathered from the context. Thus, while it is hard to find a rhyme to "stingy," our epiotic author strikes out "blingey," which answers admirably well. In the verses of Miss Emily Dickinson, one has detected a slight epiotic tendency, without knowing the proper name for this engaging attribute. Though printed in prose, the following

passage of the author's preface appears to have epiotic qualities :—

It is always light there,
Always day,
They climb the poles,
And always play.

I shall not, I sincerely trust, be accused of "Log-rolling" when I venture to express my admiration of our author's invention, and, above all, of her vocabulary. The names of her creatures give evidence of a rare gift of spontaneity in language. We in vain seek the root—Aryan probably—of the Melly, the Dopple, the Joox, and the Burkan, "a nasty biting thing," as his appearance teaches us to expect. The Azorkon is not a term that would occur instinctively to any traveller who, in the neighbourhood of a lake, encountered a creature of this hitherto unknown species. Yet that he looks like an Azorkon nobody can honestly deny. The excitable piscivorous Womp is excellently named, and whoever met the Sleem would recognise without venturing on an experiment that he "sometimes bites." The beauty of the Junn, insisted on by our author, may not be at once appreciated, but his amiability is undeniable.

When Adam and Eve named the animals in the Garden of Eden, it must have been in this spontaneous inevitable way. Our author, indeed, is still a denizen of Paradise, and speaks with the untaught voice of her angel infancy. "The shady city of palm trees" is within her ken, and her fancies arise unbidden out of the unconscious genius of childhood. A professional wit would be in labour to create these animals and these words, which she has only to open her eyes and see, to open her lips and utter. In the field of pure Nonsense this is genius, genius which so many children have, and which all but a very few men and women lose. In five or six years our author, unless she prove to be one of that small band who keep the common gift of childhood into mature life, will be incapable of more visions and inventions. Children are always unconsciously reacting the prime age of the world, when our first parents saw life and intelligence in all things, when the woods and streams were not yet "dispeopled of their dreams," of fairies and nereids, brownies and *Vuis*. Then there was no question whether "birds confabulate or no;" everything confabulated. Without this childhood of the race there would now be no poetry, no romance, and in most children the childhood of the

race is reborn. They see what we do not see, invisible playmates. We know very little about their experience. A famous author told me lately that only by accident, when his little girls were eight and ten, did he learn that the younger had a secret friend, "a little grey woman." She went and came, seen and heard only by the younger. The elder let the story out, for the little grey woman had been revealing to her sister her childish secrets, and even reporting correctly on her doings when she was in a distant room. So the elder child not unnaturally complained. Neither had seen anything unusual in the proceedings of the little grey woman, whose visits only began to be embarrassing when her friend was fourteen, and had learned that invisible companions were unusual. Then convention had her way, the unusual was abhorrent, and the little grey woman passed out of the girl's life.

A friend of my own was a child during the Crimean War, a curiously long-sighted child, with bright eyes. Men used to consult him about the future, but this was checked. One day, while he was driving with his mother and another lady in Hyde Park, the mother said, "When will this horrid war be over?" "It is over, the Czar is dead, the little woman in red told me."

Then followed rebukes, but when they drove out into the streets, the newspaper posters were blazoned with DEATH OF THE CZAR.

One could multiply such stories of the curious mental phenomena of infancy. Examples, at first hand, crowd into my memory. But these things, like the invention of childhood, its visionary gifts,—even, in several cases, its portentous power of calculation in figures,—are all doomed to “fade into the light of common day.” A week at school among boys, some social observation by little girls, exorcise the grey woman and the red woman, blind the second-sighted eyes, close the enchanted page of childhood. Our author’s happy vein is the vein of Nonsense, not of mysticism or of arithmetic. Her invisible playmates are the Didd, the Stoop, and the Wuss. She is the Pascal of pure Bosh, and discovers it afresh, as the child Pascal independently invented the elements of Euclid. I confess that her inspirations give me more entertainment than the Asses’ Bridge, and that famed Pythagorean discovery, for joy of which the sage sacrificed a hecatomb.

ANDREW LANG.

PREFACE

I have been asked to say something about the creatures that live in Animal Land where there are no People. My daughter Sybil, aged four, began to describe them to me about a year ago, but as I personally know nothing about them except that I draw them from her very graphic descriptions, I thought I had better write down a few of the facts about them, collected by her, in her own words:—

“Animal Land where there are no People is quite near, only you can't see it. It is a kind of Garden Cage, with the North Pole and the sea always roughling and wavy. In the summer they like to be hotter and hotter, and in the winter colder and colder. They live by the North Pole and in the leafy places near. It is always light there, always day, they climb the poles and always play. That is Animal Land.”

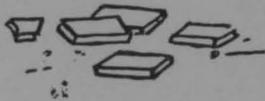
KATHERINE CORBET

January 7th, 1897



The Melly

This Creature is so surprised
and eats toffee





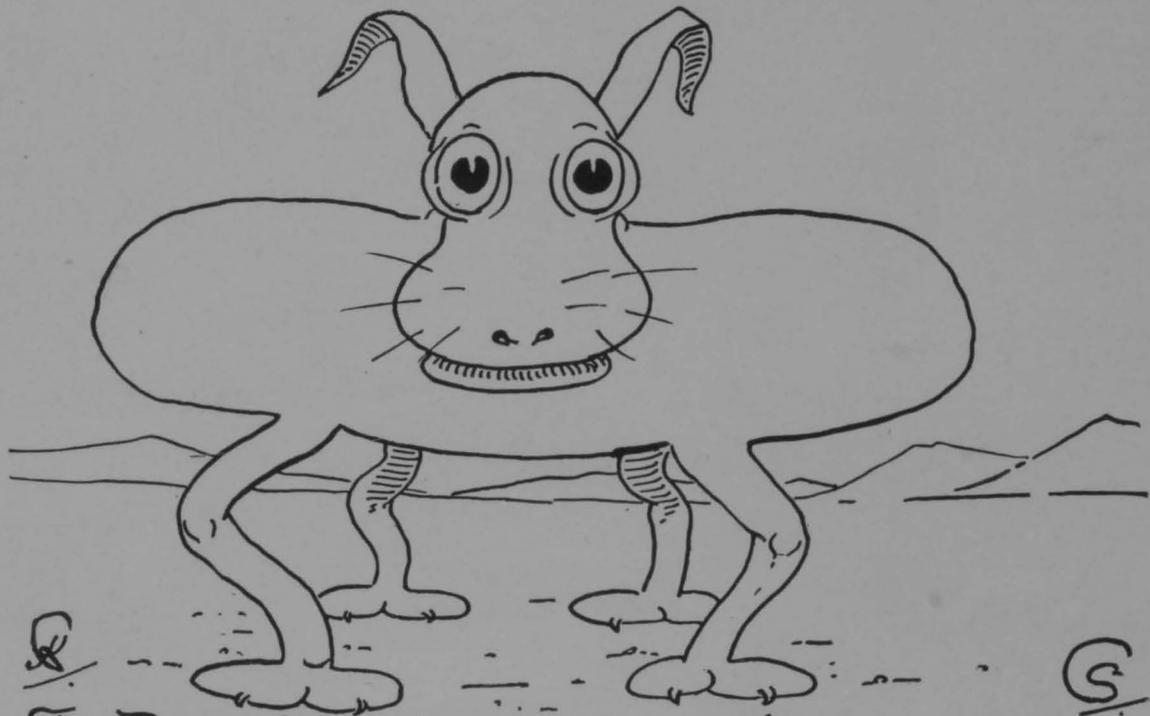
The Doppie



This Animal does every thing it is told to do
and eats pumice stone — —



The Ginniwits



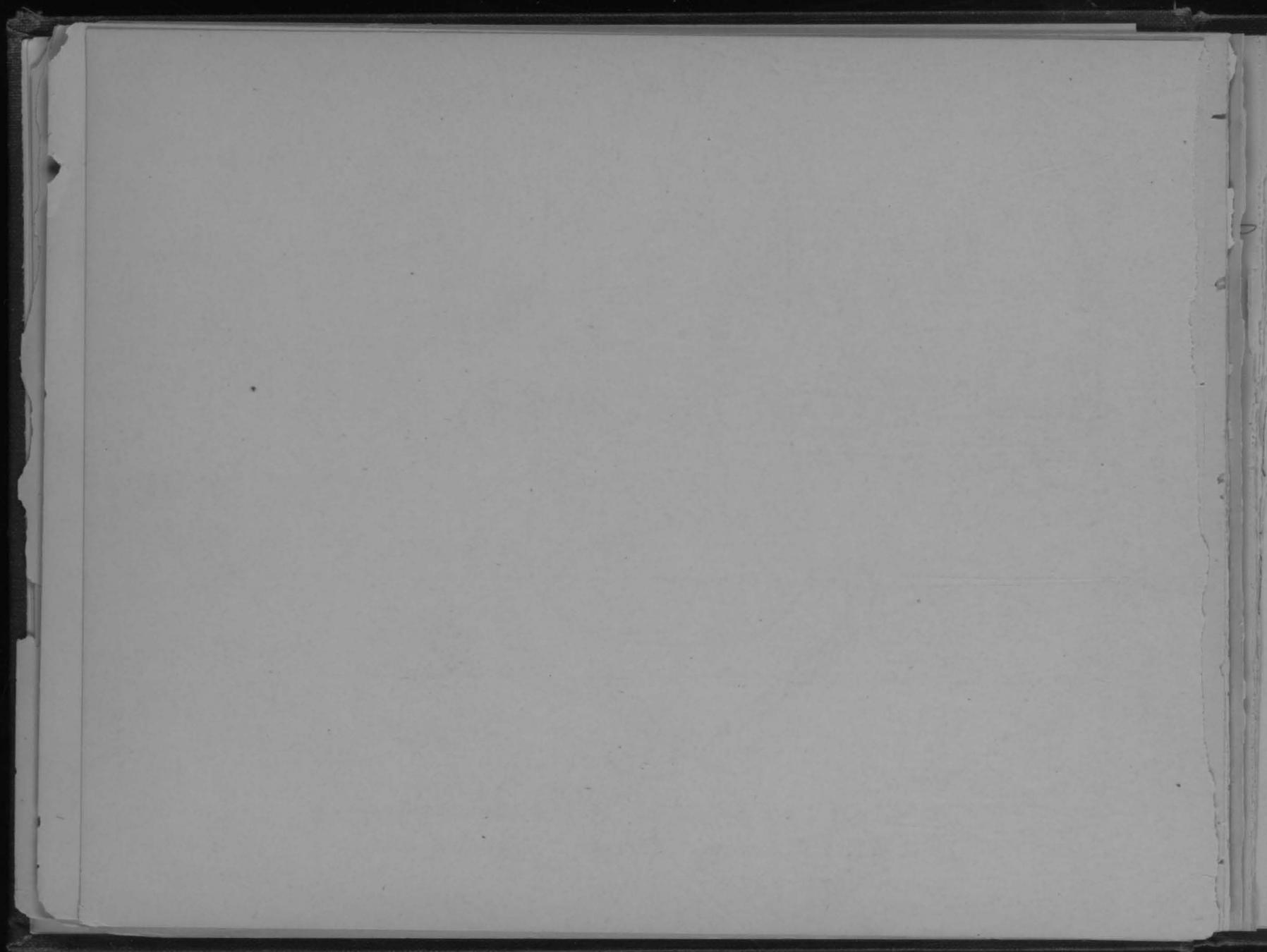
This Beast is larger than any Table and is always there



The Stoop



This Animal looks at everything but never touches



The Jimatite



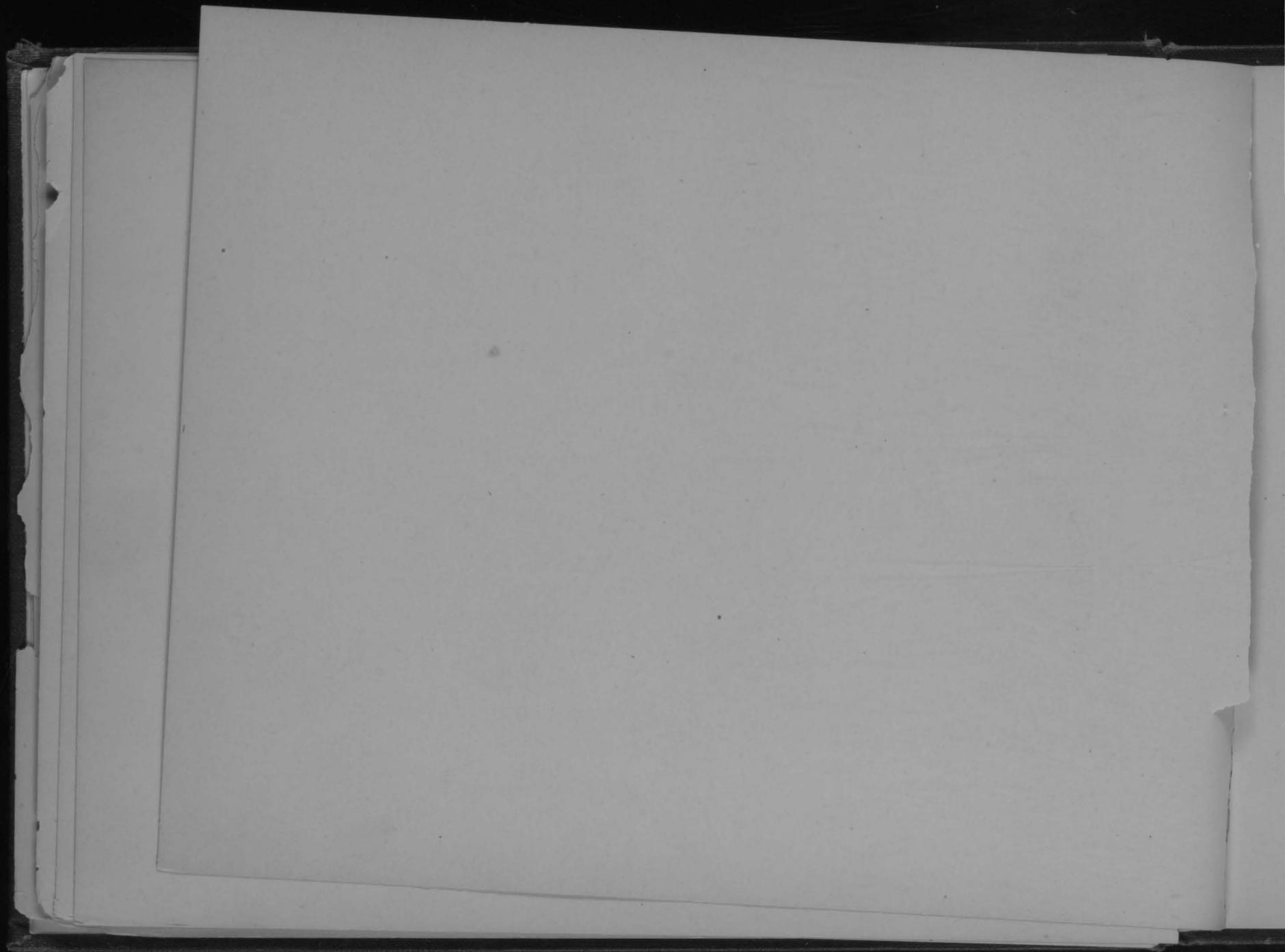
This Animal likes potato and grapes and oranges—
It likes to catch crabs— It lives by the Sea and it
goes after rats



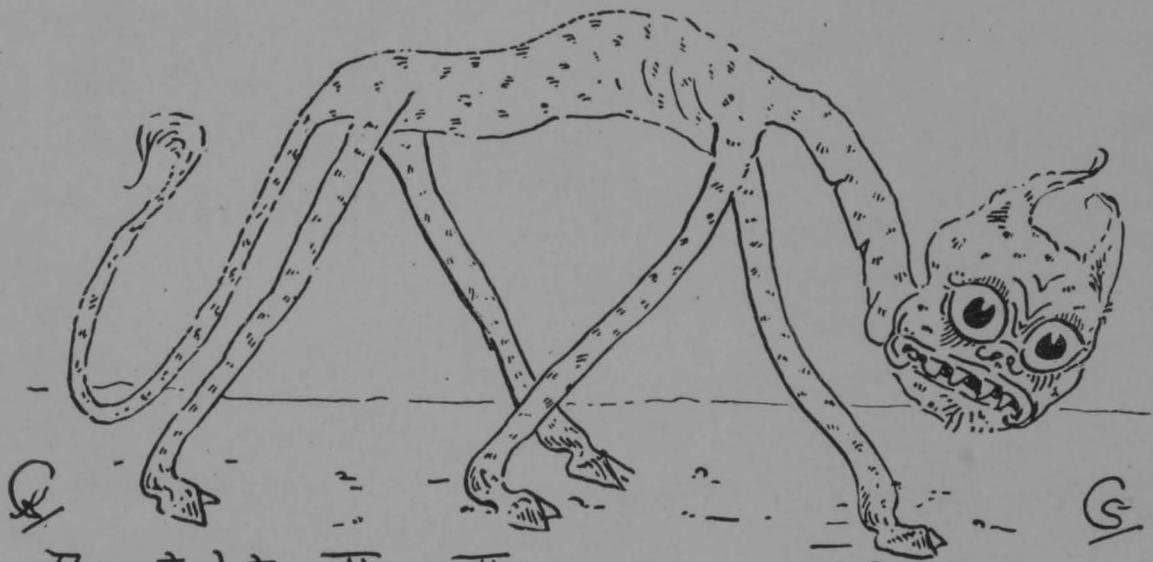
The Joox



This Animals name is Joox because it is not a Bear. It growls and eats cabbages and beans.



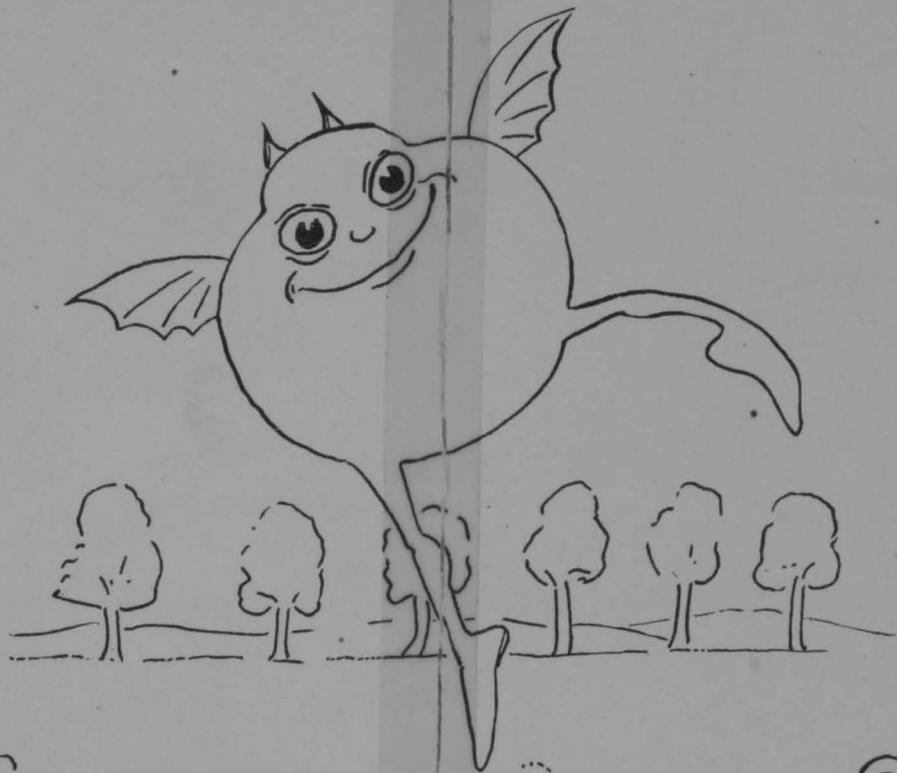
The Burkan



A nasty biting thing. There's none more about it —



The Cattaby



Q

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This Animal only hops and eats and eats
and eats

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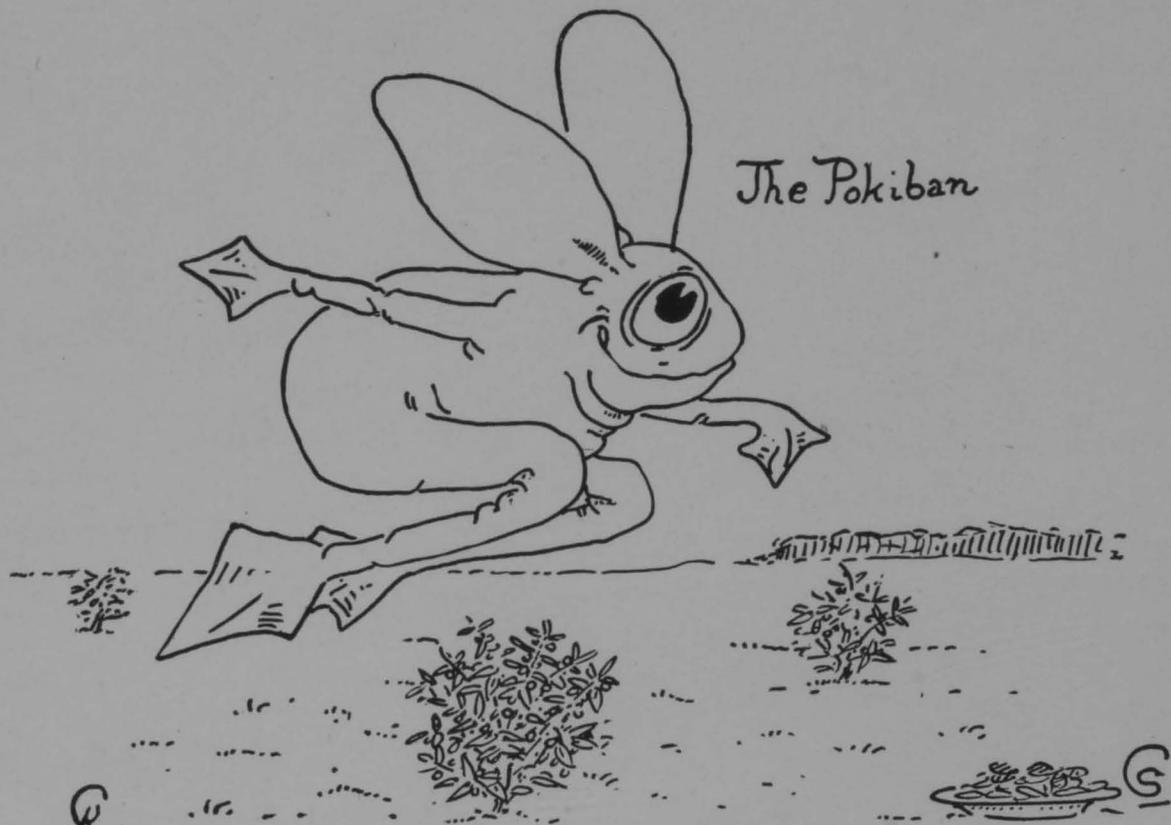
m.v.g. 5.9-20.

The Jumma



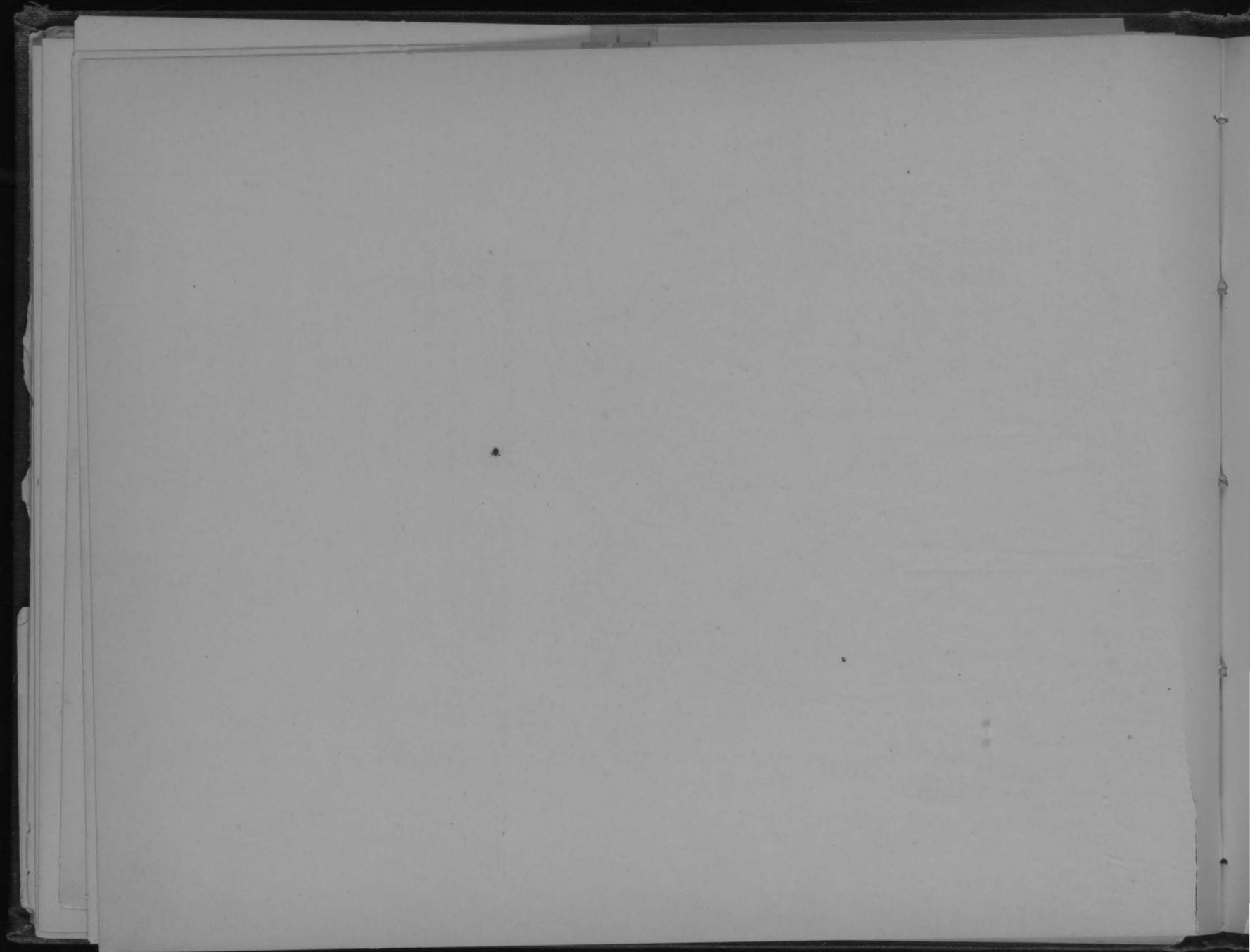
This Animal likes chocolate and Rabbits.
It is a little blingey





The Pokiban

Q. This Animal jumps bushes and eats almonds and raisins



The Azorkon



Q This Beast lives near a Lake G



The Ding



This Animal is so happy. It makes a
great Hole in the Park.



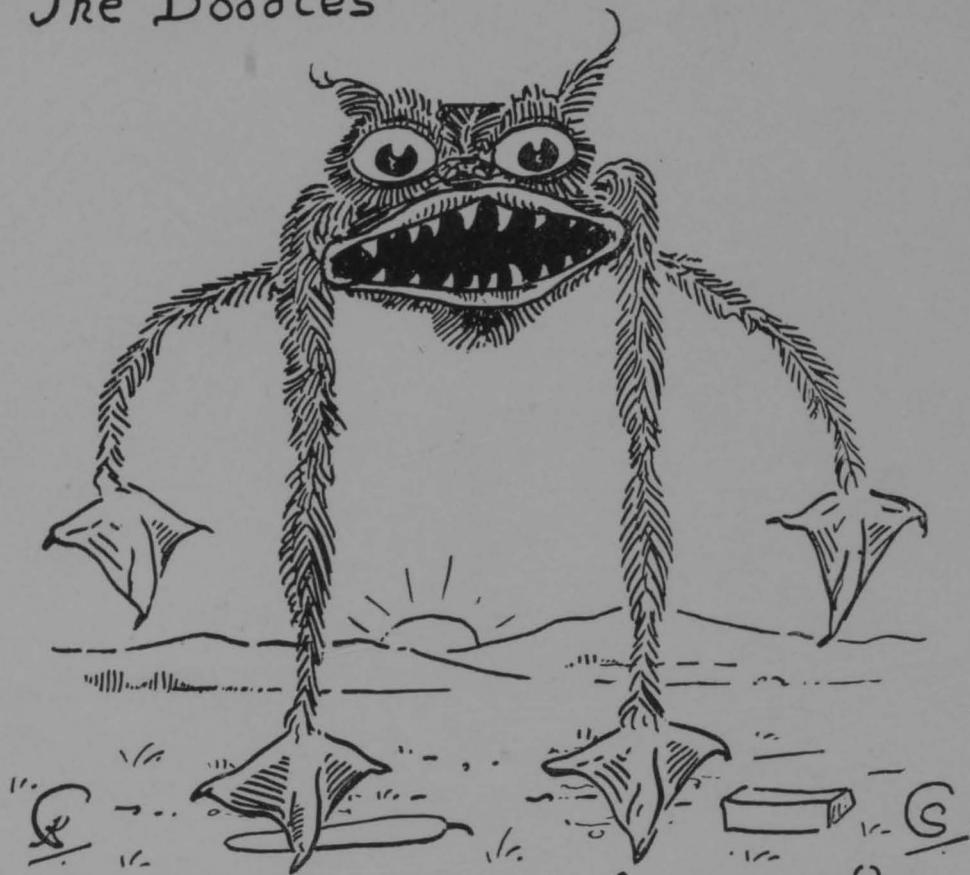
The Didd



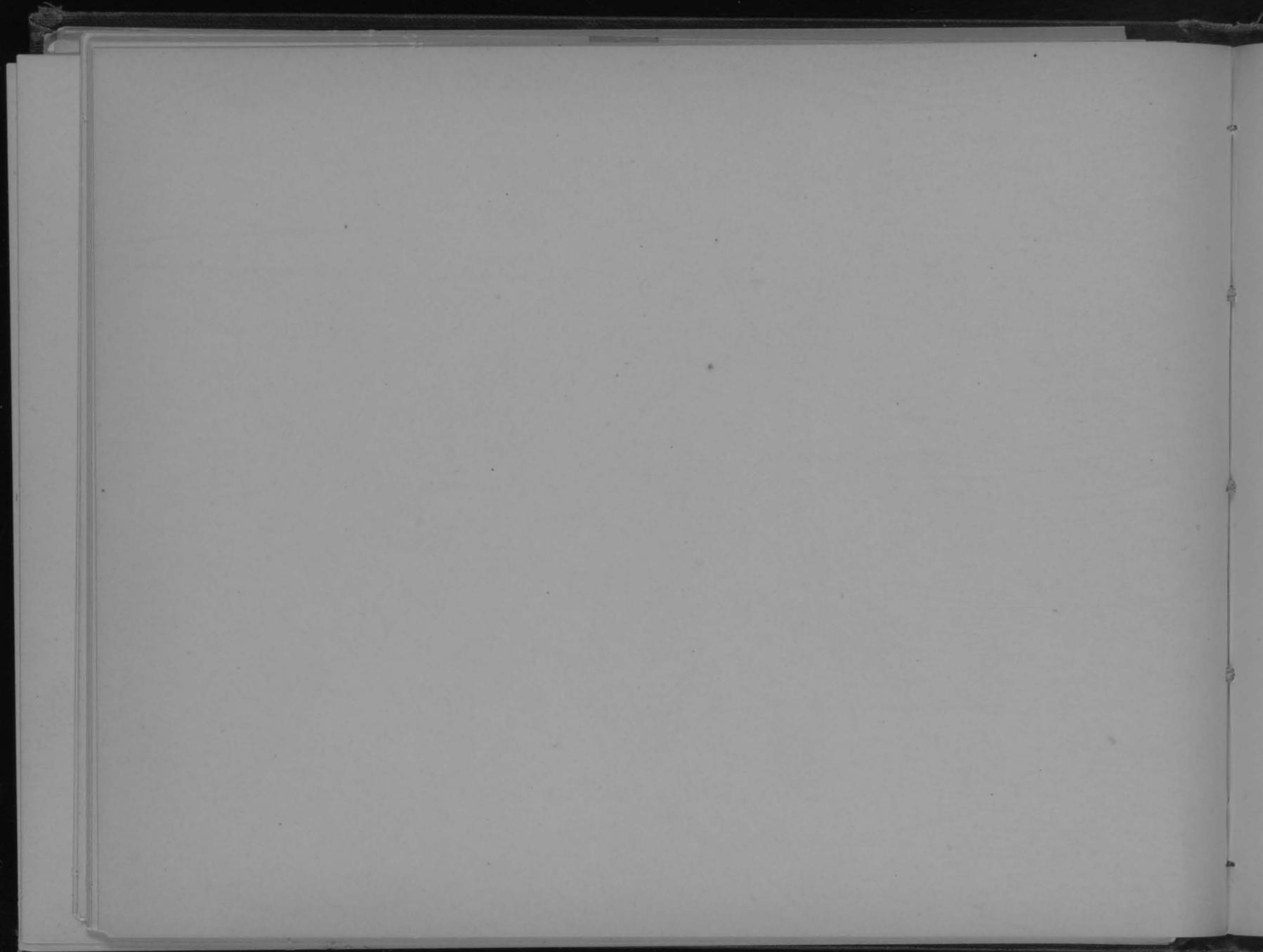
This Animal lives in America It likes
Fish and Water.



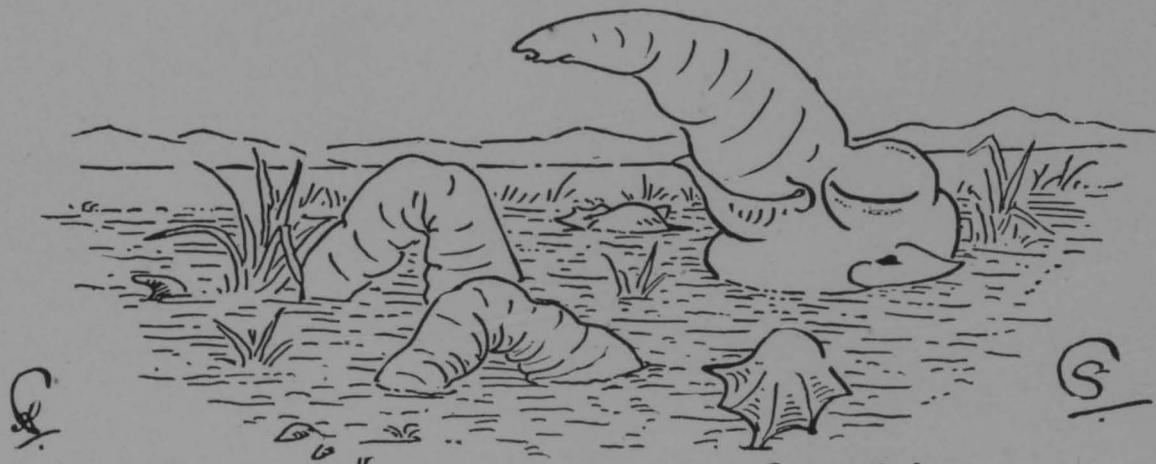
The Boddles



This Animal screams and eats candles
and soap



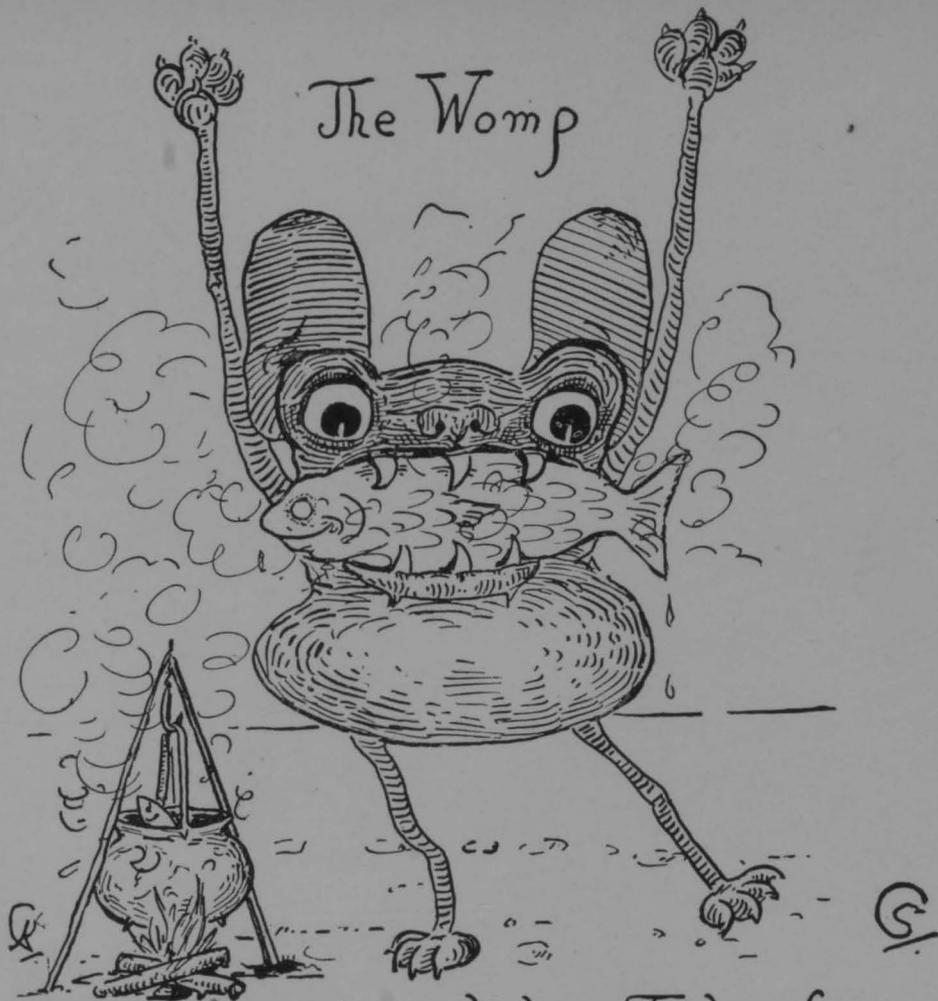
The Tappa



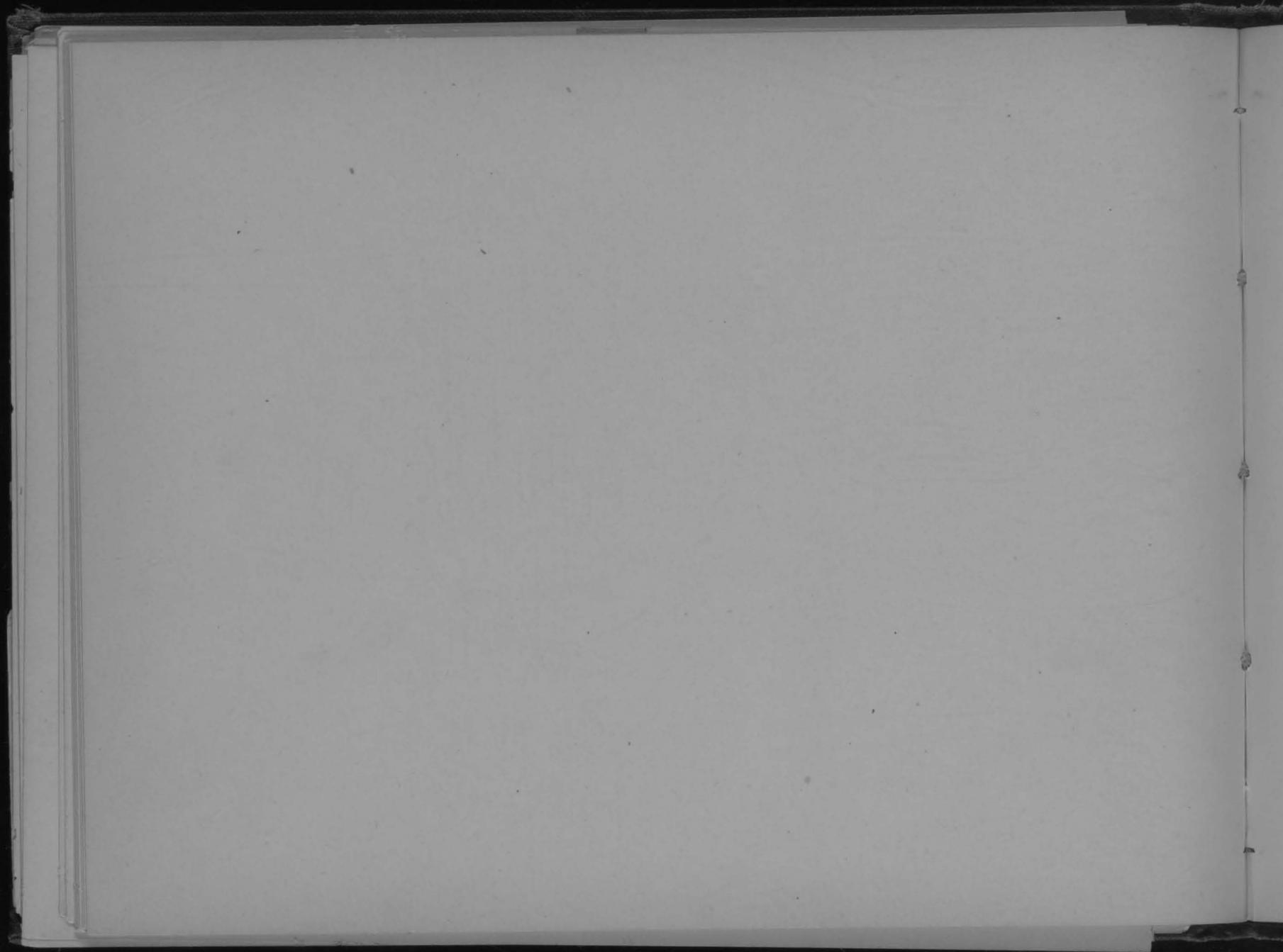
This Water Beast lives in the Mud and sleeps
very quietly



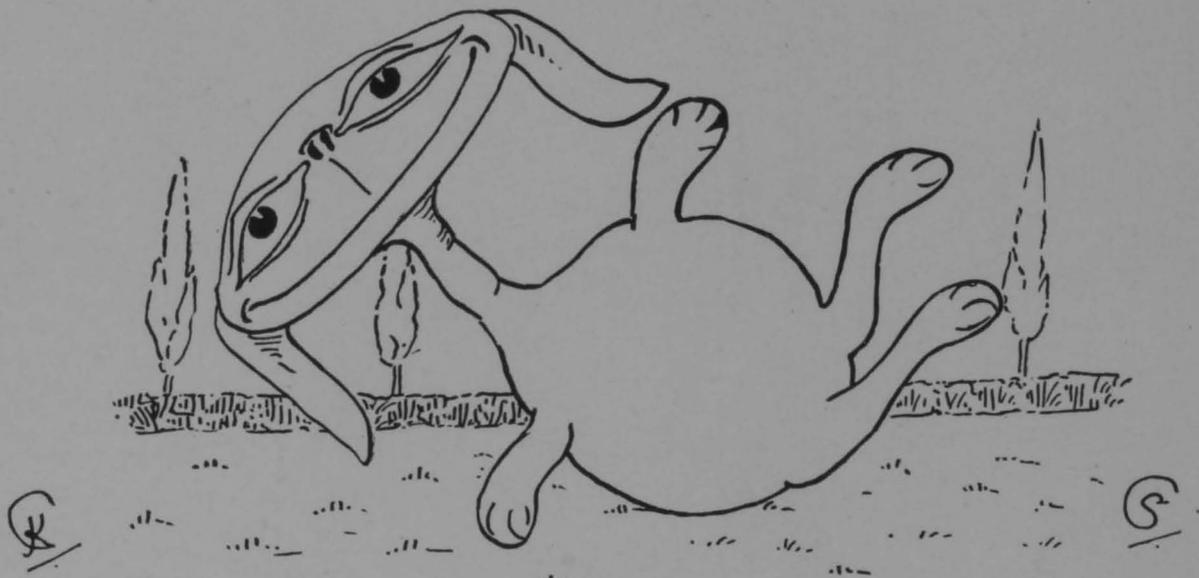
The Womp



This Animal loves boiling Fish and
scampers round and round



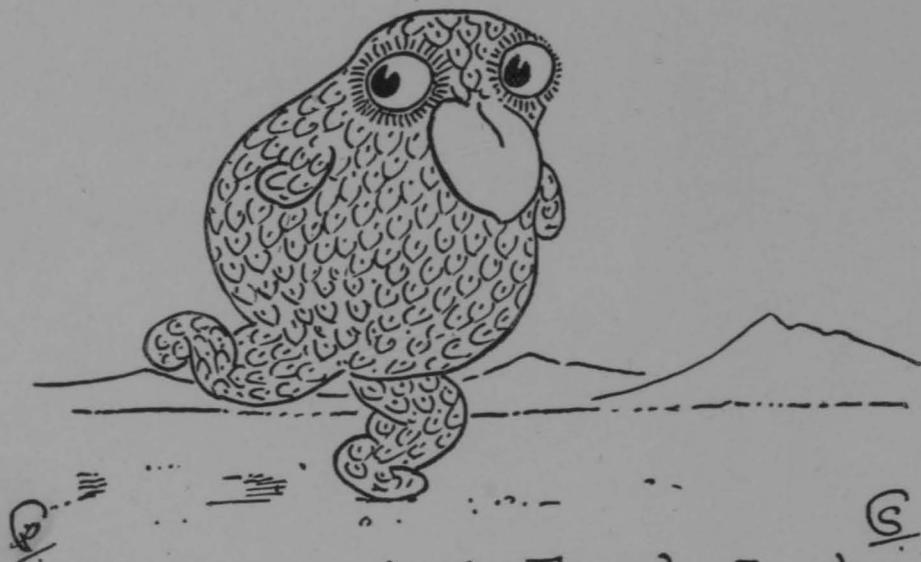
The Modd



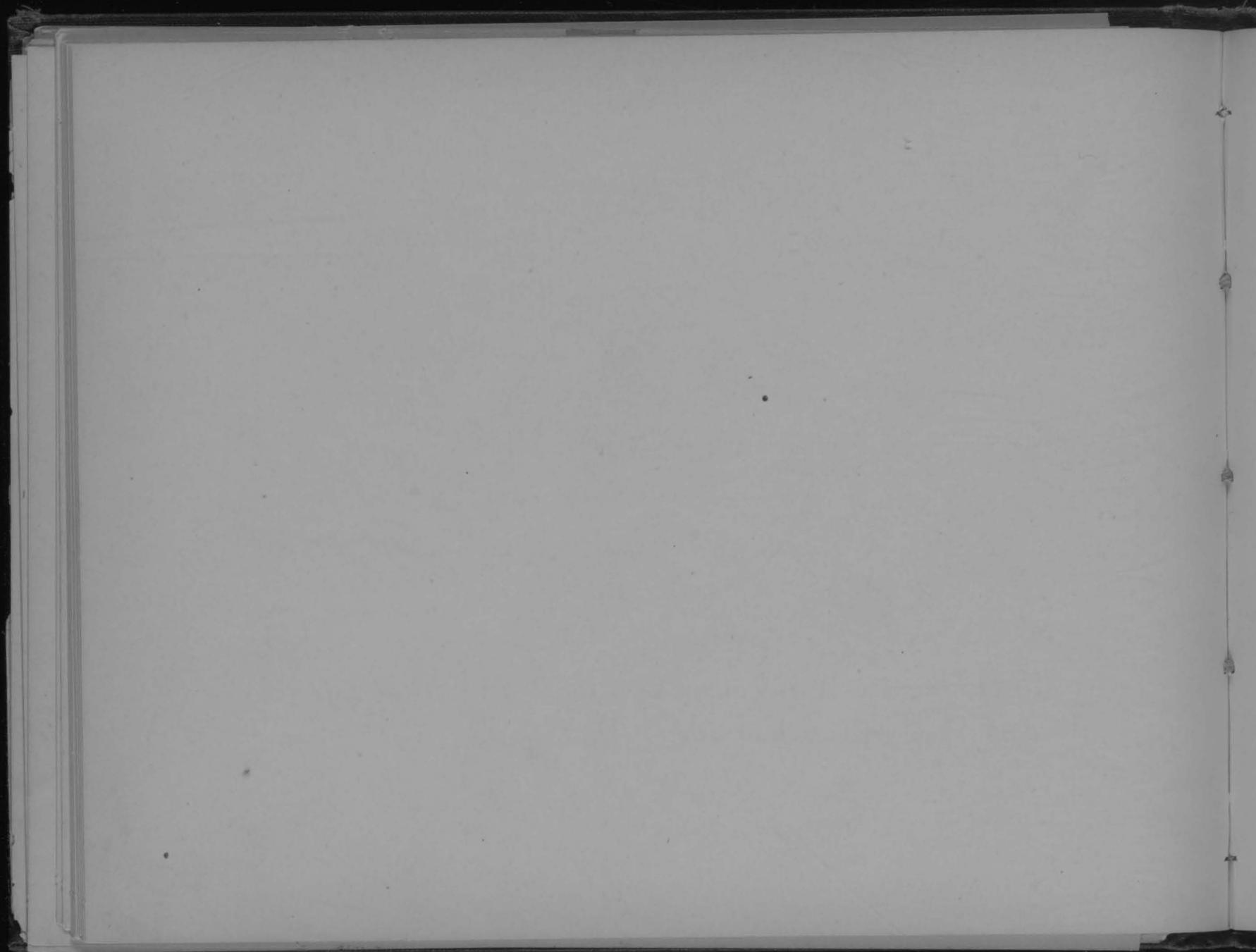
This Animal lives inside a great big Field
and rolls.



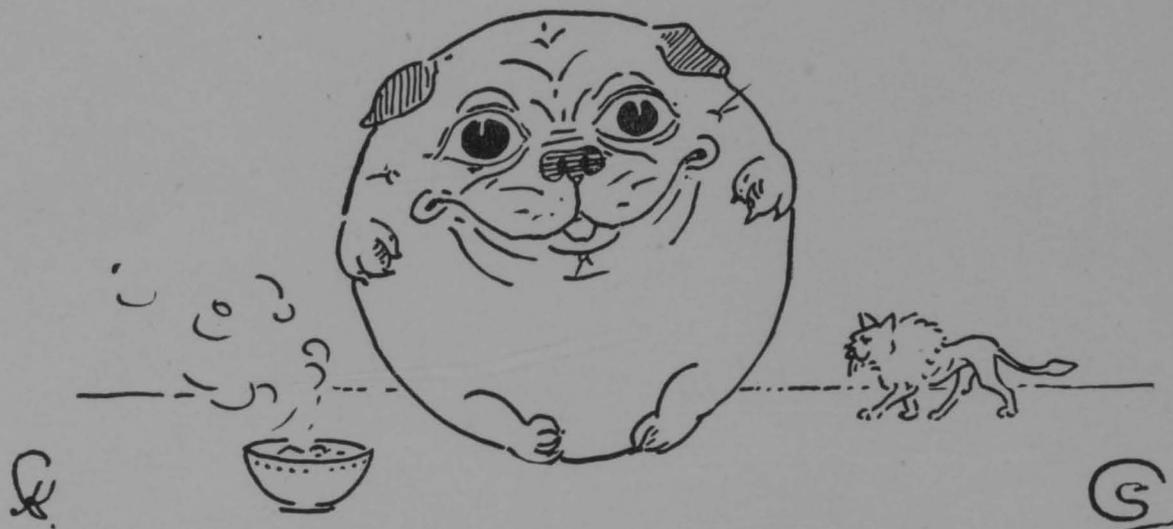
The Booba



This is a funny little Animal. It makes
no noise and runs

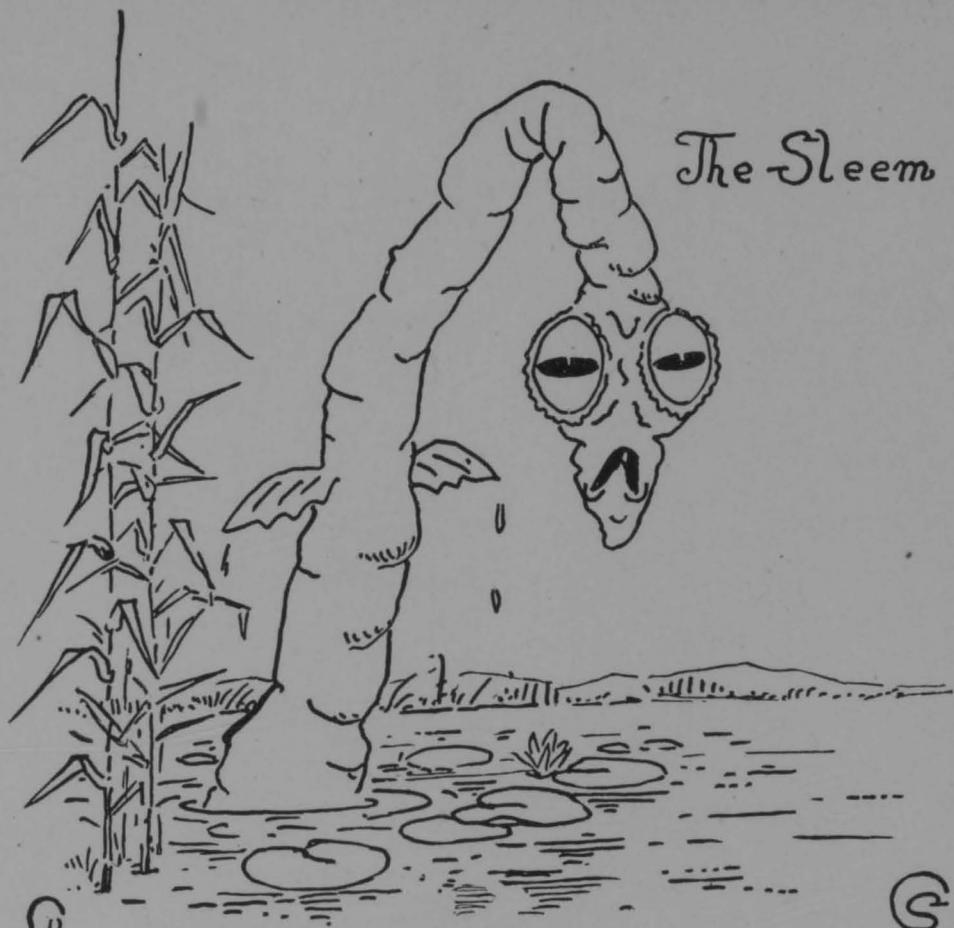


The Beppy



This Animal is as round as a Ball and likes Lions
and feeds on bread and milk — . —

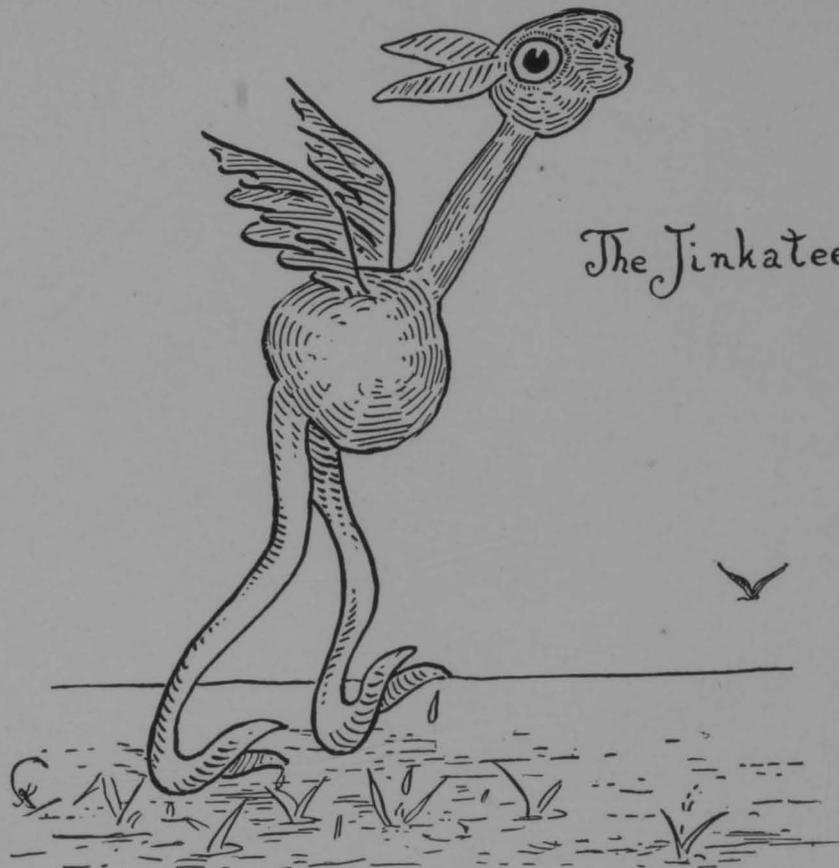




The Sleem

This Animal lives in the water and
sometimes bites.



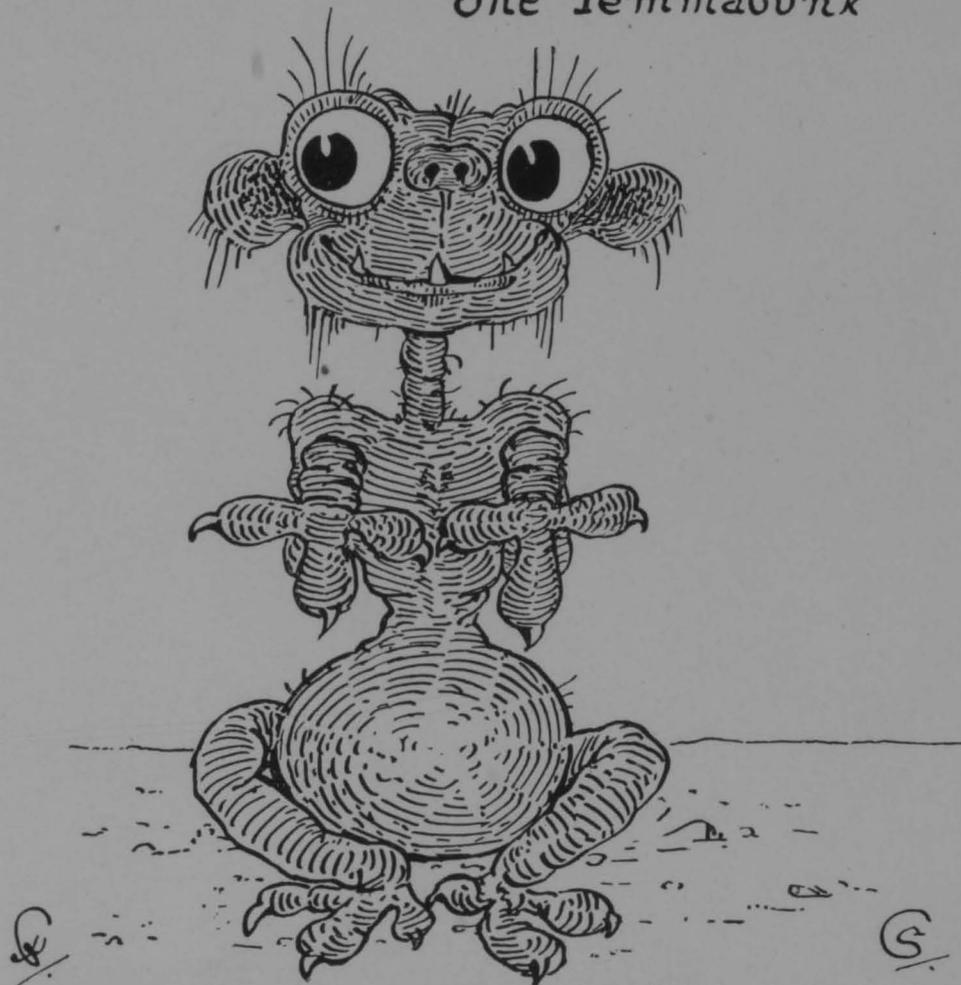


The Jinkatee

This Animal jumps and skips, eats every thing, a very frightened little Animal. They skip when they see Birds. —



The Temmalunk



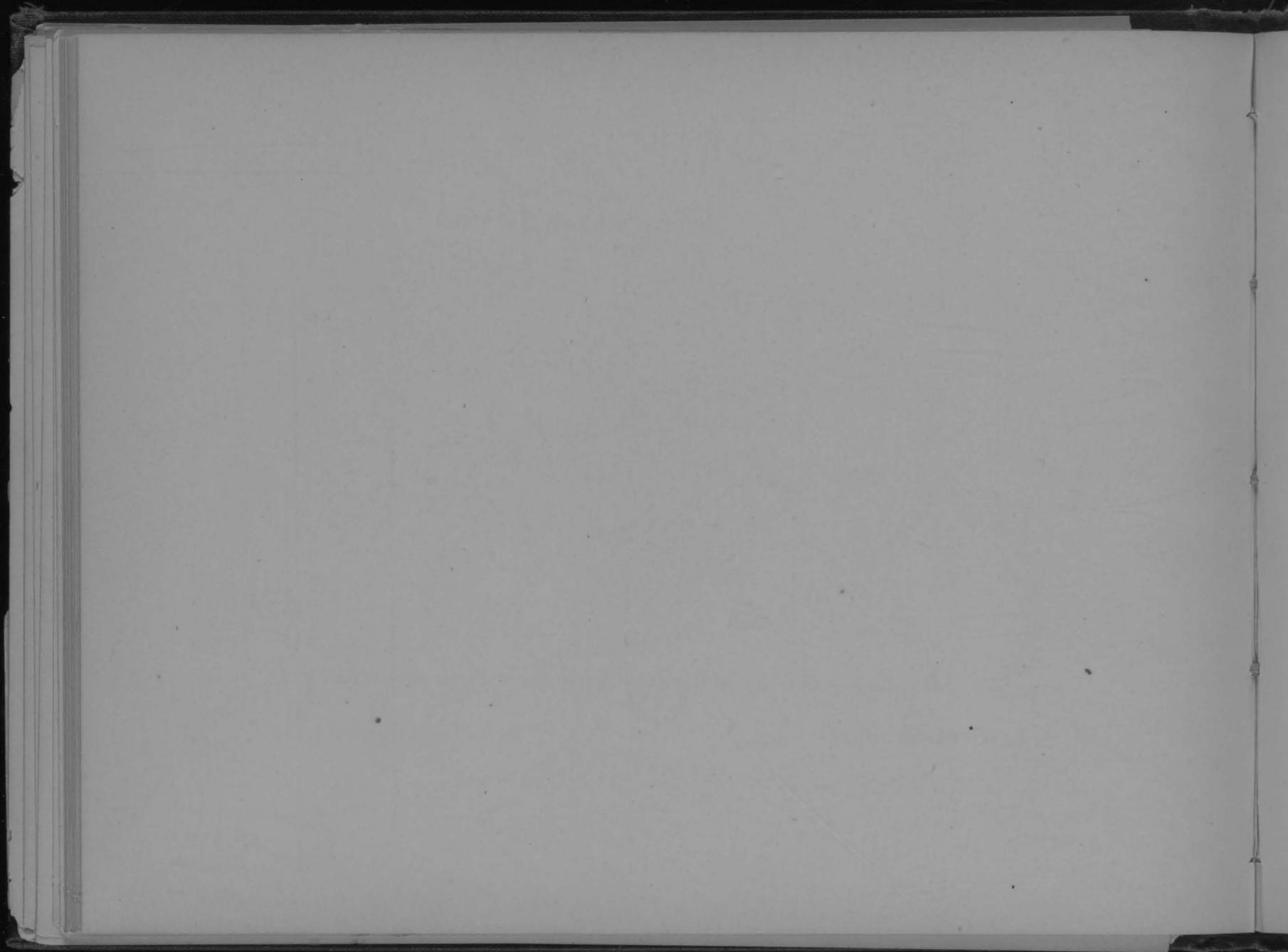
Nothing known about this Animal



The Kank



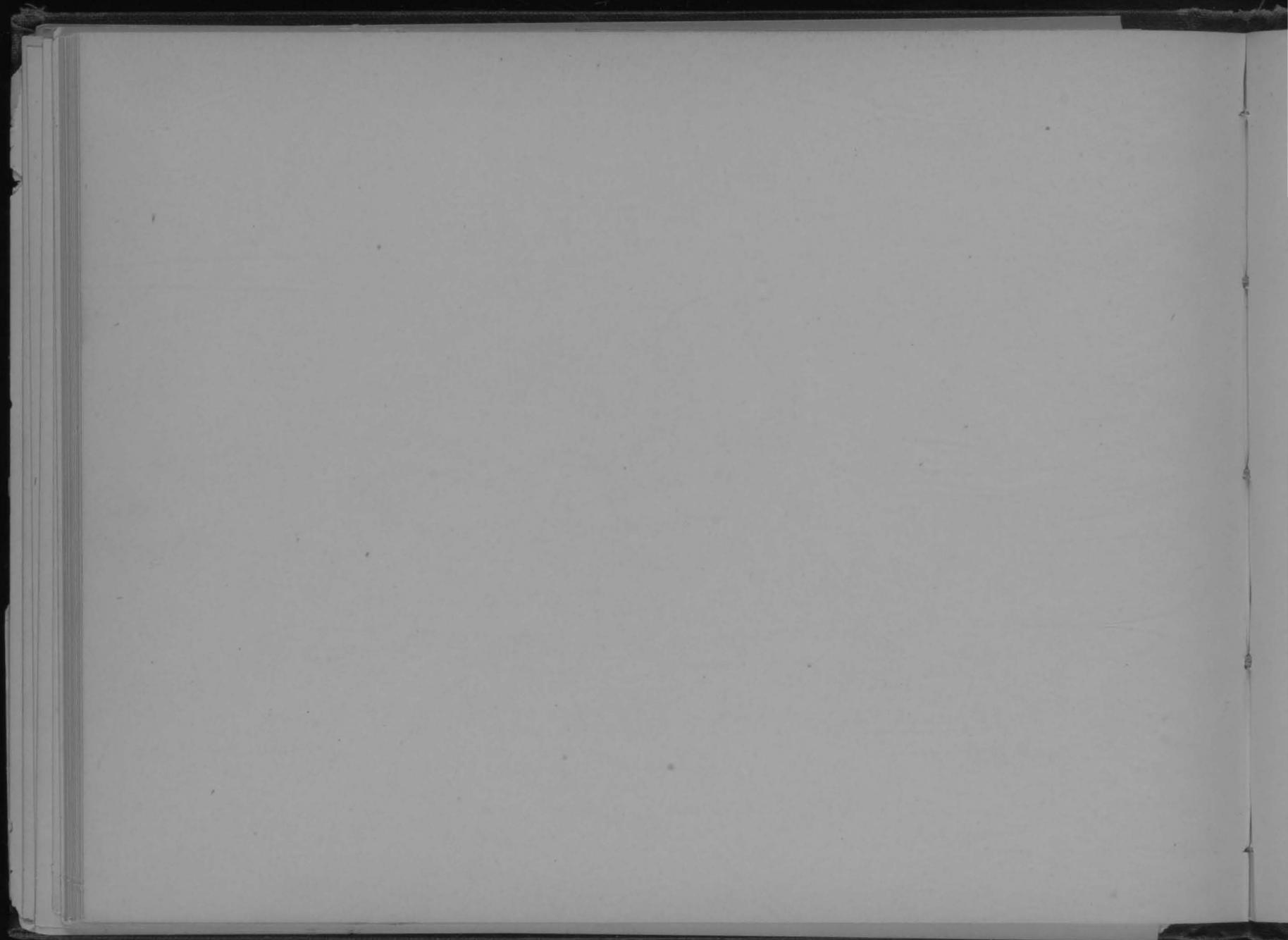
This Animal lives in a forest, eats hay comes every morning up to the front door. Its a kind little Animal It can do everything and thats all.



The Penna



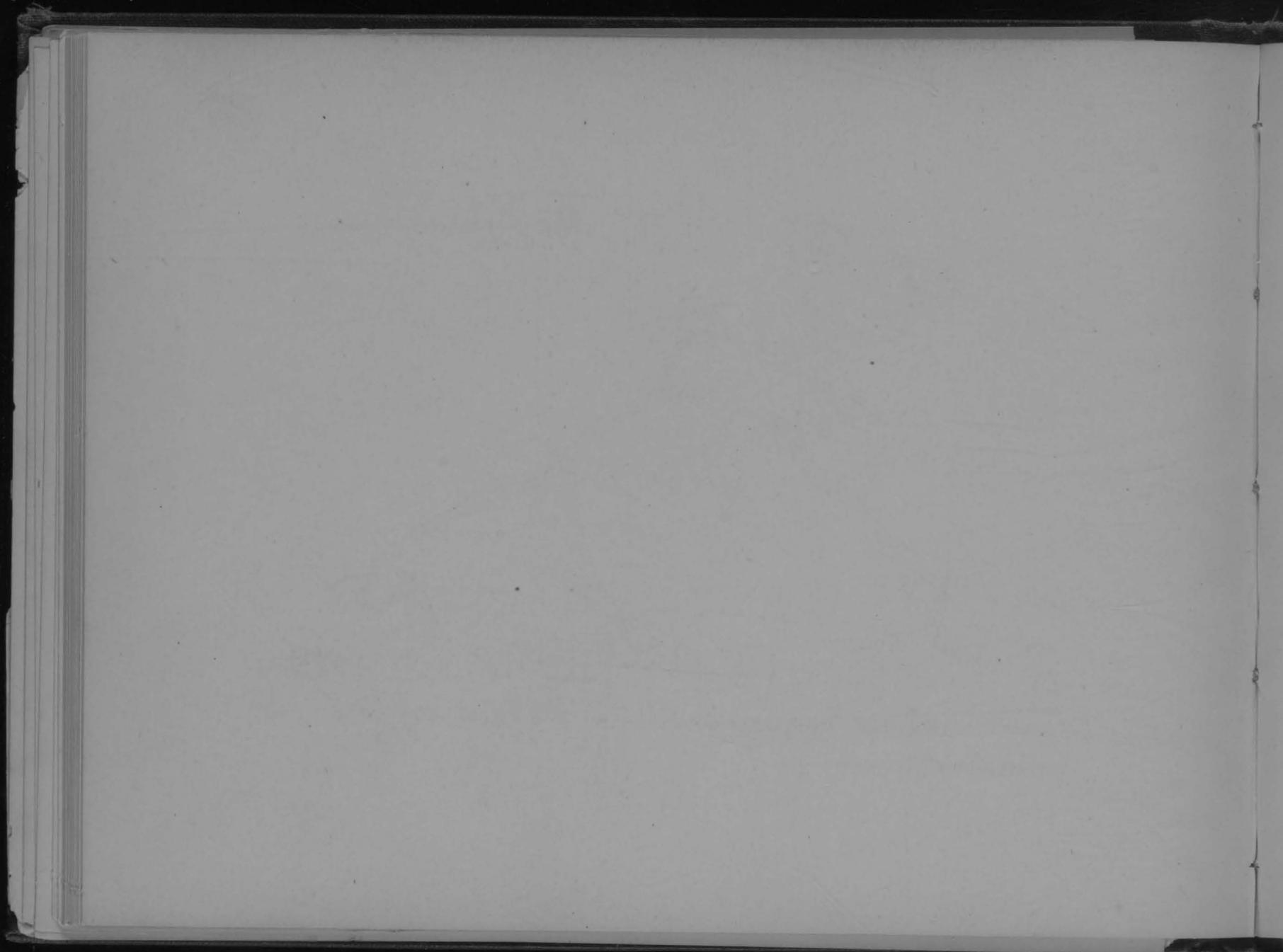
This Animal eats shell eggs and straw and is larger than a Buffalo



The Weeble



This Animal has such dainty little ways of pulling up
Potatoes



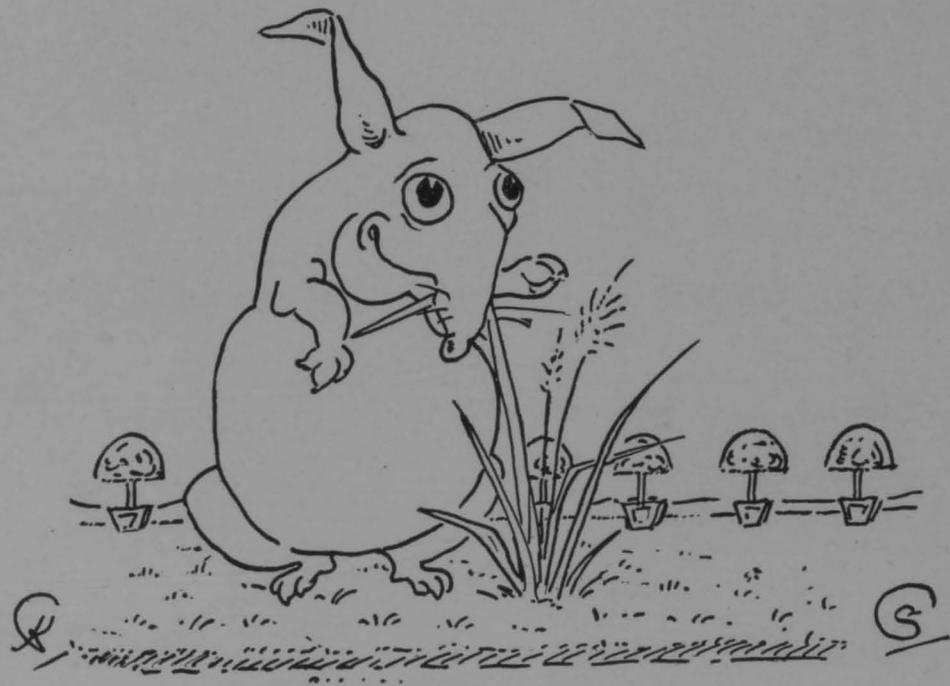
The Rikka



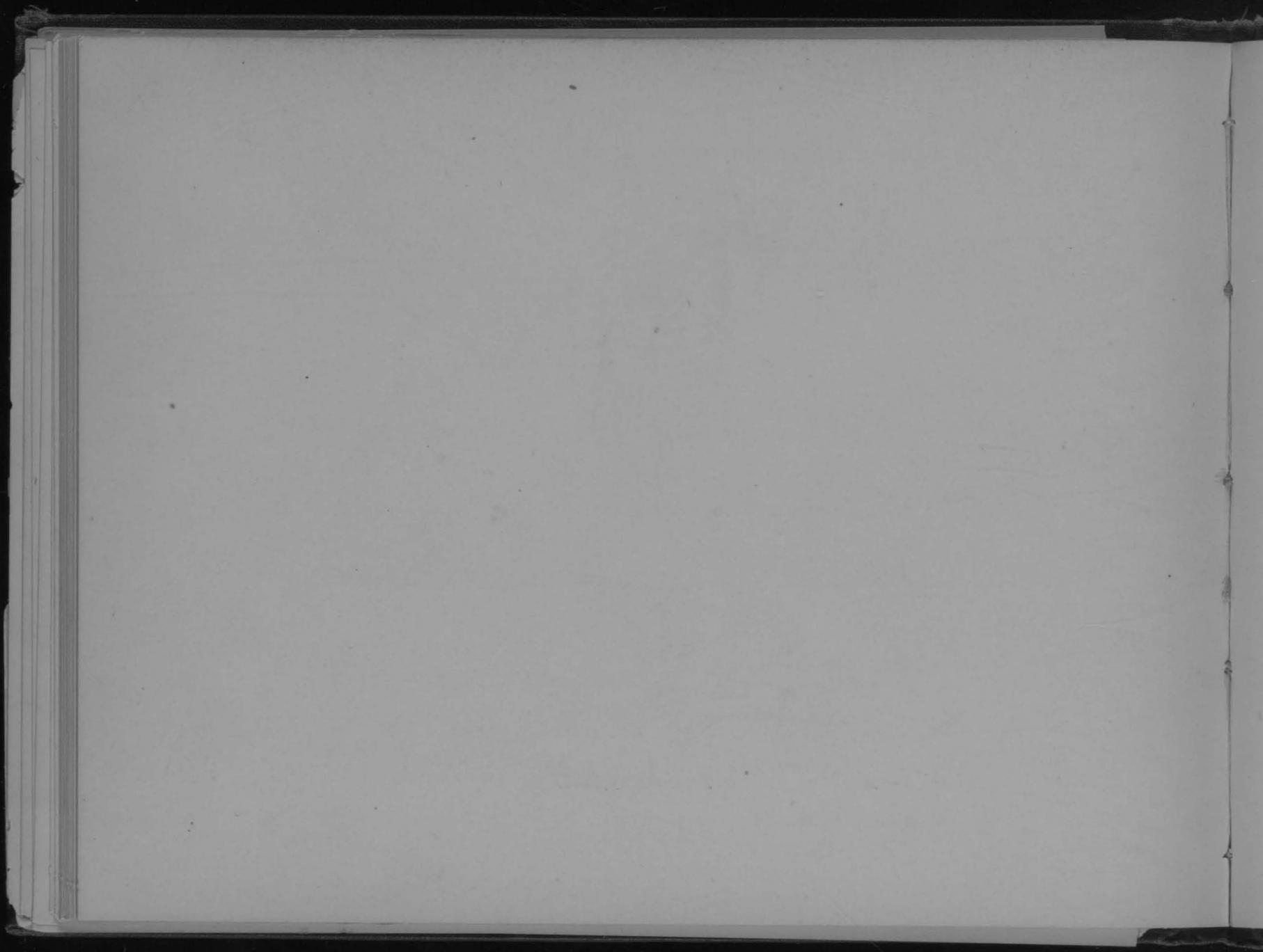
This Animal has long legs and kicks. He races and feeds on mincemeat. ———



The Toop



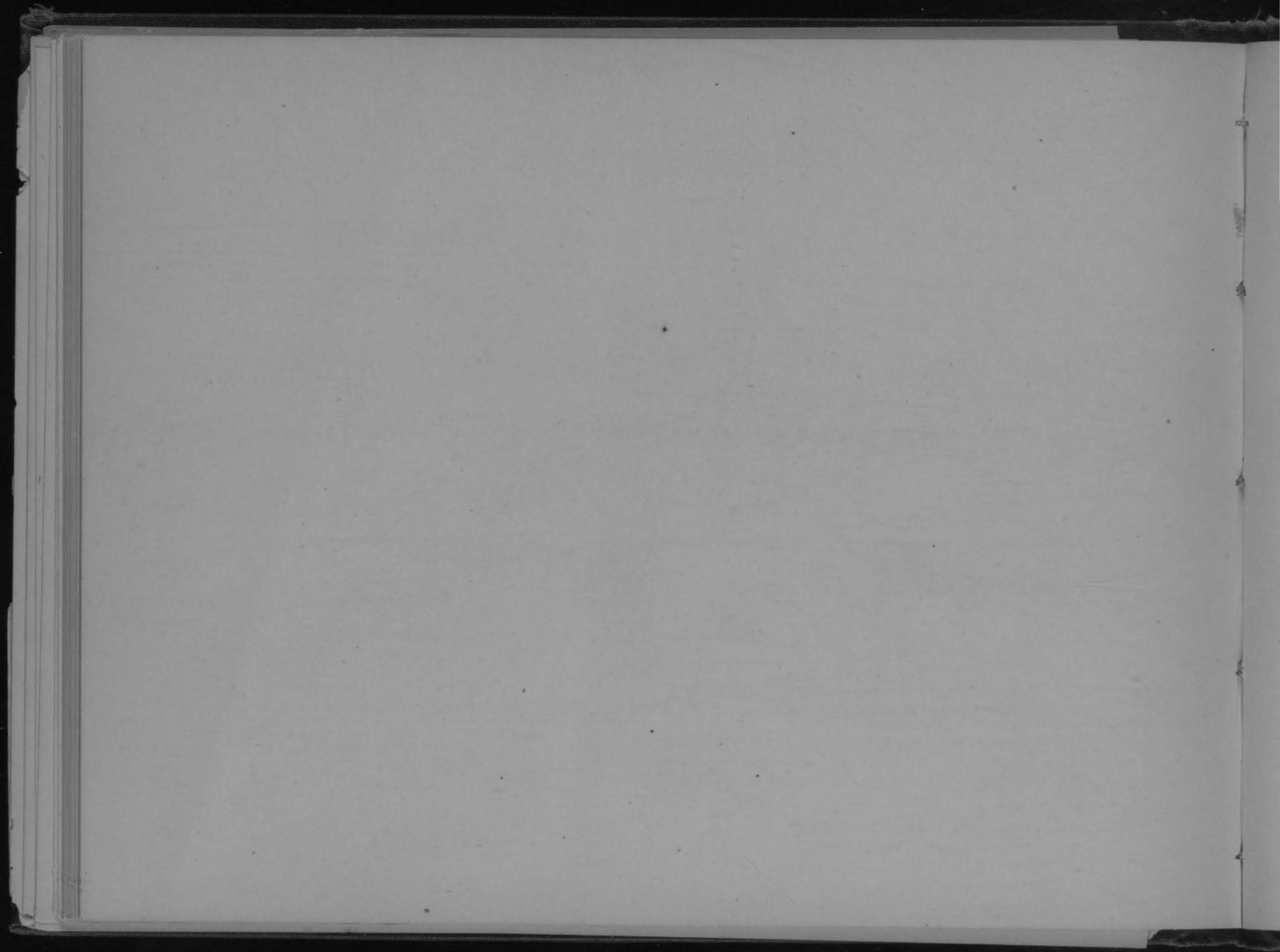
This Animal is very kind and comes into every Garden. It pulls long grass and eats it



The Pollyannser



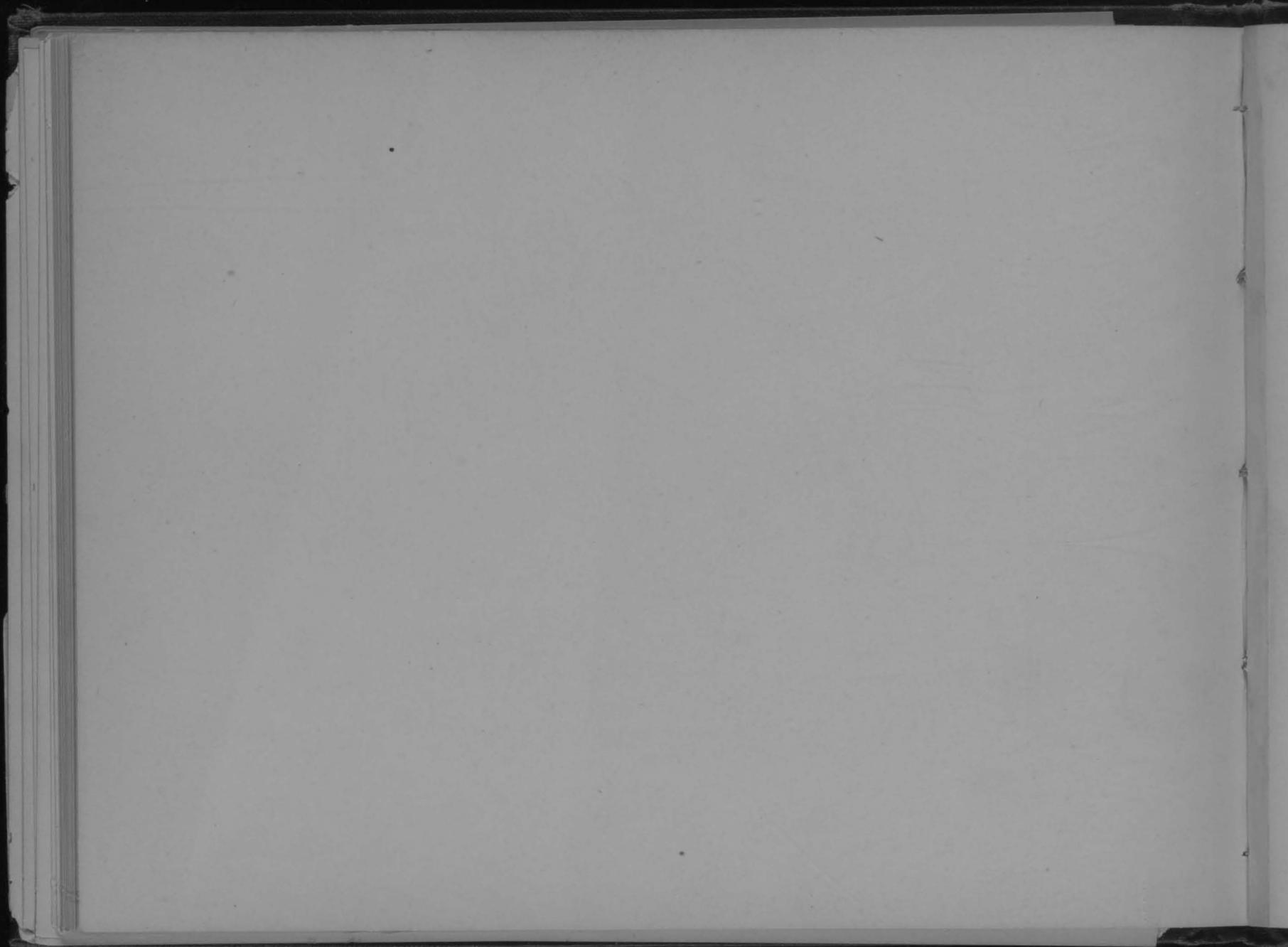
This gentle Bird feeds on Frame Food
if possible.



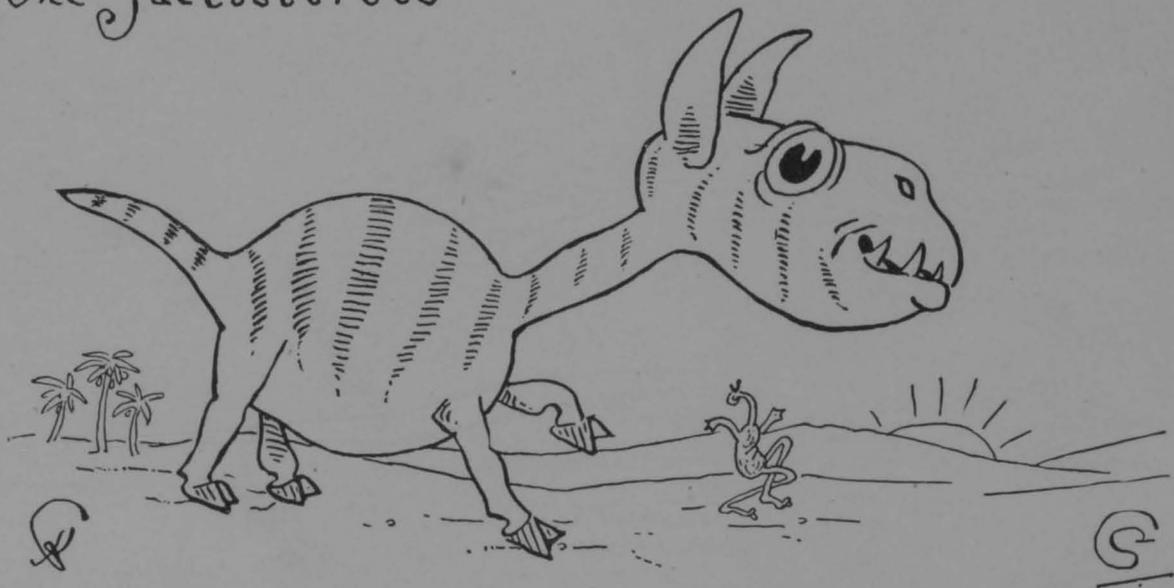
The Beeda



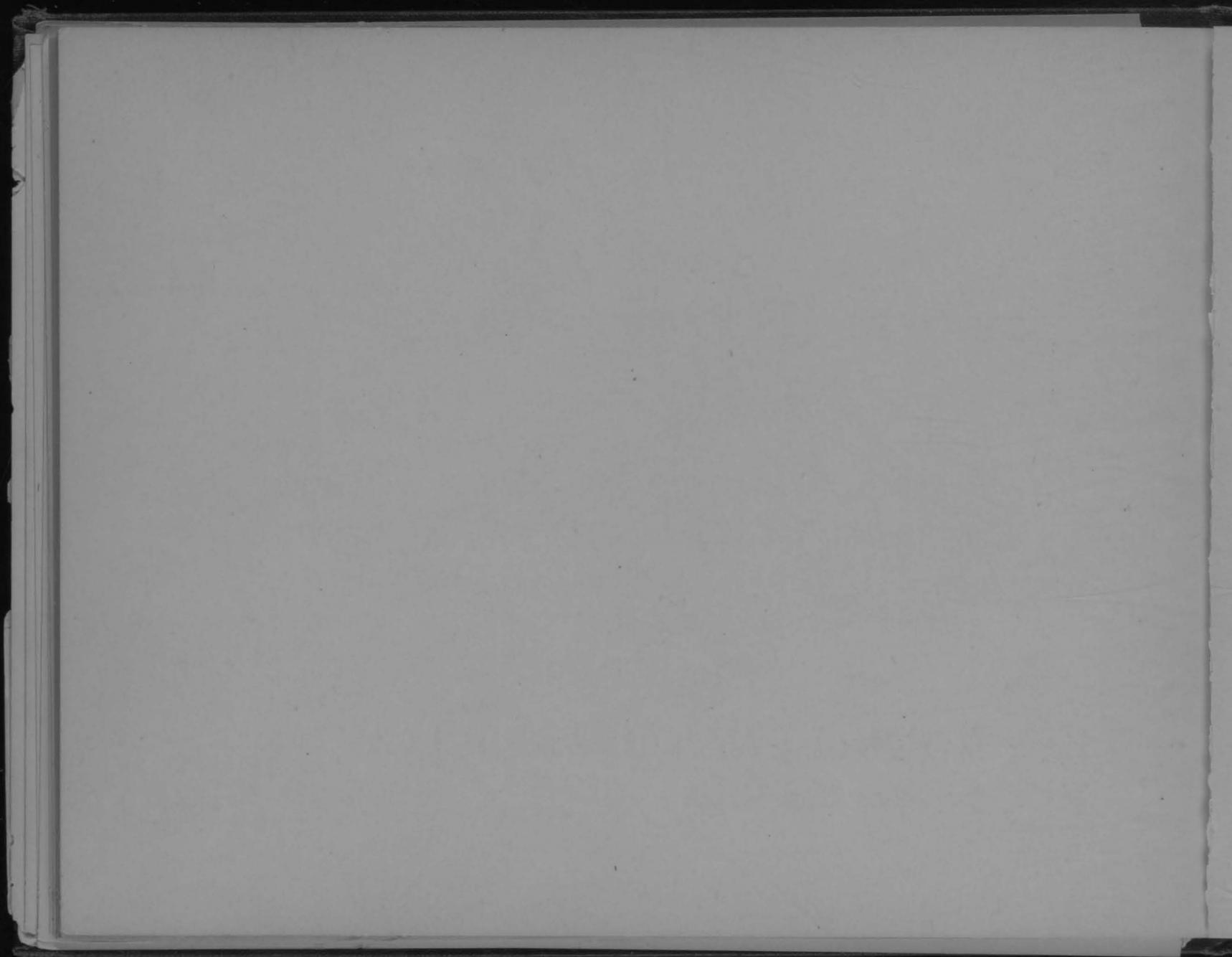
Every kind of mouse this Animal sees it runs after. It eats and bites pins like anything. Nothing more about it



The Jactusturdus



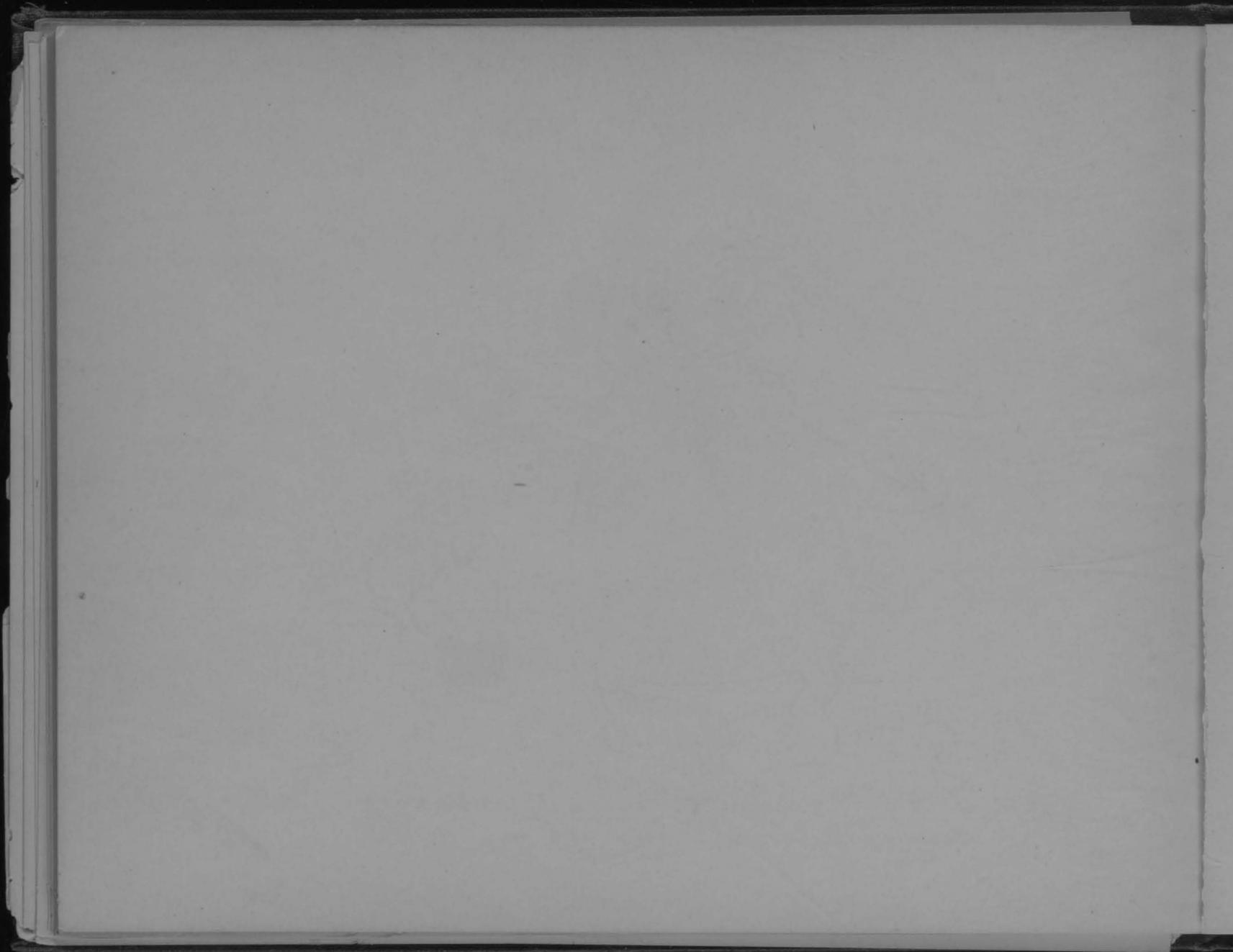
This Animal lays eggs in the Sand. They try to catch Didds but Didds are very frightened.



The Wuss



This Animal turns its back and eats
Snakes — —

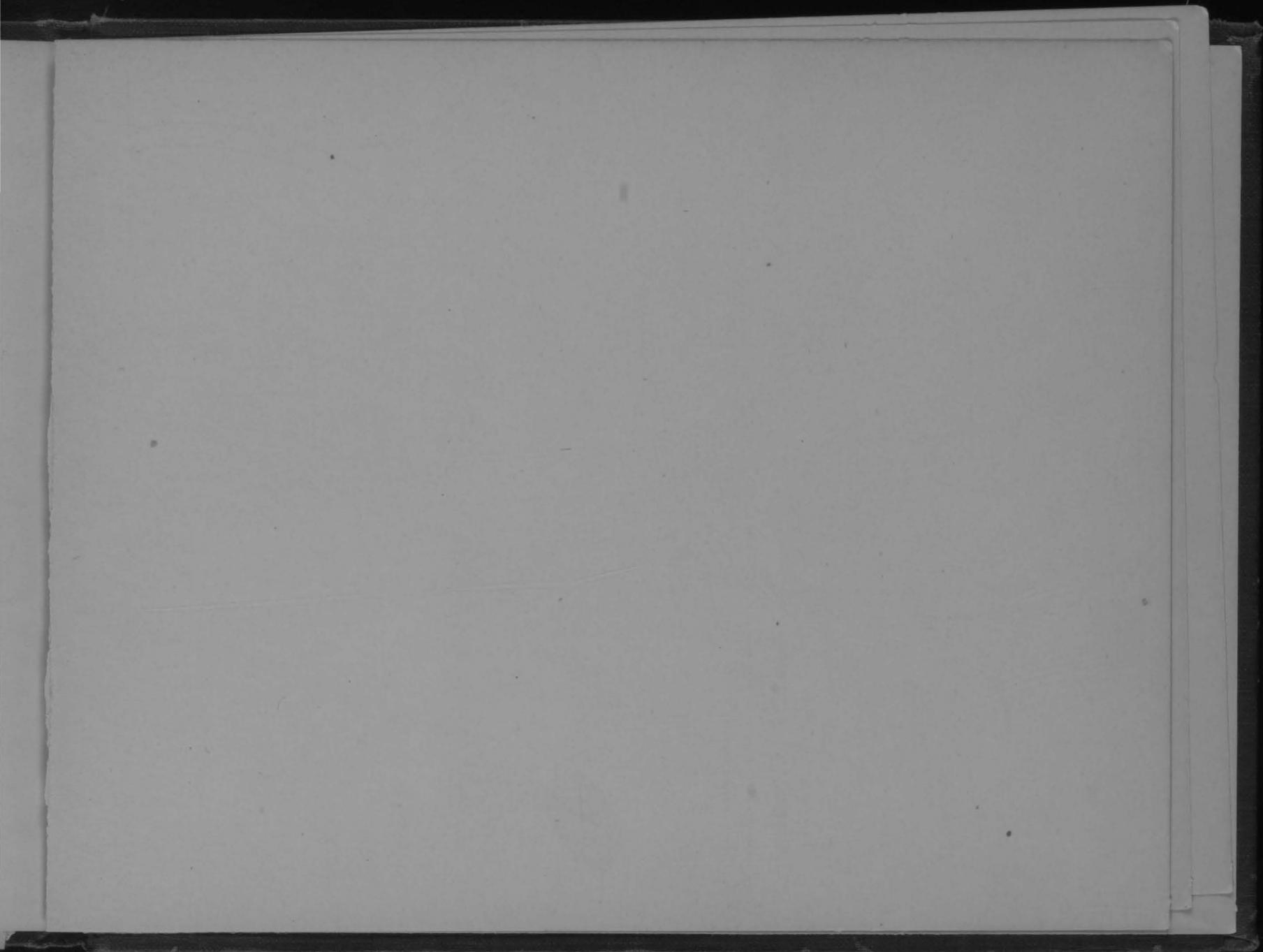


The Junn



This pretty Creature makes Friends very easily. It loves black Dogs. —

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