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HENRY RIDER HAGGARD.



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FACULTAD DE FILOSOFIA Y HUMANIDADES
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P R E F A C E .

First of all I must say that my attempt is to give a general sketch of this author's character, works and even of his life through the reading of his wonderful romances and novels, and praise his art as a storyteller and romance-writer.

While reading his queer and curious stories one after another, and having become almost thoroughly acquainted with his idiosyncrasy and mysterious and at the same time simple way of writing, really I became a true and great admirer of Henry Rider Haggard, though he is not considered as a first rate writer. It is a great pity that he is so little known, though some of his works are translated into Spanish, and I hope that in a short time he will become very popular as he deserves to be, especially among people who are fond of those magnificent and strange adventures he excels in displaying; for he is the author of a great number of noted fantastical stories, which he wrote with intelligence and enthusiasm; he is the master of wizardry and romance.

A great part of his works are historical romances, and to write an historical study is a difficult task if one is going to carry it out with a true artistic conscience and efficacy of evocation. It is necessary to live the more or less remote life of the personages

who must move in the scene which has been raised from the past; to give them the exact idiosyncrasy that the epoch, customs and ideas of thence infiltrated in the people, to think as they thought, etc. The writer must leave off his own life, sink his spirit in the epochs he tries to study and reflect in his pages; to abstain from almost all communication with his present, to withdraw his influence and then to carry out the imagined work.

He feels curiosity for the remote and far off past; the narration of the most distant events make us feel the suggestive emotion of real situations.

.....

I kindly beg Mr. Raul Ramirez to accept this great effort of mine in disenterring the name of this writer from the shadows of ignorance and for my desire that every reader will love and respect him through the reading of his works.

I'll be very much obliged to him.

AAAAA

Olga Orjick

B I B L I O G R A P H Y .

"Encyclopedia Britannica".

"Days of my Life" by H.Rider Haggard. (The chapter called "Youth" in which the author takes up the story of his career after an interval spent in South Africa; published in the "Strand Magazine".

"Lysbeth".

"Marie".

"She".

"Eric Brighteyes".

"King Solomon's Mines".

"Colonel Quaritch. V. C.". ~~.....~~

"Queen Sheba's Ring".

"Child of Storm",

~~.....~~

HENRY RIDER HAGGARD.

(1856 - 1926).

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

A full life was that of Henry Rider Haggard, best known as plain Rider Haggard even after the knight-hood conferred on him in 1913. An English novelist, born at Bradenham Hall, Norfolk on the 22nd of June 1856 and educated at Ipswich, he is said to have shown but little promise in his early years, and in manner to have been dreamy and absorbed. His young imaginings may have been mainly occupied with life's wonder and mystery; for we are told in the scanty materials at present available that he was of a mystical turn of mind and by nature ascetic. (1).

Just before he came of age he entered the civil service and in 1875, when he was 19, he went to South Africa as secretary to Sir Henry Bulwer, Governor of Natal, and later in 1877 he is to be found on the staff of the special commissioner, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, in which capacity it fell to him to hoist the Union Jack in the square of Pretoria on the first annexation of the Transvaal, and he subsequently became a master of the high court of the Transvaal. There he performed many important charges, both in the civil and the judicial service.

.....

(1). Taken from the editor's note to "She".

His South African experiences, of course, bore fruit in many subsequent novels, and his practical side is further evidenced by his intense interest in farming problems and everything relating to the land; he showed great interest in rural and agricultural questions, being a practical gardener and farmer on his estate in Norfolk.

His "Rural England" (2 vols) published in 1903 after a journey through the United Kingdom is still by way of being indispensable to students of the subject. In it he expresses the evils of depopulation in county districts.

He married in England in 1880 a Norfolk heiress, Miss Louisa Margitson, but returned for a while to the Transvaal in time to witness its surrender to the Boers and the overthrow of the policy of his former chief. England, however, claimed him again in 1884, in which year he was called to the Bar, and became occupied with the hack-work of reporting divorce-cases. By this time he had already made some slight reputation with his first book "Cetewayo and his White Neighbours" or "Remarks on Recent Events in Zululand, Natal and the Transvaal" (1883). It is the result of some six years' experience in South Africa in official and private capacities, and it contains among other things a private history of the annexation of the Transvaal. This book was

written in defence of Sir Shepstone's policy, and at first proved a total failure.

This was followed by his earlier novels "Dawn" (1884) and "The Witch's Head" (1885).

While he and his wife were at Norwood, a little incident occurred, on account of which he became a writer of fiction. In church one Sunday, they saw sitting near them a singularly beautiful and pure-faced young lady. They agreed that this semi-divine creature ought to be the heroine of a novel. Thus the story called "Dawn" was the result. A little dedication is inserted in it:

After many years
I dedicate this my first story
To
That unknown lady,
once seen, but unforgotten, the
Mould and Model of Angela,
The magic of whose face turned my mind
To the making of books".

A critic in the Times said, speaking of "Dawn":
it is a tale of character, pathos, incident and new ground. At Peking or Hong-Kong - it is one of the favourite subjects of study among the Chinese students of English Literature. "Dawn" continues the critic, is a novel of merit far above the average.

From the first page the story arrests the mind and arouses the expectation... This is, we repeat, a striking and original novel breathing an elevated if somewhat exaggerated tone".

- Who wrote this remark we don't know. -

"The Witch's Head" which contains an account of the British defeat at Isandhlwana, in the author's opinion is not so good as "Dawn"; but it was extremely well received and within certain limits very successful.

After having published a history and two long novels, Haggard determined to abandon the writing of fiction and devote himself entirely to his profession. He says: "Had it not been for a curious chance my literary efforts would have ended with the publication of "The Witch's Head", and probably by now my labours at the Bar would almost have obliterated them from my memory. But as it happened, I read in one of the weekly papers a notice of Stevenson's "Treasure Island" so laudatory that I procured and studied that work and was impelled by its perusal to try and write a book for boys".

The result was "King Solomon's Mines" (1886) suggested by the Zimbabwe ruins, which first made him popular and which brought him prominently before the public and determined his career.

Andrew Lang (one of the soundest and ablest

critics of his time) in a letter to Rider Haggard, says: "Seldom have I read a book with so much pleasure. I think it perfectly delightful. There is so much invention and imaginative power and knowledge of African character in your book, that I almost prefer it to "Treasure Island". (1).

As it proved an instant success, he soon took to literary work and published about sixty books in all, on agriculture, on country life and on sociology, a book of travel, novels, romances and a book on political history.

"She" (1887) another fantastic African story which followed was even more successful, and firmly established him as one of the leading romance-writers of the day. "She" has become one of the most popular romances of our time on account of its striking originality. This book and the no less famous "King Solomon's Mines" may be said to have become 'classics' in the lifetime of their author, and indeed many people, thinking of him in the past tense were quite surprised at the news of his death so recently as the 14th of May 1925. (2).

"Ayesha" or "The Return of She" was published in 1905. This scene of "Jess" (1887) and of "Allan Quater-
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(1) Taken from "Days of my Life" published in the "Strand Magazine" of May 1926.
(2) Taken from the editor's note to "She".

main" (1888) the continuation of "King Solomon's Mines" was also led in Africa. In 1895 he unsuccessfully contested the East Norfolk parliamentary division in the Unionist interest.

In 1905 he was commissioned by the colonial office to inquire after the Salvation Army settlements at Fort Rome, S. California and Fort Amity, Colorado with a view to the establishment of similar colonies in South Africa. His report on the subject was first published as a blue book and afterwards in an enlarged edition as "The Poor and the Land" (1905) with suggestions for a scheme of national land settlement in Great Britain itself, etc.

He was knighted in 1912. In the same year he was appointed a member of the royal commission to inquire into the natural resources and the improvement of the trade of the British Empire.

He took a keen interest in the after-war settlement of the ex-service men, and in 1916 visited the overseas dominions in that connexion. He was created K.B.E. in 1919. (1).

Some one has said that "his remarkable fertility and range of imagination, controlled by a singular power of investing even the wildest incidents with an air of plausibility struck an entirely new note at a period somewhat barren in respect of new and

(1) Taken from the Encyclopedia Britannica.

original literary work. The years have also proved that his romances were not merely ephemeral productions. Rider Haggard, in short, though dead, yet lives in the sense that his spirit survives in them. They are assured of permanence while thrilling tales of endurance and adventure are popular with that vast public which knows what pleasure is to be found within the covers of good books", (1).

.....

(1) - Taken from the editor's note to "She".

A CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF HIS WORKS.

"Cetewayo and his White Neighbours"..... (on political history).	1883.
"Dawn"	1884.
"The Witch's Head"	1885.
"King Solomon's Mines"	1886.
"She"	1887.
"Jess" (a story of the first Boer War)	1887.
"Allan Quatermain"	1887.
"Maiwa's Revenge"	1888.
"Mr. Meeson's Will"	1888.
"Colonel Quaritch, V.C."	1888.
"Cleopatra"	1889.
"Allan's Wife"	1889.
"Beatrice"	1890.
"The World's Desire" (a romance of Helen of Troy, written in collaboration with Andrew Lang).	1890.
"Eric Brighteyes"	1891.
"Nada the Lily"	1893.
"Montezuma's Daughter"	1894.
"The People of the Mist"	1894.
"Joan Haste"	1895.
"Heart of the World"	1896.
"Doctor Therne"	1898.
"Swallow"	1898.
"A Farmer's Year"	1899.
"Black Heart and White Heart"	1900.
"The New South Africa"	1900.
"Lysbeth" (a tale of the Dutch)	1901.
"A Winter Pilgrimage" (a book of travel)	1901.
"Rural England" (3 vol.)	1903.
"Pearl Maiden"	1903.
"Stella Fregelius"	1903.
"The Brethren"	1904.
"A Gardener's Year"	1905.
"Ayeshs" or "The Return of She"	1905.
"The Poor and the Land"	1905.
"The Way of the Spirit"	1906.
"Benita"	1906.
"Fair Margaret"	1907.
"The Ghost Kings"	1908.
"The Yellow God" (an idol of Africa)	1909.
"Morning Star"	1910.
"The Lady of Blossholme"	1910.
"Queen Sheba's Ring"	1911.
"Rural Denmark and its Lessons"	1911.
"The Mahatma and the Hare"	1911.
"Red Eve"	1911.
"Marie"	1912.
"Regeneration"	

"Child of Storm"	1913.
"The Wanderer's Necklace"	1914.
"The Holy Flower"	1915.
"The Ivory Child"	1916.
"Finished"	1917.
"Love Eternal"	1918.
"Moon of Israel"	1918.
"When the World Shook"	1919.
"The Ancient Allan"	1920.
"Smith and the Pharaoh, and other Tales".	
"She and Allan"	1921.
"The Virgin of the Sun"	1922.
"Wisdom's Daughter"	1923.

ANALYSIS OF SOME OF HIS

WORKS .

My general plan is to examine a few works of this author in some detail, not of all of them, because he is a very voluminous writer, and on the other hand they are so alike that it is not necessary to do it.

"MARIE" (1912).- A tale followed with deep interest. It is the story of Allan's first and only love. It is a strange and moving tale - full moreover of forgotten history. We find some historical interest in the story, and the scenes with all their details are both remarkable and impressive.

Some historical events of Cape Colony are: the Annexation of the Transvaal, the Zulu War, the first

Boer War, the Discovery of the Rand, the Taking of Rhodesia, the second Boer War and many other matters which in these quick moving times are now reckoned as ancient history. Those historical events, at length brought a period of peace to Southern Africa. To-day the flag of England flies from the Zambesi to the Cape.

It is, however, with an earlier Africa that this history deals. In 1836 hate and suspicion ran high between the Home Government and its Dutch Subjects. Owing to the freeing of the slaves and mutual misunderstandings, Cape Colony was then in tumult, almost in rebellion, and the Boers by thousands, sought new homes in the unknown, savage-peopled North. (1).

This story deals with that blood-stained time, the Great Trek and its tragedies, such as the massacre of the true-hearted Retief and his companions at the hands of the Zulu king, Dingaan, a savage potentate of whom and of whose armies everyone seemed to be in terror; and many white men were sacrificed to satisfy the whim of that savage king.

Very interesting, too, is the account given of the hideous sufferings of the trek-Boers who wandered into the fever veld, there to perish in the neighbourhood of Delagoa Bay, among the dreadful turmoil of the roaring flames, the yells of the savages and

(1) Taken from the introduction to the book.

the shrieks and groans of wounded and dying men. Very vivid is the description of their awful journey over mountains and through flooded rivers in a country which looked so healthy, but was poisoned with fever. All those Boers were no better than wandering beggars; many of them perished by the spears of the savages and endured lingering tortures of fever and starvation in the camp of death. After all, the Boers were not so far from the primitive conditions of humanity, when the first duty of man was to feed his wife and children; of that time when men and women have been married without the help of priests, by open declaration and public report.

Those poor Boers were, in general, good and honest men, yet they had been doomed to be brutally butchered at the nod of a savage despot, bloody-minded villain, their wives widowed, their children left fatherless, or in most cases murdered or orphaned.

Such were the dreadful cruelties that happened in Zululand in those days of bloodthirstiness and revenge. Of these sufferings, especially those that were endured by Friechard and his companions, a few brief contemporary records still exist, buried in scanty works of reference.

The result is that some seven hundred men, women and children have lost their lives in a very cruel manner, butchered like beasts in Zululand.

It may be mentioned also that it was a common belief among the Boers of that generation that the cruel death of Retief and his companions and other misfortunes which befell them were due to the treacherous plottings of an Englishman with the despot Dingaan.

This story deals with Mr. Quatermain's strange experiences, when a very young man he accompanied the ill-fated Pieter Retief and the Boer commission on an embassy to the Zulu despot, Dingaan. This ended in their massacre, Allan Quatermain himself and his Hottentot servant Hans being the sole survivors of the slaughter. Also it deals with another matter more personal to himself: his courtship and marriage to his first wife, Marie Marais.

"Marie" is an idyllic love-story, full of beautiful descriptive passages, full of fantasy; the reason being that perhaps in Africa there are many spots, which give colour to the fancy.

.....

"LYSBETH". - (1901) a tale of the Dutch.

It is an historical romance divided into three books; the first is entitled "The Sowing"; the second "The Ripening" and the third "The Harvesting". This work is dedicated to the memory of one of the greatest and most noble-hearted of human beings who ever lived in any age, the immortal William of Orange, called

the Silent; the man called forth by God to whom Holland owes its liberties, and who for ever broke the hideous yoke of religious fanaticism among the Teuton races.

There are, roughly, says the author, two ways of writing an historical romance: the first to choose some notable and leading characters of the time to be treated, and by the help of history attempt to picture them as they were; the other to make a study of that time and history with the country in which it was enacted and from it to deduce the necessary characters. In the case of "Lysbeth" the author has attempted this second method.

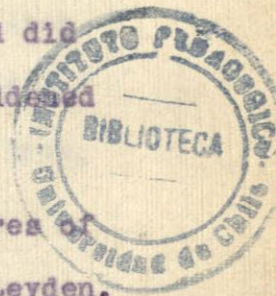
By an example of the trials, adventures and victories of a burgher family of the generation of Philip the second and William the Silent he strives to set before the readers of to-day something of the like of those who lived through perhaps the most fearful and hideous tyranny that the western world has ever known. How is it that they lived one wenders; how is it that they did not die of very terror, those of them who escaped the scaffold, famine and the pestilences of various sorts?...

It was the time when Philip the King ruled in Spain and the Duke of Alva was his prophet in the Netherlands. Our scene is the city of Leyden. -It is the story of a people's agony during fateful years; in those days of terror and suspicion when with one decree of the Holy Office, confirmed by a

proclamation of Philip, king of Spain, all the inhabitants of the Netherlands, three millions of them, had been condemned to death, accused of witchcraft and heresy. Men's minds were full of terror, for on every side were burnings and hangings and torturings. All this because they chose to worship God in their own common Dutch fashion unaided by images and priests. So dreadful were the times that a knocking on the door at an unaccustomed hour was enough to throw those within into a paroxysm of fear, especially if at that moment they chanced to be harbouring a pastor of the New Faith, a crime punishable with death. But not all the wickedness of those days lies on the heads of the Inquisition and the Spaniards; the adherents of the new Religion were also fierce and bloody-minded and did evil things also, but because they had been maddened by their sufferings.

"Lysbeth" is the chronicle of the adventures of the heroes of a burgher family of the city of Leyden.

Lysbeth, a Dutch lady, the only daughter of a sea-captain, inherited a very considerable fortune after her father's death; a brave woman she was, one who had passed through many dangers, a typical Dutch heroine. She was in love with her cousin Dirk van Goorl who loved her with that patient sincerity which was characteristic of his race. But to save Dirk's life, who was accused of being a heretic of



the most pernicious sort, she was forced to marry a Spanish spy, Count Juan de Montalvo, whose ruling passion was money. Then it was discovered that he had celebrated a bygamous marriage, and he was sent to serve for fourteen years in the galleys as a common slave. After Lysbeth married Dirk and a son was born, whom they named Foy. This boy is the true popular hero of this story. A quality of good spirits in a depressing and melancholy age made Foy an extraordinary popular character.

Very interesting and admired are the risks and dangers through which he had passed with his faithful servant and inseparable mate the Frisian giant called Martin the Red. Less important characters in the story and worthy of mention are the Burgomaster Pieter van de Werff, who saved Leyden from the Spanish; Hendrick Brant, the friend and cousin of Dirk, who bequeathed his money for the defence of his country, the freedom of religious faith and the destruction of the Spaniards. Adrian, Montalvo's son, the superstitious but unspiritual dreamer fashioned by nature to be the tool of others or of his own desires, .Elsa Brant, Hendrick's daughter, a beautiful and delicate girl who afterwards married Foy van Goorl. And some strange characters as spies employed by the papal inquisitors to get up cases against heretics, etc.

"ERIC BRIGHTYES" (1891) - A romance of the North.

A tale dedicated to H.I.M. Victoria, Empress Frederick of Germany as a token of profound respect and sympathy.

"Eric Brighteyes" is a Norse romance fashioned from the model of the Icelandic sagas or Scandinavian legends.

Some words on the development of those sagas, (1).

This was the manner of the saga's growth: In the early days of the Icelandic community - that republic of aristocrats - say between the dates 900 and 1100 of our era, a quarrel would arise between two great families, as in the case of the Njal Saga, its cause, probably was the ill doings of some noble woman. This quarrel would lead to manslaughter. Then blood called for blood and a vendetta was set on foot that ended only with the death by violence of a majority of the actors in the drama and a large number of their adherents. In the course of the feud, men of heroic strength would come to the front and perform deeds worthy of the iron age which bore them. Women also would help to fashion the tale, for good or evil, according to their natural gifts and characters. At last the tragedy was covered up by the death and time, leaving only a few dented shields and haunted cairns to tell of those who had played its leading parts. But its fame lived on in the minds of men. From generation to generation skalds or ancient Scandinavian poets wandered through the winter snows, much as Homer may have wandered in his days across

.....
(1) This development of those sagas is taken from the introduction to the book.

the Grecian vales and mountains, to find a welcome at every place, because of the old-time story they had to tell.

To alter the tale was one of the greatest crimes: the skald must repeat it as it came to him, but by degrees undoubtedly the sagas suffered alteration. The facts, remained the same, indeed, but around them gathered a mist of miraculous occurrences and legends. They partake both of truth and fiction; a saga is a fable and a true story at the same time.

That this tale (Eric Brighteyes) is true, the writer can testify, for saga in hand, he has followed every act of the drama on its very site; and yet the tale has been added to, for unless we may believe that human beings are gifted with second sight, we cannot accept as true many supernatural, and dreadful things (the book is full of them) that only happen in a dream or more properly in a nightmare. Thus, in this Norse romance, the tale of Eric and all the deeds that he and his men did, would be true, but the drama of Asmund, the priest, the witchcraft of Swanhild, the incident of the speaking head, the visions of Eric and Skallagrim and many other things, may owe their origin to the imagination of successive generations of skalds; and finally in the fifteenth century, the story may have been written down with all its supernatural additions.

The tendency of the Norse mind, especially, is to supply uncommon and extraordinary reasons for actions

and facts that are to be amply accounted for by the working of the natural forces.

Swanhild would have needed no familiar (a demon supposed to attend at call) to instruct her in her evil schemes. The natural magic, the beauty and the inherent power of such a woman as Swanhild, are things more forceful than any spell that magicians have invented, or any demon they are supposed to have summoned to their aid. But no saga would be complete without the intervention of such extraneous forces.

Of the appearances of familiars in the shape of animals, we find an instance in this story; and it was believed in Iceland that the passions and desires of sorcerers took visible form in such creatures as wolves, toads or rats.

These were called 'sendings' and there are many allusions to them in the sagas. Another peculiarity that may be briefly alluded to as eminently characteristic of the sagas is their fatefulness. As we read we seem to hear the voice of doom speaking continually: "Things will happen as they are fated", "no man may flee his fate", that is the keynote of them all.

The Norse mind had little belief in free will. Men and women were born with certain characters and tendencies given to them in order that their lives should run in appointed channels, and their acts bring about an appointed end. They do not do these

things of their own desire, they do them because they must. The norms, as they name fate, have drawn their path long and long ago.

The sagas are scarcely known to the English-speaking public. This is easy to account for: it is hard to persuade the twentieth century world to interest itself in people who lived and events that happened thousands of years ago. The archaic nature of the work, even in a translation, the multitude of its actors, etc.

"Eric Brighteyes", therefore is full of these peculiarities, and to some extent, it is written in the form of the romance of our own day, archaisms being avoided as much as possible.

But in my opinion the author has not succeeded in exciting interest in the troubled lives of Norse forefathers; it is somewhat tiresome, for it is always the same tale, the tale of death.

Such is the tale of Eric Brighteyes, whose eyes shone bright as stars, the mightiest and best beloved of women of all warriors that have lived in Iceland; of Gudruda the Fair, Asmund's daughter, of Swanhild the Witch and of Skallagrim Lambstail, Eric's thrall, all of whom lived and died before Thangbrand Willibald's son preached Christianity in Iceland.

"SHE" (1887) - A history of adventure, a fantastic African story in which the autor tells us of the strange and terrible adventures and experiences suffered by Mr. Horace Holey (I think the author himself) and his adopted son, Leo Vincey, during their visit to the ancient ruins of mighty and imperial Kor.

When Leo reached his twenty-fifth birthday, this strange and awful history properly begins, on the coast of Africa in an unexplored region near the Zambesi, among the Amahagger or the people of the rocks, who spoke an Arabic dialect and were ruled by a beautiful white woman who was seldom seen by them, who had power over all things living and dead and who stood in the flames and came forth unharmed and yet more beautiful. 'She who must be obeyed' or 'She' simply was the mysterious Queen of the Amahagger. It was said that she was immortal and chose a husband from time to time, and as soon as a female child was born, this husband was put to death. Then the child grew up and took the place of the queen when its mother died. An extraordinary woman she was, who had a strange name 'Ayesha' and whose brain was supernaturally sharpened and who had two thousand years of experience, besides all manner of knowledge of the secrets of nature at her command. The magic of her beauty and concentrated will and passion overpowered everybody. The fruit of her wisdom, says the author, was this that there is but one thing worth living for and that is love in its high-

est sense.

One of the most wonderful and mysterious experiences ever undergone by mortal men, says the editor of this extraordinary history; but really it seems that this work is partly true and partly the result of the author's imagination.

Here I will include the editor's opinion on this book, for it is almost my own.

He says: "At first I was inclined to believe that this history of a woman clothed in the majesty of her almost endless years on whom the shadow of eternity itself lay like the dark wing of night was some gigantic allegory of which I could not catch the meaning. Then I thought that it may be a bold attempt to portray the possible results of practical immortality, informing the substance of a mortal who yet drew her strength from earth, and in whose human bosom passions yet rose and fell and beat as in the unending world around her the winds and the tides rise and fall and beat unceasingly. But as I read on I abandoned that idea also. To me the story seems to bear the stamp of truth upon its face".

Now I must say that the characters are all more or less formed and governed by the operations of the magnificent scenery around them, and almost every page in the book is full of imagery and passion. Sometimes he bursts into the world of spirits and in the wild nature that seems to have inspired him, he has endea-

voured to embody and call them up before him and employ these personifications as he formerly employed the feelings and passions of man. And in my opinion he has completely succeeded in this daring attempt. I am inclined to think that the plan he has conceived and the principal character he has delineated have reached a sense of perfection, though it seems that some confusion accompanies the mind throughout the reading of the book, owing perhaps to the inherent mystery of the subject.

Through the whole work there is a deep atmosphere of mystery and fate: the traditions, the legends, the prowess of the millenary heroes, the superstitions, the faith, have been grasped in this romance.

'She' is a strange combination of virtue and vice, I daresay. It is a wonderful vision of a being invested with superhuman attributes, in order that she may be capable of more than human sufferings and be sustained under them by more than human force and pride.

However, we are forced to conceive this mysterious woman as a real existence and at the same time to fear, to pity and to admire her, this immortal 'She', a typical heroine, tormented by a species of high vengeance.

We can see clearly that the author is very fond of using supernatural and believes in fate. He is an ideal determinist and seems to believe in the influence of supernatural things. To prove this, I will copy a little paragraph from page 206: "Good and evil, love and hate,

night and day, sweet and bitter, man and woman, heaven above and the earth beneath - all these things are needful one to the other, and who knows the end of which? - I tell thee there is a hand of fate that twines them up to bear the burden of its purpose, and all things are gathered in that great rope to which all things are requisite. Therefore does it not become to say this thing is evil and that good or the dark is hateful and the light is lovely; for to other eyes than ours the evil may be the good and the darkness more beautiful than the day, or alike be fair". -

But, though, it is somewhat difficult to realize distinctly the drift of the story, it unquestionably exhibits many good delineations of scenery, many impressive and terrible pictures of passion and many wild and awful visions of imagery horror. For instance the scene in which he describes Ayesha's death.

It seems like a dream or a fairy tale instead of a real adventure of those who found her who was awaiting their coming in the tombs of Kor.

It seems that nature and love mean something to him. For instance, we find this in "She": "Life is not worth the trouble of life, except when one is in love". He is often thinking of the secrets of life and the secrets of nature.

I cannot help inserting here a beautiful love song in "She" :
"Love is like a flower in the desert.

It is like the aloe of Arabia, that blooms but once and dies; it blooms in the salt emptiness of Life, and the brightness of its beauty is set upon the waste as a star is set upon a storm.

It hath the sun above that is the spirit, and about it blows the air of its divinity. At the echoing of a step Love blooms, I say, I say Love blooms, and bends her beauty down to him who passes by. He plucketh it, yes, he plucketh the red cup that is full of honey, and beareth it away; away across the desert, away till the flower be withered, away till the desert is done.

There is only one perfect flower in the wilderness of Life.

That flower is Love!

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"KING SOLOMON'S MINES" (1886) - A faithful, but unpretended record of a remarkable adventure, dedicated by the narrator, Allan Quatermain to all the big and little boys who read it.

It is a strange story, a queer tale in which the author tells us how he and two friends of his suffered from starvation and weariness in the desert, and of the many and various adventures they had passed through

in the land of the Kukuanas among African people, while they were lookin for the diamond mines of Solomon; the biggest treasure, probably that in the world's history has ever been accumulated in one spot.

He says that when they travelled far into the wilderness to find new things, they found that it was not a wilderness at all, but a beautiful place, full of young wives and fat cattle of game to hunt and enemies to kill; a strange land, a land of witch-craft and beautiful things and a land of brave people.

He tries to give every appearance of reality to this narrative and as a story-teller he presents all his facts as the continuous experience of an imaginary narrator.

There is no woman in this story, except Foulata, a savage beautiful girl, and Gagool, if she was a woman and not a fiend, but in fact, she was a witch-doctress, the evil genius of the land.

The author hopes that every reader will like this story of treasure, war and wild adventure.

He uses many native words, words of the Kukuan-na dialect.

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"CHILD OF STORM" (1913).

Also seems very interesting as a study of savage life. It relates the moving history of a beautiful and wicked Zulu girl named Mameena who did much evil in her days and went unrepentant from the world.

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"COLONEL QUARITCH. V. C ." (1888).

A tale of country life dedicated to his friend and fellow sportsman Charles J. Longman.

This work is classified among his novels. It is a novel of everyday life and commonplace events.

All the characters in the book are playing their parts in a troublesome world, in a world full of combinations. The principal among them are: Colonel Harold Quaritch, a great duffer over forty years of age, who spent five years in India and Egypt, and then retired from the army to live the quiet somewhat aimless life of a small country gentleman, but in spite of all, he meets at every turn with the most common scenes and dramas.

Then, Squire de la Molle, the owner of Honham Castle; his only daughter and heiress 'Ida', one of the sweetest and most natural women in England, and with it all a woman having brains and force of character.

Mr. Quest, the country lawyer, an impostor,

a bigamist who wanted to bring the de la Molle family to ruin; in fact one of the evil geniuses of the history.

Colonel Quaritch was not popular among women, and as a rule, they both feared and disliked him; but after all, he was earnestly in love with Ida de la Molle, who was going to marry a very rich man, Edward Cossey, to save her father from ruin. At last Colonel Quaritch saved the family from being deceived and ruined, discovering the heap of gold hoarded in an awful storehouse by an ancestor of the Squire, amid the bones of Saxon and Danish heroes, and thus, making the woman he loved his wife, saving her from marrying a false and wicked man.

This novel is a record of country life studied in a particular locality in England.

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"QUEEN SHEBA'S RING" (1910).

It is one of the best and interesting romances, written, says the author, to set down the bare and actual truth.

Captain Oliver Orme is the hero of the story, if it has any particular hero, who with two friends of his made an agreeable journey to North Central Africa. This book is an account of their adventures among the Abati people, the Sons of Solomos and Sheba, and the miseries they suffered on account of the

heat, hunger and thirst, while they were lost in the desert. It also tells us how Captain Orme fell in love with Maqueda, who was by birth the ruler of the Abati people, and she bore the high-sounding titles of Walda Nagasta or Child of Kings, and Takla Warda, or Bud of the Rose, a very handsome and spirited young woman.

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HIS PERSONALITY AND CHIEF CHARACTERISTICS  
STUDIED THROUGH HIS WORKS.

Before considering him as a man of letters, an intellectual force in English Literature, I will say something, considering him simply as a man.

Through his writings I imagine he was a person who had agreeable and distinguished manners, a fine education, a methodical minded man, who does not like to alter his plans, thus a man patient in mind, deliberate in forming his purposes and very sure in carrying them out. A man with a romantic temperament, high-souled and sentimental, a man with a dreamy mind, gifted with a very powerful imagination and with a great thirst for knowledge. We may take him for a sailor who returns from a long journey in the course of which he comes to the conclusion that this world is a pleasant place and one well worth knowing and exploring.

Through the reading of some of his stories, for instance: "Marie" and "The King Solomon's Mines", I can say and without making a mistake, that he could talk several native dialects, especially Eastern dialects (Zulu and Kukuana), and that he spent all his spare time in conversing with the savages and acquiring a knowledge of their language, history and customs. So, he was a great observer and admirer of the manners and customs of his dark-skinned brothers.

It seems that he had lived much in the wilderness and knew the value of civilization, for he says: "The story of an ancient civilization and the treasures which those old Jewish or Phoenician adventurers used to extract from a country long since lapsed into the darkest barbarism took a great hold upon my imagination". -

He is a great admirer of the exotic civilization of the African people, of their wonderful life, of their sufferings, strange tortures, pangs, <sup>s</sup>materfully analysed in their conflicts with Fate, Life and Death.

We are inclined to think that he was a great reader, a thorough sportsman and an ardent collector of curiosities, for he is a man who takes the trouble to collect traditions from the natives and tries to make out a little piece of history of those dark and almost unknown lands.

He shows a natural sympathy with English traditions, with the brooding spirit of the remote past, with the remote periods of the world's history, and seems to have had a great desire to know and explore all that is unknown.

All his sympathies are not with the modern times, but with the old, ancient times. He tries to reconstruct the past with all its peculiarities in his queer romances, which are all stories of adventure in the past.

He gives us the impression of an appeased traveller who arrives to a country with whose usages and customs he is not acquainted, but who cheerfully adapts himself to them.

He had worked and striven to penetrate the enigma of the different races. He looks for the soul, the whole of the moral, sentimental, religious and social perceptions that throb under a skin of a different colour.

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#### HIS WRITINGS IN GENERAL AND STYLE.

Now, from the literary point of view, I can say that he is a great story-teller and a great romance writer, who has shown a most delicate mastery of his art.

He deserves to be known in the English speaking

world as one of the most amusing and pleasant writers, for it seems that he is not considered as a great writer but one not well worthy of study, one whom we could call a showman in letters.

As we may see by the enormous list of his works, Haggard was a laborious and voluminous writer, his production is very vast. He has written several novels and romances full of fantastic adventures taking advantage of the adventures and sufferings undergone during his permanence among the savages, giving them a colour, which in spite of being real, seems a product of fantasy. His stories seem fantastical constructions of a life not lived really, mysterious whims of fantasy. Most of his romances are connected with South African life. "She" is undoubtedly the most powerful and characteristic of his romances. The sombre and gloomy struggle together with fantastical inspirations and fiery emotions and produce effects of great originality. His passionate romances show a reflex of the barbarous grandeur of the dense African jungles, of its mountains, of its deserts and of its dramatic solitary shores.

We can say, he is a good narrator. His romances are strange histories filled with curious details.

He always tries to be accurate in his narratives, which are characterized by a spirit of adventure. His stories and romances with those magnificent adventures,

strange, pathetic and highly coloured love scenes are calculated to amuse and make a deep impression upon the reader.

His intellect, his reading which surely in youth must have been considerable, his keen observation of men and women, and the play of human passions, perhaps led him to write these stories coloured with a marked tinge of sadness, with a melancholic hue and full of strange, awful and even brutal scenes.

The first impression the reader gets is that he is a person who looks upon the sad side of things, for he is always describing and telling us of the sufferings undergone by his heroes and himself, and the horrors and cruelties and strange tortures endured by the countless victims of the times he studied.

It seems that circumstances have coloured the author's nature with a tinge of pessimism and made him state this: "Who can question the decrees of fate written immutably perhaps long before we were born in the everlasting book of human destinies?"

On account of this we can say that he is a fatalist.

But, after all, we find pleasure in the reading of his stories, which are interesting and fascinating and most of them curiously attractive.

His tales are pictures of real passion, the emotions which he excelled in displaying were those of the most stormy character.

A profound connoisseur of the remote ambient with its prejudices and struggles, Haggard transcribes them to his stories with an admirable fidelity and colouring. His studies of savage life are faithful and pathetic portraits of the savage struggles that held the men of those remote times he proposed to study.

In most of his works he reveals himself a deep observer and a pleasant writer. He knows how to inspire a passion and overtake us with his real, pathetic and living narratives.

He is a good describer of natural scenery, a lover of natural beauty and very fond of curious details. He is very minute in his descriptions, he selects happily and sketches freely and rapidly. He seizes the most salient images and brings them directly to the eyes at once. The finest passages are either soliloquies or descriptions. He makes his descriptions with a luxury of details and in a picturesque form. He is very faithful in his descriptions of natural scenery and aspects, he knew how to adopt his mind to the different countries he visited, and found emotion in the sight of a region quite different from the civilized ones. He looked for an ideal country in remote lands. It seems that his childhood was developed in an ambient which led his imagination towards the remote lands, the countries almost unknown and the long journeys.

His works show that he was always fond of travelling and landing on mysterious shores; a man of an adventurous instinct and one who is always fascinated by all the dangers and by all the unknown and far off.

His novels are numerous and pleasant. It is not always possible to mark the divisive line between the book of adventure, the autobiographical narrative and the story.

In his novels he does no other thing than to expose deeds; in fact they are real narratives, and on the other side he creates characters in them. his novels are not very famous, by I am sure that every reader will like to read them on account of the natural colours he gives them.

In his novels he portrays life as he sees men live it, while in romance he is helped by his imagination and his characters seem half real for the moment and an impression of mystery made visible remains.

He is a spontaneous writer. He moves in prose with a grace and simplicity which is very natural in him. The psychological intensity which he felt in the countries he visited is put side by side with the gift of expressing it, it is quite adequate to the impressions he proposed to communicate.

His style is direct and simple, aiming at realism in all things, it does not present difficulties for the reader, in general, and is original in its own peculiar way.

The end.

