

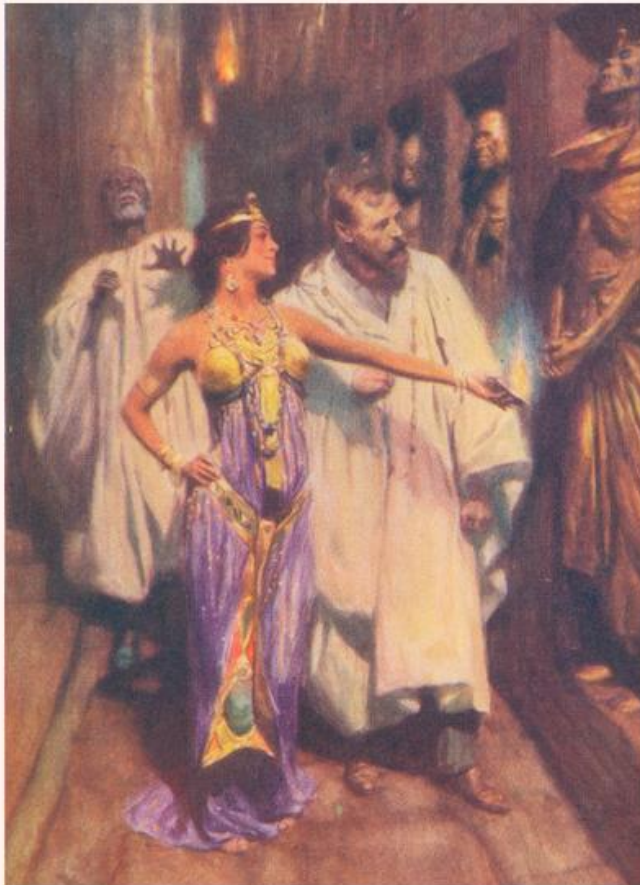
*Visual Haggard* and  
Digitizing Illustration

Kate Holterhoff  
Carnegie Mellon University

[www.VisualHaggard.org](http://www.VisualHaggard.org)

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# Visual Haggard: The Illustration Archive



*Visual Haggard* is a digital archive intended to preserve, centralize, and improve access to the illustrations of popular Victorian novelist H. Rider Haggard (1856 - 1925). The majority of Haggard's approximately fifty novels were lushly illustrated, many of them repeatedly in different editions and by different illustrators. Illustration was always an essential part of reading Haggard's romances during the nineteenth-century. *Visual Haggard* seeks to revalue and reintegrate the illustrations of Haggard's novels as unique artworks and texts for contemporary audiences.

## How To Use This Site

*Visual Haggard* is a dynamic and constantly growing archive that currently catalogs 911 images. Visitors may use the Novels and Illustrators tabs along the top bar to browse the site. The search bar permits a more direct means of navigating between Haggard's Novels, Illustrators, Illustration titles, Editions, Characters, and Keywords. For example, typing the word "Elephant" generates a list of illustrations and novel editions depicting this creature. Editorial title pages accompany all novels and illustrators. Novel title pages offer illustration bibliographies and a list of available editions and illustrations, while illustrator title pages feature biographical information and a list of available artworks. Each Illustration and Edition features breadcrumbs to simplify site navigation within the category of a novel. Illustrators names are also hyperlinked to redirect visitors to the artist title page.

## Editor's Statement

The nineteenth-century was the golden age of book and periodical illustration. British audiences desired high quality and lively character and setting visualizations, which made illustration a major marketing device for publishers. Prints were often of equal or greater importance to a work's sale and reception than the verbal texts they were supposedly intended to accompany. Unfortunately, most twenty-first-century printed editions of nineteenth-century novels tend to exclude these original visual elements...  
[Read more...](#)



FACSIMILE OF THE SHERD OF AMENARTAS

ONE 1/4 SIZE  
 Greatest length of the original . . . 10 1/2 inches  
 Greatest breadth . . . 7 inches  
 Weight . . . 17 1/2 lbs.



FACSIMILE OF THE REVERSE OF THE SHERD OF AMENARTAS

ONE 1/4 SIZE



FACSIMILE OF THE FRONT OF AMENARTAS

(ONE SIDE)

Original weight, as broken up, given on  
 the next page.  
 See also on Plate III, page 17.



FACSIMILE OF THE REVERSE OF AMENARTAS

(ONE SIDE)

(SEE ABOVE)



FACSIMILE OF THE SHERD OF AMENARTAS

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ONE 1/4 SIZE



FACSIMILE OF THE FRONT OF AMENARTAS

(One sherd)

Original weight, as broken up, given on  
 the label on page 10.



FACSIMILE OF THE REVERSE OF AMENARTAS

(One sherd)

One sherd



FACSIMILE OF THE SHERD OF AMENARTAS

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FACSIMILE OF THE REVERSE OF THE SHERD OF AMENARTAS

ONE 1/4 SIZE



FACSIMILE OF THE SHERD OF AMENARTAS

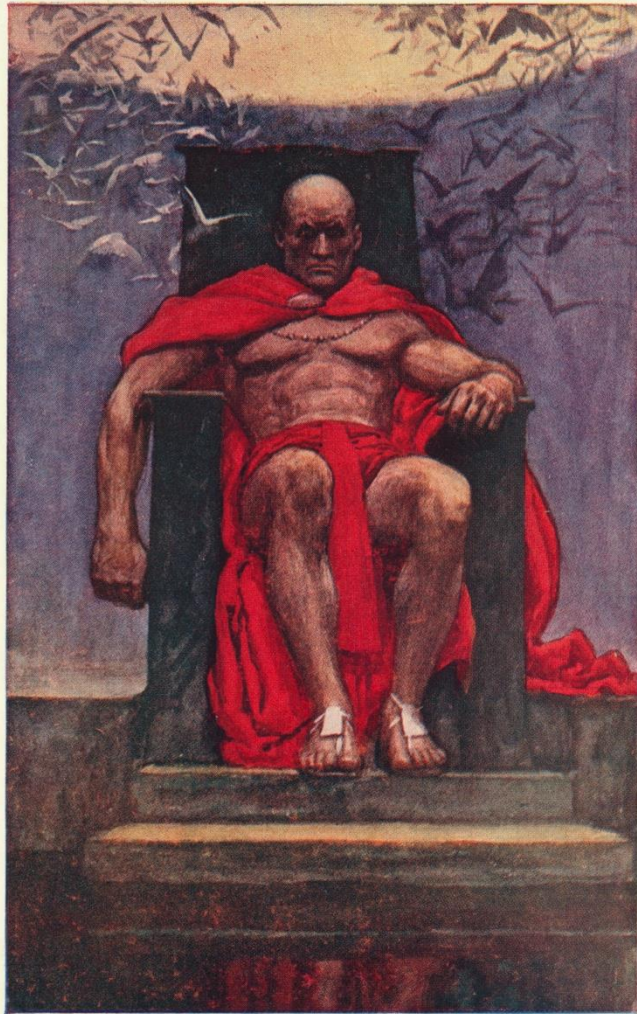
ONE 1/2 SIZE

Greatest length of the original . . . 10 1/2 inches  
 Greatest breadth . . . 7 inches  
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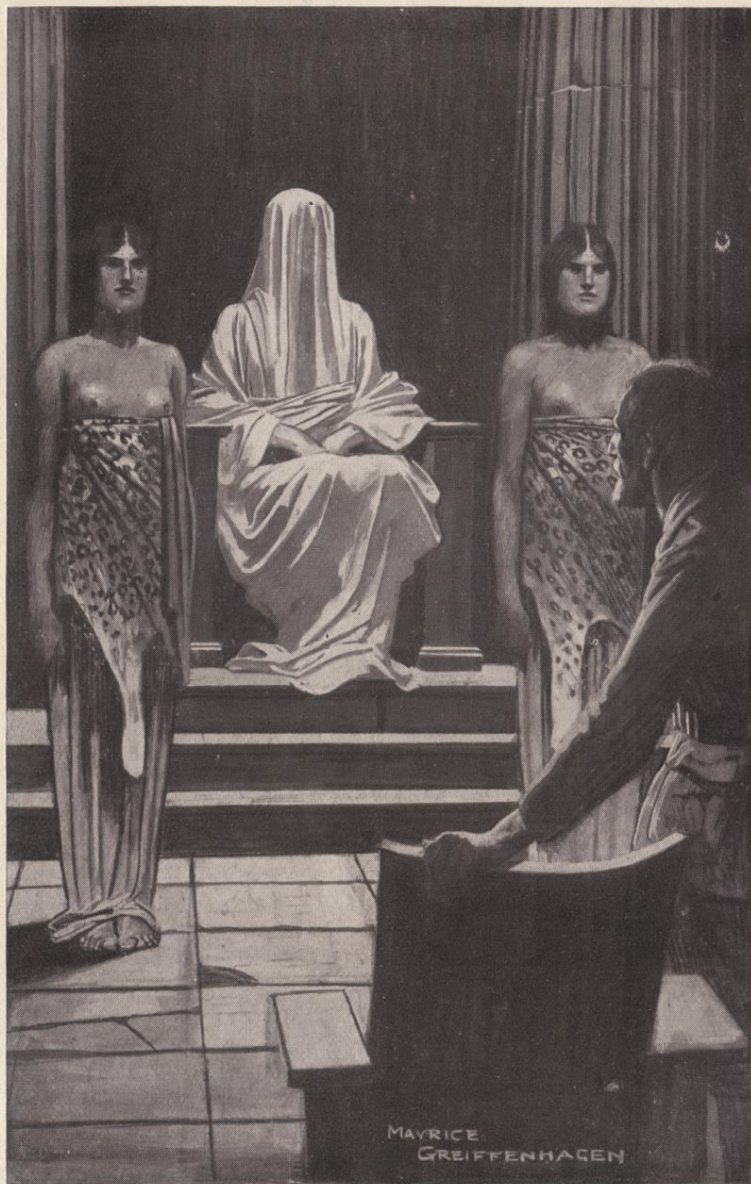


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ONE 1/2 SIZE

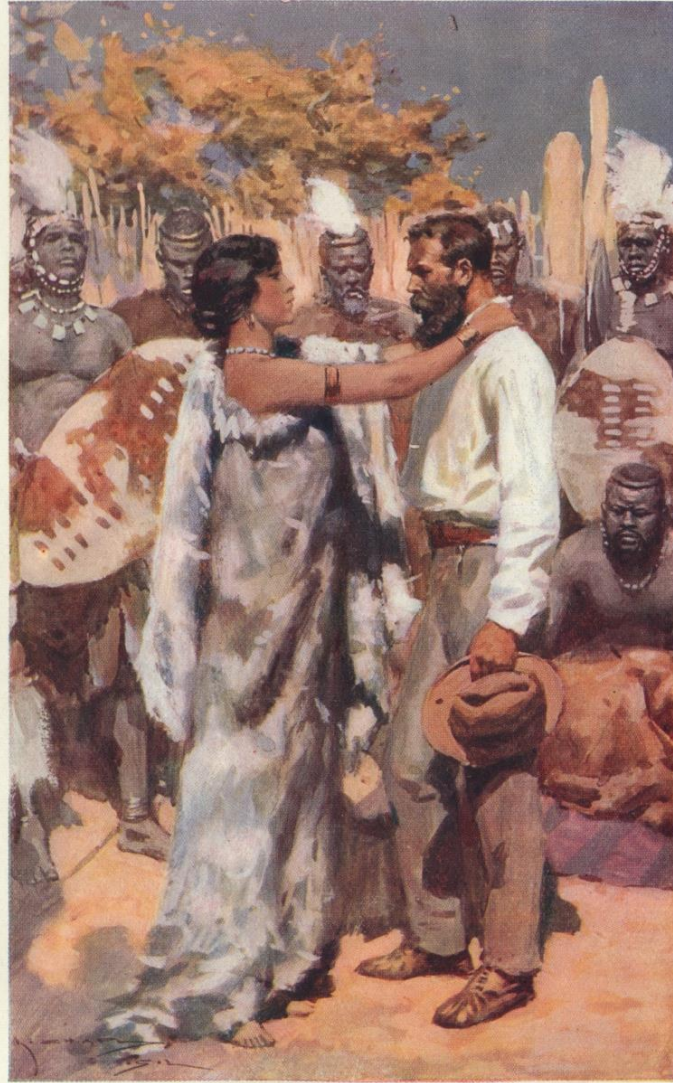


The vision of Murgh.

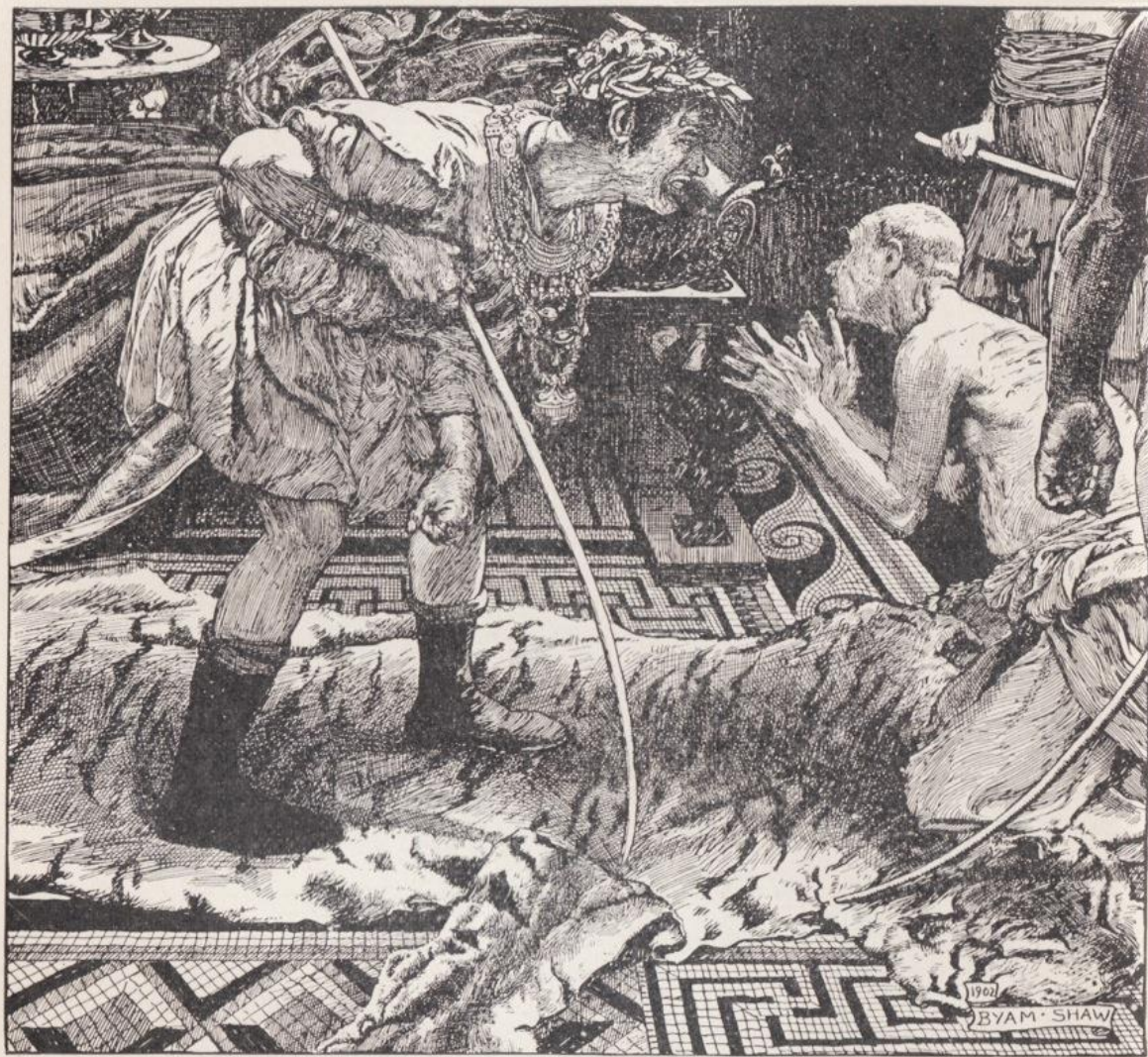


There she sat, straight and still and clothed in shining white and veiled.

*To face p. 142.*



“ Slowly she lifted her languid arm and threw it about  
my neck ” (see page 333).



“AH!” HE SAID, . . . “THE ROD IS THE  
MOTHER OF REASON”





“ I seemed to see two glorious shapes sweeping upward on its bosom.”  
*Ayesha.*]

[Page 38o.

Visual Haggard



“ I seemed to see two glorious shapes sweeping upward on its bosom.”

[Page 38o.

Internet Archive



Philip Hadden was a transport-rider and a trader in "the Zulu",

Visual Haggard



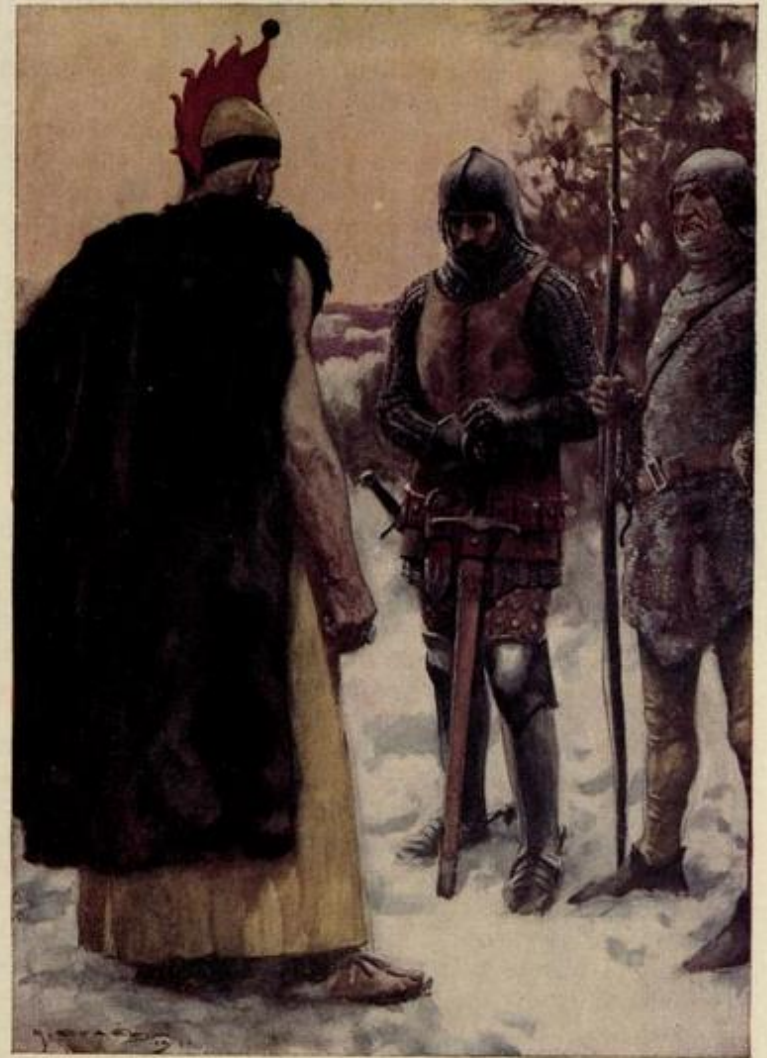
"Philip Hadden was a transport-rider and a trader in 'the Zulu'"

Google Books



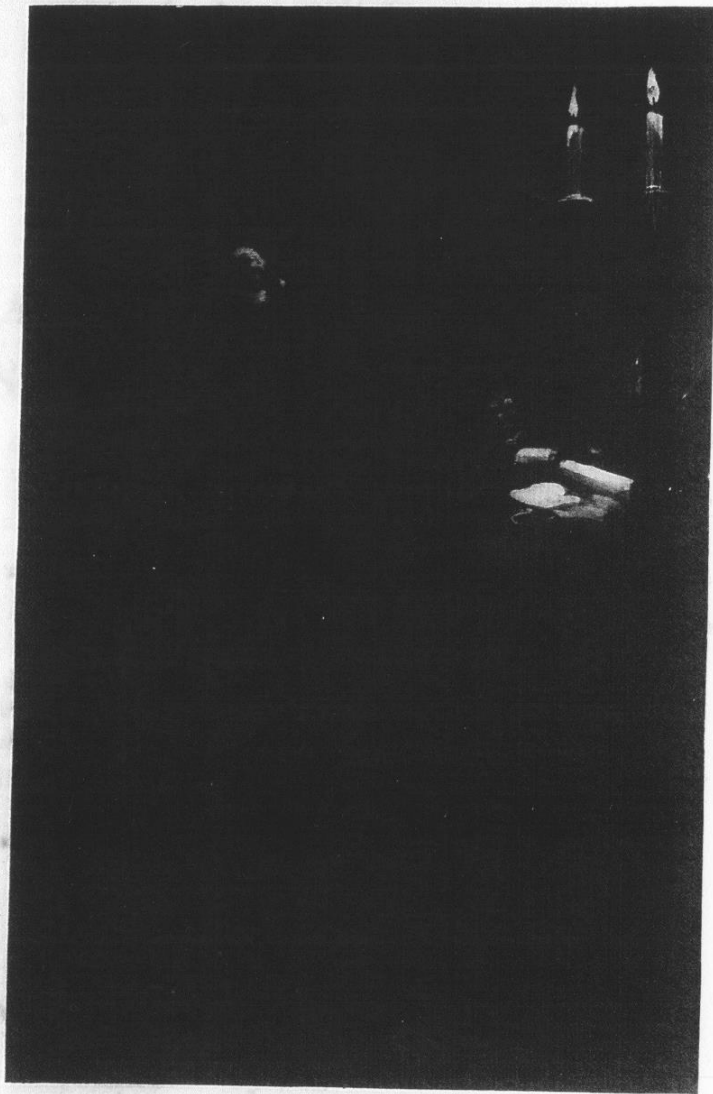
For a long while they stood thus in silence.

PAGE 288



For a long while they stood thus in silence.

PAGE 288



CASTELL PRAYING IN THE SECRET CHAMBER.

158

St. Peter, who has no more to do with these lands than Father Abraham or the patient Job. Well, thanks or no thanks, those lands are yours, though I had not meant to tell you of them yet. But now I have something to propose to you. Say, first, does Margaret think aught of that wooden face and those shut lips of yours?"

"How can I know? I have never asked her; you forbade me."

"Pshaw! Living in one house as you do, at your age I would have known all there was to know on such a matter, and yet kept my word. But there, the blood is different, and you are somewhat over-honest for a lover. Was she frightened for you, now, when that knave made at you with the sword?"

Peter considered the question, then answered: "I know not. I did not look to see; I looked at the Scotchman with his sword, for if I had not, I should have been dead, not he. But she was certainly frightened when the fellow caught hold of her, for then she called for me loud enough."

"And what is that? What woman in London would not call for such a one as Peter Brome in her trouble? Well, you must ask her, and that soon, if you can find the words. Take a lesson from that Spanish don, and scrape and bow and flatter and tell stories of the war and turn verses to her eyes and hair. Oh, Peter! are you a fool, that I at my age should have to teach you how to court a woman?"

"Mayhap, Sir. At least I can do none of these things, and poesy wearies me to read, much more to write. But I can ask a question and take an answer."

Castell shook his head impatiently.

"Ask the question, man, if you will, but never take the answer if it is against you. Wait rather, and ask it again—"

"And," went on Peter without noticing, his grey eyes lighting with a sudden fire, "if need be, I can break that fine Spaniard's bones as though he were a twig."

"Ah!" said Castell, "perhaps you will be called upon to make your words good before all is done. For my part, I think his bones will take some breaking. Well, ask in your own way—only ask and let me hear the answer before to-morrow night. Now it grows late, and I have still something to say. I am in danger here. My wealth is noised abroad, and many covet it, some in high places. I think, Peter, it is in my mind to have done with all this trading, and to withdraw me to spend my old age where none will take any notice of me,

down at that Hall of yours of Dedham, if you will give me lodgings. Indeed for a year and more, ever since you spoke to me on the subject of Margaret, I have been calling in my moneys from Spain and England, and placing them out at safe interest in small sums, or buying jewels with them, or lending them to other merchants whom I trust, and who will not rob me or mine. Peter, you have worked well for me, but you are no chapman; it is not in your blood. Therefore, since there is enough for all of us and more, I shall pass this business and its goodwill over to others, to be managed in their name, but on shares, and if it please God we will keep next Yule at Dedham."

As he spoke the door at the far end of the hall opened, and through it came that serving-man who had been bidden to follow the Spaniard.

"Well," said Castell, "what tidings?"

The man bowed and said:

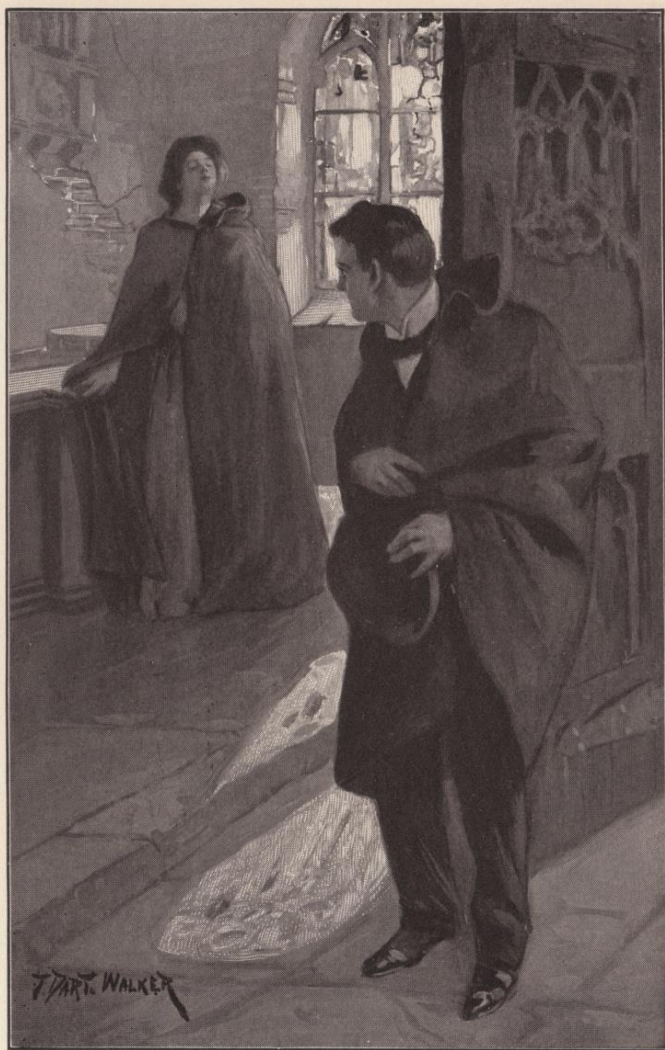
"I followed the Spaniard as you bade me to his lodging, which I reached without his seeing me, though from time to time he stopped to look about him. He rests near the palace of Westminster, in the same big house where dwells the ambassador de Ayala, and those who stood round lifted their bonnets to him. Watching, I saw some of these go to a tavern, a low place that is open all night, and, following them there, called for drink and listened to their talk who know the Spanish tongue well, having worked for five years in your worship's house at Seville. They spoke of the fray to-night, and said that if they could catch that long-legged fellow, meaning Master Brome yonder, they would put a knife into him, since he had shamed them by killing the Scotch knave, who was their officer and the best swordsman in their company, with a staff, and then setting his British bulldogs on them. I fell into talk with them, saying that I was an English sailor from Spain, which they were too drunk to question, and asked who might be the tall don who had interfered in the fray before the king came. They told me he is a rich señor named d'Aguilar, but ill to serve in Lent because he is so strict a churchman, although not strict in other matters. I answered that to me he looked like a great noble, whercon one of them said that I was right, that there was no blood in Spain higher than his, but, unfortunately, there was a bend in its stream, also an inkspot had been upset into it."

"What does that mean?" asked Peter.

"It is a Spanish saying," answered Castell,

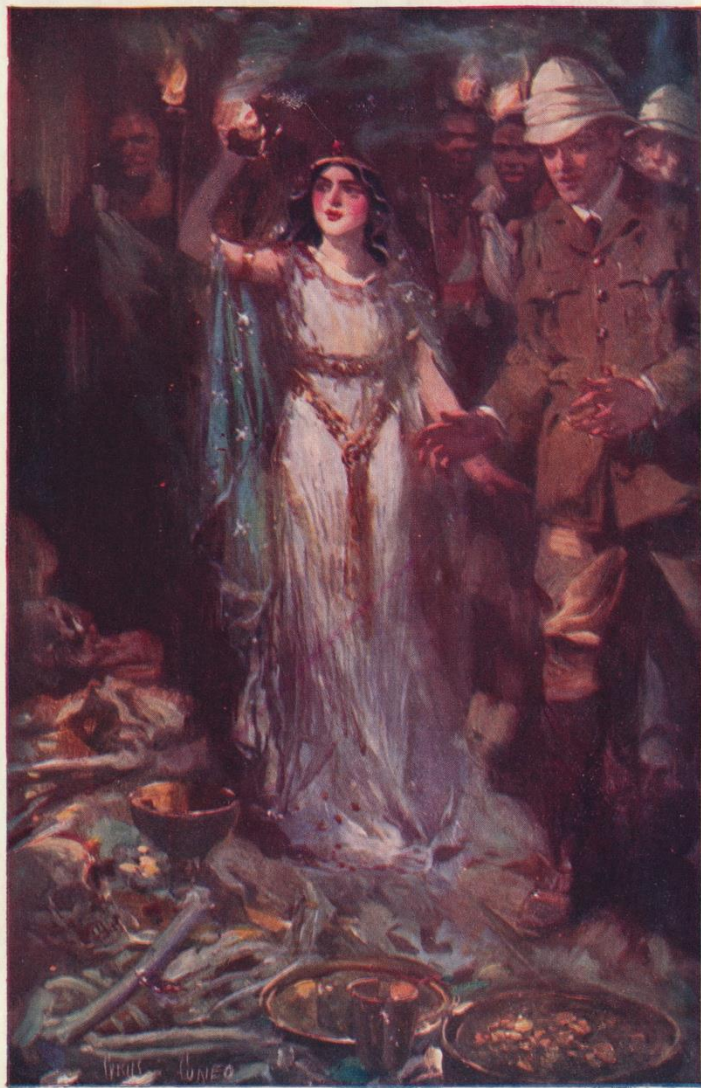


"HE CONSENTED TO DRAW UP HIS TROUSERS TO THE KNEE" (p. 294).



*At the door he turned  
and looked at her*

—STELLA FREGELIUS

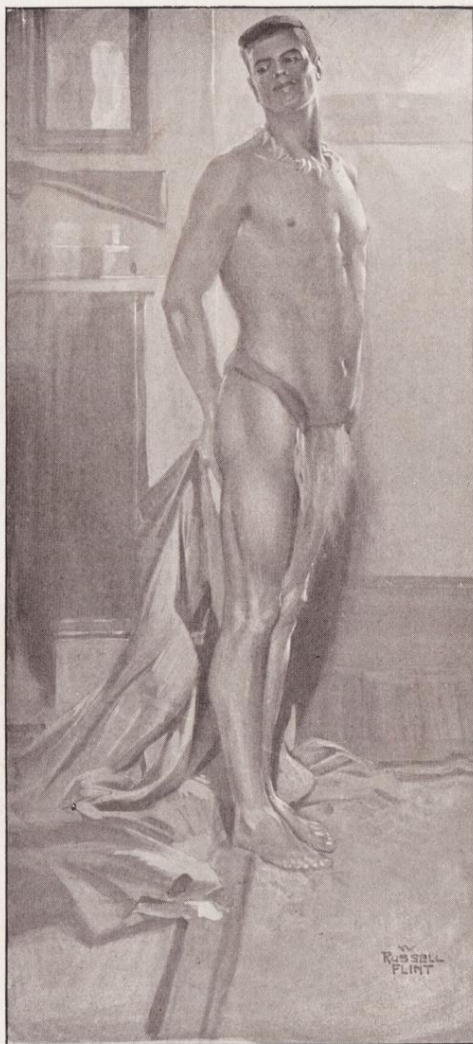


“MAQUEDA, HALTING BEFORE SOME OBJECTS THAT GLIMMERED  
WHITELY, HELD UP HER LIGHT, SAYING, ‘LOOK!’”



"And to think that all this comes out of the brains of chaps like you."—Page 21.





"I NEVER SAW A FINER NATIVE" (p. 42).



"At one point she paused and I looked downwards." (Page 27.)

*Ayesha* ]

[ *Frontispiece.*

# Why Digitize Illustration?

1. Access: provide an authentic reading/viewing experience.
2. Curate: contextualize and mediate access.
3. Quality: higher DPI, attention to color, and legible.
4. Compare: juxtapose different editions

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Kate Holterhoff

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