BRITISH VIEWS OF AFRICA AS SEEN IN VICTORIAN LITERATURE

by

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ABSTRACT

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"British Views of Africa As Seen in Victorian Literature", examines the relationship between the perceptions of Africa and Africans by British writers, on the one hand, and the latter's political and economic interests, on the other. This study concentrates on the story of the external image of a mysterious and remote continent which includes the activities of those many visitors - merchants, soldiers, explorers, missionaries, kings and proconsuls - whose contributions to Africa's history are not to be gainsaid but who were essentially outsiders and temporary residents. This study shows that these Anglo-African fiction writers have revealed more about themselves and British society than they have told us about Africa. In this respect this study gives the idea that attention has been concentrated, on the "stranger's view" about Africa but not on the response and perspective of the African himself.

The first chapter deals with the early and persistent British image of Africa which divides sub-Saharan Africans into noble savages and bestial savages. Closely related to this approach of Victorian writers of the African population is the tendency of many of them to ignore indigenous African people altogether. Often the literary stereotype of the "Dark Continent" consists of breathtaking landscapes, noble beasts, magnificent flora, but no people.

The second chapter examines how the British writers reflect the rise and establishment of a racist ideology as a principal handmaiden

to the slave trade, slavery, and empire. Assessments of the human qualities of Africans have varied with the manner in which they fit into the plans of white settlers, missionaries and proconsuls. At one period, the adaptability of Africans to Western life styles and beliefs was perceived as reflecting an openness to Christianity and "Western civilization". At a later period, most especially during the "Age of Certainty", when the Africans had begun to make demands, some of which were based upon their adopted ideology, their behaviour was seen as evidence of degeneration. This study also examines the strongly androcentric mystique that permeates British writing on Africa particularly during the nineteenth century.

Chapter three dilates on whether the English have been bearers of the white man's burden in Africa or the idealizer of the "unspoiled Masai". In this case, the Victorian writers see Africa as the obverse of England. The European - the Englishman in particular - is seen as rational, mature, and exceedingly well disciplined, while the black African is perceived as non-rational, childlike, and quite undisciplined. Chapters four and five concentrate on changing perceptions of Africa during the first four decades of the present century, when relations between Africans and Europeans began to take new directions, whose final significance is still uncertain.

This study finally tries to critically analyze the Victorian lectures and writings, which are non-fiction, mostly from the "Victorian Lions" as the explorers were called. These writings and lectures are some of the most rewarding sources of African history, because in attempting

to delete, disguise or belittle the role of the Africans, they often reveal the opposite of what was intended. They are fruitful sources of unconscious evidence, supplying the very evidence they sought to suppress or recording facts the significance of which they are totally ignorant. Some examples of this will be found in this study. This study does not treat fiction and non-fiction separately since both are governed by the same tradition. The fiction, however, does give more forceful phrasing to the images because of the concentration of each novel upon a single complex of images.

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To My Parents,
Late Chief George Fatoke
and
Madam Janet Fatoke
With Grateful Thoughts.

The European lands on the Coast of Africa, as a Man of Science, or a Man of Commerce, or a great Hunter, or a mighty Explorer, totally regardless of the right of others.... he treats the tribes, who have had the prescriptive possession of the country for centuries, as if they were in the category of the wild beasts, mere 'ferae naturae': he cares neither for their souls, nor their bodies.

R.N. Cust in Africa Rediviva. Or the Occupation of Africa by Christian Missionaries of Europe and North Africa.

(Africans) are just like children.... They are always either laughing or quarreling. They are good-natured and passionate, indolent, but will work hard for a time; clever up to a certain point, densely stupid beyond. The intelligence of an average negro is about equal to that of a European child of ten years old...They are absolutely without inventive power. Living among white men, their imitative faculties enable them to attain a considerable amount of civilization. Left alone to their own devices they retrograde into a state little above their native savagery.

George Alfred Henty in By Sheer Pluck.

It is no good trying to hide the fact; between the white man and the black lies not only the culture and the knowledge of the west- that gulf might, and sometimes is bridged- but that other great bar, the barrier of sex.

Mary Gaunt in Alone in West Africa.

When the whites came to our country, we had the land and they had the Bible; now we have the Bible and they have the land.

African saying.

INTRODUCTION

History and literature are intertwined with each other like Laocoon and the serpents; history and literature can be studied together both horizontally and vertically. The latter is very often history being recorded more or less as it happens; it reflects contemporary people and events. Yet we know that this is too simple a statement, because the way in which literature acts as the mirror of its time can itself be affected by movements of history. Novelists, like historians, respond to the spirit of their age and consequently mould their evidence in ways that embody their less tangible attitudes and values. The age surveyed in this study may not be one that is long in years but it is certainly one that resists easy summary. Viewed externally, it seems to have the prime characteristics of medieval tragedy: its history might well be termed 'A Tragical Discourse of many who have fallen from high Estate to extreme Misery' if we take in one grand sweep the events between Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee of 1887 and the Great War. A Victorian saw great moments which he recognized. The celebration of the two Jubilees, for there was a second, the Diamond Jubilee in 1897, were for most ordinary people the proper recognition of Britain's imperial glory. During this'Age of Certainty', Britain acquired colonies and made contacts with Africa. There was, however, another side to the coin: unsteady foreign relations together with an actual war in South Africa, in which British incompetence and mismanagement were shown up and during which the old Queen, a symbol of stability, died.

In the second half of the nineteenth century some hundreds of Europeans-missionaries, explorers, hunters, traders, concession seekers, and other

less classifiable workers of the earth's surface - experienced contact with Africa. The singling out of the British for this study is based first on the fact that throughout most of this period they were the largest new element in Africa, and, second, on the fact that most of the continent subsequently fell under British control, with the temporary exception of German East Africa and the consolidation of Portuguese rule inland and on the coast.

Africa occupied a unique place in the British Empire, whereas India had long been regarded as a prize possession. Africa roused little interest in early Victorian England, and prior to the last quarter of the nineteenth century, the official world in London was adamantly opposed to extending territorial possessions and local agents were told to protect only coastal spheres of influence. It was the official position that there was no reason for Empire anywhere in tropical Africa.[1] Therefore matters stood throughout the 1870's, but, suddenly as the two modern historians, Robinson and Gallagher state,

> the Victorians after 1882 saw an almost unbelievable revolution in their political relations with Africa, as if their former calm and rational courses had run into some freakish whirlwind in the dark. As Lord Salisbury observed: "I do not exactly know the cause of this sudden revolution, but there it is." Against all precept and prejudice, against the experience and trends of previous expansion, the British occupied Egypt and staked out a huge tropical African Empire. What was more, they were ready by the end of the century to fight majors for Sudanese deserts and South African Kopjes.[2]

It is certainly not the purpose of this study to examine or determine the reasons for this shift of policy, but it is important to mention that

Professors Robinson and Gallagher do assert that the decisions made by policy makers were not mere mechanical choices of expedients and that their actions were in fact heavily influenced by their beliefs about morality, politics, and the ordering of society.[3] These historians try to deemphasize the economic motive and stress the views of the British Foreign Office.

Philip Curtin, a modern historian, maintained that officials in the British Colonial office were a tightly knit group who possessed a wide body of unstated assumptions about Africa which existed above and beyond their world of official despatches. Since this powerful cadre was so unified, there was little need to air these feelings about their culture, African culture, or the role of race in society.[4] Philip Curtin thus grants that there is no guarantee that any specific group of administrators chose a certain course of action in response to these generally held feelings, but he does argue that, "it is extremely likely that people who share a common educational background and who are subject to common intellectual influence will share a common denominator of ideas and attitudes."[5] It is Curtin's understanding that a general British impression of Africa was beginning to be formed by the last quarter of the eighteenth century and as more and more information about the 'dark continent' found its way back to England, a more definite impression of the region was clearly emerging.
Philip Curtin goes on to describe the origins and characteristics of this image as follows:

> By 1850 the image had hardened. It was found in children's books, in Sunday school tracts, and in the popular press. Its major affirmations were the "common knowledge" of the educated classes. Thereafter when new generations of explorers or administrators went

> to Africa, they went with a prior impression of what they would find. Most often, they found it, and their writings in turn confirmed the older image... or at most altered it only slightly.[6]

Curtin found that despite the vastly increased amount of data which was being fed back to England as the nineteenth century progressed, the image of Africa that had emerged during this period of humanitarianism remained quite fixed, and as the colonial period dawned in Africa, the older image was simply modified rather than drastically reformed. The older image of Africa remained stable and was the point of departure for the British colonial regime.[7] He thus argues that, "perhaps the most striking aspect of the British image of Africa...was its variance from African reality as we now understand it."[8]

Allen C. Greenberger in his work, "The British Image of India", agreed with many of Curtin's statements about the image of a relatively unfamiliar, remote part of the world which was colonized by the British. Greenberger observed that the images of India were influenced more by events at home than developments or events in the Indian subcontinent.[9] In his study, he gives additional evidence to bolster one of Curtin's key arguments, namely that,

> Reporters went to Africa knowing the reports of their predecessors and the theoretical conclusions already drawn from them. They were therefore sensitive to data that seemed to confirm their European preconceptions, and they were insensitive to contradictory data.... Data that did not fit the existing image were most often simply ignored. As a result, British thought about Africa responded very weakly to new data of any kind. It responed much more strongly to changes in British thought. The travellers (and, even more, the analysts at home) took the European weltanschauung as their point of departure. They did not ask, "What is Africa like, and what manner of men live there", but "How does Africa, and how do Africans, fit into what we already know about

> the world." In this sense, the image of Africa was far more European than African... The Image of Africa, in short, was largely constructed in Europe to suit European needs... sometimes material needs, more often intellectual needs... These errors, nevertheless, did as much to mould the course of history as their discoveries.[10]

The historian interested in the study of Anglo-African literature must always keep this key point very clearly in mind. There can be little doubt that works of fiction written about Africa, or at least with African settings, were widely read. In March 1887, H. Rider Haggard received a letter from his publisher, Charles Longman, which stated, "I am glad to tell you that She keeps on selling capitally. We have printed twenty-five thousand already and have ordered another five thousand and do not think we shall have many left when the printers deliver them. Last week we sold over a thousand copies."[11] Haggard himself was able to obtain a graphic demonstration of how popular his work was, when he was on board a ship to Egypt. Morton Cohen, the biographer of Rider Haggard, confirms that, "He (Haggard) was pleased to find "nearly everyone" reading either King Solomon's Mines or She."[12] However Haggard was only one of the many novelists who were writi g about Africa. Others, such as George Alfred Henty and Bertram Mitford, also reached a wide audience. The image of Africa held by these writers could have a pervasive influence on the image held by their readers. Historical events of this period were, to some extent, responsible for the success of writers like Haggard. King Solomon's Mines, his first major novel, appeared in print in mid-1885, just after the close of the Berlin Conference for African Affairs, and readers now were brought home in real life all the more forcefully by that miraculous device, the telegraph wire.[13]

Cohen also points out that King Solomon's Mines differed from the

majority of Victorian novels which were concerned with social ills.

> It appealed to all, readers, critics, schoolboys, housewives, and working men alike, who found in it a story that was swift, terse, packed with thrills. It was a tale of adventure and heroic deeds, and its hero was a well-adjusted Englishman, competent, strong, sensible,in whom they could believe. There was no heroine, nor should there have been. Penetrating Africa was strictly a man's job. The adventure was the thing, and there was plenty of it. King Solomon's Mines was just what the readers wanted.[14]

As Susanne Howe indicates, the novel really was following the flag.[15]

This study examines the extent of acceptance of novels of Empire by the nineteenth century British reader. One could as well ask what a Victorian would think of imperial responsibility. George Watson in his work, The English Ideology, believes that, "many Victorians knew rather than realised the weight of imperial responsibility" and "to a curious degree they needed to be reminded of the fact, and it is doubtful if imperialism was in any sense a popular political idea before Disraeli's second premiership of 1874-80."[16] Watson follows his argument up by giving the problems, which "outweigh the entire imperial theme,"[17] but he concludes that, "the real impact of empire on adult fiction is not until the 1890's in the works of Kipling and Conrad."[18] The famous literary critic Amy Cruse takes much the same view but goes farther in accounting for the shift in taste from the traditional romance to the novel of empire. She believes that the reading public knew from newspapers and travellers' accounts something of what was going on in remote corners of the world. Cruse asserts that, "Englishmen were at work in distant lands, clearing swamps and forests, digging, ploughing, planting, laying down roads and building bridges, making for themselves homes where once had been wilderness...,"[19] but she argues that "their

imaginations remained almost untouched, and few realised how wonderful was the work of Empire building that was occuring."[20]

She maintains that,

> The Victorian age had so far been mainly concerned with questions relating to internal and domestic affairs and with problems of science, and its literature had followed closely on the same path... Men longed for a way of escape from their daily life, and though some found it in mysticism, some in religious excitement and some in the sensuous joys of decadence the majority remained unsatisfied. What they wanted was not purely fantastic or imaginative experiences nor even adventure in its widest sense; but adventure concerning itself with their own lives...an extension of their borders into a realm of romance, yet a realm inhabited by men like themselves, doing work such as they might have done under like conditions.[21]

It must be made clear that this new literary trend was certainly not confined solely to the general British public. It also affected the upper classes, the intellectuals, and the governing elite of society as well. G.D. Killam in his Africa in English Fiction, 1874-1939, asserts that Henty "wrote more than a hundred novels for boys, most of which celebrate the greatness of British military achievement abroad and extol Britain's overseas mission."[22] Henty wrote widely about Africa. In later years it became fashionable to caricature the typical Henty protagonist, but the fact that it was considered appropriate to do so indicates how tenaciously his image of the Englishman, whom Santayana called the schoolboy master of the world, has survived.[23]

Rider Haggard's novels were accorded even more notice than were Henty's. Haggard became the rage. King Solomon's Mines, She, Allan Quatermain, Jess and other of his early novels received great attention from the British reading public.

The future Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, when still a young man, wrote to Haggard saying, "I like 'A.Q.' better than 'King Solomon's Mines'; it is more amusing. I hope you will write a great many more books."[24] Amy Cruse confirms that England's Prime Minister, Gladstone, "read it (King Solomon's Mines) with great enjoyment."[25]

Educators, schoolboys, authors, and literary critics alike were enthusiastic about Haggard's works. In his turn, Robert Louis Stevenson said King Solomon's Mines contained "flashes of a fine weird imagination and a fine poetic use and command of the savage way of talking: things which both thrilled me...," and critic Max Pamberton, "we all loved King Solomon's Mines...The author made children of us."[26] The famous critic and novelist Andrew Lang stated, "I think it (She) is one of the most astonishing romances I have ever read."[27] Many critics compared Haggard favourably to Jules Verne, Herman Melville and Robert Louis Stevenson. Morton Cohen, the biographer of Rider Haggard, claims that "for many Englishmen, Africa became the Africa of King Solomon's Mines."[28] Such people knew just what to expect when they arrived, and they often found it waiting for them. Another celebrated servant of the Empire, himself a novelist who wrote about Africa, remarked,

> The heavy tropical scents which the rain brought out of the ground, the intense silence of the dropping mists and water-laden forests, the clusters of beehive Kaffir huts in the hollows, all made up a world strange and new to the sight and yet familiar to the imagination. This was the old Africa of a boy's dream.[29]

This is Rider Haggard's Africa.

Edgar Wallace, who read Haggard when a boy and digested many of Sir Harry Johnston's exploits, was destined to become a widely read author.[30]

Margaret Lane, biographer of Wallace, gives an interesting account of how, after returning from Africa, Wallace hit upon the formula for his series of novels about Commissioner Sanders.

> ...Sanders should be his hero...a mixture of Harry Johnston and the other West African commissioners of whom he had heard such romantic and blood-curdling tales; a strong silent man who...was not afraid to take the law into his own hands, and was consequently loved and feard by his cannibal people... He fortified his imagination with books on African tribes, their manners and folk-lore, and when the facts were insufficiently picturesque, he glibly invented them.[31]

This study examines in some detail the works of Edgar Wallace.

Powerful confirmation of the impact of Africa comes from Graham Greene, who has written several novels about the continent. He confirms that as a young boy he "had been one of many who read Rider Haggard and his imitators."[32] Greene explains the attraction Africa has had for many writers since the days of Haggard and Conrad by saying,

> There are times of impatience, when one is less content to rest at the urban stage, when one is willing to suffer some discomfort for the chance of finding...there are a thousand names for it, King Solomon's Mines, the "heart of darkness"... or... one's place in time, based on a knowledge not only of one's present but of the past from which one has emerged.[33]

Thus it can be seen that novels pertaining to Africa appealed to a very broad audience ranging from schoolboys who were destined to be servants of the Empire, to political figures, intellectuals, and to society at large. The images of Africa continued and contained in these works influenced those who went to Africa and the general public who devoured the books. As works of fiction they were free to surround empire with romance, ignore its bitter realities, and invest it with the mystique of the Anglo-Saxon mission to civilize. The British characters understand and willingly shoulder the task

of bearing the "white man's burden." In Prester John, Buchan simultaneously thrusts maturity and awareness of responsibility upon his young hero,

> I knew then the meaning of the white man's duty. He has to take all the risks, recking nothing of his life or his fortunes and well content to find his reward in the fulfillment of his task. That is the difference between white and black...the gift of responsibility, the power of being in a little way a king; and so long as we know this and practice it, we will rule not in Africa alone but wherever there are dark men who live only for the day and their own bellies. Moreover the work made me pitiful and kindly, I learned much of the untold grievances of the natives, and saw something of their strange, twisted reasoning.[34]

As in this Buchan's novel, justification of the British historic right to domination and power was usually expressed in terms of racism...the rights and duties of the white man in regard to the 'inferior' blacks.

It is, of course, impossible to point to any one governmental decision as the direct result of a particular minister's image of Africa. Similarly it is also difficult to find fault with Harold Isaac's conclusion:

> I have never discovered any reason to credit the government policy-makers as a type with any superior mental discipline, any unique capacity to separate his concepts of his own and other peoples from the so-called international facts of life... Events are shaped by social forces that are normally much larger and more powerful than any individual policy maker, but insofar as policy makers do play a role, then their images of the people concerned (like their images of themselves and their nation) have some part in the process.[35]

Africa has occupied a place in Victorian fiction in English writing for a long time before the eventful reign of Queen Victoria, but early works of fiction concerned with that region of the world were few in number. Once again it must be expressed that George Alfred Henty and Henry Rider Haggard, more than any other novelists, were the writers who popularized Africa as a setting for fiction. Henty, whose first African novel appeared

in the mid-1870s, and Haggard, whose first piece of African fiction was published in the mid-1880s, opened up a path down which literally scores of writers were to tread. From 1875 down to the end of the Boer War and the death of Queen Victoria in 1901, there had emerged a very large body of fiction pertaining to Africa.

Unfortunately, this Anglo-African literature is of very uneven quality. Some authors like Joseph Conrad, Rider Haggard, Joyce Cary, Graham Greene, Winifred Holtby, Elspeth Huxley and others clearly stand out in terms of ability from the majority of those who wrote about Africa. This study is not intended to encompass the entire body of Anglo-African fiction, but concentrates on the works of fiction and non-fiction presenting different images of Africa in England during the Victorian era. Though the works of the period's major authors will be given most attention, a number of minor works and other pieces not usually found in histories of literature will be considered. What will be emphasized in this study are the images of Africa in historical fiction, and their relationship to African realities. Also, attention will be paid not only to the evolution of the images of Africa, but also to the British self-image, for the manner in which a group of people perceives themselves influences the way they see others.

It is interesting to observe that some of the authors whose works are used in this study, one time or the other, had spent a little time in Africa. A few of them, including the missionaries, had actually lived in Africa, at least on a temporary basis. Joseph Thomson, who between 1879 and 1891 was almost always in Africa, asserted that he had begun to realize that previous visitors had often unjustly maligned or unfairly caricatured

the inhabitants of Africa. He then wrote, "Under the influence of fevers... and the thousand troubles attendant on African travelling," explorers as a class had unfairly abused Africans in print. He concluded that by saying that, "Few people have studied them with unprejudiced and unbiased minds."[36] One would not be surprised to find very few observers like Joseph Thomson whose minds were free of obvious prejudice. This is not to say that Thomson saw everything through proverbial rose-coloured spectacles; he continued, as did others, to criticize certain African modes of dress and facial decoration. Yet Thomson recognized that no set of generalizations would do for all Africans.

This study will give enough attention to the explorers - the "Victorian lions." The fragments of their published output and portions of their contemporary lectures still form the stuff of anthologies; their works have provided the basis of a thriving reprint industry. This study will also examine the ways in which particular explorers coped with Africans and Africa, their methods, and their behaviour among and toward Africans. The encounter with Africa was an encounter with Africans. There were no empty spaces for settlement; even where there seemed to be, Africans in hordes appeared as soon as the settlers had jobs to offer. European life in Africa was deeply pervaded by the personality of the 'black savage.' Discovering, misunderstanding and rediscovering the African personality was a large theme in British historical experience in Africa. The black man was the module of all the natural marvels of the dark continent revealed to Victorian eyes by explorers. The "Victorian lions" came to expect mere savages, and the African kings who lived in some pomp, whether they were of Ashanti or Buganda or Nigeria, were in their eyes only slightly more advanced savaged chieftains. Africa became one of the several living Victorian museums of Darwinism.

Notes

[1]Roland Robinson, John Gallagher, and Alice Denny, Africa and the Victorians, New York: St Martin's Press, 1961, pp. 14-15.

[2]Ibid., p. 17.

[3]Ibid., p. 20.

[4]Philip D. Curtin, The Image of Africa, Madison, Wis., University of Wisconson Press, 1964, p. vii.

[5]Ibid., p. viii.

[6]E.D.Adams, Great Britain and the American Civil War, London, Longmans, 1925, 2 Vols., 1, pp. vi.

[7]Ibid., p. 478.

[8]Ibid., p. 479.

[9]Allen J. Greenberger, The Image of India , London, Oxford University Press, 1969, p. 7.

[10]Philip Curtin, Image of Africa, pp. 479-80 quoted in Greenberger, British Image of India, p. 7.

[11]Lilias R. Haggard, The Cloak that I left, London, Hodder and Stoughton, 1951, p. 134.

[12]Morton Cohen, Rider Haggard - His Life and His Works, London, Hutchinson and Co., 1960, p. 120.

[13]Ibid., p. 90.

[14]Ibid., p. 90.

[15]Susanne Howe, Novels of Empire, New York, Columbia University press, 1949, p. 3.

[16]George Watson, The English Ideology: Studies in the Language of Victorian politics, London, Ebenezer Baylis and Son, Limited, 1973, p. 213.

[17]Ibid., p. 213.

[18]Ibid., p. 214.

[19]Amy Cruse, After the Victorians, London, George Allen and Unwin, 1938, p. 112.

[20]Ibid., p. 112.

[21]Ibid., p. 112.

[22]G.D. Killam, Africa in English Fiction, 1874-1939, Ibadan University Press, 1968, p. 17.

[23]Archibald P. Thornton, The Imperial Idea and Its Enemies, London, Macmillan and Co., 1959, pp. 93-94.

[24]H. Rider Haggard, The Days of my life, ed. by C.J. Longman, 1, New York, Longmans, Green and Co., 1926, p. 275.

[25]Amy Cruse, After the Victorians, p. 113.

[26]Cohen, Rider Haggard, pp. 95-96.

[27]Lilias Haggard, Cloak I left, p. 129.

[28]Cohen, Rider Haggard, p. 94.

[29]Janet A. Smith, John Buchan: A Biography, Boston, Little Brown, and Co., 1965, p. 131.

[30]Margaret Lane, Edgar Wallace, the Biography of a Phenomenon, rev., ed., London, Hamish Hamilton, 1964, p. 45.

[31]Ibid., pp. 180-81.

[32]Martin Tucker, Africa in Modern Literature, New York, Frederick Unger Publishing Co., 1967, p. 129.

[33]Ibid., p. 12.

[34]John Buchan, Prester John, Boston and New York, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1928, (first published in 1910), p. 264.

[35]Harold R. Isaacs, Images of Asia:American Views of China and India, New York, Capricorn Books, 1962, p. 405, quoted in Greenberger, British Image, p. 4.

[36]Joseph Thomson, To the Central African Lakes and Back, The Narrative of the Royal Geographical Society's East Central African Expedition, 1878-1880, London, 1881, 2 Vols., 1, p. 238.

CHAPTER I

THE ENGLISH GENTLEMAN

The self-image of the Victorian age is not limited to the literature on Africa, but this does confirm other evaluations of the British and genuinely seems to express British values and attitudes. Britain's relative world position underwent great changes early in the period, moving from a so-called period of "Little Englandism" to become the mistress of the largest overseas empire established by any European power at the conclusion of the nineteenth century. Statistics of population growth, industrial expansion, rising per capita real income, burgeoning exports, and growing foreign investments gave quantitative proof that the country was in the vanguard of a new era of human history. The British public saw an ever expanding stream of achievement, power, and influence emanating from the white peoples of the earth and the importance of this factor can scarcely be over-emphasized. The nineteenth century witnessed the apogee of white hegemony in the world, the world was being westernized and to be British was to be in the forefront of the process - a fact which evoked a heatening assurance of racial and cultural abilities.

The Times, commenting on David Livingstone's crossing of Africa and his subsequent reception in Britain as a hero claimed that it was impossible not to feel

> a thrill of exultation at the thought that, literally, the whole earth is full of our labours - that there is no region in which our industrial enterprise, our skill in arms, our benevolent eagerness to diffuse the blessings of civilization and pure and true religion, have not been displayed.[1]

Pride of nationality was especially evident in British explorers,[2]

hence the naming of "Victoria Falls" by Livingstone, "Albert Nyanza" by Baker, and "Victorian Nyanza" by Speke.[3]

Although some doubts about Empire were beginning to appear after Queen Victoria's Jubilee of 1897, it was not until after the holocaust of World War 1 that it was apparent to large members of Englishmen that the British star had begun the long descent from its zenith. Nevertheless, prior to the close of this war, the majority of Britons regarded the Empire with great assurance and self-confidence. Not only did they feel they were fit to govern an empire, they believed that they could do the job better than anyone else. The optimism and confidence of the Victorian age possibly reached its climax in the person of David Livingstone. He had a simple and yet profound belief in human progress in a world "rolling to the golden age." He proudly noted the prosperity of his own era wherein persons of average means wore "finer clothes than Lords did in the time of Queen Elizabeth," while even those in the workhouse had more comforts than rich African chiefs. He was indeed little short of exultant at the "glorious future for our world"

> Surgical operations are performed without pain, fire is obtained instantaneously, and it is probable that before long we shall burn water instead of coal. Intelligence is communicated instantaneously, and travellers are conveyed on the ocean and on the land with celerety (sic) which our forefathers could not comprehend and which Africans now consider fabulous...An electric machine attached to a kite will bring down rain from a cloud, and this may be so improved as to call down copious showers when needed.[4]

These sentiments were echoed time and time again by novelists writing Anglo-African literature, particularly in the four decades preceding 1914. It was in this spirit that the British approached Africa. In order to understand this spirit, it is essential to see how the British viewed themselves.

Only if this be done can one begin to answer such questions as: Why did the British deem themselves fit to rule over an empire? What values were prized by those who did the actual governing? How did they regard other cultures with which they came into contact? and perhaps the most important question of all, What was the relationship between race and empire?

Rene Maunier in his The Sociology of Colonies, believes that

> The legal sources of imperialism are to be sought in the old mood of the Anglo-Saxon soul, in the ideal of the "gentleman" who was the standard type of culture and good manners. The gentleman is not only the polite and polished man; he is more especially the man who knows how to command; the imperial man in a certain sense, who, having powers makes it his duty and his right to use them for the common welfare. The ideas of authority-as-power and authority-as-duty are the heritage of an aristocratic tradition.[5]

He develops this idea to a much broader conclusion, namely that, when power becomes a right, it becomes "a good thing in itself to dominate, it is right and proper to dominate for the sake of dominating; and it is good for the subject-people to be subjected to domination."[6]

The position propounded by Maunier raises yet another important question, to wit, "what is the ideal of the gentleman about whom the French scholar wrote?" It is necessary to determine what qualities and values such people deemed to be important and to note how and where these attributes were acquired in order to get an accurate self-image of the English gentleman. The very words that Maunier employs, such as power, imperialism, command and authority, all have vigorous, active connotations.

It therefore would not be surprising to discover that many of the so-called attributes of the gentleman would likewise reflect essences of action and aggressiveness as opposed to passivity and quiescence.

Indeed, investigations into this very theme have shown that such qualities as manliness, bravery, and the willingness as well as ability to use force to further a proper cause were highly prized. The British Public School system was also responsible for inculcating the ideals of of gentlemanliness into members of that group. Studies have indicated that a great deal of emphasis was placed upon games, athleticism, conformity, obedience, physical prowess, and - again - manliness, at the expense of such virtues as learning for its own sake or the expanded weltanschauung it might impart to the boys. To examine these attributes further; it will then be possible to see if and how they found their way into Anglo-African fiction. Manliness is perhaps the most obvious attribute of the gentleman; be he a schoolboy or a member of the squire-archy. In the last half of the nineteenth century, there occured a great change in attitude, according to David Newsome: "moral earnestness became theumos, the hearty enjoyment of physical pursuits, the belief that manliness and high spirits are more becoming qualities in a boy than piety and spiritual zeal."[7] This change had far reaching effects, particularly in the public school system, and one of its greatest advocates was Thomas Arnold. Organised participation in games, particularly team sports, became a major feature of the school curriculum in conjunction with the constant emphasis on patriotism and the doing of one's duty to sovereign, country and Empire.[8] It is easy to see how these sentiments can be taken as manifestations of manliness.

It is difficult to overestimate the extent of the changes brought about by Arnold. He maintained most of the traditional disciplines but put into his school, Rugby, a strong measure of his own middle class morality, which

was, at that time, called, "Making the schools fit for Christian Gentlemen."[9] The basic problem Arnold faced was how to enforce his system of morality and discipline within the existing organization. He did this by using prefects:

> He governed the school, Dr. Norwood (a contemporary) says, "through a system of prefects acting as a kind of pretorian guard," or, as we should say now, a kind of S.S. corps, and since he impressed his own pietism on his prefects, that in turn was reflected throughout the school.[10]

Clearly this trained the generations after Arnold to be obedient governors of the Empire. On the effects of the prefectural system Herbert B. Gray in his work, The Public School and the Empire, remarked that

> (U)n doubtedly a tendency ensues to produce a breed of "superior persons", who take themselves very seriously, and carry their somewhat unbalanced self-assumption into the outer world, where they discover by degrees their proper level. Some of them preserve even in later life an undue self-esteem, which, as has previously been suggested, possesses a certain value of its own in spheres where they are set to control races which have been for centuries subject to domination or which are inferior in civilization.[11]

One major drawback to Arnold's prefectural system was the tyranny to which younger boys were subjected at the hands of older, stronger ones. One case, which is not typical of its kind, involved a young boy who answered back to a monitor at football. He was given such severe blows as punishment that he needed medical attention.[12] Others argued that the sytem impaired the health of the students and that the boys were reduced to the condition of brutalized slaves by the necessity of obeying thousands of minute, irksome customs under the threat of cruel beatings.[13] Still, the system was directly responsible for making, or breaking, a gentleman, for a gentleman is supposed to be able to display his aristocratic virtue, in this case, the ability to endure and

inflict pain without flinching.[14] Hilaire Belloc in his book, An Essay on the Nature of Contemporary England, terms the public schools, "seminaries for the English governing class"[15] and James Wellard, in his thesis, gives ironic consent to this definition:

> The major reward of attending a public school is the firm assurance which never leaves the alumnus afterwards, that. . .they are the cream of society and all the rest, the skimmed milk. . .This simple and useful classification of humanity into two parts is indispensable in later life in the executive and administrative posts for which public schoolboys are destined. Hence, in their dealings with subordinates and foreigners and all lesser breeds without the law, these model Englishmen. . . have the unshakeable conviction of intrinsic superiority. Obviously such a conviction together with a complete imperviousness to idea makes them inviolate and invincible.[16]

The public school builds character, and character is the essential quality of a gentleman. It is precisely because of his character that a gentleman can be entrusted with the welfare of his country. Philip Carr and J.D. Scott, among other commentators on English life, indicate that in the scale of British values, character far outweighs expertise.

> What is certain is that the public schools produce a type of character which has been of great service to the State, as well as being admirable in itself. The system encourages the sense of responsibility; but it tames arrogance and induces modesty. It brings the capacity for practical judgement to early maturity; but it also develops the sense of fairness in general and justice to inferiors in particular.[17]
>
> . . .the belief that the best kind of man to run anything important, from a merchant banking firm to an African colony or the British embassy in Moscow, is a one-time Captain of Eton cricket eleven with a good second-class University degree in Classics. . . It is a source of bitterness to many people that so many important posts are now going to experts, clever men especially trained, who because of their special training cannot take a broad view and because of their cleverness are probably dishonourable and possibly cowardly.[18]

Manliness was not confined to the public schools, as it had its effects on the British squire-archy and even influenced the Christianity in which that group believed. Charles Kingsley was perhaps its most articulate spokesman. He prided himself on being able to say, "His family and friends were hunters and fighters and he himself, by God's blessing, a strong, daring, sporting, wild man-of-the-woods."[19]

Kingsley preached to hard-riding squires and hard-fighting soldiers a "healthful and manly Christianity, one which does not exalt the feminine virtues to the exclusion of the masculine."[20] Furthermore, Kingsley encouraged Wellington students to play games he believed would develop manliness and in addition, help the participants to become good marksmen."[21] Surely the term, "muscular Christianity" is an appropriate one to apply to his teachings. The public school paragon of manliness was the fictional Tom Brown. In the preface to Tom Brown at Oxford, author Thomas Hughes wrote that Tom Brown, the hero, was the most common type of English boy of the upper middle class.[22] The Brown family is also made to be typical of the English squire-archy. In Tom Brown's Schooldays, Squire Brown and his family are painted as aggressive and having fighting spirit; indeed, these people

> have been subduing the earth in most English countries and leaving their work in American forests and Australian uplands. . .(and). . .wherever the fleets and armies of England have won renown, there stalwart sons of the Browns have done yeoman's work.[24]

One cannot help but wonder if they also helped decimate Australian aborigines, exterminate indigenous Tasmanians, and slaughter Maoris.

Tom Brown inherited the family tradition. When asked what his goals were at Rugby, he responded, "I want to be AI at cricket and football, and

all the other games, and. . .to leave behind me, . . .the name of a fellow who never bullied a little boy or turned his back on a big one."[25]

Another worthy aspect in the public schools was athleticism. By about the last quarter of the nineteenth century, it had swept through every major public school but it came to most schools even earlier. By 1880, the system of house governments at Harrow was passing from boys who were academically inclined to boys skilled in athletics, and at Rugby, where the athlete did not officially rule, he began to do so unofficially.[26] It should be noted that Eton, too, followed suit. Edward Warre was appointed Headmaster; he seemed to have no special qualifications for the position save the fact that he was an excellent oarsman and cricketer. Edward Mark in his book, Public Schools and British Opinion Since 1860, remarks that Edward Warre was an ideal choice for creating a model school designed to train academic philistines, and that was exactly the type of school he was effectively developing.[27] The anti-intellectual bias of the mid-nineteenth century public school was extremely strong. Not intellectual achievement or effort but character training was the primary concern of the public schools. Contemporary authors argued that what a young man really needed more than anything was a solid English character because the students who emerged from the Victorian public schools were the men who were to lead the force of Empire and constitute the ruling cadre of the country.[28] It can be argued that the public schools did elevate. . .or at least alter. . .the moral tone of the English gentleman. The gentleman became quite different from the elite of other nations. . .he became conspicuously British.[29] Thus it becomes clear that the aims of the public schools were quite in keeping with

the desires of the middle to upper class families. Herbert Tingsten, in his work, Victoria and the Victorians, asserted that, "Public schools were exclusive and expensive, or less exclusive and less expensive; but to have gone to a public school of some sort was a badge of class that wealthy parents felt obliged to provide for their sons."[30] Tingsten also believed that "the teaching in these schools was often mediocre and inadequate."[31] The goal of the public school education is not the full development of the individual, but the conquest of self. Martin Green in his A Mirror for Anglo-Saxons: A Discovery of America, A Discovery of England, believes such an education to be appallingly effective.

> . . .a quality. . .lies deep in most modern British figures of authority and intelligence. . .a quality of a revenge taken on one's own spontaneity, . . .the source of their energy is a cold joy in the defeat of humanity in themselves and in others.[32]

According to John R. Reed, author of Old School Ties, Victorian fathers wanted their sons emerge from the public schools as polished, socially adept young gentlemen.[33] As a matter of fact, gaining a superior education for its own intrinsic value clearly was not the prevailing sentiment entertained by the English upper classes. Although those of the middle class who could afford it often sent their sons to the public schools, it would be a serious mistake to think that the institution was being democratized or in favour of democracy. Warre, Eton's headmaster, was said to be in favour of democracy only as long as everyone voted for him.[34] Harrow's headmaster argued that, "the business of a school is to work and get on with its life without bothering about whys and wherefores and abstract justice and democratic principle."[35]

It is also essential to consider that it was not a mere matter of course for a son of upper middle class standing to be accepted as a gentleman. Money was an asset, but by no means did it insure acceptance. As Taine in commenting on the English character observed,

> The English believe that the monied man and the man of business is inclined to selfishness; his was not the disinterestedness, the large and generous views which suit a chief of the country, he does not know how to sink self, and think of the public whereas to the English a real gentleman is a real noble, a man worthy of commanding, upright, disinterested, capable of exposing himself and even of sacrificing himself for those whom he leads.[36]

This was one of the beauties of Arnoldianism. He opened a path by which the middle class son could make a gentleman of himself by embracing the moral teachings of manly Christianity. Thackery has given a classic definition of gentlemanliness. He asked

> Is it to have lofty aim to lead a pure life, to keep your honour virgin; to have the esteem of your fellow-citizens, and the love of your fireside; to bear good fortune meekly; to suffer evil with constancy; and through evil or good to maintain truth always?[37]

He has in mind that whoever has these qualities, "we will salute as gentleman."[38] It can thus be seen that money does not make a gentleman. By the same token, the mere favourable accident of birth does not insure gentlemanliness. One must have the proper moral qualities.

Regardless of which evaluation of the public school system in Victorian England one feels is most accurate, one can readily agree with Taine, when he says the ordinary sentiments of father and son put mental culture and science in low regard and character, heart, courage, strength and bodily skill in a position of primacy.[38] Walter Houghton in his Victorian

Frame of Mind, agrees with Taine's contention but takes it even farther. Manliness encompassed certain moral qualities, chiefly courage, honesty, a rough sense of justice and, above all, physical strength.[39] The comments of Taine and Houghton aptly sum up, as one can see from the foregoing expositions, the basic values which were held by the Victorian upper classes and drummed into their sons by the public school system. It is now possible to examine the manner in which the British self-image as it appeared in Anglo-African literature corresponded to objective reality.

The Tale and the Teller

In the late nineteenth century, England gained her Empire in Africa. This was the 'Age of Optimism' in Victorian England. The first major aspect of the British self-image to appear in Anglo-African literature was that of the "schoolboy hero." One might expect this image to correspond very closely to the ideal specimen of the British public school system, which it, in fact, does. The major writers who employed such a protagonist were George Alfred Henty, Captain Frederick Marryat, John Buchan, and on occasions, Rider Haggard. Other authors, somewhat less famous, include Herbert Hayens, James P. FitzPatrick, and Frederick S. Brereton. Their common theme was the love for adventure, either as a destitute sailor in the China or South Seas, or as the indefatigable white man in the tropics battling against immense odds and emerging victorious in the end. They glorified the British Empire and the British race, emphasizing "the white man's burden." Africa was romanticized by Rider Haggard, and the imaginations of the young empire builders of later years were fired.

With ease, the numerous writers enthusiastically sold the imperial idea to a gullible public. A brief glimpse of some of the heroes will show, among other things, how completely the public school ethos was incorporated into Anglo-African fiction.

The hero of Marryat's The Mission, which was published in 1845, is Alexander Wilmot. Immediately his character is delineated. The author describes him as

> (being) now 22 years of age, and having just finished his college education. Alexander Wilmot was a tall handsome young man, very powerful in frame, and very partial to all athletic exercises; he was the best rower and the best cricketer at Oxford; very fond of horses and hunting, and an excellent shot; in character and disposition he was generous and amiable, frank in his manners, and obliging to his inferiors. Everyone liked Alexander Wilmot, and he certainly deserved to be liked, for he never injured or spoke ill of anybody. Perhaps his most prominent fault was obstinacy, but this was more shown in an obstinate courage and perseverance to conquer what appeared almost impossible, and at the greatest danger to himself; he was of that disposition that he would hardly get out of the way of a mad bull if it crossed his path, but there is no perfection in this world, and it was still less to be expected in a young man of only 22 years of age.[40]

One can imagine that young Wilmot would indeed warm the cockles of Charles Kingsley's heart.

Without doubt the most successful author who employed the schoolboy hero type was George Alfred Henty. He wrote scores of novels, all using the same type of hero, and they covered every imaginable corner of the globe. His hero came to grips with Dyaks in Borneo, Maoris in New Zealand, and Maroons in Haiti. So successful was Henty in drawing this type of hero that his became the stereotype model. G.D. Killam in his work, Africa in English Fiction 1874-1939, asserts that, "Henty is the most single-minded exponent

of imperialism, its uncritical and sometimes incredibly naive supporter."[41] Henty wrote several books with African settings, and the heroes who appear in them are truly representative of the type he moulded. Yorke Herberton is, perhaps, Henty's most enduring creation:

> Yorke Herberton was nearly sixteen and was a typical public school schoolboy. . .straight and clean limbed, free from all awkwardness, bright in expression, and possessed of a large amount of self possession, or as he himself would have called it, "cheeks", was a little particular about the set of his Eton jacket and trousers and the appearance of his boots, was as hard as nails and almost tireless; a good specimen of the class by which Britain has been built up, her colonies formed, fearlessness, the spirit of adventure and readiness to face and overcome all difficulties, unmatched in the world.[42]

Chris King, another of Henty's creations who journeyed with Buller in Natal was portrayed as being

> (a) fine specimen of the young Uitlander. A life passed largely in the open air, hard work and exercise had broadened his shoulders and made him look at least a year older than he really was. He was a splendid rider and an excellent shot with his rifle, for his father had obtained a permit from the authorities for him to carry one, and he could bring down an antelope when running at full speed as neatly as any of the young Boers. . .He was quiet in manner and talked but little.[43]

Richard Humphreys, hero in Henty's The Young Colonists, emerged as a young man who

> had no literary taste; he managed to escape through his work and keep a moderate place in his class, somewhere about halfway down; but he threw his whole heart into outdoor exercise, and was one of the best bats in the school, although there were many there older by years. . .Except in school, or perhaps during the long winter evenings, it was rare to to find Dick with a book in his hands.[44]

When his father would gently chide him saying that he would never set the Thames on fire, Dick would reply, "I shall never want to, father. I do not see that learning will ever be much good to me."[45]

In By Sheer Pluck, the hero, Frank Hargate, is reduced to penurious circumstances, but even still, a porter who had befriended him is moved to say:

> I don't know how it is, but a gentleman looks like a gentleman, put him in what clothes you will. I could have sworn to you being that if I'd never seen you before. I can't make it out, I don't know what it is, but there's certainly something in gentle blood, whatever you may say about it. Some of my mates are forever saying that one man's as good as another. Now I don't mean to say that ain't as good; but what I say is, as they ain't the same.[46]

By the time he was fifteen, Frank could hold his own in any game of football or cricket, according to Henty, and he was an excellent shot, having been taught these things by his father before the latter was killed by Maoris .[47]

All four of these heroes. . .Frank, Yorke, Dick and Chris. . .find themselves in different, but difficult circumstances, usually due to unavoidable financial, physical, or military events. Each of these boys is required to make his own way and to overcome adversity. Each one of them succeeds,by calling on inner moral and physical qualities, which as shall soon be evident, reflect those traditional velues of the public school system. Although writing for young boys, the public school image each projected found favour with the parents of Henty's audience. Speaking of With Buller to Natal, the Army and the Navy Gazette said," . .it was just the sort of book to inspire an enterprising boy. . ." while the Educational News said of Henty's Through Three Campaigns, "Every true boy will enjoy this story of plucky adventure. . ." and the Dundee Advertiser asserted that it gave ". . .animation to recent history and its confident art and abundant spirit will greatly satisfy the intelligent and spirited boy."[48] Henty succeeded in creating an image which was in keeping not only with the public school spirit but one that was also in keeping with the tenor of Victorian times.

Perhaps the most widely read novelist who was concerned with Africa was Henry Rider Haggard. Unlike Henty, Haggard's stock in trade was not the public school hero, but Haggard did occasionally employ young men as protagonists. These young people were those who spent their youth in Africa but exhibited many of the same qualities as Henty's heroes. Occasionally Haggard's novels do feature a public school hero. Rider Haggard's first major novel was King Solomon's Mines. One of the heroes in the volume was Allan Quatermain, and this character became so popular that Haggard later wrote several books featuring him. The books did not deal with Quatermain's life in any chronological manner, but were more episodic in nature. Almost every sphere of his life was covered at one time or the other. In Marie, which was published between 1911 and 1912, the reader sees Allan as a young boy, caught up in the intrigues surrounding the massacre of Retief in the Kraal of Dingaan in the 1830s while in Allan Quatermain, which appeared in 1887, the reader discovers the circumstances surrounding his death in the distant land of the mythical Zu-Vendis.

The part of Allan Quatermain's life which is told in Marie gives the reader the most complete look at Haggard's conception of a young hero who spent his youth in Africa rather than in a public school. One can quickly see the qualities Haggard prizes when Allan is wounded and is taunted by an unscrupulous rival; Allan thought to himself,

> In spirit, in courage, in determination and in ability, in all, in short, that really makes a man, I was more than Pereira's (his rival) equal. Yes, and that by the help of these qualities poor as I was and frail as I seemed to be, I would beat him at

> the last and keep for myself what I had won,
> the prize of Marie's love.[49]

As the novel unfolds, Quatermain does what he has resolved, and shows himself to be brave, sagacious, patriotic, (to the British inhabitants of South Africa), resourceful and a good shot to boot. Haggard's second major work was She. In it, the reader is introduced to Leo Vincey, Haggard's major schoolboy hero. Vincey certainly differs somewhat from Henty's heroes in that he is a little older, having taken his degree at twenty-one. . . a respectable degree, but not a very good one.[50] For the next four years Vincey read for the Bar before going to Africa to search for the caves of Kor with Holley, his mentor. Even though he is about eight years older than, say, the average Henty hero, he is like Marryat's Wilmot, the product of the Oxbridge system. Vincey's very appearance exuded manliness. Haggard describes him as "a statue of Apollo come to life" and says he "was very tall, very broad, and had a look of power and a grace of bearing that seemed as native to him as to a stag.[51]

Leo is later portrayed as

> one of the most English looking men I ever saw.
> He has nothing of the supple form or slippery manner
> of the modern Greek about him (he was half Greek by blood)
> though I assume that he inherits his personal beauty from
> his foreign mother, whose portrait he resembles not a little.
> He is very tall and broad chested; and yet not awkward as to
> many big men are, and his head is set upon him in such a fashion
> as to give him a proud and vigorous air, which was well described
> by his Amahaggar name of "Lion."[52]

As for his mind, Haggard asserts that Vincey was "brilliant and keen witted, but no scholar. He had not the dullness necessary to that result."[53]

The young hero's physical development was not stunted as he learned to outshoot his trusted mentor, who was an excellent marksman, and when only fifteen, fairly thrashed a man twice his size over an insult.[54] Surely he was not a man with whom to trifle.

John Buchan wrote very little with an African setting. One of his major novels pertains to Africa, and this is Prester John, one of the most popular of his works. In Prester John, Buchan simultaneously thrusts maturity and awareness of responsibility upon his young hero.

> I knew then the meaning of the white man's duty. He has to take all the risks, recking nothing of his life or his fortunes and well content to find his reward in the fulfillment of his task. That is the difference between white and black. . .the gift of responsibility, the power of being in a little way a king; and so long as we know this and practice it, we will rule not in Africa alone but wherever there are dark men, who live only for the day and their own bellies. Moreover the work made me pitiful and kindly. I learned much of the untold grievances of the natives, and saw something of their strange, twisted reasoning.[55]

The hero of this novel, David Crawfurd, is a good example of the Henty genre. Forced by the death of his father to make his own way in the world, he was, by his own admission slow witted and failed to distinguish himself as a scholar. As he put it,

> I continued for three years at the burgh school, where my progress was less notable in my studies than in my sports. . . I had grown a tall, square set lad and my prowess at Rugby football was renowned beyond the parishes of Kirkcaple and Portincross.[56]

In describing his ambitions, Crawfurd says:

> I do not think I would have been much good at a general's work.

> I would have shirked the loneliness of it, the isolation of responsibility. But I think I would have done well in a subaltern command, for I had a great notion of carrying out orders and a certain zest in the mere act of obedience.[57]

During a series of adventures, Crawfurd shows himself to be brave, a good horseman, and a good shot. All these heroes, Wilmot, Vincey, Crawfurd, and Quatermain and Henty's quartet of worthies, show themselves to have the basic values which were so esteemed in the public school system. All were so self-reliant and resourceful. No one of them was an outstanding scholar though they were all quick witted in non-academic matters. Above all, they were MANLY. Yet, in Buchan's novel, it is clear to see the justification of the British historic right to domination and power was usually expressed in terms of racism - the rights and duties of the white man in regard to the inferior blacks. As we have seen, these heroes possessed many attributes such as manliness, physical prowess, courage and self-reliance, it is only fair to ask if they also possessed other qualities which the public schools were supposed to inculcate in their charges. We could as well ask, what, for example, were the heroes' attitudes toward such concepts as duty, patriotism, honour, women and sexual morality, athleticism, philosophy and gentlemanliness? The real question, in this sense, seems to be, were these heroes genuine images of the public school ideal or were they mere imitations of the mythical Tom Brown at Oxford? The answer to this question will demonstrate the relationship between stated public school attitudes and the hero in Anglo-African fiction.

Marryat is every inch the patriot, which is precisely what one would expect, given the author's long term of service in the British navy - of about one quarter of a century.[58] As Wilmot sailed for Africa and was looking at the outline of his native country recede with a great deal of sadness, a fellow passenger commented to him, "I believe, Sir, that we were both indulging in similar thoughts as we took leave of our native shores. Every Englishman does the same. . . ."[59] The hero, who was going to Africa in search of a missing relative, knew virtually nothing about that land which may be explained by the fact that Marryat never even saw Africa and had an extremely naive attitude about the powers of British civilization. He is moved to say when a word of caution is given him,

> What dangers can there be when missionaries are permitted to form their stations, and reside uninjured among the very savages who were so hostile when the Grosvenor was lost? The country which was then a desert, is not inhabited by Europeans, within 200 miles of the very spot where the Grosvenor was wrecked. The continual emigration since the Cape has fallen under British government, and the zeal of those who have braved all dangers to make known the Word of God to the heathen and idolators, have in forty years made such an alteration, that I see no more danger in the mission which I propose than I do in a visit to Naples. . .[60]

The Mission has what can most charitably be described as the thinnest of plots. It is little more than a combination fictitious travelogue and shooting expedition. Indeed, the hunting and killing of animals takes up a very large part of the book. All the men are excellent shots and all seem to enjoy hunting for a variety of reasons. At least Major Henderson was honest about it all as he admitted he had all his pleasure in the

destruction of animals.[61] Indeed, hunting was much more than the mere killings of animals; an ethos was built around it. For the English related it to two major sets of values, that of personal character and of social status. Hunting not only demonstrated character, it also helped to inculcate the virtues of courage and action. Livingstone was sufficiently a man of his times to agree with the notion:

> I sometimes felt annoyed at the low estimation in which some of my hunting friends were held; for, believing that the chase is eminently conducive to the formation of a brave and noble character and that the contest with the wild beasts is well adapted for fostering that coolness in emergencies, and active presence of mind which we all admire, I was naturally anxious that a higher estimate of my countrymen should be formed in the native mind.[62]

The sport had long been the prerogative and avocation of the British upper classes. A display of the proper enthusiasm for hunting and proper conduct in it carried the cachet of "gentleman". To the Africans, hunting was a matter of subsistence, not sport. The British considered this view of game to be gluttonous and vulgar, rather like the poaching of the lower classes at home. Livingstone's observations upon the contrast between the British and the African attitudes toward hunting are perceptive and pertinent. He reports his conversation with an African which indicates the difference in values.

> Have these hunters, who come so far and work so hard, no meat at home? Why, these men are rich, and could slaughter oxen every day of their lives. . .And yet they come here, and endure so much thirst for the sake of this dry meat, none of which is equal to beef? - Yes, it is for the sake of play besides, (the idea of sport not being in the language.)

> This produces a laugh, as much as to say, "Ah! You know better;" or, "your friends are fools." When they can get a man to kill large quantities of game for them, whatever he may think of himself or of his achievements, they pride themselves in having adroitly turned to good account the folly of an itinerant butcher.[63]

Marryat was a novelist who exploited not his own adventures, but material already available in print. The initial plot of shipwreck he based on newspaper reports of the wreck of the H.M.S. Grosvenor off Delagoa Bay, and the rest of his tale came from various accounts of African adventure and sport. Marryat is a failure when it comes to developing Wilmot's character. He tends to sermonize, and what passes for dialogue is, in reality, little more than extended monologue. The author saves his more revealing comments for his observations on natives, Boers, missionaries, and the unquestioned superiority of British civilization. A few of these shortcomings also appear in the novels by Henty. His characters also tend to speechify, and this contributes to weak dialogue. The plots are anything but involved. Still the subject matter of this books is quite topical. . . With Buller in Natal and With Roberts to Pretoria deal with the Boer War while By Sheer Pluck and The March to Coomassie are concerned with the Ashanti War, and the Young Colonists is basically a story of merchant adventure and conflict with Boers and Bantu. Yet Henty had some first-hand knowledge of Africa and his protagonists are drawn with more skill.

Perhaps the most credible of all the Henty heroes is Chris King who appears in With Buller in Natal. The story deals with South Africa from

just prior to the beginning of the Boer War to the relief of Ladysmith. One cannot help but be struck by Chris's sense of duty. He was living in South Africa when hostilities commences, and he, along with several of his friends, voluntarily formed an irregular cavalry unit to aid the British in their struggle against the Boers. Chris and his men were gentlemen. They financed the cost of their expedition themselves and had no desire to take money from the troops who needed it. Commenting on their experience, Chris notes,

> (T)hey (the Colonies) would find it very difficult to get work there, and the five shillings a day pay is therefore of the greatest importance to them. But it is different with us. We don't draw pay, we simply agreed to band ourselves together to have an opportunity of paying out the Boers for their treatment of us. At the time we agreed to that, we had no idea that they would invade Natal. Of course that was an additional inducement to us to fight. As loyalists, and capable of bearing arms, it would have been our duty, even if we had no personal feeling in the matter, to enlist to help to clear the country of the enemy who invaded it.[64]

When they decided to disband, Captain Brookfield told them,

> You have done wonderfully good service. You have held an experience that you will look back upon with satisfaction all your lives. You have done your duty, and more than your duty. You have before you useful lives, and have amply shown that in whatever position you may be placed you will be a credit to yourselves and your friends.[65]

The members of Chris's force had a relatively homogeneous background. Chris himself was the son of a wealthy mining executive while

> Willendon's father was a doctor with a large practice in Johannesburg, and the lad himself was going home after the war was over, to study for the profession and to take his medical degree, while Brown and Peters were both sons of very wealthy capitalists.[66]

All the members came from families like this, and as the war continued a very strong sense of esprit de corps arose. Talking about a time when the war would be over, Chris was moved to comment,

> (W)e shall often meet, and I do hope that when we talk of these times we sha'n't have our pleasure marred by having to say how we miss so and so and so and so. I should be sorry even to lose one of our blacks. They have stuck to their work well and are always cheerful and willing in the worst of weather and under the most miserable of conditions. I should really be very sorry if any of them were killed.[67]

So close did the unit become that the gentleman even had consideration and regard for their servants, individuals for whom Englishmen in Africa seldom were concerned.

Physical strength and stamina were qualities which were most highly prized. Nowhere is this clearer than in the exchange between Chris and Carmichael, a fellow volunteer.

Chris reported:

> "Some of us have only had an hour's sleep, Carmichael. But there is another day's work before us, and after that you may sleep for 24 hours if you like."
> "Oh! I suppose I can do it if the others can; still after 75 miles here, 5 minutes out, and something like 5 minutes chasing the horses, and 5 miles back again, I think we have done a pretty good day's work."
> "No doubt you have," Chris said, "a thundering good day's work; but a fellow is not worth calling a fellow if he can't manage to do two days' work at a stretch for once in a way. At any rate, the horses will be fresh, which is of much more importance than our being so; they have had 3 days perfect rest."[68]

Even in dreadful defeat, it was possible to do one's duty to one's country, army, and self. Success was not always necessary. At one time, the British

were taking a severe beating from the Boer artillery,

> yet (it was) a day of glory, for never had the fighting power of British troops been more splendidly exhibited, never were greater deeds of individual daring performed, never had troops supported with heroic indifference so terrible a fire.. .[69]

Individual acts of bravery could stand out alone, as is shown in this account of two British gunners far in advance of their position:

> They continued to fire until the last round of reserve ammunition was finished. Then those who were near to make out their figures saw them take their stand, one on each side of the gun, at attention, until they both fell dead by the side of the piece they had served so well.[70]

Indeed, doing one's duty was not always easy or pleasant. But one did it because it was right and British to do it, and, as can be seen, regardless of the personal consequences it might entail. There were certain qualities which it is essential that a man have if he is to survive in the wilds of Africa. Two of the more important clearly are self-reliance and good marksmanship. All of Henty's heroes have these. Dick Humphreys wanted to go on a trading adventure for excitement, but as there was some danger to it, his father was reluctant to allow him to go. Finally he granted him permission, not because he stood to make a very substantial profit. . . which he did. . .from the venture, but because his son wanted to go and because he felt that it was "good for a lad to be placed in position where he learns self-reliance, readiness, and promptness of action."[71] Public school gentlemen do enjoy hunting. All of Henty's heroes at a tender age acquire ability, although occasionally it leads them into contradictions. Dick, for example, felt that he never shot more game than was required for

food as he abhorred taking any life unnecessarily simply for the sport of it, yet when he is left around the campgrounds, he amuses himself by wandering about and shooting poor, unwary birds.[72] Perhaps this was mandatory if he were to keep his shooting eyes; perhaps the hero had a greater lust for blood than he realized. Naturally his father, who was a prize shot, has taught him to be an excellent shot and this came in handy when stalking game, be it on two or four legs. On his trading adventure Dick succeeded in putting a rifle ball into the mouth of a charging elephant at ten yards and also managed to put a slug in a native's head at four hundred yards.[73] He did not say which shot was more difficult.

Yorke Herberton defeats a rival in a shooting match, thereby incurring his undying enmity in With Roberts to Pretoria, and Frank Hargate, despite his lack of practice with a rifle, was told that, "You are as good a shot as I am, and I am considered a fair one. I have no doubt that with a little practice you will succeed as well with your double-barrel."[74] Frank, like David, found ample opportunities to test his skill on unfriendly natives and ferocious, dangerous animals and was not found wanting. The great emphasis on marksmanship is not surprising. Kingsley, as has been noted, prided himself on being both a good shot and a good hunter. It was one of the marks of a gentleman. Still, he is as dangerous as Henty's heroes were in Africa, and it is a simple fact of life that one's very existence could depend on one's ability with a gun. Marksmanship in Africa was more than a gentleman's attribute.

Each of Henty's heroes must be given the chance to make at least one dramatic rescue to show his courage. Frank Hargate in By Sheer Pluck was unduly fortunate - not one but thrice did he rescue unfortunate people. One girl he saved from a mad dog, several comrades were saved from drowning by his swimming abilities, and his level head saved his shipmates when they got caught in a gale.[75] Yorke Herberton performed many valiant acts on the battlefield, several times rescuing comrades from death or capture at the hands of the Boers as did Chris King in With Buller to Natal. Dick Humphreys and a friend in The Young Colonists raced out in front of on-coming Zulus to rescue a fallen comrade, despite the fact that they had to go within twenty yards of the natives.[76] All of these rescues were effected with great personal danger, and the stalwarts were always acclaimed to be heroes.

The Henty hero is all business. There are no girls to distract the hero from the matters at hand, namely, making his way in the world. In all the books with African settings written by Henty, not once does a white girl intrude, except sisters and other members of a hero's family. Even these women hardly seemed real - they were paragons, not flesh and blood creatures. This did not come about by accident. Henty once said to fellow novelist Menville Fenn, "I never touch on love interests. Once I ventured to make a boy of twelve kiss a little girl of eleven and I got a very indignant letter from a dissenting minister."[77] Henty never forgot that parents could influence an adolescent's reading matter. Henty's stories often suffered from a sameness in terms of imagination and plot development, for in every

novel one could besure that he would see "arrogance brought low, dramatic rescues effected, and the country's honour redeemed."[78] In his incisive article on Henty, A.P Thornton, quite correctly notes when discussing the Henty hero,

> It is the rightness of the careers that Henty describes that makes them so impressive. In action they expand their code. It is right to act according to it. It is benighted, to help the afflicted, and to impose a stern, but a just government.[79]

For sure, Henty's hero is the mirror image of the ideal concept of the public school type. The virtues possessed by the Henty hero are the ones most valued by a proper Victorian Society that approaches the question of Empire in the most self-assured way.

Two of the most successful authors who imitated Henty's school boy hero in Anglo-African literature were Frederick S. Brereton and Herbert Hayens. Henty's With Buller in Natal, in which the hero Chris King is an irregular scout, appeared in 1902, the very year Henty died. That same year, Hayens produced his best known work of this genre, Scouting for Buller, and less than a year later, Brereton's novel, One of the Fighting Scouts, was published. Henty's hero could have stepped right into either novel and never missed a beat, for the heroes of Hayens and Brereton were alike in every respect to the ones delineated by Henty. They are all foursquare, loyal, brave, patriotic, reverent sons of Britain. They also made their creators some money. In 1908 Brereton wrote With Wolseley To Kumasi, an adventure novel about the 1874 campaign against the Ashantis. This work seems to be a cross between Henty's By Sheer Pluck and his non-fictional The March to Coomassie. Unfortunately, Brereton's volume lacks Henty's polish, superficial, as that may be. Brereton's effort at imitation surely does, however, reflect the fact that Henty's format was very popular. Also, the image created

by Henty of the straightforward hero with the public school values was given further publicity. In all fairness to Hayens and Brereton, it must be said that the scenes of battle they describe are not as technical in nature as are the ones drawn by Henty. It is possible that they lacked Henty's military knowledge, but whether by design or not, those segments do read more easily than do those of Henty. It must be remembered that Henty's novels in writing of these campaigns came from his belief that, "the little wars. . .attract far less attention among the people of this country than they deserve."[80] But he never forgets to indicate that, "it is only after a defeat that men turn back to the despatches and documents, and see whom they can denounce as its authors."[81]

James P. FitzPatrick's Jock of the Bushveld is very much in the public school tradition. Jock of the Bushveld is a tale of a noble hunting dog who personified all the virtues attributed to the Zulu and to the British themselves. He possessed the qualities of "courage, fidelity and concentration" that marked nobility of character. In the same novel there is an exceedingly virtuous horse. "Tsetse was also old soldier, but he was what you might call a gentleman old soldier, with a sense of duty; and in his case the discipline and honour of his calling were not garments for the occasion, but part of himself."[82] FitzPatrick deliberately wrote to appeal to his age-group, both to amuse them but also to expose them to the traditions and values which he hoped would be inculcated by the time they left the public school system. FitzPatrick himself said, that he hoped his book would not be one for a season but one which would find its way into every home.[83]

One of the themes which FitzPatrick stressed strongly was the rightness of hard work. It simply was not enough to toil occasionally - it is a moral requirement that one work hard to earn one's way in the world. This comes out most clearly when Boy, who was to be Jock's owner, was trying to find some work to do to justify taking food some friendly prospectors had given him. Finally one gold-seeker gave him a job, and Boy said,

> It was hard work. But the joy of it. Shovelling in the icy water, in mud and gravel, and among the boulders from early dawn to dark. What matter? It was work. It was not for hire, but just to help one who had helped him, to 'earn his grub' and feel he was a man doing the work of his friend's partner, 'who was away'. . .[84]

Doing one's duty is paramount, regardless of the sacrifice, and even poor Jock who was accidentally shot to death died doing his.

FitzPatrick's novel is very readable, and although some of the passages are quite ordinary, some capture a mood brilliantly. Once when Boy is extremely discouraged and down on his luck, he falls asleep and dreams,

> Once his hand went out and gently touched the turf, reaching for the friend and comrade of the past - one who knew his every mood, had heard his wildest dream described had seen him, hoteyed, breathless, struggling to escape the cage; one to whom the boyish soul was often bared in confidence; one who could see and hear and feel, yet never sighed for an answer to the soft brown eyes. . .The boy woke up shivering, dazed, bewildered: the mountain of his dreams had vanished, and his dog was not there.[85]

Kipling, Milner and Theodore Roosevelt all wrote to FitzPatrick expressing delight with the novel.[86] Clearly the book had wide appeal.

Notes

[1]Quoted in Henry M. Stanley, How I Found Livingstone, London, Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington Ltd., 1890, p. xvii.

[2]Cameron's Across Africa and Baker's Albert Nyanza were dedicated to Queen Victoria. Baker dedicated Nile Tributaries to the Prince of Wales.

[3]When he reached the lake Baker wrote: 'It is impossible to describe the triumph of that moment, - here was the reward for all our labour - for the years of tenacity with which we had toiled through Africa. England had won the sources of the Nile! As an imperishable memorial of one loved and mourned by our gracious Queen. . .I called this great lake "the Albert N'yanza."
Samuel Baker, The Albert N'yanza, new.ed., London, Macmillan, 1883, p. 308.

[4]Ed. David Livingstone's Private Journals 1851-53, London, Chatto and Windus, 1959: 2 Vols., p. 168.

[5]René Maunier, The Sociology of Colonies: An Introduction to the Study of Race Contact, ed., and trans. by E.O. Lorimer, London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1949, p. 30.

[6]Ibid., p. 146.

[7]David Newsome, Godliness and Good Learning: Four Studies on a Victorian Ideal, London, John Murray, 1961, p. 26.

[8]Ibid., pp. 26, 95.

[9]T.C. Worsley, Barbarians and Philistines: Democracy and the Public Schools, London, Robert Hale, 1940, p. 37.

[10]Ibid., pp. 42, 37.

[11]Herbert B.Gray, The Public School and the Empire, London, Williams and Norgate, 1913, p. 208.

[12]Edward Mark, Public Schools and British Opinion, 1780-1860, London, Methuen and Co., 1936, p. 379.

[13]Edward C. Mark, Public Schools and British Opinion, since 1860, New York, Columbia University Press, 1941, p. 25.

[14]Worsley, Barbarians and Philistines, p. 43.

[15]Hilaire Belloc, An Essay on the Nature of Contemporary England, New York, 1937, p. 26; See also pp. 28, 29.

[16]James Wellard, Understanding the English, New York, 1937, p. 90.

[17]Philip Carr, The English Are Like That, New York, 1941, p. 134.

[18]J.D. Scott, Life in Britain, New York, 1955, p. 10.

[19]Walter E. Hougton, The Victorian Frame of Mind, New Haven, Conn., Yale University Press, 1957, p. 204.

[20]Ibid., p. 204.

[21]Newsome, Godliness and Good Learning, p. 198.

[22]Thomas Hughes, Tom Brown at Oxford, London, George Routledge and Sons., 1861, p. vi.

[23]Henry. R. Harrington, Childhood and the Victorian Ideal of Manliness in "Tom Brown's Schooldays", quoted from "The Victorian Newsletter, Fall 1973, p. 15.

[24]Thomas Hughes, Tom Brown's School Days, London, Macmillan and Co., 1868, pp. 1-2.

[25]Ibid., pp. 297-98.

[26]Mark, Schools and Opinion Since 1860, p. 124.

[27]Ibid., p. 129

[28]John R. Reed, Old School Ties, Syracuse, N.Y. Syracuse University Press, 1964, p. 8.

[29]Ibid., p. 8.

[30]Herbert Tingsten, Victoria and the Victorians, London, George Allen & Unwin Ltd., 1965, First published in 1972, p. 51.

[31]Ibid., p. 51.

[32]Martin Green, A Mirror for Anglo-Saxons: A Discovery of America, A Discovery of England, New York, Harper and Brothers, 1960, p. 78.

[33]John R. Reed, Old School Ties, Syracuse, N.Y., p. 6.

[34]Mark, Schools and Opinion Since 1860, p. 129.

[35]Greenberger, British Image, pp. 25-26.

[36]Houghton, Victorian Frame of Mind, p. 283.

[37]Ibid., p. 359.

[38]Ibid., p. 203.

[39]Ibid., p. 203.

[40]Captain Frederick Marryat, The Mission, in the Complete Works of Captain Frederick Marryat, III, Boston, Colonial Press Co., 1894, pp. 3-4.

[41]G.D. Killam, Africa in English Fiction 1874-1939, Ibadan University Press, 1969, p. 17.

[42]George A. Henty, With Roberts to Pretoria, London, Blackie and Son, 1902, pp. 15-16.

[43]George A. Henty, With Buller in Natal, London, Blackie and Son, 1901, pp. 23- 24.

[44]George A. Henty, The Young Colonists, New York, New York Publishing Co., 1902, p. 2.

[45]Ibid., p. 2.

[46]Henty, By Sheer Pluck, New York, Hurst and Co., 1884, p. 67.

[47]Ibid., pp. 9-10.

[48]Henty, With Roberts to Pretoria, fifth unnumbered page of advertisements following the conclusion of the story.

[49]H.R. Haggard, Marie, New York, McKinley, Stone and Mackenzie, 1912, p. 54.

[50]H.R. Haggard, She, rev. ed., London, Longmans, Green and Co., 1927, p. 29.

[51]Ibid., p. 9.

[52]Ibid., p. 217.

[53]Ibid., p. 29

[54]Ibid., p. 29.

[55]John Buchan, Prester John, Boston and New york, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1928, First published in 1910, (The two editions were used for this study.)

[56]John Buchan, Prester John, New York, George H. Doran Co., 1910, p. 25.

[57]Ibid., p. 106.

[58]Oliver Warner, Captain Marryat: A Rediscovery, London, Constable and Co., 1953, pp. 24, 85.

[59]Marryat, The Mission, p. 15.

[60]Ibid., p. 13.

[61]Ibid., p. 282.

[62]David Livingstone, Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa, New York, Harper and Brothers, 1859, p. 69.

[63]Ibid., p. 69.

[64]Henty, Buller in Natal, p. 277.

[65]Ibid., p. 279.

[66]Ibid., p. 219.

[67]Ibid., p. 290.

[68]Ibid., p. 327.

[69]Ibid., p. 227.

[70]Ibid., p. 226.

[71]Henty, The Young Colonists, p. 136.

[72]Ibid., pp. 165, 171.

[73]Ibid., pp. 162, 188.

[74]Henty, By Sheer Pluck, p. 103.

[75]Ibid., pp. 15, 25, 44, 45.

[76]Henty, The Young Colonists. pp. 92- 93.

[77]Archibald P. Thornton, For the File on Empire, London, Macmillan and Co., 1968, p. 17.

[78]Thornton, The Imperial Idea and Its Enemies, p. 93.

[79]Thornton, For The File on Empire, pp. 21-22.

[80]Henty, The March to Coomassie, p.1.

[81]Ibid., p. 1.

[82]Sir Percy FitzPatrick, Jock of the Bushveld, London, Longmans, Green and Co., n.d., first published in 1907, pp. 167-68.

[83]John P. Wallis, Fitz., The Study of Sir Percy FitzPatrick, London, Macmillan and Co., 1955, p. 126.

[84]FitzPatrick, Jock of the Bushveld, p. 7.

[85]Ibid., p. 92.

[86]Wallis, Fitz, The Study, p. 122.

CHAPTER II

Superior Briton and Noble Savage

One theme that pervades the novels of this period about Africa is the extreme cultural egocentrism of all the authors. A few of them might grant that African culture had some features, thanks to its different environment, but the dominant attitude was always one of British superiority. The earliest example of this was Marryat's The Mission. In this volume he sees nothing worthwhile in African life. The people were no more than savages and barbarians. Many authors' accounts were evidently aimed at disabusing the home public of the idea that the African was a simple noble savage. The two greatest blessings which Englishmen could bestow on Africa were British justice and Christianity. To the British the moral justification for imperialism and with it the objective verification of the savagery of the African was found in the endemic conditions of tribal war. This included the cruelty with which it was waged, and the apparent impossibility of improvement without outside intervention.

> The good old rule, the simple plan,
> That he should take who has the power,
> That he should keep who can.[1]

Such was Duff Macdonald's summary in his work, Africana: The Heart of Heathen Africa, of conditions south of Lake Nyasa, an area where a "law of jungle" was consistently employed by the British. The rule of the latter is continually contrasted with Boer justice in South Africa where to be sure, the Boers came off second best in the comparison. Captain Frederick Marryat extols the blessings brought to the natives and colonists alike

by English justice, and he argues that while in the early days of British control some iniquities may have been perpetrated, they were honest mistakes and it required time for the government to build its strength so that it could dispense full, impartial justice.[2]

Marryat saved his most glowing praise for the missionaries, even a tawdry mission in Africa, was, for him, wonderful progress. As one of his characters says,

> This situation had only been settled about three years, but even in that short time it wore an air of civilization that strongly contrasted with the savage country around it. The Mission house was little better than a large cottage, it is true, and the church a sort of barn, but it was surrounded by neat Caffre huts and gardens full of produce.[3]

There are several reasons why the missionaries had less than total success with the Kaffirs - language difficulties, the small minds of the heathen, and most importantly, the fact that Christianity struck at the very root of their sensuality.[4] But even so there were some startling successes. After a lengthy bush service, Swinton, a character in The Mission, observed,

> "I could hardly have believed that such a concourse of savages could have been so attentive, and have behaved with such decorum."[5]

Swinton had his conversation interrupted when the missionary excused himself saying that he had to catechize the children who were the most promising subjects. Clearly the intention was to influence the mind of the child before the forces of barbarism claimed it.

Marryat noted that there were elements in England that were hostile to missionary activity, claiming that many missionaries were given too much

money and were not always well grounded in theological subtleties.

The author responded to such charges by arguing that

> it is no doubt true that the missionaries who are labouring among the savages of the interior are, many, if not most of them, people of limited education. . .But. . .a highly educated man may be appreciated among those who are educated themselves, but how can he be appreciated by the savages? On the contrary that savage looks with much more respect upon a man who can forge iron, repair his weapons, and excite his astonishment by his cunning workmanship; further the savage perceives and acknowledges his superiority, which in the man of intellect he would never discover.[6]

Marryat compares the missionaries to the apostles; both groups had limited skills and were not educated men but despite having to live in constant danger and in great material need, some amazing successes were achieved. For example one fierce old chief had been dreadful pagan but had been converted. The missionary, describing his accomplishment stated,

> In short, from that time till he died, he became a peacemaker and a Christian both in word and deed. His whole life was devoted to acts of kindness and charity. . to instructing and exhorting and following the precepts of Him in whose faith eventually he lived and died.[7]

According to Frederick Marryat, Africa was a land of unspeakable barbarism through which the British, by means of missionaries and administration, would spread the leaven of civilization. White superiority was accepted by him without the slightest hesitation. Marryat was never troubled in the least by doubts about the values of British civilization, although it was to be several decades before Kipling popularized the phrase "white-man's burden." Yet is is obvious that Marryat would have not objected had the idea been applied to the actions of his white stalwarts. While they were in Africa the latter were aware of the need to set a good example for any black man

who might observe them. This translates the old adage of "monkey-see-monkey-do " to the simplest level imaginable.

Another nineteenth century novel, Charles Reade's A Simpleton was only concerned with Africa in passing; but even in the space of a few pages, the author makes it plain that the 'Dark Continent' is inferior to England and that the white man is superior to his black brother. Africa is rough-hewn, far less refined than good old England. For this reason Staines, a leading character in the story who wanted to be off to England, grudged every day, every hour, he spent in Africa.[8] Another character makes the observation that an acquaintance was "a gentleman and they are not so common in Africa,"[9] a corner of the world not populated at the time by polished members of the English landed gentry. However, the white men who were inhabitants of the African continent were infinitely further along the road of civilization than were the Africans, who are seen in a stereotyped manner, as being child-like creatures. After a verbal dressing down from a white man,

> "The Kaffirs, who had stood quite silent to imbibe these remarks, bowed their heads with all the dignity and politeness of Roman senators, Spanish grandees, & c. . .and one of the party replied gravely,
> "The words of the white man are always wise."[10]

Later generations of white men might look back on this remark and longingly say, "If only it were really so," but such sentiments were indicative of the self-confidence felt by the British in 'the Age of Certainty.'

. Throughout th work of George Alfred Henty there is an unquestioned acceptance of British values and a rejection of African culture; which was,

in the author's view, barbaric at best. In By Sheer Pluck members of native royalty are portrayed as either bloodthirsty cruel savages or impoverished "coast niggers" whose primary occupation seems to be extorting presents from white traders for promises that they will be allowed to do business in peace. Only one minor chief, who had been away from Africa for forty years and had acknowledged the value of Christianity and British culture, was favourably treated.[11] Like Marryat, Henty portrayed Africa as a confusing place to the newcomer. In The Mission the hero Alexander Wilmot had another character, Swinton, available to give him lessons in African history, flora, fauna, and tribal customs. Henty also employed this device, which can be referred to as the old hand-newcomer syndrome. In By Sheer Pluck Hargate had Dr. Goodenough as his mentor while in The Young Colonies the boys had the old trader, Harvey, to acquaint them with the mysteries of African life. The moral of this was clear: if you took the proffered advice, you could survive your African experience handsomely. If you failed to heed the wise counsel, you did so at your own risk.

Even the vaunted British army, considered by Henty to be a brilliant fighting force, suffered severe losses because they did not heed the warnings of the more experienced colonists. As Chris King said when speaking of the Majuba Hill disaster,

> There were plenty of colonists ready to take up arms, but the military authorities would have none of them; they could manage the thing themselves without any aid from civilians. . .
> Sir George Colley was a brave officer. . .but he knew nothing of the Boer style of fighting while we colonists

> understood it perfectly.
> . . .As it turned out the British soldiers on that occasion did not, and it made all the difference. If Sir George Colley had accepted a few hundred of us, who knew the Boers well, as scouts and skirmishers, the affair would have turned out very differently; for as you know, they did not succeed through the whole affair in taking one of the places held by our colonists.[12]

Later when the Boer War broke out, the British persisted in their mistaken attitude and thereby incurring unnecessary losses.

King commented,

> Volunteers have done good service at the Cape before now, sir, and have shown over and over that a man can fight just in plain clothes as if he were buttoned up to the chin in uniform; and as the Boers are themselves nothing but volunteers, I should think that before this war is over, the War Office will see its mistake.[13]

It eventually did, and the results were gratifying to the "irregular forces." Indeed, their successes inspired several books about their adventures. The British viewed the Boers with only slightly less condescension than they did the Bantu. When talking to an African who was recounting past barbarians of the victors of Majuba Hill, Chris stated emphatically,

> You may be sure that, when the war is over, the Boers will no longer be masters, and there will be just law made by us, and all white men and all natives will be protected, and no evil deeds will be allowed.[14]

Chris and his fellow Englishmen obviously felt that they, more than any race of people, were qualified to lead the march of civilization and enlightenment. Fierce as the natives were, and this Henty seems to consider their major attitude, the natives were unable to fight successfully, all things being equal.[15]

Even the Boers, who were admittedly capable warriors, were often shown to be treacherous and unsportsmanlike, the most grievous of crimes.[16] In Henty's novels, everything is black or white; there are no grays, and the only things white are those elements which are British. Henty's heroes are all paragons of virtue, they are to spread the best traditions of British civilization, the latter being the best ever to grace the world for all others fall short by definition.

To a large extent Haggard shares Henty's completely self-assured view of the value of things British. This can be seen in the fictional Curtis's plan as king of the Zu-Vendis. It is his intention to unite the various clans and to bring them under one central government. This step will end the civil war which has plagued the country which will make possible the implementation of the other part of his strategy; namely the abolition of the native religion and the replacement of it by Christianity as the official faith.[17] Clearly the fictional Curtis did not hold the traditional values and customs of the Zu-Vendis in high regard, particularly when compared to the ones he respected so deeply. Even though Rider Haggard spent many years in Africa and developed a deep heartfelt respect for the martial African peoples, he cannot bring himself to put them on a par with Englishmen. When writing about the native races in the abstract, Haggard is often lavish in his praise, but when a situation arises in which a white man deals with a black man, the former is always the dominant, superior, or, at least, more civilized individual. Even the noblest, bravest Zulu of them all, Unslopogaas, must play a secondary role to his beloved white comrade, Allan

Quatermain while poor Hans, also an African and Quatermain's servant when he was young, is often treated more like a dog than a man.

Boers, too, are markedly inferior to the English. Along with Henty, Haggard was largely responsible for creating the image that Boers were treacherous and ignorant people even though they could be formidable foes. Certain Boers such as Piet Retief and Hans Botha are reasonably well regarded, but even they are considered to be stubborn, muleheaded men, and their unwillingness to listen to good, solid English advice leads not only to their demise, but also to the annihilation of their respective parties.

Rider Haggard wastes little sympathy on the Boers. It is as though he feels that they have had the opportunity to grasp the meaning of respectable white civilization - British civilization - but have rejected it. They should have known better. The African, on the other hand, has never been so privileged and it would be unfair to expect him to reject suddenly his own culture and adopt the white man's version. It is apparent that Haggard feels that the black man had been able to retain some instincts which the civilized white man had lost, thus making him a curious object for study. For example, Ventvogel, the Hottentot, is able to smell water, quite like an impala or other animal.[18] This amazes Quatermain, and there are similar references to such phenomena throughout all his African novels, the most frequent being that, "A native has some internal mechanism so that he never gets lost on the veld."

This should not be taken to mean that Haggard unnecessarily mourns the fact that the Zulu empire was being crushed by the British.

It is sad, but it is inevitable. In all of Haggard's novels about Africa, one can get a sense of evolution, of change, of impermanence. Quatermain comments,

> Nothing may endure. That is the inexorable law. Men and women, empires and critics. . .all have their day, and all must go. . .For this system of ours allows no room for standing still. . .The stern policeman, Fate, moves us and then on, uphill and downhill, and across the level; there is no resting-place for the weary feet, till at last the abyss swallows us, and from the shores of the Transitory we are hurled into the Sea of the Eternal.[19]

This attitude is most prominent in his Zulu epic Nada the Lily. Mopo, recalling Chaka's prophecy of doom for the Zulu nation, says,

> Do not the white men gather themselves together even now against U'Cetywayo, as vultures gather round a dying ox? The Zulus are not what they were to stand against them. Yes, yes, they will come true, and mine is the song of a people that is doomed.[20]

Later, Mopo recounts a song his father sang.

> It told of how the black folk grew, and of how the white folk should bring them up. . .wherefore they should cease to be. . .It told (how). . .a White Hand should prevail against them, and, (the Zulus) shall,. . .be forgotten, passing to a land where things do not die (the Sea of the Eternal)[21]

Given the temper of the late nineteenth century, it is easy to view this in Darwinian terms. . .The least fit race. . .the black race. . .must vanish from the face of the earth. A cruel fate, yes, but an inexorable one.

Inevitable though it was, Haggard could not help but mourn not only the passing of the Zulu nation but also of the African he knew as a young man in the Colonial Service. In the dedication to Allan's Wife Haggard states to his friend Arthur Cochran, a fellow African service man,

> The country of which Allan Quatermain tells his tales is now, for the most part, as well known and explored as are the fields of Norfolk;where we shot and trekked and galloped, scarcely seeing the face of civilized man, there the gold-seeker builds his cities. . .All is changed. . .Few of those we knew are left. . .Still we can remember many boyish enterprise and adventures, lightly undertaken, which now could strike us as hazardous indeed.[22]

For Haggard, this was a matter of more than a little sorrow as he truly loved Africa and was never happier than when he was stationed there. One should remember that Haggard, despite his love for Africa, could paint a grim picture of the land and its inhabitants. One stretch of the continent he described as "all swamp behind, and full of snakes, especially pythons, and game and. . .no man lives there."[23] In addition, the territory was full of malaria. The natives too were generally viewed with suspicion. As Job, a white character, once said,

> I don't like the looks of these black gentry; they have such a wonderful thievish way about them. . . (my head). . .is turned already with the sight of these blackamoors and their filthy, thieving ways. They are only fit for muck, they are; and they smell bad enough for it already.[24]

Even the noble, dignified old native gentleman, Billali, is unflatteringly called the "Mammon of Unrighteousness."[25] Rider Haggard did not let sympathy get in the way of a good story. He could wield both a scathing and a melancholy pen.

As has already been noted, Haggard disliked the hustle and bustle of cities and the element of fierce competition that existed in his civilized world. He once had his alter-ego Quatermain state,

> Well, it is not a good world. . .nobody can say that it is save those who wilfully blind themselves to facts. How can a world be good in which money is the moving power, and self-interest the guiding star? The wonder is not that it is bad, but that there should be any good left in it.[26]

Therein lies an important key to Haggard's attitudes toward Africa. It was an escape. A person could go there and be a man. He could have adventure and become embroiled in mystery. He, thus, escaped the worst aspect of civilized life, success via competition which is measured by dollars or pounds. Africa offered a return to a simpler existence and a chance to practise more noble virtues. It was a matter of sorrow to him that the Africa he had known would soon be no more. Henty, for whom success was all-imporatant, just would not have understood such a viewpoint. Haggard's sensitive attitude toward the material aspects of British civilization and the lure of a "return to nature" makes him very readable, even today.

Of all Haggard's imitators, Bertram Mitford was the most successful in capturing this wistful aspect of the master's novels. His best effort in this vein is The Gun Runner. In this story the white hero, Lorraine is falsely accused of crimes. He flees, eventually winding up in Africa where he cloaks himself in mystery while selling guns, a forbidden article of trade, to the Zulus. The hero is a man betrayed by white society in England, and while in Africa he in turn shuns white society except for his girl friend and his partner. Lorraine rejected the artificiality of British society as well as the social conventions of African white society and, embraces, in theory, the friendship of the Africans with whom he dealt. In the abstract, they are seen to be straight-forward, truthful people, but before the end

of the novel, Lorraine is forced to flee from a Bantu tribe who seem not to fit the mold. The novel closes with the hero somewhere north of the Transvaal, all alone. This is the ultimate rejection of human society. It is only in Africa that a man can go off and escape from his fellow men with just his gun and his knife for company. Henty would have been horrified, for not only did Lorraine not return to Britain after his name has been cleared, but he also left his very prosperous trading station to his partner when he went north. For Mitford, Africa could be a place of refuge and solitude as well as a place of adventure and wealth.

The Matabele uprisings at the end of the century provided the background for a number of novels by Mitford and others.[27] The British now insisted that all Africans defer to them. Mitford's hero, John Ames, makes this point succinctly. "A nigger's a nigger, even if he is high class; all of them should show proper respect to a white man."[28] The fictional administrators were modelled upon Kipling's Indian administrators - and what men they were! . . . .resourceful, wise, and brave. Each of them knew themselves, and he governed with skill, zest, good humour, and even with affection. Morton Cohen, in his description of Allan Quatermain has summed up the ideal image of all the British protagonists in this fashion.

> The real protagonist is. . .an experienced wise, gentle man. . .an excellent person of unimpeachable honour and genuine feeling. . .He is clear-minded in all situations, prudent, practical, strong-willed, decisive, humble, ingenious, resourceful, sporting, and a devoted friend, a kind master, and of course, an expert rifleman. He gets on with most men very well, regardless of their colour or nationality. . . But he is an Englishman staunch and steady, and England is his home. He is, in fact, the Englishman of the empire,

> the Crusader who takes England's divine mission to heart and carries the white-man's burden of spreading Christian love and Anglo-Saxon justice to the four corners of the world.[29]

When in the novels, attention was turned to the Africans, they were seen through the somewhat distorted lens of the empire. Africans were always inferior by virtue of their race and their low position on the scale of civilization. William A. Johnson fused elements of Haggard's sympathy for the native and Henty's caricature of a public school hero in their combined distaste for Boers to produce several adventure novels. As with Mitford, Johnston saw Africa as a refuge, a place where a man could go to protect his anonymity. Unlike Mitford's Lorraine, Johnston's hero, was also, so he thought, wanted by English authorities, but he did not reject English civilization. Even though he fled from it, he retained his affection for it and he was very insulted when he was mistaken for a colonial. With blood surging to his bronzed features, he said, "I am not a colonial bred and born, I am an Englishman."[30] Like Mitford, Johnston paid lip service to the native in the abstract, but when the relationship was made a personal one, the native was invariably treated in a condescending manner.

Johnston's view of Africa is much more akin to Henty's than to that of any other writer of the "Age of Certainty." The "Dark Continent" provides his heroes with an opportunity for adventure, service to England, wealth, and the opportunity to display manliness. Johnston also employs the old hand-newcomer syndrome extensively.

As one colonial said to a newcomer,

> You are a regular, I am what they call an irregular. I say that your regular officers - and I repeat

> it most emphatically - are making consummate asses of themselves and are hazarding their men's lives every day unnecessarily.[31]

Such comments are frequent in all Johnston's novels. They add to the sense of difference surrounding Africa, but they also serve a utilitarian purpose in that they can explain British military reverses against either natives of Africa or Boers without casting aspersions upon the manliness of the British army. Also, like Henty, Johnston was never unwilling to compare African civilization with the British version, as one might expect, the conclusion reached by Johnston were identical to the ones popularized by the man whom he imitated.

The History of a Slave by Sir Harry Johnston is marred by the extreme attitude of condescension exhibited by its author toward the inhabitants of Africa and their culture. History of a Slave, being the first-published novel of Harry Johnston, was "an attempt to give a 'realistic' picture of Negro life in Nigeria and across the Desert to Tripoli."[32] In the volume, the slave, who is recounting his adventures, rejects every aspect of his tribal heritage. He makes his own people out to be nothing but savages who rejoiced in cruelty and barbarism. The slave puts Islamic culture ahead of his own because they worship only one god and are more advanced in terms of material goods. For exactly the same reasons, the slave seems to rank the culture of European over those of followers of the Islamic faith. To be sure, the disciples of both Mohammed and Jesus are monotheistic, but the slave considers Europeans to be even richer than the North Africans who worship Allah.

Sir Harry Johnston is completely certain in his belief in the superiority of Western culture as compared to its African counterparts. Unlike most contemporaries, Johnston depicts the African countryside in very ominous fashion, seeming to prefer the aura of civilization one could find in a city, even if it were a Moslem one. But then, Johnston was always considered to be cosmopolitan in outlook. It is to the credit of Sir Harry Johnston that he advocated the inauguration of "a society for the special study of Africa."[33] In this regard Johnston differs little from Somerset Maugham. The latter has his hero wander off from his pleasant existence into darkest Africa to end the slave trade. Maugham's hero is bringing the benefits of civilization, British style, to Africa. So self-assured is Maugham that no mention is ever made of the African, not British, and therefore insignificant. MacKenzie, the hero, is simply assuming his share of the "white-man's burden."

Maugham's novel The Explorer is a pretentious and wooden piece, relating the life of Alec MacKenzie, the soldier-explorer per excellent, whose major concern was to "add another fair jewel to England's crown."[34] Unlike Maugham, John Buchan, who spent three years in Milner's "Oxford Kindergarten", recognizes that Europeans have had a decisive impact on native life and that it was incumbent on the white man to assume his burden in an attitude of service to bring the blessings of civilization to the African. Speaking of one old Kaffir, Buchan's hero Crawfurd noted that,

> I had never seen such an anatomy.
> It was a very old man, bent almost double, and clad

> in a ragged shirt and a pair of foul khaki trousers. He carried an iron pot, and a few belongings were tied up in a dirty handkerchief. He must have been a dacha (hemp) smoker, for he coughed hideously, twisting his body with the paroxysms. I had seen the type before. . .the old broken-down native who had no kin to support him, and no tribe to shelter him. They wander about the roads cooking their wretched meals by their little fires, till one morning they are found stiff under a bush.[35]

The tri-cornered struggle for South Africa among the British, Boers, and Bantu completely upset the traditional life of the Hottentot, and the aforementioned Kaffir is a clear example. Furthermore, after the Zulus lost their military powers their tribal life started to decay and it was necessary to aid them as well as the Hottentots.

Buchan is under no delusion that the African had always been treated fairly. Arcoll, a secret service agent, argued that,

> In spite of risings here and there, and occasional rows, the Kaffirs have been quiet for the better part of half a century. It is no credit to us. They have had plenty of grievances, and we are no nearer understanding them than our fathers were.. . .We have driven great wedges of white settlements into their territory, and we have taken away their arms.[36]

Yet, to aid the Zulu means to introduce him to British civilization and to eradicate all vestiges of barbarism, that is, of his civilization. When Laputa led a revolt against the British, Crawfurd asked,

> What in God's name are you doing in this business? You that are educated and have seen the world, what makes you try to put the clock back? You want to wipe out the civilization of a thousand years and turn us all into savages. It's the more shame to you when you know better.[37]

While Buchan thought that Africans were one thousand years behind in the march of civilization, he did have a great deal of respect for the last

great noble savage of this period, Laputa. Savage as he was, he was better than a dishonest traitorous white man who had renounced his civilization. As Crawfurd said to Laputa, "I hope, in God's name to see you smashed; but I want it done by honest and not by a yellow devil (Henriques, a mean, white Portuguese) who has murdered my dog and my friends."[38]

The form of civilization in which Buchan believed begins to take form after Laputa's rising is quelled. Aitken found his gold mine and immediately established a trust fund for the education and amelioration of African peoples. First a college was founded.

> It was no factory for making missionaries and black teachers, but an institution for giving the Kaffirs the kind of training which helped them to be good citizens of the state. . There are playing fields and baths and reading rooms and libraries just as in a school at home.[39]

Such an institution will train the African to take his place in a British-styled society. Wardlaw, the schoolmaster turned the region into a village not unlike one in Buchan's native Scotland. An orchard was started, a stream dammed, and a lake stocked with Lochleven trout; the peoples' chiefs were members of a local county council.[40] As the educator said, "I hope and trust that, in the Bible words, 'the wilderness and the solitary place are glad for us."[41]

The form of civilization was British, and only the British could instil it. The black man was not capable of acquiring it by himself. He had to learn from motivated, dedicated white men who came to Africa, not from authors or government officials who stayed in England.

Buchan argues,

> That is the difference between white and black the gift of responsibility, the power of being in a little way a king; and as long as we know this and practise it, we will rule not in Africa alone but wherever there are dark men who live only for the day and their own bellies. . . Aitken and I had got sounder policy on our heads than you will find in the towns, where men sit in offices and see the world through a mist of papers.[42]

Even Crawfurd intends to return to Africa to see the work he started, since the Buchan ethos is service. Service helps not only the unfortunate but also elevates those who serve. For Buchan service has almost a religious connotation for it is the ultimate justification or the "white man's burden."

One can also see in Buchan the veteran-novice relationship. The old ruffian and reprobate, Peter Japp, the old hand served as tutor for young Crawfurd, who whom speaking of Japp said,

> He rejoiced in my rawness, and when I made a blunder would crow over it for hours. "It's no good, Mr. Crawfurd; you new chums from England may think yourselves mighty clever, but we men from the old Colony can get ahead of you every time. In fifty years you'll maybe learn a little about the country, but we know all about it before we start." He roared with laughter at my way of trying a <u>voorslag</u>, and he made merry (no doubt with reason) on my management of a horse.[43]

Most authors believe that newcomers to Africa are disappointed by the rugged nature of life that they find exists there. Buchan, with his service ethic, takes exactly the opposite position even when talking about a God-forsaken place, Wildebeestefontein. One of his characters observes,

> The colonial-born doesn't find it in with his idea of comfort. He wants society, and he doesn't like too many natives. There's nothing up there but natives and a few black-veld Dutchmen with native blood in them.

> You fellows from home are less set on an easy life, or you wouldn't be there.[44]

It is quite obvious that in Africa Buchan sees a wild, adventure-filled country that is in dire need of white men to help civilize it. It is a place where a devoted young man can go to make a career, either in the private sphere, as young Crawfurd did, or in the public sphere, or in service for the public good, such as Wardlaw, the teacher or one can even be like Aitken and stumble on to a rich diamond mine. For Buchan, Africa was a kind of frontier where a man could go to test his mettle.

The old hand-newcomer syndrome is also prevalent in literature about West Africa as well as in the fiction pertaining to South Africa. This theme is stressed in Wallace's Sanders of the River. Sanders has no use for missionaries, do-gooders, relatives of officials, newspaper-men, or members of Parliament showing up his district to poke about to see what they could find. Sanders's distaste did not arise from the possibility that they might find things that would be embarrassing to him, for he ran his district with absolute propriety. What upset him was that these newcomers always stirred up trouble through their ignorance of Africa and his people. Missionaries, spreading ideas of equality, could touch off wars. Members of Parliament could find themselves being entertained by cannibals at strange ceremonies completely unaware that their hosts intended to eat them. Or indeed, they could vanish in some malaria swamp because they refused to take care or read a map.

This would upset Sanders' routine. He would have to go out to rescue the helpless tyro. Such people were used as foils by Wallace not only to inject humour into his stories but also to give Sanders a chance to perform in a proper, manly fashion. At times, Sanders deals out justice in a rough and ready fashion. He had no hesitancy in caning or hanging wicked chiefs in common with black felons. Memèmbers of Parliament and newspapermen occasionally came out to investigate his actions thereby infuriating Sanders although his position was always upheld. He was convinced that one had to live in Africa for years to get a feel of what Africa was like. In this regard he was similar to Buchan. The fictional character and the best administrator both felt that one could sit in a London office and shuffle papers and then make intelligent policy. One had to experience Africa in the raw.

Sanders and Buchan were not alone in their ideas and methods of dealing with Africans. Inexperienced missionaries, attempting to maintain law and order, found themselves passing sentences of death on Africans convicted of series of crimes and inflicting remarkably severe floggings for less misdemeanours.[45] Some of the artisan missionaries "believed that the native despised leniency, and formed the opinion that the more they kicked him the more they were respected. . .an unfortunate interpretation of the servility of the African."[46]The British did not only use force, there was other occasion when they need to maintain their power. It is Wallace's opinion that this is how the British kept peace and power in West Africa. Wallace says of Sanders,

> Kingmaker he was beyond question; you could see republicanism written legibly in the amused grin with which he made them. But the kings he made were little ones, that is the custom of British African rule; they break a big king and put many little kings in his place because it is safer.[47]

In The Judgement House Gilbert Parker continues an old theme, the dislike of cities and the love of wide, open spaces. Those places are always available in the heart of Africa. Indeed, the expansiveness of uncivilized Africa allowed the English to live like real men. Of course this could not be done in civilized lands like England, or, really, even in Cape Town. One of his characters said,

> We're going to pieces here (London), every one of us. I see it. Herr Gott, I see it plain enough! We're in the wrong shop. We're not buying or selling; we're being sold. Baas-big Baas, let's go where there's room to sling a stone; where we can see what's going on around us; where there's the long sight and the strong sight; where you can sell or get sold in the open, not in the alleyways; where you can have a run for your money.[48]

Unlike Rider Haggard, Henty, and Wallace. . .and, indeed, almost every other writer of this area. . .Parker allowed women to go to Africa too. All the major female characters in this novel go to South Africa to contribute to the defeat of the Boers. Parker expressed a theme similar to the one made famous by Thornton's widely cited comment about John Buchan and his "outsiders" love for these people who knew where everything was (the pass on your right as you go into hadakh[49]) in that closed circle of power that ruled Britain. In The Judgment House, a couple went to Africa on their honeymoon and they visited the falls of the Zambesi. The woman, a friend of fictional Byng's wife, almost had a fatal accident, when a gust of wind caught her parasol dragging her toward a cliff.

As Byng's wife said, "She was standing on the edge of the chasm. . .perhaps you know it. . .not far from Livingstone's tree, between the streams."[50] She was rescued. This was not the Africa of Rider Haggard. Toward the end of the "Age of Certainty", Africa was becoming a civilized place.

Morley Roberts treats Africa as a land in which imperialists play. The author is totally self-assured about the values the British are bringing to Africa. In The Colossus imperialism is shown to be the work of individuals. When a Frenchman argued that the British Foreign Office was not prepared to act in Africa, the protagonist agreed, but he added, "but the English Foreign Office doesn't do things. . .it watches us do them."[51] In The Colossus there is little love for Africa for its own intrinsic qualities. What is important is that it will make the British Empire richer and stronger.

Mary Gaunt who was in Africa saw the continent as a potentially valuable addition to the British Empire. She unquestioningly accepted the superiority of the white man and his civilization, but she recognized that colonization imposed responsibilities. Two aspects of colonial administration that upset her were the calibre of men set out to govern in Africa and their method of selection. She felt that civil servants who were sent to Africa should be picked on the basis of competitive examination. It was no longer the time for just anybody to go to Africa without having sufficient training. She also felt, that in her opinion, "the man who passes high in a competitive examination must at least have the qualities of industry and self-denial, and who will deny that these are good qualities to bring to

the governing of a subject people?"[52] In her novel, The Uncounted Cost the native chief Kudo Mensa complains that colonial officials lack these essential qualities, saying of the civil servant,

> He certainly does not come out here for love of us. Your system is the ruin of this country; you send out to govern us men who cannot stay longer than a year in it, and who spend their time ticking off the days on the calender to the date of their departure.[53]

Thus, the calibre of colonial officials is not seen to be high. Indeed, West Africa was regarded as a place of exile. . .it was dependent for its servants on men broken from other services.[54] Gaunt, like Buchan, subscribes to the doctrine of service and the "white man's burden." However, unlike Buchan, Gaunt recognizes the basic value of many native customs and traditions. It is not her intention to fill every black head with British values, to create a black England in the Tropics, or to make the African a "valuable member of the state." What Gaunt would want to do would be to eliminate the savagery from the traditional black customs so that what is left then would be free to evolve along African lines. Given these attitudes, it is not a surprise to realize that Gaunt was the first British novelist to be concerned primarily with the administration of the African empire rather than the conquest of it.

In a radical departure from the stance taken by writers at this juncture in history, Mary Kingsley attacked both the civil servants and the missionaries who were active in West Africa. She felt there was a difference in the way the native mind and the European mind worked. The missionaries, she argued, had failed to see this basic difference.

Instead they had tried to empty the African mind of its content and refill it with Christian dogma "to make them equals of the white races."[55] She resisted the efforts of those who wished to force the African into a European mold. As can be imagined, she was constantly in the centre of conflicts because her opinions were not received in a cordial way by the churches which had extensive missions in West Africa. As Professor John Flint argues, the greatest value of her work was the

> rehabilitation of the African as an intelligent being with rational motives, by giving a sympathetic account of a whole range of practices hitherto regarded as repulsive, barbarous, or childish. (Her work's) influence on the generation of African administrators after 1900 was enormous, and from this time forward British administrative policy in West Africa was cautious, and increasingly concerned with gathering anthropological knowledge before undertaking change.[56]

Just as Mary Gaunt plowed new ground by her emphasis on the administration of Empire and Mary Kingsley challenged traditional attitudes about the West African native, so Joseph Conrad added a new dimension to Anglo-African literature in this area by dwelling upon the psychological impact of Africa on the European. All these general themes were destined to have a great impact on subsequent British fiction about Africa. Joseph Conrad establishes the idea that Africa is not an imperial playground where a Briton devoted to the "white man's burden" or even to simple material profit can romp with impunity while uplifting or taking advantage of the people he finds there. He demonstrates that there is, in reality, little difference between Africans and Europeans. They are both human beings separated by cultural distance rather than by differences in heart and mind.

Although Joseph Conrad was writing solely about Congo, it takes little imagination to see that South Africa, for example, can exert a reasonably similar effect. Conrad was unalterably opposed to the two phenomena that brought Europe and Africa into close contact in the last quarter of the nineteenth century - imperialism and colonization. According to Conrad, imperialism was "the vilest scramble for loot that ever disfigured the history of human conscience."[57] All that the European was after was material gain. He might find it, as did Kurtz, but he paid a prohibitive price for it, namely, his soul. The benefits to the African were non-existent - slavery on King Leopold's rubber plantations or perhaps death while gathering a shipment of ivory. Conrad denies absolutely that white men are spreading any blessings of civilization.

Although speaking specifically about India, Lord Curzon's comments about the imperial mission of Britain can be seen to include every corner of the Empire. He once said that,

> Your task is to fight for the right, to abhor the imperfect, the unjust, or the mean - to care nothing for flattery, or applause or odium or abuse. . .but to remember that the Almighty has placed your hand on the greatest of his ploughs; in whose furrows the nations of the future are germinating and taking shape, to drive the black a little forward in your time, and to feel that somehow among those millions, you have left a little justice or happiness or prosperity, a sense of manliness or moral dignity, a spring of patriotism a dawn of intellectual enlightenment, or a stirring sense of duty where it did not before exist.[58]

Obviously, Curzon uttered noble sentiments, but they belonged to the "Age of Certainty", a period of history which was coming to a close with the advent of writers like Joseph Conrad. Kurtz simply could not have passed muster in Curzon's ranks. Marlow would not have joined in the first place.

Works like Heart of Darkness and An Outpost of Progress presage the coming of the uncertainties of the twentieth century.

Before dealing directly with those uncertainties, however, it will be useful to consider more thematically the ground which has already been surveyed. The history of British involvement in Africa throughout the nineteenth century was one of progressive complexity, accelerating tempo, and expanding territorial interests. It is necessary, therefore to examine in some detail, the 'savage Africa' of Rider Haggard and to dilate on the influence of these two great authors as seen in the works of their imitators. In this case two basic themes were characteristics of this early Victorian literature. The first derived from the environment itself. The image of a beautiful, sunlit, golden land became a permanent component in the literature on Africa. The contrast between "White Man's Grave" and the Cape of Good Hope quite fortuitously gives the key to the difference in the British response to the West Coast and to South Africa. South Africa was an inviting territory; combining a fertile and beautiful land, a temperate climate, and open, easily traversed terrain. Colonization rather than trade was the compelling motive. The Cape of Good Hope became a British colony early in the nineteenth century, long before the areas in West Africa that had had contact with the British since the sixteenth century. Unlike the rather intimidating West Coast Africans, the natives of South Africa seemed picturesque or pathetic. The Europeans in the south were not dependent on the good will of powerful chiefs and generally had a freer hand.

The second basic theme derived from the emphasis on the missionary effort and the Christian ethos. It permeated the literature with a philanthropic flavour. The missionaries and the explorers formed the main group who sought for possible values among the 'savage Africans'. The missionaries, especially David Livingstone, brought the East African slave trade to public attention. This publicity served to heighten interest in the area as well as arousing philanthropic groups in Britain. Britain's increasing concern with overseas expansion gave new purpose to exploration. The records of African exploration are the apogee of African travel literature. They provided the spectacle of the full-scale expedition: intrepid British traders, gunbearers and servants, and the long line of porters. The narratives of the exploration still make exciting reading about explorers lost, and search parties sent to find them, of the race to discover the sources of the Nile. The same names, African and British, appear over and over again in the various journals.

In their search for "values" in Africa, the imitators of Haggard and Henty asserted that the British believed that the advanced state of British culture presented most obvious signs of their superiority. Its material progress had an inevitable accompaniment of the moral values of efficiency, commitment to work, and ambition. Conversely, the Africans did not show tangible evidence of progress. The authors proposed that Africans must be taught the values of work, chiefly by being compelled to work. The emphasis on teaching Africans the value of labour presage the day of empire when the Africans would be valued chiefly as a source of labour.

Notes

[1]Duff Macdonald, Africana: The Heart of Heathen Africa, Vol.2, London, Simpkin Marshall & Co., 1882, p. 24.

[2]Marryat, The Mission, pp. 26-35.

[3]Ibid., p. 73.

[4]Ibid., pp. 75-76.

[5]Ibid., p. 79.

[6]Ibid., p. 166.

[7]Ibid., p. 179.

[8]Charles Reade, A Simpleton, p. 288.

[9]Ibid., p. 239.

[10]Ibid., p. 227.

[11]Henty, By Sheer Pluck, pp. 120, 198, 165.

[12]Henty, With Buller in Natal, p. 363.

[13]Ibid., p. 137.

[14]Ibid., p. 169.

[15]Henty, By Sheer Pluck, pp. 133-136.

[16]Henty, The Young Colonists, p. 282; See also Henty's With Buller in Natal, pp. 104. 118. 134.

[17]Haggard, Allan Quatermain, p. 306.

[18]Haggard, King Solomon's Mines, pp. 83-84.

[19]Haggard, Allan Quatermain, pp. 29-30.

[20]Haggard, Nada the Lily, p. 10.

[21]Ibid., p. 154,

[22]Haggard, Allan's Wife, pp. 7-8.

[23]Haggard, She, p. 59.

[24]Ibid., pp. 60-61.

[25]Ibid., pp. 87-88.

[26]Haggard, Allan Quatermain, p. 299.

[27]Sir Bertram Mitford, John Ames, Native Commissioner, or a Romance of the Matabele Uprising, London, F.V. White & Company, 1900.
John Chalmers, Fighting the Matabele, London, 1898;
Ernest Glanville, The Fossicker, A Romance of Mashonaland, London, Chatto and Windus, 1891.

[28]Mitford, John Ames, p. 86; See also Maugham Explorer, p. 160; Chalmers, Matabele, pp. 116-117, Buchan, Prester John, p. 139.

[29]Morton Cohen, Rider Haggard, p. 21.

[30]William A. Johnston, The Yellow Shield, London, S.W. Partridge and Co., 1904, p. 28.

[31]Ibid., p. 214.

[32]Sir Harry H. Johnston, The Story of My life, Indianopolis, The Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1923, p. 213.

[33]Ibid., p. 364.

[34]W. Somerset Maugham, The Explorer, New York, 1907, p. 279.

[35]Buchan, Prester John, p. 89.

[36]Ibid., p. 97.

[37]Ibid., p. 202.

[38]Ibid., p. 204.

[39]Ibid., p. 270.

[40]Ibid., pp. 271-72.

[41]Ibid., p. 272.

[42]Ibid., p. 264.

[43]Ibid., p. 46.

[44]Ibid., p. 36.

[45]This situation was exposed in Andrew Chirnside's pamphlet The Blantyre Missionaries-Discreditable Disclosures, London, 1880. See also Hanna, Beginnings of Nyasaland, pp. 25-34.

[46]D. Macdonald, Africana or The Heart of Heathen Africa, 2 Vols, London, 1882, II, p. 84.

[47]Edgar Wallace, Sanders of the River, Garden City, N.Y. Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1930, p. 119.

[48]Parker, The Judgment House, p. 105.

[49]Thornton, The Imperial Idea and Its Enemies, p. 92.

[50]Parker, The Judgment House, p. 30.

[51]Roberts, The Colossus, pp. 282-83.

[52]Mary Gaunt, Alone in West Africa, London, Werner T. Laurie, 1911, p. 388.

[53]Mary Gaunt, The Uncounted Cost, pp. 256-57.

[54]Ibid., p. 73.

[55]Mary Kingsley, Travels in West Africa, London, 1897, p. 489.

[56]Mary Kingsley, West African Studies, pp. lxii-lxiii.

[57]Joseph Conrad, Last Essays, Garden City, New York, Doubleday, Page and Co., 1926, p. 17.

[58]Alan Sandison, The Wheel of Empire: A Study of the Imperial Idea in some late Nineteenth Century Fiction, New York, St. Martin's Press, 1967, p. 7.

CHAPTER III

'The Savage Africa' of Rider Haggard and George Henty

George Alfred Henty was the first novelist with a large popular following to employ African settings. Three of his major works, The March to Coomassie, By Sheer Pluck, and Through Three Campaigns, are centred upon West Africa and the Ashanti Wars of 1874 and 1900. The first volume is non-fiction, but the other two are adventure novels. Through The March to Coomassie, Henty stresses the baleful effects of Africa. It was hot, dirty, disease ridden, full of marshes, swamps, and unpleasant animals. Malaria and yellow fever were rampant. Henty put into fiction an image of the miasmic nature of the country, an attitude that had been held by the British government and public for half a century.

A great many settlers in Sierra Leone died from fever in the 1820's, and by the middle of the decade, that region had earned the reputation of the "white man's grave" par excellence.[1]

The image was further solidified when the successors of Governor MacCarthy, the Sierra Leone leader who was killed by the Ashanti, perished from a variety of diseases in successive years - Charles Turner in 1826, Neil Campbell in 1827, and Dixon Denham in 1828 - all at a time when the region was receiving great attention from the press and by Parliament.[2]

To a society lacking modern methods of preventive medicine, West Africa could, indeed, be harmful to one's health. Almost in desperation explorers turned to native nostrums.

They potioned and plastered themselves with every medicine short of "fetish charms", and seldom noticed any improvement. Only Livingstone experimented on a scientific basis. The catalogue of fevers, paralysis, blindness, sunstroke, and weight-loss was endless. Malaria was known as "African fever".

Burton thought it was something to do with sleeping in the moonlight and Stanley associated it with ozone in the air. Livingstone wrote:

> Very curious are the effects of African fever on certain minds. Cheerfulness vanishes, and the whole mind is overcast with black clouds of gloom. The countenance is grave, the eyes suffused, and the few utterances made in the piping voice of a wailing infant. At such times a man feels like a fool, if he does not act like one. He is peevish, prone to find fault and contradict and think himself insulted; he is in fact a man unfit for society.[3]

Philip Curtin adds that only the advances in the 1840's made West Africa a much safer place for human habitation. The use of a quinine, for example, proved to be remarkably effective against malaria, and improved methods of treatment for other diseases reduced European mortality by half if not more prior to 1880, and that while "the image of Africa as the 'white man's grave' lived on in the British popular mind, the improvement was understood well enough in official and missionary circles."[4] By the late 1880's, yellow fever had also been conquered, so that by 1890, West Africa was quite safe to the traveller if he only took rudimentary precautions. Indeed, even by 1850, enough medical knowledge had been gained so that the tropical regions of Africa, particularly West Africa, no longer deserved the unhealthy title they had earned in the 1820's. Yet the earlier image

of Africa remained a very strong one in Anglo-African fiction.

Therefore in The March to Coomassie, Henty helped to perpetuate this image despite the fact that it was no longer a completely valid concept. His image of West Africa remains basically similarly to the one commonly held by the general public and is not substantially different from that roughly sketched in Dicken's Bleak House. Another novel of Henty, By Sheer Pluck, written in 1884, treated Africa in an identical fashion. Henty's views about West Africa had not changed in the decade since The March to Coomassie and were not to alter in the next two decades.
Indeed, the picture he painted of West Africa in By Sheer Pluck is every bit as foreboding as in his other two works. Frank Hargate, just arriving in Sierra Leone, commented,

> "What a beautiful place. It is not a bit what I expected." "No", Mr. Goodenough said, "no one looking at it could suppose that bright pretty town had earned for itself the name of the white man's grave.[5]

According to Henty, West Africa can impair the strength of a European: "He falls into the ways of the place, drinks a good more spirits than is good for him, stops down near the water, and at the end of a year or so, if he lives so long, is obliged to go back to Europe to recuperate."[6]

Although many Europeans succumb to the lassitude which seemed to afflict white men in West Africa, it was still disease that was the major problem. As the old hand, Mr. Goodenough, observed,

> (T)he West Coast of Africa (has) one of the worst (climates in the world). Once well in the interior, the swamp fevers, which are the curse of the shores, disappear, but African

> travellers are seldom long free from attacks of fever of one kind or another. . .In the bad season the attacks are extremely violent, sometimes carrying men off in a few hours. I consider, however, that dysentery is a more formidable enemy than fever.[7]

Mr. Good enough's words were prophetic, for he succumbed to the ravages of fever and dysentery while sojourning with Frank. The latter had several bouts with fever but to Mr. Goodenough's surprise and wonder, he actually spent three weeks in Africa without catching it, and his for the first time, was a mild case. His second bout, however, which occured soon after, was serious. He was delirious for four-and-one-half days, was convalescent on the fifth, and it was another full week before he could resume his hunting expedition. Given such a rapid and severe introduction to tropical diseases, one could hardly have blamed Frank if he had turned to drink even though Goodenough had warned him that "five out of six of the men here ruin their constitutions with spirits, and very easy prey to the fever."[8]

In this period, the history of the British on the West Coast often reads like a series of death notices. Richard Hakluyt, writing of his experiences, even gives more disturbing picture of Africa. He writes, "And of seven score men came to Plimmouth scarcely forty survived. . ."[9] Towerson, writing of his third voyage, has similar report of doom and uncertainty to make, when he confirms that,

> the crews began to fall sick even before the Mina coast was reached; on the way home by way of the Cape Verde Islands, the crews of three ships were reduced to only 30 sound men.[10]

Undoubtedly, the image of Africa particularly that of West Coast, as hostile and repelling was firmly implanted.

The term "White Man's Grave" had attained such a wide usage because of the popular impression that had been gained from high disease and mortality rates.

The heat and extremes of weather had made exploration and philanthropic endeavours so hazardous. It is easy to see why the title of a work by F.Harrison Rankin - White Man's Grave - would be applied to Africa for such a long time. Margery Perham and Jack Simmons, still making use of the explorers' accounts of Africa, point out that, "the continent plays such an active, and indeed violent part, as to fill something like a distinct role in the drama, certainly that of the villain."[11]

Henty also wrote three novels concerned primarily with South Africa, The Young Colonists, With Buller in Natal, and With Roberts To Pretoria. In these volumes, Henty took a very different view of Africa. South Africa was a land of vast spaces, potential riches, and adventure. The land was filled with game, and the natives were, for the most part, friendly. The climate was sunny and healthful, not like fever ridden West Africa. In fact, the contrast between the areas of Africa about which Henty writes are so very striking that he could have been writing about two different worlds, which in fact he was!

South Africa could be positively healthy. Cecil Rhodes went there from England for reasons of health. In The Young Colonists, Mrs. Humphreys the mother of 'the young colonists', was suffering from incipient consumption and her doctor recommended the Cape for her health. The whole family, along with several retainers, emigrated to a location near PieterMaritzburg.

According to Henty,

> the fields were well cultivated and the vegetation thick and luxuriant, but as they ascended the character of the country changed. Vast stretches of rolling grass everywhere met the eyes. This was now beautifully green for it was winter. . .(and). . .the first shower of rain brings up the young grass and in a very short time the country is covered with fresh verdure.[12]

Young Dick found more than his share of adventure in Africa. He wanted to go on a trading mission with dealer Tom Harvey because while

> he goes to trade, but at the same time he does a lot of shooting, both for the sake of the skins and for the meat for the men. He says that he often meets with lions, hippopotami, and sometimes elephants. . . sometimes they meet with hostile natives.[13]

There was the lure of great wealth. Dick confirms that,

> there are diamond fields, too, out there, and I hope, before I settle down regularly to farm, that father will let me go for a few months and try my luck there. Would it not just be jolly to find a diamond as big as a pigeon's egg and worth about twenty thousand pounds?[14]

Dick and his friends led a charmed life. Although they were in predicaments from time to time, luck, with assistance from Henty, always made things right for them. Once they were being pursued by hostile natives but a timely flash flood washed away their foes. Another time, they almost perished from thirst, but miraculously found water. Even hostile Boers were faced at Majuba Hill, a battle lost to the Boers in 1881.

Even Henty has his characters watch the debate from the safety of a nearby knoll. An exchange between a British colonel and the trader best summed up Henty's attitude toward South Africa.

The trader said,

> "I wonder sometimes that gentlemen in England, who spend great sums every year in deer-forests and grouse-moors, do not more often come out for a few months' shooting here. (Although reaching) the country to the interior of course takes sometime, the trip would be a novel one. . .while the sport, when the right country was reached, would be more abundant and varied than in any other part of the world. Lions may be met, deer of numerous kinds, giraffes, hippopotami, crocodiles, and many other animals, not to mention an occasional gallop after ostriches. . ."
> The colonel said, "I must advise some of my friends to try it. As you say, . . .it would be a new sensation for them to come out fora few months' shooting in the interior of Africa. I must not tell them too much of the close shaves you and your friends have had. A spice of danger adds to the enjoyment, but the adventure that you hace gone through go somewhat beyond the point.[15]

As in Marryat, there was a strong emphasis on sport and nature study in The Young Colonists. This holds true even in By Sheer Pluck as Goodenough was a celebrated naturalist, and Frank was also a specialist on birds and butterflies. Of course since Frank's party needed meat, there was more than ample opportunity for sport, if slaughtering animals, regardless of ferocity, falls under that category. In both novels there was plenty of opportunity for the manly art of honourable combat. Only the foes were different, and, in every case, the Britons acquit themselves with distinction.

Henty's two other South African novels, With Buller in Natal and With Roberts To Pretoria, are, as the titles imply, stories about the Boer War. Adventure was the keynote of these books. These are stories intended to stir the patriotic pulse of their young readers. Commenting on the intention of Henty, G.D. Killam, in his work, Africa in English Fiction 1874-1939, he stated that,

> (Henty) tried to reduce to the level of adolescent understanding as much military history as possible. . . War as well as peace had its lessons. . .[16]

According to Henty, the British stood for the forces of good, and in these tales no natives complicated the setting. They were there, for the most part, in the position of servants. Even if Henty wished "to teach geography and current events, to preach patriotism and manliness,"[17] his rendering of the Boer War is misleading. He asserted that "the obstinacy of the Boers had only the effect of bringing ruin upon their own countrymen and women."[18] This idea is not altogether true. It is obvious that the Boer War (1899-1902) marked both the apogee of the empire in Africa and the beginning of its decline. The mere fact that so much time, effort, men, and material had to be expended in the "little war with the Boer Republics" weakened British prestige and self-confidence.[19]

Africa was pictured as a land of great monetary promise. Henty depicted the same idea in The Young Colonists. Yorke Harberton finds that, "there can be no doubt that ayoung fellow, fairly well educated has a far greater chance of making his way in South Africa than he would in older or at least in more established colonies."[20] One did not have to find a diamond miner ora vein of gold to strike in rich. An ordinary farmer could do it quite nicely. Yorke Harberton's distant relative did quite well at it, and Dick Humphrey's father also was extremely successful. Hard work, patience, perseverance and a little capital are the necessary assets to be successful in Africa. All of Henty's fictional works about Africa have these four things in common but Henty saw Africa only as a temporary home. The place for good English men is England, and they all wanted to return there at their earliest convenience.

Africa provides an opportunity for adolescents to be heroic and to make their way in the world while doing their duty. Nevertheless it is at best only a surrogate motherland. All must return home - England - as soon as their assignments are completed. Frank Hargate, hero of By Sheer Pluck is Henty's most dramatic example of a rags-to-riches character. After the death of his parents and a fire in his rooming house, he had but about one pound left in his name. Yet during his tour of Africa he received a twenty-ounce gold necklace with nuggets as big as walnuts from a grateful native, and Mr. Goodenough left him a legacy of 15,000 pounds for his faithful service and devotion to duty.[21] He is now fabulously wealthy thanks to his African adventure but despite his new status, he returned home to England where he enrolled in medical school, and

> (he) worked hard and steadily and passed with high honours. He spent another three years in hospital work, and then purchased a partnership in an excellent West End practice. He is now considered one of the most rising young physicians of the day.[22]

Dick Humphrey and Chris King were in different circumstances. Dick's father was a successful farmer in England, and his efforts in South Africa were even more rewarding. After the successful trading mission and skirmishes with the Boers, Dick Humphrey returns to his father's home in the northern part of Cape Colony where they decide that in fifteen years their farm would be worth a fortune. Dick and his father have a plan to "divide his great forest into lots, to sell off, and to return to (their) native land. . and hopes someday to be settled with an abundant competency in old England."[23]

Chris King's father was a wealthy geologist and mining speculator. After his exploits in the war, Chris, along with several comrades, went straight to England where he was reunited with his family and enjoyed a well-earned rest.[24] The King family, however, made its fortune before the Boer War and when fighting started, there was no reason to remain in Africa.

Yorke Harberton, a true Henty hero, came to Africa in search of his fortune because his family had lost everything in a bank failure. He made his way in Africa and after the major part of the Boer War was over Harberton left the army saying:

> "I have a splendid position here before me and I hope that by the time I am thirty, I, too, may turn and settle in England."[25]

One can conclude that Henty's image of West Africa is radically different from his portrayal of South Africa. Nevertheless, it is obvious that regardless of where one was, fortune and adventure awaited the stalwart, patriotic youths who did their duty.

In his first great African novel, King Solomon's Mines, Haggard shows Africa to be a land of wealth, beauty, mystery, and allure. Obviously it is the search for treasure that is the focal point of the novel. The entire volume revolves around trying to find the legendary diamond mines of King Solomon. Included in the book is the map alleged to have been drawn in 1590 by one Jose de Silvester, a political refugee from Lisbon [26] but Africa contained many more riches than just so-called imaginary diamond mines.

Quatermain discovered the great gold mines in the Transvaal years before the treasure was common knowledge.[27] Rider Haggard states in tongue-in-cheek fashion in a postcript to his novel,

> (T)he King Solomon's Mines I dreamed of have been discovered, and are putting out their gold once more, and, according to their latest reports, their diamonds also; the Kukuanas or, rather, the Matabele, have been tamed by the white man's bullets. . .[28]

South Africa is alternatively pictured as beautiful and inviting or as dangerous and harsh. Quatermain says at one point that,

> the sun came up so gloriously, and revealed so grand a sight to our astonished eyes that for a moment or two we even forgot our thirst. . .I attempt to describe the extraordinary grandeur and beauty of that sight, (but) language seems to fail me. . .Before us rose two enormous mountains, the like of which are not, I believe, to be seen in Africa, if indeed there are any to match them in the world. . .To describe the comprehensive grandeur of that view is beyond my powers. There was something so inexpressibly solemn and overpowering about those huge volcanoes. . .that it quite awed us.[29]

To Rider Haggard, Africa could be a source of danger from disease, animals, climate, and natives. Red water and "lung sick", a type of pneumonia, could ravage a herd of oxen in no time at all, and of course the dread tse-tse fly was a source of peril to both animal and human life.[30]

Although the hunting was extremely good, there could be danger. For example one faithful native was torn in two by an enraged elephant.[31] Haggard shares the views of Henty in making Quatermain a trader and hunter in Africa who decided to return home to England because he had been born there and that was his native country. His son Harry was studying medicine "over there" (London), and there is no indication that he planned to return to Africa.[32]

Africa has a special lure for the European; Quatermain spent over forty years in Africa and had never gone to England, and at the end of the novel, Good and Curtis, newcomers to Africa, express almost a feeling of reluctance to go back to England.

Nevertheless Curtis and Good went to England and Quatermain settled down in a little place near Durban. He had not been there for long where he received a latter from Curtis urging him,

> . . .to come home, my dear old comrade, and. . . buy a house near here. You have done your day's work, and have lots of money now, and there is a place for sale quite close which would suit you admirably. Do come; come; and the sooner the better. . .[33]

Three days after receiving this letter, Quatermain left for home, he used the excuse that he was going to see his son and publish his strange tale. The very unique nature of the 'Dark Continent' became a most popular topic in British fiction.

Haggard's other novels about Africa contain similar sentiments about that area of the world. In Allan's Wife Quatermain intended to journey far to the north of the Transvaal. As he put it,

> It was an adventurous scheme, for though the emigrant Boers had begun to occupy positions in these territories, they were still to all practical purposes unexplored. But I was now alone in the world, and it mattered little what became of me; so, driven on by the overmastering love of adventure, which, old as I am, will perhaps still be my cause of death, I determined to undertake the journey.[34]

As one of the natives, Indaba-zimbi, said, "It is want of imagination that makes men fools."[35]

This is one of Haggard's strongest points. He has a tremendous imagination and is able to make his reader feel that he is a part of every adventure that befalls his characters. After all, Quatermain has love for adventure. Haggard shows that he can write a straight adventure story in Marie, the tale of Allan's ill-fated love affair and marriage with Marie Marais, daughter of an ill-tempered old Boer. This is little of the occult or dreams of treasure in Marie, but there are action and adventure in the story. There are vivid scenes in which Allan rescues his fiance from marauding Kaffirs. The ending of the story is abrupt - Marie dies so that Allan may live, her bigoted father goes insane and kills the foreigner who is responsible for the situation. Allan fades quietly into the African wilderness, delirious for two weeks. Once again, Haggard shows Africa at its wild and exciting best. Africa had strong lure for most men because English life was just too tame and Africa afforded the tonic which would set them right, namely, adventure. Quatermain's comment about "political economics" was not just fortuitous. He had a distinct loathing for competitive society in which "the hard crowds of men and women, strangers each to each, feverishly seeking for wealth and pleasure beneath a murky sky, and treading one another down in the fury of their competition."[36] No doubt many of Haggard's readers felt similar emotions. Novels like this were, for them, their only means of escape. The traditional Victorian romances that concentrated on social problems were rapidly losing popularity. The sensitive characterization of the change England underwent from the early to the late "Victorian period" described by G.M. Young takes into account the dramatic rise in popularity

of escapist literature. Novels of empire offered the reader an opportunity to forget temporarily the social ills and harsh economic competition that characterized Victorian England. Young argues that one must not be unmindful of the impact

> (of) the ever-growing literature of travel and adventure always pushing farther into the unknown and always leaving something for the next pioneer. Still armies might march into the mountains and be lost for weeks, as Roberts marched on Kandahar; into the desert and be lost for ever, as Hicks was lost at El Obeid. . .still Shassa was unvisited, and a man might make himself as famous by riding to Khiva in fact, as by discovering King Solomon's Mines in fiction. The ways of adventure stood open. . .[37]

Rider Haggard's Allan Quatermain is yet another tale of adventure tinged with exoticism that captures the imagination of a British reading public interested in this type of escapist literature. There were plenty of Africans to be beaten - the black variety as they were about to murder the daughter of a missionary, and the white species in a bloody civil war. In this battle the unfortunate Allan Quatermain was to suffer fatal wounds. Haggard followed his traditional formula in his treatment of Nada the Lily. This is an all-native story in praise of the noble Zulu, and in Jess, a novel basically involving treacherous Boers. There was a great deal of blood-shed in Nada the Lily. In like manner, Jess contained episodes filled with bloody strife although these were depicted with less graphic detail than those in the former work. Morton Cohen, the biographer of Haggard gave an example of Haggard's friend who maintained that Nada the Lily is probably the most sanguinary work. . .drenched, sodden, dripping with blood, written by Haggard.[38]

The respective heroes, Umslopogaas and John Neil, both have ample opportunity to demonstrate their courage and manliness. Nada the Lily has a strong emphasis on the strange, brutal, exotic aspects of Zulu life whereas Jess, like Marie, is a more straight-forward adventure story with an emphasis on action and adventure rather than exotica. Haggard's Zulus in Nada the Lily were noble savages in never-never land. Nada the Lily was published in 1892 and all the characters were Africans. It is a surprise to realize that Haggard's Nada the Lily was harking back to the noble savages of mid-nineteenth century fiction. It is obvious that although the British identified with and admired the brave and warlike Zulus, they still qualified their admiration by depicting them as the wildest of savages, lacking any restraint when their blood lust war roused, . . .the savage with all self-control flung to the winds."[39]

Haggard pointed out that when the Zulu was roused "he is like a fiend."[40] After King Solomon's Mines, Haggard's most successful novel was She. The emphasis here, as in Nada the Lily, is on occultism, mysticism, and the bizarre. It is fitting that in Africa, the Dark Continent, should repose the ancient kingdom of Kor, home of Ayesha, the undying spirit who possessed the keys to knowledge. The heroes of this novel almost perish trying to get to Kor and again when they attempt to return to England. Like King Solomon's Mines, the Place of Life, located deep in the bowels of the earth is lost forever after massive landslides. Obviously, as Haggard makes us to believe, there is little about Kor that is attractive, and the land that Leo Vincey, Job, and Holey must traverse is singularly uninviting.

The novel She is filled with adventure and Ayesha possesses mysterious powers, the origin of which simply cannot be explained. Lang, a critic and friend of Rider Haggard regarded She "like a story from literature of another planet."[41] She and King Solomon's Mines were the two most widely read pieces of nineteenth century Anglo-African fiction, and for many people, the image of Africa conjured up by Haggard in these two works deeply influenced their attitudes toward the "savage Africa." Obviously the readers were often convinced that what they were reading in King Solomon's Mines was a true story by a real person, a white hunter named Allan Quatermain. Readers were similarly convinced that the places he told of in the story could be pointed on the map of Africa.

The search for values in 'Dark Continent'

The foregoing has shown that Haggard, Henty and Marryat were popular writers on Africa during the 'Age of Certainty' and it is natural to realise that the authors that followed them, tried to imitate them. To the new authors on Africa during this period, the writings of those forerunners were "research material." Certainly these imitators were wrong as the examination into these authors will show. Imitators of Haggard, Henty, and Marryat, Bertram Mitford, William A. Johnston and John Buchan tried to maintain the images of Africans, Boers, and others which their predecessors had created.

They also endeavoured to see if there were values in the 'Dark Continent.' This was an improvement even though the images created by these authors had no marked difference from those earlier authors. No where is this clearer than in the African novels of Bertram Mitford, who lacked Haggard's polish and skill as a writer. His characters are none too lifelike, and his style is pedantic, but as with Haggard, the Zulu warriors came off well. Zulus were brave, courageous fighters, and one could accept their word as bond. Above all, Mitford's novels ran red. There was enough gore to satisfy even the most blood-thirsty reader. Although the author did not doubt the rightness of the British cause, he did point out that the Zulus were fighting against encroachments upon what they felt was their land.

Just as Haggard attempted to write African novels with a basic historical framework in the tradition of Sir Walter Scott, so did Mitford. In Mitford's The Gun Runner, he states that,

> the bulk of the Zulu chiefs and induna who figure in (the story) are real characters and, including the King, were, in times past, personally known to the writer. The same holds true of the localities treated. But if our narrative deals with history, it is with a vanishing page of the same; and as such we look to it to interest the reader if only as a side light upon the remarkable military power and ultimate downfall of the finest and most intelligent race of savages in the world now; thanks to the beneficent policy of England, crushed and "civilized" out of all recognition.[42]

Like Haggard, Mitford envisaged his stories as an epic of a dying people, and, like his more famous counterpart, respected the Zulu civilization but was quite confident as to the superiority of the British system of values.

The fictional Reverend Gibbs argued,

> but it (the Zulu War of 1878) must come. It is necessary for the spread of the gospel that this vast heathen power, built upon cruelty and cemented with blood should be laid low, humbled in the dust. What says the Psalmist? I shall give the heathen for thine inheritance. . .(and). . .thou shalt bruise them with an iron rod and break them in pieces like a potter's vessel.[43]

It would seem that for Mitford it was sad that the Zulu Empire must end with the resultant psychological and physical dislocation that would accompany it, but if God wills, what are honest Englishmen to do? Mitford's Zulus had many "English" virtues. For example, when a rebel group split off from Tshaka's tribe, they were described in glowing terms. They were even greater warriors than when they were merely after plunder, for, "we were fighting for something more. . .for freedom, for the pride of setting up a new nation."[44] Strange words from the mouths of savages! Good Zulus, like good Englishmen, had to make their own way in the world. When Untuswa asked the king for a special favour, he was told, "You must make the change, Untuswa, you must make it for yourself."[45] Personal courage wasa most important quality. Indeed, one witch doctor would have been tortured if he had shown the slightest degree of fear when being put to the test by the chief; cowardice in the face of the enemy was the most shameful act a Zulu could commit.[46]

Scenes of the grossest violence abound in Mitford's novels. After one battle, he describes the picture that confronted the surviving Zulus in these words:

> Before around us lay heaps of weltering corpses, hacked and battered, the blood welling from scores of spear stabs. These we ripped according to our custom, . . . there were heaps of slain; indeed the Basuto had fought like cornered lions. No prayer for mercy was upon their lips. Brave, fierce, defiant to the last, they had fallen

> (about two thousand).
>
> And now above the crackling roar of the blaze and the wild fierce triumphant shout which swelled to the heathens from our victorious throats came the doleful shrieking of women who saw their little ones spread or flung into the flames, who themselves lay beneath the sharp kiss of the spear-blade; for we Zulus when we see red spear no living thing. . .By the time a man could have counted fifty from the moment the fighting had ceased, not one who had inhabited that Kraal, even to the last dog, was left alive.[47]

Clearly, mercy was not the Zulus' strong suit.

Still, some Englishmen at the Cape and at home thought a Zulu War would be something like a turkey shoot. One misguided soul declared, "I'll cut out there and scare up a troop of Irregular Horse and have a few months' nigger shooting - just the very thing that'll shake one together."[48] To his chagrin, he learned that he was facing a formidable foe, and, indeed more than once, he found his life endangered by the people he had held in contempt. Similarly, traders thought they could take advantage of natives and at least win a commercial victory. One such merchant tried to cheat a native out of a beautiful assegai - this was the focal point of the novel and he started by offering trinkets, such as pocket knives, but soon was offering gold. The old Zulu, even though he received a more than generous final offer, turned the trader down flatly.[49] In Mitford's novels, women play no more than a minimal role, an example could be cited in his The Gun Runner. This is a tale about a wronged white man who became a renegade; the hero fell in love with a black woman. They kiss, they embrace, they have secret trysts, but otherwise they seem to have a sexless relationship.

At the end of the novel, when they escape from a band of hostile Africans, they wander far to the north. Out alone in the bush, their position is, for nineteenth century readers, untenable, for they are, as Kipling might have said, "without benefit of clergy." The problem is neatly solved when the woman catches 'jungle fever' and dies within twenty-four hours.

African women within their own cultural traditions are treated in quite another light. Consider Untuswa who loves a young Zulu girl, and although it is strictly taboo for them to do so, he and she often meet alone in remote places. As their love grows, they engaged in a full open courtship. Even after the chief adds the girl to his harem, Untuswa steals her and they leave the tribe to live in the wild. Perhaps Mitford felt natives could not control their passions as well as white men. However, black women were in no way put on a pedestal. After Untuswa became a chief, his woman tried to be the power behind the throne. As a result he had no hesitation about getting rid of her and he made this observation about women in general:

> ". . .(T)o a woman it matters not over much where she is, being devoid of mind; but to us. . .Au! we may become fools, but we know it N'Kose; whereas the more a woman acts like a fool, the more she will cry loud her wisdom."[50]

Mitford's savages are imposing physical specimens who have strength and courage in abundance. They are straight-forward and honest. One can close a deal with them by a nod of the head. There is no need for written contracts. Like Haggard, Mitford had a great deal of respect for these primitive people, and in stories like The Induna's Wife and Forging the Blades he tries to give an idyllic view of their tribal life.

For obvious reasons, it is difficult to obtain reliable information on the sexual aspect of race relations, especially when travel was in isolated areas and only the author's own account exists.[51]

Another notable author to be considered is William A. Johnston, who was apopular novelist at the end of the nineteenth century. This novelist picked the worst elements of all the three novelists already considered. Johnston's heroes are modelled after Henty's but are drawn more crudely. With the Rhodesian Horse and One of Buller's Horse contain protagonists of this type. Moreover, in both novels exaggerated detail is given of the battles in the same style as that done by Henty. The Yellow Shield is Johnston's best known work. In it, he draws a Henty-like hero who is class conscious and who comes into contact with the Zulus. Like Haggard and Mitford, he does, on occasion, picture them as "noble savages" but, unfortunately, they are mere caricatures rather than living beings. What is even more disconcerting to the modern critic is his ambivalence in equally praising and damning them as base savages.

On one hand he maintains that,

> (the) niggers think we are encroaching on their territory, and wish to knock all their old customs on the head. . .(T)hey will suffer extermination rather than yield to our way of thinking, and after all, we should not judge them too harshly. . . (T)he niggers will fight, and fight hard. . .(and). . you will have seen enough of bloodshed to last you a decent lifetime, even if the Kaffirs are armed with assegais and knobkerries.[52]

Yet after the Zulus have killed the Prince Imperial and some of his escort, Johnston egocentrically observes, "The gallant Vandevorte, the flower of

South African chivalry, had yielded up his life in front of a pack of ignorant savages, an ignoble tribe of Kaffirs, in order to help a scion of a royal house."[53] Still, one turn of Johnston's mind that makes him unusual is that in rare instance he has sympathy for some natives as can be seen when he argued after Methlagazulu was being criticized, "I have every faith in him, I believe him, despite his black skin and savage appearance, to be as human as any white man if not a little more so. After all these poor beggars are only fighting for their own."[54] Also when one native seemed unusual, it was noted, "I think this nigger has feelings, like ourselves."[55] This viewpoint may be considered as being peculiarly significant in assuming that savages have feelings and they are human! In addition, Johnston was certain that the Zulus knew they were doomed. As Methlagazulu said, "We shall all be destroyed. . . .I warned Cetewayo. . .that the Zulu nation would be wiped out and we should soon be like fallen leaves. One moment seen, the next trampled into the earth."[56] This is confirmed when Jack, the hero, said with natural self-assurance, "We shall, of course, win in the end."[57] Jack was a typical Henty hero. He had to leave school due to misfortune and make his way in the world; he was loyal, devoted to duty, loved games, was full of chauvinism, believed in the rightness of the Empire, and was as manly as could be. He even disliked Boers.[58] Of course, all his problems are solved in the novel and he goes home a rich man and is reunited with his uncle. . .who wrote him letters urging him to do his duty as a good lad should.[59] All authors were unanimous in their praise for the Zulus' courage and pluckiness.

A good Zulu "loves a brave man who fears not death."[60] Indeed, many of the brave men fell victim to British gunfire while brandishing naught but assegais and knobkerries.

Whatever credence one could lend to Johnston's description of the Zulus is destroyed by the ending he gives the story. After the war is over, Jack invites Cetewayo and several other chiefs to his estate in England. After they arrive, the Zulus - teamed with the tenantry - play football against a squad from Jack's school. Of course, the natives are dressed in silk hats, and Cetewayo leads the cheers.[61] Johnston's efforts at racial conciliation are so puerile as to be painful to read, but it is further evidence that the British idea of the "good Zulu" meant that the natives had to share British values and virtues.

John Buchan was another prominent author of this period. He was a noted servant of the empire who also wrote several books during the 'Age of Certainty'. John Laputa, a black protagonist in Buchan's Prester John, is the last of the so-called "noble savages" to make an appearance in the 'Age of Certainty' in Anglo-African literature. Laputa, just like other figures of this genre is physically impressive and immensely powerful.[62] He differed from the traditional 'noble savage' in that he had a Western education and was a Protestant minister. It was his intention to become the heir of Prester John, the legendary Christian king who lived in Africa, and start a new dynasty, a black one, a line hostile both to the persons and dreams of white men.[63] This new dimention to a "savage" character opened up many a new aspect to the elements of fiction.

In addition, Buchan notes that Laputa could be inhumanly cruel and barbaric, and consequently he did not have to shed any of his savage qualities. Obviously, Buchan's novel is filled with the vilest forms of racial prejudice. For example one character argues, "The Bible says that the children of Ham were to be our servants. If I were the minister I wouldn't let a nigger into the pulpit.I wouldn't let him farther than the Sabbath school."[64] Buchan's hero, Crawfurd, even felt ill-used when he was forced to listen to a black man speak because he was incensed that the African paid enough money to have his white friend evicted from his cabin. He fumed, "Hang it all, what are we coming to, when we're turning into a blooming cargo-boat for niggers?"[65] Nevertheless, after Laputa's enemies became acquainted with him, they quickly developed a grudging respect for him. When asked how formidable he was, one of them asserted that he was

> the biggest thing the Kaffirs have ever produced. I tell you, in my opinion he is a great genius. If he had been white he might have been a second Napoleon. He is a born leader of men, and as brave as a lion. There is no villainy he would not do if necessary, and yet I should hesitate to call him a blackguard. . .I have, so to speak, lived with the man for months, and there's a fineness and nobility in him. He would be a terrible enemy, but a just one. He has the heart of a poet and a king, and it is God's curse that he has been born among the children of Ham. I hope to shoot him like a dog in a day or two, but I am glad to bear testimony to his greatness.[66]

Yet in almost the same breath, those who praise him say that his is a typical native mind. He can only see the first stage of things, he cannot reason a problem out in full.[67] Laputa was a brilliant orator. At sacred rites, he catalogued the sins of the white man:

> "What have ye gained from the white man?", he cried. "A bastard civilization which has sapped your manhood; a false religion which would rivet on you the chains of the slave. Ye, the old masters of the land, are now the servants of the oppressor."[68]

The black leader urged a return to the past when every man was a warrior and cattle were plenty. Crawfurd, the white hero, was deeply moved when he heard the speech. It was only afterward that he realized that his "blood should have been boiling at this treason."[69] Despite Laputa's noble qualities, Buchan makes it plain that he was the product of a civilization distinctly inferior to that of the British. After all they were still savages.Laputa, the last of the great "noble savage", is a tragic figure. He is brilliant and well-educated, but when he returned to Africa, he reverted to primitivism. Laputa could have led his people forward to the blessings of civilization, but he was taking them away from that road down the path of savagery. Nowhere is the conflict more vivid than in the circumstances surrounding the meeting of savages in the cave at which Laputa presides in prelude to the great rising, yet the password for entrance to the cave is "Immanuel", meaning "God is with us."[70] This is another puzzle to the white man, who wants to know how a savage could think of Christian religion.

Buchan helped to introduce a new image in Anglo-African fiction. He sees in Africa "The Educated Negro." Obviously, Buchan was not too sympathetic to this type of "educated African." In real life, he was worried about the dangers of Africans who had been educated beyond the capacity of the European settlements to assimilate them into their own structure.[71]

Arcol, a character in Prester John says,

> I soon found out that Laputa was none of your flabby educated negroes from America, and I began to watch him. . .(T)he man is a good scholar. . .(H)e was of Zulu blood. . .He must come of high stock, for he is a fine figure of a man. . .(In civilization he was) a great pet of missionary societies.[72]

In Africa, the veneer of civilization was soon stripped away and "at full noon when the black cock was blooded, the Reverend John forgot his Christianity. He was back four centuries among the Mazimba sweeping down on the Zambesi."[73] The fear that the benefits and lessons of civilization would have only minimal impact on the native mind in later years became a prevalent one. The most despicable foe in Prester John was not the "noble savage" Laputa, but the Henriques, the "Portuguese", a murdering yellow devil who was a double-dyed traitor to his race."[74] Henriques received his just due when, after shooting Laputa in an effort to steal a valuable necklace, he was strangled by the powerful black leader before he died.[75] The other Africans in Prester John are not shown any degree of sympathy. They are simply savages stripped of all pretences of nobility. John Buchan in his autobiography, Memory Hold-The-Door, confirmed that Prester John published in 1910 was based on his experience in Africa. As a matter of fact, he showed himself to be fine story-teller, and Prester John is, indeed, an exciting, good book. For narrative he had a special gift, but in exposition or argument also his style is perfectly adapted to its purpose.

The confidence of the white heroes does ring hollow today, as do his perception of the African, but these are characteristics of all novels from the "Age of Certainty."

Buchan might well find it bold to appreciate such an evaluation of his attitudes toward the black people, for, as himself said,

> We call ourself insular, but the truth is, we are the only race on earth that can produce men capable of getting inside the skin of remote people. Perhaps the Scots (Buchan was a Scot) are better than the English, but we are all one thousand per cent better than anybody else.[76]

One realises that despite the knowledge of Buchan in history and classics he could not get inside the native mind while in Africa. If any British writer approached the task of penetrating the native mind with adequate credentials, it was Sir Harry H. Johnston.

Harry Johnston had many years in Africa, in both official and private capacities, and had done more than his share of exploring Africa's hidden mysteries. Even then, what emerged from his fiction was a portrait of a slave without a genuine face. His one great effort, during the "Age of Certainty" was the History of a Slave which appeared in 1899. Unfortunately, his effort was unsuccessful because Johnston had been active in the anti-slavery movement for years, the volume aroused a stir, not so much for its message but because it had plates of undraped natives. Some critics called the work pornographic.[77] He was quite skilled with pen and was able to write accounts of many of the atrocities he had actually witnessed in Africa. In fact within a year after the publication of his book, Johnston was vigorously fighting against the slavers in Nyasaland.[78] During the course of his African experiences, he made many realistic drawings of slaves abandoned by Arabs in the East African bush, children starving to death, and dying women who were eaten by hyenas after they were

left behind by Arab slave-traders.[79]

In The History of a Slave Johnston tried to give an accurate picture of tribal life in Nigeria and the horrors of slave caravans that traversed the Sahara desert. In his opinion, it was a very realistic story - much of it based on personal experience - but it was, as he said, "a dead failure."[81] His narrative itself did not arouse as much interest as did his illustrations. In the novel the author attempted to trace the life of one African from birth to relative old age, taking into account all the significant events in his life. Regrettably, the story has little coherence and is difficult to accept because the characters are poorly drawn and the motivation for their actions, is, at times, nonexistent. Also, Johnston is guilty of what some kindly critics might call paternalism or condescension - a fact so common to writers during the "Age of Certainty." Unfriendly reviewers on the other hand might say that he is grossly prejudiced.

The position of the African is made quite clear from the beginning. The slave conversing with the man taking his story, says, "you white men know everything and you find I was deceiving you, you would send me away and my master would punish me; and I like coming to see you, it makes me proud to talk to a white man."[81] Later the slave makes a puerile attempt at extortion when he tells the white man, "If you give me a silver ryal I should return it with a glad heart and a new turban, for it is not fitting that I should talk to a great Wasiani (Christian) with an old dirty cloth like this."[82]

In the same novel the slave depicts himself as childlike and simple in the extreme. As he was captured by slavers, one of them

> (gave) me an old blue cotton shirt to wear, with which I was greatly pleased, though he and his friends laughed very much to see the way in which I at first wore it, for we pagans, recking little of decency, would have it that clothes should be worn to make a man look smart and not cover his body so that when I first got this shirt, I wound it round my neck and shoulders until I was taught its proper use.[83]

The slave, who quickly became acclimatized to his new environment and could, himself, be cruel. For example, he had become one of the more important slaves and he noted,

> (We) who were now clothed and had forgotten the days when we were pagans, laughed at those bushmen (new slaves), and when they were handed over to our charge to carry the ivory, we treated them as slaves of slaves and beat them when they did not understand our orders.[84]

The slave retains no pride in his homeland and his tribe. He looks up to the Moslems who enslaved him. He becomes a Moslem. Still, he feels that Christian white men are even further along in the hierarchy of merit and virtue because they are more prosperous than their Islamic counterparts. Each group is a step more civilized than the primitive bushman.

In his narrative Johnston does recount some dreadful tales of slaughter and cruelty. As a polemic against slave trading, the novel has some merit, but its literary value is nil, and it is a complete failure at understanding the mind of the uneducated African and, in that regard, is little more than an unworthy piece of fiction.

Alec Dawson in his An African Nights' Entertainment gave a collection written from 'confidential sources'. They are little more than sheer fantasy with Europeans tripping through North Africa in a rather aimless fashion. One European, that is to say a Briton, falls deathly ill and is nursed back to health by an African beauty. Needless to say, they fell in love with each other. Unfortunately for the relationship, the man returns to England where he meets a "real woman." When he returns to Africa, he finds his lover's feelings quite unchanged, but he has practically forgotten her, and, quite unceremoniously, he rejects her, all but oblivious of her feelings.[85] This is as close to a personal relationship as a European has with African, in another circumstances the natives who appear are good for little more than menial service.

The Judgment House, written by Gilbert Parker is worthy of note. In this novel there appears only one native, Krool, who is the hero's chief servant. Krool is unique from his birth because he is half Boer, half African. For most of the novel the servant is a shadowy figure who attends faithfully to the needs and wishes of his master while remaining in the background. Still, no one likes or trusts Krool because there is something undefinably ominous and sinister about him. Krool loathed his master's wife, who, he believed, had come between them. Also reflecting his origins, he hated England, and would have been happy to see her influence in South Africa reduced to the advantage of both the Boers and the natives. Byng, Krool's master, had extensive holdings in South Africa, and when the servant betrayed him, he meant to hurt England, not his master.

Krool did not comprehend how his master would be injured by his actions. As Parker put it, "He had not seen, he had not understood, he was still uncivilized; he had only in his veins the morality of the native."[86] When Byng discovered the treachery, he went berserk. He took his sjambok-whip and beat his servant terribly, driving him from his home. Perker notes that,

> It never occured to Byng that Krool would resist; it did not occur to Krool that he could resist. Byng was the Baas, who at that moment was the Power Immeasurable. There was only one thing to do - obey.[87]

Indeed, for Krool, the sjambok is the natural engine of authority and it lay behind every command he had ever received from his master.[88] There is a sense of total confidence in Parker's work. This is no other than the fact that the white man dominates the black man. It is right, it is good, it is even nature's way. The depth of loyalty that Parker felt that the servant held in his heart for his master became apparent when Krool, fighting on the side of the Boers, kills a fellow comrade to save Byng's life during a battle in the Boer War. Parker comments that the native's love for the master who viciously beat him was even stronger than death itself.[89] It takes little imagination to perceive that the relationship which Parker portrayed between Byng and Krool is roughly analogous to that of a young master and his faithful hound. How one almost yearns for the straightforwardness of a FitzPatrick, who has a native say to his white friend, "Inkos, you are my Inkos, but you are white. If we fight tomorrow, I will kill you. You are good to me, you have saved me; but if our king says, 'Kill, we kill'."[90] Umslopogaas, warrior that he was, would

have been proud of him.

Another novelist of this period was Cynthia Stockley whose best known novel was Poppy, a story about a poor white waif battered by the adverse vicissitudes of fate. Although the bulk of the story has its setting in Africa, Africans rarely intrude on to the pages, let alone a a major role in the novel. Only Kykie and Sara, two black women who ran homes in which Poppy dwelled, are even given names. They have no integral role to play other than serving as sounding boards for Poppy's monologues. The poor women are often the victim of Poppy's as well as the master's spleen. They are little more than objects, devoid of character or personality. Obviously Cynthia Stockley is just reflecting the British attitude towards 'inferior peoples'. There is no doubt about the relative roles of the white and black men. With typical self-assurance, blacks are assigned to menial roles, generally dirty, unpleasant ones. Poppy's unpleasant aunt made her 'smear' floors while Sara

> knew it was Kaffir's work to smear floors. Black hands are hard, and the little thorns and stones to be found in the wet cowdung cannot hurt them; neither does the pungent smell disgust black noses.[91]

Poor Poppy had no friends because they knew she did Kaffir's work.[92] The African is still portrayed only as a servant, according to this novel, and the more traditionally structured Anglo-African Victorian novels still were primarily concerned about the white man. The black man is not a moving force. Joseph Conrad's Africans are also basically faceless. Few are, even, given names. It is not the overt relationships which are

important; but it is the unseen, psychological bonds which are developed that make Conrad's work so important. Conrad like other authors, believed that if "civilization could be measured on a scale, the white - European - version would be far ahead of its African counterpart. Africa is seen as a primitive, primordial place where there is no romance about the land or its inhabitants. Nevertheless, Conrad sees some virtues in Africa. Contact between black men and white men affect both. It might make the white man more primitive. For example, Kurtz, in Conrad's Heart of Darkness, went out to Africa with some altruistic motives. He hoped he could be a civilizing agent for the Africans with whom he came into contact, yet the primitivism of the continent overcomes him. He joins a tribe, taking part in its dreadful practices. As Marlow says,

> the wilderness had found (Kurtz) out early, and had taken on him a dreadful vengeance for the fantastic invasion. I think it had whispered to him things about himself which he did not know, things of which he had no conception till he took council with his solitude. .[93]

Africa, by appealing to the primitive instincts of the dark part of the heart, transforms Kurtz from a decent human being to a white devil. Conrad does not sentimentalize about any of his fictional Africans. When the black helmsman whom Marlow likes is killed, he states,

> Perhaps you will think it passing strange this regret for a savage who was no more account than a grain of sand in a black Sahara. Well, don't you see, he had done something, he had steered; for months I had him at my back. . .a help. . .an instrument. It was a kind of partnership. He steered for me. . .I had to look after him, I worried about his deficiencies, and thus a subtle bond had been created; of which I only became aware when it was suddenly broken.

> And the infinite profundity of that look he gave me when he received his hurt remarks to this day in my memory. . .like a claim of distant kinship affirmed in a supreme moment.[94]

Conrad thus recognizes the bond between Marlow and the helmsman to be of a distinctly personal nature. The black man was a human being; he was part of the continuum of humanity just as were the white men in Africa. The bond Conrad sees is not paternal in nature, condescending in form, rather it is simply one between two human beings. The main concept in Heart of Darkness is that the white man and black man share many basic similarities of nature. The white man is more civilized, but there is a darkness in his heart which can possibly be brought to the fore if he returns to primordial Africa. For example, Marlow, at first, finds Africans to be inhuman, but gradually realizes that he no longer regards them in that light. As he puts it,

> Well, you know, that was the worst of it. . . this suspicion of their not being inhuman. It would come slowly to one. They howled and leaped, and spun, and made horrid faces; but what thrilled you was just the thought of their humanity. . .like yours. . . the thought of your remote Kinship with this wild and passionate uproar.[95]

Indeed, the basic separation between two different cultures is not as wide as it first seems.

In another sense, the effect of Africa on Kurtz is not unique. In An Outpost of Progress traders Kayerts and Carlier succumbed to basically the same impulse as those which mastered Kurtz. Like him, they collected ivory, and, like him, they resorted to any method to amass it. Kurtz, Kayerts, and Carlier are the instruments of European imperialism.

While Africa transforms them into more primitive beings, they exert a reciprocal effect on Africa. Aaron Fleishman, a modern writer on the works of Joseph Conrad, argues that the presence of imperialists in Africa disrupted the social forms and structure of African society, causing a retrogression to blacker atrocities, and ultimately, detribalization. Both the Europeans, Kurtz and Kayerts plunged into darkest Africa, and the people whose tribal structure is weakened, lose contact with a stable order of society. Anarchy is the result. The white becomes more savage and the African, the 'savage' responds to the disruption of his style with increased violence.[96]

Of all the authors of the 'Age of Certainty', Conrad alone tries to plumb the psychological aspects of the relationships between white and black men. He finds a common bond of humanity and postulates a disturbing similarity, namely, that within the heart of all men there is a terrible darkness which can erupt in dreadful violence when an individual travels beyond the pale of organized society. These sentiments, first echoed by Conrad in the twilight of the "Age of Certainty" proved durable and influenced subsequent novelists. Yet even in his work no effort is made to give the Africans about whom he writes a well developed personality. They are essentially not to be reckoned with and they remain abstractions.

From the standpoint of the books already considered, it is clear that none of the books seemed to have been written on the assumption that values ought to be discovered rather than just communicated. All the writers, perhaps, started by analysing life, looking into themselves and

out at the society around them, trying to make sense of the complexities and peculiarities of existence. As noted, the writers diverged. All except Conrad pretended to have found a clear enough pattern in character and event and therefore proceeded at once to direct criticism and without any proposals. To Joesph Conrad, Africa is profoundly ambiguous in value, "like evil or truth." The foregoing chapter examined the writers who turned their attention to the 'Dark Continent' and saw the Africans through distorting lens of empire. To the authors, Africans were always inferior by virtue of their race and their low position on the scale of civilization. The same hallmarks of inferiority that distinguished the beastly savage in the non-fiction of the "Age of Certainty" were present in the novels.

Notes

[1]Philip D. Curtin, Image of Africa, p. 179.

[2]Ibid., p. 179.

[3]Quoted from Timothy Severin, The African Adventure, London, Hamish Hamilton Ltd., 1973, pp. 195-96.

[4]Curtin, Image of Africa, pp. 355-62.

[5]Henty, By Sheer Pluck, p. 95.

[6]Ibid., p. 95.

[7]Ibid., pp. 92-93.

[8]Ibid., p. 99.

[9]Richard Hakluyt, Voyages, Vol. VI, Glasgow, 1904, p. 151.

[10]Towerson, in J.W. Blake, Europeans in West Africa, Vol. II, London, Hakluyt Society, 1942, p. 292.

[11]Margery Perham and Jack Simmons, African Discovery, London, Penguin Books, 1948, p. 15.

[12]Henty, The Young Colonists, pp. 31-32.

[13]Ibid., p. 138.

[14]Ibid., p. 25.

[15]Ibid., pp. 245-246.

[16]Killam, Africa in English Fiction, p. 17.

[17]Ibid., p. 17.

[18]Henty, With Roberts to Pretoria, p. vl.

[19]D.W. Brogan, The English People - Impression and Observations, New York, 1943, pp. 7-8; Rayne Kruger, Good-bye Grey, The Story of the Boer War, London, 1959, p. 144.

[20]Henty, With Roberts to Pretoria, p. 22.

[21]Henty, By Sheer Pluck, pp. 240-292.

[22]Ibid., p. 293.

[23]Henty, The Young Colonists, p. 281.

[24]Henty, With Buller in Natal, p. 384.

[25]Henty, With Roberts to Pretoria, p. 384.

[26]Haggard, King Solomon's Mines, p. 21.

[27]Ibid., p. 16.

[28]Ibid., p. vii.

[29]Ibid., pp. 84-85.

[30]Ibid., p. 39.

[31]Ibid., p. 60.

[32]Ibid., pp. 33-34.

[33]Ibid., p. 332.

[34]Haggard, Allan's Wife, p. 26.

[35]Ibid., p. 44.

[36]Haggard, Allan's Wife, p. 147.

[37] G.M. Young, Victorian England: Portrait of An Age, 2nd., New York, Oxford University Press, 1964, p. 179.

[38] Morton Cohen, Rider Haggard: His Life and Works, p. 227

[39] Buchan, Prester John, p. 201.

[40] Haggard, Allan Quatermain, p. 458.

[41] Morton Cohen, Rider Haggard, pp. 181-2. The quotation is taken from Page 181.

[42] Bertram Mitford, The Gun Runner, London, T. Fisher Unwin, 1922, p. vi.

[43] Ibid., p. 36.

[44] Bertram Mitford, The King's Assegai, London, Chatto and Windus, 1894, p. 15.

[45] Ibid., p. 26.

[46] Ibid., p. 81.

[47] Ibid., pp. 41-42.

[48] Mitford, The Gun Runner, p. 42.

[49] Mitford, The King's Assegai, p. 2.

[50] Ibid., p. 217.

[51] B. Farwell, The Man Who Presumed: A Biography of Henry M. Stanley, London, 1958, pp. 67-68.

[52] William A. Johnston, The Yellow Shield, pp. 12-13.

[53] Ibid., p. 287.

[54]Ibid., p. 187.

[55]Ibid., p. 130.

[56]Ibid., p. 146.

[57]Ibid., p. 12.

[58]Ibid., pp. 10,11, 31-32, 36, 205, 269.

[59]Ibid., p. 269.

[60]Ibid., p. 146.

[61]Ibid., pp. 325-27.

[62]Buchan, Prester John, p. 245.

[63]Ibid., pp. 141-142.

[64]Ibid., p. 14.

[65]Ibid., pp. 32, 37-38.

[66]Ibid., pp. 102-3.

[67]Ibid., p. 102.

[68]Ibid., p. 141.

[69]Ibid., pp. 141-42.

[70]Ibid., p. 130.

[71]Smith, John Buchan, p. 144.

[72]Buchan, Prester John, pp. 98-99.

[73]Ibid., p. 100.

[74]Ibid., p. 119.

[75]Ibid., pp. 234-35.

[76]Sandison, The Wheel of Empire, p. 12.

[77]Alexander Johnston, The Life and Letters of Sir Harry Johnston, London, Jonathan Cape, 1929, p. 120

[78]Ibid., pp. 136-141.

[79]Roland Oliver, Sir Harry H. Johnston and the Scramble for Africa, London, Chatto and Windus, 1957, p. 125

[80]Sir Harry H. Johnston, The Story of My Life, pp. 213, 452.

[81]Sir Harry H. Johnston, The History of a Slave, p.4.

[82]Ibid., p. 83.

[83]Ibid., p. 70.

[84]Ibid., p. 72.

[85]Alex John Dawson, An African Night's Entertainment, London, William Heinemann, 1900, pp. 71-74.

[86]Parker, The Judgment House, p. 321.

[87]Ibid., p. 322.

[88]Ibid., p. 321.

[89]Ibid., pp. 404-7.

[90]FitzPatrick, Jock of the Bushveld, p. 168.

[91]Stockley, Poppy, p. 5.

[92]Ibid., p. 8.

[93]Conrad, Heart of Darkness, p. 133.

[94]Ibid., p. 124.

[95]Ibid., p. 105.

[96]Aaron Fleishman, Conrad's Politics. . .Community and Anarchy in the Fiction of Joseph Conrad, Baltimore Johns Hopkins Press, 1967, pp. 90-92.

CHAPTER IV

The Years of Authority in Africa

The partition of Africa was set in motion by forces largely outside Africa's experience. National rivalries within Europe, a rising international commercial competition, the exigencies of geo-political strategy, the aspirations and conceits of Western statesmen, even the exertions of European proconsuls, adventurers, and churches in Africa, all placed their imprint on the African soil. For a time, the fate of the Nile highway passed from African into European hands, the Islamic way in the western Sudan was forced to accomodate Gallic and Anglo- Saxon Christian controls, to mention a few. If European occupation of Africa was largely unrelated to African circumstances, occupation nonetheless implied control, and control in turn demanded some form of government - an administration which would deal with alien peoples in ways which not only satisfied imperial strategies, but also sought to reconcile African and European views of the respective roles of the ruler and ruled. Here there was little uniformity of governmental pattern. Colonial theory and practice varied enormously from power to power, but no more than the African societies on which colonialism was imposed.

With particular reference to Victorian Britain, the range extended from primitive hunter-gatherers to sophisticates thoroughly at home with British culture, from those Victorians who regarded Britain as the key to

progress in Africa to others like Joseph Conrad, who looked upon the colonial presence as meaningless and irrelevant to their way of life.

Nevertheless, some uniformities were discernible. First of all, there was the attitude of the British government seeking maximum control with minimum expense, tending to support the status quo, smiling on entrenched African oligarchies, and indifferent to costly and politically dangerous social reform. Secondly, as external power was extended across the African map, the diversity of indigenous African societies was forced into unique conformities, artificial and arbitrary in their initial conceptions, to be sure, but the beginnings of the African nation-states which were to achieve national independence in the mid-twentieth century. If an early objective of British colonial administrators was the introduction of a white settler community, their philosophy of government was necessarily committed, consciously or unconsciously, to the idea of settler dominance with Africans playing subordinate roles. Such a view could scarcely have raised humanitarian scruples in the minds of the first Protectorate officials as they compared their English skills and institutions with the apparently backward societies surrounding their early outposts. According to two British historians, Roland Oliver and Anthony Atmore, the colonial period in tropical Africa which lasted for about seventy years, could be divided into three periods. They agree that, "the first thirty years of this period may be called the years of establishment, the next thirty. . .as the years of active development, and the last ten. . .(as) . . .the years of retreat."[1] In this chapter, an attempt shall be made

to examine the years of establishment mainly from the point of view of the British colonial officials. In other words, attention shall be placed on the behaviour of "the agents of empire" during the "Age of Certainty."

In the last years of the "Age of Certainty", much more emphasis is placed upon the governing of Africa rather than on the acquisition of more territory. Obviously, the revival of British fortunes in Africa, and their conversion to new conditions of formal as opposed to informal empire, was very largely the work of Lord Salisbury, who was Prime Minister of Britain from 1885 to 1892. Mary Gaunt, Edgar Wallace and others all wrote novels about the administration of colonial territory in Africa.
All the writers take an extremely paternal attitude toward the people of Africa. There is no doubt about the merits of European civilization.
The African is treated in a most condescending manner for at best he is but a child. Mary Gaunt was one of the prominent novelists of the "Age of Certainty." She was a feminist, proud of her independence, and deeply interested in Africa. Against all advice, she travelled alone in West Africa, later writing a book about her experiences. In his book, she set down her feelings about that part of the world. She described African life and customs with uncharacteristic clarity and honesty. About many customs, such as polygamy, she did not make moral judgments. She saw that different places and forms of civilization often require different customs.
Yet, in spite of everything she was absolutely confident about the superiority of the white man in Africa. As Cunningham, a native commissioner states, "We mayn't be the wisest Government in the world, but on the whole we deal

fairly with them, and they are quick to recognise the fact."[2]

Mary Gaunt makes a great deal of use of the "educated African" theme. In her non-fiction work, Alone in West Africa, she notes that she dislikes "the educated coast niggers as they are too pompous."[3] She continues,

> To their own place they are suitable, only when they try to conform too much to the European line of thought do they strike one as outre or objectionable. I suppose that is what jars in the Christian negro. It is not the Christianity; it is the striving after something eminently unsuited to him.[4]

She has respect for the black man. Indeed, she feels that the native, untouched by the white man, has a dignity and a charm. Here she expresses the typical romantic view of the native man. It seems to her a pity that he cannot be kept in that condition. The man on the first rung of civilization has points about him, that, on the whole, one cannot help liking. As an emancipated woman Mary Gaunt also feels that the missionaries should stay at home: "Christianity is not the natural religion of the negro; indeed between the black and the white man, there is a great, unbridgeable gulf and no man may cross it."[5]

The "educated African", her chief dislike, appeared in her three best known novels, The Uncounted Cost, The Arm of the Leopard, and The Silent Ones. In the latter two, James Craven, M.D., a black man, is the object of attention. He is engaged to marry an English woman in The Arm of the Leopard, but she comes to her senses and ends the engagement, temporarily causing Craven to revert to his savage ways; in The Silent Ones

he is killed when he tries to help a white friend obtain an old, valuable manuscript. Far better drawn is Kudjo Mensa, black protagonist of The Uncounted Cost, who was educated in England and is an ordained Anglican clergyman. Shortly after returning to his homeland, he reverts to primitive customs. Battered, both physically and mentally, by white people, he tries to start a general insurrection. There is simply no place for him in African life. Kudjo hates white people, but, at first, they do not fear him, saying, "Men like Kudjo Mensa are always futile when they are not grotesque and pathetic."[6] He soon shows them that he is capable of great cruelty and that his force of Africans might well overrun the British outpost. As Kudjo saw it, white people existed only to utilize the blacks as servants.[7] His rising would put an end to this and would make him a king, a powerful ruler. Mensa clearly has much in common with Buchan's Laputa.

Naturally, the insurrection fails. At the last moment reinforcements arrive and the besieged white party is saved. Against heavy odds, the British flag still flew. One more step had been taken in the clearing of the dark places of the earth.[8] Mary Gaunt pictured the struggles as one between civilization and barbarism. Although Kudjo was on the wrong side, she could feel a certain pity for him. When he talked with white men, he inevitably got the better of the discussion. His tragedy is that he has been given a smothering of Western thought. Taken from his natural environment, he lost his strength and vitality and was unable to readapt to Africa.[9]

For example the African is not always understood. A fictional white character, Bullen, beats Kudjo Mensa for insulting white women, thus touching off the revolt. Unaware of the consequences of his action, Bullen can still say, after being in Africa only after a few months, "I believe I understand these people."[10] The other black people who appear in the novel are little more than gibbering fools. Only Kudjo stands out from the pack.

Kudjo Mensa was to be the model for a host of later African heroes who were compelled to commit violence agaginst the white men whom they both love and hate.[11] The "noble savage" became the "detribalized, educated African." The days of Henty and Haggard were passing. Mary Gaunt, a woman who was firmly committed to the values of white supremacy, understood this and deserves to be recognized, like Conrad, as being a transitional figure between the "Age of Certainty" and the "Age of Doubt." But Mary Gaunt can only be recognized as a transitional figure. She still, largely because of her view of the relative capabilities of the black man, is properly placed in the "Age of Certainty."

As G.D. Killam in his work, Africa in English Fiction 1874-1939 notes, Gaunt's racial attitudes paralled several authors who were active in the early twentieth century, such as Cutcliffe Hyne and Somerset Maugham.[12] She had no use for the self-governing black - Sierra Leone or Liberian native.

She wrote,

> It is no good trying to hide the fact; between the white man and the black lies not only the culture

> and knowledge of the west - but that other great bar, the barrier of sex.
>
> And so we get the beginning here in the little colony of Gambia, the handful of the ruling race set among the subject people; so the white man has always ruled black; so I think, he must always rule. It will be a bad day for the white man when the black rules. That there should be a mingling of the races is unthinkable; so I hope that the white man will always rule Africa with a strong hand.[13]

C.J. Cutcliffe takes a rather cynical view of Africa. To him, Africa is as much a commercial problem as anything else. The members of the colonial administration are a rough and ready set, always trying to figure out how they can move one more step the ladder. They are not an overly formal lot, and as one official says, "If a man has white skin and a dress coat, we ask him to dinner."[14] The African in Hyne's fiction is basically a passive object, something to be molded into a civilized being. If one is lucky, one can even turn a profit in the bargain. Hyne's literary career continued well on into the "Age of Doubt", and it will be important to look back at his attitude toward government, trade, and black people from that vantage point.

An entirely new genre of Anglo-African fiction was popularized by Edgar Wallace just prior to the end of the "Age of Certainty." It can best be described as the comic short story in which Africans are made tp appear as simple, childlike creatures who can often be brutal and who need the firm hand of a native commissioner to keep them in their proper place. Sanders of the River, which appeared in 1911, was the first of a long series of books written in this fashion. It is little more than a collection of fanciful short stories which are in no way related

or unified. Edgar Wallace frankly wrote these stories for the money,[15] and as he could dash off a book in a matter of weeks, he made no pretensions about accuracy. His books have no historical validity. They were solely commercial items, but they were widely read and transformed their author into a famous man.

All of the stories reveal an unqualified acceptance of the imperial burden, or mission, of the white man. Three white men ran the station. They were Bones (Lieutenant Tibbett), a fumbling, bumbling idiot who was excellent at disciplining natives; Hamilton, a crusty second-in-command who spent most of his working hours trying either to escape from Bones or rectify the errors the hapless bungler created; and, of course, Sanders, the great white commissioner, an honest, upright, noble, brave Englishman. Sanders ruled his district with an iron hand. He was knowledgeable and capable. He knew all the varieties of races. It was not as Wallace points out, a matter of colour.

> The difference is in character. By Sanders' code you trusted all natives up to the same point, as you trust children, with a few notable exceptions. The Zulu were men, the Basuto were men, yet child-like in their grave faith. The black men who wore the fez were subtle, but trustworthy; but the browny men of the Gold Coast, who talk in English, wore European clothing, and called one another "Mr.," were Sanders' pet abomination.[16]

One might say that Sanders was a statesman. By that, Wallace meant that

> (He) had no exaggerated opinion of the value of individual human life. When he saw a dead leaf on the plant of civilization, he plucked it off, or a weed growing with his "flowers" he pulled it up, not stopping to consider the weed's equal right to life.[17]

Sanders, it must be noted, kept 'a clean garden.' With his squad of Hausa to back him up, he was quick to hang culprits from the nearest tree, and among the Isisi, he was given the name, The Little Butcher Bird."[18]

Sanders was obviously not cut from the same pattern as most heroes. As Wallace points out,

> Heroes should be tall and handsome, with flashing eyes; Sanders was not so tall, was yellow of face, moreover had grey hair. Heroes should also be of gentle address, full of soft phrases, for such tender women who come over their horizon; Sanders was a dispassionate man who swore on the slightest provocation, and had no use for women in any way.[19]

The natives are filled with superstitions, and keeping peace is a full-time job. Yet no matter what the crisis, Sanders or Bones seems able to handle it with dispatch. The natives, for the most part, are faceless creatures. In this respect, only Bosambo stands out from the rest. He is crafty, sly devil who will cheat anyone out of all that his victim might possess if given a chance. He has a veneer of civilization, having spent sometime in a mission school, and is able to employ his craft to win the kingship of a distant tribe.

He recognizes the good Sanders does and is willing to help him, so Sanders allows the "King" to remain in power instead of sending him back to civilization where he is wanted for several felonies. The Africans are, as one can see, nothing more than stereotyped creatures, and the superior position of the white man is casually accepted with a degree of simple self-assurance that would put even a Henty to shame. Sanders himself is not interested in theories, psychology, or even persuasion.

If a law is broken, force is used to punish the transgressors. He is there to mete out justice and to spread civilization as he comprehends it.

The "Age of Certainty" in Anglo-African literature was marked by the complete confidence felt by the British. They did not question their values or their motives. They were spreading their version of civilization, which according to them, was vastly superior to any African culture with which they came into contact. Although Conrad's Heart of Darkness and the writings of Mary Kingsley sounded the death knell for this period, it took almost decades for the image to founder on the rocks of uncertainty.

Early Critics of Empire

An idea can be a powerful historical fact. The last years of the nineteenth century saw an immense expansion of British power in Africa; often'against the real desires of the statesmen concerned,' region after region was occupied till at length the point was reached when mere contemplation of its vast unity could inspire a kind of ecstasy.
Alan Sandison, whose book The Wheel of Empire: A Study of the Imperial Idea in Some Late Nineteenth and Early Twentieth-Century Fiction is clearly relevant to the concerns of this chapter, quotes a highly enthusistic passage from a rectorial address made by Lord Rosebery at Glasgow University in 1910:

> How marvellous is all is! Built not by saints and angels but the work of men's hands ; cemented with men's honest blood and with a world of tears, welded by the best brains of centuries past; not constructed on the whole with pure and splendid purpose.
> Human and yet not wholly human, for the most heedless and the most cynical must see the finger of the Divine. Growing as the trees grow, while others slept; fed by the faults of others; reaching with the ripple of a resistless tide over tracts and islands and continents, until our little Britain woke up to find herself the foster-mother of nations and the source of united empires.
> Do we not hail this less the energy and and fortune of a race than the supreme direction of the Almighty?[20]

There is much to notice in this passage: the religious sense of Divine destiny, the racial pride, the humble sense of human imperfection (though 'the faults of others' seem more serious in their outcome) and the belief in the strength of the 'resistless tide' (which yet only ripples gently in practice!). It must be considered that this passage was written by a man who had been Liberal Foreign Secretary for two years before taking over the Premiership from Gladstone. This is a testimony to the complex strength of an idea that had become for many a major component of their moral life, a precious heritage to be guarded, defended and passed on to the best of the country's youth. Despite the attitudes expressed by such "imperial official" and the majority of writers favouring the "Imperial Theme', three authors during the "Age of Certainty" take a more realistic view of Africa. They are Mary Gaunt, Mary Kingsley and Joseph Conrad. Particularly in the works of the latter two, Africa is stripped of the veneer of romanticism which surrounded it from the days of Marryat, Henty, and Haggard. Surprisingly, all three are concerned with West or Central Africa rather than the most glamorized region of the 'Dark Continent',

South Africa. The implications are obvious, however, for when one strips away the long held image of tropical Africa, the image of the remainder of Africa also must be examined and reappraised. Conrad, Gaunt and Kingsley should therefore be viewed as pivotal figures in Anglo-African literature. It is to be remembered that they belong in the "Age of Certainty" because they perceived their own society to be unquestionably more advanced than the societies they found in 'the Dark Continent', but the Africa they portrayed was Africa as it really was, not as a Victorian romantic novelist or a writer of adventure stories for boys might wish it to be.

Conrad, writing about the Congo, shows it to be a hostile place, hot, swampy, and, in places, full of disease. There are no big game hunters here. His white men are after ivory. Moreover, the climate debilitates the European. It is not a tropical paradise. It is a dark land, filled with savagery which can sap the European of his moral fibre and reduce him to the level of the indigenous Africans. Conrad insists that Africa is primitive. This above all stands out in his work and it can cause a reversion to primitivism in those who travel there. The inhabitants one finds are not "noble savages"and they are not necessarily barbarians either. They are simply primitive human beings living in a primitive land. Conrad was the first Anglo-African author to investigate the psychological effects of Africa on the European. Conrad's major contribution to the literary tradition was the psychological orientation that is now the mainstay of African novels. Conrad's Africa was the macrocosmic psyche, the very soul of man, the heart of darkness in which the European was compelled to come

to terms with himself, there to search deepest meanings of existence. His journey into Africa was the journey within himself, the penetration of the psyche for self-knowledge.

In Heart of Darkness, Kurtz's ultimate knowledge was of his own lack of moral resources, and this knowledge spelled this end.

> . . .there was something in him. . .whether he knew of this deficiency in himself I can't say. I think the knowledge came to him at least. . .only at the very last. But the wilderness had found him out early. . .I think it had whispered to him things about himself which he did not know, things of which he had no conception till he took counsel with the great solitude and the whisper had proved irresistibly fascinating. It echoed loudly within him because he was hollow at the core.[21]

In essence Conrad was making use of familiar convention about Africa as the testing ground of character. That was also typical of the work of his contemporaries. The convention was transmuted by Conrad; the heart of darkness was Central Africa, but it was also the dark mystery that lay coiled about the very soul of a man. Africa for Conrad was a land which lent itself to self-examination and personal revelation. It was as distinct as could be from Henty's concept of tropical Africa as a land of adventure where a young blood could make his way in the world.

Another critic of the empire was Mary Kingsley, a niece of the Victorian social-reform novelist Charles Kingsley and a remarkable woman in her own right. Mary Kingsley presented authoritative, perceptive accounts of the lives of the inhabitants of West Africa. Strictly speaking, her two major works, Travels in West Africa and West African Studies, are non-fiction but at times they read like novels.

They mainly deal with her experiences in West Africa and are both descriptive and, to a small extent, autobiographical in nature. Her particular concern for West Africa arose from two journeys she made there between 1893 and 1895.

She was at once struck by the divergence between the opinions of traders and missionaries on the one hand and those of "imperialist" England on the other hand. Who could accuse her of anti-imperialism? She called herself "a hardened, unreformed imperial expansionist."[22] She became disgusted with the mindless jingoism she met on her return to England after two trips she had made to Africa between 1893 and 1895. The people seemed to "hunger and thirst after nothing but praise of England and they call that imperialism".[23] Stephen Gwynn, the biographer of Mary Kingsley quoted her as saying that "they (English) had succumbed to windy-headed brag and self-satisfied ignorance - the nearest thing an Englishman can have to hysterics."[24]

During her African expeditions, she posed as a trader to gain access to remote villages and thus she had the opportunity to observe their inhabitants at leisure, a chance she would not have had if she tried to pass herself off as a mere visitor or scholar who had nothing to offer the people encountered. When she announced her plans to study West Africa first hand, she was discouraged at every turn. Some said, "Oh, you can't possibly go there, that's where Sierra Leone is, the white man's grave, you know."[25] One friend told her,

> When you have made up your mind to go to West Africa
> the very best thing you can do is to get unmade again

> and go to Scotland instead; but if your intelligence is not strong enough to do so, abstain from exposing yourself to the direct rays of the sun, take 4 grains of quinine every day for a fortnight before you reach the Rivers, and get some introductions to the Wesleyans; they are the only people on the Coast who have got a hearse with feathers.[26]

The courageous Miss Mary Kingsley discovered the reputation was not baseless. Indeed,

> the more you know of the West Coast of Africa; the more you realise its dangers. . .Many men, when they have got ashore. . .realise this, and let the horror get a grip on them; a state briefly. . .described as funk, . . .that usually ends fatally.[27]

Still, if one were careful, one could usually escape the worst ravages of fever and quinine was truly a great help.

Mary Kingsley's volume depicted her experiences in West Africa and is very significant for her comments on native customs especially what she called "fetish." She also succeeded in giving a clear impression of the place she visited such as its fertility and its unhealthiness for white men, she had a strong sympathy and liking for aries. Mary Kingsley genuinely liked the inhabitants of Africa, even the cannibals. In the introduction to the 1964 edition of West African Studies, John Flint, a modern historian, states that Kingsley felt that,

> it was clearly unprofitable to regard African society and religion as mere childish gropings towards European concepts. On the contrary African religion, social structure, and morality were natural expressions of African personality, and attempts to "improve" them would lead only to bastardisation and corruption. This view led her to idealize the traditional societies.[28]

She was not pleased by the stereotyped attitude toward the native in vogue in England during the mid-1890's, thus she was forced to protest that

> I do not believe the African to be brutal or degraded or cruel, I know from experience that he is often grateful and faithful and by no means the drunken idiot that his so-called friends, the Protestant missionaries are anxious, as an excuse for their failure in dealing with him, to make him out.[29]

When the missionaries saw the failure of their policy they either blamed other influences, such as the liquor trade, which distracted attention from the real error, or, more disastrously began to look upon the natives as 'fiend', to be civilized only by means of force. As a friend of Africans, Mary Kingsley disliked such idea and thus predicted that it would bring slavery in the guise of compulsory labour.[30]

She also had something to say about colonial policy in Africa. She wanted a policy firmly based on anthropological science, one that did not regard Africa as a defective European society but would rather recognize the true nature and value of African institutions. Definitely this was not to go unchallenged by the London officials. For instance, Joseph Chamberlain once challenged Mary Kingsley to find alternative policy to the "hut-tax system", because she had maintained that the Colonial Office personnel were ignorant and amateur and knew nothing of native religion and laws, particularly land laws.[31] She believed that the men who ran Africa must be professionals, with an intimate knowledge of the place and its people. These were to include scientific men, the anthropologists and ethnologists. For the first time, says Bernard Porter, we have an "applied anthropology", a proper empirical study had provided

the possibility of new solutions to colonial problems, which broadly amounted to Indirect Rule - Africans should be helped, but only so that they could develop on their own lines.[32] Naturally, Mary Kingsley had confrontations with many prominent Colonial officers including Sir Frederick Lugard and openly showed her pessimism about British rule in Africa.[33] Despite her unpopularity because of her "radical ideas", ber books became essential reading for colonial administrators. It is to her credit that many of her ideas have been adopted in practice. Even by those who were critical of her views, nevertheless, Mary Kingsley was greatly acclaimed for her works and her studies were widely read. The high esteem in which she was held can easily be seen by the fact that the African Studies Association was founded in her honour and memory. This compassionate Victorian perished of fever in a South African hospital while tending victims of the Boer War.

Mary Gaunt was another woman who travelled in West Africa and wrote her experiences in her Alone in West Africa. She also recounted the dire warnings of doom that were given to her by those she told about her proposed journey. What she found when she got to West Africa was quite a different set of circumstances. While she was in Guinea Coast, she was advised that it was a terrible place and that three people had died in the last two days. She would not believe the story after she investigated this report she found that one person had died of drink, another of a long illness, and the third of blackwater fever which could have been avoided simply by using common sense.[34]

She believed that the reports of fever in West Africa were exaggerated. To be sure, it existed but if low, mosquito-infested areas were avoided and elementary medical techniques were used, it was possible to escape the most deleterious aspects of West Africa's envrionment. Mary Gaunt was not impressed with all she found on the coast of Africa and both Sierra Leone and Liberia came in for special criticism. According to her, the roads were dreadful, the government inefficient and the Africans pompous. The Africans were made even more arrogant and unpleasant by the patina of white civilization they had acquired.[35] Mary Gaunt thought that Africa was very rich but that Europeans had not developed it properly.[36] This idea is clearly shown in her fiction.

One of her characters, a remote district officer said in refutation to the charge that Africa was a useless place, "it is rich, the more I think of it, the more I see its amazing wealth. There is not a typical product that under proper management will not yield tenfold. Cotton, and rubber, and cacao, and palm oil."[37] It must be realized that this widely read author was not a scholar or trained observer of different societies as was Mary Kingsley. Still, she managed to give a reasonably accurate, unemotional picture of the people with whom she came into contact. She did not portray West Africa as a land of adventure. Indeed, boredom, sheer unrelieved tedium, is more characteristic of the region. As one character says, Nobody on this coast gives proper place to that terrible enemy."[38] Mary Gaunt's work, along with the writings of Joseph Conrad and Mary Kingsley provided the reading public of Britain with a far more realistic portrait of tropical Africa than did the novels of Henty, Hyne, , Maugham and Wallace.

These three authors, with their more objective approach to Africa, helped to clear away the romanticism in which other writers had cloaked the "Dark Continent" and should therefore be seen as transitional figures between the "Age of Certainty" and the "Age of Doubt."

Notes

[1]Roland Oliver and Anthony Atmore, Africa Since 1800, Cambridge, Cambridge University Press, 1972, It will be useful to read the whole Chapter II, but quotation is taken from page 128.

[2]Mary Gaunt, The Uncounted Cost, p. 176.

[3]Mary Gaunt, Alone in West Africa, p. 52.

[4]Ibid., pp. 83-84.

[5]Ibid., pp. 391-94.

[6]Mary Gaunt, The Uncounted Cost, p. 179.

[7]Ibid., p. 95.

[8]Ibid., p. 288.

[9]Ibid., pp. 186-87.

[10]Ibid., p. 189.

[11]Tucker, Africa in Modern Literature, p. 28-29.

[12]Killam, Africa in English Fiction, p. 60.

[13]Mary Gaunt, Alone in West Africa, p. 16.

[14]C.J. Cutcliffe Hyne, Atoms of Empire, New York, Macmillan Co., 1904, p. 1.

[15]Lane, Edgar Wallace, The Biography, pp. 178-79.

[16]Wallace, Sanders of the River, pp. 1-2.

[17]Ibid., p. 3.

[18]Ibid., p. 3.

[19]Ibid., p. 118.

[20]Alan Sandison, The Wheel of Empire: A Study of the Imperial Idea in some late Nineteenth Century Fiction, New York, St. Martin's Press, 1967, p. 145.

[21]Conrad, Heart of Darkness, p. 50.

[22]Mary Kingsley, West African Studies, p. 431.

[23]Mary Kingsley to Holt, 21 Sept., 1898, quoted in Bernard Porter, Critics of Empire, p. 241.

[24]Ibid., p. 238.

[25]Mary Kingsley, Travels in West Africa, London, Macmillan and Co., 1897, p. 2.

[26]Ibid., p. 4.

[27]Ibid., p. 83.

[28]Mary Kingsley, West African Studies, rev. ed., New York, Barnes and Noble, 1964, p. lxii.

[29]Ibid., p. liii.

[30]Stephen Gwynn, The Life of Mary Kingsley, 1932, pp. 233-4.

[31]Mary Kingsley to Holt, 21 March and 21 April, 1898, quoted in Porter, Critics of Empire, p. 247.

[32]Quoted in J.A.V. Chapple, Documentary and Imaginative Literature, 1880-1920, London, Blandford Press, 1970, pp. 202-203.

[33]Bernard Porter, Critics of Empire, pp. 251-53.

[34]Mary Gaunt, Alone in West Africa, London, T.Warner Laurie, 1911, pp. 80-89.

[35]*Ibid.*, pp. 59-79.

[36]*Ibid.*, pp. 385-400.

[37]Mary Gaunt, *The Uncounted Cost*, London, T.Warner Laurie, 1912, p. 266.

[38]*Ibid.*, p. 70.

CHAPTER V

The images held by the British of those who dwelt in Africa in the "Age of Doubt" differed substantially from the ones they held during the "Age of Certainty." This is not a surprise, for one's own self-image is a major factor in determining how one perceives others, and, as has been demonstrated, the British self-image as well as their conceptions of the nature of Africa, had been greatly altered with the passage of time. There is no single image which inclusively describes the inhabitants of Africa, and this is not surprising since the British did not have a clear, consistent self-image. The time of change has come because firmly entrenched images fade gradually, not rapidly, as such is the case when examining the images of Africans during the "Age of Doubt."

A major reason for the relatively slow development of new images is the fact that careers of many authors spanned parts of both eras that have been considered. Novelists such as John Buchan, Cynthia Stockley and Edgar Wallace are examples of this situation. The images of the inhabitants of Africa they employed in their later fiction differed but little from their earlier ones, and this tended to retard the process of change. In addition, changed images of the people of Africa were often slow to appear simply because the older ones were firmly entrenched and had successfully captured public credence.

In the "Age of Certainty" the majority of the novels dealt with South Africa and many had as a theme the "Noble Savage."

Yet by the end of this period the warlike Zulu had been tamed and the territory largely explored. In essence, South Africa had become part of the civilized world rather than the non-existent homeland of Prester John or the Zu-Vendis. It simply was no longer possible to write romantic novels about an imaginary South Africa. Novels which dealt with that region tended to relegate the African to a minor, servile role. The image of the African in British fiction reflected the reality of his social status because he was being domesticated to fit into the rapidly developing white dominated milieu of that part of the continent.

For the most part, the British fiction which employed South Africa as its setting tried to incorporate the African into the framework of the expanding white society of that part of the continent. Africans were employed as domestic servants or impoverished agricultural workers on the estates of Europeans. As one reads one is struck by the total absence of such historic figures as Chaka or Dinga or even 'Noble' Lobengula and their martial accomplishments. Instead, one is confronted by the dehumanizing impact of Johannesburg slums on the individual African, or, perhaps, alternatively the impact of Western values on the people of Africa if the author even finds it necessary to deal extensively with the African at all.

The British authors in the "Age of Certainty" were unsuccessful in fathoming the mind of the African. Even Rider Haggard who spent several years in Africa failed woefully in this respect. Later authors fared no better, and, in fact, few tried to deal with the African in any depth. The attitudes of British novelists and their readers were no doubt conditioned

by the disastrous effect of the Boer War. South Africa ceased to be a favourite setting for Anglo-African fiction and as this genre declined, it was only natural that less would be written about the African. Besides, the native question was one of the bones of contention between Briton and Boer, and as the British washed their hands of South Africa, the African became transformed in fiction from the "Noble Savage" to the faceless menial.

The spate of British fiction set in East Africa, however, compensated for the dearth of fiction about South Africa. The images of black South African people, nevertheless, were not transported wholesale to be applied to East African societies. A mixed set of images emerged as some of the older, more familiar attributes of the South African personality were incorporated into the descriptions of the people who dwelled in the more remote regions of East Africa, whereas Africans who lived in the more settled regions of East Africa were portrayed in much the same manner as were Africans who appeared in fiction during the "Age of Certainty." It should be noted, though, that the concept of the "Noble Savage" was not reconstituted in East Africa. The emphasis was on African primitiveness rather than on African nobility.

New themes that pertain to the interpersonal relationships which existed between Briton and African began to appear in British fiction. Whereas in the "Age of Certainty" such relationships were almost always of a master-servant nature, one is now confronted by several authors, most notably Joyce Cary, who try to examine the relationships inherent in

the British colonial administration of Africa. The distance between master-servant and governor-governed may not be great, but it is a clearly perceptible one. Also, for the first time British authors begin to deal with the slave trade and all its attendant horrors, particularly as it related to West Africa. Even interracial marriage is now a fit subject for a novel. In both of these instances, an honest effort is made to portray the African as a flesh-and-blood human being rather than as a mere object of curiosity, or alternatively as little more than a caricature of a human being. The different attitude toward the inhabitants of Africa as interpreted by various writers reflect Britain's changed role during the "Age of Doubt." No longer can the British hero be regarded as the school-boy master of the world who is aiding his country by helping to build a large African empire. "The White Man's Burden" is coming under increasing attack and the critics of the entire imperial experience are rising to the fore. The days of empire building were over, and the British were now faced with the task of governing peoples within her domain rather than looking for new lands and people to conquer. Governing is often far less exciting than exploring, and besides, one governs human beings, not "noble savages."

In the "Age of Certainty" the Briton stood in a position of unquestioned superiority vis à vis the African, self confident in the rightness of his mission. As has been observed, imperialism was the recipient of bitter condemnation from critics of the movement. Examples have been given of Mary Kingsley, Mary Gaunt and Joseph Conrad. Novels pertaining to the slave trade did nothing to enhance its image.

Many British were no longer convinced by the older arguments used to justify their presence in Africa, and this put them in a different and difficult position since the territory they had captured and acquired still had to be administered and the people who inhabited it had to be governed. This situation resulted in a psychological conflict which many authors employed during the "Age of Doubt." Obviously it had a profound effect on shaping the nature of interpersonal relationships between Briton and African. A wind of change has come.

The African had a different role to play. No longer was he just the quaint or ferocious or even primitive inhabitant who occupied territory that was being explored or exploited. If the nineteenth century put an end to Africa's isolation from the outside world, it did little to prepare her people for the colonial occupation which was to follow. European influences were initially minor and indirect - the faintest indication of what was later to develop. Similarly, across the broad savanna of the sub-Saharan Sudan, Europe was a remote phenomenon to the farmers and herders caught in the great upheavals which altered their lives during same 'era of change.' Now the African was an individual to be ruled. This should not be viewed as a passive process, for if the rationale behind the "White Man's Burden" and the humanitarian justification for the British presence in Africa were realized, the African would be exposed to and would adopt the social, political, and economic values of a culture which was far in advance of his own. This action in and of itself creates new relationships between Briton and African.

Instead of dealing with the "noble savage", the Briton will now be interacting with groups of Africans who have been exposed to European educational, religious, and governmental practices. Obviously, such an individual cannot be regarded in the same light as one of Haggard's ferocious but primitive Zulus or one of Henty's lowly servants.

Furthermore, the simple act of governing throws the Briton into much closer contact with at least some of the Africans for whom he is responsible. It is conceivable to explore, fight, or trade and still keep the African at a physical or psychological distance, but this ceases to be possible when governing is the activity involved. Obviously as different cultures have increased contact, members of each tend to acquire greater sympathy for or understanding of the values of the other, and this also tends to alter not only the manner in which one views the other, but also the views cultures have of themselves. The fact is that the Briton in Africa no longer had a uniform image of either himself or his mission, when coupled with the whole new panoply of interpersonal relationships that he had with Africans. This deeply influenced his perceptions of the Africans with whom he came into contact and tended to hinder the formation of a consistent image of the people he encountered there.

Old images do not recede in a uniform fashion while new ones emerge, and this factor makes it difficult, if not impossible, to show the dominant images of the inhabitants of Africa at any given moment in the "Age of Doubt." Yet it is abundantly clear that Africans are viewed in a much different light at the close of the period than they were at its

inception. It is difficult, unfortunately, to present the evolution of this process in a simple manner.

Several authors whose careers bridged both eras employed the images of Africans they formulated in the "Age of Certainty" while other authors whose works appeared in the "Age of Doubt" used images that had as their base characteristics which bore resemblance to the former than the latter period. Certainly, they differed from those created by earlier authors, but the points of digression are subtle and not always consistent. An author may, for example, regard the abstract African as capable of being taught the art of self-government but the concrete African in his fiction still occupies a servant role. Other novelists may view the African as a childlike creature for whom Western ways are not only alien but also possibly undesirable and yet still espouse the cause of interracial marriage.

Edgar Wallace tried to depict the West African native in the most childlike of fashions. He consistently emphasized the great gulf that existed between Sanders and his charges. This was a factor which was always in evidence because of the unlimited political authority that Sanders could wield. As one native said, "Sanders we love, because if we did not love him, he would beat us."[1] Force is a feature of the Commissioner's relationship with all his wards, which is exactly the type of sanctioned coercion thata father would be able to use with impunity against his children. Resistance by the African would be futile, and even when one young King, Peter, tried, Sanders sent off a laconic message to headquarters

asking, (I)f you would send me a hundred men, a Maxim, and a bundle of rattan canes; I'm afraid I must attend to Peter's education myself."[2] The method that Sanders used to quell the young King's revolt is exactly the same one an angry father might use on one of his offspring. The Commissioner, brandishing a cane and backed by his squad of men, approached Peter and ordered him to stand up immediately.

> The King rose reluctantly, and Sanders grabbed him by the scruff of his neck.
> Swich!
> The cane caught him most undesirably, and he sprang into the air with a yell.
> Swich, swich, swich!
> Yelling and dancing, throwing out wild hands to ward off punishment, King Peter blubbered for mercy.
> "Master!" Sato-Koto (Peter's advisor), his face distorted with rage, reached for his spear.
> "Shoot that man if he interferes," said Sanders without releasing the King.
> The regent saw the levelled rifles and stepped back hastily.
> "Now," said Sanders, throwing down the cane, "now we will play a little game."
> "Wow-wow-oh, ko!" sobbed his majesty.
> "I go back to the forest," said Sanders. "By and by a messenger shall come to you, saying that the Commissioner is on his way. Do you understand?"
> "Yi-hi!" said the King.
> "Then you will go out with your councillors and your old men and wait my coming according to custom. Is that clear?"
> "Ye-es, master," whimpered the boy.
> "Very good, said Sanders, and withdrew his troops."[3]

Sanders brooked no nonsense from the people he governed. As long as they behaved, peace prevailed, but when they failed to please him, retribution was sure and swift. It was carried out in a fashion designed to make a lasting impression on the supposed childlike mind of the African, and it

took the form of graphic example backed by force. The pigeon-English, fractured reasoning, and primitive life style of his charges were constantly emphasized to show the gulf that existed between the African and the civilized Briton. Africa for Wallace was an exotic place. Africans might be naive and childlike, but they did possess certain qualities which the more sophisticated European lacked. Sanders, as we have seen, believed in the effectiveness of certain aspects of African witchcraft even though he could not give a rational explanation of its working. He was constantly amazed and mystified by the drums used by Africans to communicate over long distance. This is called "talking drums." Wallace observed on one occasion,

> The native held up a warning finger and bent his head, listening. He was reading the message the drums sent. Sanders waited, he knew the wonderful fact of this native telegraph, how it sent news through the trackless wilds. He could not understand it, no European could, but he had respect for its mystery.[4]

Clearly, Sanders is intended by Wallace to be a father-figure to the African, and as such he cannot be allowed to stand in awe of that which he does not understand. Witchcraft, magic, and traditional drum communication are employed solely to demonstrate the exotic nature of the West African and his culture, and in no way are they depicted as accomplishments of their society. Indeed, what is striking about Wallace's fiction is that there is little to commend about the African and his life style, but this attitude is essential if one is to maintain the image of the childlike African.

A tremendous gulf exists between white and black people in Wallace's fiction, and there is never any social intercourse between them. Black women in particular were taboo for Sanders and his stalwarts. Ludley, a young inexperienced assistant of Sanders, was discovered having a love affair with a woman in the province to which he was assigned. Sanders immediately dismissed him. The young man protested vehemently.

> " Look here, chief!" he said, half angrily, half apologetically, "you're surely not going to take any notice - you know it's the sort of thing that's done in black countries - oh, damn it all, you're not going to act as censor over my morals, are you?"
> Sanders looked at the youth coldly. "Your morals aren't worth worrying about," he said truthfully. "You could be the most depraved devil in the world - which I'll admit you aren't - and I should not trouble to reform you. No. It's the morals of my cannibals that worry me. Home you go, my son; get married. As to the sort of things that are done in black countries, they don't do them in our black countries - monkey tricks of that sort are good enough for the Belgian Congo, or for Togoland, but they aren't good enough for this little strip of widerness."[5]

In all fairness to Ludley, the woman over whom he became enamoured was a beautiful witch. She practises a type of mesmerism on her victims and was successful in luring many men to their doom. Even Sanders, when he discovered the woman's talents, nearly succumbed to her wiles.

Far more indicative of the British attitude toward black woman is the reaction of Sanders and Bones to a situation involving Theresa, a woman who was causing trouble among her people in a distant part of the territory. Sanders tells Bones,

> "You might try to establish contact with Theresa, and see if you can take a couple of men to the

> village. From what I've heard, she's as ugly as sin and as vain as the devil."
> "A typical woman," murmured Bones.[6]

Sanders' gratuitous innuendo about Belgian and German colonial administrators and their activities with native women show the extent of his dislike of foreigners while all of Wallace's fiction shows the devotion to duty that the good British official possesses. Never would he sully his image by consorting with a female native or with an Englishwoman either.

There is never any pretence of equality between the British colonial administrators and the Africans in Wallace's fiction. The African, regardless of his accomplishments or lack of them, is doomed to play a subordinate role in his relationships with these Britons. If the "White Man's Burden", or the teachings of the values and mores of the European civilization were the true rationale for the presence of Sanders and men of his ilk in Africa, one might reasonably expect these Britons to be pleased when Africans began to adopt the ways of the white man. Yet, as has been noted, Sanders reacted in exactly the opposite fashion, and his pet dislike continued to be Africans who dressed as Europeans and addressed people as "Mister."

On one occasion Sanders was visited by a black, Western-educated Christian missionary who had presumed to sit in a chair at the government outpost while waiting for Sanders to appear. When Sanders emerged from his quarters and saw the black man in the chair he was enraged.

> "Get out of that chair," said Sanders, who had no small talk worth mentioning, "and stand up when I come to you!". . .

> The Rev. Kenneth rose quickly and accepted this situation with a rapidity which will be incomprehensible to any who do not know how thumbnail deep is the cultivation of the cultured savage.[7]

Sanders hated missionaries in his territory, especially black ones, for they preached the pernicious Christian doctrine of the equality of all men in the eyes of God, thus upsetting the status quo.

The conversation Sanders had with the missionary was short and punctuated by the administrator's rudeness. The Rev. Kenneth soon thereafter left to preach the word of God in the province without Sanders' blessing. The commissioner soon ran into a situation which justified, in his mind at least, his opposition to missionaries in his territory. He was navigating his patrol boat in the river and

> A native failed to get out of the middle of the channel - when called to account by Sanders, he said, "Lord, it is written in the books of your gods," said the man, "that the river is for us all, black and white, each being equal in the eyes of the white gods."
> Sanders checked his lips impatiently.
> "When you and I are dead," he said, "we shall be equal, but since I am quick and you are quick I shall give you 10 strokes with a whip to correct the evil teaching that is within you."
> He made a convert. But the mischief was done.[8]

Sanders simply reeked of authoritarian paternalism. The territory in which he worked was his territory, the people therein his people. His attitude was not consistent with the cultural implications of the "White Man's Burden" in that he wished to keep the African as he was for that made him easier to govern. Yet despite all his efforts to portray the African as a childlike, naive creature, Wallace's invective against missionaries and teachers shows

that the African was capable of mastering Western principles of thought and using them to his own advantage in contact with white people.

In a rare moment of weakness, even Sanders was constrained to show deep emotion over the death of an able, educated African king who saved his life. Waking from unconsciousness after being wounded in battle, Sanders asked about his friend, the king, and the doctor replied,

> "The King?. . .Well, they finished the King but he saved your life. I suppose you know that. . . A plucky little beggar. . ."
> Sanders' voice was harsh and his manner brusque at the best of times, but now his rudeness was brutal. Just go out of the hut, Doctor. . .I want to sleep."
> He heard the doctor move, heard the cattle of the chief at the hut door, then he turned his face to the wall and wept.[9]

Although such moments are exceedingly rare in Wallace's fiction, the African occasionally transcends his position of caricaturized inferiority and enters into a meaningful relationship with a Briton. This attitude one never finds in the novels of Cutcliffe Hyne. His view of the African can only be seen as racist. Like Wallace, Hyne did not believe in trying to introduce the African to the ways of Europeans. Indeed, the worst example of the African, he thought, was one who had close contact with white people. As he stated, "The Best African is a fully blooded black one. . .(the) worst (one) is one most closely associated with whites."[10] Of all the peoples of West Africa, he preferred the inhabitants of Cameroons. Hyne particularly liked the resident of this area because

> He is quite content to be (a) decent nigger, and has no ambitions to be taken for a half-baked white. Govern him decently and he asks no more; withdraw white

> control, and he would go back to savagery and cannibalism . . .those who had not appeared on dinner tables, that is.[11]

For Hyne, the good African is one who will do the white man's bidding quickly and quietly. Hyne believes that there are fundamental differences between white and black people, thus rationalizing the rightness of European colonialism. It is his opinion that

> the British-Educated West African is one of the World's Worst Disappointments. It is not his fault, poor lad. . . You can lay the blame on the capacity of his brain-case. In the present state of knowledge one cannot put a quart into a pint pot.[12]

The West African simply cannot be educated to European standards of comprehension. It does not matter if you try to work with a mere child or an adult for if you try to

> put him through a white man's school. . .he shows (90 per cent of them) precocious intelligence up to the age of ten to twelve, and there stops. He has an underweight brain, and by this age it has been stocked to capacity.[13]

Since the African is not capable of self-government, the European must assume this responsibility. Hyne finds the very idea of African independence laughable that

> the average West African is no more fit to govern his own Colonies than the average English Member of Parliament of to-day is to handle any part of position of the British Empire. If the African was allowed to try, and we, at the pull of our silly sentiments, withdrew the home stiffening, how long would it be before chaos reigned? Five years? One? Six months? Nobody who knows has the smallest belief that the West African negro can govern himself efficiently. We are not long removed from the blood bath and the crucifixion tree of Benin City.[14]

Hyne is not only anti-African but anti- democratic government in Africa. The supposed inability of Africans to govern themselves was a favourite theme of Hyne's and he even carried it to the ridiculous extreme of showing a picture of half-clad, grinning black children and captioning it, "The Rulers of To-Morrow in West Africa."[15] Hyne has more to say about Africa. He believed that was a place where money could be made by trade. In such a milieu, there was a proper place for the African who is the source of labour. He could function efficiently as a dockworker, human beast of transport, or in the fields. His economic function was vital. Hyne was deeply interested in the profit motive, both on the individual and national levels. Since chaos would result if the West African tried to govern himself, and by extension, exposure to Westren social and religious thought would upset the profitable existing economic situation, Hyne wanted to keep the African free from any intellectual contamination that would spoil his economic usefulness to the European. Both Hyne and Wallace wanted to keep the African in a type of existential vacuum, one for economic reasons, the other for governmental ones.

The image of the African that Hyne developed is, like Wallace's, a cariacture of a human being. Hyne recognizes the humanity of the African, but barely

> The West African is not my brother.
> He is not even my cousin. He is my superior in
> a score of ways - in thickness of skull; in
> resistance to the sun, fevers, and wounds; in a
> lot of instinct; in his splendid sense of humour;
> in some kinds of medicinal knowledge; in his

> command of ju-ju; in wireless telegraphy or telephones;
> and in doing hard work on a mouse's rations.
> I am his superior in the arts of ship-building,
> making nitro-powder. . .[16]

In essence, the African is seen as a primitive, but not a noble savage in the tradition of Rider Haggard. With his strong back and small brain, he is ideally equipped for his work in life. There is no point in trying to educate him beyond his limited capabilities since he simply cannot succeed beyond a modest level, and besides, it would be bad for business.

Hyne continued to parody the theme of the educated African, a theme so effectively begun by such authors as Mary Gaunt. He makes these figures appear ridiculous, as much by their words which are replete with slang, and grammatical errors, as by their actions.

Talking to his prisoners, the King of Fellin said,

> By the way, don't run away with the notion that I am a mere wasteful savage. There is a distinct method in my forthcoming barbarities. You stirred up me and my people last week in style, I'll admit. But I don't bear resentment for that. You were kind enough to ease me of that German, Dr. Blaus. I hated the way that man masticated his soup. So we'll call it quits over that. . . When I've scuppered you and the girl twisty-wise. . . news of it will travel by the bush telegraph quicker than you can think.[17]

Other of Hyne's Africans, when they can even speak English, were reduced to uttering an almost unintelligible pigeon version of the language. Expressing her fondness for Kettle and her dislike for the German, Blaus, Maria commented, "I laike you when you call me 'my dear'. Call me 'Leetle Sunbeam,' Cappy, just once, an' then I tell you how I fit keel dem Dokitar Blaus."[18]

On another occasion the helpful Maria used witchcraft to try to frighten the Fellin warriors who supported Blaus, and at a critical moment observed,

> I don't think dem Dokotar Blaus afraid of ghost-palaver either. . .But dem Dokitar's boys-O-o-o-o, plenty much afraid, and dem Fellin City warriors too! My ghost not shoot you only see flitter, Cappy.
> My ghost bite like hell.[19]

This frivolous, lighted-hearted way of making the African appear comical helps to create a figure at which one can laugh rather than take seriously. At times Hyne tries to differentiate between good 'niggers' and bad 'niggers', the latter being those who try to change their lot in life either by emulating the habits of white men or by exercising their traditional pattern of life in a way which conflicts with the economic opportunities Africa afforded European businessmen. At other junctures, however, Hyne simply lumps all Africans together and likens them to worcester sauce, claiming that they have an identical colour and smell.[20] The African is merely a window dressing. He exists solely for the purpose of adding zest or colour to the narrative, yet it does show the role Hyne expects him to assume under colonial rule.

It is important to remember that Hyne is not creating completely new images; rather, he is simply refining ones that had begun using over three decades earlier. Further Adventures of Captain Kettle and Atoms of Empire were written between 1899 and 1904 while The Reverend appeared in 1925 and Don't You Agree? was done in 1936. Like Wallace's novels, the popular success of Hyne's fiction in the "Age of Doubt" attests to the

widespread acceptance of the depersonalized comic stereotype of the black man which helped to formulate in the "Age of Certainty." This image was one of the most durable of all those created of the black man.

Yet even small cracks were beginning to appear in this distorted, though popular, image of the African, for Hyne seemed to hold African women in higher regard than he did African men. He found the women of West Africa to be hard working and pleasant.[21] To be sure, there were exceptions, but by and large, he had a sense of appreciation for their beauty and good humour. Surprisingly, he commented unfavourably about the stratified social order which informally barred the British male from marrying a desirable African woman. Hyne claimed that "on the West Coast the men of Portugal seem to prefer black wives; the French accept them; and the British are ostracized if they marry anything less than white."[22] Even the upright Captain Kettle liked Maria, though he was able to resist all her amorous advances, and he had no interest in inheriting the harem of the deposed King Fellin whom he replaced. True to form, however, Hyne has poor Kettle flee Africa via a stinking sulphur creek which fled into the beer-coloured Aluminum River on the way to the Atlantic in order to escape having to marry all eight fat wives whom he inherited by right of conquest. Unfamiliar with Fellin customs, he did not believe he would have to submit to the customs, but Maria convinced him by saying, in her best broken English,

> They fit for get ready wedding-feast-goat-chop,
> fish-chop, palm-oil-chop, palm wine, an' square-face
> gin for the dam' niggers, an' can' salmon, and marmylade,
> and Durham champagne for you 'n me.[23]

This was simply too much for poor Kettle. Although the individual black women might be portrayed as attractive, actually marrying one, let alone eight, or engaging in a sexual relationship with an African would do too much damage to the stereotype. While other authors were beginning to reevaluate the underlying assumptions of Empire and of the people who inhabited it, Wallace and Hyne were forced to make only slight accomodations to the altered situation.

There is, however, a different aspect of this faceless African genre of the novels. This time it embraces the work of authors with such diverse backgrounds as Margery Perham, Gladys Skelton, Archbald Hastings, George Bernard Shaw, and Sir Harry H. Johnston. All of these authors are deeply concerned about the African even though they do not try to develop his personality to any significant degree. The fundamental outlook of these authors, particularly Perham, Hastings, and Johnston, is essentially one of the paternal colonial administrators, but Shaw, even though his fiction does not deal with the administrative problems of colonialism, is interested in the impact of the European on the African. Shaw is able to treat the question in a bemusing, urbane fashion while presenting a topic worthy of serious consideration. Even this however, is a radical departure from the adventure stories of Francis Brett Young who is not concerned with such matters at all. Like Young, these novelists do not delve deeply into the mind of the individual African.

The characters they create are all too often simply one dimensional at best, but they do try to demonstrate the complex range of responses of African peoples of a given grouping to the colonial situation. Whereas Riddell's Kikuyu, Stevenson's Hottentots, Powys' Masai, and Young's Waluguru all appear as tribal monoliths with no individual personality differences or varying value systems, Hastings' Mantis and Perham's Somalis do not share identical attitudes on any given issue. Perhaps because they lack the extreme cultural egocentrism of Young and other authors who share a fundamental solid image which is still tied closely to the one dominant in the "Age of Certainty", authors like Perham and Hastings are able to view Africans collectively in a more analytical frame of reference in order to discover the diversity that does exist.

In Gone Native Hastings elaborates two major themes, the nature of indirect rule and the problem of introducing societal change. Better than any other author of the period, he casts light on the mechanism of indirect rule and the problems African leaders had in accommodating themselves to it. Some members of Manti society showed less respect to leaders who co-operated with the British than they would have prior to the advent of the British. Other members of the society showed a willingness to embrace certain agricultural changes while other members of the tribe were adamant in their hostility to the project. There can be no mistaking the fundamental paternalism of Hastings, but by the same token he is cognizant of the fact that Africans possess a complex social system with a concomitant diversity of attitudes.

If effective social change is to be brought about, the British must first recognize and then try to work within existing traditional institutions rather than try to replace them with alien forms.

Margery Perham advocates cooperation with traditional society. She sees indirect rule as a means to exert influence on the existing tribal governmental forms, thus bringing about change from within the system rather by forcing them on an unwilling group of people. Therefore she also stresses the forms of power and authority in African society and is aware of the graduation of opinions that Africans within a given tribe have on social and political questions. It is no accident that the protagonists of Hastings and Perham advocate colonial politics that take into account the nature of the societies in which they are to be employed. Conversely, the heroes are opposed by old-fashioned empire figures who unsuccessfully pursue programmes whose premises are inimical to the sensitivities of the people for whom they are intended.

Although the black South African remains cloaked in anonymity, one can begin to detect growing concern over his social well being. Some novelists most especially Gladys Skelton (writing as John Presland) are concerned over the lack of interest shown in the black man by white South Africans - Boer, and what is more, the British. She is upset by the tremendous disparity which existed between the promise and rationale of the civilizing mission of the European in Africa and its reality. Rather than encouraging the black man to enter schools, adopt Christianity, in short, to become acculturated into Western traditions, the African is

induced to work on the white man's farms or in his home or mines for a mere pittance. Gladys Skelton leaves no doubt about the attitude of the Boer and the Briton toward black people. As one of her major characters, Jameson, says,

> The Transvaal doesn't believe in pampering its native population and in setting their system of land tenure and in giving them local government; it believes that the God of their fathers provided the Kaffirs with a tough hide and the Boer with a sjambok and that the relation between the two is divine and immutable.[24]

The British have a scarcely more charitable view. As Rhodes said,

> Indeed, the arguments between his Excellency and myself about its (Bechuanaland's) inclusion in the chartered Company's Territory under the terms of the charter have taken on a slightly acid character since the Aborigines Protection Society started their propaganda - his Excellency is dreadfully afraid of being confounded with a man who is guilty of robbing the humble savage of his homestead.[25]

This is certainly an attempt at black humour at its worst for this is exactly what Rhodes did to many African peoples, and he smugly exhibits pride, not remorse, for his accomplishments.

The sense of trusteeship is most clearly evident in Sir Harry H. Johnston's two novels, The Gay-Dombeys and The Man Who Did the Right Thing. Johnston is far less successful in dealing with the African on a personal basis than are Perham or Hastings or even Young, but he is deeply concerned with the people of Africa on an intellectual basis. Morven and Brentham, the heroes of Johnston's two novels, are but thinly disguised fictional versions of the author. Johnston, the servant of the Empire, was, like John Buchan, deeply concerned about the duties toward

the peoples of the empire for which the British were responsible, and while he began to be somewhat disillusioned about the concept of Empire by the end of his life, he still believed that the British were responsible for caring for those in their domain. Johnston was a social Darwinist. As such, he tried to approach the African from a detached, scientific stance. In his pseudo-scientific The Negro in the New World he stated,

> I have set forth the theory that the Negro should be regarded as a sub-species of the perfect human type - Homo sapiens; that this sub-specific differences from the Caucasian or White man, the Yellow or Mongolian, are largely, but not entirely, in the direction of his being slightly more akin to the lower human stock which preceded in time and development the existing Home sapiens. He is consequently in some features a little more primitive than are the non-Negro peoples of Europe. . .(H)e comes of a stock which has stagnated in the African and Asiatic tropics for uncounted, unprogressive millienniums,. . . .[26]

Although Johnston is willing to realize the potentialities of the black man, he believed as a whole that he failed to live up to his capabilities.

> At the present day the generality of negroes (leaving out of account exceptional individuals) are inferior in mental development and capacity to the peoples of Europe and their descendants in America, to the Eskimo, the Red Indian, the Japanese, the Chinese, the natives of India and of Tartary.[27]

While Johnston regarded the black man as simply an underdeveloped example of the human species, he did believe that the earthly condition of this unfortunate specimen of humanity could be and was being improved. Education, religion, government, and the work of concerned individuals can lead to the improvement of the stock.

It would be a mistake to view Harry Johnston as a complete racist or as a white supremacist, however, for he observed, when discussing the right of a state to limit the franchise, "but whatever may be the conditions restricting a franchise, they must be made to apply to all members of the human species without distinction of sex, race, or colour."[28]

Johnston offered a practical approach to the problem of uplifting these sons of Ham, arguing that

> The one undoubted solution of the Negro's difficulties throughout the world is for him to turn his strong arms and sturdy legs, his fine sight, subtle hearing, deft fingers, and rapidly-developed brain to the making of Money, money being indeed but transmuted intellect and work, accumulated energy and courage. And his leaders, his pastors and teachers should direct his and their attention to the questions that are really vital: to theories and practices of disease-prevention and cure; . . .to the calculation of the chemistry of nature, of practical agriculture, beautiful horticulture, sound building, modern history, modern science, modern languages, modern religion, and modern temperance in eating, drinking, love-making, and public oratory.[29]

Clearly it is the role of the Briton to uplift his darker brethren. As Major Brentham pointed out in an argument with a missionary as to the most efficacious way to improve the lot of the African,

> <u>That</u> is a justification for your being here, as in other parts of Africa. . .If you and we can only give the Negro <u>something else to think of</u> (besides sexual indulgence). He is like our labouring class at home. It is the only pleasure he knows of. Give him education, ambition, sports, remunerative work, an interest, even, in better food, in better houses, pictures, music, theatres. . .You won't distract the Negro -- or the European -- from indulging sexual desires by prayers and hymns and the reading of ancient scriptures: that's certain.[30]

For sure, Johnston regards the African in essentially the same light as he does any other class of people, be they working class British or whatever, namely as human beings who have not had, or who have not been able to take advantage of, their opportunities to develop a more advanced life style. The function of the British Members of Parliament were largely the same for Africans as for Englishmen. Responsible men sought election to Parliament to give voice and representation to a home constituency. Empire servants who returned to England to stand for election should desire to provide the same service for the people with whom they were associated when in the colonial administration. As the narrator of The Gay-Dombeys observed, "All Eustace really wanted was to get into Parliament to represent the interests, views, sufferings of twenty-five millions of Africans since they could not have a representative of their own colour."[31]

Most of Johnston's characters realized that the Empire-building phase of imperialism had faded away. As one of his figures lamented, "Imperialism is dead, and I, as an old Imperialist, am moribund. . . ."[32] A new spirit, one of trusteeship and co-operation, replaced the former motives of Empire advocates. Brentham was certain of one thing,

> (in) thinking black on his faithful Somalis, his cheery Wanyamwezi, on the well-mannered, manly Masai, the graceful Iraku, and the obedient Wambugwe: he would see that the Black men and Brown men reaped full advantage for the White man's intrusion into their domain. They should receive compensation for disturbance and be brought into partnership, not only of labour and effort, but of profit.[33]

In short, the older values surrounding empire building can only be justified insofar as the peoples of these newly acquired lands can benefit from

being brought into the mainstream of European civilization. The colonial relationship is not a static one, it is ever changing and can be viewed as successful only as the gulf that exists between the two cultures narrows.

Johnston is one of the first authors to stress the fact that all black people were not always inferior creatures. There were able Africans just as there were also able people of other races. When one Briton referred to two of Brentham's Somali gunbearers as "niggers," Roger admonished, "No, don't call them that, it--it--riles me after the years I have worked with them."[34] This rejoinder was lost on the uncouth Briton, and he continued to refer to the two men as "nigs" and "high-bred Fuzzie-wuzzies."[35] These two Africans encountered severe difficulties in Durban when, much to Brentham's disgust, they were

> at once classed by the ignorant Natalians as "just ordinary niggers". . .though why "just ordinary niggers" should be so ill-treated, he could not understand. No hotel would lodge or feed them except in a kind of pigsty with hog-wash for food, where the kitchen Kaffirs abode. They might not go into a shop and buy food, or rather might go in but no one would serve them. After dark they must have a "pass." They very narrowly escaped jail and the whip and disappearance for ever from his ken by defending themselves with all a Muslim's pride when cuffed and pushed and flouted.[36]

Although Brentham was angry when "his" Somalis were not treated honorably, the fact remains that his attitude toward them could only be described as paternal. The Somalis served as his gunbearers while hunting and as grooms when he went to war.

In the Boer War, Brentham was badly wounded and received a 'Distinguished Service Order' award. He wrote home,

> I certainly should like to cut my D.S.O. into three and give two equal bits to Ali and Anshuro. You've no idea what those Somali boys were in the matter of devotion, cheerfulness, astuteness! And yet they only served me for the ordinary coast wages; though of course I'm going to give them both a handsome donation when their time is up.[37]

The Somalis were men, human beings if you will, but they were still his devoted servants with no personality or independent existence. Sadly, virtually no effort is made to develop these characters. They appear mainly for convenience.

Johnston's attitude toward Africans is a peculiar mixture of paternalism coupled with a sense of trusteeship and social Darwinism. The African is not inferior; he is simply underdeveloped and must be guided by members of a more advanced culture. It is possible to improve this species by selective breeding for every successful species of animal life on this planet is the end result of eons of this process. When female German missionaries condemn sexual union between white and black people, Brentham holds a contrary view. He sees this contact as desirable, arguing that if the German government sent out spouses for its settlers, "the Germans will marry white women, have large families and gradually push out the Negroes and turn this into a White Man's Country."[38] Johnston was not concerned with abstract questions of racial purity, and, in fact, believed that a mixture of white and black blood might actually improve the adaptability of the offspring to the African milieu.[39]

Johnston is never able to abandon his pseudo-scientific or paternal approach and deal with the African as a flesh and blood human being. He can talk about seductive Mandigo woman, the Moorish-looking Grumete, and the Egyptian profiles of Fula man and woman, but he always does so from the safety of collectivity, never having to depart from the refuge of abstractness.[40] Even in discussing the exotic side of African life, such as leopard men, cannibals who looked so sly, so sensual, and so furtive, or the evils of tribal society such as as secret societies, adroit poisoning, or uncanny hypnotism,[41] Johnston fails to describe either the practitioners or the victims of these arts. Like Young, he simply makes no effort to try to fathom the African as an individual. Detachment, scientific attitudes, paternalism, or condescension are never allowed to lapse into genuine empathy.

Both Johnston and George Bernard Shaw are critical of the impact Christianity had had on the African. Whereas Shaw was concerned primarily with certain philosophical aspects of the faith, and in fact his The Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search for God is more of an essay on the changing images of Christianity than it is a story about a black girl, Johnston was more interested in the deleterious results that rival interpretations by sectarians had on traditional societies. He did not denigrate the accomplishments or the good that he felt missionaries in Africa achieved, but he felt that the Christianizing process

> ought to be conducted in a less haphazard fashion and each recognized missionary Church should have its own

> sphere and not intrude as a rival on another Church's claim. Because the natives are so apt to espouse theological quarrels over doctrines and pursue them ferociously.[42]

Obviously he felt that Africans lacked the intelligence to come to grips with theological diversities in a rational manner, but he also ignored the Wars of Religion fought in Europe over similar questions.

Johnston dealt at length with disorders in an Ijaw community that had its origins over a matter of doctrinal interpretation. Both the Anglicans and the American Baptists had been at work in one village. A fierce fight began to rage over the question of infant versus adult baptism. As the community became polarized, the dispute spilled over into questions of trading allegiance, one side doing business with the African Merchants Association, the other with the Niger Company.[43] Finally the Anglican faction of the African Merchants Association launched a surprise attack on its rivals while singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers" and were successful in their efforts; the Baptist "women were taken as concubines, but all the men who did not escape into the bush were killed, cut up, and consumed in three days' feasting."[44]

At times Johnston, the rational scientist, railed at religion, arguing

> How many of you stop to think what the Bible is? A collection of comparatively ancient writings in Hebrew and in Greek, very beautifully translated into Shakespeare's English, with lots of gaps filled up by suggested words and even - as we now think - lots of words and phrases wrongly translated. . . (T)he New Testament (may have been written) between fifty and a hundred-and- fifty years after Christ. . . (T)he early Christian writers were ignorance embodied. They were ready to believe anything and everything to

> be a miracle, and even to invent the most preposterous fairy tales to account for commonplace facts.[45]

Brentham, a self portrait of Johnston, "approved of the material results of missionary work and the ethics genrally of Christianity, (b)ut he mocked at creeds, thought prayer futile. . .because they were inapposite to our present age."[46] Still in all Brentham believed in the ethical content of the faith, and his father wasa clergyman. As one can see, Johnston favours teaching Africans a consistent version of Christianity even though he accepted only its ethical content. It would, at least, point the African toward the road of right behaviour. Shaw, on the other hand, was deeply concerned about the nature of God revealed in the Old and New Testaments. He argues that most Christians are unaware of the subtle changes in the attitude toward God as reflected in the actions of biblical figures such as Noah, Micah, and Jesus.[47] As a result, missionaries who go off to remote places like Africa to preach the gospel end up teaching a type of pseudo-Christianity simply because they themselves are not able to conceive of God except from a distorted perspective. Whereas Johnston tends to accept Christian ethics while approaching religion with a skeptical air, Shaw is interested in investigating the Bible to search for religious truth, for he observed, "Mere agnosticism leads nowhere."[48]

Like most authors who were writing about Africa at this time, Bernard Shaw made no effort to develop the African as anything but a caricature of a human being. His black girl could just as easily have been a Fiji Islander as an African. What he needed was a character who was

uncontaminated by Western religious teaching because the adventures that befell the girl, who is never given a name and is known simply as the black girl,

> (could) hardly have happened to a white girl steeped from her birth in the pseudo-Christianity of the Churches. . .The Missionary lifted her straight out of her native tribal fetishism into an unbiassed contemplation of the Bible with its series of gods marking the stages in the development of the conception of God from the monster Bogey Man to the Father; then to the spirit without body, parts, nor passions; and finally to the definition of that spirit in the words God is Love.[49]

The black girl, sometimes referred to as a "black heathen niggerwoman,"[50] is shown to be a creature whose mind is untroubled by the complications of civilization. She isa simple person, though one of intelligence and possesses skill in conversation. Single-minded, she acts and sets out on a physical search for God, armed only with the misinformation given her by a sexually neurotic female missionary. It was only after she reached the maturity of middle age that she realized how ridiculous was the egocentric quest on which she had set out years earlier with the missionary's blessing. In reality, Shaw's black girl is not a human being at all. She is merely the embodiment of a philosophic point of view which the author uses for solely didactic purposes. It is only by implication that one can determine Shaw's attitude to missionary activity in Africa, or anywhere, namely that the concept of a Christian God which they spread is only one that clouds the essence of the faith. As such, this is a much more damning indictment of missionary activity that one finds in Johnston's work, for at least he recognized a potential social utility in their efforts.

Notes

[1]Wallace, Again Sanders, p. 74.

[2]Wallace, Sanders of the River, p. 16.

[3]Ibid., pp. 20-21.

[4]Wallace, Sanders of the River, p. 143.

[5]Ibid., pp. 207-8.

[6]Wallace, Again Sanders, p. 149.

[7]Wallace, Sanders of the River, p. 162.

[8]Ibid., pp. 170-171.

[9]Ibid., pp. 30-31.

[10]Hyne, Don't You Agree?, p. 143.

[11]Ibid., p. 153.

[12]Ibid., p. 159.

[13]Ibid., pp. 158-59.

[14]Ibid., p. 161.

[15]Ibid., p. 254.

[16]Ibid., p. 143.

[17]Hyne, The Reverend Captain Kettle, p. 222.

[18]Ibid., p. 208.

[19]Ibid., pp. 211-12.

[20]Hyne, Don't You Agree?, pp. 164, 166.

[21]Ibid., pp. 144-45.

[22]Ibid., p. 158.

[23]Hyne, The Reverend Captain Kettle, pp. 244-45.

[24]Presland, Dominion, p. 21.

[25]Ibid., p. 71.

[26]Harry H. Johnston, The Negro in the New World, London, Methuen and Co., 1910, p. v.

[27]Ibid., p. vi.

[28]Ibid., p. xi.

[29]Ibid., p. xii.

[30]Harry H. Johnston, The Man Who Did the Right Thing, New York, Macmillan Co., 1921, pp. 376-77.

[31]Harry H. Johnston, The Gay-Dombeys, p. 360.

[32]Harry H. Johnston, The Man Who Did., p. 353.

[33]Ibid., p. 354.

[34]Ibid., p. 360.

[35]Ibid., p. 360.

[36]Ibid., p. 359.

[37]Ibid., p. 364.

[38]Ibid., p. 374.

[39]Ibid., p. 374.

[40]Harry H. Johnston, The Gay-Dombeys, pp. 33-34.

[41]Ibid., pp. 91, 250.

[42]Harry H. Johnston, The Gay-Dombeys, p. 256.

[43]Ibid., pp. 255-56.

[44]Ibid., p. 256.

[45]Harry H. Johnston, The Man Who Did., p. 80.

[46]Ibid., p. 81.

[47]Shaw, Adventures of the Black Girl, p.. 59-75.

[48]Ibid., p. 74.

[50]Ibid., p. 57.

CONCLUSION

Throughout Victorian literature the images of Africa and the British image of themselves are intimately related; one is the obverse of the other. Africa is whatever the British are not. The delineation of Africa by means of a set of contrasts is, therefore, dependent upon the British view of themselves. This self-image of the Victorians is not limited to the literature on Africa, but does conform to other evaluations of the British and genuinely seems to express British values and attitudes. Seen through British eyes, Britain and Africa represent the two poles of a single system of values. The Victorian writers did not believe that the Africans were among the very earliest builders of a great civilization on this planet, including the development of writing, sciences, engineering, medicine, architecture, religion and the fine arts and none of the Victorian authors gave the public such reasons or wrote the story of how such an advanced civilization was lost. On the other hand Africa is the "continent of dark negation." Contrast with it demonstrates the nature of these values, and confrontation confirms their worth.

Obviously, the authors under study were not altogether ignorant of the true history of the Africans including their achievements as builders of one of the first great civilizations. They simply ignored and refused to publish any facts of African history that upset or even tended to upset their racial philosophy that rested so solidly on premises sanctified by time that they no longer needed to be openly proclaimed.

The steady conquest and enslavement of a whole African people made it imperative to create both a religious and a "scientific" doctrine to assuage the white conscience. Their phenomenal success in the industrial world at once supports and justifies their philosophy: the supremacy of the fittest. This started off with Charles Darwin's 'Origin of Species', written in 1859, which proposed the biological theory based on his work in the Pacific that organisms produce more offspring than nature can support. An unusual popular interest, led by changes in secular thought, developed into a body of social and political ideas that were quite distinct from Darwin's scientific thesis. These popularizations had far more influence upon Africa than the relatively abstract religious disputes over the question of evolution.

The literature on Africa from both the Victorian and the modern periods expresses the same ideals of character, among which discipline and courage are the most important. To a Victorian, a man should be so disciplined that he never loses self-control, and his behaviour conforms to a rigorous code no matter what the situation. The capacity for heroism, whether in sport or warfare, is the essence of character. Obviously people with sound character were needed for overseas administration and civil service. Both Victorian and modern writers share the belief that such character is particularly manifested by members of the upper classes. The literary tradition stresses that the British are gentlemen. Class consciousness became a vital aspect of the British self-image only in the mid-nineteenth century and permeated all the subsequent literature.

The most effective agency for making gentlemen out of boys is generally thought to be the English public school.

African nations gradually acquired their identity in the interaction of alien influences with indigenous circumstances. At first, contact between Africans and the English tended to obliterate or subordinate the established patterns. For example, Christian missionaries usually expected their converts to renounce the tribes' traditional, social and cultural patterns. Initiation ceremonies, polygamy, dancing and ancestor veneration were particularly subject to condemnation. The occupying powers were inclined to draw colonial people into their own economic and cultural spheres. The Victorians insisted that Africa's wild and "undisciplined" democratic system had to be destroyed before the British system of "Indirect Rule" could be effective. For under the African system, kings and chiefs were removed by the people just as fast as they (the kings and chiefs) attempted to carry out British orders that displeased them. So the British simply put the chiefs on their payroll and removed them completely from the traditional control of their people.

In the late-Victorian era the imperial idea was dominated by a sense of "mission" and "obligation." England's mission remained, according to the intellectual climate of the day, twofold: to guide the colonies of British settlement along the final stages of the road to colonial humanhood, and to bring the "benefits of civilization" to the more underdeveloped parts of the empire. Joseph Chamberlain had reiterated in a speech before the Royal Colonial Institute in 1897:

> We feel now that our rule over the territories can only be justified if we can show that it adds to the happiness and prosperity of the people, and I maintain that our rule does, and has, brought security and peace and comparative prosperity to countries that never knew their blessings before. In carrying out this work of civilization we are fulfilling what I believe to be our national mission.[1]

This statement was an expression of the "virtues" of imperialism at a time when most authorities agreed that the imperial idea had reached its zenith. One even wonders if the Victorians ever admitted that the Africans had had an ancient and highly developed constitutional system of government and that the Africans knew and enjoyed "peace and prosperity!"

Only two years after the statement of Chamberlain, the Boer War broke out, a revulsion against imperialism. Obviously the "Age of Doubt" has set in and the imperial idea was to be formulated afresh. The "Age of Doubt" certainly made the authors of Anglo-African fiction to take a much more serious, conscientious look at the African. The self-image of the Briton had begun to change radically and as has been pointed out in Chapter Four, the assumptions which were operative in the "Age of Certainty" were being questioned sharply. These 'critics of the Empire' were the British who began to perceive themselves in a different manner. Mary Kingsley and Joseph Conrad had all deprecated the imposition of Western culture on alien peoples. Their disapproval of it derived from their 'cultural agnosticism' - their scepticism as to the superiority of Western civilization; and from Mary Kingsley's half-formed conception of the functional value of social institutions. This was an improvement on older anthropological assumption. Africa was no longer the "Africa of Rider Haggard and Alfred Henty."

Imperialism, colonialism, and the White Man's Burden, along with their attendant cosmological outlook, were being called to account and some authors found them wanting.

Since the process of image building is a slow one, the image of the African created by earlier authors could not be expected to disappear overnight. Just as the abstract, impersonal image of the African in the earlier half of the "Age of Doubt" only gradually replaced the image of the African as a childlike creature or as a noble savage, so did the detached one of the latter period only gradually begin to assume a more concrete, developed form in the latter half of the twentieth century. Africans began to be regarded as people with as full as panoply of wants, needs, emotions, and complex problems as their European counterparts. As the curtain of cultural egocentrism slowly dropped from their eyes, British novelists began to take an honest look at Africans and the impact of the West on their culture and life style.

The African past was coming under increasing scrutiny from non-African scholars. Archeologists, anthropologists, and historians cast light on such ancient African kingdoms as Mali and Ghana which were probably more advanced than their counterparts in Europe at a comparative point in time. Documents and archeology are no longer the only sources of historical knowledge. Investigation that does not necessarily employ documents or archaeology began to develop extensively with the application of scientific and psychological knowledge in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

It has been discovered that Africans had preserved an extensive tradition in both secular and religious legends. Increasingly, investigation showed that African culture evolved along different lines because of environmental factors rather than because of a lack of intelligence in the natives or of ability of those who justified the European presence in Africa on the grounds of being the agents or inculcators of the supreme culture of a more advanced civilization.

An important point should be made here to those works from the novelists and the historians who still published with a mission to "prove" the superiority of whites by "proving" the inferiority of blacks, all in language so subtle, scholarly and scientific that to the uncritical mind, their truths seem self-evident. It is also noteworthy that while the most hostile racist authors usually prove the very opposite of what they intended, their works inevitably contained useful, factual data that must be accepted. During the "Age of Doubt" some English authors still denigrated the African civilization because they embraced different sets of moral and religious values and suffered by comparison in terms of technological modernity with Western culture, an increasing number of Europeans felt constrained to re-examine their attitudes toward Africa and things African. Confronted by an expanding wealth of information provided by European scholars and by the assertions of Western-educated Africans who espoused the doctrines of Pan-Africanism and Negritude, the realities of the African and his past failed to conform to the images of the past. Novelists were affected by this and they wrote about Africa in the latter half of the

"Age of Doubt" many of them began to focus on the African himself rather than on the European in Africa, and often an effort was made to examine the culture which helped give him his distinctive identity.

The wealth of scholarly knowledge about the African past, coming at a time when the traditional assumptions about British institutions and attitudes toward other people were being questioned, inspired many novelists to strike out in new directions. Such themes as the nature of pre-European tribal life in Africa, the slave trade, the concept of "talking drums" in West Africa, and the interracial marriage are only a few of the topics which Anglo-African fiction began to consider. By and large the African is portrayed with much more understanding than he was by earlier authors who were blinded by cultural egocentrism and who were limited in their perception of African history, anthropology, and sociology. Not all of the authors who were influenced by these currents were successful in their efforts to examine the African and his institutions, but the images they created clearly began to supplant those which preceded them

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