The author has granted a non-exclusive licence allowing the National Library of Canada to reproduce, loan, distribute or sell copies of this thesis in microform, paper or electronic formats.

The author retains ownership of the copyright in this thesis. Neither the thesis nor substantial extracts from it may be printed or otherwise reproduced without the author's permission.

0-612-41127-3
Abstract

This dissertation deals mainly with Victorian through Modern works which dwell on the careers of three famous Elizabethan adventuring heroes, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Walter Ralegh, and Sir Richard Grenville.

The first chapter touches on a debate over the meaning of “Imperialism” in 1899 numbers of the Contemporary Review. Based on my assessment of this debate, I propose qualifications to prevalent academic views, such as those of Edward Said, regarding the nature of imperialism as it touched political and literary affairs near the turn of this century.

The second chapter considers Charles Kingsley’s massively influential and successful Westward Ho!, as well as J. A. Froude's controversial and frequently republished essay which did so much re-enliven Victorian imaginations of the Elizabethan period, "England's Forgotten Worthies." At the close of the section, I examine Kingsley’s At Last: Christmas in the West Indies and Froude’s Oceana and The English in the West Indies. These works are of interest because they depict both of these significant writers, historians, and political and religious commentators (and brothers-in-law), who had invested vast personal energies into England's imperial prospects, finally getting to the colonial regions that had been important to them throughout their lives, near the ends of their lives.

The third chapter studies several late nineteenth-century novels involving the lives of Drake and Ralegh, and the influence of Westward Ho! on Victorian-Elizabethan adventure novels is examined. The final section discusses Henry Newbolt's work on Grenville and Drake, and John Buchan's on Ralegh and Grenville. By bringing the dissertation up to 1920, all the while retaining an Elizabethan focus, I am able
to ponder emerging nuances in the opinions of two authors (Newbolt and Buchan) who were ardent promoters of empire during and in the immediate aftermath of the Great War which in many ways tested imperial ideals inculcated and entrenched in the decades leading up to it.

The Epilogue points to the persistence of Elizabethan and fiction of empire motifs in modern British literature in works by Evelyn Waugh, George Orwell, and Graham Greene.
# Table of Contents

Introduction ............................................. 1

"The Empire while it is consolidating": the Meaning of "Imperialism," Some Forms and Discontents, at the End of the Century ............................................. 15

Westward Ho!: Establishing the Elizabethan Adventure Tradition ............................................. 55

The Imperial Elizabethan Adventure Novel, 1880-1910 ............................................. 150

Testing Imperial Education: Newbolt, Buchan, and the Grenville Line ............................................. 220

Epilogue: Historical Imperial Memories ............................................. 288

Works Consulted ............................................. 298

Notes ............................................. 309
In my dissertation research, I have encountered numerous recent critical works which have created a backdrop for my thinking regarding imperial subjects. Among the more suggestive of these have been Chris Bongie's Exotic Memories (1991), Patrick Brantlinger's Rule of Darkness (1988), Mark Girouard's The Return to Camelot (1981), Martin Green's Dreams of Adventure, Deeds of Empire (1979), and Edward Said's Culture and Imperialism (1993) and Orientalism (1978).

In some ways, my initial orientation may be similar to Bongie's in Exotic Memories. Though he does not cite the earlier scholar, Bongie's work bears much in common with that of Alan Sandison in his highly respected The Wheel of Empire (1967). Exotic Memories is eclectic and wide-ranging, as it considers French (primarily Loti, Verne, and Segalen), English (primarily Conrad), and Italian (primarily Pasolini) literature (novels, plays, diaries, poetry, screenplays) spanning the mid-nineteenth century to the late twentieth century. I will deal with English literature, and mainly prose fiction, although other forms (nonfiction prose, periodical essays, poetry) will figure as well.

In the broadest possible sense, where Bongie writes "exotic," "exoticist," or "exoticism," I would write "historic," "historicist," or "historicism." Bongie is provocative in his study of the development of the modern individual in literature touching imperial themes; in my own work, I will explore the creation of the protagonist, or heroic individual, in and through imperial narratives.

Bongie contends that, for authors, as often for their characters, exoticism envisions realizing two primary goals: "authentic experience" and "sovereign individuality" (Bongie 9). In Bongie's view, the modern individual is "a subject who, desirous of experience, is nonetheless constituted by the impossibility of that experience. The individual is (and here one may think of many oddly antique
protagonists in empire fiction, such as Conrad's Lord Jim or Axel Heyst), from the beginning, a posthumous figure of and in crisis, an afterimage in search of what is itself no more than an afterimage (10). To recuperate lost potential for individuality, Bongie theorizes, "the exoticist project attempts to defuse the supposed threat of homogenization that mass society poses—a threat that for the exotic imaginary proves indissociable from the specifically modern form of territorial expansion" that Bongie terms colonialism (10).

In some senses this contention is easy to grasp; the sweeping stories of European nations during the scramble for colonial possessions in the latter half of the nineteenth century are suggested by and embodied in the micronarratives of imperial fiction (innumerable stories, from Marryat and Kingston, to Ballantyne, Henty, Conrad and Kipling, suggest themselves). Typically, what is sought by the protagonists in the narratives is a form of authentic experience, or an opportunity to create sovereign individuality. J. Hillis Miller, in speaking of canonical nineteenth century fiction, remarked that:

In most Victorian novels, there is relatively little detached self-consciousness, the self-consciousness of a single person becoming aware of himself in separation from other people. In Victorian novels, for the most part, the characters are aware of themselves in terms of their relations to others. The integrity of the selfhood of each person depends neither on reaching the deep buried self by a descent into the mind in solitary meditation, nor on a contemplation of rocks, trees, and daffodils, nor on confrontation of a deity who is the ultimate foundation of the self. In most Victorian novels the protagonist comes to know himself and to fulfill himself by way of other people. (4-5)

To varying degrees, this comment may apply to all fiction. But in imperial fiction protagonists tend to be aware of themselves in relation not only to other characters, but also in relation to geographical space and
especially to their desired self-images (inspired, admittedly, normally by others, real or mythical) as sovereign individuals who seek and are constituted by authentic experience—to choose a canonical example in the latter case, one thinks for instance of the romantic individualism which inspirits much of Conrad's work.¹ Many of Kipling's stories would also apply here. In domestic fiction, protagonists generally seek to establish themselves in society; in imperial fiction, a similar objective may ultimately obtain, but generally the protagonist must first establish himself² outside of society in order that he may be accepted into that society—or become acceptable to himself according to his ideal self-image.

The abstract phrases "authentic experience" and "sovereign individuality" perhaps leave a vague impression. Beneath these theoretical aims one commonly encounters more immediate imperatives. Often, undoubtedly, the outward objective of protagonists is pure adventure which provides exciting experience—material wealth, one is led to believe, is usually only a happy consequence of the hero's actions about which the hero is personally careless. For example, as one imperial promoter puts it, "Pioneers" who "went forth. . .to brave the perils of uncharted seas and the dangers of unknown lands [were] inspired more by the spirit of adventure inherent in the race than by and calculated design for personal gain or lust for the acquisition of new territories."³ So much is suggested in many of Captain Marryat's novels, or in Westward Ho!,⁴ for instance. Sometimes, the goal is a particular place, real or mythical, such as Manoa, El Dorado, Timbuktu, a "lost world" in South America. Other times the goal is a particular fabulous treasure, as in Treasure Island, King Solomon's Mines, or Nostromo. And frequently, too, the goal is a particular person, often an oracular or mentor figure, such as Kurtz, Ayesha (She), or Prester John.

In late years of the Victorian era, realizing authentic experience in uncharted territories may have seemed increasingly difficult. Hence, exoticism—the setting of romantic narratives in distant precolonial or "unenlightened' locales" in "territories. . .not yet subject to the total dominion of [European] enlightenment" (Bongie 38). Or, hence, if we follow Brantlinger, gothicism (see n. 1). Or, if we follow
any of a number of critics, hence the embryonic development or emergence of a host of new literary
genres: fantasy and science fiction (as with Haggard and Wells), invasion-scare fiction (initiated by Sir
George Chesney's *The Battle of Dorking* in 1871 and reaching its parodic climax in P. G. Wodehouse's
*The Swoop... A Tale of the Great Invasion*, in 1909) spy and detective fiction (as with Doyle or Buchan,
or even Kipling in *Kim* or Conrad in *The Secret Agent*), frontier and western fiction in America (for
example, works by Owen Wister), and radical feminist writing, as in works by Olive Schreiner, such as
*The Story of an African Farm*. And hence, finally, as I hope to argue, historicism.

A. Dwight Culler, at the outset of his *The Victorian Mirror of History* (1985), notes the "habit. .
pervasive among Victorian writers, of drawing analogies between their own age and various historical
periods in the past and attempting to understand their problems, and their place in history, in terms of
those analogies" (vii). Or again, he adds, "it was clearly a habit of mind among the Victorians to perceive
analogies between their own day and various historical epochs in the past and then to use these analogies
in conducting their controversies. Their historical consciousness was a mode of self-consciousness, an
awareness of the self by means of the other" (3-4). Undoubtedly, despite contentions such as Geoffrey
Tillotson's that the nineteenth century was the first to think of itself as having a number; the Victorians
were hardly the first to take a keen interest in history. A distinctly Victorian view of history grew up in
England, Culler nevertheless believes, in the wake of the continental *historicism* movement exemplified
by thinkers such as Leibnitz, Lessing, Herder, and Goethe (5-6).

For Culler, the presiding conception of the role of history from ancient times to the eighteenth
century was that it "provided a storehouse of examples for imitation and avoidance in the realms of both
public and private life" (4). If this impression became less influential, it cannot be said to have ever
dwindled entirely. Still, "as interest shifted from the individual actions of great men to the larger
movements of society, it also shifted from the exemplary anecdote to the broader cultural resonances
between societies" (5). Newman, for instance, was but one of many Victorians who felt that something
could be learnt from the fate of the Roman Empire when assessing the future of England (see Culler 100-101).

Crucially — and Culler subscribes to this view which has become standard — many Victorian thinkers possessed a strong belief that they were living in an age of transition. Largely this is the subject of Culler's work, and of many other critical publications besides. When he imagines simplified, broad overviews of the period, Culler feels, for example, that "the great interest in the Renaissance on the part of Browning, Pater, and others...suggests...that in the latter part of the century there was a kind of 'Victorian Renaissance,' and that Carlyle, Newman, Arnold, and Ruskin constituted an oppressive 'Middle Ages,' from which Pater and others felt they were emerging" (vii). In terms of the British Empire near the close of the Victorian period, the question of transition and the uncertainty it implied was prominent.

Eric Hobsbawn, in his The Age of Empire: 1875-1914 (1987), speaks for many historians when he observes, paraphrasing Matthew Arnold's "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse" (1855), that "the culture and intellectual life of the period show a curious awareness...of the imminent death of one world and the need for another" (10). Yet "what gave the period its peculiar tone and savour was that the coming cataclysms were both expected, misunderstood, and disbelieved" (10). To choose a literary example beyond that of the mass of apocalyptic and invasion-scene fiction, one might think of Forster's Howards End (1910), in which World War, so horrible to contemplate retrospectively, is regarded as inevitable.

Again in imperial terms, anxiety concerning the future fuelled the scramble for the remaining territories of the globe susceptible to colonial exploitation. It was as though nations sensed a need to stock up colonial provisions for the coming catastrophe. Certainly, public onlookers recorded the increased and intensifying contact with and hasty acquisition by European powers of far-flung regions of the globe. The Pall Mall Gazette in 1885 lamented the growing competition Britain faced on the international scene, observing that rapidly "the world is filling up around us" (qtd. in Porter 117). The would-be writer of imperial fiction may have felt party to a like invasion of imaginative territory, and this
I will be concerned to contemplate—the fictional response to the filling up of the landscape. Haggard, for example, despaired of "the pestilential accuracy of geographers" and was driven to an "empire of the imagination" (She 175) in his creation of fantasies of imperial conquest and cultural imperialism such as King Solomon's Mines (1885). Or we may read Andrew Lang (1844-1912), the influential critic and writer and admirer of Scott, Stevenson, and Haggard: "As the visible world is measured, mapped, tested, weighed, we seem to hope more and more that a world of invisible romance may not be far from us... I can believe that an impossible romance... might still win us from the newspapers, and the stories of shabby love, and cheap remorses, and commonplace failures" (Beckson 357). Conrad, as a "map-gazing" ("Geography" 13), geography-infatuated youth, contemplated the uncharted white blank designating central Africa and said "I will go there" (Heart 11, "Geography" 16). Some years later Conrad did go, keeping a personal diary and in the fictional guise of Marlow filing a grim report on the collection of Europeans he found intriguing in the Belgian Congo. Marlow says the aim of the colonists "was just robbery and violence, aggravated murder on a great scale" (10). A quarter of a century after the publication of Heart of Darkness, and more than three decades since his actual experiences there, Conrad reiterated Marlow's disgust with his African discoveries, terming the imperial activity "the vilest scramble for loot that ever disfigured the history of human conscience and geographical exploration. What an end. ...!" ("Geography," 16). Almost as if to imply that heroic adventurers really did exist in the generations antedating his, and not just in his fanciful boyhood imagination, Conrad near the end of his life concluded: "The world of explorers and discoverers, the heroes of my boyhood, has vanished almost to nothing in the nineteenth century" ("Preface" 86 [1923]). Books like Marco Polo's Travels can no longer be written, Conrad says in prefacing Richard Curle's Into the East (1923); their time "is past on this earth girt about with cables, with an atmosphere made restless by the waves of ether, lighted by that sun of the twentieth century under which there is nothing new left now, and but very little of what may still be called obscure" ("Preface" 88; qtd. in Bongie 149).
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Professor Challenger stories provide a fictional echo to Conrad's thoughts. Despite the hopeful title of the first chapter of *The Lost World* (1912), "There are Heroisms All Round Us," prospective hero and fledgling journalist Jack Malone's editor tells him: "The big blank spaces in the map are all being filled in, and there's no room for romance anywhere" (10). Malone will, however, with Professor Challenger, discover a prehistoric lost world in the South American Orinocoan basin regions which for centuries captivated English adventurers and authors alike. The chapter title is thus really a response to contemporary chagrin over the filling up of the world--indeed a rebuke to the *Pall Mall Gazette* 's earlier glum observation--and in the fiction that follows Doyle will set about imagining that heroic adventure is still possible. Malone's newspaper post actually furnishes him with an opportunity for an escape on an "impossible romance." Doyle makes short work of the "shabby love" end of affairs. The woman Malone courts in the opening chapter of the book, Gladys Hungerton, romantically desires a heroic man like Stanley or Burton (10). Malone goes off and becomes that sort of man, but when he returns triumphant, he finds the fickle and ultimately narrow-minded woman Gladys has married a "little ginger-haired" second accountant named Potts who earnestly wonders just how one acquires Malone's "glamour of Romance" (238). A domestic hearth and the society of women is clearly no place for a man and adventurer, as Doyle makes emphatic at the close of the book several paragraphs later with the male handshake which solemnizes commitment to further adventuring. As with Sherlock Holmes or Brigadier Gerard, Doyle liked to develop (or was impelled to by an avid reading public) a series of stories centering about one figure, so this close suggests more stories of Jack Malone's adventures if an audience for them assembles itself. After the success of *The Lost World*, Doyle wrote further Professor Challenger tales, but none approached in quality his first effort; apparently, to the author's knowledge and imagination, there were no more lost worlds to discover. The subsequent tales are hollow, Wellsian impressions of calamities besetting the earth and the Professor's doughty band. Wells's *The War of the Worlds* (1898) may be read somewhat as a nightmarish allegory of alien imperiali
of England, and the next Challenger story, *The Poison Belt*, seems a derivation from Wells, in that an alien poisonous gas (a vast belt of ether, Challenger knows), if not the alien Martians who wield it in Wells's story, threaten the Earth and England.

A word more about map-gazing. Doyle in *The Lost World* makes use of maps and charts, most superficially, of course, to lend verisimilitude to the improbable adventures he assigns his characters. Stevenson had used maps in *Treasure Island*, and it was a trick Haggard emulated to great profit with *King Solomon's Mines*. As an aside, it is interesting to note that the work Haggard himself seemed to feel was his greatest and most important, was, in essence, an extensive exercise in mapping. The financial success of his romances pleased Haggard and supported his family, but this was the primary satisfaction he took from churning them out as he did in businesslike fashion. His heart was most in his social and political writings, and much of the energy of his later life he invested in agitating for action aimed at revitalising rural regions of England, or the "home colonies" as they came to be called. In 1902, he performed an exhaustive, county by county tour of England, writing articles for newspapers which were collected, with additions, for the formidable two volume *Rural England* (1902).11 War journalist, historian, and prolific boys' author G. A. Henty liked to provide his young Victorian would-be gentlemen volunteers with cartographical reconnaissance facsimiles. In *By England's Aid: or, the Freeing of the Netherlands 1585-1604* (1891), the story of Renaissance hero Sir Francis Vere, plans of Sluys, Ostend, and Cadiz are furnished so that readers may join in a retrospective attack.

This study will have comparatively little (though in some ways a great deal) directly to do with literature by and regarding women, so it is worthwhile here to dwell for a moment on the onanistic nature of map-gazing. Terminology used by explorers such as Ralegh when it came to breaching new territories or piercing inland along unexplored watercourses often employed explicitly sexual language; this is not in itself odd, and perhaps inevitable. Certainly we can think of Conrad as a youth wishing, at least subconsciously, to impregnate with himself the Congo, to "tear its maidenhood," as Ralegh puts it in the
Discoverie of Guiana. In Alfred Noyes' "English Epic," the twelve book poem Drake, which was serialised in Blackwoods in 1906-08, when we first meet the famous circumnavigator in Book I, he is poring over a "well-thumbed chart" late at night. "Close in his London lodging [Drake] lay concealed," and "there all alone" he examines the chart "by a struggling rushlight":

Of magic islands in the enchanted seas,
Dreaming, as boys and poets only dream
With those that see God's wonders in the deep,
Perilous visions of those palmy keys,
Cocoa-nut islands, parrot-haunted woods,
Crisp coral reefs and blue shark-finned lagoons
Fringed with the creaming foam, mile upon mile
Of Mystery. Dream after dream went by,
Colouring the brown air of that London night
With many a mad miraculous romance. (8-9)

The lush, frothy language of this passage aside, Noyes's Drake might make us think of the young undergraduate Victor Frankenstein, feverishly procreating in his attic rooms with parchment and instrument. In a less suggestive atmosphere, the outset of Charles H. Eden's At Sea Under Drake on the Spanish Main (1899) features the pre-pubescent prospective hero, Will Tregenza, dreaming over a geographical work of "the kingdom of Prester John," and the "strange countries visited by the adventurous knight, Sir John Mandeville" (2). Eden sets the scene:

It was the evening of the feast of St. Michael in the year 1557. Although the autumn lingereth long in fair Devon the nights had already fallen chill, and my father had drawn his great arm-chair near the blazing wood fire, whilst I sat at one end of the table with a book on Geography before
me, the mysteries of which I endeavoured to master by the aid of my

parent. . . . (1)

Will learns "wonderful stories narrated by Cornish mariners" from his father, George, who had "treasured
them up" for transmission to his son. The result, the writing, elderly Will recalls now, was that, "from my
earliest boyhood there was engendered in my mind a great and burning desire to visit those lands in
which such wonders existed and to gain a personal knowledge of men and things outside of my native
community" (2).

The first literary work that we will consider in detail will be Charles Kingsley's Westward Ho
(1854). When we meet the novel's protagonist, Amyas Leigh, in the summer of 1575, he is a broad-
limbed brawny lad of fifteen. Lingering along the quay at the bottom of Bideford's High Street, he is
attracted by a gathering of sailors outside a tavern. The real-life sailor-adventurer, John Oxenham, is
recruiting men to go with him in search of treasure in the South Seas. An item carried by his trusty
crewman, Salvation Yeo, is employed to lure the men. This is "a great white buffalo horn covered with
rough etchings of land and sea," originally picked up from a Portuguese sailor (5). The horn is
successively examined by the gathered men, and one by one they are persuaded by its seductive appeal to
their imaginations. When the sailorly show and tell is at last concluded, Amyas is granted his own
glimpse of the horn:

And now to his astonished gaze displayed themselves cities and
harbours, dragons and elephants, whales which fought with sharks, plate
ships of Spain, islands with apes and palm-trees, each with its name
over-written, and here and there, 'Here is gold;' and again, 'Much gold
and silver;' inserted most probably, as the words were in English, by the
hands of Mr. Oxenham himself. Lingeringly and longingly the boy
turned it round and round, and thought the owner of it more fortunate
than Khan or Kaiser. Oh, if he could but possess that horn, what needed
he on earth beside to make him blest! (6)

The horn is perhaps not made by Kingsley an explicit sexual symbol as the pubescent youth fondles it in his reverie. Still, a reading of certain critics suggests by parallel that some subliminal sexual significance could be read into the episode. J. A. Froude, in his seminal "England's Forgotten Worthies" essay of 1852 which so influenced Kingsley, fondly depicts a Renaissance adventure scene which he believes encapsulates the spirit of the age: "Frobisher, who was but a poor sailor adventurer, sees [Queen Elizabeth] wave her handkerchief to him from the Greenwich Palace windows, and he brings her a narwhal horn for a present" (369). Mary C. Fuller, in her Voyages in Print: English Travel to America, 1576-1624 (1995) contends that this "exchange of hymeneal handkerchief and phallic horn" indicates a "model of power relations" congenial to Froude's thought (166).

Yet women in general rarely play a central role in adventure literature. They can sponsor and encourage, as the Queen her sailors, incite or inspire, as Rose Salterne in Westward Ho!, but seldom does their presence or activity bear pivotally in a sustained fashion on the formation and success of male protagonists. They are excuses for action, or prizes for the successful completion of action, but of course the successful issue of an action is only ever anticlimactic. In most adventure literature, the happy ending in which the conquering hero returns to the fair maiden he left behind is anticlimactic, for one knows that the only reward for a successful exploit is another and more challenging test. Hence domestic endings must usually be facilitated by the ageing or injury of the hero in his exploits, so that the call—in fact necessity—for further adventuring is obviated.

For the moment, however, it will be enough to note simply that maps are particularly attractive to the male imagination, and that the imperial discovery they bespeak is a fundamentally creative act—not merely one of searching and finding, or destroying, or verifying, not representative only of dry cartography. The map is the beginning, the invitation, the overture. It is not an ending, consists not of
solved ciphers, but potent symbols. And the adventuring drive, the quest—to lay siege to, colonize, plunder, serve a sovereign or government imperative, and so on, is in some ways perhaps an obverse of a female procreative urge.

The map, moreover, is a kind of surrogate text, or metonymical suggestion of a text. Adventure literature, as we will have occasion to note, often scorns high literature. In its insistence on privileging action over words, it sets itself up in opposition, morally and formally, to more complex literature.

Consider, for instance, the opening paragraph of Michael (Captain) Rafter's 1858 novel, The Rifleman:

> It is customary, I believe, with authors who have but little to relate, to press into their service every possible resource of the literary art; that, by the charm of their eloquence, they may hide the paucity of their material. The contrary, however, being my case, I trust the reader will be content to receive a plain, unvarnished tale of military life, instead of a flowing dissertation *de omnibus rebus*, which I have neither ability nor inclination to cook up for his amusement. (1)

In the kind of literary context this quotation intimates and implies, then, the map—and even merely reference to a map—can be a kind of resource, or trope or device which authors can use for suggestive or explanatory purposes.

To draw together threads, therefore, one may note that, patently, a problem facing authors and characters alike, is the increasing impossibility of getting lost—lost so that one may find oneself—and achieve thereby success and satisfaction, or authentic experience and sovereign individuality, in life. In the first section of my dissertation, I wish to analyze this crisis for writers of imperial fiction, and I will structure my analysis around late Victorian and new imperialist texts which are inspired by historical imperial precedents, in particular the historical exploits of Renaissance explorers and adventurers. Figures such as Ralegh, Drake, and Grenville naturally came to the minds of authors who wished to
imagine a time when a man's field of action was potentially unbounded. This is something Virginia Woolf notices in a reflection on Ralegh published in the *Times Literary Supplement* of March 15, 1917. Most authors are content merely to hail with awe the protean faculties of the great hero, but Woolf makes the implicit connection between our image of individuals such as Ralegh and our sense of the context they must therefore have lived in, that world and time which allowed them to become who they became to the minds of subsequent generations. "Merely to read over the list of [Ralegh's] pursuits" (courtier, poet, soldier, seaman, historian, politician), Woolf writes, "gives one a sense of the space and opportunity of the Elizabethan age" (163). The focus in Woolf's essay is not so much on Ralegh, but on the age he lived in. Most of the writers I will look at will be content mainly to observe Ralegh's remarkable character and lament at least implicitly that his type seems nowhere in anyone's current midst. But what the writers are also calling for, and what this lament really bespeaks, is the return of an age, and I wish to analyse this call.

Adventure literature, with its emphasis on action and violence, suggests the possibility of perpetual self-renewal through adventure experience. Such literature, Martin Green argues, constitutes "the energizing myth of English imperialism" (*Dreams* 3). Later he argues that adventure literature furnished two kinds of myth in particular, the mercantilist (as with Robinson Crusoe) and the aristomilitary (as with authors such as Scott or Kipling). Especially with the latter, the myths "England lived by... were told by historians rather than novelists" (*Dreams* 27). It is therefore important, Green contends, to heed historical heroes as well (he goes on to consider, as exemplary, Cortes, Clive, and Napoleon), "that shadowy company behind and between the men the novelists paint" (27). To nineteenth century eyes, no period in English history surpassed in glory the Renaissance during the reign of Elizabeth. Her long, mostly peaceful reign suggested that of Victoria, but then England was at the birth of its great overseas power--never did the nation seem so pure and so promising--unlike during the latter years of Victoria's reign, when pressing administrative concerns troubled imperial imaginations. Charles
Kingsley's brother-in-law, the famous historian James Anthony Froude, was like many Englishmen in thinking 1588, with the defeat of the Armada, and not 1688, with the inception of the Glorious Revolution, the definitive date in English history. In his twelve volume *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada* (1856-1870), Froude argued that Elizabethan policy insured that the "English character and the English intellect unfolded with a splendour which has never been exceeded; never, if the test of a nation's greatness be the men whom it produces, attained again" (qtd. in Culler, 119). The Reformation which produced Elizabeth's ascendancy was "the root and source of the expansive force which has spread the Anglo-Saxon race over the globe, and imprinted the English genius and character on the constitution of mankind" (Culler 119).

I will begin my study by considering Kingsley's massively successful and highly influential *Westward Ho!* (1855). The novel, suggested by Froude's scoldingly titled 1852 essay on Elizabethan heroes, "England's Forgotten Worthies," is a hastily serialized propaganda piece in support of the Crimean war, and its deployment of Renaissance history foreshadows that of novels written decades later. I will then scrutinize imperial themes at play in a cluster of popular texts bearing the imprint of Elizabethan influence. My broad goal is to estimate how English history was used, and what it meant, particularly in so far as it suggested means of attaining experience and individuality, to writers of imperial fiction. Among the texts I will consider are Verney Lovett Cameron's *The History of Arthur Penreath* (1888), Joseph Hatton's *The White King of Manoa* (1890), J. S. Fletcher's *In the Days of Drake* (1897), Charles Eden's *At Sea Under Drake* (1898), Robert Leighton's *The Golden Galleon* (1898), G. A. Henty's *Under Drake's Flag* (1899), James Barnes's *Drake and his Yeomen* (1899), Theodore Goodridge Roberts's *A Captain of Raleigh's* (1910), John Buchan's *Francis and Riversdale Grenfell* (1920), Henry Newbolt's *The Book of the Grenvilles* (1921).
"The Empire while it is consolidating": the Meaning of "Imperialism," Some Forms and Discontents, at the End of the Century

We are not one of the 'dying nations,' we!...our capacities are infinite. [...] [I]t is written, or so it seems, that the world is for one of two races, and of these the English is one. Let us English, then, consolidate—consolidate—and still consolidate. History repeats itself. And, in proportion as we 'respect the future,' accordingly as we are found prepared for the inevitable Pharsalia, so shall the question, which of the twain shall come forth Caesar, be answered. --W. E. Henley, introduction to Imperialism, by C. de Thierry (1898).

Imperialism, I should say, is patriotism transfigured by a light from the aspirations of universal humanity. ... --J. A. Cramb, The Origins and Destiny of Imperial Britain (1900).14

It is when we come to the outstanding political problem of the period—the problem signalised by the word Imperialism—that all our issues come into their clearest light. Patriotism, conventionally defined as love of country, now turns out rather obviously to stand for love of more country. ... --John Mackinnon Robertson, Patriotism and Empire (1900).

J. A. Froude's view of the birth of empire, which tends to mute commercial and material motives, and which suggests a natural spread of the English, would become a dominant one in later nineteenth-century debates concerning empire. In my upcoming reading of works by Froude and Kingsley, Newbolt and Buchan, I sketch how these authors saw the development of a British Empire as both a naturally-occurring phenomenon, and a phenomenon whose ongoing "natural" occurrence should be urged. I wish first to contextualize this vision in what follows, particularly by focussing on the imperial debate of the turn of the century, the time at which "Imperialism" as a concept was most vital and controversial. By doing this I hope to try to put some genuine historical meaning and weight behind the term "imperialism."15

Sir John Seeley (1834-95) took over the Chair of Modern History at Cambridge from Charles Kingsley in 1869. His work helped to inspire a prominent organisation for the promotion of imperial interests, the Imperial Federation League. An active member of the League, there was "nothing he had
more at heart than the maintenance of the union between Great Britain and her colonies" (Prothero 1130). Like Froude, he came to the view that "the protestant reformation, definitely adopted by Elizabeth. . . determined all the subsequent relations between England and the great maritime states of the continent. . ." (Prothero 1130). While resident at Cambridge, he developed from his teachings one of the best-known and most influential meditations on the benign spread of the English, The Expansion of England: Two Courses of Lectures (1883); the Imperial Federation League was formed in 1884. George Walter Prothero, for the Dictionary of National Biography, wrote:

The book was eagerly taken up by a very large public; it drew attention, at an opportune moment, to a great subject; it substituted imperial for provincial interests; and it contributed perhaps more than any other single utterance to the change of feeling respecting the relations between Great Britain and her colonies which marks the end of the nineteenth century. (1130)

More recently, Michael Howard has argued that the concept of Empire was "first crystallised" in Seeley's work (341).

In his first lecture, "Tendency in English History," Seeley offered to his countrymen the famous remark: "We seem, as it were, to have conquered and peopled half the world in a fit of absence of mind" (10). Seeley is not ignorant of colonial English wars, or fighting against France in the eighteenth century, nor is he completely indifferent to turbulence in India. However, throughout his lectures, he emphasizes England's "natural colonisation" (45), the "gradual diffusion" (47) of the English race into "comparatively. . .empty" territories (228). "We are not a military state," he improbably avers (330). Despite the fact of England's controlling about a quarter of the world's land mass by century's end, we will hear a similar protestation from the Liberal Unionist politician, John Lawson Walton, Q. C., at precisely this time.
Of the vast Indian empire, Seeley writes: "Our acquisition of India was made blindly. Nothing great that has ever been done by Englishmen was done so unintentionally, so accidentally, as the conquest of India" (207). In fact, India "can hardly have been said to have been conquered" by England; "she has rather conquered herself" (234). That is if one accepts that India ever really existed in the first place: "there was no India, and therefore, properly speaking, no foreigner" (to conquer it). . . . "The truth is that there was no India in the political, and scarcely in any other, sense. The word was a geographical expression, and therefore India was easily conquered" (234-35). The trajectory of Seeley's thought in these quotations is apparent; the more one wishes to establish the unaggressiveness of the English, the more one must emphasize the receptiveness of the colonies, even to the point of positing those colonies' essential non-existence. Or more specifically, if a land mass did not appear sufficiently constructed according to English methods--did not appear homogenous, lacked formal constitutional arrangements, recognisable social and political customs--then it didn't, so far as Seeley was concerned, really exist, and hence was ripe--indeed cried out for--paternalistic imperial direction.16

The trajectory of Seeley's thought, admittedly, is not unprecedented, and is founded on slightly earlier observations. The year in which Seeley took over the Cambridge Chair of History was the year in which Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke published his Greater Britain: A Record of Travel in English-Speaking Countries During 1866-7. Dilke reached India at the end of his tour, and he concluded:

The greatest of the many changes in progress in the East is that India is being made--that a country is being created under that name where none has yet existed; and it is our railroads, our annexation, and above all our work in centralizing policy that are doing this work. (332)

Dilke's appreciation of the military-industrial-technological historical perspective effaces, like Seeley's, that of the historical cultural, or linguistical, or theological, and so on.
Looking over history in his "Recapitulation," Seeley insists: "we see a natural growth, a mere normal extension of the English race into other lands, which for the most part were so thinly peopled that our settlers took possession of them without conquest" (344). (Seeley's tone, use of words such as "mere," should intimate the presence of a dialogue with dissenting voices who may not be left us by history, and who certainly are unrefereed to directly in the Three Courses.) In some ways here one thinks of Carlyle, who in writings such as his "Occasional Discourse on the Nigger Question" (1849) showed that he had no sympathy for natives who would not work according to English modes, or after English goals. Better be a slave than one who slumbered in one's "Demerara freedom" (480)—that is, the freedom not to work like the English did (or should if they were not). That other native populations may have been living on the land they had been born into according to ancient customs was to no purpose for commercial British exploiters—if one failed to not work one's land in ways acceptable to or profitable by British strictures, one did not deserve title to it.

Was England really overpopulated (a claim Raleigh persistently advanced centuries earlier in his own propagandizing for empire)? Were other territories so unpopulated, and were not these populations in some cases destroyed by Europeans? Or, where there were few people, were they not then peopled with slaves? At our present remove, we will not respond to Seeley's contentions, including his argument (forcefully rebutted in his own day by writers such as John Mackinnon Robertson) that population cannot adapt to space. Rather, we will cite Seeley's writings as instancing as well as popularizing certain opinions current during his time.

Although he never quite says so directly, Seeley's chief worry is the burgeoning of Russia, and he asks numerous rhetorical questions designed to advert his readers as to the necessity of, and frighten them into preparation towards, competition with this nation (337, 349). The view of the British as having moved abroad in a natural, benign fashion, as communicated by men like Froude and Seeley, would become very common, and is perhaps part of the reason expectations of great wars seemed to cause com-
paratively little upset in certain quarters of Britain, a country not recently subject to invasion which had not experienced mass war before 1914. Thinkers such as Seeley, of course, were not without opposition. Even as early as the mid-1830s, prominent writers such as Richard Cobden had excoriated the hypocrisy of those who argued that England would have to compete with Russia because of that country's territorial aggrandizement:

Surely we who are staggering under the embarrassing weight of our colonies, with one foot on the rock of Gibraltar and the other on the Cape of Good Hope—with Canada, Australia and the peninsula of India, forming Cerebrus-like the heads of our monstrous empire—and with the hundred minor acquisitions scattered so widely over the earth's surface as to present an unanswerable proof of our wholesome appetite for boundless dominion—surely we are not exactly the nation to preach homilies to other people in favour of the national observance of the eighth commandment. (Koebner and Schmidt 30)

The view of a natural (and inevitable because just and right) spread of the English, however, would predominate. John Ruskin may even have been thinking of Cobden when he made his famous Inaugural Lecture as Slade Professor of Fine Arts at Oxford in 1870, in which he argued that it must be the aim of Englishmen "still undegenerate in race; a race mingled of the best northern blood," to "found colonies as fast and as far as she is able, formed of her most energetic and worthiest men;—seizing every piece of fruitful waste ground she can set her foot on, and there teaching these her colonists that their chief virtue is to be fidelity to their country, and that their first aim is to be to advance the power of England by land and sea" (Howard 341).

The *Contemporary Review* Debate
Mary Kingsley (1862-1900), niece to Charles, ethnologist and traveller in West Africa, and self-described "hardened, unreformed Imperial expansionist," was another who felt that England's imperial movement was natural and beneficent, and her views echoed in many places those of Froude, Kingsley, and Seeley (431).¹⁹

In two lectures given near the end of her life, she ruminated on English policy in the tropical African regions she had visited in 1894-95. In each, she hails the foundational imperialism of worthies such as Drake, and holds up the demise of Spain as exemplary of a country which imperfectly exploited its colonial possessions.²⁰ Central Africa, she says in "Imperialism," a lecture delivered in Liverpool, is like unto a garden that needs tending. It should not be stripped and exploited by the "windy-headed amateur imperialist, [or] the short-sighted financier," nor overrun by "the medal-hunting young soldier who, "though naturally properly disgusted at. . .not fighting a European power, says 'For Heaven's sake let's fight some one'" (428-29). But complacency will lead to "the wrecking place of Spain," Kingsley says as she lays out England's options. The right course she offers metaphorically in a question: "...will you weed the garden and be as ready to fight white men as black as Francis Drake was?" (429).

In "Imperialism in West Africa," a talk given to the Imperial Institute in London in February, 1900, she again warns her audience against going down the "road to ruin" (436) previously trod by Spain and Portugal in the wake of government counsellors who failed to support imperial efforts. Again, she closes with a paean to the Elizabethan era: the West Coast African traders of today, she feels, "are the representatives of the old merchant adventurers, men for whom Sir Francis Drake, of honourable memory, went out and fought, greatly to the making of the power of this realm" (457). When Mary Kingsley's uncle turned to the Elizabethan period during the Crimean war, his move essentially constituted a natural reference to a time of sturdy nationality. When she wishes to establish a firm imperial bulwark against the secessionist sentiments of timorous compatriots, she looks to the glorious distant past, the priority and distance here operating towards mutual emphasis. The glory of that past, as
we will note, was to a very great degree put there by writers like Froude and Charles Kingsley, and end of century commentators such as Mary Kingsley and her host would draw on it as though the myth were real. The irresistibility of the past created by men like Froude made frequent reparation to it inevitable, perhaps.

But let us consider briefly the arguments of each of the lectures, for they land us centrally in the debate surrounding imperialism at the turn of the century. The lectures, particularly "Imperialism in West Africa," constitute Kingsley's last and "most earnest and well considered views" on imperial affairs, as her publisher, George Macmillan, notes in an introduction to the second edition (1901) of her West African Studies (xvi). Kingsley sailed for Africa again only a month after her Imperial Institute lecture, and she died on June 3, 1900, of typhoid contracted while working as a nurse amidst wounded men at Simon's Town Palace Hospital south of Cape Town.

In the first lecture, Kingsley has two objectives, both aimed at countering those who would dampen imperial sentiments. To begin with, she expresses her dismay at the turn Kipling's verse, as in "The White Man's Burden" (1899) and "Recessional" (1897), has lately been taking. She prefers the former, to her truer, imperial evangels such as "The English Flag" (1891) and "The Lost Legion" (1895). One senses, however, that she views Kipling's most recent, bleaker and more apprehensive output as a mere temporary aberration (as it more or less was), for "we all know that England owes to [Kipling] probably more than to any other living man—unbounded gratitude for all that he has done to make her find herself. . .never has the true Imperial policy for us been better put than by Mr. Kipling when he sang ["A Song of the English" (1893)]" (419-20). Kipling would commemorate Kingsley in his "Dirge of the Dead Sisters (For the Nurses who died in the South African War" [1902]).

More serious anti-imperialistic charges Kingsley finds in an essay in the Contemporary Review for June 1899, "The Seamy Side of 'Imperialism'" by the radical Liberal MP for East Edinburgh, Robert Wallace. It is Wallace, in fact, who tosses out "The White Man's Burden" as exemplary of self-stated
words which ought to make even the most iron-willed imperialists think twice (792). Wallace's piece, itself a response to a March 1899 *Contemporary Review* article entitled "Imperialism," by the Liberal Unionist member for Leeds, J. Lawson Walton, is a blistering attack on imperial advocates and their hypocrisies, and should be read by any student of fin de siecle imperial affairs. It is a lively, thorough essay which takes on a number of current imperialist shibboleths with gusto, conviction, and a kind of plangent, resonant sanity. A former editor of the *Scotsman* newspaper and prior holder of the chair of Church History at Edinburgh, Wallace (b. 1831) died in the month which witnessed the publication of his article, in fact near the outset of a speech he was delivering in the House of Commons on June 5, 1899 (DNB 1376).

Mary Kingsley cites Wallace's conclusion, "expansionist Imperialism means more despotism abroad and more aristocratic recrudescence at home" (Kingsley 423; Wallace 799), and wishes to refute it. She disagrees with Wallace's contention that public monies diverted to imperial concerns result in domestic impoverishment. Like Walton, she believes the viewpoint is historically unsupportable. She feels that one can only answer Wallace with "categorical denial," yet she fails to muster evidence for a rebuttal (427). "Imperialism is," she says,

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{thanks be, today the united spirit of all classes of Englishmen, from the} \\
\text{highest to the lowest; and if they know it is so, there is triumph and} \\
\text{content in the hearts of all those old Imperialists, plebeian or patrician,} \\
\text{Sir Richard Grenville, Sir Francis Drake, Sir John Hawkins, Captain} \\
\text{England and Sir Walter Raleigh and Bartholomew Roberts, whose arms,} \\
\text{ornaments and skeletons lie beneath the sea by Cape Lopez in West} \\
\text{Africa. (423)}
\end{align*}
\]

Later, she wonders how Wallace can ignore the fact that "our Imperialism has given to millions of Englishmen, opportunities of happiness, comfort, prosperity, the free exercise of all honest ambition,
overseas. Think of Canada, Australia and New Zealand" (427). Numerous elite thinkers had always been impatient with calls for England to abandon a strictly defensive, which is to say, ardently offensive, mode. Back in 1859, when the French had developed steamship power and established a port at Cherbourg, Tennyson, in a poem entitled "Riflemen, Form!" in the Times, advocated:

Let your Reforms for a moment go,

Look to your butts and take good aims.

Better a rotten borough or so,

Than a rotten fleet and a city in flames!

Form! Form! Riflemen form!

Ready, be ready to meet the storm! (Beckson 365)

Nearer the turn of the century, Kipling was of similar mind, that imperial and international concerns ought to come before the domestic. Kipling honeymooned in Victoria, British Columbia in 1892, and returned for a nationwide tour of Canada in the autumn of 1907. During his travels, he wrote a number of journalistic travel and opinion pieces which appeared in newspapers and were collected in Letters to the Family (1908). On arriving in Vancouver, he was impressed with the scenery, but he was a little unsettled that such a grand place should be so apparently undefended. Canadians on the West Coast, although "they face a sea out of which any portent may arise... are not forced to protect or even to police its waters," he remarks half-incredulously (61). Later, he theorizes that, while Canada's "weakness is lack of men,"

England's weakness is an excess of voters who propose to live at the expense of the State. These loudly resent that any money should be diverted from themselves; and since money is spent on fleets and armies to protect the Empire while it is consolidating, they argue that if the Empire ceased to exist armaments would cease too, and the money so
saved could be spent on their proper comforts. They pride themselves on being an avowed and organized enemy of the Empire which, as others see it, waits only to give them health, prosperity, and power beyond anything their votes could win them in England. (70)

Wallace, we will see, was not so much concerned for his own comforts as for social well-being. One standard source in support of Wallace's views is J. A. Hobson's *Imperialism: A Study* (1902). In this work, the noted economist mounts a serious rebuttal, replete with statistics, to those who trumpet the necessity of massive military expenditures and the domestic beneficences of imperialism. He observes that the Empire is really in the service of few, and cites Thomas More: "Everywhere do I perceive a certain conspiracy of rich men seeking their own advantage under the name and pretext of the commonwealth" (46).26 Certainly, the colonies did and must have provided opportunities for the destitute in the British Isles. Yet when one researches or reads today, in rapid succession, writings of age of empire (1875-1914) imperialists, the exhortations to seek the colonies they contain can take on a somewhat unsavoury rhetorical aroma. One senses not so much that writers such as, say, Charles Kingsley in *At Last*, Froude, Kipling, Walton, and others, are hailing and promoting new opportunities, or lamenting prospects lost through inaction. One begins to think, instead, as the calls for emigration multiply and persist, that those voicing them are more or less frankly hoping to quiet political opposition to their expansionist views. This is a wide topic on which it is difficult to generalize. However, one can say simply that repeated reference to opportunities for the British in the colonies abroad can begin to sound less like genuine suggestions for advancement, and more like defensive gestures from upper class or well-positioned citizens meant to rid a domestic nuisance.

A reading of Hobson suggests that economic destitution at home (and hence, emigration) may have been in part caused by aggressive Imperialism abroad. Wallace, for his part, thinks that "we have a very good place to live in," and so colonial ventures should not be thought so desperately necessary
In his reading of emigration statistics, he finds furthermore that "very few of us want to leave" Britain (791). From his parliamentary seat, he feels that monies spent on arms could be better spent on public education and on enhancing civilisation in Britain itself. He is also justly suspicious of the aims and effects of imperial activity towards the "improvement" of natives in imperial and colonial dominions. Hobson is mainly interested in arguing that Imperialism is propounded by, and works to the distinct benefit of, "well-organized business interests" (48), or classes of commercial, professional, and political men who hold in common the fact that they stand to benefit materially from a "pushful policy" of imperialism (49).

"What is the direct economic outcome of Imperialism?" Hobson wonders. Part of his answer he supplies in the following quotation:

A great expenditure of public money upon ships, guns, military and naval equipment and stores, growing and productive of enormous profits when a war, or an alarm of war, occurs; new public loans and important fluctuations in the home and foreign Bourses; more posts for soldiers and sailors and in the diplomatic and consular services; improvement of foreign investments by the substitution of the British flag for a foreign flag; acquisition of markets for certain classes of exports, and some protection and assistance for British trades in these manufactures; employment for engineers, missionaries, speculative miners, ranchers and other emigrants.

Certain definite business and professional interests feeding upon imperialistic expenditure, or upon the results of that expenditure, are thus set up in opposition to the common good, and, instinctively feeling their
way to one another, are found united in strong sympathy to support every
new imperialist exploit. (48)

Besides manufacturers for export trade, "who gain a living by supplying the real or artificial wants of the
new countries we annex or open up" (49), there are the military and civil services which profit by "every
expansion of the Empire" because such expansion provides opportunities to the sons of these elite classes
to go abroad as "ranchers, planters, engineers, or missionaries" (50). "This point of view," Hobson notes,
is aptly summarised by a high Indian official, Sir Charles Crossthwaite,
in discussing British relations with Siam. 'The real question was who
was to get the trade with them, and how we could make the most of
them, so as to find fresh markets for our goods and also employment for
those superfluous articles of the present day, our boys.'
From this standpoint our colonies still remain what James Mill
cynically described them as being, 'a vast system of outdoor relief for the
upper classes.' (50-51)

The noted writer, editor, humanities scholar, and long-serving Liberal politician, John Mackinnon
Robertson (1856-1933), holds similar views in his Patriotism and Empire (1899). "The only interests
really furthered by fresh expansion," he writes, "are those of the speculative trading class, the military
and naval services, the industrial class which supplies war material, and generally those who look to an
imperial civil service as a means of employment for themselves and their kin" (187). He goes on to
consider how Parliament in fact exists for the subsidization and promotion of these interests over against
concentration on domestic concerns. Robertson's equation of imperialist expansion and war is significant.
Siegfried Sassoon was awarded a Military Cross for his actions in the Battle of the Somme in 1916, but in
1917 he was drafting an anti-War public statement in which he wrote: "Fighting men are victims of
conspiracy among (a) politicians; (b) military caste; (c) people who are making money out of the War"
James Anthony Froude, in *The English in the West Indies*, dilates at length on the nature of substandard civil servants, and his views are largely in accord with Crossthwaite (90-93). Like Walton, he believes that there is a ready stock of good men to go out to the colonies and to fulfil the English race's "special capacity [as] leaders and governors of men" (98), but that through a combination of factors such as nepotism, corruption, and obsequiousness, unfit British representatives continue to populate the colonial governmental services. "Greater Britain," Hobson concludes, finally benefits mainly the more "reckless or adventurous" professional men, "while it furnishes a convenient limbo for damaged characters and careers" (51).

For Mary Kingsley, however, who did not overmuch exercise herself in disputing even the theoretical possibility of "damaged" British characters, this is merely as it should be, because of a natural moral superiority of the British when it comes to democratic leadership: "We know from centuries of experience that [the] ideal of making freedom for the world is not to be expected from any race save the Teuton" (418). Walton, who analogously avers in his pro-imperial article that "the basis of imperialism is race," wishes to meet Gladstone's petition to Rhodes that England could not continue to supply administrators enough to staff increasing imperial dominions (307). No, he asserts, "[o]ur public schools, 'the playing fields of Eton,' can furnish an unstinted supply of youth with the stuff out of which great administrators are made" (308). Pondering the possibility of a white man's burden, Mary Kingsley thinks likewise: "We old-fashioned Teutons have never felt any amount of Empire any burden. . .we want and we will have all the world we can, and we will have it no burden to us. . ." (420; see also "Imperialism in West Africa," 456).

In general, Kingsley labels her brand of imperialism "old-fashioned," which is to say of a piece with and in respect of and for the great tradition initiated by worthies such as Drake and Raleigh. And this, as we have seen, is a nineteenth century construction, based on a range of simplifying manoeuvres which conveniently suggest the simplicity of imperial domination in the present day. She will not have
herself referred to as a jingoistic imperialist, or as a representative of "Jubilee Imperialism" (418). However, she also arrives at what might seem, in the context of her thoughts on the whole, a rather oxymoronic term for the imperialism she advocates, that being "democratic imperialism." She makes no attempt to define this phrase, and would sway her audience by mood and attitude more than by precept or argument. The term is in fact coined in response to Wallace's reference to "Democratic Liberalism" at the close of "The Seamy Side of Imperialism" (799). Kingsley's sole citation of the actuality of what she takes to be "democratic imperialism" might put us in mind of Hobson's haven for dissolute and damaged characters, and even lend to it a kind of genetic resonance. Kingsley says she was recently returning home one wet, rainy night after a meeting of a learned society. She tried to hail a slowly moving cab, but the cabman said he could not take her, for he had an unconscious man inside. Alarmed, Kingsley suggested the cab should be getting the man to hospital posthaste. But the cabman replied that the man in the back was not a "hospital case": "He'll be better, by and by. He's one of them colonials of ours just home to his native land for the first time, and he's gone and excited himself, that's all" (417). And so, as cab and colonist "drifted away into the rain," Kingsley, on foot yet, reflected that,

still it was nice to think, in spite of the colonist's conduct and the inconvenience it gave me, of the old country, represented by the cabman, taking care of him like that. It was another of the many previous manifestations of democratic Imperialism that has endearing it to me, and made me feel an esteem for it. . . . (417)

Kingsley's imperial-patriotic sentiments are warmly felt. Nevertheless, when one thinks of the human and environmental havoc wrought by the imperial actions Kingsley promotes, it is possible to find the otherwise beguiling artlessness of her thoughts in this anecdote chilling, for that casual and amusing tone masks implicitly by comparison brutal realities of Empire. The learned and well-travelled ethnologist, Kingsley, the cabman and the drunken colonist are there, citizens of Empire all; one only wonders the
faraway native lands and populations they and the political entity they represent profit from, control, or would control.

Kingsley, however, was well-disposed to regard lightly the consequences of imperialism, as some of the more egregious passages in her "Imperialism in West Africa" lecture make clear. Most all Victorians (including her uncle Charles), of any decade, would not miss an opportunity to condemn publicly anything to do with slavery, whatever their private thoughts. If impolitic, Kingsley is candid and combative. She says some of her critics had learned that she "had ancestors connected with the slave trade" (442). "Well, I had," she returns, "and am not ashamed of it" (442). Earlier in her talk she argues that the main difficulty involving dealings with Africans had not been slavery so much as it had been differing conceptions of land ownership and use. The important thing, Kingsley believes, is never to give Africans, as the English had the Irish (the Home Rule question simmered still), an "agrarian grievance" (434). "Buying and selling" the "true negro" from "people from whom he thought you had the right to buy him never shook his love for England; but go and take away his own land. and you will give him an agrarian grievance" (434). You can take the native away from the land, but not the land away from the native. Loving the nation which buys and sells you aside, Kingsley believes that what Britons must bequeath to the Africans is the fairly and frankly applied British constitution, whose model principles are "Liberty, Justice and Representation" (434). Not the French constitution ("Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"), mind, for that is an "unworkable thing because not in touch with the facts;" those idealist principles will result in a disease which will event in that "horrid eruption, humbug" (434). Trying to make the African equal to the British, or like the British, is doomed to failure.

Kingsley's rationale is not, however, without what could be seen as progressive, sensible, or even sensitive elements. She is, at least, certain that it will do no good to pretend that all humans are alike. We know that abuses, misdeeds, and errors occur when one group of people would presume, both optimistically and opportunistically, that a less powerful group of people with whom they are in contact is
really no different than they. Kingsley knows that African civilisation is different from the British. She stresses her own firsthand knowledge of Africans as she confronts her opponents:

Of course the reason for my getting into hot water is that I have said that the African is different, which is a statement I stick to; it is that word different that gets me into trouble every time: had I said he was inferior I should have had a readymade section of opinion to go with me; had I said he was superior, I should have had another ready-made section of opinion to go with me; but I said different, and I said also and say so still, that the African you have got in your minds up here [in England], that you are legislating for and spending millions trying to improve, doesn't exist: your African is a fancy African. (442)

None of this is to say, nevertheless, that the African and his territory cannot or should not be exploited by the British. Colonies must be sought and kept, else the fate of Spain and Portugal, and the dreaded "drift," by which imperialists were wont to characterize the certain end of "Little Englander" policies formulated by Gladstone Liberals (433). To "hand over independence" to India, Egypt, tropical Africa, "is poison," for these areas are not "fit" for self-government (433). The needful thing, instead, is an Imperial federationist orientation: "our Imperial aim should be to weld [colonies] and these little islands in the North Sea firmly together...for mutual advantage" (433).

The "Imperialism" lecture, as we have seen, is a defensive lecture, in which Kingsley rejects tentative tendencies in Kipling's verse, and takes on Robert Wallace and the imperial naysayers he represents. In "Imperialism in West Africa," Kingsley goes on the offensive, recommending importation of British political principles, and, hence, economic exports from African raw materials. Thinking of the cotton famine brought about by the American civil war, she reminds her listeners that England needs
stable resource-rich colonies that are safely and comfortably within the British political and diplomatic ambit. Never, perhaps, is Kingsley more like the ancient buccaneers whose proud imperial lineage she claims than when she enticingly describes the whole of West Africa as "a very rich goldfield" (439). And, as she gives a brisk geographical sketch of Africa, referring here to corn-bearing regions and rich forests, there to rubber holdings, her words and her tone may put us in mind of an episode midway through Forster's *Howards End* (1910). It is the first occasion on which Margaret Schlegel visits the offices of the Imperial and West Africa Rubber Company, run by her entrepreneurial husband-to-be, Henry Wilcox. Margaret is pleased to make the visit, for Henry "had implied his business rather than described it" (183). Africa for Margaret, as perhaps even quite possibly for some of those gathered to hear Mary Kingsley at the Imperial Institute, is characterized by "formlessness and vagueness" (183). An aspect of Henry's power, and a constituent of his wealth, is his knowledge of this dark continent. Mary Kingsley may not, like Wilcox, wield material wealth. But with the pleasure and conviction with which she imparts her human and geographical information, regales with crocodile-fighting and monkey-hunting anecdotes, and drops politically and academically credentialling names of people and places, she obviously delights in the unique power and prestige her knowledge of Africa gives her before a home audience.

Margaret "penetrate[s]" to the "inner depths" of the Company offices (183). She is, in fact, Forster subtly alerts us, making a kind of voyage of discovery of her own, even in domestic circumstances. By phrasing her visit this way, Forster shows just how "foreign" foreign imperial exploitation may have been to the average Briton. In a deceptively innocent fashion, Forster suggests how it is possible for various sectors and classes of one society not to know each other. It is habitual to think of Britain at the end of the century as being an homogenous political entity. But through Forster's writing of Margaret's querulous uncertainty, we gain a nuanced depiction of how individuals ignorant of or
apprehensive about imperial expansion may have approached foreign affairs. We will return to this topic at the end of the present chapter.

Margaret views a map over a fireplace which depicts "a helping of West Africa," yet it is "a very ordinary map" (183). Hanging on a wall opposite, however, is a map "on which the whole continent appeared, looking like a whale marked out for blubber" (183). Margaret hears Henry's voice, from an adjacent room, "dictating a 'strong' letter" (183). Unlike Mary Kingsley, the liberally inclined, comparatively poor and unconnected Margaret finds the scene somewhat unnerving. Still Margaret, unlike, in turn, her more idealistic and anti-materialistic younger sister, Helen, is capable of some rationalization, for this manifestation of Henry's world, as Henry himself, is dangerously alluring as much as it is faintly menacing and unfamiliar: ". . . perhaps she was seeing the Imperial side of the company, rather than its West African, and Imperialism always had been one of her difficulties" (183). Margaret's willing and hopeful, if reluctant, attitude, is what ardent Imperialists such as Seeley, Rhodes, Kipling, Walton, and others, would have played on. Writers such as Wallace, Buchanan, Robertson, and John Morley27 (the ilk of the "Cobden Club," as Walton puts it derisively in "Imperialism" [310]), or literary figures such as Morris, Gissing, Shaw, and Schreiner may have, in discrete fashions, been unable to accept a tantalizing vision of high imperial destiny, which promises wealth and status for all through citizenship in the most powerful country in the world. They might have been convinced that what they would sense in the dark, opulent offices was the colonial West African, and not the Imperial, side of the company—or, simply, as the name itself suggests, both sides in one or at once—the Imperial and West African sides embodied together in the simultaneously real and portentously symbolic (as Forster intends it) City office.

Mary Kingsley is an avowed imperialist, and Howards End is a work which dramatizes ambivalent attitudes to empire; let us now look further at writing which is avowedly anti-imperialist. Wallace's article, we have observed, is largely a response to Walton's "Imperialism." But at the outset of
his piece, Wallace sets a wider context. He notes that, especially since Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee of 1897, Empire builders have been bruiting about headstrong and headlong propaganda. Referring to the popular tag that the sun will never set on the British empire, he finds that in recent months Imperialists have been "declaring that the suns of Peel and Cobden and Gladstone have respectively set for ever, while the star of Beaconsfield [Disraeli] is in the ascendant, flaming in the forehead of the morning sky" (783).

Part of what animates Wallace in his attack on his fellows is his sense of the betrayal of traditional Liberal principles. The Tory party (the party of Disraeli) would be expected to harbor imperial enthusiasts. But that the Liberal party (the party of Gladstone) should now join in the general jingoism strikes Wallace as retrogressing from former principles. In Wallace's view, we may imagine, the triumphs of the past over slavery and other injustices are being quite obliterated under the auspices of trade and civilisation in present imperial situations. On several occasions during his essay, he laments departures from prior historical tenets and reminds Liberal Unionists of the former character of the party. In one instance, he contends that the Liberal party had been the party that "took up the cause of the oppressed masses... A man, they said, was sacred; he had primordial rights which must be respected at whatever cost. Even a negro had a right to freedom and property, despite his black skin" (792). Once the Liberal "toast was civil and religious liberty all over the world" (792). "But," Wallace writes, all that has changed now. The Liberal Imperialist holds that man as man has no rights if he is in another country, and is weaker than ourselves, and has anything which the Liberal Imperialist can put in his imperialist but not liberal pocket... The Liberal Imperialist says: 'But you know these savages are such savages.' I answer you out of your own quondam creed: 'They are men.' (792)
Before the view we have seen implied in the writings of men like Seeley, that "the conquered races welcome us as their rulers," Wallace is cynical. "Do they?" he wonders.

Read the 'White Man's Burden' again, and ponder what your own favourite bard says of the 'silent sullen peoples.' Even if it were as you say, it would only prove how successful you had been in degrading them that you had actually brought them down to the point of hugging their chains. (792)

Imperial enthusiasts are "more or less consciously insincere people who profess that their real aim in depriving coloured races of their tribal or national independence is to work out what they call their 'destiny' which they seem to have ascertained in ways unknown to ordinary mortals" (782). The issue of "imperial destiny" as put forth by his colleague Walton is one Wallace returns to, but to begin with it is enough for him to note that England's glorious national "destiny" seems to consist to a great degree in being faithful, as he quotes Walton, to the "ambitions and traditions" of the race. . . . the Vikings, Norman Williams, heroes like Clive and Hastings, and, of course, the 'Rovers of the Spanish Main'" (784). But Wallace has a dim view of the supposedly noble aims of these latter heroes, and he refers to colonial conquests as amounting to "land grabbing" and "robbery with violence" much as Conrad had done in the pages of Blackwood's Magazine a few months earlier, in February 1899, in the first instalment of Heart of Darkness (784). Marlow says of the Romans in England (who are implicitly compared to European actors in Africa presently): "They grabbed what they could get for the sake of what was to be got. It was just robbery with violence" (10).

Wallace allows, with Walton, that the English of old may have had a great deal of "courage" and "energy," but his own "pride in the Empire is somewhat dashed by its history" (786). For one thing, he states categorically, "[t]here was the initial and irremediable injustice of depriving the subjugated peoples
of their freedom. . .our past record is not unstained by tyranny, cruelty, and fraud" (786). Turning to the contemporary scene, he puts a number of provocative questions:

Is our present rule everywhere free from oppression and demoralising influences? Where it does make for peace and order, are the 'silent, sullen' peoples contented and happy? Are we really making them strong and self-reliant? Or are we enervating them and rendering them less capable of standing alone? Might it not have been to their benefit had we not interfered in their historical development? Have we not trampled out of existence long results of time that might have told with advantage on the evolution of the race? (786)

Wallace's sobering questions militate against commonly held beliefs in the superiority of English law, government, and education. They dispute the kind of thinking exhibited by individuals such as Walton and Kingsley, enshrined famously in documents such as Macaulay's "Minute of the 2nd of February, 1835" on Indian education. Protesting against the monies expended on educating Indians in vernacular tongues, Macaulay notoriously argued that "a single shelf of a good European library was worth the whole native literature of India and Arabia" (349). Yet what is perhaps most remarkable about Macaulay's Minute (the recommendations of which were largely implemented) is that, though a learned historian himself, and though references to Greek and Roman civilisation dot his text, Macaulay seems incapable of conceiving that the primacy of English culture may know a term. Native languages have become "useless," and native scientific reasonings have been "exploded" (347); "[w]hat the Greek and Latin were to the contemporaries of More and Ascham, our tongue is to the people of India" (351). Such faith in the superiority of things English is component in the headlong imperialism of Mary Kingsley, the belief in imperial destiny of Walton. It dictates a position which is at once offensive and defensive. One must go on, or else relapse; there is no middle way. In adventure literature, and in the literature dealt with
in this dissertation, we see the same conundrum. Protagonists must carry on conquering until they can no
more (for reasons sketched out elsewhere in the study), and in this way they accurately represent the
British nation itself, the acquisitiveness of which became almost frantic.

Wallace is particularly incensed at how English imperialists use the promise of English education
as justification for conquest. He is dismayed to find it now accepted Liberal doctrine that
you may set to and conquer a backward race without more ado, and
exploit them, if they have anything, provided you civilise them
afterwards--by teaching them, I suppose, the Nicene creed and possibly
algebra up to quadratic equations. (793)

Macaulay had wanted to get up an anglicized native civil service in India--"We must do our best to form
a class who may be interpreters between us and the millions we govern; a class of persons, Indian in
blood and colour, but English in taste, in opinions, in morals, in intellect" (359). Benedict Anderson, in
his seminal Imagined Communities: Reflections on the Origin and Spread of Nationalism (1991), argues
that one of main sources of friction in colonized countries has been the fact that natives educated into
European systems become frustrated at being able to advance their careers only so far in colonial
settings--to the colonial capital, possibly, but rarely to positions of real power, influence, and
responsibility at Home headquarters. The seats here are typically occupied by foreigners, representatives
of the colonizers. When the centre of power, or de facto capital, is, for example, London, one's birthplace
paradoxically disbars one from entering the upper echelons of employment in one's own country's
service. This is where hopes and dreams of imperial federation break down.

In some ways one might think, here, of Victor Crabbe, the protagonist of Anthony Burgess's
Malay trilogy, The Long Day Wanes (1956-59). A history teacher, Crabbe is descended from that line of
marooned colonial servants which may be seen somewhat to begin with Conrad's white upriver interlo-
pers--Almayer in Almayer's Folly (1895), Willems in An Outcast of the Islands (1896) through Kurtz and
Lord Jim to Axel Heyst in *Victory* (1915). The line continues with such actors as Orwell's John Flory in *Burmese Days* and Greene's Fowler in *The Quiet American*. These latter protagonists, who find that they cannot return to England, and who even discover a kind of love for and affinity with their colonial surroundings, share qualities with Crabbe, who goes furthest in achieving sympathy with and self-fulfillment in his foreign surroundings. The end of British colonialism in Malaya is concomitant with the development of a native public sector and civil service (*The Enemy in the Blanket* 247), and one opportunistic and resentful representative of this rising class, Jaganathan, attempts to slander Crabbe as a means of ousting him. Despite his love of and sensitivity to his Malayan setting, however, Crabbe is yet still incapable of imagining an independent colony. In conversation with his wife, Fenella, who yearns for and eventually does return to England, he reverses Macaulayan thinking and says that the English must be "absorbed" into Malayan customs: "If we're going to live in Malaya, work for Malaya, we must shed a great deal of our Westernness" (222). Fenella says that they have both tried to do this, but that it will ultimately be to no purpose. Crabbe will not go back to England, however, because he feels they have "nothing to go back to" (223). Fenella responds:

> Are you so blind? Don't you see the beginning of the end already? They don't want us here. They're talking about Malaya for the Malayans.

> There's no room for Europeans any more. (223)

Crabbe allows: "That's what they think" (223). But still he cannot perceive his own superfluity. "Who's to do the work if we don't?" he wonders, simply (223). Even at this moment of twilight for the British empire, Crabbe returns to the old English notion of "work," which carries so much significance, and seems an abstract value before it is a noun or a verb. He may not—quite—like Marlow in the offices of the trading company where he receives his African commission, feel that nothing will go forward if the British are not about. But his problem, it would seem, is in his conception of "work." What he cannot see is that "work" will be done, whether or not it is work proper to English imaginations and ambitions.
Crabbe has in fact gone so far native that he has begun, perhaps, to feel like one. That is, because he has "nothing to go back to" in England, he reflexively feels that he must have something "to do" in Malaya. But he is like unto a native educated into a colonial service whose career is stalled by his nationality, and who cannot go back to that nationality because he has invested himself so much in adapting to the ways of the colonizers. With the latter party he may no longer be useful, or useful in anything but a subservient and unsatisfactory role, and with the former he may no longer be (or be able to feel that he is) wanted, now that he has gone from or turned his back on his original nationality. He is a white Mr. Johnson, to recall Joyce Cary's 1939 novel.

Wallace, at the close of the nineteenth century, saw both the sham of imperial education and the likelihood of native rebellions:

I say to the Liberal Imperialist who relies on his civilising services to justify his conquering aggressions, "You are not making a civilised man of the Hindoo--often a much cleverer man than yourself--nor will you do any better with the Egyptian, the Arab, or the Soudani. You are not making men of them. You are training them to be permanent babies in leading-strings, able perhaps to read a little and do a few pothooks; but they will never be civilised men, or men at all, until they pick up courage, and kick you out of doors, and pitch your primers and copy-books after you." (793)

John M. Robertson, in Patriotism and Empire (1899), insists that no "race is really raised...when it is held in subjection" (194-95). Moreover, he continues, "if the would-be civilizer does not raise his subjects to worthy manhood, he himself infallibly falls below it. And if on the other hand he does so raise them, what becomes of his empire? Let him choose his horn" (195). One glimpses a hint here, in statements such as this, of the prescience of men like Robertson and Wallace. In Patriotism and Empire,
Robertson foresees, for example, the necessity of getting out of India (200), the certainty that no war such as World War I would be brief (89), that imperial federation is a "vain dream" (186), that the British Empire will not last merely because it will be nobly Christian (the thrust of Kipling's advice in "Recessional") and so not decay like the Roman (151)—these are the kinds of thoughts one rarely finds published in Establishment literature of his generation. Robertson and Wallace's opinions apparently resonated with some, however, as they were both returned time and again to their parliamentary seats by their constituents.

That English imperialists should be so concerned about educational and civilising efforts abroad is passing ironic to Robertson and Wallace. If Macaulay thought money was being wasted in teaching Arabic and Sanskrit in colonial dominions, Wallace despairs of not having enough money, because of imperial efforts, to spend on education and civilisation in England itself. Money for home education cannot be found

because we must have our huge armaments to secure our overgrown

Empire against neighbours whom we have infected with out

megalomaniac possession, and the Chancellors of the Exchequer are

driven to their wits' end to find what is wanted. In this matter...it looks

as if the Empire were going far to throttle the Kingdom. (787)

Wallace cites his own experience as a long-time sitting public representative:

It has repeatedly happened to myself that no sooner have I set myself to

master some educational, industrial, Church or land question than a fresh

Blue-Book comes in from China or the equator, and I must inquire how

its contents affect our relations with Europe or America, and national

problems must go to the wall. In such circumstances I must be pardoned
if I view the Empire with a modified admiration. I have little pride in
owning a white elephant. (787)

One should remark here, on Wallace's behalf, that his wish to concentrate on domestic affairs does not
come with that tint familiar in the late twentieth century, by which politicians bemoan foreign immigra-
tion and foreign aid expenditures when evidence of need or hardship can be found at home. One takes
from Wallace's article the frank impression--without even having to be conversant in the later twentieth
century literature of the empire writing back--that, had Britain and Europe not been so ardent in collecting
foreign dominions in the first place, many later domestic imperial dilemmas would have been obviated.

In his latter words in the above quotation, as when reflecting on reasons for pride instilled by
history, Wallace is responding to Walton's essay. Walton's "Imperialism" is a suave bit of political
speechifying. It is calmly and assuredly delivered, rational-appearing, and confident and dignified rather
than jingoistic in its firmly declamatory tone. However, as with Mary Kingsley's lectures, it deals more
in platitudes than specifics, as Wallace is at pains to point out. Walton thinks of "Imperialism" as a
"principle or formula for statesmanship for interpreting the duties of government in relation to empire.
The formula is compounded. . .of an emotion, a conviction, a determination, and a creed" (307). He
offers to expand this formula, and it is worth quoting, for it represents a concise condensation of a
popular attitude to imperial affairs. Walton begins with reference to national pride:

The Imperialist feels a profound pride in the magnificent heritage of
empire won by the courage and energies of his ancestry, and bequeathed
to him subject to the burden of many sacred trusts. This is his emotion.
He is convinced that the discharge of the duties of his great inheritance
has an educational influence and a morally bracing effect on the char-
acter of the British people, and that the spread of British rule extends to
every race brought within its sphere the incalculable benefits of just law,
tolerant trade, and considerate government. This is his conviction. He is resolved to accept readily the burden of inherited dominion, with every development and expansion to which the operation of natural and legitimate causes may give rise, and to use the material forces of government to protect the rights and advance the just interests of all the subjects of the Queen. This is his determination. He believes that the strength and resources of our race will be equal to the weight of any obligation which the sense of duty of our people may call upon our Government to undertake. This is his creed. (306)

As this quotation makes evident, Walton shares with Seeley a belief that the English seem to have conquered in a fit of absence of mind: "we have inherited empire," he presently adds (306). And since "the basis of Imperialism is race," the English must take on the landlord duties thrust upon them (307). "Appropriation of the unoccupied portions of the earth's surface" is "morally justifiable and may be economically wise" if done to ensure free trade (307).

We have gotten a glimpse of how Wallace feels about the national pride felt by Walton, and we have seen his reservations about the benefits reaped by the colonized from British rule. On the matter of conviction, that imperialism has a "bracing effect" on the British, he is doubtful: "Old Fagin" was a great 'educator,' but was he much of a 'moral bracer'? . . . . Our aristocratic, military, and annexing classes have been having a splendid lesson and drill in the violent and unscrupulous and . . . ungenerous treatment of the weak and the less fortunate" (791). Mary Kingsley warned that one should not go looking for a fight for the sake of it, yet Wallace knows that this has often been the case, and states what Kingsley refers to implicitly. Interpreting Mary Kingsley here, one could be reminded of Charles Kingsley's insistence on the "moderate" combat of the British in the Crimea; when one argues that a certain unpleasant act does not take place, but could take place, a reader may rather wonder how, then, the unpleasant notion came to
mind in the first instance, and remain unsatisfied if suggestions are made that the comparison implicit in the description of the action involves men of other countries and not Britain.

Wallace is equally skeptical that the British are international promoters of free trade. Referring to Canada and Australia, and citing in particular India's colonial sugar-cane industry, he finds the argument that, by destroying foreign bounties, a victory is won for Free-Trade principles is really too ingenious. I desire the spread of truth everywhere, but ask me to pay a new sugar tax to paralyse the action of an economic heresy in foreign countries, which is highly profitable to me, and to do this against their convictions and wishes, is drawing too largely upon my altruism, and is simply Quixotic. (788)

"In fact," Wallace concludes, "the Empire has now become a huge protectionist institute, maintained and defended by us at an enormous expense and the sacrifice of the best interests of the great masses of our own people, for the purposes of destroying by teaching and example those doctrines of Free Trade which are, beyond dispute, the main factor in our great commercial prosperity" (788-89). Wallace does believe that free trade helped the British to acquire an empire, but he fails any longer to see free trade principles in action on the benches about him (798). 32

At about the same time of Wallace's writing, in his work on economic theory, J. A. Hobson was reaching similar conclusions. "In many ways," he writes in the "Imperialist Finance" chapter of his Imperialism: A Study, "it. . .appears that Protection is the natural ally of Imperialism" (106). This is so because the economic root of Imperialism is the desire of strong organized industrial and financial interests to secure and develop at the public expense and by the public force private markets for their surplus goods and their surplus capital. War, militarism, and a 'spirited foreign policy' are the necessary
means to this end. This policy involves large increase of public expenditure. If they had to pay the cost of this policy out of their own pockets in taxation upon incomes and property, the game would not be worth the candle, at any rate as far as markets for commodities are concerned. They must find means of putting the expense upon the general public. (106)

Thus, Hobson finds, "the whole struggle of so-called Imperialism upon its economic side is towards a growing parasitism, and the classes engaged in this struggle require Protection as their most serviceable instrument" (107). As if to anticipate the kind of claim made by Hobson, that imperialism was an aggressive force which abutted in war, Walton, several months before the outset of the Boer War during which Hobson wrote, had argued that might made for tranquility:

The Imperialist strenuously resists the proposition that his policy makes for war. He maintains, on the contrary, that his principles tend to peace. Clearly defined views, strong purposes, resolute aims, are the characteristics of the statesmanship which avoids complications and emerges successfully from controversy; while the most fatal path to the calamity of war finds its way down the broad and easy gradient of pusillanimity, timidity, and the nerveless diplomacy of drift. (309)

One can hear in this passage how Kingsley, in her "Imperialism in West Africa" lecture, which envisions the "road to ruin" being on a path of "drift," was influenced by Walton's rhetoric.13

The positions of imperialists such as Seeley, Kingsley, and Walton were well understood by Hobson and Wallace. Their stance dictates that Britain needs, for domestic and external competitive purposes, to open up foreign markets. But Britain also needs to ensure free trade, and this results in the British government and appendages such as the royal navy acting as a kind of international police force.
The country becomes caught up in a perpetual cycle of conquest and fortification. Wallace sees this paradox of imperialism in Walton's "Imperialism." He notes that the Imperialist, as drawn by Walton, "is a boundlessly self-confident and desperately determined person—a very terrible fellow, in fact, at once an unyielding retentionist and an irrepressible and insatiable 'expansionist'" (795). Robertson summarizes latter-day imperialist economic doctrine in noting: "By a series of Soudans only can we be annually saved" (55). Kipling and Henley (he refers to the Henley introduction of our epigraph to this chapter) are "powder-and-shot peacemakers" (55) of the type who swing "at random between the eulogy of war and its depreciation" (77), so building a militarist case of "reciprocally annihilative sophisms" (80). "Vessels of irrational passion," these men have "neither the knowledge nor the faculty for political counsel" (Wrecking the Empire xxxv).

Wallace, above, is referring to Walton's "creed" and his "sense of duty" which suggests that the playing fields of Eton will always be equal to obligations laid upon them by an expansionist, annexationist government. But, Wallace says, "even a landlord is not all duty," and he foresees a time at which England cannot go on, and will have to stop "at the point of impotency" (796). Furthermore, he adds, if "morally we cannot go on, we ought to stop, and consider how we can extricate ourselves" (796).

Again in the quotation above from "Imperialism," we can note the suaveness of Walton's writing, with its faint biblical reference to taking the easy wide road to damnation over the straitened, hard and narrow but true imperial way. Walton's smooth rhetoric is a great source of aggravation to Wallace, for he knows its irresistibility (one thinks, if not for common people, then certainly for politicians and the elite, the constituency for whom and the language in which Walton's words are written) and how fruitless it may be to attempt to combat it. If we come back to the question of Imperial Destiny, as Walton has it, and as Wallace receives it, we see that by the end of his essay Wallace is merely frustrated by the winsome and unassailable circular writing and reasoning of his colleague. He quotes Walton:
'we are Imperialists in response to the compelling influences of our destiny.’ 'Destiny is our mother, and we must take her hand and face the future.' Of course. Would you be so wicked as to disobey your own mother? Besides, you can't; for Mother Destiny has 'compelling influences,' and so into the 'future' you must go--that future, as our Transcendental Imperialist has told us, being one of unlimited 'legitimate' expansion, you being your own judge of the 'legitimate.' (797)

Wallace confesses that he is a "plain man, not well up in 'destiny' matters," and he stubbornly fails to see how Britain can go on staffing acquired dominions indefinitely. And, although he submits that, into "the metaphysics or the ethics of this high doctrine of 'destiny' [he] cannot enter," Wallace has a warning:

Following your destiny may lead you into collision with another and stronger destiny, as was discovered, to go no further afield, by the criminal in the venerable chestnut, who pleaded in arrest of judgment that he had been 'destined' to do the murder, but found that the judge, as that official put it, had been equally 'destined' to hang him. (797)

Part of what gives "The Seamy Side of 'Imperialism'" its own peculiarly compelling and urgent character, but also its caustic and almost unhinged feel, is the very fact that Wallace senses the game is lost, and that the side for which Walton speaks is routing his own. Again near the end of his essay, after another reckless, harshly impugning blast, Wallace writes: "But never mind" (795). He observes that Walton ("our magnificent friend") protests against "'laying down the burden of empire in order to retire into the insular security of a little England in the Northern Seas,'" and he submits--a little lamely, he knows, what with the expansive horizons sketched out by his opponent--that Walton has been "a little rough" on the Northern Seas; "they are really very respectable and sometimes formidable waters" (795). Moreover, he adds, they should make Imperialists of today hearken back in history to the fate of other empires, such as
the Roman or the Spanish, whose reach exceeded its grasp. The Northern Seas "have seen memorable things, especially the collapse of a mighty empire, once as proud as ours, but which perished through grasping at too much" (795). That Wallace feels his writing is hopelessly rearguard allows him to write with a freedom from constraint Walton does not share, and to convey his convictions in incisive, if seemingly somewhat intemperate and ragged, repetitive bursts. Robertson, in the polemical "The Theory and Practice of Imperialism" section of Patriotism and Empire, deploys a convincing historical survey to argue that it was a Little England that won the most wars and knew the greatest economic successes.

In his final paragraphs, Wallace writes as one who knows the balance is tipped, for the time being at least, well in favour of the Imperialists. The most he can do is offer cautionary qualifications, which he knows do not make for such exciting reading or imagining as rhetorical gestures towards prospective Britains even Greater than that of the present hour. In a final riposte to Walton, he writes:

That the masses must remain uncivilised in order to maintain and extend the Empire may be a very proper in an aristocratic reactionary, but seems strange in a professed champion of the people, and serves to show what too much Empire may do the value of his judgment when he declares that, no matter how much expansion we go in for, we shall always be fit to deal with it, whether as regards money or men, while meeting every proper claim at home. And accordingly when he tells me that I must take the hand of 'Destiny,' my mother, and face the future, and that in doing so I must advance 'in the calm confidence that the qualities which have sustained us through the struggles of our national progress in the past will not desert us in any crisis of our country's fate which may await us in the unknown,' I shall require something better than his word to give me this 'calm confidence'; I shall count the cost, and calculate my
abilities and probabilities, and not put my hand farther out than I can
draw it back.

Most probably I shall do nothing at all. I shall be unfilial enough not to
take Mother Destiny's hand. I think we have sacrificed enough for
Empire, and that we must make a stand for the sake of the Kingdom.

(798-99)

I have quoted a very great deal from Wallace's essay, because it expresses in a concentrated
fashion a number of anti-imperial arguments. It is also important to recognise the writings of men like
Wallace in academic critical writing, for this is something not always done in late twentieth century
academic discourse. Edward Said opens his mammothly successful and influential `Orientalism' (1976)
with reflections on attitudes to Egypt expressed in the early part of this century by the one-time Prime
Minister Arthur Balfour, and Sir Evelyn Baring, Lord Cromer, the Colonial Secretary in Egypt since from
its occupation in 1882 to 1907. Here and throughout his volume, which subsequently generated a kind of
academic sub-discipline of cultural and literary anti-orientalist studies, Said is keen to assert a remarkable
homogenity of wrong-headed and immoral metropolitan apprehensions of margins in the heady days of
European imperial power at the turn of the century. The preparatory backdrop to the emergence of "high
functionaries" like Balfour and Cromer was an "unbroken, all-embracing Western tutelage" from
"scholars, missionarines, businessmen, soldiers, and teachers" regarding Oriental countries and subjects
(35). Said considers selected statements of Balfour and Cromer, who operated according to a "general
theory" of Western superiority, in the first decade of the century, and concludes:

That Balfour and Cromer... could strip humanity down to such ruthless
cultural and racial essences was not at all an indication of their particular
viciousness. Rather it was an indication of how streamlined a general
doctrine had become by the time they put it to use--how streamlined and
effective. (36)

Balfour and Cromer drew on a "long-developing core of essential knowledge...inherited from a century
of modern Western Orientalism" (37). Said says we should not "underestimate the reservoir of accredited
knowledge, the codes of Orientalist orthodoxy," furnished by recent history to Balfour and Cromer (39).
An even earlier Orientalist "tradition" allowed Balfour and Cromer to "say what they said, in the way they
did" (41). And, "so far as the West was concerned during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, an
assumption had been made that the Orient and everything in it was, if not patently inferior to, then in need
of corrective study by the West" (40). And again, later, Said insists: "Cromer's was far from an
unoriginal intelligence. What he saw and how he expressed it were common currency among his
colleagues both in the imperial Establishment and in the intellectual community" (213). The "White
Man" of Kipling, which for Said means Cromer and leading nineteenth century thinkers (Arnold, Ruskin,
Mill, Newman, Carlyle, Renan, Comte), wrote and thought according to the "culturally sanctioned habit
of deploying large generalizations" (227). Thus,

Every statement made by Orientalists or White Men (who were usually
interchangeable) conveyed a sense of the irreducible distance separating
white from colored, or Occidental from Oriental; moreover, behind each
statement there resonated a the tradition of experience, learning, and
education that kept the Oriental-colored to his position of object studied
by the Occidental-white, instead of vice versa. Where one was in a
position of power--as Cromer was, for example--the Oriental belonged to
the system of rule whose principle was simply to make sure that no
Oriental was ever allowed to be independent and rule himself. The
premise was that since the Orientals were ignorant of self-government, 

they had better be kept that way for their own good. (228)

Apparently, Said is able to make very great use of certain moments excerpted from the life and writings of Sir Baring—also known as "Over-baring" (35), Said does not fail to note; when he refers to Cromer in his recent, acclaimed Culture and Imperialism (1993), it is often sarcastically to the "redoubtable" British ruler (151, 199). As we have seen, this usage is in support, or on its own in evidence of, the critic's belief in the essentially invariable British and European (which is to say, imperial) patronization and wilful misunderstanding of and misconduct towards the colonial Other.

If we consult Wallace's written opinions on Oriental affairs, however, we find attitudes and biases which, as we have seen, were not singular, though they may have landed their holders in secondary or oppositional political positions. Specifically, we can look at his own views on Egypt and the Sudan. The British had just, in 1898, conquered the Sudan north of Egypt, a move which had been deemed necessary because of ongoing colonial British involvement in Egypt. Wallace, in a scornful tone, admits that neither government head Lord Salisbury nor Lord Cromer really makes too many pretensions about the "morally bracing" nature of the conquest and possession of these Middle Eastern territories, either for colonizer or colonized. In this, he sees quite plainly, as many such as Hobson or Robertson did, through Cromer's rhetoric about civilising natives, rhetoric which Said takes at its most literal and powerful because it suits his argumentative purposes. The modern critic and analyst would certainly not dispute that writings by Cromer or speeches by Balfour constitute political rhetoric, or are politically rhetorical, or are even, for that matter, rhetorically politic. Yet when he constructs his own present-day argument, what he may not allow for is that contemporaries of Balfour and Cromer were themselves capable of recognizing and interrogating the rhetorical character of documents and statements he examines at several generations' remove.
Wallace, as we saw above, did not believe that Africans or Arabs could not govern themselves. In respect of the Sudan, which Britain conquered in concert with Egypt, he wonders why the British are now "staying on permanently as rightful masters?" (789). His view of a "natural course" of imperial behaviour, which he believes is consonant with the history of his political party, is quite different from that of the Seeleys, Waltons, or Kiplings, as well as from Said's sense of his own turn of the century "intellectual community" or milieu:

The natural course, from a Liberal point of view, would have been to leave the people whom [the British and Egyptians] had emancipated to set up a free Government of their own, and pass a vote of thanks to us for our kind, if officious, interference in their affairs. But we claim to have conquered the oppressed as well as their oppressors in the same battle. . . . (789)

For the Sudanese Khalifa's despotism, Wallace thinks, "we have substituted our own" (789). And he has no trouble seeing "the contempt with which the Mohammedan. . .looks upon us--in so many cases glaring hypocrites, with brazen audacity calling ourselves Christians--as a mere horde of gluttonous and gin-swilling polytheists. . ." (790).

A reading of Cromer's most recent annual report convinces Wallace that the government had no high aims in taking the Sudan. The annexation, as he sees it, was part of the whole Cape to Cairo railway scheme, which would have had the British controlling a vast corridor in between. But the taking was done "by violence. And not simply violence, but violence accompanied by insincerity and breach of faith" (790). This is so because the British, Wallace argues,

pretended that we were acting as 'trustees' for Egypt, when the intention was, and is, to appropriate the trust estate to our own uses. . . .we were acting really as trustees for ourselves, and ready to enter into any lunatic
struggle in behalf of our own dreams of Imperial expansion, fancied

gain, and empty glory. (790)

Not only, in Wallace's view, did the British break their evacuation pledge to the Egyptians and to other European powers, but to British citizens as well, of whom he sees the government equally as trustees. The British promised to leave Egypt eighteen years previous, yet Wallace believes they "do not mean to. We say that we are the victims of circumstances, and cannot keep our word, but we never explain the circumstances nor how they have victimised us" (791). In short, Wallace is perfectly capable of perceiving hypocrisy in British conduct towards oriental regions, and part of what disturbs him in assessing the doublespeak is his lack of conviction that British rule is really best, or in the service not merely of the interests of natives of those areas, but, ultimately, of the British populace at large.

Robertson, at the outset of Patrioism and Empire, argues that patriotism at the time he writes is much less about love of country than hatred of another, and he firmly states that "the one kind of progress which in these days would represent a moral superiority on the part of any one civilized nation over any other would be precisely the subdual of patriotism," or the desire to exploit and control others (51).

In order that the long passages he quotes from an aggressively imperialist speech made by Arthur Balfour in 1910 do not appear improbably to issue from a vacuum, Said has to allow that Balfour's words are in response to parliamentary questioning on the necessity for England's presence in Egypt (31). A reference to Wilfrid Scawen Blunt's Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt (1922) is secreted in a footnote on one occasion that Cromer's Modern Egypt (1908) is discussed. But much beyond this, reference to the words and works of individuals such as Cobden, Gladstone, Robertson and Wallace would show that there had been an ongoing dialogue on imperial affairs in Britain, even among "Establishment" and elite intellectual communities. Far from the rigid West-East binary Said everywhere sees, and imputes into the thinking of most all Westerners, there was, to use a term the critic favours in his Culture and Imperialism, a "contrapuntal" debate in Britain itself. Cromer and Balfour may have
drawn on a long tradition of the stereotyping and exploitation of the East and the Other, but that they may have spoken or acted as they did was not only because a "tradition" allowed them to, or dictated as much "in advance," as Said has it (39). Their enunciations descended not only ventriloquially through a monologic legacy. Men like Cromer and Balfour must in fact often be credited with reacting to oppositional sentiments from within their own domestic constituencies. In this sense, they were responding to tradition as much as absorbing and transmitting it, as the debate involving Kingsley, Walton, and Wallace analogously demonstrates. Furthermore, heeding imperial debates helps us to understand and contextualize authors such as Conrad and Forster, and works such as *Heart of Darkness* and *Howards End*, in ways that are impermissible within the framework of Said's thought. Such works probe sensitively imperial problems in ways that Said's theorizing would preclude them from doing, and we lose much of the ability to understand and critique their complex nuances, and those of much other literature besides, if we insist that the voices of Conrad and Forster come to us through a tradition the authors couldn't interpret critically.

This is not to say the prevailing binary Saids finds is completely invalid, but it should at least suggest the limits of his research, and that a claim that opposition of the kind his work as a whole argues simply did not exist in consequential spheres and venues, is erroneous. It would be a confirmed academic partisan who found Said's recent fulminations any more succinct, combative, compelling, or demonstrative of the worldwide democratic and egalitarian ideals all humans ostensibly pursue, than Wallace's own a hundred years ago.

I have referred to a number of figures in the foregoing, but of course I have only sketched out, like Said, a fraction, or a few facets, of the imperial debate. This study does not, perforce, step outside merely textual boundaries (although Louis Montrose's formulation to the effect that history is textuality, and textuality history, may be comforting in this regard [305 passim]), and strictly in terms of periodical
texts one can note that the Contemporary Review was by no means the only periodical forum for reflections on empire. At the turn of the century, articles on imperial and colonial subjects could be found in most popular journals, such as Chamber's Journal, Blackwood's or Macmillan's Magazine, the Westminster Review, the Twentieth Century under the editorship of James Knowles, the Fortnightly Review under W. L. Courtney, the New Review under W. E. Henley, and the fledgling Monthly Review under Henry Newbolt. The especial value of the Contemporary Review numbers I have cited, however, lies in their concentrated reflection on the very meaning of imperialism, on what the term has come to mean now that it has come into wide use by a variety of individuals and factions. That it is a new term in widespread use, beyond the fact that "what it really means" is to Wallace quite debatable, is indicated by the quotation marks Wallace uses at once to highlight and assail the word in the title of his article. The wealth of connotations the term has obtained in our time, when so many feel free to wield it, is much greater than at the dawn of the century, when its meaning was much vaguer and less distinct, as much for those who may have used it as for those who heard it. Certainly, commentators we have observed believe they know what the term means to them, and what they would have it mean for others. They may wish to shield it from the aspersions of, or misuse by, others, as there is now a proprietary interest in the word--for some it refers to national destiny, for others to political and economic fraud. In this respect, "imperialism," historically speaking, is no doubt like many other 'isms.' When we read of "democratic imperialism" and "little Englanders," or observe the differing views on imperial affairs between radical and conservative liberals, we may think of current contestation of the nature of feminism, and the many group labels it has come to bear--liberal, radical, third generation, real woman, eco-, and so on. In some ways, in recent, "postcolonial" times, a rebirth of controversy over the nature of terms such as "colonialism" or "imperialism" has occurred. A good deal of the end of the nineteenth century imperialism debate would be obviated or greatly reorientated by World War I and its aftermath, but there can be no doubt that the debate foreshadowed and even prepared international conflagrations such as the
War, as I suggest in my study of Newbolt and Buchan. Wondering if England had been much "Littler," in the Gladstonian sense despised by expansionists, and if, therefore, it might never have gotten into a situation which demanded declarations of war, however only leads us into the endless chain of 'ifs' of historical speculation. In this study as a whole, I suggest the malleability of history in the hands of many authors, such as Charles Kingsley, and show how it could be adapted according to authorial imperatives. As I try to show in my examination of Newbolt, thoughts on empire did modulate, even among the most hawkish proponents of empire, in the wake of the War. And a sense of history which strongly embraced the glorious first age of Elizabethan expansion, which was so inspiring for Charles and Mary Kingsley, which was, if anything, an irritating and problematic source of pride for Wallace, frequently forms the contextual backdrop to Newbolt's thought. If it was history that explained Britain's growth and international domination and high destiny, it was also history which could be mulled over in an effort to understand current situations.
"...you cannot assume that the future will perpetuate the past. That is not what is meant by history repeating itself." Robert Wallace, "The Seamy Side of 'Imperialism,'" 1899.

By the time at which he wrote Westward Ho! (1854), Charles Kingsley (1819-1875) was already a controversial young novelist and cleric. Controversy arose largely from his involvement in the Christian Socialist movement, along with men such as F. D. Maurice, John Ludlow, and Thomas Hughes. As a man and as a clergyman, Kingsley took intense personal interest in affairs of his nation, and the Christian Socialist movement had developed as a means to try to guide productively angry Chartist and working-class sentiments of the period. The movement was "primarily literary and educative along theological lines," according to one scholar (Hartley 26). Kingsley's periodical writings, and the Christian socialist colourings in his first novels, brought him "notoriety rather than fame" (32); his surprising declaration at a meeting with working-class people organised by the Christian socialists in 1848 that he was a Chartist was "less brave than rash" (Hartley 32, 35; Chitty 123).

His first book, Yeast, written when he was 29, was originally published as a serial in 1848 in Fraser's Magazine, but its attacks on complacent establishment religion and its sympathy with agrarian grievances caused Fraser's to lose circulation, and so it was cut short after six instalments. It was, however, republished as a novel in 1851. A story which relates the trials and conversion experiences of several characters, it is somewhat autobiographical, and in this it is similar to other works describing personal and religious trials published at almost the same time by Kingsley's future theological enemy, John Henry Newman (Loss and Gain), and his future brother-in-law, James Anthony Froude (The Nemesis of Faith). By referring to personal circumstances and evolutions of thought, Kingsley hoped to influence the religious views of a wider public, but his reformist aims, and the manner in which he presented them, brought more criticism than acclaim.
In *Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet* (1851), Kingsley also depicted trials and conversions, but moved from the "veiled autobiography" of *Yeast* to "fictional autobiography" by developing his titular hero as a composite of several Chartists he had met (Hartley 62). Though criticism of *Alton Locke* for its radical leanings was severe, Kingsley was becoming a more conservative writer and individual. His wife, Fanny Grenfell, derived no joy from her husband's infamy, and it was perhaps in part because of the controversy he aroused with his early works that Kingsley turned to historical fiction for his next work, *Hypatia, Or New Foes with Old Faces* (*Fraser's Magazine* 1852-53). Set in fifth century Athens, the story allowed Kingsley to compare across time, and assess the debits and credits of his contemporary Christian milieu. As in *Westward Ho!*, historical meditation is employed to instruct and influence mid-nineteenth century readers.

Fanny Kingsley's health had suffered from her husband's situation at the rectory at Eversley where Kingsley had been installed in 1844, and so a move to the West Country during 1854 was decided upon. Eventually the Kingsleys settled in Bideford, Devonshire, where the setting was rich with associations regarding England's maritime past: "the surrounding countryside, close to Clovelly, was still filled with stories of the Devon men who sailed with Drake and Grenville" (Martin 154). Kingsley had already been pondering *Westward Ho!,* his most recent biographer states, and "wanted to be in sight of the little port [Clovelly] from which so many gallant ships had set out to rob the Spaniards of the Main" (Chitty 168).

The spirit of the Crimean war ran high in 1854, and Kingsley followed events closely. He told F. D. Maurice on October 19 that he was at work on a "most ruthless bloodthirsty book":

> I am shut up here like Jeremiah, living on newspapers and my old Elizabethan books. . . . This war would have made me half mad, if I had let it. It seemed so dreadful to hear of those Alma heights being taken and not be there. . . . But I can fight with my pen still. . . . Not in controversy,
but in making others fight. This one is to be called *Westward Ho!*... 

(Thorp 117)

By early 1855, he said he could "think of nothing but the war" *(Letters 215).* He had told Thomas Hughes in December 1854 that he was "getting more of a Government man every day" *(Letters 213).* Demonstrating his sense of personal involvement with current events, he explained his support for official activities by adding: "I don't see how I could have done better in any matter, because I don't see but that I should have done a thousand times worse in their place, and that is the only fair standard" *(Letters 213).* Hughes had suggested that Kingsley might compose some sort of patriotic poem or ballad as part of the war effort, but Kingsley felt he needed to write something more substantial than that:

> As for a ballad--oh! my dear lad, there is no use fiddling while Rome is burning. I have nothing to sing about those glorious fellows, except 'God save the Queen and them.' I tell you the whole thing stuns me, so I cannot sit down to make fiddle rhyme and diddle about it--or blundered with hundred, like Alfred Tennyson. He is no Tyrtaeus, though he has a glimpse of what Tyrtaeus ought to be. But I have not even that: and am going rabbit-shooting to-morrow instead. Would that the Rabbits were Russians, tin-pot on head and musket in hand!--oh for one hour's skirmishing in those Inkerman ravines, and five minutes butt and bayonet as a bonne-bouche to finish with! But every man has his calling, and my novel is mine, because I am fit for nothing better... It is a sanguinary book, but perhaps containing doctrine profitable for these times. *(Letters 213-14)*

No mere "Charge of the Light Brigade" here; a work in some volumes would be the appropriate thing.*38

Briefly, at the instigation of another friend, Kingsley's will to do right was sated by the writing, in a day,
of "Brave Words to Brave Soldiers," later titled "Brave Words to Brave Soldiers and Seamen" (see Letters 215).

By the end of February 1855, having witnessed bungling diplomacy and failure to support troops in the Crimea, Kingsley could no longer in any way declare himself to be a government man. He in fact wrote a letter-pamphlet to his friends Hughes and John Ludlow which, because of its criticism of government policy, would no doubt have been deemed seditious. He refrained from publishing the work, and so the bulk of his propagandistic sentiments regarding the war would have to inspire Westward Ho!.

Critics have repeatedly cited Kingsley's conflation of rabbit and Russian hunting as remarkable. William J. Baker says that: "Such flippant chauvinism appears, to the modern reader, too exaggerated to be real" (254). There is, actually, a scene in Westward Ho! which adopts the image in such a way that critics could compare epistolary and fictional writing and so indict Kingsley's aggression the more. On watch at night during the wars in Ireland, Amyas detects an ambush. He hears "the noise of approaching feet; whether rabbits or Christians, he knew not" (185). Not yet certainly convinced of the ambush which will momentarily occur, Amyas does not wish to raise a general alarm and disturb his fellows. We can imagine Kingsley with his young protagonist in the battery, as the author writes:

    Now Amyas was of a sober and business-like turn, at least when he was not in a passion; and thinking within himself that if he made any noise, the enemy (whether four or two-legged) would retire, and all the sport be lost, he did not call to the two sentries, which were at the opposite ends of the battery. . . . (185)

In other words, this passage indicates, when Amyas is not "in a passion," he is restraining that passion in such a way as to prime himself for the best opportunity to unleash that selfsame passion.
But Kingsley's own rabbit and Russian musings are of course of a piece with Kingsley's combative, socially and politically engaged character. True, Kingsley's words may bespeak "reckless bellicosity" (Baker 254), and true, Kingsley "never fought a war. He did not see the blood or smell the stench of Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman, and Sebastopol; nor did he see many of the maimed young men who returned from the front" (Baker 253). His words are a bit of bluster between friends, and though they state the kind of sentiments he may have expressed more soberly in public, they were not intended to be used publically as markers of his more measured thoughts. The words are typical of the bravado of the inexperienced, and do tend to militate against Kingsley's own advocation of mercy and moderation in military affairs. But Kingsley was a patriot, and surely the kind of battle eagerness he displayed privately to his close friend Hughes, however histrionic it may appear, is not entirely reprehensible. His humanity would be at least as questionable if he expressed no interest in the progress of the British war abroad, or sympathy with those active in its conduct. What may be notable is the peculiarly personal note Kingsley strikes. Of course, many men may have daydreamed of having a go at the enemy themselves much as he does, but many may have not. As we will see with Buchan and Newbolt--writers who lamented not being able to get into the fray, and who took up their pens as propagandists as did Kingsley--some men felt a personal connection with the war which tells us as much about their sense of themselves as about their views on wars. Kingsley, Tennyson, Newbolt, plainly felt that they were of a stature which would make such effusions of commitment reasonable, if not expected. Many Britons would not imagine themselves in battle glory because they could not have convinced themselves that their own independent actions could have had an impact on the war. Writers like Kingsley, then, imagined themselves as warriors of the pen, who relayed a sense of the possibility of private, personal, and self-fulfilling and self-realizing action to the populace at large.

Most critics regard Kingsley primarily as a novelist, and those who consider Kingsley's novels have been largely content to ignore much of his other periodical or religious output (I will return to the
question of the suitability of Kingsley's talents for prose fiction at the close of this section). When dealing with *Westward Ho!,* however, it is necessary to refer to other works by Kingsley and his brother-in-law, J. A. Froude (1818-1894), in order to provide an adequate context for the novel's creation. To this end, I wish to refer to a tract ("Brave Words for Brave Soldiers"), a sermon ("England's Strength"), and a long review essay ("Sir Walter Raleigh and His Time") by Kingsley, as well as Froude's seminal review essay on the Hakluyt Society, "England's Forgotten Worthies."

**The Voyage Back: Imperial History**

Kingsley said that he wrote *Westward Ho!* "by the light of dear old Hakluyt" (Thorp 120), so some consideration of the reascent interest in Hakluyt studies at this time is invited. In 1852 in the *Westminster Review*, James Anthony Froude published the long essay, "England's Forgotten Worthies." This article, though it had mixed views of the activities of the Hakluyt Society thus far, was important for arousing interest in England's glorious past, and contributed to Kingsley's inspiration to write *Westward Ho!:* Froude mentioned to Kingsley that he was he was preparing to review a new edition of Hakluyt's *Voyages.* Kingsley borrowed a volume and was inspired by what he read (Uffelman 96).

It is of course probable that the foundation of the Hakluyt Society itself in 1846 both signalled and helped to initiate interest in and spread knowledge about England's adventuring heritage. By 1898, a year after Queen Victoria's diamond Jubilee, a "First Series" of one hundred volumes had been published by the society. The society's aim to this day is to publish records of rare voyages, travels, naval expeditions, and other geographical investigations. Books selected and editions conceived are not limited to a particular period or region, nor is the focus strictly on English travellers. However, the society's early impetus was of course derived from the Elizabethan geographer Richard Hakluyt (1552-1616), and English works from the Tudor through the Stuart periods were especially prominent near the society's
outset. The first five volumes comprised an account of William Hawkins's 1593 voyage to the South Seas, Columbus's letters, Raleigh's *Discoverie of Guiana* (1596), Drake's 1595 attack on Puerto Rico, and records of early forays into Virginia. By 1855, other volumes considering the discovery of America and Florida, the geography of Hudson's Bay, and Drake's voyage around the world had been added.

Hakluyt published his *Principal1 Navigations, Voiages, Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation* in 1589. Between 1598-1600, he published a greatly expanded second edition in three volumes. Unlike his friend, William Camden (1551-1623), Hakluyt was not a historian, but rather a geographer, editor and collector of first-hand narratives of travel, as well as a "propagandist for overseas adventure" (Parry 4). With Camden, however, he shared "an intense patriotism, loyalty to the Protestant establishment, scholarly inclinations, and a conservative cast of mind, which impelled [him] to associate present successes with past precedent" (Parry 4). Hakluyt published documents so as to make available original accounts of trade and travel which could aid the English in exploiting overseas interests. And as his dedicatory epistle to Francis Walsingham in 1589 makes apparent, he felt his publications had patriotic functions to perform as well. He says that he had read and heard reports from other nations extolling their own seafaring triumphs, but that of the English he had heard only criticism and condemnation, and accusations of "sluggish security" or complacency. His *Principal Navigations*, then, would broadcast documents attesting to present English adventuresomeness, and would moreover aim to demonstrate a continuous history and tradition of English maritime adventure (Parry 5).

In the years after his death, Hakluyt's reputation did not exactly diminish, but his works were rarely republished. William Oldys, on examining Hakluyt in his *Biographia Britannica* (vol. 4, 1757), exhorts his compatriots to "animate their posterity to dispise all hazard, ...bloodshed and death itself, for a knowledge of the uncultivated world, and the honour that may be reaped in it, to their own advantage, and the aggrandizement of their country" (Quinn, "Hakluyt's Reputation," 144). David Beers Quinn contends that Oldys had a "chauvinistic purpose" in reviving Hakluyt:
The argument here was that Hakluyt had both recorded and stimulated overseas exploration and aggression: now in an era of world-wide war with France might he not be used again for a similar purpose? . . . The revival of Hakluyt in a scholarly manner was thus to be involved once, and, similarly, again, in the later nineteenth century, with the glorification of British imperialism. ("Hakluyt's Reputation" 144)

Oldys had drawn extensively on Hakluyt for his earlier Life of Sir Walter Raleigh (1733), which is touched on by Kingsley, also interested during times of war in establishing a tradition of English doughtiness, in his North Devon Review article on "Sir Walter Raleigh and His Time" (1855). Access to Hakluyt volumes during the eighteenth century would have been limited for most, however, as no major new edition was published until 1809-12. There are perhaps several reasons for this, not least among them the fact that much British travel literature of the eighteenth century dwelt on Pacific discovery, about which Hakluyt could not have had much to contribute (see Pennington 577 n.3). The Prinicipall Navigations were ships' stores for the East India Company that was founded in 1600 (Hampden x), and after 1815, when "curiosity tended to replace xenophobia" regarding overseas trade and exploration, Hakluyt remained useful for geographers and explorers, or even civil servants whose work was in some way connected with distant colonies ("Hakluyt's Reputation" 146).

When the Hakluyt Society was founded in 1846, it was largely through the work of William Desborough Cooley, theretofore an active member of the Royal Geographical Society. The period was in general a time for the establishment of institutions which would reflect on or develop a sense of national history, tradition, and character. In some ways a long and comparatively placid age with an essentially positive teleology is suggested by the formation of such institutions. That the Victorians were highly self-conscious regarding their own time is a theme which runs throughout Richard Altick's trusted
**Victorian People and Ideas** (1973). Emblematic of this is the fact that "the adjective 'Victorian' was coined as early as 1851" (Altick 73).

Besides the Hakluyt Society, there was the Camden Society, named for the Elizabethan historian, William Camden. Founded in 1838, it grew out of a Cambridge club and had as its goal the publishing of "valuable" but unknown works pertaining to the civil, ecclesiastical, or literary history of the United Kingdom (Nichols iii). The Camden Society merged with the Royal Historical Society in the jubilee year of 1897. Its immediate initial success led to the creation of other, more specialized societies, often bearing the names of eminent Elizabethans, such as the Parker, the Percy, and the Shakespeare. One of the early Camden volumes, number 13, is the Chronicle of Jocelin de Brakelond, which was used by Carlyle in *Past and Present* (1843), a work which in general compares the present age unfavourably against the medieval period.

"Chronological contrast" (105), as Altick observes, was one of the Victorian era's most favoured models of expression, and so much was indicated by early works such as *Past and Present*, *Westward Ho!*, or Southey's *Sir Thomas More, or Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society* (1829). Raymond Chapman's recent *The Victorian Sense of the Past* (1986) provides an academic companion volume to Altick's thought, as it chronicles Victorian impressions and uses of prior English and classical periods of history (Chapter 5, "When Britain Really Ruled the Waves," focusses on *Westward Ho!*). The point I want to make here, however, is simply that English authors drew on works published by amateur societies such as the Camden and Hakluyt when seeking to portray English society past and present. And the fact that they had those resources to go to in the Victorian period says something about the self-consciousness and strength of the period. Of course, it could be argued that the appearance of such societies is symptomatic of worries concerning England's present state—certainly that is how authors may have often used the works furnished by historical societies. But it is nevertheless my impression that a society under great stress and in turmoil (and this is not to argue that the Victorian era never was) is
unlikely to witness the foundation of conservative institutions with nationalistic interests (both adjectives here used in their most apolitical senses). Avrom Fleischmann, in his study The English Historical Novel: Walter Scott to Virginia Woolf, posits that "only the novelist with a coherent conception of his own world can look back to a past age and see it as a coherent system" (14). Possibly by the middle of the nineteenth century writers found themselves increasingly capable of finding coherent conceptions of their own times. There is comparatively little scholarly work which interrogates the nationalistic importance of societies such as the Camden or Hakluyt, but as the examples of Carlyle, Froude (Carlyle's chief Victorian biographer), and Kingsley indicate, Victorian writers, as earlier authors may have had Raphael Holinshed or John Stow to draw upon, were presented with freshly uncovered and edited historical material to fashion into literary tracts for the times.

The Hakluyt Society, like the Camden Society, debuted with considerable success. Charles Dickens was a prominent early subscriber to the society (Foster 147). The early years, however, were marked by controversy involving Charles Kingsley's future brother in law, James Anthony Froude (1818-1894). The "prophet of imperial revival" (Quinn, "Hakluyt's Reputation" 148), Froude would become one of the nineteenth century's greatest historians, largely on the strength of his twelve volume History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth (1856-70). Froude had a lifelong interest in the early buccaneers and the kind of colonial future and policy they prefigured in his mind, as is borne out by works such as English Seamen of the Sixteenth Century (1895), The English in the West Indies (1888), and Oceana (1886). The latter two books, inventories of Froude's thoughts and experiences when travelling in the colonies, can be profitably compared with Kingsley's own travelogue, At Last: A Christmas in the West Indies (1871). J. W. Burrow, in his A Liberal Descent: Victorian Historians and the English Past (1981), has noted that Froude only seemed comfortable, finally, when in maturity he and his imagination were at sea and abroad—only then did his nationalism take on a nuanced, spiritualized, and wistfully satisfying reflective form (279-85). Close to the outset of The English in the West Indies,
Froude says that "the flying years had not stolen from me the delight of finding myself once more upon the sea; the sea which is eternally young, and gives one back one's own youth and buoyancy" (19). As the At Last title emphasizes, Kingsley would not get abroad until near the end of his life, and many critics of Westward Ho! have noted that the author takes rather an inordinate amount of time in seeing Amyas Leigh off to, and depicting him in, sea adventures. One of the letters preserved by Fanny Kingsley in her husband's Letters and Memories of his life is a note from a naval captain, kindly twitting Kingsley on his misuse of naval terminology (238-39). I will refer to At Last, as well as Froude's late travel works, at the close of this section.

While Charles Kingsley attained the Chair of History at Cambridge, Froude would do the like at Oxford. "England's Forgotten Worthies," published in the Westminster Review in 1852 and republished in the first series of his Short Studies on Great Subjects (1867), is Froude's first rumination on sixteenth century history, and it constitutes an appraisal of the Hakluyt society's efforts so far. In Froude's view, the Hakluyt society editors are guilty of pedantry and condescension towards their subjects, and as if his criticisms were not enough to raise hackles, Froude makes errors of editorial attribution which would ensure controversy in the wake of his review (see Foster 148-50). What Froude would have wanted to see, above all, would have been a series of Hakluyt's narratives prepared simply for popular consumption and unencumbered by editorial paratexts, for "what the old epics were to the royally or nobly born, this modern epic is to the common people" (447). The five volume 1811 edition of Hakluyt's Voyages is for Froude "the Prose Epic of the modern English nation" (446), and it is this designation, of course, which would ring down the generations in subsequent references to Hakluyt. The only volume published so far by the new Hakluyt Society which escapes Froude's censure is Sir Robert Schomburgk's 1848 edition of Sir Walter Ralegh's Discoverie of Guiana. The Austrian-born Schomburgk (1804-65) was no mere pedant, but an explorer and natural historian who was commissioned by the crown in 1840 to survey and establish boundaries for British Guiana, and he published in that year A Description of British Guiana
Exhibiting its Resources and Capabilities. That the only "tolerably edited" Hakluyt volume should be handled by "one for whom England is but an adopted country" is for Froude merely an added source of pique (448). For the rest, Froude fears that the ineptitude of the editors is such that they may "have exerted themselves successfully to paralyze what interest was reviving in Hakluyt" (449). In his essay, and in his role as critic, Froude, therefore, by narrating passages from history, will show how that history ought to be dealt with, and offer to readers who would be stultified by Hakluyt Society volumes a few episodes told in rousing fashion which might inspire them to learn more of their great forefathers. Hence we have Froude laud the informal but noble-seeming trial and execution of the mutinous Thomas Doughty by Francis Drake during the voyage around the world, a look at Ralegh's tragic life, with due approval of the passages in Ralegh's Discoverie stating the chastity of Ralegh's men before the comely Indian maidens of the New World. We catch glimpses of the ill-starred lives of Sir Humphrey Gilbert and John Davis, and Froude's essay culminates with a recounting of the Last Fight of the Revenge, the closing instalment in the life of Sir Richard Grenville, who was "so remarkable in that remarkable time" (495).

Froude's essay is repetitious and forceful. Above all, what Froude wishes to stress is his perception that the Elizabethan adventurers were motivated by pure religious faith and a sense of duty which saw work as its own reward; their lives were a "holy sacrifice offered up to duty" (492). The Hakluyt editors, Froude feels, often adopt a patronizing view of the Elizabethans, looking back from their own more morally complex and technologically sophisticated age to a time when simple men with little knowledge of the world's mysteries voyaged afar with charmingly naive ambitions, and recorded with wonder sights and sites now commonplace to Victorian imaginations. Froude hails the Elizabethans' earnest innocence, and condemns by comparison the Hakluyt editors' jaded, supine Victorian morality. Writers in the later nineteenth and twentieth century who touched on imperial affairs—from Conrad and Kipling to Orwell or Burgess—often do so with a kind of sentimental nostalgia, for they know that times
past they admired and hoped might return cannot. Froude attacks the complacency of his contemporaries, however, with what one might term "aggressive nostalgia." For Froude, it seems not impossible that the spirit of the late sixteenth century could animate England yet. Of Humphrey Gilbert Froude writes:

he was . . . one of a race which has ceased to be. We look round for them,

and we hardly believe that the same blood is flowing in our veins. Brave

we may still be, and strong perhaps, but the high moral grace which

made bravery and strength so beautiful is departed from us for ever.

(487)

"For ever" perhaps, but the polemical tone of Froude's writing would induce a rebirth of such moral grace if it could.

Froude does write, we may say, in high dudgeon. The buccaneers, he avers, had "high moral education," and the writings they generated had the "high moral beauty" (448) one might expect from men of "the highest order" (450). Hawkins, Drake, Ralegh were men of "high nature," who pursued "high objects" (460). The English undertook a "high mission," yet even their opponents could display "high courtesy" and courtely "high temper" (461). In short, the age was one of "high heroic energy" (473) in which men with "high moral grace" (487) did the "highest work" and so knew the "highest life of man" (492). It may seem a small matter, but we should not forget to note the heroism by association that no doubt partially inspirsts Froude here. We will see it later especially with Buchan, but it is enough to note now that the commemoration of heroes and the heroic has a satisfying effect of aligning the appraiser with the thing praised. We alluded above to a sense of self combined with a kind of public spirit which animated many imperialist and nationalist authors, and the impression that such a stance could seem self-serving and self-congratulatory as well was not lost on Victorian observers. Suggestive of this are the words of a radical reviewer of Sir Walter Scott in 1832, who noted with approval that the great novelist's true heroical characters do not flaunt hypocritical religious attitudes, or display "patriotism which is not
ambition in flimsy disguise" (Murphy 78). With most of the writers encountered in this dissertation, we will find blatant or subtle expressions of genuine patriotism; however, even if only tonally, these public expressions are rarely not at least slightly admixed with a calculating private sense of self-regard.

Patriotism is about belonging, and expressions of patriotism are rarely politically disadvantageous. Authors such as Kingsley and Froude, whose early works appeared controversial to establishment political and religious eyes, could profit (and probably knew that they could profit) from the recognition and approval normally granted to those who emit the warm and diffuse emotional sentiments of patriotism. Scholars such as Robert H. MacDonald (7, 12) and Sarah Wintle (30-31), both referring to Rudyard Kipling's "The Flag of the their Country" (first published in April 1899 and subsequently collected in Stalky & Co), have distinguished between the gauche, jingoistic drum-beating patriotism of the stay-at-home political man, and the noble and almost sacred, unvoiced commitment felt by the active soldier of empire. Both forms of patriotic feeling, which Kipling outlines in his story and in Stalky and Co as a whole, could have public payoffs. We will meditate further on the distinction between the two in the final chapter concerning Henry Newbolt and John Buchan, and the figures they wrote about.

The patriotism of Kingsley in Westward Ho! certainly helped to establish the author's national and nationalist profile. Mary Seacole, a creole Jamaican, deployed the Crimean war for personal ends in her autobiographical travel book, Wonderful Adventures of Mrs. Seacole in Many Lands (1857). In the work as a whole, she travels about the imperium, stressing her service to England and claiming her status as a citizen of the British empire. During the Crimean war, she tried unsuccessfully to be sent to the Crimea as part of an English delegation. Ultimately, she went independently and self-supportingly as a trader and nurse. She writes Wonderful Adventures "ostensibly...to call attention to the role she had played in England's imperial drama in Central Europe, but she also writes, against the background of her post-Crimea obscurity and destitution, to demand recognition as an Englishwoman" (Gikandi 142).
Simon Gikandi concludes: "In short, Seacole can be recognized as an English national only by unconditionally espousing the imperial cause" (142). In some ways Seacole is not unlike that later nineteenth-century female traveller, Charles Kingsley’s niece, Mary Kingsley, in that advocating aggressive imperialist politics seems to her a route to acceptance as a prominent and respectable English citizen. Essentially, however, nationalistic writing, or draping oneself in the flag, is an activity that could be seen as healthy for the reputation of all who partook of empire, from the most representative aristocrats to the most marginalised onlookers. Rather before a career, perhaps, the empire was a career opportunity.

But to return to Froude. Early in his essay, Froude attempts to understand the motives of the early adventurers, and like many writers, he wishes to discover pure ideals. The search to locate and demonstrate pure ideals in naval mercantile, exploring and colonial work was one which would occupy Conrad, for example, throughout his career. Froude knows that drafting Elizabethan buccaneers, who in general voyaged as much for personal gain and glory as all else, into historical service for nationalist writings of the mid-nineteenth century, will be a tough sell. . ."The springs of great actions are always difficult to analyze—impossible to analyze perfectly—possible to analyze only very proximately. . ." (457). He settles, therefore, on a "combination of causes," including unemployment and economic hardship at home, and moral indignation at the cruelties of colonial competitors, which is to say the Spanish, abroad. To his credit, though it is underplayed at the outset of a swelling period in the following quotation, Froude does allow for motivational thoughts of selfish gain:

Either for honour or expectation of profit, or from that unconscious necessity by which a great people, like a great man, will do what is right, and must do it at the right time, whoever had the means to furnish a ship, and whoever had the talent to command one, laid their abilities together
and went out to pioneer, and to conquer, and to take possession, in the name of the Queen of the Sea [Elizabeth]." (456-57)

Presently, he adds, "below all...prudential economies and mercantile ambitions...lay a chivalrous enthusiasm which in these dull days we can hardly, without effort, realize" (459). The Elizabethan age, finally, what with its seafaring opportunities, "raised even common men above themselves," giving them "a largeness and greatness of heart and mind in which their duties to God and their country are alike clearly and broadly seen and felt to be paramount to every other" (459).

However the spirit of the English may have waned in the present, Froude, as we will remark with Kingsley in his assessment of Crimean warriors, nevertheless is certain of a unique English nobility. On their high imperial mission, Froude asserts, "it was a point of honour, if of nothing more, among the English sailors, to do no discredit by their conduct to the greatness of their cause" (461). The English are "armed soldiers of the Reformation, and...avengers of humanity" (471-72). The Spanish, by contrast, are an unremittingly "malignant force": "Gold hunting and lust were the two passions for which the Spaniards cared; and the fate of the women was only more dreadful than that of the men" (464). It may well be that, in the absence if nothing else of an equally shocking and systematic home brand of Inquisition, the English historically may appear to better advantage as early colonial masters than the Spanish. Yet as Hakluyt narratives show, the English were often second on the scene, and were able to cast themselves as allies and protectors against the Spanish of natives already beleaguered by European contact; had they been first in some areas to come to seek and exploit, possibly their methods would have come down to us as equally brutal. As one Devon burgher tells a Spanish villain in Westward Ho!, "You found might right when you claimed the Indian seas; we may find right might when we try them" (211).

The brutality of the would-be Virginia colonists emanates clearly from Purchas documents even though they present a one-sided account from which native voices are absent. That Ralegh is keen in his
*Discoverie* to point out to Her Majesty the honourable behaviour of his men before the scantily clad native women rather suggests that lust was not unknown to the English, however much truth Ralegh's protestations may contain. With its febrile, sometimes desperate tone, the *Discoverie* could well be titled "An Apology for a Voyage to Guiana," and the narrative is shot through with evidence of an enervating, frantic search for gold. The English knew they were on a greedy guerrilla mission, and the writing reflects as much. The Hakluyt narrative of "The Voyage of John Oxenham" (1575), by the Portugese Lopez Vaz, is another reminder of English lust for gold. Oxenham had travelled with Drake, and when difficulties in Ireland prevented Drake from making another privateering excursion, Oxenham decided to go alone, without royal patent or license, with a small company. The search for treasure led him to range upriver in Peruvian regions without sufficiently guarding his back. The Spanish were able to track his path and ambush him after they discovered feathers from hens eaten by Oxenham's men floating downriver. Oxenham's men and native servants he had engaged were slaughtered, and Oxenham himself was eventually executed: "so the voyage of that English man did not prosper with him, as hee thought it would have done," Vaz eerily intones (143).

Kingsley makes large use of the Oxenham episode for Chapter VII of *Westward Ho!*. He lectures from the text of Oxenham's life on greed, the ills of slave trading, and adultery as well, for Oxenham is fictionally portrayed as taking up with a native woman who has a young child of mixed Spanish and Indian blood in tow. The story of the misadventure is told by the white-bearded old Salvation Yeo, who appears, burdened with his tale like the Ancient Mariner, before Amyas Leigh and Sir Richard Grenville. He says that he promised his captain that he would care for the woman's daughter as long as he lived. He became separated from her when the two were prisoners, and therefore wishes to go with Amyas on another voyage so that he might try to find her. The girl in fact is Ayacanora, who will become Amyas's mate at narrative's end.
With schoolmarmish alliteration which rather suggests the cardinality of the sin as he sees it, Froude admits that England and its Queen may have participated and invested in "a bad black slave trade,"

but on the whole, and in the war with the Spaniards, as in the war with the elements, the conduct and character of the English sailors, considering what they were and the work which they were sent to do, present us all through that age with such a picture of gallantry, disinterestedness, and high heroic energy, as has never been overmatched;

the more remarkable, as it was the fruit of no drill or discipline, no tradition, no system, no organized training, but was the free native growth of a noble virgin soil.46 (472-73)

Hakluyt's Voyages were, of course, about establishing a tradition, and of course there were many royal, official, or diplomatic protocols observed by English sailors--from Froude one might take the notion that any man might get up a ship and sail off to discover and plunder, but the reality is that such voyages as are contained in Hakluyt generally emerged from formal complexes of political and commercial affairs, and reveal as much in their composition. Still Froude simplifies:

Every Englishman who had the means was at liberty to fit out a ship or ships, and if he could produce tolerable vouchers for himself, received at once a commission from the Court. The battles of England were fought by her children, at their own risk and cost, and they were at liberty to repay themselves the expense of their expeditions by plundering at the cost of the national enemy. (472)

"Having the means," pleasantly obscures the great difficulties involved in financing a voyage, from which investors regal, aristocratic, and commercial expected returns even huger than those promised in order to
extort patronage from them in the first place. Letters of patent, ever at best reluctantly given by the cautious Queen and her circumspect advisors such as Burghley, and inevitably with contingencies and conditions, could expire before goals were attained, and weather or desertion and mutiny could play havoc with a "high mission" even before it was initiated, as Gilbert and his half brother Ralegh could attest. As political developments could forestall projected voyages, sea skirmishes with sailors of other nations could occur and have grave repercussions for those who engaged in them; military alliances shifted according to the latest continental diplomatic communiques. If one did return in a ship whose flanks were full of treasure, that treasure could be pilfered in a friendly harbour, and the Court, whatever prior agreements had been made, could confiscate the proceeds of privateering at its will. If one failed to satisfy one's investors, one could find oneself, like Ralegh by James I, clapped into the tower for failure to make good on promised dividends. The Hakluyt volumes Froude would have seen do comprise a remarkable compendium, but it is safe to say that their number does not even begin to approach the number of volumes which could have been made of tales of expeditions planned or prepared which never got under weigh.

Plainly, Froude has a romantic, idealized view of the Renaissance as a time, literally, of national nascence, and his impression of the simple, pure faith and industry of the seamen would become familiar, so aiding, as Froude no doubt desired, a rebirth of a sense of national greatness, or perhaps a re-establishment of the kind of tradition Hakluyt had laid down centuries previous. Innumerable Victorian adventure stories locate themselves in the boy-to-man (and, for that matter, the man-to-boy) transition. Buchan in his fictionalized biography, Sir Walter Raleigh, calls Ralegh "the most boyish hero in history" (6). Sir John Seeley, in The Expansion of England (1883), muses that the "growth of our Empire may indeed have been in a certain sense natural; greater Britain, compared to old England, may seem but the full-grown giant developed out of the sturdy boy" (190). Kingsley in his own 1864 historical lecture series, Romans and Teutons, which concerns the decay of the one and the growth of the other empire,
emphasizes the youthfulness of the early English teutonic race. Looking back from the maturity of England's Victorian or Edwardian periods, it became habitual for authors to think an age such as that of Elizabeth as one of national infancy.

This, at any rate, is Froude's view. But it is important to note that it is a view, or an impression. Froude chides the Hakluyt Society editor of Columbus's voyages for apologising for the "rudeness of the old seaman's phraseology," which "inarticulate fragments" Froude thinks constitute a "sublime record of suffering" rendered as "strokes of natural art by the side of which literary pathos is poor and meaningless" (450). Froude finds that Captain Drinkwater Bethune mars his edition of William Hawkins's *Voyage to the South Sea* with "puns of which 'Punch' would be ashamed," and he is in general disgusted by the "vulgar affectation of patronage with which the sea captain of the nineteenth century condescends to criticize and approve of his half-barbarous precursor" (451). "Superficial" contemporary English reviewers choose to see in the histories of Drake, Hawkins, Ralegh, "only such outward circumstances...as correspond with their own impressions" (460). David Hume, in thinking of the last fight of the *Revenge*, fails sufficiently to "saturate himself with the temper of the age of which he was writing," and so mistakenly believes the "energy which was displayed in [the fight] was like the unnatural strength of madness" (494).49

Yet surely Froude's view, of the Renaissance as an embryonic golden age, constitutes a kind of patronage as well. I have tried to indicate above that his view of the circumstances of buccaneering may be simplistic and optimistic. Beyond what is evident in the Hakluyt volumes themselves, Renaissance literature, certainly, is full of writings which would nuance Froude's views. Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, to take an obvious example, subtly problematizes effects of imperial contact for both imperializer and imperialized. Or Thomas Dekker's popular 1600 city comedy, *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, beneath its boisterous surface, probes class differences. A well to do young lover, Robert Lacy, is able to avoid empressment into the wars in France by bribing with money a substitute, while the lowly Ralph Damport
must leave his wife and work and go. Ralph loses much of one leg in his tour, and his return, lame, is the
most poignant moment in the play. Dekker's editors note: "London must have been full, in the late
1590s, of soldiers maimed by service in France, the Netherlands, or Ireland, and of their widows trying to
scratch a living" (29). Adventurers, noblemen and colonial speculators such as Ralegh were involved in
imperial affairs in Ireland, and Ralegh warmly advised the Queen, in "A Discourse Touching a War with
Spain," to send reinforcements to the Dutch for fighting in the lowlands or else imperil her country
through imperial and naval alliances or configurations which could emerge if the Netherlands were taken.
Dekker's 1609 pamphlet, "Work for Armourers," depicts soldiers returning from the Low Countries
where "they had ventured their lives, spent their blood, lost legs and armes...not a rag to their backes,"
and can now serve only "Poverty, to live and die with her" (Smallwood and Wells 6). Just one more
factor which did in John Oxenham, as many Renaissance expedition leaders, was shifting promises to his
men as to what share of acquired treasure they could expect to receive. In land wars which mirrored
those on the sea, hired men had uncertain fates. Drake's 1577-80 privateering circumnavigation was
shrouded in official secrecy, and the men who went with him thought that they had signed up for a
voyage to Alexandria! The examples of Elizabethan literature cited here are of course indirectly related
to Froude's writing in "England's Forgotten Worthies," and there is not space here to consider other
writings. The point is simply that there is a great deal of political context surrounding the early
buccaneers which Froude, soon to become one of his age's great historians, elides because the view of the
Elizabethan age as a fallow period for national heroism which he wishes to establish demands rigorous
selection of fact, detail, and incident.

As he closes his essay, Froude uses biblical terminology for the lives of the early adventurers:

There is another life, hard, rough, and thorny, trodden with bleeding feet

and aching brow; the life of which the cross is the symbol; a battle which

no peace follows, this side the grave; which the grave gapes to finish,
before the victory is won; and--strange that it should be so, this is the
highest life of man. Look back along the great names of history; there is
none whose life has been other than this. They to whom it has been
given to do the really highest work in this earth—whoever they are. . .one
and all their fate has been the same—the same bitter cup has been given
to them to drink. And so it was with the servants of England in the
sixteenth century. Their life was a long battle, either with the elements
or with men; and it was enough for them to fulfil their work, and to pass
away in the hour when God had nothing more to bid them to do. (492-93)

As later writers would memorialize the dead fallen in World War I, Froude hails his great ancestors, and
hopes to spread an awareness of their greatness to his contemporary audience. Perhaps learning of
forgotten worthies will inspirit others to follow their example of service to Queen and country. As in
Kingsley's "Sir Walter Raleigh," we learn that great men are doomed to fail. Those who knew a tranquil
death in their time cannot expect to be regarded as so great as those who sought death through adventure
and service. Failure is noble, and this, as we shall see, is a key-note in hero celebrations. Failure to die
striving implies a failure to have lived well.

The Schomburgk edition of Ralegh's Discoverie, and Froude's notice of it, was important in
reigniting interests in England's overseas interests. Kingsley drew on it, and the massive popularity of his
book helped to bring a picture of a great Elizabethan age before the public. Others, in turn, drew on
Kingsley, so extending interest in the age of the great buccaneers.

During the Crimean War, Kingsley ruminated on the past in his sermon, "England's Strength." In
it, he draws parallels between sixteenth-century Spain and nineteenth-century Russia. Biblical precedents
foreshadow the demise of Spain and Russia, while adherence to Church of England tenets blesses Britons. He illustrates graphically what England has not witnessed in an invasion: crops trampled, farms burnt, women dishonoured, men tortured. Here, with this reference to war, parishioners might think of goings-on in the Crimea, and Kingsley allows that the nightmare he has sketched was going on on the Danube. This is compared with how Sennacherib taunted the Jews, "like the Russian emperor now" (188), using religious reasons as justification. Likewise the Spanish justified their attacks on the British for religious reasons. But Kingsley cannot, presently, in all truth depict the British soldiers in the Crimea as victims (and so maintain the analogies he has been developing throughout his sermon). He thus cites instead the "mercy and moderation of our soldiers" who had no choice but to inflict miseries of invasion or trespass such as those alluded to above on their enemies (195). If it avoids greed and aggressive self-seeking religious policy, as exhibited by Spain and Russia, England shall have nothing to fear. But of course religion was a primary reason for England's involvement in the conflict.

Because of his frame of reference, which would embrace past and present, Kingsley involves himself in a complex moral and rhetorical negotiation. At first, England is saved from invasion by Spain, or a power like Russia, because of its adherence to Church of England tenets. But then again, England is involved in military activities of invasion and repulse. One cannot say that England is greedy or that perhaps its religious (and, concomitantly, political and moral) motives could be called into question. Best, then, to refer, somewhat paradoxically one might say, to the "moderate" warfare of the British. History is invoked to point a religious moral, but it threatens to unsettle matters when it is brought up again, or must be referred to again in the present. History is, in short, malleable to the imperatives of religion and nationalism, or so Kingsley would make it seem. But the act of enlisting history alongside religion is not done without some rhetorical manoeuvring. History is available for use, but the moral advice it provides across the ages may look somewhat confusing when pressed into such multipurpose service as Kingsley demands of it.
The "doctrine" of *Westward Ho!*, that a war against perceived oppressors, such as the Russians or Spanish, is a just war on the side of Christ is "found in condensed form" in "Brave Words for Brave Soldiers" (Thorp 118). Kingsley wrote the tract in a few hours in response to a request for something that would "touch the heart of the fighting men" (Thorp 118), and it was distributed to the troops at Sebastopol in the winter of 1855. Kingsley explained his motive in writing the pamphlet in an unpublished letter to Hughes and Ludlow:

There is a great deal of personal religion in the army no doubt, and personal religion may help a man endure, and complete the bulldog form of courage: but the soldier wants more; he wants a faith he is fighting on God's side, he wants military and corporal National religion, and that's what I fear they have to get, and what I tried to give in my tract. . . .

That is what the Elizabethans had up to the Armada, and by it they conquered. (Chitty 300)

Governmental diplomatic finagling Kingsley sees as so much "covert atheism," and so, whether or not the government saw his writing as an attempt to cast the war in religious terms, he had to write, if only for the men. The tract, unlike many such which were sent to the soldiers, was apparently a great success, and this inspired Kingsley in the production of *Westward Ho!. It is an ardent exhortation to the Crimean campaigners to up and fight. They are to compare themselves with Jesus, who was so brave as to "endure ten thousand times more than any soldier or sailor can endure" (203), and who could sympathize with them in their troubles, for "He ha[d] been through it all already" (202). The soldiers are assured that, in killing enemies of liberty in a just war on behalf of their country, they are doing "God's work," and His blessing is upon them (204). Insubordination, the men are admonished, is the work of the Devil (207-08).
What comes through emphatically in Kingsley's essay is a very warm sense of indulgence on behalf of the author; Kingsley relishes his role as spiritual leader, and his pleasure in being able to speak directly to the troops and do a patriotic turn in writing, as throughout the *True Words* volume, is palpable. Still, Kingsley is aware that the men may regard this as all so much fine talk from a preacher back home who knows nought of their struggles. He is emboldened by the divine advice he feels he is imparting, and can sound not a little prim as he schools the men: "never have on your conscience the thought that you struck an unnecessary blow. You are to kill for the sake of victory, but never to kill for the sake of killing" (209). To a thoughtful soldier, this message of humane warring may have seemed a little paradoxical, too--a "curious code" is how one modern scholar has received Kingsley's dictum (Baker 252).

Yet in this Kingsley is returning to a familiar theme, that he is manliest who is most restrained and has greatest and most judicious control of his passions. In the "England's Strength" sermon, British forces are depicted as more humane than others, and Kingsley wants to ensure that this is so. The Crimean fighters must not be maddened to overzealousness and brutal cruelty. They must not be ashamed to forgive, and must "recollect that revenge is one of the devil's works" (208). In his capacity as religious advisor, then, Kingsley is a moral go-between, urging goodness and Godliness on the men abroad, and hailing those sentiments--whether or not they direct the men in Crimea actually--in praise of the men to his parishioners at home.

Kingsley, like Henry Newbolt, believed that "war in some shape or other is the normal condition of the world" ("England from Wolsey to Elizabeth," *Sir Walter Raleigh and his Time* 459; qtd. in Sutherland 118), and one writer has said that Kingsley believed the Crimean War to be a "godsend...for individual young Englishmen, the call to fight was an opportunity to do one's duty, and thereby to earn self-respect" (Baker 253). The war, if one welcomed it, and thought of it right, could be as much an opportunity as an ordeal. Like imperial adventure, war could offer tests which could strengthen a man
physically and morally, and so could come as a tonic and relief to listless men in his "dull and effeminate age" (Kingsley no doubt takes the phrase from the subtitle of Philip Nichols's 1626 *Sir Francis Drake Revived*, in which, interestingly, Nichols indicts his own age for now living up to adventuring precedents set by Drake). Kingsley hardly thought of returned men as being possibly maimed physically and damaged psychologically. He told Ludlow and Hughes that "the remnant that comes home, like gold tried in the fire, may be the seed of such an army as the world never saw. Perhaps we may be able to help it germinate" (Chitty 300). The cleansing sacrament of battle, the chance to nurture growth through well-chosen words of inspiration—Kingsley's war thoughts speak the language of hope and regeneration, not death and dismay. As we shall see with the fighting Grenfells of World War I, distant relatives of Fanny Kingsley, war could come as a great relief.

Two months after the publication of *Westward Ho!*, in May 1855, Kingsley's "Sir Walter Raleigh and his Time" appeared in the *North Devon Review*. This is a long, biographical review essay. Perhaps, in *Westward Ho!*, Kingsley had felt that he had not been able to use Raleigh enough, for as we noted Raleigh gets comparatively little time, and is depicted as resolutely bloodthirsty. Kingsley may have felt that, during the Crimean War, he was showing a Sir Walter who exercised the kind of peremptory decision currently necessary, but he may have wished to provide a fuller portrait focusing specifically on Raleigh in his own time. In the headnote before his article, which implies a review, a number of books are mentioned: Patrick Fraser Tytler's *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh* (1844 rprt. 1853), *Raleigh's Discovery of Guiana*, edited for the Hakluyt Society by Sir Robert Schomburgk (1848), Macvey Napier's *Lord Bacon and Sir Walter Raleigh* (1853), *Raleigh's Works*, by Oldys and Birch (1829), and Bishop Goodman's *History of his Own Times* (1839). Effectively these are works cited, for it is the more recent books by Tytler and Napier that will be most referred to. In fact, since it is only Tytler that is sufficiently hagiographical in his estimation of Raleigh, it is really only he who will be referred to with any frequency, the others being used glancingly mainly for purposes of rebuke and setting to rights.
For reasons that are made implicit or explicit throughout the present work, Kingsley's age is one which is well disposed to look fondly back at Ralegh and his time. After the civil strife and disarray of the seventeenth century, and during the eighteenth, which demonstrated only a sporadic trading interest in overseas territories, the figure of Ralegh had little presence in English imaginations. But as England began to settle into a new period of imperial growth and international prestige, as is evidenced by involvement in the Crimean conflict, Ralegh had more to say to nineteenth century observers. The books Kingsley looks at suggest a renewed interest in Ralegh, and of course Froude's "Forgotten Worthies" was pivotal in this respect. Ralegh would continue to attract biographers as the century progressed and into the pre-War twentieth century--biographies were authored by, among others, Edward Edwards (The Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, 2 vols., London: Macmillan, 1868), James Augustus St. John (The Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, 2 vols, London: Chapman and Hall, 1868), Edmund Gosse, for the "English Worthies" series (Raleigh, New York: D. Appleton, 1886), Louise Creighton (The Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, London: Longmans, 1891), William Stebbing (Sir Walter Raleigh: A Biography, Oxford: Clarendon, 1891), Martin A. S. Hume, for the "Builders of Greater Britain" series (Sir Walter Raleigh, the British Dominion of the West, New York: Longmans, 1897), Henry David Thoreau (Sir Walter Raleigh, Boston: Bibliophile Society, 1905), Hakluyt Society stalwart, Sir James Rennell Rodd, for the "English Men of Action" series, (Sir Walter Raleigh, London: Macmillan, 1906), Hugh de Selincourt (Great Raleigh, London: Methuen, 1908), Frederick Albion Ober, for the "Heroes of American History" series (Sir Walter Raleigh, New York: Harper, 1909).

In his review essay, Kingsley notes that Ralegh's reputation had been in decline in the prior century--the courtier's "character had been in its lowest Nadir in the days of Voltaire and Hume" (6-7), and he is keen to aid in present ongoing restoration of Ralegh's reputation. He begins by imputing that Raleigh, from boyhood, had before his mind, "as before all intense English minds of that day...three fixed ideas, which yet are but one--the Pope, the Spaniard, and America. Presently, Kingsley sets the
scene in his personal trademark fashion, creating a word-picture of time and setting. He sketches in consecutive paragraphs, and the openings of the paragraphs may be viewed as brush-strokes painting a personal and contextual portrait: "Born in 1552, [Ralegh's] young life has sprung up..."; "At home the Jesuits are plotting..."; "Abroad the sky is dark and wild..."; "English merchantmen...go out to trade..." (8-10). The full, imaginative portrait is characteristic of Kingsley's fiction, and mirrors the opening of *Westward Ho!,* which describes Devon and Bideford, and the lad Amyas Leigh's meeting of sailor men at a tavern on Bideford's High Street. Promise is in the air, and the possibility of individual action in a changeful, hopeful situation is suggested.

Though we do gather some sense of Kingsley's view of Ralegh's context, the "and His Time" focus suggested by Kingsley's title falls away somewhat, and a close chronological narrative and apologetic biographical summary ensues. As in "England's Strength," religion seems to do double duty, as Protestant morality is stretched this way and that to keep Ralegh (who in his *History of the World* often adopts a skeptical, free-thinking attitude, and who was in his life suspected of being in league with the atheistical "school of night" along with Christopher Marlowe and Thomas Hariot) within its bounds. Kingsley wishes to defend Ralegh against "stock-charges" (6), and to try him by "Bible method," or a "scriptural standard" Ralegh would have, and did, Kingsley believes, apply himself. As in "England's Strength," Isaiah is invoked, this time with Queen Elizabeth being compared to Hezekiah, and the Spaniards, again, likened to the Assyrians laying siege to Nineveh (8-10). Contemporary concerns are noted, with Cadiz, for example, being termed "the Sevastopol of Spain" (35).

Kingsley wishes to make of Ralegh a religious warrior who "never wavered" in the creed he learned from "his boyhood, while he read [John] Fox's *Book of Martyrs* beside his mother's knee" (4). This image seems suggested by Froude, who in "England's Forgotten Worthies" notes Hakluyt's translations of Peter Martyr's letters, and opines that tales of Spanish wrongdoing in the New World would have been heard by "each commonest sailor-boy" at "his father's fireside," and would have
inspired youth to anti-Spanish campaigns (460). For the purposes of his present biographical portrait of Ralegh, then, Kingsley draws on Froude's imagination and intensifies the stress on religious faith as inspiration. In Kingsley's view, Ralegh passed out of the world "a Protestant martyr," done in by the cowardly Catholic-sympathizer, James I (45).

It is well to pause for a moment here to compare Kingsley's essay with another written by Daniel Defoe in 1719, the same year in which Robinson Crusoe was first published. In a now obscure pamphlet entitled "An Historical Account of the Voyages and Adventures of Sir Walter Raleigh," Defoe strives to whiten the reputation of Ralegh, a figure of no inconsiderable inspiration to him when composing Crusoe. To lend authority to his writing, Defoe even claims "the Honour to be related to [Ralegh's] blood" (8). As Kingsley responded to past work on Ralegh, Defoe seems to be responding to a pamphlet by the playwright and Shakespeare editor, Lewis Theobald, entitled "Memoirs of Sir Walter Raleigh," which was also published in 1719. Theobald, apparently, had failed to be sufficiently hagiographical in his estimate of Ralegh, and he dwelt at length on Ralegh's trials in 1603 and 1618. Defoe, for his part, dwells more on Ralegh's early adventuring career, and he quotes considerable passages from Ralegh's Discoverie of Guiana. While most observers who have pondered Ralegh's life feel that James I effectively undermined Ralegh's last fateful Guiana voyage by providing details of the mariner's aims to the Spanish ambassador to Britain, Count Gondomar, Defoe even hints at the possibility of assassination plans, by which the British court conspired with the Spaniards to put a price on Ralegh's head (38-39). Whereas Kingsley and Froude are anxious to establish Ralegh's religious credentials with reference to the adventurer's early reading material, Defoe has a more secular outlook. He thinks it was tales of exploits by Spanish progenitors such as Columbus, Cortez, and Pizarro which fired the youthful Ralegh: "I can assure the World by Family Tradition, that these were the favorite Histories that took up his early Reading, and that on all Occasions were the Subject of his ordinary Discourses while he was but a young Man" (9).
Often in the present work, we observe that juvenile adventure literature for boys is, as the rather paradoxical term "adventure literature" suggests, anti-literary. Authors for boys, paradoxically, stress directly and indirectly that boys should not be reading, but doing. Charles Eden, in his *At Sea Under Drake* (1898), has a young protagonist named Will Tregenza who serves as a page to Queen Elizabeth before setting off with the famous Captain. Will describes his days at court, and remarks: "I lacked nothing, nor did I suffer from want of exercise, but passed my time in fencing and in the playing of bowls, for I was no student, and abhorred the sight of a book unless it chanced to be a Bible or one treating of foreign lands" (160). Of course we doubt, and the rest of Eden's novel gives us only reason to doubt, that Will ever likes to pick up any book, Bible or otherwise, and that he is much more liable to see a foreign land before he will read about it. Eden so conveys the message that, though boys may be reading his book now, they should learn from it that in future they should try to avoid reading. However, what Eden suggests his protagonist reads, and what constitutes good material for youthful reading, are works akin to those Defoe, Kingsley, and Froude advance as being read earnestly by great English heroes. The importance of early reading, and the powerful influence of that reading on youths, is clearly apparent to Defoe, Kingsley, and Froude, who trouble to infer early reading for their subjects. This gesture, in turn, helps to establish the influentialness of adventure literature for boys. It is always impossible to argue just how influential early reading may be, or may have been in the nineteenth century, but that writers such as Defoe, Kingsley, and Froude imagine as much is significant, and will be worth bearing in mind when we study a number of Elizabethan adventure stories, including that by Eden, in the following chapter.

What is perhaps most interesting about Defoe's view of Ralegh's life is that, so far as Defoe seems to be concerned, Ralegh's voyages happened only yesterday. He concludes his document with an address to the South Sea Company, in which he quotes a long segment of Ralegh's *Discoverie* testifying to the great riches to be had through British involvement in South American exploitation. Continuing
British inaction is an affront to Ralegh's memory, and Defoe, like Ralegh himself, intimates that the "Fountain of Gold" which is to be found in Guiana ought to be tapped by Britain before another country moves in (43). And, if it would only please the South Sea Company to set about acting on their royal patent, Defoe ends his discourse by saying that he can provide maps, charts, and "all necessary Instructions for the Navigation," much as he had already advanced to King William some decades earlier (55). The note of urgency towards obtaining foreign possessions sounded by Ralegh and then Defoe would not become truly resonant until the late nineteenth century.

For Kingsley, one of Ralegh's faults is that, despite all the colonizing missions for the New World he backed or organized, he never himself visited the colonies he planted. Modern historians have come to the belief that, at least initially, Ralegh was prevented from going abroad largely by the Queen, who held him to be too valuable to risk in reckless adventuring: "Elizabeth did not approve of members of her intimate circle risking their lives on speculative enterprises" (Quinn 65). Ralegh's most recent biographer, Stephen Coote, puts it more poetically: "Ralegh was to stay at home, fettered by the golden chain of royal favour" (94). (This is just one more fairly obvious example that tends to give the lie to Froude's statements regarding the free agency of Elizabethan worthies.) And of course, Ralegh had much in the way of his own affairs to attend to in England. Kingsley believes Ralegh was too much the courtier, too much the poet, too enthralled by the wonders of "Gloriana's fairy court" (20). For this "God punished him...which we hold to be a sure sign that God also forgave him" (20-21). Ralegh's great sin, really, was simply to attempt too much, with the "English spirit of independent action, never stronger than in that age" (19). Ralegh's apparently unyielding striving and seeking endeared him to nineteenth century onlookers, and the perception, however dubious or debatable, of Queen Elizabeth's age as an historical period particularly germane to individual action is a theme later authors would advance as well.

It is Kingsley's habit in general to proceed through Ralegh's life by rhetorical questioning. Like a defense lawyer with his client on the stand, he mockingly assumes the role of the prosecutor, or refers to
the charges of past biographers, posing outlandishly exaggerated questions meant to be pricked and exploded. Typically Kingsley answers cheerfully, reassuringly, quite before, we may feel, the defendant would have a chance to respond frankly and bluntly for himself regarding his conduct. As in *Westward Ho!*, one senses the imposition of a nineteenth century perspective. Here the point is not that it is easily possible to capture a perspective of a century rather than one's own, but simply that the imaginative reach of the sympathetic biographer and historian that is suggested in the titular desire to capture Raleigh's time is not so prevalent as one might expect. Although Kingsley would tell us what Raleigh and his time were like, and although he castigates past writers for performing this task all wrong, he is, nevertheless, making Raleigh's life selectively relevant to contemporary concerns. For example, that Raleigh's early experience in Ireland returns few rewards is unsurprising. "nothing goes right there (when has it?) nothing is to be done there" (13). The 1580 slaughter at Smerwick ordered by Raleigh, a problematic bit of brutality for most historians, is thus euphemistically sidestepped, though it is mentioned in *Westward Ho!*, where it is seen as exemplary of the kind of decisive military action so desperately then in demand in the Crimea. The Throckmorton affair is smoothed over, and Kingsley imagines the shamed courtier wondering to himself how he can restore his honour and do right by his wife and Queen. Hence the hatching of the Guiana schemes, with Raleigh, in Kingsley's view, thinking not so much of himself and personal gain (the consideration most biographers hold to be uppermost), but rather thinking to himself: "How can I render to God for all the benefits which He has done unto me?" (27). Kingsley takes care not to refer to Raleigh's own words in his most famous poem, "The Ocean to Cynthia," where the poet indicates that his feeling for the Queen led him to "seek new worlds, for gold, for praise, for glory" (l. 61), for these fail to convey disinterested altruistic motives. Raleigh does in his writings refer to religious or national service, and a will to fight alongside the Indians versus the Spanish, but these motives for action are normally broached primarily for colonial propagandistic reasons, or to buttress or idealize more immediate personal objectives.
Ralegh would not find El Dorado, but Kingsley feels he is hardly to be scorned for believing it existed, what with the riches the Spaniards had already brought out of the New World. For the fable of El Dorado and Manoa, "we can only reason, 'If not true there and then, it is true elsewhere now'" (30). In all, Ralegh loves God, and God loves Ralegh, for all and indeed because of his failings. With Ralegh's demise on the scaffold ends the "Elizabethan epic" (64), his disastrous second Guiana voyage marking "the last death struggle of Elizabethan heroism" (63).

But why should it be so important to Kingsley to reclaim Ralegh, and in what lies Ralegh's great attractions for nineteenth century nationalists, not to say most subsequent readers. Certainly, during the Crimean war, undaunted patriotism such as Ralegh seemed to have, is desirable. In writings such as his Discoverey of Guiana, Ralegh frequently expresses his fealty to the sovereign, his wish to succeed and conquer on behalf of the crown. All readers understand, however, that such expressions shadow his own acquisitive goals as well, and the inspiration he, along with many of his contemporaries, feels, one senses, most often originates with the personal and finds fullest voice in the public, rather than the other way round. Soldiers in the Crimea were perhaps in the process of having to develop a taste for spiritualized, abstract nationalism such as one would see in the Great War. The plucky privateering exploits and the impromptu but often deadly skirmishes engaged in by Elizabethan buccaneers could thus perhaps be of propagandistic service. Writers like Kingsley and Froude, then, sought to adapt Ralegh's personal or "private nationalism" and in so doing involved themselves early on in the development of subsequent, more public and diffuse strains of patriotism.

And Ralegh's failures are inspiring; they make him accessible to the imaginations of other men. His ambition appears luminous and inextinguishably admirable, capable of instilling confidence even by its distant example. Ralegh presents an image of manhood all men would emulate. Because he ultimately failed, most men can identify with him. Had he succeeded overmuch, most men would be unable to discover as much fondness for him, for they would not be able, they know, to match to his
exploits. Ralegh played the game valiantly, indefatigably, and like most men, he lost. In the end, he felt himself wronged, traduced, ill-paid, and most men can think of themselves so. In some ways, Ralegh in his first published work, "The Last Fight of the Revenge," helped to establish a pattern for nationalistic heroic commemoration that would work to his own benefit in future centuries. If the cousin that Ralegh immortalized, Sir Richard Grenville, had survived his last fight, his life would not have seemed nearly so glorious. Grenville's biographer, Alfred Leslie Rowse, compares Grenville to the more gifted and prolific Drake, who "died quietly enough at sea," and argues that Grenville's last fight made him, and not Drake, consequently emerge as "the legendary hero of Elizabethan sea-warfare"; "The manner of [Grenville's] death won him that place which he could never have attained to in life" (336). As we shall see with Francis Grenfell later, something of this thought embodies many aristocratic men of the First World War who had sought but not found death—so long as they lived, their decorations were as insolent reminders of their inability to find and achieve death.

Another document which should be mentioned in a short survey of works preparatory to Westward Ho! is Sir Walter Scott's Kenilworth (1821). In many superficial formal matters at least, this novel greatly influenced Kingsley and is not always mentioned in assessments of Westward Ho!. Scott's work was suggested by the Earl of Leicester's 1575 entertainment of Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth castle, and it is richly textured and imaginative, showing in its use of authentic detail an intimate and fond awareness of the Elizabethan period. Right from the opening of Westward Ho!, Kingsley's debt to Scott is apparent. The tavern opening is there, along with the appearance of the duplicitous Michael Lambourne, who resembles Amyas and Frank's turncoat cousin, Eustace Leigh. The comic pedant Herasmus Holiday may be compared with Vindex Brimblecombe, and so on. Perhaps because he knew his debt to Scott and wished to separate himself from him, Kingsley was capable of being highly critical and dismissive of the "very fountainhead of the nineteenth-century novel" (Sutherland 121). In a private,
unpublished letter quoted by John Sutherland (and for an argument other than my own here), Kingsley wrote of Scott:

He was an honest man at heart—none honester, but the sense of power, the love of fame, and the love of money, allured him to play with the truth—to write historical novels which he ought to have known were untrue pictures; and the mischief which Kenilworth, the Abbot, and one or two more have done, is incalculable. (121)

At least insofar as Kenilworth is concerned, one of Kingsley's chief objections regarding Scott's historical veracity would have been the fact that Scott, notably, has Ralegh appear in his colonies such as he did not in real life. To Kingsley, who scrupulously used actual historical documents as a platform from which to launch his interpretations, such free imagining was offensive and irresponsible.

In our own age, where fiction is concerned, we would hail Scott's imagination before praising Kingsley's willingness to be guided by the light of dear old Hakluyt. In one of the few, and more subtle critical works concerning historical fiction, Avrom Fleishman's The Historical Imagination, authors are considered who created a world of the past in their own imaginations in their novels—Hardy and Woolf are prominent, of course. A writer like Buchan, however (and it is worth recalling that Kingsley, Buchan, Newbolt were all professional historians who meditated seriously, at length, and not without sophistication on the theory and practice of history), is dismissed with selective reference to one of his over one hundred books. Where literature is concerned, critics have favoured those writers who would inhabit and impregnate an age with their own imaginations, and writers like Kingsley, who laboured for historical accuracy and did not possess the imaginative range or depth of writers like Woolf or Hardy, are scorned. It seems slightly inappropriate, however, to critique a novelist for not "imagining better."

Writers such as Buchan and Kingsley, simply, believed in bending their imaginations to their sense of history as they derived it from official and academic documents. If there is a distinction to be made, it is
perhaps that their work therefore possesses more historical truth, if less imaginative truth, than their co-fictionists. Orlando is indeed a better book than Westward Ho! or Newbolt's The Book of the Grenvilles, which will be studied in a later chapter, but this is not because Kingsley was a worse author than Woolf (though indeed, again, this is so), but rather because he had a different sense of how one ought to deploy materials furnished by history in fiction. It is necessary to distinguish between authors who took to history present dilemmas they wished to explore, and those who referred to history in order to explore human dilemmas in the present.

Westward Ho!

Most scholars who discuss Westward Ho! pause over the book's title. It is effective and affective, brief and strident (before its long continuation, which establishes context: Or the Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh, Knight, of Burrough, in the County of Devon, in the Reign of her Most Glorious Majesty Queen Elizabeth), and its exclamatory, active-voiced address suggests that it will thrust the reader forth upon exciting experiences. As we will see, such a titular formula was common among writers of fiction for boys, notably G. A. Henty.

Allan Hartley argues that the title of the book comes from an outdoor meeting one day between Kingsley and a neighbour; Kingsley asked where the neighbour was bound, the neighbour responded "Westward Ho!," and the title had been broached (108). Hartley allows that the title may also have come from a line in Shakespeare's Twelfth Night, or from the Elizabethan city comedy by Thomas Dekker and Thomas Webster, West-Ward Hoe (1604). Susan Chitty thinks that Kingsley came by the title through Eastward Ho! (1605), a superior play written in response to West-Ward Hoe by Ben Jonson, George Chapman, and John Marston (173). (Dekker and Webster would continue the exchange with Northward Hoe! in 1607.) Ironically, "westward ho" in Eastward Ho! signifies a reversal of fortune. "Eastward ho"
is the cry of Thames boatmen to hail passengers going upriver to the court at Greenwich or the harbour at Blackwall (Petter 2). Early in the play, the stoic character, Touchstone, tells the dissolute, opportunistic rake, Quicksilver, that seeking his fortune at court may lead him to the gallows of Tyburn, west on the Thames: "Eastward Ho will make you go Westward Ho" (II.i.112). Later, Quicksilver is part of a group in a tavern that hatches a plan to sail for the riches of Virginia. One promoter of the trip, Captain Seagull, tells his mate, Spendall, that in Virginia

   A whole country of English is there, man, bred of those that were left there in '79. They have married with the Indians, and make 'em bring forth as beautiful faces as any we have in England; and therefore the Indians are so in love with 'em, that all the treasure they have they lay at their feet. (III.iii.17-21)

Further, the climate is temperate, game is plentiful, the inhabitants happily "without sargeants, courtiers, lawyers, or intelligencers" (III.iii.37-38) among their number. And as for riches, Seagull is well able to relay mythic stories so lately begun that would ring down the centuries. He tells the tavern inmates:

   ...gold is more plentiful there than copper is with us, and for as much red copper as I can bring, I'll have thrice the weight in gold. Why, man, all their dripping pans and their chamber-pots are pure gold; and all the chains with which they chain up their streets are massy gold; all the prisoners they take are fettered in gold; and for rubies and diamonds, they go forth on holidays and gather 'em by the seashore to hang on their children's coats, and stick in their caps, as commonly as our own children wear saffron-gilt brooches, and groats with holes in 'em.

(III.iii.23-32)
Apparently, the play is well-versed in information to be found in Hakluyt's *Principall Voyages*, as well as More's *Utopia*. The topers hire a boat, but tide and tempest, as for so many real-life adventurers, brings about their wreck almost as soon as they begin the first leg of their voyage east to Virginia.

Ralegh was granted a patent from Queen Elizabeth to found a colony in the New World, and he organised the expedition under Sir Richard Grenville that established the "Lost Colony" in 1585. The settlers disappeared without a trace, but Ralegh did not give up, and between 1589 and 1602 made five attempts in vain to locate and revive the colony. Under the terms of Ralegh's patent, his rights would expire if a permanent settlement were not secured. After the defeat of the Armada in 1588, adventurers were allowed also to prey on Spanish ships and settlements, but the war with Spain also interrupted Ralegh's Virginia speculations. When the war ended in 1604 with the treaty of London, efforts could be intensively renewed, and a successful settlement was planted at Jamestown in 1607. David Beers Quinn, a Ralegh biographer and historian of English contacts with the New World, has developed a response to Seagull's reference to the settlers of '79:

It seems probable that the matter was talked about in London in 1604 and reviewed again in 1605, and that the story of the Lost Colony became somewhat tedious by repetition to Londoners, at least, for in 1605 it was guyed on the stage in the play *Eastward Hoe*. . . . It might appear that in the current propaganda for the revival of the Virginia enterprise, which bore first fruit in the charter of April 1606, the story of the surviving colony had been somewhat oversold. By what precise means—manuscript tracts, ballads which have not survived, or simply gossip (in view of the fact that the question came up during negotiations for the treaty of London)—cannot be more than guessed at. (qtd. in Van Fossen 18)
Kingsley's title may have had influence of its own. An abstract of Richard Whitbourne's *Discourse and Discoverie of New-found-land*, first printed in 1620 (and included in *Purchas his Pilgrimes*, which Kingsley would have seen), was published in 1870 in London by S. Low, Son, and Marston, under the title *Westward Hoe for Avalon in the New-found-land*. A public school on Bideford Bay, attended by the likes of Rudyard Kipling, was named after the novel.

*Westward Ho!* was a smashingly successful work, as John Sutherland details in a chapter devoted to the publishing history of the book in his *Victorian Novelists and Publishers* (1976). Kingsley was not courted by publishers, owing, as we noted at the outset of this chapter, to the controversial nature of the works he had published so far. Macmillan's had not been interested in *Alton Locke*, but *Westward Ho!*, set safely in the past, seemed nevertheless to offer physic for the present: "'popularity' and 'high moral tone' were thus, for once, mutually uplifting principles" (Sutherland 120). Macmillan had been in existence over a decade before 1855, but the brothers had not yet deigned to publish a work of fiction. *Westward Ho!* would launch the firm into a new business revenue echelon, and the house would go on to publish many of the major writers of fiction of the future, including Thomas Hughes, Hardy, Henry James, Kipling.

*Westward Ho!* has sometimes been characterized largely as a work of propaganda, often, it seems, as a result of an always cited comment by a contemporary. In a letter of 1855, Caroline Fox recommended the book to a friend as "a fine foe-extirminating book of Elizabeth's time, done and written in the religious spirit of Joshua and David. For Spaniards read Russians, and it is truly a tract for the times" (Martin 180). And as this remark might tend to indicate, most readers of the book do not fail to remark upon its violence. It might be argued that there is not so much jollily played violence in *Westward Ho!* as in other works for boys, such as those by Captain Marryat. There usually is, however, a peculiarly graphic tint to Kingsley's violence which can be unsettling. Near the outset of the story, the
strapping young hero is caught caricaturing his schoolmaster, the aged pedant, Sir Vindex Brimblecombe.

Brimblecombe raises the cane, and thus

with a serene and cheerful countenance, up rose the mighty form of

Amyas Leigh, a head and shoulders above his tormentor, and that slate
descended on the bald coxcomb of Sir Vindex Brimblecombe, with so
shrewd a blow, that slate and pate cracked at the same instant, and the
poor pedagogue dropped to the floor, and lay for dead. (28)

Hearing of her son's activities, Amyas's mother "could hardly help laughing" (28), and Sir Richard
Grenville "laughed till he cried" (29). Sutherland observes: "Kingsley's depiction of the assault is like
the act itself, callously 'cheerful' (One notes the facetious assonance and alliterations)" (127). This
comes, too, of course, after Amyas has been described as a gentle giant with passions sensibly in check:
Amyas "had been taught to understand the careful habit of causing needless pain to no human being, poor
or rich, and of taking pride in giving up his own pleasure for the sake of those who were weaker than
himself" (9). Though a great one for fighting, he had "contrived, strange as it may seem, to extract from
it good, not only for himself but for others, doing justice among his school-fellows with a heavy hand,
and succouring the oppressed and afflicted" (9). And so on. Frequently in *Westward Ho!*, the actions of
a character may seem at odds with what the author has told us about them, and at these times one may
sense the presence of the author's spirit and demeanour overshadowing the supposed natures of his
imperfectly drawn or stereotypical characters.

In later sections of the novel, when Kingsley focusses on the cruelties of the Spaniards,
"Kingsley's narrative comes alive with suspicious metaphorical vividness" (Sutherland 127), a manati-
hide whip used by a Spanish driver cracking "like a pistol shot against the naked limbs" of an Indian slave
(436). In the same descriptive passage, an elderly Indian cannot be whipped into keeping up his position
in a slave train. As Amyas and the English, in hiding, look on, a Spaniard brandishes a "Toledo blade"
which falls "not on the chain, but on the wrist which it fettered. There was a shriek--a crimson flash--and the chain and its prisoner were parted indeed" (436). Sutherland observes that Kingsley was writing this as he was telling Thomas Hughes that he wished himself skirmishing with Russians, and the critic wonders if Kingsley is "with Amyas in ambush watching in horror or with the Spaniard slashing mercilessly at his victim" (128). Sutherland's point deserves consideration, though it is also possible that, at least for the kinds of scenes (if not the striking emotional and imaginative fervour with which they were entered into), Kingsley may have been drawing on historical material familiar to him regarding the Spanish conquests, from authors such as the legendary Catholic missionary, Bartolome de Las Casas to whom refers in *Westward Ho!*.52

Kingsley's young protagonist, Amyas Leigh, wishes to adventure, to visit new worlds, and experience the thrilling danger and threat of violence that might entail. As we saw in our Introduction, Amyas was infatuated with the horn passed round by Oxenham. He is prevented from joining on for south seas exploits with the sailor, however, by his father. Oxenham, Sir Richard Grenville, and the Leighs convene at the Leighs on the evening of Oxenham's arrival, after the tavern meeting involving Amyas, and Oxenham expresses his wish that the game youth accompany him. Mr. Leigh wants Amyas to stay at home "and be trained," God willing, to "become such a gentleman as Sir Richard Grenvil" (13). Amyas is disappointed, for, as he tells his Sir Richard and his parents when Oxenham has gone, he "should like to be a brave adventurer, like Mr. Oxenham" (16).

Here Grenville interposes, with reasoning dear to Kingsley's personal philosophy, and to that of other muscular Christians such as Hughes. He says to Amyas: "God grant you become a braver man than he! for as I think, to be bold against the enemy is common to the brutes; but the prerogative of a man is to be bold against himself" (16). Grenville promises that one day Amyas shall sail, perhaps with him,
but he needs to remain at home first, and learn to become a Christian and a gentleman. Elaborating on good character, he tells Amyas that we must labor to

conquer our own fancies... and our own lusts, and our ambition, in the sacred name of duty; this is to be truly brave, and truly strong; for he who cannot rule himself, how can he rule his crew or his fortunes? (16)

Here and throughout the work, the calm, sage, kind and avuncular Grenville seems to behave quite unlike the fiery character made familiar to us by history. However, Fanny Kingsley's family claimed Grenville as an ancestor, and a desire to please her family animated Kingsley's composition.

And, of course, there is plot circumstance. A little more than a year after Oxenham departs, and Amyas returns to school, Amyas's father dies. The day after his father's funeral, Amyas goes to Grenville's house and says firmly to the sea hero: "You must be my father now, sir" (22). Thus Amyas spends a time riding, shooting, boxing, and indulging in other youthful animal pursuits with Sir Richard. The above noted pate-cracking incident involving Vindex Brimblecombe precipitates Amyas's going to sea. Amyas goes, in fact, with Francis Drake on his circumnavigation, and so leaves his hometown for a full three years. Perhaps because he lacked strong secondary sources, or because of his uncertainty with the writing of sea adventures, or because Drake's expedition seemed to contain little fodder apt for extrapolative moralizing in the present, or finally because he felt tales from this great voyage would take rather too long in the telling, Kingsley does not allow his readers even a glimpse of Amyas's experiences here. Indeed, the very next sentence after we hear of Amyas's departure (Kingsley does, at least, start a new paragraph) begins: "And now [Amyas] is returned in triumph..." (31). One result of Amyas's participation in this successful venture is his presentation at Court during a pageant for Queen Elizabeth.

We also learn that, during his years at sea, Amyas had often occupied his mind with thoughts of—when not his mother—Rose Salterne, the comely daughter of the mayor of Bideford. He is shortly to discover that his more effete, scholarly older brother, Frank, has been in love with Rose as well. A
euphuist who spends time on the continent with Sir Philip Sidney, the slight, lavishly attired Frank is the opposite of his brawny brother. At any rate, now that he is home, after years of thinking of Rose, we learn that Amyas is "more desperately in love with her than ever" (47). This love interest is crucial to the formation of Kingsley's plot, so Amyas's obsession must be broached. Still, Kingsley does not want to convey the possibility that there was something unclean or lustful about Amyas's long ponderings. In the statement of a moral he frequently points, Kingsley asserts that Amyas's upbringing and adventuring experience had made him morally sound: Amyas "was as pure as the day he was born, having been trained as many a brave young man was then, to look upon profligacy not as a proof of manhood, but...a cowardly and effeminate sin" (47).

Another rival for Rose's hand is the cousin of Amyas and Frank, Eustace Leigh. Eustace's branch of the family, however, is Catholic, and Eustace's version of making his way in the world as a young man is to become involved in spying and comploting with the Spanish in England and Ireland on behalf of the powers of Rome. The comparison of the love of Amyas versus that of Eustace leads Kingsley into a familiar anti-Catholic digression. Eustace's love has "little or nothing of chivalry, self-sacrifice, or purity," as a result of the teachings he has received (63). The "severe restraint" of Jesuitical morality had not produced "real habits of self-control," and what Eustace had learned of women from Jesuits was "as base and vulgar as the rest of their teaching" (63). Kingsley goes on, condemning Romish teachings, and so we are not surprised when the ill-educated Eustace forces himself on the innocent Rose. Rose flees from him, and we learn that she had harbored a certain interest for Amyas above all.

Love for Rose in the town of Bideford is however general, and this leads to the foundation of the adventuring fraternity, "the brotherhood of the Rose." The Leigh brothers and a number of town gallants (and even not-so-gallants, such as Vindex's son, Jack Brimblecombe) discover their common love interest in a tavern meeting, and it is the philosophic, sophisticated and somewhat sophistical Frank Leigh who sees a solution to the evident imminent competition. Frank thinks that, rather than fighting among
themselves, the young men should turn their covetous actions outward, to public and national use which may ultimately bring the kind of personal honour and glory appropriate for the one who would win Rose's hand. Frank offers a lengthy disquisition as he outlines his plan, a portion of which is quoted below:

Shall we make ourselves unworthy of her from our very eagerness to win her, and show ourselves her faithful knights, by cherishing envy,—most unknightly of all sins? Shall we dream with the Italian or the Spaniard that we can become more amiable in a lady's eyes, by becoming hateful in the eyes of God and of each other? Will she love us the better, if we come to her with hands stained in the blood of him whom she loves better than us? Let us recollect ourselves rather, gentlemen; and be sure that our only chance of winning her, if she be worth winning, is to will what she wills, honour whom she honours, love whom she loves. If there is to be rivalry among us, let it be a rivalry in nobleness, an emulation in virtue. Let each try to outstrip the other in loyalty to his queen, in valour against her foes, in deeds of courtesy and mercy to the afflicted and oppressed; and thus our love will indeed prove its own divine origin, by raising us nearer to those gods whose gift it is. But yet I show you a more excellent way, and that is charity. Why should we not make this common love to her, whom I am unworthy to name, the sacrament of a common love to each other? (164-65)

Frank's idea is clever, and it is well-received, for who could be so ungenerous as to contradict his high moralizing? We might also recall Sir Walter Raleigh and his Time and the point at which Kingsley imagines on Raleigh's behalf that, having committed his amorous indiscretion with Elizabeth Throckmorton, Raleigh's first thought is to serve his God and his sovereign with renewed commitment and
moral earnestness. There is indeed something of a pattern in much of Kingsley's work, whereby when a bad or immoral act is imagined or about to be conceived, the author steps in to offer moral guidance, that guidance in its way revealing just how a noble individual ought to act when confronted with the possibility of doing wrong. What Frank's plan here essentially means, at all events, is that the young Devon gentlemen must disperse and seek glory abroad. Ironically, their so doing in large part allows the dreaded Spaniard, Don Guzman Maria Magdalena Sotomayor de Soto, to step into the courtship vacuum they leave behind them.

Frank's conception had been somewhat anticipated already by his brother Amyas. Earlier, when Amyas had discovered that Frank also was in love with Rose, he resolved, out of brotherly love, to quell his amorous passion and try for a post in the Irish army. Neither he nor Frank really know, of course, what Rose thinks of them, anyway; in adventure literature it is rare for members of the opposite sex actually to attempt to come into contact with each other, as Eustace had attempted by protesting his love verbally to Rose. Rather, lovers come together only after the male has performed a feat, and the female has become so free from other serious or worthy attentions, that further mutual ignorance and isolation is impossible. Sir Richard approves of Amyas's idea. Grenville thinks that, by sailing with Drake, as opposed to Oxenham, Amyas has been able to acquire excellent moral training. Indeed, Grenville submits, "If all men were as clean livers as [Drake], the world would be spared one half the tears that are shed in it" (136). Again Kingsley's portrait of an expansive Grenville seems a trifle optimistic, and like Froude he may have wished to write in patriotic and nationalistic harmony among Elizabethan individuals where it may not have existed. Grenville and Drake were known to each other, and even transacted land deals together. Grenville, however, had every reason to regard Drake as an upstart, or at least with jealousy, for Drake in his circumnavigation was able to carry out objectives Grenville himself had spent much time and money in the devising. He had intended to be the first Englishman to pass through the
Straits of Magellan in search of treasure and colonizing possibilities, and had made many preparations to this end and had obtained a royal license. This took place in the years after Drake's exploits of 1572-73, while Drake was mostly in Ireland. Grenville's license was ultimately withdrawn because Elizabeth entered on a phase of appeasement toward Philip, but later in the decade, when the situation in the Netherlands became more troublous, she felt less conciliatory towards Spain, and Drake was allowed to go on the circumnavigation which in its original outlines quite paralleled early particulars of Grenville's own scheme (see Rowse 102-112). Thus when Drake reappeared after several years' absence in 1580 (and with Amyas in *Westward Ho!*), he became "the most famous Englishman of his day. The laurels that might have been Grenville's were his" (Rowse 112). Considering the Drake-Grenville relationship elsewhere, Rowse writes:

Grenville indeed had no reason to love Drake, who had stolen his laurels with the voyage into the Pacific in 1577, and had adversely interfered with his Virginia projects in 1586. . . We may presume at least a coldness in their relations; and. . .the family pride of the Grenvilles. . must have made Grenville regard Drake as a parvenu. . . (253)

In *Westward Ho!* however, Kingsley and Grenville are united in admiring Drake and thinking him a true hero, and if Amyas is to be one, he needs to follow the advice of Grenville.

Hard work in Ireland, to the banishment of love thoughts and so that one may become the better fit to indulge such thoughts, seems like a good idea, and Grenville offers in a comment to Amyas an opinion which surely bears heavily on the whole history of British imperialism. Later nineteenth and early twentieth century writers such as Conrad and Kipling made work a kind of secular religion in their writings. Ideals of work are embodied in the full lives, as well as in the texts, of men like Buchan and Newbolt, as we shall see. We will also see the spirituality of work, or commitment to a task, in the dogged Grenfell boys, imperial servants who died in World War One. All of these individuals feel they
know the value of work, yet so complete is their faith in it that, to greater or lesser degrees, they seem in many ways incapable of critiquing or interrogating that work at very great length. A somewhat blind faith is of course highly serviceable when contemplating or participating in imperial activities or war. Grenville tells Amyas:

...the best reward for having wrought well already, is to have more to do; and he that has been faithful over a few things, must find his account in being made ruler over many things. That is the true and heroical rest, which only is worthy of gentlemen and sons of God. (123)

"And as for those," Grenville says, who "look for idleness, and hope that God shall feed them with pleasant things, as it were with a spoon, Amyas, I count them cowards and base, even though they call themselves saints and elect" (123). This description quite naturally puts Amyas in mind of his turncoat Catholic cousin, Eustace Leigh, and he wishes that Eustace could have heard Grenville's opinions. Eustace, Grenville states succinctly, "has yet to learn what losing his life to save it means" (123). The phrase goes directly to the heart of much that is a motivational thrust beneath so much fiction of empire. It is certainly a good phrase to carry into battle.

For many imperialist writers and thinkers, there is a truly arch belief in action for action's sake. One small facet of this is the disparagement of much literature, or literary affectation, in adventure writing. Recreation, contemplation themselves must be made subordinate to action, or made to become a kind of action. Possibly this is just one reason for which art for art's sake appeared at the time that it did in England, in reaction, as it were, to a hectic capitalistic and imperialistic social and political environment. Carlyle's Teufelsdrockh, having passed through a crisis of faith on his way to becoming a seer, learns that, for his satisfaction and fulfilment, he must work: "Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a Product, produce it, in God's name!" (105). Exactly what is to be produced is unspecified.
Some years after he wrote *Sartor Resartus*[^3], Carlyle published *Past and Present* (1843). In the second book of this work, there is a brief section on "Labour." The term is embodied most for him, Carlyle suggests, by the explorer Columbus. The section closes with an effusive paean to "Columbus, my hero, royallest Sea-king of all!" (146). Earlier in the section, Carlyle uses a number of phrases which echo in content and emphasis passages from *Sartor Resartus* on work:

> ...there is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. (144)

> It has been written, 'an endless significance lies in work'; a man perfections himself by working. (144)

> Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness.

> He a work, a life-purpose. . . . (145)

> Work is of a religious nature:--work is of a brave nature; which it is the aim of all religion to be. (146)

In "Happy," the chapter prior to "Labour," the author avers: "All work. . .is noble; work is alone noble" (141). And "Reward," the chapter after "Labour," opens with the statement that "all true work is Religion" (147). "All works, each in their degree, are a making of Madness sane," Carlyle says. If Teufelsdrockh's gospel was to discover that he had to produce, Carlyle in *Past and Present* emphasizes the formula as a contemporary corrective:

> The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. 'Know thyself:' long enough has that poor 'self' of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to 'know' it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it, like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan. (144)
"Know what thou canst work at." The secular faith in work is indeed very much like a religious faith. Carlyle does not say, for example, "What thou canst work at, know." The first word of his phrase is at once an empty and pregnant signifier. One never does "know," but if one starts working, one will find something to work at. . .hence one will "know," but not in the sense of having knowledge; rather one will "know" through acting. Thus the faith is very much like that of a religion. One cannot possess religion, know God, unless one has faith, but one cannot know what faith is until one has it. Work, like faith, and faith in work, is thus in a sense uncontemplatable, and it must be so.

Kingsley was certain that religion helped men of the Renaissance to work. He quotes Richard Grenville's famous supposed death speech, and then observes: "Those were the last words of Richard Grenville. The pulpits of those days had taught them to him" (124). This is rather a concentrated statement of Kingsley's belief that religion makes one good. We see it everywhere, but seldom so concisely put. Protestant religious faith makes one good, capable, hard-working, famous. To summarize, one might say that Carlyle found religion in work, Kingsley work in religion. Yet for both authors, the terms were to a very great degree interchangeable. As the century progressed, insofar as adventure literature or fiction of empire is concerned, religion as a motivational force wanes, and work (or imperial service) begins to take on a spiritual aspect which might formerly have been associated more with pure religion.

Amyas, at any rate, heads off to Ireland in search of work, adventure, national servitude. There he sits in on an impromptu literary debate between Spenser and Ralegh, and takes part in battling the Irish and Spanish and Italian Catholic and papal forces. The main adventuring feat Amyas undertakes here is the capture of the Spanish nobleman Don Guzman, who turns out to be the rabbit we noted Amyas anticipating earlier. When it comes time to dispose of the surrendered at Smerwick after the siege there of 1580, we do not see Amyas participate, though Ralegh takes a leading role in advocating and carrying out the slaughter. In part Ralegh was following the successful example and ruthless conduct of his half-
brother Gilbert, who was knighted for his atrocities in Ireland. As we have glimpsed, Ireland was a kind of proving ground for many famous Elizabethan buccaneers early in their careers, and a kind of test-site for later, further-flung British imperialisms. Late into the nineteenth century Froude (on South Africa in Oceana) and Mary Kingsley (on West Africa in West African Studies) pointed to Irish precedents as imperial failures from which lessons for present and future actions could be learned.

Kingsley offers some excuses for Ralegh's behaviour, and historians have since offered more, but it is not a matter the author of Westward Ho! wishes to dwell upon; Kingsley says simply: "It was done. Right or wrong, it was done" (199). As such, the slaughter as Kingsley construes it is as an effective warning. Never mind that the incident may have added inspiration to further Spanish aggression, such as the attack of the Armada, before the decade was out, or that it exacerbated ongoing Anglo-Irish hostilities. "It was done," Kingsley writes, "and it never needed to be done again. The hint was severe, but it was sufficient. Many years passed before a Spaniard set foot again in Ireland" (199).

In the calm ensuing the "hint," Ralegh offers Amyas as his lieutenant custody of some of his Irish lands and a hermitage. Thank God there is something to do. Though but a youth still, Amyas accepts Ralegh's offer with the grim commitment of an imperial servant of long standing: "'I'll go,' quoth Amyas, 'anything for work'" (200). And so Amyas retires to his tenure with his prisoner, Don Guzman, and of course, Salvation Yeo. Writing in haste, Kingsley recalls that he will require Yeo later, and that Yeo had earlier pledged to follow Amyas. The glory of taking Don Guzman had to be Amyas's own, so Yeo was not mentioned, but Kingsley quickly adds him in when he ensconces Amyas in his lands.

While resident in Ireland with Don Guzman, Amyas learns, much as Ralegh does from his own aristocratic, gold-obsessed prisoner, Don Antonio de Berrio, in The Discoverie of Guiana, intelligence of Spanish activity in South America. He hears the Spaniard's lust for gold--Guzman ejaculates: "I'll be the Emperor of Manoa yet--possess the jewels of all the Incas; and gold, gold!" (204)--and observes the
"boastfulness which in an Englishman would have been the sure mark of vulgarity" innate to the highborn Spanish (206).

Soon, however, Guzman is invited by Grenville, who is said to have met the Spaniard on continental battlefields, to Devon, where he will begin to undermine the brotherhood of the Rose. Amyas is saved from inaction again by Ralegh, who this time invites him to voyage along with him and Gilbert for Newfoundland. Amyas, of course, is willing, but, fresh off his parleys with Guzman, thinks a Manoan venture, rather than one involving the chilly Newfoundland, might be the scheme to try. Ralegh is briefly diverted by the prospect of, as he improbably says, discovering the gilded ruler (El Dorado) of Manoa so as to "offer him help and friendship from the Queen of England; defend him against the Spaniards [and] if we become strong enough, conquer back all Peru from the Popish tyrants, and reinstate him on the throne of the Incas with ourselves for his body-guard" (278). Although, alas, Ralegh was not able to carry out such lofty aims even in his Guianan voyages, which took place after the years Westward Ho! is set within, he is for the moment bound to go with Gilbert. Yet he was forbidden to go on that ill-fated, mishap-ridden venture, in history as in the novel, by a chary Elizabeth I. Amyas does go, but few details of the expedition are given, possibly because recorded history supplemented Kingsley's imagination with either too little or too little useful information. The writer of any historical novel, even Woolf in Orlando, may feel compelled to allude to certain major events else his or her audience might wonder at their absence in literature, but Kingsley is too much the nationalist bard who must incorporate favourably every historical event in the life of his protagonist. When the events build up, and the narrative becomes overstuffed with incident and adventure, the sensitive, or realistic reader, may grow weary of the main character's positive (even when negative for his countrymen) exploits, and begin to have difficulty digesting the now sententious now sentimental moralizing placed before him or her. The history once verging on verisimilitude veers towards myth as a result of its sheer, zealous, partisan comprehensiveness.
Though Amyas has little to say of Gilbert's expedition, he is able to record Gilbert's death for Gilbert's brother, Adrian. To satisfy the men remaining to him during the mishap and mutiny-blighted mission, Gilbert had to return to England earlier than he had planned. He was lost in the tiny Squirrel in a storm off the Azores, his last words to his men supposedly being: "We are as near heaven by sea as by land" (Westward Ho! 264). Presumably Amyas returns from this trip (he was in another vessel) older and wiser, and some comparison of the discipline of Drake's men versus those of Gilbert is offered by Kingsley, but the episode does not advance the plot or show us much in the way of the development of the protagonist; it is included mainly, one senses, because Kingsley feels obliged to get his central character in on the major shipping and adventuring feats of the day.

After this unsuccessful voyage, however, the worst is yet to come for Amyas, as he discovers on his return that Rose has eloped with Don Guzman to La Guayra in the West Indies, where the Don has taken a governorship. Thus Amyas and members of the brotherhood set about preparing a voyage to retrieve her, and the largest boat constructed, to lead the fleet, is christened the Rose. As with Drake's circumnavigation, the men Amyas and the brotherhood take on as crew are not told of their ultimate goal or destination. It is most improbable that they would not know, particularly if they sailed, after all, in the Rose, but Kingsley cannot have the men sign up as gold-hunters and freebooters, though this is what they are. Amyas does know that he will have to do some marauding on his way, despite the fact that Rose is his final concern. He tells his mother and brother Frank:

I must pay my men, and pay my fellow-adventurers; and I must pay them with Spanish gold. And what is more, I cannot, as a loyal subject of the queen's, go to the Spanish Main with a clear conscience on my own private quarrel, unless I do all the harm that my hand finds to do, by day and night, to her enemies, and the enemies of God. (306-07)
And so en route to La Guayra, on the Main off Margarita, the Isle of Pearls, Amyas and crew take several Spanish caravels without resistance. On shore the following day, a number of Spanish are summarily dispatched when they offer to ambush the English.

The English run on to La Guayra, arriving in the harbor there late in the day. They have learned from a native they had encountered that the governor was not at his post, and had gone off to look for the English the day before on a tip from Eustace Leigh. Bobbing in the outer reaches of the harbor, away from the Spanish ships close in, Frank improbably espies Rose strolling about the grounds of the governor's residence set high up on a hillside. Now that the object of their pilgrimage is in sight, Frank cannot bide, and insists on sneaking that night to the Rose's residence. Amyas goes with him, and a small party of volunteers, still in the dark as to the import of the mission, is left by the shore below. On attaining the wicket-gate of the governor's house, Amyas at last asks his brother what his plan is. And, to his great consternation, Amyas finds that Frank has none. It is a very interesting moment in the narrative, now just past its mid-point, and one that speaks a great deal to the adventure-imperial fiction genre as a whole. Not only is Amyas caught out, but it also seems very much as though the author is, too. He has taken his characters across the sea, given them remarkable ease of passage, good fortune in routing the Spanish, and a surprisingly instantaneous glimpse of the object sought. This is of a piece with much in adventure literature, where the narrative rushes pell-mell up to a goal. But then, once the goal is reached, there is some confusion over what to do next. Amyas and Frank, now that they have at last achieved their goal, may not know what to do, but neither did their creator, Kingsley, furnish them with a plan. Of course, Kingsley does know what will happen next in the plot, as we will see, and he might have us think that his characters' lack of reasoning underpinning their motive is their own, but it is also that of Kingsley and the adventure literature genre itself. The goal must remain elusive, for the moment of the goal's attainment is, ultimately, a kind of death, for the goal and its pursuers.
To inspire an adventure, one needs a motivating thrust, "an idea at the back of it," in the Marlovian phrase. But the closer one comes to attaining a goal, the more indistinct such motivational factors must become--else the revels, the adventures, reasons for life itself, are ended. Optimally, the idea at the back of any venture is more like unto a mood or a feeling which allows for ample action and little thought that might complicate the undertaking of that action. It has the character of an imperative, not a philosophical discourse. Yet once an imperative arrives at its final application, complications often ensue which require the flexibility of a more sophisticated proposition. The "idea" hopefully is and remains somewhat undeveloped, hazy and obscure, or vague, general, and abstract, for if one really knew and cogently articulated to oneself or to others exactly what one was doing, one might not do it. As Marlow says, the conquest of the earth (taking it away from black peoples) isn't very pretty when you look at it much; what redeems it only is the antecedent idea at the back of it. If Amyas, Frank, and the brotherhood were able to say to themselves of the idea at the back of their (conquistadorial, after all) voyage, "we are going to go to the West Indies and kidnap Rose Salterne so that we, and not a hated Spaniard, may possess her (and with luck we will loot and pillage and enrich ourselves a little, too, along the way)," they supposedly would not have voyaged in the first instance. Instead, they must maintain a vaguer notion, actively anticipate evil on the part of the Spanish, and venture off and see what may hap, hoping ever that something bad will occur in their sight which will allow them to unleash their most ruthless and peremptory good. In a general sense, the idealization of the Elizabethan period by writers such as Froude and Kingsley, and others we shall see, permits many things--a type of narrative first of all, as well as the achievement of great exploits by protagonists and characters. And readers of such literature are affected or influenced by what they read, as are readers who shall become authors, as I emphasize in my study of Henry Newbolt and John Buchan. In the nineteenth century re-visioning of the Elizabethan age, and its emplacement of pure imperial motives there, one witnesses something like the formulation of a redemptive idea to install at the back of burgeoning present day nineteenth century
imperial activity. This is one reason why increasing attention was paid to the Elizabethan worthies, and the Elizabethan period began to be thought of more and more (and the medieval, perhaps, less and less) as British imperial expansion, and the nineteenth century, reached its term. The Elizabethans offered not only inspiration, precedents, and a glorious national history to live up to, but excuses (for grim commitment, violent offensive action), as well. When Marlow says that an idea only redeems the terrible violence of conquest, he is not merely standing outside the matter and attempting to justify to his shipboard audience (nor Conrad his reading audience) such conquest, or those who conquer, in the eyes of external observers. He is also, through an act of sympathetic imagination, joining the Kurtzes, the Rhodeses, and other great imperial dreamers and thinkers, in considering, understanding, or justifying to themselves why they do what they do.

At any rate, on learning that Frank has no more of a plan for what to do with Rose when they are at her garden gate than he, "Amyas was at his wits' end. . .he had taken for granted that Frank had some well-connected scheme for gaining admittance to the Rose" (344). Amyas thinks of going back the way they had come, but he knows Frank will be obstinate. Moreover, as any true hero of an adventure fable, he knows he cannot go back, and fears "the shame of returning on board without having done anything" (344).

And so the brothers approach the house, quietly so as not to waken the black attendants who sleep in the open on the ground without the residence, as much like domestic servants as domestic pets, Kingsley's setting of the scene makes it seem. Happily, Rose comes into the garden, to look out at the harbor and see the English ships, reminders of home. Before the Leigs can accost her, however, none other than Eustace Leigh appears by Rose's side, alarming both the woman and his cousins. He is taking advantage of the Don's absence (which he prompted by telling the Governor the English were on their way) to try Rose himself. They speak of her husband, Guzman, and, in a stereotypically Victorian moment of dialogue in the narrative, Kingsley writes:
'Husband!' whispered Frank faintly to Amyas. 'Thank God, thank God! I am content.' (347)

Here we learn that the brotherhood had somehow not believed, or rather not accepted, that Rose could be married to the Spaniard. Both surprisingly (why would he not?) and unsurprisingly (Spaniards are so base), the brotherhood had not allowed itself to think that Guzman might possess a few religious scruples not unlike their own, and make an honest woman of Rose.

Eventually, Frank and Amyas are discovered to Eustace and Rose. All hell breaks loose as Eustace cries out that bandits are attacking and Rose insists upon her love for her husband. Frank wishes to stay by her and die fighting, according to his oath. In striking passages, Frank and Amyas consider killing Rose, for Eustace has referred to the Inquisition at which she will certainly (and does indeed, shortly thereafter) die. In their flight to their ship from the pursuing black servants, Frank is taken prisoner, and Amyas is knocked out, only to be revived aboard ship. Later, Amyas will think the loss of Frank "God's verdict on his conduct," for setting "his own private affection" and his own "private revenge" before that of his crew and country (373).

In the short term, however, Amyas has much to do in the way of combat, as the Spanish now pursue the English interlopers at sea. This results in a bloody fight, described in Chapter XX, "Spanish Bloodhounds and English Mastiffs." After a long, vicious battle, the English are triumphant, but the Spanish captain will not surrender his crippled ship to Amyas. Little remains of the sinking Spanish ship, but "there stood the stern and steadfast Don, cap-a-pie in his glistening black armour, immovable as a man of iron, while over him the flag, which claimed the empire of both worlds, flaunted its gold aloft and upwards in the glare of the tropic noon" (370). There is no mention of any such gear being used by the English. To round out the affair, we witness an instance of the peculiar theatricality and unreality of Kingsley's depictions of violence. With alliteration by which sound amplifies sense, as well as which,
here and elsewhere, lends an eerie spectatorial relish to the writing up of the proceedings, we observe an aged former captive of the Spanish board the faltering vessel:

A wild figure sprang out of the mass of sailors who struggled and shrieked amid the foam, and rushed upward at the Spaniard. It was Michael Heard. The Don, who stood above him, plunged his sword into the old man's body: but the hatchet gleamed, nevertheless: down went the blade through headpiece and head; and as Heard sprang onward, bleeding, but alive, the steel-clad corpse rattled down the deck into the surge. Two more strokes, struck with the fury of a dying man, and the standard-staff was hewn through. Old Michael collected all his strength, hurled the flag far from the sinking ship, and then stood erect one moment and shouted, 'God save Queen Bess!' and the English answered with a 'Hurrah!' which rent the welkin. (370-71)

We will hear a similar cheer during the last fight of the Revenge as Henry Newbolt describes it in The Book of the Grenvilles.

After this encounter, the Englishmen must make for land and flee. They are pursued briefly by Don Guzman, whom they rebuff, but when the Spaniards burn the Rose, a stay in South America is obviated. Amyas, no doubt thinking of stories retailed to him by Ralegh, suggests that they spend the next two years searching for Manoa. Essentially alternativeless, his men must follow, and Kingsley, citing various works of historical literature in defense of Ralegh's great illusion, enters a lengthy digression contending the viability of Amyas's plan. In the next short chapter, we learn of the death at the Inquisition of Frank and Rose, and Eustace Leigh, who, Kingsley writes, deserves no longer a place in a "history of men," as he has become "a thing, a tool, a Jesuit" (396), is dismissed finally from the pages of the story.
And then, at the outset of the next chapter, it is three years later. The men, now half the original number who arrived in the West Indies, appear as haggard Crusoe figures in Kingsley's description. At last the remnant concludes that it must wend homeward, however empty-handed. The new plan is to work back to Spanish civilisation, sack and plunder, and hope to take a Spanish ship home.

No sooner are they embarked on this "new dream" of adventure (402), then a second female, in place of the ill-fated Rose, appears. This personage, Ayacanora, will have a role in the narrative not unlike that of Rose, one which can be seen as inspiriting, but which yet remains subsidiary and largely unconnected, in an immediate sense, to the lives of the men. At first she is presumed to be an Indian girl, but certain remarkably European features suggest she is of a "higher race" (407). In fact, she is the offspring of the Spanish woman who had attracted Oxenham's affections, and is precisely the girl for whom Salvation Yeo, in aiming to keep his promise to Oxenham to be her protector, has been bound to search for throughout his earthly days. The reader, and Yeo, will only learn this towards the close of the novel. Ayacanora is something of a local Queen, her community's leader, nominally a "Daughter of the Sun." She is so termed because inhabitants found her as a youth wandering in the forest, and were impressed by her light skin and precocious abilities. Soon, what with her combination of (white) looks and talents, she became their chief.

Hence we read an oft-repeated conceit in nineteenth century adventure-imperial literature.

Whites invariably think darker peoples to be lower in evolution, and tainted by the devil. Amyas, on apprehending Ayacanora, had thought she might be a descendant of a lost Inca race—"[a]ll the strange and dim legends of white Indians, and of notions of a higher race than Carib, or Arrowak, or Solimo...rose up in his memory" (407-08). Ayacanora leaves to fetch some of her community members, and her return with them in a canoe is inglorious. Kingsley writes: "Amyas, who expected to find there some remnant of a higher race, was disappointed enough at seeing on board only the usual half-dozen low-browed, dirty Orsons painted red with arnotto..." (410). Ayacanora naturally chooses Amyas, the aristocratic Adonis,
as her mate, and between them over ensuing days, Kingsley tells us, a "harmless friendship sprang up" (419).

It must be illustrated to Amyas that tarrying in this way with the winsome half-breed princess and her tribe must know a term (those capable of casting their minds back no little distance in the narrative will recall that one factor in Oxenham's demise is his dalliance with Ayacanora's mother in Chapter VII), and this instruction Amyas receives when two of his men slip off with native women. When the fugitives are found, they have gone native and become painted lotos eaters, lolling in the arms of their dusky brides by a waterfall within a forest bower of bliss. Amyas feels the temptation of the deserters, and allows himself to think of relapse, of ceasing to strive and to seek and to find, and instead settle with Ayacanora in the Edenic setting.

A ready answer to his thoughts arrives in the presence of a black jaguar which kills one of the Indian women (her anaesthetized English mate, stripped of his vigilance, had been unable to help because he had left his sword in his hammock). Amyas slays the Satan ex machina, and exhales to himself:

'O Lord Jesus. . . Thou hast answered the devil for me! And this is the selfish rest for which I would have bartered the rest which comes by working where Thou hast put me!' (429)

So Amyas must continue on his quest. Initially it appears that the Indians will join the English, but when the English discover that, while they may take any gold they may in tandem acquire, the Indians will wish to have Spaniard prisoners for their eating pleasure. Amyas stoutly rejects this tradeoff, and so leaves alone with his men, happy "at having escaped the rocks of the Sirens, and being at work once more" (432).

After a couple of weeks, the English men come upon a Spanish gold train—Spanish overseers are driving Indian slaves who carry the treasure. The English are horrified to see that the slaves number amongst them the old and infirm and women and children. When Amyas first heard of the deserters,
Ralegh was invoked, as Amyas was said to have been dismayed that his men had lost their sexual self control and consorted with native women (423); in the Discoverie, Ralegh swears that no man of his, under his expressed injunctions, approached the native women. Here again, the Discoverie animates Kingsley’s imagination, as the indignation of Amyas and his crew is said to be like unto Ralegh, in his "appeal to man and God, on the ground of common humanity, in behalf of the outraged heathens of the New World" (435). Of course, all talk of "the voice of freedom [as] the righteous voice of God" (435) and of protecting the benighted, militarily and technologically backward races aside, what the English really want is simply for the Indians to switch sides, and serve them instead, as we shall shortly see.

Amyas would forbear ambushing an unsuspecting enemy, however, so the English look on until an episode of violence referred to earlier, in which a tired old man is separated at the wrist from his fetters. As we noted above, Kingsley’s heightened literary delight in retailing the viciousness of the Spanish rather queasily implies a certain bloodthirsty authorial vengefulness. At any rate, this time there is not a panther but a girl, "[q]uick and fierce as a tiger-cat," who prompts Amyas (436). The girl attacks the Spaniard, causing him to fall off a cliff to his death. When the Spanish would have at her, we read: "Now was the time for Amyas! Heaven had delivered [the Spanish] into his hands" (437). In other words, as almost invariably in adventure-imperial literature, the English are saved from the ignoble impression of their making an aggressive try for treasure themselves; rather, it falls into their hands as a result of their righteous Christian behaviour against evil ones and on behalf of the weak.

In a brief battle, the English liquidate the Spanish. Then, apparently oblivious to irony, author and protagonist turn to the momentarily freed slave labourers:

'We are your friends,' said Amyas. 'All we ask is, that you shall help us to carry this gold down to Magdalena, and then you are free.' (438)

At this happy solicitation, "[s]ome few of the younger grovelled at his knees, and kissed his feet, hailing him as a child of the Sun" (438). The next individual to fall "panting" and fawning like a "dog who has
found his master" at Amyas's feet is none other than Ayacanora (440); the Indian princess has followed Amyas since his departure, and will re-attach herself to the Englishman for the remainder of the narrative.

On reaching the coast of the Main near Santa Martha, the English handily take a Spanish galleon. They attack at night, when the Spanish sentries are sleeping. Drake has lately swept through the area, and the demoralized Spaniards have given themselves over to infighting and backbiting, drinking, and, in the case at least of the Bishop of Carthagena, Kingsley intimates, illicit extramarital coupling with native women. The author prepares us for the righteous attack of the English by allowing us to eavesdrop on a shipboard conversation among a number of Catholic divines, and apprehend their venal, scabrous natures. It is not a bad thing if such individuals are routed or slain. Only one of the religious men stands out as a charitable man, dismayed by the "cruelesties of his countrymen" (460). This is a Dominican brother named Fray Gerundio. He will not share in the immoral viciousness of his colleagues, and will finally be confessor to the Bishop before that man is put to death. The narrator likens Gerundio to Las Casas, and calls him, perhaps a bit oddly, a "true Protestant, as well as a true liberal and a true martyr" (460).

One of the prisoners taken on board the ship turns out coincidentally to be Lucy Passmore, the old "white witch" of Devon, who had facilitated Rose Salterne's elopement with Don Guzman, and accompanied the young bride to the tropics. She suffered at the Inquisition, but she recanted so that, after some torture, she is being transported back to Spain to do penance. She provides details to Amyas of how Frank Leigh and Rose, refusing to recant, were burnt side by side at the stake. This precipitates an act of peremptory justice on Amyas's part which will haunt him by book's end.

When Amyas learns from Lucy Passmore that the Bishop and a monk on board the galleon were present at and complicit in the deaths of Frank and Rose, Amyas leads them off and hangs them, vowing before God that he should undergo the same sentence "if, as long as I have eyes to see a Spaniard, and hands to hew him down, I do any other thing than hunt down that accursed nation day and night."
(488). This avowal will make Amyas an excellent candidate to fight the Armada, and it contains, as we shall see at the novel's end, Kingsley's characteristic broad irony.

The morally inviolate figure of Francis Drake inspirits this novel, and Kingsley refers to the seaman on many occasions when he would point a conduct code Amyas ought to emulate in a given situation. Drake apparently led his men daily in prayer, an activity Amyas ensures his crew observes. Notably, Kingsley does not here gesture comparatively to Drake's trial and execution of his one-time friend and confidant, the mutinous Thomas Doughty. Kingsley earlier in *Westward Ho!* (372-73), as Froude in "England's Forgotten Worthies," approves Drake's effort to improvise due juridical process; Amyas does not attempt to adorn his private vengeance with external or traditional sanctions, and for this he will pay.

Thus the adventures of the buccaneers are beginning to draw to a close. Riches have been gained, explorations have been made, the Brotherhood of the Rose has known its object to be vanished, Indians have been encountered and aided, Spaniards slain. Little remains for the return journey, but for the discovery of Ayacanora, presumed offspring of John Oxenham and a Spanish woman. Kingsley uses Ayacanora, now that she is aboard a ship full of European men, and not a warrior princess among natives, for comic relief. Other than asking her to tend to Lucy Passmore, the other woman on board, Amyas effectively denies her any masculine duties. Lucy, conveniently, expires before the English reach home. Had she lived, her role in facilitating the elopement of Rose and Guzman would have given Kingsley a troublesome circumstance to deal with. Ayacanora's broken English, her childish vanity, and her attempts to deport herself as a hightoned European lady, occasion much mirth for the crew.

Shortly, however, everything about Ayacanora will be modified, and as if by magic, she will begin to take on English airs. This occurs when she learns of her European parentage. Kingsley introduces the matter cleverly, as one day Yeo and members of the crew trade song and rhyme, the old mariner's psalms for the hands' hearty drinking ditties. Unconsciously and reflexively, Ayacanora repeats
Yeo's song, and after a moment's of interrogation, Yeo discovers that this "little maid" presently in tow is the very one he had been charged to protect and care for some dozen years ago. And so,

[from that day Ayacanora was a new creature. The thought that she was an Englishwoman; that she, the wild Indian, was really one of the great white people whom she had learned to worship, carried in it some regenerating change: she regained all her former stateliness, and with it self-restraint, a temperance, a softness which she had never shown before. (497)

Amyas's return, as it is not with Frank or Rose, makes for a curious combination of celebration and lamentation. The first three individuals Amyas interviews are, consecutively, his mother, Grenville, and William Salterne. Grenville brings Amyas briefly up to speed on his and Raleigh's fitful Virginian ventures. Amyas's aged mother has committed herself to a life of solitary prayer, and the absolute stoic piety with which she meets all suffering and tribulation threatens to leave her, inasmuch as she is a character at all, queerly inhuman. She finds news of Frank's death at the Inquisition a fair blessing: "I little expected such an honour--such an honour--ha! ha! And such a fair young martyr, too" (504). If she did not know how Frank had died, she at least can recall when he did, since, she notes, "he has often come to see me in my sleep" (505).

William Salterne's peace with the death of a loved one through the beneficent action of a religious scruple is little less astonishing. We may recall the relief of Amyas and Frank when they learned Rose was at least married. Her father's relief is no less palpable, for it is the one detail of her biography he would have Amyas repeat. Kingsley describes Salterne as Amyas tells the merchant what he knows:
His cheek never blanched, his lips never quivered throughout. Only when Amyas came to Rose's marriage, he heaved a long breath, as if a weight was taken off his heart.

'Say that again, sir!' (509)

In his religious enthusiasm, Kingsley's one possible concession to what ought to be a more common human response seems to be to mitigate Salterne's aspirative heft to the "long breath" where we might have expected to read "sigh." Salterne is gladder still to think that he, like Mrs. Leigh, sired a martyr. Amyas concludes of Rose that "if she sinned like a woman, she died like a saint" (511). This, at last, will disturb Salterne's "iron mouth" (509): "'Yes, sir!,' answered the old man with a proud smile" (511).

Amyas's mother extorts from her roving son a promise to stay put with her for the term of a year. Amyas submits, but it goes hard for he and the bloodthirsty old Yeo, for they must rest idle while New World ventures are afoot, while Drake sacks Cadiz, while, simply, so far as Amyas is concerned, Spaniards live. At one point, Amyas's mother tries to discuss with her son the evident amorous feelings of Ayacanora towards him, perhaps even suggest that he ought to be marrying her, but her Spanish blood is as yet a problem for Amyas, and his warlike nature experiences difficulty in entertaining notions of love, anyway. We may recall Amyas's desire to bury himself, to the banishment of romance, in bloody colonial work in Ireland early in the book; his desire to wean himself from contemplation and lose himself in action is similarly acute now. He tells his mother that he wishes the Armada would come:

If I were but in the midst of that fleet, fighting like a man— to forget it all,

with a galleon on board of me to larboard, and another to starboard—and

then put a linstock in the magazine, and go aloft in good company— I
don't care how soon it comes, mother. . . . (532-33)

No need to wait for this wish to come true, as no sooner has he enunciated his desire, than a messenger arrives from Grenville, informing Amyas the Armada has upped anchor, and his talents are required by
the national interest. Laughing, dancing, Amyas slavers at the fighting prospect, and effectively stills his mother's protests with the promise that if he should be killed, she will have two martyrs of her blood.

With the discovery and subsequent death of Frank and Rose, the ardent ambitions which had animated Amyas and the English were without purpose. But from the moment he had trimmed sail once again for England, Amyas, and, we understand, his followers, had been gripped by a new obsession, a new passion, to make war with the Spanish (491). And it is, of course, essentially what the Brotherhood had amounted to all along, a romantic vestment as delicate as the sexually ambiguous Frank himself upon which to embroider bold war-thoughts. This is what the high-flown Brotherhood has come to, and Amyas and his close confederates such as Will Cary relish the release. Now, Amyas has only to hunt the Spaniard—in particular Don Guzman—and in so doing avenge his brother and Rose Salterne.

A preliminary gathering of many English heroes of the Armada battle ("England's forgotten worthies," Kingsley does not fail to quote [537]), allows the author to compose one of his trademark historical tableaux, a tavern set-piece which returns us to the opening of the novel when Amyas was but a youth, not a mature commander. Plymouth's Pelican Inn becomes for an afternoon a veritable gallery of worthies. They lounge and chat in groups, and Kingsley infuses them with warmth of regard for each other that he himself possessed for the historical deities. Some modern readers might find less manly fellow-feeling than homoerotic delight at the absence of women as we pan the gallery:

Those soft long eyes and pointed chin you recognise already; they are Walter Raleigh's. The fair young man in the flame-coloured doublet, whose arm is round Raleigh's neck, is Lord Sheffield; opposite them stands, by the side of Sir Richard Grenville, a man as stately even as he, Lord Sheffield's uncle, the Lord Charles Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral of England; next to him is his son-in-law, Sir Robert Southwell, captain of the Elizabeth Jonas... (538)
And so on, with approving glances at John and Richard Hawkins, Frobisher, Davis, and numerous others, and with a particularly lengthy period reserved for the sighting of the stoic Francis Drake, not heretofore seen in the flesh in the novel.

Conversation in the Inn ultimately turns mainly on the ills of "croakers," or those individuals too timid to venture for gain or fight for the right. John Hawkins hears a discouraging word, suggesting failure, from one of the assembled captains, and this leads to a round of worthies reciting exploits they successfully carried off which never would have occurred in the face of pusillanimity. The session is basically a communal pep-talk, and it may have addressees without the book, if one considers England's Crimean troops. Drake's game of bowls, in contempt of fear of the Spanish, is duly noted, and the chapter concludes with Amyas discussing with Drake his consuming desire to confront Guzman.

In the following chapter, "The Great Armada," Kingsley again refers to the outset of his work. The first several paragraphs of the book are a kind of proem, in which Kingsley asks his readers what, were it not for English harrassment of the Spanish in the West Indies, and the glorious English victory in 1588, "had we been by now, but a Popish appanage of a world-tyranny as cruel as heathen Rome itself, and far more devilish" (2)? He feels that the story ought to be told as an epic, and not written down in a mere novel. While he hopes that "some man may yet gird himself to write" this epic, he hopes also that his readership will indulge him and forgive the infelicities of his present rendering. When, at the end of Westward Ho!, Kingsley approaches the "great sea-fight" between "Popery and despotism" and "Protestantism and freedom," which would have a determining effect on the course of world events, he says it is a "twelve days' epic" worthy of Homeric verse, and not "dull prose" such as he can manage (551).

The chapters touching the Armada have something a trifle ignominious about them, for Amyas's sole aim in them is to avenge the loss of Frank and hunt down Don Guzman, whom Amyas feels is certain to be involved in the fray. Because we must stay with our protagonist and his story, or at least
always be reminded of it, the great episode of national history is somewhat diminished in the
everpresence of Amyas's personal concerns. After losing Frank at La Guayra, Amyas was sorely stung
by the awareness that his anxious, single-minded pursuit of Rose Salterne had led to Frank's death and to
the death and injury of other crew members besides. Now, however, he is keen to make the same error in
judgment. Kingsley assesses the gravity of Amyas's vengeful self-absorption by depicting him as
unwilling to join his men above decks for Communion, but instead sitting below, grimly sharpening his
sword the while.

Several days into the battle, Amyas's ship, the Vengeance, has an opportunity to take on
Guzman's Santa Catharina. Amyas and Guzman exchange unpleasanties touching Rose, but little is
settled before nightfall and shortage of shot forecloses combat between the two ships. The Armada is
eventually vanquished off England's southern coasts, but Guzman's ship is one of those that straggled on
for Ireland, in the hope of regrouping there. Over sixteen days, Amyas chases Guzman up the Welsh and
Scottish coasts, past the Orkneys and Shetlands and on towards the Faroes, then all the way back down
again, skirmishing fitfully from time to time, but never being allowed a chance at boarding or close
combat. Finally (and, perhaps, lest the chase become almost comical), the Spanish ship, like so many of
its counterparts, founders and is lost in stormy weather off Lundy, an island conveniently just northwest
of Amyas's Devon hometown of Bideford. Vengeance, at last, is denied the Vengeance.

At the moment it appears he will not be able to close with his prey, Amyas curses and throws his
sword into the sea, whereupon a flash of lightning strikes, killing Yeo, heretofore the most bloodthirsty
and least inclined to mercy of the crew, and blinding the captain Amyas in his retributive fury. In his
convalescence after his great shock, Amyas convinces himself that Guzman did love Rose, and composes
himself to forgive and forget. He imagines that he and Guzman had conversed, each expressing their
love for Rose, their knowledge that they both had sinned; "'God has judged our quarrel, and not we,'"
Amyas finds himself saying to Guzman (585).
Little remains now but the return to Devon's shores and a life of enforced domesticity for the hero. Yeo is given a stately burial, and Amyas offers a rousing tribute. Amyas's sightlessness means that he cannot refuse Ayacanora now. In the closing paragraphs she cries: "I will be your slave! I must be! You cannot help it! You cannot escape from me now! You cannot go to sea!" (590). Amyas may only acquiesce, and does so not with harsh words, but with his embrace.

If *Westward Ho!* has attracted any serious reflection, it has often been mostly to apprehend Kingsley's virulent anti-Catholicism. It is easy to stop here, for this is what may, especially to partisans, be most apprehensible--and reprehensible, in Kingsley's work. Perhaps it is so apparent that critics feel qualification unnecessary, or overly charitable; certainly, the outright condemnation of religious bias appears to advantage in the work of critics themselves.

It is nevertheless essential, for those who will not experience *Westward Ho!* in all its forbidding length and girth, that they grasp that, in this novel as in most of Kingsley's work, the author is at pains to suggest that those who are wrong in their religious affiliation might not always be wilfully so, and that those who are of the right faith should not hold it in a passive or non-interrogative fashion. This much one could expect from Kingsley, whose own faith, like that of many great preachers, was hard won and subject early on to harrowing doubt.

Let us consider a moment further the daunting nature of the book for us today (so doing may adumbrate perspectives on later nineteenth century adventure literature which refers to the reign of Elizabeth). In the Victorian era, for the sentiments it espoused, *Westward Ho!* was remarkably popular. And stylistic traits and overt moralizing which might stultify us now may even have been welcomed. To wonder just how many copies of *Westward Ho!* of the thousands printed, were read, and with what ardour and measurable effect, would be to enter upon vague speculation.
It is perhaps instructive to consider what one accomplished novelist thought of Kingsley's abilities as a novelist. A brief reflection on *Westward Ho!* was penned by Arnold Bennett in one of his weekly *Evening Standard* "books and persons" pieces for January 1930. After the opening line: "Charles Kingsley preached sermons at the age of four" (339), Bennett offers two delightfully succinct and ironic paragraphs of biography. He then notes that *Westward Ho!* has gone through fifty-nine editions, some sixteen so far in the present century. It has been perhaps thirty-five years, Bennett thinks, since he last looked at the book, and that it has the reputation of being Kingsley's best. Bennett endorses this appraisal, yet when one regards the rather ambivalent impressions which follow, one might be bound to conclude that Bennett did not think Kingsley was in the habit of writing very good books. What strikes Bennett most about *Westward Ho!*, as, indeed, it might for most present day readers, is

... its tremendous length, 591 close pages. I quailed as I set forth on the voyage. There were storms en route, and good ones; but there were also interminable doldrums. My obstinate courage in sticking to the ship until she finally dropped anchor in Appledore has convinced me that in a previous incarnation I must have been at least Sir Francis Drake. (339)

Bennett subsequently observes that Kingsley "never uses two words if eight or ten will do" (340). Still, he finds good things to say about the book. Set-pieces such as sea-battles are adeptly drawn, and Kingsley's "landscape painting is really brilliant" (340). This latter point has been echoed by many critics since (perhaps particularly by those, one might add, who seem to be straining to discover, to a slightly greater degree than Bennett, to say anything redemptive about the book).57

Bennett also believes the book to be "well-constructed" (340), an assessment he appears to return to as he closes his reflections. The title of Bennett's piece is "Antiquated *Westward Ho!*," and he compares the novel to *Tom Jones*, another sprawling narrative which some (most famously perhaps Coleridge) have thought among the language's best planned. Bennett writes that *Westward Ho!*
can be read, but only by a surrender on the part of the reader more abject than even a dead author has the right to demand of a living reader.

It is old-fashioned. So is Tom Jones. But Westward Ho! is antiquated.

Tom Jones remains fresh. The reason is that Tom Jones is sufficiently, and Westward Ho! is insufficiently, vitalised by original imaginative power. (341)

Few would dispute Fielding's greater imaginative power. A major flaw in Westward Ho! is Kingsley's digressiveness. Of course, Tom Jones is highly digressive as well, but Fielding makes his preoccupations our own, never allowing the reader to think that a certain episode may not eventually become of more than passing relevance, or that the author has lost control of his narrative. With Westward Ho!, the digressions are more plainly wayward from the plot, and Kingsley's cross-century comparative jibes, his frequent reference to himself, to historians and historical documents—even his use of footnotes—disconcertingly break the flow of the narrative, and remind us that we are not really enjoying a sixteenth century romance. And this just when, often, we were beginning, because of Kingsley's use of devices such as authentic detail and archaic speech, to think that we were. Readers can become absorbed in Tom Jones, but Westward Ho!, with its insistence that we absorb its precepts, can repel. Readers would wish, in the case of Westward Ho!, either or both that their instructions be more subtly integrated with their entertainment, or at least that their instructions be delivered more entertainingly.

It is ironic, really, that Kingsley should now be remembered primarily as a novelist. Possibly this speaks to the hegemony of the novel form in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; we noted that, when it came time to write something that might affect attitudes to the Crimean War, Kingsley felt that more essays, or another communicative mode, would not do so well as a novel in volumes, might not reach so wide a public. Yet as with perhaps not a few Victorian writers, Kingsley was much better at discursive writing which allowed him to speak more directly to his audience, without the while being hampered by
demands of the novel form. His sermons and essays, his historical, children's, and travel literature, are better fitted to his forthright, restless and impulsive intellect, and they can have more impact on readers. Even his often rather bracing verse can have a rough appeal. Kingsley actually laboured, for a brief time in the 1850s, under the sentiment that he was the best living poet in the British Isles. It is a remarkable opinion which may suggest several things, such as Kingsley's sense of himself, his critical grasp of what constitutes great literature, and so on. But what the opinion may also reveal is Kingsley's profound discomfort with the novel form, to which he probably knew he was unsuited, and his search for another mode he felt he could more effectively master. The controversy surrounding his first two novels gave him little peace and contentment, or sense of achievement. We know that he wrote novels, already the going popular imaginative form, and means by which one might reach a vast public, to increase his income even while he carried out full-time clerical duties. Particularly with Westward Ho!, which he wrote at breakneck speed during and in response to the Crimean War, he experienced moments of despair and exhaustion, and complete physical and mental collapse. This might lead us to marvel that the novel is even as coherent as it is, and temper our sense of the work when we find the writing clumsy or its peremptory or seemingly ill-judged statements offensive. At all events, Bennett's conclusion is one most readers today, were they to attempt Westward Ho! in the first place, might echo: "I would not read it again for 100 [pounds]. No, I would not. 'Good heavens forfend, Captain Raleigh'" (341).

Kingsley is transparently partisan, to be sure, and when he is illustrating what he takes to be the right path, he can only describe that path by comparative reference to roads he feels less likely to lead to the light. The Spaniards may for the most part be evil villains, but Kingsley can find good qualities in many of them, even in their religious representatives, such as in his portraits of the hermit and Fray Gerundio. It bears mention that Kingsley in the novel in fact offers a spectrum of religious belief. A struggle to find the true Christian path resides in the developing portrait of Amyas, and the protagonist is finally punished for his sins, his selfishness and inability to discover within himself forgiveness or
charity. The author does often regard Salvation Yeo with warm indulgence, but the extremity of Yeo’s Anabaptist puritanism is also meant to suggest that even the Protestant faith is susceptible to being held with too much blind unmeditative fervour. That Yeo dies as he does with Amyas is significant, for it may suggest in part that he is finally being punished for holding his faith too rigidly. (Since Ayacanora is to take over from the aged Yeo as helpmate at Amyas’s heels, it is also convenient for plot purposes that the old man pass on).

The Voyage There: Contemporary Imperial History

Before concluding this section, it is worthwhile to look at the experiences of the brothers-in-law, Kingsley and Froude, when once, as aged men, they finally visited West Indian and southern colonial regions, after lifetimes during which they had pondered so frequently and so famously events in English history associated with these regions.

In the latter years of his life, Kingsley’s stature and income rose, but each new step seemed to bring new expenses. His family—children, siblings, wife Fanny—often looked to him for support for their livelihoods, lifestyles, careers. In 1869 he would turn over his Chair of Modern History at Cambridge to J. R. Seeley, and prepare to take up the canonry at Chester. In the three month interval between the two appointments, he toured the West Indies, departing with his daughter, Rose, in December 1869. Money for the voyage was to be derived from sending articles home to the journal Good Words, and these were subsequently gathered into the book At Last: A Christmas in the West Indies, published by Macmillan in 1871. Kingsley stopped first at St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands, made brief calls at Antigua, Guadeloupe, St. Lucia, and Grenada, then settled into a several weeks’ stay with the then Governor of Trinidad, Sir Arthur Gordon,
In the first chapter of the book, "Outward Bound," Kingsley sounds like many prospective writers and travellers (Conrad, for instance), when he assesses the journey before him. Of the West Indies and the Spanish Main, he says:

From childhood I had studied their Natural History, their charts, their Romances, and alas! their Tragedies; and now, at last, I was about to compare books with facts, and judge for myself the reported wonders of the Earthly Paradise. (1)

Not until he is two days out, can he really believe that he is "on the old route of Westward-Ho, and far out in the high seas, while the old world lay behind. . .like a dream" (2).

Textual knowledge makes up almost the entirety of Kingsley's equipage for the trip. References to the great adventurers, such as Drake and Ralegh, and to more recent adventuring scientists and geographers, such as Alexander von Humboldt and Sir Robert Schomburgk, dot his public missives home, endowing the landscapes freshly uncovered by and to him with history and myth. Beyond simply holidaying, Kingsley's main goals are amateur scientific. He wishes to see and record information about tropical flora and fauna, and to bring home exotic botanical, vegetal, and even occasionally animal, specimens. Accordingly, much of his descriptive, and, as always, digressive writing deals with non-human subjects. But as always his lively eye takes in and appraises all that it beholds. The exotic mix of races and peoples Kingsley encounters elicits much commentary, and the author often observes the human geography with almost as keen a preoccupation as that with which he regards the natural. Any parley or incident striking or notable in any remote form is likely to find its way into the resume of his experiences.

In terms of the natural surroundings, tension arises between expectation and reality, or textual knowledge and actuality. In works such as Westward Ho!, Kingsley had invested a great deal of research and imagination into environs such as those he at last finds himself in, and his efforts to render the past
tense of imagination, literature, and recollection into his own present textual reality for public periodical consumption largely withers at the root in the tropic heat. Apparently, Kingsley wishes to cherish a vision, long in the nurturing, of the West Indies as an Eden beckoning possession and exploitation by England. Often, however, his efforts to maintain this vision result only in a somewhat tepid, hindmost and hopeful suggestion that the possession of the West Indies can and might fall to other men—younger, and more energetic—than he.

Kingsley's reactions can be sketched as an oscillating series of binaries. On the one hand, there is opportunity and space in the colonies, but on the other, there is bafflingly too much uncharted possibility, too little to provide a check on human endeavour. There is much cheap labour, but the heterogeneity of the inhabitants seems to make for general intractability. There is plentiful sustenance, but then this very richness discourages toil and progress. Tropical nature, compared to that of England, is beautiful, but also fearsomely and threateningly foreign; the growth is spectacular, but the decay constant. One traverses a terrestrial paradise, but also a garden of terrors populated by insidious tropical species which will not beset one forthrightly, a l'anglaise, but surreptitiously, when one least expects it—jiggers, snakes, piranhas, and the like. Frequently, Kingsley writes in despair of the diminution of the white population in the West Indies (owing largely to the conduct and policies of the home government, trade practices involving sugar duties, and so on), and in exhortation to his compatriots to seek out opportunities in the tropics which await the bold and ambitious, but withal the variety and profusion of new nature he observes often stuns and overpowers him (the verb "appal" recurs), and what is probable to remain most with the reader after digesting Kingsley's travelogue is the undercurrent of danger and foreboding, uncertainty and unfamiliarity, fear and worry within it.

As for the people he comes in contact with, Kingsley's writing again suggests opposing impressions. White people are handled with the utmost discretion. Kingsley makes an elaborate point of not mentioning names, or perhaps giving only an initial, one thinks perhaps to protect the privacy of those
to whom he refers. When on the point of being critical, he rephrases and allows that short acquaintance might yield inaccurate estimates. When he would praise, he demurs, possibly because he does not wish to embarrass those he cites—the English are after all modest. A perpetual second person plural obtains, but we rarely know who the "we" is. Rose is not referred to, and English guides or hosts are largely unmentioned. If whites of any given party constitute the unmentioned, black servants are the unmentionable. Often Kingsley, like many nineteenth century white travellers, of course, discusses strenuous treks that indicate his own hardiness, or that of a noble beast of burden. The reader quite forgets, or never realizes, that the English are supported by non-white bearers. A sentence which commences: "So away we rowed, or rather were rowed by four stalwart Negroes. . ." is an exceptional and almost startling reminder (116).

Kingsley approves of most all white individuals he meets, including Catholics. As of 1858, Catholics in Trinidad outnumbered Protestants by about two-and-a-half to one, so he has little alternative but to be generous. Though he admits that he is "not likely. . .to be suspected of any leaning toward Romanism" (345), still he respectfully approves the good educative works being done by male and female Catholic clergy. Once again, despite the stereotypes which have grown up historically to classify him, Kingsley demonstrates his struggle and his ability to retain an open mind in the face of opposition to his personal and personally developed beliefs. He is not quite so tolerant of the "real Heathendom" (363) of image-worshipping to be found within "Coolie temples," but one senses that, if he only had time to grow accustomed to such Heathendom, as he had Catholicism, he might not be so hasty in his judgments (362).

As for his attitude to blacks, Kingsley can be at once friendly and kindly, patronizing and indulgent, sympathetic (because of their benighted, Devil's spawn state), or indignant (because of their laziness, lack of modesty and restraint, their childish delight in what he regards as trifles, as well as their sporadic failure to know their proper station compared to white people). Arguably, Kingsley analyses
coloured populations in the Caribbean much as he does flora and fauna—with interest and curiosity, but never really with the conviction that they are human animals. Non-whites can be referred to in order to emphasize the inherent superiority of whites, but they need by no means be handled intellectually with the care and seriousness one adopts when speaking of whites. That the black is in most instances inferior to the white is for Kingsley a non-negotiable fact. However, he is in general prepared to acknowledge differences of approach to life, and to observe possible consequences of historical contact between whites and blacks. At Montserrat, streamside before a clear pool, the white party surprises a black woman in a setting much like that in which we first meet Ayacanora in Westward Ho!

It was a spot fit for a Greek nymph; at least for an Indian damsel: but the nymph who came to draw water in a tin bucket, and stared stupidly and saucily at us, was anything but Greek, or even Indian, either in costume or manners. Be it so. White men are responsible for her being there; so white men must not complain. (242-43)

One wonders at the odd spectacle the buttoned-up Kingsley might have made. On another occasion, Kingsley "lounge[s] awhile in a rocking-chair," watching two black men nail shingles on a roof in the afternoon heat. He muses enviously on behalf of "the average English artisan" when regarding these happy, singing Negroes who work easily at their own pace, and who have known no privation that Kingsley can imagine owing to the region in which they live (296). The Negro, at least in Trinidad, Kingsley qualifies, lives in "perpetual Saturnalia" (297). And if Negroes sometimes fall beneath white expectation, he admits, "[w]e white people bullied these black people quite enough for three hundred years," so it is only fair if they enjoy themselves for the nonce, and offer light verbal retribution from time to time. "So much for the Negro," Kingsley concludes, but before he closes his rumination, he offers a literary comparison: "If, like Frankenstein, we have tried to make a man, and made him badly; we must, like Frankenstein, pay the penalty" (297).
Kingsley's attitude to the Chinese and Indian "coolie" population is somewhat different. He admires the judicious industriousness (as compared to that of blacks) of these peoples and their apparent good behaviour as workers, animal-owners, and parents. But good husbandry can go too far—the coolies' tendency to save or "hoard their wages" bothers him (118). He agrees with a plan which sees coolie workers paid in food rations, because this prevents them from saving to the point of stinting on their own sustenance, and slows their passage into money-lending and usury, activities which only earn them the enmity of other citizens. Kingsley thus seems to advocate not necessarily slavery, but slavery if necessary.

The reticence and unforthcomingness of the coolies is for Kingsley, one senses, at times almost an annoying mark of their intellectual independence and self-satisfied self-absorption, and their inscrutability nettles him. At one point early in his travels, Kingsley reflects on the visages of the Chinese, and he draws humour from one anecdote. He begins mention of the encounter with a question and an insensitive aside:

But why do Chinese never smile? Why do they look as if someone had sat upon their noses as soon as they were born, and they had been weeping bitterly over the calamity ever since? They, too, must have

their moments of relaxation: but when? Once, and once only, in Port of Spain, we saw a Chinese woman, nursing her baby, burst into an audible

laugh: and we looked at each other, as much astonished as if our horses had begun to talk. (90)

One wonders, here, if the woman and the English tourists made eye contact. Were it not for the reference to "our" horses, a reader, reading quickly, might apprehend that Kingsley had shared a startling moment of eye contact with the woman herself. This is because, as alluded to above, the "we" on horseback is almost invariably anonymous. We do not know what person, or how many, the writer may be with.
Because she is referred to, and is immediately before our imaginations, the Chinese woman might for us blend most readily and automatically into the second person plural of the text.

In any case, before his tour is complete, Kingsley will have one-to-one eye contact with a Chinese individual, and though it is but a momentary scene, it is one of the most striking and memorable of the entire book. We know that Kingsley enjoyed a hearty laugh, that he had a short attention span, and that he had a love of boyish animal pursuits. In *At Last*, he is on holiday, socializing and indulging his zest for amateur science, and so the tone is comparatively light. Still, whether in the pulpit, an armchair on a verandah, or when reflecting to himself along a jungle track, he can manufacture a concentrated gravity and humourlessness almost terrible in its rigidity. When juxtaposed with his impetuosity, however, we come to feel that these often short-lived moments of seriousness are hard-bought and prompted as much by Kingsley's sense of his office as by his personal character. For this reason, a brief mutual sighting between Kingsley and a Chinese man towards the end of Kingsley's stay runs like an electrical current through the text, as, indeed, it seems to run through Kingsley himself. The mood here, one senses, is genuinely thoughtful in a most unusual way.

Kingsley finds himself on race day at a fairground, and he composes himself to walk without the racetrack proper, observe what manner of humanity he sees, and write a letter home, presumably to Fanny (the letter is addressed "Dear--:;") which gives Kingsley a measure of privacy, if the letter is mainly composed with his wife in mind, and of generality, for he may give the desired impression that he is addressing whomever might chance to be reading. The bawling and braying black men seem to offend his sobriety, but he allows at least that they seem to be having fun, and submits that, though he is no frequenter of races himself, these men are, to all appearances, much finer physical specimens than their louche English brethren: "they looked like heroes compared with the bloated hangdog roughs and quasi-grooms of English races" (366). "The Coolies," surprisingly, "seemed as merry as the Negroes; even about the face of the Chinese there flickered, at times, a feeble ray of interest" (367). Pausing by a
merry-go-round, Kingsley beholds black female riders who quite "forgot themselves, kicked up their legs, shouted to the bystanders, and were altogether incondite" (368). The "Hindoo" women, if showing more flesh, at least have the good grace to keep their legs more together.

This being a public letter, and a letter most specifically to Fanny, we understand that Kingsley must adopt his preacher's voice. Apparently he is not so offended by the women as to avert his eyes, and with his private of love of horses, play, and horseplay, we might think he would secretly like to join the festivities. But it is at this instant, when he is standing, wondering "what possible pleasure these women could derive from being whirled round till they were giddy and stupid," that Kingsley espies "an old gentleman seemingly absorbed in the very same reflection."

He stood with his hands behind his back, his knees a little bent, and a sort of wise, half-sad, half-humorous smile upon his aquiline high-cheek-boned features. I took him for an old Scot; a canny, austere man—a man, too, who had known sorrow, and profited thereby; and I drew near to him. But as he turned his head deliberately around to me, I beheld to my astonishment the unmistakable features of a Chinese. He and I looked each other full in the face, without a word; and I fancied that we understood each other about the merry-go-round, and many things besides. And then we both walked off different ways, as having seen enough, and more than enough. Was he, after all, an honest man and true? . . . I know not; for the Chinese visage is unfathomable. But I incline to this day to the more charitable judgment; for the man's face haunted me, and haunts me still; and I am weak enough to believe that I should know the man and like him, if I met him in another planet, a thousand years hence. (368)
And so Kingsley turns away, and one palpably senses an opportunity missed. Kingsley is interesting in describing himself and his impressions, and his description of this particular Chinese man leaves the reader wishing to know more of him. Thus Kingsley’s reticence disappoints the reader. Kingsley has known the briefest of moments of contact, and has felt the shock of recognition in the face of an other. Upon perceiving that the object of his gaze is Chinese, he knows there can be no oral concourse. Possibly, there is a language barrier. But a reader must think that either party could have initiated further contact, and that it was chiefly the difference in their races, or skin colour, that made it impossible that they should speak. Were one to read this in the 1870s, one might think it an intriguing, and perhaps hopeful instance of non-verbal communication. Reading it over one hundred years later, one may sense an opportunity lost, and a hint of the kinds of awkward beginnings prefatory to understanding among different peoples. In travel, one seeks, consciously and unconsciously, to affirm personal identity by acting in and on a foreign environment. Clearly, Kingsley never thought to find himself or his countrymen mirrored in an Oriental visage. The very singularity of the episode in this book suggests as much. In a way, Kingsley glimpses through his gaze at the other a vision of a postcolonial condition—a time at which the English must inevitably come face to face with considerations of shared qualities and mutual histories with people they once governed, and who may now even be living on English soil—he and most Britons could then perhaps have only begun to imagine.

The startling effect of the eye-contact lingers with Kingsley during the rest of the day. As he moves away, passing a group of coloured men who haven’t sense enough, in his mind, to cover with a blanket a horse which has fallen from sunstroke, Kingsley ponders social and cultural evolution, and is depressed by his thoughts. Like many Victorian thinkers, he doubts if English culture can really be thought to have equalled that of the ancient Greeks. But what is worse, he wonders if tropical culture (creole, black, coolie, hindoo) can be said to be that much less advanced than the English. Later, sitting at night on a verandah and listening to the distant drums of native festivities, he wonders if the "tom-tom
dance" really ought to be considered so much more "absurd" than a European ball (370). It is not, perhaps, the empire striking back, with all the aggressive portent of that phrase, but as Kingsley concludes his letter, he foresees a time at which the races subsumed in the British imperium may have something to learn from each other. He expresses a sentiment which, if it occurred to many mid-Victorian English people, was no doubt infrequently voiced at the time. To find it expressed by so enthusiastic a proponent of empire as Kingsley is the more surprising. "Great and worthy exertions are made, every London season," Kingsley says,

for the conversion of the Negro and the Heathen, and the abolition of their barbarous customs and dances. It is to be hoped that the Negro and the Heathen will some day show their gratitude to us, by sending Missionaries hither to convert the London Season itself, dances and all;

and assist it to take the beam out of its own eye, in return for having
taken the mote out of theirs. (371)

Reflections such as this, which gesture at the tawdriness and superficiality of much English culture, will become rather more common in modern postimperial writing (as well as, contrapuntally, the nostalgic modernist unverifiable view of Kingsley's age as a time of comparatively pure and uncorrupted adventurous and righteous imperialism). Waugh, on returning to London from Abyssinia in Remote People (1931), or Greene returning from Liberia in Journey Without Maps (1936), will evince a similar shock of revulsion at the familiar landmarks of English popular culture. These men, however, were highly skeptical about what had become of the very empire writers like Kingsley helped to promote, even before they set out.

Kingsley on raceday looked perhaps into the future, but one wonders if he could see it. The response intimated by the close of the text he wrote in response to all those that he had read about earlier imperial adventure would tend to suggest that his glance was ultimately backward. One chapter after his
letter on the races, Kingsley is "Homeward Bound" in his last missive. He is pleased to announce that "[a]t last" he is so (387). Addressing himself to his less adventuresome and more timid compatriots, he allows that he is pleased to have managed the journey within three months, glad "to show those at home how easy it was to get there; how easy to get home again" (387). The oldest fragment of the Empire is fairly in the next borough, for those who would simply book passage.

As he returns, however, his thoughts are in the past—of Drake and Hawkins, Hakluyt and Defoe. The shortening days of the northern latitudes are melancholy, the temperature chills the spirit. The pets and animal specimens—monkeys, anteaters, baby crocodiles—begin to fall ill and die as they enter the roaring forties. (Evelyn Waugh's export stash of crocodiles on the return from Guiana in 1933 likewise did not live to see English shores.) Cherbourg is dank, dirty, and grey. The leafless trees of England look like "brooms stuck into the ground by their handles" (401). Still it is good to be home, and amidst familiar faces. For the occasion, Kingsley enacts for his final words a curious double negative: "At last we had seen it; and we could not unsee it. We could not not have been in the Tropics" (401).

Undeniably, the contrast between England and the Caribbean would have been such as to prompt one to introspect that "we are such things as dreams are made of," as Kingsley duly does, returning to the dream motif and the Renaissance literature of exploration of his outset (389). The unreality of the whole trip, despite the very real late exertions and voyaging, is once again lightly asserted. But there is almost a contrast implied, too, between the last two sentences of his travelogue. To have "not not" seen the tropics is almost as much as to unsay quite the journey. It is to admit that one had been there, yes, but it is essentially only to say that one had verified indeed past texts, and read and digested impressions. In Renaissance terms, two nays make a yea; Kingsley had not, it is true, quite seen what he had expected or hoped to see in the precise manner in which he would have ideally envisioned it. The tropics, as he has seen them on his whirlwind tour, do not yet impinge themselves on his experience as having achieved a genuine new and unique dimension in his imperial epistemology. This would have rendered them in
positive terms, so much as to say that something new had been discovered, at least by Kingsley, and that it had been seen, possibly for the only occasion it was ever to be seen that way. But to say that 'it' (the evidently extant but emphatically non-existent 'not not') had been apprehended and recorded, or 'not not' seen, is very much to say that what one had set out to see had been seen, subject only to further textual rumination. Like all travellers, going back to Columbus, Kingsley's store of rhetorical weapons has proven useless against new experience, to the extent that he cannot say he has, only that he hasn't not.

Kingsley seems less, finally, to describe what he has seen, than to offer that he has seen something, and that when once he has sifted his home library again, he may be better able to render those sights in more comprehensive detail. What was known, has been known again, differently, but perfunctorily in lieu of adequate descriptive terms.

Travel does and must occasion comparison, of course. The point here, however, is that the tropics exist not so much because, as Kingsley has just seen, they do, but because they had been written earlier in English. In a broad sense, as, for example, *Westward Ho!* is about bending history and myth to nineteenth century propagandistic imperatives, *At Last* reads as one long effort to conscribe within past writing present colonial West Indian reality. The conclusion indicates that Kingsley has succeeded in doing this, but the tension in the text, and the uncertain phrasing of the conclusion, indicate also that the conscription is provisional and unstable. Only a small but crucial effort of sympathetic imagination, as when Kingsley encounters, describes, but does not consult the Chinese man, might have sufficed to make Kingsley report a new and unique colonial reality, rather than simply saying in conclusion that he had "not not" seen that which for him had already existed in the shape that it had been written before.

Kingsley would make one more overseas journey. Now Canon of Westminster Abbey, he undertook an exhausting several months' lecture tour of America in 1874, with money as the prime objective. He had felt no very great desire to visit America, or Americans, but once across the Atlantic, he applied himself to the new adventure with typical zest. During his busy itinerary, he suffered fatiguing
flu-like illness which gave him intimations of mortality, and the physical demands of his American journey are thought to have contributed to his death in January 1875.

Before concluding this section, it is well to mention the latter-day travels of James Anthony Froude. As Kingsley referred to Froude during his travels, so Froude does frequently to Kingsley in his. In the mid-1880s, Froude undertook two tours which resulted in lengthy books journalizing his experiences. The first, dwelling on South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and the United States, was *Oceana, or England and Her Colonies* (1886). The second, published in 1888, was *The English in the West Indies, or the Bow of Ulysses*. Like Kingsley, Froude is delicate in the extreme when referring to white officials he encountered in the colonies. For each book, he writes a brief preface discounting the necessity of a preface because what he has to say is so evidently contained in the writing what follows. He asks his readers to "abstain from guesses" at who he is referring to when he quotes from conversation or refers to incidents involving other people (*Oceana* v). If this were not warning enough, he adds that he has "involved [his] description with details of time, place, circumstance, and initials, all or most of which are intentionally misleading" (*Oceana* vi), or that he has "altered initials and disguised localities and circumstances" (*English in the West Indies* v). Such a will to conceal or confuse might seem slightly odd, for in both instances the stated object of Froude's travel and writing mission is to gather intelligence for public consumption regarding the present state of the colonies to which he travels.

To a much greater extent than in *At Last*, therefore, the topics of Froude's books are political. He normally finds himself warmly greeted, as an eminent visitor from the motherland, wherever he goes, and he demonstrates eager curiosity to know the feelings of colonials on political subjects of the day. Typically, however, he is chary about advancing his own evolved opinions, and readers, and in all likelihood those he met with, may be quite frustrated by his reticence. Certainly, many ideas of concern to him, such as those touching imperial federation or unification, or prospects for a commonwealth, are
recurrently canvassed, but seldom in any great depth or detail. Ruminations on the pasts, presents and futures of the various colonies preponderate, but Froude, perhaps cautious to offend his hosts, rarely vouchsafes a conclusive personal opinion. Very often, he merely falls back in sighing despair on a disparagement of politicians in general— a sentiment perhaps common to political observers in all periods of human history. The complexities, subtleties, and necessities of international and empire politics and diplomacy are ultimately likely to weary and disinterest this aged traveller, who poses as one who has heard all arguments before, and measured alike their insincerity and fallibility. If only, he says at one point, and intimates often, good men could simply gather in a tavern and work out their differences like the decent, upstanding individuals that they are, then there would be no more need for politicians, whose duplicitous manoeuvering works ever to the discontent of all.

There is a certain piquancy to this. Froude travelling is definitely a man with a pose, although the trajectory of his prose is always to eschew this. He is an eminent and aged man, a man who has written a History of England, professed at leading universities and ruminated in the pages of leading reviews. Yet though he says he travels to gain intelligence, he refrains from judgment less curmudgeonly (as it would clearly delight him to be thought of as doing) than coyly. Just as he is about to enter into a complex debate, Froude always demurs with a witticism, or a cynicism, as if to say that he has thought it all out beforehand, many times, and that there is no use trying to tell anyone anymore, for one day all others will come round to his point of view. Froude writes as one who knows his theses have not been accepted as universally as he would have liked, but rather than accept this and continue arguing for them, he courts smugness, suggesting that those theses will be accepted, inevitably; he told us so.

But consensus, he tells us, could be reached in a tavern among good men. And this returns us to the tavern opening of Westward Ho!, and so many future imperial novels, as we will see. Write never so many volumes of history, observe the process of politics for never so many years, travel in the imperium never so much, what it all comes down to, at last, is a group of likemindedly acquisitive men choosing up
a side for a commercial imperial venture. That one of the most eminent historians of his century can finally come only to this, the opening of a boys' adventure novel, as a hopeful world political possibility, speaks to the meaning of the British imperial enterprise in more ways than can possibly be gestured to here.

Froude's personal politics tend most often to the Liberal side of affairs, but his attitudes can range across the spectrum into support for traditional Toryism. He lends a sympathetic ear to the grievances of colonials regarding the home country, but he is rare with an ameliorative suggestion. Partly this may be because he sometimes finds the political proposals and sentiments of colonists naive. Inasmuch as he desires the West Indies--so hard and gloriously won for England, by men from Raleigh to Rodney--to remain within the British Empire, he would like to see British subjects' complaints constructively answered. But inasmuch, once again, as he wishes the West Indies to remain within the Empire, he is often impatient and frustrated by colonists who would go their own way, seek alliances with America, insist on having their own constitution, and so on. He wishes to sound accommodating, but when colonists' wishes envision greater independence, he can become exasperated. The colonists want greater commercial freedom--from duties, taxes, bounties imposed by the home country--but yet they also enjoy and wish to maintain the military security which comes from belonging to Britain. Justifying the maintenance of formal colonial connections to the West Indies Froude seems to understand may be troublesome--after all, he is often made aware that many inhabitants of the islands, whatever their skin colour, would be eager to sever many ties with Britain. But Froude is a patriot who thinks it would be bad form simply to abandon what his forefathers, in which he had such a vast historical investment, had won for his country. He knows that West Indian involvement grew initially out of competition with Spain, and he seems to grasp that this reason for continuing involvement is no longer necessary, despite the possible aggrandizing tendencies of America. To let go West Indian colonies, even if it would be in the best interests of all parties, would be, if nothing else--but above all else--for Froude a "public
disgrace" (33). Ironically, although Froude consistently lauds men of action and builders of empire, and scorns mere orators and politicians, he can begin to sound very much like those he dispraises when he offers his own reflections. Both The English in the West Indies and Oceana close with speculative chapters in which Froude, claiming objectivity, becomes platitudinous, furnishing readers with airy generalized statements delivered in the tone of a late Victorian sage. His words seem to have little functional application, and his chief metaphors--of the Empire as like unto a tree (British trunk with colonial branches) or a parent (British mother or father with colonial offspring) are vague in the practical senses he calls for during his travels.

Froude knows that Kingsley's journey to the islands was well-prepared by extensive reading and lifelong curiosity. And Kingsley left a great impression, for recollection of his visit is fresh even after two decades. An elderly traveller himself, staying at a new Government House in Port of Spain, Froude sees preserved the room in which Kingsley wrote, the gallery in which he strolled with his pipe, in the old Government House nearby. Kingsley's memory, he says, "is cherished in the island as of some singular and beautiful presence which still hovers about the scenes which so delighted him in the closing evening of his own life" (72). Froude draws less delight from the scenes before him. He hasn't Kingsley's background knowledge, and despite his information-gathering objectives, he seems somehow much less able than Kingsley to absorb and process what he sees. Partly, he lacks Kingsley's vigour, and penchant for thrusting himself enthusiastically into whatever adventure is going (Froude was more than fifteen years older than Kingsley when he undertook his travels). Consequently, he sees less, and that which he does see, with less intellectual engagement. Early in his voyage, on the point of leaving Barbados, Froude notes:

    For the moment my mind was filled sufficiently with new impressions.

    One reads books about places, but the images which they create are always unlike the real object. All that I had seen was absolutely new and
unexpected. I was glad of an opportunity to readjust the information which I had brought with me. (47)

Almost never, however, does one sense that Froude is actually altering a preconceived notion. He seems to look without seeing, and repeat and contradict himself often. The tone here is revealingly casual, to an even lesser extent than it usually is throughout the book. For the most part, he is ill-adapted to his physical surroundings, and arrives at quick general assessments as English estimations are brought to bear on tropical situations. For example, the islands stupefy with their heat and profusion. He will find it too hot to walk, or to sleep, or that a single cocktail floors him quite, but yet he bemoans constantly the "deficien[cy] of energy" and lack of industry he sees about him (48). He is always in but rarely of his environment, often, one senses, by choice indiscernible to him.

Regarding the black population in the islands, Froude is perhaps not so much less hopeful than Kingsley, but he is indeed less indulgent and encouraging. The blacks are doomed to inferiority, and their blackness evinces their incontrovertible connection with "Satan's invisible world" (98). Really, the most that can be said is that, with the boon of vigilant and constant English supervision, the blacks might one day be improved into civilisation: "with a century or two of wise administration, [the black] might prove that his inferiority is not inherent" (98). Froude's nonchalant temporal latitude cancels his reflection blatantly, and perhaps intentionally. What is remarkable is his sense of disproportion: while he announces himself a weary spectator on the utter predictability of the domination of the black by the white (and without any theological pretensions), he discloses no awareness of the fluctuation of human fortunes. Though one of if not the most significant historians of his day, Froude is, remarkably, not so much confident as unthinking. Kingsley allowed that the experience of slavery under whites entitled blacks to feelings of recrimination towards whites. Froude recollects his compatriot's words when he imagines an English person (almost drunk at a carnival, perhaps) offering to give over the islands to the blacks, saying that the blacks "'have had wrongs enough in this world; let them take their turn and have a
good time now" (285). That way lies disarray and ruin, however, and even blacks would not thank whites for abandoning their responsibilities towards inferior animals. As far as Froude is concerned, slavery under whites was "the first step of emancipation" for blacks (99). In fact, where it has resulted in "courtesy and good breeding," Froude adduces slavery to have had "humane and kindly" aspects (246).

To the same extent that some whites seemed perturbed by coolie indifference to the self-superiority felt by whites, Froude, like Carlyle before him, is piqued, and sometimes even enraged, by black happiness ("negro felicity," or "negro saturnallia," as Kingsley put it), which for him betokens laziness, and which he feels is flagrantly undeserved because blacks are so unwilling to work. Everywhere he goes, he says, he is assaulted by the "boundless happiness of the black race. Under the rule of England in these islands the two million of these poor brothers-in-law of ours are the most perfectly contented specimens of the human race to be found upon the planet" (79). One never actually overhears Froude consulting with a black person as to his or her felicity, but one is assured of it almost every time a black person comes into view. The constant denigration of blacks throughout the narrative of Froude's island tour is withal wearying, and the reader clearly grasps that the author would like to see them "improved off the face of the earth," to use Carlylean words Froude paraphrases often.

Here it is important to note one significant rebuttal to Froude which was published shortly after The English in the West Indies, J.J. Thomas's Froudacity: West Indian Fables by James Anthony Froude (1890). Thomas was a black schoolmaster and scholar, and his work allows a rare glimpse of a response to British imperialist writing. Such responses no doubt did occur in greater numbers than we now know--Thomas himself in his preface to Froudacity notes that a number of "masterly refutations" to Froude were written by blacks in West Indian papers, but these are almost certainly lost (16). Thomas traces Froude's journey through the islands, pointing out inconsistencies and inaccuracies in Froude's descriptions of the physical and human characteristics of the islands. He notes Froude's penchant for exaggeration, as well as for understatement, appraises his style and delivery, and considers imperialist motives underlying
Froude's opinions. He responds to Froude's ruminations on major religious, social, and political questions. Additionally, and perhaps most interestingly, he offers an alternative history to that of Froude by chronologizing English rule under various recent governors, so informing the reader of the political evolution of the islands as they have been seen by a black observer.

Froude's writings, for Thomas, are typically so egregious that he may merely quote from The English in the West Indies and then respond to what he finds there. On more than one occasion, Thomas reads Froude saying that his wish in travelling in the West Indies is primarily to meet with those who dwell there, to learn their thoughts and opinions. Nevertheless, as Thomas notes, "[i]n no instance do we find that he condescended to visit the abode of any Negro, whether it was the mansion of a gentleman, or a peasant of that race" (46).

Perhaps because Froude is so far from believing it possible for whites to share an equal plane with coloured races, he is not so affected by Asians as Kingsley. Indians are "picturesque additions to the landscape," and he admires their frugality, the "grave dignity of the faces" (74). Chinese coolies are "useful creatures" who are "singularly ornamental" (76). In Oceana, we encounter a striking instance of Froude's racism towards Asians, and the instance compares interestingly with Kingsley's contact with the Chinese man at the raceground. In fact, Froude may even be recollecting his brother-in-law's thoughts as he relates his anecdote. He is visiting New South Wales, and learns from Lady Augustus, wife to the Governor, that she has lately feared the loss of a prized young Chinese gardener. Froude reflects that the Chinese seem to him "quiet, patient, industrious" (203). Perhaps because he has not looked into their faces, as Kingsley has, he is as yet quite untroubled by thoughts of their native worth, and he sees them as he would like to see them, as excellent servants. They "never give trouble," and, Froude thinks, in a piece of irreproducible irony, "if the prejudices against them could only be got over, [they] would be useful in a thousand ways" (203).
However, following Kingsley, Froude submits that Asian inscrutability is worrisome. One never knows what is "inside a Chinaman" because his "face has no change of expression" (203). This prompts Froude to think that, even while the Chinese man may appear decent and true, when one thinks of "'Ah Sin' and the packs of cards concealed in his sleeve, one fears always that the 'Heathen Chinee' is the true account of him, and that he has no immortal soul at all" (203). In his meeting with the Chinese man, whom he had been prepared to take as an "old Scot," Kingsley, too, cited the ballad of Bret Harte which describes 'Ah Sin,' and so the two English gentlemen have ready to hand a stereotype capable of encapsulating the other.

The real and rhetorical utility of a bad advance impression of others should not be underestimated, for as we shall see in the following chapter, it is important to choose one's enemies before one starts. As we noted earlier, the British imperial stance is one that, while it may in fact prompt resistance, is one that casts itself as essentially reactive to hostile, immoral behaviour.

At all events, Lady Augustus has been most distressed to hear that her best gardener would leave her, and she discovers after some investigation that it is because the man's uncle has immigrated to Australia. If the young man cannot be with the uncle, or if the uncle cannot be hired on as well by the Governess, then he will go. Froude writes:

We all laughed. It seemed so odd to us that a Chinaman should have an uncle, or, if he had, should know it and be proud of him. But why was it odd? or what was there to laugh at? On thinking it over, I concluded that it was an admission that a Chinaman was a human being. Dogs and horses have sires and dams, but they have no 'uncles.' An uncle is a particularly human relationship. And the heathen Chinee had thus unconsciously proved that he had a soul, and was a man and a brother. . .

. (204)
Kingsley had been on the point of discovering common humanity between whites and Asians, but for Froude it is quite enough of an amusing diversion simply to ponder Asian humanity. And, to keep the contemplation free of any real weightiness, it pleases Froude to think that he came by his knowledge of the gardener's humanity through that servant's quite unwitting actions. The situation, thus, is entirely on Froude's terms—he manufactures the satisfying impression that the Asian can be human, but he need not be troubled by an Asian person stating as much directly before him. Perhaps, indeed, the Asian would not even know he were human unless Froude pointed it out to him.

Froude hardly believes that blacks can be considered human, and his belief seems bound up in his notion of humanity as a postlapsarian phenomenon. In an indignant rant against black happiness under the heading of "Negro Morals" in The English in the West Indies (48-51), Froude considers the Negro in his (to Froude) Edenic setting. What really disturbs the writer, it appears, is that blacks are immune from his criticisms because they know no human shame, in Froude's Christian view: "Morals in the technical sense they have none, but they cannot be said to sin, because they have no knowledge of a law, and therefore they can commit no breach of the law" (49). The matter in fact comes to a head when one day near Kingston, Jamaica, Froude hires a buggy on a market day, and as he progresses, observing men riding and women walking, carrying goods, he ex postulates with his driver on the laziness of black men (as Thomas notes, Froude never really can quite condemn the athletic, shapely black women who cross his field of vision). They become so embroiled that they lose their track, and Froude imagines camping out in the close tropical night before he comes at last to the colonial mansion of the anonymous aristocratic colonists who have invited him to visit.

The "prejudices" regarding the gardener Froude adumbrates above are American. He had been noting that there might soon be as many Chinese immigrants in New South Wales as in San Francisco, a city he will visit towards the end of his Pacific tour. He completes the anecdote regarding the gardener by admitting that the Chinese person may be "a man and a brother," and this "in spite of the Yankees who
admit the nigger to be their fellow-citizen, but will not admit the Chinaman" (204). (While the black man is usually a "Negro" in The English in the West Indies, when Froude is close to him, he is usually a "nigger" in Oceana, when his presence is infrequent. That detachment breeds callousness is an historical fact Froude, a historian, writes unwittingly large.) Besides ironically accusing Americans of distasteful discrimination, Froude argues that Americans have made a bad choice in extending rights and freedoms to former slaves. Slavery was good for blacks, yet the inherently serviceable and tractable Chinese might not require so heavy a yoke. What Froude does not see here, as he did not in the West Indies, is that ultimately peoples who live together must learn of each other, and begin to study ways in which compromises allowing them to live together can be effected, unless they are to live in a state of constant enmity and pure, if not always declared, warfare. (Pure warfare, as I will argue later, nevertheless has irresistible recommendations). Froude thinks the Americans have chosen to placate the wrong race by approving black over Asian, but in reality it is partly a result of long experience with blacks that Americans have embarked on a process of acknowledging blacks as humans like themselves, a topic Thomas refers to in Froudacity. Froude, coming from a homogeneously white island, has yet to have any sustained contact with any coloured races, and unlike Kingsley he cannot imagine that such contact could ever be viable, or glimpse a future in which old Scots and Chinamen might lessen in distinguishability to the English eye.

In fairness, it might be admitted that, what with his views of coloured peoples, and what with the likelihood that it would have been passing strange for the elderly Froude to beseech his wealthy hosts during his visits to take him into the heart of non-English communities, Froude's stated goal of gathering intelligence is not really meant to include non-white people. The title of the work yielded by his Caribbean tour is, quite pointedly, The "English" in the West Indies. Froude's ultimate concern, as his travelogue amply shows, is to assess the fortunes of the English colonists in the West Indies. There is also something both aggressive and defiant in the title. That it is the English in the islands is as much as
to assert that the English have a natural right to be in a place so foreign sounding as the West Indies. Moreover, the title may signal that, however much the English population may be waning in the islands, and however much this motley, obscure collection of English possessions may have begun to disappear from home imaginations, it is still very much an English holding and an English responsibility.

The subtitle, The Bow of Ulysses, amplifies this notion. It is altogether fitting that the man who several decades earlier had hailed "the prose epic of the English nation" should choose an imperial metaphor for his conception of the empire as he sees it at the present time. As so many ardent imperialists felt, and would increasingly come to feel, Froude feels that England, though still strong, has begun to ignore its imperial legacy, the glory won for it by men such as Drake and Ralegh. In his closing thoughts he insists, the "Bow of Ulysses is sound as ever," but, he warns, "it is unstrung, and the arrows which are shot from it drop feebly to the ground" (358). England must above all recollect, and then act now to preserve and extend those glorious recollections. This book is a document readers then could, and academic scholars now should, read as prologuing Kipling's "If."

The title of Oceana or England and her Colonies likewise aims at a certain portentousness, as Froude retrieves his reference from the eighteenth century political theorist, James Harrington. Harrington's Oceana (1756) aligns itself with works such as Francis Bacon's The New Atlantis and Thomas More's Utopia, and it presents a semi-utopian vision of an English ocean commonwealth. Froude knows that talk of an imperial federation is prevalent, and he refers sketchily to various views of how such a federation might be begin to be brought about. He is highly sympathetic to the notion of a world body of colonies with England at its head, but experience teaches him that the undertaking is too grand and too liable to failure owing to multifarious competing interests. So dim is his view of politicians, finaly, that he cannot imagine any plan being set in motion which will lead to universal benefits. The best course, as he sees it, is merely for England to hold fast, rest resolute, and through its steadfastness demonstrate to its colonies that it is a formidable nation with whom it is advantageous to be
associated. If England remains strong, perhaps colonies will wish to join with her, but if England treads a route of compromise, conciliation, and caution, the entire empire is apt to spin apart from England's centrifuge.
The Imperial Elizabethan Adventure Novel, 1880-1910

"Let bellicose patriotism qualify for supreme literary renown, and literature is already lowered to the level of the military band. Nothing, indeed, is more intelligible in the current culture-evolution among us than the concurrence of patriotism and imperialism in the ethic, with gory sensationalism in the subject-matter, of the prevailing type of fiction. Not subtlety, but stimulation; not character, but adventure; not psychology, but the shedding of blood; not thought, but bustle and excitement, are the requirements today met by two English fictionists out of three." --J. M. Robertson, Patriotism and Empire (1899)

Kingsley, and to a much greater extent, Froude, lived into a time which witnessed considerable intensification of imperial competition. Much of this was spurred by the scramble for Africa in the 1880s. Arguably, as competition heightened among self-consciously imperial nations, so, too, did an interest in and a desire to affirm in England an imperial heritage such as that suggested by the Elizabethan buccaneers. The latter part of the Victorian period witnessed a renaissance in historical fiction. Much of the new fiction which dwelt on imperial subjects constituted historical literature largely by men, about men, for boys and men. Books which considered sixteenth century English heroes often bore the influence of Westward Ho!

Harold Orel, in The Historical Novel from Scott to Sabatini (1995), refers to the post-1880 development of the "New Historical Novel." During the mid-Victorian period, domestic realism in fiction had predominated. The efflorescence of boys' literature in the last quarter of the century, signalled by writers like George Alfred Henty, threaded through this new strain of fiction. Prior writers of adventure stories for youths included highly popular, prolific, and respected individuals such as W. H. G. Kingston (1814-1880) and R. M. Ballantyne (1825-1894). Neither of these men, however, drew on history to the degree that we shall see with Henty and his followers. In their works, "imperial sentiment was relatively limited," and if anything their boy protagonists "seemed more interested in redeeming souls than in adding acres to the Queen's empire" (Dunae 106-07). Henty represented, according to Jeffrey Richards, a
new stage in the development of boys' adventure writing, and was pivotal in undertaking a "militarisation of the genre" (9).

On the extent to which historical fiction was inspired by social conditions and political affairs, Orel is ambivalent:

The surprising fashionableness of this sub-genre [historical fiction] was not stimulated by political or military crises; these, as everybody knows, often lead to an increased output of escapist literature, to which category, properly speaking, most historical novels belong. Partly, the rapid development of the vogue... was explainable by the fact that the conventions of romance... was being redefined by the widely-read Robert Louis Stevenson. (1)

Orel seems to argue that historical fiction was largely undetermined by sociopolitical questions (though no literature is this), but he allows for an escapist fiction strain of historical writing. That a kind of obverse to this "escapist" strain, invasion-scare literature, prototypically seen in Chesney's "Battle of Dorking" (1871), did develop, is documented. This might suggest almost that, in the absence of major crises, crises could—and perhaps even needed to—be invented or imagined as imminent so as to sustain present harmony and forestall future crises.

Literary movements develop in reaction to other movements. One factor underpinning the rise of aestheticism and art for art's sake in the last years of the nineteenth century, for instance, was a perceived inattention to aesthetic issues in mainstream literature of the day. Orel appears to acknowledge the possibility of such a situation (of crisis imagination) later, when he states that the "overwhelming majority of historical novels confirmed the rightness of particular social structures by illustrating the perils awaiting those who defied values held by the middle class" (33).
Orel's sense of what constitutes historical fiction is indicated by his reference above to Stevenson, a writer who might be grouped with authors such as Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang. But there is another strain of historical fiction, less along romance lines, and along the aristomilitary path suggested by Martin Green in his *Dreams of Adventure, Deeds of Empire*. This imperialist fiction, often for juvenile audiences, was of a type that, if it did not stem from a sense of crisis, at least very vividly imagined crises if social models suggested by history were not buttressed and upheld.

If we regard *Westward Ho!* as a novel prototypical in its use of Elizabethan imperial motifs, we will see that qualities it contains will be transmuted or be stripped away as the century advances. For one thing, such elements (already marginalised in and during the course of the novel) of *Westward Ho!* as those which might loosely be thought of as components of a romance plot—the Brotherhood of the Rose, the euphuist character of Frank Leigh—will begin to disappear, or continue on only as highly marginalised preoccupations in later imperial fiction concerning the Elizabethan period, as well as in imperial fiction which does not adopt Elizabethan settings, such as that by Buchan and Kipling. For another, portrayal of Elizabethan and other historical periods in imperial literature for boys will become increasingly casual and perfunctory, with characters and their attributes having more and more the aspect of nineteenth century English public schoolboys and prefects. History may be appealed to, but it is handled with less and less intensity and imaginative attention. Possibly this is one reason why a large segment of historical fiction—imperial adventure literature for boys—is not referred to by Orel, who dwells on books he adjudges historical romances—books such as Richard Doddridge Blackmore's *Springhaven* (1887), Conan Doyle's *The White Company* (1891), Anthony Hope's *Simon Dale* (1898), Rider Haggard's *Eric Brighteyes* (1898), and so on.

There may be other reasons for a diminution of authentic historical detail. After studying George Eliot's painstaking composition of *Romola*, Orel proposes that by the mid-1860s authors and readers alike could weary of an attempt to record faithfully past eras. Simply, history might not be that amusing, the
concerns of another time too remote from those of the nineteenth century: "historical novels tended to be, by and large, humourless, and uninterested in the simple pleasures of life" (25). Orel further cites Thomas Hardy's *The Dynasts* as a work thoroughly determined by its immersion in history. Orel quotes Keith Millard, who says that Hardy in that work "put his imagination at the service of history." This "limited the scope of artistic creation," for "Hardy [was] not at liberty to shape his material for idiosyncratic purposes but str[ove] throughout for historical accuracy" (Orel 26).

If we recall our reference to Kingsley, Scott, and Woolf in the previous chapter, we can note how the dramatic impact of *Westward Ho!* is dampened by its reliance on historical records sympathetic to Kingsley's imagination. Kingsley's digressions on contentious points of history, use of historical material extraneous to his main narrative, long quotations from historical texts, compulsion to move Amyas Leigh about according to the version of history he has received--these are some factors debilitating Kingsley's novel. But this is not to say that Kingsley ought to have been disregardful of historical truth as he viewed it, for this he might well have done using much less historical material than he does. In any event, later authors considering the Elizabethan period would often employ fewer historical documents, seek less to imbue their texts with authentic renaissance flavourings, and construct their narratives such that less historical detail was attached to their story.

It is also true, of course, that even those authors who appeared to try to be directed as closely as possible by a sense of historical veracity, nevertheless did, however many historical documents they consulted, portray historical periods according to how they wished to perceive those periods privately. As my reading of nineteenth century imperial fiction which uses Elizabethan settings suggests, and as Orel suggests of the historical fiction he considers, as the nineteenth century progressed, many authors of historical fiction felt increasingly free to offer more personal and less textually based views of prior periods. But certainly even if we return to a mid-century non-fiction essay such as Froude's "England's Forgotten Worthies," we can see that the author, no matter how "objective" he may try or seem to be,
makes of history very much what he wants to make of it, according to his sense of the present and how it might be positively affected by a study of sixteenth century history. This type of view is advanced by Nicholas Rance in his *The Historical Novel and Popular Politics in Nineteenth-Century England* (1975).

Historical novelists after Scott, Rance says,

were privileged in the same way as the various medievalising movements; where little was known, history was what one made it. Too removed from the age to perceive its motivating forces, they found themselves writing the kind of history in which they wished to believe. Events were interpreted in the light of an unchanging human nature, with great men as history-makers, while characters who did not move in a solid environment enacted parables comforting to Victorians. (25-26; qtd in Orel 13).

Considering further the Victorians' use of the middle ages, Rance identifies two methods of characterization, both of which can be seen to varying extents in the literature regarding the Elizabethan age analysed in the present study. Often, both tendencies can be seen operating within one work, such as *Westward Ho!*. Rance writes that the middle ages in fiction were either absurdly remote from contemporary life, in the sense that modernised heroes and heroines breathed a romantic 'period' atmosphere, or else, more cunningly, the concept of the enduring English-Saxon character, resistant to Norman and Stuart tyranny, endowed readers with the spirit of the free Saxons. (26)

In nineteenth century writing depicting the Elizabethan imperialist/colonialist scene, we see modernised and updated protagonists, and authors frequently assert a stereotype of bold, fair-minded English character, as against that of the cowardly, duplicitous, corrupt, religiously wrong (and so on) Spanish.
Orel, in regarding the above passage from Rance, adds rather obliquely: "Carlyle and Froude recognized the fact of change, but did not understand the mechanisms of evolution that created Victorian society" (164). The "failure to understand" here is perhaps a condition common to all who attempt to write or interpret history. But in general, in the case of Carlyle with the middle ages, or Froude with the Elizabethan period, the will of the writer to "understand" a past period is often subordinated to the desire of that author to posit opportunistically in a perceived past habits of behaviour the author believes it would be well to inculcate in the present.

One more development in imperial fiction for juveniles, and one that might be seen as going hand in hand with a diminution in attempts to capture artistically a given period, is an increasing dilution and simplification of moral content. Numerous scholars, from David Newsome in his Godliness and Good Learning: Four Studies on a Victorian Ideal (1961) to J. A. Mangan in works such as The Games Ethic and Imperialism: Aspects of the Diffusion of an Ideal (1985), have charted a trend in literature for boys in the Victorian era which saw emphases shift as Britain's self-consciousness as an imperial nation grew. Gradually, the kind of self-interrogating and self-sacrificing masculinity promoted by Dr. Thomas Arnold and by writers such as Kingsley and Thomas Hughes was replaced by a more truculent and bellicose literature extolling competitive action and patriotic national service (for more on issues of masculinity in Kingsley and Hughes, see Donald Hall, ed., Muscular Christianity: Embodying the Victorian Age, Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1994). These latter qualities were especially championed in periodicals for boys, which featured contributions by well-known writers from G. A. Henty to Rudyard Kipling and Arthur Conan Doyle. Mangan, referring to Newsome, notes how early Victorian values of manly "seriousness, self-denial and rectitude" mutated into "robustness, perseverance and stoicism" in the latter stages of the Victorian period.

The effects this could have on literature which deployed imperial history are manifold. As the British Empire swelled, and its maintenance and extension became a prominent and familiar goal,
imperialist writers had less and less reason to regard other periods as worthy of careful consideration. Undeniably, other periods could be looked upon for inspiration, or as markers in the development of a glorious heritage, but when one apprehended the success of the British race in imprinting itself across the globe, it would have been impertinent to suggest that there was another place or people or time which could have much to offer in the way of advice to world-beating Britain. The sentiment was already apparent in a work such as Macaulay's "Minute on Education," which I referred to earlier. The natural capacity of the Anglo-Saxon race for command and leadership was felt by many to be in full bloom towards the latter part of the century. The very fact that a writer like Henty could range through all history and place his plucky, successful, and essentially Victorian schoolboys there is emblematic of the fact that much of England was in an outgoing mood, with much to impress upon other peoples and places. Still, history and historical reference had many uses when it came to explaining, affirming and critiquing the present, as well as projecting the future, some of which we will see in the literature studied in the remainder of this dissertation. We may recall that Froude, in his "England's Forgotten Worthies," bemoaned the fact that writers were not providing popular, accessible history—literature which showed how and when Britain was great, how it became so, and how, at least implicitly, it could remain great. G. A. Henty, in his dozens and dozens of novels, was just the man to answer Froude's request, and initiate a type of writing so successful that he would have many imitators.

In what follows here, I wish to survey a number of novels which draw on Elizabethan settings in order to provide inspiration for late nineteenth century imperial activity. This will highlight the influence of Kingsley's work, and sketch out the increasing importance of the recollection and redeployment of Elizabethan imperial heroes. In my final chapter, in which I consider the writings by Henry Newbolt and John Buchan, I will adumbrate the importance of English renaissance history into and through World War I. The novels I consider in this chapter will be grouped largely around Ralegh and Drake. With Ralegh,
I want to consider for an instant two texts which may be regarded somewhat as bookends of British imperial experience, Sir Walter Ralegh's *Discoverie of Guiana* (1596) and Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* (1899). Drake's exploits chronologically preceded those of Ralegh, and that is where I wish to begin my survey.

**G. A. Henty: *Under Drake's Flag***

George Alfred Henty's life (1832-1902) spanned the Victorian age, and his work constitutes an elemental component in the British historical and intellectual creation of empire. Henty was astonishingly popular—perhaps the most popular writer for boys during the late Victorian period, when literature for young audiences, antecedently notably by works such as Kingsley's *The Water Babies* and *The Heroes*, became a significant commercial publishing genre unto itself. He wrote over 100 novels, more than 80 of them adventure stories for youths. He was read throughout the English-speaking world, and his boys' books are estimated to have sold as many as 25 million copies, being used as history texts in Britain, America, and the Commonwealth many decades into the twentieth century. He was, in the opinion of one scholar, "a writer read for a generation by the youth of all English-speaking peoples" (Davies 159). His audience included numerous influential future personages and historians. Just one modern author who recalled reading Henty was Graham Greene. In his autobiographical *A Sort of Life* (1971), Greene writes of imagining himself a Henty hero during schoolboy games (40). Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., "dean of American liberal historians" during the first part of the twentieth century, noted he was "highly influenced" by Henty (Huttenback 53). Henty's ideas, Robert A. Huttenback argues, may not have been original. Nevertheless, his importance lay "in the extent to which he heightened and tinted with life an already existing stereotype and so coloured the attitudes of British and, for the matter, American schoolboys" (Huttenback 53).
The scope of Henty's historical tales for boys ranged from ancient Egypt to the Boer War, and twenty-five of his boys' books dealt with incidents in British imperial history (Huttenback 47). He began gathering life experience preparatory to much of his novelistic output early in life. Kingsley, we recall, was not content to sit idly by as a country parson during the Crimean conflict. Henty at the time was a middling student at Cambridge, and the prospect of an active life made him accept a commission as a hospital supply officer in the early months of the War. During his Crimean tenure, Henty wrote several pieces for the Morning Advertiser, which led eventually to a career as a war correspondent. Through the mid-1870s, Henty appeared in "half the war zones of the world" (Arnold 8). By 1876, his health faltered, and he began to apply himself full-time to novel writing.

Owing to his military experience, and despite his personal interest in sailing, most of his works concerned land campaigns. But because he was both a student and a teacher of British imperial history, it is not surprising that one of his early boys' books concerned the glorious Elizabethan era. This was Under Drake's Flag: A Tale of the Spanish Main (1882), the novel of primary interest to us here. By 1917, when records cease, Under Drake's Flag had sold 29,793 copies (Newbolt, Henty 661). It was Henty's second book for Blackie & Son, the Glasgow publisher with which he was to be associated throughout most of his life. Blackie helped to make Henty, and Henty helped to make Blackie. Blackie's history extended back to the early part of the century, and over the decades they had published a variety of general literature, specialising mostly in religious and technical works. In 1841 they published The Imperial Family Bible, which, according to Agnes A. C. Blackie, may have "set the fashion for using the word 'Imperial'" (22). Over the next two decades, reference works such as the Imperial Dictionary, Imperial Gazetteer, and the Imperial Atlas would follow. W. G. Blackie was a friend of many eminent geographers and explorers, such as Sir Robert Schomburgk, whom we encountered in the previous chapter. The demarcator of the "Schomburgk line" between Venezuela and British Guiana (Evelyn Waugh would follow it a century later), and one-time British Consul at Santo Domingo, he went to
special lengths to furnish information for the *Gazetteer*. The *Imperial Atlas* managed to get the geography of Canada's Hudson's Bay right half a century in advance of other reference works, and it can only be speculated that this was because the House had taken pains to consult personally experienced explorers.

Successive Education Acts of the 1870s, mandating compulsory elementary education for all school children, helped to create a demand for juvenile literature, especially Sunday and regular school "Reward" books. Henty's "great and immediate popularity carried Blackie & Son...into the forefront as publishers of books for the young" (Blackie 38). Boys, Agnes A. C. Blackie thinks, found Henty's novels authentic, and Henty's efforts at historical accuracy "gave his books the attraction, to parents and schoolmasters, of teaching history without tears" (39). Indeed, the *British Weekly* emphasized in a review of *When London Burned*, "parents who do not know him and buy him for their boys should be ashamed of themselves" (Catalogue 1, *Golden Galleon*).

Henty published one boys' book in each of 1871, 1872, and 1880, two in each of 1881 and 1882, and three in 1883, so reaching an annual production level he would meet or exceed from then until his death. Other tales set in the Renaissance period, besides *Under Drake's Flag*, include two novels concerning the Dutch wars of independence, *By Pike and Dyke: (A Tale of the Rise of the Dutch Republic)* (1890), and *By England's Aid: Or, The Freeing of the Netherlands 1585-1604* (1891), which documents the Dutch exploits of the English cavalier, Sir Francis Vere. A reviewer of *By England's Aid*, writing in the *Aberdeen Journal*, offered a view of that book which might well have been applied also to *Under Drake's Flag*, when he argued that Henty's writing was "calculated to arouse and maintain in our boys of to-day the indomitable courage, rising with danger,—sympathy with the oppressed, and intense loyalty," which characterized sixteenth century heroes.62

Generalising about the nature of Henty's boys' tales from only one or two his works may seem tendentious. But when one regards the mass and sameness of his output, as well as the way in which he
has been handled by prior scholars, one may sense both the justice and the necessity of the move. F. J. Harvey Darton, in his *Children's Books in England* (1932), wrote: "It is no harsh criticism to say that if you have read only two or three" Henty books, "you know the rest, even if you like the one first encountered better than those you met later when you could recognise the formula" (310-11). Henty's protagonists are not so much characters as collections of traits, uppermost among these being modesty, courage, honesty, ambition, and resourcefulness. They are normally middle-class boys, but often of scant patrimony, or of a family whose circumstances in one way or another demand that the boy seek his fortune. They commence their adventures during teen years, become men during the course of them, and retire to a country seat to lead a life of stout domestic establishment respectability.

Henty's narratives are constituted by a long sequence of action-adventure episodes interwoven or interspersed by historical or moralistic digressions. The subject of Henty's use of history has been much discussed. He strove for accuracy, but sometimes showed himself too willing to be wholly guided by a particular source which most appealed to him. The combination of authentic history and imagined history, or that which involved his invented protagonists almost exclusively, was variously handled. In his best novels, the historical and adventure plots advance quite seamlessly, but in many books chapters of history and chapters concerning the adventures of protagonists alter in such a fashion that the reader may pick and choose sections, electing, if desired, to skip over historical passages and get on with the escapades of the boy heroes. Or, on the other hand, if one were reading, as many older readers may have wished to do, for historical edification (reviewers of Henty's works often referred to the enjoyment to be derived from Henty by both mature and juvenile readers), one could gloss over the exploits of the boys.

*Under Drake's Flag* does little in the way of attempting to capture the atmosphere of the late sixteenth century, compared to works such as *Westward Ho!* or *Kenilworth.* For example, little mention is made of customs of dress, eating, drinking, recreation, and so on. Gordon Browne, Henty's most frequent illustrator, does somewhat try to make the boy protagonist appear to belong to an earlier period.
But save the occasional emplacement of a verb behind a personal pronoun in order to indicate the supposedly stilted speech of yore, Henty does little to make us feel that we are in a time other than the early 1880s. Sir Francis Drake is hardly sketched at all as a character. He is merely a kind of father figure who places boys in a situation to have adventures, and then welcomes their return from these adventures. The boys recount tales of their accomplishments, after which he may dole out rewards verbal and material.

Under Drake's Flag opens very much as does Westward Ho!, with a gathering of male villagers at a public house in a small Devon town. They are discussing the late successes of Francis Drake, who has been in the neighbourhood recruiting, as was John Oxenham in Westward Ho! Henty has a bit of a rough go at getting his narrative up and running, and relies on a frequent habit of having his lads feed queries to more knowledgeable elders. An old sailor says that he had longed to go with Drake, for there were riches to be had in the western seas, and the prospect of "thrashing...those haughty Spaniards" is delightful to him (10). This statement prompts questions about the Spanish from an eager youth we later learn is our fifteen year-old hero, Ned Hearne (it is unclear whether Henty even intended this first boy speaker to be Ned). Ned asks: "They cannot fight, either, can they?...They ill-treat those that fall into their hands, do they not?...'It is said that the queen and her ministers favour, though not openly, these adventures,'" and so on (10-11). To each query Ned receives expository paragraph-length responses apprising him of prevailing Spanish stereotypes and English affairs.

The history lesson, for Henty's contemporary readers, ends with the arrival of Drake himself. It is a stormy day, and a ship off the coast threatens to founder on a shoal. Ned, whom we learn is nicknamed "the otter," performs a feat of swimming which earns him Drake's admiration. Unfortunately Drake already has a full complement of men for his next voyage, but he promises to keep Ned in mind for any future ventures.
Ned is motherless, and his father, like Amyas Leigh's father, has wished Ned to stay in school rather than enroll in a life of sea adventures. Mr. Hearne is a slightly ridiculous pedant, a schoolmaster like Jack Brimblecombe's father in *Westward Ho!, Vindex Brimblecombe.* The death of Amyas's father facilitated that youth's adventures, and Ned's motherlessness is pivotal, too, for, as his feckless father remarks, Ned's mother had wished to make of Ned a clerk. Mr. Hearne's finances have suffered an unexplained downfall of late, and Ned has never shown an aptitude for study, anyway, so Ned's departure with Drake is automatic when the inevitable call from the famous captain comes a few days later. A sailor has dropped out of the voyage, and Ned is sought to go in his place. The incident is common for Henty, in that if the author ever allows reality to throw up an obstacle, it is struck down as soon as it erected.

Before Ned and the other boys and men set off with Drake, Henty gives a succinct encapsulation of the English scene at the time. He explains England's fear of popery after the reign of Mary Tudor, and refers of course to tales of Spanish atrocities committed against natives heard by Britons from those who had travelled in southern regions. Henty sums up candidly:

Thus, then, the English sailors regarded the Spaniards as the enemy of their country, as the enemy of their religion, and as the enemy of humanity. Besides which, it cannot be denied that they viewed them as rich men well worth plundering; and although, when it came to fighting, it is probable that hatred overbore the thought of gain, it is certain that the desire for gold was in itself the main incentive to those who sailed upon these expeditions. (23-4)

Henty does argue that English sailors of Drake's time "may have looked to a certain extent on the mission as a crusade" (23), but the religious impulses imputed by Kingsley and Froude are de-emphasized here in favour of plain talk of pragmatic motives. For Henty, in his private and public life, there was nothing
ignoble in seeking wealth; it was an ambition as much to be admired as religious devotion. There will be no room in his narratives for severely religious but altogether good characters such as Salvation Yeo.

The men of Drake's voyage, Henty allows, probably sailed mostly for money, and the youths for fame—"to the lads. . .pecuniary gain exercised no inducement whatever" (27). The palpable irony here, of course, is that, in any given Henty book the boys must evolve into wealthy men by narrative's end. In general, therefore, boys perform feats which win them recognition and regard, but also ultimately riches. Usually this is handled most discreetly by having the hero receive a large share of material rewards accruing to whichever notable historical personage he should be attached to.

Some of the men in Under Drake's Flag are veteran sailors, and so it is natural that Henty should note that some of them sailed with John Hawkins on his slaving runs. One old hand recalls a 1567 voyage, and Henty provides him with suitable nineteenth century sentiments:

> It was a traffic for which I myself had but little mind, for though it be true that these black fellows are a pernicious race, given to murder and fightings of all kinds among themselves, yet are they human beings, and it is, methinks, cruel to send them beyond the seas into slavery so far from their homes and people. But it was not for me, a simple mariner, to argue the question with our admirals and captains, and I have heard many worshipful merchants are engaged in the traffic. (41)

It is advantageous, here, to put such views in the demonstrably rough and clumsy ("murder and fightings") speech of an unlettered sailor, for one can express the humane sentiment while intimating nonetheless that more formidable figures ("worshipful merchants" like Hawkins or Drake) may well have had reasons for the trade (for example, national interest, true and actual benefit to the slaves) which are obscured by the sailor's simplicity. The reader therefore can sympathize with the views of the sailor, but sense subconsciously, too, that if there was such a thing as a slave trade, it quite probably was justifiable
in some respects. One can stand in the shoes of both subaltern and leader, or with one foot in one of each pair, as it were. It might seem to be going to some lengths to wring such an interpretation from a tiny bit of Henty's historical summary, but it is important to do in order to grasp how Henty's writing—and much other imperialist literature besides—works on subtle levels to affirm British superiority and inculpability. Of course Henty's novels do contain bald stereotyping and simplistic views of affairs—so simplistic or stereotyped that they may appear that way even to the most simple of readers. One can only "tell" so often without "showing" before one's writing becomes preposterous and tedious to even the most uncritical audiences. But Henty is very careful not to write in such a way as to show British heroes whose traits include anything but, say, complete courage or absolute modesty. Creating such perfectly spotless characters, and imparting to them any kind of verisimilitude, takes work, and that means that Henty's portrayal of the British as superior to all others (who are, to greater and lesser extents according to the particular comparison made or suggested, cast as being either explicitly or implicitly inferior) has to proceed sometimes in less direct fashions, such as the manner I suggest in the above passage.

Having learnt somewhat from their elders, the boys themselves must have their own adventures, and these can best be achieved by having them separated from the major historical personage or historical episode of which they are a part. After a deal of sacking and pillaging in a voyage loosely based on Drake's 1572-73 Panamanian excursion, the ships turn homeward with their flanks full of treasure. They encounter a hurricane, however, which wrecks Ned's ship. Ned and his friend Gerald save themselves by swimming ashore. They are now in hostile Spanish territory, but fortunately they pitch up near the residence of the Spanish governor, whose daughter Ned had happened to rescue, swimming, during a brief engagement with Spanish ships earlier.

The governor and his daughter shelter the boys, and the boys responsibly beguile the time by boning up on their Spanish. Since it has been rumoured that there are shipwrecked English survivors about, the boys soon must go inland to live among natives. Their passage is facilitated by an old Indian
woman, something of a friendly witch after the manner of Lucy Passmore, who helped Rose Salterne to elope in *Westward Ho!*. She is later dispatched by the Spaniards when they learn that she has been helping peoples in the interior.

Once inland, natives and Negroes gather about the boys, who quickly establish the natural leadership skills of their race. They become the protectors of runaway slaves from Spanish plantations (known as Cimmarrons), and oversee numerous successful skirmishes against Spanish war parties. Henty is in his element describing and inventing these land battles, their tactics and strategies. In works such as *By England's Aid*, where maps are available, he reproduces these so that his young readers might understand and vicariously participate in unfolding military scenarios. Other writers, such as Stevenson, Haggard, and Conan Doyle, also used in their books maps which would tantalize young readers and allow them better to visualize and imagine themselves taking part in the action of the narrative. Henty's books are illustrated, and normally the plates depict vividly the climax of a fight in which a villainous foreigner is put paid to by a plucky British lad.

The battles Ned and Gerald lead against the Spanish escalate, and Spanish losses are so heavy that the representatives of the proud imperial nation are forced to sue for peace. A treaty is worked out, and Henty, not above gently interlining history to increase the profile of his boy protagonists, writes: "Thus ended the first successful resistance to Spanish power among the islands of the western seas" (151). It is a strange peace indeed, as natives and Negroes are granted farming rights and territory the Spanish may enter only by "applying for a pass" (150). Slaves are only allowed to leave Spanish plantations if they have proper grievances, and a complex appeal process is put in place. Months later, a pacific harmony is entrenched. The Spanish found that the natives if left alone did them no damage. Bad masters learned that a course of ill treatment of slaves was certain to be followed by their flight, and upon the bad treatment being proved, these found
shelter among the mountains. Upon the other hand, the owners who
treated their slaves with kindness and forbearance found that if these
took to the mountains in a fit of restlessness, a shelter there was refused.

(152)

This is how a Henty narrative typically proceeds, in a fantasy of unison. And this not merely among
different peoples, but among the British themselves. Gerald is a few months older than Ned, but he
instantly hails Ned's greater capabilities. When first inland, and when the natives beseeched the boys to
take command of them, Ned had thought that Gerald, owing to his several months' seniority, would be the
leader. But pointing to his evident inferiority to Ned, Gerald refused the commission. Whereupon
modest and good-natured (but still self-possessed and self-aware) Ned solved the problem by declaring
that they should be "joint-generals" (110). In Henty's novels, everyone always knows his place, a
situation no doubt pleasing to conservative thinkers of the day. And one of the commonest phrases in the
Henty lexicon is surely "at once," for this is how everything happens--plans made, disagreements settled,
battles won, goals realized.

This fact may be suggestive of many things, such as Henty's sense of a child's view of the adult
world, in which adults do not seem to have to take orders as youths do, or Henty's desire to mollify
childish impatience at narrative complexity with instant resolutions. The effects of apprehending this
wishful harmoniousness on young readers are of course debatable, but Henty certainly encourages one to
know one's station in life, and to expect that not only will things work out better if one knows one's
station, but that, if one is British, things will work out more or less by default of one's race. A reader
steeped in Henty would be impatient indeed before the intractability of the real world, featuring actual
disagreements between the British and others, or among the British themselves.

One commentator, Roy Turnbaugh, has argued that "the absence of conflict in Henty's stories is
truly amazing" (736). "There is very little bullying," Turnbaugh continues, "no envy, no resentment
within the ranks of the nation. Anyone outside of this brotherhood, however, is a potential enemy and the slightest sign of disrespect or discourtesy is punished" (736). Late in Under Drake's Flag, after Ned and several young mates have escaped natives and shipwreck, but become separated from the British ships, they approach their predicament with inhuman assuredness and accord. Once the boys have made their escape, we read: "They had already talked over what would be their best course...and proceeded at once to put their plans into execution" (311). A few pages later, marooned again on a foreign shore, one boy has an idea, and naturally it "struck all as being feasible... Without delay they set to work to carry out the plan" (317). Lord of the Flies this is not.

Returning to Turnbaugh, then, we see that Henty's propaganda is directed both outward and inward. That is, he wishes to school domestic boys on how they should behave amongst themselves, and also to inform them of their superiority to other races, and how they should go about subjecting, directing, or in general using them, as the case may be. Henty was highly aware of his audience, of what maintained his popularity and what was likely to provide for him a place in posterity. His one attempt to edit a boys magazine was unsuccessful precisely because he revelled so much in the contact he had with his young readers—to such an extent that he ignored the practical and business considerations of publishing in a competitive market. Book reviewers constantly remarked upon the wholesomeness of his texts, and he went to great lengths to insure that reviewers and the public found what they wished to find in them. His characters are always unquestioning in their Protestant faith. As in Westward Ho!, the men and boys are allowed to celebrate victories and drink—but only to the point of merriness, and never inebriation. Girls are offstage trophies often passed out with little comment at narrative's close; "Henty once said on the subject of love interest in his stories that he made a boy of twelve kiss a girl but then received an irate protest from a clergyman so cut out such passages thereafter" (Arnold 58). Henty wanted to produce true, pure Christian servants of empire, and he received never so much praise (and
income, ongoing writing contracts, sense of how he would go down in history) as when he did this and only this.

Furthermore, the perfection of Henty's protagonists, coupled with their desire to right wrong, results really in a curious pattern we noted in our discussion of *Westward Ho!*, by which one must actively anticipate the latent and inherent evilness of others. When one is involved in the episodic cut and thrust of travel adventures, one may lose sense of this larger picture. But what in effect occurs in Henty—and in this, again, his writing epitomizes much other literature touching imperial issues—is that British men and boys must sally about, keeping good cheer and great vigilance, all the while waiting to be given offense to. Despite the fact that it is they who venture for gain or fame, they may never initiate activity, but merely respond to it. This we will connect, in a moment, to the repetitive inevitability of the imperial adventure narrative.

Once Ned and Tom have done their good offices in solving the slaving dispute above, it is time for them to be off, and so a British ship returning homeward happily appears for the nonce. On reaching his Devon village home, where the inhabitants are duly impressed by the "bronzed, military-looking man" (159) that is Ned Hearne at 18, Ned discovers that his father is deceased and his position occupied, so he moves on to stay with his friend Gerald in a town nearby.

Turning the page, we find Ned and several acquaintances set to embark "Southward Ho!," as the chapter title has it. This time it is Drake's circumnavigation they will join. Shortly they are in Patagonia, where Ned and another boy—this one named Tom and not Gerald, but indistinguishable from Gerald nonetheless—are separated from their countrymen by hostile natives. Hence a long cross-country journey for Ned and Tom, with the opportunity for many adventures in which Henty can proffer advice and information very much in the manner of a scout-troop leader.

The boys meet a variety of adulatory natives, who take the boys for gods because of their size and appearance, and skill in such things as the creation of the heretofore unknown fire (!). As ever, the
boys are earnest in trying to pick up useful attributes, such as knowledge of native languages. A leitmotiv
of imperial, and indeed exploration and adventure literature from Sir Richard Burton through to
espionage fiction by writers such as Kipling and Buchan,⁶⁹ is the ease and facility with which the British,
because of their greater intelligence and intuitiveness, are able successfully to enter into (often in
disguise) the customs and society of foreign peoples. In Under Drake's Flag, Henty assures his readers,
on behalf of Ned and Tom, that the "language of savage people is always simple; their range of ideas is
narrow; their vocabulary very limited, and consequently easily mastered" (197).

An irony here, of course, is that in most early modern exploration literature, it is invariably
natives who are put upon to master European languages so they may become interpreters, and they are
often transported back to England or the continent for the purpose of receiving instruction in the finer
points of European languages so that they may be the more serviceable in future encounters with their
brethren. By the same token, European individuals left overseas for similar reasons often turn out to have
largely forgotten their own tongue in the sometimes lengthy times intervening between periods of contact
with their home country. A major problem for adventurers such as Ralegh is that of communication, and
when it can occur effectively at all, it is because natives already know a tongue both parties are somewhat
conversant in, such as Spanish.

Common native tricks, or so British writers would often have us believe, are those of feigning
incomprehension and non-disclosure of information. Although absolute candour and truthfulness are
qualities Henty demands from and imparts to his young heroes, his boys are canny in their concealment
of certain knowledge. When first they meet some natives, Ned counsels Tom not to alert the natives to
their possible weaknesses. Tom is told to leave his bow behind so that the Indians do not see the
makeshift instruments they have made. Later, however, when they are able to procure more finely
crafted bows from the Indians, they enlarge them, so impressing the Indians with their strength, and
resultantly shoot them with distance and accuracy marvellous to the Indians.
As Ned and Tom are on South American soil, inevitably they become embroiled again with Spaniards. In fact, they at first pass themselves off as Spaniards, a deception that does cause Ned in particular some qualms of conscience. Ned has some Spanish, and Tom almost none at all, so they tell the Spaniards that they were kidnapped as children and have forgotten their native tongue. Ultimately they are discovered to be English when they perform a rescue of a Spanish ship in a stormy inlet, demonstrating skills no land dwellers could have acquired. Their discovery sets them to be tried before the Inquisition, and things look bad for the boys because they will not throw over their Protestantism. As they freely admit, they do not really know why they should cling to their religion, and they know that Catholic priests could probably give them arguments in favour of converting which they would be unable to refute. Unlike Kingsley heroes, schooled in their faith and capable of meditating on it, but in the unswerving spirit of modern soldiers of empire, they know simply that they were brought up according to one faith and will, however perverse it may seem, hold to it unto death.

Luckily, they will not have to worry in the end, for a rich young Don who had been aboard the ship they rescued facilitates their escape. Henty's attitude to the Inquisition, moreover, is interesting. He takes pains to explain to his readers differences in the way faiths were held in times past, and notes the severity of early modern societies, including that of England under Henry VIII. Henty thus defends the Spanish, but notes that the Inquisition, though "framed at first only for the discovery of heresy, later became an instrument of private vengeance" (236).

Before harm can come to Ned and Tom, Drake's ships reappear, and the lads rejoin their fellows, with Drake making Ned a third officer. The boys sail on with their illustrious Captain, taking prizes and pillaging, until their next separation, this time with two other boys. They help a Portugese settlement to defend itself against a native attack, and are able to get back to England with the aid of the Portugese. Improbably, Drake has their portion of the proceeds of the circumnavigation waiting for them; as we alluded to in our chapter on Kingsley and Froude, division of spoils, from amongst the lowliest of seamen
to the highest aristocratic or royal backers, was rarely a smooth process. As one author notes, in the wake of any successful voyage, normally there was "tremendous fuss and considerable amount of jealousy in the subsequent sharing out" (Chatterton 77). Ned and Tom receive an audience with the Queen at their return, and they are entertained at a royal banquet, where they witness a masque by Beaumont and Fletcher.

No Elizabethan story would be complete without mention of the defeat of "The 'Invincible Armada," as Henty mockingly enters it in a chapter heading, so Ned and his friends take part in that, too. They do not, however, join Drake and Hawkins for their last fateful 1595-96 journey to the West Indies, which saw the death of both of her majesty's admirals. Ned is knighted, married (to Gerald's sister) and aged in a sentence, retiring with recollections of adventure to occupy the remainder of his years.

The foregoing summary is really only suggestive of how relentless is the pace of a Henty novel. In the absence of character, plot takes precedence, and incidents pile up like bodies before a British attack. From time to time, one senses the author's interest beginning to flag, as when he seems almost unable to be bothered to put up a good fight on behalf of some natives, or when there seem to be vagaries in the accuracy or emphases of the historical material. Henty quickly took to dictating his novels, and this, like the episodic flatline of his narrative, may have in part been caused by increasing word counts demanded by his shrewd publishers. According to a contract signed by Henty with Blackie in 1887, he was to provide 90 to 120 000 words per tale; by 1891, the figure was upped to 100 to 140 000 words. Such considerations cannot at all have affected Under Drake's Flag, but they could have shown, latterly, publishers anxious for a prized author to maintain the stamina and resolve he exhibited in his early works.

In a Henty novel, as the author strings adventures together like so many beads on a chain, one can quite lose sense of an overarching narrative. Partly this is desirable, for it allows readers to forget the frank material aspirations of the actors, and so find monetary rewards happily accidental when they come.
Nevertheless, in many ways the adventures do begin to take on a feeling of objectlessness. Long-term objectives fade so completely that one ceases to remind oneself that there even can be things in life to think of other than present adventure. In a Henty history, the past (which is glorious, else it would not be referred to in the first place) governs and determines the present, and forestalls the future, so making for an eternal present with all the surety of the past which one has known already.

Patrick Brantlinger, in his Rule of Darkness: British Literature and Imperialism 1830-1914, discusses the nature of adventure literature plots with reference to the rough and tumble sailor stories of Captain (Frederick) Marryat (1792-1838). "In Marryat's world," he writes:

\begin{quote}
life splits into two sorts of time: periods of routine stretching between peak and peak--and the peaks themselves, nearly timeless climaxes of violence. Perhaps adventure fiction always takes this form: if the troughs between the crests of high action are shortened or entirely omitted, as in Marryat's log, then adventure narratives approximate pornography, with moments of violence replacing moments of orgasm until violence itself becomes routine. (52-53)
\end{quote}

Certainly, violent action becomes routine in Henty. So routine, perhaps, that both reader and author may find themselves unable to brook meditative, static passages. Rather than experience the deflating anticlimax of reflection, one pursues the next action, or intensification of action.

Henty's books wallow in a kind of exhaustion of the imagination, in which one reads for the inevitable one knows must come. Only rarely is an unexpected twist introduced, but then it has only the effect of weakly deferring the successful outcome one seeks (by reading) and expects, just as one would anticipate the future succession of successful outcomes, if only one could stop reading for the present successful outcome. The climaxes become routine, but one must read for these small gratifications still, for they are, after all, what one reads for in the first place. There is something almost televisual in Henty,
particularly when moments which might have yielded dramatic irony, under circumstances of more careful creative construction, are dispatched almost as afterthoughts—an event or motive is recollected or invented, a linguistic facility resurfaces, an unmentioned concealed weapon seals the win. The problem, as in television drama or comedy (happy outcome already foretold) is really one of before thoughts, for whatever featureless heroes Henty may conceive, his tale ultimately is always about a historical British triumph.

Like television, Henty is addictive. His biographers note the adulation he inspired in boys and men who read him voraciously. Journal after journal reviewed his books as they rolled off the presses every few months, often with superlatives attesting to the uniqueness or unsurpassedness of each new volume. So developed a body of periodical review literature which finds newness and variety in a Henty canon we look back on today as an indistinguishable mass. But what Henty wrote was new to much of his readership. For many, any given Henty novel might have been their first literary narrative exposure to a given British triumph. F. J. Harvey Darton's assessment, a forerunner among yawning early post-mortem and modern assessments of Henty, ought to be as much a clue as a guide. Henty wrote the kind of popular history Froude called for in 1854; Froude was intuitively correct when he argued that readers would welcome nationalistic success stories when they were not in dryasdust academic studies, but in lively tales painted in broad strokes. Public education acts, increasing literacy (and bulk of literature published), the growth of circulating libraries—all contributed to Henty's neoteric vogue. For Henty as a first experience of history, which abashes quite twentieth-century hermeneutics in its baldness and receptivity to truth and the fictions that fabricate it, one might merely remark a representative review, by the august Athenaeum, of The Tiger of Mysore: "Mr. Henty not only concocts a thrilling tale, he weaves fact and fiction together with so skilful a hand that the reader cannot help acquiring a just and clear view of that fierce and terrible struggle which gave us our Indian Empire" (Catalogue 1). Henty may well have seemed a bit musty to many boys who read him during his lifetime. He did, however, secure many
thousands of devoted young readers. He may have been hackneyed by the 1920s, and impossibly antiquated at the end of the twentieth century, but his vitality in the closing decades of the nineteenth century should be affirmed.

Questions of history aside, it is as preposterous to say, when reading Henty, that one wants to see how it turns out, as it is to wonder how a Hollywood film sequence, or a soap opera, will. But one does, because one wonders not really "how it will turn out"; rather, one is announcing one's affiliation with a genre. What one wants to know, what keeps one reading, and what may lure one to read in the first instance, is "how will the gratifying end I know is coming, come about."

Post and Pre-War

Many famous twentieth century writers and historians looked back with fondness on their childhood reading of Henty. It was an interval of happy thralldom—one learned much that was new, and the world, in Henty's pages, was simply and coherently ordered, provisional of pleasing imaginings and identifications. The contemporary Canadian author, Timothy Findley, dwells on Henty and his addictiveness in The Wars (1977), his award-winning novel concerning World War I. The book is determined by the literature of the time, such as that by Robert Graves and Siegfried Sassoon, who will be referred to in our last chapter. Robert Ross, Findley's protagonist, is a young Ontarian who serves in the trenches in France and is horribly injured. On his way overseas, in December 1915, Ross's head is full of Conrad and Boys Own Annual (58). In real youth Conrad was an admirer of Marryat, a progenitor of boys' writers such as Henty. Henty's presence is felt shipboard. Findley writes:

Of Robert's cabinmates, the only inactive one was Captain Ord. The second day out, he put on a pair of blue pajamas with white stitched anchors on the pockets and retired to his bunk. He claimed the privilege
of having lost his voice and spent the voyage sitting propped against his pillows drinking brandy from a silver cup and reading the works of G. A. Henty. 'What on earth are you reading that stuff for?' Clifford asked him; 'God--I haven't seen those books since I was twelve,' he added. Ord said hoarsely that since he was going to do a boy's work he must read the 'stuff of which boys are made' and smiled. Clifford didn't appreciate the humour. To him, the war was a deadly serious and heaven-sent chance to become a man. Every night before he went to sleep he stood at the bridge with Horatio--brought the news from Aix to Ghent and smiling, fell dead. He said: 'you're damned right!' a lot and spent a good deal of his time in the bathroom, secretly tilting his hat and his grin at the mirror. He also sang his songs and made up many verses of his own. He would sit on his bunk and polish his boots and buttons, nattering at Ord--completely unaware that Ord had fallen asleep up above or that With Clive in India was about to fall on his head. (60-61)

What Henty may have given to a young Clifford (inverting Findley's irony, the stuff of which men are made), and what he gives to Ord here, bespeaks an authorial aim Conan Doyle states in the epigraph for his adventure tale *The Lost World* (1910). Collapsing age distinctions between his target audiences, Doyle writes:

```
I have wrought my simple plan
If I give one hour of joy
To the boy, who's half a man,
Or the man who's half a boy.
```
The figure of Ord provides some rare comic relief in a dark novel, but of course even this is in a troubling ironic fashion, as when Ord calls the War "boy's work," as it so literally was, for Robert and Clifford as for nearly an entire generation. Despite his scorn for Henty, Clifford, sailing to his death, is in many ways the very type of a Henty hero—cocky and brash, ambitious, dedicated, anxious to make his way, unmentioned in dispatches. Inasmuch as he does not grasp the stereotypical nature of his own character, he is also ignorant, but for Henty's heroes, that was a boon, preventing them from thinking unproductive or unremunerative thoughts. Henty's heroes are identitiless (the reader may wish to supply this himself), and their resolute refusal of quirks always facilitates their success.

Still, we are always told that after their brief career of exploits they retire to become prominent members of their parish. Clifford, despite his attempts to distinguish himself personally, is ironically merely preparing himself the better to be exactly the kind of cannon fodder the War and its directors required. The literary allusions (Shakespeare, Browning) Findley adorns him with, as well as his vain traits, emphasize the irony that Clifford is trying to extract identity from a configuration of circumstances that will tend mainly towards the erasure of identity. This is the difference between the Empire as "theatre for aggression" (Turnbaugh 735) against hapless foes, and War between imperial powers as theatre of death.

Shortly after the excerpt from The Wars quoted above, a man named Harris takes ill and cannot fulfil his duties. Ross is nearby. "It so happened that Captain Ord was Harris's company commander. He just looked down from his bunk where, by now, he was With Wolfe at Quebec—and appointed Robert as Harris's successor" (62). The ship's passage is rough. Ross is ordered to supervise the horses in the lower hold, and when he has to put a revolver to the ear of a horse that has broken its leg, Findley foreshadows Ross's signal wartime act, which is to save 130 horses from a burning wood in France (in the episode, Ross, alone, bloodied and fatigued, surveys a wasteland of death, and as the horses are the
only things living, the only things that can be saved, he leads them from the fire and away from the front).

When the crossing is at last completed, Ord packs his books:

He had got all the way to being With Wellington at Waterloo, and he offered Robert a silver cup of brandy. 'That's where we're going, you know. I mean--it's sort of the same thing. Ypres is only sixty miles from Waterloo. Makes you feel better, doesn't it. . . .' (70).

Ord is addicted to Henty. Like brandy, Henty's books provide a familiar and pleasant sensation. Like brandy, Henty's novels provide an escape. A Henty novel, on first reading, offers exciting climaxes; Henty novels, to the initiate, provide a steady mild pleasurable climax. But Ord's "same thing" will turn out not to be an easy oppositionless foray to be passed down over the ages, but the site of the first German chlorine gas attacks which took heavy tolls on Allied soldiers. Thus Findley apprehends the deceptive way in which writing like Henty's prepares one for conflict. It was Henty's idea that his books should contain good advice about exploring, hunting, and fighting situations, and the public approved him by making him popular. The non-fiction desperation of actual fighting between similarly formidable enemies was not foretold.

There is, however, a sense of mortality about, if not in, books such as those by Henty. Considering the repetitive and ritualistic "pure violence," of the imperialist adventure narrative, Brantlinger posits an "impulse. . . to submerge language, reason, selfhood in 'the destructive element' of death. Despite their naive, hearty good cheer, or perhaps because of it, [imperialist adventure] novels are informed by a spirit of 'altruistic suicide'--of an ultimate self-sacrifice ending in silence" (54). Of course, Henty's novels do feature happy outcomes for successful protagonists. But, taken together as a body, the novels bespeak a kind of will to the extermination of qualities of language, reason, and identity. The improbable retirement of the young heroes at novel's end has the effect of a distant echo without an
original statement. Something has been lost, resonating like reality or life, between the fight and the victory.

Turnbaugh sums up the Henty adventure:

Henty heroes, after passing through the trials of battle, always return from the Empire to England, first taking time to make their fortunes. The Empire is portrayed as a kind of theater for aggression, rather than as a place to settle and spend one's life. Even colonists return to England after making their pile. Young men are perfectly willing to leave the army after a single glorious campaign and retire to a country estate.

(735).

The irony which is implicit here, and which is gestured to theoretically in Brantlinger, is that in actuality a "return" is rarely possible. Moreover, there is something in the very fact that that "return" is there in imperial adventure literature, if not in life, that, as Turnbaugh says, often men forged in the crucible of imperial pursuits are utterly willing to embark on the pastoral life of a country squire once barely out of their teens. This fact tends to expose the lies accompanying the entire social, cultural and literary matrix into which the imperial adventure novel embeds itself. The prospect of a return is what prompts embarkation. We have seen how little Kingsley understood the circumstances of the soldiers he supported. But Henty the war correspondent, and other imperial writers to an increasing extent, had not the excuse of ignorance. The Boer War was a shock which studied shibboleths about service and glory withstood with some effort. It would not be until the Great War, with a whole country implicated (advertisements in the Times from commissionless young men seeking sponsorship), was well underway that individuals really began to digest the unreality that had been laid before them.

An action hero can only rarely die. He must remain, as in Henty, perpetually young and effective. He cannot be seen to grow old and reflective. The word "single" in the above quotation from
Turnbaugh is important. The empire, for writers like Henty, was never a career. Yet there rarely were such instances of single adventurous successes segueing into lives of establishment comfort in the home country. When the empire is a career, one must go on proving and proving until death on the proving ground. The twentieth century literary-imperial experience (works by authors such as Orwell, Greene, Burgess mentioned in this dissertation) indicates that a return, if and when possible, is problematic. Death is more likely, and, finally, preferable.

Or, further, when the empire is a career, it is one for nations, but not men. The empire could use one up; it might not have been enough to prove oneself once and then reap the benefits of that service for the remainder of one's life. It will be interesting, in our final chapter, to compare the lives of actual men, such as Francis and Riversdale Grenfell (descendants of the famous Richard Grenville), in World War I as against those of juvenile adventure heroes. The Grenfell boys try to play by the rules of the Empire that they have learned. They earnestly attempt to ingratiate themselves in the right social and political circles, but with mixed results. Business ventures and financial speculations, showing an impertinent disregard for novels touching their class, disappoint. They look to the military, to do their duty and to make their way, but they do not benefit. A reversal of family fortune means that, even if successful in their warring endeavours, they have nothing to return to in England, and this perhaps influences their approach to life and to war. Francis was returned once from the front, wounded and to all appearances dead inside, and he only knew that he had to return to seek death in the War. There was no other alternative for him as a hero of the story of his own life, or a representative boy or young man of the empire.

Another writer who frequently published with Blackie, and whose life and work closely mirrors that of Henty, ought to be mentioned here as well. This is Dr. William (Gordon) Stables (1840-1910). After obtaining a medical degree, and while still a student, he took up a commission as an assistant surgeon in the Royal Navy. Ill health forced him to retire from active service when he was only in middle
30s, and he settled at Twyford in Berkshire in 1875. There he began writing books, drawing extensively on his personal travelling experiences. He averaged about four titles a year for the next three decades. Like Henty, he mainly wrote adventure stories for boys, and usually with a more chauvinistic and bellicose attitude than his rival. According to Patrick A. Dunae, Stables made little effort to suggest the benefits of British rule over subject races, and economic issues of empire were largely unaddressed. Instead, the empire as Stables conceived it "was something to be coveted simply because it enhanced the possessors' prestige" (Dunae 111).

Stables wrote numerous historical novels touching on exploits in British naval and military history. In 1900, he published Old England on the Sea: The Story of Admiral Drake with J. F. Shaw and Company. The Doctor also composed works on medical subjects and athletic pursuits (such as the burgeoning late Victorian pastime of cycling). He was an animal lover who worked for the Sea Birds Protection Society and the Humanitarian League, and he wrote several volumes on domestic pets (Woods 375). Like Henty, he was particularly fond of dogs.70

Dunae, alluding a bit obliquely to the Dictionary of National Biography entry for Stables, has suggested that "for several years [Stables] commanded a larger following than Henty" (110), and others have reiterated this assessment. In my research into scholarly work on boys' literature, and in my perusal of print catalogues, institutional histories such as that of Blackie, and nineteenth century periodical literature, I can nevertheless find no documentary evidence to support the contention that Stables attained either greater commercial success or public stature than Henty.

Other novelists who wrote with Blackie offered more seafaring tales, and many of those dwelt on Renaissance precedents. George Manville Fenn, Henty's first biographer, for instance deployed the El Dorado theme by having a nineteenth century teenager (the exact time of the book's action is not specified) travel to South America to compete with a vicious Spaniard for hidden gold and the hand of an English maiden in The Golden Magnet (Blackie, 1883). Henry Collingwood, who wrote over a dozen
books, revived sixteenth century scenes and triumphs in works such as *Across the Spanish Main: A Tale of the Sea in the Days of Queen Bess* (Blackie, 1906), *Two Gallant Sons of Devon: A Tale of the Days of Queen Bess* (Blackie, 1912), and *A Pair of Adventurers in Search of El Dorado* (Sampson, Low, 1915).

J. S. Fletcher: *In the Days of Drake*

Another novel drawing on Drake mythology is *In the Days of Drake* (1897), by J. S. Fletcher (1863-1935). Fletcher worked as a journalist for many newspapers in England, writing often on rural topics. On several occasions, he served as a special correspondent for the *Leeds Mercury*. In addition to his journalistic pursuits, he published well over fifty books, including historical novels, romances, and mysteries, and histories of his native Yorkshire.

In his introduction to *In the Days of Drake*, he offers a common conception of the Elizabethan period as the most "absolutely heroic" in the "whole history of the English people" (5). As with many nineteenth century onlookers, Fletcher makes an explicit historical link between the reigns of Elizabeth and Victoria: "the period which saw good Queen Bess mistress of English hearts and Englishmen and sovereign of...great beginnings [has] come to...a magnificent fruition under Victoria" (5). To lend lustre to the fictional personages in his historical novel, Fletcher, like many, posits that simply living in Elizabeth's age endowed one with great ambitions and abilities. It was a period of great worthies, such as Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins, Raleigh, Grenville, and Gilbert, but yet there were many others, Fletcher argues, whose "names have never been remembered, or even recorded...who were yet heroes of a quality not inferior to their commanders and leaders" (6). This observation might have a familiar tone to one who has read histories of the World Wars, where one is reminded that many of the most heroic events might never have been recorded for posterity. And as with those who remind us that Allied forces secured freedom for a world which would not have known it had Hitler or the Kaiser prevailed, Fletcher
has a common nineteenth century view of England's Elizabethan defeat of Spain. "Had Spain succeeded in perpetuating its hellish system," Fletcher writes,

    how different would life in east and west have been! But it was God's will that not Spain but England should win—and so today we find the English-speaking peoples of the world in Great Britain and America, in Australia and Africa, free, enlightened, full of great purpose and noble aims, working out in very truth their own salvation. (8)

Seeking to make a strong impression with his words on his readers both young and old, Fletcher bids us give thanks, then, to Elizabethan worthies, named and unnamed, and so provides a stately and portentous lead-in to his tale of Renaissance adventure.

    Fletcher's book concerns the fortunes of one Humphrey Salkeld. The story is told in first person, using the familiar device of having an old man setting down recollections he has been often asked to recount. As is the case with many boy heroes, Humphrey's parents are deceased by the time he is six, so he is sent to Yorkshire to live with his wealthy childless uncle, to whose estate he will be the primary heir. However, a cousin, Jasper Stapleton, is quickly introduced into the story to compete with Humphrey. Like Master Blifil in Fielding's Tom Jones, Jasper has a widowed mother who feels Humphrey's status as sole heir is unfair to her son. Other elements of In the Days of Drake are reminiscent of Fielding's book, and this is appropriate to the imperial adventure literature genre. Ian Watt, in his influential The Rise of Novel (1957), distinguished between the plot-driven fictional line initiated by Fielding, as against the character-centred writing of Richardson and his followers, such as Jane Austen. As we recall from our introduction, Martin Green works with this distinction in his Dreams of Adventure, Deeds of Empire, noting how adventure fiction, including that specifically for boys, belongs in the aristomilitary Fielding tradition, which includes writers of historical adventure fiction such as, and most famously, Sir Walter Scott.
One day when the boys, now teenagers, go into the local village, they meet a rowdy sailor outside a tavern, who has the picturesque name of Pharaoh Nanjulian. Nanjulian is returning to his Devon home following a North Sea shipwreck. In his dress and demeanour, he is faintly reminiscent of Kingsley's Oxenham, with a dose also of Salvation Yeo in his morally forthright and stubborn character, which we learn more of later. Humphrey's uncle helps Nanjulian monetarily in his efforts to get home, and Nanjulian promises never to forget his debt to Humphrey's family.

By their late teens, Humphrey and Jasper are on a collision course. Not only is Humphrey heir to the estate, but he outmatches Jasper also in competition for the village belle, Rose Herrick. The evil Jasper, like Amyas' cousin in Westward Ho!, Eustace Leigh, is jealous of another's success with the girl he covets. "Rose" is of course a rather generic name symbolic of Englishness, which is perhaps one reason Charles Kingsley chose it for his heroine. It may be that Fletcher was thinking of Kingsley when selecting the name, which of course goes well with "Herrick," alluding thus to the early Seventeenth Century poet Robert Herrick (1591-1674). The first line of Herrick's best known poem, "To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time," is "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may."

In many popular nineteenth century works which entertain Renaissance subjects, a faint Shakespearean resonance is usually apparent. Shakespeare was of course the author most commonly to be thought of in conjunction with the period, and the dramatist was also likely to be known to prolific popular writers, such as Fletcher, who may not have had extensive literary training, or broad exposure to classical authors. The names of minor characters in Salkeld's village suggest a Shakespearean influence. Naming of characters according to their occupation of course did not begin or end with Shakespeare, but there is much about Fletcher's characters of John Broad (constable), Geoffrey Scales (landlord/innkeeper), and Peter Pipe (drawer) which recalls, for example, "rude mechanicals" such as Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Snug from Shakespeare's A Midsummer Night's Dream.
One day in 1578, when Humphrey is 19 and engaged to be married to Rose, his uncle sends him and Jasper on an errand to the port of Scarborough, and this provides Jasper with an opportunity to execute treacherous designs on his cousin. In Scarborough, the youths meet a wolfish, sinister, and yet aristocratic and mannered trader from Seville, Manuel Nunez. The dark-featured Spaniard probably owes something in his conception to Kingsley's Don Guzman. The lads are invited shipboard, where Jasper conspires with Nunez, paying him to take Humphrey off in his ship. Humphrey is drugged, and awakens when the Spanish ship is already bound for the Atlantic. Nunez tells Humphrey that he will deposit him at first landfall, which will be in the West Indies. In reality, however, as Humphrey quickly discovers, the ship's first stop will be in Mexico, where Humphrey will be turned over to the Inquisition.

Shortly, Humphrey has at least a companion prisoner, for through a rather large coincidence Pharaoh Nanjulian appears, wrecked again, clinging alone to a fragment of a ship after a fierce storm in the mid-Atlantic. Humphrey and Nanjulian manage to slip from Nunez's ship the night before it lands at Vera Cruz, and once ashore they decide to set out overland for Acapulco, a presumably friendlier port where they might meet up with an English ship, as Nanjulian thinks.

During their journey, they are sighted by sinister, black-cowled "Familiars," or officers of the Inquisition. Humphrey and Pharaoh have occasion to rescue an old man and his daughter when they happen upon a kind of stagecoach robbery, and this good turn will pay dividends later. As in a Henty narrative, while the heroes are moving from one goal to another, they do good turns which will help them when they encounter their inevitable setbacks. When Humphrey and Pharaoh are halfway to the Pacific, a Familiar and a body of Indian scouts ambushes them and takes them captive, and they are returned to Mexico City and Vera Cruz.

The Englishmen are separately imprisoned and tortured, but they withstand their tribulations. When he goes before the Inquisition, Humphrey behaves as did the Henty boys, with resolute ignorance. He tells the inquisitors he neither knows of nor cares for partisan religious controversies. He recalls: "I
made answer that I was no scholar or theologian, but a simple country gentleman that had left subtle points to priests and schoolmen, and had always held what they taught me" (155).

Humphrey and Nanjulian have got on surprisingly well despite their class differences. When they met up again on Nunez's ship, Humphrey agreed to be guided by Nanjulian's greater experience, and Nanjulian reassured the youth: "You are a Yorkshireman, master, and I am a sea-dog of Cornwall; but, marry, we are both Englishmen, and we will come out of this scrape yet" (96). Humphrey depends on his egalitarian bond with Nanjulian, and when he sees the sea-dog after weeks of captivity in Mexico, the older man is a comforting presence. "Heart up, master!" (160, 177), Pharaoh is fond of saying, advising that no punishment shall break them: "We are going through sore trials, but what then? Are we not Englishmen? At any rate let us show a stern front to these villains. Cowards we will never be" (177).

As the young Don helped the Henty lads, the old man intercedes on behalf of the English captives so that they receive only two years in Spanish galleys, rather than being burnt along with other unfortunates. Those two years are to be unpleasant, however, for the ship Humphrey and Nanjulian are to pull in as slaves is again one piloted by Nunez. Nunez tells Humphrey that he will not kill him outright, but "by inches" (181). The Englishmen's arresting Familiar, Frey Bartolomeo de los Rios, is along for good measure, and his dialogic contributions tend to statements such as "To thy oar, Lutheran!" (181).

The galley slaves endure some weeks of whipping and torture and abuse, but at last the titular hero appears, in the midst of his circumnavigation. He stands, bedecked with a gold band round a scarlet cap, on the poop of the fast approaching Golden Hind. Remarkably, Drake's ship doesn't return Spanish cannon fire, this because, Nanjulian says, they have seen the oars, and wish to avoid harming the captives. Drake and another English ship take Nunez's Santa Filomena in a pitched battle, and Humphrey relates to Drake the evil doings of Nunez and the cruel monk. Drake summarily hangs the pair, reminding them that he does not torture them as would Spaniards in an inverse situation. Once The
English are under weigh again, with booty secured from the Spanish vessel, Drake oversees kind treatment of the beleaguered slaves.

Little remains now but for Humphrey's return to Yorkshire and the reclamation of his love and his birthright. He entreats Pharaoh to join him, and be his man, but Pharaoh, "bred to the sea" (222), has already become one of Drake's men, and fresh expeditions against the Spanish are envisioned no sooner than English landfall is made. Nanjulian's choice, and the fact that he makes it even before he sees the shores of his homeland, signal the anticlimax which is the conclusion in the adventure literature genre. He must go on adventuring, and when the protagonist is no longer to adventure, his affairs must be wrapped up quickly, lest the reader be left with dispiriting paragraphs of domestic inactivity. Happily, Humphrey has not only Rose to return to, but his score to settle with his cousin Jasper, as well.

Humphrey and Nanjulian part, giving thanks to God for bringing them safely out of their adventures.

Humphrey wends home, where there will be a veritable flurry of thanksgiving to God. It is 1580 now, and over two years since he was kidnapped. But little has changed. First he visits the village inn to discover how affairs have progressed, then repairs to the home of Rose Herrick. Rose is imaged through a window, solitary at her needle by candlelight. She recognises Humphrey after a moment, and they embrace before kneeling together to thank God for "all his goodness, and for the marvelous mercy with which he had brought [them] through [their] time of sore trouble" (232). Mr. Herrick enters, and duly thanks God for sending Humphrey home safe.

Humphrey then leaves for the manor house of his uncle, taking his way through the churchyard, where he finds his own tombstone, inscribed with notice of his death by drowning at Scarborough. As it happens, his cousin Jasper comes along, humming a snatch of a tune. Humphrey conceals himself and speaks to Jasper, who is chilled thoroughly by the occurrence. It it one of several scenes in the book which is highly visually suggestive. The Rand, McNally American edition of Fletcher's book, however,
unlike most adventure fiction books of the era, contains no illustrations. One expects this feature, and its absence from *In the Days of Drake* is notable.

When Humphrey confronts his brother, they duel. Humphrey knocks the rapier from Jasper's hand, and asks his cousin to repent his misdeeds. Jasper begs only for mercy, and Humphrey throws his cousin from him. Never again will Jasper appear in Humphrey's life, nor will Jasper's scheming mother, who soon departs from the Salkeld estate as well. When at last Humphrey goes before his uncle, his uncle thanks God for his return, too. Humphrey marries Rose and settles down to life at the manor. Writing his history as an elderly lord fifty years hence, he thanks God for the "delights" God has given him in Rose. The last note the author makes is that, some thirty years after his own return, a white-bearded Pharaoh Nanjulian, like Kingsley's Salvation Yeo, came to the manor to join him at last, and live out his days for a decade or more, until his death near the age of one hundred.

**Charles H. Eden: *At Sea Under Drake on the Spanish Main***

Another Drake tale, which we have already referred to in our introduction, is *At Sea Under Drake on the Spanish Main* (London: Skeffington, 1899), by Charles Henry Eden (1839-1900). The second son of a British admiral, Eden was born in England, but left as a young man to seek his fortune in the gold fields of Australia. Through his acquaintance with the duke of Edinburgh, he received in 1868 an appointment as a police magistrate and subcollector of customs. The rough colonial life proved too daunting for Eden, however. He was officially dismissed in 1870, and on returning to England, he began writing, eventually turning out sixteen novels and numerous works about travel and exploration, often under the imprint of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. In one work, *My Wife and I in Queensland* (1872), he wrote disparagingly of Australia and his experiences there, so earning the
enduring enmity of Australian readers. His novels, as with *Afloat with Nelson* (1897) or *Queer Chums* (1898), often constituted historical fiction or juvenile adventure stories.

Eden's work on Drake, the author suggests in his introduction, is to be the first of several. Because the legendary Admiral's life was so full, Eden says, this first work will cover Drake's exploits up until his circumnavigation. Later works will touch on this adventure, as well as on Drake's role in the defeat of the Armada. Apparently, however, Eden was unable to complete and secure publication for these books before his death in 1900. And it should be remarked that most writers who draw on Drake's exploits to furnish material for fiction focus on his early piratical activity and on the defeat of the Armada; because it took place over several years, and because it in general lacks fulsomely recorded episodes of heated battles won by Englishmen, the circumnavigation is often ignored or minimized. (Ironically, of course, it was certainly Drake's greatest naval accomplishment, and was recognised as such in his own time.)

As in Fletcher's work, the device of having an elderly protagonist reflecting upon his life and adventures is used. Many scenes appear which also appear in other works we have discussed in this chapter and this dissertation. Young Will Tregenza comes of a Protestant West Country family which suffers persecution at the hands of Mary Tudor. His fortunes, and those of his family and neighbours, which includes the family of Francis Drake, change with the accession of Elizabeth. Will even becomes a royal page. All of this historical activity takes up almost one half of Eden's book.

In the wake of the disaster at San Juan de Ulua (discussed below), the teenaged Will joins up with Francis Drake for the voyage to Panama of 1572-73. He has a crucial impetus to do so, for the lass to whom he is betrothed, Rosamond, has a cousin, one Philip Trevanion, who was taken prisoner by the Spaniards at San Juan de Ulua. She will give her hand only if Will undertakes to rescue her relative. Will has thus to perform feats of courage (for one named Rose), as with the aims of Kingsley's
brotherhood of the Rose, and to seek a special captive, as also did the brotherhood, and Salvation Yeo the girl Ayacanora in *Westward Ho!*

Numerous other features of Eden's narrative seem suggested by Kingsley. When Will embarks, Drake gives him a telescope, which he admires with fascination as Amyas did Salvation Yeo's horn. A free-tongued and opulently attired John Oxenham appears, in a tavern meeting in *At Sea Under Drake* (90-91) as in *Westward Ho!*. Eden writes that, though Oxenham was "as brave as a lion," he was "as weak as a woman in the matter of slack jaw, possessing a tongue as long as a ropewalk, and resembling a fiddler's bow in the rapidity of its motion" (208). Eden moreover writes a slight touch of superstition into Oxenham's character which was probably suggested by a scene in the first chapter of Kingsley's novel, "How Mr. Oxenham saw the white bird" (Kingsley 14).

Eden follows the main outlines of Drake's life quite faithfully, and is true, with the occasional slight embellishment for drama's sake, to the history of most of his exploits as they have been received. In order to work out his historical tale, the author does add some years on to Drake's life and provide him with more shipping experience than he had actually had. When we first meet Drake, he is a young captain of a boat named the *Zion*, a name probably suggested to Eden by the name of a pinnace used in Drake's 1572-73 expedition, the *Lion*. Already he has New World experience, but the year is 1557, at which time Drake would only have been about 15. His life as a professional deep sea sailor did not in actuality begin until about ten years later.

Shortly after Drake and his men arrive on the Spanish Main, Eden, like Fletcher, has them take a Spanish galley which contains many English prisoners manning the oars. Drake frees and succours the slaves and, again as in Fletcher, finds aboard two individuals in particular he will be revenged upon by hanging them. Such a scene—in which Drake takes a slave galley and frees English prisoners, seems to have no direct historical source. It is highly probable, however, that, amongst the many foreign ships he raided, Drake may quite often have come upon British or European (French, perhaps Huguenot, Dutch)
slaves toiling in Spanish or Portugese vessels. And, of course, authors may have been reminded of Chapter xxvi of *Westward Ho!, "How they Took the Great Galleon." This is the chapter in which Amyas and his men take a vast Spanish treasure ship and find a victim of torture at the Inquisition aboard, Lucy Passmore of Devon. It is the aged, confused Lucy who tells Amyas how his brother Frank, and his love-object, Rose, were burned at the Inquisition. The chapter opens with the Bishop of Carthagena luxuriating in the "state cabin" with a gathering of religious and military officers, drinking wine and lamenting the late raids of Drake (456). The intelligence Amyas receives from Lucy, once he has attacked and secured the ship after a bloody fight, causes him to hang the Bishop and one of his follower monks who had overseen the execution of Frank and Rose.

The pair Drake decides to execute in Eden's book had been seen earlier in the novel, in England, persecuting Protestants. They are a priest named Father Lanyon, and a surgeon named Jasper. To a greater extent than the namesake cousin to Humphrey Salkeld in Fletcher's *In the Days of Drake*, the cunning, conniving Jasper bears comparison to Kingsley's Eustace Leigh, Amyas's turncoat cousin, who was likewise discovered up to evil pursuits overseas after his complotting had been checked in England. Although Jasper had acted as a surgeon in Devon, young Will Tregenza learned, during a visit to London, that Jasper was also a Jesuit priest. Jasper had been acting as a spy, as did Eustace Leigh, who was in league with papist divines come secretly to English shores in *Westward Ho!*

In Panama, the English learn from Cimarron allies (Cimarrons, or Maroons, were free blacks who had escaped from Spanish slavery), that the object of Will's search, Trevanion, had joined the retinue of a Spanish nobleman resident near Panama City. Trevanion is found, but during his time in the new world he had attached himself to the nobleman's daughter, Dona Ysobel de Valverde. Tregenza and Drake are incensed that Trevanion would wish to bring a young Spanish bride back to England with him, and he is almost left behind. However, on assurances of Ysobel's aristocratic blood, and with Will's recollection of his promise to Rosamond, the parties eventually agree that Ysobel may accompany the English. Ysobel
and Trevanion are married in a Protestant service, with Will the best man, and the girl becomes, like Ayacanora in *Westward Ho!*, something of a ship's mascot, a "guardian angel" who ministers to ailing men of the voyage (319, 348).

Eden's narrative is not, however, as these scenes might suggest, mild and benign in its view of human behaviour. As the story progresses, Will, who is depicted as a rough giant in the manner of Amyas Leigh, becomes more chauvinistic and partisanly religious as he develops his hatred for the cowardly, "sallow," "pompous" and "garlic-sodden" Spanish (323). Eden himself seems to enter quite into the spirit of things, taking several opportunities to insert racist and misogynistic passages. Drake's alliance with the Cimarrons was, historically, one of the very first successful alliances of Europeans and natives (or transplanted Africans) against other European colonial powers. A bond of trust was created that Raleigh would be anxious to emulate when he undertook his trips overseas. The Cimarron chief in Eden's book, because he has a long and difficult to pronounce name, is given the nickname of "Squash." In Eden's eyes, the Cimarrons do seem to be attractive physical specimens, but they are also savage and stupid. Luckily, however, they are wise enough to view the English as their evident superiors.

At one point, not long after the meeting of the white and black tribes, Drake witnesses a Cimarron ceremony involving fetish worship at a place of what appears to be human sacrifice in a "horrible grove" in the forest. Drake promptly lays waste to the Cimarrons' sacred image, and the terrified blacks prostrate themselves.

Stepping forward, Drake dragged the Chief to his feet and began to rate him roundly for his idolatry, delivering a sound Protestant discourse to which poor Squash listened as one in a dream, quaking in every limb the while. (261)

The English subsequently make some small efforts to convert the blacks. Drake
taught Squash to repeat a portion of our Lord's Prayer, not one word of which the savage could understand, but inasmuch as it was far easier to pronounce than his own name, he made shift to lay his tongue around it in a certain rough fashion, to the great delight of our whole company.

(261-62)

The issue is closed when Tregenza reflects doubtfully that the blacks ever made much use of their new teachings amongst themselves, but the humour with which the topic is broached suggests the missionary efforts were not in very great earnest in the first place.

Like Drake before blacks, Will finds that he must "sw[ear] roundly" at an "effeminate young fool" who would seek the company of women (249). "Maidens are ornaments," he asserts, "and their companionship is ever pleasing to youth, but only when there is no man's work to the fore, and the pleasuring of them should never be permitted to interfere with sword-play or other warlike exercises" (249). Yet at times, one can almost combine the two activities. Drake's first attempt to take a Spanish treasure train was unsuccessful, and after relating this passage from history, Eden invents a nearby town, where treasure is often deposited, for Drake and his men to sack instead. The town, perhaps reflecting its imagination in the late nineteenth century, turns out also to be used as something of an inland "health resort" by Spanish noblewomen (305). So gallant is Drake that he leaves the pillaging to his men while he twits the women from shrieks to giggles: "Though my name [El Draco] be a by-word amongst Spanish gentlemen, yet have they more to fear from the bright eyes now bent upon me than from any Protestant mariner" (306).

The comment prompts Tregenza to observe that flattery knows no borders or nationalities, and by women is never "taken amiss" (306). That Will has leisure for these musings might seem odd, what with his warlike demeanour, and the fact that his physical size and fighting talents would be great assets during the taking of a town. However, we have already noted that, in adventure literature, the hero must never
appear to be directly involved in the acquisition of material riches. Accordingly, Tregenza paints a rather unusual picture of himself as he describes his role in the sacking: "I took no part in the securing of booty, but stood by throwing watchful glances around to guard against sudden surprise" (306).

With the successful taking of treasure, Eden's story of the days of Drake is drawing to a close. As the narrative winds down, there are several suggestions of the influence of *Westward Ho!*. We may recall that, at the end of Kingsley's epic, Amyas Leigh chases down the boat piloted by Don Guzman. When at last a storm takes the Spanish ship before Amyas can engage Guzman one-on-one, Amyas curses, and flings his sword into the sea. Throughout the chapter "How Amyas Threw His Sword into the Sea," the potential dangers of Amyas's vengefulness in the eyes of God is presaged. When he curses and throws his sword, the heavens answer with a thunderclap and a flash of lightning which blinds Amyas and takes off the only nearby Protestant more stout of doctrine than he, old Salvation Yeo. But Amyas's blinding ironically restores his perspective, and he subsequently has a vision of his deceased foe which allows him to perceive his blindness while he had sight, and to acknowledge Guzman a fellow man, and a fellow lover of Rose Salterne. Tacitly, Guzman is accepted into the brotherhood.

In *At Sea Under Drake*, Will Tregenza takes part in Drake's second, successful attempt on a Spanish treasure train. (We recall that Amyas Leigh's attack on a treasure train was prompted by the sight of the cruel treatment of the slave-bearers of the treasure; Drake's interest was only in the treasure, and slaves who may or may not have been attached to the Spanish mule train are not mentioned.) During the ambush, Will takes on a haughty Don in a fierce swordfight. He kills the Spaniard, but is sorely wounded himself. It was a "Toledo blade" wielded by a Spaniard in separating a slave's hand from his fetters which inspired Amyas to take the treasure train; a "Toledo blade" (194) is captured by Robert Leighton's young hero in *The Golden Galleon*, a book we will touch on later. Similarly, it is a "Toledo blade" bestowed on Will by his father (166) which is used to do in Will's Spanish opponent (324). The treasure the English take is vast, and its very magnitude, Tregenza argues, "together with the ease of the
victory, showed how the Lord fought on the Protestant side and took the heart out of the Papist idolaters" (325).

Because of his wound, Will has to be borne in a litter down to the coast for the embarkation for England by a pair of Negroes. These are grinning, merry, toothy fellows who, in Eden's description, remind one of a similarly jolly pair who ferry a sightseeing Kingsley about in At Last. On the way to the coast, a storm develops, and Tregenza and his bearers try to take cover. Nothing will avail the blacks' duskiness, however:

Suddenly there came a lightning-flash so fierce and close that I thought
my eyes were withered in their sockets, and covered them instinctively
with my hands, remaining thus until the awful bellow of the thunder had ceased. Then I looked round to behold both the negroes lying motionless
on the ground, not in such form as living men could assume but in
distorted heaps, upon which I knew that I was alone, and that it had pleased the Almighty to destroy these poor savages, whilst in His great mercy He had vouchsafed to spare me. (328)

Nor is this the last we shall see of the Protestant God which "watched over [Drake] and preserved his life for the great work which, in the dim distance, lay before him" (338). Drake's men make the coast, and as they leave the shore, a Spanish party arrives which includes Dona Ysobel's distraught father, Don Rafael de Valverde. On seeing the English making off with his daughter, he threatens from a distance, and exchanges taunts with Philip Trevanion, his erstwhile servant, now Protestant husband of his daughter. Just as he fires a pistol, Ysobel throws herself in front of her lover, and expires in his arms. The curse emitted hereupon is not that of Will, but his friend Sam Gossett:

Then an awful oath reached my ears as Sam Gossett levelled his caliver
at the murderer, and a second later Rafael de Valverde lay dead amidst
the horsemen, for in all our company there was none whose aim equalled
Sam's, and the God who guided us Protestants had steadied his hand for
this act of just retribution. (346)

One can thus see how Eden, in advancing and simplifying the Elizabethan adventure story tradition,
flattens out the religious complexity of Kingsley's conception. God's justice appears much more
peremptory in Eden's hands, but it certainly is more palatable, not to say palpable, to those who wish the
simplest of versions of the infallibility of the English faith.

The rather gruesome deaths of the black bearers and of Dona Ysobel, envisioned, apparently,
mainly to point a religious moral, seem somewhat gratuitous. Eden's concluding paragraphs are similarly
discordant. Will returns to England with Drake and the bereft Trevanion to take up his reward of
Rosamond. She surrenders herself because, she says, Will has "played a man's part," and completed the
mission she assigned him (351). The novel closes cinematically with the lovers looking out over the sea,
and Will compares the Cornish view with the prospects he had seen in the New World:

Beside the splendour of that outlook the scene whereon I now gazed was
dwarfed into insignificance, yet to my swelling heart did it appear the
nobler of the two, for whereas the grander view gave rein to ambition
and aroused the sordid lust for wealth, our present surroundings were
made beautiful by the associations of years and sanctified by that holiest
of passions which ennobleth all men--Love. As I passed my arm around
the form of my betrothed, a great tide of gratitude and reverence welled
up within me for the prize which I had won, and I swore to cherish and
protect it with devotion and constancy. . . . (352)

One can only set aside the reference to "sordid wealth," so much of which Will has just accumulated, and
which constituted the chief aim of Drake's Panama raids. What is more interesting is that the protagonist,
who has achieved manhood in honing his seafaring and fighting skills, and won thereby a human prize, should turn to apostrophize love. Amyas, at the end of *Westward Hol*, at last sees the wrongs of his vengefulness, and appreciates finally the love of the girl, Ayacanora, whose Spanish blood had made her to him an object of scorn and loathing. Will's ultimate understanding is more common as it pertains to the development of adventure literature after Kingsley (who of course did not write primarily adventure literature) and mid-century evangelical writers such as R. M. Ballantyne and W. H. G. Kingston (who did write primarily didactic adventure fiction). In the context of *At Sea Under Drake*, it is apparent that Will had to fight (and hate) mightily to achieve his love. We see how at bottom adventure literature will accept, or at least pay lip service to, the notion that Christian virtues of peace, love and harmony should be sought. And it believes almost as an article of its faith that those virtues can largely be obtained only at point of sword. But what is more, one upshot of a work such as *At Sea Under Drake* is that those virtues are not worth having unless one can fight for them. That is, the virtues take meaning from having been fought for; in the absence of contest, the virtues are meaningless, or, perhaps even more accurately, unrecognisable.

Like Fletcher, Eden offers a contextual introduction to his novel which is of interest because of how it suggests late nineteenth century impressions of the Elizabethan period. The age of Drake, Eden thinks, may have been England's finest, owing to England's ongoing "struggle against annihilation at the hands of Roman Catholicism" (vi). Eden is aware that some late nineteenth century observers might regard Drake as a pirate, but thinks this an unjust revisionist historical imposition. Eden's view of the buccaneers recalls Froude and Kingsley as he writes:

The gentlemen adventurers and sturdy warriors who banded together to harass the Spaniards were men who lived clean and honest lives, and who worshipped God with a simple-minded piety which has rarely found a parallel in any age. Fully believing that they were doing God's work,
they performed their duty with all the earnestness and zeal of the early
Jewish leaders, being wedded to their cause and resolved on its triumph
if stout hearts and keen swords could bring about this end. (vi)

There is, of course, no mention here of material reward. No mention of men who ventured because there were no prospects for them at home. No mention of internecine and dissension among the ranks, or the challenges Drake would eventually face from men such as Thomas Doughty. It is probable, really, that the quality of men was somewhat constant, and that the issue of a given voyage determined retrospectively the dimensions of their collective heroism. The type of men on Drake and Hawkins' first voyages was in all likelihood not so very much different from that which accompanied them both on their last voyage in to the West Indies, in 1595-96, in which both admirals perished, weak and sick and spent.

In Sir Walter Ralegh's first Guiana voyage, his men, if fractious, are at least respectful and tractable, as Drake's recruits generally were with him on his voyages. But after Ralegh's final, disastrous trip to Guiana in 1617-18, the adventurer has quite a different view of the men he had with him that time. In his "Apology for his Voyage to Guiana" of July 1618, Ralegh tries to exculpate himself in the eyes of the public and, most importantly, James I. He refers to a number of famous prior English voyages. Early successes of Drake and Cavendish are put down to luck, and the fateful last voyage of Drake and Hawkins is compared to his own. Sir John Norris's failure to take Lisbon in 1589 is noted as well, though Ralegh had hailed it as a triumph in "The Last Fight of the Revenge" (May 114). What wonder is it that he failed, Ralegh asks, when, with the exception of forty or so gentlemen, he had with him "the very scum of the world, drunkards, blasphemers, and such others as their fathers, brothers, and friends thought it an exceeding good gain to be discharged of" ("Apology" 480). An early twentieth century British sea historian adds that a captain "had all his work cut out sometimes in keeping control over such rough customers as he was compelled to take to sea, prone as they particularly were to blasphemy, murder, mutiny, and thieving" (Chatterton 82).
James Barnes: *Drake and His Yeomen*

The attachment felt by citizens of former colonies to Britain was of course much stronger in the late nineteenth century than it is now, and Britain's colonial influence remained strong, to greater or lesser extents, in countries such as the United States, Canada, and Australia. The roots of heritage were more immediately traceable to the home country, and glorious episodes in English history were more likely to be perceived in some cases as stages in the continuing development of new nations. Such historical moments, therefore, were still often an apt subject for fiction in comparatively new countries. Further, the great popularity of writers such as G. A. Henty in former colonies can only have enhanced a tendency among writers who were proud of rather than disinterested in or hostile to their colonial legacy to take up English historical triumphs and English heroes in their works.

One American writer who wrote often of British naval exploits was (Colonel) James Barnes (1866-1936). A Princeton graduate and son of a United States naval officer, Barnes worked as a writer and editor for a number of prominent American magazines, such as *Scribner's Magazine* and *Harper's Weekly*, and publishing houses, such as D. Appleton and Co. He was a war correspondent during the Boer War, and he participated in World War I. He wrote over twenty books, mostly on naval historical and young adventure themes, but also on land battles and exploration expeditions, as in one of his later works, *Through Central Africa from Coast to Coast* (1915).

At almost the same time as Fletcher and Eden were composing their paean to Drake, and as South African hostilities may have been prompting thoughts of prior British military engagements, Barnes was writing *Drake and his Yeomen*, published in 1899 by Macmillan. The work is subtitled *A True Accounting of the Character and Adventures of Sir Francis Drake: As told by Sir Matthew Maunsell, his Friend and Follower. Wherein also is set forth much of the Narrator's Private History*. In the Introduction, we find that Barnes has chosen to make Maunsell's story a recent discovery; one Basil
Ennis has come across Maunsell's papers in a library in a town named Highcourt, and he is sending a handwritten copy of them to an old friend and Oxford fellow for his opinion. Ennis says he has checked the material against documents such as those published by Hakluyt and Purchas, and that Maunsell's tale seems to jibe with late sixteenth and early seventeenth century accounts of Drake's doings. Ennis finds Maunsell's manuscript rough and idiosyncratic, but he is eager to publish it in the present day. Ennis hopes that such stories as Maunsell's regarding Drake will never know obscurity, so long as "an English heart beats in an English bosom!" (xii). Such wondrous feats as Drake's need to be preserved and remembered for contemporary good--"Some people nowadays do not appreciate their ancestors, do they?", Ennis harrumphs in a postscript as he sends off the manuscript. Worthies must not be forgotten.

Ennis, here, may in some ways represent Barnes himself, in that many boys's authors, such as Henty or Dr. Gordon Stables, drew heavily on reference works, as well as the expertise of learned friends. Robert Leighton, whom we will encounter shortly, acknowledges in the Preface to his *The Golden Galleon* the aid both of Hakluyt documents and a naval commander acquaintance. Quite possibly, Barnes sent his manuscript to people that he knew could critique its historical and technical accuracy.

As this introduction involving grown men would tend to indicate, Barnes seems to be aiming to write for males of all ages. His story is about a lad who joins up with Drake and becomes a man as he adventures with him, and to late twentieth century readers the book would appear to be for a young audience. Nevertheless, qualities of the text suggest that Barnes (and Maunsell, of course) are not writing only for juvenile readers. The illustrations are equally divided between action scenes and more static shipping tableaux. Normally, most all illustrations in boys' books are reserved for conflict scenarios in which the young heroes battle evil foes or fearsome beasts.

The opening chapters of *Drake and his Yeomen*, too, might waylay an inexperienced reader. Ennis in his introduction says that the simple Maunsell sometimes tries in a rather tedious fashion to refer
to historical events surrounding his own life, and thus make a fuller history. Maunsell, then, is behaving like a historical novelist, and his frustrating habits, one may say, are shared both literally and figuratively by his creator, Barnes. Maunsell's character seems conceived so as to occasion mention of many of the main events of his era. He is born two weeks before the death of Mary Tudor, to a Catholic family. His father dies shortly, and he leaves England with his mother for her residence in Spain.

Young Matthew's mother takes little interest in her son, the less when she takes up with a "haughty and handsome" new Don (17). Matthew is schooled by predictably sadistic Catholic priests, and his sole friend is his stout English serving man, Selwyn Powys. This individual takes Matthew to secret Protestant meetings, and informs the youth that he would actually be a landed gentleman in England, owing to possessions devolving to him from the recent decease of a half brother. Before Matthew and his man can elope for England, however, Powys is tortured and killed by Inquisitioners.

At all events, by the age of sixteen, Matthew does get to England, for a Romish aunt, exiled in France, assumes his care after the death of his mother and transports him back to England. The aunt's design is that Matthew will take up his inheritance, and, as a good Catholic, support her and her co-religionists. This aunt, needless to say, is dismayed by Matthew's shipboard revelation that he intends to be a staunch protestant. The declaration results in Matthew's abandonment in Portsmouth. But he falls in with a wealthy older man who has retired from the sea, and who happens to be an investor in Drake's voyage to Panama of 1572-73. Matthew and his benefactor go down to Plymouth, where they meet Drake and his brother, John, as well as John Oxenham and others. The meeting takes place, in standard Elizabethan adventure novel fashion, at a tavern. This, as Maunsell/Barnes allow, is where the "real tale" begins (74).

Barnes's story is laced with coincidence, but on the whole the plot seems well planned.14 Drake and His Yeomen is a long work, yet there are signs that it might have been forecast to be even longer.

The concluding chapters, which find Matthew back in Spain after the 1587 raid on Cadiz, are like the
opening chapters in being clogged with involuted circumstances which still action and quench rather than build suspense. Partly, this is a function of the fact that Barnes has so many coincidences to work into the novel. The story ends abruptly with the defeat of the Armada, and there is no mention (the novel constitutes Maunsell's papers) of Maunsell's life after this great event. Possibly some additional material was sheared away by an editor concerned that readers receive the most action possible. Or again, as there were few glorious events regarding Drake to relate after the defeat of the Armada, perhaps Barnes simply decides on behalf of his narrator not to trouble about any further writings.

Despite the book's great length, Matthew Maunsell does not even sail with Drake on his voyage around the world. Instead, Maunsell joins the famous captain (made an admiral after the circumnavigation) on his 1572-73 attacks in Panama, the Cadiz raid and the 1588 Armada defeat. By and large, Barnes does record Drake's travels and life events quite accurately. His private knowledge allows him to discuss the technicalities of seafaring, and to describe naval battles, with authority. His attempts at verisimilitude in dialogue and vocabulary, on the other hand, are rather strained. He strives often for probable antique sounding phrases, and archaic orthography appears somewhat randomly, though it seems to intensify when the characters are furthest from adventure action which Barnes handles with facility.

One of the first surprising coincidences Barnes relates actually did happen. Arriving on Panamanian shores, Drake's men investigated smoke curling upwards from the forest inland. What they discovered was a message on a lead plate nailed to a tree from a Plymouth captain, John Garret, warning Drake that Spaniards had been in the area; the fire had been set a day or two earlier, when Garret departed, to attract attention. Clearly, English sailors must have had some knowledge of Drake's proposed mission, but that he should have sailed directly to a spot in a New World barely explored by Europeans and find such a message waiting for him is remarkable. Drake's most recent biographer calls
it "one of the almost novelesque incidents with which Drake's career, and the whole era, are studded" (Cummins 45).

Garret sailed out of history with his message to Drake, but Barnes re-integrates him. Later in the narrative, Drake and his yeomen come upon the hulk of a "pest ship" becalmed on a sandbar (233). The crew is dead, claimed by fever, and the boat is discovered to have been one of Garret's. The fate of Garret's mariners prompts Matthew to ponder the possible outcomes of his own present adventure. Drake's expedition did indeed face numerous reverses, including bad weather, bad luck, bad timing, and occasional bad judgment by the men involved. Frequently the men were uncertain that they would ever return home again, and many did not.

As in actual history, shortly after Drake arrives in Panama, ships under the command of John Rance appear. Barnes avails himself of the opportunity to place aboard one of the ships Matthew's long lost uncle, Alleyn. This allows Barnes to discuss English maritime activity prior to the present voyage, and suggest to the reader some of the personal motive forces behind Drake's expedition. Alleyn is a veteran seaman who had travelled with John Hawkins on that sailor's 1567-69 voyage, and he just happens to have with him a copy of Hawkins's written account of the adventure. A young Francis Drake took part in this voyage, as well. Though he was but a junior officer when Hawkins's fleet of six ships left England, he assumed a commanding role for the first time when two Portugese caravels were captured. One of these crafts was kept, and Drake appointed captain. Hawkins's voyage was essentially a slave-trading affair, but as the foregoing indicates, he was always prepared to use force and take advantage of potentially enriching situations.

The principal event of this voyage took place off the island of San Juan de Ulua. A few miles from the Mexican mainland and Vera Cruz, this port area was a major embarkation point for King Phillip II of Spain's treasure fleets for their overseas voyages destined for Andalusia. Despite the negotiation of peaceful terms with the Spanish officials they encountered there, Hawkins and the English were betrayed
and ambushed by a Spanish convoy which entered the outer harbour after them. Fierce fighting took place, and only two badly damaged boats and a fraction of the original crews made it back to England early in 1569. The voyage made a strong impression on Drake, who piloted one of the ships, and inspired in him for many years a desire for revenge against the duplicitous Spaniards. He spent the next two years largely on reconnaissance sailing in preparation for that revenge.

The 1572-73 voyage, with its audacious, aggressive raids, marked an intensification of piratical activity. In the past, most English voyages had at least pretended to friendly trade, but Drake's new intent was simply to sack and pillage. Drake both did and did not have royal sanction for his activities. England was officially at peace with Spain, and Elizabeth did not wish provocation of all-out war. On the other hand, publicly popular British naval victories, and the proceeds of privateering especially, were by no means unwelcome to the impecunious Queen.

Matthew Maunsell reads Hawkins's account of the "trading expedition" (155) aloud before his uncle, and when he has finished he says that he "understood better than before why Drake and his yeomen felt that they had a right to prey on the Spaniards' commerce and take their treasure where'er they found it" (168). Reading the tract reminds Matthew of the evil Spanish priests of his youth, including the vicious Padre Alonzo, whom he will face once more near the end of the narrative. Having ingested the new information, Matthew states: "I felt no longer any pricking of conscience when we took any Spanish treasure" (167).

This episode would tend to suggest that Barnes takes pains to integrate history and imagination in a slightly subtler fashion than was customary with Henty. Later on in his tale, Barnes draws on history to supplement his imagination, most particularly perhaps when he describes the death of John Drake in the chapter following Alleyn Maunsell's historical revelations. Francis Drake has gone off reconnoitring, and a small group of Englishmen, including his brother, John Drake, and the Maunsells, are left behind to construct a fort. The English garrison sights a passing Spanish ship, and they convince a reluctant John
Drake to attempt its capture. The men are emboldened by drink, and the hasty and ill-conceived attack is disastrous, resulting in the death of John Drake, and an injury to Matthew Maunsell. Such an event did actually occur in 1572, although there is no evidence that Drake was egged on by inebriated men. A drink-inspired sailor was, however, said by Francis Drake to have ruined the first attempt by the English to raid a Spanish mule-train. Either confused or overanxious for riches and glory, one Robert Pike disobeyed orders, charged too soon, and succeeded only in providing the Spanish with a warning which allowed them to evade the attack without losing any treasure (Cummins 57). In Barnes' relation of this scene in *Drake and his Yeomen*, it is said only that "our archers...prematurely disclosed themselves" (242).

Another of the book's numerous coincidences, and the one which at least superficially bears most significantly on the plot, is a standard adventure tale device we have already mentioned. Near the midpoint of the book, the English take a Spanish vessel which has a beautiful lady and her young daughter aboard. Matthew is instrumental in spiriting the two in safety to their people on land, and he saves the daughter from a shark attack.¹⁵ Fifteen years later, when Maunsell finds himself alone in Cadiz, wrecked ashore after the battle there, he meets the women in a street and is sheltered by them. A trifle implausibly, the pair turn out to be closet Protestants. Romance between Maunsell and the daughter, Inez, springs up, yet when Maunsell makes his escape back to England, he is unable to bring the two women with him. The separation lasts only a year, however, as the ladies are in a galleon taken by Maunsell and his compatriots during the attack of the Armada in 1588. When Maunsell learns that Inez is aboard one of the Spanish ships, along with Padre Alonzo and a Spanish rival for Inez' hand he had met in Panama and Cadiz named Lopez, Drake helps him to track down the vessel, much as he helped Amyas Leigh to locate Don Guzman's ship in *Westward Ho!* Inez explains her presence by saying that she had been betrothed to one she hated (the son of Alonzo), so she and her mother had chosen to go along on the
foray to England, come what might. With this last appearance of the damsels in distress, and with Spain's naval power shattered, *Drake and his Yeomen* closes.

One quality which distinguishes Barnes' book on Drake from others is that the author writes more fulsomely of his titular hero, and describes him with greater imaginative detail, than do English writers. Barnes does write of Drake's invincibility, and the probability that God was uniquely on his side (242, 304, 305), as do other writers, and he notes, as others, Drake's special motivational and inspirational skills—"Remember ye are Englishmen!." Drake exhorts his downcast men in Panama, much as Pharaoh Nanjulian tried to rally Humphrey Salkeld. But he also shows us a humane Drake, who grows dewey-eyed before the commitment of his men when they form a guild (not unlike the Kingsley's formation of the Brotherhood of the Rose) of "Drake's Yeomen," dedicated to following the great leader "into battle, exile, or prison" (277). Matthew Maunsell enters upon his lands in England, and receives his title, while Drake is circumnavigating. When Drake solicits Maunsell's participation for the Cadiz raid, he forgets that Maunsell is now a gentleman, and, after calling him "Master Maunsell," quickly rethinks and says: "I crave pardon, I should have said Sir Matthew--" (294). Such humility and politeness, and troubling over titles, from a figure history has suggested was always blunt and informal is surprising, to say the least.

Possibly Barnes writes more imaginatively of Drake because he is a foreigner who would admire an English hero. He perhaps does not feel the close, almost spiritual affiliation with the figure of Drake that an Englishman would, and hence he can write as his creative thoughts direct him. To the English, of course, excessive direct praise of a countryman can seem immodest. It is better, then, to couch accolades, as we have somewhat indicated earlier, obliquely, say by referring to the magnitude of threats, or gravity of evil, that the hero confronts from opponents. Often, praise of a particular hero diffuses outward from him, for he is, after all, a representative symbol of the nation as a whole, of Englishness.
Further to this, one often senses when one reads nineteenth century adventure fiction touching
great Renaissance figures a kind of reverent reluctance to particularize the person. To use the name
(which is, in itself, not really symbolic of a person, but is rather a connotation of great qualities, reference
to signal historical moments and achievements, coalescence of patriotic emotions, and so on) is of course
useful. When laid before an audience, it suggests just the type of things in parentheses above--so luring a
reader. But nineteenth century readers also want to read of a here and now, and have someone they can
identify with, and hence the young lads who accompany the heroes, and become men in their company.
The reader may identify with someone who seems much like oneself, and feel the additional pleasure of
knowing, consciously or unconsciously, that those qualities shared by reader and protagonist are
transmitted across time through the agency of a wondrous historical personage.

Then again, perhaps English writers, through their national affiliation, were simply too close to
their heroes to go around idealizing them amidst their countrymen. At bottom, they knew, Raleigh could
be considered at times childishly credulous and a shameless self-promoter. Hawkins was a slaver,
Grenville a hothead who got a lot of men killed in an act of maniacal and egotistical suicide. What was
known of the character of Drake made comparatively little room for romance. He might seem a stumpy,
bow-legged inarticulate, lower-class fellow for whom no amount of reference to strength, sharp eyes, or
high foreheads would ennoble. In such a gathering of personalities, and in such a situation as the
gathering poses for the nationalistic writer, one selects out qualities, and transmutes them into a vaguer,
finer thing, redolent of general and communal success.

For a writer in another country who might wish to idealize these men, fewer problems present
themselves. A writer in a former colony might wish to a hail a distant forefather who facilitated the birth
of a new land, people, era (as Raleigh the American south). But still that figure is detached now, by
national affiliation, so one can take the good without having to take the bad that an Englishman would
have to, because of his very birthright. And to praise one who affects one's nation at a remove is easy,
and makes for the better legend-spinning. We will return to this topic as we conclude our discussion of nineteenth century re impressions of Sir Walter Ralegh.

Rewriting Ralegh: The Rediscovery of El Dorado

Between the palindromic poles of Sir Walter Ralegh's 1595 travelogue, *The Discoverie of Guiana* and Joseph Conrad's 1899 novella *Heart of Darkness*, I want to set two popular novels which work from Ralegh's text, and proffer different orientations towards Empire than Conrad's text does. These are Verney Lovett Cameron's *The History of Arthur Penreath: sometime gentleman of Sir Walter Ralegh, from his own writings*, published in 1888 and Joseph Hatton's *The White King of Manoa*, published in 1890. I will look in particular at how these books consider Ralegh's search for the mythical Golden City of El Dorado, to use the Spanish term, or Manoa, to use a native word.

It should first of all be pointed out that both Cameron's and Hatton's works draw on *Kingsley's Westward Ho!*. Cameron adopts bloodthirsty, action-adventure traits of Kingsley's work, so aligning himself with boys writers such as Captain Marryat or G. A. Henty. In the wake of the fight against the Armada at the close of *Westward Ho!*, the hero Amyas Leigh is blinded by lightning so that Kingsley can suggest a moral about the consequences of vengefulness. Cameron's Arthur Penreath is blown sky-high and blinded in one eye in the raid on Cadiz, but no moral is assigned, and one suspects that the only reason he is not totally blinded is because Cameron needs his hero to witness and report on the later death of Ralegh on the scaffold.

Hatton, on the other hand, aligns himself more with authors such as Stevenson or Haggard by emphasizing the romance strain of *Westward Ho!*, contained in that novel chiefly in the "Brotherhood of the Rose" subplot. Hatton cleverly has his hero David Yarcombe's love, Lucy Withycombe, be cousin to Elizabeth Throckmorton, the royal maid of honour Ralegh secretly married. As much as any one
incident, this latter act, by inflaming the jealousy and arousing the mistrust of Queen Elizabeth, helped to set Ralegh's career on a downward trajectory (and to impel him to think of overseas ventures such as Guiana). Both Cameron and Hatton follow Kingsley in making much of rebel papists and Spanish spies on English soil during the Renaissance, though Hatton in his more measured work is able to admit the possibility of some Catholics having noble qualities—a chapter title is "Good Samaritans, though Papists."

Now let us consider Ralegh's and Conrad's texts as provisional bookends of imperial experience. Conrad's novella, though it invokes "great knights-errant of the sea" such as Drake or Ralegh at its outset, encounters eventually in the Congo the "sordid buccaneers" of the Eldorado Exploring Expedition, and the text as a whole reads as a nightmarish dystopian palindrome of Ralegh's prophetic vision of colonial expansion written almost exactly three centuries earlier.

"Conquest," Marlow opines near the outset of Heart of Darkness, "is not a pretty thing" (10). Winding down his Discoverie, which reads as a propagandistic prospectus for a gold-rush, Ralegh writes that one of the most attractive features of "the most beautifull countrye that euer mine eies beheld" (42) is the "easines of [its] conquest" (73). Kurtz and his like have begun to hunt for ivory in the African interior and disinter loads of the precious material buried by natives; "Guiana," Ralegh said, "is a country that hath yet her maidenhead, never sacked, turned, nor wrought, the face of the earth hath not been torn. . .the graves have not been opened for gold. . ." (165).

In his History of the World, written in the Tower between 1609 and 1614, Ralegh posited that, after the fall, man pursued his destiny along the banks of the river of Paradise's four tributaries. When he is actually amongst the tangled branches of the Orinocoan basin, Ralegh's thoughts appear to tend to Genesis; the Orinocoan rivers flow from Edenic Guiana "where there is store of gold" (72), Ralegh writes; the first tributary of the river of Paradise is Pison, "which compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold" (Genesis 2: 11). In short, Ralegh appears to return in time to the word and source of God, a theme later writers such as Hatton and John Buchan emphasized in their reading of Ralegh's
travels and their imagination of goals and destinations Ralegh did not reach. Marlow, by contrast, tracks Kurtz into the deepest depths of the "prehistoric earth" (37). And, as Lillian Feder long ago detailed, Marlow's voyage into the African interior seems at times both implicitly and explicitly paralleled by Conrad with Aeneas's descent into the Underworld.

With these contrasts in mind, let us look at Cameron and Hatton. Cameron's life (1844-1894) was cut short by a hunting accident, but while he lived he was an inveterate adventurer. He travelled with Sir Richard Burton and devoted the last part of his life to operations in Africa. Like Ralegh, he was an egotist and a headlong imperialist. Ralegh planted English ensigns in Guiana long before his government was prepared to back up his claims on its behalf. After a successful naval career in the 1860s, Cameron formally annexed the Congo for Britain, but at the time an inward-looking Gladstone administration was not interested in Africa; the scramble of the eighties had yet to begin. It was Henry Morton Stanley, Cameron's chief rival in his exploring work, who would avail himself of the chance to exploit the Congo through his work under King Leopold of Belgium. Cameron, protege of the Royal Geographical Society, and Stanley, the upstart American journalist, competed in the race to find David Livingstone, and Stanley's win seems to have had the effect of relegating Cameron to historical footnote status, even though he was renowned for his work in his time and was the first European to cross equatorial Africa from sea to sea. His record of this journey, Across Africa, was received by European readers with excitement in 1877. Conrad, who is thought to have modelled a character in his Heart of Darkness preamble, "An Outpost of Progress," on Stanley may well have come to Cameron Falls or Cameron Pool if Stanley had not gotten there first to name the sites after himself.

The History of Arthur Penreath is not a particularly well-written book. Indeed, Cameron throws down quite a gauntlet before his (presumably juvenile) audience in his very first sentence, which runs to no less than 197 words through 22 clauses. The author is, admittedly, writing in the voice of the unlettered adventuring volunteer, Arthur Penreath, but exonerating the stylistic debits of the work on this
basis is excessively apologetic. Still, for its reading of Ralegh's voyages, the book offers interesting material for study. As its subtitle ("from his own writings") suggests, Cameron is at pains to assert the verisimilitude of Arthur's tale. He buttresses his claims to authenticity with familiar paratextual devices of the adventure tale, such as the footnote, to suggest that there is a fact-checking editor between the writer and the reader. The footnote notion seems to occur to Cameron near the end of his history, and he uses several as the novel draws to a close. In one instance, the author has his protagonist make an obviously gratuitous mistake regarding the location of Sir Walter's trial, which allows "V. L. C." to step in at the foot of the page to correct the details (293; see also 271 for Arthur's more than improbable confusion over whether he is on the Orinoco or the Amazon). Hatton himself, in Captured by Cannibals, observes that he had considered peppering his work with footnote citations of authority, for such citations suggest veracity and "exercise a deterrent influence on critics" (111) who might view with skepticism tales set in outlandish areas.

Whereas Ralegh and his men, by their own chagrined admission, discovered mostly fool's gold or marcasite, Penreath and Ralegh encounter inland rock formations wherein "gold and silver...abounded" (273). Robert Leighton, whom we will encounter in a moment, told his young readers that they could avail themselves of "Ralegh's printed account of his discovery of the Empire of Guiana and the great golden city of Manoa" (175-76), but of course Ralegh's Discoverie, for any lad who did care to look, contained not quite such marvellous material. The hunt for Manoa as Cameron has it also reflects interesting attitudes of the author. Many who read stories of Renaissance explorers' search for El Dorado or Manoa may come to believe not, as explorers' accounts often tell us, that natives led Europeans on with rumours of massive motherlodes out of deceitful and treacherous motives, but that natives told Europeans what they wanted to hear because of the pressure of the Europeans' evident lust for gold which could not accept for an answer that the gold did not exist where they wanted it to be found, or in the quantities they wished. In the essential absence of actual documents relating native sides of the story, it
is difficult to maintain authoritatively or to qualify such suspicions, however probable they may be. But if we read Cameron, we may think ourselves overly timid in not advancing these suspicions. Inland, Arthur Penreath tells us,

   Many of those who had been so eager to leave the ships now cried out to return, and would have it that we should lose our lives for listening to old wives' tales. Sir Walter inspired them with what stories he could muster up, of how the Spaniards, under Cortes and Pizarro, had fared in Mexico and Peru, and showed that to return now, before we had obtained store of provision, would be but to die, and daily he used the device of making our [native] Ciwani pilots say that we were drawing near unto our goal. (266)

Whereas Ralegh stated that he and his company were drawn on by the freely given information of the Indians, Cameron blithely sees through this and shows us a Ralegh who puts seductive words in his hosts' mouths. Cameron's Ralegh behaves dishonestly—at least to his crew, if not the Indians—and this we cannot ultimately find admirable. But for Cameron the adventurer and expedition commander himself, this is merely sound policy, and demonstrates Ralegh's leadership acumen. Perhaps, Cameron believes, and as the adventure literature genre as a whole insists, the destination, finally, is not really that important. Whether or not the gold is just up ahead at last is a subsidiary issue, for the gold is in the adventure itself; successful conclusions are always only anticlimactic, for they mean our adventures now are ended.

   When he closes his tale, Cameron tenders a standard adventure story exhortation to his Victorian readers:
If I can...waken but a few to the same spirit of honour and adventure
that prevailed in the Court of Queen Elizabeth, I shall have written these
halting lines to some purpose. . . . (309)

Joseph Hatton (1841-1907) was a more accomplished prose stylist than Cameron, and his
historical romance of 1890, The White King of Manoa, demonstrates a sympathetic knowledge of the
Elizabethan period. The book is in many places clever, and is much more carefully constructed than
Kingsley's archetypal Westward Ho!. Hatton was an ambitious and prolific journalist and novelist, a
gossip columnist and an international correspondent, a writer of memoirs, fictional and non-fictional
histories, romances, plays. This ink-stained cosmopolite was also a celebrant of empire; one of his early
books concerned Newfoundland, which he termed England's first colony. In 1882, he published The
New Ceylon, which the Dictionary of National Biography took to be the first book on North Borneo
(223). Many of Conrad's great works concern this region, an area he left so as to fulfil his childhood
dream of penetrating the African interior. Hatton's material for The New Ceylon was derived mainly
from information gathered by his son Frank, a promising mineralogist (goldseeker) with the fledgling
British North Borneo Company. Frank Hatton (1861-1883), like Cameron, had his life cut short by a
hunting accident (shooting an elephant, Orwell may have been glad not to know) in Borneo in 1883.
Hatton elder was extremely fond of and proud of his son, and in the adventure novels A Modern Ulysses
(1883) and Captured by Cannibals (1889) the featured protagonist, young Horace Durand, has many
experiences similar to those had by Frank, and his character seems based somewhat on Hatton's
idealization of his son. David Yarcombe, hero of The White King of Manoa, may likewise bear some
recollected traits of Frank Hatton.

Hatton opens The White King of Manoa with a historical prelude on the Elizabethan age which
hails England's first emissaries of empire, and he parallels them here and subsequently with the Victorian
servants presently "whitening the Dark Continent from the Cape to Cairo." (The idea of this latter passage, incidentally, Cameron claims he, and not another such as Rhodes, first broached.) Marlow begins his yarn in Heart of Darkness with a paean to the Thames, noting its illustrious tradition as a path for adventurers by recalling the Roman occupation, and Hatton draws the connection, too, early on, as Sir Walter Ralegh contemplates prospective adventures. Throughout the White King of Manoa, and through the revisionist lens of Hatton's historicizing, Ralegh is transformed from imperial pirate to colonial pioneer. And, as soon as he lands in Guiana, he finds silver mines (which did not really exist), near to hand.

First published in 1890 and re-issued in England and America in 1899, the year Heart of Darkness was serialized in Blackwood's Magazine, The White King of Manoa provides what many readers of Conrad may have wished for or expected to find. David Yarcombe travels with Sir Walter Ralegh to Guiana, becomes separated from his group and is swept down-river towards, it fortuitously turns out, the Golden City. Ralegh in his Discoverie had closed with what he hoped would be a clinching appeal to Elizabeth to invest in his overseas speculations: such patronage had been "foreshewed." Ralegh says a Spanish prisoner he picked up in Guiana, Don Antonio de Berreo, heard prophecies in Peru after its conquest by Spain to the effect that one day deliverers from Inglatierra would come to restore Peru's vanquished Empyre (75). Hatton adopts this eventually commonplace conceit of cultural flattery, and when David is espied by Manoan lookouts expertly navigating the river rapids alone, he is taken for a god come to replace the wizened incumbent chief and reinvigorate the kingdom. Many fair-skinned European colonists and imperialists, with their advanced military technology and newfangled manufactures, may well have appeared to native populations as, literally, visitors from another world. But their seeming divinity often wore off when they proved themselves incapable of sustaining themselves without native aid, when they used brutal force to satisfy their commercial imperatives, when they discharged the "invisible bullets"—to use Thomas Hariot's haunting phrase—of Old World diseases
previously unknown in the New. David Yarcombe, however, because of his Devon-bred heroic qualities, can lay claim to god-like status. Like Lord Jim, he marries the King's daughter, and becomes a benevolent ruler and protector of his golden city against Spanish attacks. The Spaniards eventually do succeed in ambushing and murdering his son and kidnapping and burning his wife at an inquisition, acts that inspire David to fearsome partisan revenge in which the "pluck of his race" is amply demonstrated (306). English reinforcements serendipitously appear, and David returns to England, there to be reunited with the fair maiden Lucy he years ago left behind unbetrothed because he hadn't then the means to covet her hand (Hatton actually incorporates a bit of Drake mythology by having David return to his lover first in disguise, to test her faithfulness). Kurtz does not return to his Intended, and in David we have the man Kurtz may have wished to find within himself. The difference between David and Kurtz sketches the passage from idealism to knowledge and disillusionment, that movement suggested in Heart of Darkness by the narrator's opening recognition of the famous men who had sailed from the Thames to the discovery by Marlow of some imperial realities in Africa.

Did Cameron and Hatton write as they did with ulterior or subconscious motives in mind? Did they through historical revisionism aim to contribute to a reinvigoration of an England troubled by increasing competition for imperial spoils, and beset by mounting difficulties in administering its huge, far-flung empire?; did Cameron and Hatton speak to the England which many historians say "expected coming cataclysms" (which did arrive with the Boer and First World Wars), but could not guess what they would be (Hobsbawn 10)? Or are their novels merely confident fictional expressions by citizens of the most powerful nation in the world? The answer to the latter question, at least, can be given as a yes, while for the others ambiguity must remain. Cameron clearly aims to instill heroism and pro-imperial sentiment by commemorating Elizabethan heroism and imperial initiative. Yet it is worth emphasizing that, though his work is superficially the most muscular and confident, it can seem rather paranoid and become nearly hysterical in its derision of enemies of British adventure at home (duplicitous, intriguing
politicians such as Essex, the pusillanimous James the First) and abroad (Britain's colonial rivals). Hatton's novel, like his life, is testament to the remarkable, unique opportunities for travel, literature-fashioning and reputation-building that citizenship in the most powerful country in the world could offer.

One wonders as to the effects and influences of these works, and others like them. Perhaps, now, they seem like harmless juvenile literature, the authors' attempts to suggest reality transparent and not taken seriously even by themselves. But they do nevertheless leave powerful impressions of positive qualities of the British Empire and of the natural superiority of the British. It is a fact that we do often believe what we read, and it is a fact, too, that we often believe what we want to believe. Novels which offered to Britons such a flattering portrait of themselves cannot have failed to have found audiences anxious to think of themselves as akin to the British characters created in these books.

Another writer who drew on Ralegh mythology was Canada's Theodore Goodridge Roberts (1877-1953). Roberts came from an artistic Fredericton family; his eldest brother was the well-known poet, Charles G. D. Roberts. A Captain of Raleigh's (1911) was written during the author's most prolific fiction writing period, the years immediately preceding the First World War, which culminated eventually in his best and most acclaimed work, The Harbor Master (1912), a vivid tale of the Newfoundland coast.

As a titular echo indicates, A Captain of Raleigh's is similar in many details to the novel Roberts published immediately before it in 1910, A Cavalier of Virginia. Though the action of that novel commences in colonial Virginia, Ralegh's name is not invoked. The tale follows the fortunes of young Francis Drurie as he seeks his fortune in adventuring north to trade furs with Indians and pre-empt the influence of the French. Like Elizabeth Duwaney in A Captain of Raleigh's, he has a brother more interested in writing than fighting, travelling, and adventuring—John Drurie is at work on a history of Rome. And as with John Percy in A Captain of Raleigh's, his beloved, Isobel Dariza, is kidnapped by villains; evil characters in the former novel include a Canadian (the at any rate courageous Denis St.
Ovide Duval) and a Spaniard (the unrepentant scheming coward Alcazardo), while in the latter Devon pirates and other English colonists (John Mason, governor of Guy's colony) beset the heroes.

Roberts in his dedication calls A Captain of Ralegh's an "inaccurate romance of history," so making it clear that historical precision is not uppermost in his mind, and that, rather, history will furnish a setting for the romantic adventure drama he will unfold. Unlike Kingsley and others, Roberts makes no attempt to affect early modern English. Although the narrator does make several observations on the nature of people during the reign of King James the First, the language with which he does it is in a decidedly modern idiom, and modern turns of phrase and ("it do beat hell," "I'll blow your head off," and so on) expressions are in the mouths of the characters.

Ralegh's name seems invoked here largely to attract popular attention and to elevate the importance of characters drawn in the book by their association with him. Whereas A Cavalier of Virginia constitutes a fairly banal title, A Captain of Raleigh's offers to prospective readers a concrete figure associated with colourful adventure. If the text is not grounded in history, then, it is founded on an imaginative appeal to a recognisable popular historical hero. The publisher's announcement list of new fiction at the back of the volume notes with optimistic anticipation that "Sir Walter is one of the characters in the romance" (2), but this is a stretch since Ralegh does not appear in the action of the book and his execution is announced part way through. Even the slightly awkward title, with its periphrasis for the protagonist and its possessive use of Raleigh's name, indicates how the historical hero's name is labouriously worked in order to attract the eye. Obviously, the generic name of Raleigh's captain, John Percy, would excite little interest, as presumably did the eponymous cavalier's. Joseph Hatton's title similarly makes use of the perhaps lesser known but nonetheless fabled name of Manoa in its first clause before announcing the name of the protagonist, David Yarcombe, in the subtitle.

Captain John Percy is not the only hero of Roberts's book, as there are several. First, there is Elizabeth Duwaney. What with her fair physical appearance and confident, pragmatic manner, her
Christian name seems intended to liken her with the most famous female of her age. Elizabeth has pluck, and, the narrator intones, "[n]othing was so worshipped by the British seaman of those days as pluck" (40). The impression is a nineteenth century commonplace regarding England during the Renaissance, and it sprung probably as much from historical sources as from repeated hailing in Victorian boys literature, as in Henty's *By Sheer Pluck*. Elizabeth's desire for adventure leads her to disguise (a Renaissance trope) herself as her versifying brother and set out for the colony of Bristol's Hope. Her father, Thomas Duwaney, the Governor of the colony of Bristol's Hope off Conception Bay in Newfoundland, had sent for his son, Tom. This is something of an unusual circumstance in an adventure tale, for typically women are excluded entirely from significant roles. Admittedly, Elizabeth, to a slightly greater extent than the other characters, does not possess much individual definition. She is mostly obedient and a willing receptacle for the love of the men who are successively struck by her charms, and when examples of her fieriness appear, they tend to take place offstage. Roberts's unusual deployment of a heroine in an adventure tale suggests how he mates adventure and romance genres—fighting, action, romance and marriage are all integrated into a book that, despite its simplicity, is more multidimensional than most. In some ways, *A Captain of Raleigh's* may point to a maturation in the adventure literature genre, with females, heretofore utterly absent, at last being able to a role of some kind, no matter how marginalised. In this, the adventure literature genre would mirror high literature, in which it was becoming possible to create female characters of increasing complexity and independence.

Another hero, reminiscent of Dickens's Herbert Pocket, is Harold Coffin, a scrawny, pathetic man with a receding chin who nevertheless possesses conjointly incredible physical abilities and courage in battle and warfare. A second son, he has been "cheated of his fair estate" (25), and his life history (44-6) is similar in several particulars to that told by Fielding's man of the hill (Bk VIII; Chs. 11-14). But unlike Fielding's man of the hill, who chooses isolation after his trials, Coffin mixes with action and stoically perseveres in the face of his hardship. He is hopelessly in love with Elizabeth but resigned (his
forbearance is objectively improbable, but Roberts does manage to make it of a piece with his character—like a classic English hero, he is habitually mild and gentle, but wild and fierce if morally stirred) to the awareness that she cannot possibly accept someone of his stature. Elizabeth nonetheless discovers an affection for him, and thus one of the lines of suspense of the book is sustained, as the reader wonders which suitor's hand Elizabeth will eventually take. One tends to hope, against all odds, that Coffin will win her. Narrative sympathy resides with Coffin because he is the most fully drawn character in the book. The late-appearing Percy has the character somewhat of a usurper, and his uncertain occupation can unsettle the reader's sympathies towards him. Since he must lose Elizabeth to Percy in order to complete the tale, Coffin is made to be uncharacteristically resigned (he is so fierce in battle) in giving over Elizabeth, and unusually pleased to take Percy's place at the helm of his Jaguar.

Percy has two chief characteristics, both appropriate to the adventure hero. He is loyal—to a fault—as he has now become a masterless man. He was loyal to Ralegh, but now, in the wake of Ralegh's scandalous execution, he is loyal only to "the memory of Raleigh's valour" (228) and the great chivalry it implied. The effect of this is to leave him without loyalty to anyone. He is thus now a pirate, scourge of other pirates, criminals, and Spaniards (one and the same entity), and even from time to time an enemy of his own English people, inasmuch as they represent the foreign (Scottish) King James I. Ralegh, at least, essentially maintained an unreciprocated loyalty to England until the end; the former Tower prisoner, bailed only on condition of success he could only hope for and never guarantee, ventured home from his disastrous second Guiana voyage (1617-18) with the certainty that censure and punishment awaited him.

Percy's other signal quality is borne out in his fealty and attentiveness to women, always the weaker party and potential victims. The deep offense he takes when it is imprecated that he has presumed Elizabeth's affections for him, or that he has presumed on her affections for him, imply his nobility towards women. However, with his masterless state and unwillingness to swear allegiance to England's new king, Percy's declarations and intentions remain always somewhat questionable, to be
resolved only by a happy romantic ending, in which his loyalty to Elizabeth (literally the character, metaphorically the deceased Queen) is plighted.

Interestingly, Ralegh did turn pirate against his countrymen at times during his life. On the return journey of his 1617-18 voyage, when he had already lost men and ships through mutiny and sickness, he commandeered a ship from a plantation flotilla on its way to Newfoundland, headed by Richard Whitbourne (d. 1626). Since his participation in Gilbert voyages of the 1580s, Whitbourne had been taking a proprietary interest in colonizing Newfoundland much as Ralegh had Virginia and Guiana. Ralegh's pilfering of one of the ships dealt a serious setback to Whitbourne's plans, and partly inspired the writing of his optimistic, promotional new-world inventory, *A Discourse and Discovery of Newfound-land* (1620). The work is worth reading alongside Ralegh's *Discoverie*, for it demonstrates the competition among early modern adventurers for royal and aristocratic patronage of their personal goals.

Roberts is a proud Maritimer, and in *A Captain of Raleigh's* he portrays early colonists struggling against the yoke of imperial Britain. Ralegh is regarded as a hero, but Roberts probably knew about his actions off Newfoundland, and perhaps this knowledge helped to shape his conception of his story. It is unlikely that an English author would wish to depict a protagonist such as John Percy--one of Ralegh's men turned pirate--but for Roberts and the particular colonial history he is intimate with, such a literary possibility is not unusual. As with James Barnes and Drake, then, we observe that English heroes could still be deployed in the former colonies. Ralegh's name helped to endow Roberts's novel with heroic associations, and Roberts, writing at a remove from Britain, could gesture towards circumstances surrounding Ralegh which British adventure novelists were unlikely to mention, or even be cognizant of.
**Testing Imperial Education: Newbolt, Buchan, and the Grenville Line**

"Theirs not to reason why,/Theirs but to do and die." --Alfred, Lord Tennyson, "The Charge of the Light Brigade"

"...deathless dead, we gain by loss..." --Alfred Noyes, "Nelson's Year"

"...who dies fighting has increase..." --Julian Grenfell, "Into Battle"

Often in the study of the fiction of empire, Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* is read as a kind of terminal text. On a very superficial level (and this is something which the vast amount of literary criticism which has overlaid the work has perhaps obscured), what Conrad's novella is about is the scramble for Africa which produced, directly or indirectly, in greater or lesser spans of time, to greater and lesser extents, numerous conflicts between and among European powers and native populations. Typically when scholars consider topics of imperialism, they seldom continue on to dwell on the corollary and result of imperial activity, war.

War and empire are imbricated, however, as the present study has so far suggested. When seeking to provide patriotic inspiration, Charles Kingsley turned to centuries old stories of English adventurers and proto-imperialists who duelled their enemies on the Spanish Main. Froude reminded his compatriots of former greatness at least partly so he could assess the present and intimate future greatness in "England's Forgotten Worthies." Late in life, travelling in Victoria, Australia, he found expatriates there hotly anticipating their participation in an inevitable war involving Britain and Russia: "the patriotism of the colonists was inflammable as gunpowder. To be against war was to be lukewarm to our country" (*Oceana* 302). Froude has to be cautious in how he responds to these people, for his personal sentiments are not so unlike those of Mrs. Wilcox in *Howards End*, when she feels that if only the
mothers of prospective soldiers could be gotten together the then inevitable war with Germany might be forestalled. Froude cannot see the benefit of the expense of lives and money in an international conflagration, and thinks it might be just as well if each side could be told to select some representatives who could then settle the matter quickly themselves. "Take your revolvers, go into the back square in your Foreign Office," Froude instructs: "You have made this quarrel; do you fight it out" (303). At nearly the same time as of Froude's writing, Sir John Seeley crafted his history of English imperial activity so as to warn that if England's expansion did not continue, loss of empire, and hence country, to Russia might be the result. In his first novel, The Half-Hearted (1895), John Buchan offered a tale of espionage on the Russo-Indian frontier which surely influenced Rudyard Kipling in his conception of Kim (1901), a work in which tension is provided by the shadowy background machinations of international border intrigue.

If literary criticism and theory has for much of the twentieth century dwelt heavily upon aesthetic or stylistic concerns, scholars such as Terry Eagleton and Edward Said, or Fredric Jameson, who famously argued that the "political perspective" on literature ought to constitute the "absolute horizon of all reading and all interpretation" (17), have helped to contribute to a revised assessment of the importance of political qualities in literature. However, even Jameson in his study of Conrad works such as Heart of Darkness, Lord Jim, and Nostromo in The Political Unconscious (1981) remains somewhat aloof from discussions of genuine conflict latent or actual in these texts. Lord Jim after all does contain in its latter sections a kind of small civil war, and Nostromo is intended as a fictional representation of the multi-faceted strife of war-torn new South American republics of Conrad's era.

Of course, scholars have recently been intensely pre-occupied with issues of imperialism in literature, and writers such as Jameson and Said have helped to spur this interest. Now, however, it would seem that some scholars are attempting to connect imperialism and war, as I endeavour to do here. Considering imperialism alone, as it were, without wondering also where all this imperialism ends up,
tends rather to be like listening indefinitely to the echo of one question, rather than seeking a response to that question.

Claire M. Tylee is one scholar who, in a recent article on Mrs. Humphry Ward, has noted that "the study of First World War literature is kept distinct from literary study of Empire is in such a way as to imply that they have no bearing on each other; but it is my contention that First World War propaganda was essentially imperialist and the imperialist ideology which fuelled it was precisely what made it persuasive. . . in Britain" (171). She adds that the wartime Ministry of Information, which sponsored and financed propagandistic writings, "not only intensified imperialist values but criminalised opposition" (172). In this concluding section, the while maintaining our Elizabethan focus, I want to try to regard how imperialist writing translated and transmuted itself into the wartime and propaganda writing. This I will do chiefly by examining selected works by two writers, Henry Newbolt and John Buchan, who were ardent imperialists in the late Victorian period, and workers for the Ministry of Information during the Great War, contributing their writing skills to the national effort.

Grenville in Boys' Literature: Robert Leighton's Golden Galleon

In the preceding chapter, we discussed boys' fiction concerning Sir Francis Drake and Sir Walter Ralegh. Before looking specifically at works by Newbolt and Buchan, it is well to refer to other boys' books about Sir Richard Grenville written during the same period as books about Drake and Ralegh which we have just considered. One such volume, The Golden Galleon, was published in 1898 with Blackie by the Scottish journalist, critic, and author Robert Leighton.

The son of a poet, Leighton (1859-1934) started out as a journalist and literary critic after taking a degree at Liverpool. During his married life, he published many boys' adventure tales, but his output and income was overshadowed by that of his wife, Marie, who provided serial melodramas for the Daily
Leighton was functionally deaf, and perhaps as a result inhabited a somewhat dreamy imaginary world of his own. Often he had to be hurried along in getting his stories off to the publishers by his ambitious, spendthrift partner. Passions he pursued when his wife was in an indulgent mood included painting, gardening, and dog-breeding and showing.

Leighton was a friend of G.A. Henty, and the Leightons joined Henty for yacht excursions. Like Dr. Gordon Stables, and Henty, Leighton's enthusiasm for canines bore itself out in books, such as his *The Complete Book of the Dog* (1922). Both Henty and Stables were admirers of Mrs. Leighton, and thus were frequent visitors to the household, as Clare Leighton recalls in her memoir of her family life and her mother, *Tempestuous Petticoat* (see n. 70, above). Clare Leighton became a well-known artist and engraver, providing woodcuts for editions of works by authors such as Thomas Hardy. Her elder sibling was Roland Leighton, famous as the precocious first love and fiancee of Vera Brittain in her autobiographical *Testament of Youth* (1938). Robert and Marie Leighton offered literary advice to Brittain when she was beginning her writing career after the War.

Roland Leighton took nearly all the prizes in his final year at Uppingham public school, and had been destined to go up to Oxford at the same time as Vera Brittain and her brother, Edward, who was one of Roland's friends and classmates. The outbreak of World War I in the late summer of 1914 interceded, however. The values inculcated in youths such as Roland and Edward--"the public school tradition, which stood for militaristic heroism unimpaired by the damping exercise of reason," as Brittain puts it--prompted them to enroll themselves in the service of their country at their first opportunity (100).

Roland Leighton died just before Christmas in 1915, in circumstances we will refer to later. He had been in France since April of that year, and had seen almost no action; he died on the day on which he was to go on leave and return to England and Brittain. Brittain recalls that Leighton did not want to die, and felt certain that he wouldn't, though he might be wounded (130, 179). In fact, he hoped at least
that he would be wounded, commenting: "I should hate to go all through this War without being wounded at all; I should want something to prove that I had been in action" (117).

The effect of the War on Roland's mother was deep and lasting. In the first instance, she could no longer publish her romantic stories now that newspaper pages were given over to casualty lists. The income from Robert Leighton's boys' stories could not sustain the family, and a series of moves occurred. The death of Roland resulted in the death of something inside Marie Leighton that she seemed never able to reconcile. Her love for her brilliant son had "amounted almost to idolatry" (Clare Leighton 231). As the daughter of a military father, she had had "no horror of war" (229). Her world was peopled with heroes, Roland amongst them--he was "a Knight of the Round Table, a shining knight in armour, a dreamer, an inheritor of all the glories of the world" (229). Never did she allow, at least publicly, for the prospect that Roland might not come through the slaughter. She believed her son had a "charmed life," was a favourite of the gods, and that, as he was only twenty, he could not be taken because there was as yet too much left "for him to do in the world" (230).

Clare Leighton remarks little on the way in which her father, a tender man, took his son's passing. In The Golden Galleon, published when Roland was of pre-school age, he had given Sir Richard Grenville a fine and historically non-existent son, named Roland. Mostly, Robert Leighton seemed protective as always of his dearly beloved wife. When, during a period of supervised bed-rest after Roland's death, she asked for Roland's last poems (written in France), and was dismayed to discover a weak line that did not scan, the family knew that she was returning to her old self.

Late in life, however, the ghost of Roland returned to her, as she began "slipping back into the world of memory" (247). Roland had become Catholic only three weeks before his death, and Marie Leighton determined to reaffirm her own childhood Catholicism so that she could join with Roland in the afterlife. In Clare Leighton's depiction, the uxorious Robert Leighton's conversion to Catholicism was the most difficult sacrifice he had ever had to make for the woman he adored. He was of strong Unitarian
stock, and implored his wife not to make him convert. Faced with the possibility of being separated from his "Chummie" in the next world, however, the man who had written of papists as vicious assassins in The Golden Galleon converted, and became thereafter a devout Catholic.

Contemporary reviewers of Robert Leighton's works sometimes compared them favourably with those of Haggard or Stevenson. An appraisal of the originality of a title such as The Golden Galleon, however, would suggest that such comparisons are overkind. The story is somewhat laboured, and there is a tiresome, if consistent, application of archaic thee-ing and thou-ing language. The galleon of the title is a ghost Spanish treasure ship which appears on two occasions near the end of the narrative, and is requisite in order to make Grenville's mission seem at least a partial success. The work is subtitled: "Being a narrative of the adventures of Master Gilbert Oglander, and of how, in the year 1591, he fought under the gallant Sir Richard Grenville in the great sea-fight off Flores, on board her majesty's ship The Revenge." In actuality, the adventures narrated are primarily those of Timothy Trollope, a barber-surgeon's son, who becomes a kind of valet to Gilbert Oglander.

In his Preface, Leighton appeals to a continuous and vital English tradition of heroism and nationalist mythology. He allows that Grenville may have been insubordinate, but in leading his "forlorn hope" off Flores, he passed fit to enter into the annals of the Worthies (v). Invoking the Crimean War, Leighton says that the worst that can be said of Grenville's "daring exploit is that it was the Balaclava charge of the Spanish war" (vi). And at its best, it was a "very grand example of that British pluck and intrepidity which have ever been the distinguishing characteristics of our fighting countrymen" (vi).

Glancing over and beyond the heads of his young readers, Leighton concludes: "I shall be glad if, in writing this story, I help in some measure to instil into my young readers a fuller pride in the navy which has secured for England her supremacy upon the seas" (vi).

One of Leighton's partial (for he does not have noble blood such as Gilbert Oglander) prototypes of heroic English youth is Timothy Trollope. Timothy lives at Sutton Pool, near Plymouth, and he wants
to go to sea and emulate recently famous English mariners. A lad of 14 when we meet him, he is a year younger than Amyas Leigh at the outset of *Westward Hol*, and he has already developed a hatred of Spaniards, having seen prisoners from the Armada battle skulking about.

Many notable mariners have frequented Timothy's father's shop; Peter Trollope had "starched the beard of the great Sir Walter Raleigh, curled the moustachios of brave Sir Francis Drake, and tied up the lovelocks of courtly Sir Anthony Killigrew" (16). Listening to the talk of these men inspires Timothy. Mr. Trollope's illustrious clientele, moreover, leaves tokens of its visits behind, such that the barbershop has accumulated an array of exotic artifacts. These objects, as the Azores horn belonging to Salvation Yeo handled by Amyas Leigh, also inspire Timothy to dream of adventures in foreign lands.

One day when he is doing errands for his father, Timothy comes upon a hawking party of the Oglanders. He has already become somewhat known to townspeople of late, we learn, because, like Ned Hearne in Henty's *Under Drake's Flag*, he has recently rescued a man from the sea. He promptly performs another rescue, of Gilbert from a tree, and it is this act which earns him the opportunity to become a "squire and personal attendant to Master Gilbert" (38). As Drake was by to watch Ned perform his feat of bravery, so Richard Grenville happens to be with the Oglander party, and vouches for him to the Oglander estate lord. Timothy thus takes the place in service of a boy named Will Leigh, whose name conflates Amyas's surname, and the first name of Amyas's closest friend, Will (Cary).

Beyond initiating the plot, a more important function of the hawking party episode lies in its function of setting the historical scene for the novel, and quickly sketching in notices of the Armada battle several years prior. We may recall that Henty used the stilted and artificial method of having his young heroes behave somewhat like earnest pupils, asking their eminent superiors bald questions eliciting synoptic replies. Leighton, for his part, at least tries to weave the history into his story somehow, and this he does by having a number of characters, including Grenville, Timothy, Gilbert and his younger sister, Drusilla, participate in a mock battle in which they represent opposing ships of the Armada fray. The
children imitate heroes and villains, and the history and war as game concept is broached. The device is awkward and difficult for any reader to envision, but it does avoid if not the artificiality, then the school primer bearing of a Henty text. By striving harder to integrate his historical material, Leighton at the close of the century evokes an attempt to modify a narrow genre still very much in vogue, but perhaps beginning to exhaust itself in terms both of material and motif. Henty, and some of the influence he had been exerting, would expire by century's end, and the form he helped to establish would lose freshness were it not adapted by writers such as Leighton.

Timothy and Gilbert quickly become fast chums, though Timothy remembers his station: he "never overstepped the limits of his position, but was always respectful and submissive and loyal" (38). Soon, a mysterious, weatherbeaten ship appears in the harbour. It is an English ship which has not been seen since 1586, and it contains the villains of Leighton's piece, Jasper and Philip Oglander. Jasper is one of two sons of Baron Champernoun, Gilbert's grandfather, and Philip is his son by Jasper's Spanish wife. Champernoun's other son, and Gilbert's father, Edmund, we are told died in the service of his country in the Protestant wars of the lowlands, alongside Sir Philip Sidney at Zutphen. As a youth, Jasper, unlike his brother Edmund, had been thought of as a "scamp and [a] reprobate" (62). He had envied the elder Edmund's greater wit and skill in sports, his position as a page to the Queen, and his status as heir to the Champernoun title and lands. Further, like the Jasper of Fletcher's In the Days of Drake, he competed unsuccessfullly with his brother for the woman who became Edmund's wife, the now widowed Lady Elizabeth Oglander. Owing to his long absence, it was assumed that Jasper had perished while seeking his fortune in the West Indies. In actual fact, he had entered into league with the powers of Spain, and on his return he wishes to claim the Champernoun inheritance for he and his son. Once settled at the Oglander estate of Modbury, he will work for Spain and undermine the English. Jasper is marked by a long scar on his cheek. He says it was the result of an Indian arrow, but later we learn he received it from Francis Drake when he tried to murder Drake.
Also aboard the mystery ship is Leighton's Salvation Yeo figure, a hymn-singing devout old gunner named Jacob Hartop. This white-bearded veteran was amongst those who sailed out to Mexico with Hawkins in 1567, and he has spent the intervening years toiling and slaving in foreign lands. He has worked for his passage home, and has a particular message from the late Captain of the boat which is to be transmitted to Sir Walter Ralegh, the ship's owner. He carries the message about him in a leather wallet, and it is a message Jasper wishes to intercept.

On the night of their arrival, Jasper and Philip set upon Hartop during a blizzard in a lonely lane, and rob him of his wallet. Timothy and Gilbert, happening by, give chase to Hartop's assailants, and Gilbert is cut on the arm in the ensuing struggle. The robbers escape into the darkness, later to be found by Timothy and Gilbert being entertained at Modbury manor. From a number of broad clues Leighton sets out, Timothy gathers reasons to suspect the robbers were the man and the youth who had gotten off the boat earlier and are now present at the Oglander estate. So effective, however, are Jasper and Philip in ingratiating themselves with Gilbert during his convalescence, that Gilbert cannot be made to suspect the pair, and ultimately he falls out with Timothy over the issue.

We have noted Leighton's fondness for dogs, and he couches Timothy's intuitions in a canine comparison. The Oglander bloodhound, Nero, immediately dislikes Jasper, though he likes Francis Drake. In a chapter entitled "The Instinct of a Brute Dog," when Timothy broaches his misgivings about the new Oglanders, Gilbert rebuffs him, telling his companion-servant: "Thou dost trust overmuch to instinct and too little to a knowledge of the world. 'Tis a brute dog's method" (111). Timothy defers and begs pardon, but inserts a small rejoinder in favour of the brute dog's instinct by citing Nero's past accuracy in character judgment.

Later in the narrative, Timothy is proved right, as Jasper and Philip help some Spanish prisoners to escape by sea. Philip is wounded, and takes flight in one of the outbound ships. Soon, Gilbert will go to sea, for it is the Baron's wish that his grandson sail with the famous Grenville. Timothy's family does
not want him to leave land, but Timothy steals aboard a ship, and later transfers to the *Revenge*, when he learns that Grenville is joining in preparations to raid a Spanish plate fleet. Leighton assesses motives of the post-Armada raid, offering us less religious colouring than earlier authors might have:

> The thought of that treasure buoyed up the heart of many a man whose spirit might else have failed him in the long days of waiting that were before them. But more than the hope of gain was the hope, which every man in the fleet felt in his inmost heart, of giving a trouncing to the Dons of Spain. For assuredly there was no stronger feeling in the British seaman’s heart at that time than that of hatred of the Spaniard. (232)

As in actual history, the Spanish fleet was slow to appear, for the Spanish had been warned in advance of a possible English ambush. During the waiting period, Grenville sends Timothy, Gilbert, and Hartop out in a small ship to act as scouts. They see nothing of the Spanish fleet, but they do encounter a mysterious, luminous green, ghost ship. Hartop identifies this vessel as the Golden Galleon, or a treasure laden Spanish ship on which he had once sailed, that foundered and sank before it was brought back to England. The waters about the ship are becalmed and thick with weeds, and Hartop surmises that they must be on the fringe of the Sargasso Sea. After a fearsome set-to with a large octopus-like creature, Hartop discourages the lads from an attempt to board the ghost ship, believing it best to get away from the charmed vessel while they may.

While the English await the Spaniards, Gilbert receives a letter in which he learns of his betrayal by Jasper and Philip. Baron Champemoun has died, and Jasper Oglander has installed himself as head of the estate. Shortly, Gilbert will face Philip in a sword battle during the last fight of the *Revenge*. After the fight, Timothy and Gilbert are taken prisoner aboard a Spanish ship. As in recorded history, a fierce storm scattered and sank many of the Spanish ships, as well as what remained of the *Revenge*. Timothy, Gilbert, and Philip, however, cling to wreckage and survive, while Hartop is presumed drowned.
Happily, the ghost galleon re-appears, and the boys go aboard. Philip Oglander finds wine on the ship, gets drunk, threatens his cousin, and dies when he slips and tumbles on his own dagger. Thus Timothy and Gilbert take charge of the rich treasure ship, which seems to have lost its earlier supernatural qualities. They know it is the golden galleon because they find one of Hartop’s old logbooks in one of the cabins. Presently, an English ship materializes, and the two vessels return to England.

Timothy is thus now a rich man, and his wealth allows his father, whose shop had fallen on hard times, to retire. No more will Timothy act as a squire or underling to Gilbert. Rather, he will be his “companion, for it was as companions and loving friends that they were always afterwards to regard each other” (351). Early in the book, it had appeared that Gilbert’s pretty young sister, Drusilla, would eventually become Timothy’s mate. But Leighton seems to think better of introducing such circumstances, closing the narrative only with reference to the love between Gilbert and Timothy. Drusilla is mentioned as glad merely that her brother has returned safely. Though Gilbert has had but one great adventure, and though the last line of the tale suggests that he bears “within himself the promise of a great and useful manhood” (352), still it is implicit that he is more than ready to settle down to the life of a rural lord, with no ambitions other than to beguile the time in sporting with his friend Timothy.

Newbolt: Writing Grenville History

The Book of the Grenvilles (1921), by Sir Henry Newbolt (1862-1938) is the last in a series of six adventure novels which the author began writing at the outset of World War I. As a group, the tales celebrate heroism by recalling great deeds by great men, and they are intended to "instil this heroism in readers through admiration and emulation" (Bright 161). Though the War government "was much slower than they [sic] would be in World War II to find work for its writers and academics," its Department of
Information, under the direction of C. F. G. Masterman, exhorted Newbolt, among others, to create inspiring literature (Jackson 157).  

Of course, Newbolt had been primarily known for his poetry, and, somewhat to his chagrin, particularly for his most simplistic, rousing patriotic poems, including "Vitai Lampadai" and "Drake's Drum," two of the twelve poems which appeared in his first collection, Admiral's All (1897). "Vitai Lampadai," which contains the famous "Play up! Play up! and play the game!" refrain, envisions British lads embroiled in far-off colonial skirmishes drawing inspiration from the recollection of public school games. Phrases involving "playing the game" had, as Mark Girouard notes (234), appeared earlier; Newbolt's may have been suggested by Kingsley's "Alton Locke's Song, 1848." That poem, which closes the novel Alton Locke, is a ranting Carlylean injunction to work, and contains the couplet: "Up, Up, Up and Up/Face your game and play it" (Works I.253). In "Drake's Drum," Francis Drake is imagined bequeathing a drum to his men, to be hung by England's shore, by which he might be summoned subsequently from the heavens should England be threatened from the sea in future. At the surrender of the German High Sea Fleet in World War I, men of the Royal Oak insisted they heard a "stately" and "ceremonial" drum beat they took to be from Drake's drum (Later Life 408, 409; see also 263).  

Two more patriotic collections followed Admiral's All, The Island Race (1898) and The Sailing of the Long Ships and Other Poems (1902). Songs of Memory and Hope (1909), whose more subdued title perhaps indicates the increasing sobriety of Newbolt's poetic creation, was the last collection which contained a large amount of new material. It is formally eclectic, which suggests that Newbolt was "experimenting in his search for a new poetic voice" (Bright 158). For the remainder of his life, however, Newbolt was unable to find time or inspiration to compose the kind of serious, reflective romantic lyric poetry, as evinced for example by "The Nightjar" (1925), that he aspired to create.

Newbolt was 35 when Admiral's All appeared, and it made him an overnight sensation. Decades later, it remained the way in which he had made his mark. In 1923, under the auspices of the Canadian
Council, he came to Canada as the first lecturer under a travelling Imperial Lectureship. Although he enjoyed his weeks in Canada, he was somewhat frustrated at how his early poetry preceded him. From Government House, Ottawa, he wrote a family relation that "Play up and play the Game" was

. . . a kind of Frankenstein's Monster that I created thirty years ago and now I find it falling on my neck at every street corner! In vain do I explain what is poetry: they roar 'Play up': they put it on their flags and on their war memorials and their tombstones: it's their National Anthem.

(Later Life 300)

Newbolt was told that William Henry Drummond, the Canadian poet and doctor who had died suddenly when serving in a fever camp in 1907, had poems of Newbolt amongst his belongings with a request attached to them that "Play up and play the game" be put on his gravestone (Later Life 298). (Newbolt lectured at McGill University in February 1923; Drummond's gravestone in Mount Royal cemetery north of McGill bears lines not by Newbolt, but by another writer said to be among Drummond's favourites, Moira O'Neill.80) The single most dominant impression Newbolt has of his Canadian audiences is of their "simplicity" . . . he tells his wife, Margaret, that he finds it "awkward though pleasing" that his hearers are "stirred by associations and thoughts of England, and they even weep at times" (Later Life 299). The response is natural, really, for much of Newbolt's writing—prose and poetry—is precisely calibrated to evoke passionate reverence for an imagined better past recoverable now only in the mind, by sound and sentiment and not sense. When Newbolt wrote and imagined poems such as "Vitai Lampadai," he no doubt did so in a mood of almost spiritual nationalism, replete with idealized, abstract emotions; what he could not control, as a non-combatant, was the kind of concrete, realistic associations his images could create in the minds of his hearers. In other words, to respond to his poetry as his audiences did may have seemed to Newbolt to be almost undignified, even in bad taste. To put it bluntly, if we try to penetrate the mind of Newbolt as he read, we may well imagine him thinking that his words were as a
monument to fallen colonial servants, and thus one ought to observe his lines in hushed reverence, not
hum along in triumphant harmony, or sob sentimentally as though one really knew someone like someone
who might have appeared in such and such a poem. As a critical aid or conduct corrective, Newbolt may
well have tried administering a quatrain from Admiral's All, "For a Trafalgar Cenotaph"

Lover of England, stand awhile and gaze
With thankful heart, and lips refrained from praise;
They rest beyond the speech of human pride
Who served with Nelson and with Nelson died.

But in this colonial case, the difference between the reader and the read to may have been, largely, that
between the aggrieved and the grieving.

To early readers of Newbolt's poetry, many superficial comparisons were suggested between his
work and that of Rudyard Kipling, whose Barrack-Room Ballads was published four years before
Admiral's All. Since Newbolt's death, readers of Newbolt have exercised themselves in insisting on the
spirituality and gentility of their author's verse next to the vulgarity of Kipling's (Jackson, Dickinson,
Bright). Newbolt himself was an acquaintance and critic of Kipling, and clearly, both in the form
(beyond the shared balladry, particularly, perhaps, those poems written in vernacular or dialectical styles,
such as "Drake's Drum") and content of his verse, Newbolt gave due attention to his famous immediate
predecessor and recent rival to imperial evangel status (those who thought most highly of Newbolt in
early reviews said that he had exceeded Kipling; in a 1913 poll among writers, publishers, and scholars,
Newbolt tied with Bridges and ran-up to William Watson, who was second choice to Kipling--Jackson
111). Certainly "The Vigil" from The Island Race (1898) should be read against Kipling's "Recessional,
published in The Times in 1897. Although Newbolt's partisans are surely for the most part faultless in
citing the greater delicacy and more contrived dignity of Newbolt's writing as against that of Kipling,
reverse comparisons are nevertheless suggested by the literary legacies of the writers. Amidst the general
celebrations of the Jubilee for Queen Victoria's sixtieth year of rule, for example, Kipling sounds an unusually pessimistic, pensive and irresolute note. He urges that Britain not forget righteous Christian principles as it spreads its influence throughout the world, and he recalls fallen empires metonymically with reference to their capitals as he intones:

Far-called, our navies melt away--

On dune and headland sinks the fire--

Lo, all our pomp of yesterday

Is one with Nineveh and Tyre! (ll. 13-16)

Newbolt, on the other hand, looks to more recent imperial history as he fashions a call for war readiness and for an enthusiastic response to "the roll of drums" and "the trumpet's call" (ll. 11-12, 27-28). He invokes a glorious tradition and cites recent military heroes in Gordon and Outram (l. 20), so as to encourage the present English citizen to ". . . let Memory tell thy heart; "England! what thou wert, thou art!" (ll. 29-30). To Kipling's timorous, breathless "Lest we forget--lest we forget!" warning refrain, Newbolt counters with an assured, declamatory, after dinner choric ("blimpish," George Orwell might say) "Pray that God defend the Right" tag, the "Right" in this case constituting Britain and its causes.

Whatever his subsequent slight embarrassment regarding his early warlike verse, Newbolt was not above a certain pride when his poetry was ushered into service when it was needed most. His verse is written in a sober, yet ultimately peristaltic, attitude; Newbolt would have preferred his rhymes in turn to be received as hymnals if not in place of, at least before, huzzahs. Still he could be satisfied with the latter only. As Britain declared war on Germany on August 5th, 1914, The Times reprinted Newbolt's "The Vigil," which was written for the Boer War. The author felt his old verses had been printed "at the exact midnight for which they were written" (Later Life 189), but still he was flattered. Some immediate family members overlooked the poem in The Times, despite its prominent placement. On August 8, Newbolt noted that "'The Vigil' is being quoted, sung, recited and reprinted from one end of the
country to the other, and I have letters of thanks by every post, but so far not one--even among my friends--has observed that it was published in 1898 and has appeared in all three of my collected volumes since then!" (Later Life 190).

Newbolt's modern editor, Patric Dickinson, argues that Barrack-Room Ballads embodies "underlying ideals" which "seem crude and concerned with a warlike patriotism which is not to be confused with love of country" (17). Newbolt's tone and manner, by contrast, tends to be dignified and restrained, increasingly spiritual even, in the writer's evocation of an imperial nation. A Cambridge student is said to have remarked that Admirals All was "Kipling without the brutality" (Dickinson 17). Yeats, a friend of Newbolt's and a well-placed appraiser of British imperialism, may have had writing such as Kipling's in mind when he wrote to Newbolt in 1902 and argued:

Yours is a patriotism of a fine sort--
patriotism that lays burdens on a man, and not the patriotism that takes burdens off. The British Press just now, as I think, only understands the other sort, the sort that makes a man say 'I need not trouble to get wisdom, for I am English and my vices have made me great.' (Later Life 4)

It seems almost as though Newbolt, in return, has this compliment in mind when, near the close of The Book of the Grenvilles, Tom, the eldest youth to go on time travels with the Grenvilles, reflects on the character of the young Grenfell men in World War I. Appropriately for the polo-infatuated Grenfells, they are compared to "great race-horses, [for] they had bigger hearts than others" (256). Then Tom testifies: ". . . they were beyond the measure of men. They made nothing of it themselves, but they had a kind of pride that you couldn't miss. It didn't push you down, it lifted you up and carried you through" (256). As so often with heroic assessments, a paradox seems to undergird the plaudit: to best fulfil a heroic ideal, to best be a hero, or to achieve admirable individuality, one is to be selfless, devoted above
all to the nation or to one's comrades, to something apparently objective and outside of the self. In directing all one's energies outward from the self is the self apotheosized.

In a letter of October 12, 1921 to John Buchan which acknowledges personal receipt of a volume of Buchan's condensed *History of the Great War* (1921-22; see below), Newbolt refers to the *Book of the Grenvilles*, due to be published the following week. He says that Buchan's memoir, *Francis and Riversdale Grenfell* (1920), and Ethel Grenfell, Lady Desborough's *Pages from a Family Journal* (1916) "got so into [his] study of imagination that those boys seemed to be before me as when they lived indeed" (Letters 285). If present-day youths can "catch a glimpse" of this study, "they'll be moved.... If not I can only hope to be forgiven" (285). Newbolt begs that Buchan will forgive him for referring once in the text (235) to Buchan's antecedent memoir when writing of the latter-day Grenfell(ville)s.

But what is most interesting about Newbolt's letter is that, as is hinted at by the foregoing comments, Newbolt feels that he "ought to be very nervous" about *The Book of the Grenvilles*: "it's the biggest risk I ever took" (284). Retrospectively, such apprehension may seem surprising, for, after all, *The Book of the Grenvilles* is hardly different in genre from the historical tales and romantic adventure stories for youths Newbolt had presented in prior prose works (nor does the act of memorializing family members represent a new turn; in *The Book of the Blue Sea* [1914], *The Book of the Thin Red Line* [1915], and *Tales of the Great War* [1916], Newbolt's grandfather Charles, great-uncle George, and son Arthur Francis Newbolt, respectively, come in for consideration). Perhaps, despite his warm relations with Buchan, Newbolt is straining to note that his book really is a new departure in discussion of the Grenvilles, that it isn't superfluous or opportunistic in its engagement of a subject so recently contemplated by Buchan and Desborough.

Most likely, however, when Newbolt talks of his risk-taking, he is referring to the pseudo-science-fictional character of the book. His tale involves three brothers, aged sixteen to nineteen, who spend a summer vacation near Oxford with friends of their family while their parents are preoccupied on
the continent. As the names of the boys--Tom, Dick, and Harry--suggest, the boys are depicted as resolutely ordinary chaps and are intended as representative male English youths. They are honest, eager, self-deprecating, anxious to do right and ambitious to do well. Their hosts, a Mr. and Mrs. Diarmid, are a rather unusual pair. As the boys' mother relates in a letter, the two seem to understand one another telepathically. Of "Mr. D." she observes with a narratorially unintended tone of mock-incredulity: "he not only does the thing, the spiritual communication, or whatever it is, but he seems to know how he does it: he knows something about Time and Space that we don't--he is like a man on an island, but in wireless touch with the whole world" (5).

Diarmid is, in fact, we learn, an internationally recognised "authority on Psychics and on Relativity," and a self-styled "professional magician" into the bargain (23). He is a suave, refined intellectual--"tall and handsome, with the long bearded face of a Vandyke and repose in every line of his figure"--but he is somewhat in a state of post-war romantic withdrawal. On the day after the boys' arrival, Diarmid and the eldest boy, Tom, roam the hills surrounding Diarmid's Earlsfield Manor.

Overlooking a prospect giving a distant view of Oxford, Diarmid reflects:

"The world of to-day...is no doubt as beautiful and as hopeful for the young as ever it was. But the events of the last few years have made it a place of tragic memories for the old. My wife and I are agreed about this. We shall probably live out our time very quietly, basking in the sunshine of this hillside. We call ourselves Cadmus and Harmonia, because we have lived long enough in Thebes and do not wish to "end our days in sight of blood."" (10-11)

Diarmid does have good reason for his melancholia, for he and his wife have lost both of their sons in the War. If his world-weariness seems affected, we are perhaps directed as to how to interpret him by noting the substance of the boys' mother's letter to her sons, in which she suggests that the Diarmids'
uncanny insight into and understanding of worldly and human affairs allows them to rationalize their fate (4).

Once the boys have had a look around, a game of tennis, and feel themselves to be well-installed at the Manor, Diarmid asks the boys to consider what they would most like to do. They are to write down their responses, and Diarmid is to guess at their choices. Tom writes simply "the battle-fields" (16). Diarmid comes near the mark in envisioning Tom's request, but only after he sees Tom's written words does he fully understand. Later, in private, he transmits the import of Tom's wish to his wife:

'Tom feels, like all boys of his age, that he was born too late. They feel it hard to have come so near the war and yet to have missed it: as if they had lost a fortune. It was a lottery of course...a lottery rather than a fortune, but no one who was in it can really be said to have drawn a blank--at least, that's how I feel, and you and I agree with them.' (18)

In this quotation, Newbolt is probably recollecting his own feelings near the outbreak of the War. Writing to his close friend, Lady Alice Hylton, on December 23, 1914, Newbolt remarks: "I can't help wishing this war could have come when I was young" (Later Life 197). In August 1915, shortly after the death of Julian Grenfell, Newbolt can yet be found regretting before Lady Hylton that a mutual acquaintance had "died so soon--he didn't see the half of it" (Later Life 214). In any case, the written wishes of Dick and Harry in the guessing game--to go to the river to boat and swim--will be easier to accommodate.

Newbolt still is in need, however, of a plot circumstance to provide context for the wish adventures, and to set his historical narrative in motion. The circumstance is furnished by the unexpected arrival at Earlsfield of a Mr. Persehouse, an enterprising American publisher last encountered by the Diarmids in the spring before the War. Persehouse reminds Diarmid that at their last meeting Diarmid had heard Persehouse's "overtures for a volume of family history--a subject on which [Diarmid's]
authority is well recognised in America" (19). Briefly, Persehouse recapitulates his proposition. He claims that, though in the United States "we are the greatest genealogists on earth, we have somewhat shorter pedigrees than other nations!":

'For historical romance and for the science of a family history we are handicapped by our insufficient supply of raw material. In that particular you have the advantage of us; you are in a position to deal on seller's terms. I asked you for an example of family character: a book to show that family character is a genuine, permanent force, and goes on operating in the same manner one generation after another from the beginning to the end of time.' (20)

When Diarmid responds that old families are the same the world over, Persehouse persists, arguing that America is a jumble of recent immigrant nationalities through which one "can't trace character" (20). England, by contrast, has "a population of [its] own, going on for centuries on the same ground" (20-21).

Diarmid allows that he recalls the original proposal, and that he had thought then of the famous Grenville family. Still, he is reluctant, for, as he indicated to Tom, "everything has changed" since the War—"at any rate in this country," he adds (20). The Grenvilles, Persehouse enthuses, have "a fighting record of very considerable antiquity" (21). ..surely the War cannot have changed that? "[T]he war has changed it," Diarmid counters. "It has pushed all records into the background and made them for the time, at least, look very small affairs" (21). Not to be denied, Persehouse at this submits that possibly great old families such as the Grenvilles have even added to the glory of their tradition through efforts in World War I. Thinking of the lately fallen Grenfells, Diarmid intimates portentously but without letting on his thoughts that the American may be "more right than [he] know[s]" (21). But to deflect the publisher again, Diarmid argues that the material and information Persehouse seeks may be found in
historians' books. This, however, will not satisfy Persehouse: he wants "the account of an eyewitness" (22). Diarmid responds lightly that "even Sir Walter Raleigh cannot now add to what he has told us about Sir Richard Grenville. I wish he could but he is no longer here" (22). And so Persehouse ripostes: 'you are laughing at me, or maybe you have forgotten my little idea, the idea which brought me here five or six years ago. The Elizabethans, the people I want to know about, are, as you have correctly stated, no longer here. I am glad you did not say that they are dead, because that would truly show that you had changed. No, sir, they are not dead, but they seem to have gone away; their time was up. What I wanted, what I want now, is to have you get in communication with them.' (22)

Here Mrs. Diarmid interposes, hoping that Mr. Persehouse is not "thinking of mediums and automatic writing and that sort of thing..." (22). Persehouse carries his ambitious nature confidently, but this cautionary rebuke apparently suggests to him reference to a kind of outlandishness and naivete native in his own tradition-impoverished pedigree. He protests that he is not that sort of American ("in these matters there are Americans and there are Americans" [22]); he is applying to Diarmid's eminence as an internationally known authority on Psychics and Relativity who "has a latchkey of his own" in "the Fourth Dimension House" (23).

Still Diarmid points to the for him obliterating finality of World War I. As a magician, he says he understands his visitor's suggestion, but he states:

'Wars have no longer the same interest for me. I retain my view of the last war; it was a great epic--great beyond all words--but I do not feel able to go back to it or to any kind of fighting.' (23)
Persehouse accepts these sentiments, yet he takes another tack, suggesting that if Diarmid himself won't perform the historical voyage, then perhaps "a special correspondent, a bright young man like Henry M. Stanley" might be sent in his stead.

At this juncture, the boys fortuitously appear, returned from the river. And so the stage will be set for their successive departures. Diarmid grasps the felicity of their appearance and announces with a World War I circumlocution that a special correspondent is wanted for "'the Elizabethan Front'" (24). The boys all seem eager, but it is the youngest, Dick, who immediately asks "'When to start?'" (24).

Before looking at the journeys taken by the boys, it is well to consider a few aspects of the foregoing. It is first of all notable that Newbolt deftly places admiration of British tradition and service to Empire in the mouth of Persehouse, a man of another nationality. By so doing, Newbolt is able to express patriotic pride without suggesting unbecoming immodesty. Persehouse, in contrast to the refined English intellectual Diarmid, and as befits his own American heritage, speaks in uncouth commercial language, of human stock with reference to "raw material" and "seller's terms." That he speaks as he does simply indicates his inability to grasp the nature of English tradition—he does not even have words appropriate to describe his imagined conception of that tradition. His subtextually unsavoury esteem for the racial purity of English tradition over against the unfortunate immigrant mixture of America is likewise opportunely placed, for the English writer merely records the racialist perspectives from the lips of a foreign visitor on English soil. Just how artificial the use of Persehouse to spark the narrative is, or, more to the point, just how committed the author is to responding evenly to the adulatory attentions shown by his fictional American character to English tradition, is suggested by the fact that Persehouse does not reappear after his original introduction. Several days after Persehouse has left, Diarmid somewhat opaquely dismisses his American acquaintance before the boys by referring bluntly to Persehouse's credulity and inability to understand the complexity of psychical historical research: "'He doesn't seem to see the difficulty—he's an American, of course'" (33). At novel's end, after the boys have had
their adventures, Diarmid contemplates a manuscript he views as incomplete. He writes in a letter to accompany the manuscript which is to be sent to Persehouse that there are many other Grenvilles worthy of consideration and inclusion in a formal chronological history. But as the boys’ vacation is over, he no longer has the requisite "correspondents" for time-travelling historical investigation. He offers the manuscript he has, then, as perhaps the first volume of a projected two. We do not, however, see Diarmid sending the letter and manuscript to Persehouse, and he is engaged in considering them still as the novel closes. This ambiguous bit of open-endedness to the narrative is apt, for it allows Newbolt to suggest at least subliminally that tradition is on-going, that the Grenville line endures and matures while the contemplation of its past glories remains as yet in its optimistic and ambitious infancy. But he has at least provided a start doubtless to be followed upon which will gratify both the subjects and their biographer.

Tom’s sense that he has missed out on a momentous occurrence by not participating in the late war moreover deserves comment, as it touches a theme prominent throughout the present study. One must leave aside, perhaps, the question of the likelihood, or veracity, of the desire of Tom (the deliberately representative young Englishman) to go to war—for many young men of many ages, the desire must have been and must be genuine.88 And, of course, part of what serves to initiate and instil such an impulse is literature such as that written by Newbolt. In general, Newbolt’s writing is animated—indeed defined—by a sense of belatedness. Whether the period be remote or recent, it appears to be preferable to the present.

Often in his work, Newbolt’s friend and wartime colleague, John Buchan, expresses a similar belief that boys reared after great events—in this case World War I—will feel as though a vast proving ground open to their forbears has been fenced off to them. (In pre-War literature, as we have seen, there is dismay before the diminished prospects for imperial adventure because of the rapid occupation of the globe. Now that the territories of the world are occupied, and contention for them will form a basis for
armed conflict, World War I seems a crucial event to have just missed.) In the preface to his edition of soldiers' tales (told, largely, by the men themselves, by "eye-witnesses" [vi]) of 1920, *The Long Road to Victory*, Buchan writes:

> This book is intended especially for those who are only now growing to manhood, and were too young themselves to take part in the campaigns. It would not be a good thing to be always thinking about the war, for the eyes of youth should be turned forward. But it would be a worse thing to forget it, for it is a matter for everlasting remembrance and eternal pride. The boys of to-day, when they read the great tales of other ages, will not thrill to them the less for remembering that a greater and more momentous drama was played while they were still at school, and played by their fathers and their fathers' friends. (v-vi)

As his remarkably varied and busy career indicates, Buchan's character was omnivorously, almost insatiably, active, and hence his gesture to the future and the necessity for looking forward, which contrasts with Newbolt's longing yearning for the past. Newbolt's life, though full by any measure, shows more a resigned commitment to duty and responsibility. His creative output was frequently abortive and unsatisfying to him, and he often sensed his own anachronism. Buchan in his biographical *Memory Hold-the-Door* (1940), remarked that though Newbolt "did well by his generation he never quite belonged to it. [...] It seems ungenerous to say of one who had so much happiness in the world that he was not quite at home in it, but I think it is true that, apart from his poetry, he never found work which wholly satisfied him" (207-08).

Newbolt's characteristic attitude is forthcoming, if reluctant; Buchan's is seeking, adventuresome, voracious for experience. If Newbolt is committed, Buchan is engaged. To extend the comparison
slightly, Girouard's distinction between fellowship knights and knights-errant may be of service. Writing of late Victorian men, Girouard argues that

Among the varieties of chivalrous gentlemen two conspicuously different types can be distinguished as fellowship knights and knights-errant. Knights-errants liked working on their own. They were always pursuing some quest or other, regardless of how odd or hopeless it appeared to other people; they tended, as a result, to be called quixotic.

(271)

Knights-errant, then, had a private income, and were typically upper class landowners (Girouard 272). Of course, Girouard adds,

It was easier to be a knight-errant if one had a private income. . . . Fellowship knights were more likely to be working in the professions or the Empire. Chivalry for them involved, above all, loyalty to a group or leader. Sir Henry Newbolt was their laureate. (272)

Girouard draws this conclusion regarding Newbolt on surveying the complex and interrelated set of loyalties Newbolt felt, in turn or simultaneously, for Clifton school (Kingsley's alma mater--and within it, the house, the cricket team, the school shooting eight he captained), his college rowing eight, a boys' club in Notting Hill, his fellow authors, the navy, the establishment, England, the Empire (the numerous clubs, either recreational or professional, that Newbolt belonged to, are perhaps here subsumed under the heading of "establishment"). And, undoubtedly, Newbolt's poetry and prose do tend largely to deal with individuals in relation to groups or teams.

Buchan, what with his comparatively humble Scottish heritage and schooling (Hutcheson's Grammar School, Glasgow, and Brasenose) was not able to attain to the status of knight-errantry; it is probable that "conscious[ness] of his origins" and a lack of "the complete self-confidence of a gentleman
"are part of what drove him in his career of avowed service to the Empire. In fiction, however, it may be argued that Buchan to some extent enacted his dreams of knight-errantry. The protagonists in many of his works are highly autobiographical, and their fields of action shadow those of Buchan himself. From David Crawfurd of *Prester John* to Richard Hannay of Buchan's wartime spy series, we apprehend fearlessly yet enviably independent heroes who exult and delight jealously in their own singular agency (and readers indeed do envy them, for putting oneself in the hero's shoes and identifying with him is arguably the predominant component of their appeal). In this context, Buchan's pride in his past is both a way of saying that his past is worthy of more respect than it has received and a way of suggesting that the Empire has been built as much by men of his ilk as by men of the select English classes. Like Conan Doyle, then, Buchan was a hardworking patriotic lad whose ardent Empire service gave him great public stature. But away from official duties, he battled his insecurities and fulfilled his dreams of solitary activity in the pages of his fiction.

A year earlier, Buchan had published prefatory lines similar to those quoted above. In *These for Remembrance: Memoirs of Six Friends Killed in the Great War* (1919), Buchan thus opens his dedication of the volume to his children, Alice, John, William, and Alastair: "This book is written for you to read—but not yet. It is for you as you grow older, for I want you to know something about my friends who fell in the Great War" (n.p.). Later, he adds,

There will be one difference (I hope) between your circle and mine.

Mine has had to take the shock of the greatest cataclysm that the world is likely to see for many generations. I do not want you to be always thinking about the war, for the eyes of youth should be turned forward.

But neither do I want you to forget it, since it is a thing for everlasting remembrance and eternal pride. The men who were at school and college just before me, my own contemporaries, and my juniors by as
much as twenty years—upon them came the ends of the earth. They
propped up the falling heavens and saved the world for you. But most of
them died for it. I hope that will never befall you which has befallen me-
to look around and find a great emptiness. The pageant of life fills the
stage as before, and we have still our interest in it; but only one or two
are left of the comradeship that used to fill the stalls, and nowadays there
can be no pleasant supper-parties afterwards.

So I want you to cherish the memory of the war because of the price
that was paid for victory—victory for you. When you realize what riches
of heart and mind, what abounding zest for life, what faithfulness and
courage, were bartered for six feet of French or Flemish soil, you will
come to think of those years as a consecrated stage in the procession of
time. And when you read the great tales of other ages, you will not thrill
to them the less for remembering that a still greater and more momentous
drama was played while you were beginning life, and played by your
father's friends. (n.p.)

In the above Buchan paints a picture of the War that makes it irresistible not so much in its sensational
allure but in its monumental importance. As always with grave, stately and sententious battle notices, the
effect may be multi-faceted. The conflict's participants are justly memorialized and reverenced, but the
language used to describe the conflict confers upon that horrible conflict a nobility which is surely as
suasive as any conscription propaganda poster. What young man cannot but feel inferior and unformed
for missing such an event? What youth would not immediately be consumed by a wish to redress the
imbalance left when those who "saved the world" and gained the ultimate victory for the(ir own) next
generation have left the amphitheatre? Buchan refers to the horrors of war as most historians will, but no
matter how emphatic his suggestions that youths will not want to experience such trials, those suggestions are never so convincing in their impact as the portentous words used to portray what the writer did not experience.

Most who have participated in war are little willing or able to articulate what they felt and saw, presumably in many cases because what they would describe bears so slight comparative relation to the calm patterns of civil life. The words of non-combatants, such as Buchan, have inevitably a stagey feel—of course the stage is Buchan's metaphor here. A great drama was played by Buchan's college contemporaries. Newbolt's upcoming generation of Tom's, Dick's, and Harry's may not get a genuine opportunity to dribble a ball into battle, but it is notable that their fictional wartime experiences form a part of diversionary holiday entertainment.⁹⁹

A sense of belatedness to be imparted by Buchan to future generations is entrenched in the memorialist's tantalizing first line: "This book is for you to read—but not yet." And then will come the coyly preparative, parenthetical "I hope." There is a projection here of nostalgic desire. How can future generations "forget," and how can they be exhorted to cherish in everlasting remembrance something they have never experienced? Newbolt, we know, was not so sanguine about the at last achieved victory of the Allies. World War I, with its inglorious trench warfare, failed utterly to provide the kind of theatre for youthful masculine operations for which Newbolt's early poetry provided textual preparation. The war left him dismayed. Patric Dickinson argues that

Newbolt's values depended upon absolute trust. After the war there was no such trust as he knew left among men. All his values were in vacuo. .

. . In the last three years of his life, he was attacked by some undiagnosable nervous melancholic disease. . . Perhaps he was, simply, overcome by the contrast between the world he had come from and the world he had lived into. (26-27)
In the withdrawn character of Diarmid, and, as we shall see, in Tom's philosophical response to World War I combat, Newbolt perhaps attempts to come to terms somewhat with the world he had lived into.

Much of the historical literature I am studying bespeaks an interest in retrieving for edification, emulation, and so on, past eras more glorious and worthy than the present. Crucially, writers of such histories, fictions, historical fictions understand that the retrospective hailing of young heroes, real and/or fictional, will make the authors who are themselves writing appear in future to youths who have read their work as like unto their subjects in nobility of aim. In one sense, this is how a literary, or in this case literary imperial, tradition is perpetuated. It has to do, as we noted, with how authors such as Orwell, Waugh, and Greene, who experienced in their young manhood an intellectual revulsion against the adventure and imperial fiction they consumed as children and youths, returned in middle age to a renewed admiration and affection for such literature. Writers such as Buchan and Newbolt also know that it is important to justify well their own views and beliefs in their literature. It is important that one align one's own beliefs with a conception of a glorious, continuous and sustained tradition. The creation of young protagonists, such as Tom, Dick, and Harry, who espouse an author's imperial ideals, naturally delineates those ideals to advantage. When a young reader apprehends in the actions of such characters a sense of what is right, and then returns in later life, perhaps as a father, or as an author, to recognise and to conceive again of the aptness of those characters' conduct, an appreciation of the author who created the characters is revived and maintained. To greater and lesser conscious or subconscious extents, writers sense this; it is written in to their writing (perhaps, in many instances, because they have undergone a similar process of reaction to the literature they have read during their lives). In short, they have a kind of reflexive awareness of how their reputation is to be made and kept honourable once they are no longer present to write on their own behalves, once the drama they have played is over, too. We do not impugn the resurrectional thoughts of great lyric poets like Keats when he fears that he shall cease to be; we do not take the side of the narrator's lover in Spenser's sonnet 79 ("One day I wrote her name
upon the strand. . . .") it would be perverse, then, if, because of varying critical and aesthetic standards, we did not believe that writers such as Buchan did not invest in their writing with like commitment their thoughts towards their posthumous reception. Newbolt's personal letters are saturated with a sense of self-regard in the both the present and the future. As early as 1896, when his creative career had barely begun, he was developing prophecies he would more or less fulfil, assessing pragmatically both his current literary stature and his eventual goals. In an unpublished letter to his Mother he wrote of his desire for respect: "I want money, but not much, a little fame, but, above everything, sympathy and honour and friends." And, before he passed on, he hoped to leave some trace of the subtler expressions of his talents: "When I'm a retired old bald pate I shall write quite decent verses for a year or two and then go out pop like the candles on last year's Christmas tree" (Chitty, Newbolt, 112).

But to return to the boys and their adventures. It is well to look first at Dick's adventure not only for reasons of chronological order, but because its significance increases by books end when it is compared against that of Tom. When a departure for History is to be made, Diarmid retires to a disused room above his study and begins rigging it up as a camera obscura. The image of a middle-aged man up in the attic conceiving and orchestrating juvenile fantasies is interesting, and perhaps his wife, who when she finds him expresses reservations about the project, thinks so, too. Diarmid in response to her fears wonders, however, "'what boy would not enjoy a dip into the past?[. . .]Every boy would like to see fighting. I should have jumped at it myself when I was their age'"(26). He says he will simply "'set these boys upon a certain trail of thought. If they follow it, it is just possible that they may come upon experiences which they have missed, and regretted missing'" (27). Historical battles prompt in Mrs. Diarmid recollection of their missing sons, at which her husband reflects abstractly:

"The war robbed the old of a great deal, sometimes almost of everything, but it often gave the young more than it asked of them. I mean it asked
endurance of physical horrors, but it gave a great growth of the spirit.'

(26)

Later it appears that Diarmid's thoughts are bound up with his (Newboltian) philosophy of time and eternity. For one thing, "'no-thing which really exists ever ceases to exist'" (37). Mrs. Diarmid, in conversation with the boys, refers to Rupert Brooke, whom she says thought himself part of a kind of universal "'living Mind, and as giving back to that Mind the thoughts which had been given him here'" (40).

Brooke (1887-1915), of course, was regarded as perhaps the most promising young poet of his day. In a June 1915 letter to Lady Hylton Newbolt lightly censured Brooke's sexual freedom, but glowed with praise for Brooke's lamentably lost poetic potential: "'We know what Keats would have been, but with this young man you can't even conjecture" (Later Life 207). Newbolt no doubt holds an image of Brooke in his head, and perhaps thinks of what else Brooke might have been besides a poet, for Brooke possessed physical beauty as well as intellectual ability--Virginia Woolf expected him to become Prime Minister (Hassall 529). In World War I Brooke saw service in Belgium, and died of a fever on the Greek Island of Skyros in 1915. His most famous poem, to which Newbolt's characters refer, is "The Soldier," written in 1914. It begins prophetically, "If I should die, think only this of me,/That there's some corner of a foreign field/That is forever England." A spiritually patriotic sonnet, it closes with the wish that readers think the poet's heart a "pulse in the Eternal mind" that "[g]ives somewhere back the thoughts by England given."

Mr. Diarmid, speaking on behalf of his wife, further tells the boys of their belief that

we can always recall the past if only we can open the picture book of the universe and share the experience of the universal mind, to which all real things are present. We believe that we go back to that mind and share its experience after the change which we call death. (43-44)

And, referring to the prospective time-travelling endeavour, Diarmid continues that "what we are thinking about now is the possibility of doing so while we are still living here, the possibility, that is, of escaping
Time into Eternity and coming back again" (44). Plainly, a powerful wish is embodied here, in the desire to escape the present via a return to the past which will render finally that which is so earnestly desiderated, namely, the past in the present.

Despite references to a camera obscura, psychics and relativity, and so on, these brief appearances or allusions are as far as Newbolt takes the "science" portion of his fiction. The forces which may actually transport the boys on their trips are not suggested. On Dick's adventure, Mr. Diarmid accompanies the youth on a bathing outing. As Diarmid looks on, Dick dives, and when he resurfaces Dick finds himself alongside a new young acquaintance, fittingly named Amyas, and the pair are struggling to get back to their ship, Sir Richard Grenville's Revenge. The historical incident Dick has become involved in is that recounted by Grenville's cousin, Sir Walter Ralegh, in "The Last Fight of the Revenge" off the Azores in 1591.

In this famous battle, a large Spanish fleet, some 53 vessels strong, surprised a much smaller English privateering ensemble (13 or 14 boats, 6 of them victuallers) which had been anchored at the island of Flores. The English, under Lord Thomas Howard, slipped their cables and tried to get the wind of the Spanish. Grenville, whose Revenge was victualled by Ralegh, and who may have received his appointment as vice-admiral through Ralegh's influence (Rowse 295), was last to weigh anchor. By employing manoeuvres which had served Drake and Howard well against the Armada, Howard and the other English ships were just able to get away in time. Grenville, however, may not have had time. In any case, he chose to disobey orders, and to try to sail right through the midst of two massed Spanish squadrons. He threatened to hang any man who sought to flee rather than fight.

By sailing in amongst the Spanish ships, Grenville was effectively becalmed. He and his men fought on for 15 hours, until the Revenge was reduced to a hulk. The Revenge may have engaged 15 Spanish ships (partisan English notices do not always mention that at least half of the Spanish boats were victuallers, not warships). Grenville was wounded in the body and in the head, and he was resolved at
last to split and sink his ship. Some of his crew were willing to go along with him, but many others who had fought valiantly felt that surrender now, in the hopes of one day being ransomed home or freed after a time of imprisonment, would not be dishonourable. The mortally-injured Grenville, and his chief follower, the master-gunner, were subdued by the crew, and when the Revenge was boarded, Grenville was taken off to the Spanish San Pablo, where he died not long after. Subsequently, as well, storms wrought great havoc with the Spanish fleet, incurring the loss of many ships, including the battered Revenge.

Grenville's presumed last words, aboard the San Pablo, were reported by the Dutchman John Huighen van Linschoten:

Here die I Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, that hath fought for his country, Queen, religion and honour, whereby my soul most joyful departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier that hath done his duty, as he was bound to do. But the others of my company have done as traitors and dogs, for which they shall be reproached all their lives and leave a shamefull name for ever. (Rowse 315).

When Linschoten's report, entitled his "Large Testimony" in Hakluyt, was translated into English, the last sentence, which probably most accurately captures the character of Grenville, was omitted.

Ralegh himself had been forbidden to take part in the mission which abutted in the "Last Fight" by Queen Elizabeth (Latham 63). His descriptive contemporary historical essay was his first piece of published prose (if one thinks of later writings, such as the shipboard composition, The Discoverie of Guiana (1596), which is offered in lieu of treasure, or of his tower writings, particularly the monumental History of the World, one could perhaps see "The Last Fight" as precedent-setting, of Ralegh writing
when he could not act). It appeared as an anonymous pamphlet in 1591 but was attributed to him by Hakluyt in 1599; it may have been commissioned. This impression is noted because, as with most of the literature this dissertation deals with, the essay may be seen in at least one of its facets as a work of propaganda.¹⁰

Ralegh's main purpose in writing the pamphlet, he contends, is counter-propagandistic, and for the safeguarding of "truth" (421)—the Spanish, he says, as they did after the defeat of the Armada in 1588, had been boasting after the defeat of Grenville of a great naval victory; they "fill the world with their vain-glorious vaunts, making great appearance of victories, when on the contrary, themselves are most commonly and shamefully beaten and dishonoured" (421). Thus, lest an "ignorant multitude" be possessed by Spanish stories and offer awe and admiration where it is not due, Ralegh writes (421). As he draws the pamphlet to a close, Ralegh seeks to counter Spanish propaganda spread by the Irish rebel Maurice Fitz John, and he supplies his countrymen with numerous warnings against heeding papist blandishments or reports suggesting irresistible Spanish power. Superficially (over and above the obvious aim to valorize the English at the expense of the Spanish), a concern for historical verity motivates Raleigh, though it is interesting to note that what he dramatizes is, after all, a defeat of stalking opportunistic English pirates during a period of Anglo-Spanish hostilities. The "Last Fight" became an English epic, or one of the "myths England lives by," as Green might put it, and it proceeds according to a formula widely used in nineteenth century literature for the depiction of England at war. The English, it is emphasized, are outmanned and gunned, short both of sail and size of sail, but because of their dauntless pluck and noble courage, and the cowardice and lack of discipline (read: misfiring class relations) of their opponents, they carry off at least a moral victory when the battle subsides. Beyond many prose recounts of the story, a notable poetic resume of the tale is Alfred, Lord Tennyson's "The Revenge," subtitled "A Ballad of the Fleet" (1878). Though this poem has been seen by some to comprise "stirring verse" (Latham 68), and to descend directly from Ralegh's prose (Rowse 330), the work has very much
the sterile feel of a poet laureate poem, with the tone of an artist who feels compelled late in an illustrious career to provide verses of salubrious patriotic and nationalistic content (see Ford 1095-96). "The Revenge" proceeds with stately order in its tale of "one little ship" with its "English few" (l. 107), but often its languorous long lines are more mechanical than rhythmical, and its rhetorical exclamations and questions seem more artificially contrived than spontaneously inspired. Tennyson's history here is somewhat moribund.

Newbolt in his redaction is quite faithful to Ralegh. Writing shortly after the battle, Ralegh knew that Grenville had died, but did not know how, or that Grenville was buried at sea—the end documented by Tennyson. Following Ralegh closely, Newbolt does not, surprisingly, note how Grenville died, and diplomatically leaves out Grenville's last words, as did Ralegh, in which the hero chastises those amongst his crew who would have surrendered the ship (the question of the scuttling of the ship was obviated by the ship's battered condition and a fierce storm which downed a number of vessels on both sides shortly after the battle). When Dick's adventure is over, his brothers question him about his prior knowledge of the "Last Fight," and how he is able to refer to ships Tennyson does not mention (70-71). The boys are intimately familiar with the nineteenth century version, but not, apparently, with the Ralegh original. It is Diarmid who notes Ralegh's report, but Dick had not previously read it.

For his purportedly juvenile audience, it is Newbolt's task to enliven Ralegh's and Tennyson's recounts the more. There is lusty retributive violence in the manner of Kingsley or Henty: when one Spanish ship is opened up with crossbar shot and sinks with all hands, the "Englishmen cheered again and again; their wildest hopes revived" (59). Earlier in the fight, Newbolt vividly imagines (thinking perhaps of a World War I bunker) how the San Philip also received "a long gash, through which could be seen an inferno of dismounted guns with writhing shrieking men beneath them. . . . The English seamen shot madly into her stern windows as she passed them. They felt that they had won a great game" (56). Once
again, for the delight of impressionable readers young, and to the unlikely dissatisfaction of readers old, the war-as-game motif is restated.

Grenville himself is depicted as like unto a hero of the old England of Arthurian times, as Newbolt perhaps interpolates a contemporary backward glance into a Renaissance tale. The author recalls his fascination with medieval knights from his own childhood when his narrator notes that, armoured for battle, "erect, finished, and glittering," Grenville "looked like no seaman, but a brilliant survival from the days of the old chivalry, a symbol of refined pride, immortalized by the perfection of its disdainful recklessness" (51). Here one sees just how greatness, in order for its probability to be asserted, must invariably, it would seem, be located in the past from which, over a distance of years, a measure of fame can be imagined. Though he is in the present in the "Last Fight" episode in Newbolt's narrative, still even he must be valorized according to an estimation of pastness, or after an appeal to a still more remote (and hence the more glorious) age.

Next to Sir Richard himself, his men, naturally, though they have "hard and masterful" faces, have a less noble appearance—"more the rugged look of those who have fought life by instinct and not a code" (51). It is uncertain what kind of code, beyond perhaps a few handy shibboleths regarding Queen and country, Sir Richard himself may have consciously felt he followed. But Newbolt offers with his words an imaginary code the more potent for its not being spelled out (in this way, readers who naturally align themselves with Sir Richard may conceive of their own personal attributes as Sir Richard's), and this can only ennoble Sir Richard the more.

As in Ralegh's account, with Newbolt especially when the Revenge is to be surrendered or scuttled, some evidence of dissension amongst the crew surfaces, as between those who would save themselves versus those who would follow the already mortally wounded leader's orders and go down with the crippled ship. A final issue here is forestalled (as, happily, with the Armada) by the encroachment of the Spanish and Sir Richard's imminent death; a storm makes everything redundant.
However, in Newbolt's reading, the Englishmen, like the deferent gentlemen volunteers Dick and Amyas, show a general harmony and willingness to be directed. Their opponents, as is common in such narratives, are contrastingly shown as riddled by class disunity and craven self-interest, unable to decide between self-aggrandizement and self-preservation: "In every [Spanish] boarding party the high-born officers were too eager to make a spectacle of their own courage, and their followers too anxious to have others in front of them" (58). In such circumstances it is surely beside the point to wonder at the spectacle Sir Richard seemed hell-bent on making of himself. As an addendum, one can note that Newbolt is following an established English tradition of description by apprehension of hierarchization. The texts of Hakluyt's Voyages have been remarked upon for their "matter of factness," and absence of description. Mary Fuller, in her recent Voyages in Print: English Travel to America 1576-1624 (1995), summarizes critical thought concerning production of selves and emergent writerly self-consciousness in early mercantile writing. She wonders if Hakluyt documents "participate in the production of selves, in the awakening of self-consciousness through the requirement to write regularly [home] and in the first-person voice?" (7). But if there is one thing which inspires English Hakluyt correspondents to descriptive flights, it is shows of stratification. Personal physical appearances of natives, cultural customs involving obvious matter for relay such as food, shelter, or attire, go completely uncommented upon. But what does strike the writers is military and social organization. The story of Drake's circumnavigation was written for Hakluyt by one of Drake's gentlemen at arms on the voyage, Francis Pretty. In the New World, Drake's correspondent observes very little, but upon an encounter with a native nation, he does scrupulously remark on a native king's retinue, and how the king is surrounded in "certaine galleries" and various ranks to a notable depth (Hampden 217). As with Ralegh in his Discoverie, where the author compares New World scenery with England (as do almost all writers in this respect), the Drake writer is finding notability in familiar scenes. But it is nevertheless striking that, of all the new wonders he should see fit to report, only those which in some way connect with domestic customs should merit mention.
At fight's end, Newbolt follows Ralegh in suggesting there was no gunpowder left aboard the English ship, but this seems unlikely given the close-quartered nature of the sea-battle (opportunities to shoot may have been few) and Grenville's order to the Master Gunner to split and blow up the ship so as to prevent its ultimate capture by the Spanish (see Latham 65).

Once Dick's adventure is complete, it is up to the other boys to take theirs. They will continue, Orlando-like, up through English history in the train of or at the side of famous Grenvilles. In post-adventure discussion, Diarmid allows that Sir Richard Grenville was "rather overbearing—a bit of a ruffian, to be quite frank" (73). Such will not be the case with future Grenvilles, though, Diarmid opines. That violent aspect of the family character is of the "less permanent part" of the family character, "the part that changes with the rest of our national manners" (73). Besides, if "Englishmen were pretty rough in the days of Drake and Hawkins," their ancestors were "rouisher still" (74). Here the storehouse of history displays its supreme versatility—whereas in a prior example it was suggested that the further one went back in history the more glorious one could become, now it is remarked that perhaps the further back one went the further from the preferable civilised demeanour of today one could get. Mrs. Diarmid wonders if Tom, the eldest, would like to have an adventure similar to Dick's, but Tom, doubtless thinking of the great events he has just missed, professes a disinterest in Queen Elizabeth, adding: "I shouldn't quite know what I was fighting about" (72). Probably neither Tom, nor his creator, could guess at the poignancy and routinization a phrase like that would acquire in future decades and wars of the twentieth century. But that is another story.

Tom's adventure, then, will come last, amidst the most recent Grenvilles—Francis, Riversdale, Julian, and William, who died serving in the Great War. Harry and Dick, who remain keen to adventure, and to adventure together, will adventure with several Grenvilles of the seventeenth century while Tom remains aloof. Because it affords interesting comparisons across time (between the late Victorians and
Elizabethans, and antimoderns and moderns), and because Tom's adventures with the modern Grenvilles suggest an analysis of Buchan's view of the later Grenvilles, I will look finally at Tom's adventures.

Tom's adventures are facilitated by a mysterious airman who appears as Tom and the Diarmids are walking near a meadow on the outskirts of Oxford. The airman transports Tom between sites of active Grenvilles. Although the elapsed time of Tom's adventure is only fifteen minutes from the time he bids farewell to the Diarmids, Tom is taken nevertheless to France and Belgium between the outbreak of the War in August 1914 and the late summer of 1915. He serves first with Riversdale (Rivy) Grenfell until that actor's early death, then with Francis until Francis is injured. Then he is dropped off to fight alongside Julian. Then it is back to the returned Francis (Newbolt does not mention Francis's injury leave in England) until Francis dies, then finally on to war with Billy (William) until this final brother's death.

Perhaps because of all the hopping about, Tom's adventure is difficult to follow. Newbolt offers dates, places, and names of some personnel, but these seem only to muddy and blur the picture. When Francis is injured, Tom, now leaderless, finds that the "war had become unintelligible, a senseless chaos" (201). Wittingly or unwittingly, this is how Newbolt may have made his text strike the average reader. In contrast to the cogent, chronological and euphemistic laying down of events by the historiographer Buchan in *Francis and Riversdale Grenfell*, Newbolt's *The Book of the Grenvilles* describes a situation which must have been very much like the war itself; inopportune weather, wretched and disfigured landscapes and half-destroyed villages, close attritive trench warfare, and mounted soldiers, motoring officers, and long files of allied troops and local dispossessed refugees moving to an fro, backwards and forwards, in a choked, claustrophobic area determined, one senses, by the borders sketched out by the powers and strongholds of the enemy Germans (when Julian Grenfell daringly creeps from his trench to locate and take out a German sniper who had been picking off English soldiers, he reports back that the Hun was, true to form, "laughing as he came up to fire" [207]). One day, when he is fighting alongside Julian, an unnamed soldier suggests to Tom that the war is "like a kaleidoscope. Whenever it [gets] a
turn the pieces [make] an entirely new pattern" (216). As much as it may be an accurate description of the actual war, it is also a rather fitting description of the experiences of Tom in his milieu as it is retailed to us.

Essentially, Tom's war experience presents two lessons, one bearing on the right conduct of men, the other, related, bearing on differences between antimodern and early modern manly ideals. In his adventures, Tom chiefly sees that men in battle should be bold, joyous, and unflappable. Francis Grenfell is hit in the leg but soon carries on "just as if nothing had happened" (87). Francis is "cool," "deliberate and unshaken," and his steadfastness buoys up his men (188). Just before his death, Francis goes about "shouting to his men to cheer them" (237), and when he is mortally wounded, in a moment of perhaps comatose indulgence, he tells a subaltern to inform his squadron that he "died happy, loving them all" (238). When Francis is buried, a redoubtable sergeant is buried adjacent him, and, far from commenting with due gravity on the tragedy of the situation, one unidentified observer who "says the right thing" notes only "how happy" the sergeant "would have been to know he died with Francis" (239). The loss of life in itself is not regrettable, but that the dead could not foresee the good fellowship of his bier—that was damnable bad luck and a most unfair diminution of the departed's earthly happiness.

Following the sport metaphor, Rivy shortly before his death "cheered his men with a joke for every shot, and halloed between as if he had all the foxes in a county before him" (194). When he meets up with Julian Grenfell, Tom encounters a man with a "powerful face" which, "even when he was doing nothing...was full of vitality and watchfulness":

The mouth had an expression of perfect composure, with a curious touch of disdain, and this seemed to increase as he turned his head up from time to time. The shrapnel seemed to affect him as a kind of tiresome storm which was stopping the game, but might be over at any moment.

(205)
In general, Julian's manner and bravado and the military success they bespeak make it such that his "men were all wild to imitate him" (210). Sir Richard Grenville's biographer, A. L. Rowse, suggests that Julian's conduct was reminiscent of his famous forbear: "Julian Grenfell was the incarnation of the fighting-man, as much as Sir Richard Grenville himself" (355). He "saw war...in the terms that came most immediately to him, as a game" (Bergonzi 47). Billy Grenfell, emulating Julian, takes to "the game of sniping with exactly the same energy" (Book of the Grenvilles 243). He has "gay sporting courage," and is given to jollity under heavy shelling; "no danger could take the fun out of him" (Book of the Grenvilles 244).

With each Grenfell brother, Tom observes the qualities of a noble modern day happy warrior (see n. 97, below). This is as it should be, as this is a family appreciation as well as a fictional adventure. But as will become more apparent when we regard John Buchan's resume of Francis and Rivy's lives, Newbolt's writing is, even in the wake of the war, jarringly propagandistic. Both writers, though, it is evident, sought to deal with this prominent disjunction. While the setting of and external appearances of the war do seem hellish enough, the five individuals highlighted within it seem almost psychotically happy. When big Billy Grenfell foolishly decides to take his troops down a road and not a more arduous trench, he and his men are fired on. Billy manfully owns that the situation is his fault and he runs, "like a sheepdog," up and down the line, coaxing, sometimes even carrying his unmanned men (244). Improbably, "[n]ot a single man was touched, and in the end the thing became pure comedy" (245).

Paul Fussell, in The Great War and Modern Memory (1975), quotes from an Imperial War Museum manuscript of a private, Gunner Charles Bricknall, which by comparison lends an eerie quality to Newbolt's unreality. Bricknall's artillery battery is to be relieved by a new unit fresh from England which has assembled near a wood by a road sometimes shelled by the Germans. Bricknall writes:

We spoke to a few of the [new] chaps before going up and told them about the Germans shelling the road, but of course they was not in
charge, so up they went and the result was they all got blown up.

(Fussell 31)

So as to enable Tom to observe the qualities of a man, the last chapters of *The Book of the Grenvilles* become a string of anecdotes, most of battle as in the foregoing incident involving Billy. But besides the sport of war, there is also time for good old-fashioned games, such as boxing. On two occasions Tom observes Julian boxing. In one case, Tom and Julian attend a fight night at a town hall in France. The card is uninspiring, and at the end of the evening Julian offers to take on any challengers. (In a bit of rather maladroit dialogue, which suggests not so much a lusty young brawler as an older man projecting his voice into a youth, Julian says: "I can't stand this any longer. It makes me feel warlike. I'm going to see if they'll give me a show" [212]). Julian is taken up eventually by a man who turns out to be a professional ringer. Informed ringside, Julian will not back down, for that would disappoint the audience. Though one of his eyes is punched shut, Billy prevails with a knockout. Stepping down amidst accolades, Billy is "apologetic" about his own performance, as he feels he could have ended it sooner. He instantly says to those about him: "Come along, I must go round to the hospital see that my man's all right" (215).95

In this example of a gracious victor who is keen to offer a magnanimous unsolicited apology, Newbolt works with a well-worn trope of masculine adventure novels. It is seen repeatedly in quite a striking and illuminated fashion in that prototypical didactic novel for boys and old boys, *Tom Brown's Schooldays* (1857). Hughes wonders: "...what would life be without fighting, I should like to know? From the cradle to the grave, fighting, rightly understood, is the business, the real, highest, honestest business of every son of man" (35). "Rightly understood" here signifies Hughes's argument that foes one fights may be spiritual foes, both internal and external. But his real pleasure is in thoughts of physical combat, where one should be gracious, nevertheless. In the second chapter of his novel, Hughes glorifies an Oxfordshire "village feast" celebration, a kind of holiday rural carnival which expresses the best of the
robust rustic England that the author finds lamentably waning at the time of his writing. A child, Tom Brown is chaperoned to the west with an old servant of the Brown family. The chief activity Tom observes is a "backswording" (a kind of primitive boxing-cum-wrestling) competition, and in it a roistering young champion is shamed by an elderly carl who answers the youth's challenge to all comers. Yet when the old man wins, he administers a public moral lesson, refusing the money owed him by his opponent, preferring a simple handshake instead. He offers the hat he was to have lost to another beaten young contestant (38-39).

Later in the book, when Tom is on his way to Rugby, an old coachman retails to a rapt Tom stories of how a group of schoolboys antagonized with peashooters human targets from the vantage point of his coach. In one instance, several boys shoot at an old yeoman on horseback. The stung yeoman then follows the coach, slightly beyond the range of the boys, to the next town. Just as it appears that the boys will get a comeuppance before a magistrate, one youth defuses the situation by offering to take the blame and punishment on behalf of the others. This elicits from the yeoman approbation of the youth's honour, whereupon the other boys jump down from the coach to acknowledge their part and heap blandishments on the old rider. General apologies ensue for several moments. And so, the coachman concludes the story, "we drives off. . .with cheering and hollering as if we was county members" (85). To Tom's eyes, what with this joyous conclusion, pranks, and the threat of punishment they bring, are entirely worth the hatching. Although a prank may cause initial vexation, this is worth the incursion, for the warm makeup ritual which may follow a prank promotes an even greater delight than the mere successful performance of a "frabjous jape," to use the language of Kipling's Stalky and Co.

More subtle authors could note the attraction of opportunities for ritual apology and gracious, chivalrous behaviour before the beaten or bejaped. Tom's surname was suggested by Thackeray, who used the appellation as being a representative English name (Tom Brown's Schooldays, n. 1, p. 381). At one point in Vanity Fair, the canny Becky Sharpe seizes an occasion to apologise to Captain George
Osborne for a prior rudeness. She holds out her hand "with so frank and winning a grace" that her pre-emptive gambit is effective in smoothing the way to social harmony and neighbourly reconciliation. The episode prompts the narrator to opine:

> By humbly and frankly acknowledging yourself to be in the wrong, there is no knowing, my son, what good you may do. I knew once a gentleman, and very worthy practitioner in Vanity Fair, who used to do little wrongs to his neighbours on purpose, and in order to apologise for them in an open and manly way afterwards—-and what ensued? My friend Crocky Doyle was liked everywhere, and deemed to be rather impetuous—-but the honestest fellow. Becky's humility passed for sincerity with George Osborne. (210-11)

Now, strictly speaking, the events we have been recounting in the foregoing are heterogeneous. But they all—Becky's unsolicited apology, the Rugby boys' owning up, Julian's hospital visit—constitute an assumption or confirmation by the chief actors of a superior position which allows an opportunity for a magnanimous reference to the incident which first established an inequality. By this reference the apologist ennobles his or her own character by placing the vanquished in a position in which that person must accept humility for sincerity, lest s/he appear, in turn, to be graceless where the victor has proven gracious.

As the ambiguous verb in the narrator's last sentence quoted above indicates, we should know better than to accept surface meanings from the sly Becky. The Rugby boys we know are not unaffected. At the denouement for his anecdote, the coachman thinks of the boys and smacks his knee with the kind of indulgent exasperation we reserve in spite of ourselves for the apprehension of (mis)conduct we find ultimately endearing. He recalls of the boys: "ten minutes arter they was all as bad as ever" (85). When Julian Grenfell decides to box, we gather that he does so out of boredom and restlessness besides a desire
for personal glory and the thrill of unforeseen competition. He refuses to back down from the challenger, Newbolt tells us, because he does not want to disappoint the audience. Primarily, however, we must feel after reflection, Julian's decision is also naturally based on selfish desire for personal recognition. And beyond Julian's pledge to the patrons, Newbolt draws us away from consideration of Julian's selfish motives by making his opponent—a pro who doesn't declare his experience and who opportunistically takes up Julian's innocent offer—appear the more mercenary of the two combatants.

While the magnanimous apologist in the above examples gains self-satisfaction from confirming his/her good winner status, onlookers feel a sense of warmth in sympathizing with the defeated and in perceiving the magnanimous nature of the victor/apologist. Further, especially as touches the respective Toms, there is a palpable sense of envy. This is because the observing Toms intuitively sense the apologists have achieved a double victory—they have carried off their prank or challenge, and have had the defeated party (regardless of how they respond) emphasize the victory by being the object of the victor's magnanimity. To introduce the parallel here may seem a trifle extreme, but these examples can be seen as being analogous to a state of war, in which the victor forces the beaten party to accept his will. One thinks, for instance, of the great nineteenth century German military theorist, Carl von Clausewitz. At the very outset of his major treatise, *On War*, Clausewitz considers the nature of war:

> War is nothing but a duel on an extensive scale. If we could conceive as
> a unit the countless number of duels which make up a War, we shall do
> so best by supposing to ourselves two wrestlers. Each strives by
> physical force to compel the other to submit to his will: each endeavours
> to throw his adversary, and thus render him incapable of further resis-
> tance. *War therefore is an act of violence intended to compel an
> opponent to fulfil our will.* (1-2)
And the events referred to above should not, at any rate, be seen as trivial, for in any handlist of noble qualities which adventure literature is meant to enshrine, the crowning trait is grace and humility in victory. Without these qualities, the character may seem Flashmanesque and decidedly inimitable as a model for chivalrous conduct. What is emphasized superficially in the anecdotes is the goodnaturedness and sportsmanship of the victors. What is also to be stressed here is the self-serving function of the magnanimity which should be writ large when the victor seeks confirmation, through his apology, of his victor's status by the beaten. In the 1840s, Thackeray, a presently academically acclaimed writer, can find time for a metanarratorial aside on the subject. Hughes can adumbrate the quality for didactic purposes and through his exemplum make it irresistible. But by the time we come to Newbolt, there is a certain odour of mortality about the convention, if only because, in the given example at least (which is nevertheless suggestive of the description of action in the book as a whole), the anecdote is so telescoped. That Julian should go directly from the ring to the hospital makes the ritual of apology seem too standardly contrived, and the episode in its entirety seems perfunctory and lacking in conviction. It is as though the chivalrous conventions which so underpinned an expansive imperialist phase are being given a half-hearted and funereal last parade in the Great War which did so much to demolish such conventions.

In some senses, Newbolt is in the act of coming to grips with matters of this nature when he shows Tom learning about the evolving character of his nation's patriotism. Tom's adventure is framed by two conversations concerning history with Mr. Diarmid, the former being one in which Diarmid essentially tries to convince Tom that he can and should go on a time-travelling journey as had his brothers, the latter one in which Diarmid prods Tom to write up his late experiences (which we have just read)—if not for Persehouse then for posterity, at any rate. The author's goal in these exchanges seems to be the reconciliation of Tom's modern and Diarmid's (or the writer's) antimodern attitudes to the cataclysm of war they have just witnessed. Tom, we recall, was not "very keen on Queen Elizabeth," and had no desire to emulate Dick's adventure because, he says, he wouldn't have known "what he was
fighting about" (72). Thus, before he is to facilitate an adventure for Tom, Diarmid probes the youth on his attitudes. The magician feels that the contrast between the Great War and those of Elizabeth's time is so great that Tom cannot appreciate the continuity of English, or Grenvillean, history and tradition. He reminds Tom of the patriotism and loyalty of earlier combatants. But then he suggests to Tom that perhaps "it was the men...":

I mean the men made the difference to you, as well as the cause. The patriotism of every generation is different, and so is the fighting spirit. You felt that in your own lifetime you had seen them both transformed, and the war itself transformed, or rather transmuted into something finer than it had ever been before. As generations passed patriotism had come to mean giving more and asking less in return, till this time it meant giving everything and asking nothing. (174)

Diarmid finds himself defending the natures of great Englishmen of earlier ages not infrequently--we have referred to his allowance that Sir Richard Grenville could be a bit of a ruffian. In the chapter prior to the one in which he discusses patriotism with Tom, he makes a similar distinction regarding the quality of pride when he talks with Dick and Harry about their early modern adventures: "there are two kinds of pride, one ancient and one modern. The modern kind is a pride of submission and service--we have seen that clearly enough in the last six years. The ancient kind is pride of self" (166). Diarmid's theorizing here may not be terribly sophisticated, but the waxing and waning dichotomies he stresses do seem to satisfy Tom. In fine, Diarmid's view of history is one that suggests that, as England, her society and dominions, grew in size and complexity, her great families (or men, really), as exemplified by the Grenvilles, experienced changes of character in response to changing demands made upon them by their milieux. Sir Richard fought for England and the Queen, but also largely for himself. A modern
Grenville, however, could expect in the total war of World War I to be blessed with fewer and less promising opportunities for such striking personal adventures and successes.

When Tom's World War I stint is completed and the book is drawing to a close, the comparative view of history is aired a final time. Diarmid queries Tom on his cool reaction to his brothers' adventures, so as to bring Tom, by the comparisons which are inevitable, into a discussion of his own recent experiences. Tom concludes essentially that he was not cynical to begin with, but that he soon found the Dick and Harry's rollicking stories repugnant in light of the recent War in which many of his acquaintances had died. He abhored the apparent selfishness and lack of discipline in the early Grenvilles. Such qualities, while they could help to carry the day in earlier ages, seemed completely out of place presently.

In a hasty rush, Tom "vehemently, almost indignantly," tries to explain what he has seen in the War (255), but he feels it is at bottom "impossible to give [Diarmid] an idea of what those fellows were like out there" (256). Tom allows that the Grenvilles of old "were great men in their own time. . .and of course we were all brought up to think them heroes, but if you'd seen what I saw. . .(255-56). Finally, in a passage referred to near the outset of our discussion here, he argues that the late Grenfells had a special kind of pride, the kind that "didn't push you down," but that "lifted you up and carried you through" (256). Searching for a description, Tom is abstract: those Grenfells had "a kind of light about them--something intense like a flame" (257). Tom ends, Newbolt writes no doubt insightfully, "with an abrupt gesture of impatience as if he felt that he had said too much and expressed too little" (257). As usual, the sage Diarmid has the last, qualificative, word. He accepts Tom's views, but referring to the pride or spirit that Tom mentions, says "I don't feel as sure as you do that older generations never had it--I think some Elizabethans had. They may have been crude in colour but they were large in outline. Still, I agree with you about the present generation, and especially these friends of yours. I know enough about them
myself to know how they put life into everybody else, and there must have been many others like them" (257).

The most important moments in this exchange, however, are in the author's recording of Tom's sentiments, and his frustrations at being unable first of all to offer a palpable description of what he saw, and, by extension, to counter therefore the misimpressions spread by those who did not take part in the fighting. "No one at home," Tom says, seems ever to have understood the nature of the men who fought:

...they have always used stale old phrases about gallantry or splendid heroism, when nine times out of ten they [the fighting men] weren't doing showy things at all, but just bearing what no human beings ever had to endure before, and doing it without a fuss just to help each other and get forward with the war. (256)

When he compares home accounts of fighting men with thoughts of those men, he encountered, such as the Grenfells, Tom submits that "all the men I've ever read of in print seem to me pale, neat little men or else mere useless ruffians" (256).

These are notable passages, for they show an antimodern author trying to come to grips with a phenomenon the vocabulary he has been steeped in by history and literature has left him singularly incapable of describing. A great deal has been written about the nature of language used to describe the War, its inability to express the true horrors of the situation, and so on. Newbolt, too, has often been fingered as one of the worst of a bad lot when it comes to this sort of phoney writing. Many feel that the inability of writers like Buchan and Newbolt to describe accurately comes not merely from ignorance, but from an ideological desire to maintain views of heroism and War which predate the modern period and World War I. Certainly, in the descriptions of Tom's experiences which The Book of the Grenvilles furnishes us with, we may feel that a decidedly out of touch author is writing, especially when we know of the writing of War poets such as Spender and Sassoon. Newbolt however does not finally show us the
story that Tom is said to have written up about his adventure. We are given to believe that it is much as
the narrator has related it to us, but there is finally some doubt as to exactly how Tom would have put it.
This ambiguity is fitting, for the author in a sense expresses his awareness that he cannot know the real
nature of the War as Tom has seen it. This ending suggests, as well, that far from sensing a correct
vocabulary to use concerning war but refusing to use it, men of Newbolt's attitude and generation may
well have been somewhat unable to imagine the kind of vocabulary which would have been appropriate.
After all, it is difficult for Tom, as it was for many returned men, to explain his experiences, or to find a
vocabulary in which to do so. Why, then, should it not be difficult for those at home? At some point, it
must be necessary to temper one's cynicism about the propagandistic ulterior motives of writers like
Newbolt and wonder if they had known or could know a better way to write than they did. Newbolt did
not react warmly to the poetry of Wilfred Owen, a poet Bernard Bergonzi credits with giving
the poetry of the anti-heroic attitude. . . as absolute an expression as the
traditional heroic attitude had received in countless epics and dramas of
the Western tradition. And this reflected a basic change in human
sensibility. It was the inability to realize that such a change had taken
place that caused the bafflement of Newbolt. War was no longer the
same. . . . (126).

Bergonzi's view is just; what needs to be added, however, is that Newbolt did in places make attempts to
overcome his blindness and sense change. The superannuated narrator of The Book of the Grenvilles
attempts, however feebly and despite his flaws, to engage imaginatively in a dialogue with the young men
who took part in the War. Criticism which refuses to confront such facts—to confront the misgivings the
elite antimoderns are popularly held not to have had—may risk idleness.

Buchan: Writing Contemporary Grenville History
During World War I, John Buchan (1875-1940) served as special correspondent for The Times on the Western Front, then worked for the Foreign Office and the War Office, and then as Intelligence Officer at General Headquarters in France. In 1917 he became Director of the new Department of Information (the bureau in charge of war propaganda), where he worked alongside Newbolt, and then in 1918 Director of Intelligence in the newly formed Ministry of Information. At the same time, he composed an ongoing history of the war for the Thomas Nelson publishing house, Nelson's History of the War. Entirely written by Buchan, it came ultimately to twenty-four volumes, of approximately 50,000 words each. Further, he produced his first two Richard Hannay spy stories, The Thirty-Nine Steps (1915) and Greenmantle (1916), and other novelistic and poetic efforts.

After the War, Buchan continued writing in a range of genres, but wartime history engaged him still. In 1920 came The History of the South African Forces in France, and the Nelson history was rewritten and consolidated into the four volume History of the Great War (1921-22). Immediately after the War, he produced These for Remembrance: Memoirs of Six Friends Killed in the Great War (1919). This was privately printed, and it is probable that only seven copies were produced, one for Buchan and for each of the families of the six men. In 1920 he wrote a memoir of Francis and Riversdale Grenfell, heriters of the ancient Grenville line. It was published by Thomas Nelson, and profits from the sale of the book were to go to the Invalid Children's Aid Association, a branch of which had been founded at Islington in 1912 by Riversdale Grenfell.

In each of the memorial books, an epigraph from Gabriel Harvey's Sonnet XIII, "His intercession to Fame" (1592), is employed. The lines mourn the loss of great adventurers and courtiers: Gilbert, Sidney, Sackville, Grenville, Devereux. "Ah, that the Flowre of Knighthood should be dead" (l. 9), Harvey laments—but then in a familiar rhetorical gesture he implicitly contradicts himself: "Which, maugre deadlyest Deathes, and stonyest Stones, That couuer worthiest worth, shall never dy" (ll. 11-12). Though they be departed bodily, these physical embodiments of chivalric ideals, their essences or spirits,
which represent their ideals, will yet live on in memoriam, like the flowers which sprout from gravesites. These will not be forgotten worthies.

The comparison Buchan desires is explicit; his contemporaries that he writes of now were akin to the great knights of England's first imperial ascendancy, and their exemplary memories (so long, of course, as they are rendered textually as at the moment, as Harvey bequeathed the same to him) will live on as do those of their Elizabethan counterparts. Notably, Buchan omits in both epigraphs Harvey's closing couplet, or the poet's intercession: "Sweete Fame, adorne thy glorious Triumph new:/Or Vertues al, and Honours all adieu" (ll. 13-14). In other words, a bard, or at least a spiritual agent, is all the same required to immortalize the fallen heroes. Since Buchan will fulfil this office himself, he has no need to reiterate Harvey's entreaty, which might only give the impression that memories of the valiant dead are indeed mortal.

In writing of Basil Blackwood in These for Remembrance, Buchan intensifies the cross-century parallel. He reveals (or notes with a contemptuous aside to those who revel presently in England's victory but who had no part in her successful issue) that "it has become a fashion to talk of our dead as 'new Elizabethans'" (46). If "some of the best" do not suggest immediately this comparison, Blackwood does. He was "like Essex" or other "slender gallants who singed the beard of the king of Spain" (47). Then the theme of impartial, disinterested service of the empire ideal, which was so dear to Conrad, and which echoed historical theories such as Seeley's regarding the "natural extension" of the English race, is developed: Blackwood's

like had left their bones in farther spaces than any race on earth, and

from their unchartered and accidental wanderings the British Empire has

been born. (47; my emphasis—one notes the Seeleyan attitude)

Next, Buchan submits a comparison closely tied to his own literary and imperial imagination:
If spirits return into human shape, perhaps his once belonged to a young
grandee of the Lisbon court, who stormed with Albuquerque the citadels
of the Indies and died in the quest for Prester John. (47)

Finally, with a snub to the unheroic post-war (or, perhaps, what is really implied is "non-war") present,
Buchan gravely intones: "In a pedestrian world he held to the old cavalier grace, and wherever romance
called he followed with careless gallantry" (47).

One could further regard Buchan's engagement with the Elizabethans in his Life of Sir Walter
Raleigh (1911, but it is perhaps well to look now at Francis and Riversdale Grenfell, for it affords
interesting comparisons with Newbolt's Book of the Grenvilles (in his preface to These for Remembrance
Buchan reminds his readers that he has written the Grenfell twins' memoir, hence their present non-inclu-
sion). And let us linger for a moment, too, over the phrase noted above, "new Elizabethans." Although
Buchan does not refer to a source for the phrase, he is almost surely thinking of a collection written by E.
B. Osborn and published in the same year as These for Remembrance, The New Elizabethans: A First
Selection of the Lives of Young Men Who Have Fallen in the Great War. As its subtitle suggests, The
New Elizabethans is quite similar in conception to Buchan's volume, although in this case the attachments
between the author and subjects are not quite so personal. Osborn says in his acknowledgements that,
because one memoir and several other notices concerning Rupert Brooke had already been published,
Brooke was not included. Several other "lives" had to be omitted for space reasons, but Osborn says
these will appear in a "Second Series" which does not seem to have been published.

Osborn collects over twenty brief lives in his volume, and includes a Canadian (a son, Guy, of the
businessman and philanthropist and one-time president of the Bank of Montreal, George A. Drummond),
and two Americans. The dramatis personae includes well-known poets such as Charles Sorley, and most
of the individuals selected have shown themselves at one time or another to be interested in versifying.
In his short Introduction, Osborn, the author of several other works on imperialist or nationalist themes,
states of his subjects that they "were all scholars and sportmen and poets--even if they did not write
poetry, they had a conviction that life ought to be lived poetically. They had the Elizabethan exuberance"
(3).

"New Elizabethans" as a term for the soldiers and soldier-poets he dwells on is one Osborn
arrives at with some difficulty. He feels extant labels, such as "Georgian," to be inaccurate referentially
or descriptively. But in a remark by Hakluyt Society stalwart and Ralegh biographer, Sir Rennel Rodd,106
to the effect that Charles Lister was "of the type which would have found its right environment in the
large-horizoned Elizabethan days," Osborn apprehends "a lightning-flash of intuitive criticism" (1).
Following Rodd's suggestion, and in the absence of more suitable possibilities, he settles on "New Eliza-
bethans," arguing that the fighting writers of World War I are "explicitly" (3) or "characteristically" (4)
Elizabethan in their "instinct of brotherliness" (4) and in their "love of country" (5). A "pleasant brevity
of everyday diction" likewise reminds Osborn of the forbears of the New Elizabethans, such as Sir Philip
Sidney. Osborn even thinks a case might be made for the New Elizabethans over the old. Unlike many--
Kingsley, for instance--Osborn is able to see that the original Elizabethans were frequently "shamelessly
'on the make'. . .and were often corrupted through and through by their perpetual intrigues for Court
favour" (6). The manner in which so many thousands laid down their lives in World War I, by contrast,
seems to suggest a more unselfish patriotism.

Osborn was by no means the only person thinking along these lines. Vera Brittain, whom we
shall encounter later, was at Oxford in 1915, and she and her acquaintances, in considering the present
generation, the age, and the literature of the time, felt that they were entering on "a second Renaissance"
(125). In part, their discussion was prompted by recognition of brotherly love, which the "War had
deepened," among young men they knew (including writers of verse such as Roland Leighton). As in the
Renaissance, there seemed also to be widespread intensification of introspection leading to idealistic
visions of progress, and a new interest in the "attainment of versatility" over specialisation (125). These
were aspects of the nature of "the younger generation," and their protestations against the ways of the past. Osborn, in closing the introduction to his collection with consideration of the late slaughter of so many gifted youths, offers a slight rebuke to his contemporaries which will have general comparative resonance in this chapter on Newbolt and Buchan which touches themes of war, youth, and age:

Let the elder generations stand aside when the young men come back from the War and would set their hands to the task of rebuilding. For this is the chief lesson of the War—that age is not wiser than youth, as we used to think in the former peace-time. (7)

The last two warriors Osborn considers in his collection are Julian and Billy Grenfell, under the chapter title of "Castor and Pollux." We have noted how Lady Desborough preserved the correspondence of sons Julian and Billy (a deal of which is reprinted in Pages from a Family Journal). Field Marshall Francis, Lord Grenfell, uncle to Francis and Rivy, records in his preface to Buchan's work how, when Francis went to the Boer War, the brothers resolved to keep each other's letters thenceforth. From the resulting collection, Buchan derives the bulk of the material for his memoir. The boys are particularly apt to sit for a contemporary historical portrait, Buchan writes with constrained modesty: "The coming of war upon their eager life is a type of the experience of all their countrymen, and a revelation of the inner quality of that land which has so often puzzled herself and her neighbours" (2).

In a handful of paragraphs, Buchan offers a charming sketch of the boys' domestic childhood, and then it's on to Eton, where with the aid of a former headmaster we learn that the twins' especial flair was with beagles and not books. They were distinguished by an aptitude for leadership, and characterized by generosity and candour. In a Buchanesque statement, we are told:

They possessed a certain childlikeness, the ardour and innocence and unworldliness of the dawn of young life, the charm of which was never rubbed off by experience. (15)
To some extent, for Buchan at least, the twins would retain these qualities throughout their lives. Their mother died in 1896, their father in 1898. Upon graduation from Eton in 1899, it was time for the boys to take career paths. Both "would fain have followed the main Grenfell tradition and become soldiers, but their means forbade" (18). It was thus down to Rivy, the eldest by a few moments, to seek his fortune in the City, while Francis could play the warrior; Rivy starts out a clerk at the Bank of England, Francis is to embark on a South African campaign.

Both young men, in their immediate attempts to launch themselves, find that their academic disinterests at Eton have stood them in poor stead, and both will subsequently initiate earnest rearguard makeup exercises. A visit by the two to Malta, where Uncle Francis was resident as governor, awakens their sense of the achievements they must pursue under the burden their national heritage has laid on them. Lord Grenfell writes that the visit "had a decided effect" on the twins' future:

They met interesting men of the army and navy, and began to realize the vast extent of the British Empire, and also their own ignorance of its history and geography. [...] Our daily readings, especially the History of Our Own Times, enlarged their understandings and made them eager for further instruction and more knowledge. (xi)

By the end of 1905, when he is beginning to take a keen interest in political affairs, with the thought perhaps of distinguishing himself in that arena, Rivy is classified as "an ardent Imperialist" (77). In 1909, Francis in South Africa envisions a series of upcoming polo conquests. Among other goals, he hopes to play "for England and challenge the Yanks," and to inspire himself in his training he tells himself that he must "wake [himself] up and remember Sir Richard Grenville's dying words when his one ship took on fifty-four Spaniards, 'Fight on--fight on'" (132).

In the years leading up to the First World War, the twins strove to better themselves in their vocations. Rivy's business career appears halting, but he applied himself to a rigorous eclectic course of
reading, and along with his attempts to move in political circles, he tried to better himself at speech-making. If we doubt his assiduity, we may read Buchan recording that he "had lessons in elocution, and discovered that he breathed badly; so he promptly had his adenoids removed. . ." (R1). Francis, too, perused the great works of British literature which constitute the academic literary canon today, and he worked especially at the study of military science and history. He studied Hindustani, French, and German successively in an effort to acquire the qualifications which would help him attain to the elite ranks of the cavalry. For both men, an avid polo hobby occupied spare time.

At times, Buchan seems more to approve of Francis, doing the hard, honest, and thankless work of a soldier. Rivy, owing to his several moments' seniority, maintained a paternalistic attitude towards his brother, constantly offering unsolicited advice amounting to injunctions to work and study. And, though he might allow himself the occasional bit of furlough fun with a French chanteuse from the Empire theatre in Johannesburg (117), Francis was more likely to be hard at work with his division, cramming for exams, or honing practical skills, such as typing on an Empire typewriter he had Rivy send from London to him in South Africa (137). Rivy, on the other hand, seems to network as much as work, and his letters to his brother are full of what looks like idle gossip, tit-bits concerning lords and ladies he has seen, society socials he has attended.

But in all things the twins, really, were preparing for war. Like so many Britons, they expected war, probably with Germany—a war which, because it was long anticipated, was, in the words of Bernard Bergonzi, in its outbreak "something very like an act both of fulfilment and deliverance" ("Before 1914" 134). Francis had gotten a taste of war at the tail end of the Boer campaign. He had been anxious to get into the fray as soon as possible, and was frustrated when illness prevented him from participating. When he at last saw action, it was quite apparently a presage of the Great War, in that few prior expectations were realized. He writes his brother:
Your opinion is--and mine used to be--that you saw the Boers and
galloped at the charge, same speed as the Derby; but it is very different.

Here you have a horse with a kettle hung on him, coat, mackintosh,
water bottle, cap, man, 200 rounds ammunition, and into the bargain a
great crock. You can imagine the pace we go. (52)

And beside the fact of the field of action being narrower and less glorious than he had hoped, there were
for Francis other impediments:

How they can say we have conquered this county Heaven knows. If you
leave your blockhouse you get sniped, and if you go out with 500 men
you jolly well get kicked back into camp. The Boer roams about the
whole country as he likes, and yet it is ours. (32)

Here one might think of a siege, trench-like atmosphere, where one is persistently harried under cover,
and never afforded the satisfaction of a clear view of, much less a clear shot at, one's enemy. For the
imperial servant, the land one is supposedly occupying, conquering, or exploiting, becomes quite
secondary. There is a hint, also, of a question one often glimpses in the stories of servants, as when
Francis seems to be on the verge of wondering what he and his fellows were doing in South Africa
(simply transpose the second and third words of his sentence). In a standard rhetorical gesture, he does
not ask the question outright, for he knows that while he may not be able to understand the response,
others, notably his superiors, could furnish a response, and find the question impertinent or even insub-
ordinate. It is not a matter one raises. His is not to reason why. But the implicit question does ask the
question, and the frustration of the footsoldier, even an elite one, is conveyed.

Francis, we are told, got a lucky tip on some diamond mines through which he made money, but
his study of gold-mining and markets left him "terribly confused" (33). So though motives for Britain's
involvement in South Africa were apparent, Francis piously never quite allowed himself to make
connections between his soldiering career and the men it benefitted. The question is one Evelyn Waugh in his travels as a young man expresses bemusement at, one that embodies and emasculates Orwell's John Flory, one characters like Greene's Scobie or Fowler strenuously attempt to ignore. The Grenfells, of course, cannot question that far, for they go back too far--their lineage, the very thing which enshrines them, prevents them from interrogating their present wars.

Nor does Francis' Boer engagement provide a thrill: "I felt as if I had had a good shaking and hated it" (32). And when his efforts were recognised in dispatches, he exhibits a frustration with praise that he and his cousins, amongst the others spared, would express in the Great War: "Let those that deserve it be mentioned. My job was only a sort of head-waiter's" (32). Francis's column had sustained heavy casualties, and so not to die or be crippled along with his men may have seemed ignominious. To receive recognition when others had made the ultimate sacrifice, or paid the ultimate price, may well have lent a bitter ironic taste to honourable citations, one that Francis would later seem determined to avoid.

Soldier though he was not, Rivy in his run-up to the War nevertheless seemed capable of believing he was doing his bit through affairs. He had come under the mentorship of Lord Hugh Cecil (fifth and last son of Robert, who resigned the Prime Ministership shortly after the Boer War), and in 1908 he piqued his brother by offering him Cecil's view that "it was more important for a country to have a good financial position than to have a good army when the war broke out" (116). Francis by this time was already composing alliances in his head for the war which would feature England versus Germany. He was back in South Africa after a stint in India, and was resolved to take his next leave in Germany to do some personal reconnaissance on his inevitable enemies. A steeplechase accident which put him out of commission in 1912 allowed Francis ample leisure to visit Germany and study samples of its military class. He became more convinced than ever that Germany was spoiling for a fight (Buchan offers no evidence of such an orientation, so obvious as it apparently was), and that a good offense was England's best defence. Though he was warmly and generously received in Germany, he wrote on his return a
pamphlet describing his experiences which disparaged the (in his view) warlike Germans. This he had privately printed and distributed to his friends, but Winston Churchill persuaded him to recall it, for he felt it could have done Francis personally "serious harm" (176).

Three months before the War's outbreak, the twins suffered a personal tragedy which in some ways made the War fortuitous. Their fortune was largely bound up in a business concern of their brother, Arthur. The company had been soaring on a wave of speculation since 1912, but illness for Arthur necessitated firm commercial guidance which Rivy could not provide. The resultant failure left the twins utterly bereft; the final expression of their destitution was the sale of their polo ponies. In such circumstances, the War which they had so long anticipated, and for which they had so earnestly trained both consciously and unconsciously, could not come soon enough. They were penniless and unable to participate in their fondest diversion. Their parents were long dead. Their world had never really included women. All they had to live for was the War for which their lives had been preparation—so says their biographer as he reflects: "looking back, the war seems to have been always a part of their outlook" (187). With that ponderous verbiage and stilted syntax which is intended to ennoble both subject and writer, Buchan observes that the war,

Coming, as it did, to relieve them from their perplexities. . .seemed to
them to carry with it a solemn trust, which they undertook with
willingness, indeed, but with something of the gravity of those who feel
themselves in the hands of destiny. (187)

Thus Francis and Riversdale set out at the war's onset with the 9th Lancers, former South African Polo Champions. En route to the action, their letters home consist "chiefly of references to the hard game of polo which they expected to play at any moment" (189). They were, of course, to get a rude shock, and the war would prove nothing like an ordered, entertaining game. Perhaps they sensed this—we have heard Francis contrast the Boer War to a horse race—but still they were so inured to the consideration of
war a game that they could not imagine a real war, least of all the trench stagnation of World War I. In some ways, polo may have seemed more real to the twins than the actual world they lived in.  

Though it is hinted that Rivy may have been a slightly better player, Francis was clearly the greater enthusiast. Much of his thinking during his military career turns on the dovetailing of the sport with his vocation. Often Francis struggles to convince himself (and his brother, too), that the time, effort, and money he invests in sporting only enhances his cavalry capacity. When he gives a schedule of his day in Johannesburg (126), polo is uppermost to Francis. Early in his South African career, he is delighted when Lord Cromer tells him "not to chuck polo" (23) out of a devotion to purely military work. Years later, when he is "perpetually harassed by the conviction that a fight with Germany [is] imminent," Buchan indicates that Francis may have been harassed by other thoughts when he notes Francis' hard-won conclusion that polo is "an essential part of a soldier's education" (116). In his own words in 1908, he cites Douglas Haig, his division commander and the future commander of British forces in World War I, as one of many a "keen soldier" who has not been "stopped" by polo (116). In his efforts to justify to himself the seriousness with which he takes polo, one almost senses Francis wanting to believe what he no doubt feels, that polo and not mounted combat, being on horseback with a mallet and not a sword, is the true life. If he were not avoiding another more troubling awareness about the real nature of his military training, perhaps Francis would not seek to validate his polo fixation. Or, put another way, sheer love of the game means a transposition takes place in Francis's thought, whereby polo is war, and war therefore a sporting game.  

When the twins approach the action near Thulin in August 1914, Buchan sounds as though he is thinking of a polo field. Ironically, he returns to the word "perplex," which he had several paragraphs earlier used when describing the twins's relief. He seems unconscious of a paradox: by his own writing, the twins had been bred up to war, which freed them of perplexities, but now that the forecast conflict is afoot, they are perplexed anew:
Francis and Riversdale were much perplexed by this strange kind of battlefield. As cavalrmen they had hoped for the wide rolling downs which had been predicted as the terrain of any continental war. Instead they found themselves in a land full of little smoky villages, coal mines, railway embankments, endless wire, and a population that seemed as dense as that of a London suburb. They were puzzled to know how cavalry could operate, and they were still more puzzled to understand what was the plan of the campaign--an uncertainty they shared with a million or so other soldiers. (192)

Since few wars ever turn out as hoped--one thinks of the Boer or Crimean Wars--one wonders just who would have made the predictions Buchan refers to. Presumably these would be elite or government officials who had a stake in ensuring, if not war-readiness, then war-eagerness amongst the populace. Fussell, after studying an officers' Field Service Pocket Book (1914), concludes the army was unprepared. He says Haig felt "two machine guns were ample for any battalion. And he thought the power of bullets to stop horses had been greatly exaggerated" (29). As we have seen, of course, much literature on which the male youth of England was reared depicts war as a jolly contest where the good boys seldom get hurt.

At any rate, the perplexity of the twins may ramify for their strangely inglorious deaths. On August 24 near Thulin, Francis sustained his first of several wounds in a dangerous battle. For his exploits he received the Victoria Cross, thus becoming the first man in the war decorated with this medal forged from melted down Russian cannons from the Crimean war. He was retired to Amiens and then England to recuperate, and so the twins were separated. For his part on the 24th, Rivy had spent a chaotic day doing reconnaissance as a "galloper." Shortly after the 9th Lancers were in retreat for some time, and he next saw heated action on September 2. Manoeuvring with the advance guard of the Lancers in the
early morning of that day, he found himself behind the German trenches when his unit ran upon a German picket. Rivy took a section forward to a haystack to engage the enemy while the regiment dismounted and gained direction. "He seems to have been in wild spirits," Buchan remarks (205). There is an odd tinge about this description, suggesting a kind of maddened battle frenzy. He encouraged his men behind the haystack and, "in his anxiety to see the effects of the shots, he exposed himself, and a German bullet cut his revolver in two and passed through the roof of his mouth," killing him instantly (205).

The manner of death is curiously unheroic. One does not say that Riversdale's action was suicidal, but it does seem strikingly imprudent. He had been only 25 days in the field, so perhaps he made an inexperienced mistake. This, however, is unlikely, for he had seen carnage aplenty already, and presumably might have been well-trained or experienced enough to keep himself out of view. Further, though we are told that he was, effectively, leading his men, his attempt to see how their shots were going home was not an action which could directly benefit the "little band" with him (205). Indeed, his death has the aspect of a foolish sacrifice prompted if not by battle-weariness then battle craziness. It is akin to the death of a man who feels that his life will appear to better advantage in retrospect than in actuality.

Rivy's death seems to have occurred near daybreak, so darkness could have been a factor. He may simply have been irrationally emboldened by the darkness, believing that because he could see little the enemy and his bullets could not see him. But this is still an interpretative stretch. Newbolt goes to greater lengths than Buchan to explain Rivy's actions. He lends a title to Rivy's office, writing that, because it was difficult to know in the poor light if his section's shots were telling, Rivy gamely took it upon himself to act as "spotter" (194). The bullet that killed him "glanced up" from his revolver; putting it this way makes the incident seem more a stroke of bad luck than in Buchan's account, where the exposure seems ill-considered. In Newbolt's reading, then, Rivy is careless of danger, not caution.

Rivy's leadership is emphasized, yet his body had to be left behind, to be recovered by another unit later
that day. No mention of the fate of the "little band" behind the haystack with him is made in either recounting.

Tom in *The Book of the Grenvilles* comments that Rivy's death could not matter, for he had "gone so happily" (194), and Buchan is similarly sanguine. He eulogizes:

> From the first hour he had been supremely happy, for he had found his true calling. [...] I am certain that that last fortnight of his life had washed clean from his mind all the weary sense of reproach and futility which had been clouding it, and that he went to death as one who 'finds again his twentieth year.' (206)

A complex of notions is suggested here—in death one finds youth, by extrapolation that a nation which discovers maturity in the war it has prepared for is restored to youth—and so on. We will note again Buchan's use of youth motifs, but first I would like to examine Francis's death, which is finally strangely unheroic as well.

Francis returned to the front in October, 1914. As mechanized mass war had set in, the Lancers were devolving from cavalry to infantry—"we have become mounted infantry pure and simple, with very little mounted about it," he grimaces (213). On Saturday the 31st of October, he was seriously wounded in the thigh at Messines and sent to Dublin and then England for five months' convalescence. When he reads later of his decorations in the *Gazette*, he is naturally dissatisfied; he tells his uncle:

> I feel that I know so many who have done and are doing so much more than I have been able to do for England. I also feel very strongly that any honour belongs to my regiment and not to me. They have paid the toll, and will go on paying until the road is clear. . . . (221)

Francis's war experiences had changed him. Buchan, an acquaintance, says Francis's deathly looks frightened him. The young veteran "forced himself to be cheerful, but his gaiety was feverish and his old
alacrity had died" (222). He could be interested in the conduct of the war "for a little--and then suddenly fall silent" (222). This is a telling, and surely not uncommon, image. Presumably Francis would be absorbed at these times with memories of war, or thoughts on its upcoming prospects and his role in it. While non-combatants freely discussed the war's progress, he who knew had neither the words nor inclination to continue conversing about what non-combatants could never know.

Such situations often occur in writing about the War by participants. Erich Maria Remarque, in All Quiet on the Western Front (1929), records with a kind of gaunt eloquence the immediate and irrevocable separations which appeared between young men with war-theatre experience and friends, family, and civilians who stayed behind. Charles Yale Harrison's Generals Die in Bed (1930), first published in magazine excerpts, influenced Remarque in his composition. When Harrison's protagonist is on leave in London, he attends a burlesque which features rueful jokes about thin wartime civilian menus. Those around the soldier think he suffers from shell-shock, since he does not appear to grasp the hilarity of the performance. He looks at his fellow spectators, whose "faces and jowls are smooth with daily shaving and dainty cosmetics," and thinks: "I cannot formulate my hatred of these people" (161). A woman tells him that the audience is merely trying to relax and forget the War, to which Harrison's protagonist says: "They have no business to forget. They should be made to remember" (160). Vera Brittain nursed in France and Malta during the War, and in her Testament of Youth, she joins other authors in observing the impossibility for War participants on leave of conveying to civilians the actualities of War. In all of these works, a recurrent facet of civilian life is the often jealous view that the hardships and deprivations of rationing at home are allowing distant, if gallant, soldiers to eat well.

At Christmas 1914, Francis Grenfell sent a message to his squadron, quoted by Buchan, which reads very much like a will and last leave-taking from friends and country. By April he was fit to return to the front, and a farewell dinner was held in his honour (Churchill expounded on tanks, which would soon play a decisive role in the conflict, Buchan recalls). He returns, one thinks, like the protagonist of
Sigfried Sassoon's *Memoirs of George Sherston* (1937), wanting not merely to be wounded, but killed off. He had had enough, quite possibly, of personal accolades and decorations, for these were honours which, while men in his division were everyday falling, could perhaps only seem to him, living, perverse.

In the last phase of the second battle of Ypres in May, 1915, when the gas had cleared, Francis had achieved his death wish. Neither Buchan nor Newbolt make the exact circumstances completely clear to the lay-reader. After Buchan, whilst converting a communications trench to a fire trench, Captain Grenfell stood on rising ground behind his trench. When attack opened and the left infantry fell back, he was shot through the back. With Newbolt, Francis is involved in working on the front parapet of the trench. He "moved slowly about," encouraging his men, and then Tom "saw that what he had feared had happened: then he saw also that it was inevitable, and wondered why he had not known that. He got down the trench and raised himself on the parapet. He was too late." (237-38). In an even more pronounced fashion than his brother before him, Francis seems to relinquish that desire for self-preservation which is a mark of the great warrior and hero. He is heroic in willingly dying for his men, but he fails to strive valiantly to preserve his own life which is so vital to the men under him. Buchan and Newbolt do not dwell on this, and essentially steer us away from impressions of a death wish on Francis's behalf. Moving around slowly above a trench, however, is nothing if not death-seeking. The death, as his brother's before him, has about it that "recklessness amounting to suicide" which Robert Graves, in *Good-bye to All That*, suggests many men in the trenches may have been driven to, or lapsed into (115). 103

For a moment, one might consider here also the somewhat similar death of Roland Leighton. In early December 1916, Leighton and his platoon were taking over some trenches which had been left in a bad state. The wiring in front had to be fixed, and as Leighton was making a preliminary inspection in No Man's Land, he was mortally wounded by a sniper. He did not realize his danger, but that he was
highly vulnerable in the position in which he was killed was known to the company his men were
relieving—the previous occupants simply neglected to inform him of as much.

In the years after his passing, Vera Brittain struggled to reconcile the inglorious circumstances of
Roland's death. For one who was to die, if at all, in a "great fight," just to be "shot like a rat in the dark"
was cruelly inappropriate (243). Julian and Billy Grenfell, according to their mother's memoir, were
great childhood readers of Kingsley's inspiriting The Heroes (Desborough 17), and to this popular text
Brittain alludes. Roland's death was "grimly devoid of that heroic limelight which [he] had always
regarded as ample compensation for those who were slain, like Kingsley's Heroes, 'in the flower of youth
on the chance of winning a noble game'" (241). During and after the War, Brittain pondered the irony
that Roland's schoolchums, who were not so destined for nor dedicated to the pursuit of heroism, each
got down bravely in "a big 'show'" (462). Roland died only in the "conscientious performance of a
routine task" (462), without taking part "in a single important action" (288). Her brother Edward, on the
other hand, was one of the earliest recipients of the Military Cross, and survived into the summer of 1918.
A "mere peace-loving musician" (288), he distinguished himself repeatedly with his courageous actions,
and was killed at last, in Italy, while "leading a vital counter-attack in one of the few decisive actions of
the War" (462).

The passages in the books of Newbolt and Buchan which discuss the Grenfell brothers' deaths
seem anticlimactic. It is hardly the fault of the dead actors that they did not go out in a blaze of glory, but
the biographical words written to commemorate and exalt for emulation their lives do prepare the reader
for glorious exit scenes the non-occurrence of which are felt as palpable losses in the narratives when
death takes the twins unawares. It is not that they failed to seek death—I have tried to indicate that they
may indeed have done so in ways their biographers either could not or would not want to contemplate.
The problem, rather, is that they were unable to rush up and meet death face to face. Normally, when a
partisan, an adventure or imperial hero dies, it is clear that he does so more or less on his own terms. The
death of the Grenfell twins, because they did not, as it were, see it coming, has more the aspect of succumbing to death--Newbolt seems to get at this when Tom senses that Francis's death is "inevitable."

Yet neither author, it appears, really has a discursive or rhetorical formula ready to hand to capture such a situation. What the authors' solemn death notices do have, in spades, is the kind of hollow voice we have seen Conrad refer to when discussing war propaganda as "a sort of still uproar" ("Autocracy and War" 121). 104

When Buchan considers the twins, he often refers to their youth. Thinking of them in the years just before the war, Buchan writes:

Even death has not made them sink into the background of memory.

When I think of either it is as of youth incarnate, with all the colour and speed of life, like some Greek runner straining at the start of a race.

(155)

Rivy found again his youth in death, and the rehabilitated Francis, just before he returns at last to France to seek his death, is said by Buchan to have "more than recovered all his old ardour and youthfulness" (226) at the prospect.
Epilogue: Historical Imperial Memories

As intimated at the outset of the last chapter, Joseph Conrad's writing, and in particular *Heart of Darkness*, is frequently viewed, in literary critical discourse, as a kind of concluding, ultimate statement. Conrad is a "man of the last hour" (Bongie 144), whose *Heart of Darkness* was composed at "dusk" in the late imperial era (Brantlinger 227). Many see *Heart of Darkness* as a final deposition in the tale of the nineteenth century Western imperial mission, or an "epilogue" (Brantlinger 255) which dismissed at last long held and carefully nurtured beliefs in the beneficence of British imperial activity. But Conrad is also a transitional figure, most critics agreeing that he represents, especially stylistically, a shift from the Victorians to the Moderns.

One can contextualize Conradian and other Victorian imperial writing, by referring to a number of twentieth century empire texts which reflect on or suggest Victorian works. It is useful to do so chiefly to estimate the persistence of the sensation of belatedness felt by writers and protagonists who feel they have just missed the last opportunity to achieve authentic experience and sovereign individuality in imperial settings. As Bongie's *Exotic Memories* indicates, this essentially nostalgic impulse seems eternal; it must be experienced anew by each generation. However, in the English texts I would like to highlight, an awareness also is perhaps demonstrated, too, of the fatuity of belief in the belatedness of the present. In other words, I wish to note not only the persistence of the nostalgic impulse, but that some writers, perhaps noting the persistence, reacted against it by conveying a sense of its fatuity. Whereas it may once have been possible at least to posit a better past, even this is an option no more; the very act of positing a better past is a hollow gesture made ineffectually against a dissatisfaction with present circumstances. Nostalgia indicates a critique of the present, and in so doing it implies uncertainty or fear regarding the future. Crucially, nostalgia suggests power, as it is an emotion which is usually indulged
mostly by the powerful, and generally only the powerful publish their sense of loss, or conviction of impending loss unless conservative (the preservative sense is stressed above the political connotations of the word) measures are taken. The poor can infrequently indulge nostalgia; typically those with little present power look to the future for hope. As Benedict Anderson argues of the late Victorian period in his *Imagined Communities*, only the upper classes mourned the loss of empire, while the popular classes never really developed a strong sense of their implication in high imperial drama or developments (111). When power is gone, so largely is the capacity for nostalgia, and it often becomes, in twentieth century empire fiction, bitterness and resignation, self-satire. And with the loss of power on the frontier, opportunities to create positive self-identities there wane, even to the point at which the frontier becomes a place not to lose oneself so as to find oneself, but, quite literally, to lose oneself and annihilate a romantic belated identity one can no longer imaginatively sustain.

It is also instructive to regard twentieth century Modernist texts in order to appraise the fashion in which history becomes literary history. That is, whereas nineteenth century writers may have looked to historical tales of the Elizabethan adventurers, the animators of those men being the Camden's and Hakluyts, twentieth century writers curiously can regard nineteenth century writers such as Conrad and Kipling as the evangels of a better, former British imperialism recently ended or radically diminished. Essentially this demonstrates the persistence and perpetuity of the nostalgic impulse. Late Victorians looked to the storied past of Renaissance England to derive inspiration for imperial fiction, but curiously, some twentieth century writers look back to the generation of Conrad and Kipling with a parallel wistfulness, as though it was then that pure imperial motives were present and possible. If Victorians looked to the historical exploits of Elizabethan buccaneers, some twentieth century authors who set their work in colonial locations seem to grasp for a glorious heritage in late imperial fiction; their nostalgia seems at a further textual remove, and their very sentiments suggest the enduring consolation offered by history—a literary history of history more likely than not to be unverifiable, textual and speculative only.
Martin Green writes, for example, that Evelyn Waugh was "typical of his generation" in his progress from asserted anti-Kiplingism, which meant anti-imperialism, anti-militarism, etc., to a gradually discovered self that was something like pro-Kipling. A whole group of his friends grew up reading Kipling, Haggard, Henty, Stevenson, but in early manhood repudiated all they stood for, in some sense repressed the memory, and chose attitudes and tastes as diametrically opposed to those as possible. Graham Greene, for instance, describes that process in his own case, in A Sort of Life. He hated gym, games, and the OTC at school, and would hide away to read at the time when such things were scheduled. What he read was— in adolescence—highbrow stuff; but in his autobiography he recalls rather his earlier, childish reading of Haggard and Henty; and traces its reappearance, transformed, in his own writing. His versions of adventure, for instance espionage and war stories, are of course ambivalent in their celebration of the adventurer's virtues; but in the long run Greene's heroes (for instance, Scobie in The Heart of the Matter) are genuine Kipling heroes. The same could be said of Waugh's Black Mischief, Scoop, and his novels about the Second World War. In them he returned— though with superficial irony— to the old Kipling model, both in narrative plot and in character sympathy. The ironical tone is flaunted to announce a big difference from Kipling, but the effect of these stories is very much that of Plain Tales from the Hills. (English Novel 106-7).
This long passage, the implications of which refer back to earlier sections of my study, highlights the persistent recurrence of a nostalgic impulse in writers who seem early in life determined to avoid any sentimentalization of the past.

On the death of Kipling in 1936, George Orwell commented ruefully that Kipling had lived in an age when it "was still possible to be an imperialist and a gentleman" (160). That Kipling had chosen to invest his talents in becoming the bard of British imperialism was regrettable, "but when he made it the choice was more forgivable than it would be now. The imperialism of the 'eighties and 'nineties was sentimental, ignorant and dangerous, but it was not entirely despicable" (159-60). Obviously, Orwell cannot make this assertion based on anything but textual experience, or but on the accounts of those who lived amidst "the imperialism of the 'eighties and 'nineties." Perhaps, even, a transposition takes place in his thought; sentimentalism and ignorance are more likely characteristic of Orwell's view of Kipling's imperialism than they are of Kipling's eighties and nineties imperialism, whatever that may have been.

Clearly, Orwell is comparing his read experiences (we may compare with Green's view of Waugh's development above; Orwell says he "worshipped" and "enjoyed" Kipling in his youth, "despised" him at twenty-five, and presently "rather admire[d] him" [159]) to his own experiences as a colonial police officer in Burma. 1936 was also the year of publication of his famous "Shooting an Elephant" essay, in which he defensively argued that the moribund British Empire was still "a great deal better than the younger empires that are going to supplant it" (236). Typically, Orwell's cynical attitude, which craves but rarely can attain cool detachment and the calm of wide perspective, is reminiscent of Marlow's in Conrad's works. In the offices of the trading society where he goes to apply for his commission to work in Africa, Marlow sees a map of the world containing "a vast amount of red--good to see at any time because one knows that some real work is done in there..." (13) For Conrad as for Orwell, European overseas empires may be despicable, rapacious invasions, but at least with the British some
plan is going forward, whatever its moral credits or debits. At least, in the Marlovian phrase, there may be an idea, or, more precisely, a faith or belief in an idea, at the back of it.

The central insight of Orwell's essay, an anti-imperialist epiphany which has doubtless (I say because it expresses cathartically a guilt many whites of European descent have felt retrospectively) played no small part in the positive reception and enduring status of the essay as a classic of its form, occurs when the author is about to shoot the elephant:

. . . it was at this moment, as I stood there with the rifle in my hands, that I first grasped the hollowness, the futility of the white man's dominion in the East. Here was I, the white man with his gun, standing in front of the unarmed native crowd--seemingly the leading actor of the piece; but in reality I was only an absurd puppet pushed to and fro by the will of those yellow faces behind. I perceived in this moment that when the white man turns tyrant it is his own freedom that he destroys. He becomes a sort of hollow, posing dummy, the conventionalised figure of a sahib.

(239)

In Victorian and imperialist literature that we have seen here, this realization, that the oppressor debases himself through oppression, goes back at least to, say, Kingsley (in At Last [1871], or Dilke (in Greater Britain [1869]). Of course, despite their occasional critiques of imperial causes and effects, these works are pro-imperial. But it is notable that the retrograde humanity explicit in much imperial activity is acknowledged and expressed. Perhaps, then, Orwell's realization, or, rather, admission (for contextualized with past literature with which he was familiar, that is what it is), was easier to accept in waning years of the empire, when absolute power in all dominions could no longer be exercised. The message that had been heard for generations was only acknowledged when the power of acting on it had, conveniently for the moral serenity of the present actors, basically been removed.
Orwell's essay appeared not long after the publication of his first novel, *Burmese Days* (1934), which chronicles the decline to suicide of colonial timber merchant John Flory. Orwell's narrative often suggests that his voice is that of Flory's, and the author had originally attempted the work in the first person (Seed 278). The novel shares many of the themes contained in Forster's *A Passage to India* (1924), and the position of Flory's character often suggests comparison with Forster's Fielding. Though his conciliatory aims may ultimately be frustrated, Fielding at least achieves a kind of independent dignity, and his marriage indicates a placid future. Flory, on the other hand, cannot escape his situation and finally dies by his own hand. At one point, he tries to go home to England, but finds that he cannot, that living in Burma has so altered his nature that he cannot imagine living in Britain again. Like Anthony Burgess's Victor Crabbe, or Greene's Fowler, he cannot go home. Fowler, a British journalist in *The Quiet American* (1956), watches bitterly as a new American imperial influence establishes itself in Viet Nam, yet when he is offered a comfortable position at his paper's London head office, he finds he can no longer consider Britain home. Though he strenuously attempts to stay uninvolved, to preserve the neutrality which is the only quality that marks him off from all others, he is finally drawn into the insidious complotting of imperialist intrigue. Authentic experiences can no longer lead to sovereign individuality or self-realization—they might only make you a petty intriguer, like some of the “pilgrims” Marlow finds in the Congo.

If we return to the Doyle (Professor Challenger) example of our introduction, we find interesting feeble echoes of the imperial adventure theme as late as with Waugh's *A Handful of Dust* (1934). The adventure promoter in this case is not the irascible intellectual nonpareil Professor Challenger, but the bluff, nearly buffoonish Dr. Messinger. Messinger has studied the myths of gold in the Orinocoan region down to the sixteenth century, and almost unbelievably at this late date, he still believes there is an uncharted area which caches a Manoan motherlode. The rather pointedly named hero, Tony Last, who loses early in the narrative all inducements to stay in England and maintain in the (invented, Scott-like)
traditional fashion his beloved Hetton Abbey, enlists (in a gentlemen's club) to adventure, as have so many Englishmen before him. Predictably, the trip is a pathetic failure; Messinger clumsily drowns, Last is condemned to the captivity of an eccentric hermit. The hermit, like Kurtz, is worshipped by his native followers, but, also like Kurtz, he craves Western civilisation, and thus Last is doomed, until the end of his days, to read Dickens aloud to his captor in daily sessions. Marlow, however depressing his experiences may have been, at least got his man. What appears in initial chapters of Waugh's text as an acidic satire on parochial English aristocracy and the superficial London clubland of Waugh's era takes on metaphorical resonances, as through the use of the venerable historical adventure motif, Waugh amplifies his indictment, suggesting just how far from early glories England has fallen, and perhaps how foolish and fatuous her dreams may have been in the first place.

The action of A Handful of Dust is partly based on Waugh's own adventuring experiences in British Guiana in 1931-32. The trip first yielded the travelogue Ninety-Two Days (one notes the title's suggestion of a period of penance), which was also published in 1934. Waugh had several reasons, vague or firm, for going to Guiana, but chief reasons he cites remind us of Conrad. Waugh says he had been fascinated by geography from a young age, and recent map study drew him to the Guianas. These "little gobs of empire" seemed "absurdly remote" (9). But their location was romantic, as the maps he procured contained "all blanks and guesses" (10). Besides A Handful of Dust, Waugh also wrote a little-known and rarely collected story, "Out of Depth" (1933), which draws heavily on Guianan settings. One observes the inversion of Heart of Darkness in the story's title. In the story proper, a dissolute young Englishman goes time-travelling, and finds himself in the twentieth century, on a slave-barge passing down the Thames. Missionaries on the ship are black, the pupils white. In short, an inversion of Conrad's tale is implied in the story, with Britons finding themselves at the service of peoples they had once directed.
Even before he had gone to Guiana, Waugh had done considerable travelling, and had produced two travel books. One was *Remote People* (1931), which was derived from his trip as a journalist to witness the coronation of the emperor Haile Selassie in Abyssinia (this book contained raw material Waugh used in turn for the novel *Black Mischief*, published in 1932). After the coronation, Waugh wandered on the continent, at one point finding himself becalmed on upper reaches of the Congo. The work as a whole, structured as a series of Empires (Abyssinian, British) and Nightmares, has many Conradian resonances. In the final, brief, “Third Nightmare,” Waugh writes up his return to London as a descent into a surreal, decadent underground club. He is “back in the centre of the Empire,” but he makes several explicit comparisons with the Africa he has just seen, each to the discredit of Britain. London is uncivilised enough, he finds, that it is unnecessary to travel in search of primitive, or unrefined and unevolved humanity: “Why go abroad? See England first. Just watch London knock spots off the Dark Continent” (240).

Partly following Waugh’s lead, Graham Greene also set off to travel in quest of the exotic and unmodern. He explored in Liberia, producing the travelogue *Journey Without Maps* (1936). In an introduction to the book written later in life, Greene said that the early 30s were a time when “young authors were inclined to make uncomfortable journeys in search of bizarre material,” and he cites Waugh’s travels (ix). “We were,” he says, “a generation brought up on adventure stories who had missed the enormous disillusionment of the First War; so we went looking for adventure” (ix). There were many reasons to seek the primitive—the very “seediness” and brutality of life in Liberia, according to what Greene had read of it, attracted him (7). Getting to “a stage farther back” would also, perhaps, “satisfy...the sense of nostalgia for something lost” (7). Going to Africa, to search of the “‘heart of darkness’” (7), might help one to learn something of oneself. Possibly, by returning to a more primitive milieu, one could find “from what we have come,” or “recall at which point we went astray” (9).
As the above quotations indicate, *Journey Without Maps* is strongly imbued with the spirit of *Heart of Darkness*. Also, Greene is highly conscious of the legacy of the Elizabethans. At two important points in his narrative, at the middle and at the end, he quotes, without acknowledgement, directly from Ralegh’s *Discoverie of Guiana*. One night, near the halfway point of his journey, Greene is in the village of Zigita, on the northern frontier of Liberia along the border with French Guinea. He is entertained by old village women who dance a native dance. The women are ugly, the dancing ungainly, but, as he drinks whisky and lime juice, Greene becomes happy. . . "the timelessness, the irresponsibility, the freedom of Africa began to touch us at last" (151). Continuing, he tries to explain why he is happy, and he quotes a concluding section of Ralegh’s *Discoverie*, from the point at which Ralegh is wrapping up his summary of why England in 1596 ought vigorously to colonize and exploit Guiana:

> It wasn’t easy to analyse the fascination behind the dirt and disease, but it was more than a personal fantasy, satisfied more than a personal need. Different continents have made their call to different ages, and people at every period have tried to rationalise in terms of imperialism, gold or conquest their feeling for an untouched land, for a country ‘that hath yet her maidenhead, never sacked, turned, nor wrought, the face of the earth hath not been torn, nor the virtue and salt of the soil spent by manurance; the graves have not been opened for gold, the mines not broken with sledges, nor their images pulled down out of their temples.’ (151-52)

Over in Nigeria, or Sierra Leone, the mines had been broken. “Justice” ruled in bordering regions. But in Zigita, “the forest stayed forest” (152). The land was unpitted by prospectors, and retained an “unconquered virginity” (164), Greene writes as he quotes Ralegh again.

For Greene, travelling Africa provides an opportunity to return to a state of being that is primitive, instinctual, and child-like. Enjoyment of this state, however, is limited by conditions of
poverty, squalor, scarcity and danger in Africa. Amongst tribespeople, he becomes aware of the absurdity of the imperialism he represents (256). Coastal colonial expatriate society is shabby, frivolous, and depressing; "there was nothing but drink and wireless, and of the two the drink was preferable" (279). In Africa, there was potential, but the land and its inhabitants were hopelessly backwards. Britain and the British, with their tawdry civilisation, mocked the idea of evolution, and official native Liberian society emulated pathetically the patriotic forms of older countries and colonial masters, such as Britain and America. The journey from civilisation to Africa’s frontiers and back to civilisation leaves Greene discouraged: "This journey, if it had done nothing else, had reinforced a sense of disappointment with what man had made out of the primitive, what he had made out of childhood" (265). At last, Greene finds himself, after a bleak passage, in a cold Customs shed at Dover with his bags and some motley African souvenirs about him. He is thinking still of human potential, and hears the voice of a child "crying in a tenement not far from the Lord Warden, the wail of a child too young to speak, too young to have learnt what the dark may conceal in the way of lust and murder, crying for no intelligible reason but because it still possessed the ancestral fear, the devil was dancing in its sleep" (297). This cry, Greene thinks, "was as far back as one needed to go, was Africa: the innocence, the virginity, the graves not opened yet for gold, the mine not broken with sledges" (297).

Fiction of empire, like the empire itself, embraces a rise and fall, or in Waughean terms, a decline and fall from a position of prominence. Often, that position of prominence is only assigned retrospectively, as history is combed and shaped for meaning. And lurking almost always in British fiction of empire—for comparison, emulation, rebuke—are those shadowy, heroic figures from the now mythical, golden age of the late sixteenth century, when Britain first embarked upon its imperial ascendency.
Works Consulted


Cramb, J. A. *The Origins and Destiny of Imperial Britain.* Toronto: Musson, 1915.


Froude, J. A. The English in the West Indies; or, The Bow of Ulysses. London: Longmans, 1888.

---. Oceana: or England and Her Colonies. London: Longmans, Green, 1886.


Henty, G. A. By England's Aid, or, the Freeing of the Netherlands (1585-1604). New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1897.


---. *Westward Ho! or the voyages and adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh, Knight, of Burrough, in the county of Devon, in the reign of her most glorious majesty Queen Elizabeth*. 1855. London: Macmillan, 1894.


Rafter, Michael (Captain). The Rifleman; or, Adventures of Percy Blake. London: Routledge, 1858.


---. *Wrecking the Empire*. London: Grant Richards, 1900.


Thomas, J. J. Froudacity: West Indian Fables by Mr. James Anthony Froude. Philadelphia: Gebbie, 1890.


Notes

1. See Bongie, 39-43, 256.

2. Unlike in domestic fiction, it almost always is a 'him' in the empire fiction I will discuss. Parallels with literature by women or with female protagonists and characters I will be only too anxious to draw when possible. I do not, however, have the space or skill to integrate a gender dialectic into my analysis. I have not encountered a study on imperial themes which really performs such an integration.


4. Admittedly, a host of more abstract or overarching goals are present in this novel, to wit individual and family honour, patriotism, the brotherhood of the rose, revenge, justice, wealth, and so on. Curiously, however, these motives are called on normally to explain or justify actions which actually have more arbitrary or unmeditated initiations. More regarding this will be suggested later.

5. See Clarke, and Brantlinger, 235.


7. Culler, p. 6, quotes Walter Houghton on the notion of the Victorian era as an age of transition: "This is the basic and almost universal conception of the period. And it is peculiarly Victorian. For although all ages are ages of transition, never before had men thought of their time as an era of change from the past to the future" (Houghton, The Victorian Frame of Mind (New Haven: Yale UP, 1957, 1).

8. Though spoken by Ayesha, or She, in reference to the nature and foundation of her empire, the words in the wider context of the novel encourage the reader to compare Ayesha's empire with the present British empire. I am absolutely certain of the accuracy of Haggard's comment regarding geographers, but I have not been able to relocate my original source. This is the only quotation in the present document that I have been unable to verify.

9. It is interesting, incidentally, to consider Conrad's slight alterations of statement here according to associative thoughts which seem to have operated in the author at a somewhat unconscious level. Marlow says that "the conquest of the earth, which mostly means the taking it away from those who have a different complexion or slightly flatter noses than ourselves, is not a pretty thing when you look into it too much" (10). Marlow says that the conquest of the earth is not pretty, and his reference to "a different complexion" and "slightly" flatter noses suggests that such superficial matters do not affect him, but what he is thinking of as not being pretty to look into first of all is, quite plainly, the ugly black faces of the conquered.

We may recall that much is made of the unpleasant yet fascinatingly grotesque and evocative negroid facial features of James Wait in The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'. Wait has "a head powerful
and misshapen with a tormented and flattened face—a face pathetic and brutal: the tragic, the mysterious, the repulsive mask of a nigger's soul" (18). The heavy punctuation of the description suggests the narrator's difficulty in articulating the alien appearance of Wait. Whatever readers may imagine Wait's head and face look like, the struggle of the narrator's conception at least impresses us; the 1960 Everyman paperback edition cover drawing for The Nigger of the 'Narcissus', Typhoon and The Shadow Line, by William Stobbs, offers a representation of Wait's head and shoulders. Wait is in the foreground, and the image of his large and broad and flat-nosed face partially obscures and dwarfs that of a tall three-masted sailing ship (the Narcissus) in the background. Wait seems to throw out a suspicious, malevolent glance, which is appropriate to his character in the novella. In Stobbs' depiction, he also has a slightly petulant aspect, and his definitive trait, not highlighted in the author's text, is an unusually large and protuberant distended lower lip.

Conrad, at all events, in his later re-use of his thought-image on the conquest of the earth, no doubt felt that perhaps the associations suggested by his Heart of Darkness prose may have been inaptly mixed, and hence we read of the disfigurement of the history of human conscience. The suggestion of the ugly mask of the Negro face is still apparent to Conrad's mind, but he has removed the objective correlative. In a sense, however, he has returned to an earlier, truer image from the The Nigger of the 'Narcissus', and considers the outward manifestation of the soul of the conquered.

10. Except, perhaps, the psychic and spiritualist worlds of Conan Doyle's latter years.


12. Another work celebrating Drake from this period is Louis Parker's "patriot pageant," Drake: A Pageant-Play in Three Acts, performed at His Majesty's theatre in 1912 (see MacDonald 65).

13. Surveying the scene at the close of the century, John Mackinnon Robertson offers a dissenting view. Near the outset of his Patriotism and Empire (1899), he compares empires ancient and modern, and measures the perspectives of present-day theorists of empire. He contends, perhaps a bit optimistically, given the currency of opinions like Froude's, that now "Even the rapturous commentators of the Armada ... will hardly claim that its repulse stood for aught but the patriotism of oppugnancy (13).

14. John Adam Cramb (1862-1913) was Professor of Modern History at Queen's College, London, from 1893 until his death. The Origins and Destiny of Imperial Britain was developed from a course of lectures he gave from May to July 1900. The immediate backdrop to the lectures, as, to some extent, with Robertson's Patriotism and Empire, was recent hostilities in South Africa. While Robertson decried war and the militaristic temperament, Cramb sought by publishing his rousing, aggressive, lectures to render bolstering "service to his country" (vii). Robertson deploys classical precedents to advert Britons to potential disasters flowing from unchecked imperialism, but Cramb refers to the ancients so as to support his conception of "Britain's world-mission" to rule and conquer 218). In the same spirit with which, for instance, Henry Newbolt's Boer War-inspired "Drake's
Drum" was reprinted by the *Times* on the eve of World War I, or Alfred Noyes's 1906-08 epic, *Drake*, reprinted at the beginning of World War II, Cramb's lectures were republished near the outset of World War I. Before he died, in October 1913, Cramb had been preparing for publication his most recent lecture series, on relations between England and Germany.


16. A somewhat similar view of the West Indian colonies is offered a few years after *The Expansion of England* by J. A. Froude in the conclusion to his *The English in the West Indies* (1888). White settlers, once envisioned as heads of a new colony, are by this date being "crowded out" by the black population brought there to work for them, and the home government ignores their concerns or even undermines their goals (362). Partly for such reasons as the fact that, in his opinion, the blacks' "notions of morality are still so elementary" (363), these residents Froude sees as quite unfit to govern despite their majority. But the colonies could be refounded, Froude thinks, "if we really set our minds to it," by the establishment of an "effective and authoritative government" (364). Presently Froude in his study senses something of an administrative vacuum, with affairs in the West Indies proceeding largely according to inertia. But if Britain has merely the will, Froude indicates, dynamic colonies, governed by whites, could flourish.

17. Ralegh, discussing "necessary war" in his "Discourse of War in General" (1602), argues: "Suffice it, that when any country is overlaid by the multitude which live upon it, there is a natural necessity compelling it to disburden itself, and lay the load upon others, right or wrong. . . (255-56). "There is," Ralegh asserts, "no taking of possession more just than in vacuum venire" (254). Thinking of Guiana, for instance, he wonders why should one not enter into

a country peopled thinly? Should one family, or one thousand, hold possession of all the southern undiscovered continent because they had seated themselves in Nova Guiana. . .? (255)

The views of writers such as Ralegh and Seeley are clearly predicated on the awareness that there is yet more land to discover, or overrun, in this world. Presently, with the world in a highly "mapped" state, humans know that the globe is not an inexhaustible, ever-renewable resource, hence greater attention in our contemporary era to issues of terrestrial degradation and management. At least commercially, however, companies still comb the world over to find unexploited resource-bearing areas, or areas that may be stripped with little interference from public officials. And of course colonial and imperial wars are still fought; I am merely attempting, here, to make sense of sixteenth and nineteenth century impressions as against our own at the end of the twentieth century.

Thomas More (1478-1535), the great English statesman and author, in general abhorred the
prospect of war, but in his famous proto-colonialist tract, Utopia (1516), war could be justified when fought in self-defense, in support of besieged allies, or on behalf of victims of tyranny. War could also be made, however, against those who refused to "admit colonists from overpopulated countries to settle among them on lands that were being put to no profitable use" (Campbell xiv-xv). Mildred Campbell writes: "In the eyes of some, this last provision has made More the first advocate of British imperialism, but it is doubtful if he saw that far ahead" (xv). Could More have looked into the nineteenth century, he would have seen his views in widespread adoption by his compatriots.


19. Recent academic scholarship has in general sought to minimize the strength of Kingsley's imperialist views, often with reference to gender-based differences of approach to Africans. While there may be some subtle intellectual differences of approach between Kingsley and her male compatriots, her writings clearly reveal her to be every bit as committed to Britain's fullest imperial designs as well-known male writers of her age. Nor is she unique for her sex; her views on Teutonic racial supremacy, for example, are echoed by writers such as Alice Brooke Bodington (1840-1897), and her aggressive politics are akin to those expressed by the famous Times imperial correspondent, Flora Shaw (1852-1929). Shaw resigned from the Times in 1900 and married in 1902 one of Britain's most esteemed colonial administrators, Sir Frederick Dealtree Lugard, who held during his married life governorships in West Africa (Nigeria) and Hong Kong.

20. The collapse of the Spanish Empire was of interest at the close of the century. See, for example, "The Spanish Decline," by Paolo Zadrini, Westminster Review 151 (February 1899): 172-81, and "The Ruin of Spain," by Dr. E. J. Dillon, Contemporary Review 73 (June 1898): 876-907.

21. Vera Brittain, whom we shall encounter later, was a Voluntary Aid Detachment (V.A.D.) nurse in World War I. In her Testament of Youth (1938) she says that during the early months of her service she "kept [herself] going...by murmuring under [her] breath" verses from Kipling's poem (281).

22. Kipling's verse was a great topic in the Contemporary Review at the time; Robert Buchanan, of "The Fleshy School of Poetry" fame, rather attempted to coin a disparaging sobriquet, now used of British football fans, for the kind of aggressive imperialist sentiments suggested by much of Kipling's work in "The Voice of the Hooligan," Contemporary Review 76 (December 1899): 774-789. A somewhat mild yet suasive philosophical defense, sharing with Kingsley's lecture a view of Kipling as helping England to find itself as a nation, is mounted by Sir Walter Besant in "Is it Really the Voice of the Hooligan?" Contemporary Review 77 (January 1900): 27-39.

23. The Liberal party had been divided, and was to remain so for the ensuing two decades, over the Irish Home Rule Bill, introduced by Gladstone in 1886. A "strong era of Conservative government under Lord Salisbury in alliance with the Liberal Unionists" followed the legislation (Trevelyan 688). The immediate political context of Kingsley, Wallace, and Walton's writing, then, is the second Salisbury Conservative Ministry (1895-1902). The Liberal Unionist, Walton, perhaps feeling a trifle edgy about his late fraternity, declaims near the conclusion of his
"Imperialism":

Do not let us Liberals be ashamed of our principles because we find them professed by our political opponents. When the clothes of the Whigs were stolen, it would have been an unworthy policy to have disowned the garments because they hung awkwardly on the limbs of the Tory statesmen for whom they had not been fitted. (310)

Wallace will have none of this, and, as we will see, what lends some of the particular vehemence to his response to Walton is his sense of Walton's betrayal of the Liberal bequest. In a both counterattacking sally (as his quotation marks presumably indicate, based on recent conference experience) and pre-emptive defense of his position which members like Wallace will decry, Walton in the penultimate paragraph of his article begs to add, in reference to some recent rhetoric at the National Liberal Federation, that a Unionist adoption following a Liberal desertion does not bastardise, nor does a piece of old Liberal bunting fluttering from a Tory mast become for those who have lost it 'a filthy rag.' (310)


25. Cf. Hobson, Imperialism: A Study:

Doubtless at every outbreak of war not only the man in the street but the man at the helm is often duped by the cunning with which aggressive motives and greedy purposes dress themselves in defensive clothing. There is, it may be safely asserted, no war within memory, however nakedly aggressive it may seem to the dispassionate historian, which has not been presented to the people who were called upon to fight as a necessary defensive policy, in which the honour, perhaps the very existence, of the State was involved. (47)

26. Quoted also in Hobson's "Capitalism and Imperialism in South Africa," Contemporary Review 77 (Jan. 1900): 1-17, p. 17. Hobson is something of a hero for modern day socialists and leftist literary critics who touch on imperial subjects. Usually, however, it is only Imperialism: A Study which is briefly cited as evidence of anti-imperial stances which did exist. Most writers today wish to highlight for retrospective censure especially aggressive imperialists such as Kipling or Rhodes. The "Capitalism and Imperialism" article is notable for a rather unsavoury focus on Jewish speculators as evil economic actors.
27. Morley (1838-1923) was a famous radical Liberal politician and writer of historical books, including the *Life of Richard Cobden* (1881) and the *Life of Gladstone* (1900). A noted, and even notorious, pacifist, he wrote early in his career for the *Saturday Review*, and edited for many years the *Fortnightly Review* and for a much shorter period the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

28. In a tone of similar dismay and exasperation, Robertson in *Patriotism and Empire* writes that, as "in the days of... Disraeli professed Liberals were found leaning to the doctrines of swagger and conquest, so at present, when Liberal leaders disclaim them, professed organs of Liberalism announce that 'we' do not share the abstract objection to expansion" (142). He may well be referring to Walton; it appears Robertson may have read Wallace, as well. Such opinions seem justified when one imagines Robertson's work and milieu at the time, his use of phrases such as "seamy side" when referring to the careers of great imperial and military heroes, and so on (104).

29. From Kipling's "White Man's Burden."

30. In modern colonial literature such as *Burmese Days* or Burgess's trilogy, white Britons begin to come in for some withering cynicism in their depiction. In the portrayal of natives, however, a figure more common than the oppositional Jaganathan is that of the native or resident non-white who wishes to emulate the British. Often used for comic or pathetic purposes, such figures, who admire British conduct and customs, and the power it so evidently seems to acquire the holder, would include, in *Burmese Days*, U Po Kyin or Dr. Veraswami, or in *The Long Day Wanes*, Alladad Khan or Rosemary Michael.

31. Wallace's article is highly literate, and allusions to Dickens are especially frequent. Besides Fagin, from Dickens' *Oliver Twist*, Wallace also refers to Mr. Pecksniff (*Martin Chuzzlewit*) and Mrs. Jellyby, the matronly philanthropist in *Bleak House* who devotes herself to establishing a mission in Africa while ignoring the needy in her own family and neighbourhood (782). Much fiction of empire, and of course adventure literature, we will see, disparages and suspects the qualities of high literature; action is always privileged over bookishness or reflectiveness. Twentieth century lovers of literature may grow a little wistful at regarding Wallace, a politician, asserting the importance of literature. He argues that, were sound and strong education available to all classes in England, many present social ills would be nipped in the bud.

There should be nobody in this country who has not what is substantially a cultivated mind, as far as nature makes it possible. The day is past when it was thought necessary to keep a class of hewers of wood and drawers of water in a brutalised condition lest they should be above their work. No labour comes amiss to an interested mind. A population redeemed from intellectual and therefore to a large extent from moral degradation, by a strengthening and enlightening educative discipline, literary, scientific, technical, would solve for itself many problems, social and industrial, which an empirical legis-
lation, beginning at the wrong end and groping in the dark, is now vainly endevouring to settle, and really surrounding with new difficulties and entanglements. (787)

32. Robertson discusses British trade practices in Chapter VIII of "The Theory and Practice of Imperialism" in Patriotism and Empire. He wonders why Britain seeks trade enemies rather than allies, and he suggests that Britain would not have to work so relentlessly for the development of foreign colonial markets if it merely took an interest in raising the economic well-being and purchasing power of its own lower classes, whose misery he characterizes in the most vivid terms. In "Patriotism and Militarism," Robertson draws on Arthur Morrison's remarkable novel of the criminal class in East End London, A Child of the Jago (1895) in order to call attention to the plight of the English poor. As Robertson intimates, the world of East London may have been less known to most middle-class Britons than Britain's farthest-flung colonies (31-37); "The men who prate most of patriotism and 'the Empire' . . . are as a rule conspicuous for their indifference to the well-being of the mass of their fellow-countrymen. . ." (36).

33. Her imagination of the exploitation of West Africa as like unto weeding a garden may also have been faintly suggested by Walton.

34. Said considers Salisbury's oriental opinions in 1881 at p. 41 of Orientalism. Balfour had been private secretary to Salisbury, and looked on, during the Sudan conquest, Said says, from a position of "uncommon influence" (31).

35. Interested readers who desire more thorough and exhaustive chronological consideration of the term are referred to Richard Koebner and Helmut Dan Schmidt's landmark work, Imperialism: The Story and Significance of a Political Word, 1840-1960 (1965).

36. Fraser's was founded in 1830. It was a Tory review, publishing works by Carlyle and Thackeray. In 1847 it was acquired by J. W. Parker, publisher for the Broad Church movement, and became Liberal in politics. J. A. Froude edited the journal from 1861 to 1874. Leslie Stephen termed it "a decayed periodical" under Froude; it was superseded by Longman's Magazine in 1882 (Cox 194).

37. I have not been able to trace the line in which Kingsley envisions himself skirmishing with the Russians. It is cited by most all scholars who discuss Westward Ho!, and those who give sources give Margaret Farrand Thorp's 1937 biography, Charles Kingsley: 1819-1875 (118). In most all editions of Charles Kingsley: His Letters and Memories of his Life, edited by his wife, Frances, the sentence is excised, with ellipsis occasionally included. Susan Chitty, in her 1974 biography, does not give her source when she quotes from the letter, and omits the second sentence of the quotation ("I have nothing. . . .") without inserting ellipsis.

Evidently Fanny Kingsley did not wish her husband's martial airs to be played in public. On the other hand, his generosity of spirit had naturally to be noted; the passage I have quoted continues with: "My only pain is that I have been forced to sketch poor Paddy in as a very worthless fellow
then, but just now he is turning out a hero. I have made the deliberate amende honourable in a note" (214). The short view here is that, as to the Irish, it just depended, in a word, on whose side they were on.

The note, at the end of Chapter Five of Westward Ho!, hails the "military brotherhood between Irish and English" developing through the Crimean fray (111). England had had to invade Ireland in order to "crush the Norman-Irish nobility" and hedge against an expanding Spanish sphere of influence, Kingsley believes. "The work was done--clumsily rather than cruelly," he opines. But now, when "brought as a soldier under the regenerative influence of law, discipline, self-respect, and loyalty," the Irishman "can prove himself a worthy rival of the more stern Norse-Saxon warrior" (111). Such emergent consanguinity may constitute the "germ of a brotherhood industrial, political, and hereafter, perhaps, religious also," Kingsley hopefully imagines (111). What with the "liberal policy of this age," the "last ebullitions of Celtic excitability [will] die out harmless and ashamed of itself" (111).

38. Kingsley does echo Tennyson's poem at the outset of the True Words for Brave Men collection, admonishing fighting men that they should indulge in "no arguing, no asking why" ("The Good Centurion; or, the Man under Authority" 3).

39. Fanny Kingsley included only an innocuous paragraph from the letter, concerning Kingsley's commitment to Christian socialism, in her 1877 edition of her husband's Letters and Memories of his Life (215). The letter was published for the first time as an appendix to Susan Chitty's The Beast and the Monk: A Life of Charles Kingsley (1974), 298-301.

40. Westward Ho! nevertheless did not contain Kingsley's final thoughts on the matter. In unpublished correspondence from August 1855, Kingsley again considered and thought better of "making a public statement" damning war officials (Baker 250).

41. When Hakluyt died in 1616, his library passed to Samuel Purchas, who used it in compiling his twenty volume Hakluytus Posthumus or Purchas his Pilgrimes. Hughes directs Kingsley to a letter contained in Purchas for possible use in Westward Ho! (Letters 214).

42. I am thinking here, for instance, of the fruitless search in Cairo by the contemporary cultural critic, Edward Said, for vestiges of the roots of Egyptian filmic popular culture once known to him so intimately (Wicke and Sprinker 223-27).

43. Cf. a standard Westward Ho! parenthetical aside: "Don't smile, reader, or despise the day of small things, and those who sowed the seed whereof you reap the mighty harvest" (210).

44. Froude's emphasis on "unconscious necessity" and the temporal rightness of English expansion should remind readers of Sir John Seeley's impressions of the "natural extension" of the English race. Froude thus may be seen as one who early propagated the notion that English colonialism took its course in "natural" fashion. Putting it this way tends to direct one away from examining motives such as the promise of unnaturally easy and remarkable material gain.
45. Support for such a view may be found in Todorov, *Conquest of America* (133). On what allowed European powers to destroy and annihilate New World cultures they sometimes rather even admired, Todorov theorizes a European inability to apprehend natives as beings comparable unto themselves, and so to engage in identity, worth, and value conferring dialogue with them (129-32).

46. Again, words and phrases such as "disinterestedness" and "free native growth," along with the vaguely divine implication left by the fact that the English were "sent" (Froude does not directly say by who or by what impetus), dissuade one from considering real, material motives on behalf of the voyagers.

47. One of the more remarkable instances of such outcomes occurred with Sir John Borough's 1592 capture of the Portugese carrack *Madre de Dios*. Ralegh, who had been placed in the Tower in 1592, largely as a result of his secret marriage with Elizabeth Throckmorton, had helped with the financing and strategy of this voyage, furnishing one ship himself. Borough and his English fleet returned to Dartmouth with the *Madre de Dios*, which was heavily laden with valuable spices, fabrics, and precious stones, and rioting quickly set in. Stephen Coote writes: "the wafting of the fragrant spices made Dartmouth seem like Zanzibar. The promise of limitless wealth drifted over the surrounding countryside and was carried as far as London by the exclamations of the looters" (209). Ralegh was seen as one of the only men who might be able to restore order, so the Queen released him, under royal guard, so that he might go down to Devon. The sharing out process took months, and from an investment of only 1 800 pounds, the Queen took close to half the percentage of the proceeds, or 80 000 pounds. Despite all his contributions to the voyage, Ralegh received only 2 000 pounds; the Queen "had punished Ralegh by depriving him of a fortune" (Coote 211).

48. Ralegh's name for several centuries was given as "Raleigh," but recently scholars have reverted to the "Ralegh" spelling most often used by Ralegh himself. If more work is done on Sir John Hawkins and his brother William, or other members of their family, it may become common to spell their name as they spelled it, "Hawkyns."

49. In a lengthy digression in Chapter XXI of *Westward Ho!*, Kingsley points to past Spanish precedents in order to defend Ralegh and the English's seeming credulity before the far-fetched legends of Manoa (388-90). In his *History of England from the Invasion of Caesar to the Abdication of James the Second, 1688*, David Hume goes rather hard on Ralegh, casting aspersions on his motives and actions in both Guiana ventures (see esp. v. 4, 289-89, 448-53, and 562-65). Of Ralegh's *Discoverie*, Hume cites William Camden in deeming it "full of the grossest and most palpable lies that were ever attempted to be imposed on the credulity of mankind" (v. 4, 289).

50. Cf. Thomas Hughes on fighting in Book Two, Chapter Five of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*:

> After all, what would life be without fighting, I should like to know? From the cradle to the grave, fighting, rightly understood, is the business, the real, highest, honestest business of every son of man. Every one who is worth his salt has his enemies, who must be beaten, be they evil thoughts and habits in himself, or spiritual wickedness in
high place, or Russians, or Border-ruffians, or Bill, Tom, or Harry, who will not let him live his life in quiet until he has thrashed them. (qtd. in Chapman 92)


52. For mention of Las Casas's depiction of Spanish atrocities germane to our discussion here, see Todorov, 41 et passim; for discussion of events remarkably similar to those in Kingsley's Chapter XXV ("How They Took the Gold-Train"), see the account of the Bishop of Yucatan, Diego de Landa, quoted by Todorov at 141-42.

53. The work was written in 1830-31, published serially in Fraser's Magazine in 1833-34, and published as a book in 1838.

54. It reads:

'Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind; for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought, fighting for his country, queen, religion, and honour: my soul willingly departing from this body, leaving behind the lasting fame of having behaved as every valiant soldier is in his duty bound to do.' (Westward Ho! 124)

55. This reference to Rose as a noun is appropriate to her character and role in the book. She is largely an object and a symbol of maidenhood to be possessed, and so it is accurate that she be referred to as "the Rose," and not merely as Rose, a female character. Allan John Hartley, in The Novels of Charles Kingsley (1977), ably summarizes:

In general, Kingsley's characterization is weak. Whether in Alexandria [Hypatia 1853], Devon [Westward Ho!], or the Isle of Ely [Hereward the Wake 1866] his female characters tend to become incurably Victorian despite the period costumes in which he clothes them. Often they degenerate into sentimentality. Among his heroes there is little to choose between Tom Thurnall [Two Years Ago 1857], Amyas Leigh, or Hereward, since all of them are rather like Spenser's knights in the Faerie Queene--indistinct as individuals but pointed and clear-cut in the actions they represent. Morally, they develop or decline in stature in accordance with their achievement of, or decline from heroism. (20)

56. As noted in our Introduction, Alfred Noyes was one individual who tried, after a fashion, to do this, in his twelve book epic biographical poem of 1906-08, Drake.
57. Kingsley's most recent biographer, Susan Chitty, has also written Charles Kingsley's Landscape (Newton Abbot; North Pomfret, Vt.: David and Charles, 1976).

58. And, arguably, unlike many twentieth century literary travellers, such as Waugh in Ninety-Two Days or Graham Greene in Journey Without Maps.

59. An acquaintance of mine was stationed in Jamaica during World War II. He recalls reading with relish Kingsley's At Last, as though it were only the most recent and serviceable of travelogues or guidebooks or local histories that came in his way during commencement of his Caribbean tour. The complete obscurity of Kingsley's work now should be tempered by this (recent) example, and set alongside the notation earlier in this dissertation that Hakluyt's frequently fantastical (at editorial indulgence) sixteenth century publications were used as ships' stores and civil service manuals into the nineteenth century. While it is still common to think of history as moving, in Solzhenitsyn's phrase, "geologically," or in the common Victorian sense, as a slow evolution, or in the sense of an endless repetition of predictable cyclical patterns, it will be noted in the specific context of this writing that, under such distorting pressures as imperialism (and its corollary war[s]), history can achieve wholly unpredictable spurts and spasms in the retrospective languor of its continuance.

60. Kingsley probably did not see that all that much more of black lifeways than Froude, but one senses it was not from lack of curiosity, and that he usually pressed his guests to see whatever he felt they could put before his eyes. Froude, on the other hand, often rejects invitations to meetings or to go on sightseeing trips. One episode in Kingsley's At Last which stands out, and which is too long to recount here, demonstrates Kingsley's talents as a descriptive writer, his sense of humour, and his capacity for warmth of regard towards other human beings. In Trinidad, Kingsley splits off from his European party, and finds himself being pushed, in a canoe, through a mangrove swamp by two black servants. Progress is slow and almost futile, but when Kingsley bursts out laughing at seeing odd looking "Calling Crabs," all share a good laugh. The journey is a struggle, but the exertion is made tolerable by its comic absurdity, and all remember it with delight. Kingsley is certainly patronizing towards the blacks, and the blacks are in some measure laughing at Kingsley's own oddness to them, no doubt, but they enjoy each other's fellowship for the occasion. Colourful incidents like this might constitute one reason why Kingsley's visit to the island was remembered after the fact.

Importantly, despite the foreboding nature of the tropics for Kingsley, his address is typically outward, often to a second person "you" who may or may not represent most immediately in his mind a family member or acquaintance or, simply, the general reader. Both Froude and Kingsley want the West Indies to remain a definitively English possession, but whereas Kingsley engages the reader as a prospective traveller, and as if in the expectation that his readers may one day follow him to the islands, Froude's bleak view and harsh assessments of the islands must have worked very much to quench home interest in West Indian holdings.

61. The original date of publication of Henty's books, partly because of the numerous editions through which they passed, is rarely handled with certainty. For his Blackie books, a date was affixed to the title page of the first edition only. No date appeared on subsequent impressions of the
first edition (Newbolt, *Henty* 82). Later editions normally give only the year of publication of that edition. Henty's most recent biographer, Guy Arnold, dates *Under Drake's Flag* as being from 1883, while Agnes C. Blackie in her history of the Blackie's firm dates it at 1882. Peter Newbolt, in his recent *Bibliographical Study* of Henty, happily provides Blackie's recorded publication date and title page date for each of Henty's works. For *Under Drake's Flag*, the dates are 31 August 1882 and 1883. Newbolt notes that Blackie followed the common publishing practice of printing on first-edition title pages the date of the year following the year of actual publication, even when a book was published as early in the year as February (661).

62. Page 2, "Catalogue of Books," at end of *Under Drake Flag* (32pp.). It is, of course, not impossible that the reviewer cited was female, and not male, as I have assumed.


65. Oxenham's fate is mentioned much later in *Under Drake's Flag*, when Ned and Gerald attempt to join him on hearing of his presence in the south, and he is referred to then as John "Oxenford" (152-55). Perhaps the names of unsuccessful mariners ought not to be remembered with strict accuracy. The error is unlikely not to be deliberate. The edition of the book I am using is a later one, so a correction was not made to an original. Henty knew history, and he drew on sources for *Under Drake's Flag*. Kingsley seizes on Oxenham and attaches an illicit marriage to him for use in driving his plot in *Westward Ho!* If Oxenham's gold raids had been smashing successes, if he had died gloriously, and not been killed by the Spanish in Peru, it is improbable the facts of his life, or his name, would have been tampered with.

66. Hearne may also be seen as resembling Jack Easy's foolish father, Nicodemus, in Frederick Marryat's *Mr. Midshipman Easy* (1838).

67. An essay concerning representations of non-British peoples in Henty is Gail S. Clark's "Imperial Stereotypes: G. A. Henty and the Boys' Own Empire," *Journal of Popular Culture* 18.4 (Spring 1985): 43-51. Clark contends that "Henty certainly never intended to create a systematic racial typology." However, "[A]ll the racial groups Henty treats do share one trait in common—an inferiority to the British" (45).
68. If only to refer to a parallel, yet more realistic relationship mentioned in the present study, one might regard the Grenfell twins of World War I, discussed in the following chapter.

69. One might recall, too, to take the observation slightly further, that precisely what gives the German enemies at the close of Buchan's *The Thirty-Nine Steps* (1915) their peculiarly chilling and terrifying aspect, is their ability to pass themselves off as British. This is a particularly diabolical reversal of tropes for British readers accustomed to reading of British feats of dissimulation, and it accounts for much of the suspense and impact of the work's concluding chapters. Near the outset of *Greenmantle* (1916), the hero of *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, Richard Hannay, meditates on the English facility for transnational impersonation: "We call ourselves insular, but the truth is that we are the only race on earth that can produce men capable of getting inside the skins of remote peoples" (24).

70. For an interesting portrait of Stables as a kilted, cantankerous, hard-drinking opium addict, see Dunae's "New Grub Street for Boys," pp. 18-19. The portrait is chiefly derived from Chapter III of Clare Leighton's family memoir, *Tempestuous Petticoat* (1948), which is referred to in the following chapter.


72. Eden seems often to have forecast future publishing possibilities within his works. In *The Home of the Wolverene* [sic] and *Beaver* (1876), he prefaces and concludes his work touching the adventures of two youths fur-hunting in central Canada by saying that his hope is also to write of doings in Canada's far west, and that perhaps this will be done in a later volume.

73. Jones notes that Eden was himself selective in discussing his own adventuring activities in Australia. In writing of his experiences, he carefully sidesteps, for example, reference to the official position of police magistrate which he was dismissed from in 1870 (117).

74. I do not wish to imply that coincidence in fiction is unusual, or that it is significant only of bad literature. Indeed, it is almost a condition of plot synthesis, and works by great authors such as Dickens or Fielding depend on it for their composition. The mere point here is that coincidence is an important generic trope of adventure literature. In great literature, coincidence often does not draw attention to itself, or strives to draw attention away from itself. In adventure literature, the experienced reader anticipates and appreciates the kinds of coincidences I refer to in my discussion of the similar plots of many Elizabethan-adventure novels. Coincidence, as it occurs in adventure literature, or historical romances, may seem preposterous to the reader, but the reader steeped in these genres may welcome it as familiar, whereas the student of serious literature might be discouraged by it, regarding it as a major artistic defect.
75. An inevitability in nineteenth-century stories of sixteenth century adventure. Usually, it is a native servant who is devoured by a crocodile, as in Westward Ho! Such an event is suggested by its actual recorded occurrence in Ralegh's Discoverie.

76. Harry Levin is one who has voiced the opinion—he notes that "Drake and Ralegh had not been less eager for gold than Cortez or Pizarro," and he states that, "vastly as Spain had profited from the wealth of the Indian mines, its adventurers were lured on farther and farther by the illusive tales of El Dorado, which their tortures may have wrung from their victims" (63-64).

77. For an angst-flushed reconstruction of a first September 1914 meeting of eminent British proto-propagandists convened by Masterman, see Buitenhuis, "Introduction" xv ff.

78. Cf. the close of "The Everlasting Yea" in Sartor Resartus. Teufelsdrockh writes:

```
Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of
a Product, produce it, in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in
thee: out with it, then. Up, up! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do,
do it with thy whole might. (105)
```

Carlyle's spiritual autobiography of course had a great effect on Kingsley, amongst so many others. Kingsley in his life passed through many stages which have direct parallels with episodes in Teufelsdrockh's life. George Eliot said in 1855 that it marked for readers of her generation "an epoch in the history of their minds" (Gilmour 28).

79. For similar reports regarding the appearance of Saint George in World War I, see Girouard 284, 290-91. Bergonzi, in Heroes' Twilight, discusses the most famous example of fiction inspiring a wartime belief in the supernatural, Arthur Machen's story of 1914 entitled "The Bowmen." The story inspired a popular notion that angels had helped to prevent a British company from being overrun during the retreat before Mons. Bergonzi writes: "The feelings of diffused patriotic fervour, heightened by the painful news during August of the long retreat of the British Expeditionary Force from Mons, needed a focus, a dominating myth that could give coherence to these strong but scattered emotions" (35). Machen's story provided this, and a legend grew; despite the author's "energetic assertion that the story was pure invention, the mythopoeic imagination of the public insisted otherwise" (36).

80. On this topic, see, for example, J. F. Macdonald, William Henry Drummond, Toronto: Ryerson P, 1926, 17.

81. An ironically similar kind of apparent misprision has lately occurred in an academic work. John Cummins, near the close of his recent Francis Drake: The Lives of a Hero (1995), considers some uses of Drake and his legacy in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. He refers to Newbolt's "Drake's Drum," and also writes that, in "1938, when Britain's powder was running low...Alfred Noyes published his long poem Drake" (300-01). Noyes (1880-1958) had in fact published Drake
(which we have referred to earlier) serially in Blackwood's Magazine in 1906-08. This epic, reprinted in his collected poems of 1910, consolidated his early poetic reputation. But as an antimodern whose fondness for the Victorian period was unusual, and whose thought gravitated more and more to the religious Right, Noyes's reputation diminished even more precipitously than Newbolt's as the century progressed. Certainly, Noyes would have been pleased to have his poem recruited for national inspiration at the dawn of the Second World War, but he had also been pleased to know that a copy accompanied a British admiral into the World War I (see Leslie 776-77).

82. It appeared in the upper corner of a column to the right of "The Declaration of War" headline on the central news and table of contents page, in this edition page seven.

83. Desborough's Journal is cited by Girouard at 288; the fighting Grenfell boys are discussed at pp. 287-88. Lady Desborough's membership in the courtly love revival group headed by Arthur Balfour, the "Souls," is discussed at pp. 209-11. Lady Desborough wrote appreciatively to Newbolt of The Book of the Grenvilles (Later Life 409-10) on her reception of a copy from the author.

84. Earlsfield, presumably, is suggested by Elsfield, the manor house four miles northeast of Oxford purchased by John Buchan after the War. By his own account, Buchan says he moved there from London out of a craving for privacy, country life, tradition and continuity, and an antipathy to modernity (see Buchan's autobiography, Memory Hold-the-Door, p. 182 ff.). In an impression which rather speaks to The Book of the Grenvilles, in which the eradication of the present is total, Buchan said of the locale: "The past came so close to the present that it was inevitable that I should delve happily and unskilfully in its corners" (Memory 190-91).

One should not, however, come to the opinion that the tireless Buchan retreated from thoughts of the War or retired from business and political affairs. He commuted to his London office daily, and completed the twenty-four volume Nelson's History of the War (1915-1919) and the subsequent four volume condensation A History of the Great War (1921-22).

Newbolt was among the first visitors to Elsfield, in February 1919 (Later Life 268-69).

85. Here as elsewhere, it is not a stretch to equate Diarmid, with his mentorly, pedagogical aptitudes, with Newbolt himself, who maintained such tendencies throughout his life and literature. Newbolt's only son, Francis, saw action in France for three weeks before he was injured at the Second Battle of Ypres and invalided home, there to serve as an instructor, for the remainder of the war (see Jackson 157). Francis had been ordered to take his men and occupy some farm buildings in front of the Germans. After a night of heavy shelling, a bullet hit his backpack, knocking him over, and then a stunning shell-blast catapulted him into the branches of a tree. Immediate effects on Francis were unconsciousness, short-term memory loss, and mental confusion; the long term effect was neurasthenia, or a state of shell-shock.

Especially at first, and of course probably never fully, Francis's father was unable to appreciate the impact of his son's war experience. In unpublished letters, Newbolt wished that his son's "hands wouldn't shake so," and regretted that he wasn't "doing more for his country" (Chitty, Newbolt, 225). In 1920, in a tour "painfully interesting" to the elder Newbolt, the two revisited the scene of the battle in France, observing big shell craters which showed how the German artillery
86. The perception of England, and particularly rural England, as a font of pure tradition which for its integrity relies on its being sheltered from racial intermixing common in urban centres of the empire, constitutes a frequently recurring theme in the writings of such authors as Froude, Haggard, Buchan, Kipling, and Newbolt. On this topic, see, for example, Wintle 25-6.

87. One should not overstress Newbolt's use of the American; obviously, Newbolt was throughout much of his work quite capable of singing praises of the English nation himself. Still, in this delicate situation, it looks well if the author personally does not voice racially inflammatory views.

Mordecai Richler, in an essay concerning Ian Fleming, a mid-twentieth century British writer the bias of whose work makes him a direct heritor of writers like Newbolt, Doyle, and Buchan, offers criticisms of Fleming's technique which parallel (albeit in a much more pointed, polemical fashion) the thrust of my suggestions regarding Newbolt:

> It is possible to explain the initial success of the Bond novels in that they came at a time when Buchan's vicious anti-Semitism and Sapper's neo-fascist xenophobia were no longer acceptable; nevertheless a real need as well as a large audience for such reading matter still existed. It was Fleming's most brilliant stroke to present himself not as an old-fashioned, frothing wog-hater, but as an ostensibly civilized voice which offered sanitized racism instead. The Bond novels not only satisfy Little Englanders who believe that they have been undone by dastardly foreign plotters, but pander to their continuing notion of self-importance. So, when the Head of SMERSH, Colonel General Grubozaboychikov, known as 'G,' summons a high level conference to announce that it has become necessary to inflict an act of terrorism aimed at the heart of the Intelligence apparatus of the west, it is (on the advice of General Vozdvishensky) the British Secret Service that he chooses. ("Bond" 81)

In short, then, what Newbolt has here to imply regarding his American cousins is written to a receptive home audience. It is merely in a spirit of diplomatic decorum that one should not put too fine a point on those implications.

88. For a perspective on Christopher Isherwood's (World War I) and Norman Mailer's (World War II) sense of belatedness at having missed wars, see Fussell 110.

89. The practice of kicking a football toward enemy lines while attacking is described by Fussell, 27-28. At the front in 1915, Julian Grenfell, the author of "Into Battle" who died that year on an
offensive rush, asked his mother to send out a pair of footballs (Mosley 248). In a paper on Sir Walter Scott read to the English Association in October 1923, John Buchan endeavoured to characterize romance:

The kernel of romance is contrast, beauty and valour flowering in unlikely places.... The true romantic is not the Byronic hero; he is the British soldier whose idea of a beau geste is to dribble a football into the enemy's trenches.... ("Scott" 27).

Buchan the writer sounds a more optimistic note than Grenfell the soldier with "into." While many balls may have been booted into battle, one doubts whether any ever made it so far as into opponents' trenches.

90. Agnes Latham has observed as much, and in her introduction to Ralegh's essay, she notes that he drew on several sources when he composed the piece (65-66).

91. See, for example, stanza nine: "And the sun went down, and the stars came out...." (1211).

92. Haklyut, when he reprinted a version of events reported by Jan Huyghen van Linschoten, a Dutch merchant resident in the Azores at the time of the battle, also excised Grenville's final malediction as it was contained in Van Linschoten's text (Latham 66, 68).

93. Julian received the Distinguished Service Order for this exploit. In his recounting of the feat, the German is not in the act of firing and sniping, but laughing and talking to his mates. Julian slowly manoeuvres into a position in which he can kill the German when his head comes in view (Mosley 242).

94. Julian Grenfell was something of a renaissance youth—a scholar, soldier, poet, imperial enthusiast. Bergonzi in Chapter 3 of his Heroes' Twilight briefly compares Julian with Rupert Brooke and Charles Hamilton Sorley, and finds his voice to intermediate between Brooke's early vague idealism and Sorley's later ironic insight. Grenfell loved war, and took to it with ardour. Had he lived to see more of it, however, his views may have been nuanced somewhat. He adapted to infantry conditions, but he was at heart a cavalryman. In tracing Julian's poetry (some of which is reproduced, along with letters, in Mosley's Julian Grenfell and Lady Desborough's Pages from a Family Journal), Bergonzi finds that in his short career before his death, Julian was capable of taking a satiric view of absurd war proceedings, and had begun to sense that "heavy artillery and the machine-gun were driving out the traditional, romantic and chivalric view of war" (51).

95. The boxing match combines characteristics of several bouts discussed by Julian in letters to his family (Mosley 210, 246, 247) which Newbolt would have read in Lady Desborough's privately printed Pages from a Family Journal (1916). The fight seems chiefly derived from one occasion in early 1915. In a letter to his mother Julian describes how his challenge was accepted by

a very large private in the Army Service Corps...imagine my chagrin
and horror! Especially when I was told that the man was a boxing pro... He closed my left eye right up in the first round and they wanted to stop the fight because it was bad. But I told them I was all right, and in the second round caught him a beauty and they had to carry him out to hospital... My eye is all right now, and a glorious colour—purple shot with green—and the man is all right too. (Mosley 246)

Julian may have visited his "man" personally to see if he was all right, but it is up to Newbolt to make a certainty of suggestion here. One suspects Julian might have referred to such a visit if he had made it, since this would be the recollection nearest to hand.

Boxing itself, one might add, was a sport often glimpsed in boys' books. Like John Buchan, G. A. Henty was, for a portion of his youth, a weak and sickly boy. But he learned to box, and the toughness this gave him was a quality he often liked to confer on his boy hero protagonists. Hughes would have approved of Henty's code when boxing, which suggested that one should not take on a lesser opponent, that one should not disguise one's capabilities before a bout, and that one should not gloat in victory. Not unlike Hughes, too, Henty has a hawkish attitude towards physical force which suggests that it has a deterrent effect, rather than a potentially dangerous and aggressive one. That is, the tougher one is, the less likely one is to be sought out as a combatant. The corresponding logic, which some would find perverse, is that, in order to avoid fights, one must become as great a fighter as possible (see Arnold 4, 35, 56).

96. What takes place here is close in outline to a motif Orwell notes in his survey "Boys' Weeklies," written in 1939 and published in Horizon in 1940: "A constantly recurring story is one in which a boy is accused of some misdeed committed by another and is too much of a sportsman to reveal the truth" (464-65). This boys literature act of personal sacrifice, of taking the blame on oneself, receives perhaps its ultimate expression in war and war literature, where one soldier sacrifices himself so that his mates may be saved or may press on with the battle. It is useful to bear this comparison in mind when appraising the life stories of Francis and Riversdale Grenfell, considered later in this chapter.

97. Newbolt had addressed parallel subjects before in his adventure novels, particularly in The Book of the Happy Warrior (1917). That book consists of a series of stories recounting exploits of medieval knights such as Roland and Richard Coeur de Lion, and it concludes with two chapters entitled "The Old English School" and "Chivalry of To-day." In these coda sections Newbolt sketches a historical summary of English educational institutions, denigrates pacifism, hails the hopes embodied in the new international scouting movement, and offers to update chivalry for the modern era. In a prospectus for "The Universal Association for the Attainment of Peace," which he had composed originally during the Boer War, Newbolt sets out a few rules on which to refound and restate chivalry. One which is exemplified especially by the conduct of the Grenfell in The Book of the Grenvilles reads: "Every member shall bear himself in war without hatred, in pain or death without flinching, in defeat without complaining, in victory without insolence" (280).

It might also be noted that, as he does in The Book of the Grenvilles (176-77), Newbolt, ever
the devoted old boy, insists in The Book of the Happy Warrior on the valuable leadership roles played in wartime by the "gentle" (275) classes trained at the most venerable public schools and great universities (275-76). He does so in order to counter the notion that students at the most coveted institutions are there "equipped for pleasure and not for life" (Grenvilles 176).

The notion of a "happy warrior" is, incidentally, one of Newbolt's favourites. It is derived from Wordsworth's "Character of the Happy Warrior," written in 1806. The poem was suggested by the death of Lord Nelson, but as the poet himself allowed, the verses were inspired more by the death of Wordsworth's brother John, who died in a shipwreck (Curtis 405, Moorman 44). In a letter to a friend in 1915, Billy Grenfell recorded his brother Julian's passing in saying that "he had the Happy Warrior's death that he desired" (Grenfell 594).

98. Peter Vansittart suggests that "the title would seem to be an echo of Ophelia's 'That's for Remembrance' in Hamlet (These for Remembrance, Publisher's Note).


100. Rodd was a long-lived diplomat and scholar whose works comprised twenty volumes, including classical studies, autobiographical reminiscences, and poetry collections such as Ballads of the Fleet (1897). As with John Buchan, who fifteen years before he published a fictional biography of Ralegh won the Stanhope (history) prize for an essay on Ralegh, Rodd maintained an interest in Renaissance subjects which had occupied him as an undergraduate. He received the Newdigate prize in 1880 for a poem on Ralegh, and his biography of the famous seaman appeared in 1904 as one of Macmillan's English Men of Action series. Osborn refers to him as "our Ambassador at Rome," for Rodd was appointed there between 1908 and 1919, and is said to have played a determining role in drawing Italy to the Allied party.

101. Kingsley, we have seen, felt that returned men from the Crimea would be champion rebuilders. Yet as we also note elsewhere, the sense of betrayal felt by men like Graves or Sassoon, and the damaged souls and nihilistic views of returned men, as evinced in the journalism of Evelyn Waugh, left many returnees ill-equipped to or disinterested in putting their shoulders to the wheels of a rebuilding postwar nation.

102. The Grenfells, and Tom, are staring a generational sea-change in combat straight in the face; cf. Dunae: "Whereas Victorian authors had upheld sports as a means of promoting individual manliness, Edwardian writers depicted organized games as an efficient form of training" (117).

103. Specifically, Graves refers to receiving a piece of bad news from home, and notes that such news "might affect a man in either of two ways. It might drive him to suicide (or recklessness amounting to suicide), or it might seem trivial in comparison with present experiences and be disregarded" (115-116). Either way, it would seem, death is somehow sought, for suicidal despair, as well as a sense of the triviality of any kind of human suffering in comparison with the horrors of war, could be by-products of the strife.
104. The essay was written in 1905 and first printed in the Fortnightly Review. Compare also Robert Graves, on returning, wounded (with reports of his death already given out), to England after taking part in the Battle of the Somme in 1916:

    England was strange to the returned soldier. He could not understand the war-madness that ran about everywhere looking for a pseudo-military outlet. Everyone talked a foreign language; it was newspaper language. (Good-bye to All That 202)

105. Many critics have (see Bristow, Eby), nevertheless, posited the propagandistic influences of boys magazines, juvenile fiction and adventure stories on young male heirs to the empire. Further, groups such as the Imperial Federation (in which the noted pro-imperial historian Sir John Seeley was a prominent figure), if they did not stretch out a hand to the masses, at least propounded the benefits for all of membership at all levels in a powerful empire.