

5

THE  
GOLD COAST NATION  
AND  
NATIONAL CONSCIOUSNESS

BY THE

REV. S. R. B. ATTOH AHUMA, M.A.,

PRINCIPAL OF ZION COLLEGE:

EDITOR OF THE "GOLD COAST LEADER";

SECRETARY OF THE "GOLD COAST ABORIGINES' RIGHTS PROTECTION  
SOCIETY";

OFFICIAL LECTURER FOR THE "FANTI NATIONAL EDUCATION  
TRUST"; ETC.

AUTHOR OF

*Memoirs of West African Celebrities; All's Well;  
Cruel as the Grave; His Quest and Conquest;  
Colony or Protectorate—Which?;  
etc., etc.*

"Nil sine magno  
Vita labore dedit mortalibus."—HORACE.

—  
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED  
—

LIVERPOOL:

D. MARPLES & CO., PRINTERS, 50A LORD STREET.

1911

Dedication.

TO

MISS. S. E. MARPLES,

OF

BIRKENHEAD, ENGLAND,

WHOSE DEVOTED FRIENDSHIP OF MANY YEARS,

THROUGH SHINE AND RAIN,

HAS BEEN AN UNFAILING SOURCE OF INSPIRATION

IN MY HUMBLE SERVICES

FOR COUNTRY, NATION AND RACE,

THESE FUGITIVE PAGES

ARE HEREBY MOST AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

**159735**

I/DP/DT 507.2 AA 8  
African Cases

## CONTENTS.

FOREWORD ... ..	vii
CHAP. I.—THE GOLD COAST NATION AND NATIONAL CONSCIOUSNESS ... ..	1
CHAP. II.—THE DIFFICULT ART OF THINKING NATION- ALLY ... ..	6
CHAP. III.—WANTED—HELP, NOT HINDRANCE ...	12
CHAP. IV.—WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO FOR THE HOMELAND? ... ..	16
CHAP. V.—I AM: I CAN ... ..	20
CHAP. VI.—I OUGHT: I WILL ... ..	26
CHAP. VII.—THE MORAL SIGNIFICANCE OF CHRISTMAS DAY ... ..	32
CHAP. VIII.—THE WHITE MAN AND HIS WEST AFRICAN UNDERSTUDY ... ..	37
CHAP. IX.—THE ANCIENT TOWN OF CAPE COAST AND HER DETRACTORS, BLACK AND WHITE	43
CHAP. X.—GALLANT ACCRA IN THE BRAVE DAYS OF YORE ... ..	48
CHAP. XI.—ONE-MAN POLICY—A CURSE OF WEST AFRICA ... ..	54
CHAP. XII.—COMPETITION—A SINE QUÀ NON OF GENUINE PROGRESS ... ..	60

## FOREWORD.

---

THE following chapters are reprinted from the columns of the *Gold Coast Leader*. The Author indulges the hope that the principles therein set forth, and the sentiments to which he gives so inadequate an expression, may *influence* for good, not his contemporaries only, but also—and especially—the members of the rising generation, whose birthright, privilege, duty, destiny and honour it is to usher in an era of Backward Movement, which to all cultured West Africans is synonymous with the highest conception of progress and advancement. Intelligent Retrogression is the only Progression that will save our beloved country. This may sound a perfect paradox, but it is, nevertheless, the truth; and if all educated West Africans could be forced by moral suasion and personal conviction to realize that “Back to the Land” signifies a step forward, that “Back to the Simple Life” of our progenitors expresses a burning wish to advance, that the desire to rid

ourselves of foreign accretions and excrescences is an indispensable condition of National Resurrection and National Prosperity, we should feel ourselves amply rewarded.

My most cordial thanks are due to Miss Marples for her invaluable assistance in reading and correcting the proofs, thereby saving me time and labour.

#### THE AUTHOR.

"ACCRA HOUSE,"

CAPE COAST,

GOLD COAST, W. A.

*23rd January, 1911.*



## THE GOLD COAST NATION AND NATIONAL CONSCIOUSNESS.

---

It is strenuously asserted by rash and irresponsible literalists that the Gold Coast, with its multiform composition of congeries of States or Provinces, independent of each other, divided by complex political institutions, laws and customs, and speaking a great variety of languages—could not be described as a nation in the eminent sense of the word. The term, it is urged, presupposes in its connotation, the existence of a homogeneous community included in or bounded by one vast Realm, governed and controlled by one potent sovereign, and possessed of one constitution, one common tongue. But the objection appears to us to be purely academic, and is obviously advanced without sufficient regard to practical considerations. In spite therefore of the dogmas and *ipse dixits* of those wiseacres who would fain deny to us, as a people, the inalienable heritage of nationality, we dare affirm, with sanctity of reason and with the emphasis of conviction, that — WE ARE A NATION. It may be “a miserable, mangled, tortured, twisted *tertium quid*,” or, to quote a higher authority, a Nation “scattered and peeled . . . a Nation meted out and trodden down,” but still a Nation. If we were not, it was time to invent one; for any series of States in the same locality, however extensive, may at any time be merged into a nation. We have a nation, and what is more, we have a Past—“though ungraced in story.” We own a Political Constit-

ution, a concentric system of government, of one Race, born and bred upon our own soil. With the Akan language one can cover a seaboard 350 miles in extent, and an area of 105,900 square miles, more or less. The so-called languages may perhaps be simply regarded as so many dialects, often mere Provincialisms. But why continue?

The objection indeed dwindles to a very fine point in its significance, force and effect, when it is remembered that for more than sixty years there has been established within our territories an *imperium in imperio* - the highest organized form of government in creation, which binds us as an integral part of an empire over which the sun never sets. We are being welded together under one umbrageous Flag—a Flag that is the symbol of justice, freedom, and fairplay; and we have ruling over us, as king of our kings and in the bond of peace, one paramount emperor—His Majesty King George V. The Gold Coast under the *ægis* of the Union Jack is the unanswerable argument to all who may incontinently withhold from us the common rights, privileges, and status of nationality.

But, if we are a Nation, are we self-conscious? Do we manfully strive by legitimate means and methods to realise our responsibilities and obligations? Have we felt that we are endowed with potentialities and aspirations which suggest larger and fuller things than all we have yet seen and done? What reforming agencies are at work in our midst, and what is our individual relation to them? Our weaknesses, foibles, and susceptibilities; our resources, work, and destiny—do these mean anything to us? Have we exhibited, do we care to exhibit, that broad sympathetic interest in the things which make for national progress and advancement? Are the people—our own kith and kin—cultivating a national consciousness, a

national conscience, national affection, national passion, and national vigilance? Bear with us. Have we the outward and visible signs of the inward and spiritual graces of Cohesion, Concentration, Continuity of Purpose, and the dynamic of self-sacrifice—so highly distinctive of other nations?

It does not comport with the dignity of a nation to be forever absorbent and receptive without being in turn responsive and reproductive. Says Emerson —

The benefits we have received must be rendered again, line for line and deed for deed, to Somebody.

That is the eternal principle of Altruism—the death-knell of Egotism, the grand secret of national success.

That nations have souls is a re-discovered truth of supreme importance. In the soul of the Gold Coast, and indeed of West Africa, is focussed the corporate wisdom, knowledge, wishes and desires, aspirations and ambitions, the ineffable joys and the majestic pains of the people. It is the repository of all our fighting force, the high intelligence, the irresistible power and might behind aboriginal rights and immemorial privileges. The soul of a nation gives periodic expression to the fundamental principles and purposes of the people, however indeterminate, weak and ignorant they may be.

Is the soul of our nation losing the glamour and romance inseparably associated with primitive conditions of life? Is it making intelligent and vigorous effort to deserve a seat amongst the master-souls of the age? What are our credentials and passports? What are our assets as a nation? Can we, do we, stand before other races and peoples with heads erect and with a free independent spirit? What is our mental, moral, and social equipment worth? These are pointed, dominant notes of interrogations that demand sensible, direct, and practical

rejoinders. They are questions of unique importance and immediate urgency; for they affect the honour, prosperity, and security—the very life of our people and country. The blood of our nation requires enrichment, and the freest possible circulation; it calls for invigoration; it needs recuperation, that the Body Politic may be quickened, strengthened, and purified. When altruism or passionate devotion to humanity permeates every pore, and when true patriotism or the love of service and sacrifice for the Homeland pours nutrition to all parts of our national system, then shall we acknowledge with joyful pride the existence of our nation and the destiny that lies before us as members of the Negro race. When we become conscious of the place we occupy in nature, and our eyes are opened, all selfish individualism will sink into oblivion, and with the expansion of the soul shall come the yearning, burning zeal and love for country and race. Among the virtues necessary to the development of the nation must be the assiduous cultivation of public spirit, that animating principle that belongs to and enthuses all collective bodies—an *esprit de corps*. The new element, with its foreign attributes introduced by the dominant power in its government and protection of our interests, has unpremeditatedly made us self-suppressive. It is an axiomatic fact that “where a dominant race rules another, the mildest form of government is a despotism. It has been so at all times and among all nations in every part of the world.” As a people, we are not educated to the point of appreciating the finical forms and methods of government which at present must necessarily spell oppression and wanton waste. The various states included in the nation have their customary laws to administer in the way “understanded” of the people—the foreigner’s weapons they have not tried, and find them unwieldy to manipulate.

In matters of the soul our rulers are inaccessible, unapproachable. We need intermediaries—Buffers between the people and the government. The materials are ready to hand, and it is for the powers that be to utilize them in His Majesty's service. There are well-trying and experienced native Africans whose undoubted qualifications might be usefully employed for executive and administrative purposes. It is their duty to serve their country, and it is the duty of the government to acknowledge the fact and give practical effect to it. The sooner the better; for no foreign administration that ignores or sets aside the people—such a people as those inhabiting this country—can achieve any success in the long run. For their own sakes, and for the sake of the people whose ancestors voluntarily placed themselves under the guidance and protection of VICTORIA THE GOOD, we pray the authorities to afford to the educated native of probity and worth such facilities as shall enable him to discharge his national obligations, in spite of the preposterous attitude taken by those whose chief end is to glorify themselves at the expense of People, Country, and Race.

## THE DIFFICULT ART OF THINKING NATIONALLY.

---

SOMEWHERE in his voluminous writings, Ralph Waldo Emerson, the great American Prose-writer and Poet, has said that *Thinking is the most difficult thing in life*, or words to that effect. And so it is. In the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Shakespeare aptly describes the sort of thinking that obtains in the generality of instances when he makes Lucetta answer Julia :—

I have no other but a woman's reason ;  
I think him so because I think him so.

We often confuse memory and recollection with the whole of that mental operation which produces thought. The capacity for, or the exercise of the very highest intellectual functions is not characteristic of the man in the street, nor indeed of the average man of intelligence the wide world over. Thinking is an Art; it is the greatest blessing in the gift of Heaven and may not even be found in some talented men who could box the compass of the whole circle of academical education.

As a people, we have ceased to be a THINKING NATION. Our forbears, with all their limitations and disadvantages, had occasion to originate ideas and to contrive in their own order. They sowed incorruptible thought-seeds, and we are reaping a rich harvest to-day, though, for the most part, we are scarcely conscious of the debt we owe them. Western education or civilization un-

diluted, unsifted, has more or less enervated our minds and made them passive and catholic. Our national life is semi-paralysed; our mental machinery dislocated, the inevitable consequence being, speaking generally, the resultant production of a Race of men and women *who think too little and talk too much*. But neither garrulity nor loquacity forms an indispensable element in the constitution of a state or nation.

We can all deduce from cause to effect, put two and two together very often to make five; we can read between the lines, as the saying is, but the average West African cannot reason by induction. Given admitted or established premises, and he is capable of drawing inferences and arriving at conclusions more or less sage, but to reason from particulars to generals, from effects to causes—there is a great gulf fixed and so long as the breach between the two processes of ratiocination continues to yawn, so long shall we remain Imitators, not Initiators—Apes, not Men. Origination cannot be predicated of us as a rule. The faculty to create something out of nothing, as it were—in which man is likest God—is hardly operative, nor can we demonstrate the undisturbed possession of the inventive genius in **THOUGHT, WORD AND DEED**. The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute that which never existed before—these exercises of human activity in the higher planes of thought do not appear to grow upon our soil as luxuriantly as we could wish, if at all.

Existence is a mere parody unless embroidered with the flowers of the intellect and the fruitage of the soul. When the executive forces of a man's life are wholly enlisted in the daily gratification of selfish pursuits and individual aggrandizement—when emergent novelties of a foreign strand absorb the energies of mind and soul and strength,

Ideas cannot germinate though disseminated by Cherubim and Seraphim. We shall always miss the pulsation, vibrancy and full volume of life as a nation until we have understood what it is to think nationally—to spend and be spent for the highest good of our country and our race. Until we have discovered for ourselves this *missing link*, we do well to despair of the collective realization of the ancient prophecy, “Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands.” *Africa shall rise*, but only when we begin to think continentally and nationally. This want of real, vital and solid thinking has its moral dangers; for “as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.” In prehistoric days, Europe looked to Africa for new ideas, for fresh inspirations, and the saying was perpetuated and handed down from generation to generation, *Semper aliquid novi ex Africa*—There is always something new from Africa.

Now lies she there,  
And none so poor to do her reverence.

all because thinking in our age has become a lost Art. Freighted with the impedimenta of other advanced races, and unable to keep step with nations that once owed us allegiance in the domain of Thought, if history lieth not, we are left behind, derelicts in the onward march of progress, the flotsam and jetsam of exotic civilizations. “As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be” seems inscribed with an iron pen upon the walls of our Beloved Continent. All praise to the men who are the acknowledged architects of their own fame and fortune in our midst—men of enterprise who are honestly carving for themselves imperishable names where mightier names have lost their charm and power—all honour to him who builds for himself mansions upon foundations of gold, position, power and glory—that way does lead to success as men count success—and yet there is a more excellent way in

the national economy. "I weigh the man, not his title, 'tis not the King's stamp can make the metal better":—

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that.

Think, think, and again think of our Nation, our Country, our People, for Ideas, we are told, rule the world, and "those that think must govern those that toil."

The most difficult problem of our times is how to think so that Africa may regain her lost Paradise. How to think the thoughts that galvanize and electrify into life souls that are asleep unconscious of their destiny; How to think the thoughts that produce, multiply, divide and circulate for the general good—the thoughts that make crooked places straight, that pulverize gates of brass and cut in sunder all bars of iron—the power that gives friends and foes alike the treasures of darkness and hidden riches of secret places—the Art that brings National Evangels, binding up broken and despairing hearts, proclaiming liberty and freedom to the captives, and the opening of the Prison to them that are bound or have bound themselves. To effect such an end, we must leave severely alone the empty pageantries of triflers, the eccentricities of pedants, the inanities of agitators, and the ingenuities of sycophants. These are novelties which must perish with the using. There are conditions more abiding and worth contending for, achieving and overcoming; in this sign we shall conquer, if we learn to think our hardest and strive to transmute our innermost thoughts into action for THE SAFETY OF THE PUBLIC AND THE WELFARE OF THE RACE.

Yond' Casius has a lean and hungry look,  
He thinks too much, such men are dangerous.

but dangerous only to time-servers, trencher-men and place-seekers—dangerous to the selfish, but heroes and

Heaven's mighty men of valour to a down-trodden people. "The man who thinks must mourn" and yet there is no other way; we must continue thinking—thinking of the days that are no more, thinking of and for the present, thinking of the unknown to-morrow.

We cannot apprehend and intelligently grasp the things that make for regeneration unless we think for ourselves independently, naturally, fearlessly and even aggressively. We must lay violent hands upon ourselves, if needs be, and break the heart out of those things which militate against all progress, which seek to crush the soul of our nation. Tailor-made men do not constitute a State: "Clothes and the Man" is not the most engrossing subject to engage the mind. We need men who know comprehensively the duties they owe to their native land; men who "know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain."

At the Hippodrome in the west end of London, we have witnessed on more occasions than one, the melancholy spectacle of a huge Baboon in an irreproachable evening dress suit sporting the latest vogue in silk hats, smoking the most expensive brand of cigars, drinking his tot of Dry Monopole, and going through the whole gamut of antics and capers peculiar to our race, but the creature was none the less Simian for all that. This thin veneer of extraneous civilization and refinement is the bar sinister that blocks the way to real genuine advance. Some of us are not at all satisfied with this dreadful state of affairs. Our Masters and Teachers, both spiritual and temporal, have much to answer for, but we ourselves are the most to blame. All, however, is not lost. We may be our own Architects. Beneath the *debris* was a marble out of which Michael Angelo liberated an imprisoned seraph. Let us help one another to find a way out of Darkest Africa. The

impenetrable jungle around us is not darker than the dark primeval forest of the human mind uncultured, and the darkness is only accentuated by the flickering glimpses of uncertain rush-lights. Fierce and wild beasts still roam at large, and roar, and hiss, and snarl and bite. We must emerge from the savage backwoods and come into the open where nations are made. We pant for the restraining, softening, humanizing, formative influences that may expose this gilded but terrible menagerie, and we have always thought, even from the days of our youth, that the easiest way to become civilized, refined and enlightened is to endeavour at all times, in all places and circumstances, to remain a true-born West African—nothing more, nothing less; and that Grand Reformation, which is after all an intelligent backward movement, should begin here and now.

## WANTED—HELP, NOT HINDRANCE.

---

THE typical Fantee is severely critical, if nothing else. He is rarely tempted to attempt what he cannot perform to perfection himself, and is therefore highly intolerant of any venturesome individual who either aims too high or tries to shoot beyond *his* mark. He sits on the fence and watches the course of events with a vigilance and an interest worthy of a better cause. Success may ultimately win over a lifelong friend, but woe to him whose incapacity manifests itself at any stage as the unwearied eye of the Critic keeps him under close observation. His criticisms are then uniformly scathing, withering, and destructive. But criticism to be of any value, or to possess any merit, must at all times be informing and constructive. To pull to pieces is, after all, the work of a child, or may be dictated by the whims and caprice of the envious. Our chief duty as Citizens is to build up our country, mould our nation, and help to effect the uprising of our race. Workers, not Critics; Doers, not Spouters; Practice, not Theory; and Help, not Hindrance appear to us to be the need of the hour. Our highest ambition must be to consolidate scattered interests, to bring to a focus every pure thought and noble idea; to collect together whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report in the systems, customs, laws, methods, processes, and general economy of things that obtain on our soil, and to strive in unity and in the bond of peace to encompass the redemption and regeneration of our nation. No

one poses as the *Admirable Crichton* among the *Minnows* when he feels called to arouse his Countrymen to a sense of the perils and dangers by which we are environed; to reveal the gravity of the situation, and to lead them from the wide gate and the broad way of national extinction to the straight gate and narrow path of national development and salvation. There is no room for the assumption that every person who sacrifices his time, talents and means to create a change in the monotonous conditions of vegetable life in our Homeland, does so to court popularity or to display his learning. There is no reason to imagine that the few amongst us whose hearts yearn for a better state of things in any province, town, or village do so for the loaves and fishes that may fall to their lot in the faithful discharge of their obligations. These are unworthy thoughts. To listen to the description of the country by some critics, their strictures, diatribes and recriminations, one cannot help believing that there must be something very *rotten in the State of Denmark*; their jeremiads, lugubrious expressions, and their lachrymose platitudes are enough to draw scalding tears from the most hardened Crocodile, but put forth any energy to make things better, and these ardent pessimists are the very first to scramble for wet blankets. This Dog-in-the-manger policy must be stopped by all means; and by simply ignoring every obstructionist with contemptuous silence, by leaving all destructive critics severely alone, by continuing unwearied in well-doing, this suicidal Policy shall cease in due time. We do no earthly good by discouraging those who would do something, however little, in the cause of humanity. This doggish policy, this wretched and miserable Caninity cannot minister help of any kind to the Rising Generation in respect of whom every thoughtful and observant person is, or should be, naturally anxious.

What the young men and the Gold Coast youth want and demand is — Help, not Hindrance. For instance. Already our diction and style appear to irritate a handful of men, and the frequency with which we have been noting the visible marks of external progress in one of the New Ventures in town is most unrighteously disapproved and condemned. This attitude savours of unreasoning antagonism. It does not contribute towards the advancement of the Motherland. It is a positive hindrance to all true progress. It is no affectation on our part to declare our strict impartiality in publishing whatever has transpired in Cape Coast since we took over the Editorship of this Journal. If the news items of one particular mission appear disproportionate, it is only because the Older Institutions and Organizations have done their spade-work, and are now settled down in comfortable grooves where their work is being prosecuted in a way to which custom and practice would add nothing conspicuous except on rare occasions. In the case of New Openings, the horse is of another colour. Newly established institutions tentatively feeling the pulse of the people, nervously pushing forward their tentacles in every direction against heavy odds, and amid difficulties of an unusual order, deserve the prayerful and aggressive help of all who can do so without detriment to themselves and their connections. It is hard to break the fallow ground and to sow seeds that may fall by the wayside, or into stony places, or among thorns; and the least that we can do to make it known that there is another cause worthy of close attention and friendly support in our midst, if only by chronicling its honest efforts to do us good, shall be done though a thousand carping hosts oppose. When we deliberately manufacture events that have not happened, or exaggerate anything that has; when we misrepresent matters or rose-colour

the reports which reach us in favour of any enterprise, and close up our columns to the doings of other organizations, then shall the bystander be justified in hauling us over the coals for exaggeration, partiality, and favouritism. Until we lend ourselves to such logical and consistent treatment, we must, with all due deference, request our critics to exercise their energies in some more profitable channels; for we can all *Pull Down*, but the desideratum of the hour is, for those who are divinely endowed, set apart and called by church or state to *Build Up* the fallen or dilapidated walls of our Beloved Continent. Undoubtedly.

## WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO FOR THE HOMELAND?

---

I am afraid we are too prone to undervalue our own capacity and ability, certainly we are unwilling or easily discouraged to undergo the discipline and perseverance and quiet endurance without which there is no valuable experience leading to the accomplishment of anything of worth.—SARBAH.

THESE are the times that try men's souls, times of trouble, woeful times. On the perilous edge of battle, in the thick of unprecedented activities, our captain has fallen, and we mourn the death of our Hero. What are we going to do for the Homeland, our Nation and Race? Each person that professes and calls himself a native of the Gold Coast—an aborigine—can contribute his quota towards the progress and advancement of his country. No one need be despised or rejected. The poverty-stricken wight; the wealthy, overburdened with rich ingots; the highly cultured man, and the illiterate steeped in blissful ignorance; all sorts and conditions of men may participate in the giant task of supporting and maintaining the honour and reputation of the Colony and Protectorate. The immense value of the individual is a subject, the importance of which must be impressed upon every mind. For want of a common nail, a great battle was lost. It is the little foxes that spoil the vines. Little drops of water make the mighty Atlantic. In our social, political, economic, and intellectual evolution, it is suicidal to forget or omit to take count of the unconsidered trifles. The fragments must be gathered

up; nothing should be lost; however small, we must think nought a trifle: moments make the year, and small sands the great Himalayas. Line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little—so the world wags. What we need above all other necessities and demands is Character! Progress is intolerant of purse-proud insolence, and all individualistic exclusiveness; and the gross presumptions of Pygmies and intellectual Nondescripts do not spell an advance upon primitive conditions. Character—that part of us which is always left behind—the total sum of those grand and sublime qualities which distinguish one man or woman or child from another—the thing that clings to us, the estimate which is put upon us by our people in the work we do, in the thought we produce, and from the words that proceed out of our mouths—that subtle, indefinable thing we leave as footprints on the sands of time, and by which those who see them take heart again.

Worth makes the man, the want of it, the fellow;  
The rest is all but leather and prunella.

*What are we going to do?* Do we intend to abandon the field, because we misconceive the significance and moral possibilities of the National Calamity which Heaven in its wise but inscrutable dispensation has so suddenly permitted to befall us? Is it the prime wisdom to stand still and in lugubrious accents bewail our sad loss for ever and ever? Are the oracles dumb? Can Apollo from his shrine no more divine?

All is not lost! Our leader has succumbed to the strange fatalities that in nine cases out of ten have oftener than not attended our prophets and warriors; but we are still in absolute possession of unconquerable wills; we can still pursue our study of immortal hate and revenge against all those disturbing elements that seek to ruin and

destroy us body and soul throughout West Africa—the sable tribes of Pandemonium, Envy, Jealousy, Hatred, and Malice, and all Uncharitableness; we can still cultivate true manliness, and the courage never to submit or yield in the presence of the foe, however formidable. In discharging our consciences of all obligations and responsibilities as natives of the soil, wakened to a sense of the condition of our surroundings, realizing the opportunities that lie before us, conscious of our capabilities and capacities, ready to dare and do and die for God and Country, we should see to it, that we do not *qualify* by our conduct and habits as the lineal descendants of Judas Iscariot—full of treasons, stratagems and spoils, ever betraying the nation in secret for less than the historic mess of Potage.

What boots it at one gate to make defence,  
And at another to let in the foe?

True, the iron has entered our souls, and we are afflicted and distressed in mind, body and estate by the one irreparable bereavement the country has sustained. But the dominant thought of him whose death we deplore so grievously, should prove a source of inspiration to us in our efforts to keep up the unity, dignity, and advancement of our cause; it should breed in us a perpetual benediction, and it should bind us together indissolubly with the bonds of mutual respect, lasting love, and durable peace. To be self-centred is to monopolise a heritage of woe; not self-interest but self-sacrifice is the bedrock principle upon which human society and organisation must be grounded, if we hope for the things that prosper and endure. The words of the incomparable Master ring in our ears as we write:—

Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake . . . the same shall save it.

Paradoxical no doubt the saying is, it is a notion in direct

contrariety to the received opinions of the cowardly, the malicious and the selfish, but the testimony of the ages and the histories of nations are corroborative of the invariable truth of this supreme ethical mystery. Let us lose for Country and Race, and Heaven shall reward us an hundred fold, both in this life and in the world to come. Let us not miss this chance to improve our circumstances. We *can* do marvellous things if we close our ranks. As particles we must cohere together, striking out for that mental, moral and spiritual equipment which is the only true preparation for the unity of our nation.

Once to every man and Nation comes the moment to decide,  
 In the strife of truth and falsehood,  
 . . . . for the good or evil side;  
 . . . . and the choice goes by for ever.

Our sad affliction lies too deep for tears, it is unpardonable desecration to exhaust our sorrows in idle, foolish, useless words. Only three things can save our country when we have rid ourselves of all shams and illusions, and these three are one—Action, Action, Action!

## I AM: I CAN.

## AN APPEAL TO THE RISING GENERATION.

## I.

THE death of Honourable Sarbah should make every young man, especially those who are sons of the soil, preternaturally reflective, resolute, and practical. By reason of his professional equipment and capabilities, which were admittedly of a very high order, his unique position at the Bar of the Legislature, and the prominence or eminence he had achieved through the judicious exercise of philanthropic zeal in the realms of education and national progress, we are all constrained and compelled to feel that Sarbah's swift and sudden removal has created a hiatus that will take many a long year to fill up, but fill up we must somehow, sometime; and it behoves every young man with any pretension even to average intelligence to take stock of his mental and moral qualities, to revise his judgment and conclusions, if incompatible with the new situation, and to equip himself with the panoply of successful warfare for the struggle that lies before the country, and upon the final issues of which hinge our social, political, and national evolution. We must confess that the manysidedness of the deceased Leader made him a man apart, fashioned not of the common or garden mould, a giant avid of work and incomparable, yet at the same time we would only be revelling in the orgy of unreason to delude ourselves that there were not in the community a dozen men variously endowed and duly qualified to make a passable substitute

in the room and stead of the great man whose untimely loss we so deeply deplore. It is a duty superimposed upon us by circumstances to make a diligent search until we have found such men—the first dozen men whose intellectual and spiritual acquisitions, or whose mental and moral sense entitle them to the chiefest consideration in the economy of our nation. We need men whose souls are aflame with the inextinguishable blaze of enthusiasm for Race and Country.

Men who their duties know,  
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain.

Coleridge in *The Devil's Thoughts*, and Southey in the *Devil's Walk*, speak of the "pride that apes humility;" and there are such detestable characters in our midst—men who, under the garb of the most profound humility, conceal diabolical hatred and malignity against all young men who aspire after whatever is high and noble and grand. The country agonises for brave men who do not whine and whimper and crawl about in the presence of those who would oppose the March of intellect; heroes who would neither dodge difficulties nor evade conflicts, and whose antecedents neither handicap nor foredoom them to failure.

It takes a soul to move a body—it takes a high-souled man  
To move the masses even to a cleaner sty.  
It takes the ideal to blow an inch inside  
The dust of the actual; and your Fouriers failed  
Because not poets enough to understand  
That life develops from within.

The first essential prerequisite in the voyage of the discovery of ourselves as a people is the consciousness of ourselves. "I AM" is the keynote to all the harmonies and concords of individual advancement and power. Not "I AM" simply as a psychological abstraction, but the

realization of the living personality and all that it denotes and connotes. The first person singular of the verb To Be is, after all, the most formidable word in the vocabulary of human thought and progress. Of a truth those "Syllables govern the world." To feel our identity as a separate entity, independent of all existences and relationships, each man standing, as it were, on his own—an integral and indispensable part of humanity as it is represented in our country, having a full and complete sense and cognizance of the supreme value of our respective individualities, and living, thinking, speaking, and doing as if alone in the wide, wide world, imbued with and possessed of a high calling in the various departments of activity that branch out before the Race—that is the beginning of great thoughts and mighty works—the fundamental principle upon which States are constituted. "I AM" and to know it, is the head and front of all true and genuine success in life. It is the fount from which bubble those graces and virtues which minister to the growth of a nation's vitality and productivity. The horse, the elephant, and the greyhound cannot testify to such consciousness; science may, in its ultimate deductions, credit them with the possession of intuitive faculties marvellously akin to the perfection of instincts on the borderland of human psychology, but the creatures can never know that they know. To save the country, to develop its resources, to maintain its rights and privileges, and to advance its interests in all directions without bungling and blundering and against fearful odds, our young men must "see visions" and "multiply visions;" and this is impossible of accomplishment unless they *know themselves*. We pray that members of this generation may all feel intensely upon the threshold of the New Year WHAT AND WHO THEY ARE. "The proper study of mankind is man," but the

proper study of each man is himself—body, spirit, soul, the cultivation of self-knowledge first, self-reverence leading naturally and inevitably to self-control. The whole being must be *educated*—the power of mind and body guided by power of will—far and away more excellent than mere literary knowledge and worldly success—the divinity that is in man driven forth for man and country and God. To be a part of all that one has met as the poet Tennyson was, or to live not in ourselves, but to become a portion of what is around us, as Byron felt, is the truest attitude, the best education for all patriots. It is only in this way our young men may strain and strive and fight and sacrifice successfully for their native land, only thus may they turn their weakness into strength, their mental and moral deficiencies into efficiencies. Too many of those upon whom we depend are drifting, wavering like the waves of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed—driven of fierce winds rudderless and without ballast, no longer the Pride and Hope of the Homestead, the despair of adoring and affectionate hearts. And yet many belong to families rich with traditional lore, deeds of excellence, and moral triumphs of the first water—inheritors of affinities and names transmitted from a long line of proud and noble ancestry, bathed in prenatal virtues and graces that should make it easy for them to know of what stuff they are made. To these especially we appeal; it is high time a new leaf was turned. We respectfully demand from the young, faithfulness to the trust confided to them by THOSE GONE BEFORE. Sarbah was a greater son of a great sire; so should it be with all who boast of famous and renowned pedigree if the Gold Coast must rise. Once again we remind all who are desirous of living for the noblest of all purposes:—

We always may be what we might have been.

“I AM: I CAN.” Not mere existence affected by *living dead men*, but *life*, full, free, abundant; all energies directed to the common good of all; physical, mental, and moral existence in full bloom, manifested in the possession of faculties, powers, forces, and qualities. It is this divine gift that differentiates by whole heavens human beings from all other animals. We are expected to demonstrate this stupendous fact in relation to the work, events, situations and circumstances destined to confront men of light and leading. “Know thyself.” “The proper study of mankind is man,” so taught Pope; we may supplement that by saying the “proper study of man is himself!” What is your individuality in this country? What have you done? What are you doing? Why should you still cumber the ground? What are your abilities, capacities, and capabilities? What can you do? The consecration and setting apart of any one in any of the spheres of influence open to us is the end of our education. There is a spirit in man ready to receive impressions, exert influences, derive inspirations from unseen sources for the purpose of diffusing them among men with a view to enabling them to cope with all the exigencies and possible contingencies of life. We are able with our present attainments to perform the primal duties of the nation. “What man dare I dare.” “All may do what has been done by man.” The pity is we have no extensive record of famous men who have lived and worked in our midst, the fragrancy of whose memory may animate the rising generation. But history is cosmopolitan, and its lessons are of international application. The famous saying of Napoleon in defiance of Fate is for all desponding souls: “There shall be no Alps;” and just as the frosted feet and frozen fingers of one hundred thousand soldiers thawed and healed in the moment of despair at the sound

of those words, so should they inspire confidence and courage to all men for all time. Julius Cæsar, the renowned conqueror of the world, was an epileptic, and yet no student who reads his marvellous campaigns can help feeling strong and irresistible in the face of difficulties and apparent impossibilities. When one thinks of Galileo and Milton achieving mighty works when their eyesight had failed; Bunyan and Sir Walter Raleigh in gaol, and yet composing *The Pilgrim's Progress* and writing *The History of the World* respectively; Thomas Spencer Baynes, with only half of one lung, editing the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; Beethoven writing his grand Oratorio, when very deaf; Edison, the Wizard of Menlo Park, inventing wonderful things when in similar condition--when we read of those great Heroes of Ages sacrificing their all on the altars of their country for the benefit of their people. we should be shamed into silence and whipped into action. We can all do something, however insignificant:—

Small service is true service while it lasts:  
 Of humblest Friends; bright Creature! scorn not one:  
 The Daisy by the shadow that it casts,  
 Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.

## I OUGHT: I WILL.

---

### AN APPEAL TO THE RISING GENERATION.

#### II.

*Ham.* Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

*Pol.* By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

*Ham.* Methinks, it is like a weasel.

*Pol.* It is back'd like a weasel.

*Ham.* Or like a whale.

*Pol.* Very like a whale.

WHEN a son of the soil who "wears the rose of youth" has cut his wisdom teeth, and is become conscious of himself: when he fully knows WHO and WHAT he is, he yet lacks one or two things, perhaps the most important branch of his moral education, that is to say, if his life is to be of any practical value to himself and to the community at large amongst whom his lot is cast. It is simply this: *his virtues must go out of him*, he must touch other lives for good. As Shakespeare, the sweet singer of Avon, has it:—

Spirits are not finely touch'd, but to fine issues.

I OUGHT follows as a natural corollary from I AM and I CAN. *Noblesse oblige*—Nobility has its impositions of peculiar obligations, and the liberal that we receive, the powers that are developed in us, the knowledge that we acquire, the experiences we go through, are all so many talents divinely bestowed on and entrusted to us for wise and far reaching purposes, and *woe* is that man who wastes himself

upon his virtues, or his virtues on himself alone, oblivious of his environments, regardless of his mission in life. It cannot be denied that in this country, living as we do in the midst of a heterogeneous conglomeration of people, the majority of whom cannot discern their right hand from their left; in a land where wisdom is generally measured by the beard, or by the dimensions of one's money-bags, and old age or wealth—no matter how acquired—has a special claim to a monopoly of all honours and considerations, “the atrocious crime of being a young man” must remain an axiomatic principle, and in the absence of facilities, chances, openings and opportunities to better their condition, not only by precept, but particularly by example, the rising generation as a corporate entity appears to be, in most instances, more sinned against than sinning. There are comparatively few old men who dream dreams, and it is not to be wondered at if some of them cannot tolerate the young who serve as object lessons of progress and development to them. But all obstructions, discouragements and antagonisms notwithstanding, no one, however tender in years, is justified in selling his birthright or gravitating to the lower levels whence his education has uplifted him. Our motto should be *Excelsior!* Higher and higher at all times, whether understood and appreciated or not, as long as we understand ourselves, and our actions spring from pure motives, guided by the instincts of our enlightened consciences, and in full sight of the goal to which the inexorable finger of destiny points, we should go **FULL STEAM AHEAD**, neither restraining the course of the great spirit within us, nor being dismayed in deed and word. In all circumstances of life—“*Be wilde, Be bolde, and everywhere Be bolde.*” Among civilized folks young men are always the Observed of all Observers, the Cynosure of all Eyes. In their teens,

they are universally regarded as the Hope of the Future ; but the moment they pass their salad days and attain their majority, they become, as a matter of course, the Strength of the Present, and are consequently under obligation to their illustrious predecessors, and become Co-workers with Posterity. The natural state of their people, their crass ignorance and fatuous arrogance, inseparably associated with primitive conditions ; the oppression and exploitation of those more highly favoured under whom they serve ; the growth and development of their native land ; the foibles, weaknesses and susceptibilities of their Race ; their possible, probable, or actual loss of Nationality : the obliteration of the old Landmarks ; the hideous ruin and combustion of generations to come ; the anathemas, maledictions, comminations, and execration of posterity—these are the things that should ever constrain or induce the young to *act in the living Present*, and to discharge their awakened consciences. Fitness, the sense of Proportion, Expediency, Propriety, and Moral Obligation are excellent graces which irrevocably compel every enlightened person to live not unto himself, but for the good and advancement of his Nation and Race. We are bound to do something, however insignificant in the interest and for the benefit of our country. We are Debtors, and our liabilities must be met by those whose eyes have been opened. Young men, sober-minded, seriously disposed, purposeful, diligent in business, fervent in spirit, self-respecting, self-reverencing and self-controlling, are the most valuable assets of any nation. WE OUGHT to think of the Gold Coast, present and future. We should strive manfully to repay all that our forbears expended on our account. We must, of force, *improve upon the Past* however glorious. It is criminal and suicidal to know how to do good and not to do it. The responsibilities of the Rising Generation are indeed im-

mense, colossal; and the future of the country would be more than assured, if every young man could nobly subscribe to the great dictum of one of the characters in Shakespeare, who exclaimed:—

I dare do all that may become a man,  
Who dares do more is none.

We ought to know our own minds, and be pronounced and definite in our convictions and conclusions, not like Polonius, who could not distinguish a Camel from a Weasel, nor a Weasel from a Whale, without moral backbone, pliable, molluscous, a weathercock entirely at the disposal of wind and wave. Strength of Character is the necessity of the hour, and every young man should cultivate it, cost what it may. We ought to be proud of our nationality. "I speak of Africa and golden joys." Thus the immortal poet associated glorious things, mighty discoveries, and vast developments with our despised and degraded country. Golden joys and the dark continent! What shall we say more to our great constituency but this:—

Let all the end thou aim'st at be thy Country's,  
Thy God's, and Truth's.

But of what earthly use are the supreme consciousness of ourselves, the cognizance and realization of our Powers, Faculties, and the inherent forces which are heaven's own investiture—what shall it profit if with the comprehension of our obligations and responsibilities nothing else ensues. The last thing to do is to take the GREAT STEP and knowing all these things, so vital, so important, to clinch them by saying with resolute determination—I WILL. The power of choosing the Broad or Narrow Road that leadeth either to destruction or salvation is ours by divine right and direction. We are in absolute possession of the faculty or endowment of the soul by and through which we are

capable of freely determining the course along which we may run. Our WILLS cannot be compelled, for :—

He that complies against his will  
Is of his own opinion still.

“Our wills are ours, we know not why,” but that very attribute of the soul is our chiefest glory. I WILL is the sovereign and dominant voice of true manhood when duty calls. I WILL NOT is the inspired negative of the man who knows, and, like the wise and prudent, knows that he knows what are the dangers and perils, pitfalls and temptations, gins and snares that would impede his progress or retard his advancement in the path of duty. As young men, our blessings have exceeded those of our progenitors, and to whom much is given, of him shall much be required. It behoves every one of our readers therefore so to shape their course that their moral, intellectual, and spiritual contribution to the national exchequer may be regular, constant, and ever increasing. By the exercise of the faculties with which we are endowed, we should be able to differentiate in all our acquisitions what is essential from non-essentials, we should know HOW and WHEN and WHERE to skip what may militate against our onward and upward flight, we should recognise and mark out our limitations, and endeavour to be independent of foreign fads and fashions, and to correspond to our surroundings. A word to the wise, even a broad hint, should always be enough. The motto of the local Wesleyan Girls' High School is :—  
“Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King.”  
And we cannot employ nobler and grander language in coming to the conclusion of the whole matter. We heartily commend the beautiful and strong words to the rising generation. With such fundamental principles rooted deeply in our hearts, we cannot fail to achieve the salvation of Africa. What are you going to do for the Gold

Coast? We can all do something, according to our light. Find out, and when found, do it with all thy mind and soul and strength. Your labours shall not be in vain. Heaven should reward the efforts put forth with abundance of blessing and honour and glory. I OUGHT: I WILL, now, and here.



## THE MORAL SIGNIFICANCE OF CHRISTMAS DAY.

---

THE historicity of the Birth of the Christ has been placed beyond the nebulous region of doubt and discussion. The impertinences and irrelevancies of carping criticism cannot affect the joyful anniversary of the Holy Babe. By the irrefragable logic of history, the Saviour of mankind breathed two thousand years ago "beneath the Syrian blue." The birth of Jesus is a notorious fact. Profane writers still testify to the genuineness and authenticity of the epoch-making event that once transpired in Bethlehem of Judæa. The sidereal phenomenon, commonly distinguished as the Star in the East; the Heavenly choir invisible with "their radiant minstrelsies;" the sudden appearance and homage of Melchior, Caspar, and Balthasar—the three Wise Men; the swaddling clothes and the manger have all become fittingly and justly incorporated with the general and stupendous facts of human history forming the web and woof of life, both sacred and secular. The world to-day realises that an Agnostic is merely the Greek rendering of the Latin *Ignoramus*, which in the Anglo-Saxon tongue is closely identified with the Fool (mentioned by the Sweet Singer of Israel), who says in his heart THERE IS NO GOD. To deny Jesus is to obliterate the Annals of Tacitus, the Biographies of Suetonius, the Letters of Pliny, the History of Josephus, the Archaeological explorations and discoveries of the Holy Land, Asia Minor, Cyprus and Greece; it is to stifle the conscience and

deify falsehood. It would, indeed, be a colossal undertaking for any one to attempt to rid the world of the tremendous volume of external evidences which affirm in all sincerity and truth that in the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, the Roman Emperor, Christ Jesus lived, wrought signs and wonders, inaugurated a new era, and died by order of Pontius Pilate, the Roman Procurator—a name which from the date of the Crucifixion gained bad pre-eminence and traditional execration. Every Christmas we are vividly reminded of the wonderful story that was designed to transform the world and man. To-morrow, and throughout the Festive Season, we commemorate the glad Evangel for all people; the glorification of poverty once typified by the lowly Manger; the exaltation and Sacredness of Man as such; the introduction of the Golden Age of Universal Brotherhood, Peace and Good Will. We recall the significant fact that since the events above narrated, no document has been deemed effective and admissible even in our Courts of Justice and elsewhere, wherein the sovereignty of the Saviour was not first acknowledged and openly confessed. We are all guided by the year of our Lord in our Chronology.

If, as Christians, we believe in these things, every phase of our social, domestic and political existence should be illuminated and influenced thereby. The personal identification of the Son of Man with the poorest of God Almighty's creatures ought to compel intelligent men, let alone Christians, to correlate the true Brotherhood of man with the Fatherhood of the Eternal. Such a creed glowing with faith and hope and love should inspire us to emulate in our dealings one with another, the simplicity, humanity, and childlike trustfulness symbolised by the Blessed Infant of Mary. To-day, on the Gold Coast, may we not say throughout the length and breadth of West

Africa, thinking for the moment of our Race only, "Hell" has been imported into the Orthodoxy of the word God, and men, women and even children perpetually genuflect and worship before the Golden Image. The name of their god is Gold! But we cannot serve God or Country, or Nation or Race and Mammon simultaneously or contemporaneously:—

No man can serve two Masters, for either he will hate the one and love the other; or else he will hold to the one and despise the other.

Wisdom, Knowledge, Culture, Intelligence, Prudence, Foresight, Forethought, Enthusiasm and Zeal, Love of Country, Sacrifice and Oblation—all these are but dross in comparison with Gold. He who possesses the former, but has naught of this world's goods, is purposely put upon, insulted at will, despised on occasions, humiliated and scorned as unworthy of trust, confidence, and respect, and *vice versa*.

Who said that the Gold Coast no longer produces great men, and heroes of the first water? Who dares to assert that the Homeland is impoverished of Patriots, depleted of Statesmen, and exhausted of political geniuses? We have dozens of real, live and solid men in our midst, from the Tandoh to the Volta, scattered over the land, who are daily making efforts to eke out a miserable existence—excellent materials that might be utilised with credit and renown for executive and administrative purposes—poor and indigent men who, in affluent circumstances, and under favouring conditions could make the country ring with the pæans and adulations of their admirers. It is the duty of an advanced Nation to seek out and support such men, relieve them of their necessities and place them in positions where their talents, virtues and graces may redound to the glory, security and preservation of all. As

the Master has sanctified poverty, interpreted and chastened pauperism, taught the Solidarity of men, and vouchsafed to all the golden key of success and happiness in every department of human thought and activity, it behoves all men everywhere to see to it that NO MAN IS DESPISED OR REJECTED who, though poor, and of no reputation, may yet contribute to the general advancement of our Nation. The Gold Coast can rise only through the efforts of individuals. One man cannot be and do everything, however, gifted, and however dowered by Providence. Each must bring his share of intelligence, industry and vital energy. The residual anomaly of tribal exclusiveness has the regrettable tendency of evolving unhappy antagonisms against those called of and qualified by God to harmonise the disorganised interests of our Country. So long as Kobina, Kodwo, and Kofi do not belong to Quacoe's tribe or family, they must be opposed, tooth and nail, with vehemence, tenacity of purpose and strenuousness worthy of some better cause. We are in sore need as Africans of an expansive horizon, an outlook upon life and life's duties that is as broad as the heavens. We must realise to the fullest possible extent that Kobina, Kodwo and Kofi's prominence and position, achievements and influence make for the general uplift of all. It is a duty incumbent upon us to encourage, stimulate, help and assist those who strive to serve our Country. And there is no time like the present, when social amenities and conventional reciprocities of good will and amity are to the fore. It is at Christmastide that Envy, Jealousy, Hatred, Suspicion, and the like are treated with scant courtesy; and Peace, Joy, Faith, Confidence, Hope and Love are tenderly welcomed and gratefully cherished. Let these graces remain with us for all time. Soon and our Christmas Seasons shall be no more. Whoever dreamed for a single moment that ere this Christmas Eve of 1910,

Edward VII, the Peacemaker ; Leopold, the tyrant King of the Belgians ; the Reverends Bartrop and Bridge, of the Wesleyan persuasion ; Count Tolstoi, the Russian Nobleman, who believed and lived the Immortal Sermon on the Mount, would be numbered with the dead ? Who thought that Sir John Pickersgill Rodger, K.C.M.G., our late Governor ; and to come nearer home, that the Honourable John Mensah Sarbah, C.M.G., with his honours fresh on him ; Madam Egyilbah, Harriet Mullen and scores of other well-tried and precious friends would not greet us in the flesh, and wish us a Merry Christmas as they had done for years ? And before the next Christmas Eve dawns, who can say how many more of our friends and acquaintances shall have passed from death into life ? In these circumstances, we should endeavour to do the most good while we can, feel the noblest, act the best, and when the call comes—as come it must, sooner or later—we, too, shall have done something to justify our prolonged existence.

## THE WHITEMAN AND HIS WEST AFRICAN UNDERSTUDY.

---

IMITATION, it is said, is the sincerest form of flattery; but, according to Jonathan Swift in his *Cadenus and Vanessa*, "FLATTERY'S THE FOOD OF FOOLS." Histrionism is undoubtedly the special *forte* of the educated West African; he is a copyist to the pitch of profane excellence. The Whiteman has his vices as well as his virtues, and sometimes the vices of his virtues. To follow him half-way therefore, is not, and cannot be the sincerest form of flattery. The average West African of the Molluscan Order, is a clever imitator of everything the Whiteman thinks, and does, and says, particularly in the outward appearance and observance. If he doffed his coat and went about in his shirt sleeves in broad daylight, by reason of our intolerable tropical heat, his Native understudy faithfully followed suit; if, in the cool of the evening, he discarded his headgear, the backboneless myrmidons did likewise. As he lands in the latest things in vogue, his echo takes full notes, and, in less than seven weeks, like a puppet or marionette he sports the identical style and fashion. Thanks to the letters C.O.D., facilities are afforded the young upstart to gratify his unworthy ambition. What the Whiteman eats, he eats; what he drinks and smokes, he drinks and smokes, thereby securing what, in his deluded opinion, is considered the Hall-mark of respectability,

civilization and refinement. If his lord and master holds a cigar in a peculiar manner, it is copied; his gait, mode of expression, his expletives, smiles, laughter and other mannerisms and peculiarities, are all taken in wholesale, and reproduced with the fidelity of an Edisonian Phonograph. These are the things the black wretch in his Bœotian ignorance and folly, regards as signs of perfect manhood—this thin veneer of polish—and there the lesson ends. The thoughtful, judicious and discreet Young African, naturally versed in the principles of Selection—who differentiates and discriminates between essentials and unessentials, who studiously rejects and selects, skips what does not concern him or does not correspond with his environments, who recognises limitations, and is independent of foreign ways, customs and manners, is accordingly ridiculed and reprobated as *de trop* and unclassed. He is a Hottentot or a Bushman who does not successfully compete with the Whiteman in his sartorial equipment. Of course *Fine feathers make fine Birds*, and the name of that unhappy cage of birds is Legion, thereby hangs a tale. Imitation reduced to fine Art is much to be deplored throughout West Africa. We have not a scintilla of admiration or respect for the giddy youth who affects high and immaculate collars and cuffs, kid gloves and pumps, without attempting to understand their significance and meaning. We despise the dressy dude, the fashionably garbed nondescript, and the living wardrobe after a certain class of foreign aristocrats in expensive habiliments, and regard them as of a piece with the whole Simian tribe, gibbering and chattering in our dense primeval forests.

These unthinking young men and women are some of the problems of the country. It is no standard of excellence for a common clerk earning £50 per annum to rival and beat into cock-hat his employer or superior officer drawing

£500 a year, plus a Duty Allowance three times as much as is allowed to the native assistant. It is time enough for such monstrosities to learn that *The Mind is the standard of the man* and that *Righteousness exalteth a nation*. The European with his lucrative position and rich emoluments is never a Walking Drapery. He fully knows the limit of things, and acts upon fixed principles—he is not a slave to the whims, fancies and caprice, of passing fashion-vogue or the luxuries and dainties of the larder and the cellar. He has been taught from his youth how to draw the line and say, HITHER, BUT NO FURTHER; he has sufficient backbone to pull up when necessary—at any rate, such are the qualities that the majority of Whitemen consider the true indications of healthy and progressive manhood. If, therefore, by reason of our irregular, imperfect and extraneous training, we must learn from them, it is absolutely necessary, for our own good and in the higher interests of our Country, Nation and Race, that we imitate them in those excellencies that make for genuine progress and advancement. The Whiteman is essentially a clubable fellow; he is naturally gregarious, and has, in his mental and moral equipment, those graces and virtues which help to cement Friendship, promote Unity, and bring about successful issues in all undertakings. He knows when, where and how to defend his countryman; he has been fed with the sincere milk of co-operation and combination. And as Churchill has taught him, he could always say with unction and pride of Race and Country:—

Be England what she will,  
With all her faults She is my Country still:

Or Cowper:—

England, with all thy faults I love thee still,  
My Country.

And in the same proportion and with equal sincerity, he extends the right hand of fellowship and *camaraderie* to his compatriot wherever, and in what circumstances soever found. He stands shoulder to shoulder with him in weal or woe, by good report or ill, and in the bond of perfect amity. In these notable respects, the Englishman is worthy of imitation. It is never to the credit of any West African to strive manfully to become Anglo-African, Europeanised or Anglicised in anything. A Black Whiteman is a creature, a freak, and a monstrosity. It is a weakness, and a suicidal weakness, to copy the outward and visible signs of refinement without making any effort to appreciate and follow the inward and spiritual grace, those symbols or signs were intended to signify.

We call upon all our Young friends to whom will soon be entrusted the future well-being of our Beloved Continent to pause and think. By exercising Forethought—by looking ahead—we feel morally certain, they will be enabled to pick and choose from foreign elements, qualities and things, what may best help them to link themselves to the chain of progress which is being forged from day to day by those whom Providence has called to lead their fellows in our very midst. In things that are seen it behoves every African, East, West, North and South, to pursue the Whiteman afar off—but in mental, moral, social, economic and spiritual qualities, we must run him as closely as circumstances and opportunity may permit, so long as by these means, and these means only, our Race is destined to attain to the sublime and splendid heights, more favoured Nations and Races are already occupying. The Whiteman has made England what she is to-day—the hub, the centre of the Universe—and from that centre we too may trace a radius leading to some Circumference in our evolution. From nothing, Europe has emerged into

something—a power to reckon with. England has eclipsed Rome in her palmiest days; outrun Greece in her glorious years of brilliance and wit; she has outflanked Great Babylon in her wonders of old. By Unity these miracles of history were performed; it was by putting into actual operation the centripetal forces divinely implanted within her sons, and by the law of Cohesion, man to man is so welded together as to be irresistible to all opposing powers. And the Whiteman has prospered; so shall we, if our souls develop on the lines that have made the Whiteman what he is to-day as a Race. Until we in our turn emerge, as a people, from darkness into the marvellous light of Progressive History; until we put aside childish things, childish thoughts and childish ideals for the things of true manhood, Africa shall never rise, whatever reckless Optimists may say to the contrary. Envy, Hatred, Jealousy, Selfishness and all Devilry must go, if we would scale the Hills of National Salvation; unless we cease to malign, traduce and vilify one another causelessly—unless we abominate the Secret Art of pulling down, demolishing and crushing those who mount up higher than ourselves, nothing can work out our social and racial evolution.

To be so civilised as to be ashamed of one's own Name, and Country and Nation, and all that these principal factors connote, is to betray the possession of principles and things that in Pandemonium are worshipped, adored and glorified. It is no criterion of progress—it is the embodiment of retrogression—to copy the cut of the Whiteman's coat without making one's own, other interests he boasts of. He despises in his heart of hearts all extravagance, thoughtlessness and stupidity. He laughs with his native counterpart and pats him on the back calling him a *jolly good fellow*; but he enjoys his private opinion of all his monkey trickeries and clever performances. Many have

gone too far and must pull up so that by living within their means, by revising their judgment in most matters European, and by copying the bright examples that stud the pages of British History, we may all wake up to the glorious possibilities of our Country and take entire possession of our grand inheritance. With increased knowledge of all kinds, social, intellectual and moral, side by side with increased responsibilities—and using all our acquisitions for the good of the Race accordingly—recognising and realising those responsibilities, so will West Africa be proportionately civilized and prospered—so may we command the respect and admiration of the Whiteman.

## THE ANCIENT TOWN OF CAPE COAST AND HER DETRACTORS, BLACK AND WHITE.

---

And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of Politicians put together.—*Gulliver's Travels, Part 2, Chap. VI., Voyage of Brobdingnag.*

THE simple elemental circumstance or fact that attention is once more being drawn to the ancient capital of the Colony makes us infinitely grateful, and having regard to present depressing conditions deeply ruminative. Cape Coast eliminated from the History of the Gold Coast would be like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. To the superficial observer and the unsanctified materialist, whose vulgar soul delights in the meretricious gewgaws of more fortunate townships, it is easy to follow the path of popular error and speak derisively of the town as fallen; because for sooth, the white trader has taken his Lares and Penates to more profitable regions, and foreign merchants have left the people to their own devices. We talk garrulously of the Decline of Cape Coast; for instead of its rushing, roaring trade which centuries ago carved for her a name in the annals of British Commerce, we are confronted with a dearth of Hinterland Customers, and a prolonged depression which has culminated in the enforced Exodus of

all the Heads of our European Firms—perhaps with but one notable exception; even our well-tried friends, Messrs. Elder, Dempster & Co., could only give us a fortnightly Homeward Service of their fleet of steamers, and the Government apparently neglects to care for us as in the happy days of long ago, because the town now holds a subordinate position as a Revenue yielding port. And from the viewpoint of Commercial considerations, we must confess that Cape Coast is dull and monotonous enough in all conscience. BUT COMMERCE IS NOT EVERYTHING. Rome was never a nation of shop-keepers, yet she became the Mistress of the World. The history of the Eternal City is the history of the World, and yet the merchant, as such, had no *locus standi* when Cæsar and Cicero, Plautus and Ovid, Terence and Virgil shook the foundations of the habitable globe. On the other hand, Commerce pushed to its last outposts, and unaccompanied by more exalted ideas and more elevated impulses, has afforded lamentable proofs of premature decline as the study of the respective Histories of Portugal, Spain, Venice and the Netherlands can demonstrate; so was it with Carthage and the Carthaginians. Commercial enterprise at its highest and best did not, because it could not, save Phœnicia. In spite therefore, of discouraging conditions, Cape Coast may yet be saved. The town quietly moves on, oblivious of contemptuous observations and left-handed compliments. He who runs her down with cheap and fatuous sneers may win the applause of Goths and Vandals, but she careth for none of these things. She is only having a breathing interlude; the Golden Age is not yet. There is a good time coming, and Cape Coast is gathering strength to astonish and confound her Detractors, Black and White. There are places flourishing perilously within measurable distance of volcanoes and terrible eruptions that may soon engulf

both man and beast and chattel. We have no cause to grow despondent and despair of the fair prospects of our town. Cape Coast is the Headquarters of the Church—the centre of Enlightenment. Here the Catholic Mission, the Church of England, Wesleyan Methodism, the Baptist Church, Zionism and the Nigritian Mission occupy impregnable positions, and Religion alone has made Subject Races great and mighty before 1911. Education—both primary and secondary has held sway at this place for many years and is more entrenched and invested to-day than ever. What is more, the work is either wholly or partially indigenous, originated, conceived and controlled, more or less, by the sons of the soil. We have reason to felicitate ourselves upon the existence and worth of the Mfantshipim School, the S. P. G. Grammar School, the Zion College and Industrial School, the Nigritian High Grade School, to say nothing of the excellent elementary institutions of the Wesleyans, the Catholics and the Government, where much useful work has been and is being accomplished, and whose efforts remain unrelaxed and much more vigorous than ever. The educated native of Cape Coast has taken kindly to the soil, and thanks to our late Governor, he is not ashamed to-day to till the ground or fish in the sea; he has learnt to recognise the dignity of labour, and is doing his utmost to promote farming and agriculture with heart and soul. Our young men have gained experience in the school of adversity, brought on by the lethal blast and horrors involved in and entailed by the terrible explosion of the Concession Boom; the Providential lessons of Thrift, Economy, and Enterprise have been learnt: the mind is being developed, independence fostered, and self-reliance, the spirit of discipline, patience and inventiveness are the social and individual virtues that are being pursued. Who can tell what Cape Coast shall become ten years hence, with

her young ones dreaming dreams, and the oldsters seeing visions? The seeds of industry in the Church as well as in the world, are being Scientifically and strenuously sown everywhere, and some sanguine temperaments already hear the rumbling cadence of the triumphant songs of a mighty harvest. The so-called débâcle of Cape Coast has been prolific of moral advantages, productive of physical energy and provocative of original ideas and sublime thoughts. We have all the elements of progress in full swing. Farming and fishing, industrial and technical training side by side with mental and moral development are the constituents of real and lasting advancement; these are the things that without doubt will give the pull over those enervating and Sybaritic towns and communities whose claim to prosperity and growth depends entirely upon their shops and import trade.

Think well of Cape Coast, of Anamaboe, Axim, Dixcove and Elmina—names no longer potent enough to conjure with, and because sucked dry, the foreigner no longer regards nor respects them, and ill-speaks of them on the accidental ground of poverty. BACK TO THE LAND is the war-cry of modern times, and Mother Earth will yet be the Saviour of the inhabitants and denizens of Cape Coast. We have seen the best and worst features of Trade; it has succeeded in flooding the town and other places in the Colony with an Army of Quill-drivers, who cannot call their souls their own—a race of dependent and compulsory hangers-on, leading a hand-to-mouth existence, with expensive habits and a fortuitous combination of artificial demands and supplies. Free men—high-born scions of noble Houses eke out miserable lives as clerks and things, when, by natural processes or by correspondence with their environments, they could sit *every man under his vine and under his fig tree, none making him afraid*. If Commerce can only

enslave our children at the long last, dispensing to them more kicks than half-pence, we say freely and gladly, Let it go! But when it has gone and the earth brings forth her increase, there shall emerge like the Phœnix from its ashes, an independent, self-respecting Trade—both Import and Export, but especially the latter, viz:—the kindly fruits of the Earth, the products of local industry—our timber, rubber, cocoa, oil, kernels and the silver and gold of our mines, alluvial and otherwise—to mention a few of what our country is capable of producing and placing in the European markets. Our sons and daughters shall no more be regarded and treated as HEWERS OF WOOD AND DRAWERS OF WATER. There shall be a nobler race of natives, diligent in business, standing before kings and not before mean men. The Grand Revolt that will find its venue in this happy state of things, is already in progress, and the time is not far distant when he who could make TWO BLADES OF GRASS GROW WHERE ONE GREW BEFORE shall be preferred before the Counterfeit European performing in his own Homeland, and Cape Coast shall earn the reward that is never denied to Pioneering Towns.

## GALLANT ACCRA IN THE BRAVE DAYS OF YORE.

---

MEN do not expect to be admired but by their friends. Praise is the confession and acknowledgment of excellencies, it is inspired by lovable qualities, but unstinted praise that is instinctive and spontaneous when wrung from the unwilling lips of implacable foes is praise indeed. That is what in "The Lady of the Lake," Scott meant by:—

The stern joy which warriors feel  
In foemen worthy of their steel.

Such was the quality of the praise the Twi tribes bestowed upon gallant Accra in the brave days of yore. The Accras were not damned with faint praise by the Twis. Coming from hostile hordes, it was the most "pleasing of all commendations," and this admiration or praise was couched in the following memorable phrases and sentences:—

Nkran Pon: Wose ye du  
Ketekre: Odom nni Amanfu.

What then is the national significance of this quaternion of high-sounding appellations? Let us take them *seriatim*.

*Nkran pon*: "Great and mighty Accra." More than two centuries ago, Bossman wrote of the "Great Kingdom of Accra." Those were times when this selfsame kingdom of Accra extended from Popo to Obutu; and a great kingdom produces great men, and circulates great thoughts and god-like deeds. Burke rightly said—a "Great Empire and

little minds go ill together." The progenitors of the immediate past generations were really great—not merely so in physical development and prowess, in which respect they were second to none—but pre-eminently great in the grandeur of the soul. They were magnanimous, high-souled, in the best acceptation of the term. We could recount prodigies of individual valour, and unfold Titanic feats that could only have come from strength of mind and settled character. The Twi nation moved Heaven and earth to exterminate the numerically insignificant Ga tribe, but without avail. The character of the people presented a Psychological problem to the multitudinous hosts of foes. By excursions, incursions, expeditions, invasions, and sanguinary wars, they essayed to crush Accra, but in vain. They had exhausted the arts of warfare—strategy, tactics, flank movements, frontal attacks, manœuvres of all kinds, and yet Accra remained impregnable, invincible. The Twis had triumphed over all other tribes, but there seemed to be a charmed circle in which the Gas moved and had their being. Mild, inoffensive, genial to a fault, gentle in manners they were; but rub them the wrong side, and the assailant caught a Tartar. An Accra man was then respected, not by reason of his national prestige only, but by his personal ability and superior qualities also. He was able to endure hardships and privations ten times better than any one of any other province and people. In war, travel and voyage, in times of epidemic, and in the critical moments of life, he was the special object of divine protection; he felt no paroxysms of fear in the presence of a foe, however redoubtable. No wonder that, lost in admiration, the Twis characterised the tribe as great and mighty:—

Accra—"sad relic of departed worth!

Immortal no more; though fallen, great."

*Wose ye du*: "Their saying is ten," meaning perfect, exact, true. It reminds us of the motto of the Fairfax family in England—*Fare, Fac*—Say, Do. In other words, their communications were yea, yea; nay, nay. Their words were as good as their bond. Plain, blunt men, there was no jugglery of the truth in their dealings one with another. The rude forefathers were not double-tongued, double-faced, uttering grandiloquent words without corresponding works. They did not run with hounds and hide with the hare. Having the courage of their convictions, they called a spade, a spade; they employed no euphemisms, no sophisms; frank and free, an Accra man of those halcyon days might with equal effect have said with Mr. Chamberlain when Hectored and intimidated: "What I have said, I have said." And why? Because he knew his own mind; he lived solely for the expansion, the integrity and the safety of the Fatherland. Honesty and unanimity of purpose were elements highly prized in his national consciousness. Nothing was permitted to interfere with the grand ideal of national supremacy, and for that, though Hell opposed, in solid phalanx men marched breast forward, never giving their backs to the foe. True, the Akwamoos defeated Accra at last, but the fact was due to enormously superior numbers and other considerations; but even then they retired in martial order, and in strict accordance with the principles of warfare. To keep their word of honour, enemies forgot private animosities, and shook the right hands of fellowship in the defence of country and people. They put aside in the hour of common peril all inherited social tendencies and antipathies, they sacrificed all traditional views, preconceived ideas and mortal prejudices, striking for liberty and freedom, dying in the last ditch together. In peace, inveterate foes; but in war, undying friends and comrades.

There were some who had extraordinary firmness, capacity, foresight, and penetration; but these did not stand in ostentatious aloofness from those who were otherwise equipped physically, morally, and mentally. "All for each, and each for all," was their motto.

*Ketekre* "Strong, durable, energetic." The Gas were a mild people, but inflexible withal. Full of exuberant vitality, but adamant in opposition. Underlying this hardness of character were the very qualities which were exhibited to the astonished gaze of worlds by the Japanese in their struggle with Russia a few years ago. In their series of successive wars with the Akwamoos, Dahomians, Angulas Inpehoasems; in the battle, commonly known as Hota, and in several other engagements the Accras were uniformly resolute, determined, and brave to the last. So inordinate was the affection they had for their town, that wherever men went, their hearts (untravelling) fondly turned Homeward.

*Odom nni Amanju*: "An army without desolate places." This was of course hyperbolic, an exaggeration, but an exaggeration that, in the circumstance, was pardonable. The Twis had been so overwhelmed with the audacity, courage, and impetuosity of their honoured foes, that one could easily excuse them if they erred a little from the truth in their enthusiasm. *Ayawaso* the ancient capital of Accra was, and is, an old desolation. The Akwamoos who fought for more than a century, utterly destroyed the kingdom during the inglorious and tyrannical reigns of Queen Akabi and her son, Okaikoi, in 1500 A.D.

To-day, we search in vain for communities representing those valiant men of old in every notable respect. The country is broken up into congeries of antagonistic groups; Accra is divided into cliques and cabals, and the partizan spirit of the Capulets and Montagues in Roman times

appears to be widely diffused, and controls the inhabitants, body and soul. No matter what superhuman sacrifices A may make for the welfare of the town, B and his followers must not rest day or night until they have succeeded in bringing things that are, to nought. Vandalism and Iconoclasm everywhere, and all the time, as long as C. remains stupidly at variance with D. There is no educated person of position at Accra with sufficient *nous* who may be permitted to rally the scattered people into one homogeneous whole. There is still that ancient feud between *James Town* and *Ussher Town*, which, but for the deterrent force displayed by the Government, might cause the respective quarters to flow with human gore. This is a hard and painful saying, but it is, nevertheless, true. Wounds must be probed and cauterised before they can be permanently healed, and our brethren on the other side of the Sakoom should forgive this outspokenness—this plainness of speech.

There was a fifth saying, but it was really the first and only one that the Gas themselves were wont to use during their immigration from Central Africa, *via* Benin. It was this:—

*Ana nme ana te, Ana te ana nme*: “Where nuts are found, there is no stone to break them with; and where there are stones in abundance, no nuts.”

As a matter of fact, with all their chivalry, bravery, and rare qualities and qualifications, the Accras never had what one might call a chance in the piping times of peace for long; and since the disruption and disintegration of the people, even until now Accra has not had such opportunities as obtain in other places in the Colony. In Church, in matters educational, in the duties of true citizenship, in patriotic deeds of permanency and endurance, in the consolidation of public interests, and in the cultivation of hearts and minds with a view to the

uniting of estranged families—in all these things, progress seems infinitesimal. There is no regnant, influential voice that can speak out for the good of the public in general, when oppression, misunderstanding and ignorance threaten the peace, quietness and advancement of the people. The men who would stand forth and proclaim liberty to the captives are hemmed in on every side, and their best efforts nipped in the bud through the agency of mean men, and the cupidity of Common informers and selfish bounders.

History has a curious way of repeating itself, and the pitiful condition of Accra to-day, with all her vast external improvements, is in every material point analogous to that period of her History immediately preceding the Downfall of the Ancient Kingdom. Accra fell through the intrigues of Generals aspiring to be Kings, and Soldiers aiming at generalship. There was a multiplicity of leaders—each one for himself, and no one for the Country. Accra has rarely suffered from without: her worst enemies have always been her own sons. What town on the Gold Coast at this time should become really powerful and great as Accra, with all her splendid opportunities and unique privileges? Where ought the people to combine forces more readily than at Headquarters? But the selfishness and personal aggrandisement of foolish men would not permit those best qualified and well-equipped to lead the way. An army of Generals without fighting men never won victory in any field of battle yet. Our Leaders should be recognised and acknowledged, and we must follow their guiding if we would advance in the evolution of Country and Nation. For which cause we charge each and every upstart in all sincerity to:—

Fling away ambition:

By that sin fell the Angels.

## ONE-MAN POLICY—A CURSE TO WEST AFRICA.

---

It is one special glory of Rome that at no period of her history could it be said that her safety depended upon the existence of any single citizen. The abilities or the character of an individual, however commanding, are a bad security at the best for the life of a State; and at Rome had such a military or political genius been wanted, he would not, with the one exception of the age which produced Julius Cæsar, have been forth-coming.

If Rome produced only one man who rose to the very front rank in any department of human greatness, the number of those who came in the rank next below it was exceptionally large. The national ideals of Rome, if not the noblest ideals conceivable, were yet in many respects truly noble, and what is more, they were attainable, and not infrequently attained.

If one man fell, whom at the moment of his death, it seemed that Rome could ill spare, just when the execution of some daring project, an extension of the franchise, a reform of a crying abuse, or the conquest of some immemorial enemy seemed to be within his grasp—others were always ready to step into his vacant place. Not infrequently it was his own son or grandson who filled the gap; for nowhere in ancient history, nor, indeed, in any history, unless possibly it be in that of England, do we find so commanding a place occupied by the conception of hereditary duties and traditions.—BOSWORTH SMITH'S *Carthage and the Carthaginians*, p. 277.

THE evils incident to what is popularly known in Political Philosophy as One-Man Policy, and which obtains to a disastrous extent in West Africa generally, and on the Gold Coast particularly, cannot be too much deplored. ONE-MAN-POLICY, OR ONE-MAN-GOVERNMENT, IS INDEED THE

CURSE OF WEST AFRICA. It is the underlying cause of the indeterminate character of progress in our country. A Society, Friendly or otherwise, is constituted and established, and in its zenith ONE MAN runs it and rides it to wrack and ruin: a COMPANY is formed, floated and incorporated, and by ONE MAN'S greed, intrigue, folly and ineptitude, it is irretrievably injured, and eventually dissolves itself into thin air. In the Church as well as in the State, there is always one misshapen Caliban, or a mighty Colossus ruling the roast to mutual destruction; in the State the transcendent possibilities of a tremendous destiny appear to be placed in the hands of Pinchbeck Politicians and tin-pot gods. In every age and generation, there must be one Homer, one Virgil, one Hannibal, one Cæsar, and one Toussaint L'Ouverture, but he must be the genuine article, not a colourable imitation or a caricature, if he feels himself called, consecrated and commissioned to assume the reins of Government in thought, word or deed. If NUMBER ONE is unconscious of the Past, ignorant or doubtful of the Present, and recklessly disregarding of the Future, he cannot dictate to the masses for their advancement; if he is skyeey to all influences, molluscous and pliable, the sooner he is shelved the better for the Body Politic. Square men should never be allowed to occupy Round holes, and *vice versa*. Attractiveness, impressiveness, soundness of mind, profundity of thought, skilfulness, resourcefulness and moral courage are the essential and elemental qualities which make up the mental and moral equipment of the *Men of the Hour*. These are the men qualified to discuss great questions in the Councils of State—who make Public Opinion racy of the soil, who glorify liberty of speech, who constitute a State. Such were the original owners of the Gold Coast—our forbears who held their own in days of yore. In these sad, degen-

erate days, we have fallen short of that ancient prestige, and all because we either pin our social and political faith upon ONE MAN, or consider ourselves individually qualified to masquerade as Leaders, Teachers, and Prophets in our day and generation, having, as Burke would express it: "All the contortions of the Sybil without the inspiration."

The settled method by which the Government and affairs of any country is administered; any system designed for the promotion of the external and internal prosperity and progress of a State should be, and ought always to be, the nett result of the deliberations, discussion and co-operation of those best qualified, and divinely endowed for the purpose. Prudence or wisdom in the management of public affairs is not and cannot be confined or restricted to any single individual, however learned, wealthy, and great he may be. Individualism and insularity or parochialism are synonymous terms in Sociology and Political Philosophy. We cannot deprecate the excessive or exclusive regard to one's personal qualities and interests in more scathing syllables than are daily expressed by local thinkers. There is always safety in that healthy kind of critical or collective reasoning which affords a free chance of discussion about, and on a given subject, before Resolutions are carried into effect.

In pre-historic times, the man of huge proportions, wielding the most ponderous crowbar, or possessed of an omnipotent fist—HE OF THE THEWS AND SINEWS—had it all his own way. He was acclaimed the COCK OF THE WALK. He dominated, domineered, ruled or governed, and was regarded as the King of men, the Hero of the hour. Civilization, however, has changed all that. In these modern times, wisdom is not measured by the hoariness or the length of the beard, nor judgment controlled, or indeed, controllable by the girth of the purse; and the

time has fully come for our people to realise that no person can think and know and do everything everywhere at one and the same second. A WALKING ENCYCLOPÆDIA is not what is needed in the affairs of men, if one persists in appraising the contributions of his fellows in brain power, and qualities of the soul as a negligible quantity. In his effort to inculcate this axiomatic truth, *Master-minds* have time and again incurred the odium of the classes, as well as of the masses; they have been maligned, traduced, and vilified as recreants, unpatriotic and eccentric.

But if the thankless task of compelling our people to think for themselves and act independently at times is eccentricity, surely it must be, without controversy, *eccentricity of genius*; for it requires a great mind and a greater soul to conceal itself, and take a backseat on occasions, so that the productivity of the masses may be rightly gauged. It is rank Upstarts, Charlatans, and Bounders who ram down the throats of their fellows their undigested and indigestible brain-commodities. These are the little foxes that spoil the vine, and our tender grapes. In Rome, the Land of the Cæsars, it was not so. The Mistress of the World, in her palmiest days, did not boast of two such prodigies as Julius Cæsar, but there were many powerful, influential, and opulent Second-Best men behind and below the Great Dictator, ever ready to step into his shoes, and so preserve the unity, consistency, and progress of the State. The Colony does not cry for an army of DICTATORS, PONTIFFS and ADMIRABLE CRICHTONS, but she is in sore need of legions who are best qualified to hail a Leader when Providence grants her a man prepared, well-equipped, and inspired to administer our domestic concerns in consonance with the genius, habits, idiosyncracies, and traditions of the country.

We are hungry and thirsty after such uncrowned Kings

in our midst, and we plead that they should be sought for, recognised, acknowledged, and accepted as Guides, Philosophers and Friends of West Africa. Self-made Leaders and Generals, we justly repudiate as Brummagem articles. What is the value of a contingent of Commanders each shouting his own orders, and none obeying? Every man a ruler, and yet all looking up wistfully to one man to think and say and do for them. One-Man Policy, or One-Man-Government, is *ipso facto*, self-banned and self-condemned. Feudalism is an anachronism: as a people, we must study to think and act for ourselves; energy must be continuously expended; independence fostered, and yet so studied, expended and fostered as to know when, where, and how to subordinate our own ideas and ideals to the general interest of the community. We should not overburden our ONE man, or allow him to overburden himself with the trials, troubles, and temptations of a nation. No one should be so presumptuous, so puerile, so pushful as to lay the flattering unction to his shrivelled soul that he is indispensable, endowed with all attributes, communicable and incommunicable, with all political sapience and administrative potency. Only FOOLS can so think and act; the wise man demonstrates his wisdom by enveloping himself in the mysteries of simplicity, modesty and humility until his people offer him overlordship and sovereignty. We should learn to count among our acquisitions the luxury of doing good, the sweet fragrance of originality, and a zealous love for universal advance in every direction. Our Leaders, when found, must be full of the graces of humility, pride of Race, self-respect, self-reverence, self-control—men who will never mistake wealth for wisdom, knowledge for knavery, and character for the clever antics and intrigues of the wily fox. All others are not born to

hold the reins, and however big and inflated, however bolstered, and however high they may soar into the illimitable heights by the aid of adventitious circumstances or bribery or corruption, like the giant Bubble, they are destined to burst one day; while therefore we take exception to the Policy of One—Man, and advocate variety of ideas, and exchange of thoughts which spell freshness, vigour, and immortality, we, at the same time, bespeak the acquisition of those qualities, graces and virtues which are ever on the voyage of discovery for Prophets, Teachers and Leaders who shall deliver us from the body of our dead selves.

## COMPETITION—A *SINE QUÂ* NON OF GENUINE PROGRESS.

---

Is competition in the educational evolution of the Gold Coast in general and Cape Coast in particular undesirable and unchristian? This was the note of interrogation we pointed in our issue before the last, and which we promised to deal with this week. Now, Cape Coast being the radiant and radial centre of all activities tending to the development of the Colony and Protectorate, it is not surprising that the consensus opinion of all promoters and organizers of the Higher Education should focus upon our town as their base of operations, and since there appears to be room enough for all, the problem above propounded becomes easy of solution. All competition has its beneficent side. It is an indispensable prerequisite, as a principle of nature, in all progress and growth. Competition is useful when its sole object is to develop the resources of nature. It is, however, undesirable, unchristian, and diabolical when it spells a pitiless struggle to monopolise and to over-reach—when it means:—“Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost.”

In this glorious country, where nature is prodigal and real effort as a means of existence is unnecessary, any thing that may stimulate thought or provide a spur to indolence, and so do away with the inertia which is the bar sinister across all advancement, should not be lightly esteemed. As West Africans, we generally lack one thing, and that is Continuity of Purpose—the sheer, persistent

British doggedness that keeps at it from start to finish, through shine or rain, by night or day; and keen Competition is the only lever that can sustain whatever enterprise we may take in hand, promote the faculty to invent methods and plans for advance, and quicken the energy of Managers and Directors, Boards and Committees. According to the Darwinian Theory, Nature is one vast system of unrelenting and relentless Competition. There is war to the knife between plant and plant, as well as between animal and animal, in the economy of Nature. The weakest must ever go to the wall; it is only the fittest that can survive. There is, however, a higher law introduced by our religion, which tends to replace cosmic process by Ethical process. It is that the strongest should protect the weakest from going to the wall, and that the aim of all Competition should be directed towards co-ordination and co-operation.

The idea of Universal Brotherhood, which is exclusively characteristic of Christianity, furnishes the most valuable of all solvents in the race for existence; it reduces the domain of Competition, makes it weaker, more gentle, more considerate, more charitable, and more ready to pity and to help—especially those whose energies are concentrated upon one common cause, and striving for good upon one common platform. From Christianity this new idea has emerged, substituting love and charity for Competition and the pitfalls of intense commercialism, in the conversion of the heathen and in the education of our children. What says Holy Writ?—

*“Let every one look not upon his own things only, but on the things of others.” “Bear ye one another’s burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.” “By love serve one another.”*

Thus a seal of doom is placed upon the cosmic principle of Competition and monopoly in all Christian work.

In thinking of the reason or cause why at this stage of our growth, as a people (when the arresting hand of power bears so heavily upon all enterprise and venture—when existence has become more difficult, and men are abandoning all hope of progress, advancement, and development in every direction), there should be, in spite of them all, such a revival of practical interest in higher education, and every attention drawn towards the organization and establishment of High Schools, one cannot help seeing in such contemporaneous movement the inexorable finger of destiny.

It is the will of Providence, to whom the future is as the present. The time is coming when learning will be found to be better than silver and gold; when the most cultured men will no longer be at the mercy of mediocrity, upstarts and bounders; when side by side with moral accents, intelligence, and the highest intelligence, will be the only qualification for preferment in the service of the country; and knowledge, wisdom and prudence shall come to be regarded, as they should be, the principal and essential things of life.

The call to prepare has come to Church and Country simultaneously; both clergy and laity are agreed that the best and surest foundation upon which they could build for all time is to give our young men and young women all that is possible for them to get on their own soil. Efficiency in mind is the need of the hour. Intellectual initiative, independent thoughts and ideas, which have not yet appeared in text books imported from abroad, if at all indigenous, must be cultivated, published, and circulated so as to create a change in our environment and circumstances for the living soul of our nation to thrive in our midst and flourish. Religion fast changes into superstition—the oracles become dumb where the mind is for

ever absorbent and never productive—where progress is confined within the four walls of church or chapel, temple or synagogue. Let us improve the order of things by thinking of and working harmoniously together for the general good. Whether Anglicans, Wesleyans, Catholics, Baptists, Nigritians, or Zionists, we should and must all march abreast as members of a great federation, a co-operative association of loving service, our high endeavours and strenuous efforts conducing to the benefit of all. The obligations of Missionary Propagandists pledge them not to fight for their own hand, but to see that whatever is done is done for the body politic. It is in such a spirit of brotherhood the Country expects our Teachers and Masters to fulfil their calling, helping and serving one another in truth and in love.



AB  
m